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THE KNIGHT OF THE SILVER CROSS.

*Sudden appearance of the Knight of St. John to the delighted travellers.*

## A SPLENDID ORIGINAL ROMANCE.

### OUR THOUSAND DOLLAR PRIZE TALE.

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# THE KNIGHT OF THE SILVER CROSS;
OR,
# HAFED, THE LION OF TURKESTAN.
## A TALE OF THE OTTOMAN EMPIRE.

BY EDGAR W. DAVIES, JR.

### CHAPTER I.

*The traveller's return. The knight of the Silver Cross. His tale of adventure. The maniac of the tomb. A disappearance.*

A BEAUTIFUL evening it was, soon after the summer of the year 1299 had passed away, and the autumnal clouds began to hover over the city and suburbs of Palmyra. The surrounding fields were covered with the shining yellow grain, ripe for the sickle, and waving in the gentle breeze, which now and then passed over its surface, and then, after sighing among the tops of the many tall old palm trees that raised their lofty heads towards the sunset sky, seemingly in sorrow at leaving a scene so beautiful and pleasant, took its reluctant departure for the chilly regions of the wintry north, laden with the flowery sweets of the torrid zone.

The evening was far advanced into the silent night, the silvery moon shone brightly in the heavenly firmament, and all nature was at peace. The weary peasant rested from his toil, and laying aside scythe and vine-hook, sought repose in soothing slumber; not a sound disturbed the tranquillity that reigned around, save the dulcet music floating softly in the air from within the guarded precincts of the palace court and gardens.

Hardly had the signal light announcing the midnight hour blazed forth from the watch-tower of the castle garrison, when a band of travellers, well armed and equipped, slowly descended the side of one of the tomb-covered hills which surround the city along the highway that led to the western gate. It consisted of seven persons, a father, his son, and five servants. The first was a man on whose cheeks the heats of sixty summers had left their bronzing traces, and, though an aged man, Arnot Cretolius seemed hardly past his prime, for his step was as firm, and the glance of his eye as proud, as in the days of youth.

The son, Everard Cretolius, was a tall, well-formed young man of about three-and-twenty years; his figure was symmetry itself; his eyes, of a very dark blue, were extremely expressive, and his fair skin and auburn hair contributed, with the most beautiful features, to form a perfectly irresistible whole.

They were now on their return from a tour in foreign lands, having travelled throughout nearly the whole of the then civilized European world, and been absent from home about three years. Their dress and appearance betokened them to be of the highest order of Palmyrene nobility, and the stars and crosses glittering on their breasts, proved that they had seen not a little of active and successful warlike service.

'My father,' said Everard, 'how glorious the city looks in this flood of gentle light, with its innumerable domes and cupolas, temples and towers; and see the palace of our king, with its gilded roof and marble colonnades standing on the hill, like a guardian spirit watching the destinies of the nation, and trying to avert each threatened danger. O, my father, is it not pleasant once more to view the city of our birth, after our sojourn in the land of the stranger; once again to see our beloved home, where the hours of infancy and youth were passed even to manhood!'

'It is indeed pleasant, my dear son,' replied Lord Cretolius; 'but remember that I look on it with different feelings from you. It is true, that I see before me the scenes of my childish joys, but I see also the arena of my ambitious hopes and varied successes and disappointments. I think of the passions that have reigned in my bosom, alternately elevating or depressing my spirits, with all their necessary attendants of conflicting joy or woe. I have loved, and had my love rewarded with the hand of the object of my affections; I have struggled for fame, and have won lasting honors for the name which I leave, that you may add fresh laurels to its bright renown. My voice has been heard in the councils of my country, and my arm has wielded for her sake the keen-edged scimitar, and alike, in senate chamber or in council hall, on the field of battle or in the camp, at home or abroad, wherever it has been my chance to wander, either on land or sea, each thought has still been true to her interests and glory. O, Palmyra, beautiful queen of the East, how many brave hearts, how many noble ones are bound up in thee, thou pride of Syria! Long may thy ancient banner spread its beautiful folds to the southern breeze, defying alike the malice of Moslem and Arab foes.'

The old man ceased speaking, and the group silently proceeded forward. The road they had passed, for some distance, was strewn with sand to the depth of several inches, by the laborers who had been engaged in repairing it a short time before, to smooth away the roughness of the new pavement, so that their horse's feet made scarcely any noise, as they sank in the sand to their ankles with each step.

This circumstance prevented them from hearing the approach of a horseman from behind, whose coal black steed, of giant proportions, bore him with such rapidity along the difficult way, as to enable him to overtake the travellers ere they had half descended the side of the hill, and while they were yet a mile from the city gate.

From his dress, a stranger would have supposed him to have been a Saracen chieftain; but could you have rent the silken folds of his disguise, you would have seen beneath his garments the ponderous breastplate and shining armor of a knight, and on his left shoulder a silver cross, the symbol of his order, worked in the coat of mail.

Though upon his head was jauntily set a scarlet turban, yet beneath it he wore a tight-fitting skull-cap of wrought steel, fully sufficient to have done him service in the hour of peril, had his real character been discovered by the wild Arab tribes through whose country he had just passed.

The first intimation Lord Cretolius and Everard received of his presence, was an exclamation of delight at the beautiful prospect spread out at their feet:

'You did not exaggerate when you described to me the magnificence and splendor of your city, my Lord Cretolius. It is charming—sublime! Indeed, this view would well repay me for the dangers through which I have passed on my way hither, even had I hopes of no other reward.'

The travellers turned suddenly, in delighted surprise, at hearing the deep intonations of that well-remembered voice, and as the moonlight fell full on the massive though beautiful features of the knight of St. John, Everard exclaimed:

[SEE ENGRAVING.]

'Why, did we not leave you in Cyprus? Methought you intended to tarry there till you had heard farther of the movements of the eastern sultans, but since you are here, we are glad to have an opportunity of returning the civilities you showered upon us while we tarried with you in Cyprus. What news have come to your hearing since then?'

'That which I have heard is from good authority,' replied the knight, 'but too lengthy and too important to be discussed here, in the open air, where some knave of a Turcoman spy might chance to hear. Suffice it to say, for the present, that I come on a special mission to your royal master, and right happy shall I be to accept of your proffered hospitalities while I remain in Palmyra.'

'But how have you managed to come thus far, alone and unattended, through the innumerable dangers which must have beset your path? Surely this Saracen dress is not a sufficient protection,' said Lord Cretolius.

'Luckily,' answered Sir Percy D'Arville, the knight, 'I understand to perfection the Arab tongue, having learned it during my unwilling sojourn in Egypt for the space of two years, where I was taken prisoner some ten years since, in the course of an unsuccessful expedition of the knights. Besides, you know the Arabs tremble at the sight of the red turban which distinguished the body-guard of the Saracen sultan, whose character for valor and ferocity is too well known among the tribes, to subject one of their number to either question or insult. As a chieftain of the red turban I have been feasted and sped on my journey by the sheiks, and a frown from me was sufficient to awe into silence every questioner.'

'But have you not been detected once, in the course of your journey?' asked Everard.

'Never, except in one instance,' answered D'Arville. 'A few miles back, beyond the mountains, at the tent of an Arab sheik, with whom I took the evening meal, my silken doublet accidentally caught in a piece of table-furniture, and was drawn open for a moment. The two sons of the sheik, who were directly opposite me, noticed the armor beneath my vest, which their quick eyes instantly discovered was not of Saracen make, and their suspicions were evidently aroused.

'By the time the meal was concluded, my horse was brought to the tent, and fearing the young men would cause my dress to be examined, I whispered to the sheik a request that they might accompany me a mile or two on my way. Of course, the word of an Arab father is law to his children, and at his order they mounted their steeds and rode behind me, often whispering to each other as they went.

'After a while, having left the tents of the tribe far behind, I told the young men I could dispense with their farther services, whereupon they turned as if to leave me, but hardly had I resumed my journey when a lance whizzed past my ear and buried itself in the sand. I cast my eye over my shoulder, and was just in time to evade the blow of a scimitar, wielded by one of the Arabs, by stooping my head quickly. Had I been a moment later the sharp steel would have been tinged with my life-blood. [illegible] its sheath, and with a single downward blow cleft the traitor to the middle. The other, alarmed at the fate of his brother, turned and fled homewards. Since then, my noble charger has borne me gallantly forward to your desirable presence, where I am beyond the reach of pursuit.'

'That was indeed a narrow escape,' said the elder Cretolius, 'and I am rejoiced that your quickness and watchfulness enabled you to defeat the treacherous design of the Arab, and give him his due punishment. But how long after we left Cyprus, did you commence your journey?'

'On the next morning,' responded D'Arville, 'I received a notice from the commander of our order in Cyprus, requesting me to repair to his castle, and he would inform me of the particulars of a mission on which he wished to send me, and confer on me the necessary powers for its completion. Finding my errand was to bring me hitherward, I exerted myself in making preparations; I was enabled to start the second day after, and pressed rapidly forward, hoping to overtake you, which I would have done before had I not missed my way in the mountainous region bordering the sea.'

The travellers were so intently engaged in conversation, that they did not notice a strange form creeping among the tombs ahead of them with stealthy pace. This form was that of a maniac, whose gigantic height and colossal frame gave promise of immense strength; his beard and hair were long and tangled, his countenance blackened by exposure to heat and tempest, and disfigured with scars upon his cheeks and forehead—the traces of the desperate valor he had exhibited in warring with the Moslem in his early youth. His brawny limbs were bare, the only covering upon his body consisting of the skin of some wild beast, fastened around him by cords.

The maniac crouched behind a tombstone at the road-side, and as the travellers approached he muttered in a deep tone to himself:

'Ha! ha! a Saracen comes—he comes to glut my vengeance. I will soothe my soul with his blood, and my knife shall drink the purple stream of his life. Now, wretch, now! for my wife, for my child—revenge—revenge.'

He sprang from his hiding-place with a wild, unearthly scream, which rang around like the voice of a demon, and with eyes from which the fire of madness flashed, he glared for a moment on the face of the knight, and then, while the charger of the latter reared in affright, he dragged the powerful chevalier from his saddle as if he had been a child, and disappeared with him among the neighboring tombs.

For an instant, Lord Cretolius and his son halted in silent amazement, but then, raising a horn which hung at his back to his lips, Everard blew three loud alarm-notes, and then ordering his servants to follow, gave pursuit to the fugitives.

The next minute the quick tramp of horses' hoofs was heard along the stony highway below, and a troop of the king's body-guard soon appeared, headed by a young lieutenant. The latter gazed wistfully at the aged nobleman, who had been left alone in the road, and then, springing from his horse, exclaimed, as he kissed the wrinkled hand held out to him:

'Welcome, welcome, my Lord Cretolius, to your home. I am overjoyed at the sight of my more than father. But why these alarm-notes?'

'Wait not for civilities, but follow my son and servants in pursuit of the maniac Marontius. He has just carried off by force one of our party, an envoy from Cyprus, and I fear will kill him, ere he can be rescued.'

Without another word, the lieutenant and his party dashed off in the direction pointed out by Lord Cretolius, their long plumes floating behind in the wind, and their polished armor glittering in the moonlight, and soon disappeared.

### CHAPTER II.

*The ruined tomb of king Icarus. The pursuit. The knight in danger. The rescue. Everard's story. The knight's chivalric vow.*

DISTANT from the road a quarter of a mile, stood a large ruined mausoleum, the roof of which was supported on each side by a wall, and in front by six handsome columns of Grecian marble, wrought in most exquisite style. Though much dilapidated by the flight of time, it still bore unmistakable traces of the beauty it anciently exhibited, when, centuries before, it had been erected over the last resting-place of one of the olden kings of Palmyra.

This relic of ancient art served as a cell to the maniac Marontius, who passed much of his time at night, sitting upon its roof, watching the starry heavens far above, and the sleeping city far beneath—taking his rest by day within its arched recesses. Hither, then, he bore his prisoner, and hither the lieutenant, who was familiar with the habits of the wild ranger, instantly proceeded with his troop.

The knight had struggled long and manfully against his captor, but the strength of madness, which is almost incredible, enabled the maniac to pinion his arms, and bear him quickly to the mausoleum, where he placed him upon a ruined altar which was near. Raising a glittering dagger over the head of his victim, he exclaimed:

'Here have six of thy accursed race, blood-thirsty Saracen, perished beneath my avenging arm, and I have sworn never to rest till thrice seven have washed out the memory of past wrongs with their blood. *Here!* ha, ha! yes it was here I last saw my wife and child here—struggle away, wretch, it is sport to me to see your vain efforts—they cry unto me from the grave for vengeance! Yes, yes, I [illegible] Saracen, die!' he screamed as he struck the dagger with such tremendous force on the bosom of his captive, that the steel was shivered to pieces in his grasp.

For a moment he seemed surprised, and stood motionless; but then, stooping to the ground, attempted to raise a broken statue, with which to crush the knight, when he suddenly found himself nearly surrounded by the lieutenant's troop. With an angry shriek of disappointment the maniac darted away.

'A Saracen!' cried a stalwart trooper, 'we had not need to risk breaking our necks by riding among these tombs to save the life of one of those knaves. I'faith, for my part, I think we had better leave him where he is, for that blow the madman struck must have given his soul flight.'

'I am no Saracen,' said D'Arville, 'but a true and loyal knight of the order of St. John. Therefore unloose me quickly, and let me lie no longer here as a sheep for the slaughter.'

'Surely,' said the trooper, as he dismounted and cut the cords which bound the captive's arms, 'surely you must have a charmed life, or by some magic art control the issues of life or death.'

The knight, without heeding the latter remark, thanked the trooper for his service, and placed in his hand a silver coin, saying:

'By my halidom, this disguise of mine is so much torn and disordered by the maniac's rough usage, that I may as well be rid of it.'

Suiting the action to the word, he tore off the silken folds of his outer dress, scattered them in shreds to the wind, and stood before them in his proper character—that of a knight of the grand cross of his order.

At this point Everard and his men joined the group, and while the warmest congratulations at his escape were showered upon the knight, the whole cavalcade took their way back to the road, where they fell into line behind Lord Cretolius, and trotted gaily, with ringing hoofs and rattling arms, along the stony pathway into which they now emerged. As the knight and Everard rode [illegible] of the old noble, the former remarked:

'Methinks yon maniac should be confined it is dangerous to allow him thus to wander about, falling on whom he will. He told me that he had already slain six upon that tomb, and that I was to be the seventh of the accursed race of the Saracens, whose blood should help to satiate his vengeance.'

'Indeed!' exclaimed Lord Cretolius, 'I never heard of his having sacrificed more than two, who were brothers, one of whom rashly sought and attacked him to revenge the death of the other. At all events, he harms none but those whom every true Palmyrene hates, and they secretly rejoiced at the destruction of those two!'

'And so do I, for the knights of St. John are sworn enemies to the Moslem, and my warmest wish is that all the ruined tombs in Syria may be inhabited by just such right-minded madmen. But what meant he when he called upon the spirits of his departed kindred, saying he would sacrifice me to their shades?'

'The answer to your question includes a sketch of his early life,' said Lord Cretolius, 'and as I am too tired to converse much, my son Everard will please us by giving you the tale. It will serve to beguile the time which must elapse ere we reach the gate.'

'I shall be pleased to hear it,' said D'Arville, 'and, in fact, after my adventure I am very curious upon the subject.'

'Well, then,' said Everard, 'if you will honor me with your attention, you shall hear it as it has been related to me, for at the time the events of the story happened, I was but a [illegible] and too young to heed them.

[illegible] in his early youth, was a private soldier in the royal guard, but by his good conduct and bravery, aided by his prowess in arms, he attracted attention, and by the royal favor rose gradually, until he attained the rank of a commander in the first legion, and with about a thousand men was placed as the pretor of the western wall and gate. This position he held for five years, till the loss of his wife and child drove him crazy. His wife was the only daughter of the noble Artanius, whom he first met in one of her customary walks without the gate, or upon the side of the hill. In fact, scarcely a day passed that he did not see her, and his polite salutes and her smiles soon paved the way to intimate acquaintance, which gradually warmed into deep, devoted love.

'He asked her of her father in marriage, but although of a noble but ruined family, his poverty caused him to be rejected and spurned by the proud Artanius with sneers and contempt. Artanius forbade his daughter ever again to speak to or meet Marontius, threatening the most terrible vengeance on both if he was disobeyed.

'For some time she implicitly obeyed the cruel command, confining herself to her apartments, where she passed her time in tears and sorrowful musings. But love knows no barrier, and one moonlight night her warrior-lover scaled the wall of her father's garden, where she was walking alone, and implored her in fervent tones not to banish him forever from her sight, but at least to give him the pleasure of seeing her every evening, at a little cabin just without the garden gate.

'The beautiful Azilla was moved by his words, and unable to resist the passionate pleadings of her lover, consented to meet him secretly. For a long time they were undiscovered, but one evening Lord Artanius, having his suspicions aroused by her frequent absences, caused her to be watched, and when the truth was known his anger knew no bounds. He confined his child in one of the dungeons beneath his castellated mansion, and left her there, amid darkness and gloom, to weep over her blighted hopes. [illegible] a plot of the most nefarious nature against Marontius, which would have driven the latter into exile and disgrace, with a brand upon his forehead, and ruined him forever. But this was not to be, for a day or two before the blow was to fall, the villanous and cruel plans of Artanius were suddenly cut short by death.

'When the particulars of the plot against Marontius became known to the king, he was indignant, and to recompense the brave soldier for the risk he had run, conferred on him the estates and title of Artanius, and the hand of the lovely Azilla. Their union was blessed with a daughter, who, with her mother's name, inherited her mother's beauty and grace.

'At that time the Saracens and Turcomans made frequent incursions, for the sake of plunder, upon our territory, appearing suddenly near some isolated mansion, carrying off or slaughtering its inmates, and disappearing with their spoil ere a blow could be struck at them.

'One beautiful afternoon, about five years after his marriage, Marontius, his wife and child, were enjoying the air, among the tombs we have just left behind, with not more than a dozen attendants, when a party of fifty or sixty Turcoman horsemen suddenly surrounded them, and called on them to surrender.

'Placing his beloved ones in the ruined tomb of king Icarus, which they then happened to be passing, Marontius and his followers defied the invaders, and a desperate conflict ensued; the superior numbers of the foe, however, gave them such a decided advantage, that in a few moments Marontius found himself fighting alone, his gallant comrades having all fallen beneath the scimitars of the Arabs, and soon after he himself was struck to the ground bleeding and senseless.

'The Turcomans, securing Azilla and her daughter, and seeing a large body of horse rapidly approaching from the city to the rescue of Marontius, made a hasty retreat on their swift desert steeds, leaving thirty of their number on the blood-stained sod in front of the tomb, as proofs of the desperate valor of Marontius and his men.

'The gallant soldier shortly after recovered his senses, but on being informed of the loss of his dear Azilla, and his beauteous daughter, his mind wandered, and since then, for fifteen long years, he has been the pitiable object you have seen him. No trace of his loved ones has ever been discovered. Our late royal master, the present king's father, placed his estates in charge of an overseer, who, at certain times causes proper sustenance to be conveyed to the tomb where he has his abode.

'He never leaves his hermitage, save for the purpose of visiting the scene of his former happiness, the palace of Artanius, through the halls of which he will wander at times for hours, in a musing mood, from which he generally wakes with a wild scream, darts away through the busy streets with incredible swiftness, passes the gate, and halts not till he reaches his favorite haunt, the ruined tomb of king Icarus.'

During the narration of this touching tale, the noble features of the knight gave evidence of the deep interest with which he listened to its details, and his clenched hand and compressed lip plainly showed the feelings with which he regarded the villany of the Turcoman spoilers, in thus rudely severing the fond ties that bind heart to heart.

As Everard concluded, D'Arville raised his mailed hand toward the firmament above him, and with his enthusiastic soul beaming from his manly face, he cried:

'Hear me, high Heaven, and record on thy imperishable tablets the vow I make. I swear by all that I hold innocent and beautiful, by all that I hold dear, never to rest till I have traced the spoiler to his den—till I have rescued the injured maiden and captive wife from their oppressor—till I have again restored them to their bereaved parent and husband's arms, and with the radiance of their affectionate glance, brought again the light of reason to his eyes, and banished from his soul the dread darkness which overhangs the mind wrapt in the gloomy veil of madness. If my vow fails in its accomplishment through want of daring, may my lordly banner be trailed in the dust, my trusty sword be ignominiously broken, and the glory of my knighthood depart from me forever.'

Lord Cretolius listened in admiration to this determination, so characteristic of the chivalrous order to which the knight belonged, and Everard felt his heart beat wildly within him, at the thought of the varied adventures through which the warrior must pass ere he could attain the fulfilment of his vow, and in secret almost resolved to own no other leader, and follow the gallant chevalier through the changing scenes of his future course.

While these thoughts passed through Everard's mind, the cavalcade halted close in front of the massive gate, in the deep shadow cast by the gigantic wall beneath, and between the heavy bars appeared the long vista of a beautiful street dimly seen in the moonlight—the 'street of palms.'

### CHAPTER III.

*The street of palms. The street of palaces. The royal levee. The Turcoman princes. Ida Cretolius. An arrival.*

THAT noble avenue was aptly named, and was indeed the street of palms. Paved from side to side with massive blocks of stone, which had lain there for ages, it stretched across the beautiful city, strait as an arrow, and smooth as a polished floor.

At some distance from the mansions which bordered it on either hand, two rows of giant palm-trees marked the limits of the foot-paths, and threw their chequered shade upon the broad way beneath, their foliage ever waving in the breeze a welcome to the coming stranger and a farewell to the departing friend.

Thousands on thousands lined the way far as the eye could reach, and their overhanging branches formed a protecting arch, defending the passer-by from the fervid heats of the summer sun, and the ceaseless droppings of the winter rain.

Over that [illegible] had passed who now slumbered peacefully in their graves; the lordly senator, the wealthy merchant, the thriving citizen, and the gallant soldier, all had gazed delighted on the beauteous vista; and though, as passing centuries rolled away, these manly forms continually gave place to others, yet still the street of palms seemed the same as when of old it witnessed the triumphal processions of the mighty queen Zenobia, returning to her imperial palace laden with the spoils of conquered nations—still seemed the same as when it beheld the entrance of the victorious eagles and desolating legions of the Roman armies, led by the terrible Aurelian.

A mile or more from the western gate, an avenue still more beautiful, if possible, than the street of palms, crossed it at right angles, called the street of palaces. At different intervals twenty lordly mansions raised their castellated turrets in the air, each in itself capable of being converted into a strong hold in time of need, each furnished with drawbridge and portcullis, with donjon-keep and rampart.

From the street of palms, the street of palaces rose gradually for half a mile, till it reached the summit of the hill on which stood the royal palace, the buildings and gardens comprising which covered an area of a square mile.

The moon shone full upon the white columns and marble balconies of the magnificent edifice, and from the windows issued a brilliancy of light which put to shame the gentle beams of Luna. Within, music seeming like that of fairer spheres, hovered in melody amid the gilded cornices, and shook the tapestried walls with a tremulous motion; a blaze of radiance from countless burners illuminated the vast hall, and was reflected back from jewelled coronets and zones gemmed with the pearls of Persia and the diamonds of Golconda.

Manly forms were there, clad in the richest vestments, and manly hearts beat high with rapture, as amid the mazes of the giddy dance sparkling eyes merrily glanced upon their own, and soft voices fell in gentle cadences on their delighted ears; love and beauty seemed to reign supreme, and even majesty bowed to the sweet control, as the king himself led the fairest maiden of his realm through the figures of the olden waltz.

Yes, she was the fairest among the daughters of Palmyra, and the most graceful in her movements; clad in a dress of purest white, studded with rubies and emeralds, she moved amid the thronging noblesse in the pride of youthful beauty, admired and courted by all, yet unconscious of her own loveliness. A form of queenly stature, and eyes of dark blue, cheeks and lips of rosy red, and auburn hair flowing in waving ringlets on a snowy neck, conspired to render her one of the most fascinating of her sex, but when to these were added the treasures of a noble intellect, the mind of the auditor insensibly acknowledged her the queen of hearts. Such was Ida, the daughter of Lord Cretolius.

In the circling motions of the waltz, the king and his fair partner passed a group of Saracens collected around one of the elaborately carved pillars. Foremost of the group stood two manly figures, clad in the richest styles of the Turcoman court, accompanied by a maiden arrayed in more than eastern magnificence, around whose elegant and voluptuous form fell a [illegible] through the gauze of which two sparkling eyes were indistinctly seen, brighter than the star of evening, more beautifully blue than the skies of [illegible].

Their attendants, to the number of an hundred and fifty, chosen from the body-guard of the sultan for their loyalty, strength, and skill in arms, remained at a respectful distance from their superiors, and so still were they, that they hardly seemed to breathe, standing in silent sternness like grim statues of the angel of death.

No pleasure seemed to fill their warlike bosoms at the sight of the gay scene before them, but the fiery glances which shot continually from their dark, expressive eyes, and the frowns which knit their scowling brows, evinced the hatred with which they regarded the race whom they considered their enemies.

For awhile the soft measures of the waltz ceased, and the king offered his arm to the fair Ida to conduct her to the balcony. As they passed the Moslem band she thought she heard a deep sigh, and turning in the direction whence it seemed to emanate, her eyes met those of the younger Turcoman, Selim, whose admiring yet sorrowful looks told a tale of heartfelt devotion, which caused her bosom to throb wildly, while her liquid orbs involuntarily were veiled by her drooping eye-lashes.

For an instant, the noble-hearted Selim felt a thrill of delighted surprise. Could it be that the blush which mantled her cheek was brought thither by his earnest gaze? Could it be that the Palmyrene maiden loved the son of her country's foe? The thought of such happiness filled him with hope, and with the ardor of his nature he determined to press his suit at some favorable moment, and seek to win her.

The revengeful Hafed had witnessed all, had read in an instant the thoughts of his younger brother, and the answering emotions of the gentle Ida. His malicious soul was filled with deadly hatred towards Selim, whom he envied the regard of the fair being whose loveliness had stirred the deepest fountains of his own heart. It was not strange, for all who looked upon her were charmed by her more than angelic beauty. [illegible] balcony to enjoy the soft breezes of that favored clime after their exercise, the maiden, whose thoughts still dwelt upon the youthful Selim, said, veiling her interest in him studiously:

'My liege, how long ere you intend giving these Saracen ambassadors a decided answer? I should not think you would have a moment's hesitation in denying their demands.'

'Ah, fair lady,' replied the king, 'you do not perfectly understand the state of affairs in Asia Minor and Syria, or the dangerous position in which we are placed, or you would not counsel me to act as you have said.'

'Well, but what benefit can you possibly derive from keeping them in a state of suspense as to your decision?' asked the lady Ida; 'I am sure I should be pleased to see them depart as soon as possible, for the presence of those grim warriors seems to cast a gloom over every amusement, and their sombre and malicious looks fill me with dread.'

'In the present changing state of affairs,' said the king, 'when everything in our vicinity seems to be on the point of a great convulsion, when we know not what the next hour may bring to light, nor what new enemies may spring up to interrupt our peaceful course, it is the wisest policy to remain in a neutral state as long as possible, that we may take advantage of passing events, and reserve our strength for the last great, but inevitable struggle.'

'Then you think,' said Ida, 'if you deny these ambassadors their demands, that it will involve us in a war with the Turcomans and Saracens?'

'I am assured that such will be the case, fair lady,' replied the king, 'for the vast hordes of the Seljukide sultan are now awaiting but the signal to gather around our beautiful city, and devote it to the horrors of siege, pillage, and rapine, and against their countless numbers we should be unable to cope for an instant, unless they were divided through the jealousy of their leaders or some other cause.'

'That is undoubtedly true,' responded the lady; 'but then it were best for us to meet the danger boldly, and perish in defence of our honor, rather than dishonor ourselves by surrendering these Christian knights to their pursuers, and doom those who have thrown themselves on our hospitality to a horrible and lingering death.'

'But then, stern necessity may compel me to this step, fair Ida,' said the king. 'At all events I will deny my answer as long as the Saracen princes seem so well satisfied to remain at our court, and perchance the course of these stirring times may in the interval find occupation for their armies elsewhere.'

'My liege,' responded the Lady Ida, 'pardon me, but methinks it would be the very depth of dishonor to deliver up these brave men to the Turcoman ambassadors, and if Palmyra disgraces herself by such an act of wrong, I will forever disown my country, and seek a home in some other realm, where the duties of hospitality are better understood, and more honorable principles of conduct prevail.'

The fair girl spoke bitterly, and with deep feeling, and as the king gazed upon her countenance, in which indignation was clearly depicted, he sought to turn the conversation into some other channel, as her present mood did not suit the base purposes which he secretly cherished towards her in his heart.

'Fair Ida, think no more of it; I did but jest to try your spirit and loyalty. And even if I entertained such an intention as regards these knights, your sweet pleadings in their behalf would save them from harm. The [illegible] accents of your silvery voice, the gentle glance of your expressive eyes, would gain the cause of any for whom you might intercede, and move my heart to consent to your wishes, even though it were of adamantine mould.'

Ida started, but recovering herself, said, in a cold tone of voice:

'The air upon this balcony is damp, my liege. Let us return to the hall, for the music calls again to the dance, and I have promised to tread a measure with my Lord Murden. Ah, here he is, just in time to relieve your majesty of your burden,' said she, as the nobleman bowed to the king, and offered his arm.

The monarch, in a tone of voice full of deep and hidden meaning, so low that none but the Lady Ida could hear, said:

'Surely, if it is a burden, it is one I should be proud to bear while life lasts.'

Ida proudly drew herself up to her full height, and with a seemingly unconcerned look curtsied to her king, and taking the arm of the noble, suffered the latter to lead her to a prominent place in the forming sets.

The chief minister of state now joined the king, saying, as he did so:

'The Lady Ida is more charming to-night than I have ever seen her before, and seems to be the centre of attraction. Even these Turcoman princes acknowledge her superior beauty, for my spies tell me their eyes have almost unconsciously followed her movements throughout the whole evening, and the younger one, in particular, pays her a silent, but heartfelt devotion, which I should say was nearly akin to love.'

'Say you so,' replied the king, 'then they shall quickly have their answer, and receive permittance to depart. Selim is too dangerous a rival to be permitted to remain here, for I know well that the modest and respectful manner in which you say he pays his homage, is better calculated to win her proud heart than the most forward gallantry. By heaven, I love her too well to suffer her ever to love another.'

'But, my liege,' said the minister, in astonishment, 'you would not wish to destroy the fair tenement of beauty—to—to—that is, my liege, I am sure it will be the cause of much trouble, if you persist in carrying out this intention. The Lord Cretolius and his noble son would not tamely submit, and a civil war might be the consequence.'

'I care not much for them,' replied the king, 'since many a mile of sea and land intervenes between us, and perhaps ere this they sleep in the grave. The dangers of their adventurous journey, and the long period which has elapsed since they were heard from, settles that point completely in my mind. The beauteous Ida, as yet, knows not that my attentions are the result of a passionate love, but considers them as the gallantries to which she is so accustomed.'

'My liege,' responded the minister, 'her majesty, your royal consort, would find enough to rouse her revengeful spirit, and would not tamely submit to such an act. If you divorced her, she would soon find means to bring the powerful armies of her father, the Byzantine emperor, against you.'

'Then would I league with the Turcoman for his destruction,' exclaimed the king, in anger. 'But what right have you to stand here talking thus to me? Is a monarch to hear a lecture from a subject? Away! leave me; breathe but a word of what I have said, and I will apply a moral to your sermon that will make you dearly rue its delivery.'

The minister bowed, and left him, half in sorrow, and half in indignation, saying to himself:

'This must not be. I have been faithful for years to the family of the king, while virtue ruled their counsels, but I shall never acknowledge the dominion of a vicious monarch, and I shall see if I cannot secretly thwart his purposes. If Lord Cretolius should return now, all would be well.'

At that moment, the door of the guard-room opened, and three officers of the guard entered, and having sought the king, one of them addressed him thus:

'My liege, will your majesty deign to hear me? Two travellers have arrived at the gate, and desire admittance. As your majesty has given orders that no person shall be admitted during the hours of night without your express permission, we have sought your presence to obtain it.'

'Who, and what are they, that causes the appearance of my brave officers at this unusual hour?'

'Lord Cretolius, and his son Everard.'

'Lord Cretolius!' exclaimed the king, with a start of surprise, 'how un—' unwelcome, he would have said, but quickly recovering himself, and changing the frown on his brow to an affable smile,—'how unexpected, yet how pleasant is this news. Come they alone?'

'No, your majesty, a knight of the order of St. John, an envoy to your royal highness from Cyprus, is in their company.'

'What, ho! Duke Cestalius, take the imperial legion of our guard, and speed to the western gate. The long-absent sons of Palmyra are there, Lord Cretolius and the young Everard; conduct them with due honor to their ancient palace, and there leave them.'

At this announcement the dancers ceased, and amid the conversation which ensued, Ida left the hall in delighted haste, and in a very few moments was riding rapidly homewards, surrounded by a band of armed attendants, to prepare a welcome for her father and brother.

Knights armed in haste, and nobles mounted their steeds. Hundreds of their followers, with banners and polished arms, set out in advance of the imperial legion, and ere long the brilliant cortege turned into the street of palms, and proceeded towards the western gate.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

ATZ F58 Office

# THE FLAG OF OUR UNION.

[Written for The Flag of our Union.]

## NEW YEAR'S GIFT:

### OR THE TORQUOISE BRACELET.

BY LIEUTENANT MURRAY.

It was the night before New Year; a gay, merry, white night, heaven's winter's pall, with spotless and ever all things, and a clear moon and vivid white beamed brightly and beautifully down upon the hill and the town upon town and country, the outspread fields, and the summer haze of the metropolis. The gaslights along the gaudy streets were muffled up by their very eyes and hurried on, spurred by the sharp and biting cold. It was a marching night—the windy wind whistled among the chimney tops, and round the sharp angles of the streets, rushing into corners and crevices, and dancing off again with a whistle—now humming for a moment about the brightly-illuminated windows of the rich, and then suffering under a poor man's door, afterwards playing antics with some sparkling cupboard or well-stocked shed, and then murmuring round greater mischief to perform.

In a short street leading out of a large thoroughfare of the town, was a small, one story and a half dwelling, quiet distinguished for neatness, and which, assisted hardly able to connect with the rich wind that beat on everything around it. But old and dilapidated, as it was, it contained inhabitants—inhabitants, of whom alone they would hardly live there. Within the house, in a small sitting-room, sat before a meagre fire at a plain deal table two females, a mother and a daughter. They were employed busy with their needles, but occasionally over and then with each other.

"Mother," said the youngest of the two, whom we have referred to, "to-morrow is New Year, and she has quarrelled with me, and Mr. Pearce will keep his promise and turn us out of the house."

"I know it, Emma," replied the eldest, mournfully, "she is determined to keep the money, as I have required every year we could ever to pay for it, and these three months past."

"I can't blame her much," said the young one, mother, and yet I can remember when the coming of New Year was a glad time for us."

The mother sighed heavily.

"Fanny Harcroft," continued Emma, "the dear, kind being who seems never tired of doing us good, was to be on a visit yesterday, and you were gone to the shopfair this week. She asked me about the rent, and let her lip with vexation that she had not the means to pay it herself."

"Ah, Fanny has been very kind to us," said the mother. "What should we have done but for her assistance, when I was sick this spring?"

"Mother, does it seem right and just to you, that Fanny's father should have so much wealth, and that we should be so very poor, wanting even for the simplest necessities of life? Is it not hard to think of?"

"These trials, Emma, after all, justly the heart by stern discipline."

"Perhaps so, mother, but I see no reason or justice in heaping riches upon some people, and leaving others to starve."

"Question not the ways of Providence, my child; all is for the best, and if we find this life hard and sorrowful, it is but a short one at the furthest, while adversity but the better fits us for that great world, God, and who can tell, in heaven—I feel we will—where we shall never have even sorrowful thought, yet since my evening prayer I am quite contented."

At this moment the door opened, and a number of some eighteen or nineteen years of age entered the apartment, and throwing off the shawl that had covered her head and shoulders, looked at the mother and daughter with no cheerful a smile, that it seemed to be absolutely contagious, for both immediately reflected it in their own countenances. The young woman was a showy girl, flaxen-haired, with one of those sweet, expressive faces that pictures love to idealize. Talk of black eyes! You should have looked into Fanny Harcroft's, as she stood there, and you would, if you had been sworn by blue eyes. There was so soft and pleasing a look of trusting love in them that they would seem a fine theme to the most acrimonious servitude. Ah! Fanny, was answered with the vile prejudice of custom and contest, and her young heart knew no guile, was unflattering and glad to love any one rather even at the cost of her own enjoyment.

"Good Mrs. Burdett," she broke out, "I have brought you a present for to-morrow."

"You are always doing so, miss kindness my dear miss Fanny," said the widow, with a grateful heart, while her daughter looked as more that her mother had said.

"I have no fifty dollars, Mrs. Burdett, for the rent," continued Fanny, laying a note for that amount on the table, "and here are five each for you and Emma, as a New Year's gift."

"O, miss Fanny, surely we cannot receive such a largess!"

"Don't say a word, Mrs. Burdett; it is all settled; now don't, I beg!"

It was the widow say that she could not make up her mind to receive such a gift from her young friend, but with gentle eloquence the lively girl prevailed upon Mrs. Burdett, knew that Mr. Harcroft was not remarkable for his liberality, and determined to make up the deficiency, and that she would become possessed of such a sum. Emma no doubt that she had gotten it honestly, and yet she had such magnificence about her, indeed to entertain before she appropriated the money. Of course she could not speak to Fanny about this; a natural delicacy of feeling forbade such a course. She thought that certainly the gentle and kind-hearted girl desire to relieve them from this unfortunate dilemma in relation to the rent, and therefore she have led her to some imprudence that she would hastily repent.

But we must go back a little in our story.

Fanny Harcroft had seen and expressed an earnest desire to possess a beautiful, turquoise bracelet that was displayed at one of the fashionable goods stores in town. Her mother, after hearing the statement, persuaded Mr. Harcroft to consent to purchase it for Fanny as a New Year's gift, though the article cost sixty dollars. It was, therefore, intended for her New Years day, and much pleasure did she anticipate in the possession of so rich a gem. She had decided to be up early on the day's the day before New Year's eve in give Emma some trifling articles of dress from her own wardrobe, when she learned the position of affairs relating to the rent. She was home thoughtful, and after sitting by her room alone for sometime, she sprang up with sometime beaming in every feature, as though some happy thought had come over her, and with a heart as light as innocence itself, she sought her mother.

"Mother," she said, "I wish father would let me have the money in place of that ten pieces bracelet."

"Why, Fanny," said Mrs. Harcroft, "I am surprised to think you should esteem a New Year's gift as lightly, and one from your father, too."

"No, no, mother, I do not mean to undervalue the gift, but I you will get me the money in its stead, I will do anything to please you. 'Come, dear mother, say you will do this for me.'

"I wish you can want of so much vanity, Fanny—do you need anything?"

"I do, I assure you, and not. I don't tell you now."

Mrs. Harcroft, after much talk, and explanation on the part of Fanny, consented that she desired to do with the money, assured that it would be appropriately laid out by her herself into the interests of the said, desired, and then exacted from her daughter a promise that she would not tell her father of the matter.

Fanny Harcroft was possessed of a most generous disposition, and even her mother was surprised in her kind did not know half the beauties of her young and loved heart to the extent she did. Let us now leave it, save to say that Fanny was in the Episcopal church. He was devoted to his duties, and was generally liked by all parties, minds that ever actuated the human breast. He was a man of considerable learning, and handsome, persuasive in expression, and ever gentle and effectations. To Fanny he had been a kind friend, and she loved him with all the artless purity and devotion of a young and loving heart.

As we have said, Henry Melville knew that Fanny Harcroft was to be at a party given adjoined to Fanny Harcroft. Indeed, he was specially requested to attend the ladies' family, and still she loved on the more intently, perhaps, because her secret was entirely unknown to him. Mr. Harcroft and Emma attended Grace Church by the kind accommodation of Mr. Pearce, whose pew the family husband had owned and occupied a pew in the church, and Fanny had to go to the church alone, widow and child almost to beggary. Hence Melville was attracted by the young girl's appearance, and among the round of his calls he did not forget the humble Burdetts on New Year's day, but said behind with them, cheered their industry, and promised them his assistance.

Just at this moment, as he was about to leave, a gay, handsomely-clad lady, Fanny Harcroft came merrily into the room—her handsome cheeks glowing with exercise, and her eyes sparkling more bright with happiness.

"I beg your pardon, Mrs. Burdett's, she said, curtseying to the widow, "I will not call again;" and she disappeared almost as rapidly as she came into the apartment.

Pray who was that—some friend of yours, Mrs. Burdett?" asked Melville.

"Yes, sir," said Emma, warmly, "I am proud to call her my friend. It is Miss Fanny Harcroft, sir, the sweetest creature and I call her sister always."

"Indeed she is a dear, good girl," responded the widow, feelingly.

"Miss Harcroft, you say? asked the curate thoughtfully, "surely not the daughter of Mr. Harcroft, of whom you refer."

"She made us such a generous New Year's gift," said Emma, proudly.

"Indeed, and what might it be? asked the curate.

"The amount of our last six months' rent, and ten dollars."

"That was generous, truly," said the curate.

"Ah, but it was not the money alone, Mr. Melville," said the widow, "it was the kind way in which she presented it, and the sweet manner in which she spoke. Oh, sir, I have never met with one of those sweet, expressive faces that pictures love to idealize. Talk of black eyes! You should have looked into Fanny Harcroft's, as she stood there, and you would, if you had been sworn by blue eyes. There was so soft and pleasing a look of trusting love in them that they would seem a fine theme to the most acrimonious servitude. Ah! Fanny, was answered with the vile prejudice of custom and contest, and her young heart knew no guile, was unflattering and glad to love any one rather even at the cost of her own enjoyment.

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"Mother," she said, "I wish father would let me have the money in place of that ten pieces bracelet."

"Why, Fanny," said Mrs. Harcroft, "I am

[Written for The Flag of our Union.]

### The Gentle Word.

BY FRANCES S. OSGOOD.

Brighter, when pain and sorrow heaved
A tear on each cheek,
Than ever flashed the ruddy spark
From one I see or know there.

Two sunshine prayers of love, dearest,
My children both I know,
Have lighted up the bright flame
To keep it ever so.

It brought a glint of glad surprise
To paint each pearly tear,
It brought the tears to dropping eyes,
It brings them now to cheer.

"Twas but a word—a little word—
"Twas one I often speak,
Yet sweet, for it was every day,
It sounded passing sweet.

For well I know some friendly heart,
I learned not of before,
First thought to me that little word—
Nay, maybe thought of more.

The gift—the gift of love,
And that was every day—
They did not stint—nay never did! hear
The praise I owe from thee!

[Written for The Flag of our Union.]

## NEW YEAR'S EVE!

### OR THE DISGUISE.

BY CALVIN TOTTEN.

Alas! for the rarity
Of Christian charity
Under the sun!
Hood.

Reader, another year has gone down to the dark and dreary past with its deserted hopes and great events, its sunshine and its flowers, its sorrows and its tears—fled with the hurried flight of the wind, and now we are on the night of many a weary lesson, the light of the heavens upon the last night of the year. Solemn music of the mental voices—mingled with the sighs of the wind—the hallowed feelings with household gods now shattered and desolate. All the disappointed hopes and friendships and human things—how—joy—grief—anxiety—bitterness and woe. The mother's agony, the wife's grief, the laugh of happy youth, the stern day dreams of manhood, the calm reflections of old age—all these years, and still alike share the reckless, the silence and the sorrow, the mirth and misfortune, and while we duly consider the great lesson that is intended to be read, I would fain relate a brief and simple story.

The last day of the falling year was drawing on a cheerful close. The day was covered in with a pall by one vast, black, rolling mass, that hung heavily on the faces, and veiling the great earth in its shrouded gloom; no bird was in the forest, no song was on the mountain, but beyond in the fields, the happy laborers on the sloping hill-sides and in meadows, by the river's margin were busily and said. The sighing of the winds in the tall shivering pines—the rustling of leaves, the snow waved and shrinked on the distant hills—the dreary aspect of the sad sparrow the window pane sent an involuntary shudder to the heart. It seemed as though nature, conscious of the coming change, was the requiem of the dying year.

Just on the shadows of evening began to cover the earth—as one of the most beautiful villages—I pass over from one of the shops in Springfield, and passing down Main street, entered a respectable looking house in the suburbs a friend, when they were joined by a party of young ladies and gentlemen, when the parting word and cutting cord had not power to detain. A short conversation ensued, and they all retired, and were about to enter the hotel in question, when they were accosted by an aged female, who begged for their generosity, who in a broken, subdued voice, appealed to their sympathies, and asked from the gentlemen of the parties to purchase her shelter for the night. The unfortunate creature had entered upon years; but her face was so completely ruffled in the fable of a woman, and faded hood, that it was entirely shaded from their gaze; while the proportions of her stooping form were hidden from observation by a dark cloak, which that hung loosely fluttering around her shivering person.

The individual were immediately addressed by the gentlemen, and apparently a favorite of fortune, and he shrank from her extended hand as though there had been pollution in the touch.

"I have nothing for thee, hag," said he, coldly, "and I would advise you to move on in this house; and turning away from the sad woman, he entered the hotel.

The rehearsal of her wants met with the same response from the other gentlemen of the group, and she was turning away scorning disdain, when her eye fastened on the face of a young lady who had been introduced to the reader—who had retired behind a pillar to hide the tears that were flowing down her cheeks, and hobbled up to the spot, begging the boon of a shelter for the coming night.

My good woman, you shall be cared for," said the lady, and the reception for her was met with from his affluent companions; "I am poor, but—even the last crust would be divided in his mind to embrace an early opportunity to accompany Fanny to Boston. Here is a hint, gentlemen," continued he, and then some low eyes would be turned, "but it is all I have with me, and a will, pencil, and paper. However, the winds howl through the drifting snows; I will give you a piece of shelter." It was a fearful night, and God protect the wanderer by his wonderful.

Amid the scuffs and derision of his companions, the gentleman seized the aged wanderer by the wrist; and, not knowing where he could secure suitable lodgings for the fellow-creature, led her by directly to the cottage of his mother.

The aged lady, addressing his widowed parent, as he entered her street, disgust pellucidly, and the poor woman, wiped it from her in the streets, and, knowing that your wears were the badges of the way, I have brought her here to share the comforts of our home tonight. Let Mary prepare her a cup of tea, and a bed, for the street be very weary and hungry; and see that she has a comfortable apartment, and that she is well cared for. I should feel, did I know that you were in the streets this inclement season, wandering the cold, and no one to take pity on your misfortunes, and to shelter you from the storm of the stranger. But I must away; I have a call to make, and I shall not return till late in the evening."

As he threw on his cloak to depart, the beggar, who had thus far manifested a firm disinclination to lay aside her head and enter gentlemen, and, seeing that the hotel had been far forsaken allowed to the white mother, while in a low, faltering tone, she exclaimed:

"Young man, you have been a friend to me, and may the great and the affluent turned from me, and God will not forget your charity. Every merciful act is rewarded even in this world. But—before you go, let I may see you again, I have one request to make; and this mystery you have been so kind as to the true spirit, and give no more pledge, that I may hasten to an asylum to rescind me to my kindness and gratitude.

Surprised at the novelty of the request, and how, the refined beggar, to which it was uttered, Lester drew a ring of singular workmanship from his finger, and placing it in the hands of the beggar, he bade her to return him the silver ring disappeared.

It was utterly midnight before he returned home of the moment, and when the song ceased, and the fiddle stopped, he was still there. Lester appeared in the room

THE FLAG OF OUR UNION.

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F. GLEASON, PROPRIETOR.

M. M. BALLOU, EDITOR.

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### To our Correspondents.

'On the Death of my Mother,' lines by Park Benjamin, filed for insertion in our next number.

'The Agreeable Surprise,' a prose sketch, by Geo. P. Burnham, will appear next week.

'Foreign Correspondence, No. 2,' Letter from Paris, in our next.

'Lines on Major Ringgold's Grave,' hardly up to the accepted.

'The Three Turks' Heads, a story of the Olden Time,' by A. J. H. Duganne, next week.

'Dodging a Militia Fine,' a mirth-provoking contribution from the Young 'Un, accepted.

'I would not live forever,' a poem, by Miss C. Allen, accepted.

'How Capt. Cannon came back from Mexico,' a side-splitting sketch, by the Old 'Un, in our next.

'A Fairy Love Letter intercepted,' a poetic gem, by Frances S. Osgood, in our next.

'The Sweets of Home,' a poem, by Mary, accepted.

'Though Time has fled,' a poem, by Finley Johnson, accepted.

'The Deserted One,' declined.

'A Leading Article,' a sketch in rhyme, accepted.

'The Winter of the Heart,' declined.

'The Bouquet,' a delightful couplet, by Alice Lincoln, filed for next week.

'Lines to Lizie,' not of sufficient interest for print.

'The Outward Bound,' a nautical sketch, by M. M. Ballou, next number.

'The Autumn Flower,' a poem, by S. E. C., accepted. The author will see that we have re-written this contribution, for the sake of the fine idea it contained; but its first clothing wanted finish and correctness.

### New Volume of the Flag.

With the present number of The Flag of our Union we come before the public in an enlarged and beautified form, with many improvements upon the former issues of this popular and widely-circulated journal. We have reason to feel proud of the elegant appearance that the paper presents, and a glance at its varied contents, its beautiful typography, its mammoth size, its plain yet chaste and elegant heading, with the accumulated wealth of its literary department, will show the reader the character we are determined to maintain in future. It has been the purpose of the proprietor to place the Flag at the head of the newspaper world, and having long since arrived at that point, as regards the circulation, he has now been enabled, by the opportunity afforded in the commencement of a new volume, to enlarge and otherwise perfect and fully consummate the plan he has so long entertained. The general course of the paper will be as heretofore, and in accordance with the sample before the reader, the same neutrality in politics and sectarian matters will be carefully observed, while we shall claim the right to speak calmly and independently upon all subjects. This independence of the Flag has been strictly maintained for the three past years, and it has won for it hosts of friends from all parties, while it enables us to speak honestly and unbiased upon such subjects as will interest our readers.

The *thousand dollar prize tale* that is commenced on the first page, is a sample of the enterprise that will be displayed in that department of the paper. The perusal of this story alone is worth far more to the reader than the cost of a year's subscription to the Flag; and when it is considered that it will be followed by a series of equally attractive and well-written tales, the public will allow that the Flag for the coming year will present a strong and continued attraction to all lovers of romance and elegant literature. In other departments of our paper the most liberal outlay and care will be displayed; and though the present number is a model of excellence, yet we shall keep constantly adding new and beautiful features to the sheet.

The editorial department will exhibit great industry and variety, and the style peculiar to the Flag which has proved so popular, will be continued. The general intelligence of the day will be carefully digested, condensed and arranged, so that our readers will always have it placed before them in the most available form. The wit and humor of the times, with a sprinkling of fun, wisdom and pathos, will be spread upon our board of entertainment; and it will be our constant task to examine the thousands of foreign and domestic journals that come under our observation, and cull the flowers and gems for the readers of this paper.

In short, nothing shall be wanting that the most liberal expenditure can procure, the most untiring assiduity suggest, or that our experience shall indicate as being desirable to our readers, or in any way a favorable addition to the paper. We know very well that actions speak louder than words—that the proof of a pudding is in the eating of it—therefore, we will say no more, but refer the reader to the fair columns that are spread before him.

OUR CLIPPER CRAFT.

Cast loose the fasts! and give our guiding bark,
Now cheerily we'll spread the broad white sail;
Haul aft the sheet, and head her for the light
Of Port Excelsior—'tis full in sight!
Run up the Flag to peak and topmast high—
Unfurl our emblem to the broad, blue sky!
Like a thing of life she feels her beauties now;
See how the foam boils up beneath her prow;
The tapering masts now bend with graceful ease
To leeward as she takes the freshening breeze.
Behold her figure-head with emblems bright,
Each token there must cheer a freeman's sight:
Flag of our Union, in that brave bird's care,
Who dauntless bears it through the ambient air;
And then fair *Justice*, with her scales of right,
And *Liberty*, in all her glorious might.
Amid them here with calm and thoughtful mien
The noble Father of his country 's seen,
Our Washington—how hallowed is that name—
How deeply graven on the scroll of fame!
These are our mottoes, these our emblems true,
And this our greeting, reader kind, to you.

### Cheerfulness.

In spicing our columns so liberally with wit and humor, we have an object in view, and a purpose to accomplish upon the moral health of our readers. Good humor is the oil of life, and will spread over and calm an immense sea of troubles. Cheerfulness bears the same friendly regard to the mind as to the body; it banishes all anxious care and discontent, soothes and composes the passions, and keeps the soul in a perpetual calm.

A Happy New Year.—We say this with every valve of our heart open to our myriads of subscribers and readers, and may you, one and all, *see the moon over your right shoulders* during the next twelvemonth!

### Trifles light as Air.

When we see erudite men staggering through life under the accumulated weight of dry, abstruse arguments and dogmas, we smile and gladden ourself with the thought that we are not suffering under *that* infliction, at any rate. These people wear grave faces, wrinkled over with care, have a deep philosophical reason for everything at their tongue's end; and if you make a casual remark as to some laughable sea adventure, will straightway load you with philosophical reasons for the rise and flow of the tides, the connection of the same with the phases of the moon, and from thence will fly off into some astronomical calculation that would require a cart-load of figures to explain, or rightly to solve. Such people have no sympathy for the common-place events of life; they shudder at a good joke, and regret that people will be *trifling*. Nay, nay, Mr. Philosopher, let us tell thee that this world is made up of trifles, and it is the part of wisdom to lighten care by oft repeated joys. We disparage not learning; we respect and honor it; but we would not see it puffed up and corroded with exclusiveness. It is on such a principle as this that we manage the Flag. The pleasure-seeking readers find both light and weighty reading, humor and pathos. We would teach them to scrutinize even trifles, for in them there are stores of pleasure. We value no more lightly our Fun and Frolic, than our Dew Drops of Wisdom. Things are only light or weighty in our humble scale of thought; for nothing is trivial with God.

A simple anecdote may fix a moral in the heart stronger than a hundred sermons; and it has been truthfully said that a casual analogy convinceth, when a mind beareth not argument. Then scorn not the efforts of those who seek to lighten the rugged path of life by spreading wit and humor broadcast over the land; let the care only be that it possess the true ingredient of wit, delicacy; or at least, let not virtue be impugned, even in mirth. Those who make us smile, are often truer friends and moralists than those who make us weep. Crime cannot exist in the atmosphere of good humor, and the criminal must first become morose and hardened by gloomy thoughts, before he will do the evil that consigns him to infamy. Show to some of the self-styled philosophers to whom we have referred, a pleasing story or sketch, that depicts the phases of the life we experience, and they will turn aside from it with scorn, saying, 'nonsense! *trifles light as air!* it were better if it never had been written.' But you and I, gentle reader of the Flag, know better; we know that the most rational intellectual enjoyment is afforded, for instance, by a miscellaneous paper; and we had rather believe our own experience, than the opinion of such as decry the pleasing variety, the humorous flash, the bowl of punch, the spice of pathos, and the useful digest of news and information, that a good weekly paper affords to the constant reader.

### The Certificates

OF THE SUCCESSFUL ASPIRANTS FOR THE [illegible]

Below we give the receipts of the [illegible] cessful aspirants for the brilliant [illegible] awarded, being for the two best [illegible] for our pages. It will be seen th[illegible] ness has been conducted throu[illegible] strictest regard for fairness and [illegible] ing, and that the honesty [illegible] payments cannot be doubted by any [illegible]

Received of F. Gleason, Proprietor of 'The Flag of our U[illegible] thousand dollars, being in payment [illegible] prize tale entitled, 'The Knight of the S[illegible] Cross,' written by me in competition for th[illegible] offered in the said paper. I also hereby [illegible] payment to me is a [illegible] and solely in remuneration [illegible] for my own use and be[illegible]

EDGAR [illegible]

*Signed and paid before me, G[illegible] tice of the Peace for S[illegible]*

Received of F. [illegible] tor of 'The Flag of our Union,' [illegible] *red dollars*, being in payment for a prize tale entitled, 'Paulina: or, The Last of the Lisiade,' written by me in competition for the prizes offered in the said paper. I also hereby certify, that the said payment to me is a *bona fide* transaction, and solely in remuneration for the said tale, and for my own use and behoof only.

MARTHA ANN CLOUGH.

*Signed and paid in the presence of* George Bancroft, *Justice of the Peace for the County of Suffolk, December 25, 1848.*

### The Dress we Wear.

We feel like a man with a new coat and hat on, and write our editorials this week with dainty fingers. Before commencing this identical paragraph, we nibbed our pen afresh, as though the composition would look any better for *that* in the paper! Did you ever mark a man with a fresh outfit from his tailor, gentle reader, that did not walk a *little* straighter than usual! In making our bow before the immense number of subscribers to the Flag, who are all on the look-out for number one of the new volume (joking aside), we feel half like blushing: but your kind approval re-assures us. Like us, you are delighted with the superb costume in which this favorite journal comes to you. We imagine that thousands of beautiful eyes are reading this paragraph now and smiling, as ladies only can smile, upon our enterprise. Now would we make a pilgrimage to Jerusalem, to kneel before you all, for we have an amiable weakness for the sex, and if we please them, there's no fear for the rest.

Free Trade with Canada.—The bill to admit the articles of the growth or production of Canada into the United States free of duty, provided that Canada shall reciprocate the privilege to us, is now before the Senate. It passed the House at its last session, and will probably soon become a law. This is one step towards a consummation most devoutly to be wished, viz., free trade with the whole world.

Our Foreign Correspondence.—By the last steamer we are in receipt of letters from our talented foreign correspondent, which will be published forthwith in the Flag. The author, who is now in Paris, will soon depart for Italy, from whence we shall receive some highly interesting epistles.

Query.—If it is easier for a camel to perform a certain gymnastic feat with a needle than for a rich man to enter into the kingdom of heaven, what will become of those Californian gold diggers on the borders of the Rio Sacramento?

Gone to Cuba.—The Viennoise children have sailed for Havana, where they are to dance in the Tarcon theatre. We remember to have seen Santa Anna with his young Mexican bride in that house some years ago.

The Park Theatre.—This temple of the drama, we are pleased to learn, is to be rebuilt in elegant style, and to open again by the first of March next.

Poetic.—Park Benjamin (may his tribe increase) will sprinkle his prose and poetic gems over the present volume of the Flag.

### Foreign Correspondence of the Flag.

LETTER NO. 1.

Paris.

My dear Flag:

After a protracted voyage from New York, you will readily conceive that the port of Havre was a glad sight to my eyes. This place, as you well know, is a sort of sea-port for all France, and stands in about the same relation to Paris, as Liverpool does to London. Experiencing little desire to stop here, I made an early start for the French capitol, and knowing the route, we determined to make it by easy stages in the diligence. By this means the beautiful landscape was quietly enjoyed, and now and then we turned aside to get a look at some ancient, half-hidden chateau, chronicled in romantic legend, or to gaze upon the ruins of priories and churches, where knights and nobles knelt down a thousand years ago. The delightfully unique looking villages, which were intensely curious to my American eye, the heavy gateways and the winding avenues, the picturesque cultivation of the soil, the peasantry with their dresses of all colors, as I had seen them in my picture books, when a child at school, all made a strong and lasting impression upon my mind. After a brief halt at Rouen, a lovely place between two lofty and beautiful hills, with its hundred thousand inhabitants, and old cathedral, where rest the ashes of Richard, the lion-hearted, we passed out of Normandy, the garden of France, and soon entered the city of revolutions!

The readers of this favorite paper will not look to the series of letters I propose to send you, for statistical information; that they may find laid down in the guide books. But I shall give you inklings of my own impressions, and this just as they are formed on the spot. After an exceedingly delicate breakfast, with coffee such as these French cooks alone can make, and at a cost of about half what one pays in America, I strolled out alone to seek for adventure and novelty. One peculiarity that strikes the stranger is that there are no men behind the shop counters in Paris. You enter, no matter what kind of a store, to purchase no matter what, a pretty little miss or young lady rises, smiling pleasantly, and curtesies to you while she asks your commands with a grace that would not ill become the élegantes of the Palais Royal, if there now happened to be such a place, but the revolution has reformed it into a hospital. This is not a bad idea, that of employing female clerks, and is, perhaps, worthy the attention of some of our American storekeepers. It gives creditable and light employment to females, and *attracts custom*, no doubt—for where will not a pretty face find followers? Of course, handsome girls are the most eligible, and in Paris they are universally selected with an eye to their personal beauty, while the proprietor of the store provides for them the best and most fashionable clothing.

Theatres in Paris are a most peculiar fe[illegible] establishments, being under the [illegible] of government, are conducted on a [illegible] liberal scale than in England and America. The scenery is got up in the most perfect [illegible] and with the greatest artistical [illegible] machinery and means of de[illegible] ance of an object, or the [illegible] so rapidly and admira[illegible] all conjecture in the [illegible] the means, adding [illegible] and the general [illegible]. True, the pres[illegible] Paris, is anything [illegible] to the strange [illegible] have transpired [illegible] But [illegible] appeared to me that the French have [illegible] born in [illegible] are sustained, [illegible] to visit them and [illegible] amusements, they will get up [illegible] exhibitions on their own account, and [illegible] scenes behind barricades, by the light of burning palaces! But their rulers know this, and wisely provide, in all reasonable ways, amusements and pleasing entertainments for the masses, who are a pleasure-seeking and excitement-loving people, and whose passions must be indulged, at least, to a considerable extent; besides which, theatricals may be made the means of inculcating a right spirit and a love of virtue.

The Louvre is the most prominent lion in Paris, to my taste, and I visited it with peculiar feelings. From childhood its name has been rendered almost sacred to me, [illegible] ated with all that is glorious and immortal in art. The grand gallery of the Louvre is more than a quarter of a mile in length, being divided into arches, sta[illegible] upon Corinthian columns, projecting into the area. The long and almost magical perspective of this immense hall is very beautiful. Scattered as far as the eye can reach among its pillars, are artists silently copying from the works of art that enrich the walls; while here and there a sentinel stands at his post to guard and protect the precious works. There might have been fifty visitors in the hall when I was there, besides numbers of foreign artists, and a score of guards, but yet the stillness was so profound that one could almost hear one's heart beat. A feeling of reverential awe possessed me as I gazed upon these productions of the old masters, and I could hardly divest myself of the idea that all was a dream from which I must awaken.

Among the artists engaged in making copies of the paintings, I observed many French females, who are employed, as I was told, by American houses, who thus collect, almost monthly, a number of pictures at a very low cost, and transport them to the States for auction sales. A female copyist can earn only about ninety cents per day, thus employed, but still large numbers make it a regular business.

The value of time is forcibly impressed upon me in Paris, there is so much to see and enjoy. But I will not make this letter too long, for I shall find plenty of space to tell you of all that is delightful and amusing.

Adieu. M. E. D.

Foreign News.—We examine our foreign exchanges with little satisfaction in these times, for we see that the pages of history which shall record this epoch of European events, must be illumined by tears and broken hearts.

Our Illustrations.—The reader will please remember that all illustrations that appear in Flag are *originally designed and engraved* for this paper, nor will any second hand cuts ever be found in its columns.

Our Prize Tale.—We bespeak for the chapters of the thousand dollar prize tale a careful and critical reading; having been so fortunate as to obtain a real gem, we want our readers to appreciate it.

Kissing.—It doesn't seem to us to be just the 'cheese,' for an old man like General Taylor to be kissing those southern ladies; but then he's a hero, and more than that, president elect.

### From our Foreign Files.

Madame Grisi has been engaged in London for the winter months.

Jenny Lind will remain in England through the winter and coming spring.

There is to be another statue of the Duke of Wellington in London, on the Tower-hill.

Queen Victoria is the possessor of a piano constructed almost entirely of ivory.

Sir Walter Scott's favorite abode, Abbotsford, is now open to the public on Wednesdays and Fridays.

On the 21st, two cannon were sent from Cologne to Bonn, with cavalry, to compel the people to pay their taxes.

At the palace of the emperor of Austria a horse is always kept saddled and bridled through the night for him to mount.

All slaves who may hereafter be carried to the French West India colonies will be declared free immediately upon landing.

The Secret Societies of Paris are more active than they have been for many months. M. Flocon is one of the chief leaders.

In the cloisters of the cathedral of the Heldesheim, in North Germany, may be seen a rose tree said to be a thousand years old.

There is in Aberdeen a stree[illegible] and one hundred feet wide, [illegible] each side being of granite, a[illegible] high.

The cost of St. Peter's chu[illegible] was upwards of 22,000,000 [illegible] large part of this money was [illegible] sale of indulgences.

From Wirtemberg, our advice [illegible] the ministry had resigned, owing [illegible] with the king, touching the imper[illegible] sity of reducing his allowance.

The English ship Jane Augusta, [illegible] for Coquimbo, with a cargo of coal, [illegible] from spontaneous combustion when [illegible] miles off St. Antonio, and was enti[illegible] sumed.

### Dewdrops of Wisdom.

Indolence is the sleep of the mind.

A consciousness of our powers increases them.

The high stations of the world corrupt the soul; poverty demeans it.

We can give advice, but the wisdom to profit by it we cannot give.

One turns a thought as he would a coat, to serve him more than once.

We love better to see those to whom we do good, than those who do good to us.

A man whom no person pleases is more unhappy than one who pleases nobody.

Happiness or misfortune usually go to those who already have the most of the one or the other.

It is more difficult to conceal the sentiments that we have than to feign those that we have not.

Folly is like a Jesuit; it is always being exposed and weakened; and always retaining its influence.

An African king is a god in the eyes of an African; but in those of an European merchant, he is scarcely a man.

Most sinners seem to serve the devil for pay, but profane swearers are a sort of volunteers, who get nothing for their pay.

There is nothing more universally commended than a fine day; the reason is that people can commend it without envy.

Dr. Franklin, in speaking of education, says: 'If a man empties his purse into his head, no one can take it from him.'

Great talent renders a man famous; great merit procures respect; great learning gains esteem; good breeding alone insures love and affection.

When a man is called 'a successful humbug,' the general feeling is not so much indignation because he is a humbug, as envy because it is successful.

### The Joker's Olio.

A cat having lost her kittens, followed a mutton pie man.

If 112 *pounds* make one hundred weight, how many will make your wife wait?

'Whose son are you, my little boy?' 'I aint nobody's son just now. I'm Mr. Thompson's nephew, sir.'

'When did father Adam meet with his first loss in business?' 'Why, in the *fall* trade,' was the answer.

Isn't it rather an odd fact in natural history, that the *softest* water is caught when it rains the *hardest*?

'Massa, one ob your oxen is dead: 'tother too. 'Fraid to tell you of boff at once, for fear you couldn't bore it.'

'Up to snuff,' is now rendered 'Elevated to an equal capacity with the titillating particles of the tobacco plant.'

'Tommy, my son, what is longitude?' 'A curious line, daddy.' 'Prove it, my son.' 'Because it stretches from pole to pole.'

An eminent connoisseur was offered during dessert some grapes. 'Thank you,' he said. 'It is never my custom to take my wine in pills.'

'Warm day, Mr. Jones, warm day,' said Mr. Smith, as they met on Thanksgiving day: 'Yes, it is,' said Jones, 'it is *some* warm if not *summer*.'

Sir William Draper claimed to be descended from Pepin the French king, and traced the pedigree thus; Pepin, Pipkin, Napkin, Diaper, Draper.

Lord Brougham is described in the *Times*, as 'that very complex being, that bundle of inconsistencies, that *debris* of what was, and that rudiment of what never will be perfected.'

A correspondent writes us, that it is folly to undertake to scull a boat with a trowel, or to think of keeping girls from knowing what kind of confectionery matrimony is.

### Miscellaneous [illegible]

The Mississippi, so lately the frontier of our country, is only its centre. With the addition of the late acquisitions, the United States are now estimated to be nearly as large as the whole of Europe.

Every dog must have his day, and why not every hog. We learn by the Charlestown Aurora that two of the swinish race recently ran mad in that city, and were obliged to be killed. A mad ox also d[illegible]

The schooner Spec (fo[illegible] Fish of the U. S. Exploring Ex[illegible] at Hong Kong, on the 28th of September, says the Salem Register, in custody of an English man-of-war, for piracies committed by her crew on the Chinese.

Dr. Edward Skillman, of West Feliciana, La., was killed recently by Dr. Boyd. The latter had seduced a lady, a relative of Dr. Skillman's, which brought about a personal affray between the two physicians.

A Lilliputian watch is described by the New Orleans Picayune, as having recently made its appearance in that city. It was made in Geneva, is about as large as half a dime, only somewhat thicker, and keeps admirable time. Its value is $1500.

Mr. Pinney, corresponding secretary of the American Colonization Society, acknowledges the receipt of a check of $1000 from some benevolent individual in New York, in response to the call for the means to send the 200 slaves of the Ross estate to Africa.

The London Athenæum states that Faraday, in pursuing his researches into the operations of magnetism, has obtained evident proofs of the existence of a mechanical power, altogether new to our knowledge, and connected in a remarkable manner with magnetism.

We learn that there has recently been discovered strong indications of a large amount of lead ore in the town of Phillips, Franklin county, Maine. Some of the ore has been brought to this city, and found to yield 80 per cent. pure lead, equal in quality to the best Galena.

### Quill and Scissors.

The Supreme Court, sitting at East Cambridge, sentenced Barney Golding for manslaughter in killing his wife, by kicking her down stairs last summer while intoxicated, to two years in the House of Correction.

The London Illustrated News gives a view and description of a magnificent cathedral lately erected in St. Petersburg, the dome of which is coated outwardly with fine gold at a cost of about $850,000.

One of the long quiet volcanoes of Borneo has suddenly become active; it has belched forth torrents of lava, and spread desolation and death throughout the province of Passaroma.

We learn from the St. Louis New Era, that the steamer Lucy Bertram brought to that city 900 pairs of wooden shoes manufactured at a German settlement in Iowa, called Pel.

In Bangor, three children of William W. Sue, while sliding down hill, fell into a channel cut in the ice of the stream and were all swept under the ice by the current and drowned.

The French Republic has an infantry alone of 58,000 men, which cost annually two mil[illegible] What [illegible] money [illegible]

[illegible]

A gentleman who has just arrived at Boston from Panama, states that there were six thousand persons there when he left, waiting for conveyance to San Francisco.

Mr. Tilley, postmaster and taverner, of Georgetown, D. C., had one of his eyes knocked out with a tumbler, by one of a Californian party, who had been drinking at his bar.

Mrs. Sargent Dudley, of Alton, an inmate of the Insane Asylum in Concord, N. H., committed suicide by thrusting a pair of scissors through the right jugular vein.

A despatch from Washington states that Ambrose H. Sevier has received the nomination of Commissioner to settle the boundary between Mexico and the United States.

Baked apples are greatly improved by being baked in a bright tin or earthen plate, with a little water in, and a small quantity of sugar sprinkled over them.

Ben Thomas, a slave of Talbot co., Md., has been convicted on four indictments for enticing slaves to run away, and sentenced to the penitentiary for fifteen years.

A letter from Hong Kong, published in the Salem Register, says that a vessel just arrived from the Sandwich Islands reports them to be depopulated by the California gold fever.

According to the Roxbury city directory for 1849, there are five hundred and eighteen persons residing in Roxbury, whose places of business are in Boston.

Banvard and his Mississippi are creating quite a stir in England. All the London journals, with one exception, speak of the painting in strong terms of commendation.

The Clinton Association of Albany have determined to build a monument to De Witt Clinton, and to locate it at the head of State street, in front of the Capitol.

The Evening Post says it is thought that the decease of his brother, Major E. Mahurly, will cause the speedy return of the [illegible] to England.

Robert Hales, known in England as the Norfolk giant—the largest man ever seen during the last hundred years—is now on board the Atlantis, destined for the United States.

Measures are in progress to construct a railroad to connect Galveston, Texas, with the Red river. The distance is three hundred and fifty miles.

Accounts from Mexico to Nov. 10th state that General Bruna had been arrested, tried, and shot, for treason, in having connived at the escape of Paredes from the country.

Colonel R. L. Weakley, the head of a numerous and interesting family, was shot dead on Sunday night, in Nashville, Tennessee, in an encounter with Mr. Bowman.

A negro preacher in Mercer county, Ohio, beat his wife to death and fled for Canada. He was pursued, overtaken at Maumee, and taken back for trial.

Mr. Henry Yellman, a merchant living near Hickman, Ky., was brutally murdered in his own store a few days since, by some person unknown.

The wife and child of Charles Kloppel were drowned from a wagon while fording a creek at Dayton, Ohio, on Sunday, on the way to divine worship.

Within one week three steamboats have been lost on the Mississippi. The editor of the Cairo Delta says, 'Good-by to them.'

Sailors are shipping to California without wages, and in some cases offering to pay for the privilege of working their passage out!

It was rumored in Washington, that the government intends sending out a fleet to protect merchant vessels trading to California.

The Mormons in California have laid claim to a large portion of the gold territory, and demand thirty per cent. of the ore taken therefrom.

The printed indictment against Mr. Duffy, of the Nation, measures about one hundred feet in length. A fine field that for flaws.

John Hardy, a young butcher, was gored to death by a bullock that broke loose whilst being drawn to the ring in Baltimore.

It is expected that a railroad across the Isthmus of Panama will be completed in less than two years, by American capital.

[illegible] his last concert, a [illegible] benefit of the sick at the hospital there.

Among the recent arrivals in this country from Europe is Mr. C[illegible] violinist of great [illegible] a pupil of Vieuxtemps.

[illegible] our country [illegible] worth $37,500,000 a year [illegible]

Mrs. B[illegible] of New York, employs 400 [illegible] making shirts. Her [illegible] from $4 to $12 a piece.

[illegible] Charleston, [illegible] months old, [illegible] 882 pounds!

The Boston pilots intend to despatch one of their boats, the Anonyma, 75 tons, in about a week for California.

Gen. Taylor has accepted an invitation to attend the ball on the occasion of the anniversary of the battle of New Orleans.

The Liverpool authorities are taking steps to send back into Ireland every immigrant to that city who is a pauper.

The wife of Jacob Hirchbal, who died very suddenly in New York, has been arrested for poisoning him.

Madame de Montjoie, a faithful friend of the ex-queen of France, who followed her in exile, has lately died.

U. S. steamer Dragon was lost at the mouth of the Rio Grande on the 26th ult. Her cargo is saved.

A little orphan boy in Troy, has recovered a verdict of $1,000 of a man who ran over him with a wagon.

Prince Albert has been selling off his cattle at his Berkshire farm, about 250 head.

A carpenter in Trenton, N. J., has a large contract for frame houses for California.

Lead mines in Arkansas are found to contain a considerable portion of silver.

The prize tragedy written by Mr. Miles, of Baltimore, is called 'Mahommed.'

Louis, a negro lad, was hung for a heinous offence near Leesburg, Va., lately.

Father Mathew has commenced a second campaign against intemperance.

### Local Matters.

#### Inhabitants of Boston

The census of Boston, could it now be faithfully declared, would probably present fully 140,000 inhabitants. Though many hundreds of buildings are yearly erected, and every foot of available room is being pressed into service, yet the tendency seems to be to occupy a larger share of room for stores and store-houses, while families are gradually forsaking the city proper and removing to the neighboring towns, where the communication is established by railroad, and the transportation, though a distance of five or six miles, is accomplished in a few minutes, and at a trifling yearly cost. We look to see this system still more generally adopted each year, until Boston shall become a sort of city of warehouses and stores; for sure it is, that this state of things is gradually coming about. Though originally almost an island, the neck of land that formerly connected Trimount with Roxbury has become widened, and the dock, or bay, filled up to the width of more than a mile. Broad and lofty blocks of houses and fine streets cover it now; and there are men, who are not very aged either, who have sailed and fished on spots that now form the centre of populous neighborhoods. From the peculiar formation of Boston and its island character, it will probably never present within the city proper a population of over 200,000, though with its immediate suburbs it will number fully 400,000 even now, a population paramount to New York.

#### Scene at the Museum.

We happened in quite early a few evenings since at the Boston Museum, and chanced to observe a party of ladies and gentlemen, evidently out-of-town people, among whom was a young miss of some fifteen years. She seemed struck by the brilliant lights and glitter of the place, and looked about her like one to whom such a scene was a novelty. We were admiring her simplicity and modest beauty, when the gas was raised and the fine orchestra of the establishment commenced one of those elaborate and exquisite overtures that rarely fail to thrill even old theatre-goers. The effect upon the young novice was electrical; she forgot the light, the audience, the gildings and fresco that surrounded her, and gazed intently at the orchestra; at each changing theme of the composition, her expression also changed, and at last, as the soft, touching gem of the air was produced, a tear stole down her cheek, and her breast heaved with quickened emotion. The rich music of the well-performed overture continued to the perfect and harmonious *finale*, when with the closing strains she covered her face with her hands and *sobbed aloud!* It was a beautiful illustration of the natural sensibility of the heart, that was indeed refreshing.

#### Private Theatricals.

We know of no more rational mode of enjoyment or amusement than the getting up of private theatricals. Nearly every city in the Union has tried this mode of entertainment with distinguished success, except Boston. There is the Howard Athenæum, which might be had on most reasonable terms, with costumes and every convenience, while a few tickets to such an exhibition would pay all the expenses, and the surplus might be devoted to some charitable purpose. We see by our last English files that Dickens and some of his friends are to give a performance in London for the relief of the widow and children of Hammond, the comedian, who lately died in this country.

#### Fountain on the Common

New York has its Park and Battery, and Philadelphia its numerous squares, but Boston has got a spacious and well-bestowed Common, delightfully located, that distances them all. Besides that, we have a cool and beautiful fountain, with water as clear as amber, bursting from the midst of a graceful lake in its centre, that throws a jet of three inches in diameter, *ninety feet high*, a *jet d'eau* unequalled in the United States. Talk about Croton water! why, gentle reader of the Flag, it doesn't know enough to run down hill, in comparison with that of Cochituate, which now courses through every street and lane of the 'City of Notions.'

Miss A. Phillips.—We have been much pleased with the steady improvement evinced by this young lady at the Boston Museum. All of our theatre-goers will remember her from a mere child. She is always correct in her part, and shows a knowledge of stage business, and an aptitude, that experience will ripen into excellence.

City Improvements.—The fine, lofty, granite block, erected on the corner of Washington and Summer streets, is among the modern ornaments of an architectural character in Boston. Our city now presents some twenty or thirty such monuments of mechanical enterprise.

Boston Streets.—Some of them are rather after the style of a Virginia fence. A contemporary says that he has heard of several instances wherein strangers in town have become bow-legged, cross-eyed, and left-handed, by walking through that crooked thoroughfare, Washington street.

Cheap Postage.—There is a petition at the Merchants' Exchange Reading-Room, already numerously signed, praying Congress to do something for the cause of cheap postage, this present session. Go and sign it—it's a good cause.

Going to the Races.—This is the title of a capital farce, by the author of 'Box and Cox,' and has been brought out in excellent style by Kimball, at the Museum. One would think that the character of Jeremiah Twiddle was written for Warren, he adopts it so inimitably.

☞ Samuel Fegely, representative elect to the Pennsylvania House of Representatives, is lying very low from a stroke of apoplexy. It is doubtful if he can take his seat. The House is tied.—*Boston Post.*

What is it tied to, neighbor?

Getting Sharp.—The Yankee Blade man wants to know why Charles Kean is like a worn-out razor. He isn't sure, but he *thinks* it is because, having acted a long time as *Kean*, he has eventually got *blunt!*

The Holidays.—These are gay times in Boston. One night last week there were four public balls, all largely attended, and the same evening the *six* theatrical establishments were well patronized.

Nothing more Natural.—A certain philosopher has said, that if every man's breast could be looked into, there would be found the image of some woman. Will the editor of the Transcript tell us if he endorses this?

German Inhabitants.—There are at present fully ten thousand Germans permanently located in this city, mostly engaged in industrious mechanical pursuits.

### OUR OLIO COLUMN.

[Written for The Flag of our Union.]

#### Love and Reason.

BY F. H. M.

'Twas in the summer time so sweet,
When hearts and flowers are both in season,
That, who of all the world should meet,
One early morn, but Love and Reason.

Love taught his dream of yesternight,
While Reason talked about the weather;
The morn in sooth was fair and bright,
And on they took their way together.

The boy in many a gambol flew,
While Reason like a Juno stalked,
And from her portly figure threw
A lengthened shadow as she walked.

No wonder Love, as on they past,
Should find that sunny morning chill;
For still the shadow Reason cast
Fell on the boy and cooled him still.

In vain he tried his wings to warm,
Or find a pathway not so dim;
For still the maid's gigantic form
Would pass between the sun and him.

'This must not be,' said little Love;
'The sun was made for more than you:'
So turning through a myrtle grove,
He bade the portly nymph adieu.

Now gaily roves the laughing boy,
O'er many a mead, by many a stream;
In every breeze inhaling joy,
And drinking bliss in every beam.

From all the gardens, all the bowers,
He culled the many sweets they shaded,
And ate the fruits and smelt the flowers,
Till taste was gone and odor faded.

But now the sun, in pomp of noon,
Looked blazing o'er the parched plains;
Alas! the boy grew languid soon,
And fever thrilled through all his veins.

The dew forsook his baby brow,
No more with vivid bloom he smiled;
O, where was tranquil Reason now,
To cast her shadow o'er the child?

Beneath a green and aged palm,
His foot at length for shelter turning,
He saw the nymph reclining calm,
With brow as cool as his was burning.

'O, take me to that bosom cold!'
In murmurs at her feet he said;
And Reason oped her garment's fold,
And flung it round his fevered head.

He felt her bosom's icy touch,
And soon it lulled his pulse to rest;
For ah, the chill was quite too much,
And Love expired on Reason's breast.

*Pottsville, Pa., January, 1849.*

[Written for The Flag of our Union.]

#### The Wrecked at Sea!

BY M. M. BALLOU.

The gale raged loud and fearful,
The masts went o'er the side,
While anxious eyes and tearful
Looked on the raging tide.
One half the crew were sleeping
Beneath the ocean's foam,
While a woman stood there weeping,
For loved ones left at home.

Alas! the ship must founder—
And sinks that female weak;
But a gallant arm is round her,
And see! a plank they seek.
She 's safe—no word is spoken,
As fiercely on they waft,
Catching the spars now broken,
To add to their frail raft.

Bright and clear the morning
Broke o'er the wrecked ones there,
While prowling sharks gave warning
Of the fate might be their share.
The sun shone out serenely
Upon the wretched raft,
As on the ship, so queenly,
When a taut and noble craft!

On a staff a white flag's glancing—
For days they've hungered there;
Now on the blue waves dancing,
They join their tongues in prayer.
O God! a ship is steering
Towards the wrecked ones now—
And every moment nearing,
They watch the friendly prow.

They kneel in heartfelt meekness,
Where their limbs the salt sea laved;
But faint, from want and weakness,
The moment they are saved.
Most anxious care was given
To those lost ones on the main;
Their prayers were heard in heaven—
They 'll see their homes again!

[Written for The Flag of our Union.]

#### Love in Age.

BY THE GREEN MOUNTAIN BARD.

Dost recollect, love, when we met
Down by the river's side,
And wandered o'er its vine-wreathed banks,
Where sweeps the rolling tide?
Pale Dian peering down the while,
From heaven's blue vault above;
O no, thou never canst forget
When first we learned to love.

Dost recollect, when in thine ear
My heart's warm love I poured?
Though tongue of man could ill express
The half thou wast adored.
Thy heart drank in the soft-breathed tale,
Tears dimmed thy mild, blue eyes;
Joy's radiant light swam in their depths,
As sunlight in the skies.

Dost recollect, when first our lips
Met for a little space?
Our very souls came rushing up,
To join in close embrace.
O, how that first sweet kiss of love
Went thrilling through my frame!
While swiftly coursing o'er thy brow
The telltale blushes came.

Then meet with me, again, my love,
Down by the river's side;
We'll wander o'er its vine-wreathed banks,
Where sweeps the rolling tide.
Long years have fled since there we met,
Yet are our hearts the same;
Though age may tinge our locks with gray,
It cannot quench love's flame.

*Mount Holly, January, 1849.*

[Written for The Flag of our Union.]

#### To the Mermaid in the Boston Museum.

BY MARY.

Why didst thou come so far away,
Fair daughter of the sea?
Perchance some lover sighs to-day,
O silent maid, for thee.

Long enough hast thou been dumb;
O speak, and let us know
Why didst thou leave thy quiet home,
Unnumbered fathoms low?

Hast thou a tongue? come, loose it then;
Most gladly would I hear
Of merry maids, and merry men,
And all thy kindred dear.

O say, what countless riches lie
Beneath the foaming wave?
What priceless rubies greet the eye,
Within thy secret cave?

And where are all the loved and lost,
From early time till now?
How rest that brave and gallant host,
Where rocks of coral grow?

O cheer the lonely ones who weep,
With fearful gloom o'erspread;
And say their friends now quiet sleep
On ocean's lowest bed.

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# THE FLAG OF OUR UNION.

[Written for The Flag of our Union.]

### Happy New Year.

BY EVELYN.

Happy new year! Happy new year!
How it falls upon the ear!
Friends and all, be glad and gay;
'Tis a happy new year day.

Happy new year! merry child;
Happy new year! and it smiled;
Laughingly it ran away,
Shouting, 'Happy new year day!'

[illegible]
Why upon thy brow that shade?
Beauty it doth not adorn;
Be happy as this new year morn.

Happy new year! poor old man,
Whose steps are lame, whose face is wan,
Happy new year! man of care;
Thy brow is clear—no frown is there.

Happy new year! ye who dwell
In the dark and gloomy cell;
Prisoners of sad crime and woe,
Happy new year may ye know!

Happy new year! pitying poor,
Ye who live in homes obscure;
May you, in your sad distress,
Feel a ray of happiness.

Happy new year! Happy new year!
How it falls upon the ear;
Like an angel-spirit's call:—
Happy new year, one and all!

*New York, January, 1849.*

[Written for The Flag of our Union.]

### Twilight.

BY A. W. DORSEY.

How calm the hour when twilight throws
Her mantle round the mellow sky!
When nature sinks to sweet repose,
And fragrant breezes gently sigh.

'Tis then I love to hie away
From all the busy scenes of life,
And at the close of fading day
Banish all care and worldly strife.

'Tis then I love to wander down
Some deep-sequestered, flowery vale,
And watch the night-birds flit around,
Or through the distance dart and sail.

'Tis then I love alone to stray,
Along the banks of rippling streams,
And musing there, my boyhood's day
Comes back with all its joyous dreams.

Ah, yes, those dreams of future bliss!
How bright they stamped my youthful brow!
But O, how drear the dark abyss
In which they all lie buried now!

Their brightness soon began to fade—
Then like twilight shone their light;
Slowly, but darker grew each shade,
Till all those dreams were wrapt in night!

*Westminster, January, 1849.*

[Written for The Flag of our Union.]

### An Epic Poem.

BY ALMY.

A babe on its mother's breast lay sleeping—
A maiden her vows of love was keeping,
While an old man o'er a grave bent weeping.

A smile lit the brow of the cherub face,
Where beauty had lent bewitching grace,
And wrapt its form in soft embrace.

The maiden was fairest of creatures below,
The flush on her cheek was a crimson glow
Of the morning's dawn on a cloud of snow.

While the old man's head was hoary and white,
And damp were his locks with the dews of night,
As he mourned for that star, his earthly light.

There came a voice from a higher will,
And the breath of the sleeping babe grew chill,
While its beauteous form waxed cold and still.

Swift came a word, like a warrior dart—
'Twas but one shriek, and a fearful start,
And the maiden died—of a broken heart.

Time rolled on with its ceaseless tread,
And deeper bowed was the hoary head,
Still weeping o'er the mouldering dead.

Thus ever fades the brightest bloom;
The earliest flowers adorn the tomb,
While wearied life drags on in gloom.

*Providence, R. I., January, 1849.*

[Written for The Flag of our Union.]

### Midnight.

BY HENRY MAY.

Midnight o'er the earth's bright bosom—
Midnight, dreary, dark and deep,
Throwing o'er each weary mortal
The fair mantle of sweet sleep;
Hushing, in its gloomy silence,
Sounds so end like light and life,
That, in broad and open sunlight,
Thrill all hearts with ceaseless strife.

Go I forth while all are sleeping,
But yet whither none may know;
For, within my bosom burning,
Are the scenes of 'long ago.'
And, to cease this heart's sad pining,
Wander I o'er mother earth,
Longing for, and vainly sighing,
For the heavenly second birth.

Will there never come a morning?
Shall I see the light no more?
Yes, for o'er the dim horizon
Breaks the day as o'er of yore;
And far up, in swift succession,
Stream the banners of the morn;
So within my heart's recesses,
Breaks a bright and radiant dawn.

[Written for The Flag of our Union.]

### The Mother.—A Scene.

BY C. H. M.

I saw a mother smile, as near her side
Her firstborn child, a lovely infant, lay;
Her doting heart in joyous rapture beat,
To see a smile around its features play.

Her thoughts on fancy's wings were borne away,
To days the misty future yet shall hide;
And hoping in that coming hour to greet
Her darling boy in manhood's strength and pride.

I saw that mother weep—close by her lay
That lovely infant, in th' embrace of death;
She wept those tears alone a mother weeps,
When heaven her child his last and dying breath.

Too soon, alas, was nipped that smiling flower,
Too soon was torn a doting mother's breast;
Her infant died—and angels bore away
Its sinless soul to realms of peaceful rest.

Who knows a mother's joy, save she hath been
A mother too, and who her sorrows feel,
Till from her arms is snatched by death's rude hand
Affection's cherished pledge—love's first pure seal.

*De Ruyter, January, 1849.*

## MISCELLANEOUS.

[Written for The Flag of our Union.]

### BAD LUCK! BAD LUCK!

BY T. S. ARTHUR.

'More bad luck!' said Mr. Pierson to his wife, as he threw himself on the sofa in a desperate manner. 'I believe heaven itself is against me! Nothing I touch prospers.'

Mr. Pierson had just come home from his store. He was a merchant, and by most persons thought to be a successful one. He had been in business once before, and after accumulating a comfortable little fortune of sixty or seventy thousand dollars, had lost it all through a bad speculation.

The wife saw, by the manner of her husband, that something serious had occurred, or was in danger of occurring. He looked very much troubled, and his tone was more troubled than his countenance. She waited for some moments in expectation that he would say more; but as he remained silent, she inquired as to the cause of his anxiety.

'Philpot & Markham have failed!' he replied, in an abrupt manner.

'They have!' said the wife, turning pale.

'Yes; and besides owing me twenty thousand dollars, they will, in all probability, cause the suspension of four or five houses largely in my debt. If so, I am ruined again. It's nothing but bad luck—bad luck! I am utterly disheartened!'

'Hope for the best, dear husband!' said Mrs. Pierson, speaking in a voice of encouragement. 'It may not turn out so badly as you fear.'

'Hope for the best and get the worst! Humph! that has been, thus far, my experience in life.'

'Do not say that, Henry. Few have enjoyed more of life's blessings than we. Even what we used to call our dark days were oftener bright with the heart's sunshine, than gloomy with clouds or wet with the falling rain. Was it not so? Think!'

'I can't think of anything but the present, and that is dark enough.'

'All is for the best, Henry. Do not forget that.'

'I don't believe a word of it, and never did. O, dear!' and Mr. Pierson started up and commenced pacing the floor hurriedly.

His wife knew his character well enough to be sure that any further attempt on her part to give him the strength he needed, would only produce irritation of mind, and so she forbore saying anything further than to inquire more particularly into the circumstances of the failure likely to involve them in ruin.

Tea was soon after announced, and Mr. Pierson, after sitting at the table without eating anything, until the family had partaken of the meal, arose and left the house, in order to see a merchant with whom he had confidential business transactions.

Shortly after Mr. Pierson went out, and while Mrs. Pierson and her oldest daughter, Jessie, then just eighteen years of age, were sitting alone together, a servant came to the room and said that there was a gentleman in the parlor.

'Who is he?' inquired Mrs. Pierson.

'Mr. Garland,' replied the servant.

'O, yes,' said Jessie, 'he has called for me. We are going to the opera.'

'With Mr. Garland!' returned the mother, evincing surprise.

'Why not with him, mother?'

'Your father and I have both said that we rather not have you keep company with this man?'

'You indulge a causeless prejudice against him, mother.'

'No. Our objection is founded in what we know of him, as well as in observation and experience.'

Jessie had arisen, and was moving slowly towards the door while her mother spoke.

'My daughter!' said Mrs. Pierson, her manner changing, 'you surely will not go to the opera with this person?'

'I have promised him that I would do so, and I cannot break my word.'

'Your father will be greatly displeased.'

'I shall be sorry. But, mother, my word is passed, and I must not break it.'

And, as Jessie said this, she withdrew from the room, and closed the door as she went out. Mrs. Pierson, who had arisen from her chair, sat down with a sighing moan, and crossing her face with her hands, bent her body and rocked herself to and fro restlessly. Up to within a few months, a more loving or dutiful child than Jessie was not to be found. Since then she had made the acquaintance of a man named Garland, and became completely fascinated with him. He was some years older than she was, and had seen a good deal of the world. In exterior, he was a polished gentleman; and being well educated, was just the kind of a person to dazzle a young girl who was able only to judge from mere appearances.

On leaving her mother, Jessie went to her own room, and, in a little while, descended to the parlor, where Mr. Garland awaited her. She was not dressed to go out. Better counsels had prevailed in her mind. She hesitated to act in such direct opposition to the views and feelings of her mother.

'Ah, how do you do?' said Mr. Garland, in his frank, free way, taking Jessie's hand familiarly as she entered. 'Are you not going to the opera?'

'Not if you will excuse me for breaking my word with you.'

'That will depend entirely upon the reason you have to offer,' said the gentleman. 'But no doubt it is a good one. You could have no other.'

'I think it good. My mother seems unwilling to have me go.'

'The best reason in the world,' returned Mr. Garland.

'I am glad you think so. I would act contrary to her wishes with great reluctance.'

'What reason does she give?' asked Mr. Garland, smiling, while he looked into Jessie's face, yet evidently deeply interested in her answer.

Jessie blushed slightly, and there was a momentary hesitation in her manner, as she said:

'Mothers are a little over-careful of their daughters sometimes, you know. My mother is particularly so. She has an objection to my attending public places of amusement, unless in company with my father.'

'Ah!' Mr. Garland looked serious for a moment. 'Has she made this objection before?'

'Not in any particular instances. But she has this general objection.'

'It is a prejudice, certainly,' said Mr. Garland. 'Still, it is one that, as a daughter, you should respect. As for me, it is no disappointment. An hour spent with you, here, in the quiet of your own parlor, will fully compensate for all I had anticipated at the opera.'

'I am happy to hear you say that. I feared it would be a great disappointment.'

'O, no; none in the least. In fact, I am pleased at the turn things have taken. I wanted to have a little quiet conversation with you, and now the opportunity has come.'

Mr. Garland looked earnestly into the face of the maiden as he spoke; and the maiden's eyes shone with a deeper and more liquid brightness, while a gentle warmth pervaded her lovely countenance. There were a few moments of silence, which Garland broke by saying, in a low voice, while he bent nearer—

'Jessie, you must pardon my freedom in saying, with all frankness—I never speak in any other way—that the most pleasant hours of my life are passed in your society. This is not meant as simply a compliment. I do not waste words in mere compliments, but in saying just what I think and feel.'

Jessie's heart bounded with a wild impulse, and the blood went quicker through her veins, while a thrill of delight pervaded her whole being. She bent her head to listen, and, at the same time, to conceal the too gratified expression of her beautiful young face. Garland saw the effect of his words, and went on.

'Nay, more than that; the hours that are spent away from you are duller and more irksome to me than they have ever been. It is so, and I cannot help it.'

There was another pause. The eyes of Jessie were cast upon the floor, and her face was so turned away that Garland could not see its expression. But it did not escape his observation that her respiration was fuller—almost panting—and that her hand had a visible tremor. He understood fully the meaning of these signs; and they emboldened him to touch with a gentle pressure, the hand that lay most temptingly near his own; and the hand did not shrink. His fingers clasped upon it, and it yet remained passive. There was no longer any doubt in the mind of Garland. The maiden was his.

Tenderer words were then spoken. To these followed an open confession of love, which Jessie met by a blushing reference to her parents. When Garland parted, on that evening, with the happy and bewildered girl, a kiss of love was left burning upon her lips.

On the next day, more certain intelligence in regard to the failure was received by Mr. Pierson. It was even more ruinous than at first believed. While brooding, gloomily, over the probable result to himself, a letter was handed to him. On breaking the seal, he found it to be a note from Garland, which briefly stated the writer's attachment for Jessie, and preferred a request for her hand. The receipt of this offer had the effect to disturb Mr. Pierson still more deeply. Jessie was his best beloved child; and the interest felt in her welfare had ever been most intense. Garland he had never liked. Though well connected, and moving freely in the best circles, he had always doubted the correctness of his principles, and considered him a cold-hearted man of the world. He was engaged in no business, and in Mr. Pierson's mind were many unsatisfied questions in regard to his mode of obtaining an income. To have such a man win the affections of his child, was, indeed, an affliction, which, coming at such an unpropitious time, nearly completed the prostration of his feelings. Mr. Pierson immediately replied that he could not accept the offer for Jessie's hand, and begged Garland to dismiss the subject at once and forever from his mind.

But Garland sought Jessie, and by flattery and promises of fidelity, at stolen interviews, neutralized parental influence over her.—Meantime her father struggled on for a few months, when a second failure compelled him to decide on calling a meeting of his creditors.

On the very day this course was resolved upon, Mr. Pierson received, from some unknown hand, a letter, warning him that, at a certain time, not a week off, a secret marriage was arranged to take place between his daughter and Garland. His first thought was to show Jessie the letter, and demand of her whether the statement were true. But, upon reflection and consultation with her mother, it was thought best to observe her movements in silence, and to be ready to prevent the step, if she were really so blind as to think of taking it.

Painful—deeply painful, was the trial through which Mr. Pierson found himself obliged to pass; not the less so from the circumstance that a vivid recollection remained of a former trial, alike in character, the enduring of which had well nigh crushed him hopelessly to the earth. But there was no alternative. To go on longer in business was impossible. A meeting of creditors was called, and a full statement of his affairs submitted. The cause of his embarrassment was plain. There was not one of his creditors who had not suffered by the failure that had paralyzed him. Some were for closing up the debtor's business forthwith, while others, seeing that he had a fair surplus if everything were settled, wished to extend his time liberally, and thus give him a chance to recover himself.

Meantime, and while all was yet undetermined, the news of Mr. Pierson's failure spread from lip to lip, until it was known everywhere in the city. Of course, the lover of Jessie became apprised of the circumstance.

The information received by Mr. Pierson in regard to Jessie's intended marriage was true. Garland had so won upon the infatuated girl as to gain her consent to leave her father's house, and become his wife clandestinely. The time fixed for this act arrived before any settlement of her father's affairs could possibly be made, and before the news of his failure had even reached his ears. The arrangement was, for Jessie to meet Garland at the house of a young lady friend who was in the secret, and to proceed from thence to the house of a minister and get the marriage rite said. Rooms had been taken at the American Hotel, where the young couple were to sojourn until the anger of Jessie's parents was appeased.

Jessie thought it rather strange that for several evenings previous to the one on which the marriage was to take place, her lover had not called at the friend's house where they usually met two or three times a week, nor had he sent even a perfumed missive to tell her that love's flame still burned brightly. No doubt of his constancy came, however, like a shadow across her spirit; and she prepared herself to keep to the minute her engagement.

Mr. Pierson had come home gloomier than usual. On the day before, he had hopes of making such an arrangement with the creditors as would enable him to go on and finally recover himself; but two or three parties were urgent for an immediate settlement, and a realization of whatever his effects would pay, and their influence upon other parties seemed likely to prevail. Amid this trouble, however, the unhappy man did not forget his child. Her blindness and folly pained him, even more than the wreck of all his worldly prospects. It was his intention to intercept his daughter as she attempted to leave the house; and in order to be fully in time to do so, he came home earlier than usual. His first inquiry was for Jessie; and he learned that she had been in her room alone during the entire afternoon.

'Are you certain that she has not already gone?' he inquired, a doubt suddenly crossing his mind.

'O, no, I should have heard her,' replied the mother.

'Suppose you go up to her room and see if she is there?' suggested Mr. Pierson.

The mother did so; but in a few moments came down hurriedly, looking pale and frightened.

'She is not there!' she said, huskily.

Mr. Pierson clasped his hands together and groaned aloud.

They were too late. Fearful of being observed and questioned if she left the house after her father came home for the evening, Jessie had determined upon going to the residence of her friend at an earlier hour than at first decided upon, and she acted accordingly. The time appointed for Mr. Garland to come was eight o'clock. Up to that hour Jessie waited for his arrival—her feelings in a high state of excitement. As the clock struck, the hall bell rang. Breathlessly the young girl listened for the footsteps of her lover. The door was opened, and a strange voice said something to the waiter. A note was then handed into the parlor. It was for Jessie. Some moments passed before the excited girl could break the seal. She read, and then uttering a faint cry, fell insensible to the floor. The note was from Garland, and was in a few words as follows:

'Circumstances unforeseen prevent my seeing you to-night, or at present fulfilling our engagement. When we meet again I will explain all. Adieu for the present.'

So long did Jessie remain unconscious, that, in alarm, a messenger was sent for her father. Mr. Pierson had just returned from a fruitless search after his daughter when the messenger arrived, and he instantly repaired to the house where she had gone. He found her partially recovered from her swoon, but in a most wretched state of mind. From the note written by Garland, which was placed in his hands, he understood the precise state of affairs, and forbore giving voice to reproach or censure. As soon as he could remove her she was taken home. For days she kept her room, most of the time weeping; or, in gloomy silence, refusing every offer of comfort.

By all this Mr. Pierson was rendered doubly unhappy. It seemed as if his cup was full.

'All things are against me,' he said, murmuringly; 'I was born to disappointment.'

'Say not so,' returned his wife, who had a far more hopeful and confiding spirit. 'In all this seeming evil, rely upon it, there is a hidden good. Let us be thankful that our child is not lost to us. No misfortune could have been greater than that.'

'I doubt if we shall ever see the good,' said Mr. Pierson, fretfully. 'No—it is all my bad luck—I was born to it. Other people escape misfortune and domestic trials; but I am doomed to reverses and disappointment at every turn, and the curse rests upon all who bear any relation to me.'

It was in vain that his wife argued with him; her voice could not charm away the evil spirit that came with its dark suggestions.

A few days more elapsed, and then light began to fall upon the gloomy way the embarrassed merchant was treading. Through the influence of his friends among the creditors, liberal extensions were granted him, and all his business property left in his hands, to be used to the best advantage.

'Can you recover yourself?' asked his wife, when this fact was communicated.

'I believe so,' replied Mr. Pierson, confidently.

'Must we give up this house and change our style of living? If necessary, speak the word, and I am prepared for whatever is right.'

A smile played around the lip of the merchant, as he replied:

'No—no; that will not be required. I am still worth thirty thousand dollars, and will bring it out clear of the business in a couple of years. Things are not really so bad as I feared.'

'Then, we have had good, instead of bad luck.'

'How will you make that appear?'

'Nothing but your misfortune saved our Jessie from a marriage that would have made us all unhappy.'

'You are right. It was clearly an advantageous marriage in a money view, that the fellow sought. The mercenary, false-hearted scoundrel!'

'And Jessie begins to see this now, since I have told her of your recent change of fortune—ill luck, as you called it.'

'It was good luck for her, the silly girl! And she will understand it fully one of these days. A man with a heart as base as Garland's, generally acts himself out before he dies, in such a way as to secure the infamy he deserves.'

While this conversation was going on, an acquaintance dropped in.

'Have you heard about this Garland?' he asked.

'No; what of him?'

'He was arrested this afternoon for forgery.'

'What!'

'He forged a check on Green & Lane for five thousand dollars, and got the money.'

'Is it possible! When did this occur?'

'He passed the check on the teller at the Bank of America, just before three o'clock to-day. Something created suspicion, and the fraud was discovered in a few minutes after he left the counter. The police were immediately put upon his track, and arrested him on the boat as he was leaving for the South.'

'What an escape!' murmured Mr. Pierson, in a low voice, as he thought of his child.

'Was it bad or good luck?' inquired Mrs. Pierson, as soon as they were again alone, laying her hand as she spoke upon her husband's arm, and looking him earnestly and almost tearfully in the face.

'Good luck!' was the emphatic reply. 'The loss of property is nothing compared to the dreadful sacrifice our dear child has so narrowly escaped. I would let all go without a murmur, to save her from such a fate. I shudder to think of it.'

'Yet, to all human appearance, had nothing of misfortune come—'

'Do not speak of it; it makes my heart sick. She is safe, and small indeed has been the sacrifice required to secure her safety. I acknowledge that there is a wise power ruling in the affairs of men.'

'And good as wise.'

'Yes—yes; good as wise.'

Mr. Pierson bowed his head and sat silent, while the truth he had just uttered sunk into his heart.

Many years have passed since that experience, and all has not been sunshine. But Mr. Pierson has never been heard to murmur over his bad luck, nor to say that he believed Heaven was against him. He had cause to know better.

[Written for The Flag of our Union.]

### The Forced Bridal.

BY GEO. F. BURNHAM.

I.

I saw her on her bridal night;
Rich jewels decked her hair;
But in her eye—once sparkling bright—
I marked a yearning care.
Before the altar, side by side,
Without a smile or word,
They stood—the bridegroom and the bride—
The victim and her lord!

II.

Upon her cold and pallid brow,
There hung a single gem;
It needed but her passive vow,
To gain a diadem!
That vow was uttered—still the bride
Before the altar stands;
With heightened form, and seeming pride,
She listens to the bans!

III.

Her hair fell o'er her angel face,
In glowing wreaths of jet;
Upon her head, her lord would place
His jewelled coronet.
Why shrank he back? A stolid look
His guilty eye did meet;
He gazed—the tightened heart-strings broke—
A corpse was at his feet!

IV.

In haste, around the prostrate bride,
Her lord's attendants crowd,
And scores of friends are at her side,
With notes of pity loud.
They loose her robe—the star has set!
Her shining locks they part—
Her temples chafe—but all too late—
The wound 's *a broken heart!*

*Roxbury, January, 1849.*

[Written for The Flag of our Union.]

### THE KNIGHT OF THE GOLDEN PLUME: OR, THE THREE LOVERS.

BY FRED. HUNTER.

THE MINSTREL.

The mellow, bewitching twilight of a bland summer evening was stealing over a scene of rare and picturesque beauty in 'merrie England,' many years since, in the time of the minstrelsy and tournaments. The last faint tints of departed day lingered over the western expanse, and the horizon was still glowing with the reflected rays of the sun, which half an hour previous had sunk into his bed. The river's bosom was unruffled, the air was scarcely stirred by the mild zephyrs, the stars were peeping out from the broad, clear azure, one by one, and a thousand fantastic shadows were cast across the lawns and tasteful gardens of the vicinity of the scene, by the light of the half-grown moon, which was now rising majestically in the east.

In a retired bower, located in the midst of a youthful grove of sycamores, which formed the centre-ornament of a fertile and extensive garden—the property of Lord Castlerea—there lingered a beautiful girl, who had seen scarcely eighteen summers. Her noble brow, her fair cheeks, her graceful form, were the personification of lovely womanhood; her lips and melting eyes might have tempted an anchorite to love. At the moment we now behold her, she reclined in a pensive attitude, and was gazing upon the form of a handsome young stranger, which shadowed the entrance to her bower. Yet he was an humble minstrel only, whose voice was ringing out the last notes of a plaintive, but sweet melody, and whose tapering fingers glided, in accompaniment, most skilfully over the well-toned strings of his guitar.

At the side of the fair Lady Isabelle stood her page in waiting; and the wanderer had been conducted by this young attendant, at her own bidding, to the presence of his mistress. The burthen of his songs told her that he had come from afar, and had left his native hills in search of better fortune. He was some five years her senior, and his form was manly, graceful, well developed. Over his broad shoulders there fell a shower of glossy black curls, and his features were attractively moulded. His brilliant eye now rested upon the face of the English lady, and she had already approved his song. He ventured to kneel at her feet, at a respectful distance: and he thanked his fair entertainer for the sweet and kindly smile she had vouchsafed him.

Again the stranger adjusted his guitar, and once more fixing his dark eyes intently upon those of the listening maiden, he sent forth a thrilling, stirring strain of song. A touch of melancholy—slight, but evident—seemed to pervade this melody, for his plaintive ditty now told of her he had dared to love, to whom he promised to be faithful, whose charms alone possessed the power of enchaining his affection. The words of that little ballad were simple, but his fair listener's face was somewhat blanched. Once more he sang, and the sympathies of the Lady Isabelle, already enlisted in favor of the comely minstrel, now increased.

Shrinking at the singular thoughts which seemed to force themselves upon her imagination, the lovely girl could not avoid the blush that came to her cheeks, and she would have bade the wanderer retire. His song had ceased, but still he knelt before her, and as she raised her down-cast eyes, they met the ardent gaze of the minstrel. Isabelle would now have waved her hand to her attentive page, to bid the stranger be gone, but a strange feeling rushed upon her heart, and spite of her determination, she felt a desire to know who and what he was.

But the lady bethought her. She was the sole daughter of a noble house—her father's domains were spacious and fertile—his title was ancient and honorable: and the humble adventurer before her was a stranger—beneath her favor—an unknown wanderer. Ere she was aware that her movements were watched, a sigh, gentle, but discerned, escaped her rosy lips. Was the Lady Isabelle in love? What was the form of that young stranger to *her?* He had sung to her of other lands—he had lauded the charms of her to whom he was devoted, and again she listened. The touching cadence broke upon her senses—the pleasing tones died upon her ear—she looked for the songster, but the stranger-minstrel had disappeared.

THE GAY NOBLEMAN.

It was well nigh midnight, a fortnight afterward, that a long line of emblazoned carriages rolled towards the portal of the elegant mansion of Lord Castlerea. The costly equipage of baronet, and lord, and duke, had arrived and departed, leaving their various occupants at the nobleman's splendid dwelling, where everything that lavish expenditure and princely wealth could command was displayed with good taste, and with a view to the full extremes of comfort, luxury and magnificence.

A bright galaxy of beauty, a generous array of lovely forms and gladsome faces filled the sumptuous saloon of the mansion, where all was gayety, joy and pastime. And soft music filled the air in the immediate vicinity without, while from the rich gardens of the chateau was wafted the evening breeze, heavy with the most grateful of perfumes, from a myriad of flowers and exotics. The attractive star of that gay assemblage was the fair Lady Isabelle, his lordship's only child, who moved through the maze with a proud but pliant step, and whose striking beauty was the wonder of the noble throng now collected together at her father's hospitable mansion.

There was another form in that gay crowd which had not escaped observation. It was that of a young and gallant nobleman—a poet, scholar, wit—a gentleman of ample fortune, around whom a multitude of both sexes had congregated, and who listened attentively to his brilliant conversation—who enjoyed his lively sallies—who admired his handsome features. His manly limbs were well shaped, and he was attired in a costly and superb court-dress of the day, which set off his form to the very best advantage. He had but lately arrived from the metropolis, and his letters had brought him at once in contact with my Lord Castlerea.

He had not yet been formally presented to his charming daughter, but a report of the bewitching beauty of the Lady Isabelle had already reached him; and even now his lordship moved slowly down the spacious saloon, supporting upon his arm his lovely child. Advancing to the group who surrounded the fashionable young nobleman, in the next moment the introduction was made, and the handsome stranger, with an easy grace, relieved her guardian of his beautiful charge, and the fair couple moved away together, the observed of all observers.

The nobleman sauntered at the side of his new-made acquaintance, and his ready wit, his easy converse, the musical tones of his fine voice, made a very deep impression upon the heart of his lovely companion. A fluttering within told her, most emphatically, of this; and though she believed she had never seen him until that night, she was charmed with his address, as deeply as he was captivated by the maiden's beauty. Still they wandered on together amid the crowd, nor dreamed that full two hours had passed since they met. Within three days a tournament was to take place in the vicinity; and this forthcoming exhibition had been the theme of conversation among the throng, all of whom promised themselves the pleasure of witnessing the exciting amusement. The proposition appeared to be new to the stranger, but he engaged to be present.

Well might the lovely Isabelle be delighted with the young but talented Lord Langdon; well might he dare, within himself, to hope that the lady's favor had been gained;—they were fitly matched. His words were fraught with deep interest—his conversation was varied and entertaining; and ere she knew it, the maiden had forgotten all the impressions that had fastened themselves upon her, in presence of the comely minstrel, a fortnight previously; her heart told her, if ever woman loved, she loved the nobleman now at her side.

The stranger suddenly consulted his watch, then, handing his companion to her father, who stood near them, he apologized to the party for his seemingly abrupt movement, but reflecting an instant, informed them that he expected an arrival of a friend at his hotel, and the hour at which he had engaged to meet him was already up. He felt reluctant to depart, but assuring his lordship that he should embrace the opportunity to pay his respects again, on the occasion of the approaching tournament, he bowed to the throng, and retired. As he turned quickly away, his glove dropped upon the floor, within a few feet of the spot where the Lady Isabelle stood, who, a moment afterwards, had secured it, unobserved by her neighbors. It was curiously wrought about the wrist, and the clasp was surmounted by a dazzling jewel. The finder was chary of her prize, and cautiously concealed it for the time being.

Half an hour afterwards the attention of the company was suddenly attracted to the windows, by the sound of plaintive and enticing melody. A gentle voice, beneath the balcony of Lord Castlerea's mansion, bewailed in tender strains the questionable love of her he adored. The sounds broke familiarly upon the astonished ears of the Lady Isabelle, and she instantly recognized the song, the very words which had fallen from the minstrel's lips in her bower two weeks before.

Her thoughts involuntarily turned to the [illegible] who had so deeply interested her, and [illegible] she remembered again the winning converse of the noble young lord who had just left her; her heart gave the preference to the latter, though a lingering feeling of sympathy still remained for the humble minstrel. She watched eagerly for the egress of the stranger; she might be mistaken, possibly. A few minutes afterwards the form of the lonely serenader receded—the maiden recognized him—a sigh escaped her lips, but it passed away. She thought once more of the handsome nobleman, and the minstrel was forgotten.

THE CAVALIER.

The third day after the levee at my Lord Castlerea's broke brightly, and the sun rose clear and brilliant in the heavens. A grateful breeze was abroad, and long ere the hour fixed upon for the commencement of the sport, the broad lawn, appropriated to the use of the knights and nobles on the occasion of the tournament, was surrounded by spectators, many of whom had journeyed a long distance to be witnesses of the amusement. The showy and elegant costumes of that day which were worn by the English nobility, alone were worth the trouble of a visit to the scene; and long before noon a multitude had assembled to pass judgment upon the gallantry of the actors therein. Early in the morning his lordship received a hastily written note from the young nobleman who had been presented to him three days before, apologizing for his absence, but informing him that he found it impossible to accompany himself and his lovely daughter to the exhibition; but promising to wait upon them in the evening. It was a disappointment which the Lady Isabelle could scarcely brook; but ordering her carriage, she at length repaired to the ground, and joined in the gay throng already assembled.

The sport had fairly commenced, and many a noble knight had been smiled upon by brilliant eyes in that great gathering, for his proud bearing and gallant exploits in the wide circle, when a buzz was heard at the upper extremity of the arena, and a crowd gathered about the opening. All eyes turned in this direction, when the assemblage suddenly gave way to the right and left, and a handsome young cavalier, attired in a superb costume, finely mounted, dashed suddenly into the circle and rode boldly forth into the melee. His fiery steed was evidently thorough-bred, and the noble rider gave him a free rein. Curvetting for an instant upon the outskirts of the lists, his master raised the bit, and touching his flank with his gilded spur, the proud animal darted forward, and in the next moment the stranger-cavalier had engaged a most worthy antagonist—thus far, the champion of the day.

The stranger was accoutred from helmet-crown to spur, in most knightly style, and his fine form was the admiration of the multitude. Never did noble cavalier spur a bolder charger to the shock—never did armor better become a rider—never had that excited throng witnessed a more splendid representation of high-born chivalry, than in the person of him who strode that splendid steed, whose costly dress glittered in the sunlight—whose helmet sat so tastefully. And he was a total stranger. But from the dashing, saffron-tinted feather which waved over his head, he was dubbed at once 'THE KNIGHT OF THE GOLDEN PLUME.'

The manly pastime had been prosecuted with a hearty zest for an hour, and many a panting chest in the arena already showed how deep an interest the participants had taken in the events of the day: but for the last few minutes all eyes had been turned upon the stalwart chevalier who had carried off the palm in every bout before, as he now fell away, hard pressed, before the vigorous onslaught of the Knight of the Golden Plume. His bold and skilful thrusts—his powerful and well-aimed blows, had been parried by his youthful adversary, and he now found that the tide had turned in his opponent's favor, who pressed up his vantage in right good earnest.

The bravos of the excited throng rang high and clear, and onward dashed the stranger-knight, his showy plume still waving gallantly in the breeze, and his antagonist retreating rapidly before him. They pressed upon the crowd, who gave way at their approach, but still the stout-limbed noble warded off the crashing blows of his pursuer. The stranger's charger reared—his adversary saw his advantage, and lunging his spear with well-chosen aim, the excited crowd broke out in open murmur, for the strife was well-nigh over—in the strong-limbed noble's favor. But the quick eye of the cavalier had not lost a movement, and as the spear was thrust out, his heavy shield rested firmly on his knee. The blow was taken fairly—the lance of his foe was shivered, and in the next instant the weapon of the gallant stranger-knight was glistening between his adversary's bridle-arm and doublet, as he reeled heavily from his saddle. A deafening shout rang through the crowd—bright smiles were lavished on the victor, and he was instantly surrounded by a score of noblemen, who lifted him from his steed, and bore him triumphantly from the arena.

Foremost in the throng who advanced to receive the valiant and victorious knight, was my Lord Castlerea. Congratulations were showered on the stranger, and his lordship even went so far as to hint that his further acquaintance would be grateful to him. The eye of the Lady Isabelle had watched the movements, the victory, the noble carriage of the valiant knight, and but that she thought she loved the fair nobleman, who three days previously had been presented to her, she now believed she could most readily have bestowed her hand and heart upon 'The Knight of the Golden Plume.' The bold cavalier had detected the emotion of the beautiful maiden, and as his prancing charger was brought up again, he advanced toward her, withdrew his massive gauntlet, and taking from his delicate hand a curiously wrought glove, he touched his helmet visor, and begged her to accept it. Scarcely knowing what she did, so sudden and unexpected was this little piece of gallantry, she took the proffered glove, while he promised to wait upon her and redeem it at an early opportunity; then springing into the saddle, he dashed through the crowd, and was soon lost in the distance.

But the heart of the Lady Isabelle beat quicker a moment afterwards. She gazed upon the glove, then pressed it to her lips. It was the mate to that already in her possession. 'The Knight of the Golden Plume' was the youthful Lord Langdon!

THE DENOUEMENT.

It was evening—the evening succeeding the tournament. And the Lady Isabelle sat alone in her loved arbor, in the beautiful garden of my Lord Castlerea. She had been musing full an hour on the events of the day, when her page hastily entered, bearing the card of her new-made friend—the young nobleman from the metropolis. The maiden rose to return to the mansion, when her ears were suddenly saluted by the sounds of a sweet melody, which twice before had charmed her: and advancing to the opening of her bower, the humble minstrel stood again before her. The Lady Isabelle was in haste to receive her noble visiter, but the singer craved one moment's audience with the fair one, ere he departed on his homeward journey. The Lady Isabelle bade her attendant seek her friend, and say that she would follow him, anon. The page disappeared, and the gentle beauty was alone with the humble songster.

With a trembling hand he touched the chords of his guitar, and then he chanted forth a rhapsody which quickly found a response in the noble lady's bosom. He sang of her he loved, and knelt again at the Lady Isabelle's feet. She would have chided him, and bid him go, but rising to his feet, he doffed the minstrel cap, and said:

'Sweet lady, would you seek Lord Langdon?'

'He awaits me, minstrel,—'

'Lady, BEHOLD HIM HERE!' continued the singer, hastily throwing aside his outer disguise; and the maiden saw before her the youthful nobleman she loved.

'"The Knight of the Golden Plume!"' exclaimed the maiden, surprised and delighted.

'The same, dear Isabelle,' continued the happy lover; 'your humble slave.'

* * * * *

The summer had passed, and the succeeding autumn's leaves had already begun to redden in the crispy air. The elegant mansion of Lord Castlerea was illuminated one evening, and a bridal levee was being held in those stately halls. It was a happy hour, and joy lit up the handsome countenance of the minstrel-nobleman and his blooming consort. His lordship smiled upon the graceful couple, and a host of noble friends crowded about to congratulate the newly wedded pair. A brilliant prospect was before them, and a kindly, hearty greeting cheered the beautiful Lady Isabelle, and 'The Knight of the Golden Plume'—the bridegroom and bride.

### New Cemetery.

About five miles from Brooklyn, on the Long Island Railroad, 150 acres of beautiful ground have been set apart for a burial place. It is called Cypress Hills Cemetery, and was demanded by the great population of New York and vicinity, all the burial places nearer the city having become filled up, or the cost of interment in them had grown so great as to render it a serious burden upon the survivors.

A Highlander who sold brooms went into a barber's shop in Glasgow a few days since, to get shaved. The barber bought one of his brooms, and after having shaved him, asked the price of it. 'Two pence,' said the Highlander. 'No, no,' said the barber, 'I'll give you a penny; if that does not satisfy you, take back the broom again.' The Highlander took it, and asked what he had to pay. 'A penny,' said Strap. 'I'll gie you a bawbee,' said Duncan, 'and if that dinna satisfy ye, ye may put on my beard again.'

Gainsborough, the celebrated painter, attending as a witness in an [illegible] *integrity of a painter's eye*, [illegible] *pleader's tongue.*

[illegible] 'You are wrong,' said a bystander, 'I ought to know it.' 'Very well,' answered the other, 'if all women know it, all men will of course.'

On Sterne's entering a coffee room at York, Mr. A., staring him full in the face, said: 'I hate a parson!' Upon which Sterne replied: 'And so, sir, does my dog; for as soon as I put on my gown and cassock, he falls a barking.' 'Indeed,' replied A., 'how long has he done so?' 'Ever since he was a puppy, sir,' answered Sterne, 'and I still look upon him as one.'

In an old book of the name of [illegible], it is said that 'It is one among the many proofs of the wisdom of Providence that the world was not created in the *midst of winter*, when Adam and Eve could have found nothing to eat; but in harvest time, when there was fruit on every tree and shrub to tempt the willing hand.'

They tell a story of a man out west, who had a hair lip—upon which he performed an operation himself, by inserting into the opening a piece of chicken flesh—it adhered and filled up the space admirably. This was all well enough, until, in compliance with the prevailing fashion, he attempted to raise moustaches, when one side grew hair and the other feathers.

'As well might the farmer have the Venus de Medicis placed in his kitchen for a *wife*,' says the Rev. Henry Colman, in one of his agricultural lectures, 'as some of our fashionable women.' [illegible]

Sir Thomas More [illegible] daughters, his wife prayed earnestly that they might have a boy; at last they had a boy, who, when he grew up, proved but simple. 'Thou prayedst so long for a boy,' said Sir Thomas to his wife, 'that at last thou hast got one who will be a boy as long as he lives.'

A clergyman of a country village desired his clerk to give notice that there would be no service in the afternoon, as he was going to officiate with another clergyman. The clerk, as soon as the sermon was ended, called out: 'I am desired to give notice that there will be no service this afternoon, as Mr. J—— is going a *fishing* with another clergyman.'

During a cause in which the boundaries of a piece of land were to be ascertained, the counsel of one part stated: 'We lie on this side, my lord;' and the counsel on the other side, 'We lie on this side, my lord.' The chancellor stood up and said: 'If ye lie on both sides, whom will you have me to believe?'

The Georgia house of representatives once chose Patrick Carnes, an old lawyer, for speaker. [illegible] choose another speaker, and left the chair.

A writer in the Knickerbocker says, 'The difference between a doctor and a lawyer, is simply [illegible]'

At the examination of a parochial school, a reverend gentleman was asking [illegible] 'backbiter.' [illegible]

When a poor loafer is keeled up, with an empty rum bottle by his side, the papers say, 'Another victim of intemperance.' [illegible] 'Mysterious Providence.'

A London visiter asked an Irish woman belonging to [illegible]

'Souvré,' said Louis XV. to the commander of that name, [illegible]

The following is Aunt Betsey's description of her milk man: 'He is the meanest man in the world,' [illegible]

The Italian writers [illegible]

'I don't like to play footsie,' said Jemima, [illegible]

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F. GLEASON,
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INTRODUCTION OF THE KNIGHT OF THE SILVER CROSS.

*Presentation of the Lady Ida to the Knight of St. John.*

A SPLENDID ORIGINAL ROMANCE.

OUR THOUSAND DOLLAR PRIZE TALE.


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# THE KNIGHT OF THE SILVER CROSS;

OR,

## HAFED, THE LION OF TURKESTAN.

### A TALE OF THE OTTOMAN EMPIRE.

BY EDGAR W. DAVIES, JR.

[CONTINUED.]

### CHAPTER IV.

*The castle of Cretolius. A gorgeous welcome. The knights of St. John. The lieutenant's tale. An explanation.*

LADY IDA, having reached her home, gave orders to her couriers to waken the adherents of the house of Cretolius, and call them to the castle. The trumpets of her heralds rang out upon the morning air, and their cries resounded again and again as they shouted:

'Cretolians, rally round your ancient banners, and our sweet Lady Ida. The Lord Cretolius comes from a far land, and the lady calls you to his welcome.'

This call was not without effect, for soon from every dwelling in the vicinity of the castle, and in that quarter of the city where it was situated, issued armed men, and ere long the Lady Ida marshalled before her mansion three thousand sturdy retainers, with helmet and breastplate, with spear, and shield, and scimitar, whose armor shone in the beams of the fast waning moon like silver.

Lights glanced past the loop-holes of the castle, and flashed from the casements; servant-maids ran over each other in long passages in their hurry, and waiters tripped against stone stairs in dark corridors.

The banqueting hall was cleared of the accumulated rubbish of three years, and the tables were spread with a small but choice repast. Dusty bed-rooms were swept and cleaned, which had not been opened since the noble left his home. Lamps were lighted again, in whose vases mould had been accumulating for months.

The Lady Ida seemed to be everywhere. One moment in the court, the next in the hall, then in the highest turret, to which she often ran to ascertain if she could see aught of the welcome comers. At last, while standing there, she suddenly heard, amid the pauses of the breeze, the sound of distant music, and soon the bright torches carried at the van of the cortege, appeared turning into the long street from the street of palms.

Nearer and nearer pealed the martial notes, nearer came the banners of the imperial legion, and ere long, while rank after rank filed past the castle with glittering arms and floating plumes of snowy white, the vaulted halls and corridors echoed back the shouts of the armed [illegible] of the Cretolian retainers, who were drawn up in two long lines on either side of the avenue.

Behind the legionaries rode a gay and gallant group of nobles and knights in the most splendid costumes; and in their midst Ida's quick eye distinguished the loved forms of her father and brother, between whom she saw a chevalier in dark armor, who appeared to be carrying on an animated conversation with those around him.

The gorgeous array stopped in front of the castle. After bowing to the assembled nobles, all of whom refused politely an invitation to enter, thinking their presence might mar the pleasure of the family re-union, Lord Cretolius, Everard, and D'Arville, rode across the drawbridge, and found themselves in the spacious court. Here they dismounted and entered the hall, where the lovely Ida threw herself into her parent's arms, and with her eyes gazing into his, murmured:

'My father, my dear father!'

'My sweet daughter, my dearest Ida! How have you prospered during our absence?'

'Well—as well as could be expected, when those I loved were far away. All I wanted was the presence of yourself and Everard to make my happiness complete. Brother,' said she, turning to Everard, and holding out her hands, which he grasped with affectionate warmth, and imprinted a kiss on her lips—'how I have longed for your return!'

'Now we are here, we must to-night be happy enough to atone for the dreary hours of absence past,' answered Everard, who then introduced D'Arville.

[SEE ENGRAVING.]

How they passed the next hour or two in relating incidents, in making inquiries, in telling anecdotes and describing scenes, as they sat around the table in the banquet-room, while the retainers feasted in the great hall below, we leave the traveller, returned home, to judge; and sweet was sleep on the eyelids of all when they retired to rest.

* * * * * * *

The sun was scarce two hours high, when D'Arville and Everard sallied forth from the gateway of the castle to enjoy a walk in the street of palms. Here they came suddenly upon a spacious mansion, embowered in trees, in front of which, to his surprise, D'Arville saw a number of men engaged in cleaning black armor of the same description as that usually worn by the knights of St. John, but he was still more surprised when some of them, on perceiving him, advanced and greeted him with the salute of the order usually given to a superior officer.

Their faces seeming familiar, he entered the gate and discovered that they were no others than the brave knights of his own troop whom he had left a month before in Northern Syria, under command of his lieutenant.

'Ha!' said he to one, 'how is this? what strange chance hath brought you hither?'

'That, Sir D'Arville, is a long tale, and cannot be told in a moment. If you will step in, you will find the lieutenant, with the rest of the troop, making merry at the table, and I think he understands the matter better than I do,' replied the soldier.

D'Arville and Everard passed through the porch, and hearing the sound of voices through a half open door, they stopped a moment ere they entered, to view the scene which presented itself.

A long table stretched through the apartment, on which were scattered promiscuously, drinking cups, flagons of wine, baskets of fruit, and other light edibles. Sixty or seventy knights of the order of St. John were seated around it, clad in a sort of military undress, their armor being hung against the walls of the apartment on stout hooks made expressly for the purpose. At the head of the table the banner of D'Arville was displayed from the ceiling, and beneath it sat the lieutenant of the corps and six chevaliers of rank superior to the rest—younger sons of noble families, whose purses were too slender to admit of their maintaining themselves in the splendor in which they had been brought up, and their pride too soaring to allow them to be dependent on their more fortunate elder brothers.

The drinking cups of all were filled, and they rose to drink to a sentiment of one of the chevaliers, which was as follows:

'Death to Palmyra—if e'er her king and rulers prove themselves base enough to give us into the hands of our foe.'

The cups were hardly drained when D'Arville pushed open the door and entered, saying:

'Methinks you have but little fear of death to yourselves, to drink death to Palmyra, within its walls by daylight.'

'An Arville! an Arville!' shouted many of the knights.

'Welcome to D'Arville!' rang out from every quarter.

'Fill up, fill up, brave hearts, fill up to the brim, and drink a welcome to the pride of chivalry. Here is a welcome glass to our brave leader,' said the lieutenant, handing a cup of wine to the knight, and another to Everard. 'Now for my toast, since you are all ready:

'May the sword of D'Arville often again cleave a way with ours to the heart of the Moslem camp, as it has often done in by-gone days. May his snowy plume ever be the beacon to guide us through the stormy field of fight, and his life be continued till the last follower of Mahomet shall have perished from the face of the earth.'

A round of applause followed this, which made the floor tremble beneath their feet, and D'Arville having announced his friend, they both took seats at the head of the table, amid cries of 'Hail to D'Arville and the future Lord Cretolius.'

'Now, Sebastian, if it please you,' said D'Arville, 'we will be amused with the story of your adventures and those of our brave knights since I last left you in Northern Syria, and the series of events which may have caused you to come hither.'

'Well, you shall be gratified, and when you have heard it, you cannot but acknowledge that at least I know how to manage a good retreat,' said the lieutenant, Sebastian, laughingly.

'One sunny afternoon, just about a week after you left us, the governor of Anlar, hearing there was a band of Turcoman horse, numbering about two hundred, ravaging the country twenty or thirty miles to the south-east, sent us out in pursuit of the knaves, to see if we could not stop their marauding. We rode all the afternoon, and did not see anything of them till nightfall, when we reached the summit of a hill, and perceived, far away over the sands, an encampment which we supposed to be our foes.

'After waiting awhile, and finding no movements among the tents, we concluded they did not see us, and as soon as darkness closed around us, we directed our course towards their position, taking the stars as our guide, and did not doubt but that we should be able to reach them by midnight.

'Having no means of judging of the lapse of time, we supposed it to be a little after midnight, when we halted, having been unable to discover them, but to our surprise the rosy streaks of dawn began to appear in the east, and not long after the light of morning showed us that we had passed them in the night, and there, far behind us, as St. John is my patron, appeared the encampment in the edge of the horizon. Turning in our footsteps we were about to retrace our path, when we saw in- [illegible] scription, both to the east and the west.

'Finding it impossible to return, and seeing the gleam of arms amid a cloud of dust which now seemed to be nearing us rapidly, we moved southward as fast as we were able, hoping that we might escape. At night, however, our pursuers, who were double our numbers, overtook us, and instantly gave us battle. We formed two fronts, as they charged us from two directions, receiving them steadily on the points of our lances, and as they recoiled from the shock, our heavy troopers pressed their light squadrons with such vigor that they were driven back with the loss of thirty men.

'This did not prove sufficient, for in a few moments they returned again to the charge, with cries of "Hafed and conquest," and were again repulsed in the same manner. Finding themselves baffled, they drew off to a safe distance, and held a consultation, after which they separated in different directions, and rode rapidly off. Judging from this that they intended to bring all their bands against us, we resumed our flight southwards, in hope of reaching this city ere they could overtake us.

'We travelled till midnight, and gained the mountains, thirty miles north of this, where we halted till morning. Looking northward, at daybreak, from a summit over which we travelled, we saw the red dresses of the sultan's guard scattered over the plain, and to the east a body of Arabs, whose movements indicated an intention to intercept our progress, which object they managed to accomplish just as we entered the plain of Palmyra. But they dearly rued it, for our good weapons laid many of them low, and put the rest to flight, and another hour saw us safe within the gate of this fair city.'

'In faith it was a noble venture,' said D'Arville, as the lieutenant concluded, 'and might compare with Xenophon's famed retreat from the armies of Persia.'

'But what did you mean,' asked Everard, 'by giving such a toast as that we heard when we entered the room? Do you imagine that we would drive you from our midst back into the desert, after seeking safety here?'

'Young man,' replied Sebastian, 'you have not been in the city much of late, or you would have heard that which is on every tongue. Rumors are rife that your king will do even as I have hinted.'

'He dare not thus act,' said Everard; 'but why do you imagine this of him, or whence had such rumors their origin?'

'I will tell you as comprehensively as possible. We were scarcely here a week when two Turcoman princes, Hafed, surnamed the Lion of Turkestan, and Selim, the dauntless son of Ben Istam, accompanied by their sister, the princess Azalie, came hither as ambassadors from the sultan of Iconium, who threatens to overwhelm this city with his vast armies, unless your king will deliver us up unconditionally to those who pursued us hither.'

'And does the king stop to deliberate whether he shall or not?' said D'Arville. 'Let him but attempt to give my band into the hands of these scarlet-robed Turcomans, and he shall find, ere he can, blood will flow like water through his streets. At all events, methinks I have something for his ear which will make him quickly decide whether he would have us friends or foes.'

'If the king should wish to betray you,' responded Everard, 'I can guarantee to you my assistance and that of my father in your defence, and should it come to blows we have a noble legion of citizen soldiers, three thousand strong, who would fight to the last for the honor of Palmyra, and the interests of the house of Cretolius.'

'I thank you,' said D'Arville, as he pressed Everard's hand, 'for the interest you [illegible] towards my warriors and myself; and should I ever have occasion to return it, you will find I am not ungrateful. But we must hasten to your father's house, and acquaint him with that we have just learned. Sebastian, I would see you ere nightfall at the palace of Cretolius. To-night I am to be presented at court, and as the Turcoman warriors are there as a suite to the ambassador princess, I also, as an envoy, have the right to introduce my own suite. From the known character of Hafed, we may have some bloody work there, but at all events, we will be ready for the knaves should they attack us; therefore, my gallants, polish up your arms and cleanse your doublets, that we may make an appearance calculated to impress favorably the minds of the nobility. For the present, I bid you all adieu.'

The knight and Everard now took their leave, the whole band rising from their seats in deference, as the guests passed the threshold, and were soon again in the street of palms on their homeward way.

### CHAPTER V.

*D'Arville's reception by the king. Rescue of the princess Azalie. Ingratitude of Hafed, the Lion of Turkestan. The king's base proposal. Ida's indignation.*

THE evening sun threw his last rays upon the dome of the imperial palace, and gilded the arms of the sentries who paced the summits of every tower, and as the light of day faded from without, the spacious halls of the marble edifice gradually became dim and gloomy. An hour passed, and no sound of revelry had been heard around. Nought was there visible to the eye or apparent to the ear, which would have led a chance passer-by, in this silent twilight hour, to imagine that here the majesty of Palmyra held its chosen home.

Soon, along the highway, the tread of armed men was heard, and now the appearance of the first noble guest, with a gallant retinue, seemed to be the signal for a change as sudden as it was striking. From every turret window issued a radiant light, and every hall of the wide-spread palace became illuminated with a blaze of splendor.

Noble succeeded noble, knight followed knight, in rapid succession, and with them came the beauty and the worth of Palmyra. The Turcoman princes, Hafed and Selim, were there, with their fair sister, Azalie, attended by their suite of grim Moslem warriors. All was in readiness; the king, seated upon a throne of gold, inlaid with emerald and pearl, wore upon his brow the diadem of his race, and in his right hand rested the sceptre which swayed the destinies of his people. Beside him bloomed his youthful queen, a northern violet transplanted to a warmer clime—the rose-bud from the banks of the dark-flowing Marmora, blossoming upon the plains of Syria.

But now a burst of stirring melody awoke the echoes of the place, and those whose presence all had awaited appeared. The heavy footsteps of mailed knights clanked upon the marble floor of the corridor, passed the ante-room, and when the doors swung back upon their pivots, there appeared the envoy of St. John, Lord Cretolius, and Everard. Close upon their footsteps came a hundred veterans of the order, in solid square, armed capa-pie, who, as they trode heavily past the Turcoman band, and took their places opposite by direction of a master of ceremonies, cast upon them glances of stern defiance, and received in return looks of dark hatred.

The king graciously welcomed the duke and Everard, and as the former presented D'Arville, the monarch extended his hand to the manly warrior, expressing his pleasure at the interview, and desiring to know how he could best meet his wishes.

'Most noble prince of an ancient race,' said D'Arville, 'I come from Alan Grevana, commander in Cyprus, of the order of St. John, and viceroy of the realm, to bring to your knowledge important intelligence, of which I am the bearer, and point out dangers in your course which none here have yet discovered. I am the honored instrument of a mighty brotherhood-in-arms, empowered to act and treat with you for the benefit of the order, and the destruction of our mutual foes, and ask, respectfully, that you will grant me a hearing in presence of your assembled senate in secret council.'

'The ambassador of such a puissant ruler as Grevana of Cyprus, and the representative of the gallant knights of the silver cross, whose deeds of chivalric renown have rang throughout Palestine, and caused Arabia and the East to tremble, hath but to ask, and he shall have ready and sympathizing auditors,' replied the king.

'And when,' said D'Arville, 'shall I have the honor of presenting my message to the king and nobility of this favored city of the orient?'

The king whispered to his minister and answered:

'At the third hour before midday to-morrow, my Lord Cretolius will conduct you to the senate-chamber, where the lords and barons of the realm will meet you. Herald, proclaim aloud our mandate that all may hear.'

Three times the herald of the king sounded his bugle, and as the last note died away, a silence prevailed throughout the assemblage, so that the words of the herald were heard by all, as he cried:

'Listen to the word of the king! Dukes, lords, barons, and senators, of this ancient city and this glorious kingdom, we summon you to the ante-chamber of the palace, to-morrow morn, three hours before the sun shall reach the meridian, that you may hear and ponder [illegible] words of Alan Grevana, commander [illegible] of the [illegible] order of the knights [illegible] delivered by the [illegible] brother-in-arms, Percy D'Arville, knight grand cross of the order, and baron of the realm. Hear and obey.'

After this ceremony, the king descended from his throne, and having assumed his ball-dress, re-appeared, and gave the signal for the festivities to commence. During the time he had been conferring with D'Arville, the Lady Ida had entered, and as she thought, unperceived. But the monarch's quick eye discovered her form as she stepped into an alcove and seated herself on the cushions around it, and he now sought her as his partner in the dance.

Sir Percy D'Arville laid aside his massive armor, and clad in a dress of dark blue, trimmed with gold, lightly touched the hand of the queen, and with her moved gracefully amid the dancers.

Directly over the spot, where stood the Turcoman princess, Azalie, a massive globe, several feet in circumference, was suspended, from whose side issued jets of brilliant flame. Some cause had weakened the supporting chains which attached it to the ceiling, and the regular vibrations of the music and the dance so tried their power, that one after another snapped in quick succession, just as D'Arville, who had perceived the dangerous situation of the princess, snatched her in his arms, and lightly sprang aside with his fair burden, who would otherwise have been inevitably crushed beneath the weight of the heavy globe, as it fell crashing to the floor with a startling sound.

The veil of the princess, as it waved out behind her with the quick motion of the knight, was caught by the descending mass and torn from her head, and there, in D'Arville's embrace, close to his manly form, his surprised but raptured eyes beheld the loveliest woman they ever had rested on, and as he looked upon her beautiful features, and gazed deep into her soul-lit orbs, which glanced first upon the shivered globe upon the floor, and were then raised to his in gratefulness, and as quickly averted in modest bashfulness, he felt that the [illegible] had at last fallen, conquered by the loveliness of a gentle Moslem maiden.

The princess modestly withdrew herself from his arms, a blush mantling her fair brow, and deepening the roses on her cheeks. At this moment, the elder Turcoman, Hafed, sprang forward, with fury displayed in every lineament of his countenance, and seizing the knight quickly and unexpectedly from behind, flung him violently down among the sharp fragments of the globe, exclaiming, as he did so, in the Arabic tongue:

'Accursed Giaour! dog of a Christian! darest thou to touch with thy unclean hand, the peerless daughter of Ben Istam, the pride of the Turcoman tribes! Darest thou to lay thy foul fingers upon the flower of the Euphrates! By Mahomet, had I my scimitar, did not the infidel monarch fear to let the sons of Turcomania wear their trusty steel within his polluted hall, I would sever thy head from thy detested body, and give thy carcase to the vulture and the carrion beasts of prey!'

'Thou art wrong, brother,' said Selim, catching in his arms the form of Azalie, as she sank fainting backwards, 'and hasty as the desolating simoom which sweeps over the only oasis in the desert. The Christian did nobly and well, and has kept mourning from the tribes of Ben Istam, and wailing from the household of our fathers. May the choicest favors of the prophet fall forever on his head, like the dews of morn, and may his life be sweeter than the air of dawn which hath passed across a thousand field of roses.'

'Fool!' answered Hafed, 'wilt thou, too, be an infidel dog? Now by the beard of the prophet, I could throw thee upon the senseless shape of this swine-eating Frank, and send thy contemptible soul to the regions of the accursed with a good will.'

'And as for me,' exclaimed Selim, as his fine face flushed with indignation, 'I can meet thee in the strength of a good heart, and with the help of Allah, to whom be all honor, give thee to the eternal stings of a conscience ever [illegible] like the nights of Egypt, and offer the angel of death a fitting victim. I dare you to the trial!'

'Silence!' cried an officer of the guard, having made his way to the spot, with two or three hundred of the imperial legion, 'say but another word, and I will show you both to the darkest dungeons of the palace keep. Your ambassadorship will not save you from such a fate. Back! knights of St. John! for there must be no tumult here in presence of the king!' continued the lieutenant, perceiving the veterans, who had now discovered the cause of the uproar, were endeavoring to force a passage through the dancers to the spot.

The officer drew his men up in two lines along the hall, one facing the Turcomans and the other the aroused knights, both of whom seemed anxious to sweep away the wall of weapons that intervened, and bathe their hands in each other's blood. Others of the legion now entering, soon succeeded in restoring order, and after some delay all went on as before.

In the meantime Selim had placed the princess Azalie in care of a female attendant, and assisted Everard and a few nobles in raising D'Arville from the floor, and conveying him to an adjacent apartment, whither the Lady Ida, leaving the king, also hastened. Here, while employed with the others in endeavoring to restore the knight to consciousness, her eyes often met those of Selim, and once when her hand accidentally touched his, the rich blood leaped into her beautiful face, and gave her eyes a softer expression. She had witnessed the whole scene just past, and heard the words which ensued between Hafed and Selim. As she understood the Arab tongue, she knew from his words that he did not feel any malice towards her nation and race, and his passionate look, while it thrilled her own heart, taught her that love had changed a bitter foe into a warm friend.

The Lady Ida, having re-entered the hall, accepted the arm of the king, and at his invitation stepped into a magnificent apartment with him, at the opposite end of the room, whither he said the queen had retired, with her suite of maidens, to view some curiosities which had just been sent to her by her father, from Marmora. As they crossed the threshold, he whispered to an officer of the guard a few words, which she did not distinctly hear.

The officer shut the door behind them, and Ida found herself alone with the king!

'My liege, how is this? I do not see the queen nor her maidens. Did I misunderstand your words, when I imagined I heard you say they were here, examining some curious embroidery from the hands of the Greek maidens?' asked Ida.

'Nay, fair lady, you heard rightly,' replied the king.

'Then where are they? or why have you deceived me?'

'Hear me a few moments, and I would tell you all you would know,' responded the monarch.

'Nay, my liege, I cannot stay alone with you. It were unmaidenly, and if I do not quickly return to the company, will excite remarks hurtful to my pure fame. This is ungenerous in you, my liege.'

'Let my love be my excuse, for it is all the excuse I have.'

'Love!' exclaimed the fair Ida, in astonishment, 'for whom?'

'For your own beautiful self, sweet girl,' said the king, passionately. 'I love you dearly, fondly, devotedly. I cannot, will not live without you, for you are dearer to me than all besides. Kingdom, wealth, power, and honor, are nought to me, without your love. Those gently expressive eyes, that charming face, those tempting lips, that voluptuous form, have raised in my own bosom a storm of passion, [illegible]

'Man! know you to whom you talk?' cried the indignant Ida, whose dark blue orbs flashed fire, as the warm blood mounted over bosom, neck, cheeks, and temples, to her very forehead, 'and have you forgotten yourself? Go to your injured queen, confess your fault, tell her what you have dared to do, and ask her forgiveness and that of heaven. Tell her you have spoken of dishonor to a daughter of the house of Cretolius, tell her you have sought to sully the escutcheon of our lordly race, and tell her that the reward you would bestow upon them for the blood and treasure they have spent in your service, is the basest ingratitude, shown in this attempt to overwhelm them with shame, and then—'

'Fair maiden, you wrong me,' interrupted the king, as he attempted to take her hand, 'hear me but a moment.'

'I have heard too much, sir,' said she. 'Unhand me, or by all that I hold virtuous I will make you repent this. As it is I will publish it to those without, and ask how long they will be ruled by such a villain.'

The king laughed hoarsely as Ida rushed to the door, and threw it wide open. She started back in affright, for close at her bosom were the points of a dozen spears, wielded by the guardsmen of the imperial legion, and ere she could recover from her terror, the lieutenant again shut it, and Ida heard the springing of a heavy bolt without. She stood still in thought an instant, and then, turning to the king, cried:

'Allow me to leave this room, and that instantly, or I will raise an alarm that will bring to my relief those who would wreak vengeance upon your guilty head.'

'Try it and see,' replied he. 'I knew what I was doing when I brought you hither, and the wildest shrieks you chose to pour forth would not be able to penetrate these walls. Beware, lest your opposition change my love to hate, for I can hate as well as love.'

'Well, then, I defy you,' said Ida. 'I dare you to hate me. Do your worst, and you will find that innocence and virtue are proofs against such malice as yours. Now, sir, will you cause this door to open or not?'

The king hesitated, and thinking for a while, at last came to the conclusion he could not advance his suit at that time, and therefore it would be as well to let her escape him for the present, if he could only get from her a solemn promise never to betray his secret, resolving in his own mind to place other agencies at work for the accomplishment of his intentions.

'I will allow you to leave me, if you will swear not to divulge what has passed between us.'

'Sir, I will publish it to the four winds of heaven,' said she. 'I will bring upon you the anger of my father and my brother, and teach you that a daughter of our house is not to be insulted with impunity.'

'Then you will never leave this place alive!' exclaimed the king, advancing towards her with a drawn dagger in his grasp—'choose, death or the oath of secrecy!'

'What! a murderer also? strike, then, if you dare!' said Ida, boldly facing him. 'Ah, you tremble in every limb, you quail before the fearless glance of innocence, and your coward hand refuses to obey the cruel mandates of your heart!'

'My heart!' exclaimed he, as he staggered back, and clasped the hand from which the dagger fell, upon his brow, 'my heart is agonized with your scorn, and torn with your refusal!'

'I will promise you not to reveal your actions for a twelvemonth, and thus give you a chance to atone for your fault by good conduct,' said Ida, imagining that the tears fast falling from between his fingers were those of repentance.

The king caught at the promise, and cried: 'Sweet girl, I throw myself upon your generosity, I accept your kind promise, I have done bitter wrong. O, do not make this, my error, the cause of my ruin! It is the first wrong act of my life, and I promise you it shall be the last!'

'Well, sir, so let it be. But, remember, dare ever to speak to me again during that twelvemonth, and you shall dearly rue it. My threat I shall hold as inviolable as my promise.'

'Kind angel, I thank you. What! ho! without! allow the Lady Ida instant egress!'

At this the bolt flew back, the door opened, and Lady Ida, without designing a single glance at the apparently weeping monarch, moved proudly from the room, and passing through the guard, succeeded in reaching her brother's side in safety, where she was glad to find that it was supposed herself and the king had merely stepped into the balcony of the palace to enjoy the refreshing air.

'Ha, ha!' said the king, as soon as he was alone, 'does she imagine I will be thus foiled? My tears were those of anger and wounded pride. I will soon contrive to get her in my power, in some manner which shall clear me of all suspicion of having connived at her disappearance.'

### CHAPTER VI.

*The knight's guerdon. Hafed's anger. A desperate conflict. The bower of the Lady Ida. Selim's tale of love. Ida's resolution.*

D'ARVILLE recovered his senses in the course of an hour, but those around him concluded it would not be advisable to tell him what had passed till his strength was fully restored.

His first inquiry was for the Turcoman princess he had saved; and being told she was in health and unharmed, his mind sought to discover the cause of his present situation, and the means by which he became covered with bruises. He was led to believe that a part of the globe had remained suspended from the wall when the rest fell, but had dropped afterwards upon him. This seemed perfectly satisfactory, as he asked no more questions.

Ere long the hour of departure arrived, and as Lord Cretolius had dispensed with a portion of his guard that evening, it was agreed that the troop of knights should escort the Lady Ida and her father to their home, after which Everard and D'Arville intended to proceed to the quarters of the corps, and spend a social hour. The knight, therefore, proceeded to don his armor, and the others to make their preparations. While thus engaged the Moslem passed through the ante-room, and Hafed could not resist the temptation thus offered him, and tauntingly addressed D'Arville as follows:

'How likest thou, vile Frank, thy resting place among the broken brass of Arla? was it a pillow for thy knightly head of fitting softness? By the prophet, thou wert in the very midst of thy glory then.'

'What say you, knave? Let me understand your words, for they seem to me as senseless as yourself,' said the knight.

'Ha, slave, senseless! But thou wert senseless a short time since, when I flung thee on the floor, for daring to presume to lay thy accursed hands on the fair princess Azalie,' cried Hafed.

'Begone, knave; you boast of that it is not in your power to perform. If your imagination leads you thus astray, I am here to prove its wanderings false as the mists of Egypt.'

'I boast not; Hafed cares not to boast idly, for that which I have said I this night performed. Have the poor tremblers at your side told you otherwise, then I will say their tongues are like the tongues of their race—deceitful as the serpent.'

'Is this true?' said D'Arville, as his now flashing eye glanced quickly from one to the other; 'is this true? Does no one contradict it? There, then, Saracen, is my defiance, and with it take my bitterest malison,' continued he, as he brought his mailed hand down upon the turbaned head of Hafed with such force as to cause the latter to sink at his feet insensible.

The knight stalked proudly and indignantly from the apartment, leaving the Turcomans to discover their prince as best they might, and was soon engaged in conversation with his friends of the house of Cretolius, as they rode along the highway, escorted by the knights of St. John.

The prince Hafed soon recovered, and asked of those who had raised him to call his band around him. They came; and while he stood an instant to recover his strength and recall his scattered thoughts, they gazed in silence upon his flushed brow, his fiery eye and compressed lip, and intuitively knew there was desperate and deadly work on hand for them.

'Where is my smooth-tongued brother?' asked he.

'He hath not returned hither to us,' answered a soldier, 'since he aided to remove that galliard dog of a Christian from the bed of brass whereon you so boldly laid him.'

'Fool!' cried Hafed, 'he hath doubtless sought to carry his pretty face into the harem of that Christian beauty, in whom he takes such interest. He thinks I know nought of it, but I overheard him, in his dreams last night, talk of scaling her window, and offering her a share of his future throne. Now may all the ghoules in Turkestan seize them, ere either of them touch the sceptre of the East. And that black-mailed Frank, he has smitten a prince of the tribe of Ben Istam, and may the prophet banish me from paradise, if I do not send his soul to wander amid the darkness of Tartarus, ere yon fast-waning crescent shall veil her silver light.'

Thus saying, the prince led his warriors to the court-yard, where their steeds were deposited, and having seen all accoutred, and mounted on their snowy and powerful steeds, he rapidly took the way in pursuit of the knights, leaving the fair Azalie behind in charge of a dozen of his men. They soon reached the street of palms, and turning towards the eastern gate, crossed a few wide avenues, and drew up before the edifice usually occupied by the knights.

Dismounting, they rushed through the gate, passed the garden and entered the house, hoping to effect a surprise, but no one was within, and they returned to their horses, Hafed hurriedly addressing his followers thus:

'Tis better that it should be so, for now we will meet them in the broad street, where our nimble steeds and glancing scimitars will give us an advantage over their slow squadrons. Follow, and let us form our ranks in yon dark lane, from whence we can dash into their midst sudden as the snows which every spring glide in a crushing avalanche adown Turkestan's mountain sides. Follow, and let our course be as the simoom of the desert which sweeps onward in silent destructiveness.'

Having led them to a narrow lane, where darkness was thick and gloomy, where the moon fell not—a lane which entered the street of palms at right angles—he there formed them, and seemingly, to the chance passer, nought within that dim lane indicated that in its obscurity the Moslem awaited, with deadly intent, the approach of the Christian knights.

* * * * * * *

'Yes,' said D'Arville, to Everard, 'you are right. We are now near our quarters, and when we are safe within its walls, I will tell you many a tale of bold adventure that will make you wish for knightly honors.'

'I shall be glad to listen,' responded Everard, and then, as the idea entered his mind, 'but methinks the style in which you bearded the traitorous Hafed would form the groundwork for a bitter hatred. He is said to be as unforgiving and revengeful in character, as he is relentless in his treatment of his Christian [illegible] in his attempts to capture them.'

'His hatred is nothing,' replied D'Arville, 'for mine is doubly strong. If he would seek revenge he shall have it, but it shall be mine to give it, in answer to the fall he gave me this night. I care not for him, and only hope he will give me the chance of meeting him face to face. Then, with the help of St. John, my good sword shall maintain and defend the defiance I sent him. Would that he and his troop of wolfish slaves were here now, and I would show you of what stuff our gallant knights are made. You should see a combat worth witnessing.'

'He is here, in your path, Frankish dog!' cried Hafed, dashing suddenly from his hiding-place, and aiming a blow at the head of D'Arville; 'death to the infidel. Warriors of Ben Istam, forward, forward! strike till the red blood shall stream upon your scimitars like crimson rain. Onward for the glory of the mountain-tribe—*Alla-il-Allah! Alla-il-Allah!* He is great, and Mahomet is his prophet. Onward, like the scathing lightning, warriors of the scarlet turban.'

One moment within the dark lane was heard the quick trampling of steeds, the ringing of arms and accoutrements; the next, the Moslem burst forth from the entrance into the bright moon light, which bathed their glittering sabres in silver, and dashed into the dark ranks of the knights of St. John, who were scattered in an instant before this unexpected charge.

'Rally, knights of St. John, rally!' cried D'Arville, as he fought hand to hand with Hafed. 'Will you let the despised slaves of an eastern tyrant trample you down thus? Rally, for God and St. John, knights of the silver cross; strike for the glory of your order.'

Quickly recovering, the dark-mailed soldiers of the cross gathered their iron phalanx, and pressed upon the Moslem from every quarter, mingling their ranks with those of the scarlet-robed foe, till the scene seemed variegated with red and black. Bright scimitars shone downwards in [illegible] ing shriek or stifled groan gave evidence of their deadly effect, they rose again tinged with a ruddier dye. Steel rang against steel, and shivered lance and broken shield gave out a clear sound on the midnight air. Higher and fiercer rose the strife—louder and sterner the heavy blows resounded through the firmament, as the shining weapons crashed through helmet and breastplate, or were met by a warding stroke.

Mingled were the cries of 'Alla-il-Allah;' 'St. John and the silver cross!' 'onward for Ben Istam and glory;' 'strike for St. John and victory;' and amid the tumult, where gleamed the diamonds in the helmet of Hafed the Lion of Turkestan, the snowy plume of D'Arville, the pride of chivalry, waved above the fiercely-contested scene of strife. The rush of the Moslem charge had separated these leaders, but now, as the hand of Hafed smote the dauntless and gallant Everard from his horse, D'Arville caught sight of the Turcoman, and his irresistible weapon cleft a way through the intervening followers of Mahomet, leaving behind him a line of dead, till his steed bounded against that of the prince, and he cried:

'Now, base ingrate, I am ready to take back the guerdon of my regard I gave thee in the palace ante-room—that stunning blow. Come on, and let me see if thou canst be as bold in the field as when thou took me at a

vantage in the hall. St. John and victory, but that was well-aimed,' said he, as he warded the stroke of Hafed's light scimitar, and brought his own weapon down towards the prince's head, 'see if that will be truer to the mark.'

Hafed, by touching his steed with the spur, evaded the blow, and then springing forward, struck his scimitar into the face of the knight, inflicting a wound on his cheek.

'Ha! have I you there, Christian slave? am I a boaster now? Now will I send thy soul to the region of despair; now will I strike for Ben Istam and the prophet—thus and thus.'

As he said this, Hafed attempted to sheath his scimitar in D'Arville's throat, but the latter, with a blow of his weapon, shivered that of the Turcoman in pieces, and as the prince gave back, the gallant knight shouted, swinging his heavy sword against the head of Hafed:

'And I strike, knave, for St. John and the holy cross, before whom the prophet and thy race must fall, as thou shalt before my arm.'

The form of Hafed quivered an instant, and then fell senseless into the arms of a follower, who bore the body rapidly away on his swift steed, shouting:

'The lion of our tribe has fallen. Sons of Ben Istam, your gallant leader has been smote to the earth by the white-plumed Frank.—Hafed beneath the feet [illegible]'

[illegible] the moslems, who now turned with deep execrations, and followed the course taken by the rider bearing the inanimate form of their prince.

The [illegible] was as a scene of blood in the [illegible] street of palms. The pavement was strewn with broken arms, and side by side on the cold stone lay the Moslem warrior and the gallant knight in the calm sleep of death. Many a manly cheek was blanched, and many a noble heart had ceased its pulsations. Twenty of the soldiers of the silver cross had fallen in the encounter, and forty of the chivalric sons of Ben Istam bit the dust.

Everard was raised from his unpleasant situation and conveyed into the armory of the knights, which was close at hand. Here the physician of the corps examined his wounds, and pronounced them not dangerous, and not of a nature to have any other effect than a few minutes' insensibility. On hearing this, the knight involuntarily exclaimed:

'Heaven be praised, for it were indeed a pity should this brave youth have perished thus in a street-fight. I hope he may live to become an honored member of the order.—I'faith, it was a galliard fray, and a welcome one, and gallantly have my brave knights performed their devoirs.

* * * * * * * *

The chamber occupied by the Lady Ida was in the wing of the castle of Crotolius, overlooking the inner garden of the court, from whence a trellis ran up over her window, and wreathed itself around the casement, hanging down in graceful festoons upon a little ledge a few feet below. This ledge ran around the whole wing, and terminated at the stairs leading up the western front. At this time the moon shone from the opposite side of the window, so that a dark shade was cast upon the garden, and the face of the wall whence her window looked forth was wrapt in its gloom.

This chamber was large and spacious, and though originally a sleeping apartment, was now used as a boudoir by the Lady Ida, who retired to rest in an adjacent room. In the boudoir were seen the innumerable little articles of vertu which constitute one of the chief charms of these bowers of beauty, and musical instruments were dispersed in convenient situations. The furniture was of the most magnificent description, and soft couches and crimson hangings gave the whole an air of ease and comfort, quite in contrast with its outward appearance. A bright light burned in the centre of the ceiling, which threw its radiant flood into the remotest corner, into the deepest crevice, and flashed out from the window in splendor.

Upon the softest couch, with her side toward the window, sat the Lady Ida, looking like the very impersonification of beauty. Her soft, white hands supported her cheek, and her eyes were turned upon the floor in thoughtful mood, while images of the past and dreams of a delicious future floated through her mind. She was alone, yet not alone, for in her fancy she saw the youthful Selim at her feet, a welcome suppliant. His loving glances shot through her memory, and the thrilling touch of his hand, so well remembered, while hanging over D'Arville in the ante-room of the palace, again recurred to her mind, and she felt within warm hope sending its happy influence through her frame.

'Selim,' she sighed, in Arabic, 'why art thou not here?'

A whisper met her raptured ear:

'Selim is here, bright star of Palmyra, Selim is near thee.'

She raised her eyes, and there, just kneeling at her feet, the form of Selim bent in love, and as he took her hand and pressed it to his ruby lips, he said:

'Fair Ida, disdain me not, spurn me not. I love thee dearly. Thou art dearer to me than his desert home to the ranger of the winged steed, thou art fairer to me than the sunny valleys of my own [illegible]. Thou art all to me. O, [illegible] Ida, look [illegible] upon him who kneels at thy feet a suppliant for thy favor; tell me that I [illegible]. But why should I ask, when [illegible] You do, you do love me, dearest, dearest Ida.'

[illegible] her hand, although her eyes [illegible] downcast [illegible] it [illegible] passing his arm around her waist, clasped her for a moment to his bosom.

The light of joy beamed brighter from her eye—the blush deepened upon her cheek, but she lingered in his embrace; she, the proud belle of the Palmyrene court, in the embrace of a Turcoman, one of her country's dreaded foes.

'Say that you love me; tell me that I am not hateful to you, flower of Palmyra, light of my eyes; give me a word, a glance, to tell the fond truth, and the token shall be forever cherished in my memory.'

For an instant the light of love flashed from her eyes into his own, as she tremblingly raised them, and again veiled their loving glance with her silken lashes.

'May the blessings of paradise be yours, fair Ida, and the dews of prosperity fall forever on thy gentle head. O, will you not share with me the throne of Ben Istam and my father's realm? Thousands of maidens shall attend your every wish, tens of thousands of the bravest sons of Istam shall defend your every step, and your nod shall be life or death to millions. Will you not fly with me to my desert steed to the land of the roses and the laurel? Tell me, dear love—tell me, delight of my soul, and keep me not in suspense.'

As Selim concluded this impassioned appeal, the Lady Ida's face became painfully agitated, as if some severe struggle was going on in her mind; and then rising with determined air, she retreated a few steps, and thus addressed him:

'Selim, it cannot be. Dearly as I love you—and now, at the moment I am about ordering you to quit me, it would be selfish in me to deny it—dearly as I love you, I cannot be yours. I am a Christian maiden, brought up to abhor your religion, your race and your customs; you are a Turcoman and a Mahomedan, trained from infancy to the bloody task of destroying the soldiers of the cross—taught to consider woman of no apparent value other than a mere toy to pass away an idle hour or two with, and then coop her up in your closely-guarded harems, to sigh away a life of captivity—'

'Nay, maiden, hear me, I pray you, and doom not one you love to a fate worse than captivity, darker than death,' interrupted Selim, eagerly and passionately.

'Do not interrupt me, for it is in vain.—True, you have, in the case of your sister Azalie, departed from your usual rule in bringing her into the presence of your sex, but that was an exception, and doubtless matter of policy. I consider woman as ordained to make the life of her husband happy, to mould society, and to [illegible]. Then, and also for the reason that your people and mine are bitter enemies, we must part [illegible] and at once.'

'Maiden,' exclaimed Selim, 'why should you be so cruel? Why should you utter such piercing words to wound my heart? I am not your enemy, and for your sweet sake, I shall ever be the advocate of your people at my father's court. Do not banish me forever. Tell me, at least, that I may seek you again in a month or more, and I will leave you contented, and revel in the hope thus held out to me?'

'Why should this be so? It is best for both that we should never meet again, if we cannot be united,' said Ida, as the tears came into her resolute but loving eyes.

'Why, do you ask? Because it will save the soul of him you love from destruction, and light his dark course with the morning star of hope. Gem, fairer than the East can boast, refuse me not this boon, this parting request, and I will call on Allah to bless thee forever and ever.'

Ida pondered a moment on the request of the youth, and then replied, in a half-mournful tone of voice:

'Be it as you say, but not so soon. Three months must intervene ere you see me again, and in that time it may be that changes may give you more cause for hope than we—than you at present have. Adieu.'

The Lady Ida held out her hand to him, but Selim folded her to his breast, imprinted on her lips a last, fond kiss, and murmuring in the ear of the blushing maiden a few fond sentences, he tore himself away, as approaching footsteps echoed along the corridor, threw over his shoulders a long cloak, and placing on his head a peasant's hat, stepped through the window and disappeared.

Ida watched his course along the ledge without, till he reached the tower-stairs, descended them, and vanished beneath the arched gateway of the castle. She then drew her curtains, called her maidens to disrobe her, and was soon slumbering upon her couch, dreaming of change, and union with the loved one of her heart.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

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[Written for The Flag of our Union.]

## The Outward Bound!

BY M. M. BALLOU.

The anchor 's apeak, boys, the ship 's under way;
Her prow gathers quickly a white mound of spray:
Hoist away on the jib, boys, her courses let fall,
T'gallantsails, royals, set them all, set them all!

Bend on to the halyards—to the peak hoist away—
'Tis the *Flag of our Union*—belay there, belay;
Its broad field outspread, to leeward let fly;
See the stars and the stripes, as they kiss the blue sky.

Farewell to the shore, boys, the headlands are cleared,
With plenty of sea-room, there's nought to be feared;
What though the fierce storm-king his vengeance shall hurl!
We care not at sea, we can reef, boys, and furl!

One last look at land, one kind thought of home,
To cheer us to duty, mid the sea's angry foam;
Now brace up the yards, boys, so—well, as she goes,
Here's a farewell to all, boys, to friends and to foes!

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[Written for The Flag of our Union.]

## THE AGREEABLE SURPRISE.

### A SKETCH OF DOMESTIC LIFE.

BY GEO. P. BURNHAM.

Julia Mordaunt was the only daughter of a proud family, whose wealth had given it a prominent station in the best circles of society in New York. The name of Mordaunt had been familiarly known among the *elite* and fashion of the metropolis for a century, and the signature of Morris Mordaunt Esq., upon 'change, was considered substantial and answerable for any amount for which it could be obtained. The house of which that gentleman was the principal, was one of the oldest in the country; their operations had been of the most respectable and extended character for very many years, and the good reputation of the firm was world-wide.

The daughter of Morris Mordaunt, Miss Julia, was one of the few young ladies reared in the lap of luxury and ease, who had been left uncontaminated by the weaknesses which so generally accompany those who, in fashionable life, are surrounded by glitter and ease, and who are educated for display. In her personal exterior Julia was a specimen of loveliness rarely to be met with. At the age of eighteen she was the belle of the coterie which she graced with her society. Her education had been thorough, her advantages were almost unexampled, her ripe charms rendered her in every way a being to be loved; and Julia was not at a loss for a host of admirers. She indulged in nothing like coquetry, however; her manners were respectful, kindly, uniform to all; but at length her favors were extended rather more lavishly in a certain quarter than had been her wont, and the fact was noticed. By the death of an aunt, Julia had just come into possession, in her own exclusive right, of thirty thousand dollars; and to the vision of more than one of her flatterers she now looked far more engaging and attractive than ever.

Thirty thousand dollars was not a very great sum, to be sure, in the eyes of a *millionaire*; on the contrary, it would appear very inconsiderable by itself; but Julia Mordaunt was an only child, as we have stated, and was the sole heiress to all her father's wealth, her mother being dead. They lived in the most sumptuous style; nothing that could gratify the taste, or conduce to the comfort of the family, was omitted in their establishment, and the father looked proudly upon his beautiful daughter when she had reached her majority; for he had counted upon a brilliant match for her upon whom he had so fondly doated from her birth to the day she became her own legal mistress. His immense speculations gave him the control of an unlimited amount of capital. Money had no commonplace value in his esteem—he counted it by thousands daily—and he knew not the extent of his means.

Edwin Le Clare had met with Julia, once, twice, thrice, in society. Her station was above him in point of wealth, but he was ambitious, and considered the wealth of the mind far above all pecuniary matters. He found that Julia had been carefully educated; he learned that her heart was stored with treasures more valuable than fell to the lot of hundreds he met in the gay circle in which he visited; he became satisfied that she was worthy the adoration of one who could love her for *herself* alone. Her wealth, real and prospective, was no disagreeable point to look at, as a matter of course; but he possessed some five thousand dollars in his own right, his business was now in a prosperous condition, his means of providing for a wife in an acceptable manner were ample, and he made bold to love the fair Julia, hoping at no remote day to call her his. Julia Mordaunt had noted the butterflies of fashion who hovered about her; she had watched their flatteries, she had become accustomed to their [illegible] [illegible]ations. When Edwin Le Clare [illegible] to her, however, she accepted [illegible] she had scanned his [illegible] had listened to his polished [illegible] satisfied [illegible] and above all, an honest, affectionate [illegible] heart.

'It is scarcely six months, Edwin,' said the lovely girl, one evening, as they sat alone in her father's splendid [illegible], 'since we first met. I shall never forget the hour when you were presented to me. Six months! How quickly have they flown! We have been very happy, Edwin, have we not?'

'Yes, dear Julia, *very* happy; and I trust that the soft smile which plays upon your sweet face to-night, may continue to greet me whenever we meet. We should be very happy, as you say—for Providence has kindly smiled upon our paths from infancy; and so far as the world's goods is concerned, we have no desires which we have not the means of gratifying.'

'Yes, Edwin; fortunately we have enough in a pecuniary view, for all contingencies; and with health, we surely must continue to be happy.'

'Julia, I trust we may ever be so,' continued Edwin; and pressing the delicate hand of her he prized above all earthly considerations, earnestly to his lips, he bade her good night. Julia thought she perceived a slight emotion in his movements, as he turned to leave her; and when he had departed, she called to mind all he had said. Was there any peculiar meaning in it? O, no! 'twas but her imagination. He was very kind and agreeable, as usual; yet still there lurked at her heart a feeling that there was some import in his words which did not appear upon the surface! What could it be?

Edwin had been called suddenly from town the next day, and his absence continued for a week; a near relative had been sick, and he was detained. Two or three days after the late interview between the lovers, Morris Mordaunt, the father of Julia, occupied the seat at his lovely daughter's side, which but three nights previously had been filled by Edwin Le Clare.

'My darling daughter,' said the wealthy [illegible] marked attentions which young Le Clare has been paying you latterly.'

'I trust, dear father, the society of Edwin is agreeable to you. I think him most worthy of our mutual regard.'

'You may rest assured, dear Julia, I have but the hope of seeing you happy, and well situated in life. Edwin Le Clare is worthy, and you have my permission, my countenance, in the encouragement you give him. But Julia—young Le Clare will never be a man of means. I have lately sounded him. He has, I know, some few thousand dollars safely invested, at a fair rate of interest; but if he were to launch out a little, with judicious precaution, I mean—he might make money rapidly. He is a good business man—but I never made *my* money in this *small* way; eh, Julia?'

'Really, dear father, I have very little idea about business matters; yet I presume Edwin feels content with lesser profits, on the score that his means are very trifling compared with the great wealth which fortune has favored you with.'

'Well, daughter, it is probably the case as you observe, that our desires keep pace fully with our means, be they great or small. I have been in active life a great many years, and my operations have proved fortunate; at my death, sweet daughter, you will possess all I have, or which I may hereafter accumulate.'

'Dear father, I trust you may live many, many years, to enjoy your gains. I cannot but admire Edwin's caution and prudence, [illegible]'

[illegible] By the way, daughter, I have invested the [illegible] thousand dollars you placed in my [illegible] as I told you I [illegible] The [illegible] rising rapidly in value [illegible] five thousand dollars [illegible] yesterday. But [illegible] Mordaunt is not so readily caught [illegible] daughter, I think it would be an admirable speculation now, to erect a block of dwellings on that lot.'

'I have no idea at all about it, father.'

'Well, I am certain it would prove an excellent investment, and to be candid with you, Julia, I can [illegible] with twenty thousand [illegible] a row of dwellings there, which will pay profitably at once. Now, if you choose to transfer the stocks and funds, (some ten thousand dollars I think there is remaining from your aunt's legacy, eh?) to my hands, I will add the other ten, and the project can be completed before cold weather sets in.'

'Do as you will, dear father. I have no taste or choice in the premises. All I have is freely at your command.'

'Thank you, dear Julia. The amount is a trifling matter, any way; but I think it as well to have it invested in one object.'

Next day the remaining ten thousand dollars of Julia's property was transferred to her father's credit, and the elegant block of buildings on E— street, went up at once. Edwin Le Clare returned at the end of a week, and in the course of his business rounds he learned of the new speculation of Morris Mordaunt Esq., who was esteemed one of the wealthiest and most judicious men of the day. Edwin sighed!

It was late in the fall of '35. The row of dwellings erected through the enterprise of Mr. Mordaunt were beautiful; and a mortgage had been given to the architects for one half their cost—some forty thousand dollars. The times did not look so prosperous as had been anticipated, and the high rent claimed for the elegant mansions just completed, prevented obtaining tenants for them. But Morris Mordaunt was rich—it mattered little to him whether the houses were occupied or not. The speculation was a trivial one in comparison to many of his schemes, and he turned his attention to matters of greater importance to him.

Edwin sat alone with Julia Mordaunt again, and as he held her hand in his—

'I regret, dearest,' he said, 'that your good parent is so sanguine in his operations latterly; and I could have wished for your sake, that the funds which lately fell to your lot by the decease of your aunt, had not been touched.'

'Why, dear Edwin?'

'I think the speculation an unwise one, dearest. Time will show, however.'

Julia looked into her lover's face, but there was no evidence there that he spoke not from his heart, for her personal welfare.

'I have no interest of my own to gratify, Julia—be sure of it. As I have repeatedly assured you, my business is very prosperous. I am already in command of my means sufficient to provide for us comfortably, and my income is ample to support a handsome [illegible]'

'[illegible] Edwin, [illegible]'

'[illegible] for it, but it seems [illegible] for you are my promised wife, [illegible] cannot stem the current which [illegible] against him.'

'Of one thing you may be [illegible] sir!' [illegible] the excited and angry M. Mordaunt, entering through the gilded sliding-doors at this moment; 'as I have never yet placed myself under obligations to any such small operators as yourself, I am not bound to foster or encourage you longer than it pleases my fancy.'

'How, sir!' exclaimed Edwin, thunderstruck.

'Father!' said Julia, starting to her feet.

'From this hour, Mr. Le Clare—remember, from this hour we are strangers henceforward.'

'My dear sir,' continued Edwin, 'you will suffer me to explain myself, I trust.'

'Not one word, sir. I am Morris Mordaunt, whose word has been his bond for a quarter of a century. You are a boy—a mere boy, sir—an inconsiderate, rash, foolish boy; who could *dare* in this house to utter one syllable of doubt or suspicion regarding that name, to the daughter of your superior, ay, sir, *superior* in tact, experience, name, wealth—everything!'

'For your daughter's sake, for my own honor's sake, sir, I beg you allow me to explain.'

'You have committed an unpardonable error, Edwin Le Clare—unpardonable, sir. I ask you now to quit this house, peaceably and instantly. And as you value your own feelings and person, Edwin Le Clare, I charge you, do not enter it again.'

Dumb with surprise, mortification, and chagrin, Edwin knew not what he did. That his intended father-in-law should have played the part of an eaves-dropper, that he should have [illegible] but perhaps injudiciously [illegible] daughter, galled him to the quick; but he knew the iron disposition of Morris Mordaunt, and [illegible] he reflected what he did, he found himself upon the sidewalk, pressing his way [illegible] ings. He had left the mansion of the [illegible]cratic speculator, the splendid home of his intended wife, forever! Edwin Le Clare obeyed the [illegible] of Mr. Mordaunt; he never entered that house again.

The distress of Julia was most intense at this singular demonstration, this unlooked-for climax. She did not recover the power of speech until Edwin had left the apartment, until she heard the outer door close harshly behind him—and then her agony burst forth.

'O, my father!' she cried, in her despair and misery, 'what have *I* done that you should treat me thus?'

'Silence, daughter! If you would preserve your father's favor, do not speak to me of him—of *him* who would poison the ear of the child against its parent.'

'Dear father, you mistake—'

'No more, Julia; I heard it all.'

'Dear father, he did but think that you had—'

'*Think?* What right has he to think for *me*?'

In vain did Julia appeal to her parent. He had heard the words of caution, of suspicion, which Edwin had dropped in a quarter where his pride was strongest, firmest, deepest; or the money of Julia had been perilled by him, and his mind was made up. Morris Mordaunt was too proud to retract; he had pronounced the sentence, and Edwin did not return.

Three months passed away, a season of deepest sorrow to the gentle heart of Julia Mordaunt, who until the hour of her late misfortune had never known a shadow to cross her path in life. But the father was inexorable. Julia ceased at length to importune him, and finally resigned herself to the fate which she saw was inevitable.

But in that brief three months, what changes [illegible] path of Morris Mordaunt. He had [illegible] had not calculated upon the crushing [illegible] he would ever be called upon to face; he had not been alive to the [illegible] of the [illegible] gathering storm. Within that short three months—a fearful period in his career—his enormous speculations had failed him, in one after another instance. The prices of [illegible] became depressed, the value of real estate had declined [illegible] per cent, and every property was enormously [illegible] was overstocked with merchandise, and finally the night of the *sixteenth of December* arrived.

Morris Mordaunt returned, in his carriage, to the costly mansion from which he had so unkindly driven the youthful Le Clare, and it was the evening preceding the dreadful night we have just alluded to. Mr. Mordaunt returned thither, with a broken, but still a redeemable fortune. His investments had proved unwise; he had lost many thousands of dollars, since the night when he treated Edwin so harshly; but on the afternoon of the sixteenth of December, 1835, he was still the possessor of wealth, at least *on paper*. The terrible conflagration in New York took place, however, and on the morning of the seventeenth Morris Mordaunt was a beggar!

The reputed millionaire found his way to Wall street, in company with hundreds of his brethren in misfortune; he gazed upon the smoking ruins of twenty millions of property destroyed by that fire, in a single night, and a moment's reflection told him that *all was lost!* The merchants were ruined, the insurance companies were bankrupt, and credit was utterly destroyed. With a heavy heart did Morris Mordaunt, Esq., return once more to his elegant domicil, for he saw that hope had now departed.

The notes of the great operator came due, and were protested; the name of Morris Mordaunt was dishonored; he could not evade the blow; and three months afterward the magnificent 'speculator' was a bankrupt. The sale of his effects produced but a moiety compared to his outstanding obligations, and his assignees found at last that he could pay but thirty cents on the dollar. Through the leniency of a single creditor, he was suffered to retire for the time being to a small cottage in Brooklyn, in which he still held a trifling interest, whither he removed in a short time, with barely furniture sufficient to make a respectable appearance. The superb appointments of his mansion, his carriages and horses were all disposed of at public vendue, and the ruined aristocrat retired to the humble dwelling in Brooklyn, with his daughter, where they were permitted to remain for a time, upon sufferance.

Julia had been permitted to reserve her favorite horse, upon which at the side of her dearly loved Edwin she had rode many a mile, and passed many a happy hour in the sunshine of her prosperity. But now those days were past. Another half year had expired, the rent was unpaid, and the family bills had remained unliquidated, for even Morris Mordaunt, the once wealthy financier, found it impossible to obtain ready means to re-commence in trade with. Nobody had money to lend—the petty creditors became at last clamorous—[illegible] it was found absolutely necessary to dispose of the interest in the cottage, the furniture, even Julia's favorite palfrey.

This procedure was quickly accomplished. The interest of Mr. Mordaunt in the estate was purchased by a well-known real estate broker; the furniture was put up at auction, and the palfrey departed from the little dwelling, with a stranger upon his back. A sigh fell from Julia's lips, as the beautiful animal pranced away from the door, and she ventured to beg the stranger to treat her 'Jessie' kindly. On the following day, Morris Mordaunt and Julia were to leave the cottage; for the new proprietor desired to put it in repairs for his own convenience at once.

The late proud and influential speculator had no friend upon whom he could rely—he had not the slightest idea whither he could permanently turn, with his innocent child—the charming, faithful Julia—who was still all gentleness, all hope, all resignation.

'Don't look so dull, father,' she said, 'we will go over to Mrs. Bartole's to board for a while, and something will turn up to our advantage. Keep up a good heart, father; the darkest hour is just before the dawn.'

The proud old man looked strangely upon his angel-daughter, and wondered where she could have learned such brave thoughts as these. She, who had never until within the last four months known aught but happiness and ease.

But the night passed away, and morning came. The sun was shining brightly through the low windows of the little cottage parlor, and Morris Mordaunt sat near the casement with the lovely Julia, upon a common settee, which had been left in the house over night, with a few other articles of furniture; and the miserable father now looked kindly, but sadly, upon his daughter's sweet face.

'Father,' said Julia, [illegible], and she took the old man's hand in her [illegible]

'Well, Julia?'

'Father, could you not forgive poor Edwin Le Clare this morning?'

'Child—daughter!' said Mr. Mordaunt, 'I will not offend you further.'

'I don't mean that, Julia, I don't mean that. Edwin Le Clare is a man, Julia. He was right—I was wrong. I didn't know it then, Julia. But it's too late now.'

'It is never too late, my dear sir, to correct an error,' said Edwin Le Clare, entering at this moment through the sliding doors of the parlor; and advancing to Morris Mordaunt, he presented him his open hand. The old man was humbled in his own heart—he clasped the proffered palm earnestly, and a tear fell from his eye.

'Forgive me, Edwin,' said the old man, nervously.

'My dear sir, you are the father of my Julia. I had forgiven you long since; all is forgotten.'

'Bless me,' said Julia, peering out at the window, amid her tears, 'there's my "Jessie" again, and the stranger who bought her yesterday. What can he want, I wonder?'

'That is my groom, dear Julia. He comes to bring you your palfrey, which he purchased yesterday by my direction. My own horse is close by, and you perceive your pony is ready saddled for you. Now, then, your habit and cap, and we will go and take a stroll on horseback, by way of varying this scene; what say you? And you, good Mr. Mordaunt, I beg you to remain here until we return. The broker who purchased your cottage a day or two since was my agent; and I have ordered an architect hither this morning to re-model and improve the place to suit *your* taste. Will you do me the favor to advise with him? Here he comes.'

All this was done so easily, so readily, without affectation or apparent effort, that Morris Mordaunt scarcely knew whether he was asleep or awake. But a few moments afterwards Edwin and Julia had mounted and [illegible] the road, on the proposed equestrian excursion.

'God bless them!' ejaculated Morris Mordaunt. 'Edwin is a noble fellow! How I [illegible] him, to be sure.'

A fortnight passed—the cottage was greatly improved—the house was beautifully furnished; and within three weeks from the day of the last sale, Julia Mordaunt became Mrs. Edwin Le Clare. Edwin had watched the downfall of his former friend; he [illegible] the plans of Morris Mordaunt [illegible] [illegible], he forgave him his rudeness; he loved his daughter, and he determined to deserve and win her. He had been successful in trade; his means had largely accumulated; he bought the cottage; he saved the palfrey for his future wife; he relieved the father from debt; he made a dutiful son and an affectionate husband; and to the day of his death, old Morris Mordaunt declared that the entrance of Edwin Le Clare into the parlor in the morning after the sale at the cottage, was the most 'Agreeable Surprise' he ever experienced in the whole course of his chequered life.

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### Coat of Arms.

Barnum, who has adopted a 'coat of arms,' with the motto, 'love God and be merry,' obtained it by a short Yankee cut, which cost him no search into pedigree. While in Paris, some time ago, the effects of a deceased Russian ambassador, Prince T., were sold at auction. Several English and other noblemen were at the sale, but as the gold, silver and porcelain ware bore the arms and initials of the Prince, no one but Barnum would bid for them. He [illegible] the initials P. T., signifying Prince T., he added the letter B, adopted the coat of arms, and thus became a nobleman.

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[Written for The Flag of our Union.]

### A Fairy Love-Letter, intercepted.

BY FRANCES S. OSGOOD.

My rose-leaf sheet before me lies,
My moonbeam pen is trimmed, Lula;
But dreaming of your starry eyes,
My own are strangely dimmed, Lula.

Last night, as on my tulip bed,
But half asleep I lay,
I heard a whisper overhead,
Two fays flew by that way, Lula.

Your name I heard, my singing bird;
How dared they breathe your name, Lula!
They called you 'flirt'—O, hateful word!
Indeed, you 're much to blame, Lula!

This morn I saw a sight of grief,
You dreamed not I was there:
You folded, in a jasmine leaf,
A tress of golden hair, Lula!

And pressing with your small seal ring,
A lily-scroll, untrue Lula,
Your zephyr-page bent down his wing,
And took the billet-doux, Lula!

I saw you tie your graceful curls;
Your dewdrop mirror smiled, Lula;
Your violet-vest was clasped with pearls—
You set my heart half wild, Lula.

Who dares possess your golden tress?
Who dares receive your notes, Lula?
Ah, sweet—be mine, and you will bless
The fondest fay that floats, Lula.

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[Written for The Flag of our Union.]

## HOW CAPT. CANNON CAME BACK FROM MEXICO.

BY THE OLD 'UN.

'Off with his head.'—Richard III.

Captain Cannon did not always rejoice in a military title; he certainly did not emerge from petticoats into regimentals, and when an interesting juvenile of five years old, he scrupulously avoided pewter soldiers and wooden drums, found no delight in tin swords and paper cocked hats, and never trotted at the tail of the company when the Pentonville True Blues celebrated their anniversary with all the 'pomp, pride, and circumstance of glorious war.' For him the rolling drum, the shrieking fife, the horrid sham-fight, had no 'pleasing terrors;' and he never looked forward to the time when, as colonel of militia, he should sport a pair of epaulets, and ride a prancing charger at the head of his regiment. As Peter Cannon grew up, he appeared a very peaceable young gentleman, was never known to yield when 'stumped' to fight, and on the whole was considered a milk-and-water chap by his roystering comrades of the village school. When he grew up, and went into a green coat and the grocery business, he was equally pacific, in spite of his warlike name, and invariably paid his fine in preference to shouldering his musket and serving his country on the training-field. Perhaps he thought with Shakspeare, though Peter had never read Shakspeare, by the way,

'In peace, there's nothing so becomes a man
As modest stillness and sobriety.'

So years rolled on, and Peter passed the rubicon of thirty without developing a single spark of military enthusiasm.

But Peter read the newspapers, and during the progress of the Mexican controversy, was once heard to express his opinion (confidentially) that the 'Mexicans deserved a licking.' The army of occupation under General Taylor was ordered into Texas. They marched from Corpus Christi; and the news came that the Americans [illegible] Palo Alto and Resaca de la Palma, and routed them on both those hard-fought fields of battle. Peter said nothing. He shovelled sugar and ground pepper as industriously as ever. Taylor crossed the Rio Grande and moved on towards Monterey. Peter smoked his long nine, and smiled as placidly as ever. We next heard that the American flag, the 'Flag of our Union,' floated over the towers of the city, after three days' hard fighting. Peter 'reckoned that some of them fellers that had gone out sojering, wished they hadn't went.'

The next stirring event in Yankee land was the order for raising a regiment of regulars in New England. Peter's West India goods shop was full of ardent aspirants for military honors, breathing fire and smoke. The only fire and smoke that Peter breathed came from his long nine. The recruiting sergeant one morning asked Peter, by a way of joke, why he didn't shoulder his musket and follow the drum.

'Bless your soul,' was Peter's answer, 'I never shouldered a musket in my life, and I have some conscientious scruples about selling gunpowder and duck shot.'

One morning there came a large package through the post-office, sealed with a huge eagle, post-marked, Washington, and addressed to our worthy friend. The post-master, who brought the document in person, said, as he delivered it to Peter, that there must be some mistake in it; and begged he would look at the contents, and return it if his conjecture was correct. Peter quietly opened it, read the enclosure, and then put it in his pocket, simply remarking that it was 'all right.'

The next day, among the announcements of official appointments, the Pentonville 'Mirror of Freedom and Weekly Shield of Liberty,' had the following:

'Peter Cannon, Esq., of Pentonville, N. H., to be captain in —th regiment, United States Infantry.'

That day Peter's store was crowded.—'What's the meaning of all this, Peter?' 'Are you going to Mexico? You going to *fight*?' were questions showered on him on all hands. Peter mounted a barrel:

'Yes, fellow-citizens,' said he, 'it is a fact. I've been trying to keep my military ardor down—but it wont do. I'm bound to serve my country, and to lick them infernal Mexikins down on the Rio Grandee—to conquer or die—and perish! Hurrah!'

The crowd responded, but everybody went away morally convinced that Peter was as mad as a March hare. Some bets were offered in the village that he would 'flunk' and 'back out.' But Peter didn't flunk. He took to epaulettes and mustachios very kindly, wore his sword and *shapo* with an air, sold out his stock in trade and went off to the wars.

The regiment was heard of on their march from Vera Cruz to Mexico, but no particular mention was made of Peter. The story of Contreras, Churubusco, Molino del Rey, and the Garitas, was told to wondering ears, but Peter was not mentioned in the despatches. At length a rumor came that he was badly wounded, but no farther intelligence respecting him reached his native place, until, one pleasant morning, Captain Cannon came back from the wars. All his townsmen turned out to meet him—they rent the air with cheers as he descended from the stage—they waited on him to the Spread Eagle Hotel, and gave him a complimentary dinner on the very day of his arrival. He looked well and hearty, but he had a queer look. Everybody noticed it, but nobody could tell in what particular he was altered, and why he didn't look exactly like the Peter Cannon that went out from Pentonville to fight the battles of his country. When asked about his wounds, he looked very grave, but declined to enter into particulars. So his friends left him in the evening, very glad to have him back again, but very much perplexed and bewildered.

The obsequious landlord, obeying the summons of his distinguished guest, assumed a tallow candle about ten o'clock at night, and lighted him to his chamber. After setting down the lamp, he remarked that he had aired the sheets and hoped that he would find his bed comfortable.

'A man who has slept in the mud and rain at San Antonio, can't complain of such beds as these,' said the captain.

'Glad of it,' said the landlord, 'so I'll bid you good night.'

'Hold on,' said the captain, 'you must lend me a hand before I can turn in.'

'With all my heart, captain, what can I do for you?'

'Just be good enough to unscrew my right leg,' said the soldier, sitting down on the edge of the bed.

With a horror-stricken countenance the landlord obeyed and removed the right leg of the Mexican hero.

'Do me the favor,' continued the captain, 'to remove my left arm. The original was taken off at Chapultepec.'

The terrified landlord performed this friendly act of surgery, and laid the arm [illegible] beside the artificial leg.

'Any more of the same sort left?' he inquired in quivering tones of voice.

'Yes, take out this eye and my teeth,' responded the captain, bluntly.

'Jehosaphat!' cried the landlord, but he obeyed. The captain's face was a very open countenance now!

'One thing more!' said the captain, in hoarse, hollow, almost inarticulate tones.

'What now?' inquired the trembling landlord.

'*Unscrew my head!*'

But this was too much for human nerves to bear. Boniface rushed from the room—tumbled down stairs—sought his dormitory, plunged into bed and buried his head in the coverlid. All night long he dreamed of performing surgical operations on wounded soldiers, and thought he saw officers of the army walking into his bar-room with their heads in their hands.

It is needless to add, that Captain Cannon was merely *minus* a leg, an arm, an eye, and a set of teeth; and that, being a dry joker, he had thrown in the head as a sort of make-weight, to raise the terrors of the landlord to their *ultimatum*. But Boniface was never undeceived, and to this day he is fully convinced that modern art and science have arrived at such a pitch of perfection, that the loss of one's head is no sort of consequence, but a mishap to be remedied by skill and money at the shortest notice.

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[Written for The Flag of our Union.]

## DODGING A MILITIA FINE.

BY THE YOUNG 'UN.

In days gone by, when the objectionable militia laws were in force in old Massachusetts, the customary draft was made in a country town a few miles from Boston, and a notice to 'appear, armed and equipped, according to law,' was left at the boarding-house of a wag who possessed very little martial 'mosic' in [illegible] that he would neither 'train' nor pay a fine, and entertaining withal, a very indifferent opinion of the utility of the system—he took no notice of the summons.

Having been duly 'warned,' however, as he anticipated—at the expiration of a few weeks, the sergeant waited upon him with a bill of nine shillings, for non-attendance at the muster.

'You're fined, sir—nine shillings—non-appearance.'

'What is it?' said the wag, pretending to misunderstand the collector.

'Fine for not training,' bawled the other.

'Shan't pay it, fellow.'

'It will be three dollars, next time I call.'

But the wag couldn't hear a word he said, and in the course of another month, he received a peremptory summons to appear forthwith at a court martial in the district, instituted for the purpose of trying delinquents, and collecting such fines as could be scared out of the non-performers of duty. Having fixed upon a final plan to dodge the issue—at the appointed hour he waited upon the court, to show cause, if any he had, why he shouldn't willingly have toted a musket and knapsack about the town, for twelve mortal hours—and otherwise perform the legal annual duties of a live 'patriot!'

He was ushered into the court room, immediately—which was held in an old country-house, where he discovered some three or four persons seated, attired in flashy regimentals, and whose awful 'yaller epoletts' alone, were sufficient to command the attention and respect of the profoundest beholder. Though somewhat disconcerted at this rather unexpected exhibition of spurs and buttons, he put a bold face on the matter, and responding to the directions of the junior member of the august court, he advanced to the table, and the chief functionary commenced the examination.

'Your name, sir?'

The offender placed his hand quickly to the side of his head, without uttering a word, or moving a muscle in his face.

'What is your name?' repeated the questioner, in a loud tone.

'A little louder,' said the wag, without replying.

'*Name!*' shouted the judge.

'Taunton, Bristol county.'

'What business do you follow?'

'Main street,' said the delinquent.

'Your *business*,' yelled the officer.

'Right hand side as you go up.'

'How long have you been there?'

'About two miles and a half!'

'How old are you, fellow?' continued the judge, nervously.

'Boss carpenter.'

'What the devil's the matter with your ears?'

'Doctor Scarpie's oil, sometimes.'

'What, sir?'

'Sometimes Cure'em's ointment.'

'Why don't you answer me?'

'Nearly five years.'

'He's as deaf as an adder,' remarked the judge, turning around to his subordinates, earnestly—'clear the lubber out!'

'You are not liable to perform military duty,' said the secretary, with his mouth close to the wag's ear.

'*I know that*,' said the fellow, coolly.

'His hearing improves,' ventured the sergeant.

'What do you suppose we sit here for?' asked the judge, in a loud voice, at last.

'A dollar and a half a day,' said the prisoner.

'He may go, Mr. Sergeant.'

'You can go—' said the under-officer—pointing to the door. But our friend took no notice of the order.

'You may go,' yelled the judge. 'Good God! Is it possible a man can be as deaf as all that?'

'I can't say,' continued the delinquent, pretending not to understand, yet—'but I should think—'

'Go—go!' screamed the judge—'there's nothing to pay. The Lord pity the general who had a regiment like you to command! Show him the door, major,' and our hero soon found himself at liberty. He was never summoned again to train, during his residence in Taunton!

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### Foreign Correspondence of the Flag.

LETTER NO. 2.

Paris.

My dear Flag:

The prettiest and most enjoyable place I have visited in Paris, is the garden of the Tuilleries, with its sixty-seven acres of beautiful laid out grounds, magnificent in its specimens of cultivation and of sculpture, and surrounded with spacious and imposing palaces. This is the universal play-ground of the Parisian children with their nurses, in sunny weather, and their juvenile voices, articulating with enviable correctness of pronunciation their native tongue, [illegible] the gushing and babbling of the many fountains. [illegible] have given Paris a world-wide celebrity. What a [illegible] place is the garden of the Tuilleries for an [illegible] a companion! It is delightfully refreshing to see the graceful swans laving their stately bodies in the ponds, or to watch in the clear transparent waters, the gambols of the gold fishes. The Arabian night-like splendor, that surrounds one here, led my thoughts back to the days of enchantment and genii, and when my mind at last acknowledged the reality of the scene before me, I was vexed to think that near as were these things to my home, I had never before seen them. As you would promote happiness and rational enjoyment, my dear readers of the Flag, travel, if you have the means. It enlarges the intellect, and gives the mind as well as the person, a polish that can be obtained in no other manner.

I have always thought a large city seen by moonlight, a highly impressive sight—when long, deep shadows are cast over the broad thoroughfares, and when the noise and bustle of busy day are over. Now a mounted guardsman passes you, half dozing in his saddle, and now the sounds of revelry and dissipation come from yonder splendid mansion, which is, I have been told, one of the fashionable hells of Paris. The massive architecture of the noble palaces that meet your gaze at every turn, assumes new beauty and grandeur under the shadowing rays of the moon, and the silence around gives one an opportunity for thought. Last evening, impressed with thoughts of this nature, I was walking along the Boulevards by the Rue Richelieu, when I witnessed an instance of the fickle and passionate nature of the French. A mob of some five hundred persons increasing continually in number as they went on, rushed by me with loud and riotous exclamations. I found that an artisan had been arrested for some infringement of the municipal laws, and that his neighbors were determined to rescue him. But a distant bugle note filled the streets with lancers, who swept them at headlong speed with their powerful horses, and the valiant mob was dispersed without even striking a blow. The next morning I looked in vain in the papers for an account of the riot—it was too common an affair to notice!

How queer and antiquated the vehicles look in Paris. The Norman horses are so large, and the mules so very small—and then to see them harnessed abreast together in the market wagons, and always driven by women! The hacks are two centuries old in style and method of management, and a French harness for a horse contains leather enough for an American stage of four. The rate of charges here, to be sure, is cheaper than in New York, Boston and Philadelphia, though none but the very highest classes ride in such hacks or coaches as we have in our principal cities. The French drivers are shockingly careless, and their horses have a perfect contempt for the straight-line principle, jerking hither and thither, to either side of the road, at their pleasure. There is a small, close-bodied sort of cab, that I have several times seen, drawn by a man, and capable of seating one passenger inside. This turning of men into mules and jackasses, I do not exactly relish, but some of these chaps, well-dressed and hearty in appearance, trot off at quite a brisk pace with their master or mistress inside. This mode of conveyance is almost universally private. But think you, that even the lowest classes in America could be prevailed upon to strap themselves into traces and drag a cab!

They are a queer people, these French; every one seems to aim at amusing either himself or others, and all are full of animal spirits to the brim. The beggar in the street rarely asks your charity until he has done something to entertain or amuse you. Of course, there are [illegible] of [illegible] the shape of organ-grinders, [illegible] or street vocalists, and [illegible] with dancing bears which go through a variety of [illegible] and attitudes for a [illegible] then, you will meet [illegible] Jewess, who will beg [illegible] and never speak [illegible] refuse her a franc. Mingled [illegible] crowded thoroughfares [illegible] the most abject beggars [illegible] amid such scenes of gaiety [illegible] your mind becomes half [illegible] in contemplating the two extremes, of wealth and poverty. Notwithstanding the gaiety of the national character, the distraction of the times has written care on the brows of many, and men of highly respectable appearance with famished faces not unfrequently stop you, and appeal for the smallest sum with which they can purchase food.

Paris has been aptly styled the centre of the world, and one is led to assent to the correctness of this title, from the fact that all nations seem to be liberally represented here. Persians, Turks, Jews, Italians, Haytians, English, Germans, and Americans, press the same pavé together; and all ranks, creeds, sects and ologies have their professors here. All this variety of nationality involves an equal variety of style and costume, and one gets so accustomed to seeing odd and strange sights, that at last, nothing astonishes, and we forget even to note these peculiarities.

Adieu, [illegible]

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The captain of a ship arrived at Havre has a tale of a monster which came [illegible] Captain M'Quline and his crew, a 'terrible tortoise, huge as a steamer,' [illegible] opponent, having a [illegible] garnished with spikes as sharp as Chinese needles, and the most hideous head ever seen [illegible]

# THE FLAG OF OUR UNION.


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F. GLEASON, PROPRIETOR.

M. M. BALLOU, EDITOR.

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## To our Correspondents.

'The Cavalier to his Mistress,' stanzas for music, by F. A. Durivage, filed for insertion.

'Foreign Correspondence, No. 2,' a letter from Paris, next week.

'Ardalia, a tale of the olden time,' a prose sketch, declined.

'Sing me a Song,' declined.

'[illegible],' [illegible].

'An Acrostic,' declined.

'[illegible],' a [illegible] sketch, and a real [illegible], by the Young [illegible], next week.

'The [illegible],' declined.

'[illegible] Love,' inadmissible.

'How Mr. Spriggins [illegible],' one of the Old 'Un's [illegible] contributions, next week.

'[illegible],' a Poem,' inadmissible.

'[illegible]'s Love, or the Dangers of the Sea,' by Capt. Robert Barnacle, a graphic sea tale, in our next.

'The Knight of the Broken Willow,' a sketch from the Middle Ages, by Sylvanus Cobb, Jr., accepted.

'John Victimeut, the Money Borrower,' declined.

'Mr. Bland and Kitty Dill,' a humorous ballad, by Geo. P. Burnham, will grace our third number.

'He colored his Hair,' a side-splitting sketch, from our new contributor, Uncle Toby, next week.

'The Imaginary Association,' not admissible.

'The Poor Man's Fatherland,' a poem, by A. J. H. Duganne, will appear next week.

'Summer will spread its Roses,' a song, by J.B.M.G., filed for our next number.

'The Angel's Song,' a poem, by G.L.D.B., accepted.

'Departed Friends,' declined.

'An Allegory,' by J. A. R., accepted for our next.

☞ No poems or other articles will be received for this paper, unless accompanied by an authentic name.

## Aristocracy.

In the best days of Greece and Rome, it was either valor, justice, virtue, or ability, that raised men from the common throng above their fellows. Wealth or birth had no influence in the advancement, but now-a-days we have various kinds of aristocracy. First, there is the aristocracy of wealth, to which nearly all men bow in humble reverence. Second, comes the aristocracy of birth and gentle blood, to which many do reverence; and thirdly, the aristocracy of intellect, the only true criterion of greatness, and which finds the fewest to acknowledge its power and rule. One of the richest men within the circle of our acquaintance, was the son of *a tin pedler*; but should he, by chance of fortune lose his great wealth, the high-bred friends who now vie with each other to do him honor, would fly away like autumn leaves before the wind. There are men in nearly every city of the Union, direct descendants from noble families in the old world, who are little better than beggars, and who come here to hide their poverty. These in early life were taught to rely upon their rank, and not upon the good right hand that Heaven had given them, consequently they now subsist on the most precarious means, and ofttimes by openly soliciting alms in the public streets. What a change is this, from the dignity of birth and the honor that gentle blood entails in the old world, to the fearful expedient of absolute beggary.

But intellect is a bright star that sets only with life; the rich man may lose the means that have bought him preferment, or he who owes his position to the accident of birth may lack the means to support his station; but the intellectually great has a fountain of never-failing riches within that passeth all computation, and like a good mine, the more it is wrought the more it produces. As to the matter of wealth, it is a mere relative thing after all, since he that has little and wants less, is richer than he that has much but wants more! We confess a supreme contempt for those who set themselves up as the exclusives of the community, presuming upon wealth or birth as the criterion of their superiority. These two classes of society generally have just two ideas, one apiece; the rich think of their money, the highborn of their genealogy.

For our own part, we acknowledge but one standard of greatness, and that is intelligence; and find it where we may, we are proud to pay it homage. We feel humbled before that individual who is better informed and wiser than we are, regardless of the gloss of his hat, or the fashion of his coat. There is many a young American, who works all day at the fore-plane or the sledge-hammer, who would put to shame the sprigs of our mushroom aristocracy on any scientific question of an ordinary character. In this country, where the school-house is free to all, intelligence is not confined to gilded rooms and large houses, but stalks abroad in green fields and highways, God be praised!

## Our Second Number.

With this, the second number of the new volume, we feel as though fairly launched on our voyage for the year. Our clipper craft, with its rich cargo, outsail's everything afloat, and though laden to the decks, she draws not so much water as sail well; in fact, she was built and rigged to carry a heavy draught, and yet to sail like a witch. Scarcely [illegible] before the wind gradually came on to blow a sharp and brisk breeze which we took right aft, and ran before it like a bird. It only needed a glimpse at our [illegible] clipper [illegible], and the pennant we hoisted aloft, to bring us hosts of subscribers, and these have really poured in upon us so as to nearly take us aback, though our head sails were trimmed, and a sharp lookout kept for such an event. Never mind, if we have to reprint our first number, we wont complain; so come one, come all, and secure the thousand dollar prize tale from the first number. Let her have it a point freer, quarter master, that's it,*steady—so!*

## The Successful Authors.

It will be interesting to the readers of the Flag to know something of the individual history of the two persons who have taken our large prizes. Mr. Davies, to whom was paid the first prize of one thousand dollars, is a young man of two-and-twenty, a practical printer, and late city reporter of the New York Express. Miss Clough, to whom was paid the second prize, of five hundred dollars, we learn from the New Hampshire Patriot, is about nineteen years of age, and has just completed her academical education, having graduated at the New Hampshire Conference Seminary, at Northfield, a few weeks ago.

More Particularly.—Between ourselves, loosen the buttons of your coats before you read the sketches of the 'Old Un' and 'Young Un.' There's genuine wit in them.

## Ireland.

The exciting events that are taking place all over Europe have so absorbed the attention of people and the journals, that Ireland, in her humbled submissiveness to her oppressor, England, is thought and said little about, but still she manages to remain a festering and cankering sore in the side of her mistress on the British throne. Forty thousand of the queen's troops are required to keep the peace, and she is a constant and large leakage to the English treasury. Her people fill the poor-houses, beg in the streets, and tenant the prisons; in short, it costs the British throne more money, more anxiety and trouble, to take care of Ireland than all her other possessions. In the mean time, the country seems in a fair way to become depopulated; not only are the laboring and lower classes embarking in every vessel that offers for America, but even large numbers of responsible farmers are filling up the emigrant ships and seeking a home in this country. Large tracts of land that have heretofore evinced the care and culture of industrious hands, are now running to waste, unfenced and uncared for. Skill, capital and industry are fast disappearing from Ireland, leaving behind only a bankrupt horde of landlords, and a miserably destitute peasantry, who cannot obtain the means to emigrate. We see by our late Irish papers, that at the sailing of the last steamer, there were *five* vessels in the port of Galway, bound for America, in which every berth was taken up, and hundreds turned away who were awaiting a passage from the misery that surrounded them at home.

Add to this grand source of trouble the present state of her own immediate population, and it will be seen that England is in no enviable situation; in fact, that she is sitting upon a mine that some chance spark may explode, and terrible will be the result. Already does her liberal press discuss the benefits of republican principles, and advocates democracy openly in the daily prints. From being the strongest nation on the globe, England is fast sinking to the level of the other kingdoms of Europe; and by-and-by she will tumble headlong from a throne which has stood for ages the leading star of monarchy to Christendom. One of the earliest symptoms of this state of things will be the loss of her American colonies, and this *will come* before long; and, as Lord Durham stated in his report to parliament, when that takes place, England will be a second rate power; and he was right. The gradual course of events will doubtless bring England to war with France, and *perhaps* America; in which case she must arm Ireland and her own population to resist invasion, for our navy and that of France would sweep her from the sea; and does any one think that Ireland, once possessed of the means, would not fight for her liberty, though downtrodden and debased as her people are? Such a train of thought as this leads us to the conclusion that England stands insecurely in her boasted strength, and that circumstances ere long may humble the pride and arrogance of the British lion.

## From our Sanctum Window.

It is curious to look out upon the crowded thoroughfare of a large city, and behold the mass of human beings hurrying to and fro, each one bent upon his peculiar purpose, and all bound up in self. Each one of that immense throng has his hopes, his plans for the future, his griefs and sorrows, his joys and comforts; each one, as you and I know by experience, gentle reader, has some object ahead that all the energies of his nature are centred upon; and that attained, he thinks he shall be content. But how mistaken—his wishes once accomplished, the restless disposition of his nature conjureth up a new object, and he finds that 'man never *is*, but always *to be* blessed.' In the soft mist of the future, delusion standeth with beckoning finger and a deceptive smile for all; and most of us, in spite of reason and experience, follow her still, even to the grave. We slave to-day, laying up our honey for to-morrow, and all the while the tell-tale clock of time ticks in our ear *now, now!* May not we be wiser than the throng who are passing below, gentle reader of the Flag? Let our watchword be the *present*, and that wisely enjoyed and improved; husband it charily, for to some the morrow will never dawn. To-morrow, it hath been wisely said, is the lamp upon the marsh, which a traveller never reacheth. Let us, then, wisely reap the harvest of the present, for how many know by experience that to-morrow is a wilful lie!

## Cure for the Cholera.

There is no end to the infallible cures that have been discovered for the cholera. One man declares that he was in such a place in the year so and so, where and when it was raging fearfully, and saw a vast number of cures performed by the patients drinking on the first symptoms a quart of hot water and salt. Now, we know some people who don't hold more than a *pint*, consequently this prescription will be of no use to them. There is a Professor Somebody who has seen bleeding resorted to with unprecedented success, the patient being lanced in both feet, and the blood allowed to pass slowly out at the extremities, until as much is taken as will suffice. We suppose the longer the patient bleeds the *surer* the cure; since if he bleeds to death, he can't die of the cholera. Now we know a capital specific, and one that isn't hard to take. Read our wit and humor column, keep a clear conscience, and be good-natured, and the cholera and the blues too, will both give you a wide berth we promise you.

To Owners of Manuscripts.—We have still a number of manuscripts on hand, that were sent in to compete for the prizes, which we desire to return to the authors. Besides those for which we paid one thousand dollars and five hundred dollars, we have purchased all that we desire to retain, for which we have paid one hundred dollars each, and will be obliged to the authors of those remaining in our hands if they will send for them at once.

Signor Benedetti.—This self-conceited singer has been showing off his *airs* in more than one sense before a New York audience. Foreign artists who come here bloated up with arrogance should be humbled. Hissing him from the stage, once or twice, would teach him a good lesson.

Irish Bull.—The following from the 'Irish Hue and Cry,' is the best we have ever read: 'Found estraying, supposed to be stolen on the 29th August, a mare with a switch tail which appears to have been rearing a foal value for £6!'

Slavery.—Reliable statistics show that slavery is dying out in the United States, and that the number of slaves decreases yearly. Great numbers are voluntarily freed, and great numbers escape to the north. Then why wrangle over the matter?

## Take it Easy.

We once knew an old farmer in Vermont, a jolly, good-natured soul, who sat down to his dinner of bread and milk and a can of cider, with a thankful heart and smiling face, on all occasions. If it was very hot, and those about him were in a fever of perspiration, he seemed cool and calm as the gray of the morning. He never was hurried, never out of temper, but always wore a good-natured face. We remember on one occasion a fine cow belonging to him was poisoned, and several sheep were carried off by the same trouble. The farmer could poorly afford to lose them; indeed, it was only a year previous, that a fire had destroyed his house and nearly all the worldly possessions that he could call his own. We looked to see him change his calm demeanor on this evidence of ill fortune, but in vain. We met him at his work the next day with as good-natured a smile on his countenance as ever. Not a little surprised, we asked him how it was that he managed to keep up such good spirits at all times.

'I'll tell you,' said he; 'I long ago determined to take a motto and abide by it; that motto is all my secret. It is this: *Take it easy*. I have found a deal of philosophy in it; I do not desire nor expect [illegible] prosperity. A fair spicing of adversity is needed to strengthen us and give vigor and elasticity to the mind and body.'

The old farmer's words made a lasting impression upon us; for men are like [illegible], and can scarcely give out their goodness and strength until they get into *hot water*. Now some people, when misfortune befalls them, are down-hearted at once, and have serious thoughts of making way with themselves by suicide. To such let us say, cut your throats at once, if you mean to do it at all; for the earlier the better; and if you do it *before* breakfast, that meal will be saved for some one else. And then if you are not firm enough to stand up against fortune's buffets, man fashion, the sooner your example is out of the way the better. When fortune frowns why should you frown also? Rather meet her with a *broad grin*. Laughter is a goodly weapon, and a fair one to deal with. Dr. Fuller says, an ounce of mirth with the same degree of grace, will serve God farther than a pound of sadness.

## Original Gems.

WROUGHT FROM THE MINE OF INTELLECT.

The past is God's, the future is thine—improve it well by repentance.

What an iron net is habit, and how securely it binds us in its folds.

Joy and peace love not palaces, but rather nestle together in a peasant's cot.

The humblest author must embalm some flowers of thought; write often, then, that they may blossom over your tomb.

O, for youth once more, that green spring-time, before suspicion hath mildewed the fair flowers of the ideal future.

Buy not, sell not, where self-respect is bartered, for that once lost, the mainspring of honor is rusted and decayed.

Innocence and beauty, twin sisters by birth, and inseparable through life. If innocence dies, beauty fades away also.

The cheapest pleasures within the reach of all are the most enjoyable, but what is more costly in the end than sin.

Nature is a book of sweet and glowing purity, and on every illumined page the excellence and goodness of God is divinely portrayed.

There is a sunny side to each one's lot, though ever so bleak. Even the prisoner in his dungeon hath penitence and the hope of a better future.

It is the tinsel and gilding of men that has disguised the simplicity of faith; and those who would worship aright, must follow the fishermen of Galilee.

## Forrest and Macready.

After a calm consideration of the quarrel that has occupied the public attention, as it regards these two eminent tragedians, we have come to the conclusion that the Englishman is the sinning party. Although Forrest was provoked into an act of bad taste, to say the least of it, in the ungentlemanly letter that lately appeared in the Philadelphia papers from his hand, still he had good grounds for anger. Any person, even casually acquainted with Mr. Macready, cannot fail to mark the natural arrogance of the man, and among the profession to which he belongs, he is *universally disliked*. That Macready endeavored in every possible manner to annoy and trouble Forrest, while he was in England, is too notorious for that gentleman to attempt to deny. N. P. Willis has publicly recorded indisputable evidence of the fact, from observation on the spot and at the time of its occurrence. Mr. Macready has received too many thousands of dollars, and too much kindness from the American public, and now it seems he claims these courtesies as a right.

## Important Agency.

It will be of service to some of our readers to know that our talented contributor, Park Benjamin, Esq., offers his services to those who may desire to avail themselves of his acknowledged judgment and good taste, in the matter of the purchase of manuscripts, books, pictures, objects of *vertu*, and the like. Authors and literary gentlemen, who may desire to find a market for their productions, would do well to consult him, or those desiring to procure any rare and valuable books, paintings or curiosities. For these services a reasonable charge is made, in accordance with the time and labor expended. Address Park Benjamin, No. 135 Greene street, New York.

Hard to beat.—A correspondent of a New York paper, writing from Key West, tells of the smartest 'blow up,' we ever heard of. He says, 'I forgot to mention the schooner John T. Sprague is reported by persons just in from Tampa, to be *blown a mile and a half up in the woods!*' They do have some tremendous blows down there, but we wish the fellow would take off the odd half mile.

Fortune's Pills.—Afflictions are sent doubtless to purge the moral system, and are not unlike Brandreth's pills, easily taken if wrapped up in the sweets of patience; but if a person is so green as to sit down and *chew* upon *them*, they are bitter and disgusting enough.

General Taylor.—The London Times pays General Taylor, the President elect, a very high compliment, not only as a military commander, but also for his letters, speeches and address, which it declares are in excellent good taste.

Emancipation.—One family at Norfolk, Ky., named Taylor, are about to liberate all their slaves, nearly fifty in number. A glorious example.

California Gold.—All very well, but aint people in their zeal 'running the thing into the ground?' We pause for a reply.

## From our Foreign Files.

There are now untenanted in Paris 10,000 apartments.

Jenny Lind has been taking lessons at the Dublin Riding School.

The British government has agreed to help the Halifax and Quebec railway.

Sheridan Knowles, now manager of the Manchester theatre, Eng., has presented Jenny Lind with a costly bracelet.

The debt of Mexico to Great Britain is £10,241,650, on which there are unpaid arrears of interest amounting to £1,000,000 more.

Dates from Vienna announce that accounts had arrived there of the decease of Marshal Radetsky, commander of the army in Italy.

The sketches and drawings by Isyda, the artist, 1387 in number, are to be sold at auction in London for the benefit of his family.

The emperor of Russia has offered to the king of Prussia an army of five hundred thousand soldiers, for the purpose of maintaining power in that country.

'The names of the several persons fined for drunkenness during the week,' says the Limerick Examiner, 'were read out from the different altars of the city, on Sunday.'

A pretended pauper, who had been six weeks in Ennis workhouse, was discovered last week in consequence of the [illegible] that he was the owner of two houses, [illegible] was tenanted.

Great Britain pays to four governors of her North American colonies £3000 [illegible] than the thirty United States [illegible] to their thirty governors. [illegible]

The famous Musical Conservatory [illegible] Leipsic has instituted a free scholarship for [illegible] musical education, open to candidates from all nations, [illegible] admitted the Mendelssohn [illegible] dation. It is under the special patronage of the king of Saxony.

## Driblets of Wisdom.

Goethe says that 'Man is properly the *only* object that interests man.'

It is difficult to descend with grace without seeming to fall.—*Blair.*

Covetousness disbelieveth God, and laugheth at the rights of man.

He who gives for the sake of thanks, knows not the pleasure of giving.

The wounded partridge hideth in a furrow—and a stricken conscience would be left alone.

We can bear all that is ordained for us. Our strength is freshly renewed with every trouble.

Ages of activity are required to raise an empire; a single day of sleep is sufficient to overthrow one.

The timid are frightened at the approach of danger, cowards in danger, the courageous when the danger is passed.

There are echoes in the air, but few in the hearts of our fellow-creatures when the reverberation would tell of distress.

The philosopher is he to whom the highest has descended, and the lowest mounted up, who is the equal and kindly brother of all.

How small a thing is father to the greater. A blade of grass takes fire in the sun, and the prairies are burnt to the horizon.

Those who are contented with a little deserve much; and those who deserve much are far the most likely persons to be contented with a little.

Friendship hath the skill and observation of the best physician, the diligence and vigilance of the best nurse, and the tenderness and patience of the best mother.

Conversation is the daughter of reasoning, the mother of knowledge, the breath of the soul, the commerce of hearts, the bond of friendship, the nourishment of content, and the occupation of men of wit.

## The Joker's Olio.

Why is General Cass like a new coat? Because he has been *cut out by a Taylor*.

Alas! many an enamored pair have courted in poetry, and after marriage *lived in prose*.

What must you do to a *tea table* to make fit to eat? Give it up. Why, take away the tea (T) and it becomes *eatable*.

Why are the Virginia Minstrels like a slave ship on the coast of Africa? Because they make money by *taking off* the negroes.

'What will you take?' asked the sheriff of the culprit he was about to hang. 'Not a *drop*,' was the quaint reply.

'I had rather not take a horn with you,' said the loafer to the mad bull; but the bull insisted upon treating him to two, and the loafer got quite high.

The following capital hit was perpetrated by a member of the Ugly Club: 'Which is General Taylor's latest and most favorite march? Give it up? March the 4th.'

The drizzly weather of yesterday was the most *in-door-a-ble* of any of the season. We think we shall for a time drop the 'Clerk of the Weather,' and blow up the 'Maid of the *Mist*.'

A man was lately brought before a magistrate charged with stealing a dead sheep; the magistrate dismissed the complaint, observing, that there was no such thing, as when a *sheep* died, it became *mutton*.

An individual was arrested the other day in Cincinnati, while endeavoring to pick a gentleman's pocket. He said he wasn't used to the business, and was just trying to *get his hand in*.

A beggar boy made application to a farmer's wife in Scotland for relief, and was refused, on the ground that she 'had no copper;' to which the urchin very accommodatingly responded, 'I take siller, mem.'

## Miscellaneous Items.

Miss Dix is petitioning the North Carolina Legislature to endow a Lunatic Asylum, and with so much success that a joint committee has reported a bill appropriating $100,000 for the purpose.

The Nashville Republican of a late date, says that Colonel R. Weakley, the head of a numerous and interesting family, was killed on Sunday night in an encounter with a man named Bowman, who is in custody.

A Yankee informs the government of New Brunswick that he has found a bed of rock salt in that province, which he will point out for a small per centage on the duty for a certain number of years.

The female inmates of an Irish workhouse rebelled the other day against rye bread and stirabout in such a way that it was necessary to call the military. The majority of the ladies were probably content in former times with potatoes and buttermilk.

A footman of Lord Dacre was hung in 1764, for the murder of his lordship's butler. The culprit was only nineteen years of age. When writing his confession, he stopped short, as he wrote 'I murd—,' and, turning to his keeper, asked, 'Pray, how do you spell *murdered?*'

Mr. James Dunning, of Bangor, announces that he has a new barque on the stocks, of three hundred tons burthen, which he has named the '*Gold Hunter*,' and he proposes to leave for the gold regions, if sufficient encouragement in the way of passengers and freight offers.

Gambling, once the prevailing and all-absorbing passion of the Western travellers, is fast decreasing on the steamboats and other river craft, and steamboat captains have been called upon to enforce a rule that no card playing shall be allowed upon their boats.

The Dublin Evening Post says that most of the persons who have left Ireland for America since September, have been of the grade of comfortable farmers, and that more money has been taken from Ireland in the last three months than for three years previous.

## Gatherings.

The legislature of New Hampshire has passed a resolve thanking Lieutenant William A. Parker, of the navy, for his services in the gulf squadron during the Mexican war. With twenty-five men he defended a prize vessel against three hundred Mexicans.

The Montreal Gazette of December 13th, says that one or two bands of Jesuits have lately arrived at that place from Europe. Expelled from Europe, says the Gazette, they seek to establish themselves upon this continent.

A new locomotive engine has been invented in England, which runs upon one pair of wheels, the frame which supports it being bolted to the car which is behind it. It is quite simple and economical.

Judge Barculo sentenced a man named Smith, at Poughkeepsie, to *twenty-one years* imprisonment in the state prison, for *gouging out the eye* of another man, with whom he was fighting.

In Marion, Ohio, a tavern keeper has been arrested for shooting Mr. Johnson, of Cleveland, a drover, and robbing him of $2,000. Johnson died in ten minutes after identifying the murderer.

The vote cast for president at the late election in the two States of New York and Pennsylvania, exceeds the legal suffrages in all England with her twenty millions of population.

French queens, before the time of Charles VIII. wore white upon the death of the king, and were called '*reines blanche*'—it was changed to black upon the death of Charles VIII. 1498.

Mr. Hobbie, Assistant Post-Master General, thinks letter postage may be safely reduced to three cents a letter, and yet yield revenue sufficient to meet the expenses of the department.

A bet of thirty thousand dollars has been made by citizens of Valparaiso that the American bark Undine will outsail the U. S. ship of war St. Mary's, probably the fastest craft in our navy.

The English horror of annexation is strikingly exemplified in India. It is now determined, the London Times says, to 'annex the Punjaub definitely to the dominions of British India.'

Americans should follow the example of the Romans, and start out, say in a body of one hundred thousand men, for California, and build a road as they go along.

It is said that the whigs intend petitioning Congress for the passage of a law prohibiting the Governor of California from eating his soup with 'gold spoons.'

Stockwell's Panorama of the Mississippi is now being exhibited in New Orleans, where it is much praised. Stockwell is a Boston boy, and was scene painter at the old Tremont.

Capt. G. W. Taylor, of New Jersey, is organizing a company to proceed overland to California. The company will leave the western frontier by the middle of February.

The celebrated and learned Jesuit astronomer, Francis de Vico, died in England on the 15th ult., whither he went on business connected with the Georgetown, D. C., college.

The city council of New Bedford have directed to be opened, for the present winter, two adult free evening schools, for instruction in the English rudiments. Excellent.

A young lady went to a fortune teller in Cincinnati, to have her fortune told, when he locked her into a room, and perpetrated a brutal act of violence on her person.

A physician has been sent one year to the penitentiary in Pulaski county, Illinois, for manslaughter—a man having died whom he inoculated with small pox matter.

The culture of the grape is pursued in California with much success. The wine made therefrom is said to be excellent, resembling the light German wines.

The first hair seal ever taken on our Jersey coast, says the Newark Advertiser, was captured last week on the shore off Cape Island, by Elisha Hughes.

Jerome B., son of Daniel Mowry, of Clarksburg, Mass., was kicked by a horse on the 20th ult., by which his skull was broken; he expired the next night.

Gen. Wool was robbed one day last week of some $55 while travelling on the Western railroad. Not very close *shearing*.

The gas light posts of New Haven have recently been destroyed in large numbers. Public opinion is opposed to lighting that city with gas.

Collins's new ocean steamers will soon be built. Two will be finished in January. They are expected to go to Liverpool in seven days.

Steamer Hartford is to be sent from Hartford to San Francisco, and will go through the Straights of Magellan instead of round Cape Horn.

Edenton, N. C., rejoices in lettuce, young collard plants, asparagus five inches high, peas in full bloom, and ripening strawberries.

Steamer American burst her steam and connection pipe, below Madison, Ia., by which ten persons were severely scalded.

A new theatre, beautifully finished, and capable of seating two thousand persons, has been completed in Philadelphia.

Bartee, a white man, has been arrested in Augusta, Georgia, for shooting dead a negro, with whom he had been playing cards.

A cargo of rum gin and brandy was lately shipped from Boston for California. How *evil spirits* obey the call of Mammon!

Henry H. Seymour killed himself by jumping from a window, 102 Chambers street, New York, while delirious with fever.

Mr. Fry, the manager of the Italian Opera in New York, has received from Paris, the score of the new opera of 'La Favorita.'

It is stated that great numbers of half and quarter eagles, made from California gold, are already in circulation in New York.

Among the bills which passed the New Hampshire House of Representatives on Friday was one to 'protect chastity.'

Professor Mitchell, of Cincinnati, has surveyed the route of the proposed railroad to St. Louis, as far as Vincennes, Indiana.

Abraham Brokham, of Lodi, Seneca county, N. Y., was thrown from a wagon and had his skull so badly fractured that he died!

A child five years old, son of Charles P. Herrick, was run over and killed in Lowell on Monday, in presence of his mother.

Gov. Mason, of California, has to do all his own cooking and washing! The servants have all gone off to the gold mines.

Robberies in Mexico are more numerous than ever. The same may be said of robberies in the United States.

There arrived at New Orleans, in one week, 3,766 passengers, principally from Liverpool and Bremen.

The New York post office now delivers letters in the city for one cent, by order of the postmaster general.

Gentility is said to be eating one's meat with a silver fork, when the butcher has not been paid.

James Fulford, aged about 26 years, committed suicide in Salem by cutting his throat while in bed.

Japonicas and roses are in full bloom in the open air in Charleston, S. C.

Rev. Mr. White, a distinguished preacher at Wellsburg, Va., committed suicide.

Overland expeditions to California are now organizing in New York.

There is copper ore in California, as well as gold and quicksilver.

Part of the prison of Kingston, Canada, was destroyed by fire recently.

The coinage of gold dollars is again urged upon the attention of Congress.

O'Reilly proposes to construct a telegraph line from St. Louis to California.

Within the last year, individuals have given $200,000 to Harvard College.

The Court House at Tharians, Florida, has been destroyed by fire.

The Canadians are emigrating to the United States.

To rise early is to double life.

## Local Matters.

### Boston Theatricals.

Our city presents, without doubt, the greatest enterprise in dramatic matters of any portion of the Union. The Howard Athenæum, possessing the advantage of a finished architectural appearance and excellent locality, seems to realize a very large share of public patronage. The Boston and National Theatres, in some degree rival establishments, have presented varied and attractive bills, and performed through the past season to good houses. The National has always depended upon the sterling character of the stock company, deprecating the starring system, while the Boston has presented some names of high merit—Bland's Lyceum is a little *bijou* of a theatre—a sort of Mitchell's Olympic—spreading a rich feast of fun for its patrons at each representation. The Boston Museum, from its commencement, fell quietly into the tide of popularity and success, and it has never yet met with even a transient check. It merits the success it enjoys. The Dramatic Museum, Beach street, is the newest place of theatrical entertainment, but is under efficient management, and its appurtenances are excellent, especially in the scenic department. In future, we shall have a word to say about them weekly, that our readers may know what is going on in the theatrical world.

### Boston 'Neck.'

The old road, known as the 'Neck,' and which was described in our last number as formerly connecting the city of Boston, or the peninsula of Trimount, with the main land, is in these days of sleighing a perfect race course, every afternoon. The street at this point is very wide—say some ninety feet—and we have rarely seen a more spirited or exciting exhibition, than we met with here a few afternoons since. More than an hundred light, fancy sleighs, with some of the finest horses in the world, were there, each contending for the supremacy in point of speed; and the merry bells jingled with electrifying effect. There is no other city in the Union that can produce so many fast and beautiful horses as Boston; and if our citizens would see real racing, without the odium that attaches itself to betting and the race course, let them repair to the 'Neck,' of an afternoon, when there is good sleighing.

### Conveniences for Travelling.

The multiplication of railroads centering in our city, and diverging to all parts of the surrounding country, has had the effect to add a heavy amount of additional patronage to our places of amusement. People residing anywhere within ten or twelve miles of the city, on the railroad routes, are enabled to take an early tea at home, come to Boston of an evening and visit some of the places of entertainment, museums, panoramas, or the theatres, and return to their homes at a seasonable hour the same evening. Parties of an hundred and more are frequently made up in the neighboring towns after this plan, and thus enjoy facilities for amusement and instruction, that until lately they have been debarred from, by an inland residence.

Custom House Change.—W. A. Wellman, Esq., late Deputy Collector, and so long and favorably known to our mercantile community, has been appointed Assistant Collector of the port, and Joel Scott, Esq., late Chief of the Warehouse, has been appointed Deputy Collector, in Mr. Wellman's place. Both of these gentlemen are characterized for their private worth, and are eminently qualified to discharge the duties of the stations they now occupy.

Boston Banks.—There are thirty-one banks in this city, having an aggregate capital of $18,330,000. During this year two of them (the Market and Suffolk) divided ten per cent. The whole amount of dividends for the year is $1,473,100—being about seven and a half per cent.

Our Local Department.—Since we have added this feature to the Flag, we find a large increase in our city sales, and being convinced that it is a favorable plan, and appreciated as such by our readers, we shall continue it from week to week, rendering it more and more interesting.

The River Rhine.—Champney's great moving picture of the river Rhine is well worth the attention of our readers. The varied and romantic scenes of this classic river are depicted with the utmost artistic effect, and judges say with literal accuracy. It is on exhibition at Horticultural Hall.

Want his Money.—The heirs of a millionaire, in Cincinnati, are trying to prove him insane. The proof is, that he is extremely penurious. If you succeed, gentlemen, let us know, will you? There are 'some of the same sort left' in Boston.

Musical.—A new branch of the Hutchinson family, assisted by the Misses Rogers, O. E. Dodge, etc., will give a concert at the Melodeon on Monday evening, the fifteenth instant.

Worthy Object.—Our State is building a reform school for vagrant and exposed children, which will cost more than $100,000. An unknown individual has given $20,000 towards it.

Testimonial.—The Massachusetts Temperance Council have presented to ex-Mayor Quincy a silver pitcher, costing *five hundred dollars*, as a token of their appreciation of his services during his Mayoralty.

A Bad Omen.—We see that the main exportations for California are bowie knives, revolving pistols, and rum. For our own part, we had rather stay at home than go where these articles are in such demand.

Fires.—The Boston Fire Department was called out twenty-nine times during the month of December. The loss of property by fire was $31,650.

The Heart.—It is a truth with a meaning in it, that nothing that is broken bears any value except the heart, which becomes the more valuable the more it is broken.

Newspapers in Boston.—There are now eighty-one newspapers published in this city. Fourteen are issued daily, nine semi-weekly, and fifty-eight weekly.

Just so.—The New Orleans Crescent thinks the Boston Post a 'great paper.' He's no fool, that Crescent man.

The Lions of the town for the last week have been Herr Driesbach and his assistants, at the Howard Athenæum.

Foundling.—An infant was laid upon a citizen's door steps in Essex street last week, by some person unknown. It was cared for.

## OUR OLIO COLUMN.

[Written for The Flag of our Union.]

### An Interruption.

BY MR. SMITH.

'Twas cold and bleak December,
When all without was gloom;
I thought of the poor who had no homes,
As I sat within my room;
I thought of those against whose cots
The winds and the rains did beat;
Of the cries of despair which greet their ears
Whilst homewards they turn their feet.

Now, while my thoughts were wandering
Upon the suffering poor,
With sunken eyes, a half-clad maid
Walked in at the open door.
My heart was touched—and so I said,
'O, why that look of sorrow?'
When thus she spoke, 'My mother says
Your saucepan she would borrow!'

*Baltimore, January, 1849.*

### My First Gray Hair.

So, thou art here, indeed! well, I declare,
I did not think of seeing thee so soon:
Thou'rt early, art thou not, my first gray hair?
To give me warning 'tis life's afternoon!
Really, I had no thoughts, at least as yet,
That I was quite so deep in old time's debt.

Well, well, he never makes mistakes, though I
Would fain persuade myself that the few years
Spent to small purpose, would not figure high
In his gray ledger; but alas, my fears
Tell me he'll not be done by math or care;
Behold his check to me—my first gray hair!

But since thou'rt come, what hast thou brought with thee?
Hast brought me wit? I'm much inclined to doubt it;
Or wisdom, that experience teaches free?
Or wealth—a thing by poets always scouted!
Alas, poor fellows, they do well to scoff it—
A silvery head's the largest share they've of it!

Yet I have done some things in my short time
Which have been good, and some to be regretted;
Lost friends, gained foes, made love, and, what's worse, rhyme,
For which the world's not much to me indebted,
Nor I to her, although 'creation's heir,'
I've got her legacy—my first gray hair!

Well, I'll not pluck thee out, thou first gray thread
Old time has woven in life's chequered woof;
Thou silvery badge that glistens on my head,
A type of sorrow, and of age the proof:
My monitor thou'lt be, so I'll prepare
To take advice from thee, my first gray hair!

### Legal Whiskers.

As o'er their wine and walnuts sat,
Speaking of this thing and of that,
Two wights, well learned in the law,
I mean, well skilled to find a flaw—
Said one companion to the other,
'How is it, most respected brother,
That you of late have shaven away
Those whiskers which for many a day
Had ornamented much your cheek?
Sure, 'twere an idle, silly freak,'
To whom the other answer gave,
With look half merry and half grave,
'While others are by whiskers graced,
A lawyer can't be too *barefaced!*'

'Now tell me why,' the other cried,
'In whiskers you take so much pride;
Why such a mass of savage hair
Upon your face divine you wear?'
To whom the other answer gave,
With look half merry and half grave,
'For the same reason that you say
Caused you to shave all yours away;
While some by whiskers are not graced,
A lawyer can't be too *hair-faced!*'

### She never smiles!

The following is a sad picture of one who suffered under the annoying trouble of defective masticators.

She never smiles—no happy thought
Lights up her pensive eye;
The merry laugh, from lip to lip,
Passes unheeded by.
Frozen forever in her heart,
The sparkling fount of gladness;
And o'er her peace, in rapid flood,
The slow wave of sadness.

She never smiles—has frowning grief
With its stern magic bound her?
Has care its long, lean finger raised,
To cast her fetters round her?
Has one so young the lesson learned
That love is oft betrayed?
Ah, no! she never smiles, because—
*Her front teeth are decayed!*

### My Choice.

Here's a modest and expressive wish put into verse in playful metre.

Of parentage suitable,
Pious and dutiful,
Graceful and beautiful,
Loving but me;
Her frolic not madness,
Her mood without sadness,
Her smile beaming gladness,
This must she be.

Hands soft and delicate,
Voice like sweet music set,
Eyes that when mine are met,
Kindling repose;
Patient and chiding,
Fond and confiding,
At home still abiding,
This is my choice.

### The Lovely Face.

It hangs upon the wainscot, mid armed knights and spears,
An old, worm-eaten relic of long forgotten years;
All ancient things and gloomy companions it around,
But, ah, of living creature there is not form or sound.

The thickly cobwebbed ceiling upon the hearth doth frown,
That hearth to mirth once sacred, is slowly tumbling down;
Through shattered panes and crevice howls on the winter's blast;
In shadowed silence dwelleth that portrait of the past.

The knights of old that flattered with scarce an idle tongue,
The vassals that delighted to hear the good old song:
Of all that shared her story no history is known;
It hangs a thing forgotten, where once she lived and shone.

### A Wicked Wish.

[illegible]

### To a Chimney Sweep.

Poor son of Afric! in the deepest cell
Of thy smart bosom mirth has taken root;
Thy calling is a lofty one, and soot
Accords with thy complexion passing well.
Thou art an actor, and thy 'ching-a-ring,'
While standing on the top of chimney dark,
All grinningly, like Jim Crow at the Park,
In gravity unlocks the comic spring.
By way of flues to win a station high,
Bespeaketh true originality.
Thou canst not twice thy cast the same way don,
For collar, sleeve and back are partly gone;
And Time, who is not partial to the graces,
Hath run his dagger through in many places.

### Wishes.

We have seldom seen so much good wished in so brief a space as the following:

Sweet be her dreams, the fair the young!
Grace, beauty, breathe upon her;
Music, haunt thou about her tongue—
Life, fill her path with honor!
All golden thoughts, all wealth of days—
Truth, friendship, love surround her!
So may she smile till life be closed,
And angel hands have crowned her!

### Forgiveness.

One of the most beautiful gems of oriental literature is contained in a passage from the Persian poet, Sadi, quoted by Sir W. Jones, the sentiment of which is embodied in the following:

The sandal-tree perfumes, when riven,
The axe that laid it low;
Let man, who hopes to be forgiven,
Forgive and bless his foe.


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THE FLAG OF OUR UNION.

[Written for The Flag of our Union.]

### A Leading Article.

BY IRVIN.

O 'twas a glorious summer morn,
The wild wood echoed, filled with song,
A gold tint tinged the village spire,
Caught from the sun's reflecting fire.

Our mentioned village shall be nameless,
Since heretofore it has been fameless;
The even tenor of its way,
Till now, was kept from day to day.

At length, Ned Nixon, led by fame,
Returned from college in a flame,
And urged, since we were growing greater,
We should at once issue a paper.

It being resolved, above as quoted,
The necessaries soon were voted;
For talent, Nixon had most credit for,
So *ergo* *were* proclaimed him editor.

Then straightway entered Ned on duty,
No. One resolved should be a beauty;
He paced the village o'er to find
A leading idea to his mind.

So far, Ned's search was all in vain,
When homeward wended he again,
Somehow or other, or else not,
He soon fell in with Bobby Trott.

Now Bobby, with his horse and cart,
Prepared, away from home to start;
But ah, the donkey 'd take no heed,
He 'd not be drove, nor would he lead.

Quoth Ned, 'Your labor 's all in vain;'
'But stay,' says Bob, 'I have a plan!'
He soon returned with wisp of hay,
Then led the donkey straight away.

Quoth Ned, 'I have it—every particle;
This surely is *a leading article!*'

*Spring Garden, Pa., January, 1849.*

[Written for The Flag of our Union.]

### The Sweets of Home.

BY MARY.

I've travelled north, I've travelled south,
Through climates cold and warm;
And braved alike the whirlwind's blast,
And midnight's piercing storm.

I've been among the Arab hordes,
Upon the desert's sand,
And turned from thence to India's shores,
And China's distant land.

I've roved beneath Italia's bowers,
And through time-honored Rome;
But though I loved that land of flowers,
'Twas not my early home.

The billows of the Eastern seas
Have borne me far away,
To where the evening's spicy breeze
Blows cool 'on bank and brae.'

But though amid these happy isles
I've loved as well to roam,
I'd choose my country's native wilds,
And my New England home.

[Written for The Flag of our Union.]

### 'I would not live forever!'

BY MISS C. ALLEN.

'I would not live forever!'
Said a very little child;
With features soft and pleasing,
And eyes of radiance mild.
'I would not live forever!
Never, O never to die;
I should like to dwell with God,
And dear mother, in the sky.'

'I would not live forever,'
Came so often from his tongue,
It seemed to me prophetic,
As upon my ear it rung.
He paled—the floweret faded,
Death's hand was upon his brow,
His bright eyes lost their lustre,
As his soul did gently bow.

A bud of six brief summers,
He passed from this lowly earth,
And was exhaled to heaven,
The home of his spirit's birth.
Thus he early realized
The wish of his loving heart;
Was summoned to his mother,
O, never again to part.

[Written for The Flag of our Union.]

### The Autumn Flower.

BY S. E. CHURCH.

I wandered forth at the blush of morn,
While the dew on the leaves yet hung;
And shadows deep of the giant oak
Were far o'er the green sward flung.
'Twas an autumn morn, and beside my way
A sweet flower bloomed on that autumn day.

I watched as it sped to the breath of morn,
A blossom alone on the plain;
For a few fleet hours in beauty it bloomed,
But the sharp frost came again.
It withered and died, and shrunk away,
That flower that bloomed on an autumn day.

Thus on each tender thing of life,
Will Death's cold hand be laid;
And what now blooms in very hearth,
[illegible]
Must sink to the earth and pass away,
Like the flower that bloomed on an autumn day.

*Ashfield, January, 1849.*

[Written for The Flag of our Union.]

### Though Time has fled.

BY FINLEY JOHNSON.

Though time has fled in its onward course,
And most of my joys have perished,
Yet I cannot regret that hopes are dead
Which I've too fondly cherished.
For the sun of hope has lit up my soul,
And though time my joys has banished,
Yet its glimmering ray has cheered me on,
When other things have vanished.

And the days that are past I cannot mourn,
For they with sorrow were laded;
And the pleasures I tasted I cannot regret,
For they glowed and quickly faded.
The hand of time presses lightly on all,
It healeth every sorrow;
And, though it may steal one joy to-day,
It adds another to-morrow.

*Baltimore, January, 1849.*

### Sympathy.

Ye who the lack of gold would plead as lack
Of power to help another, think not so;
But where the stumbling steps of sickness go,
Follow with friendly feet; and in the track
Of life, when ye encounter, amidst the snow,
Bewildered wanderers, turn not proudly back,
But lead them gently from their walks of woe
By such kind words as cast a brighter glow
Than gold around them. O be sure of this—
The alms most precious man can give to man
Are kind and truthful words; nor soon amiss
Warm, sympathizing tears to eyes that scan
The world aright; the only error is,
Neglect to do the little good we can.

## MISCELLANEOUS.

[Written for The Flag of our Union.]

### THE THREE TURKS' HEADS.

#### A TALE OF THE OLDEN TIMES.

BY A. J. H. DUGANNE.

In one of the *few* old Virginian mansions which yet remain to remind us of our fathers' times, and among many portraits of the Randolph family, and of the descendants of the Princess Pocahontas, hangs in an ancient gallery a faded painting of a coat of arms, bearing a silver shield, and *three Turks' heads*, crossed by a braid of jet black hair. There is a legend connected with this coat of arms, which I will tell as it was told to me, by one of those who keep the memory of the settlers of Virginia fresh in their minds. The story is not of the Old Dominion, but of one well known in her annals, as a captain of daring soul and generous heart, and one to whom the infant colony was deeply indebted, when the savage foe threatened its destruction. But to proceed at once to our relation.

It was about the commencement of the seventeenth century, and the long wars, which afterwards ravaged the borders of Christendom, were then just breaking out between the Austrians and Turks. The prince of Transylvania, at the head of a large army, had commenced his march across the frontier, and the Mahometan forces awaited battle near the fortified city of Regal.

Among the volunteers of all nations who thronged the Christian camp, was an English adventurer, who by his bravery and military skill had won the admiration of the entire army. He commanded a company of two hundred and fifty horsemen, in the regiment of Baron Meldrick, and he had reduced the wild warriors that composed his troop to such discipline, that they were always relied on, small as were their number, as one of the most effective squadrons of the army.

The Ottoman army, in all the magnificence of oriental splendor, were drawn upon the banks of a small river, which washed the walls of Regal. The Christians, having advanced to within nine leagues of their enemies, halted and began preparations for circumvallating the town. Thus the two armies rested for some days, until all necessary arrangements should be completed, and they might fall to killing one another in the most approved military style.

Now, there was in the city of the Turks a very proud and beautiful maiden, named Aissha, the daughter of one of the first bashaws. She was kept extremely secluded, as was customary among the Mahometans, and seldom left the gardens of her father's harem, save to visit the mosque, when she would always be enveloped in a thick veil.

Nevertheless, the report of her exceeding beauty, and the fact that she was the only daughter of a three-tailed bashaw, made half the young Moslems of the army madly in love with her; and no less than four cavaliers, of noble blood, had implored the old bashaw for the honor of her hand. The first of these was the young Bashaw Bogrul, who held a high command in the army, and who was looked upon with great favor by the father of Aissha. Then there was the Lord Turbisha, a fiery young gentleman, who swore by the beard of the prophet he would go through fire and water for the maiden's love. Then came Crualgo, a fierce fellow, who made no more of cutting off heads with his scimitar than you or I would of paring an apple. And lastly, there was Bonamalgro, a gigantic Moslem chieftain, who had slain a hundred warriors in single fight.

It may well be supposed that Aissha had little peace from these lovers, who were all countenanced by the three-tailed bashaw, her father. In fact, the old Turk had finally signified to her that she must prepare to choose a husband out of the four noble suitors. This Aissha found a very difficult thing to perform, since she did not care a straw for either of them; and thus matters were situated when the two armies, burning for battle, sat down to look at each other.

'*Mashallah!*' exclaimed the fiery Lord Turbisha, waving his scimitar round his head. 'I must do something desperate. I must perform great deeds and strike the world with admiration. Thus shall I make myself beloved of Aissha.'

'What say you, brother Turbisha?' said the Bashaw Bogrul. 'What would you do?'

'Do!' cried Turbisha. 'By the beard of the prophet, I will do mighty things in battle. I will challenge the whole Christian camp. *Becheem!* On my eyes be it!'

'Wonderful things do you say, brother Turbisha!' answered Bashaw Bogrul. 'You fear nothing. *Mashallah!* It is a great thing to be brave.'

'I will send a messenger to the army of the Turks; may their fathers' graves be defiled. I will challenge the bravest warrior of their host to meet me in single combat on the plain.'

'O, little man! you will be slain! The Turk warriors are mighty men!' cried Bashaw Bogrul.

'Dogs of burnt fathers are they all. *Mashallah!* I could breakfast on a score of them!' exclaimed the fiery Lord Turbisha.

'In the name of the prophet, then, challenge them,' said Bashaw Bogrul.

'That I will,' answered Turbisha. 'By the beard of the prophet, I will do mighty deeds in battle. I will fight the Frank warriors on the plain, and Aissha shall look upon the valor of Turbisha.'

The fiery young Turk waved his scimitar furiously, and marched away, whilst Bashaw Bogrul laughed quietly to himself.

'*Inshallah!* men are fools! *Barikallah!* O, well done!' cried Bogrul. 'Let the fiery Turbisha fight, and be slain. The warrior of Frangistan will assuredly kill him, and then he will be out of my way. Whose dog is he, that Aissha should love him? *Bismillah!* Aissha is destined for Bashaw Bogrul.'

The next morning a message was despatched from the Turkish camp, bearing a challenge to the Christian warriors, to smite shield and break lance with Lord Turbisha.

'I will fight,' thus wrote the Turk, 'any captain in the Frank army, who dare to say that Aissha is not beautiful and that Turbisha is not brave.'

This message was received with much delight by all the Christian captains who wished an opportunity of distinguishing themselves; and straightway notice was given, by peal of trumpet, to all the young warriors of Transylvania, to assemble and cast lots for the honor of accepting the Moslem's challenge.

All gathered eagerly to the place of rendezvous—German and Gaul, Briton and Scot and Spaniard—all strove for the dangerous privilege of accepting the combat with the Turk. And the lot fell upon the English adventurer, captain in the Baron Meldrick's troop.

'Ha! ha!' laughed the Englishman, vaulting lightly on his steed, 'I will teach this vaporing Turk to mend his speech.'

The lists were set in the presence of the hostile armies. Gallant knights on either side marshalled their various bands, and formed a mighty wall on opposite banks of the river. The Moslem ladies of Regal, stationed upon gorgeous balconies, looked down upon the scene of strife.

Lord Turbisha rode forth in all the pomp of barbaric display, swinging his scimitar around his turban, and swearing by the prophet's beard, to make burnt meat of the Christian's heart.

Short but terrible was the conflict. Sword and scimitar flashed and shivered upon casque and shield. But Turbisha was no match for the Frank warrior; and very soon the shouting Transylvanians beheld their champion riding proudly back, with the Turk's head on the top of his spear.

'*Haif! Haif!* Shame! shame! The Ghaitan fights against us!' cried the Moslem warriors, as they saw their champion fall. '*Mashallah!* we eat dirt—we are dogs!'

'I will avenge my brother Turbisha!' cried out the fierce Crualgo. 'I will slay the Frank—I will defile the grave of his father.'

'You say well,' cried Bashaw Bogrul. 'It is you alone who can kill this child of Ghaitan. Mount, brother Crualgo—mount, and pursue the Frank!'

Crualgo sprang upon his horse and drew his scimitar.

'I will bring back the Frank's head, or die!' cried he, and he rode away. Bashaw Bogrul laughed in his sleeve.

'Ha! ha!' cried he, 'there goes another of my rivals to be killed. *Mashallah!* I shall soon have Aissha all to myself.'

Meanwhile the English captain, having delivered the Turk's head to his general, was now returning to the field, and beheld Crualgo rushing headlong to meet him.

'Ho, Moslem!' cried he, getting ready to receive him. 'You are fool-hardy to tempt your fate.'

'Christian dog! child of a burnt father! I will have your head, and lay it at the feet of the beautiful Aissha. *Becheem!* on my head be it!' roared the Turk.

The two champions wheeled about their steeds and rode furiously around the lists. They met midway, and the shock was like the meeting of two thunder-bolts; but the Moslem's charger stumbled and threw his master. The Englishman sprang also from his horse and assisted his antagonist to rise. But the fierce Crualgo, muttering a curse, attempted to plunge his sword into the other's breast.

'Ho!' cried the Frank champion, 'that was a traitor blow! I will be even with you, Sir Turk.'

So saying, the combat was resumed on both sides with more fury than ever, and ended by Crualgo's sharing the fate of Lord Turbisha. The Briton carried his head as a trophy to the Transylvanian camp.

The Turkish ladies in the balconies, and all the Moslem warriors began to wail aloud, and call all the Christians sons of Ghaitan. There were now but two of Aissha's suitors left out of the four—Bashaw Bogrul and the gigantic Bonamalgro. Bonamalgro swore a terrible oath.

'I will revenge my brothers, Turbisha and Crualgo!' cried he. 'By the head of the prophet, what dog is this, that he should kill the faithful? I will hack off the limbs of the giaour; I will make the Franks eat dirt; I will bring the head of that son of Ghaitan, and give it to Aissha for a footstool. Maledictions be on the dog! I will slay him!'

Bashaw Bogrul chuckled to himself.

'Now,' said he, 'if Bonamalgro is likewise killed—*Inshallah!*—I shall have Aissha all to myself. Let the fool go fight. I will stay home, and make Aissha my wife.'

As Bashaw Bogrul muttered this to himself, a trumpet was heard, and a Frank herald appeared in the name of the English champion, to challenge any of the Moslem captains to come and take his head. Bonamalgro leaped upon his horse, and swore a great oath.

'I am coming,' he cried; 'let the giaour tremble. I will make his soul jump out of his body.'

So saying, the gigantic Bonamalgro rode out to meet the English champion.

Bonamalgro was not like Turbisha or Crualgo—he was a giant, a Goliath, and strong as Rustan. As he rode out upon his huge, black horse, the Mussulmen raised a shout, and the Christians began to feel anxious about the result. But, nevertheless, the English captain scrupled not to meet his foe. He got him a fresh horse, however, and a new sword, and then galloped forth to the lists.

Bonamalgro's towering form, sitting erect upon his powerful steed, appeared rushing from the opposite camp, and the Englishman spurred his charger to receive him. But so desperate was the speed of the Moslem, and so heavy was the shock, that the Transylvanian champion was well-nigh unhorsed at once. He recovered himself only in season to receive a mighty blow from the Turk's scimitar, that hurled him from his saddle to the ground.

'Son of Ghaitan, I have you!' cried Bonamalgro, leaping from his horse to give the finishing stroke to his fallen antagonist.

The Turkish warriors, beholding this, set up a mighty shout of triumph, and the Transylvanians began t[illegible] pion. Bashaw Bog[illegible] that his rival would [illegible] be more acceptable [illegible] of the fair Aissha.

But suddenly ever[illegible] warrior, who had bee[illegible] to his feet, and shake [illegible] And then took place a [illegible] The blows fell like hail [illegible] blood began to pour from many wounds. The Frank seemed to have gained new strength, and pressed fiercely on his foe. Bonamalgro reeled, tottered, and fell. And presently the triumphant Englishman was seen riding away upon the giant's black steed, with another Turk's head hanging at his saddle bow.

'Ha! ha!' chuckled Bashaw Bogrul, 'now Aissha is mine alone.'

Very soon the Turkish commander, burning with indignation at the loss of his brave captains, resolved to give the Christians battle. The prince of Transylvania was nothing loth, and the two armies advanced to attack each other. Many valiant exploits were performed on both sides; and finally the Moslems were scattered and defeated.

Bashaw Bogrul, however, with his usual prudence, had kept out of the thickest of the fray, and directed his attention to securing possession of the beautiful Aissha, who he rightly conjectured, should Regal fall, might become a captive to the Christians, and thus be lost to him forever. While, therefore, the armies were closely engaged, and victory evidently turning for the Franks, the cunning bashaw slipped back with his troop to Regal, and carried off the maiden from the harem of her father.

The battle still raged behind them, when Bogrul and his soldiers galloped away from the city, and carried the fair Aissha many leagues beyond the frontier, to a castle which he possessed among the mountains. There he left her, and returned to join the army.

Now, as fortune would have it, the English champion, who had conquered the three Turks, had, after performing prodigies of valor in the battle, been at last, in the excitement of pursuit, carried far in advance of his companions, and was now galloping by himself across the country, to regain his troop. And as Bashaw Bogrul, with his men, was returning from his castle, who should he encounter but the solitary warrior.

'Ha! ha!' laughed the wily bashaw, 'here is the famous captain who makes our soldiers eat dirt. *Mashallah!* the dog is sent to me in good time. I will take him alive!'

So saying, Bogrul, with all his troop, rode up and surrounded the single warrior.

'Dog of Ghaitan!' roared the bashaw, 'yield thee, or die!'

But the only answer the Englishman made, was to ride full speed at one of the Turks, and hew him down from his saddle.

'*Allah akbar!* God is great! The Frank is Rustan!' cried the Turks, falling back. But Bogrul recalled them with a fierce tone, and bade them rush upon the Christian.

The Englishman fought like a lion till his horse was killed and his sword broken; but at last he was overpowered and made a prisoner.

'Ho! ho!' laughed Bashaw Bogrul; 'now we will see who shall eat dirt. By the beard of my father, I am a great —— I have done mighty things.'

'Turk! I defy you!' cried the English captain.

'Very well; talk away, son of a burnt father, talk away! I will send you away my captive.'

'I demand to be ransomed,' said the Frank.

'You shall not be, child of Ghaitan! You shall be sent captive to my beautiful Aissha. Ha! ha! you shall be her slave, and eat dirt. Away with him!'

Bashaw Bogrul was a man of his word. He chose a few of his trustiest servants, and despatched them with his captive to the castle in which he had left Aissha. He likewise sent a letter to inform the maiden that he had captured the terrible Frank, and begged leave to present his prisoner to her as a slave for life.

Bashaw Bogrul was a very cunning fellow; but nevertheless he acted like a fool in sending the English captain to the beautiful Aissha, as we shall presently see.

The reader is already aware, that the fair Moslem maiden did not love Bogrul, and consequently was not well pleased with the summary mode of courtship which he had adopted. She was not certain, either, as she remarked to herself, whether it would have been so terrible a thing to fall into the hands of the Christians; and at the very hour when the English captive was brought to the castle, she was almost wishing that some band of Transylvanians would come and storm the place, and thus release her from the power of Bashaw Bogrul.

The fine martial figure of the captive champion towered loftily as he strode between his guards into the presence of Aissha. The maiden was enveloped in her thick veil, but her heart palpitated, and a blush overspread her cheeks, as she marked the noble bearing of the prisoner. She read the letter of Bashaw Bogrul, and then, in a low, musical voice, murmured:

'Are you the Bohemian nobleman who fought with Turbisha, Crualgo, and Bonamalgro?'

'I am an Englishman,' answered the captive, 'and I slew in fair fight three Turks, fair lady.'

Aissha felt like saying, 'I am much obliged to you for so doing;' but she concluded not to venture such a remark.

'You are to be my slave,' said she.

'Happy would I be to serve so sweet a mistress,' cried the gallant Briton; 'nathless, I trust I may be admitted to ransom by my prince.'

'We shall see, sir knight,' answered Aissha, in a trembling voice, and then turned hastily away; for already the poor maiden began to feel a violent love for the noble cavalier who looked so proud even as a captive.

In a very short time, the good knight-captive began to perceive that his beautiful mistress looked upon him with kindly eyes. He was employed as slave in the castle gardens; and thither every day would Aissha come and question him of his former life, and of the many perils he had passed, and of the strange lands he had traversed. Day by day, and hour by hour, her passion grew upon the Moslem maiden, and she felt that she could never be happy unless she was near the English slave.

Yet though she soon felt like worshipping the stranger, so deep grew her affection, still she never by the slightest word avowed her sentiments. She merely listened to the captive's conversation and spoke to him in her soft voice. But when she was no longer near him, but in the solitude of her own bower, then poor Aissha would weep and sob as though her heart would break.

At last news came to the castle that Bashaw Bogrul was coming there, and that [illegible] Aissha imparted this information to the captive. As soon as he heard it, the Englishman threw himself on his knees.

'Ah, sweet lady,' cried he, 'the bashaw will never permit that I be ransomed. Will you not, then, allow that I send to my prince to purchase my liberty ere Bogrul returns?'

Aissha, as she heard this, felt her heart sink, as it plainly told her that the Englishman felt no love for her, but thought only of his freedom. Nevertheless, she answered firmly:

'You shall leave the castle if you wish.'

'I wish that I may be ransomed, according to the laws of chivalry,' answered the captain.

'Nay, you shall be free,' said Aissha; 'this night you shall leave the castle. I will give you letters to my brother who is a bashaw, and who will escort you safely to your prince's army.'

'My kind, generous mistress,' said the Englishman, seizing the small white hand of the Moslem maiden, and kissing it warmly, 'how can I show my gratitude?'

'Sometimes think of Aissha,' murmured the poor girl, in a thrilling tone. And then, turning quickly away, she glided from the garden.

The captive saw her no more that day, but at evening a letter was put into his hand addressed to the brother of Aissha, a frontier bashaw, which was to be delivered by the Englishman. Then, in company with a guide, who was to lead him to his destination, the champion set out from the castle. But he never suspected for a moment that poor Aissha was watching him from her tower, sobbing and weeping, and beating her breast, as she saw him depart.

A few hours' journey brought the Englishman and his guide to the castle where Bashaw Hamet, the brother of Aissha, was dwelling. This brother was very glad to hear from his sister, and well pleased also to know that she was in the castle of his friend Bogrul, whose suit he favored. But when he came to a part of the letter which spoke of the captive, and requested that he should be honorably escorted to the frontier, the Turk's eyes grew angry, and a dark frown gathered on his brow.

'My sister is a fool,' he cried; 'would she have her brother eat dirt? Ha, dog of a giaour!' he continued, glaring at the Englishman; 'you shall not be set at liberty. You shall not go back rejoicing, and making ready to kill more of the faithful.'

'I demand that I be admitted to ransom,' cried the Englishman.

'Dog of a burnt giaour, hold your peace! My sister is a fool—you shall be my slave! Here,' cried Hamet, speaking to his myrmidon, 'take the son of Ghaitan away. Let his head and his beard be shaven, and let an iron collar be put around his neck, and let him henceforth eat dirt in sackcloth.'

The Turkish soldiers threw themselves upon the unhappy captive, and, in spite of his struggles, overmastered him, and carried out the bashaw's orders. And thus, instead of being at liberty, as poor Aissha thought, the English champion was now degraded by chains, and forced to labor in the fields for his cruel master Hamet.

Many moons passed away, and still the [illegible] in rigorous servitude, with scarcely sufficient food to sustain life, and forced to bear the blows and curses of his overseer and of Bashaw Hamet, who seemed to take pleasure in tormenting his Christian captive. It seemed as if this never would end.

But at length, one day, as the Briton was laboring in the fields a Moslem lad approached him with his finger on his lips, and hastily put a little scrap of vellum into his hands. He watched his opportunity, and perused the missive. It read thus:

'You are not forgotten; at last I have learned that my cruel brother made you a slave, instead of freeing you. But take courage and you shall be delivered. AISSHA.'

The brave captain read this scroll over and over again. He pressed it to his lips, and murmured: 'May heaven reward that gentle lady!'

The next day the Moslem boy appeared again, and in the same cautious manner gave the captive another scrap of vellum. On it was written, 'Fear not.'

Several days now elapsed, and the slave saw no more of the Moslem boy. But at last, when he began almost to despair again, the young messenger came with his scrap of vellum. Eagerly did the champion peruse it.

'To-night you may be free. At dusk, the boy who delivers this, and whom you must cherish for my sake, will await you by the river-side with two fleet horses. Mount and escape—and forget not. AISSHA.'

Dusk came, and the Briton's heart beat wildly. It was the hour when the slaves were summoned from their labors and shut up in night quarters. Just before the signal-horn was sounded, the anxious captive beheld the Moslem boy approaching from the river's banks. He held a dagger in his hand, which he immediately placed in that of the Englishman.

'Now let us fly,' he said; 'yonder, at the river's side, are the steeds.'

In a moment they had reached the water, and the champion beheld, pawing the earth impatiently, two Arabian coursers. He sprang lightly upon the saddle of the nearest.

The boy, too, prepared to mount, but at this moment a crash was heard in the bushes that skirted the field, and a fierce Turk rushed from among them. It was Bashaw Hamet.

'Ha, dog! scum of Ghaitan! you would escape!' cried the bashaw. 'Who is this dog that aids you?'

As he said this, Hamet clutched at the throat of the Moslem boy. But the Christian captain bent down from his saddle-bow, and struck the Turk's mouth with the back of his heavy hand. The blood gushed out in a torrent, and Hamet fell like one dead to the ground. Then the Englishman wound his arm around the waist of the Moslem lad, and lifted him lightly upon his own steed.

'Away!' he cried; 'now we are free.'

And plunging the dagger which he grasped into the Arabian's flanks, the champion grasped the reins, and urged the noble courser to his utmost speed.

Away they scoured across the open plains, the brave captain pricking the sides of his gallant steed. The Moslem boy lay almost fainting upon his breast.

But suddenly a wild shout was heard behind them, and presently a cloud of dust appeared far back. It was evident that they were pursued by the vengeful Turks.

But away still the good steed galloped, with the foam flying from his mouth. Away, away till the night began to close in upon the face of nature.

One by one the pursuing horsemen dropped behind, and at last only one horse's hoofs were heard clattering in the track of the Arabian courser. On, and on, still flew pursuer and pursued.

[illegible] borne upon the breeze, [illegible] the flying Briton. It was the voice of Bashaw Bogrul, and it cried:

'Dog! child of Ghaitan! Turn and meet me!'

But the Englishman heeded not the summons. Still goaded he the flanks of his steed. Then suddenly, the quick, sharp sound of an arquebuse was heard, and the gallant Arabian, pierced by a bullet, reeled and quivered for a moment, and then sunk to the earth. The Briton, however, still supporting the Moslem boy, gained his footing in an instant, and uplifting his only weapon, the dagger, awaited his foe.

Bashaw Bogrul galloped up upon his powerful steed muttering a torrent of fierce oaths.

But the Turk had no desire to place himself within the reach of the British champion. He wheeled his horse suddenly, and with a yell, aimed a second barrel of his arquebuse full at the Christian's breast.

But the Moslem boy beheld the action. Ere the finger of the Turk had pressed the trigger of his piece, the youth's slight arms were clinging around the Christian warrior's neck, and his fragile body interposed as a shield against the impending bullet.

The arquebuse shot forth its fiery contents, whilst the Bashaw Bogrul laughed wildly. Then the English captain felt the Moslem boy's clasp unloose from about his neck, and he felt the poor youth's blood trickling from the fatal wound.

The champion uttered a terrible cry. He gently laid the bleeding boy upon the prostrate body of the Arab steed, and then, grasping his dagger, rushed upon Bashaw Bogrul.

The Turk turned his steed and strove to fly; but the strong gripe of the Christian was upon his robe, and the next moment he was dragged from his saddle. The liberated horse dashed back across the plain; but Bashaw Bogrul, his master, lay upon the ground with the fierce eyes of his enemy above him.

The next instant the Englishman's dagger leaped into the heart of the Turk, and Bashaw Bogrul's eyes closed forever.

'Draw nearer to me,' said the voice of the Moslem boy, as the English champion returned to his fallen steed and bent over him. 'Let me feel thy hand.'

'Ha!' cried the captain, whilst a sudden light shot through his mind. 'Sure I should know that low voice.'

He stooped and raised the youth's head, and lifted the turban from his temples. A mass of clustering black ringlets fell from the fair brow.

It was Aissha.

The dying maiden clasped her hands and lifted her eyes to the face of him she loved. He bent over her, and hot tears gushed from the warrior's eyes.

'You weep,' she murmured; 'ah! you weep for Aissha.'

'Live! live! noble, generous lady!' cried the Briton—'live for my sake.'

A smile stole over the young girl's cheek. She raised her white arm and threw it around the champion's neck. Then her head dropped lightly upon his bosom, and she murmured:

'It is so blessed to die for thee!'

When the lips of the Englishman bent down upon hers they felt no breath. The soul of the pure Moslem girl had fled forever.

The Christian hollowed out a grave for the beautiful Aissha beneath the green sward. With his dagger he cut off her glossy hair, and placed it in his bosom. Then he buried the body of the gentle girl who had died for him, and said Christian prayers above it, vowing that it should be to him a place of pilgrimage.

Great joy reigned in the Transylvanian camp when the Briton returned from slavery. Honors were heaped upon him for his exploits, and his prince decreed that he should wear upon his coat-of-arms a shield, bearing, 'THREE TURKS' HEADS.'

And across these three Turks' heads, the champion had a band of braided hair embossed, that the memory of Aissha might not die. And thus did Captain John Smith win his coat-of-arms, which now hangs in the halls of the children of Pocahontas.

### Bragger out-Bragged.

'Talk about yer darned fast lines,' said a Yankee to a cockney, who was so imprudent as in the natural way of his countrymen, to commence bragging on English railroads, while the couple were progressing at the rate of forty miles per hour on the Birmingham railway. 'Why, mister, this ere road is purty considerable for England, but it wont do for 'Meriky. We ride a-straddle of the Telegraft there, when we're in a hurry; but when we aint, we take the railroad. Now them roads aint slow, as I'll tell you. I was comin' from Philadelphia, to York, when ses I to a feller sittin by me—who on airth owns this big garden with white palins around it?'

'"I don't see no white palins," ses he.

'"I don't see nothin' else," ses I, "and a mighty tall fence it is too."'

'The feller bust out a larfin—"why, you darned fool," ses he, "them's the telegraphic posts." And sure enough, when the engine feller stopped, I saw them posts a hundred feet apart, and we had been going so all-fired fast, they looked for all the world like white palins.'

At this moment the bell rang at a station signal, before the cockney had fully recovered from Jonathan's last dose.

'Wh—'s that bell ringing for?' inquired the latter of his English friend.

'We are approaching D——.'

'Well, them kind of bell fixings does for these ere slow cars, but we can't use 'em in 'Meriky.'

'Ah, why not?'

'Travel too fast—fact, beat *sound*, all to smash. We would be smack through a village before the noise of the clapper was in the neighborhood.'

'You don't say!' exclaimed the astonished cockney.

'Fact again, by thunder! Why, I was on the York cars when them ere steam whistles was first tried. May-be you've heard of the terrible accident? No! Well, sir, we were going it strong. Harrycanes were no whar—all natur seemed shakin' to pieces—when several miles off something was seed on the track. The whistle was let loose, and she *did* scream awfully; but it was no manner of use, for after tumbling over a span of smart horses, and a big market wagon, I was just rising from a pond, when along came the whistle's holler, mixed up with some big curses I minded to have heard the engine man rip out, when he first saw the wagon. But the poor feller was dead when his voice arrived. Fact—got the documents.'

'Extraordinary!' exclaimed the horror-struck cockney, 'and do you use vistles yet?'

'Bless yer soul, no. Congress stopped 'em right off, and now we acts on the philosophic principle that light travels an all-fired sight faster than sound, which will do perhaps for this generation. We now tell 'em we are coming by bustin out a light that does astonish animal creation, and I reckon rather surprised the planetary system at first. When it was first tried at night, the roosters on the road commenced crowing, and the chickens all got down from roost, thinking that it was daylight.'

The cars suddenly stopped, when Jonathan having arrived at the point of his debarkation, looked around at the bewildered cockney, nodded his head, and with a little carpet-bag chucked under one arm, and an umbrella under the other, took his leave sober as a deacon.

### The Burning Well.

A correspondent of the Presbyterian, Louisville, Kentucky, gives the following brief account of a subterranean fire in Eastern Texas: 'There is a very singular circumstance in Shelby county, Texas, of a well that has been burning about twelve months, at the former residence of Judge Lusk. When he moved from the place, he had some logs over the well, from which he had used water for several years. Sometime after the woods caught fire, and the timber burning fell in, and ignited some substance, supposed to be stone coal. The rainy seasons have not extinguished it, but it has burnt incessantly. It does not give a very agreeable feeling to the visitor; for it is neither sublime nor beautiful; but from the deep grumbling noise that is heard, the sulphurous smell, and the dark cloud of smoke that is continually rising, a beholder is forcibly convinced that there is actually fire and brimstone in the subterranean regions. Various results are conjectured, perhaps some geologist can give comfort to the anxious minds of the surrounding inhabitants, by showing what will be the termination of the burning well.'

### A Droll Man's Three Last.

One of his friends expressed some surprise that, with his old age and his fondness for the bottle, he should have thought it worth while to marry. 'A wife was necessary,' he said; 'they began to say of me that I drank too much for a *single man*.'

Troubled with weak eyes, his physician told him he would lose his sight altogether, unless he renounced his high living. 'Very well,' he replied, 'I would rather lose my windows than have the whole house too miserable to live in.'

Some one asked him recently if he loved Burgundy. 'I love every kind of wine, except champagne—which I prefer,' was the answer.

Oaks are rooted in wind and storm. Oaks, therefore, are trustworthy. Hot-house plants come up in a few days; and perish accordingly.

[Written for The Flag of our Union.]

### On the Death of my Mother.

BY PARK BENJAMIN.

The following poem from our valued contributor, refers to a severe bereavement that he has experienced within the last twelvemonth. The author always writes from the heart. ED. FLAG.

Dear mother! thou art gone, and I,
Thy eldest, well-beloved son,
Was not thy couch of suffering by,
Nor gazed thy pallid brow upon—
When like a shadow, dark and deep,
Death's angel came and bore away
Thy soul, on peaceful wings of sleep,
To regions of eternal day!

The stern decrees of God are just;
But it was hard for me to know
That they had laid thee in the dust,
Unbaptized by such tears as flow
In torrents from these filial eyes—
That on thy ear no accents fell,
Welcome as music from the skies,
Of him thou lovedst so long and well.

I came and stood beside thy grave,
Beside the cold and wintry earth,
Where cold winds blow and tempests rave,
So different from that pleasant hearth,
Where, in the sweetness of thy smile,
The firelight shed a warmer gleam,
And I was happy all the while,
As in my boyhood's morning dream.

I stood, a broken-hearted man,
Of love bereft, with hope at strife;
Feeling as if a solemn ban
Descended, pall-like, on my life,
And there were nothing left between
[illegible]
Nothing beyond this transient scene,
But one wide, blank eternity!

### Wearing the Breeches.

The estimable and respected wife of the Arch-Duke John, the present Regent of the German confederate states, made a conquest of her royal husband while bumping before him on the back of a post-horse, in the disguise of a boy. This romantic incident, resulting in her marriage to the brother of an emperor, and to one of the best and greatest men of modern times, thus befell:

In a most solitary and isolated post-house in the mountains of Styria, an old man and his daughter were left in charge of the establishment, while the post-boys, usually in waiting, were employed in gathering in the harvest. The girl sat sewing in a back room. Suddenly there was a great cracking of whips, and a post carriage rolled up rapidly to the door. The old man, almost helpless from the gout, hobbled into his daughter's room:

'I am lost,' he said, 'here is the Arch-duke John, and all my boys are away! What are we to do?'

Without giving her father time to say more, the stout girl ran up stairs to her chamber, slipped on a post-boy's trowsers and short-tailed coat—a dress in which she had masqueraded in the holidays—and, by the time the horses were put to by the postilion who had come on, she presented herself, seized the whip, jumped into the saddle, and trotted rapidly on. Through the glass windows in front of his carriage, the Arch-duke noticed the trim figure and charming proportions of the new postilion, and soon, by some differences from the ordinary symmetry of post-boys, detected the sex.

'You are a girl,' said his royal highness, smilingly, as she unloosed the traces from his carriage at the end of the post.

'There was no postilion at home,' she said, blushing, 'and your highness could not wait.'

In the conversation which ensued, Prince John discovered that she was as intelligent as she was pretty, and on separating, he said:

'Since you have made yourself a man for me, I must re-make you to a woman.'

In these mysterious words was expressed a design, which he soon carried out by demanding from the emperor, his brother, permission to marry her. It was not an easy thing. The romantic folly of the Arch-duke John was freely laughed at, at court, and it was the opinion of many that he was only amusing himself, and had no serious design of wedlock. The pretty post-boy, however, was soon created Baroness de Brandhof, and immediately after married to the prince.

Humble as was this connection, it probably assured the present position of the Arch-duke John upon the intermediate eminence he at present occupies—the aristocrats voting for him as the descendant of the royal house of Hapsbourg, and the democrats, as the son-in-law of the tavern-keeper of Styria.

### The Last of the Mamelukes.

The Pacha of Egypt, I believe in 1818, assembled together the whole corps of the Mamelukes, as if for a feast; and having secured all egress except a steep and precipitous descent over the sides of the elevation, (the platform of the Citadel), he destroyed them with cannon and musketry. They came according to custom, in their richest costume, with their finest arms, and bearing about them all their wealth. At a signal given by the Pacha, death burst forth on all sides. Crossing and enfilading batteries poured forth their flame and iron, and men and horses were at once weltering in their blood. Many precipitated themselves from the summit of the Citadel, and were destroyed in the abyss. Two, however, recovered themselves. At the first shock of the concussion both horses and riders were stunned; they trembled for an instant like equestrian riders shaken by an earthquake, and then darted off with the rapidity of lightning, they passed the nearest gate, which fortunately was not closed, and found themselves out of Cairo. One of the fugitives took the road to Ell Erish, the other darted up the mountains; the pursuers divided, one half followed each. It was a fearful thing, that race for life and death! The steeds of the desert, let loose on the mountains, bounded from rock to rock, forded torrents, flew along the edges of precipices. Three times the horse of one Mameluke fell breathless; three times hearing the tramp of his pursuers, he arose and renewed his flight. He fell at length, not to rise again. His master exhibited a touching instance of reciprocal fidelity; instead of gliding down the rocks into some defile, or gaining a peak inaccessible to cavalry, he seated himself by the side of his courser, threw the bridle over his arm, and awaited the arrival of his executioners. They came up, and he fell beneath a score of sabres, without a motion of resistance, a word of complaint, or a prayer for mercy. The other Mameluke, more fortunate than his companion, traversed Ell Erish, gained the desert, escaped unhurt, and in time, became the governor of Jerusalem, where, at a later date, I had the pleasure to see him. The last and only remnant of that redoubtable corps which thirty years before, rivalled in courage, though not in fortune, the elite of Napoleon's army.—*Dumas's Egypt.*

### Starve and be a Beauty.

On entering the cottage of the Hermano Mayer, he came to the door to receive me, signed the cross over me, and pressed my hand in token of a welcome reception. Like other hermits, the Hermano Mayer wore a large garment of coarse cloth, girded round the middle with a rope, and having a hood for the head. The only covering of his feet consisted of a coarse shoe of half tanned leather. Yet there was something in his appearance, which would have enabled one to single him out at once from a whole fraternity. He had a lofty and towering form, and features of the very noblest mould. I cannot tell the curious reader how long his beard was; for after descending a reasonable distance along the chest, it returned to expand itself in the bosom of his habit. This man was such a one as, in any dress or situation, a person would have turned to look at a second time; but as he now stood before me, in addition to the effect of his apostolic garment, his complexion and his eye had a clearness that no one can conceive who is not familiar with the aspect of those who have practised a long and rigid abstinence from animal food and every exciting aliment. It gives a lustre, a spiritual intelligence to the countenance, that has something saint-like and divine.—*A Year in Spain.*

A Frenchman who aspired to *do* the leading parts in an English theatre, gave the following as a specimen of his ability to play Richard the Third:

'Now is de winter of dum uneasiness
Made into hot weddler by York's little boy,
(Dat is vat you call de son of York;)
And de dark cloud which stick at top
Of de house, in de bottom of de sea,
Dead and buried. But as for me, alas!
I ave de hump upon my back—I ave
Dam handy leg—I am unfashionable, and—
And for all dis de dam dog bow wow at me,
As I valk by him.'

Somebody says that out west they fight with clubs as big as a dog's body. Some throw stones as big as a pail of milk. One chap out in that region laughs so loud that it loosens his teeth, and on one occasion shook off one of his ears. As for the girls they are amazing sweet. A man travelling through that region on horseback, declares that the gales came to him so laden with fragrance that he thought he was near a garden of roses. He discovered it was only a bevy of girls going through the woods.

A handsome young Yankee pedler made love to a buxom widow in Pennsylvania. He accompanied the declaration with an allusion to two impediments to their union. 'Name them,' said the widow. 'The want of means to set up a retail store.' They parted, and the widow sent the pedler a check for ample means. When they met again the pedler had hired and stocked his store, and the smiling fair one begged to know the other impediment. '*I have another wife!*' cried the notion dealer.

A poet says, very beautifully, in describing the devotion of a wife:

'She clung to him with woman's love,
Like the ivy to the oak;
Whilst her head with crushing force,
Earth's chilling tempest broke.'

Now it would be satisfactory to know whether the tempest broke the lady's head, or her head broke the tempest; because if she was the victim, it adds considerably to the interest.

A student of Yale, being confined to his room by sickness, was called upon by a friend.

'What, John,' said the visitor, 'sick, eh?'

'Yes,' answered John, '*Sic sum.*'

Another, meeting a member of his society, asked him what was the next subject for debate?

'O, a capital one.'

'Indeed, what is it?'

'Capital punishment.'

'O, you mean a pun, I suppose.'

'No, indeed, *no pun-ish-ment.*'

An Irish washerwoman was complaining of her hardships to her husband, who was sometimes in the habit of flagellating her. He endeavored to persuade her that her complaints were groundless, and among other arguments remarked that she always had 'a plenty of wood and water in the house.' 'An ye may well say that,' she keenly retorted, 'I'll always have a plenty of that while I'm with you, for I'll niver be widout a stick on my back or a tear in my eye.'

Last Sunday, a little ragged wretch, six or seven years old, who stood kicking his feet against the curbstone, was accosted by a grave gentleman in a white neckcloth, and asked if he would go to the Sunday school with him. Setting himself off back against a stone post, and throwing out one leg with mock dignity, the precocious vagabond replied, 'No, sir-ee.'

An American in England, describing the prevalence of duelling, summed up with:

'They even fight with daggers in a room pitch dark.'

'Is it possible!' exclaimed a thunder-struck Johnny Bull.

'Possible, sir,' returned the Yankee, 'why, I've seen them.'

A beggar saw a lady in high dress sitting at the window of a fine house, and begged her for a piece of bread. The lady went and brought him a slice which she threw to him out of the window. It was cut so thin that the wind blew it away. 'I must run and catch the bread,' said the poor man, 'and if I can overtake it, I will come back and thank you.'

Theophilus Cibber, who was very extravagant, one day asked his father for a hundred pounds. 'Zounds, sir,' said Colly, 'can't you live upon your salary? When I was your age, I never spent a farthing of my father's money.' 'But you have spent a great deal of my father's,' replied Theophilus. This retort had the desired effect.

A lad of about eight years of age, son of a respectable Gloucestershire farmer, reading with his class, came to the words 'the milky way.' Upon being asked by his teacher if he knew what was meant by the milky way, he indignantly replied: 'Why, sir, to be sure I do; 'tis the whey as comes from the cheese.'

A Yankee deacon took occasion at a prayer-meeting to put up a long petition on behalf of a man with whom he had a quarrel. Somebody expressing surprise, 'Why,' observed the deacon, with a chuckle, 'do good to your enemies and you heap coals of fire on their heads; and I guess I gave that fellow a pretty smart singeing.'

'Why do you not hold up your head as I do?' inquired an aristocratic lawyer of a laboring farmer. 'Squire,' replied the farmer, 'look at that field of grain; all the valuable heads hang down like mine, while those that have nothing in them, stand upright like yours.'

'It is very hard, my lord,' said a convicted felon at the bar to Judge Burnet, 'to hang a poor man for stealing a horse.' 'You are not to be hanged, sir,' answered the judge, 'for stealing a horse, but you are to be hanged that horses may not be stolen.'

As Mr. Touchbeef entered a coffee room a few evenings since, a man came up and stood before him, saying:

'What an ugly fellow I see!'

'Do you take me for a looking-glass?' was Touchbeef's cool reply.

The Mobile Register says: Wellerisms are out of fashion, but the following is a "good un:"—*N. O. Picayune.*

'I ask leave to introduce a bill for the destruction of worms,' as the woodpecker said in a late stump speech.—*Boston Post.*

'What is the chief use of bread?' asked an examiner, at a recent school examination. 'The chief use of bread,' answered the urchin, apparently astonished at the simplicity of the inquiry, 'the chief use of bread is to spread butter and molasses upon it.'

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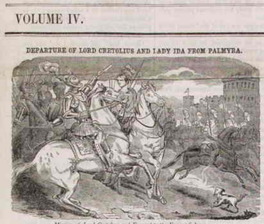
DEPARTURE OF LORD CRETOLIUS AND LADY IDA FROM PALMYRA.



*Mission of Lord Cretolius and Everard to the Emirs of Iconium.*

A SPLENDID ORIGINAL ROMANCE.

OUR THOUSAND DOLLAR PRIZE TALE.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THE

## KNIGHT OF THE SILVER CROSS;

OR,

## HAFED, THE LION OF TURKESTAN.

### A TALE OF THE OTTOMAN EMPIRE.

BY EDGAR W. DAVIES, Jr.

[CONTINUED.]

### CHAPTER IX.

*The hall of Cretolius. The knight's resolution. Selim's disappearance. Hafed's departure in anger. The knight in the haunted palace. The dungeons. A discovery.*

THE table in the festive hall of the palace of Cretolius was spread with delicacies, tempting to the sight and luxuriant to the taste. The luscious fruits of the East, the wines of Shiraz and Cyprus, and the dainty viands of the oriental cuisiniere, stood at intervals upon the embroidered cloth.

The last rays of the setting sun streamed against the crimson window-curtains from without. Within, lights of colored wax illuminated the hall. Seated at the table, engaged in conversation, were the Lady Ida and her father, Lord Cretolius, who seemed to be anxiously waiting for the appearance of Everard and their knightly guest.

The countenance of the Lady Ida betrayed unusual emotion, and her voice had a tremulous sound, as she said:

'Would that they were here, that we might know whether this prince Selim hath been found or not, for if he is not, you say we must expect the horrors of war!'

'It is even so, my daughter,' said Lord Cretolius, sadly, 'but yet, there is still some hope that we may avert the threatened danger, by setting forth the true state of our affairs to the council of the Turcoman tribes at Iconium, of which the emir of Ben Istam, the father of the princes, is a member. Therefore, if this Hafed leaves us in anger to-night, it has been decided by our senate that Everard and myself are to be sent as ambassadors to the court of Iconium. If so, we leave at dawn to-morrow.'

On hearing this, the Lady Ida thought of the conduct of the king towards her, and spoke earnestly to her father.

'O, take me with you, send me anywhere, but do not leave me here alone again, or you will never see me more. I cannot tell you why I think so, but there is a strong impression on my mind that such will be the case.'

'Wherefore this sudden alarm, my daughter?'

'I may not tell you, now, but a year from this time you shall know all, and then you will say that my fears were well grounded,' answered Ida.

The venerable nobleman pondered an instant, and replied:

'Well, I will not seek to know your secret. Nevertheless, I dare not convey you to the Turcoman court, lest some of the emirs should take a fancy to your beauty, and carry you away from me by force, to immure you in a harem.'

'That is no more than I have good reason to expect if I stay here,' replied the Lady Ida, with a shudder.

'Indeed! then nothing remains for me but to place you in the care of the English baron, of whose honor and courage D'Arville has often spoken,' said Lord Cretolius; 'but let us drop this subject, as I hear approaching footsteps.'

Everard and D'Arville now entered, and in answer to the anxious inquiries of Lord Cretolius, the knight remarked as he took a seat at the table:

'The die is cast, nobles of Palmyra, the fate of your fair city is in the hands of your foe. Selim hath not been found, and scarce one short hour since, I saw the prince Hafed and his lovely sister Azalie, with their grim band of attendants, pass swiftly out of the eastern gate, and ere they had proceeded a mile over the desert, hundreds of their scarlet-riders appeared from every direction and joined their array.'

'And are there no tidings of the prince Selim?' asked Lord Cretolius, in surprise.

'None,' replied D'Arville. 'The only trace we have of him is this Turcoman bridle, which the maniac Marontius left behind him in the senate-chamber, after his defiance of the prince Hafed. Everard picked it up, and as from this we judged that Selim had fallen into the hands of the maniac, we have been engaged since noon, with five hundred horsemen in scouring the city and vicinity, and have caused heralds to proclaim a reward to any one who should find him, but our efforts were unsuccessful.'

'Have you been to the ruined tomb of king Icarus, without the city walls, where the maniac often passes his time, at this season of the year?' asked Lord Cretolius.

'We have,' replied Everard, 'and we found no traces of the lost prince. The fragments of D'Arville's silken doublet were still there, but as nothing seemed to have been disturbed since the night of his adventure, and no fresh-spilt blood was discernible on the altar where Marontius usually immolates his victims, we have come to the conclusion that the prince is still alive, and somewhere in the city. The maniac has perhaps had no chance to convey his prisoner out of the city without discovery.'

'It is strange,' said D'Arville, 'that he will never slay his victims anywhere but at the ruined tomb. Knowing this, I have given orders that a strict watch should be kept at all the gates, and told the guards neither to permit the maniac egress or ingress.'

'Have you searched in the palace of Artanius?' asked the Lady Ida, with a tremulous voice, and a blanched cheek.

The knight gazed a moment on her pale and anxious countenance ere he replied, in a sympathizing tone:

'We have, fair lady; we have searched it from turret to courtyard, and passed through the gloomy dungeons beneath.'

'There is one place,' said Everard, suddenly, 'we have not explored, and now the thought strikes me, it is probable that we might find Selim there. I speak of the decayed castle of the Marontian family, of which the maniac is the last descendant. This palace is in a deserted neighborhood, about a mile and a half hence, and is said to be haunted. None of the lower orders of people dare approach it after nightfall alone, and strange stories are prevalent of supernatural appearances seen, and wild shrieks often heard from thence.'

'The very thing, by my halidom,' exclaimed D'Arville, with sparkling eyes, 'and the very place for an adventure. We will go thither at once, and see if we can discover aught of the missing Selim. I cannot defer it till dawn, for to-morrow I must leave you, to seek the fulfilment of the vow you heard me make a night or two ago, to restore the captive Azilla and her daughter to the maniac's arms. I have nothing further to keep me here, for I have despatched couriers to Grevana of Cyprus, with the news of the failure of my mission to your king, and by a messenger who has just arrived thence, I hear that the emperor of the Byzantines has withdrawn from the league against the Turcomans and Saracens, so that, deprived of his powerful aid, the project falls through. What say you, Everard, shall we have a stirring adventure, in this haunted castle?'

'I am ready,' answered Everard; 'when shall we start, and what retinue shall we take with us? It is dark at present, and the moon will not rise for two hours.'

'We must be there, before then, so that we may have as many hours of moonlight as possible to prosecute our search. I will take sixty of my knights, and a hundred of the imperial legion, and a couple of troops of your retainers would also be acceptable to guard without the castle, so that if any one is within they cannot escape unseen,' said D'Arville.

The knight and Everard, having finished their meal, arose to make their preparations, and ere an hour had elapsed the train of armed men started from the palace gate. On reaching the streets of palms they were joined by the soldiers of the imperial legion, for whom a courier had been sent, and soon after, by the knights of St. John, in full armor. The whole army passed from the avenue into the street of Artanius, down which they proceeded in the dim twilight, as rapidly as the darkness would allow.

As they neared the ruined castle, the moon gradually rose above the horizon, and lit up the desolate scene around them. All eyes were fixed upon the dark building in front, when the light which Selim had seen on the previous evening gleamed past the casement of the same turret, and disappeared, drawing exclamations of surprise from some of the troop, and of fear from others. Hurried conversations were carried on among the soldiers, many of whom, awe-struck, would have returned, had they not been rather fearful of the ridicule of their companions, which would inevitably be their portion should they display so much pusillanimity as to retire precipitately.

The troop having reached the castle, the knights and the soldiers of the legion, to the number of a hundred and sixty, trotted across the drawbridge and into the courtyard, where they dismounted and tethered their steeds to the pieces of stone lying here and there upon the ground.

D'Arville and Everard, after disposing the two hundred retainers of the house of Cretolius in convenient groups around the outer walls, entered the gate, leaving a strong guard beneath the arch, and another at a postern-entrance in the rear of the building.

The Baron Everard, followed by twenty of the order bearing lighted flambeaux, proceeded to examine one wing of the edifice, and the knight, with a like number of his troop, entered the opposite wing. They ascended the creaking stair-cases, passed through dusty corridors, looked into chambers ceiled with jasper, on whose floors ancient furniture lay mouldering, broke the rusty fastenings of doors which had been closed for years, and looked forth from the high turrets, upon the moonlight scene below. Nothing of the object of their search met their eyes or ears, and both parties descended unsuccessfully to the courtyard again.

They now concluded to search the centre of the building, which as yet they had not entered, and the baron and the knight now ascended the broad flight of steps up which Selim had trodden ere he last looked upon the moonlit earth, and breathed the free air of heaven. Throwing open the door the party passed the threshold, and the massive pannelled oak swung to behind them, seemingly of its own accord, with a stunning noise. Simultaneously therewith, a strange appalling sound fell upon their ears, and the brave warriors gazed at each other in silent awe; the voice of D'Arville, however, recalled them to their self-possession.

But, in the meanwhile, an incident had occurred at the little postern-gate in the rear of the castle, rather startling in its nature. The guard posted there were carrying on a whispered conversation with each other, when their attention was attracted by a snapping sound behind them, preceded by a terrific shriek, and the next instant, heavy bolts were drawn from within, the postern-gate opened, and a tall, dark figure appeared in the shade of the arch.

Ere they recovered from their surprise, the giant form sprang forth, smote to the earth those in his immediate path, and bounded away, howling, over the neglected gardens. A few of those who were mounted gave close chase, and were soon hidden from view by the intervening shrubbery, though the clatter of their horses' hoofs was heard for a considerable time, till at length the sound died away in the distance.

Many of the retainers gathered around the open postern, and peered fearfully into the dark recess, straining their eyes in vain to discover anything amid the gloom. All were lost in wonder and conjecture as to the nature of the apparition, some maintaining that it was the Evil One himself, while others laughed at the surmises of their more credulous and superstitious companions, and persisted in declaring that the giant figure was no other, than that of the maniac Marontius.

In the palace-hall, when the dismal echoes of the noise which had thrilled the hearts of the knights with awe had died away, D'Arville addressed Everard thus:

'Whence came that sound, from above or below?'

'Methought it was from below,' answered Everard.

'To me it seemed directly beneath our feet,' said the knight, 'and therefore methinks we had better search the dungeons of the place. Call in the rest of our knights.'

This order was obeyed, and they entered the hall and gazed in silence on the faded banners displayed from the walls, banners which the warrior-lords of the house of Marontius had so often borne at the head of their followers and retainers in bloody frays and sternly contested fields. They curiously examined the family arms, a tiger's head surrounded with stars, carved here and there upon the wainscot, from which the tapestry had long since fallen away in dusty shreds, and their chivalric hearts were oppressed with sadness as they witnessed these memorials of the decay of a noble and lordly race.

Two doors opened from each end of the hall into the corridors of the adjacent wings, and the knight looked in vain for some mode of descent to the dungeons beneath. Finally, his eye fell upon two rings set in the mouldings at the sides of the deep and commodious fire-place, and as he took hold of one and forcibly pulled it, a small panel opened, and discovered to his view heavy springs and a massive knob.

'Ha, what have [illegible] said, some mystery will soon be brought to light, or I am mistaken in my conjectures,' said D'Arville, as he touched the springs, and drew the knob.

The whole side casing of the chimney seemed to open on hidden hinges, and displayed to view the entrance of a gloomy stair-case of brown stone, up which the damp air of the dungeons beneath poured in a flood, causing the knight to shiver with its chilliness.

'Now for an adventure, Everard; here is the way to the strongholds of the keep, and if I trace not its course, may my plume be dragged in the mire.'

The ring on the other side of the chimney being drawn, disclosed another aperture of a similar character.

'What say you, D'Arville, shall I descend this stair-case with twenty of the knights, and you the other, and try to discover the mysteries of this place?' asked Everard.

'The very thing,' answered D'Arville, 'we will do so, and see what will come of it. The rest of you throw open the doors which look into the courtyard, and keep strict watch over these entrances, that we may not be accidentally fastened down ourselves. Follow, warriors of St. John.'

Having thus spoken, D'Arville led his score of knights down one stair-case, while Everard and his band fearlessly descended the other. The flambeaux carried by the party of D'Arville scarcely sufficed to light the gloomy way, and as they went downwards, step by step, upon the damp and slippery stairs, the close smell of the dungeons and its noisome air fell unpleasantly on their senses.

On reaching the foot of the stair-case, they found themselves in a broad space, the sides of which were invisible, as the light of their torches was insufficient to illumine the almost impenetrable darkness which surrounded them like a pall. Following the course of the wall, D'Arville tried in vain to discover aught by which he might be guided in his farther progress.

Having proceeded fifty or sixty paces, they came to the corner of the underground area and turned into a vaulted passage, lined on either side with massive doors, of plated iron, whose rusty fastenings they in vain essayed to unloose—doors which they imagined concealed the dungeons in whose recesses brave men had wasted away in the strength of manhood, and through whose arched chambers the sighs of despairing victims had often breathed in misery and loneliness.

Leaving this vaulted passage, they entered another broad area, taking their way directly across the centre, and reached the opposite side. They followed other passages, and moved through labyrinthine mazes, till at last their further progress was prevented by a blank stone wall. They now essayed to return, but lost their way in the gloom. For the space of twenty minutes they wandered hither and thither, shouting at the top of their voices, in hopes that the party of Everard might be at hand and hear them. No answer was returned, and they mournfully kept on their course, anxiously looking for some mode of egress. D'Arville's undaunted heart quailed not, neither did a shade of uneasiness cross his mind, for danger was his constant companion in the perilous scenes of knight-errantry, and here, in this wild and uncertain adventure, he was at home.

'In faith, these dungeons spread so widely, I think they must extend beneath the whole space covered by the castle. Fear not, brave spirits, he who hath in providence brought us hither, will not suffer us to perish. Ha! St. John help us, but that was a fearful note!'

The latter exclamation was called forth by a deep groan, similar to that which had startled them when they first entered the hall above, but whose effect, in their present situation, was, if possible, still more startling.

'Now will our adventure have a fitting denouement,' said D'Arville, as he led his men in the direction whence the sound seemed to proceed; 'let us see if we cannot, with the help of Heaven, fathom this mystery. St. John, but there is a gleam of light against yonder wall, and I think it proceeds from the mouth of that passage. Listen.'

All stood still, and held their breath. The sound of approaching footsteps, and the rattling of arms, fell on their ears, as they listened.

'It is our comrades,' said the knight, joyfully. 'What, ho, St. John and victory, who cometh there, I pray?'

The voices of Everard and his band echoed back a loud reply, and the next instant they appeared in view.

'What success, D'Arville; have you heard or seen aught?'

'We have been lost among these vaults, and have seen nothing but the dripping walls we passed, but as for hearing, we heard again that unearthly note which first led us to descend hither, and in faith, it had an awful cadence. Ha! there it is again.'

The groan seemed to ring again close in their ears, and was followed by a faint, and hardly perceptible cry.

'This way,' said Everard; 'if that voice proceeded not from this niche, then my senses deceive me. Here is an iron door, fastened on the outside, but these heavy bolts defy my utmost strength. D'Arville, you are of more powerful stature, see if you can loose them.'

The whole band of knights gathered around the little niche, and held their blazing torches aloft in the gloom, while D'Arville, applying his mailed hand to the bolts, sprang them with difficulty, and drew open the heavy door. A voice from within met his ear, supplicating in the Arabic tongue, for a cooling draught of water.

Seizing a torch from a follower, D'Arville and Everard entered, followed by a number of the knights, and there stretched [illegible] rude [illegible] form of the prince Selim, bound hand and foot, with a heavy weight resting on his lower limbs, and a cord around his forehead fastening him to the head-board. His eyes, bloodshot with long gazing at the darkness, turned imploringly to those of the knight, and as those present cut the cords which bound him, removed the weight, and raised him to a sitting position, his gratitude sparkled in his looks, and he said, in a weak voice:

'May the blessings of Allah rest on you, Frankish knights, and the choicest gifts of Heaven fall on the head of the noble Cretolius. I have passed a weary vigil, and Allah be praised, I am restored again to freedom. But I am parched with thirst. Give me drink, I pray you.'

By D'Arville's direction the knights raised Selim in their arms, his bruised and stiffened limbs refusing their office, and gently conveyed him to the stair-case, and up into the hall, Everard leading the way.

Water having been procured from a neighboring well, near a hut occupied by a poor peasant, the prince Selim was soon sufficiently revived by the cooling fluid, as to be able to speak freely. In answer to his inquiry for his brother Hafed, and the princess Azalie, he was told the cause and manner of their departure. With a firm tone, he cried:

'He cared not much for me, or he would not have gone without me but I can read his intentions, and thanks to your kindness, and the blessings of Allah, I will live to share that throne which he soon intends to seize. He would gladly see me perish, for then, when our father dies, the whole power of Ben Istam's mighty tribe would fall beneath his sway. But, by the beard of Mahomet, it shall never be while I have life.'

D'Arville listened to these words in silence and treasured their import in his heart. Everard, who was all impatience to learn the means by which Selim had been entrapped, and through whose agency, said:

'Prince Selim, how camest thou hither? I pray you tell me, that we may punish your abductors?'

'There was but one, and he a gigantic savage, of ferocious aspect. I feel too weak to tell you more at present, and if you will ask me hereafter, I will give you all the information in my power.'

'So be it, brave son of Turcomania, but till then, since your troop have gone, you must take up your stay with us. At dawn, my father and myself go on a mission to your emirs at Iconium, and if you like, we will have a litter for you in our train.'

'I thank you, and gladly accept your hospitality, but ere we go, let some of your troop seek my steed. I left him in the porter's lodge, tightly confined, that he might not escape while I rambled over the castle,' said Selim.

The steed having been brought out, and a litter formed for Selim, the bugle of the knight called his retinue to horse. As they rode over the drawbridge, the trumpet of Everard collected the Cretolians around him, and the group who had guarded the postern-gate related their wonderful tale of the pursuit of the dark figure by their companions, who had not yet returned.

Before the armed bands of D'Arville and Everard reached the street of palms, however, they were overtaken by the detachment just mentioned, who reported that they chased the giant form for a mile, till at last he had disappeared in a narrow alley through which their steeds could not follow.

### CHAPTER X.

*The desert journey. The Turcoman pursuit. The knight's appearance. The Euphrates. Arthur De Montfort. Selim's fearful tale. The knight's pleasant thought.*

WITHIN the palace of Lord Cretolius all were stirring at dawn. Lady Ida donned her riding-dress, Lord Cretolius and Everard clasped upon their forms the breast-plate and corslet, and placed upon their brows the well-wrought helmets, from whose peaks drooped the long blue plume of their house. In the court-yard four hundred retainers were busy polishing their armor and testing the strength of their shining blades, and in the stables within the eastern wing, grooms were hastily preparing noble steeds for the desert journey of the Cretolians.

Amid the confusion incident to such a scene, but one person seemed unmoved, and that was Sir Percy D'Arville, who stood listlessly upon the platform of the broad staircase leading to the great hall, half supporting himself against the ponderous balustrade, and gazing in contemplative mood upon the active preparations going forward in the court-yard before him.

His thoughts were two-fold—first he thought of the search for the injured wife of Marontius and his daughter, on which he was that day to start, and next his mind wandered to the scene two nights before in the king's palace, when he saved the Moslem princess, Azalie, from impending destruction. Sweetly his memory dwelt upon the beauty of the peerless maiden, while he recalled her grateful looks as she hung passive in his arms, and now he felt that he loved the daughter of Ben Istam's race with the whole strength of his enthusiastic and ardent mind.

His reverie was interrupted by the appearance of Everard and Lord Cretolius, accompanied by two esquires supporting the footsteps of Selim. The latter was unbounded in his expressions of gratitude towards D'Arville, and promised nobly to repay the obligations conferred on himself and his sister Azalie by the activity and courage of the knight. He was then assisted to a litter, borne by two powerful horses, on which he was placed in an easy position.

'Well, Sir Percy, you start not with us this morning in pursuit of the accomplishment of your vow. Did I not understand you to say, last night, that you would start on your knightly mission this morning?'

'I so intimated,' replied D'Arville, 'but, Sir Everard, I have some preparations to make, which should have been completed yesterday afternoon, had not our search for you Turcoman prince occupied both time and attention.'

'What preparations have you to make?' asked Everard.

'You shall know hereafter,' responded Arville, 'but now, I pray you, direct me to some dealer in haberdasheries, whom you think trustworthy, and able to keep his tongue between his teeth, that I may purchase of him some disguises.'

'The Jew Isaac is the very person you wish,' said Lord Cretolius, 'and if you desire it we will give you a guide to his quarters. You need not fear to let him know all your intentions, for he is a bitter enemy to the Saracens, and besides, he has his garret stocked with dresses of every imaginable fashion, and armor of all descriptions.'

The knight having accepted the offer of a guide, Lord Cretolius called an esquire of his troop, one Artemas, and gave him the proper orders. D'Arville stopped but an instant to pay his respects to the Lady Ida, who now appeared in her riding-dress, and then strode down the steps, saying:

'I shall not bid you farewell, for ere night shall fall, or you can reach the castle of the Baron De Montfort, I will be with you. For the present, adieu.'

Following the footsteps of Artemas, the knight made his way across the court-yard, the retainers saluting him, passed out of the gate, and was lost to sight.

By this time the retainers were in readiness, the horses were brought forth, and each holding his bridle rein, stood in respectful silence, the whole drawn up in sections of ten, awaiting the signal to mount. Lord Cretolius and Everard assisted the Lady Ida to her palfrey, and then, after placing themselves in the saddles of their own chargers, gave the loud trumpet call 'to horse!'

[SEE ENGRAVING.]

In an instant the four hundred stout retainers sprang upon the backs of their impatient steeds, and followed their master through the massive arch and over the drawbridge. Lord Cretolius and Everard rode on each side of the Lady Ida, and behind them came the litter of prince Selim, whose eyes were often bent upon the graceful form of the Cretolian maiden, or rested on her lovely features as she carelessly turned her head aside to gaze upon some distant object. As the troop turned into the street of palms, the Lady Ida looked back to take a parting view of their castle, now far behind; and as she did so, her eyes rested on the happy face of Selim, whose loving glance she rewarded with a half bashful smile, and quickly turned her head again with a brighter color in her cheeks.

The denizens of the street of palms were now just opening the blinds of their tenements, and the shop-keepers exposed to view their various commodities, to tempt the eyes and empty the pockets of the passers-by. This was the chief mart of the city, and side by side with the low dram-shop appeared the magnificent saloon, while in close contiguity with the rough building of the dealer in vegetables or fruit, the magnificent casements of the jeweller or broker displayed their treasured heaps of gold and precious stones.

Many curious glances were cast upon the troop ere they reached the eastern gate, and the foot-passenger stopped in his course to look, while the inmates of the bordering mansions ceased their avocations to speculate upon the probable import of the procession, which they saw was prepared for a journey, for the news of what had taken place in the senate-chamber the day previous was not yet spread abroad by the busy tongues of the gossips.

Arrived at the eastern gate the guards on duty there opened it at the sight of the king's seal on the credentials of Lord Cretolius, respectfully presenting arms as the Cretolians passed out, and took the road leading toward the Euphrates, in a northeasterly direction.

Soon after the party entered the broad desert, and made the best of their course towards the river Euphrates; the season being favorable, and the sun being so far southward as to have but little power comparatively, they were not much incommoded by the heat. All day long the sturdy steeds bore their burdens, and nothing occurred to alarm the troop, till just towards evening, when one of them rode up to Lord Cretolius, and thus addressed him:

'My lord, there is a cloud of dust to the westward, in the midst of which I can plainly see the gleam of arms. If I mistake not, they are in pursuit of us, whoever they may be, as they seem to be coursing in this direction.'

At this, Everard rode to the rear of the corps, and gazing intently on the distant troop, was enabled to distinguish the red dresses of the Turcoman tribes, who rapidly approached. He spoke to Lord Cretolius, in the hearing of prince Selim, as follows:

'My father, they are the Moslem, and I fear harbor evil designs upon us. However, as near as I can judge, they are few in number and not worthy a second thought, unless they should gather other bands against us.'

'If they wear the red dress of our race,' said Selim, 'ye need not mind them, for few among the emirs but know the son of Ben Istam, and they will bow to my mandates. Thus, instead of being enemies, at my orders they will form part of your escort, and add to your security.'

'Then we shall lose nothing by our kindness to you, I perceive,' said the Lady Ida, playfully.

'You need not, fair maiden,' answered Selim, earnestly, 'for ere harm shall reach you, the blood of Selim shall stain the sands, and his last breath be spent in your defence.'

Everard looked thoughtfully upon the passionate eyes of the prince and the blushing cheek of his sister Ida, but said nothing. Ere long the troop in their rear came closer into view, and as the sinking sun, an hour after, left twilight to reign supreme over the dim expanse of desert, forty stalwart riders, clothed in the garb of the Moslem, and mounted on powerful steeds of jetty blackness, came up beside the Cretolians, and moved in a parallel course, at a respectful distance.

They were led by a warrior bearing upon his limbs the dress and insignia of a Turcoman prince, who, leaving his men, reined his charger in at the side of Lord Cretolius and Everard, who regarded his movements with suspicion, and whispered, in a familiar tone:

'Did I not tell you I would be with you ere nightfall? You see I have kept my promise.'

'D'Arville, is it you?' exclaimed Lord Cretolius.

'Well, as I am here, I should never have penetrated your disguise, had I not heard your voice,' said Everard.

'I am accustomed to such adventures,' replied D'Arville, 'and have learned discretion by experience.'

'But who are these in your train? they have the appearance of your foes, the Moslem,' said Everard.

'Nay, then, they are not what they appear,' said D'Arville. 'Your guide, who introduced me to the Jew Isaac, this morning, at your orders, aided me in procuring the promise of as many Saracen dresses as I should need. Thereupon I went to the quarters of my gallant knights, and finding eighty of them in their hall, inquired in a loud tone, that all might hear, who of them could speak the Arabic tongue. At least one half answered my question, and having proved the truth of their assertions by addressing a few sentences to each, I led the way to the Jew Isaac, where they were fitted with skull-caps of steel to wear beneath their turbans, and with these scarlet dresses.

'Leaving the rest of my troop in charge of Sebastian, my lieutenant, with strict orders not to stir from the walls of the city, I caused the chosen knights to take their disguises, in a small bundle on their saddles, and bidding adieu to Palmyra, soon left its gates far behind. When out of sight of the city, we dismounted, donned our Turcoman disguises over our armor, and then resuming our course, followed with rapidity the traces of your march in the desert sand, and have thus at last overtaken you.'

'And so you have fairly started on your adventurous pilgrimage in search of the wife and child of Marontius?' said the Lady Ida, inquiringly.

'Yes, fair lady, and with the help of heaven and St. John, I intend to prosecute my search through every danger, till I have accomplished the objects of my vow,' replied D'Arville.

'But ere you can do so,' said Ida, 'methinks you will have to pass through many perilous scenes, and dare many fearful encounters and adventures.'

'I know it,' said D'Arville, proudly, 'and in such a life of danger I am at home. Better, far better, is it to strengthen the soul by trial, than to remain in idleness. The projects of our order against the Moslem have fallen to the ground, and nothing now is left me to satiate the restless longings of my soul, but the glorious deeds and noble actions of knight errantry.'

As he concluded, the voice of Selim fell upon the ear of D'Arville.

'Prince of the scarlet turban, who art thou, and whence comest thou? I pray thee tell me.'

'And who art thou that askest?' replied D'Arville.

'I am Selim, the younger of the princes of Ben Istam, and the brother of Hafed, the lion of Turkestan.'

'Ha! do I behold the dauntless Selim! Now may I rejoice for I have seen the hope of the emirs of Laconia and the Euphrates. Mine eyes behold the morning star that beameth above the dark clouds of the Mogul destruction, and heraldeth the glorious dawn of a brighter day which soon will rise over the children of Allah and the prophet,' said D'Arville.

'How admirably the knight imitates the style and manner of the Arabic diction,' whispered Ida to Everard.

'Prince of a strange tribe, tell me who thou art, since I have answered thy question,' said Selim.

'I am Arnil, of the far distant land of the Tigris. Near Mossoul my father's tribe dwell, and their tents are scattered along the river side. Few are the lances of our house, for those who follow in my train are a tenth part of our race. Yet they are bold as the lion that springs from the thickets of the far east, and determined in battle as the sons of Ben Istam. I heard of your warlike renown, and I came hither to aid you in reaching that throne you seek.'

'Ha!' exclaimed the prince Selim, 'how knowest thou that? Now by the beard of the prophet, I never breathed it to mortal man, yet hast thou read my thoughts, as easily as the eastern magi read the heavens.'

'Wilt thou accept my proffered aid, mighty prince?' said D'Arville. 'I have read thy intentions, but I can tell thee that will startle thee still more. Thy brother Hafed seeketh the dominion of Laconia and the east for himself, and when it is his, you will perish, for he intends to rule alone, and hold undivided power.'

'Is it so, indeed! then I must bestir myself, for, by the beard of Mahomet, he shall not wrest from me that which I have determined to have. Mine was the proposal to seize the fallen sceptre of Iconium, to re-instate the empire which the Mogul swept away, and Hafed promised to join me in the project on condition of ruling conjointly with me. But now, since he would deprive me of all power when we shall have gained it, I vow, with the blessing of Allah, that his course of villany shall end, and I, instead of Hafed, shall be the sultan of the restored empire of Asia Minor. Prince of the Tigris, I accept thy gallant steel and proffered assistance, and when Selim shall become the founder and dictator of the Othman power, thou shalt not be forgotten.'

D'Arville simply saying 'So be it,' gave his hand to Selim, in token of the ratification of their compact, and then rode again to the head of his troop, and putting spurs to his horse, galloped with his men towards the river Euphrates, which they reached in another hour, and crossed by means of a bridge spanning its clear stream.

At a distance of a mile from the banks of the river beyond, an eminence rose gently from the surrounding plain, which was quite fertile, and dotted here and there with small houses, to the number of three or four hundred, whose outward appearance presented a mixture of the English and Saracen styles of building. On the summit of this eminence a vast rock was perched, and founded on its stony area, a dark castle, of gothic architecture, rose into the air. This was the home of Arthur, Baron De Montfort, who was known among the Moslem as 'the good-hearted knight.'

This baron represented himself to be a relation of the famous Simon De Montfort, Earl of Leicester, in England, and when the latter seized upon the weak monarch, Henry III, and his son Edward, Arthur joined the army of his powerful relative. The earl, however, unwisely released the young prince, Edward, who thereupon gathered an array, and met the usurper, Simon, on the bloody field of Evesham, put his forces to flight, and slew the earl.

Arthur, deeming it unsafe to remain longer in England, embarked with his treasures for France, and when Louis IX of France led the last crusade against the Saracen in 1248, Arthur, with a thousand devoted followers, joined the expedition, but in the disastrous battles which ensued he lost half his men, and being taken prisoner with the rest, gave up all hope of ever returning to his native land, and consented to become a vassal of the great Mogul, whose armies swept away the Saracen empire and that of Iconium. Fixing his residence here, on the bank of the Euphrates, he had passed forty years in pursuing the avocations of peace, and by his quiet demeanor and kind acts, together with the many arts he imparted to his neighbors, he had gained the esteem of the Moslem, and was permitted to remain unmolested amid the wild scenes of turmoil which surrounded him.

Rapidly the knight, Sir Percy D'Arville, approached the eminence with his troop, and soon after blew a bugle before the gate of the castle. The porter, imagining them to be a troop of Moslem, called his master, but the latter, on hearing the voice of D'Arville, caused the drawbridge to be dropped, whereupon the knights rode across it, gazing carelessly into the chasm which it spanned, and entering the courtyard, dismounted. The knight and the baron, meanwhile, retired to a private apartment, where the former disclosed the state of affairs at Palmyra, spoke of his own mission, and gave the baron a hint to address him in no other way than as the prince Arnil, whenever Selim should be present. Orders were given to prepare for the reception of the coming guests, and the two warriors continued their conversation.

They were at last aroused by the trampling of hoofs upon the drawbridge, and looking from a casement, beheld the retainers of the house of Cretolius filing into the courtyard beneath them. The Lord Cretolius, Everard, and Ida, had dismounted, and were entering the hall, followed by the esquires supporting prince Selim. Hastening down into the hall, the baron met and welcomed his guests, and led them into the chamber where a sumptuous repast had been provided by the attendants, and the travellers sat down with a good appetite.

By chance, the Lady Ida and Selim sat side by side, and directly opposite them, the knight and Everard, while the baron and Lord Cretolius were at some distance, at the other end of the table engaged in carrying on a private conversation. Selim, seeing that the knight and Everard were intent on their own affairs, in a like manner, softly whispered to Ida, in a tone so low, that he thought none could overhear:

'Bright being, I am but too happy to be at thy side. Would that this happiness might be mine forever. Thou art lovelier in my eyes than the dawning of morn, fairer than the rose of Persia. Thou knowest how devotedly I love thee, beautiful daughter of Palmyra, and canst thou not trust thy welfare in the keeping of thy loved Selim? O, if thou wilt, thou shalt be more powerful than the queen of Byzantium, and if thou wishest, thy throne shall be firmly established in the great city of Constantine. For thee, lovely houri, bright star of paradise, shall Selim's glittering blade cleave a path to power, for thee shall his right arm wield the trenchant steel, and at thy feet he will lay the wealth of principalities, the coronets of rulers.'

Deeper and deeper mantled the blush over the cheek of the Lady Ida, faster beat her throbbing heart, and brighter was the downcast eye. Gathering her fortitude, she spoke thus, in a soft voice, which fell on Selim's senses like fairy music:

'Selim, this must not be. I told you the feelings of my heart, the determination of my mind, a night or two ago, and said that you might see me when three months had passed away. But if you say more now, I will never permit you to look upon me again. I must retire a moment to recover from my confusion, for should my brother know what you have said to me—he would—my father would—I mean I could not be in your presence another instant.'

Arising from the table, she left the room, unperceived by her father or Baron Arthur; and Selim, lest his eyes should betray his feelings, dropped his gaze upon his plate, not daring to look at the young men opposite, and appeared to be engaged in discussing the viands before him, though his appetite was gone.

But the incident had not escaped the watchful eyes of D'Arville, who, when the prince first spoke to Ida, had caught a few of the impassioned sentences uttered by Selim, and directed Everard's attention to them.

'Everard, notice the impassioned manner in which you prince speaks to your sister. Nay, do not let your tongue loose now, but veil the angry glance of your eyes a moment, and let us witness the denouement.'

'In faith, she seemeth well pleased,' replied Everard, compressing his lips, 'and look at the tell-tale blood flushing her face, and see her veiled lids. Are not the emotions visible in her face signs of love?'

'So I should say,' replied D'Arville, 'and it is no more than I suspected, yesterday even, when we brought the news of Selim's disappearance to her ears. Her pallid cheeks and anxious eye told me a tale then.'

'See, she speaks,' said Everard, 'and rather severely I should judge, but she does not raise her eyes.'

'By my halidom, Everard, he loves her!' said Arville, as Ida left the room; 'what a change came over his face as she spoke, and now see what despairing sadness sits on his handsome features.'

'This must go no further,' said Everard.

'Nay, keep still, and we will talk of that hereafter, when we seek our room, and by that means we will be better able to take such measures as you may decide upon. Here she comes back as if nothing had happened, and see, his face brightens up again with happiness.

As the knight spoke the Lady Ida entered with averted eyes, and reseated herself. D'Arville, to prevent any unpleasant remarks from Everard, asked Selim:

'Brave prince of Ben Istam, how hast thou received the injuries which render thee unable to walk?'

'Noble Arnil,' answered the prince, 'it is a strange tale, and hath much in it of fearful import, but thou shalt hear it, and judge for thyself.'

The prince Selim commenced the tale of his adventure the night but one previous, and portrayed forcibly its various details, till he arrived at the point of his narrative where he described his entrance to the hall.

'I drew the door open, and crossed the threshold, but its hinges seemed to turn of themselves, and sprang it to behind me with a loud noise. Sounds of an uncertain nature seeming to issue from above, I sought some means by which to ascend, and at last, after a patient search, came upon a broad stairway, up which I trod, and ascended several flights. At last I reached a heavy pannelled entrance, through which I passed, and forced myself within a spacious chamber, where were scattered some broken scimitars and shields, which I remarked bore the arms of the tribe of Ben Istam. This astonishing discovery led me to make some exclamations of wonder, which were interrupted by a demon laugh that sent the blood in chilling streams, and then I felt myself seized from behind, and conveyed forcibly out of the room, and down the stairs, by something seeming to have superhuman power. A voice of furious sound spoke to me:

'"Fool, hast thou come to claim the arms of the spoiler? know that my right hand struck to the earth those who wielded them, when my adored Azilla was torn from my arms by the villains of the desert? know that those scimitars you gazed on but now in yon chamber, were powerless before the strength of Marontius! And now, wretch, thou shalt follow their possessors to the depths of despair!"

'Borne high aloft, I could not see the one who carried me into the hall. The side of a fire-place seemed to open, and I was conveyed down stone steps into a damp and gloomy place, and was thrown into a dungeon, and fastened so cruelly that I would have died of torture, had not yon noble youth and gallant knight rescued me, after I had lain there in agony a whole day.'

The features of D'Arville lit up with pleasure as he murmured to himself: 'Then the spoilers of Marontius bore the arms of Ben Istam's tribe. Now is my vow in a fair way of being accomplished, and by following the steps of this noble Selim in the guise of a Moslem prince, I shall yet restore the fair Azilla and her daughter to their beautiful home.'

## CHAPTER XI.

*Lady Ida at the castle of De Montfort. Continuation of the journey of Lord Cretolius. Attack of the mountaineers. They recognize Selim, and swear allegiance to him. Sudden appearance of three riders, with news of the villany of king Iconra. Return of Everard to Palmyra. Cretolius and prince Selim continue their journey. Surprising incident.*

At daybreak, the gallant D'Arville was awakened by the golden beams of the rising sun, which came in through the casement of the turret-chamber where he had slept, and shone brightly on his armor hanging on the opposite wall. He was wont to be up before the sun, but had lain awake so long the previous night, after retiring, thinking upon the words of prince Selim, in relation to the arms the latter had seen in the haunted palace, that he slept later than usual.

He had concluded, in his mind, that the best mode of procedure for the purpose of accomplishing his vow, was to win the confidence and esteem of prince Selim, in the guise of a Saracen emir, and then to throw aside his assumed dress, make a confidant of Selim, and entreat his powerful aid for the discovery of the captive Azilla and her daughter.

Rising, D'Arville donned his armor, placed over it the magnificent Saracen disguise he had assumed, and descended to the breakfast-room below, where the rest were already as-

[SEE ENGRAVING.]

sembled. During the discussion, at the table, it was decided that the Lady Ida should stay at the castle of De Montfort a week or two, with forty of the Cretolian retainers, till her father and brother should return from their embassy to Iconium.

This being decided, the trumpet of Everard called to the saddle, and having bidden adieu to the Baron Arthur, Lord Cretolius and Everard with their retainers, rode out the

BREAKFAST-ROOM AT THE BARON DE MONTFORT'S.

*Entrance of the party to partake of the morning meal.*

gate, followed by D'Arville and the disguised knights escorting the litter of the prince Selim.

It was a delicious morning. The cool autumnal breeze fanned the brows of all, and imparted its exhilarating influence to every bosom. Their course lay along the smooth Euphrates, whose rippling waters sparkled clear as crystal in the sun's bright beams, and its murmuring stream sent to their delighted ears the soft melody of nature's music. Around them, on the eastern bank, along which they travelled, bloomed flowers of every hue, while a smiling landscape spread itself beneath the rays of the rising luminary, far to the east. But across the river, the desert of Syria stretched away from the western bank, a boundless expanse of sparkling sand.

Ere night-fall, they lost sight of the desert, and for five days made their way amid the varied scenery of the Euphrates. On the sixth morning, however, prince Selim thought it would be best to leave the direct route, and take one more to the westward, which would be safer and more secluded; the course they had been pursuing, being that travelled by the wild tribes of the mountains in their incursions to the southward.

The seventh day, in passing a defile, the train of Cretolians was suddenly attacked on all sides by the fierce mountaineers, and in the desperate fight which ensued, at least one half of the retainers were killed and wounded. Everard's voice encouraged his followers throughout, his gallant arm working wondrous destruction amid the foe. Even the aged Lord Cretolius wielded the keen scimitar which for twelve years had rested in polished idleness in its sheath, and fought in the van, till a stroke from some missile weapon stunned him, and he fell senseless in the arms of his household.

Selim, D'Arville, and the disguised knights were at least a mile behind when the fray commenced, but rode rapidly up to the scene, on perceiving the flashing of arms among the rocks far ahead, and hearing the sound of conflict. The prince had recovered from his bruises so far as to be able to mount his white steed again, and he now urged D'Arville's band toward the scene of turmoil, where they arrived in time to save the remnant of the Cretolians from destruction.

When the mountaineers saw the red dresses of D'Arville's band intervene between them and their prey, they fell back, imagining they were part of the sultan's guard. Five of their chieftains advanced, without attendants, and seeing that one of the two princes who appeared to be in command of the scarlet riders was the youthful Selim, they greeted him with low obeisances. Some of their followers, knowing the prince, spoke his name to others, and the mountain rocks soon sent back the echoes of a thousand wild voices, as they shouted:

'Hail to the dauntless son of Ben Istam! hail to the hope of the Turcoman tribes! May he reign forever.'

'You hear,' whispered D'Arville, 'they hail you as a monarch, and to you the people of these savage regions look, as to one whom they have chosen to re-instate the fallen empire of the Turcoman tribes, and sway the mighty sceptre of a sultan.'

The eyes of Selim were lit with pleasure and ambitious thoughts swelled within his bosom at D'Arville's words, though he replied briefly, 'the time has not yet come,' and then addressing himself to the chiefs, who awaited his mandates in respectful silence:

'Emirs of the mountain tribes, these are not foes whom you have slain, for they come not with warlike intent, but in peace, as the messengers of the beautiful city, Palmyra. They have come to seek peace from the emirs of Laconia and the north; wherefore, then, have you done this?'

'Gallant prince,' replied the oldest chief, 'had we known this, we would have restrained our warriors from the prey; but the lion of your tribe, Hafed, hath sent messengers throughout all our borders, calling on us to destroy the inhabitants of the beautiful city wherever we found them. He said that the rulers of Palmyra had slain you secretly, and he is gathering the hosts of the north, with the war-cry of "vengeance and conquest."'

'Is it so? then, emirs, listen. The artful Hafed knew that I had disappeared, and while the sons of Palmyra searched for me, he sat still. Ere ten hours had passed, he departed from the city, and left me to my fate. Emirs, he hateth me, and would gladly have me removed from his path to power; choose then between us.'

'By the beard of the prophet, the cruel lion of Turkestan, the oppressive Hafed, shall never tread the mountain tribes beneath his feet,' replied the chief. 'We will have none but the dauntless Selim to sway the sceptre over us. May he reign a thousand years, and his children be mighty in the earth.'

'Emir, I thank you,' replied Selim. 'Hafed would lead you to the conquest of Palmyra, but Selim shall show you the path to the spoil of Byzantium, and the dominion of Asia Minor, and when Selim is Othman, he will not forget you.'

'Hail to the dauntless Selim!' rang again from a thousand tongues.

'Prince of Ben Istam,' said another chief, 'we will shout your name from every mountain summit, we will send it along every valley, we will speak it in the tents of every tribe, and when thou shalt call us to thy coronation, when thou shalt bid us follow thee to conquest, or seek our aid to place thee on the throne we would see thee fill, we will gather around thy banner a hundred chieftains of our race, and swell thy host with twenty thousand bold mountaineers. Allah preserve thee, hope of a thousand tribes, and continue thy life to victory and power.'

The emirs now led the way to a small village beyond the mountain, whither the wounded Cretolians were carried and their wants supplied. Lord Cretolius recovered soon from his insensibility, and was able to speak, but it was deemed prudent for him to be kept quiet a day or two, that he might not experience any ill effects from the blow he had received, as rendering the physician fearful on the subject. The whole train were therefore well pleased to accept the hospitalities of the mountaineers, which Everard remarked were more welcome than their hostilities.

Many of the neighboring chiefs came to pay their respects to the prince Selim, and assure him of their support, and the next day was passed in friendly trials of skill between the disguised knights and the chiefs, in which the [illegible] in the use of missiles, while the former proved themselves expert in the use of the sabre, and not one was found to dare a second trial of arms with prince Arnil, as D'Arville called himself. The mountaineers were curious to know wherefore the warriors of prince Arnil wore such weapons; D'Arville told them it was in consequence of a religious vow, made by the tribe of his father, not to touch the scimitar till they should see the revival of their faded power.

The second day after the fray, the aged Lord Cretolius being considered out of danger, the train again resumed their course towards the tents of Ben Istam, and the knight spent the hours of travel in discussing with Selim the ambitious projects of the latter, and exciting him to gather around him at once his friends, and declare himself the sultan of Iconium. For thirty years no monarch had sat on the vacant throne of Laconia, since the destroying course of the Mogul conqueror had embraced their dominions in his own, and when the usurper died, the emirs of the different provinces regained a separate independence. Still, however, the temporary chief of their council was known as the sultan of Iconium, but it was an empty title.

Now, however, through the endeavors of the two princes of Ben Istam, the emirs began to consider favorably the project of re-uniting their powers, and forming again a mighty empire. The only ones on whom they could agree as being the most suitable to fill the vacant throne, were Hafed and Selim, in whose favor they were nearly equally divided, though Selim enjoyed the greatest popularity among the youthful princes of the different tribes, while Hafed's cruel and overbearing disposition was rapidly gaining for him bitter enemies, and his insolent assumption of authority bid fair to change friends to foes.

Towards evening, a trooper rode up to the group of leaders, from the rear of the escort of Cretolians, and thus addressed Lord Cretolius:

'May it please you, my lord, three riders, on swift steeds follow our course, as if to overtake us, and from their motions I should judge they were beckoning us to halt for them.'

Everard rode aside to a small eminence, and after gazing a moment along the path they had come, gave orders to his retainers to halt. The other leaders were soon at Everard's side, and as D'Arville looked at the comers he said:

'They are two emirs of the mountain tribes we left this morn, and the other, I should judge from his garb, is a follower of Ben Istam. Now, may Allah grant we have another adventure on hand, for my warriors of the Tigris are impatient for the fray.'

A few minutes sufficed to bring the three riders up to the band of nobles, and while the two emirs paid their respects to the prince Selim, the third stranger addressed himself to Lord Cretolius. The latter was somewhat surprised at hearing one in the Turcoman dress speak in the tongue of Palmyra, and in answer to the stranger's request, the noble and Everard retired a short distance from the rest to hear his message.

'My Lord Cretolius, I have had a dangerous ride among the mountains, and have taken this longer course in pursuit of you for the sake of security, and happy will my Lord Morden be when I shall tell him on my return that I have succeeded in accomplishing my mission. He sends you this note, by my hands. You seem surprised, but I am no Saracen, and merely a faithful follower of the noble Morden.'

Lord Cretolius took the letter, and having read it, handed it to Everard, with a mournfully thoughtful expression in his face. As Everard perused it, however, his countenance became flushed with indignation, and he cried:

'The base ingrate! and is it thus he repays us for our services? was it for this he sent us on this dangerous mission? would that I could be in Palmyra a few short hours, and I would teach him a bitter lesson, I would give him cause to repent his vileness. Here, D'Arville, read, read, and then say what should befall the ungrateful wretch who dares to contemplate such an insult to our ancient house.'

'My name is not D'Arville,' said the knight, with a cautioning look, 'but Arnil, prince of the tribe of the Tigris, whose warriors reside on the green banks of the swift flowing Tigris.'

'The prince and the emirs notice you not,' said Lord Cretolius, 'therefore come further this way, and read a tale of the basest villany ever thought of by man.'

D'Arville did so, and as he concluded, he exclaimed:

'You ask me what should befall him? He should be hurled headlong from his throne, and trampled in the dust, and by my halidom, were we there together, we would soon raise such a tempest of wrath about his ears, that he would feel the very foundations of his power tremble beneath him, and hear the dread rumbling of the volcano whose explosion should bury him in the ashes of oblivion. But what intend you to do?'

'We will return,' cried Everard; 'we will return, and marshalling our gallant legion, publish through the streets of Palmyra, in every palace-hall, his baseness, and accepting the proffered aid of the powerful Lord Morden, call around our standard all who would see the cause of virtue and justice triumphant, and then summon the spoiler to disgorge his prey. If he refuses, or if one hair of her head be injured, let him beware! for with power in our hands, a scene of fearful strife will ensue, and the terrible contest be continued either till he is torn from his throne, or the last retainer of our lordly house shall have perished.'

'Were it not for my vow,' cried D'Arville, 'I would return with you, and with my gallant knights join your array. But as it is, my vow of knight-errantry binds me to one object, and I may not do as I would wish. Heaven and St. John speed you, and aid you in your daring enterprise. Shall you leave us now?'

'Instantly,' said Everard, 'think you not so, my father?'

'I do,' replied Lord Cretolius. 'Take with you all of our troop but fifty, and make a rapid progress on your mission. Spare not the spur, rest not, neither turn aside, and when thou hast rescued the flower of our house from her perilous position, and punished the aggressor, then I will welcome you as worthy of my name. Falter in this, and I will disown you.'

'So be it, my father,' said Everard. 'And now for my preparations. Ere yon sun shall set I must reach the mountain pass, and ere four days shall have passed, the hoofs of my steed shall echo beneath the gateway of Palmyra.'

The retainers of Cretolius were now ordered to disencumber themselves of every unnecessary article, and all but fifty directed to retrace their footsteps, and ride as rapidly as possible homewards. Everard told the lieutenants that he would soon follow and overtake them, and the astonished troop, without a question, rode swiftly away across the plain.

The prince Selim, in surprise, inquired the reason of this unexpected movement, and was told that strange news, brought by the messenger who came with the two emirs, rendered [illegible] Palmyra.

'Farewell, my noble preserver,' said Selim, 'and may the blessings of Allah rest forever on the head of him who rescued me from the gloomy dungeon of the haunted castle. If ever you meet the dark-mailed knight, D'Arville, tell him that Selim holds him also in grateful remembrance. Say to the Lady Ida, that—that—I cherish her memory. Adieu.'

Everard embraced his father, and then turning to the knight, grasped his hand, with a parting word, while D'Arville, handing him a ring, whispered:

'Take this token, and when you reach Palmyra, seek my lieutenant Sabastian, give him this, and tell him I desire him to assist you in rescuing your fair sister. You may confide in him as a friend, for he is true as steel, and will bring to your aid the forty knights of my troop whom I left in his charge. Adieu.'

'Hold,' said Selim. 'Emirs of the mountain tribes, take a thousand of your followers, and guard this friend of Selim safely to his home, and your services shall be remembered.'

'The prince Selim hath but to command, and we obey,' said one of the emirs. 'Remember, son of Ben Istam, we wait but the signal to gather to your aid. The blessings of Allah rest on you. Farewell.'

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

[Written for The Flag of our Union.]

### Lines written in the Album of a Friend.

BY PARK BENJAMIN.

Alas, my friend, how swiftly wear away
The happy hours of youth's delightful day!
Even on your brow has time his signet pressed,
While mine in wrinkles and gray hairs is dressed.
I would not mind these sad, external signs,
If on my heart were left no mournful lines;
But, as the currents of my blood run cold,
I feel hopes, powers, emotions, all grow old.
Not many years have passed since you and I
Laughed as the greybeard flew unheeded by;
For on his scythe there hung a wreath of flowers,
And round his path there danced the jocund hours;
Now, each to-morrow chronicles his flight,
And from his wings a shadow falls at night.
For ah, he steals the promises of youth,
O'er fancy's pictures drops the veil of truth,
Conceals the landscape, dims the printed page,
And cools my ardor with the touch of age.
Well, be it so; 'tis vain for man to mourn
His near approach to death's relentless bourn;
Let us on happier themes our thoughts employ,
And bless the past for every former joy.
Let us, in dreams, as years succeed to years,
Brighten life's smiles, and dash away its tears;
With the fond trust, that when our days shall be
Lost in the light of immortality,
The love that cheered us through time's deepest gloom,
Shall still exist and triumph o'er the tomb.

[Written for The Flag of our Union.]

## THE CAPTAIN'S BOY.

### A SEA SKETCH.

BY SYLVANUS COBB, JR.

One bright morning in early summer, a small brig was being warped out from one of the densely crowded slips in New York. Her captain stood upon the pier giving the necessary directions to his boat's crew, while the mate had charge of the vessel. He was a short, thick-set man, with a profusion of coarse sandy hair about his head and face, and his bright gray eyes peered out from beneath a pair of shaggy eyebrows with a peculiar expression, that at once marked him as one of those individuals with whom an acquaintance is necessary in order to ascertain their true characters.

'Are you the captain of that brig?' asked a gentleman who had just alighted from a coach that had rattled down upon the pier with unusual speed.

'I'm the captain, sir,' replied the individual just alluded to.

'Is your vessel bound directly for Havana?'

'Well, that depends upon what turns up before we start. At present that is my intention.'

'Then I believe you will have to give me a passage; for I certainly cannot wait for the packet.'

The captain called to his cockswain, and after having conversed apart for a few moments, he turned to the new comer and asked:

'What sort of luggage have you, sir?'

'Only a chest and valise. They are here on the coach.'

'Well, you can go, sir. So bear a hand, and get your things into my boat, for I shall be off in a few moments.'

The brig was out in the stream, and lay swinging from a buoy, when the captain and his passenger came alongside, and having hoisted the chest on board, the boat was run up at the stern davits, the head lines cast off, and her jib run up. As she swung round, her topsails were set, and she soon stood out through the channel with a fair breeze and good weather.

Much surprise was evinced by the crew, or at least by a part of them, as the passenger made his appearance; and considerable dislike to the proceeding was plainly manifest in the countenance of the mate. The brig's crew consisted of fourteen men, besides the captain and a boy, and most of them appeared to be good seamen. The captain's name was Watkins, and the boy was generally understood to be his son; but between the two there was an understanding that no relation of the kind existed.

The passenger had given his name as Johnson, and said that he was a partner in a large house in Havana, and had been to New York on important business, the transaction of which had detained him longer than he expected, and his presence was necessary in Havana, where he desired to be as soon as possible.

It was towards night on the second day after the brig left New York. Captain Watkins stood near the wheel watching the compass, and ever and anon casting his eyes aloft, to see if all was full, while near him stood the boy—Charles was his name—who seemed anxious to speak to his commander without being heard by other ears. After waiting patiently for several moments without getting the desired opportunity, the boy touched the captain slightly on the elbow, and whispered in his ear—'Go into the cabin, and send for me as soon as possible,' and then walked forward.

For a moment Captain Watkins did not comprehend the boy's meaning; but noticing a peculiar anxiety in his movements, he went below, and desired the man at the wheel to sing out for Charles, and have him come into the cabin. In a few moments the boy entered, and casting his eyes about to see that they were alone, he asked:

'Captain Watkins, do you know that man who has taken passage for Havana?'

'I know that he is Mr. Johnson, that's all. But what do you mean?'

'Sir, I have sailed with you ever since I can remember; you have always been kind to me, and I owe you much; but you must not be angry with me if I ask you a plain question.'

'Then, sir, will you tell me if your intentions for this voyage are perfectly honorable?'

Captain Watkins gazed for a moment into the boy's countenance with an expression strongly indicative of wonder.

'Why, what in the devil do you mean? Boy, that man does not live that can say Jack Watkins was ever dishonest; and when I let slip the cable that secures this old hulk to honest principles, then may Davy Jones catch me.'

'Forgive me, my old friend, but you've got some curious fish aboard the old brig.'

'I thought there was something in the wind, by the way you've watched me for the last half hour. Now, if there's anything you've got to tell, out with it.'

The boy cast a furtive glance at the companion-way to assure himself that no one was near, and then drawing his stool nearer to the captain, he commenced:

'You know since Mr. Johnson came on board I've been shoved out of my berth, and have had to swing a hammock in the forecastle. Well, last night, just after the mid-watch was set, I went on deck to get a piece of line to lengthen out my clews, and was just abreast of the long boat, when I heard somebody talking on the other side of the deck that sounded very much like Mr. Johnson, and I had the curiosity to stop and hark. I could not understand all the conversation, but I heard enough to know that there is a plan on foot to take your vessel. How it is to be done I cannot tell; but there are pistols and cutlasses on board somewhere, and a number of the crew are in the plot.'

'Are you sure of what you say?'

'I am, sir.'

'And do you know that it was Mr. Johnson whom you heard?'

'Yes, sir.'

'Who was with him?'

'There were two with him; both of them were new men that shipped at New York.'

'You say they have pistols and cutlasses on board—did you make out where they are?'

'I could not tell exactly, but a good deal was said about the chest.'

'That's it; so much for taking a passenger on board a heavy loaded merchantman. Now go on deck and send Mr. Erving, the mate, to me; and mind that you don't lisp a word of this.'

In a few moments the mate was in the cabin, and had heard from the captain all that he had learned from Charles.

'I didn't like the cut of the fellow's jib the first moment I saw him,' remarked Mr. Erving, as the captain concluded. 'But what is to be done? Eight of the crew are new men, and perhaps all of *them* are engaged in this plot.'

'The most we can do at present, is, to keep an eye on every movement, but yet without appearing to be anxious, and stand by for an emergency. There's Bill Smith, my cockswain, and the boat's crew, that we can depend upon. We'll let Bill into the secret, and between the four of us, I guess we can soon make out something more of this movement. By the way, where is Johnson's chest stowed?'

'It's right under the main hatch.'

'Then we must keep an eye in that direction.'

The cockswain was soon let into the secret, and a sharp watch was set upon the movements of Mr. Johnson. Nothing unusual occurred during the night, and by daylight Captain Watkins, Mr. Erving and the cockswain were on deck. About six o'clock a man in the foretop reported a sail.

'Where away?' shouted the captain.

'Right on the weather-beam, sir.'

'Can you make her out?'

'She appears to be a schooner, sir, standing down towards us.'

At the first report of 'sail ho,' Mr. Johnson gave a sudden start, which was noticed by the mate; and that worthy gentleman evinced a most remarkable interest when the sail was reported to be a schooner. He was watched by sharp eyes, but he mistrusted it not. The brig was now close-hauled on the larboard tack, standing to the southward and eastward. The schooner bore about east north-east, and was fast nearing the brig.

'Rather a rakish-looking craft, that,' said Bill Smith, as he came down from the maintop, with a glass in his hand, and lowering his voice, he continued: 'and not built for the merchant service, neither.'

At this moment Charles came aft and spoke to the captain, so as not to be heard by any one else.

'Part of the bulkhead in the forecastle has been taken away, and Mr. Johnson's chest is in the forward part of the hold.'

'Has it been opened yet?'

'I should think not, sir; but it's right by the bulkhead, so that they could open it in a moment.'

From the manner of Mr. Johnson, it could easily be seen by those who were suspicious of him, that he had more than ordinary interest in the craft to the windward of them, and several meaning glances had been exchanged between himself and several of the crew. The captain comprehended the movement in a moment, and calling the mate and the boy one side, he directed them to go into the cabin and load his pistols carefully, and remarked to Charles:

'You can get through the cabin-bulkhead and crawl over the cargo, forward, can't you?'

'Yes, sir.'

'And are you willing to stake your life in this affair?'

'Yes, sir.'

'Then take two of my pistols and crawl forward, and ensconce yourself near that chest, and if any man approaches it, let him see your barkers; shoot him, if he attempts to open it. Mr. Erving, you will stand by the forecastle companion-way, after you have loaded your pistols; your own judgment will tell you how to act. I will slip down and get my pistols as soon as you come on deck. Bill Smith will take the wheel, and our own men must stand by the sheets and braces. The first movement will tell us who are enemies.'

All this had taken place in a very few moments; and in fifteen minutes from the time the sail was reported, Captain Watkins had arranged his method of procedure. As the brig shot ahead, the schooner had altered her course accordingly, and was now about ten miles distant, about one point abaft the weather-beam, bearing down before a good stiff breeze.

'Stand by the lee braces—tacks and sheets—up with your helm—ease off the lee braces, fore and main sheets—ease off the tacks—haul in the weather-braces and aft with the sheets! Bear a hand, men, cheerily.'

At the first order of the captain, nearly every hand had involuntarily sprung to their stations, but before the yards were squared, seven of them had left their stations and collected in the gang-way; but before any opposing movement was made, the brig was running [illegible] well squared and both sheets aft. Mr. Johnson stepped up to the captain, and remarked, in a somewhat agitated manner:

'What does all this mean, Captain Watkins? I think I know that craft astern, and was in hopes you would have spoken her. Will you not heave to, till we can speak her?'

'No, sir; I am going to run in for the land.'

'But—'

'I am captain here, sir, and shall do as I think best. Please keep your mouth shut.'

At this moment one of the men in the gangway sprang to the main topsail halyards, and was about to draw his knife across the rope. The captain caught the movement, and quick as lightning he drew a pistol and fired. With a stifled groan the mutineer fell upon the deck, a corpse.

This was the signal for a decisive movement. Johnson uttered an oath, and sprang forward, the remaining six following after him; but he was met at the companion-way by Erving, who drew his pistol and fired. The ball passed through his left arm and staggered him; the others rushed by him; a second shot from the mate was more effective, and one of the gang fell. Mr. Erving now caught up a handspike and attempted to beat them back, but he was soon overcome, and the whole gang rushed down the companion-way.

Just as Mr. Johnson, who was the last to descend, disappeared below the forward companion-way, the boy Charles sprang up from the cabin, with his arms full of cutlasses and pistols, which he dropped on deck, and instantly exclaimed:

'Forward, there, quick! Secure the companion-way! Spring to the hatches and lock them down! By heavens! they're in their own trap!'

The captain saw the whole plan in a moment; and the forecastle was instantly secured against the egress of those below, and at the same time the hatches were bolted down, and the cabin bulkhead secured. Charles had fallen back exhausted as soon as he had uttered his hurried commands, and it was some minutes before he could speak. His unwonted exertions in behalf of the brig, together with the excitement of the occasion, was too much for one so young. But he was soon able to give an account of his proceedings. Upon examination, he found that the chest was unlocked, and supposing that the moment the villains found themselves discovered, they would all rush for their arms, he had conceived the idea of removing the weapons and entrapping them, as has just been described.

The schooner was evidently gaining on them, but not very fast. Captain Watkins knew that he was somewhere in the latitude of Charleston, and by running due west he would reach there before night, if the wind held good. The wind was now on the quarter—the brig's best sailing point—and she had but little to fear from the schooner. The men in the hold cursed and swore furiously—all manner of evil things were threatened, though they enjoyed but very little opportunity of carrying their threats into execution; and in truth very little was to be feared, as all the arms were on deck, and the captain and his men were now by all odds the strongest party.

At three o'clock the headlands were made, and the schooner soon after gave up the chase and hauled upon the wind. Before dark the brig was anchored in the harbor of Charleston; and Mr. Johnson, together with his gang, was politely received by the authorities. That gentleman was at once recognized by the principal officer as an old acquaintance.

Charles has since filled with credit many responsible stations. The last we heard of him, he was commander of one of the magnificent steamers that plied between New Orleans and Mobile.

### Foreign Correspondence of the Flag.

LETTER NO. 4.

PARIS.

MY DEAR FLAG:

This is the El Dorado of places for loungers, there is such an inexhaustible variety of entertainments and sources of amusement ever ready to the hand. There are the gardens, the boulevards, the domes, the statuary, the triumphal arches, soldiers marching to all kinds of music, immense shops and bazaars, where every conceivable article of ornament, from a superb diamond worth a thousand pounds sterling to a pearl costing a shilling, may be purchased. The readiness with which you can procure anything desired, and the reasonable price it costs, the libraries free to every comer, and the museums where centuries have piled together a host of splendid collections of all that is curious and wonderful in art or nature. I have sometimes wondered that there should be so much of sterling art and true elegance of taste evinced among a people who seem to love glitter, noise, and glory above all else. The Frenchman's greatest pleasure is to see some brilliant fete, to witness a dazzling exhibition of fireworks bursting into the air, to last but a brief instant, yet the cost of which would afford the starving population of the city food for a month. But this is a characteristic of the people, for the very poorest, who have not even a piece of bread for their evening meal, rush to see this burning of powder without a thought of the thousands of francs thrown away on the display.

I have been struck particularly by the state of females in France. On the route from Havre to Paris and in the metropolis itself, one constantly sees women in such degrading and inappropriate conditions as to cause extremely unpleasant feelings. Especially is this the case with an American, who from his very boyhood is taught to respect and give way in all things to the gentler sex. Frenchmen get credit for being the most gallant and chivalrous people in the world, but the Yankees surpass them in these two qualities. In the French cities, Havre, Rouen, and Paris, the women are employed to sweep the streets, transport heavy burdens, carry water, drive the baggage carts and the like with but scanty clothing, and only a cap to cover the head. There is a market near Rouen, where at certain seasons of the year, the young girls for many leagues around, come and stand in the market place with their heads bare, and their glossy locks hanging down over their bare necks. Here they are visited by the merchant barbers from the cities and even from England, who purchase these ringlets at a price regulated by the fineness of the hair. The hair being cut as close as possible, the poor girls receive their money, and retire to their native villages to prepare for another shearing. Now to my mind this was a sad idea, and it led me on to a train of thought, comparing the lot of our own dear Yankee girls with that of the pretty but neglected peasant girls of France.

The Morgue is a sort of dead-house, where the bodies of those who are found dead are placed, to be recognized by their friends. The poor wretch who has perished by hunger, the citizen stabbed in the back and robbed of his purse, the suicide drowned in the Seine, the poor seduced girl who has poisoned herself in the open streets. It is surprising that with such an elaborate police organization, Paris should still be the theatre of so much violence, and open dishonesty. Citizens are knocked down and killed for a purse of some two or three dollars, children are stolen and drowned for the clothes they wear. Filled as Paris is with troops constantly on guard, agents of police, secret spies and night watchmen, it does seem singular that it is rendered no more safe from acts of violence. Eugene Sue's descriptions of the crime and iniquity as depicted in some of his works, are very faithful. An arrest one night not long ago, in a tapis franc, by a combined force of the police, of over *two hundred* suspected persons, and out of the lot nearly one hundred and fifty were found to be notorious thieves, burglars, and murderers. The lot embraced one entire organized band of twenty-five, the leader of which acknowledged that he had himself killed eleven persons in the city of Paris! You can form but a faint idea of the polluted state of the section known as the *Cité*. It is the Five Points of Paris, on a much extended scale.

The Grisettes of Paris are a large and by no means uninteresting class of the inhabitants. They consist of young girls mostly under twenty-one years of age, who gain a partial livelihood by the utmost industry with the needle, but yet insufficient to clothe and feed them. Life must be sustained, clothes must be had, and lodgings too. Twenty-five cents per day, which is all that the most expert embroideresses can earn, will not suffice for these necessities, and the poor girl is driven to accept the proposals of the young student, or clerk perhaps, in the next street, who will carry her to the fetes, pay her rent, give her a silk dress now and then, and never be other than kind to her. A sad picture, but a true one, and by such as these are the elaborate and exquisitely beautiful capes and collars worn by the Boston, Philadelphia and New York ladies produced. Let these fine ladies sometimes remember that their beautiful embroideries are the work of these poor girls, the Grisettes of Paris.

One of the greatest follies of the present generation of France, has been the erection of the immense wall that surrounds the city of Paris. I cannot say how many millions of dollars have been expended upon it, but *thirty millions* were granted at the outset to commence with. It consists of a solid stone structure, about twenty feet high, encompassed by a deep trench capable of being flooded. Numerous forts are interspersed along the entire line, and also elaborate structures for the mounting and working of artillery. It is doubtful if it ever will be called into actual use, or be of any positive service to the city. Yet who knows but that it may one day keep out John Bull himself!

Yesterday I visited some of the prisons of Paris, of which there are twelve large and elaborately constructed establishments. One for females, one for debtors, and one for persons accused of minor offences, or who are under trial. The rest for criminals of different grades. The capacities of these buildings for accommodation vary from two to four hundred persons, and all are under excellent management. At present they are half full of state prisoners, confined on suspicion of political offences.

My sheet and candle are both nearly out, and I close for the present.

Adieu, M. E. D.

[Written for The Flag of our Union.]

### The Homeward Bound!

BY M. M. BALLOU.

A light on the lee bow! all hands shorten sail!
Stand by there to answer the pilot's glad hail;
Have a care there, the lookout, we drive not aground!
Furl up with a will, boys, homeward we're bound.

No sleepers are there, but all watch for the light;
In the dim haze to leeward, their homes are in sight;
They sing the yo-ho now as blithe as the lark,
While they haul on the ropes of the swift-gliding bark.

The morning is breaking, and athwart the sails
The bright sun is glancing, and plays with the brails;
The signals are flying, and answered on shore;
The home of their childhood will bless them once more.

The ship is now anchored, and swings with the tide;
Each sail, rope and spar rigged with nautical pride;
Three cheers for the ship, boys, our cruise is now up;
Hurrah for the shore, boys, on land we will sup!

[Written for The Flag of our Union.]

## THE DEAREST CREATURE IN THE WORLD.

BY THE OLD 'UN.

MR. WILLIAM PLIMMINS was a most unfortunate individual. If Richard the Third had a right to complain that he was created so 'lamely and unfashionable,' that the dogs amused themselves by barking at him as he strolled along the streets of London, Mr. W. P. was certainly as fully justified in grumbling at his personal appearance. Those who have read the Notre Dame of Victor Hugo may obtain from their recollections of Quasimodo a faint idea of the terrific plainness of our worthy friend; while others need it to be gently hinted that Plimmins had red hair and a squint, was knock-kneed and round-shouldered. His limbs seemed to belong to different persons, so that the individuality of Plimmins was of itself a sort of *prima facie* evidence of grand larceny. Without fortune or address, how could such a man make his way in the world? When we first knew him, he was in very straightened circumstances; how he lived, or where he lived, nobody could tell. In fact, he didn't live anywhere—he merely existed—vegetated—Yet he had his hopes and his ambition—the cheap luxury of the unfortunate.

We lost sight of him for many years, and when we next encountered him, he was figuring away in a ball-room among the best society, extravagantly dressed, but looking more preternaturally ugly than ever. Seeing him so attired and so surrounded, we could scarcely credit our eye-sight, and were compelled to seek information respecting our former friend, of a bright-eyed young lady, in a pink spencer and polka boots.

'Who is that ugly young man,' we asked, 'who has just relinquished the hand of the prettiest girl in the room, except yourself?'

'O, he's the dearest creature in the world,' replied the bright-eyed beauty.

'To my mind, he is the most hideously ugly person I ever saw.'

'How can you say so? We all think him a perfect love of a man.'

We thought the tastes of Boston belles had undergone a most prodigious transformation since we last knew them, but we said nothing, and bowing to our fair friend, whose hand was claimed by a wilted young man, in a sea-green cravat, we next accosted Mr. Elphineas Bullion, a very famous millionaire.

'Do you know Mr. Plimmins, Mr. Bullion?'

'Know him? Of course I do,' was the earnest reply. Who knows not Plimmins is himself unknown? Egad, he's a great creature—the great creature of the day. Why, my dear sir, I should [illegible] ing a dinner without Plimmins, than of giving it without soup. Pray, let me present you to him.'

'I have the honor of his acquaintance.'

'Well, what do you think of him?' asked Mr. Bullion.

'Upon my word, I never had a very high opinion of him. To say nothing of his looks, I always thought him ill-natured and immensely stupid.'

'How you talk! Why, my dear sir, he's the oracle of the upper ten. Such wit! such a deal of humor and good nature. But there's no accounting for tastes. Good evening, sir.'

We found Plimmins the 'observed of all observers.' He was surrounded by men of fashion and money—by heiresses and beauties to whom he laid down the law on matters of ton, on music, painting and literature, with the air of a man from whose *ipse dixit* there was no appeal. To confess the truth, his talk seemed to us very commonplace, very trite, and occasionally incoherent: but such was not the opinion of his auditory. They were enraptured with his intelligence, taste and wit.

When the crowd had somewhat thinned off, we came in for a share of the great man's notice; and he, whom everybody lionized, very kindly consented to patronize us.

'Ah, my boy,' said he, 'how are you? I have not seen you for a century. Where have you hid yourself?'

'Been travelling, Plimmy;' we used to call him 'Plimmy' at school—'Plain Plimmy,' sometimes.

'This sort of things is prodigiously stupid,' said he, snuffing at a bouquet which had just been given him by the belle of the ball-room, 'but they would have me out. Are you going to stay much longer?'

'I was on the point of going.'

'Very well—take a seat in my carriage.'

'Your carriage, Bill?'

'Yes, mine to all intents and purposes. Nominally, it belongs to Old Bl[illegible] West India merchant, but I always command it.'

We left the hall and entered a splendid private carriage.

'Bill, my boy,' said we, as we were rolling along on easy springs and patent axles, 'you seem to be in luck. You're dressed to the top of the fashion; the men respect and the women admire you. You are in luck. Have you tumbled into a legacy?'

'Not a bit of it: but I have plenty of money. I can draw on old Bullion for any amount I please. The old fellow's daughter, too, is dead in love with me: but I'm not a marrying man.'

'You astonish me, Bill! Now tell me, if it's no secret, how you have managed it to achieve these wonders.'

'It is a secret—at least to the uninitiated mass,' said Plimmins; 'but you were kind to me when I had no friends, and I don't mind telling *you*. I am trading on a safe and solid capital.'

'I knew you had some capital.'

'Well, what do you think my capital consists of?'

'Ten thousand dollars.'

'Nonsense! No, sir—*an old aunt and a directory!*'

'An old aunt and a directory?'

'Exactly. Do you know the crying sin of many of our rich and fashionable folks? I'll tell you—a false pride. Though with all right-minded people, an humble, if honest origin is no source of mortification, yet among the leaders of the *ton* it is considered a disgrace. Thus, those who are sporting upon the thousands earned by the honest industry of their progenitors, are ashamed of the means by which their wealth was created. On this miserable spirit I founded my plans of success. Chance threw in my way an old Boston Directory, of the last century, now wholly out of print. It was a key to a score of family histories. I found out that a reigning heiress, who turned up her nose at the offer of a worthy young man because his father was a brick-layer, was herself the daughter of a candy pedler. I found that one of our most exquisite dandies was the grandson of a boot-black, and so on to the end of the chapter. What the book only indicated, my old aunt, who has a most astonishing memory, gave me in detail: and between the two I soon stored my mind with useful knowledge. Then I threw out hints about an intention of re-publishing an old Directory, with notes and explanations. The rumor ran like wildfire. One of the upper ten called for me in his carriage, and claimed a relationship. It seems we were both descendants from Adam or William the Conqueror, I don't remember which. This gave me a start in the world—a position I have never lost. I am secretly feared and ostensibly admired. The young ladies say I'm an angel—the gentlemen declare that I'm a sort of Admirable Crichton—so that I go on swimmingly; and if you want to see how I live, drop in on me any night this week *sans façon*, and I'll show you how we queer the flats. You needn't be afraid to take pot-luck; I always have birds in my larder, and champagne in my cellar, and I'll introduce you to my old aunt, and show you my Directory.'

'Plimmins, you're a genius!'

'I wasn't born so; but necessity made me something better than a bachelor of arts. But here we are at your hotel. Good night, and *au revoir*.'

'*Au revoir*, Bill. I'll beat up your quarters soon.'

Such, dear reader, is the *bona fide* history of 'The Dearest Creature in the World.'

# THE FLAG OF OUR UNION.

F. GLEASON, PROPRIETOR.

M. M. BALLOU, EDITOR.

☞ The terms of The Flag of our Union are $2 00 per annum, invariably in advance. The paper is always discontinued at the expiration of the time paid for.—See imprint on the last page.

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☞ For sale at all the periodical depots throughout the country. Single copies, Five Cents.

### To our Correspondents.

'The Hibernian and his friend in a tight place,' a humorous sketch by the Young 'Un, in our next.

'Hope,' a poem, by A. W. Dorsey, accepted.

'The White Cliff, or the Maiden's Power,' not quite up to our standard—the writer wants experience.

'The Silver Belt and Tassel,' a prose sketch, highly readable and entertaining, by Fred Hunter, in our next.

'Happiness,' a prose sketch, declined.

'A Reply to the Maiden's Song,' and 'Lines to Miss ——' both declined—we do not know the authors, and should decline them for that reason, if we liked them.

'Shipping a Sea,' a stirring and vivid nautical sketch, by Capt. Robert Barnacle, accepted.

'The Declaration,' a poem, accepted.

'The Cigar Girl,' a story of the island of Cuba, by our old contributor, Lieut. Murray, next week. This story is an illustration of an incident in the governorship of the far-famed Tacon, Governor-General of Cuba.

'Hope on, Hope ever,' imperfect in its construction.

'Foreign Correspondence, No. 3,' next week; this is the last of our correspondent's epistles from Paris. M. D. has already sailed for the Mediterranean, from whence the correspondence will be resumed.

'Farewell to the Departed Year,' accepted.

'Days of my Childhood,' a prose sketch, declined.

'An Allegory,' another sweet poem from our Providence correspondent, Almy, accepted. Will the writer condescend to us the real name in future poems? It is better taste to do so, and will meet our own wishes more directly.

'The Spring of Life,' a poem, accepted.

'Miss Polly Dolly P.' is all very well, but has no point.

'The Last of the Narraoings,' a poem, accepted.

☞ No poems or other articles will be received for the paper, unless accompanied by an authentic name.

### The Gold Region.

For the reason that almost every newspaper which meets our eye, is full of this subject, we have hitherto said but little about it. We dislike the idea of cramming the public mind with nonsense with even anything so precious as gold. When everybody else speaks, as a general thing we are content to be silent, nor do we now propose to tell how much gold per day a man can dig in California, nor what articles are best adapted for an adventurer to carry with him to that region.

That there is gold in great abundance in the valley of the Sacramento, there can be no doubt; as little doubt can there be that an industrious man, of temperate and frugal habits, can procure a large quantity of the precious metal in a short period of time. That the journey to this region will be long and tedious, that the means of living when arrived there will be very uncertain, that in the absence of a civil government the possession of acquired gold, of other property, or even of life itself, will be very precarious, are facts which assert their claim to credence full as stoutly as those relating to the abundance of the gold, and the facility of acquiring it. That people may not go out there with their eyes shut, and open them to unexpected scenes of privation and ... the Rubicon is passed, it is ... to look at both sides of this matter before concluding to go hunting for gold.

Our concern is not with the success of those who go, or the fate of those who stay at home. We look upon it as a great fact, or perhaps we should say a 'fixed fact,' that the vast region of habitable country on the Pacific coast, and around the Gulf of California, is to be peopled with settlers from these United States, and that right speedily. The great work of human progress is to go on; the march of civilization is to be again resumed in its western course around the world; arts and science are to make another mighty stride across the face of the globe; liberal principles are to make for themselves a new and genial home on the broad and fertile shores of the Pacific ocean. The nation of freemen is again to extend itself and absorb in its progress, as well, the solitude of the desert, the barbarism of savage life, and the imbecility of semi-civilization. All that is dross and rubbish will be consumed in this progress; all that is pure and vital will be preserved, cherished and extended.

The work of the great Author of nations is to be carried on through the instrumentality of his creatures of two-fold, heaven-seeking, grovelling nature. What is the incentive, what the moving cause to this all-momentous work? What is the lure that is to draw man forth from his shell of habit and task his boundless powers to the doing of the great Author's will? A few lumps of yellow dross, scattered here and there upon the surface of the earth! Truly, most truly, are his ways 'past finding out,' of whom the poet hath sung:

> 'God moves in a mysterious way,
> His wonders to perform.'

Go on then, ye gold diggers, ye lovers of mammon, obey your low instinct, and compass sea and land to add to your store of 'filthy lucre.' Ye need not blush, nor falter in your course, for ye are the humble instruments of a great work, of which ye know and care as little as the insect does of the mighty coral islands which result from the combined labors of myriads of these puny creatures!

### Banvard, the Panorama Man.

Banvard, whose panorama of the Mississippi and Ohio rivers our readers are familiar with, is now exhibiting his picture in London. We see by the London papers that the catalogue of his exhibition is headed by a *coat of arms* and the motto of his family, Bon-verd, at which the English critics turn up their noses. 'In aspect,' say they, 'he is a true Yankee; thin, energetic, and wiry, with the well-known intonation.' We didn't think Banvard was quite so soft, as to attempt any such nonsense as this; he will be heartily laughed at for his folly wherever he exhibits his painting.

### 'Love and Reason.'

'F. H. M.,' dating Pottsville, Pennsylvania, sent us a poem thus entitled, which he copied from Tom Moore, and which, by some accident, got into our first number, and ran through part of the edition before it was discovered. We should like to know the name of this vile pirated fellow who attempted this trick upon us, and in order to expose him publicly, we hereby offer *twenty-five dollars* reward for the discovery of the miscreant. We shall publish no more poems in the Flag, unless they come from our regular contributors, or with a known, authentic name.

### Saur Kraut.

Col. Wright, of the Massachusetts regiment, was telling us a few days since of his first and only experience of that savory compound, known as saur kraut. The regiment was in camp at Vera Cruz, and at the request of some of the officers, the Colonel approved a requisition upon the commissary's department for a barrel of saur kraut, as a preventive of scurvy among the men. 'A few days after,' said he, 'I was sitting in my tent writing, when a singularly offensive odor came in under the hangings of the canvass. I turned and asked my orderly what it meant. "Don't know, sir;" the carcase of some jackass that has been shot, or a dead dog, I suggested, and ordered him to go and see that it was buried. But he returned in a few minutes after, saying there was nothing of the kind within the camp lines. Still, the rascally stench rolled in upon me to a sickening degree. I jumped up at last in desperation, resolved to look for the trouble myself, for let me tell you, a bad smell in these hot latitudes, "is not to be sneezed at." I walked over to the commissary's tent near my own, where I discovered a cask of soured vegetable matter, that I at once concluded had become putrid, and asked one of the men what that decayed stuff was kept for. A Pennsylvanian volunteer standing by, answered that it was saur kraut, but that he *thought it was rotten too!* I was soon satisfied that this was the source of the annoying smell, and I ordered the barrel to be headed up, rolled out of camp and buried. I observed the Pennsylvanian with two or three of his regiment making themselves particularly useful in disposing of the barrel, and that they rolled it away without any other orders. Now soldiers rarely perform much voluntary labor, and for this reason, I was led to note their readiness. The next day, half the Pennsylvania men were sick, and on inquiry, I found that the barrel of "soured vegetable matter," had been carefully rolled down to their mess, and that the fellows, knowing it was the usual smell of saur kraut in prime condition, had been making free of what to them was a real luxury, while my own command did not get even the small allowance that would have been served out to each mess. Acknowledging to myself that I was "no judge of the article," I resolved not to interfere with the commissary's stores again, and more especially not to approve any more *saur kraut requisitions!*'

### Col. R. S. Dix.

The decease of this gallant soldier and true gentleman is already known to the readers of the Flag. He died of the cholera, on his way from Memphis, Tenn., where he had been on duty, to Baltimore. Having enjoyed a personal acquaintance and friendship with the deceased, we speak more feelingly of his sudden death than we should do, perhaps, of many other prominent characters. Col. Dix was characterized for his many good qualities, his strict integrity and excellent business qualifications, his gentlemanly habits, and frank, manly bearing, combined with the promptings of a heart ardent and susceptible to every generous emotion. It was his good fortune to be placed in a situation, during the late war, where he was enabled to render distinguished aid to General Taylor, at the Battle of Buena Vista, on which occasion his gallantry and presence of mind, in the hour of danger, won high encomiums from the commander in chief. For his intrepidity and bravery in the field, the president breveted him to the rank of lieutenant-colonel. He was a graduate of West Point, in 1832, and was aged thirty-eight years. His rank was that of a paymaster in the United States army, and his business ability and correctness being fully appreciated by the department, he was called upon continually to perform a very large amount of duty. He was a brother of the Hon. J. A. Dix, U. S. Senator, and besides many mourning friends and relatives, leaves three most interesting children, the eldest twelve years of age. May his gallant service in the field, and his excellence as a citizen, render his memory green in our hearts to the end of life.

### Don't borrow Trouble.

There is a class of people who are constantly borrowing trouble by anticipating evil ahead, and it is ills that never happen which chiefly makes them wretched. A cheerful expectation of the best is a fountain of joy in itself, for though chill disappointment may meet us now and then, still the warm and genial sunshine of hope renews and vivifies our spirit. There is no greater sign of a coward heart than the constant anticipation of evil. Such a person prepares the ground for the seed, as it were, and in his constant search for trouble, ten to one, he will find it, for it is not unreasonable to suppose that evil may be wooed and won by these distrustful people. Let no reader of the Flag foster such a suspicious spirit, but rather look at the bright side of things; a man's mind is the citadel of his possessions, and no enemy can conquer that, unless some treacherous infirmity within turns traitor. Therefore show a bold front to the visits of misfortune, not meet it half way with unbarred gates. And when ills have absolutely come, do not go about and tell your troubles to every one you meet. Some people are forever telling their troubles, but believe us, it is a true and truthful old maxim, that people do not like to have unfortunate men for acquaintances.

### Railroad to California.

We look upon this project as good as settled, that is to say, that we must have a railroad from the Mississippi, west to California. The country was nearly ripe for such an enterprise before the gold fever; and now, when the travel sets that way like a current of the ocean, a means must be invented to turn it to advantage, as millers do a waterfall. The set of emigration in that direction is already strong enough to *turn a wheel that might set a line of railroad in operation*, and every one would be a gainer—travellers, stockholders, gold-hunters, and all. Think of bringing the entire commerce of Asia on to the Mississippi river, and east to Boston and New York! Couldn't some athletic individual make it convenient to hold us, the very idea of the thing is so elating!

### Terms of the Flag.

Some complaints have been made that we have raised the price of the Flag, since its enlargement, while at the same time we have advertised that no increase would be made. In what we have said heretofore, reference was made wholly to our subscription price per year, which remains the same as ever. But as regards single numbers and those disposed of to carriers, we have been obliged to raise the price to five cents, as the increased cost in getting up the new volume demands it. Moreover, there is a very large addition of matter, far beyond the worth of the money, from the very best contributors in the country, and we doubt not our readers feel that the value of their money is more than repaid to them.

### Is there a God?

A great author has said, 'Is there a God to swear by, and is there none to believe in, none to trust to?' We rarely meet with an atheist in these enlightened times, and we doubt if there be one, among the many readers of the Flag. Yet there are those deluded beings who deny that there is a God. Such men destroy our nobility of soul, for surely we are akin to the beasts in body, and if we be not akin to God in spirit, we must be ignoble indeed. To convert the most stubborn and unbelieving, it would seem to be only necessary to lead him into the country, where he may be surrounded by green fields, shady trees, and sweet flowers; ten to one he will make a temple of his breast, and at once offer up a tear. It is living solely among men in their selfish business pursuits, where few of the better qualities of the heart find scope, that people are led to atheistical feelings, but when amid the free and untrammelled exhibitions of nature herself, one may look more easily 'through nature up to nature's God.' Let not those who are so continually engaged in the mercantile, mechanical, or professional pursuits, which keep them almost constantly in populous localities, forget that God made the country, but man the city, and sometimes drive out among the green fields and budding trees, and breathe the virgin atmosphere that kisses young buds, and floats over the rich clover fields in gentle zephyrs. There the heart expands, and the soul offers involuntary tribute to the Giver of all good. Does the reader remember the answer of the wandering Arab, when asked how he knew there was a God? 'In the same manner,' said he, 'that I trace the footsteps of an animal—by the print it leaves in the sand!'

### American Chronology.

PREPARED FOR THE FLAG OF OUR UNION.

1775. The Green Mountain Boys surprised and took Ticonderoga and Crown Point.
1675. A bloody Indian war was carried on with the renowned King Philip.
1776. Washington drove the British army out of the city of Boston.
1638. The colony of New Haven was founded by emigrants from England.
1613. The Dutch formed their first settlements in New York.
1813. The British forces were repulsed in an attack upon Sacket's Harbor.
1585. The first colony planted in America, by Raleigh, in Virginia.
1819. The United States paid Spain $5,000,000, for the Floridas.
1788. The first settlements were made in Ohio by New England people.
1814. Commodore Macdonough captured the British fleet off Plattsburg.
1777. General Washington gallantly repulsed the British forces at Trenton.
1815. General Jackson thrashed the British army before New Orleans.
1811. The Indians were routed with terrible loss by the Americans at Tippecanoe.
1636. Roger Williams being banished from Massachusetts, founded Providence.
1781. New London burnt by Arnold—garrison of Fort Griswold massacred.
1686. Printing presses forbidden in Massachusetts by the British government.
1637. The bloody Pequod war resulted in the destruction of the hostile Indians.
1663. The present charter of Rhode Island was granted by Charles the Second.
1783. The British troops evacuated the city of New York on the 25th of November.
1681. Pennsylvania granted by Charles the Second, to William Penn the Quaker.
1754. Colonel Washington sent with Virginia troops against the French on the Ohio.

### Hang up a Picture.

Among the delightful luxuries of beauty that contribute to the intellectual enjoyments and sensibilities of our nature, we know of nothing, save good books, that can exceed fine and artistic engravings and paintings. The latter, to be sure, when they are of sufficient merit to give them value, are not within the reach of all; but the former may always be had at a moderate cost, and can be hung appropriately on the humblest walls. The goodly influence upon a family circle of a few well chosen and excellent pictures, placed where their frequent sight will gladden and amuse the eye, may not be lightly estimated, for a pure moral and a cheerful legend may be thus most impressively conveyed. Tupper has beautifully said, that 'trifles lighter than straws are levers in the building up of character.' How many a child has received an impression from the pictures upon the walls of his home that have influenced the whole tenor of his after life. The finest and purest ideas are shy of the close bondage of words, while a good picture or painting is the flowering of thought. We say to our readers, then, hang up at least one good picture in your room.

### Newspaper Postage.

Why is it, that in this country, the post-office must tax newspapers as they do in the way of postage, while in England they go free? Is it not a step in the way of advancement that we owe to ourselves, to abolish the postage upon these vehicles of intelligence altogether? The adoption of the penny rate of postage in England, turned the post-office department into a source of income to the government, at the rate of *four million* of dollars per annum; the reduction of our own high rates of postage has more than doubled the income of the department in this country already, and a further reduction with the free transportation of newspapers, would quadruple it. A free newspaper circulation would do more for America than any other philanthropic movement that could engage the interest of the government. It would be spreading broadcast, amusement and pleasure, and lay intelligence and wisdom at every man's door. Even unenlightened Russia has set America an example as well as our Brazilian neighbors.

Six Books for a Dollar.—Our readers will remember that we furnish any *six* of our twenty-five cent novellettes for one dollar. By referring to the notice column it will be seen that we have an extensive and highly interesting variety of original works, from which the reader can select any six, enclose the names in a letter with the money, and receive them by return of mail, or by express, as may be desired.

Assorted Cargo.—Barque Iona sailed from Boston a few days since, for Malta and Smyrna, with five reverend gentlemen and their ladies, as passengers, and two hundred barrels (8050 gallons) New England rum.

California.—Let persons who contemplate going to this far-off region pause and consider, that sufficient people are already on the way, and there, to dig all the gold in Christendom.

To the Reader.—We wish most particularly to commend the poetry of the present number to our readers. The several pieces are each a bright and sparkling gem.

## From our Foreign Files.

The average of deaths in London still continues below that of the last five years.

An engine of ten horse power is exhibiting in London, worked by the vapor of perchloride.

Louis Philippe, it is said, has gone to live at East Cowes Castle, in the Isle of Wight.

The President of France will have a salary of £24,000, little more than is paid to the Viceroy of Ireland.

At Heidelberg, a man named Helf, has murdered the antiquary Lieber, crying out, 'Robert Blum, you are revenged!'

The London papers announce the decease of Professor Samuel Cooper, the eminent surgeon, and author of Cooper's Surgical Dictionary.

The emperor of Russia has refused to acknowledge the queen of Spain, and the envoy from Madrid was to leave St. Petersburg.

Our advices from Havre to the 18th, mention that business continued to improve daily since the election of Bonaparte, and prices of staple articles were on the advance.

A Glasgow inventor has obtained a patent for a machine for cutting hides or leather into thongs in such a manner that each hide may be converted into one continuous strip.

Rossi, prime minister of the Pope, who was assassinated in Rome, was married to the daughter of Guizot, late Protestant minister of Louis Philippe.

The French Republic has recognized the Republic of Liberia, and placed at its disposal three armed vessels to be used in the suppression of the slave trade.

Corcelles, the French envoy to the Pope, had returned to Paris, after accomplishing his mission. The Pope was still at Gaeta with the king of Naples, but expressed his intention eventually to take refuge in France.

Prince Windischgratz, the commander of the Austrian armies, is a direct descendant of Walenstein, Duke of Friedland, whom the history and drama of Schiller have made known to every reader.

## Driblets of Wisdom.

A rogue is a round-about fool.—*Coleridge.*

Modesty is the only sure bait if you angle for praise.

Of two heroes, he who esteems his rival the most, is generally the greatest.

If your means suit not with your ends, pursue those ends which suit your means.

Agriculture is the art of all arts; without it, man would be a savage, and the world a wilderness.

True magnanimity does not consist in never falling, but in rising every time we fall.—*Goldsmith.*

There is a kind of devotion that is like the blaze of straw, and another that is like the perpetual fire on the altar.

Three things it is unwise to boast of—the flavor of thy ale, the beauty of thy wife, and the contents of thy purse.

The good things which belong to prosperity are to be wished, but the good things that belong to adversity are to be admired.

Malevolence to others often brings on our own ruin, while kindness to our fellow-creatures is the sure road to happiness.

The only fountain in the wilderness of life, where man drinks of water totally unmixed with bitterness, is that which gushes for him in the calm and shady recess of domestic life.

Three things as good as their better—dirty water to extinguish the fire, an ugly wife to a blind man, and a wooden sword to a coward.

The desire for sudden wealth is always morally injurious, and operates as an effective check to ordinary wealth. Great wealth suddenly acquired, is seldom beneficial to the possessors or their children.

## The Joker's Olio.

'It takes three springs,' says the Comic Almanac, 'to make one leap year.'

Why are presidents like vagabonds? Because they are associated with *vices.*

A schoolmaster in Vermont lately recommended to his pupils a very *fine* edition of *Combe on the head.*

Seeing a cellar nearly finished, a waggish friend of ours remarked that it was an excellent foundation for a *story.*

'I wonder what makes my eyes so weak,' said a loafer to a gentleman. 'Why, they are in a weak place,' said the latter.

'Give us only one trial,' says the quack advertiser to invalids. 'Step into my parlor once,' said the spider to the fly.

Why may every city in the world be considered more religious than Rome? Because of Rome it may especially be said that at present it is *less Pius.*

Some one who had been praised by one he did not like, said 'I wish I could return the compliment.' 'You might, and *lie as I did*,' was the reply.

A stingy husband threw off the blame of the lawlessness of his children in company, by saying his wife always 'gave them their own way.' 'Poor things,' was her prompt reply, 'It's all I have to give them.'

Tom Moore compared *first love* to a potato, 'because it shoots from the eyes.' 'Or, rather,' exclaimed Byron, 'because it becomes all the less by *paring.*'

A down-east paper spoke one day of the 'illustrious Rufus Griswold.' The next day it corrected itself by saying, for 'illustrious,' read 'industrious.'

It has been suggested by a wag, says the Salem Observer, that it would be well for some of those who talk of making a settlement in California, to commence by making a *settlement* at home before they go.

## Miscellaneous Items.

A negro was found fast in the flue of a chimney at Savannah on Christmas morning, and was with difficulty extricated. He represented himself to be a runaway, and to have entered the chimney, to escape detection.

The introduction of iron for the first story of stores, is becoming very common. At the corner of Centre and Duane streets, New York, a large edifice is going up, with a front on each street, *entirely of cast iron!*

On Thursday evening, a poor Italian organ player, named Antoine, residing at No. 17 Orange street, was knocked down by some ruffians and was taken to the hospital, where the wound received by the bludgeon was considered fatal.

The keeper of the Light Boat on Tuckernuck Shoal, informs the Nantucket Inquirer that 16,318 vessels have been seen from the boat during the year ending Dec. 20th. Of these 405 were ships, 2,471 brigs, 10,842 schooners, and 2,630 sloops.

The director and assayer of the U. S. mint at Philadelphia report that the specimens of cinnabar or quicksilver ore, from California, yield one per cent. of their weight in pure mercury. The mines of Almaden, in Spain, yield only ten per cent.

A Mr. J. Holmes recently delivered before the London Society of Arts what the Chronicle calls "an extremely interesting lecture upon the present state of electricity as applied to telegraphs—in which he never once mentioned the name of Professor Morse—or intimated that anybody but *Englishmen* ever heard of telegraphs."

Wooden covers to books are now fashionable. Thin boards are made by pressure to receive the most beautiful reliefs, which closely resemble wood carvings. At present they are rather expensive, but they will soon be cheap enough. One squeeze, and out comes a design that would throw Cellini into agonies of envy.

## Quill and Scissors.

Two daughters of Mr. John Kelly, of Lacon, Ill., were recently thrown out of a wagon near that place, and one instantly killed. The other was seriously injured.

The astounding news which the government dare not publish is that a man, name unknown, has found *one lump* of gold weighing 250 pounds, valued at $75,000!!

A great revival of religion prevails at Lawrenceburg, Indiana. The members of the theatrical company have joined the church, and destroyed their curtains and scenery.

Charles Cushen, an intelligent Englishman, aged 20 years, was killed by a locomotive on the railroad track in Springfield, near the depot in which he was employed.

There are 261 miles of railroad constructed in Cuba. There isn't forty miles in all Spain. Mark the influence of Uncle Sam's example on his neighbors!

Long John Wentworth of Illinois says he couldn't vote for Cass because he 'attempted to sneak into the Presidency with a nigger under each arm.'

Fill a glass to the brim with water, and you may add to it spirit of wine without causing it to overflow, as the spirit will enter into the pores of the water.

A ship of five hundred tons burthen is now in course of construction at St. Louis, and when finished she will be sent directly to San Francisco. Another novelty in navigation.

The British surveying schooner Herald arrived at Mazatlan, Nov. 29th, from Behring's Straits, having been unable to gain any intelligence of Sir John Franklin.

Messrs. Brown and Elton, of Waterbury, Ct., manufacture two barrels of pins per day, numbering about 8,000,000, or at the rate of 48,000,000 per week.

The wrecks and disasters on the Lakes last year amounted to 150 vessels, and the loss of property to 500,000 dollars. The number of lives lost was fifty-five.

A man in Chatham, N. Y., has a frog, 22 years old, which weighs one hundred and seventy-five pounds! It is kept in a cellar, and fed on corn meal and cabbage.

Ripe strawberries were gathered in the woods near Tallahasse, Florida, about the 19th ult. Garden vegetables were growing luxuriantly.

Turkeys are selling in Chicago for 37 1-2 cents each. The market is stocked with venison and prairie chickens, which are selling very low.

Santa Anna, according to the Kingston (Jamaica) Journal of the 18th ult., was quietly living there, with no thought of returning to Mexico, or projecting a revolution.

The fine country residence of Mr. Bodisco, the Russian minister, near Washington, was burned down lately.

The palace of Elysee National, formerly the Elysee Bourbon, has been fixed upon as the residence of the French President.

Maurice Lipman has been arrested in New York, charged with stealing $7000 worth of watches from his employers, Mariet & Co.

One of the inmates of the asylum at South Boston, was made insane by the sudden sprouting of beard on her chin at the age of 39.

The editor of the Journal of Commerce saw an Irishman the other day, light his pipe at a pile of lime he was slacking with water.

The ex-emperor of Austria wishes to return to Vienna, after having abdicated. The new emperor refuses his permission.

It is said in Toledo, that Barnum has been trying to get the man for exhibition who read the whole of the President's message.

A razor has been invented in England, which carries with it a guard that makes it impossible to cut the skin when shaving.

In 1799 John Dornblaser was the best tailor in Easton, Pa., and used a horse shoe to mark out an armhole in a man's coat.

A little child of J. M. Sharp, of Dayton, Ohio, died a few days since from eating the phosphorus from a box of Lucifer matches.

The Nassau (N. P.) Guardian says that upwards of 76,000 dozen pine apples have been already exported this season.

The Mary Taylor is going to California—not our Mary, but a schooner smack, at New London, named after that popular actress.

A single house in New York shipped, one day last week, to Europe, 983,445 pounds of cheese, valued at $68,841.

A quaint divine calls sin the umbrella of the soul which prevents the rain (reign) of grace from descending thereon.

The legislature of Arkansas, a short time since, indignantly changed the name of a county from Van Buren to Cass.

Another party of Icarian Communists, forty or fifty in number, had arrived in Havre on their way to New Orleans.

The weather has been so cold the past week, that Boston harbor came near getting *tight* on cold water, to keep itself warm.

Rudemacher has been found guilty of murder in Detroit, and sentenced to ten years in the state prison.

The gold begins to come along this way. It is reported that a gentleman has arrived at Danvers with $150,000.

A bill has been introduced into the New York Legislature, for the abolition of capital punishment.

A watchman in Cincinnati recently had his boots stolen from his feet, while enjoying a pleasant snooze.

Three essentials to a false story teller—a good memory, a bold face, and fools for an audience.

A new line of steamers is projected to run between Dublin and America, to be called 'The Shamrock Line.'

The Medical Students in New Orleans were the first to take the alarm at the approach of the cholera, and leave the city.

Col. Taylor, lately a lawyer, is playing *Damon* in the western theatres with great power.

Capt. Knight of the New World has declined, on principle, to receive the medal of the Humane Society.

In the district of Bath, Me., there were built last year 22 ships, 16 barks, 16 brigs, 11 schooners and 2 steamers.

The President has issued a Proclamation calling for an extra session of the Senate on the 5th of March.

A lump of pure silver, weighing 280 pounds, was recently dug from the Kongsburg mine, in Germany.

The United States has 600 ships engaged in the whaling business. England has only 17.

As yet, the cholera has made little headway in this country. New Orleans has suffered most.

Where there is nothing to censure in an author, there is usually nothing to admire.

The amount of Treasury notes now outstanding is $10,532,989 31.

The postal treaty with Great Britain has been confirmed in the U. S. Senate.

Accounts from Siam notice the death of Mr. Caswell, an American missionary.

The President's house at Washington has been lighted with solar gas.

The national debt of Great Britain, on the 1st of January, 1848, was £772,401,851.

They have in Cincinnati a factory, worked by steam, for grinding horse-radish.

We are glad to see the press generally advocate the coining of a gold dollar.

The Hon. Mrs. Norton, known as an authoress, has gone to Portugal.

The dry dock has been commenced at Pensacola navy yard.

Signorina Truffi had a rich bracelet presented to her by her New York friends.

The Opera has done well in Boston, at the Howard Athenæum.

The New Hampshire Legislature voted a sword to General Franklin Pearce.

The travel between Boston and New York is now performed generally by land.

The steamer Empire State was burned at the wharf in Fall River, the other day.

Courage was never quarrelsome.

## Local Matters.

### Sold for Two Shillings!

Having been born and bred in a city, we had thought ourself posted up in the general clap-trap of the town, and not easily 'sold' by the cunning ones, in any way, but we are free to own that we bought two shillings worth of experience last Saturday. Passing by the head of Bromfield street, we saw a small girl, apparently half clad, without any hose upon her feet, which were purple with the cold. She had a chip basket beside her on the ground, and stood blowing her breath into her stiffened hands, with a tear congealing upon her cheek at every sob, as she knocked her rough slip-shod shoes together. 'What's the matter, little girl?' said we, soothingly. 'My feet are so cold, sir!' sobbed the child. We felt an involuntary effort of our hand towards a 'quarter' that lay in our vest pocket, when the idea struck us that it would be best to use caution in the matter; so, in place of giving the child the money, we took her into a worsted and hosiery store in Tremont Row, and had her fitted to a coarse, serviceable pair of hose, for a couple of shillings, and saw her trip away apparently happy enough. 'Where did you find that girl?' asked one of the salesmen, approaching from another part of the store. 'Out by Bromfield street—why?' asked we, noticing a queer expression about his face. 'O, nothing, only a gentleman brought her in here about an hour ago, *in the same manner you have done!*' 'Sold!' said we, crowding our hat over our eyes, and starting out after the little culprit, we arrived at her stand just in time to find her sitting on the old Museum steps, with bare feet again, and hiding the hose in her chip basket, so as to take in another passer-by. We approached to give her a bit of a lecture, but she caught sight of us and *vamosed.*

### Boston Custom House.

Our country readers, when they hear the Boston Custom House spoken of, are hardly aware what an extensive establishment it is. Having been permitted to take a peep at its affairs, we have gathered some facts that are not without general interest. In the first place, this immense granite structure was erected at a cost of about $1,200,000, and furnished with desks and fixtures at an expense of $23,590. The establishment gives occupation to two hundred employees, of which number fifty-five are day inspectors and twenty-one night inspectors; forty-five come under the head of clerks, twelve appraisers, thirteen weighers and guagers, eight measurers, six boatmen, and five porters. Add to this number thirty-five assistants, distributed in the various departments, and we have the number specified above. To pay the salaries of these two hundred individuals, costs the government about $220,000 per annum. The average amount of money collected and paid over to the Treasury of the United States per annum has been $4,500,000 for the last five years. The Boston Custom House has the reputation of being one of the best conducted in the Union, and the business is transacted with more expedition and with better facilities generally than in New York. For many years the various departments have been under the direction of thorough and competent men, and thus the business arrangements have been brought to their present acknowledged excellence.

### Amusements.

The Italian Opera, at the Howard Athenæum, has been the star of attraction to our pleasure-seeking citizens during the past week. The Boston Lyceum has been playing 'Boston in 1949,' 'Mysteries and Miseries of New York,' etc., to capital houses. The Museum still runs its original prize play of 'Old Job and Jacob Gray,' with unabated success. Friday evening W. H. Smith took a benefit at this house. There have been the usual number of public balls, but private soirees are rare this winter, many of the first families and leaders of fashion being in mourning.

### Mexico.

Colonel Isaac H. Wright delivered a lecture before the Nashua (New Hampshire) Lyceum last week, upon the above named interesting country. As Colonel of the Massachusetts regiment, and Governor, during the war, of different cities in Mexico, besides possessing a knowledge of the language, his advantages for acquiring valuable and interesting information have been excellent.

Railroads in New England.—From a private record kept by a friend, we learn that there are 900 miles of railroad in Massachusetts, 300 in Connecticut, 370 in Vermont, 75 in Rhode Island, 300 in Maine, and 475 in New Hampshire—making a total of 2,420 miles. Add to this at least 500 miles which have been lately completed.

Concert.—The concert given at the Melodeon, by the new branch of the Hutchinson family, last week, was a gem of a performance. Dodge set the house in a roar of laughter by his inimitable and mirth-provoking exhibition. The Melodeon was thronged with beauty and fashion.

Foundlings.—It is getting not uncommon for our citizens to find an 'interesting little stranger' on their door-steps in the morning. The last illustration was at Nathaniel Goddard's house, in Pemberton Square.

Southern and Northern Sugar.—It is a somewhat curious fact, that Vermont is the next sugar-producing State in amount to Louisiana. She sends a million dollars worth of maple sugar to market yearly.

Lake Navigation.—Some idea may be formed of the immense commerce of our northern lakes, from the fact that there are *sixty-nine* steamboats on Lake Erie alone.

Fine Engravings.—Our readers, who pass through Washington street, should pause for a moment to look at the rich engravings in the windows of John Doggett & Co., No. 234.

Public Charity.—During the year, the overseers of the poor of Boston have paid for outdoor relief $22,948.

The Revenue.—The duties collected at the Boston Custom House during the year 1848, amount to about $5,000,000.

John Smith.—As this gentleman died of the cholera lately at the south, we shall probably hear no more of him.

The Metropolitan Magazine.—Hotchkiss & Co., Court street, have Israel Potter's new magazine thus entitled. Capital number.

Sleighing.—There have been twenty consecutive days of good sleighing in Boston. This is something unusual in modern winters.

## OUR OLIO COLUMN.

[Written for The Flag of our Union.]

### The Flower of the West.

BY J. B. W. G.

> The dewdrops of morning
> Each flower were adorning,
> The sweet early lark soared on high 'bove her nest,
> As by Kelvin* I strayed,
> Where its clear waters played,
> To meet with fair Jeannie, the flower of the west.
>
> O, long have I lo'ed her,
> With fond thoughts have wooed her—
> To her breathed my soul in the strains she loves best;
> There's none knows the feeling
> That's through my heart stealing,
> At name of sweet Jeannie, the flower of the west.
>
> Her hair in soft tresses,
> Her pale cheek caresses;
> Her eyes like twin stars when the sun's gone to rest;
> I've oft thought that Heaven
> To none smiles had given,
> Like those of fair Jeannie, the flower of the west.
>
> The earth has its pleasures,
> And rich golden treasures
> Lie hid in the caves of its dark rocky breast;
> But far brighter gems dwell
> In each rich laden cell
> Of the mind of sweet Jeannie, the flower of the west.
>
> May despair's chilling storm
> Ne'er assail her fair form;
> May her heart by pale anguish ne'er be oppressed;
> May fair angels bless her,
> Watch o'er and caress her,
> And shield from cold winds the flower of the west.
>
> Though the sweet bonnie blossom
> Should ne'er grace my bosom,
> Or pour forth its perfume on this wounded breast,
> Yet still will I cherish,
> And never let perish,
> My heart's love for Jeannie, the flower of the west.

* A beautiful and romantic stream in Scotland.

*Brooklyn, N. Y., January, 1849.*

### Parson Storer in a Fix:

OR, THE MAGIC OF A KISS MISAPPLIED.

> An austere planet ruled the hour when parson S. had birth,
> The veriest crab that ever backward crawled upon the earth;
> All worldly loves and worldly lights he reckoned but a sham,
> And, though his calling was to save, he would much rather damn.
>
> Stern rigor dwelt within his eyes, nought kindly there was seen;
> Severity was written plain in all his sombre mien;
> The urchins such his path away and glanced at him awry
> Their marbles unregarded lay when he was passing by;
> The dogs would stop their barking and demurely walk away,
> As they saw his eye bent on them, would 'Sweetheart, Blanche and Tray.'
>
> A joke he called frivolity, a jest was aye his bane,
> A joyous laugh he sadly hoped he'd never hear again;
> 'Twas said he hung a puppy dog that once had dared to play,
> And frisk round his study upon a Sabbath day.
>
> O, how he frowned the custom down where girls and lads would meet,
> And sourer than verjuice was he to hear their kisses sweet.
> He wanted courtship godly done, a special service writ,
> The ways old nature had prescribed he didn't like a bit.
>
> Now the parson had a servant maid, a little lovely girl;
> Her face was graced by smiles, her head by many a curl;
> Her eye was blue as heaven, and as a bird's her voice,
> A glance or tone of which would make your heart rejoice;
> Her heart was always sprightly, and always free of care,
> Everybody wondered how the deuce she e'er came there.
>
> If parson Storer chided her, she heeded not a grain,
> But her voice soon sounded cheerily about the house again;
> 'Twould echo through the parsonage, through gallery and room,
> Till the ancient pile was robbed per force of half its sombre gloom.
>
> Now Susan—that's her name—had a lover true and kind
> But to follow by the parson's rule they never were inclined;
> The kitchen fire saw many a scene that, had the parson learned,
> Would furnish texts for homilies and sermons without end.
>
> When the light would leave the parson's room, an hour after prayers,
> And many an hour after that, was burning brightly theirs;
> And kisses sweet and many, and many a tender word,
> Had the clock that stood behind the door both witnessed and heard.
>
> O love, thou art delicious when drest with sauce like this!
> I often think 'twere well to stop at this way-house to bliss,
> For wear and tear of after years must sprinkle in alloy,
> Which ardent lovers never know in plenitude of joy.
>
> 'Twas on the night of Saturday, and the parson's light was out,
> And Susan, bright expecting Sam, was bustling about;
> With eager eye she marked the door, with eager eye the lock,
> Awaiting anxiously to hear the music of his knock.
>
> At last, her patience wholly spent, she looked out on the night;
> The moon had sunk behind the hills, the stars were dimly bright;
> She listened long to hear the steps that she was wont to hear,
> When a hand upon the outer gate gave rapture to her ear.
>
> Upon the wings of love she flew—don't think of earthly feet,
> 'Tis vulgar such a medium where ardent lovers meet—
> She clasped the comer in her arms, she hung upon his breast,
> As captive bird would cling restored unto his natal nest;
> And kisses shed she on his lips, her words were flowing fast,
> 'Bless you, Samuel, my dear, and have you come at last!'
>
> 'Susan, what means this?' gently spoke the parson's heavy tone,
> For it was him, and no one else, out in the night alone;
> And sore surprised was he to find the ardor thus bestowed;
> But his breast experienced a flame that never there had glowed.
>
> And parson Storer grew a man of better mould from then,
> And acted out a better part among his fellow-men;
> And people talked, as oft they will, and shoulders they would shrug,
> And lay his new-found gentleness to pretty Susan's hug.
>
> And Susan married happily, and fortune's sunny rays
> Smiled on her and her children for many, many days;
> And oft would she the story tell, with ever new delight,
> Of how she hugged the parson there upon that summer's night.

*Boston Post.*

### The Snow—The Snow.

> The snow, the snow, I love the snow,
> With its wild and frantic curl,
> As it dances along on the frigid blast,
> That flings it about as it whistles past
> In many an eddying whirl!
> O give me the snow, the white-winged snow,
> That falls from the wintry sky,
> That robes the earth in a vest of white,
> And sparkles and shines in the sun's rich light,
> Like the starry arch on high.
>
> The snow, the snow, I love the snow,
> 'Tis ever dear to me;
> With the gladsome cry of the bright-cheeked boy,
> Who hails its flight with a shout of joy—
> With a shout so full of glee.
> Then give me the snow, the white-winged snow,
> That falls from the wintry sky,
> That robes the earth in a vest of white,
> And sparkles and shines in the sun's rich light,
> Like the starry arch on high.

### The Merry Little Fat Man.

> There is a little man, dressed all in gray,
> He lives in the city, and he's always gay;
> He's round as an apple, and plump as a pear,
> He has not a shilling, nor has he a care.
> Yet he laughs and he sings,
> And he sings and he laughs,
> Ha, ha, ha! what a merry little fat man.
>
> He drinks without counting the number of glasses,
> He sings merry songs, and flirts with the lasses;
> He has debts, he has duns, but when bailiffs draw near
> He shuts up his door, and he shuts up his ear.
> Yet he laughs and he sings, etc.
>
> If the rain through the roof his garret floor wets,
> In his bed snoring snugly the rain he forgets;
> In bleak cold December, when it hails and it snows,
> If the fire goes out, his fingers he blows.
> And he sings and he laughs,
> And he laughs and he sings,
> Ha, ha, ha! what a merry little fat man!

### English and American Rivers.

> In England, rivers are all males—
> For instance, Father Thames;
> Whoever in Columbia sails,
> Finds them *ma*'moselles or dames.
>
> Yes, here the softer sex presides,
> Aquatic, I assure ye,
> And Mrs. Sippi rolls her tides,
> Responsive to Miss Souri.

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# THE FLAG OF OUR UNION.

[Written for the Flag of our Union.]

### My Country's Flag of Stars.

BY AMIGO.

I've roamed full many a lengthened mile
Upon the stormy seas;
I've seen some twenty banners float
Full proudly on the breeze.
That standard, too—Great Britain's pride,
The boast of England's tars;
Yet none could thrill my heart like thee,
My country's flag of stars.

Brazil's gay flag of gorgeous dyes,
The honor of old Spain—
E'en Gallia's gay bunting as it flies,
Is not undimmed by stain.
Their lustre has been tarnished oft,
At home by deadly jars;
But thy bright azure folds are pure,
My country's flag of stars.

In many a foreign port I've seen
The ships of half the world,
To celebrate some gala day,
Their bunting all unfurled;
With eager gaze I've bent my eye
Along the tapering spars,
Until I saw thy flowery folds,
My country's flag of stars.

And as thy stripes and azure field
Burst on my eager sight,
My heart beat warm, my bosom thrilled
With unalloyed delight.
I hailed thee as the cynosure
Of true Columbian tars,
Thou banner of the brave and free—
My country's flag of stars.

O where's the heart, possessing but
One spark of freedom's zeal,
That does not, gazing on thy folds,
A patriot's spirit feel?
What veteran, too, as he looks down
Upon his dearbought scars,
Who does not hail thee with delight,
My country's flag of stars!

*Portland, January*, 1849.

[Written for The Flag of our Union.]

### The Cottage Maiden.

BY KATE OF SOMERVILLE.

A maiden, leaning from the lattice,
Gazed upon a landscape fair;
Buds and blossoms clustered o'er her,
Summer's fragrance filled the air.
She heeded not, but gazing only
Far toward the hilltop bright,
She saw a castle's lofty turrets
Glowing in the sunset light.

'And would,' she said, 'my happy lot
In yonder glittering halls were laid!
O, would I were a lady fair,
And not a simple cottage maid!'
E'en as she spoke, sweet spirit voices
Thrilled softly on her listening ear,
And these the simple words they chanted,
In tuneful accents low and clear.

'O, happy heart, in whose recesses
No thought of evil doth intrude,
Why shouldst thou wish the world's caresses!
Why seek to brave its tempests rude!
Unto thyself this lesson take,
Thou dost thy joy or sorrow make;
For sweet content, with folded wings,
Dwelleth oft in lowly things.'

And softly on the balmy air
Sweet zephyrs floated from the west;
Bright birds flew by on airy wing,
Each seeking out its downy nest:
And still the maiden from the casement
Gazed upon the landscape fair;
But other thoughts were in her heart,
And on her lips a prayer.

A prayer to God of grateful praise,
For all his wondrous love;
He is as near the simple flower
As to the star above.
And though perhaps on life's long way
Some bitter griefs have fell,
Yet trust in him whose word ne'er fails—
'He doeth all things well.'

The maiden plies her busy wheel,
And sounds of happy mirth,
With merry songs from grateful hearts,
Make glad the cottage hearth.
And oft as night steals o'er the lea,
She thanks our God on bended knee,
For sweet content, with folded wings,
Even in her breast now sings.

[Written for The Flag of our Union.]

### The Sister's Query.

BY GEO. P. BURNHAM.

'Mother, you have told me oft—
Where you starlet, up on high,
Sheds its silvery light so soft,
In the clear and dark blue sky,
Is my gentle brother's home,
Whom we laid within the tomb!

'Will that brother ne'er return
From his dwelling bright above?
Nay, sweet mother, do not turn
That soft cheek from her you love.
Say if Willie will not come
To our loved and quiet home!

'Tears, dear mother! Why that sigh!
Surely, brother's happy there?'
'Daughter, yes.' 'Then, mother, why
Teardrops in your eyes so fair?
See, the star is nearly set,
And you have not answered yet!'

'Loved one,' said the mother fair,
'Willie sleeps beneath the sod;
But his spirit, like yon star,
Bright and pure, is with his God.'
'Shall we one day meet him—say!'
'Dearest, yes—I trust we may.'

[Written for The Flag of our Union.]

### My Youthful Days.

BY Z. S. T.

My youthful days were like the morn
That shed its light o'er hill and stream,
Which made the earth seem newly born,
And all around appeared a dream.

My youthful days were gay and bright,
While wandering o'er the verdant hills;
My thoughts by day, my dreams at night,
Were joyous as the dancing rills.

My youthful days then knew no blight,
To throw its shadows o'er the heart;
But all within was joy, and light
With hopes I thought would ne'er depart.

But ah! those youthful days are gone;
My heart at times would ask repose;
To listen to some gentle tone
Of love amid a world of woes.

With youthful days those hopes have flown,
And left the heart all dark and drear;
This is the work that time has done,
It breaks the ties that bind us here.

*Stony Hill, Md., January*, 1849.

## MISCELLANEOUS.

[Written for The Flag of our Union.]

### PETER LARKIN,

OR,

### THE GOLD DIGGER OF CALIFORNIA.

BY HENRY P. CARLETON.

'How quickly nature falls into revolt,
When gold becomes her object!
* * * * *
Our thighs packed with wax, our mouths with honey,
We bring it to the hive; and like the bees,
Are murdered for our pains.'—*Shakspeare.*

The mighty Pacific was calm and beautiful; not a breeze rippled its mirror surface, and the beams of the morning sun were playing upon its translucent waters, when a noble ship was resting upon the bosom of the sea off San Francisco, becalmed and waiting for a wind to fill her sails, and drive her into the bay. All on board were anxiously watching the skies, and casting their eyes upon the smooth surface of the sea to catch the first sign of a breeze. The night previous the wind went down with the sun, while the vessel rode at anchor several miles from the desired haven. The sails were flapping lazily against the masts, as if they also were waiting for the ocean breezes to give them new life.

'The breeze is coming!' exclaimed Peter Larkin, straining his eyes and clapping his hands; 'I see the shade of it upon the water yonder. Now for that glorious harbor!'

Soon after the above exclamation was made, a light breeze struck the ship and her sails began to bag out. The sailors hove up the anchor, and the gallant ship moved slowly towards the entrance of the harbor. No one on board felt more joyous than Peter Larkin. Five long months had they been ploughing the bosom of the mighty deep. During that time they had sailed many thousand miles upon the Atlantic coast, doubled Cape Horn, and passed through many degrees of latitude on the Pacific. All were anxious to reach the El Dorado, for dreams of gold had haunted their imaginations during a long and tedious voyage. The ship moved gracefully through the passage, and was now upon the beautiful bay of San Francisco. A most splendid prospect surrounded them. The distant hills of Alta California and the beautiful valley of the Sacramento were in view. A more beautiful land and water prospect never greeted the eyes of adventurous spirits than that now presented to their view. Such a landscape picture was worth the long and tedious voyage, to say nothing of the masses of gold which the volcanic fires of past ages had scattered through the valley of the Sacramento. This vessel was one of the earliest which started on the gold expedition, and she did not sail exclusively for that purpose. Being on the coast of Chili, the captain concluded to go to California; for he had heard the gold rumors and was anxious to throw out his ballast of sand and replace it with gold dust; an object not to be despised in this wicked and selfish world.

Peter Larkin was a Yankee sailor and one of the crew. After they left the coast of Chili, Peter made up his mind to forsake the vessel and go a gold hunting on his own hook; but this intention he kept a secret within his own breast, never lisping it to any one of his shipmates, nor giving out a single intimation to any one on board the vessel that such golden dreams flitted across his distempered imagination.

A boat was lowered, and the captain and his passengers were rowed to the shore; but it was no time for Larkin to make his escape. Night came, and soft twilight rested upon the land and the water. It was late before the moon rose, and just as she was coming up and showing her half-extinguished face above the distant hills in the east, this bold sailor took one of the ship's boats and clandestinely sought the shore. As he stood upon the sandy beach he looked towards the vessel riding at anchor upon the bright waters of the lovely bay, and said to himself:

'Farewell, gallant ship, I leave thee forever. My voyage is now on the land. I go up the valley of the river, and if crops of gold grow in that region I will reap a harvest and bear it to the eastern shore of the continent, where I can live in splendor as other nabobs live. Farewell, noble ship! thou hast borne me safely here. I drop my sea-legs.'

Making these remarks he bounded off, and before morning was far away from the little village on the shore of the bay. Everything was new to him; but his heart was bold and his limbs were strong.

Without compass and without a guide, he wandered along upon the bank of the Sacramento, towards the regions of gold. He occasionally met some Indians and half-breeds on his way, but he stopped not to hold converse with them. They gazed upon him as he passed, and he returned their gaze; but he had fully resolved in his own mind not to fear the face of clay. Having started for the gold regions, he was determined to brave every danger and dig for earthly treasures.

He travelled until night overtook him, ate some ship-bread he took with him from the vessel, and sought shelter in an Indian's hut. Being armed with a dirk and pistols, he was resolved to fight his way clear if any enemy appeared in his way. The third day's journey brought him to the 'placers' where he discovered hundreds wading in the stream and wandering over the hill-sides in search of that metallic substance that produces so much excitement in this lower world.

Laying down his heavy pack upon the bank of the river, he gazed upon the busy multitude, but they were so intent upon their business that they scarcely noticed the new comer. All sorts of characters were engaged in this enterprise—men, women and children of different tongues and nations, but principally Indians and half-breeds. Having brought with him a small hand-basket holding somewhat over a peck, he plunged into the stream up to his middle, and began to fill his basket with mud. After filling it, he waded back to the bank and commenced overhauling it to find the shining particles, but he lacked the requisite skill for such an enterprise, and passed down a few rods to a Spaniard with his broad-brimmed hat and uncouth dress, to learn the art of washing out the gold particles from the dirt. It was not long before he discovered the *modus operandi* and commenced his labors again. He was peculiarly fortunate in striking a part of the stream where the gold was quite abundant. Most industriously did the gallant sailor labor, for sure he was that a fortune was already within his grasp. Three days did he thus work at the bottom of the river, and during that time collected several pounds of the pure metal. The earth was his bed, and the canopy of the heavens his only covering.

At last the thought occurred to him that he would change his quarters and see if he could not find the precious article in larger lumps. He began to feel dissatisfied with small particles, notwithstanding many of them made a valuable pile. It seemed to him that such little streams must have flowed from some fountain; therefore he left the river and ascended to higher ground. Here he began to search among the rocks and ledges that formed the hill-sides. O, glorious sight! In a crevice of a large rock he discovered a large lump of pure gold. Hard at it he went, and in a short time he had the pleasure of holding in his hands a piece of gold which weighed over forty pounds. His heart leaped for joy at this freak of dame fortune. Forty pounds of gold in a single lump! Most diligently did he search for more of the same sort. And who would not? In the course of a few hours he found many lumps, but of somewhat less magnitude.

The weather was warm and the skies were bright. He worked as long as he could see and then camped upon the ground. At early dawn he was out and searching among the rocks and ravines. Success attended his labors. He had amassed several thousand dollars' worth, and began to feel as he supposed rich men feel. But his ship-bread was gone and his stomach cried for food as loudly as ever his heart cried for gold. Having eaten his last biscuit he began to think something must be done for the calls of nature. He had gold enough, but that would not satisfy the demands of hunger. The place where he was located was wild and solitary.

One morning he ascended a hill near a ravine and thought he would add a few more parcels to his heap and then make tracks to some Indian lodge for food. He was remarkably successful, finding the precious metal more abundant than he had ever seen it. In less than two hours he picked up more than fifty pounds. In his anxiety he almost forgot the pangs of hunger; but at last he began to grow faint and weary. The demands of his stomach would not be put off any longer. Having loosened a large lump from the rocks that enclosed it, he picked it up and stood gazing upon the wild scenery about him, and reflecting how poor a rich man might sometimes be. He was at that moment worth many thousand dollars, but a breakfast his riches could not purchase. While he thus stood reflecting upon his peculiar situation, his eyes fell upon a female form upon the opposite side of the ravine. She was ascending a small hill not more than a hundred rods from him. He thought she was surpassingly beautiful, but distance might have lent that enchantment to the view. With a beating heart he watched her as she gradually ascended the hill, holding a small hatchet in her hand, and carrying a basket on her arm. That convinced him that she was hunting after gold.

She wore upon her head a large straw hat, and her black hair hung in rich clusters quite below her waist. Her form was symmetry itself, and her motions were as nimble and graceful as the gazelle's. Her countenance was dark, but beautiful. Her eyes were bright as the diamonds which were sometimes found in that region. She began to pound the rocks with her hatchet, and the sailor saw her put several lumps into her basket. As yet she had not discovered him. For a few moments he forgot both his hunger and his heap of gold in his admiration of this wild and beauteous girl. It seemed to him that she was the most beautiful creature he ever saw. A sailor is naturally somewhat superstitious; but Peter Larkin was more so than usual on this occasion. He gazed upon her lovely form and graceful motions for some minutes. The more he gazed the more his admiration was excited, until he was determined to have an interview with her at all hazards. Taking up his gold, and forgetting almost everything else, he started to cross the ravine which separated him from his enchantress. He crossed over and began to ascend upon the other side before she discovered him. When she did see him, she suddenly started and attempted to flee down the hill; but he spoke kindly and arrested her progress. He first addressed her in English, but apparently not understanding, she gracefully moved along. He then spoke in the Spanish language which she at once comprehended.

'Stay, fair maiden,' he said, holding up to her view his largest lump of gold. 'I will not injure thee. Sooner would I give thee this lump of gold than hurt a hair of thy head.'

She took the gold and ran her fingers over it, while her dark eyes expressed much astonishment at its magnitude. There was something in the tone and manner of the generous-hearted sailor which attracted her attention, and made her feel safe in his presence. She first gazed upon the lump of gold and then upon his frank, open countenance. He saw that she was evidently pleased, as well as astonished. He thought her face was the most lovely and expressive he had ever seen in any of the four quarters of the globe. And he had seen beautiful women of all nations. She was so much surprised, that she made no reply. Her thoughts were upon the sailor and the mass of gold which she was holding in her hand and examining.

'I'm hungry and need food,' he continued. 'Gold can't be eaten. It may gratify the eye, but it cannot satisfy the demands of the stomach.'

'Hungry!' she repeated, gazing intently upon his face. 'Go with me and I will give thee food.'

'Bless your kind heart!' he exclaimed.—'The thought of food makes the pangs of hunger more keen. I will go with thee, and then come back and help thee hunt for gold. I have already as much as I can carry.'

She now led the way down a declivity, crossed a small stream, and then struck into a foot-path that wound round the base of a large hill. He followed her footsteps, and admired the beauty of her form and the grace of her motions. Having travelled nearly two miles, they came to a rude hut near by a small brook, which in the rainy season was quite a large stream. The spot was a very lovely and romantic one. He admired the beauty of the surrounding scenery. The distant hills and mountains, and the Sacramento winding along a rich and beautiful valley, made up a most picturesque and lovely prospect. In addition to all this, it was a region abounding in gold. The sailor's heart was full of pleasing emotions. They entered the hut, and this beautiful girl introduced him to her mother, who received him very kindly. The mother was an Indian, but she married a Spaniard. He had been dead several years, and left his wife and daughter very poor. But their wants were few and easily supplied. They cultivated a small patch of land on the hillside, where they raised various kinds of vegetables. The daughter's name was Manissa. She, as well as many others, had recently taken the gold fever, and had already collected several hundred dollars' worth. The mother was delighted with the sailor's large lump.

'He wants breakfast, mother, and then he will help me find gold,' said Manissa.

'He shall have it,' she replied, turning her dark, sparkling eyes upon him, and admiring his generous countenance and manly form.

A meal was soon prepared, which he devoured with a keen appetite. It seemed to him that it was the most delicious meal he ever ate in his life. The mother was a very handsome woman, but by no means so beautiful as her daughter. The mixture of the Mexican and Castilian blood had produced a most lovely creature; at least, so thought this generous son of the ocean. And we are not so sure but everybody else would have had the same opinion, could they have seen Manissa in all her wildness and beauty. After having satisfied the demands of his stomach, he and the lovely maiden went back and resumed their search for gold. The sailor was a happy fellow, and most industriously did he engage in his vocation. Manissa, too, was all life and animation. Fortune favored them. They collected several pounds of gold before nightfall. The day was bright and beautiful, and the sun looked glorious, as he sank into the broad Pacific, leaving a golden track behind.

'Come, Manissa, let us heave up our anchor and make sail for your mother's haven,' he said, as they sat upon a huge rock, and gazed upon the glory of the setting sun.

'Yes, but we'll come again on the morrow,' she replied, while a pleasant smile passed over her dark features, and a gentle breeze from the west fanned her beautiful cheeks.

'Surely, we'll come again,' he answered, smoothing back her long, dark hair from her polished forehead.

'You came from a great distance, did you not?' she asked, gazing fondly into his face.

'From the other shore of this great continent,' looking anxiously into the liquid depths of her dark eyes.

'That must be a great way off,' she said. 'Is there gold there?'

'But very little, compared with this country,' he answered, taking her hand and pressing it with all the enthusiasm of a sailor's love.

The temptation was too great to be resisted. He kissed her upon that rock just as the sun hid his bright disc in yonder great ocean. It proved the seal of their mutual love. Gold had great influence over the heart, but not so powerful as the charms of this lovely maiden. Day after day, and week after week, did they hunt gold and make love upon the hills and in the ravines of California. Manissa became his wife; but not, however, until they had amassed a large amount of gold. There was gold enough in that humble cottage to purchase a splendid estate in any of the cities on the Atlantic coast. The sailor was satisfied with his wife, but his cravings for gold increased with his heap. He kept constantly at work, assisted by the lovely Manissa. Great was their luck. How different was the sailor's love of gold from his love of his wife! Once he thought his love of Manissa was greater than all things else; but he won her and was satisfied. His heart went not out after another woman. He loved her, and his love was satisfied. But his love of gold could not be satisfied. The more he accumulated the more his desire increased. The sailor is not easily made a miser under ordinary circumstances, but Larkin felt the power of gold and he could not resist its influence. Once he despised a miser from the bottom of his generous heart, but now he began to learn how easily gold could change the disposition.—What will be the result of all his gold digging time alone will show. We must leave him still on the 'placers,' more and more anxious every day. Manissa, too, has become changed, and gold forms the basis of her thoughts by day and her dreams at night.

Let not those who read this sketch of life in California believe that the same good fortune will attend them that Peter Larkin found. There may be, and probably there is gold there, but not another Manissa, whose beauty and smiles spread sunshine over the soul.—The fortunate sailor may yet be murdered and robbed, or what is worse, his heart may become corrupted by the power of gold, and every generous impulse driven from it. Steady gains by honest industry will outlive suddenly acquired wealth, and not cast a blighting mildew over the soul. There is a road to riches which all may travel in safety. Let all get into that path, and then they may live rich without dying a moral death.

### Bedouin Faithfulness.

The wildest robber of a Bedouin tribe will never violate the laws of hospitality to a guest who has once tasted of his salt. In Price's Mahomedan History we have an example of the strength of this bond. Yaakoop, the son of Eb Says Es-Suffer, having adopted a predatory life, excavated a passage one night into the palace of Dirkhem, the governor of Seestars, and after he had made up a convenient bale of gold and jewels and the most costly stuff, was proceeding to carry it off, and happened in the dark to strike his foot against something on the floor. Thinking it might be a jewel of some sort or other, he picked it up, and put it to his tongue, and to his great astonishment found it to be a piece of rock salt. Thus tasting the salt of the owner, his avarice gave way to his respect for the law of hospitality, and throwing down the precious booty, he left it behind him and withdrew empty-handed to his habitation. The treasurer of Dirkem repairing on the following day according to custom to inspect his charge, was equally surprised and alarmed at observing that a great part of the treasure and other valuables had been removed, but on examining the packages which lay on the floor, his astonishment was not less to find that not a single article had been conveyed away. The singularity of the circumstance induced him to report it immediately to his master, and the latter causing it to be proclaimed throughout the city, that the author of the proceeding had his free pardon; further announced that on repairing to the palace he would be distinguished by the encouraging marks of favor. Yaakoop availed himself of this invitation, relying upon the promise, which was fulfilled to him, and from that period he gradually rose in power, until he became the founder of a dynasty.

### Nothing like Reciprocity.

An unsophisticated joker was fishing one day in the muddy waters of the eastern portion of the Pennsylvania canal, when to his great surprise he got a savage bite. He immediately gave his line a jerk that would have brought a shark, when lo, and behold! he pulled out a huge snapping turtle and threw it flat on the tow-path. He stood in amazement gazing upon the singular 'beast,' when by-and-by an Irishman came along, followed by a large dog. The countryman tried by gentle words to get the son of Erin to put his finger in the turtle's mouth, but Paddy was too smart for that; 'but,' said he, 'I'll put the dog's tail in and see what the bloody baste will do.' He immediately called up his dog, took his tail into his hand, and stuck it into the turtle's mouth. He had hardly got it in, when Mr. Turtle shut down upon the poor dog's tail, and off he started with railroad speed, pulling it after him at a more rapid rate than ever it travelled before. The countryman thinking his day's work would be thrown away if the animal should run along at that rate, turned with a savage look upon the Irishman, and exclaimed: 'Call back your dog!' Paddy put his hand into his pocket, threw his head to one side, winked, and then answered, with provoking *sang froid*: 'Be jabers! call back your *fish!*'

[Written for The Flag of our Union.]

### THE BROTHER'S GIFT.

BY M. E. SHERRITT.

It was night; the moon was looking down from her starry throne in all her majestic loveliness. Nature seemed sunk in repose, the merry songs of birds were hushed, the fragrant flowers had folded their petals and bowed themselves in sleep. All was still, save the rippling stream, whose gentle murmur seemed but the whispering of angels. Though all seemed calm and serene, yet there were hearts throbbing under the weight of sorrow.

'Anne, come nearer. My eyes grow dim, I cannot see you; all is dark. Where are you, child?'

'Mother,' said the agonizing girl, 'I am beside you; look at me; I am with you; do you hear my voice?'

The mother opened her eyes, feebly, and looked at her child.

'But Lilly, where is she?' exclaimed the wandering parent. 'Anne, where is Lilly?'

A sweet, childish voice replied:

'Mamma, here is Lilly; give me your hand, mamma, and then you will know that it is me.'

Tears glistened in her sunken eyes; she closed them, and murmured:

'O, my God! has it come to this, that I must die alone, away from friends, away from my home? O, my son, would that I could see thee before I die; thou wouldst shield thy orphan sisters from a cold, unfeeling world; but perhaps thou hast already entered upon a life eternal. Alas! I fear they will be left to brave the rude storm of life alone, for I must shortly die; my heart-strings break!'

'O, mother, talk not thus; he will return; we will yet be happy. God has taken care of us thus far, and he will not forsake us now in the hour of trouble; cheer up, mother, there is joy in store for us.'

'My child, we will die with want. Has not the landlord threatened to make us homeless in less than one week, if we meet not his demand? We have no food, and it is too humiliating to beg of a sneering world: what shall we do?'

Lilly drew nearer to her mother, and looked innocently and inquiringly up into her face, while Anne stood thoughtfully viewing the different articles in the room. A tear trembled in her eye at their desolate condition. After a struggle to conquer her feelings, she spoke:

'Mother, we have yet one valuable piece, my brother's parting gift, that gold pencil; let me sell it to buy some food.'

Anne buried her face in her hands and wept forth a part of the bitterness she endured. Then taking up her sewing, she repaired to the bed-side of her mother, and plied her needle through the lonely hours of the night.

Early in the morning, while her mother yet slumbered, she laid aside her work, and hastily tying on her bonnet, and wrapping a shawl around her shoulders, she left the apartment and hurried through the street to a jeweller's store, where she sold her cherished treasure. With a heavy heart she left the store and returned to her miserable home. Her mother was yet asleep. She, therefore, with noiseless tread, prepared their morning meal, and resumed her patient watching beside her mother.

* * * * * * *

It was a bright and beautiful morning in spring. All nature was joyous; Broadway was thronged with the fashionable of the city. The store windows were filled with gay and showy articles. Gold and precious gems glittered brilliantly in the sun from the jewellers' well-arranged windows. Attracted by their gaudy appearance, a gentleman entered and commenced examining the various ornaments presented to view. The gold pencil was exposed in a glass case for sale; observing it, he inquired of the clerk how it came in their possession (for he recognized the well-known initials of his sister.) The clerk answered with offended pride, that he had purchased it of a beautiful young lady, out of charity, for the pawn-broker was the proper place to barter away her trinkets, as they made a practice of selling gold, not buying it of every poor person that came along. By this speech he thought he had quite exalted himself in the opinion of his purchaser. Far different, for it only added a sting, that the world should judge of worth by external appearances, and that it had been applied so nearly to one so dear. Again he inquired of his sister.

'She gave her name as Anne Harris, and said she lived in Rose street, for I registered her name and residence, thinking it might prove a theft; but I believe the girl was honest enough. It is a rare article, sir; would you like to become its purchaser? Come, I'll call it fifteen dollars, throwing off five dollars for its being used, though no one would perceive it.'

The truth was, that he had only paid five dollars for it, and thought to gain ten dollars more. The fifteen dollars being promptly given, he pursued his way to Rose street. He knocked at the door, and it was answered by Anne. What could be the feelings of brother and sister to meet, after the separation of years, and under such peculiar circumstances!

He had returned home to comfort and support them, but not finding them in their late comfortable situation, he was about to resume his search, when he thus accidentally found their retreat. His first question was to ask of his mother. Anne bid him follow her to her bedside; he could scarce believe that the pale, thin form before him was his mother; he bent over her and murmured her name. They recognized each other—the shock was too great, and she fainted: but from that hour she gradually recovered.

* * * * * * *

Now that summer has come, how pleasant are their morning walks—how neat their little cottage home, with its birds and flowers of sweet perfume. How happy and lightly little Lilly trips to school, and returns with her brother, hand in hand. Anne, the companion of her mother and the general friend of all, was the light of their dwelling—the hope of their future joys in this vale of tears.—And now that happiness once more smiled upon them, and joy was purchased at so dear a price, they ever held as a memorable event the parting and restoration of the cherished gift.

### A Relic.

A splendid specimen of mosaic pavement has been placed in the national collection at the British Museum, in the passage leading to the gallery of Xanthian Antiquities. The specimen is eight feet square—was found in the ruins of Carthage, on the spot assigned as the site of the Temple of Neptune—and was purchased by the trustees of the Museum. It was found broken up in innumerable pieces; but under the hands of Sir R. Westmacott it has been restored. It represents the head of a sea-god, with flowing beard, and feet of the sea-horse.

[Written for The Flag of our Union.]

### Love.

BY A. J. H. DUGANNE.

Beautiful is love! It knoweth
Neither age nor wintry weather;
Over darkness light it throweth—
Roses from the grave 'twill gather.

Wonderful is love! It teacheth
More than all the world can learn;
From the earth to heaven it reacheth,
From the cradle to the urn.

Sorrowful is love! It weepeth
On the bosoms of the cherished;
Like a mournful vine it creepeth
Round the wrecks of beauty perished.

Terrible is love! It dareth
All things for the loved one's sake;
Woe it beareth—chains it weareth—
Soul 'twill ruin—heart 'twill break.

### An African King.

Within the ramparts, on a wooden bench, from which the Sound, spotted with the white sails of many ships—and faintly, the distant mountains of Sweden, might be seen, two black men sat. Removed at a distance of twenty yards from them, four sentinels stood, resting carelessly with folded arms, on the muzzles of their fire-locks, but even in this negligence, paying much attention to the movements of these black men. We stopped and observed the strange group; and our sympathy was moved by the dress and demeanor of the two men. The one nearest to us, who appeared the eldest, rested his chin on the back of his hands, which were clasped round the top of a large walking-stick; and in that attitude kept his eyes fixed on the blue waters of the Sound; his thoughts, no doubt, wandering to his home, some pleasant spot, far away. His hat was brown by long use, and rent at the rims, beneath which his white hair, here and there, straggled forth.

His coat, once black, was now threadbare and worn at the elbows; while his shoes, almost without soles, kept sad unison with the other parts of his dress. The old man, whose clothes were squalid, sat more upright, and seemed livelier, and of a livelier heart, for misfortune had not yet so blighted the natural volatility of his disposition; for, now and then, he spoke in low tones to his companion, who sometimes smiled, but rarely made answer.

'You are observing those black men?' said the Spanish minister. 'They are the most interesting objects in Copenhagen.'

'Who are they?' we asked.

'Those two men,' continued the Spaniard, 'were once men of note in their own country; and misfortune resolves itself into this simple tale. The man with gray hair, nearest to us, seemingly bent with excess of sorrow, was the king of some Danish colony in the East Indies; and the other, his favorite minister. After having reigned for many years with equity and wisdom, and having seen his little island, cradled in the lap of peace, put forth the strength of prosperity, the old monarch's bright day of happiness and glory was suddenly overshadowed by a cloud, which, though by its insignificance, at first unobserved, gradually gained bulk and darkness, and replete, at last, with all the elements of storm and destruction, burst upon his head. A man murdered a woman, his wife; and, according to the criminal code of his country, was arrested, tried and convicted; and this king, by the advice of his minister, ordered the assassin to be executed. The intelligence reached the ears of the court of Denmark, and by command of Christian, the black monarch and his adviser were arrested, on the plea that, the one being, though a monarch, a subject of Denmark, had no power to carry the statutes of his own realm summarily into effect, without the previous assent of the Danish government; and that the other, being the principal minister, was as culpable as his master in permitting such an infringement of the law.—They were both subsequently tried for the offence, and being found guilty, were placed on board a Danish ship of war, and brought to Copenhagen, where, within this fortress, they are doomed to pass, in solitary confinement, the small portion of life which may yet remain to them. They are allowed, as you see, occasionally to leave their prisons, and walk here for exercise; but even that indulgence must enhance the misery of their condition; for who could feel the delightful warmth of day, breathe its mild, soft air, and look on such a landscape as this, and not sigh to revisit a dungeon?'

'Sic transit gloria mundi.'

### More Slips of the Pen.

It is amusing to see how frequently the most correct writers and literary men fall into mistakes and blunders obvious to the commonest apprehension, although they must have escaped the notice of those by whom they were committed. In an old book of sermons, by an obscure divine of the name of Milson, we are reminded that 'it is one among the many proofs of the wisdom of Providence, that the world was not *created in the midst of winter*, when Adam and Eve could have found nothing to eat, but in harvest time, when there was fruit on every tree and shrub to tempt the willing hand.'

Another clerical commentator, of the same class, praises Divine Goodness for always making the largest rivers flow close by the most populous towns.

Ricaut, in his 'History of the Turks,' says that 'they so confound chronology and history as to assert that Job was a judge in the court of King Solomon, and Alexander the Great one of his generals.'

Wicelius, by no means a contemptible writer, was deceived into a belief that Plutarch wrote the 'Life and Actions of Charles the Fifth,' because in some Latin editions of 'Plutarch's Lives' a life of that monarch has been annexed.

'It was at Nicolai,' says the writer of the article on 'Stenography,' in 'Ree's Cyclopædia,' 'that this method of writing was first introduced among the Greeks, by Xenophon.' No such place as Nicolai has ever been mentioned by the most erudite geographers. The writer had, perhaps, read that in Nicolai the whole art was to be seen; but Nicolai was not a city, but an author, who wrote in 1706 a work on 'The Signs of the Ancients.' The same historian informs us that the oldest method of short writing at present known is a Latin manuscript entitled 'Ars Scribendi Characteres, printed in 1412.'

### All for five Pounds!

If you are a married man, you may buy these luxuries for the small sum of £5!

You may, with your clenched fists, beat your wife until her eyes shall be 'dreadfully bruised and swollen.'—For £5.

You may 'take the bellows from her hand,' and with them 'strike her several blows upon the head,' until she fall 'senseless on the floor.'—For £5.

You may further kick and beat her 'while she is down.' For £5.

These things, free and enlightened Englishmen, blessed with laws that make you the envy of surrounding nations—these things you may do, if you have £5.

'But how,' you ask, 'if I have not £5?'

Why, then, inhuman pauper—hard-hearted outcast—penniless miscreant—why, in default of payment of £5, you shall taste the bitterness of captivity and oakum-picking for two statute months!

For an illustration of this ennobling legal truth, see Marylebone Police Report, in the case of Michael Gore, late of 25, Orchard Place, now on a two months' visit to Colonel Chesterton at the House of Correction.

Michael Gore is punished; not in very truth for beating his wife, but for not having £5 to pay for it. Is not this the highest triumph of property.—*Punch.*

There is nothing more offensive to good taste than profaneness, and of all other offences against Heaven, there is nothing more unprofitable. It does not in the least gratify or benefit even the swearer, but it is admitted to be disgusting, immoral, and inexcusable, even by those guilty of it.

### Atrocities of a Syrian Pacha.

The inhabitants of Mount Lebanon having pleaded poverty as an excuse for not paying their taxes, Djezzar, the Syrian Pacha, sent guards to bring them all to a marriage feast, where he regaled them in noble style with pilaff, roast mutton, and spiced sherbets. They were further diverted by various games and spectacles, after which to each man he gave a full suit of clothes and a new walking-stick. They were all as pleased as Punch; but, alas! the order was given, and every man was compelled to strip himself of his old attire, and to throw down his walking-stick. They were in a state of despair, for gold was sewn up in their clothes, and concealed in their sticks; but their bewailings were of no effect, for all the old sticks and clothes were collected in a heap, the men were dismissed with blows, and Djezzar realized a hundred thousand dollars by the speculation, after deducting the expenses of the feast and the new attire. On another occasion he made a lottery, and forced the people to buy tickets at a high price. There were blanks; but the prizes consisted of various sums of 100, 50, and 20 dollars, and further, of papers, on which were written 'ears to be cut off,' 'nose to be cut off,' 'nose to be slit,' 'an eye to be torn out,' 'right hand to be lopped,' and so forth. Djezzar presided, paid the money where due, and was witness to the punishment, making a corresponding change when the unhappy possessor of a 'prize' had already lost the limb whose excision was decreed by fate. Another day he called one of his secretaries, and said, 'Write down the names of sundry people I shall order to be put to death.' The trembling Kiatib obeyed, and wrote down sixty-nine or seventy of the officers of the Pacha's household. The Pacha then said, 'Count them;' he did so, and then the tyrant remarked, 'It is an odd number; let me see, whom shall we put down to make it a round one?' The poor secretary awaited with impatience till the Pacha could call somebody to mind, but in vain. The Pacha then added, 'Well, I cannot think of anybody else, so add your own name.' It was useless for the Kiatib to appeal to the monster for mercy; the list was completed with his own cognomen, and the whole were put to death the same day. The wives and children of the victims set up a dreadful uproar; but Djezzar commanded silence, and ordered that whoever uttered a murmur, should be instantly decapitated. There are plenty of such anecdotes to relate; but these will suffice to show, that in point of humanity, the East has greatly improved.

### The very small Joke.

Augustus Fitz-Finiken is very successful in this style. Walking one day with Lady Letitia Lampoete, the rather remarkably thin daughter of the Earl of Gassburnham, and seeing the Ojibbeway Indians go by their conveyances to the Egyptian Hall, she remarked how exceedingly red they were; whereon Fitz came forcibly down with the idea that in such intellectual times, they really ought to be *well-read* Indians. Microscopes will not magnify jokes, or Fitz-Finiken's by the aid of a sum judiciously laid out at Dollard's, might have been seen to considerable advantage. On another occasion, while talking with Captain Hardbake, a cabriolet passed them, whereon the captain acutely observed, that a 'gween cab' was going by; 'there is a gweat vawjety of cabs now.' Fitz's eyes sparkled for a moment, as he replied: 'Yes, this is certainly a *cab age*.' Fitz never looked less than once at the Egyptian Hall, at the time of the Tomfoolery, we beg pardon, Tom Thumb exhibition—was going on. Fitz, meeting his friend, the Honorable Derby Ring, at the room, playfully asked him why the public were like well-used betting books? Derby Ring, whose ideas never ranged beyond a mile and a half course, said of course he did not know. 'Because,' said Augustus Fitz-Finiken, with a leer, 'because they've been well *thumbed*.'—*Hand-Book of Joking.*

## Wayside Gatherings.

William Birney, Esq., son of James G. Birney, of Michigan, has been a successful candidate for the professorship of English Literature, in one of the national colleges of France.

A cave, thirty feet wide, seventy feet long, height not stated, has been discovered on the Brushy river, near Austin, Texas. Its depth below the entrance was thirty feet. A spear and a rattlesnake were found at the bottom.

It is said that grouse are so numerous upon the prairies, that numbers of them are killed by flying and breaking their necks against the telegraph wires. They sometimes fly with so much violence against the wires as to completely sever the head from the body.

A horse bit a boy's nose off in Doylestown, last Tuesday. He was in front of the animal playing off some pranks which the beast did not like. It made one dab at him, and he came off minus a nose. It was fixed up by a physician, and he is doing well.

It is the part of woman, like her own beautiful planet, to cheer both the dawn and the darkness—to be both the morning and the evening star of a man's life. The light of her eye is the first to rise and the last to set upon manhood's day of trial and suffering.

The Boston Daily Advertiser has full reports of the progress of the cholera in Russia, up to Nov. 21st. It was palpably decreasing. We learn that Dr. Handyside, the first English physician in St. Petersburg, has treated 1200 cases in one large establishment, and lost only *thirteen* patients.

The Sultan's present to Mr. Morse is a brooch, an inch and a half, or thereabouts, in diameter, and contains one hundred and thirty brilliants, worth some $800 or $1000. Conferring this decoration in Turkey, is equivalent to conferring the Legion of Honor in France, or Knighthood in England.

A Mrs. Cadet, a widow lady, and a Mr. Spegle, a German, were burned to death in Williamsburgh, on Saturday morning. The house was on fire, when Spegle rushed in to bear out Mrs. Cadet, who was lame; but neither ever appeared alive. Their bodies were found burnt to a crisp.

The expense of running the Cunard line of steamers across the Atlantic, is *five dollars a mile*, making the trip to cost over thirty thousand dollars. We should be pleased to learn the expense of the American ocean steamers, that are running in competition with the British.

A sham fight in imitation of the battle of Trenton, N. J., was fought at that city on Monday of last week. The costume and equipments of the Revolution were closely followed, and all the movements of the day were observed, and everything went off admirably.

An Editorial Convention of Western Editors is proposed at Indianapolis, Ia., to devise measures of a uniform standard of prices for subscription and advertising, the exclusion of obscenity and profanity from their columns, the restraint of low personal abuse, and the encouragement of Western literature.

A beautiful floating chapel, built by the Churchmen's Missionary Association, at a cost of $5,270, for the use of seamen and boatmen of this city, was brought down from Bordentown, on Friday of last week. It is large enough to seat 530 persons. The building is moored below Dock street wharf, and is now open to the public for inspection. Next week it will be consecrated by Bishop Potter.

The steamship Falcon recently sailed from New Orleans for Chagres, crowded with freight and passengers. Among the latter were Persifer F. Smith, governor of California and lady. Every berth on board the vessel was secured long before her day of sailing, and many, it is said, willingly paid passage for the mere privilege of being permitted to go on board.

The celebrated English writer, Addison, has left on record the following important sentence: 'Two persons who have chosen each other out of all the species, with design to be each other's mutual comfort and entertainment, have in that action bound themselves to be good-humored, affable, discreet, forgiving, patient and joyful with respect to each other's frailties and imperfections to the end of their lives.'

A poor pious negro woman, being addressed by her teacher on the goodness of God, was asked whether she was not astonished at his mercy in giving his Son, and his condescension in giving that Son for her! She replied that she was not. Supposing that she was not sufficiently impressed with the subject, and defective in the fine feeling of gratitude, he continued to expatiate on the vastness and freedom of his love, giving additional emphasis to his language and coloring to his subject, closing again with the question, 'What, are you not astonished at this?' 'No, massa!' was still the reply. Turning upon her with a degree of impatience, he said, 'And why are you not astonished?' 'Why, massa, me no astonished, '*because it be just like him*.'

The library of Louis Napoleon has been sold by auction, and amongst the books was a handsome copy, bound in morocco, of Lamartine's poems of 'Jocelyn.' The value of the work was much enhanced by the fact that on the inside of the cover appeared the following words, in the handwriting of the prince, in French: 'Undertook the reading of this book at Florence, Sunday, the 7th of May, 1837. Abandoned it as being too sublime for me. Undertook the reading for the second time, Monday the 8th, without being more fortunate. Recommenced it by a new effort, Tuesday, the 9th, and abandoned it definitely.' Considering the recent position of the author and the critic as rival candidates for the Presidency of the French Republic, this anecdote is somewhat curious.

A gentleman who employs a great number of hands in a manufactory in the west of England, in order to encourage his work people in a due attendance at church on a late fast day, told them that if they went to church they would receive their wages for that day in the same manner as if they had been at work. Upon which a deputation was appointed to acquaint their employer, that if he would pay them for *over hours*, they would attend likewise the Methodist chapel in the evening.

The poet Crabbe, once, in a fermenting mood, evolved the following crabbed, crooked, cross, and crusty criticism:

'Secrets with girls, like loaded guns with boys,
Are never valued till they make a noise;
To show how worthy, they their powers display;
To show how worthy, they their trusts betray;
Like pence in children's pockets, secrets lie
In female bosoms; they must burn or fly.'

A gentleman, says the Cincinnati Dispatch, who has a warm side for a young lady, was recently making sport of a sack which she wore.

'You had better keep quiet, or I'll give you the sack,' said the lady archly.

'I should be most happy,' was the gallant response, 'if you will give it to me as it is, with yourself inside of it.'

A fellow writing from somewhere out west, says: 'We started for some little town in the vicinity of Halsteau—I would not undertake to spell or pronounce the name; but if you would take Kickapoo and Ojibbeway, mix them up with Passamaquoddy, and pronounce the whole backwards, you will get within about six miles of the name.'

Mr. Greely's appearance on the floor of Congress created quite a sensation. A Hoosier member, after taking a goodly look at Horace, walked off, muttering in an abstracted sort of a way:

'No, I've never seen anything *exactly* like him out west. I've seen a man without any trowsers at all, but he wan't nobody.'

A peasant, being at confession, accused himself of having stolen some hay; the father confessor asked him how many bundles he had taken from the stack? 'That is of no consequence,' replied the peasant, 'you may set it down a wagon load; for my wife and I are going to fetch the remainder very soon.'

We remember witnessing the complete discomfiture of a wit of no inferior order, by a most politely delivered at a supper party by a little— 'If you please, Mr. B——, mamma sends compliments, and would be much obliged if you would *begin to be funny*.'

'What's the matter with your veal?' said a nasal-voiced Yankee to a street butcher in the Bowery, the other morning; 'what makes it look so *blue*? Didn't it *die*, did it?'

'No,' said the other, 'it didn't *die*, 'zactly; it kind o' *gin out*!'

A cockney conducted two ladies to the observatory to see an eclipse of the moon. They were too late; the eclipse was over, and the ladies were disappointed. 'O!' exclaimed our hero, 'don't fret. I know the astronomer very well; he is a polite man, and I am sure he will begin again.'

The good folks out west think of putting the fever and ague to a utilitarian purpose—such as driving saw mills, grist mills, cider presses, &c. Twenty men, they say, who shake moderately hard, are sufficient to propel a steamboat, and no danger of the 'bilers bustin.'

A good story is told of one of the insurgents, of Frankfort, a radical Mr. Metternich, who at a recent meeting implored the people not to abolish titles of nobility, and said, were they to do so, there would be no distinction between him and the prince of the same name.

The man that doth no paper take,
Grudging the price of one a year,
Will never a good husband make,
Because his wife can never know what is going on in the world, and his children will very ignorant appear.

A gentleman meeting an old friend, whom he had not seen for a long time, congratulated him on coming into possession of a large *landed* estate. 'There was such a report,' replied the other, 'but you may depend that it was quite *groundless*.'

An omnibus, heavily laden with passengers, passed over the body of a man at Warren Bridge, Boston, the other day. Strange to say, the man escaped without the slightest injury, he being in a boat under the draw at the time.

Mrs. Partington told Bennus the other day, in confidence, that a young man had committed *infanticide* by blowing his brains up in a state of *delirium tremendous*, and Coroner Pratt was holding a *conquest* over his remains.

A shallow aspirant to literary distinction presented the learned and facetious Dr. Porson a copy of one of his productions, with the remark that 'it would be read when Shakspeare was forgotten.' 'Yes,' said the doctor, 'and not till then.'

'What, sir have my client did?' 'Nothing, sir, nothing. But that is the man what have did the mischief. Him it was, what with the ferocity of a bloodhound, seized a shingle and pursued the victim!'


THE

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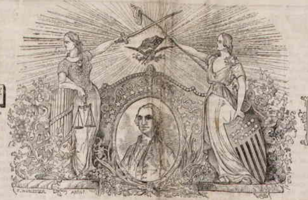

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VOLUME IV. FOR THE WEEK ENDING SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 3, 1849. NUMBER 5.


ENTRY OF A TROOP OF CRETOLIANS INTO PALMYRA.

*Return of Everard in disguise to Palmyra, in quest of the Lady Ida.*

A SPLENDID ORIGINAL ROMANCE.

OUR THOUSAND DOLLAR PRIZE TALE.


Entered according to Act of Congress, in the year 1849, by F. Gleason, in the Clerk's Office of the District Court of Massachusetts.


[WRITTEN EXPRESSLY FOR THE FLAG OF OUR UNION.]

## THE KNIGHT OF THE SILVER CROSS;

OR,

## HAFED, TH[E] LION OF TURKESTAN.

### A TALE OF THE OTTOMAN EMPIRE.

BY EDGAR W. DAVIES, Jr.

[CONTINUED.]

With low obeisances the emirs withdrew, and at the side of Everard, were soon urging their rapid way across the fertile plain, in order to overtake the retainers, who were now at a considerable distance on their return. The aged nobleman gazed sorrowfully upon the receding figure of his son, and when a slight elevation interrupted the view, he reined his steed toward the north again, saying, mournfully, as he resumed his course, and the party moved forward:

'Prince of the Tigris, it may be that I have looked for the last time upon my noble Everard, and that ere yon sun shall have six times run his daily course the banner of our lordly race will have been rent, the brave retainers of our house will sleep in death, and our glorious fame and name have perished before the power of the base insulter.'

'And it may be,' said the knight, endeavoring to raise the drooping spirits of Lord Cretolius, 'and it may be, ere your forebodings will be accomplished, that the retainers of your house with their allies may have torn the despot from the seat he has desecrated, your fame may have become more lasting, and the victorious Everard may have placed the banner of your race upon the battlements of the royal palace.'

The evening now began to fall, and the prince directed the course of the party towards a wooded hill at some distance, on the summit of which a single large mansion, built in the Saracen style, stood alone, and seemed to promise accommodations for the three leaders and their followers. On making their way through the wood, and emerging into the little plain on the brow of the hill, they discovered the house was tenantless, and therefore took possession without scruple. Wood was brought in, and huge fires built, as the evening proved a little chilly, and after a few hours of conversation, and a ramble through the house, all retired to a welcome rest.

At dawn all was astir, but as the prince Selim knew he was but a day's march from Iconium, near which his father held dominion, he was in no hurry to depart, and preparations for the morning meal were made leisurely. While this was going on, the knight ascended to one of the upper rooms of the deserted mansion, and looked forth upon the landscape. While thus occupied a servant was sent to call him down, but the man soon returned with a request that the prince Selim should come up instantly, as a favor.

The prince wonderingly ascended the stairs, and on entering the room in which stood the knight, found him gazing earnestly from a window which opened to the northward. As D'Arville heard the step of the prince, he exclaimed:

'In faith, prince Selim, that is no cloud tinted with the rosy flush of morn which I behold in the edge of the horizon. Either my eyes deceive me much, or I see the followers of the prophet; the scarlet robes of our Moslem race are easily to be seen by daylight.'

Selim looked, and there, far away to the northward, in the edge of the sky, appeared a red streak, which while he gazed, seemed gradually to grow larger.

'Now, by the beard of the prophet, it is the sons of Ben Istam, the dauntless warriors of our tribe. Look, as they descend the face of the distant hill, how their dress contrasts with the dark color of the ground. You are right, prince Arnil, they are the followers of the prophet. Doubtless, Hafed leads them to the conquest of Palmyra, but he shall be foiled this time, as there is a crescent in his host, he shall. I have said it, and I will maintain my words or die.'

'Let us descend,' replied D'Arville, 'and meet them in their course. They may take another direction ere they reach us.'

Selim and D'Arville soon went down the staircase to the apartment below, and communicated their discovery to Lord Cretolius. The news spread rapidly from mouth to mouth, till all within the walls of the mansion knew it. The meal being concluded, D'Arville and Lord Cretolius marshalled their respective followers, and with the prince Selim passed the wood and issued into the open plain. For three hours they steadily held their way, but could obtain no view of the approaching Moslem, as a hill intervened.

As they reached the foot of the hill and began its ascent, they heard the music of the Turcoman bands floating in the air, and on gaining the summit, a troop of light cavalry galloped around them at a distance as if to reconnoitre. And now a scene of magnificence met their eyes; for there, below them, just rising from the plain, to ascend the eminence, marched fifteen thousand warriors of the tribe of Ben Istam in battle array, while on their flanks five thousand of the swift horsemen of their race, with scarlet robes and flashing scimitars, coursed along the plain on their snowy chargers.

D'Arville ranged his disguised knights along each flank of the Cretolian retainers, and as Selim took up his station in front, the knight and Lord Cretolius ordered a halt, and reined in their steeds upon either hand of the prince. There upon the summit waved the long blue plumes of the little band of Cretolians. Upon the plain below moved the twenty thousand sons of Ben Istam in pride and power. It was a fearful moment for all but the prince Selim.

He gazed with glistening eye upon his gallant tribe, and in silence awaited their recognition. In vain his look sought Hafed amid the group of magnificently dressed emirs, who rode amid the foremost band—he was not there.

When the Moslem riders perceived the new-comers upon the hill, they dashed in large numbers along the sod, and wheeled close in their front.

'The prince Selim!' 'The dauntless rider!' 'Allah be praised, we see him again.' 'Welcome to Ben Istam's pride.' 'He lives, he lives.'

Such were the shouts that rent the air, such were the words that issued from countless lips, and as the joyful import of the cry met the ears of the slower moving footmen behind, they sent up to the heavens a wild echo of triumphant pleasure that rang out like the voice of a whirlwind. On every side they pressed around the prince, with exclamations of delight, and it was with difficulty that he could preserve the little band of his escort from being crushed to death in the crowd.

After a while order was restored, and the warriors of Ben Istam withdrew to a respectful distance, leaving their chiefs in a group before the prince. After gazing proudly round upon the circling thousands, Selim spoke:

'Chiefs of my father's tribe, whither bend you your warlike course?'

'Dauntless Selim, we move toward the beautiful city of the Syrian plain. Hafed, the lion of Turkestan, hath called us to arms, to revenge your murder by the Palmyrenes, but Allah be praised, we see you again.'

'And where is my brother Hafed?' asked Selim.

'He leadeth forty thousand of the Seljukide Turks along the route of the pleasant Euphrates, and thirty thousand warriors of the tribes of Turcomania have taken the course beyond the western mountains. Ourselves, with the gallant sons of Ben Istam are to pursue the mountain road. The prince Hafed left three days since, and ere this, must have come in sight of the desert.'

'This must not be, chiefs. The Palmyrenes harmed me not, but I lost myself in a ruined castle. They have sent hither this aged man, Lord Cretolius, to seek for peace. This noble prince is Arnil, whose father is an emir by the Tigris.'

'Hail to the reverend head; welcome to the youthful warrior.'

'Chiefs of Ben Istam, I ask of you a boon in token of welcome,' said Selim.

'Ask, and we will be happy to serve thee,' replied an emir.

'Go not forth to the field, but return with your prince to Iconium,' responded Selim.

Some dissatisfaction seeming to manifest itself among the chiefs at this proposal, the prince, at a hint from D'Arville, thought that now was the time to strike for empire, for if these went with Hafed to the war, he would place those who were partisans of Selim in the front of the battle, that they might perish, and thus weaken the chance of the latter of gaining a sultan's throne. With a firm voice, and a resolute look he said:

'Chiefs of Ben Istam, choose between Selim and Hafed. I will bear his tyranny no more, by the beard of the prophet. Hafed would direct you to the conquest of a single city, of almost impregnable strength; Selim would show you the way to the hearts of the Byzantine empire, and lead you to the conquest of a thousand cities. Choose, and may Allah give you wisdom; Hafed and a city, or Selim and an empire.'

'Selim and an empire;' 'Death to the Greek,' was the reply from the ambitious emirs, while, 'Long live Selim Othman, sultan of Turcomania,' was echoed by the thousands of Ben Istam's warlike tribe who had thronged around to hear.

'Back then to Iconium, in the name of Allah,' cried Selim.

### CHAPTER XII.

*Plans of king Iscora. Their frustration, and how. Lady Ida at De Montfort's. She visits a ruined monastery, is waylaid, and made prisoner by the robbers.*

KING ISCORA was alone. The chamber in which he sat, lit by two lofty windows, from whose arched tops scarlet curtains drooped, was furnished as much for ease and comfort, as for magnificent display. Within this place of secret council none dared to tread, except a favored few; without faithful guards watched day and night, that no curious eavesdropper should hear the state secrets discussed by the ministers and statesmen of the realm.

The monarch sat, on a soft cushioned seat, with his arms folded, and his head half resting on the pillowed back, gazing through the window in meditative mood. It was nearly noon, on the same day in the morning of which Lord Cretolius and his companions left with their escort, to seek the emirs of distant Laconia, and the king was now all impatient for the return of his spies—creatures who would have stained their hands with the blood of the innocent, at his command, or dared the most fearful adventures for a slight reward.

With a smile of exultation, he said, as a thought crossed his mind:

'Ha, ha, ha, now I will win the guerdon, now will I prove her threat. How well I managed, by conferring the honor of the embassy to the Moslem on her father and brother, to get them out of the way. Ere they return I shall have revelled in her charms, I shall have stolen the bright jewel of the house of Cretolius. Ere they return, did I say? As for that matter, I think they can never again see Palmyra, for with their small escort, the warlike bands which have of late filled the mountain fastnesses between here and Iconium, will enevitably cut them off to a man. But they have been so long absent on their travels that they do not know the exact state of affairs in the north, and will be unexpectedly destroyed in some of the dangerous defiles of the mountains. The Lady Ida is here alone, and now I will have a bitter revenge for her biting scorn, and teach her what it is to look with proud disdain upon a monarch's suit, and threaten him with punishment. But if I mistake not, the footsteps in the corridor sound like Kasid's heavy tread, and now I hear his voice demanding admittance. Without there, open to the new comer.'

In obedience to this command the door was opened, and a tall and powerfully-formed man, in splendid costume, but with a cap pulled down over his brows, entered. When he had passed the guard, so that the latter could not see his face, he doffed the cap, and as the door was closed, advanced toward the king, and stood before him in respectful silence.

'How now, Kasid, wherefore lookest thou so gloomy? Has aught gone wrong in this affair of the lady?'

'My liege, I fear to say, lest my unworthy head should fall.'

'Speak on, and when thou hast finished, thou shalt know how long thou hast to live,' replied the king, briefly.

'As it is, so must it be. I cannot now change past events,' said the chief Kasid. 'The Lady Ida went with her father.'

'Ha! gone!' echoed the king, with a dark look, and a firm expression, continued fiercely—'Say on.'

'My liege, pardon me, and let not thine anger fall on me. I saw them leave the gate, but sent two of my men to trace their course, and in the garb of the Cretolian retainers they managed to join the band of Lord Cretolius. Two or three others I sent to mingle with the household at the castle, and from them I have learned since, that the servants of Cretolius say that the Lady Ida is to stay at the castle of the Baron De Montfort, beyond the Euphrates, with about forty followers, till her kindred return from Laconia.'

'Kasid, thou hast saved thy head,' said the monarch; 'for since the lady is within a day's ride of Palmyra, all will yet go well. But ere thou reapest the reward I promised you, you must convey her hither, and secretly; if 'tis done within a week, the sum shall be doubled.'

'My liege, you are generous, and to see so good a master I would go any length. Before yon sun shall have six times run his daily course, she shall be in your power. But there is another piece of news I have of strange import. The prince Selim was found last night by the envoy of St. John and the Baron Everard, having been taken by the maniac and confined in the ruined castle of the ancient Maronitian family.'

'My rival come to light again! where is he now?'

'He departed with Lord Cretolius,' replied the chief.

A dark flush crossed the monarch's countenance, while he rose from his seat suddenly, and paced the room backward and forward with quick steps, saying:

'The fates seem to conspire against me. Kasid; this is a bad affair, and I would that the knight of St. John had been in Tophet ere he showed his face here to beard me in my senate-chamber, and disconcert my plans. Had I known what would have come to pass, he should have vanished from the sight of men ere he could have done this. Now the prince Selim will accompany the Cretolians, and guard them by his power from the fate which I hoped awaited them among the mountains. Worse, worse than that; he is now, perhaps, at her side, whispering to her of love. But what care I, I shall have her, or perish. What are your intentions, and how will you get her?'

'I will find means, my liege, and if no other way succeeds, I can soon, with the aid of your gold, gather around me a band of Saracens strong enough to storm the castle of De Montfort, and tear her from her protector,' answered Kasid.

'Rather than lose her, you shall have all the gold my treasury contains. Away, now, and use secrecy and despatch.'

'I will, my liege. You shall hear from me soon. Adieu.'

So saying, the robber-chief, for such he was, withdrew, and after throwing over his shoulders a capacious cloak of coarse make, which entirely concealed his rich dress, took his way through the streets to a gloomy-looking and half-ruinous mansion in what was called the ruined quarter, and disappeared through the door. Within the walls of this mansion dwelt seventy desperate men, many of them the dregs of the last crusade, others, outlawed Saracens. The chief, Kasid, was of the latter class, and in youth had been an emir of the Tigris; but his fearful crimes and cruel nature rendering him odious to his people, he was compelled to fly to avoid their anger, and chose the robber's course as a means of revenging himself. He raised this band of desperadoes, and at times made fearful and bloody incursions into the land he once oppressed, slaughtering without mercy all of his own kindred and tribe who fell in his way. He had now come to Palmyra secretly, at a message from the monarch, ready for any work of evil with which he might be commissioned, and had been assigned this mansion just mentioned, as a hiding-place for himself and his troop.

But he was not so secure as he imagined; for one of the Palmyrene lords had witnessed the arrival of the ferocious-looking band, wrapt in their coarse cloaks, and being suspicious of their purposes, kept his thoughts to himself, but sent a faithful servant to trace them. This servant, who was a shrewd fellow, found means to ingratiate himself into the favor of two or three of the robbers, and was introduced to the troop as a new recruit, being instantly admitted to a share in the revels which were now going on in the mansion.

When their chief entered, the robbers were gathered around three tables in the largest room of the house, drinking and carousing, and among them the shrewd servant was already quite a favorite, though he had been in their company but an hour or two. With careful watchfulness he abstained from drinking too much, while from his quondam companions he received remarks on the apparent strength of his head to resist the effects of the great quantity of liquor he seemed to have swallowed. This they considered as an excellent quality, and hailed him as a worthy comrade.

The expedients to which he resorted to keep up this appearance, were ingenious in the extreme, such as pouring a goblet half full of water, and letting it stand till he had an opportunity to fill it up with the darker and weaker wine, so that it appeared to be the light colored wine of Syria, after mixture with water. The Syrian wine was very strong, and with his cup raised he would challenge the others to drink. Much of it he poured in his bosom, and spilt some on the floor, so that the two vases of wine in front of him had disappeared before those around had half finished theirs. At this stage he feigned intoxication, and dropped over upon the floor, apparently senseless.

While he thus lay, listening to the conversation of the robbers, and treasuring its import in his mind, the chieftain Kasid entered, and after looking around, enjoined silence:

'Is the new comer here? if he is, let him leave the room, for till his fidelity has been perfectly proved he may not hear our secrets. Where is he? I see him not.'

'He is here, upon the floor,' said a robber. 'You need not fear that he will reveal any secrets, for he is too drunken to hear them. He hath finished two vases of wine, and lays like a stone.'

On hearing this, the chief thought no more of him, but proceeded to unfold to his men the result of his conversation with the king, and gave them the story of his plot against the Lady Ida, and the manner in which it was to be carried out, stating that they were to start on their mission that very night. After promising each a liberal reward in case of success, Kasid gave orders that no one should leave the house during the day, and then left the apartment.

For two hours longer the servant lay on the [illegible] he turned in his mind the best mode of escape. [illegible] band were still occupied with [illegible] other end of the table, and [illegible] gazing at them for a while, rose [illegible] hands and knees, and crept carefully through the open door, which was close behind him, into the entry. Looking down the stairs which led to the front entrance, he saw four of the band on guard in the vestibule, and therefore made his way into the upper story of the mansion. Here he looked forth from the windows, but could find no way to escape. Going down to the hall again, he resumed his position, determined to wait till the rest of the robbers should have followed the example of their comrades. One after the other they fell back in their seats, into a sound sleep, and soon nothing broke the stillness which reigned in the long-deserted mansion, save the heavy breathing of the sleeping villains, and the indistinct voices of the sentries below.

Again rising, the valet gently closed and fastened the door, that the sentries might not come up and surprise him in the midst of his operations. Going to the casement he opened it, and looked out, but to his disappointment he saw seated on a broken pillar which lay on the ground, two of the robbers, engaged in conversation. Knowing he had no time to spare, he reconnoitered the room carefully, hoping that some new mode of escape might cross his mind, but none appearing he approached the broad fire-place, and peered up the broad chimney. Seeing that there was a spike some distance up, almost within reach of his hand, large enough to afford him a firm footing, could he once mount upon it, he looked further, and to his joy discovered others above it, when his eye had become a little accustomed to the darkness.

He now returned to the door, unfastened it, laid his cap on the sill of the casement, and entering the fire-place once more, sprang up, caught hold of the spike, and by means of his [illegible] drew himself up, till he could reach the next a foot above. In this way, he soon obtained a foothold, and by means of the spikes, which he found were placed at regular intervals, ascended about twenty feet till he reached a niche a yard square, set in the side of the chimney, where he considered himself safe.

Here he remained in silence, listening anxiously to hear what might pass below. No sound came up the dark aperture, however, till by the dimness of the place he knew that twilight prevailed. Then he heard the voices of the robbers recovering from their drunken sleep, and as the minutes passed, the clatter of cups and platters told him that supper was on hand. The entrance of the chieftain, and his orders to depart, were followed by an inquiry for himself, and loud exclamations of surprise at the discovery of his absence.

He now became fearful they would discover his hiding-place, but was rejoiced to find that they at last concluded he had escaped through the open casement, as his cap lay on the sill. When another hour was spent, he heard the trampling of their feet down the stairs, and some time having elapsed after the sound of their voices died away, he descended and found they had gone.

It was now long after dusk, and the valet, leaving the house, made the best of his way towards the palace of his master, Lord Sicinius, in whose presence he found himself ere an hour had elapsed, and related his adventures circumstantially, and the substance of all he had heard or gathered from the conversation of the robbers. Lord Sicinius heard his tale with astonishment and indignation, and ordering his horse, rode rapidly to the palace of Lord Morden, whom he found at home, and to whom he communicated the story of his valet.

Lord Morden, who entertained a warm friendship for Ida, determined to save her at all events, and as Lord Sicinius had a high regard for Lord Cretolius, having been comrades in the Saracen wars in youth, and fought side by side in many a stern conflict, he offered his assistance to Lord Morden, and that of his three sons, barons of the realm. The two nobles, after a long consultation concluded to send a letter to the absent ambassador, by a swift messenger, informing him of what they had heard, and the valet was chosen as being the most trustworthy bearer they could find.

He was sent for, and enthusiastically acceded to the proposition made him by the nobles, more through a spirit of gallantry, than because of the promised reward. Lord Morden wrote the billet himself, not wishing to trust the secret to his secretary, and it having been sealed, the valet secured it in a thin case in his sandal, after which, he proceeded to make his preparations for departure.

A Turcoman disguise was procured, and mounted on a swift steed the valet took his way, with early dawn, from the city gate, and proceeded along the mountain road northward.

* * * * * * *

When Lord Cretolius and his troop left the castle of De Montfort, the Lady Ida, after bidding her kindred adieu, and waving her hand to the warm-hearted Selim, ascended to the highest turret of the castle, and watched their course for two long hours, till the band of retainers dwindled to a mere speck in the distance, and the scarlet dresses of D'Arville's troop were no longer to be seen. From her elevated position, she could gaze over a vast extent of territory, and after looking upon the houses which dotted the plain below, her eyes followed the windings of the Euphrates, which lay like a silver serpent on the landscape; and in the dim distance, thirty miles away, she saw a hill rising from its banks, on whose summit appeared a dark spot, the nature of which she was unable to conjecture.

Feeling somewhat oppressed at the absence of her father and brother, and knowing that [illegible] that she did not feel sufficiently composed to appear at the table of De Montfort, and for three or four days confined herself entirely to the tower allotted to her use. On the evening of the fourth day, however, her sadness had somewhat passed off, and she joined the aged baron Arthur in his hall, and spent a few hours with him.

In the course of conversation, among other things, the hill and its dark summit came to mind, and in answer to a question of her own, the baron told her the dark spot she noticed, was a ruined monastery, which had fallen before the fury of the Saracens a century or more before, and stood on the summit of the hill. Ida had heard of monasteries, and some strange stories of this particular ruin occurring to her mind, she told the baron she thought she would like to visit it, and after a further conversation, it was decided she should start after the first meal next morning, with her retainers, while a strong party of the baron's troopers should accompany her.

The night passed away, and at dawn the Lady Ida arose, and gave her lieutenant the necessary orders. De Montfort sent out messengers and gave notice to about eighty of his followers to gather at the castle within three hours, and then sat down with the Lady Ida to the table. When the meal was finished, the lady was so impatient to be in the saddle, that she could not wait, and as the baron said he would send his men in her course as soon as they arrived, she fearlessly trotted out of the gate with her troop, and took a northward direction. Two of the party, however, had mysteriously disappeared, and though the castle was searched they were not found, though a retainer who had looked from a turret, imagined that he saw two horsemen trotting along the plain a great distance to the north.

The Lady Ida made rapid progress, and at noon halted her escort on the banks of the Euphrates, within five miles of the ruined monastery. The provisions carried by her retainers were brought out, and the Lady Ida and her lieutenant seated themselves beneath a palm-tree, while the rest retired to an adjacent grove, and made a hearty meal. After it was concluded they resumed their course, and an hour or two more found them near the monastery.

As they arrived near the summit of the hill on which it stood, voices were heard above, and a soldier who was sent up to reconnoitre, returned with the intelligence that a party of about twenty men in the Palmyrene dress, apparently honest citizens, were taking dinner within. This was not very alarming, and the Lady Ida trotted up the avenue, and with her retainers entered through one of the apertures in the side of the ruin, within one of the cloisters of which appeared the party whose voices they had previously heard.

Seated upon fallen blocks of stone, with others for tables, were a score of substantial looking gentleman, who looked up as if in surprise at seeing the new-comers.

'It is the noble Lady Ida, daughter of Lord Cretolius.'

This announcement was hailed with a cheer, and all arose to their feet, while the one who had spoken, dressed in a magnificent and costly attire, advanced to the lady with a cup of wine, which he offered her, saying:

'Will not the Lady Ida take this draught to refresh her after her ride? The fairest damsel in Palmyra is not often seen here, and when she graces the desert with her bright presence, or blooms amid the ruin, she should be as welcome as a rose in winter.'

'I will but touch it to my lips in answer to your gallant speech, brave sir,' said she, and after tasting, returned it to him. The cavalier gayly drank the contents, and in answer to a question which the Lady Ida then put to him, replied:

'We are citizens of Palmyra, and started yester morn to pass two or three days as pleasantly as possible in visiting these ruins, but we little expected such noble company, or to see the belle of the Palmyrene court, the beauteous Lady Ida, in this distant spot.'

'Cease your compliments, I pray you, sir,' responded Ida. 'Came you hither without attendants?'

'Nay,' replied the cavalier; 'our guard of thirty, and twenty servants, wait in a grove just yonder, without the northern wing of the ruin, and there our horses are tethered. Do you intend to alight?'

'I shall, and rest myself a few moments, ere I view the decaying structure, for that was the purpose which brought me hither,' said Ida, as she sprang from her horse.

Her troop followed her example, and having rested herself awhile, she took the arm of her lieutenant, a noble youth, and with the cavalier entered the few apartments which still remained perfect on the ground floor, and listened in pleasure to his description of the various parts of the building, and the uses to which they were applied, at the same time maintaining a sort of respectful coldness towards him, which was natural to be expected by him, as he was a perfect stranger.

As they approached the southern end of the building, a view of the plain appeared through a window, and a mile or more distant, a party of about a hundred horsemen were seen. The moment his eye rested on them, the cavalier exclaimed:

'Ha, who are those coming hither?'

'They are merely a part of my escort, and if they were not, our united guards would be a match for them,' replied Ida.

The cavalier turned quickly, and seeing that the retainers of Lady Ida were mingled with the gentlemen of his party, blew a blast on his trumpet, and then suddenly drawing his sword, plunged it through the lieutenant's body. At the same instant, the pseudo-citizens drew each a knife from his bosom, and struck it into the bosom of those nearest them, and twenty of Lady Ida's retainers fell to the earth, with the purple stream of their lives issuing from their [illegible] hearts. The other retainers drew [illegible] but ere they had struck down half-a-score of the assassins, fifty more of the robber band poured in through the northern door, with naked weapons, and speedily ended the contest. Three only of the Cretolians made their escape, by throwing away their arms, and rushing swiftly through a side window and down the hill.

The cavalier, Kasid, for it was the robber chief, gave hurried orders to mount, and placing the fainting form of the Lady Ida before him, on the back of his powerful steed, led his troop rapidly down the slope of the hill, and directed his course northward, fearing if he rode toward Palmyra, the troop of De Montfort would intercept him.

The three fugitive Cretolians, noticing the approaching body of horse, made the best of their way toward them, fearing the robbers would pursue them, and straining every nerve to escape. At last they neared their coming friends, who soon gathered around with exclamations and inquiries; but the Cretolians were so much exhausted, that for a minute or more they were unable to speak. Ere long, however, one of them managed to murmur, in a faint voice:

'The Lady Ida—they have killed her—the villains in the monastery.'

'Killed her! how many were there? where are your own troopers?' said the commander of the Montforts.

'There were fifty or sixty, and they have killed our men.'

'Follow us at your leisure. Forward, my merry men, forward, for the sake of the Lady Ida, and let us give the assassins their due reward.'

Onward rushed the dark body of horsemen, the warriors of Old England, and they pressed their steeds across the plain, and up the hill so swiftly, that the bits of their bridles were covered with the white foam, and the horses' flanks covered with a dew which rolled off their streaming hides like rain. They reached the summit, and the fearful scene which met their gaze on entering, held them silent for a moment in horror, but this emotion gave place to the most terrible anger.

'What wretches have done this? what demon hands have been at work here? Answer, man, or I will finish thy vile course to a certainty,' said the commander to one of the robbers who lay bleeding on the ground—one of the few the Cretolians had struck to the earth after the first surprise.

'Fool,' said the dying wretch, who was a mongrel Saracen, 'dost thou think I care for death. No. Your threatened blow would but rid me of my pain. Would you know who hired us—the licentious king who sought to ruin his fair subject. I hate him with heart and soul, or you would not know that much. Would you seek those who have thus performed his behests? they have fled to the northward, and with them they bear the Lady Ida, and ere your heavy armed soldiers can overtake them, they must fly on the wings of the wind. O, Mahomet, Eblis, my heart, my heart—kill me, kill me, I pray thee; this pain is—'

The commander's eye saw the wretch's last gasp, his fearful struggle, and then spurring his horse across the court, plunged down the northern slope of the hill at the head of his followers, in pursuit of Kasid, and his robber band, who were now two miles away.

For six long hours the hot chase was kept up, for six long hours the noble steeds of the Britons bore them on, but the swifter steeds of the robbers, and their lighter burthens, rapidly increased the distance between the parties, and when at last the sun set in splendor in the west, the riders of De Montfort could scarcely discern the distant fugitives.

Twilight gradually settled upon the plain, and still the iron-hearted pursuers kept on till the darkness of night wrapped all things in its gloom, and the bright stars shone merrily overhead. Then they ceased their course, and not till then, did they rein up their weary chargers, and ascending the side of a neighboring hill which loomed dimly in the atmosphere close in front. The noble animals which had borne them sixty miles that day were cared for, and then the tired troopers took their rest within a sheltering grove, and slept calmly through the dim watches of the night.

### CHAPTER XIII.

*Affairs in Palmyra. Entry of a troop, in disguise. Sudden appearance of Everard before the king, and his demand. The result. Desperate battle at the palace, between the Palmyrene nobles and the troops of king Iscora.*

ELEVEN days had elapsed after the departure of Lord Cretolius and his party from Palmyra, and during that time, the yeomen of the city occupied themselves in preparing to meet the storm of war which the lion of Turkestan had threatened to bring upon them. The armorers and blacksmiths were working night and day, the former in constructing and repairing coats of mail, helmets and bucklers; the latter in making ready tremendous engines of defence to place along the walls of the city. The cutlers were reaping a golden harvest, and the workers of plumes and doublets filled their coffers with silver.

Experienced engineers with large parties of laborers were employed in strengthening various parts of the city walls; in the squares of the city subalterns were busily drilling the retainers of their lords, and barons marshalled their troops hither and thither, while through the strongly-guarded gates, wagons constantly entered, laden with the harvest from the surrounding fields, or [illegible] with grain and fruits from the neighboring mountains.

In the midst of these warlike preparations, a body of Cretolian retainers, one hundred and fifty strong, passed in at the northern gate, apparently under the command of two lieutenants and a centurion, who represented themselves as a part of Lord Cretolius's escort, sent back as unnecessary. Beside the centurion rode a youth of middle height, whose dark skin and straight black hair, gave him the appearance of a native of distant India. He spoke not at the gate, but pulled his cap down over his brows, and kept close to the officer, looking neither to the right nor left.

[SEE ENGRAVING.]

Having traversed the street of palms to that of palaces, they turned aside, and reaching the castle of Cretolius, entered and dismounted in the courtyard. The castle guard gathered around with eager questions, to which the new-comers answered not a word, but followed their leaders in silence into the great hall, fastening the doors behind them. Wonder and surprise were predominant in the bosoms of those without, and fearing something was wrong, the seneschal soon gathered three or four hundred men, determined to arrest the party when they should come out, and placed his band in the entry close to the door.

The bolt was sprung within a few minutes after, and as the door slightly opened, and a face looked through the aperture to discover the cause of the uproar without, the seneschal pushed it violently open, and rushed in with his followers, demanding the cause of the strange proceedings of the new-comers. The centurion, without a word, pointed to a window, at which half hidden by a curtain, stood the Indian youth, before mentioned, with his back toward them. The seneschal strode to the spot, and gazed in the face of the Indian; a word in his ear caused him to start, and the curtain being close drawn, both remained concealed behind its folds for a few minutes, during which, the seneschal's band remained silently awaiting the result, but closing up the entrance to the hall with their array.

Suddenly the curtains parted, and the seneschal gave an order that his guard should leave the hall, and speedily notify the whole legion of retainers to hold themselves in readiness to gather at a moment's notice to strike for the honor of the house of Cretolius. The wondering band slowly retired to obey his orders, closing the door behind them, which was instantly fastened by the seneschal.

Some time after, seven couriers left the castle gate, and during the lapse of another hour, nine horsemen rode into the courtyard at different times, dismounted, and were ushered into the great hall. None of the astonished retainers thronging the courtyard saw their faces, for they were hidden in the folds of their large cloaks, and their plumed helmets were so close upon the brow that their eyes only were visible. But the golden spur which graced their heels, and the graven work on their helmets plainly indicated they were of the higher ranks of society.

As each entered the hall, the cloak was laid aside, displaying the form of a Palmyrene noble, armed from head to foot as if for the fight. The last to arrive was Lord Morden, who was preceded but a few minutes by Lord Sicinius and his three sons, and around the poorly-dressed Indian they gathered—a duke, five lords, and three barons, each addressing a word of sympathy to the former as they took his hand. Upon the brows of all, rested a stern, determined expression, and in their eyes a look of thoughtful severity was mingled with mournfulness—for they were there to conspire against the peace of Palmyra, and to bring just punishment upon the guilty monarch who had dared to attempt to destroy the honor of one of their number, by tearing the fair Ida from her friends and home.

'We must not give back in this enterprise,' said Lord Sicinius, 'for a principle is at stake. If the king is suffered thus with impunity to destroy the fair fame of one noble family, he will think himself privileged to do the same to others. Therefore we must persevere, for we might as well perish by the sword, as by the machinations of a despot.'

''Tis even so,' said Lord Morden, 'and we must now permit Everard to seek the king and demand the Lady Ida, and if she is not restored, sound the call to arms, and pluck the tyrant-spoiler from his throne. What say you, Everard?'

'I am ready,' said the Indian, for it was Everard in disguise. 'But ere I go, let me know what chance of success we have in case of an appeal to arms.'

'Lord Sicinius and his sons can bring four thousand to the field, the other three lords each two thousand,' replied Lord Morden. 'These, with my own legion of two thousand, the duke's of three thousand, and your own, will make a force of eighteen thousand men.'

'Eighteen thousand against thirty-six thousand? 'tis fearful odds,' said Everard.

'Nay,' said Lord Sicinius, 'the king cannot have so many. At least, ten thousand of our citizens will neither fight against their king for us, nor for him in such an unjust cause as his, and consequently, will remain neutral, and if to this, we add a couple of thousand who will join our standards when the villany of our monarch shall have been sounded through the streets, our forces will be nearly equal.'

'Let us depart then, instantly,' replied Everard, 'for the palace.'

'One moment,' said the duke. 'Everard, it is best that when you face the king, you

should, in case of his refusal to restore the beauteous Lady Ida, say nothing of our intentions, that our blow may be the surer for being unexpected.'

'Yes,' said Lord Marden, 'it is. And now let us seek our own castles, call together our retainers secretly, marshal them in our courtyards, and wait the decision of the king. Everard shall send us couriers to give us notice in case of his refusal.'

The mode of operations had been previously arranged by the nobles, and after Everard, who was to be the nominal leader, as he was the most injured, had received his instructions in attentive silence, the nine nobles left the castle, and separated to their different homes.

An hour after, having laid aside his Indian disguise, and wiped from his face the stains with which he had darkened it, Everard issued from the hall into the courtyard, where nearly a thousand Cretolians were gathered, engaged in conversation on the strange events of the morning, and wondering what could have caused the orders they had received to be ready at a moment for the combat. His appearance, though it caused astonishment, was hailed with enthusiasm, and as he rode from the castle gates with the band who had accompanied him into the hall, he was followed by shouts of greeting.

Taking his way to the royal palace, he there found the [illegible] of the conspirators assembled. Dismounting, he entered the palace, and, [illegible] found the king in one [illegible], looking into the avenue; when the lackey who conducted him hither retired, he addressed the surprised monarch:

'My liege, my unexpected return has filled you with astonishment, but you doubtless know the reason. I have come to demand of you my lovely sister, whom your minions have rapt from the protection of the Baron De Montfort by force, and for what purpose you best know. Where is she?'

'Baron Cretolius, I have not looked upon her face since last she danced with me in the palace hall, on the evening when your father introduced the envoy of St. John,' replied the monarch.

'It is useless to evade my question,' responded Everard, firmly. 'I asked you not when you saw her. Again, I repeat it, where is she?'

'I tell you, I know not: I knew she had disappeared, but whither I cannot tell,' exclaimed the king.

'Did you not sent a band of assassins, headed by the villain Kasid, to abduct her? Did you not give them shelter in the ruined quarter till your vile plans were completed? Tell me that?'

'And if I did, I have not seen or heard of her since.'

'King Iscora, it is in vain to attempt to deceive me. She is in this palace, and I must have her, or—'

'Or!' repeated the king, '*or!* Fool, it is well the sentence ceased there, for dare to utter a single threat, and you shall be tried for treason before a secret council, and your head placed over the city gate, a spectacle for a gaping multitude.'

'What say you? Wretch, ere that can happen, your own head shall roll on the ground, and your villainous soul shall have sped to its final place of punishment,' cried Everard in indignation. 'Now will you give me my sister, or see your palace fall in ruins upon your guilty head? for if you do not, you shall.'

Over the brow of the monarch the red flush of anger came in an instant, and his eyes flashed with the most ferocious rage. So uncontrollable was his passion that for a moment he was unable to speak. Recovering a little, he shouted in a voice of thunder, which seemed to shake the walls of the room:

'Would you beard the lion in his den? You shall see. Guards, guards, enter and seize this vile traitor. Bear him away from my sight. Throw him in the darkest dungeon, and leave him to seek his sister in Tophet. Quick, or your own heads shall fall in lieu of his, as I am a king they shall.'

'Ravisher of innocence!' cried Everard, 'you will yet feel the vengeance due your iniquity, as well as be disappointed in this last attempt to destroy the brother of your first victim.'

As the guards burst open the door, Everard stooped quickly, and seizing a heavy-cushioned seat, of great weight, flung it violently against the window, shivering the light framework to pieces. Drawing a dagger, he struck it in the bosom of the foremost soldier who attempted to seize him, and rushing to the casement, sprang out into the street, and a minute after mounted his horse, saying to the couriers who awaited on their steeds:

'Away, to your masters, away, and tell them the worst has happened. Strike your spurs, I tell you; wait not, but speed to your lords, for life and death is in your swiftness.'

His orders were obeyed implicitly, and away darted the couriers, just as the twenty or thirty guardsmen, who had pursued Everard through the casement by the king's command reached him. The Cretolian retainers, seeing their young master in danger, lost not an instant in cutting to pieces his pursuers, and then followed his rapid course towards the castle of Cretolius, a half hour sufficing to bring them there.

The great gong on the keep of the lordly mansion was struck again and again, and as the dismal sound rolled far and near over the neighborhood, the bold retainers seized their arms, donned their coats of steel, and issuing into the streets made their way to the castle and gathered in its courtyard, with hundreds of others whom curiosity to know the cause of the uproar had brought thither.

When all were assembled Everard appeared on the great stairs, and calling to his heralds to sound their trumpets, soon restored silence:

'Men of Palmyra; you have wondered why I have so soon returned, and without my father and Lady Ida. It is because the fair flower of our house has been taken from us by a licentious ruler; because your own peerless Lady Ida is now in the hands of one who seeks her ruin, and by her ruin would destroy the honor of our ancient house. To rescue her from her oppressor have I called you hither. What say you; are you ready to follow me in this noble cause?'

Like one sound rose the angry voices of the three thousand Cretolians, and wrathful visages appeared on every hand. Mingled with the terrible cry, came the oft-repeated words, 'Lead us on! lead us on!' 'We will die for the honor of our house.' 'Death to the ravisher!' 'Who hath done it?'

Everard raised his hand to enjoin silence.

'You ask who hath done it? On the honor of my name, it is none other than he who sent me to the distant land of the Turcoman, that during my absence and that of my father, he might accomplish his vile purposes, and pluck from you the flower of your pride—your Lady Ida. It is none other than the unworthy wretch who sways the sceptre of our realm; and had it not been for my faithful band, who a short time since hewed some of his guard in pieces, I would now have slept in death, and my head have graced the battlements of the city. He sent us to Iconium, hoping that we might perish in the way; but the gallant prince Selim saved us in the hour of peril from Haled's wrath. Yes, the oppressor is your monarch, and ere night I shall lead twenty thousand Palmyrenes against the spoiler—'

'Death to king Iscora!' 'Vengeance and the Lady Ida!' 'Lead us on, lead us to the palace!' swelled out again upon his ear the angry notes of three thousand tongues. Even the thousand citizens, drawn thither by mere curiosity, shouted: 'We will aid you.' 'We will stand by you.'

'You have said, lead you to the palace. I will, at once. To horse, to horse, my cavaliers; away, to the den of the spoiler.'

And soon five hundred horsemen, and five times as many footmen filed from the gate of the castle of Cretolius, under the command of Everard, over whom floated the ancient banner of the house of Cretolius. With cries of vengeance they took their way up the avenue in the direction of the royal palace, and while a few of the spectators joined their array, the rest scattered themselves, and rapidly spread the tale of dark wrong of which the king had been guilty.

When the conspiring nobles reached their respective palaces, in the morning after their conference with Everard, they despatched twenty couriers to the royal palace to await the young baron, and then proceeded to call their retainers together, and when they were assembled, proceeded to set before them the costliest viands and the most refreshing wines. The retainers knew there must be something unusual on hand, to cause this [illegible], and numerous were their conjectures on the subject, none of which came anywhere near the truth. While they were yet occupied with their wine, the couriers from Everard arrived at their respective castles, with the brief message that the worst had come to pass.

Then the heralds proclaimed in the streets a call that all who wished to hear a strange tale should gather in the castle courts; and ere long, in nine lordly mansions was the perfidy of King Iscora proclaimed, to fifteen thousand armed men, and five thousand citizens, while shouts of 'death to the tyrant!' made the welkin ring. Nine nobles called on their followers to rescue the flower of Palmyra, and fifteen thousand voices sent up the answer, 'Death to king Iscora!' Soon nine gallant legions started from as many different parts of the city, and took up their line of march beneath the banners of their lords, for the royal palace.

But these things did not pass unheeded by the guards and spies of the king, and the gongs of twenty castles rang out their alarm, calling their thousands to arms. The tale of Ida's abduction spread swiftly, and as Lord Marden had predicted, there were hundreds and hundreds who refused to fight, but determined to remain neutral.

The imperial legion of the guard consisted of four thousand men, but at least one half were on duty on the walls, or outside the gates. The rest were at the castle garrison, which stood within a short distance of the royal palace, and when Everard made his escape from the palace window, the king sent them orders to pursue him and seize the castle of Cretolius. Some time elapsed ere they were ready, and when at last they reached the street of palaces they were met by a party of the guard, who informed them that the baron Cretolius was at the head of four thousand men, intending to advance upon the palace, and seize the king.

On hearing this, the general in command of the guard, perceiving the citizens were coming from their dwellings in arms, fell back upon the palace, and informed his monarch the people were rising in all directions. While he was yet closeted with the king, the sound of distant music was heard, and looking from a turret they descried the approaching legion of Cretolius. The approaches to the palace were instantly occupied by the imperialists, who were determined to defend it till succor should arrive from those nobles who were enemies to Cretolius, and would stand by the king.

When the Baron Everard, with his legion, arrived before the palace, they attacked the approaches with fury, and took one after another with the most gallant bravery, slaughtering the imperialists in large numbers. In vain was the resistance of the royal legion, for with the war-cry of 'Ida and vengeance,' and 'Cretolius for the realm,' the enraged Cretolians carried all before them, and were soon almost in possession of the left wing of the edifice.

In the meanwhile, three nobles with as many thousand men, who had come to the assistance of the king, had appeared before the right wing of the castle, and were ordered to enter. This they did, and their fresh warriors being placed in opposition to the Cretolians, whose numbers had been rapidly dwindling in the contest, they, with the aid of the imperialists, drove the tired Cretolians out of the wing, and pressed them closely as they retired down the avenue. Though discomfited, Everard's men preserved good order, while their pursuers broke their own ranks in their eager chase.

The scale of the battle was again turned, however, by the arrival of Lord Morden, with his legion, which placed the two parties on a more equal footing; and soon after, Lord Sicinius appearing in sight with his array, the royalists retired to the castle, and fought with their flank resting on it.

And now the whole city was in arms, and hurrying to the scene of conflict. Each party gained accessions to its strength, and the army of Everard having had the first call to arms, were all present, before the king had gathered half of his supporters.

Within the royal palace were ten thousand warriors determined to defend their monarch to the last, and looking anxiously for the reinforcements they knew were coming. Without, eighteen thousand men eagerly pressed forward to the rescue of the Lady Ida; and joyful were the royalists when their assailants fell back at Everard's command, but they did not pursue, fearing it was but a ruse to draw them from the shelter of the palace.

The Cretolian leaders, however, had merely retired to re-form their ranks, and change their plan of attack. Lord Morden, who was anxious to end the contest before the whole array of the king should be gathered, proposed to form their army in three divisions, himself and Lord Sicinius to lead five thousand against the right wing of the palace, the other nobles a like number against the centre, while the duke and Everard, with the remaining eight thousand, should assail the left wing, and attempt to take it, the two first divisions merely intending to divert the attention of the enemy.

The troops were reformed, and after the two first divisions had attacked the right wing and centre of the palace, with loud shouts, the division of Everard and the duke moved on the left wing in silence, and not till their forlorn hope (the knights of St. John led by Selastian) had gained a footing in one of the casements, did they utter a sound. But then their voices rose in a chorus of exultation, and with the war-cry of 'Ida and vengeance!' they rushed forward under a storm of darts, leaving hundreds of their number in the blood-stained trenches, and fighting their desperate way over the sternly defended ramparts, succeeded in forcing the entrances and casements, and hewed a crimson path into the building, where the knights of Sebastian's troop were already making sad havoc among the guardsmen of the imperial legion, to whom and a body of two thousand citizens, the defence of that part of the palace had been assigned.

In through the windows poured the gallant Cretolians and their allies, before whom the royalists were forced back into the centre of the edifice, while the other two divisions of the Cretolian army, by direction of Lord Morden, left their feigned attack, and followed their comrades through the casements of the left wing.

Now, in the centre of the building a fearful scene ensued, and it was not till the imperial guardsmen had nearly all perished, that the king ordered his array to fall back into the right wing, where, however, they were unable to maintain themselves more than an hour, and were finally driven out by the assailing army, and compelled to retire to the castle garrison. Before the Cretolian leaders could gather their men into proper order to pursue them, they were safe within its walls.

In the palace, ghastly corpses lay stretched upon sumptuous couches, blood stained the costly carpets, pale faces of dead men looked out from behind magnificent tapestries, and the purple tide of life flowed down the staircases, and dripped from the edges of balustraded balconies. Of the king's followers four thousand had fallen, and of [illegible] an equal number rested in death.

A council of war was called, and by the advice of Lord Sicinius and the duke, it was resolved to hold the palace, as the king's superior numbers would give him the advantage when all his forces should have gathered, and the contest be renewed. The palace was examined from one end to the other, the dungeons opened, the turret cells searched, but to the surprise and grief of Everard, no traces of the Lady Ida could be found.

They discovered, however, a vault filled with gold coin, and in the attics, stores of grain sufficient to maintain their followers for a month, while wine in almost inexhaustible quantities stocked the cellars.

The soldiers were set at work removing the bodies, and fortifying the palace, so as to render it as strong as possible. In two hours their untiring exertions had rendered it impregnable to any other than a force double their number, and being thus placed in a position to resist any sudden assault of the king's troops, they turned their attention to preparing a hearty meal and refreshing themselves after the fatigues of the combat.

An hour after, the whole of the royalist forces had arrived, and the king ventured out of the castle garrison to review his army. After inspection, they were found to number seventeen thousand men, while the troops of Cretolius and his noble colleagues were now but fourteen thousand five hundred. They sent out spies, who returned in an hour with accurate information of the number and position of the enemy, and having learned how little superior in number they were, determined to march out against them the next morning, and settle the conflict at once, trusting in the justice of their cause.

Many of the imperialists had not yet heard the story of Ida, and although any conversation on the subject was forbidden by the king, yet it was whispered from one to another, among them who had been ordered out by their lords to 'put down a rebellion,' and at least a thousand, when they heard the cause of the rising, were filled with indignation, and determined to desert the royal standard that very night, and join the Cretolian array.

An hour after the royal review, the army of the king retired into the castle again, from whose summit waved the standard of the monarch, but the sun which soon set in blood in the west, saw the seven-starred banner of Cretolius floating from the keep of the imperial palace, and the blue plumes of his retainers keeping guard around the vacant throne.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

## Foreign Correspondence of the Flag.

CITY OF LISBON, PORTUGAL,
Hotel De Francais, Dec., 1848.

MY DEAR FLAG:

You will, most likely, be much surprised to receive my first letter from this ancient and renowned capital, but you shall soon know the cause of my unexpected visit to this place. After a terrible rough and boisterous voyage of thirty-seven days, and in a little less than a wrecked condition, we put into this port in distress, having been driven so far to the north that it was impossible to make Madeira.

I sailed from New York, as you will remember, in the brig Rowena, Capt. Howard, November 10, with a fair wind. During the same night the wind veered round into the east-south-east, and in the morning we found ourselves, not only with wind dead ahead, but in a heavy gale. This gale lasted four days and nights, increasing in its fury until it reached a fearful hurricane, in which our vessel received much injury. At the latter part of the gale the vessel shipped a sea, which stove in the galley, capsized all the cooking utensils, and (in vulgar parlance) knocked the cook into a cocked hat. Poor fellow, he was very much frightened, and it was remarked that his eye did not shine with its accustomed lustre for many days afterwards, and I was of opinion that his brains (darkies have brains) must have received a serious injury from the shock, for he could hardly tell 'souse' from cabbage, 'duff' from dumplings, or pigs from poultry. On the fifth day, the captain was enabled to get an observation, when it was ascertained that we had been blown off a long distance to the south, and some two hundred miles farther from Madeira than when we left New York! We then had fair weather and a favoring breeze for three days, in which we crossed the Gulf Stream, and came into a warm and delightful climate.

After encountering still another fearful gale, in which our poor craft was, if possible, still more wrenched and injured, we passed through a calm that was positively frightful, with not a breath of wind to steady the vessel; its rolling upon the mountainous seas was fearful indeed. Every moment I expected to see her thrown on her beam ends, and that she righted is a miracle to me; however, we were not troubled long in this way, for a breeze sprung up, and we made land at this port. Our vessel is now discharging for repairs, and the captain, having invited me to stop and go to Madeira with him, I shall remain in this (to me) wonderful city, for some three weeks, during which I shall improve my time in seeing the lions. Lisbon is undoubtedly one of the oldest cities in the old world, indeed so old is it, that its origin, like that of Rome, seems altogether fabulous. They have a tradition here, that it was founded by *Ulysses*, soon after the destruction of Troy, and that it first bore the name of *Ulyssipo*, and thus they give Homer as authority:

'Ulysses, he, though fated to destiny,
On Asia's ground the heaven-built towers of Troy,
On Europe's strand, more grateful to the skies,
He bade the eternal walls of Lisbon rise.'

That it was once the seat of a powerful empire under the Moors, I think there is little doubt. As we approached the coast, I observed that it was almost lined with the ruins of fortifications, many of which still give evidence that they were once works of great strength. Lisbon is located on the banks, near the mouth of the river Tagus, forming one of the most safe and beautiful harbors in the world. I am at a loss for descriptive powers in speaking of this ancient city; I think I may style it the *city of dilapidated grandeur!* You will scarcely pass through a street where you do not see some splendid old ruin; and I am told that there are buildings in good preservation here, which were built long before the discovery of America by Columbus. 'Belem Castle,' if I remember right, is over eleven hundred years old, and yet it is in a perfect state of preservation, and is now one of the best and strongest fortifications in the place, and the evening and morning gun is still fired from its walls. Among the most splendid buildings is the Queen's Palace. It is situated on a high hill overlooking the whole city and harbor, and in clear weather may be seen many miles at sea.

Last evening I attended the grand opera at the Theatre Royal San Carlos, and had the pleasure of seeing her majesty, Donna Maria, Queen of Portugal, and her royal consort and maids of honor. Her majesty bears a strong resemblance to a [illegible] woman after all, and she was decidedly the plainest dressed [illegible] in the theatre. Her hair was plaited [illegible] were [illegible] and ornamented only with a green [illegible] of sweet-scented evergreen. [illegible] shoulders was thrown a rich [illegible] ground, and figures very plain, [illegible] close under the chin. Thus set forth [illegible] of one of the most despotic governments now on the face of the globe, but there is nothing despotic in the expression of her majesty's countenance. She is very short and fleshy in form, with flat cheeks, and a head perfectly round. She is very light complexioned for a Portuguese, with a light hazel or blue eye, and a very pleasing expression of countenance. This theatre is a 'rouser,' the largest but one in the world. It has five tiers of boxes, and the circle is immense, affording seats for some 5000 persons. The second tier of seats are \$3 each, and are of course occupied mostly by the nobility. The queen's box is in this tier. I took a seat with an English friend, in a choice place near the orchestra, just before the pit, where the tickets are one dollar. The opera was Lombardi, and most magnificently was it performed; there could not have been less than three hundred persons engaged in the representation, besides two grand danseus, and a corps de ballet of twenty. I was perfectly delighted with the prima donna. She is of the Truffi school, with action and voice much of the same though of greater power; the principal parts were all grandly sustained, but the choruses, although powerful in voice and numbers, I do not think were in time or execution equal to the Havana company.

Although three thousand miles separate us, and between rolls the broad Atlantic, still I cannot prevent the electric wires of memory from traversing the distance many times a day. I may write you soon again from Madeira.

Very truly yours, E. J. I.

[Written for The Flag of our Union.]

# THE CIGAR GIRL.

## A STORY OF THE ISLAND OF CUBA.

BY LIEUTENANT MURRAY.

Tacon was, without doubt, the most eminent and liberal governor that the Spanish throne ever sent out to rule over that gem of the ocean, its colony, the island of Cuba. He was in many respects a remarkable man, and has left in various parts of the island, and more especially in the vicinity of Havana, monuments of his enterprise and liberality, that do honor to his memory. When he landed at Moro Castle, the city was little better than a rendezvous for pirates and slavers; and the roads that led from the capital to various parts of the island were in complete possession of roving bands of robbers. The nobility of the island ruled with a rod of iron, and laid the common people under all sorts of contributions to gratify their cupidity or appetites; while the governors who had formerly occupied the palace of the grand plaza, were little better than automata who feared the people over whom they were sent to rule, and who sought to render themselves safe and comfortable at the expense of all principles of duty, or administration of the laws imposed by Spain.

We say that this was the condition in which Tacon, the Governor General of Cuba, found the colony when he arrived. Chance had induced the king to appoint him to fill the vacancy caused by the death of his predecessor; but had he been chosen with a thorough knowledge of his ability, and of the people whom he was to govern, no better selection could have been made. He established himself at once as governor, and that, too, in every sense of the word. Backed by a large reinforcement to the standing army of the island, sent out with him from Spain, he instituted a thorough military establishment, and placed the island under martial law.

Miralda Estalez was a young and beautiful girl, whose little cigar store in the *Calle da Mercaderes* was the resort of half the town, who loved a choice brand and neatly-wrought cigar. Miralda was only seventeen, without mother or father living, and earned an humble though sufficient support by her industry in the manufacture we have named, and the sales of her little store. At seventeen, the Cuban female is equally advanced in all the lovely belongings of womanhood with the sex in the colder regions of the North at twenty-two; and Miralda was, at the period to which we refer, a picture of tropical beauty. Her form slightly rounded in fulness, a figure rather below the middle height, and a face lovely in its soft olive tint, large eyes, and dark lashes, with teeth that a Tuscarora might envy, and lips full and pouting. At times, there was a dash of languor and dreamy beauty in the expression of her lovely eyes that would warm the blood of an anchorite; and then her smile was so sweet, her cheerful jest so free and yet so modest, that Miralda had turned the heads of half the young merchants in the Calle da Mercadores.

But she dispensed her favors without partiality. None of the rich and gay exquisites of the Creole city could say that they had ever received any particular acknowledgment from the fair young girl to their warm and constant attention. For this one she had a pleasant smile; for another a few words of pleasing gossip, and for a third a snatch of a Spanish song; but to none did she give encouragement as to matters of the heart, except young Pedro Mantanez, a fine-looking boatman who plied between the Punta and Moro Castle across the harbor. Pedro was a manly, courageous young fellow, who pulled his oar with a strong arm and a light heart, and loved the beautiful cigar girl with an ardor that was romantic in its fidelity and truth. He was a leader among the boatmen of the harbor because of his superior intelligence and quick-witted sagacity, besides being possessed of manly beauty and personal strength, endowments which always command respect. Many were the noble deeds he had done in and about the harbor since a boy, for he had followed his profession of a waterman from mere childhood, and so had his father done before him, from the time that the French corsairs had sacked and burned the capital.

Miralda ardently loved Pedro Mantanez, and when he came nightly and sat in the back part of her little cigar shop, she had always a neat and fragrant cigar for his lips, and the sweetest welcome for him. Now and then, when she could steal away from her shop on some holiday, Pedro would hoist a little sail in the prow of his boat, and with Miralda by his side in the stern, would steer out into the Gulf, and coast along the shore, delighting her with descriptions of all she saw, and whispering into her ear the tender words of a loving heart. These frequent meetings had served to endear them ardently to each other, until at last they had exchanged their promises of fidelity, and Miralda had agreed to be the young boatman's bride.

Count Almonte was a rich nobleman of the island, whose extensive plantation and beautiful gardens were at Cereto, about a league from the city walls of Havana, and who was proverbial for his profligacy. Early left an orphan, while he was yet but twelve years of age he found himself under the guardianship of his uncle, the owner of a neighboring estate. This uncle, following the example of most of the planters of the island, sent him to France to be educated; and in the gay metropolis of Paris, while he perfected himself in a classic education, he also imbibed habits of a reckless and dissipated character that he found it impossible to drop, when on arriving at age he was summoned home to take charge of his large and valuable estates. He was a fine-looking, dashing, cavalier sort of a man, courageous, reckless, liberal, and heartless in the pursuit of any purpose that ministered to his will or passions.

Count Almonte had seen the beautiful Miralda, and indeed had many times resorted to her little shop, where his liberal purchases rendered him a welcome visiter. On his part, scarcely had he seen the handsome and captivating cigar girl before he had resolved in his own mind to possess her. With a knowledge of human nature gained by study and much travel, he besieged her heart without appearing to do so, and carried on his plan for many weeks before Miralda ever suspected his partiality; nor were her eyes opened until one day she was surprised by a present from him of so costly and rare a nature as to lead her to suspect the donor's intentions at once, and to promptly decline the gift. Undismayed by this, still the count continued his liberal and profuse patronage of her establishment in a way that Miralda could not object to, and also was untiring in his visits and endeavors to gain her good will and regard, until at last finding that all ordinary modes of attack were unavailable, he frankly avowed his passion for her, told her that he loved her with all his heart, and that if she would come to Cereto she should be mistress of his broad lands, and want for nothing that the heart could desire.

'And do you thus coolly persuade me to consent to my own ruin, Count Almonte?' asked Miralda, while a desperate glow flushed the soft olive of her cheek.

'Nay, my dear girl, ruin is a hard word.'

'Disguise your proposition as you will, still that is the spirit of it, count. I did not think you so hard-hearted,' she continued, covering her face with her hands, and sobbing.

In vain were all the pictures of wealth and luxury that Count Almonte portrayed; he found her inexorable, and at last she even declared that she would never see him more, and begged he would never enter the door of her dwelling again. Almonte found that her determination was unalterable, and that he should be unable to persuade her to his purpose by any ordinary means, and therefore resolved to adopt some more successful mode of producing the desired end.

One afternoon, and before nightfall, a file of soldiers stopped just opposite the door of the cigar girl's little shop, when a young lieutenant entered, and asked if her name was Miralda Estelez.

'It is,' replied the girl, timidly.

'Then you will please to come with me.'

'By what authority?' asked the affrighted girl.

'That of the governor,' replied the officer.

'Then I must obey you,' she replied, preparing to follow him.

Stepping to the door with her, the officer made a signal for his men to march on, and stepping into a volante, told Miralda that they would drive to the guard-house; but to the surprise of the girl, she soon after found that they were passing the city gates, and were dashing off on the road to Cereto, and then she began to fear that some trick had been played upon her. Her fears were soon confirmed by the volante's turning down the long alley of palms that led to the dwelling of Count Almonte. It was in vain to expostulate now she was in the power of the reckless noble, and the pretended officer and soldiers were his own servants, who had adopted the disguise of the Spanish guards, so that, if necessary, they could seem to be acting by authority of the governor general.

Count Almonte met her at the door—told her to fear no violence—that her wishes should be respected and her person held sacred—but that her liberty she could not enjoy; that he trusted in time to persuade her to look more favorably upon him, and that in all things he was her slave. Miralda replied with contempt to his language, and taunted him with the cowardly trick that had been played upon a weak, unoffending girl. But the count turned calmly from her, and giving directions to his valet and house-keeper, signified that the new comer was to have the liberty of the grounds, but that she was to be closely watched, and never left alone. Poor Miralda, it was a bitter servitude to her, though she was surrounded by all the natural beauties of tropical vegetation, and ate of the delightful fruits of the low latitudes. The rose apple, the banana, the zapota, and the orange, grew thrifty and ripe to her very hand, while her daily walk was through the shady alleys of an immense coffee estate, with its fragrant flowers, its lovely shade trees, and its white field of coffee blossoms, clear as the falling snow.—Slaves attended her and bowed to her slightest wish, but still she was a prisoner, and her heart ached sadly.

She knew that the will of Count Almonte was too powerful for any humble friend of hers to attempt to thwart, and that, although Pedro Mantanez would not rest till he discovered the cause of her absence, yet he had no power to oppose to one like the count. Neither could she hope that the matter would be laid before the governor general, for he was so stern and severe a man, in the eyes of the people, that few dared to approach him. Thus reasoning, she could see no hope of release; but still her noble young heart and active spirit bore her up, and she resolved to die before the count should dishonor her, even by a word. The stiletto is the constant companion of the lower classes, and Miralda had worn one as a protection from insult, even in her little store, but now she looked upon the shining blade of the weapon with peculiar satisfaction, and slept with it in her bosom.

Pedro was days in learning the place to which the cigar girl had been carried. The trick of the uniform of the guards disconcerted and puzzled him beyond measure, until by some chance the thought struck him that possibly the Count Almonte, whom he knew to have importuned Miralda, might have gained possession of her person; and disguised as a monk of San Felipe, he sought the count's plantation at Cereto, where he demanded, in virtue of his holy office, refreshment. The monks of Cuba were all absolute with the people, and Pedro so well adapted himself to his disguise, that he was admitted to the house with every attention, and by a lucky chance saw her for whom he had so long sought in vain. The disguise was no blinder to the eyes of love, and Miralda could hardly suppress the exclamation that would have betrayed him. One moment in which they were left alone sufficed to explain all that was necessary.

'Dearest Miralda,' said the pretended monk, 'I have at last discovered you—fear not—you shall be liberated.'

'Ah! Pedro, incur no further risk for my sake; the count would murder you on the instant, if this were discovered.'

'Child,' continued Pedro, in a solemn voice, as the count entered, 'place thy confidence in Heaven, and let thy nightly orisons be made to the holy mother of Christ.'

The count frowned to see the priest in conversation with his prisoner, and gladly bowed him to the door, when, bidding him a hasty 'God speed,' he closed it against him. But Pedro has made the desired discovery, and he hastened back to the city, where, having thrown off his disguise, he bethought him how he had best proceed in his determination to liberate her he loved from the count's authority. Her neighbors had presumed that she had unwittingly offended some law of the governor, and that she was in confinement in the prison; and had this been the case, they could in no way communicate with her or learn the fact, and thus Pedro had been puzzled until a thought led him to seek the plantation of the count. Now, after mature deliberation, he felt that the only means by which he could hope to succeed, was to gain by some means the ear of the governor general, but how was this to be done? He was not so easy of access.

Pedro bethought himself, if by any means he could render the government some important information, that in this way he might gain the governor's ear, and perhaps through him regain the liberty of Miralda. On a boating excursion, some months previous, Pedro had got belated on his return to the harbor, and as he was passing a deep, still inlet, about midway between Havana and the Pan of Matanzas, he had discovered a small smuggling craft, just working her way into the river. At the time he thought little of the matter, and indeed cared less, for it was only a fraud upon the government, and no native islander cared for that, but rather rejoiced to see their stern masters defrauded. Now, in thinking over matters, Pedro believed that he might turn this knowledge to good account in his purpose, and at once resolved to seek the spot, and if possible discover the rendezvous of the smugglers. The next night, with a light sail hoisted, he skimmed over the waters of the Gulf along shore, and after many hours' search, discovered the hidden entrance of the inlet, and boldly pulled into the river, after stowing his sail and loosening a couple of pistols in his belt.

A few hours' search discovered to him the entrance to a cave, whither he was directed by the flickering of a lantern that at that moment crossed its mouth. Stealing to the mouth of the subterranean passage, he crept in silently, and discovered a number of persons, evidently seamen by their garb, feasting and carousing over a table. Here and there in the cave were piled casks of spirits and other contraband goods, while a profusion of fire-arms and cutlasses showed the desperate character of the inmates. Having carefully marked the spot—the entrance being ingeniously hidden by an artificial mound and some rocks—Pedro sought his boat, and before the day broke over the city, he had rounded in under the battlements of Moro, and shooting across the harbor, secured his boat at the Punta. Convinced of the importance of his discovery, the boatman repaired to the grand plaza early the following day, and demanded admittance to the presence of the governor general, saying that he had that to impart which nearly affected the interest of the government.

'Give your information to the lieutenant,' said the corporal of the guard, 'and he will communicate to the governor.'

'I shall only divulge my information to the governor himself.'

'Perhaps we will find means to make you,' replied the corporal.

'I swear I will only speak before the governor,' said Pedro.

'What noise is this?' asked the lieutenant of the guard, approaching Pedro and the corporal.

'Here's a citizen, sir, who wishes to see the governor, and declares his business of imminent importance, and that he will divulge it to no other person than the governor himself.'

'Bring him into the guard-room,' said the officer.

After minutely questioning Pedro, the lieutenant became convinced that he could impart information of a valuable character, and bidding him remain where he was, he sought the apartment of the governor general. Tacon heard the lieutenant to the end, and then ordered the boatman to be admitted to his presence. Following the officer, Pedro soon bowed humbly before the despotic governor, who no sooner looked upon him than he seemed favorably impressed with his appearance.—Tacon had learned to read human nature and character at a glance, and Pedro Mantanez seemed to be a man after his own heart.

'What is this intelligence that you wish to communicate to our own ears only?' asked Tacon.

'It is of an important nature, may it please your excellency, and is worth a handsome sum to the government.'

'O, I understand—you wish for a reward; well, if it shall be found that you really reveal to us any matter of value or import to the government, you shall be paid for it.'

'It is not money, Excellenza, that I would have, but a simple, humble and reasonable boon, if when I have done my errand here, you shall be satisfied.'

'You speak well,' said Tacon, regarding the boatman, 'and if the boon you ask is, as you say, a reasonable one, it shall be granted.'

'A thousand thanks, Excellenza, I will speak.'

The governor motioned the lieutenant to depart; and turning to Pedro, bade him proceed.

'By chance, I discovered a short time since a small, suspicious craft, hugging the northern shore,' commenced the boatman, 'and not long after she disappeared into some hidden inlet. From the depth of water that she drew, I knew she must be loaded, and from her course and management, that she was endeavoring to avoid being noticed. I determined to make an examination of the spot at a convenient moment; and yesterday night I did so, discovering the rendezvous of a well-organized band of smugglers, where there is stowed a large variety of goods, spirits, and other contraband articles, of no small value.'

'Can you pilot a force to the spot?'

'Yes, Excellenza, I have marked it well for that very purpose.'

'Do this, and if you are faithful, your boon shall be granted. We have long needed an example—smuggling must be suppressed on the coast, and they shall form one that will prove a check upon the traffic, at least for a period.'

A force was detailed the following night from the marines and seamen of a man-of-war in the harbor. The guidance was placed in the hands of Pedro, with competent officers; and the following night the expedition returned with a clipper-built craft and her crew. The struggle had been fierce, and Pedro had been wounded, fighting as he did in the front ranks of the contest.

Tacon, pleased with the result of the affair and with the bravery which his officers informed him the boatman had displayed, sent for him at once, and when alone, asked of him to name the boon that he had promised to grant.

Pedro Mantanez then premised by hoping that his excellency would forgive him, if he offended, and went on to state how Count Almonte had adopted a disguise for his men after the style of the governor's guards, and his valet entering Miralda's shop, ordered her in the name of the governor to follow him. That Count Almonte had tried by persuasion to betray the honor of the handsome cigar girl, and that he had now resorted to force, as he had explained to his excellency.

'And the girl?' asked the governor, over whose countenance a dark scowl had gathered, 'is she thy sister?'

'No, Excellenza—she is even dearer to me,' replied the boatman; 'she is my betrothed.'

The governor, bidding him come nearer, took a golden cross from his table, and handing it to Pedro, said:

'Swear that what you have related to me is truth, as you hope for mercy in Heaven.'

'I swear!' said Pedro, kneeling and kissing the emblem.

The governor turned to his table and wrote a few brief lines, and then touching a bell, his page appeared from an inner apartment, whom he ordered to send the captain of the guard to him. Prompt as were all who had any connection with the household of the governor general, the captain appeared at once, and received the written order, with directions to bring Count Almonte and a young girl, named Miralda, immediately before him.

Pedro was sent to an adjoining apartment, where refreshments were provided for him; and the governor went on with the other business matters of the day, until a couple of hours had passed, when the officer, with the count and Miralda, appeared. Neither knew the nature of the charge or business that had summoned them there, though the guilty heart of Almonte half suspected that some unlucky chance had discovered his trick to the governor general, relative to the disguise of his servants in the royal uniform of Spain, for the promotion of a vile intrigue against an humble and innocent female.

'Count Almonte,' said Tacon, 'you doubtless know why I have ordered you to appear before me?'

'Excellenza, I fear that I have been indiscreet.'

'You adopted the uniform of the guards for your own private purpose upon this female.'

'Excellenza, I cannot deny it.'

'Declare upon your honor, whether she be unharmed whom you have thus kept a prisoner.'

'Excellenza, she is as pure as when she first entered my roof,' replied the count.

The governor turned and whispering something to his page, resumed his queries to the count, making minutes the while upon a paper at his side. To explain some matter, Pedro was summoned from the room whither he had been conducted; and as he entered, the governor general turned his back for a moment, as if to seek for some papers upon his table, while Miralda was pressed in the boatman's arms. It was but for a moment; and the next, Pedro bowed humbly before Tacon. A few minutes more, and the governor's page returned, accompanied by a monk of the church of Santa Clara, with the emblems of his office.

'Holy father,' said the governor, 'you will bind the hands of this Count Almonte and Miralda Estelez in holy wedlock.'

'Excellenza!' exclaimed the count, in astonishment.

'Not a word, sir—it is your part to obey.'

'My nobility, Excellenza!'

'Is forfeited!' replied Tacon.

Count Almonte had too many evidences before his mind's eye of the summary character of the governor's mode of administering justice, and his own pleasure, to attempt to thwart his commands, and knowing that there was no escape for him, he humbly submitted, while poor Pedro, half crazed to see the prize he had coveted in the love of the gentle cigar girl possessed by another, sank into a seat, and covering his face with his hands, seemed to lose all power of speech or motion. In a few moments the invocation was said, the trembling and terrified Miralda, not daring to object to the will of the governor general, had sobbed her answers to the priest, and the blessing was pronounced which declared the two husband and wife!

The captain of the guard was summoned, and despatched with some written order, and in a few subsequent moments Count Almonte, completely subdued and broken-spirited, was directed to return to his plantation, while Pedro and Miralda were ordered to remain at the palace, in an adjoining apartment to that which had been the scene of this singular procedure. Count Almonte mounted his horse and followed by a single attendant, soon passed out of the city gate; but hardly had he passed the corner of the Paseo, when a dozen musketeers fired upon him, and he fell a corpse upon the road. His body was quietly removed, and the captain of the guard, who had witnessed the act, made a minute upon his order as to the time, and mounting his horse, returned to the governor's palace.

He entered the governor's apartment just as Miralda and Pedro were once more summoned to his presence.

'Excellenza,' said the officer, returning his order, 'it is executed.'

'Is the count dead?'

'Excellenza, yes.'

'Proclaim in the usual manner the marriage of Miralda Estelez and the Count Almonte, and that she is also his legal widow, possessed of his titles and estates. See that a proper guard attend her to the plantation, and enforce the order.'

Then turning to Pedro Mantanez, he said:

'Your boon is granted; and if the same affection binds you now as formerly, Miralda may become your wife.'

'Excellenza, we thank you,' said both, kneeling before him.

Such was the stern, inflexible manner of administering justice that characterized Tacon, the Governor General of Cuba.

[Written for The Flag of our Union.]

# A HIBERNIAN AND HIS FRIEND IN A TIGHT PLACE.

## A 'FRIGHTFUL' SKETCH.

BY THE YOUNG 'UN.

DURING the process of re-building the lower portion of New York city, which was destroyed by the great fire, 1835, two Irishmen, employed as hod carriers upon a block of brick stores in Beaver street, were seen loitering about, half an hour after the other workmen had left the premises one evening. There was a quantity of staging and other refuse lumber lying about loose in different parts of the building, which these men had not lost sight of during the day, and they remained behind to secure a back-load of boards which they had found leisure, in the afternoon, to get together at the top of the house, where they had been at work.

It will be remembered that the stores thrown up in the 'burnt district' were, in many instances, very sham structures, and were only held up by the support afforded by the neighboring buildings. The haste with which the walls were run up was altogether reprehensible, and some of them settled or tumbled down altogether, before the interiors were completed. One of these was located as we have above alluded to, and the heroes of our present sketch had waited below for a full hour; when it had got to be thoroughly dark, Patrick ventured to ascend the ladders leading to the half-finished roof, followed by his friend Michael, for the purpose of securing the plunder they had gathered together.

Having gained the upper story, the two friends leisurely commenced to 'wood up,' when Patrick suddenly dropped his pile, and turned wildly to his companion with the very expressive interrogation—

'What the divil's *that?*'

'*Murther!*' shrieked Michael, in response; and in another instant the two lumber thieves had scrambled, one over the other, out upon the edge of the rear wall of the building, as the entire front went down with a crash into the street! The back wall trembled violently with the shock, the heavy gutter gave way at one end, and Patrick having seized upon it as it partially descended, Michael clung to his skirts with the desperation of a drowning man; and the two friends found themselves, on a sudden, dangling between heaven and earth, in the darkness, from the edge of the frail gutter!

'Och! bad luck to it, Michael!' shouted Patrick, as he clung to the conductor, 'what are ye doing?'

'Faith, Patrick, I'm houldin' mesel' fast to that beautiful fut of yours.'

'Ah, be gorrah, Michael, we're done for! Let go the fut, man—let go the fut, or we're murthered, the both uv us—so we are!'

'Ah, be jabers, Michael, mind yer business wid the gutter now, forninst ye, there; and don't be bodtherin' yersel' wid the *fut*. It's sure ye may be that Michael Maloney will take care uv the fut!'

'Let alone yer hoult—ye spalpeen, ye! It's mesel' as wunt be kilt wid ye! Let go, I say!'

'Och, Pat! Is this the way yer trates a friend that's clung to ye for nigh a year! Be the powers—ye may well say that Michael Maloney wont quit ye *now!*' and tightening his gripe, Michael seemed determined upon adhering to the only chance apparently left him for safety from a terrible death.

Michael shouted '*murther!*' at the top of his voice, and really did all in his power to attract any aid which might chance to be within hearing distance—but Patrick found it impossible to support his own weight and his friend's beside, and after several violent kicks and struggles, Michael found that he must go for it, or bring down his companion. Deciding it to be better to leave his friend to the chances, than to destroy Patrick as well as himself, he made up his mind to swing off, though a broken skull, shattered limbs, certain death—seemed inevitable. Having received a most unchristian-like hint on the top of his cranium, from the boot-heel of his friend's 'fut' which happened to be at leisure, his determination was hastened.

'Och, then, good-by, Patrick!' said Michael, in a sort of dying speech, 'bad luck to it; but I didn't stale the boords, Patrick, mind ye. Good-by! I'll be smashed into pergatorry, for cert'n, I will. Hould on to the gutter, Patrick, and look to me wife and childer—me!' and with a most unearthly scream, he quit his gripe upon his friend's foot, who gave him a final 'to the divil wid ye!' and down went Michael with a rush!

It so chanced, in the darkness, that the frightened Irishmen had not the remotest idea of their *real* position. One end of the gutter to which Patrick clung, had lodged as it was falling, upon the adjoining building, distant only about fifteen feet from the ground; so that Michael had been dangling all the while, in fact, within a foot of the earth! At the moment he quit his hold upon Patrick's foot, he imagined he was being launched into eternity, and his surprise may be conjectured when he found, instead of this, that he was launched safely into a muddy passage-way which ran between the buildings!

'Hooly mother!' continued poor Patrick, still clinging in despair to the gutter, some six feet from terra firma, 'Och, my wife and childers! Help! *murther!* help!'

'Come down out o' that, yer blundthering fool!' exclaimed Michael, evidently disappointed to find that he wasn't hurt at all. 'Down wid yer, I say! It's a mighty fuss yer makin' up there, about nath'n!'

'What the divil—Michael—is it yersel' there?'

'Be jabers, ye're wakenin' the whole sthreet wid yer bloody howlin'—come down, I say, *and lave the boords till mornin'!*'

Patrick was soon released from his plight by the aid of a short ladder which Michael procured near by, and the two friends jogged along homeward, declaring that they had never been in so 'tight a place' before.

Whenever they had occasion to provide themselves with firewood afterwards, both Michael and Patrick did it *by daylight!*

# THE FLAG OF OUR UNION.

A JOURNAL DEVOTED TO UNION, LITERATURE, AND GENERAL INTELLIGENCE.

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F. GLEASON, PROPRIETOR.

H. M. BAILEY, EDITOR.

E.P.This issue of The Flag of our Union are $2 00 a year, invariably in advance. The paper is always discontinued at the expiration of the time paid for,—See terms at the head.

E.P.All communications designed for publication in the paper should be addressed to the Editor of The Flag of our Union, Boston, Mass., Proprietor of The Flag of the Union.


### To our Correspondents.

"The Tenderest Ties," poem, by W. Person, next week.

"Love to Louise," declined.

"The Cemetery Adorned with Flowers," a poem that we shall be pleased to publish, if the author will send us the name of the author, is declined.

"Evening Bird Song," declined.

"The Little Chip Undertaker," a poem, by the editor, next week.

"Medwlai, or the Star of Mahdi," a Spanish story of much merit from the pen of Mary Dorrings, shall appear in our next issue.

"The Dying Hunter," and "Lines to Hoodley," declined.

"The Green Beanie Banks o' the Clyde," a song, accompanied by music composed by R. H., shall be our next issue.

"Coming Spring," not admirable.

"Passion Flowers," declined, with regret.

"How to be Happy," a poem, by the Bard of Saddle-back, declined.

"Collecting a Debt," a interesting, fun-provoking sketch, by the Old Cit, shall appear in our next.

"The Dying Poet," declined.

"The Three Star Altars, a Twilight Dream," a poem, declined.

"Lines to Mary," declined, with regret.

"The Old Man's Lament, a song, by Geo. F. Bentham, will appear in our next issue.

"Dreams," a poem, by Harry May, filed for inser-tion.

### To Real Estate Owners.

WANTED immediately, a centrally located building lot, suitable for the erection of an extensive printing establishment, for the purpose of a printing and publishing office, for the FLAG OF OUR UNION. Parties desiring to sell for the present large establishment entirely too small for the purpose of conducting his greatly increased business, would confer a favor on us to seek more extended conveniences for the purpose of the FLAG OF OUR UNION, and in possessing such a lot who may desire to erect a building of granite as above, by supplying at this office the same, for a term of five or ten years, or the same will be purchased if more readily agreeable.

Apply to F. Gleason, at the Flag of our Union office.

### Principles of Education.

He is wise who learns from all.—Our Puritan

Colleges and great schools are, after all, chiefly the machinery to furnish substitutes for knowledge, by which students can make believe that they know. A system which has a noble thirst for knowledge, is not so much benefited by what is termed "liberal education," as is generally supposed. We do not mean to deprecate the liberal advantages afforded by the schools for general knowledge, but rather to do away with the idea that no person can, without the aid of some college with its pocket, can by honest them to a great education. For those who have plenty of money, we see no objection to a three or four years' drudgery at Cambridge, or Yale, but for the humble student, and he who is actuated by a determined spirit of emulation and purpose of improvement, one half the period required in a college will serve to perfect him even more in the path of wisdom and true knowledge, than the routine through into a young man's head with a pop-gnnn, is getting to be a great and increasing humbug, and schools—colleges—are the chief, and the means of diffusing knowledge encouraged and improved, but they are not. It is the fact that they must be their own architects in building up their minds, and not depending entirely on the regime of some popular college with their education. A scholastic or classical course of study is necessary, but it is a great degree for active life; the practical becomes merged in the ideal, and the student, as a consequence, a theoretical knowledge of human nature is imbibed, and we listen to contemplate our fellow creatures from the false lens, for certain terms of men as they should be, but rarely as they are. Were the schools as they would have people reverence the disposes of the school, and seek truth in the light of reason.

Rich men will have their numerous legacies to endow colleges, which cost millions to build; now to our mind the money would be better if expended in some more available mode, so as to disseminate knowledge among that class of the community who have not the means to spend, in fact need it the most, would be doing the greatest good to the most. The masses, rather than intelligent, and the laws will be respected, without the expense of maintaining a costly police establishment. Educate the common schools, and for many new schoolmaster, you may dress a hundred, and for every school-house that is opened, you may close a prison. It is ignorance that makes people slaves; and in this country, as in all others, the means for improvement are too much expended upon that class who need it the least. Think not that the rich and high-born alone are capable of exalted enjoyment; the humblest mind has some room in it than most folks think, if they would but furnish it. Let the worldly millionaire, when he gives his hard earned, and finds that gold and silver are much quite too much for the common people, to invest in some fund, properly to be invested, the income of which shall be expended in the gratuitous circulation of good papers and good magazines among the poor who cannot afford to pay for them.

For instance, in this view, what good the means could be devised whereby so much general information, or so much sound sense and morality, and so much valuable instruction as the Bellamah library gives to post boys, as by sending them weekly, through the year, a good newspaper? Would not the money be well afforded for the same price contains so much to instruct, amuse and employ the leisure moments, and cultivate the moral nature, as would to give a right tone to the feelings of the youth and the rising up to manhood? Or what is more enjoying the Holy Bible, which the noble Bible societies furnish to all. Learning, to be of any positive value, must be practical, such as will make us acquainted with ourselves, and teach us to perform our everyday duty. This is far better than that which enables us to roll things by different names, without giving us a knowledge of their material qualities, either for good or evil. Ignorance has been aptly designated as one of the angels whose poor people are allowed to grope about till they hurt themselves, or somebody else!

### The Days of Chivalry.

God forbid that we should underrate, or in any way cheapen the glorious era of freedom in which we live, but still we do sometimes find our spirit turning back to the chivalrous days of *Richard the Lion-hearted*, and his Saxon antagonist, *Saladin*. Though in connection with this enlightened period, the days of knight-errantry were times of barbarism, still on the dark ages that preceded them, they were a shining superstition, and we have many rescuing traits of character, transmitting even to us brilliant examples of knightly heroism, and models of reproachless chivalry. The age of chivalry came fully to light in times when Christianity was only in its dawn upon, and might, moral power was weak indeed, and reason, light, and truth were but as the cross upon the sea, but this instinctive development the character of humanity, and led to the appreciation of her virtues. The love of God and the fellow, was enjoined as the first and duty of a knight, and he was sworn to use his shield to this effect. Courtesy, hospitality and courage, became the virtues of the age, and the fraternity of knights lived in obedience to their dictates. In this vicus, gentle maid of the Faith, in the days of old, was the period to which we refer, as defective in its application to present society, but, after all, an admirably adapted and noble system for those peculiar times. Who has not learned from his very infancy to honor his mother and the spirit, even though it may have been lionized, that led the brilliant crusade of the men to lay their lives on the plains of Asia, and who has not thrilled with the chivalrous daring at the head of the loud anthems chanted on sacred Calvary itself, which had cost a thousand bloody victories to attain? Never, perhaps, in the annals of the world, has so much blood been shed, and all by men of bravery and daring, and all in the name of the Redeeming God! Look for a moment upon the motives of the more modern wars; their object has been to plant a principle, or to overthrow and command; but the gallant knights and their followers in the days of chivalry were actuated only by a noble and spiritual idea. Collected together from all parts of Europe, they were joined by one common sentiment and purpose, the rescue of that holy sepulchre from Saracenic pollution, and they encountered every peril, hardship, exhibition, or glory, moved them, a craving for spiritual right.

The theme of European chivalry, led on by such men as Hugh the Great, Tancred, Count de Toulouse, Godfrey de Bouillon, Frederic of Germany, were not sacrificed in vain, for out of it arose the spirit which is the germs of extended civilization, and the example of the knight errants, bravery, honor, and truth—gave to the world a model for a better age, we have sought to be purchased if more readily agreeable.

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### Editorial Jottings.

The Cubans are anticipating an attack upon their island by Uncle Sam.

In Wake's Expedition, the present gold region is described as worthless!

The municipal authorities of Boston are about to enact a dog law.

The King of Prussia unexpectedly entertained a party of U. S. naval officers lately.

The Cunard Steamship is a fine example of the mother country, have a debt of $14,000,000.

Young Power made a failure upon the stage here. He was poor as a Hooker.

Friends of republicanism look with trembling upon the movements of Napoleon.

Horace Greeley in his slip-shod style has got into hot water in Congress.

The Fenians are reported to like a vessel up-whom with and no sail no ballast.

The Canada Indians in the U. S. Senate, from Iowa and Wisconsin, father and son.

A young gal told her lover to put a kiss right where it would do the most good.

A British steamer lately brought away $300,000 in specie from Panama, in gold.

It is estimated that there will be 50,000 gold diggers in California next year.

A quarter's accumulation of dead letters, amounted to 19,117 at the Boston post office.

Ice is now being cut from the Connecticut and other people down.

Fifty-seven centimes very popular in England. She was lost in Liverpool.

Gliddon, the excellent lecturer on Egypt, is again entertaining audiences.

The town of Hull, in Boston harbor, sends out a company of militia.

During the past year there has been a loss of one steamboat per week in the U. S.

Alfred Speeks, LL. D., is to be President of Harvard University.

Mount Vesuvius, has been partly destroyed by a series of earthquakes lately.

The publication of Punch have advanced in price since the California fever.

Jenny Lind is about to marry Mr. Lumley, manager of the Italian Opera.

The gold valley of California is five hundred miles long and fifty broad.

### Statistical Information.

GATHERED FOR THE FLAG OF OUR UNION.

The population of Boston, with the Negroes, including India, is about 169,000,000.

The population of Europe is estimated double the population of New York city.

In Russia there is one soldier to every thirty-three persons, and one to every two in Turkey.

The great Chinese wall extends a distance of fifteen hundred miles.

The area of France is two hundred thousand square miles.

The Pacific ocean contains an area of 60,000,000 of square miles.

The Arroyo Grande, Colorado, at Antwerp, is four hundred and seventy feet high.

Washington's monument, Baltimore, is 115 feet high, and was built in the year 1820.

Portugal has a population of three million five hundred thousand souls.

The far-famed statue of Memnon at Thebes (ancient) is 65 feet high.

The wonderful Bunker Tower of Nankin is two hundred feet high.

The Rocky Mountain valley collapses in the United States.

The population of the Asiatic Islands is little less than 200,000 souls.

The cross of St. Paul's Church, city of London, is two hundred and sixty feet high.

There are fifteen public libraries in the United States, containing 20,000 volumes.

The equestrian statue of Peter the Great, St. Petersburgh, of bronze, weighs 36,640 lbs.

The whole continent of Europe occupies of the earth is about 2000.

The population of Africa is stated at the immense number of 60,000,000 souls.

Penn, it is said, were first made from quills in the year 1828.

Watches were first invented at Nuremberg, in the year 1477.

It is but fourteen years since railroads were first used as public thoroughfares.

The Imperial Library of Paris, is the largest in the world, 400 feet high.

### The Very Last.

During a violent squall the mate of an emigrant ship jumped upon a gun carriage, on the quarter-deck, in order to have a better view of the weather, and shouted his orders to the man at the wheel *to keep the ship of—keep her off more to the wind!*

Oh! ooh! hallelooo; mariner, mariner! we are past your reach, and—*dead*—lallooo—murthered—and drowned entirely! ooh, we are o-o-o-d-d-r-o-w-n-e-d! voice could be echoed into the steerage among his two hundred fellow emigrants, and dropped upon a man at their feet.

What is the matter, Patrick? cried the latter, in a tone of alarm, to the man who had groaned him; 'is the ship nankel overboard?

Oh; murther; murther—the surgeon in the ship loped upon the "field pace," and sis the ship is *gone off—on—on—on—o—n now, sur!* ans.!

### Sixth Auxt.

This famous Sixth Auxt. Bill is rather a cuckoo affair when he speaks without any particular desire to influence others. Some few years ago, a Mr. English professor of arithmetic was appointed to be travelling the mons and valleys of Mexico, and the commission turned upon the Mexican character.—"The fact is," said Santa Anna, to our friend, Byron G. Orton, "you are a d—d fool, sir, and I am the greatest naval among them. You are a professor, and qualified to exercise so much authority over them."

LITERARY FESTIVAL.—A brilliant concert and ball was being prepared for, in Paris, on the occasion of the Exposition, and the entertainment has put one of the public palaces at the disposal of the managers, and all the great men recently decorated with the commission, as inauguration as it was intended to be, of a new order of Italian correspondent. It shall appear next week.

ROBBERY.—One of the English generals has many valuable rows from an Indian prince, the famed diamond Koh-i-noor, well known as the richest in the world. It is to be sent to England on its honorable trophy!

SPEECH THE CHEAPEST.—It is remarkable, how promptly the European press have found out that Louis Napoleon's not a simpleton, since his election to the presidency.

### From our Foreign Files.

The Dambelton Serenaders are doing a good business in London.

Tenny Elsler is dancing at St. Petersburgh, and Charlotte Grist at Berlin.

Henry Russell has composed a new song: "A Voice from the Country."

Miss Matilda Hayes is coming out upon the English stage, under the friendly lend of Charlotte Cushman.

The French army, under the Republic, consists of about 400,000 men. Their expense is nearly £17,000,000.

Miss Julia Ward is now giving her gratuitous services for the benefit of the Queen's Hospital at Manchester.

The gallery stairs of the Victoria Theatre recently gave way whilst a crowd was ascending, and two boys were killed.

The English papers still talk about the annexation of Canada by the United States, although they believe it was seriously contemplated.

The Pope, at the last dates, was expected at Naples on his journey home from Naples. Great preparations were making to receive him.

It is stated in an English paper that the Emperor of Russia has given Lady Nora Augusta Stanley two thousand pounds by the publication of that paper.

One of the magistrates of Southampton recently committed a boy to prison for stealing a number of strawberries at the annual flower show for one week.

The approach of the Millennium is a topic of discussion in the English pulpits, and Revelation in English literature is the favorite study among the clergy.

The young princess of America is said to be the richest heiress in the world. Her father, a wealthy merchant of Philadelphia, is engaged in the manufacture of locomotives, and his daughter is to receive his immense estate.

Mr. Thomas Hughes, author of "Tom Brown's Schooldays," and other works, has published a pamphlet on the Land Question, in which he proposes that the land of the country should be purchased by the government, and let out to tenants on lease.

The Mormons are about to issue a newspaper from their city, to be called "The Voice of the Twelve Apostles," has purchased the printing materials at Liverpool.

An English magazine predicts that the Prince of Wales will be married to the princess eldest daughter of the King of Denmark.

Of the 25 students who were entered at the Royal Military College, Sandhurst, 20 have failed to pass the January examination, and have been rejected.

Mr Emmes, assistant editor of the Washington Union, has been appointed Minister Resident and Consul General to the Republic of Liberia.

A California association of ladies has been formed in San Francisco, the object of which is gold digging, or husband hunting, is not known.

A bill of 10,000 pounds weight is to be submitted to Congress for the Great Eastern. The Yost which was crushed lately in striking for Ireland.

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The number of emigrants to California from the Atlantic ports, since the news of the gold fever, does not exceed 3000 up to date.

Good toast for an agricultural dinner party: "The Farmer—May he be as true to his wife as earth is worth ten in the bank of paper."

The total number of deaths by cholera at Quebec in 1832 was 3292, and the number by fever 1st of January, was 532.

Batchelors arrived at Quebec in 1821 in the month of January, and travelled over the United States by the usual passenger routes.

The Indian appropriations this year amount to $1,000,000, and the Indian Bureau at Washington, is the largest in the world, 400 feet high.

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Mr. Whig is Victoria twice the sailor but uncle William can't lick him. Because he was only a royal tar, and she is a royal tar-far.

The Queen Victoria is the richest woman in the world, and the richest woman in the world is the richest woman in the world.

The Bank of England has a capital of the immense number of 60,000,000 souls.

Penn, it is said, were first made from quills in the year 1828.

Watches were first invented at Nuremberg, in the year 1477.

It is but fourteen years since railroads were first used as public thoroughfares.

The Imperial Library of Paris, is the largest in the world, 400 feet high.

### The Very Last.

During a violent squall the mate of an emigrant ship jumped upon a gun carriage, on the quarter-deck, in order to have a better view of the weather, and shouted his orders to the man at the wheel *to keep the ship of—keep her off more to the wind!*

Oh! ooh! hallelooo; mariner, mariner! we are past your reach, and—*dead*—lallooo—murthered—and drowned entirely! ooh, we are o-o-o-d-d-r-o-w-n-e-d! voice could be echoed into the steerage among his two hundred fellow emigrants, and dropped upon a man at their feet.

What is the matter, Patrick? cried the latter, in a tone of alarm, to the man who had groaned him; 'is the ship nankel overboard?

Oh; murther; murther—the surgeon in the ship loped upon the "field pace," and sis the ship is *gone off—on—on—on—o—n now, sur!* ans.!

### Sixth Auxt.

This famous Sixth Auxt. Bill is rather a cuckoo affair when he speaks without any particular desire to influence others. Some few years ago, a Mr. English professor of arithmetic was appointed to be travelling the mons and valleys of Mexico, and the commission turned upon the Mexican character.—"The fact is," said Santa Anna, to our friend, Byron G. Orton, "you are a d—d fool, sir, and I am the greatest naval among them. You are a professor, and qualified to exercise so much authority over them."

LITERARY FESTIVAL.—A brilliant concert and ball was being prepared for, in Paris, on the occasion of the Exposition, and the entertainment has put one of the public palaces at the disposal of the managers, and all the great men recently decorated with the commission, as inauguration as it was intended to be, of a new order of Italian correspondent. It shall appear next week.

ROBBERY.—One of the English generals has many valuable rows from an Indian prince, the famed diamond Koh-i-noor, well known as the richest in the world. It is to be sent to England on its honorable trophy!

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### Guilt and Silence.

The Bangor (Me.) Platform mentions the mysterious disappearance of Lemuel Spofford, a resident of that city. The matter is exciting considerable public interest.

The first case of poisoning by partridges is that of a New York family recently. On one night of the feasts, was fatal and serving to many persons, the rest of the family escaped.

It is related of Charles II. in Macaulay's History, that he was in the habit of saying he apologized to those friends who had spent the night with him having been "a most unreasonable time dying."

Messrs Allen & Thurber of Worcester, have received from Russia a fine wrought of fine embroidering machines, since the gold fever broke out in California, they have received but few orders, and those from persons who have been there and returned.

Seven miles of Hoosiac Tunnel, under the Hudson river, at Troy, N. Y., is completed. The work was commenced in 1851, and has been prosecuted with energy and success.

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### Miscellaneous.

Two unknown villains attempted to rob Hooper, tempting, and Hanover temple, near Boston, on Saturday night, but were frustrated by the timely arrival of the police.

Two citizens in Rochester are engaged in a personal controversy, the nature of which is not publicly known. The parties are both active in the editor's business.

A judge says grow the following charge to a small jury: "Gentlemen of the jury, the weather is exceedingly hot. I am very sick; you must find a guilty. I hope you believe you will do it."

Mr. Benjamin Brooks, in his late reply to the challenge of Hon. T. B. Thorpey, at Little Rock, said that he had no objection to fight the war with Mexico, to satisfy the ambition of any man.

Mr. Pascal B. Smith, of Cincinnati, who was recently elected to the United States Senate to the control of his property, has had a tedious law suit, which has resulted in the loss of his own affairs and the last of sane persons.

Charles Dickens and family arrived at Boston, were married in the Albany jail on Feb. 7th. The telegraph is under control, as to the State Prison for two years, for bone stealing, and the case is to be appealed from.

Paper Pass is discussing out wonderfully in the Legislature, as his light.

The theatres in New Orleans were crowded last night, despite the Cholera.

The world is a talking-pond, full of slippery and wet conversation.

The oil of birch bark is used by the Russians in curing leather.

### Our Old Column.


ADVERTISEMENTS.


The opera, at the Howard, has met with indifferent success. The Boston Museum has continued its prize play of Old Job and Jacob Gray, to overflowing houses, and the comical and his wild animals have been playing at the National, to well-filled houses. Bateman's one is taking, and the Lyceum, with the Fanny Foster Theatre, at the Beach Street Museum? We have, and it is all the readers of the Flag, that if they would enjoy a rich treat, and eat a feast evening in perfect good humor with themselves and the world, go forthwith and see Mrs. Morrison, as Pandora, in the "Two Orphans," and Mr. Daly, and full of humor, besides which, it is put upon the stage in a style that will be highly appreciated in Boston. Nearly one hundred persons are engaged nightly in the representation, over forty of whom are females. Barry's Lyceum, in Sudbury street, like good wine, needs no bush. The establishment as characterized for the freshness and humor of its original pieces, which the public crowd to witness nightly.

### Charity begins at Home.

We were called upon last week by a noble-hearted, benevolent-looking individual, who requested us to publish a statement of the destitute condition of some female inmates in Tombstone at the present time, stating that they were in a suffering condition for the want of clothing, and that they were in a destitute condition for the want of food. We promised to do so, and have done so, and we hope that the appeal will be responded to by some of our readers. We have no doubt that many of the female inmates in Tombstone at the present time are suffering for the want of clothing, and that they are destitute of food. We hope that the appeal will be responded to by some of our readers. We have no doubt that many of the female inmates in Tombstone at the present time are suffering for the want of clothing, and that they are destitute of food. We hope that the appeal will be responded to by some of our readers.

Charity is the noblest virtue of human nature. Let us then be charitable to the poor and needy. Let us be charitable to the sick and afflicted. Let us be charitable to the dead. Let us be charitable to the living. Let us be charitable to the unborn. Let us be charitable to the unborn. Let us be charitable to the unborn.

Charity begins at home. Let us be charitable to our own selves. Let us be charitable to our own families. Let us be charitable to our own neighbors. Let us be charitable to our own friends. Let us be charitable to our own enemies. Let us be charitable to our own enemies. Let us be charitable to our own enemies.

### Scarcity of Clerks.

There has been a system prevalent in Boston for a number of years, of employing the most intelligent and active young men as clerks in stores, at a compensation which would be considered as so insufficient even to clothe them; the rich old firms, with so much money that they could not spend it, and so much property as to surpass the knowledge of the business men of the city, were in the habit of employing as clerks more than an adequate remuneration for the constant and oftimes severe task required at the lighting and heavy duties of their stores. The poor Indian boys, though the wide-spreading city.

The dogs of the warrior upon the night gale; He sees round his wigwam the warriors rally; They ride on the tongue that swooped o'er the wide But he pales near home and his children are there.

As bonding she plunges mid billows and foam, And dresses on the wind like the cloud of the storm, Nor stems the light cloud as the red warrior's

*Wallingford, Ct., January, 1849.*

[Written for The Flag of our Union.]

### Hope.

BY A. W. DOANE.

Hope on, ye fettered sons of men,
Your bonds in slavery's galling chains
And while beneath your yokes ye bend,
With sickening hearts and wearied brains,
Hope on! a God of mercy reigns
To realm free as a mountain air,
Who bears thy groans, regards thy pains,
And feels for every sorrow there.

Hope on! young men, now seeking bliss,
With prospects bright and flattering hearts;
Though cruel arts around you hiss,
And thick and fast fly envy's darts,
Hope on! for your reward is near
Within the Heavenly Land.
With songs of joy from pleasure's store,
While sin's grim sentinels retire,
With hopes that thrill forevermore.

Hope on! old men, now bent in sorrow,
Hope on! for your reward is near,
Though deeply sunk you've been from birth,
In the dark gulf of human tears,
Hope on! for like your weary ears,
Which listened long to sorrow's tale,
When here on earth thy ears are o'er,
Thy God will hear thy prayer.

Then, like that ark's reflected rays,
Which paints the skies with endless light,
Thy deeds shall live on after thee,
Thy virtues shine serenely bright;
And as old Ark was saved from ire,
When kingdoms fell the waters o'er,
So shall thy soul be saved from hell,
By shedding of your Savior's blood.

### Cadillette Water.

Since the introduction of this water into the city, there has been no considerable fire in town. Indeed this would be impossible, for if the water should fail to put out the fire, and consume the city, with which instantaneously to extinguish the conflagration. There is no other reason, this is a good and sufficient one why it should be brought in, for it thus makes the fire-men of the city out of employment. An immense saving will be made in the city, wrought from the mere realities of every day life.

### The Rocker.

In spite of the unsteady cold weather that has set in, and the fact that the rocking of the cradle is not heard in the land, as it was in the days of our forefathers, when the log cabin of New York was a very pretty village; indeed, we may say it is a growing and lively town, and we are glad to see that the rocker is not yet entirely out of fashion, as we have seen it.

Rocking—We see that the New Orleans papers differ very much their sport for the chalets, and that they hold one of their great sports on the 22d of February, in commemoration of Washington's birthday. Next, in Natchez, and Nashville, Tennessee, and Mobile, and Charleston, and Savannah, and Norfolk, and Richmond, and Baltimore, and Philadelphia, and New York, and Boston, and Portland, and Bangor, and Augusta, and Hallowell, and Concord, and Montpelier, and Albany, and Buffalo, and Detroit, and Chicago, and Milwaukie, and St. Louis, and Cincinnati, and Louisville, and Pittsburgh, and Wheeling, and Harrisburgh, and Washington

# THE FLAG OF OUR UNION.

[Written for The Flag of our Union.]

### Farewell to the Departed Year.

BY S. J. SANGER.

Farewell, farewell, departed year!
Forever thou art gone;
No more thy hours my path can cheer,
Nor tune my muse to song.
How swift thy many days have flown,
As o'er my way thy sun hath shone;
Across whose disc dark clouds have past,
And on my path their shadows cast.

Farewell to spring and summer time,
Thy seasons fraught with flowers;
For many pleasant hours were mine,
Within thy fond bowers.
They too have grown the crops of grain
That covered every hill and plain;
While autumn gathered in the spoil
That crowns the cheerful farmer's toil.

Farewell to winter—winter [illegible],
Which thou [illegible] begun;
Now so soon [illegible] the past,
The week's funeral done.
Yes, thou hast past from time away,
But whither journeyed who can say!
Enough to know that I remain,
A traveller o'er this wide domain.

Farewell, farewell, departed year!
'Emblem of transitory man;'
Like thine, his varied, wild career
Is ever measured by a span;
Like thee, he's called from time away,
To leave his tenement of clay;
Like his, may memories of thy time
Still through the distant future shine.
*Brighton, January, 1849.*

[Written for The Flag of our Union.]

### An Allegory.

BY ALMY.

On the lofty height of a ruined tower,
Where the ivy twined in a gloomy bower,
Oped the fragrant leaves of a snow-white flower.

And the mystic wind, as it revelled there,
Far and near did its odor bear,
Till its spotless fame was everywhere.

And the wondering eyes of a countless throng
Did wistful view as they passed along,
The regal flower on the old tower strong.

The poet sighed for its beauty rare,
The maiden prayed for the gem to wear—
While the lover gazed in deep despair.

For, high 'bove reach of inventive art,
Where the crumbling walls did oftimes start,
The flower bloomed on, defying the heart.

Ambition came, with a flush of pride,
And long to grasp the exotic tried,
But fell 'mid the crash of ruin, and died.

Thousands, lured by the rich perfume,
In eager haste, but shared its doom,
Till the ruined tower was a mighty tomb.

Mid the ivy vines, through wind and shower,
Mocking the efforts of human power,
Shone the starry leaves of the snow-white flower.

A youth stood by, with an eye of light,
With a noble brow, of lofty height,
And his breath came quick, with wild delight.

Nor the warning voice of the fearful, nigh,
Nor the broken walls of the old tower high,
Could daunt the faith of his eagle eye.

With a giant's will, from the ruins hoar,
The moss-grown stones he upward bore,
Till the pillared height required no more.

Like an angel of light in the dawning hour,
Fearless he stood on the time-worn tower,
Clasping the bloom of the snow-white flower.

*Time*, is the type of the old tower hoary—
*Fame*, the flower of spotless glory—
*Genius*, the hero of epic story.
*Providence, R. I., January, 1849.*

[Written for The Flag of our Union.]

### The Declaration.

BY J. F. WEISHAMPEL, JR.

I love thee—I love thee!
I cannot withhold
This truth from thy hearing—
Though startling and bold—
If thou'lt deign to listen,
My love will be told.

I love thee—I love thee!
Though humbly I kneel!
O spurn not the love of
A heart that can feel!
But answer in language
With 'hope' for its seal!

I think of thee often,
When toiling by day;
I dream of thee often,
When sleep steals away
Reality's troubles,
And fancy doth play.

Could I silence my tongue,
My heart would rebel;
I have dared—I love thee,
So fondly, so well,
The strength of [illegible] feelings
No mortal can tell.

Though thou hast [illegible] me,
And I am forlorn,
O treat not my tribute
With silence and scorn;
But own my sad bosom,
So engrieved and torn!
*Baltimore, January, 1849.*

[Written for The Flag of our Union.]

### The Spring of Life.

BY L. S. TROXEL.

Life's springtime hour is but a dream,
Which shadows forth a thousand rills,
That flow so gently in the stream,
Which every moment's measure fills.

With rosy glow of May's bright sun,
Youth brings its thoughts of future fame:
Of deeds of valor fought and won,
Nor turns aside for toil and pain.

Time's mighty tide rolls swiftly on;
Youth leaps to manhood's sunny day;
The spring of life is nearly gone,
And youthful visions flee away.

Hope brightens now the summer hours;
Again the heart feels nought of care;
It wanders forth through fragrant flowers,
And thinks to dwell forever there.

But soon this hope is doomed to fall,
While memory lingers o'er the past;
The spring of life it would recall,
Its brightest sunshine o'er it cast.

## MISCELLANEOUS.

[Written for The Flag of our Union.]

### THE SILVER BELT AND TASSEL.

A NEW YEAR'S INCIDENT.

BY FRED. HUNTER.

It was December. That chilly, cheerless month to the houseless and fireless—when the child of fortune is happiest in the snug parlor, before a glowing grate, and when flowers are rare, save that they emanate from the costly conservatory which may attach to the homes of the wealthy. In an elegant drawing-room, reclined upon a crimson divan the form of a beautiful girl, whose years had not yet numbered seventeen, whose sunny brow was shaded by a wreath of jet black ringlets, whose gentle bosom heaved fitfully, and who now held in her tiny white hand a chaste and exquisite bouquet. It was most unseasonable for so sweet a present, for the cold air many weeks before, had destroyed all out-door vegetation; and the happy creature pressed the fragrant cluster to her ripe lips, and wondered who could have sent it to her! It was not the first time Rosamond had been so favored. Thrice within the six months past had these grateful gifts reached her dwelling from an unknown hand, and she marvelled who the donor was!

Christmas came, and with that honored day came a repetition of the gift. On this occasion the perfume of the tasteful nosegay seemed more odorous than heretofore, and the beautiful flowers and buds composing it were plainly culled with care and nicety; yet, whence it came, was still a mystery. On New Year's day, the servant went to the door, and took from the hand of a stranger a small oval parcel addressed to his youthful mistress. Upon removing the outside wrappers, an oblong Canton box, inlaid with mother-of-pearl, was discovered—a casket of rare and superb workmanship—which being opened, disclosed another of those choice bouquets, of which she had lately been the recipient. Rosamond was flattered with this marked attention, from one who must have known her taste (for she was passionately fond of flowers), and she quickly withdrew the tempting bunch of roses and japonicas from the box. Beneath it she discovered a glittering ornament, which she was forced to raise before she could determine its character. It proved a costly and elegant present—a gift for the season; it was a shining SILVER BELT, depending from the jewelled clasp of which, was a rich bullion TASSEL, supported by a string of pearls; the whole a most appropriate and fitting adornment for the delicate waist of the gentle being for whom it was intended.

Rosamond Wilton was the daughter of an English nobleman, and she inherited the virtues of her lordly progenitors, without the false pride which had been handed down for generations, through her ancestry. She was noble in heart, noble in disposition, noble in character; and those who knew Rosamond best, knew that her charms but equalled the solid attributes of her mind, and that the winning manners of the fair beauty were but the natural type of the motives and feelings of her heart. Were it a strange matter then, that such a being, at the blooming age when womanhood appears to the best advantage, should be loved? Such was the case with Rosamond Wilton.

Nearly a year previously, she had met with a young gentleman from abroad, who had deeply interested her, but who was a comparative stranger in London. He had come out from the American States, and his letters had brought him (through the favor and countenance of the accredited minister) in contact with the Count D'Hautrell, at whose hospitable mansion, he had first chanced to fall in with Rosamond. Struck with her beauty, and the easy grace of her polished address, he had ventured to make her acquaintance. Occasionally, during the twelvemonth afterward, they had seen each other, and once or twice the youth passed half an hour at her father's residence. Rosamond was delighted with the young American gentleman, and her visiter was quite as well pleased with her, but still no word of their mutual good feelings toward each other had yet been openly expressed. Horace Greenwood saw the wide difference which existed between their station, and he had not the presumptive disposition to overstep conventional rules, by a disclosure of his sentiments, at least, for the present; and so he first admired Rosamond in secret—and then as her virtues became better known to him, he loved her;—but in silence!

Horace was just twenty-one. He was a good scholar, and the advantages of a liberal education were all that his parents had been able to afford him, at home. With some trifling literary encouragement, he had ventured upon a tour in Europe, and during his visit to the British metropolis, he had chanced to meet Rosamond—for whom he dared to conceive an affection, sudden, but ardent and devoted. His knowledge of the French language was perfect, and he conversed as fluently in this as in his native tongue. After tarrying in England a twelvemonth, he resolved upon visiting the continent; where, during a few months' residence in Paris, he acquired so thorough a pronunciation, that he was often mistaken for a native Parisian by the citizens with whom he came in contact. Before he left London, he had purchased the beautiful gift we have alluded to, and forwarded it to Rosamond; the little bouquets too, which she had found so grateful, for weeks previously, had reached her hands through the same agency.

During the American's absence, the beautiful Rosamond had grown melancholy. None knew the cause, but in secret she nursed a passion for the youth, of which he did not suspect. Immediately upon his arrival, after his visit to France, he waited upon the few friends he had made in London, among whom he ranked the family of Lord Wilton. His lordship received him with the cold indifference which usually marks the haughty bearing of the proud towards the indigent—and which is an especial characteristic of the narrow-minded nobility of England. True, Horace Greenwood had been presented to the nobleman by a prominent American, whose standing at home was among the highest; but the young man was a 'foreigner'—he possessed no rent-roll, his family name was not distinguished, and he was merely *tolerated*, for the time being, by his wealthy acquaintance.

The realization of this fact (for Horace did not fail to see it) was a source of bitterness to him; and that sorrow was increased an hundred fold, when he suddenly felt convinced that his attentions to Miss Rosamond had not been misconstrued by her—when he became satisfied that she did not slight them. She had expressed herself deeply gratified at his early call upon her, after his return—she was delighted to see him, she said—she even pressed him, earnestly, to wait on her again at his early convenience! And Horace had observed that this language had not been used to others. Did Rosamond suspect, and thus favor him? Could she have discovered that he was attentive to her? Was it possible that he would ever be so fortunate as to be esteemed by the beautiful Rosamond, the daughter of my Lord Wilton? These suggestions passed through his mind—he thought of the bouquets and the silver belt, and almost wished himself a nobleman, for the sake of her he had presumed to love!

A month passed, and the eighteenth birthday of Rosamond had come round; on this occasion, as had been their custom for some years, the parents gave a costly entertainment at their elegant marble mansion in Bond street, to which an array of beauty, and fashion, and wealth—such as but rarely congregates, even in showy, extravagant London, were collected together. Among the guests who were honored with the *entrée* to this splendid party (at the instance of Rosamond herself) was Horace Greenwood. His heart palpitated, and his breath came quicker than usual, as his eye ran over the contents of the gilt-edged *billet-doux* which had been left in his temporary absence, at his hotel; and he applied himself with more than his customary nicety, to the completion of his toilette, on the night in question. At ten o'clock, his humble cab awaited at the door of his hotel, and half an hour afterwards, he was set down at the illumined residence of his lordly and aristocratic patron. As he stepped from the modest vehicle, the attention of Horace was attracted by the arrival of a brace of young noblemen, in separate carriages, the sides of which were superbly decorated with [illegible] bearings, and whose well fed coachmen were annoyed that a public vehicle for an instant should have blocked the way.

'Some mistake, cabby,' said the foremost, thrusting his prancing bays closely upon the cabman's horse.

'It's Lord Wilton's, ain't it?' said the driver.

'Well, what are you doin' at Lord Wilton's, pray?'

'I brings a gen'leman from the White Hart Inn.'

'Ha, ha!' said both the coachmen, in derision; and Horace felt his insignificance, as the gaily attired noblemen brushed past him rudely, and took precedence with the liveried lacquey, at his lordship's portal.

'Sir Henry Cadden!' said the attendant, as the first of these young gentlemen entered the saloon.

'Colonel Edward Bathest!' shouted the same voice, a moment afterward, as the second person followed the other into the parlor; but the names were well known, and no particular notice, beyond the ordinary courtesy, was vouchsafed, either to the knight or the colonel.

Horace mounted the steps with a trembling heart. For the first time in his life he felt seriously embarrassed, as he approached the bright hall, and observed the showily appointed servants, whom he noted were so obsequious to his predecessors. He was attired in plain black, and his fine, manly form was exhibited to the best advantage. His scrupulously white vest and kids were unexceptionable, and his dress might have appeared odd, amongst so much glitter as was collected at my lord's, but that he was an American citizen. The lacquies looked at him, gazed at each other, and would have tittered outright, but they chanced to be better bred! Horace advanced, the servant preceded him to the reception hall, and soon after the attendant read his card aloud as he entered the grand saloon.

'Horace Greenwood——Esq.!' added the servant at a venture. And Horace Greenwood, Esq., walked quietly into the splendid apartment, where he stood *alone* for an instant, the observed of all observers, in a blaze of light, surrounded by scores of the aristocracy of London, most of whom had a curiosity to know who was Horace Greenwood, Esq.!

'That's the fellow that got out o' the cab, as we entered, Harry,' observed Col. Edward Bathest, in a careless tone to Sir Henry Cadden.

'I see—yes. A bumpkin, eh? Where the deuce does he hail from?' drawled the knight, eyeing him through his glass.

''Pon my honor, I couldn't say.'

But the embarrassment of Horace was instantly relieved, and the astonishment of the young noblemen was as quickly increased, as a graceful form and beauteous face appeared from the midst of the crowd; and advancing quite as hastily as the strict rules of etiquette would countenance, Rosamond, the star of the gay throng, extended her delicate hand in greeting to the youthful stranger.

'I am most happy to see you, Mr. Greenwood,' said the fair girl, sweetly.

'Lady,' responded Horace, gratefully, 'you cannot realize the pleasure this visit gives to me,' and presenting his arm to the fair belle of the assemblage, they sauntered away slowly toward the upper end of the saloon.

'That wont do, Harry,' said the colonel, astounded.

'No, indeed!' ventured the knight; and the two disconcerted and envious sprigs joined arms and followed in the wake of the youthful lovers.

Rosamond was arrayed in a costly attire, but the pure whiteness of her rich dress was rivalled by the dainty skin of the fair maiden, who still hung upon the stranger's arm; and Horace observed with pleasurable emotion, that the trifling new year's gift he had secretly sent her, was valued, for, upon her slender but well rounded form, he saw the silver belt, from which depended the string of pearls and tassel. Moving at length towards a retired nook, in one of the deep recesses of the spacious saloon, Rosamond sat down; and a thrill of delight rushed to the heart of Horace, as she pointed him to a seat at her side.

'I had not dared to hope for this pleasure, lady,' said the youth, as he gazed into the lustrous eyes of the lovely girl. 'Tell me, Miss Rosamond—for thus your kindness emboldens me to speak—tell me, why am I thus favored here to-night?'

'Let me assure you, Horace Greenwood, that but for your presence on this hitherto annually happy occasion, I should have been aught *but* happy here to-night.'

'Can it be possible, lady—Rosamond, can it be, that you will condescend to bid me hope, if I should tell you that from the first hour we met—now many a weary month since—I have dreamed of nought but that sweet face?'

'Horace! we are—and yet we are *not* strangers. Be candid, then, and tell me in one word if——'

'Lady—I love you!' said Horace, fervently, but in a low tone, interrupting the sweet voice at his side.

'Hist! here comes my father. Hope, Horace—*hope!*' said the gentle maiden, in a whisper; and the lovers arose at the approach of his lordship, on whose countenance a frown was plainly visible.

'I will relieve you,' said Lord Wilton, taking his daughter from the arm on which she leaned; and a moment after, Horace Greenwood was alone again, in the midst of the gay multitude. He could not avoid observing the marked emphasis which his lordship had indulged in, and he felt mortified at the cold and haughty tone of the heartless nobleman. He turned away, and met the derisive smile of the knight and the colonel. He bit his lip, but passed on quietly to the head of the saloon, where he again encountered Rosamond, for an instant at leisure.

'Do not be offended, Horace,' she said, in her blandest tones.

'No, lady, fear not. But may we meet once more?'

'O, many times, I trust.'

'On Wednesday week I will pay my respects to you, at farthest.'

'I shall be most happy—sooner, if——'

'Rosy!' said his lordship, in an imperative manner—and Horace, having bowed respectfully to the beauty, and in turn to his lordship, slowly threaded his way through the crowd, and shortly afterward took his leave. At the outer extremity of the hall he encountered the gallant colonel and the valiant knight, who did not hesitate to jostle him as he passed out! His cab awaited him—but turning suddenly toward the cowardly poltroons who had so annoyed him:

'Gentlemen,' said he, 'wherein have I given you cause for your marked and repeated insolence to-night?'

'Ha! ha!' cried both at once; ''pon my honor,' continued the colonel, 'he's a trump! wonder if he'll fight—eh, Harry?'

'[illegible]' said Sir Henry.

'Say, fellow—what are you?' continued the colonel, following Horace to the door of his cab.

'I am a stranger, sir, in London,' replied Horace, firmly. 'Did I not lay claim to the character of a gentleman, I should scarcely have been a guest at his lordship's to-night. You have disgraced yourselves by the contemptible course you have pursued towards me; you have abused the premises and the hospitality of Lord Wilton, by your conduct.'

'Hallo! hallo! No big words, fellow.'

'And let me tell you, but for disgracing myself here, I would chastise you for it.'

'Ha, *ha!*' shouted the brave colonel.

Ho! ho! *ho!*' yelled the brave knight; and these two valiant gentlemen turned upon their heels, and re-entered the mansion as Horace started away towards his lodgings. The chilling manner of Lord Wilton, the disgraceful treatment of his lordship's two guests towards him, and his own comparative insignificance, now annoyed him; and ere he had reached his humble hotel, his course had been determined upon for the future. He would see Rosamond once more, reiterate his passion, and fly from the scene rendered painful by the circumstances which now surrounded him; he would earn a name—he would deserve the love of her he believed more than worthy of his devotion; of the noble daughter of the haughty Lord Wilton.

His lordship loved his child, but he was alive to the palpable preference Rosamond had extended toward the poor American, and he chided her for her forgetfulness.

'Bear in mind, daughter, my counsels, my injunctions,' said her father. 'He is not worthy your especial favor, and I grieve to notice that you have flirted with this stranger, who comes among us without title, without means, without lineage. Do not offend again. If you would please your parent, encourage the advances of the gallant Colonel Bathest. He would woo you—wed you; he is your father's choice, as I have told you many times. But do not let me note that you extend further favors to the rude, unknown youth of whom I have spoken. Reflect, Rosamond, and heed my words!'

Her father's manner was cold and imperative; selfish, but determined. She did reflect; and she resolved that sooner than wed the man she despised, she would encounter the ire of her father, whom she loved and respected in spite of his tyrannical disposition. On the appointed evening, however, Horace waited upon his beautiful inamorata. He found her alone, and at the end of two hours, he parted with her—for a long and weary season! Rosamond had already been put in possession of the secret concerning the silver belt, and its value was now enhanced a hundred fold, as she thanked the humble donor for the gift. But the parting moment came at length, and Horace rose to leave her.

'Adieu, dear Rosamond,' said he, 'we shall meet again in after years, when you may look upon me peradventure, in a different light; when I shall have become more worthy of your favor.'

'And you will still think of me, Horace?' said the maiden, in tremulous tones, for she saw there was no present escape from the dilemma.

'I shall never forget your kindness, Rosamond; your image will ever remain uppermost in my thoughts, and whithersoever my destiny may lead me, I shall still remember you—still trust that I may find you on my return the same kind, affectionate Rosamond I leave you.'

'Rely upon my faith—my honor—my love, Horace!' said the sweet girl, firmly, and raising her hand to his lips in silence, they were soon separated.

Within a week, Horace set foot again in Paris. Within a month [illegible] year, Horace Greenwood, who had [illegible] to the field, as a private soldier, under the glorious eagles of France, had been promoted, stage after stage, for his valor and prowess, until he was a lieutenant in his regiment. Within the year succeeding that, he had the opportunity to exhibit his bravery and military skill in many a well-fought field; and at the end of three long years he returned a captain of infantry. It was mid-summer when he arrived again in London, and the whole fashionable world had absented themselves from the din and heat of the city. The valiant, fortunate youth, adopted an incognito, and having ascertained a few hours after he reached town, the fact in which he at this moment felt most deeply interested, he took post-horses and proceeded at once to Bath, where he purposed sojourning for a few days. He bore with him from Paris, but a single letter of introduction; his accurate knowledge of the French language enabled him to preserve his disguise admirably. He spoke only in French, and suddenly he appeared at the notable watering-place spoken of, as Captain D'Horais, a favored officer in the *grande armée*.

Rosamond had mourned the absence of Horace for three years; and in that time what serious, trying, unlooked-for vicissitudes had crossed her hitherto sunny path! She had been an orphan some eighteen months; her fortune by her father's decease was very large, and Rosamond Wilton's hand had been sought eagerly and repeatedly, by the wealthy and titled sons of those families into which the proud position of her noble father had introduced her. But she was still single, and her own mistress. At the earnest solicitation of her friends, she had come out from the seclusion into which her parents' death had thrust her for a year and more, and the beautiful belle of her circle was now enjoying the summer air at an elegant hotel at Bath.

On the evening of Captain D'Horais's arrival, there was a grand ball given at the superb establishment where the daughter of Lord Wilton was tarrying. An hour before midnight, the Count D'Hautrell made his appearance in the great saloon, causing, as usual, a sensation amongst *beaux* and *belles*—for he was a universal favorite with the aristocracy of London. Upon his arm there leaned a handsome young stranger, whose costly and tasteful uniform showed him at once to be a captain of French infantry. The two gentlemen were quickly surrounded by a group of titled ladies, and Captain D'Horais was presented in form to the gentle nobility.

He was not yet twenty-five years old, though his active life and exposure in the field, gave him the appearance of a somewhat older man; and his form had become rounded and filled up within the last three years. His black beard and moustache were heavy, but trimmed with scrupulous nicety; and as he conversed altogether in what seemed to be his native tongue, none suspected him to be anything but a Frenchman, save his friend the count, to whom he had imparted his secret. But his clear eye ran hurriedly around the room for an instant, and settled at length upon a fair creature who was surrounded by a gay clique at the upper end of the hall.

'Who is the lady yonder?' asked the captain of his nearest neighbor, who by the way chanced to be the honorable Sir Henry Cadden.

'Which one, captain?'

'Yonder in the centre of the group. She with the silver belt and tassel.'

'Ah, I perceive, captain, you are a man of taste. It is Miss Rosamond, the daughter and sole heiress of my Lord Wilton, who deceased some eighteen months ago.'

'She is very beautiful.'

'Ay, that she is; and quite as particular as she is beautiful.'

'How mean you, Sir Henry?'

'She is now twenty-one, captain; and though she has had a score of offers from the proudest hands in England, she has invariably refused them all. Captain, allow me to present my friend, Lieutenant Colonel Bathest, of London.'

'Captain,' said the colonel (whom we have met before as well as Sir Henry Cadden), 'I am delighted to meet you.'

'And you say Mademoiselle Rosamond has refused so many good offers? Wherefore, pray?' continued the stranger.

'Well, we who are up to the thing, you see, captain, have no question about the wherefore; though the fact is not generally known. Some three or four years since, there arrived in London a young American; what was that booby's name, colonel?'

'Who, Sir Harry?'

'The Yankee, you remember—and his lordship's daughter—'

'Ah, yes. One Green—green something, I think,' said the colonel.

'I have it, captain. *Greenwood* was the name.'

'And what had *he* to recommend him?'

'*Recommend!* Ha! ha! Capital! You are a jester, captain. He was the veriest buffoon you could have met in a year's journey. A boy, sir; merely a youth. I think not over twenty-one—and he made love to Miss Rosamond!'

'He was a daring fellow, truly,' said the captain.

'Ay—and to Lord Wilton's daughter, too! Why, captain, between ourselves, Miss Rosamond could become united to her choice among the best men in London. She has refused (but this is confidential), she has absolutely refused the colonel, I just presented to you.'

'Colonel Bathest?'

'As I live, has she! But beg pardon, captain—here comes the lady with my Lord Rowley. Let me introduce you.'

'But you observe I do not speak English, Sir Henry;' added the captain, who had been conversing all this while in French, with the knight, who spoke it very badly.

'Never mind that, captain. You will see Miss Rosamond converses in *your* language quite as fluently as in her own.'

In another moment the two gentlemen approached the belle of the party.

'Ma'am'selle Wilton—*permettez moi*,' said Sir Henry—'*Monsieur le Capitaine D'Haurais; l'officier à le grande armée Capitaine*,' he continued, turning to the stranger, '*c'est la fille de Seigneur Wilton, de Londones*.'

Rosamond addressed the captain in most exquisite Parisian French; and five minutes afterwards the stranger was promenading down the saloon with the beauty at his side! Upon the breast of Captain D'Haurais, there glittered a jewelled star, a gift from the emperor, for his valor in battle; and as the gallant captain escorted his lovely charge through the rooms, the comely pair were the envy of scores of both sexes who now gazed upon them. But Rosamond did not suspect the captain, and they had conversed half an hour—when the stranger casually alluded to his friend Horace Greenwood, who was in Paris, he said, the day before he left for England.

'Greenwood!' exclaimed the girl—'*Horace* Greenwood?'

'The same, Mademoiselle,' said the captain, quietly.

The color came to her cheeks; and she quickly inquired for her lover's health.

'He has been absent with the *grande armée*,' said the captain, 'now full three years.'

'With the army?' inquired the lady.

'Yes. He entered simply as a soldier—his rise has been rapid, he has acquired some means, and is now an officer under the emperor's favor.'

'An officer?' continued Rosamond, thoughtfully.

'A captain, I think. He will be in London within a week, I am informed.'

'I shall be delighted to meet him,' responded Rosamond, enthusiastically.

'Not half so well pleased, lady, as *he* will be, to look again upon the being he dearly loves; but you would scarcely know him, Mademoiselle.'

The tone of that voice startled her. She peered into the stranger captain's face; her late glowing cheeks were blanched again—she placed her white hand upon his arm:—

'*Horace!*' she cried.

'Dear Rosamond,' said the captain, gently. But the name was heard, the manner of the astounded girl could not be mistaken, and a crowd of friends instantly thronged around her, desiring an explanation. It was very quickly noised through the splendid hall that Miss Rosamond had suddenly discovered a long absent friend in the captain, and Sir Henry and the colonel heard the name of Horace Greenwood, the American, mentioned. A moment after those two chivalric wights were no where to be found.

Nearly six months of uninterrupted pleasure passed away. The lovers were continually in each other's society; and Christmas came round again at last, and then came New Year's day again. On the evening of the commencement of the year, Horace and Rosamond were united in marriage. As the loving pair turned from the altar to receive the greeting of their friends, the beauteous bride threw aside the long veil which fell in graceful folds from her jewelled head. A happy smile beamed in her face, bright jewels decked her noble person, and about her slender waist was clasped the silver belt and tassel which, four years previously this very night, she received from the hand of him who now called her by the endearing name of wife!

Horace Greenwood lacked title, but he did not lack the bravery and manliness which characterizes the true gentleman. His mind was richly stored with knowledge and experience, and the great wealth of his lovely consort enabled him at once to assume a high position in society; a position which he ever maintained by his own talents. The cowardly men who had so forgotten themselves as to ridicule and insult him, in the first instance, and afterwards abuse him (in his supposed absence), very soon learned that the French *capitaine* whom they had so favored on account of his epaulettes, and the 'buffoon,' Greenwood, were the same! Horace was never afterward disturbed by their presence even for a moment.

Rosamond loved the American with all the ardor of a fresh, a first affection; and though her associations from infancy had been in the midst of tinsel, and titled society, she experienced subsequently a thousand times more pleasure in the companionship of her husband and family, than she had ever known in the gay multitude of which for years she had been one of 'the bright particular stars.'

As the anniversary of her birth, and that of her wedding day, came annually around, a sumptuous entertainment was always given at the splendid mansion now known as 'Greenwood Hall.' On this joyful yearly occasion, a retinue of noble friends and acquaintances were sure to grace the 'Hall' with their presence; and in the midst of the throng of blushing beauties who crowded the gorgeous and stately saloon, none appeared half so lovely in the eyes of the ever faithful Horace—none moved with so queenly a grace—none charmed with their happy wit and sprightly converse, as did his own Rosamond, 'the lady with the SILVER BELT AND TASSEL!'

### The old Family Bible.

BY H. H. BALLOU.

Thrice holy Book, so olden,
With thy soiled and fretted page,
Containing morals golden,
Thou art twice in years my age.
Though worn and rough thy binding,
No gold could make us part;
Memory is unwinding
The records of my heart.

In childhood I have listened
To my father's honored voice,
As he read, and teardrops glistened,
While in faith he would rejoice.
Whole hours intently gazing,
He'd weigh the records there;
Then close thy pages, raising
His soul in silent prayer.

My heart is pained to breaking,
As I look upon thee now;
My very soul is aching,
And clouded is my brow.
For the innocence I'm yearning,
Of fireside childish days;
Lost while experience learning
Of life's cold, heartless ways.

Though quick my heart is beating,
And strong my manly will,
Yet swift the hours are fleeting
That shall its pulses still.
But thee I'll ever cherish,
With thy soiled and wornout back,
Until this form shall perish,
Thou dear beloved Book! *Trumpet.*

### Love's Vagaries.

In some, love may be said to rage like Hecla. We all know how a poor tailor died for love of Queen Elizabeth; another unhappy wight, bewitched with the love of royalty, conceived, in the year 1788, a violent passion for another Elizabeth, now princess of Homberg, and got into the palace to pay his respects to her royal highness. His name was Spang, his father a Dane, himself an Englishman and a hair dresser! But, such is the fate of this sort of love, the frisseur was unluckily pronounced insane. And again, in the preceding year, 1787, one Stone, a heavy looking man, about thirty-three years of age, a native of Shaftesbury, unfortunately fell in love with the princess royal of England, now the dowager queen of Wirtemburg. He said the princess stole his heart from him by looking up at him in the two-shilling gallery at the theatre; but Doctor Monro, who knew less about love than lunacy, soon decided the business, and poor Stone was sent to Bedlam.

Some ladies, like the gentle Viola, never tell their love, but let the cankering worm hasten them to the grave. And here, in the other sex, we are reminded of Mr. Hutton, of Birmingham, who wrote his life and confessions; he was a male Viola, for he let concealment like a worm, &c.; but he shall speak for himself: 'Perhaps there is not a human being but sooner or later feels, in some degree, the passion of love. I was struck with a girl: watched her wherever I could, and peeped through the chink of the windows at night. She lay near my heart eleven years; but I never spoke to her in my whole life, nor was she ever apprised of my passion.' Such is the force of this passion, that it will turn day into night; witness the following: A few years ago, a lady who had resolved never to see the light of the day again, all from matrimonial disappointment, lived shut up in darkness (at least she had only a lamp or candle burning) in Charterhouse street, London, and this lady rigidly kept her maiden vow, to the great satisfaction of her tallow-chandler.

### America in England.

The following extract from a letter in the National Intelligencer, has matter in it qualified to set one a-thinking:

'London, December 15, 1848.—It is curious to observe on a ramble through a few of the principal streets of London, how many more articles are advertised of 'American' origin than were to be met with even two years ago. American Newtown pippins, and other varieties of American apples are exhibited in the fruitshops; every shoe-shop has a display of 'American overshoes;' 'Philadelphia, Albany and other American ales,' are advertised at the taverns and eating-houses; 'American biscuit' are found in every bakeshop; 'American cheese' in the appropriate places, and 'American rocking chairs,' 'American wooden clocks,' and 'American *baby jumpers*' have their various places of sale. Once I saw 'mint juleps and other American drinks' advertised in a window; there are regular agencies for the sale of 'Wenham ice;' there are two, if not more, regular importers of American books, and the American star-banner floats from many a tall mast in the crowded dock and river. This is *truly* the best imaginable mode of fraternizing. It is a profitable and pleasant exhibition to the Old World of the rich plenty, the industry, and the ingenuity of the New. These are the fair, delightful fruits of peace and commercial intercourse; the means by which civilization is spread over the earth; the heart of man made better and the head made wiser, and the human race taught the blessings of individual freedom and national independence.'

## From over the Sea.

Louis Philippe has taken up his residence in the Isle of Wight.

The population of Liverpool is said to have diminished some fourteen thousand in the last twelve months.

The London Times is of the opinion that the language of the new administration in France will be in reference to all Europe, of a pacific character.

Ireland continues in a state of political repose. The proceedings in the prosecution of Mr. Duffy have furnished almost the only theme for the Irish journalists.

The most popular and beloved of all the female sovereigns of France was the Empress Josephine. The new president, who has ere this entered upon his duties, is her grandson.

Serious complaints are made in some parts of Spain on account of the small foreign demand for grapes and other fruit, of which there has been rather an abundant harvest.

A new burlesque, upon the subject of 'Shakspeare's Tempest,' recently produced with great success in Liverpool, is now in preparation at the Adelphi Theatre, London.

The number of deaths in England and Scotland, by cholera, since the inception of the disease, was, at last dates, 998. There had been 2169 cases, and 815 were still under treatment.

The American Commissioner, Mr. Davis, has had an interview with the governor general Sew, on the 6th of October, at Canton, which took place at Howqua's residence, and terminated with a banquet.

Experiments have been made in the royal arsenal at Woolwich, England, to test the practicability of employing two shots at one firing in actual service. It has proved more safe and practicable than was anticipated.

Some of the clerks of the Bank of England recently paid a note of £1000, which was a stopped note, the figure 9 in the number having been altered to a 0. The clerks were compelled to make the bank whole out of their salaries.

The United States consul, J. R. Croskey, gave a splendid entertainment to the corporation of Southampton, England, on the 21st of December, as a return for the splendid hospitality shown by the city to the officers of our frigate, St. Lawrence.

At a social banquet of female democrats in Paris, Madame Granet said in her speech: 'Let us select the blessed Virgin as our model, whose name be blessed among women.' M. Bernard gave as a toast: 'France, the living Christ.'

Louis Napoleon's livery is precisely the same as that of the emperor's—a green coat with gold buttons, black silk stockings, and plush shorts. Owing to the great effluence of visiters, two days of the week have been fixed upon as reception days.

In London there are 12,000 children regularly under training for crime, 30,000 thieves, 6000 receivers of stolen goods, 23,000 picked up in a state of drunkenness, 50,000 habitual gin drinkers, and 150,000 persons of both sexes leading an abandoned life.

It has been rumored that, in consequence of the daring pitch to which the pirates on the coast of Morocco have carried their lawless avocations, the British Commander will visit Tangier for the purpose of demanding satisfaction from the Emperor of Morocco.

The tide of immigration is settling towards the holy city, and the number of its Jewish population is rapidly increasing. The resident Rabbis have appealed to their brethren in Europe for aid to enlarge extensively their synagogue Bethel, while leading Jews in Europe seriously contemplate the re-building of the Temple at Jerusalem.

Two English gentlemen, living at Messina, were lately carried into the mountains by a gang of Sicilian bandits, who threatened to put them to death unless they redeemed themselves by a ransom of 5000 ounces (£2500), but ultimately agreed to accept a sum of 590 ounces (£250), which was paid to the robbers, who then liberated them.

## Salmagundi.

Three things seen in a peacock—the garb of an angel, the walk of a thief, and the voice of the devil.

Mons. Vattemare has presented to the city of Charleston a volume of lithographs, of the historical paintings of the royal palace, which had been given to him by Louis Philippe.

The gold coins of the United States contain nine parts of pure gold, and one of alloy, composed of silver and copper—the silver not to exceed one half of the whole alloy.

A rogue named Morrison, who was in jail in Pittsburg the other day, walked out in company with the acting jailer, who took him for a lawyer that had been consulting a client.

An old lady was recently knocked down in New York by an omnibus, which was recklessly driven. She brought an action against the proprietor for damages, and recovered $1500.

One effect of the panic in New Orleans has been to increase the business of bar-rooms. Brandy has been spoken of as a preventive, and is taken on all hands *ad libitum*.

Prince Louis Napoleon is to inaugurate his advent to the presidency by a general amnesty, from which will be excepted, however, the prisoners at Vincennes, who are to be tried.

The U. S. Adjutant General, in accordance with an act of Congress, has designated 20 military posts at which chaplains are to be employed, and for which applications may be made.

A stone cutting machine, now in operation in New Haven, Ct., which is worked by steam, is said to perform the work of a hundred men. The cutting instrument is composed of half a dozen circular saws.

The Louisiana legislature, previous to adjournment, appropriated $10,000 for New Orleans, and $2500 for Lafayette, to be expended for the benefit of the sick of the cholera, and for sanatory purposes.

A man with an irritable temper is more to be pitied than one bowed to the earth by poverty. The latter evil can be ameliorated, while the former is a devil that makes havoc with all of the finer qualities of heart and mind.

Judge Dickey, of Chicago, has decided that the master of a slave escaping into Illinois has a right to remove said slave, regardless of Illinois statutes to the contrary, which are declared to be unconstitutional.

'What shall I do,' said a liquor seller, to a temperance lecturer, 'if I quit selling rum?' 'Go to the poorhouse,' said the lecturer, 'and be supported there, and let the poor you have made paupers, come out.'

The list of vessels built in Baltimore during the year 1848, comprises sixty-nine vessels of all classes, the aggregate custom house measurement of which was 14,447 tons. This aggregate exceeds that of 1847 by 1580 tons.

It is said that Colonel Kinney is preparing an expedition for Chihuahua, and intends to start shortly with a hundred wagons from Corpus Christi, to go by way of the Presido, or some point above Carmargo, to Chihuahua.

If a man 21 years of age, should begin to save one dollar per week, and put it at interest every year, he would have at 31 years of age, $650; at 45 years of age, $1,680; at 60 years of age, $6,150; and at 71 years of age, $11,500.

A letter from San Francisco, published in the Washington Globe, says, 'Every man engaged in hunting gold, and every one that visits the gold region, goes armed to the teeth. Scenes of violence occur; there is no security for life and property.'

A few days ago, says the St. Louis Reveille, in 8 hours and 35 minutes by the watch, there were cut and salted at W. Risley's pork-packing establishment, 616 hogs. The hogs averaged 220 pounds and three-quarters. The cutting was done on one block.

The ancients consecrated the rose to Hypocrates, the god of silence; and, therefore, frequently placed them upon the ceilings of rooms destined for the receiving of guests, and implying that, whatever was transacted there, should not be made public. Hence the phrase, *sub-rosa*; or, under the rose.

When the celebrated engineer Brunel, who accomplished the desperate experiment of tunnelling the Thames river, was brought before a committee of the British Parliament, he was asked if a speed of eighty miles per hour on a certain railroad would be much more dangerous to the traveller than a speed of forty.

'It would be just the same,' said he.

'And a speed of ninety?'

'Just the same.'

'And a speed of one hundred?'

'Just the same! For,' said he, 'if the cars should run off the track at the rate of forty miles per hour, the passengers would all go to ruin, and at one hundred miles per hour they could not conveniently go any farther.'

It was amusing, as we were walking home with a friend on a recent moon-lit evening, to see him stop and address a group of pigs.

'Now, my young friends, go home—*go home*: it's too late for ye to be out; ye'll take cold.'

They listened with raised noses for a moment, gave a unanimous grunt of acquiescence in his advice, and then marched off with a short squeak, and in almost military order.—*New York Knickerbocker.*

'What, Mr. Speaker, what shall I say to my constituents?' exclaimed a wrathful member of Congress on the passage of a bill, to which he was utterly opposed. 'What shall I say?' he repeated, but found it impossible to get beyond the interrogatory.

'Tell them,' replied the waggish Speaker, 'that you tried to make a speech and couldn't.'

*Boy*—A-x-e—axe.
*Teacher*—What is an axe.
*Boy*—An instrument for cutting.
*Teacher*—How many kinds of axes are there?
*Boy*—Broad axe, narrow axe, post axe, and—and axe of the legislature, and axe of the apostles.
*Teacher*—Go to the head, my boy.—*Cambridge Chronicle.*

It is related of a certain magistrate living in the valley of the Connecticut, who was so fascinated by the appearance of a pretty Catholic lady witness before his court, that instead of the Bible he presented *his face* to kiss. He never discovered his mistake, till his wife, who happened to be present, gave him a rousing box on the ear.

A quaint but witty old English writer, speaking of dull men who affect to be very grave, says that they do wisely to counterfeit a reservedness, and keep their chests always locked, not for fear anybody would steal treasures from thence, but *lest some one should look in and see there is nothing in them?*

A man who has returned from California, being asked what goods were the best investment to be carried to California, replied: 'Green spectacles, by all means—for they are needed to protect the eyes of the gold-diggers from the brilliancy of the metal.'

'What are you going to give me for a Christmas present?' remarked a gay damsel to us the other day. We meekly replied that we had nothing to offer but our humble self. 'The smallest favors gratefully received,' was the merry response. We were stupified.

A magistrate in a Pomeranian town cautioned the people not to smoke in the public square, in the following words: 'Smoking is strictly forbidden in this square, under the penalty of ten dollars or twenty lashes, of which the informer shall receive one-half.'

A young wife remonstrated with her husband, a dissipated spendthrift, on his conduct. 'My love,' said he, 'I'm only like the prodigal son; I shall reform by-and-by.' 'And I will be like the prodigal son, too,' she replied, 'for I will arise and go to my father,' and accordingly off she went.

A Brooklyn paper gives this notice, which contains, as near as we can judge, an insinuation.

ABSENCE OF MIND.—The person who took the silver spoons instead of almonds, and a silver ladle instead of pickled oysters, from a house in Hicks street, will be kind enough to correct the mistake.

A Frenchman was recently seen bargaining for half a dozen sheep. 'What are you about?' said a friend. 'I have heard say,' replied monsieur, 'that if you want to make money, you "must buy *sheep* and sell *dear*."' I shall buy de sheep and sell de venison!'

In California, where gold dust is now a legal tender, when a dun importunes a man for payment of his bill, he don't say, 'Pray, sir, is it convenient to pay me that amount to-day?' No! eschewing all circumlocution, he says, 'Come, down with your *dust!*'

The following, recently perpetrated, seems too good to be lost. A young lady engaged in writing observed to a clergyman present, that she was a *Scribe*. To which the man in orders, with a sagacity and clerical discernment truly creditable, replied 'and *fair I see*,' (Pharisee.)

'Has your son Timothy failed?' inquired Gubbins, of Stubbens, the other day.

'O, not at all; he has only assigned over his property, and *fallen back to take a better position*,' was the reply.

A pretty girl was lately complaining to a friend, that she had a cold, and was sadly plagued in her lips by chaps.

'Friend,' said Obediah, 'thee should never suffer the chaps to come near thy lips!'

A general on the point of death, opening his eyes, and seeing a consultation of three physicians who were standing close by his bed-side, exclaimed, '*Gentlemen, if you fire by platoons*, it's all over with me!' and instantly expired.

A person offers a reward in the Journal of Commerce, for the recovery of a '*square black lady's bonnet box*, lost from the baggage of the Philadelphia train.' We hope the 'square black lady' has found her box.

Those old fellows that sputter and growl round their homes are sure to be insured faithfully by the little watchers for parental squalls, and a nest of hornets is made where peace and harmony alone should dwell.

An old writer thus describes a talkative female: 'I know a lady that talks so incessantly that she wont give an echo fair play. She has such an everlasting rotation of tongue, that an echo must wait until she dies before it can catch her last words.'

A philosophical farmer remarks, that a man in a promising field would not make *rye* faces without being *cross-grained*: if he did, it would cause a-*maize*-ment.

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PRINCESS AZALIE, THE FLOWER OF BEN ISTAM'S PALACE.

*Unexpected entrance of the gallant knight into the presence of the princess Azalie.*

## A SPLENDID ORIGINAL ROMANCE.

### OUR THOUSAND DOLLAR PRIZE TALE.

Entered according to Act of Congress, in the year 1849, by F. Gleason, in the Clerk's Office of the District Court of Massachusetts.

[WRITTEN EXPRESSLY FOR THE FLAG OF OUR UNION.]

THE

# KNIGHT OF THE SILVER CROSS;

OR,

# HAFED, THE LION OF TURKESTAN.

## A TALE OF THE OTTOMAN EMPIRE.

BY EDGAR W. DAVIES, Jr.

[CONTINUED.]

### CHAPTER XIV.

*The Turcoman emirs, headed by Selim, return to Iconium. Interview of the emir with Lord Cretolius and D'Arville. Azalie. The love token. A plot of villany. A thrilling incident.*

WHEN the emirs and chiefs of Ben Istam's tribe heard Selim's command, each separated to his party, and the various bands were soon on their return to Iconium. The knight, D'Arville, Lord Cretolius, and the retainers were conducted to the van of the array, where a thousand horsemen surrounded them as guards, with naked scimitars in hand. This body was ordered to proceed as rapidly as possible, and before noon had left the main army far behind, and when, at twilight, they looked back from the summit of a hill, no signs of the sons of Ben Istam could be seen.

In the distance, northward, the eye of D'Arville saw a faint gleam, like that cast by the lights of a city into the evening air, and as they descended the hill, and darkness increased, the reflection on the air was brighter. For three hours their way now lay along a level plain, across which an indistinct whiteness beneath their feet marked the road, while on either side, in the dimness, D'Arville saw at times the small tenements of the people, or the castellated mansions of the man of wealth; his eyes were ever open, and everything was taken particular notice of, as he knew not what adventures he might be called on to dare, and therefore he sought to gain as much knowledge as possible of the scenes in the midst of which he intended to prosecute his search for Azilla.

[illegible] of the road soon brought into sight a vista of trees, the forms of which were seemingly mingled with the gloom, but beyond a brightness told the position of the city gate. Ere long, this was opened to the approaching horsemen, and they entered, while a numerous body of guards near by, hearing that prince Selim was not only alive and well, but also present, gave him loud acclamations of welcome.

Others listened to these sounds, and the shopkeepers and inhabitants, near by, while standing in silence to catch some note by which they might learn the cause of the uproar, distinguished the cries of 'Hail to the returning prince!' 'Allah, preserve prince Selim!' and re-echoed them again and again, till spreading from tongue to tongue the joyful news filled the city. Thousands crowded to the main street, that they might see with their own eyes the truth of the report, and welcome the hope of their warrior-tribe to his paternal home.

Brightly beamed the lamps in windows of bazaars and shops, and the light from them illuminated the streets through which the prince and his party passed, so that it seemed almost the brightness of day. In the centre of the city, surrounded by gardens, stood the palace of the emir of Ben Istam, and adjacent to it other palaces, the town residences of other emirs, raised their minarets toward the heavens.

'Arnil, prince of the Tigris, and Cretolius, ambassador of Palmyra, follow me, and I will lead you to the presence of my father. Hassan,' continued the prince Selim, turning to an emir, 'I pray thee, conduct the troop of Palmyrenes to good quarters, and send a messenger to acquaint their master with the place thereof. I will have the followers of Arnil cared for in my father's palace.'

The three now entered the hall of the palace, and passing through it, and up a broad flight of stairs, halted in front of a door panelled with stained cedar. Eighty guardsmen were here, who prostrated themselves in the oriental fashion, upon their faces, till the prince with his companions had entered.

At the further end of the room, on soft cushions, sat a man of about sixty years of age, whose white beard, which flowed upon his bosom to his girdle, and his snowy hair, gave him a venerable appearance. His dress was as magnificent as could be expected to be worn by one who ruled the hearts of a hundred thousand people, and directed the scimitars of a score of thousands of the boldest warriors of his race. As Selim entered, he dropped in surprise the cup from which he sipped, and springing up, with agility unusual to one of his age, held out his arms to Selim. The latter, bounded forward and fell upon his bosom, crying:

'The blessings of paradise be yours, my father.'

'Heaven has heard my prayers, brave son, and restored to my arms the hope of my house, has given back to me, in mercy, him whom I look to as the support of my declining years. My noble Selim, Allah has protected you.'

'He has, my father, and now I hope he will aid me in saving from destruction an innocent and unoffending people, whose messenger, Lord Cretolius, I present to you as a friend. His son it was, who, with a brave knight, rescued me from my danger, sought me in a fearful scene, and perilled his own safety to secure mine,' replied Selim.

'Is it so?' said the aged emir, 'then let me embrace him. Lord Cretolius, if there is aught I can do to recompense the preserver of my gallant Selim, I am ready, even were it the tenth of my dominion.'

'Noble emir, I thank you,' responded Lord Cretolius, as he returned the warm embrace of the emir; 'but I seek not dominion or power. I merely ask that the children of Palmyra may be suffered to remain in peace and contentment. They seek no conquest, they cause no broils or discord, and all they desire is to be permitted to pursue their even course unmolested.'

'Sit with me on this divan; but who is this prince?'

'His name is Arnil, prince of a tribe dwelling near the Tigris. He hath offered me his services, and his gallant demeanor and ready courtesy have led me to accept him as the chief of my guard; with your permission, my father, I will retain him,' answered Selim.

'He is welcome, ever welcome,' replied the emir, extending his hand. The knight raised it respectfully to his lips, and then, with a bow, said:

'Noble ruler of Ben Istam, thy name and fame, and that of thy warrior-son, Selim, hath spread even to the banks of the Tigris, and I have come hither, attracted by your reputation in arms, to seek a field wherein to prove my valor, and take service with a leader whose ambition and courage will open a path for me to power. But let me not interrupt the wise counsels of the emir and the Palmyrene lord. I will retire to yon casement, and occupy my time in watching the stars.'

D'Arville having done as he had said, the emir addressed Selim:

'Wherefore have the Palmyrenes sent this noble lord to ask for peace. As Mahomet is my guide, I think they did not much desire it, or they would not have attempted to do as Hafed said.'

'What said Hafed, my father?' responded Selim.

'He told us that you were torn from your saddle, hurried away to a secret spot, and there slaughtered. He also said that a youth of Palmyra, who secretly informed him of this, warned him to leave the city, as a plot was in contemplation to do likewise toward himself and the princess Azalie, and consequently he escaped while yet he might.'

'Hafed speaks not the truth,' replied Selim. 'He knows nothing of the cause of my disappearance, neither did he seek to know, for while the soldiers of the Palmyrene monarch sought me in every nook and corner of the city, he, for a whole day, remained quietly in his quarters, and quaffed the forbidden juice of the grape, laughing in his sleeves at the thought that now he would reign over Ben Istam's tribe alone. But I have sworn, by the beard of the prophet that he shall not, and I can maintain it.'

'I love to see thy spirit, brave son of my heart, but do not let it cause discord in our dominions. Hafed and thou shalt reign together. Besides, thou canst not meet him, for where are the gallant sons of Ben Istam, and the warriors of Laconia? Hafed hath them, and will not let them leave him,' said the emir.

'Nay, my father. The warriors of our tribe I met this morning in the plain, and they have returned with me. They have decided to be ruled by me. Besides, the emirs of the mountains have promised to bring to my standard twenty thousand hardy mountaineers. Many more will join me when I raise my war-cry of "Death to the Greek!" and promise to lead them to the conquest of that empire.'

'The warriors of Ben Istam are mine as yet, and they shall not again leave Iconium; so count not on their assistance in thy daring scheme, for my commands shall restrain them. Selim, say no more, lest my anger should be roused, and I do that which I would afterwards repent.'

'My father, thou art my sire, and over me shalt thou rule. Allah give thee long life, and a thousand blessings. I go not forth, but, in obedience to thy command, stay at thy feet, yet I pray thee, let not the innocent children of Palmyra suffer unjust punishment.'

'Selim, thy virtue shall meet its due reward. I will heed thy last request, and at dawn I will send two princes to Hafed, to bid him return. Noble Cretolius, is not this a fitting reward for thy son's rescue of Selim? Is it not a great thing for an emir of Turcomania to give up the spoil of a rich city when almost within his grasp?'

'Generous emir,' replied Lord Cretolius, 'would that I could repay you.'

When D'Arville had retired to the casement, as before mentioned, he gazed through it, but nothing met his view except the stone wall of a house, or part of the palace, a few feet distant. In this he perceived a small window, the casings of which were wrought with gold; a light was within, but a curtain obscured his vision, and he could see nothing of the room which it hid. His thoughts involuntarily turned to Azalie, and his imagination pictured her seated upon a soft cushion, or reclining on a couch, absorbed in thoughts of him, and he ardently wished to see the curtain withdrawn, to know if fancy pictured the truth.

Wrapt in contemplation, he stood concealed by the deep shadow of the window and the tapestry behind him. As he looked, the hangings before the opposite casement were drawn aside, and to his delight the face of her on whom his thoughts dwelt appeared. She leaned her lovely face upon her soft hand, and gazed thoughtfully upward. The heart of D'Arville beat wildly with emotion, and, unable to resist the impulse, he leaned slightly forward in the shade, and whispered.

A few feet of space only intervened between them, and his fond look could plainly distinguish her features. No movement on her part seemed to indicate that she heard aught, save at the first a slight start, after which, she remained gazing upward, but into her cheeks flushed a warmer glow, and her eyes, steadfastly fixed on the stars, beamed with a pleased expression.

'Beautiful Azalie, sweet vision, on the faith of my knighthood, it seemeth that I am in a dream. Do I again behold that glance which so brightly beamed on me in the hall of Palmyra, again see those love-lit eyes, that beauteous countenance, that queenly form. Azalie, O believe me, I love thee, I love thee dearly, and for thee will I dare every peril—to win thee I will gladly meet every danger that intervenes, and overcome them. Dost thou doubt my love? Give me a mission to perform, send me on some dangerous service, and if I fail, then say I love you not. Azalie, Azalie, do you not hear me? I am D'Arville, the envoy of St. John; have I no place in your memory? Speak, speak, dear vision. Let me know that you hear me! O, heavens, my heart! She does not heed me, she cares not for me!'

The knight leaned his head upon the casement-sill, and covered his face with his hands, while warm drops of agony stood on his forehead, and the pulsations of his enthusiastic heart were quick and loud. Bitter thoughts filled his soul, fears that she did not love him crossed his mind, and the world seemed a blank to him. Careless of himself, he groaned aloud in the anguish of his soul, and clenching his hands, raised his head with an imploring look, towards—

But she was not there. The window, from which she had beamed like a star of hope upon his vision, was darkened. He gazed in silence a moment, and then dropped his eyes sadly to the floor on which he stood. A start of delighted surprise, a thrill of joy—there, at his feet, lay a half-blown rose,—could he believe it—she had thrown it toward him ere she disappeared, and while his face was hidden by his hands. But then painful doubts came, as he stooped to pick it up—it might have been there before—some menial of the palace might have dropped it there. He had not seen it before, however, and he had looked to the floor when he took his place at the window—he had looked to see where he was stepping, and no rose met his view.

Hope filled his bosom, as this last thought impressed itself as a certainty upon his mind; taking his turban from his head, he fastened the rose above the diamond loop which confined the scarlet folds, and replaced it on his brow. Turning his back to the window he stood in surprise, for there a few paces distant stood the prince Selim. In vain the knight gazed in his eyes, in vain tried to read their expression, and his stout heart rose in defiance of any coming danger. Suddenly changing the impenetrable look of his countenance, Selim advanced with a smile:

'Did I not hear you groan? Prince Arnil, if aught disturbs you, if aught harasses you, if there is anything you would discover, or any treasure you would gain, confide in me the secret which so oppresses you, and I will give you my warmest aid.'

The knight started again, and gazed wistfully into the smiling face of the prince. Had Selim discovered his secret, had his eyes penetrated the Saracen disguise, and recognized beneath it the knight who had saved him from starvation and a dungeon? No, it could not be.

'Why do you not speak, prince Arnil? Does pain rack your limbs, or is it distress of the mind that disturbs you thus? If the latter, tell me, and I will sympathize with you.'

'Nay, noble Selim,' replied D'Arville, 'it was but momentary, and is all over now. A sudden pang thrilled my heart, but it has passed away. I thank you for your kind offer; it was well meant, and Arnil treasures it in his heart as the kindness of a friend.'

'My father, and the Lord Cretolius, are leaving the hall, to seek the room in which we partake of refreshments. I am rather hungry after my long journey, and I doubt not you are also, brave Arnil, therefore let us follow them, and assist in their laudable endeavors,' said Selim.

Taking the arm of the knight in a friendly manner, Selim led him from the window, while a strange smile played around the mouth of the prince, and a mischievous pleasantness lurked in his eye. The perplexed D'Arville knew not what to think of this, and in thoughtful silence suffered the prince to conduct him to a well-filled table, on the cushions around which they soon reclined, engaged in discussing various subjects at the same time they satisfied their hunger.

Slaves of exquisite beauty surrounded the tables, and ran hither and thither in obedience to the slightest sign of their master; before the knight and Lord Cretolius they placed the choicest viands, the most delicious fruits, and the most generous wines, and while the noble, whose appetite was sharpened by the joyful and unexpected success of his mission, ate plentifully, D'Arville seemed unable to swallow a mouthful, but sipped occasionally of the refreshing beverage which filled the vase beside him—the purest wine of Persia.

Selim's eyes were continually glancing to the face of the knight, and at last, he broke out into a hearty laugh, which he had for some time been striving in vain to restrain. The emir and Lord Cretolius looked up from their conversation in surprise, and Selim, when he was able to command his voice, cried:

'Forgive my rudeness, father, but by the beard of Mahomet, I could not help laughing when I looked upon the rueful face of prince Arnil. One would think, from his sighs and thoughtful looks, that he was in love. See, it is so,—the tell-tale color rises into his cheek. Mahomet help me, but if he hath seen any sweet face in his course through our city, which hath warmed his heart, he need but to speak, and she shall be his. And see the rose in his turban—it is a fresh one, and I should say had not been two hours plucked from the bush. Poor fellow, he has been dreaming of her continually for the last hour.'

The aged emir and the noble smiled as they looked at D'Arville, over whose face the blush of confusion had spread itself. This was but momentary, for calling his pride to his aid he recovered himself, and looking meaningly at Selim, who was opposite him, said:

'And does not prince Selim know that the roses which bloom on the banks of the Euphrates are sweeter than those of the mountains? Are not the flowers which open their petals amid the Syrian desert more fragrant than those which expand in loveliness upon the fertile plains of Turcomania? Are the emeralds and rubies of the north brighter than the diamonds of the south? Now it is your turn to blush, my gallant prince, now doth confusion cover the face of the pride of Ben Istam. But think not of it too despairingly. She would fill the throne of a queen with gracefulness, and her powerful intellect is fitted to rule the hearts of millions as well as that of Selim; and doubtless she will ere long do the first as well as the last, if I can judge aright.'

A smile of joy crossed Selim's face, and moved his blushing cheek; D'Arville had looked for surprise, but was himself astonished at seeing no signs of such a feeling. This gave rise to a new train of thought, into which he suffered his mind to relapse, while the emir and Lord Cretolius gazed inquiringly upon the face of Selim.

The hour of rest approached, and at the emir's signal, a number of slaves, bearing lights and perfumery, preceded the knight and Lord Cretolius to their different apartments. At the request of the knight, three of his troop were conducted to his room, after which, he dispensed with other attendance, and sent away the slaves.

The rooms he now found in his occupation, consisted of two ante-rooms and a large chamber, the latter of which was lighted in the day-time by a large arched window. Looking from it, he found that he was in one of the upper stories of the palace, whence he could look down into the courtyard beneath, and upon the pile of buildings surrounding it, which were then illuminated by variegated lanterns and blazing torches. In the ante-rooms were double beds; two of his attendants took up their quarters in one, while the other knight, pushing the bed in the outer room close against the door, composed himself to rest.

D'Arville threw aside his dress, and retired to the couch which stood in an alcove of the great chamber. The lights being carried out into the ante-room, he closed his eyes, and endeavored to sleep, but for some time his thoughts kept him awake. Among other things which puzzled him, was the inexplicable conduct of prince Selim, who had previously treated him as an inferior, but since discovering him in the window placing the rose in his turban, had behaved towards him as a brother. At last his heavy eyelids closed, and he sunk into a quiet slumber.

How long he had slept he knew not, but he was aroused by a heavy hand on his shoulder. He started up, as the voice of the trooper who slept in the outer ante-room met his ear:

'Sir Percy, there are voices outside my door, carrying on a whispered conversation, and from a few words I caught I should judge there was some foul work going on.'

D'Arville rose, and going to the ante-room, with the assistance of his attendants softly removed the bed. Gently opening the door, he put his ear to the aperture, after causing the lights to be carried into the inner chamber, and listened.

'By the beard of Mahomet, we will never have such another chance to win the promised reward. Why should you falter now?' said a voice without, to which another replied:

'I do not wish to falter, but it is a fearful risk; should he awake, our course would be ended.'

'Nay, he cannot, for his slaves are drugged, and we managed to wake him so early this morning that he will sleep well.'

'Are you sure of the reward?'

'Did I not tell you I have half of it at home? Now, by the prophet's beard, thou art as babyish as an infant a month old. I have here the powder, and all you have to do is to drop it in the cup which stands at his bedside, while I hold my knife over him to plunge it in his bosom should he chance to awake.'

'I care not; lead on, and I will perform my part.'

The voices ceased, and soft footsteps passed the door, and proceeded along the entry. D'Arville, ordering his followers to await his return, seized his sword, and stepping into the corridor with bare feet, followed the course of the two whisperers. After tracing them about fifty yards, he came so close to them as to see the indistinct outlines of their forms, against the dim light of the distant casement. Here they suddenly stopped, and D'Arville held his breath, fearful of discovery.

The light creak of a softly turned latch met his ear, and then he saw the crevice of an opening door. The two figures in front of him were plainly visible in the light from within, as they pushed the door open and entered with catlike tread. One of them dropped something just outside the sill, and the knight saw they were most magnificently dressed. The next moment the door closed, and D'Arville was left in darkness. Creeping forward, he felt around with his hand, and picked up the article they had dropped, which was a piece of cloth of some soft texture. Placing this in his bosom, he turned to retrace his steps.

After he had returned the distance he supposed he had tracked the two whisperers, he sought in vain for the door of his apartment, and softly called the names of his servitors. No answer was returned, and for some time he wandered about, not knowing whither he was going, seeking his room. At last, with characteristic daring, he determined to try one door after another till he found his own, and after finding five or six fastened, one yielded to his pressure, and then his feet pressed a cushioned carpet.

Upon the floor, at his feet, lay four Ethiopians, whom from their dress he imagined to be eunuchs. This opinion was confirmed, when by the light which beamed from a room beyond, he saw various articles of female apparel, upon a couch. Hesitating a moment to assure himself the eunuchs were indeed asleep, he removed their glittering scimitars, and laying them one side, covered them with a piece of embroidery near at hand, that the sleeping guards might not despatch him should they suddenly awake.

This was done in consequence of a sudden determination he had made, to take the light from within, and use it as a means of finding his own room. Softly passing into the adjoining apartment, he was about to remove the light, when, glancing through another door, his attention was riveted, and his heart bounded with emotion, for there upon soft cushions, stretched in peaceful repose, lay the princess Azalie. The coverlet was drawn close over her snowy neck, but a vivid color was in the cheeks, on which rested her long black eyelashes.

A few minutes passed, yet the knight stirred not from his entranced position, for with one hand upon the lamp, and the other resting on the polished cedar, he stood gazing in rapt admiration on the features of her he loved. A movement of one of the sleeping eunuchs without called him to a sense of his dangerous situation—dangerous in more ways than one, and carefully shading the light with his hand, he crept softly through the ante-room to the entry, and closing the door, took a survey of the corridor.

Finding himself in an unknown part of the house, he went back some distance, and coming upon a place where six passages met, he easily saw how he had mistaken his course, and finding that in which his own room was situated, by the color of the tapestry, soon was at his own door again.

Here he found his men anxiously waiting his return, but as he was about entering, loud cries met his ear, and the footsteps of men echoed through the corridors. Blowing his light out he listened, and came to the conclusion that the eunuchs had awoke from their sleep, and finding some one had been in their room, and missing the light and their arms, had given the alarm.

Hastily entering his apartment he went to the window, opened it, and flung the lamp he had found in the princess's boudoir as far as his energetic arm could send it, over the adjoining buildings, till he heard the heavy brass strike with a ringing sound on the roof of a distant wing, and then fall rattling down into the courtyard below.

Returning again to the entry he looked out, and heard loud exclamations of anger, mingled with expostulations and entreaties. Lights soon appeared coming up the entry, and as he saw that Selim, the emir, Lord Cretolius, and a number of princes had issued from their rooms to see what was the cause of the uproar, with their followers increasing the throng, D'Arville, cautioning his men not to mention what had passed, sallied out with them and made many eager inquiries, as if he knew nothing of the matter.

The aga of the eunuchs told the emir that while they were asleep, some persons had managed softly to break open the door of the princess Azalie's room. He said, that on awaking, and missing these articles, they had given the alarm, and after running up and down the corridors, had at last discovered the two princes whom they here had prisoners, just attempting a dangerous escape from a window.

The emir directed that the princes should be confined in their rooms, with a strong guard, till he should on the morrow have time to prove their innocence or guilt, and they were accordingly conducted thither. The crowd opened, and as the prisoners passed D'Arville, he recognized them as being the two men whom he had traced along the entry, and of whose features he had obtained a view when they entered the apartment as before mentioned.

Seeking his room again, D'Arville took from his bosom the article he had picked up, at the time the whisperers had dropped it, and found it to be an embroidered handkerchief on which was stamped a coat of arms, and the letters, 'A. F. S.'

### CHAPTER XV.

*Selim's disappointment. The page. The knight's confusion. His adventure. The princess in her harem. The eunuchs. The knight a prisoner. Dungeons.*

THE emir had said that at dawn he would hold a council, and inquire into the guilt or innocence of the two princes who had been arrested in the entry of his palace, but this he was destined never to do, for his time had come, and he was doomed, by an unseen hand, to inevitable destruction.

At dawn, when his attendants sought to awake him, they found him in a troubled sleep, while over his brow was spread the crimson flush of fever, and his cheeks were like fire to the touch. The prince Selim was called, who, on perceiving the state of the case, sent instantly for those learned men of physic, who were, by their skill and knowledge, entitled 'the sons of wisdom,' and their services reserved entirely for the nobles and chiefs.

These doctors, after looking upon the aged emir, seemed unable to discover the nature of his disease, and informed the prince, that when twenty-four hours should have elapsed, and the sickness become more fully developed, they would give him the desired information. Till that time they ordered him to be kept perfectly quiet, forbidding the admittance of any person to his apartment.

The knight and Lord Cretolius were extremely sorrowful when they heard the news, as the generous old chieftain had already won their respect, and they regarded him as the worthiest of the Turcoman race they had ever conversed with, for he had proved himself the friend of the innocent and unoffending, by promising his protection to the Palmyrenes, the previous night.

Lord Cretolius hinted to Selim, that the messengers had not yet been sent, and the prince, on whom now devolved the government, in consequence of the sickness of his father and absence of Hafed, called two trusty chiefs, and delivered to them the mission to his brother, as also the news of the emir's sudden sickness, and bade them request his immediate return. Having received their instructions, the messengers departed, with a strong guard, and were soon on their rapid way to the Turcoman army which threatened the distracted city of the Syrian desert.

Lord Cretolius was himself anxious instantly to return to Palmyra, but this Selim strenuously opposed.

'Nay,' said he, 'noble Cretolius, it may not be. Should you fall in with Hafed's array, and you cannot reach Palmyra without, it may be that not even your age and mission would protect you from violence. Besides, my brother's cruel and relentless disposition may lead him to put you to death, for it is not likely that he will care for the mandates of my father. I have sent by those two chiefs, but will take his own imperious course, and doom to destruction your beautiful city. I think my messengers will return in a fortnight, and then, should he refuse to obey, my father's friends will aid me in marching against the disobedient, rebellious son, and ere three weeks we can raise the siege. Think you your city can hold out against him that time?'

'I cannot tell, for I know not what his forces are.'

'Seventy thousand of the warriors of our race are with him, but none of Ben Istam's tribe,' replied Selim.

'Against them, even though led by the Lion of Turkestan, we could defend the city for a month,' said Lord Cretolius.

'Then think no more of it, but wait the return of my messengers. Should my dear father perish, I fear there will be wild work. But come, noble sir, and you my gallant brother, Arnil, let us descend to the hall of judgment, and pass a few hours in listening to the decisions of the cadis of our tribe.'

The two guests followed their youthful host, and while passing down the corridor, engaged in conversation on the events of the past night, and the strange conduct of the two chiefs who were charged with entering the room of the princess Azalie. It was difficult for the knight D'Arville, who was the very soul of honor, to take part in this conversation, and carry on the deception necessary to screen himself from suspicion. His act had been harmless in itself, and had he known beforehand that it was her room into which he was about to enter, he would sooner have died than crossed its threshold. Had he been discovered there his death would have been sure and sudden, for the eunuchs, fearful of losing their own heads in punishment for their negligence in not fastening the door, would have hewn him in pieces with their scimitars. As it was, they were unable to trump up anything but a suspicious story, and when their weapons were afterwards found, so carefully stowed away beneath the piece of tapestry, they were thrown into a cell to await the orders of the emir.

When near the foot of the stairs several pages of the harem appeared, and after saluting the prince, one held up a bruised and battered piece of brass, saying:

'Light of the faithful, noble prince Selim, this shapeless piece of metal was found at the foot of the wall of the western wing, directly beneath the window the two gallants, Ali and Mustapha, were discovered trying to escape from, and arrested by the eunuchs. It is the lamp taken from the apartment of the princess Azalie last night.'

'Now by the beard of the prophet, it shall be hard with them,' cried Selim, 'this is another proof against them. They have evidently thrown it from the window, that it might not be discovered, and become a silent witness against them. This is what I heard last night in the midst of the uproar; an unusual clanking sound met my ear, just as I left my room, and it seemed to ascend from the courtyard. Bring the knaves before me, and I will myself examine them, and see if I can discover any signs of guilt in their demeanor or countenances.'

While the prince was speaking, D'Arville, to hide his evident confusion, drew back into the rear of the group. One of the pages, on whose turban a rosebud was placed, watched his opportunity, and stepping suddenly up to the knight, whispered:

'Does the prince Arnil know nought of the matter? Has he not seen a lamp of brass take wings and fly through the midnight air? Has he never touched the shining weapon of a eunuch? Has he never seen a charming princess in her slumbers?'

Deeply crimson was the brow of the knight, as he turned toward the questioner, with a sudden start, but the next moment his face became pale as death; compressing his lips, he gazed with an unconcerned look upon the scene, and the page who had spoken, with a smile, whispered:

'Cherish the rosebud which hath been torn from its parent stem, and it may yet bloom in thy bosom and unfold its delicate petals beneath the sun of love. He who seeketh the pride of the north, must prove himself the bravest and the truest—he who would win the star of Laconia, must fear no danger. Ere you can pluck the rose, you must remove the thorns.'

The voice ceased, as the door in front was thrown open, and D'Arville followed Selim and Lord Cretolius into a sort of raised balcony, whence they looked down upon an assemblage of people, in every imaginable dress, who hailed the appearance of their prince with loud acclamations. In different parts of the hall which presented itself to their view, were four judges, employed in dispensing justice to those of the tribe who sought it, and the litigations of the sons of Ben Istam were in course of settlement. A silence prevailed, however, as soon as the prince made his appearance, and when the two prisoners were brought before him, the spectators became very curious to know what charge was about to be brought against the two chieftains, Ali and Mustapha.

'Princes of Ben Istam, wherefore did you enter the chamber of the princess Azalie, last night?' said Selim.

'We did not, my liege, we are guiltless of the charge.'

'What! did not you drop from the window of the western corridor this lamp? Look at it, and see if this proof of your guilt is not convincing. This was found beneath the window.'

'My lord, we know nothing of it! As we opened the casement we heard the sound of falling metal in the courtyard beneath, but knew not what it meant,' replied one of the princes.

'Stand forth, aga of the eunuchs, and tell what you saw.'

'My liege, in passing the end of the western corridor, we heard footsteps, and running in that direction heard the casement at the termination of it open, and at the same moment, by the light of our torches saw the hand of one of them thrown quickly forward. The next moment, the sound of the falling brass met our ears, and we then caught the princes half way out of the window.'

'This is proof enough for me,' cried Selim; 'take them away, and confine them in the deepest dungeon. My will is that they die, but while my father lives they must be reserved for his judgment. By Mahomet, I will teach them to intrude upon the privacy of a princess of our house. Yet, stay, I would ask them, since they deny all knowledge of this, what they were doing in the entry of that part of the palace, and what right they had there at all? Speak, knaves, and answer if you can?'

The princes seemed greatly confused, but at last one of them managed to stammer forth a few scarcely intelligible words:

'My prince, we—we were there—we wished to see—to see the emir—that is—we went to ask of him a petition.'

'Away with the faltering hounds—away with the false-tongued dogs. Guards, obey,' shouted Selim, in a voice of thunder.

They were removed, and the prince, after ordering the business of the hall to be resumed, retired with his guests to the courtyard, and ordered their steeds to be saddled. After making inquiry of the physicians, he was informed that the emir was no worse than at the dawn, and the party then started on a tour of the city, the prince being desirous of giving them as much pleasure during their stay as possible.

The day and evening were passed pleasantly, and at his usual hour the knight left the hall, after the evening meal, to retire to his own apartment. On his way thither he passed an open casement, and seeing a balcony without, he stepped into it to enjoy the fresh breeze a moment. This balcony he found ran along the whole outer part of the wing, and was surrounded with close blinds on both sides, so that none in the courtyard below could see those who might chance to walk there.

The knight passed saunteringly along, looking around, but there was nothing to be seen but the sky above, and the interminable range of blinds on either side. Reaching the end of the balcony, he found a small lattice, which he pushed open, and leaning his face on his hand gazed upward into the starry heavens, as if essaying to read in their blue depths some page of his future destiny, or see some omen favorable to the success of his half-formed plans. After thinking long upon the vow he had made two weeks before, and reviewing the chances for its accomplishment, his thoughts reverted to the lovely princess who had enchained his heart, and he ardently longed for an opportunity of seeing her alone, and pouring into her ear his tale of love.

He had thought himself unnoticed when he entered the balcony, but a light footstep tracked his amid the darkness, creeping close to the dark latticed balustrades, and a youthful face was near his, and watchful eyes marked every expression of his countenance, while he gazed upward. There was a roguish look in the glance with which his unnoticed neighbor regarded him, and a smile on the slightly parted lips.

'Prince Arnil, art thou used to star-gazing? Come with me and I will show you stars worth looking at. I will show you brighter stars, whose beams will not seem so cold as those you now look upon, and in their sparkling beauty you will be more apt to read your destiny. Wilt thou follow?'

D'Arville turned in surprise, and distinguished the features of the page who had whispered to him in the morning, and the rose-bud in his turban rendered the identity more certain.

'I will follow,' said the knight, after a moment's hesitation, 'for my spirit of adventure is now fairly aroused, and even if you lead me to the regions of despair, and throw me into the power of a wicked angel, I will follow thee. But I think, that one who wears the same colors in his cap, will not lead me far astray.'

'Prince Arnil, you forget, we Moslems call them not caps, but turbans, so you must weigh your words ere you speak, or you will be discovered.'

'St. John!' exclaimed the knight, 'what mean you.'

'Nothing, only if you call things by Frankish names, if you call a turban a cap, and use the name of St. John instead of that of Mahomet, as you did just now, your disguise will be of little avail,' replied the page.

'My disguise, slave, what mean you, by talking thus to a prince of the Tigris? By the beard of Mahomet, I could throw thy—' D'Arville stopped suddenly, for by the faint light of the stars he could perceive a smile on the face of the page, of rather an incredulous import. At the same moment he heard a low laugh near at hand. Looking around he perceived no one, but thought there was a slight movement of the blinds close to him, in the side of the wing.

'Come, sir Percy D'Arville, come my gallant prince Arnil, follow me, and do not attempt to deceive me any longer. I know all, mind, I say ALL, and so it is useless for you to think of concealing aught. Nay, speak not, ask no questions, for I can give no answers. Follow, and I will fulfil the promise I made a few moments since.'

Having said this, the page moved away, and the astonished D'Arville, wondering at the knowledge of the strange visitant, followed closely, with a firm heart, and a resolute spirit, determined to trace the mystery to its conclusion, and see what the sequel would be. Passing a few of the tiers of blinds, the page came to a lattice, and entered, taking the hand of the knight to lead him through the darkness within. To D'Arville's imagination it seemed as if they were going a great distance, for he was led up and down innumerable flights of stairs, through many corridors, and at last stopped before a half-open door.

Through this sweet perfumes were wafted to the outer air, and the soft cadence of delicious Turkish music vibrated among the hangings. He was led in, and the page who conducted him, withdrew his hand, and disappeared, after whispering:

'Now, if thou wouldst see the stars, in which beameth thy destiny, advance fearlessly till a sight shall burst upon thy vision fairer than the sunny plains of Persia are to the dwellers in a mountain land. Fear not, I say,

noble D'Arville, fear not, but remember that a true heart like thine is welcome, and a generous action such as thou performed in Palmyra merits a sweet reward.'

D'Arville remained a few moments where the page had left him, for the sudden transition from the deep darkness of the corridors through which he had passed to the dazzling effulgence of light which reigned within, oppressed his sight, and rendered him for a few minutes unable to see anything. He held his hands to his face a few moments, to enable him to see better, and when he partly removed his hand from his eye, to his astonishment he discovered that every lamp in the room was extinguished except one.

His surprise having passed off, he stepped forward to the next apartment, and stopped in the centre of it to notice the furniture and appointments, which were magnificent in the extreme. Going forward, he moved through several rooms, each more splendidly furnished than the last, but in none of them could he find a single person. At the door of the fifth he ceased his course, and seemed to hesitate, for within, with her back toward him, sat a female, arrayed in the most superb style, around whose snowy neck glittered a necklace of rubies.

No veil covered her head, but from within the circling coronet of diamonds which graced it, descended glossy curls upon her beautiful shoulders—curls of the most lovely auburn; and as the knight looked, he imagined it to be the lady of his love. A slight movement on his part, a slight change of position, caused him to strike his mailed arm unintentionally against the door-casing, and the lady quickly turned her head, alarmed at the sound.

[SEE ENGRAVING.]

The next moment, D'Arville was at her feet, and before his glance the eyes of Amlie drooped in modesty, while the rich blood mounted to her lovely face. No word was spoken by either, but long and earnestly did the knight gaze into her bewitching countenance, while his heart beat wildly with delight, and his bosom thrilled with ardent longings to clasp her fairy-like form in his embrace.

'Azalie, dear Azalie, dost thou not know me? Lovely being, tell me, do you never think of him whose every thought is of thee? Do you never dream of him whose head never presses the pillow but his fancy pictures your loved image to his mind? Do you never implore for him safety and success? Sweet being, with thee my happiness will be perfect, if thou wilt but consent to be mine! Dear Azalie, wilt thou not tell me if my suit is acceptable? Be mine, and I will defend thee through every danger. I will take thee to my distant home, in the sunny isle of Cyprus, and there shall everything which delights the senses be yours, and the gifts of heaven be showered upon you. And in the stormy scenes of a warrior's life, gallant knights will speak thy name when they shout St. John and victory, and noble leaders will wear thy favors in their helmets.'

The maiden raised her eyes quickly to his, as if to read the thoughts of his heart, and then, dropping them again to the floor, softly murmured:

'Would you have the Moslem maiden leave the home of her fathers? Would you have the young dove leave the nest of the parent bird, and fly with the hawk to his distant woods? Would you have the Mahometan girl leave her friends and her religion, and seek with you your native land, where Christians will sneer at her because her religion is different from theirs?'

'Sneer at you! they would not dare to, for my trusty sword would fly from its sheath, and the base wretch who dared to say aught against the bride of Percy D'Arville, should perish at the moment. He who would dare insult Azalie, my own sweet Azalie, should meet me in a fair field, and receive the reward of his temerity. Dear Azalie, I love you, and by the token which graces my turban, I pray thee be mine. Will you not, gentle girl, be the rose in my crown forever?'

'Percy, is it for me that you have dared the perilous journey hither? Is it for me you have assumed this disguise; and thus penetrated these closely-guarded chambers? Was it for my sake you left the festive halls and magnificent homes of Palmyra, friends and all, and came hither in a Saracen dress, among those who know you not? Did you dare the dangerous undertaking, in which discovery will be certain death, in hope of winning me as your bride?' said Azalie.

'Nay, fair princess,' replied the knight, 'I may not say that all you have asked me is true, for I would tell no untruth. I came hither in performance of a vow I made, to seek a lady and her daughter of whom I never heard but once. I knew I should find thee here, and that thought impelled my speed, and aided in turning my course hitherward.'

'Then you came to seek other ladies, and yet talk to me of love. Is this so, or not?' asked Azalie.

'It is, but look not so on me, lest you would tear my heart from its resting-place. I seek them not for myself, but for another, and in pursuance of the customs of my knightly order, I have made a vow to restore them to their home. The lady was torn from a happy dream of bliss and her husband's arms, long years ago, by some of the warriors of Ben Istam's tribe, and with her infant daughter was carried away captive.'

'And what became of the father—does he live?' asked Azalie.

'Yes, but ever since that fatal moment he has been a raving maniac. I heard his pitiful story, and I vowed never to rest till I should have found her, and restored her to his arms. And would you, for this, blame me?'

'Nay, gallant knight, but hold thee more worthy of my—of my—my—friendship—of the friendship of my brother, Selim.'

'But Azalie, will you never think of me, will you never bid me hope? Tell me, Azalie, tell me, if I have a place in your heart? Tell me that I am sometimes in thy thoughts. Lovely queen of beauty, speak to me.'

'D'Arville,' softly murmured she, 'when you have fulfilled your vow, I will answer you. Press forward gallantly to its accomplishment, and when thou canst return to me, and with thee conduct to my presence the lost lady and her child, then thou mayst hope to call Azalie thine. You whispered last night from the window of my father's hall, you asked me to tell you what you could do to prove your love. Go then, and perform your vow, and I will deem you worthy of my love.'

The knight respectfully touched her hand to his lips, and then softly approached her face with his own. She moved not her head, but while the blush deepened on her cheek, she suffered him to take a kiss from her ruby lips. It was a moment too delicious not to be repeated, and not till the third time did the lady move her head. Bidding her farewell, he was about to press her hand to his lips again, when she spoke:

'Stay,' said she, 'what was the name of this lady who you say was torn from her home. I would not ask you at this moment of parting, such a question, but perhaps I can find means to aid you in your search.'

'Her name, sweet Azalie,' replied D'Arville, 'was Azilla.'

The lady started—'Azilla! O, heavens, and can it be that—that—that—my mother was—'

'Ha!' cried D'Arville, 'are we discovered? Now then am I doomed to death.'

Azalie's eyes followed the direction of the knight's, and there at the door by which he had entered, a dark face peered out from behind the tapestried hangings around it. It was the face of an aga of eunuchs.

'Fly, Percy, fly,' said she; 'here, through this side-door.'

He sprang to the door pointed out by Azalie, and opened it. A dozen eunuchs sprang out with flashing scimitars, and the knight, while recoiling from their rushing phalanx, seized a heavy chair from the floor, and whirling it violently around his head, knocked half of them senseless upon the ground, and with other blows disabled the others. His valor was vain, for others poured in through another door, and a sudden blow from behind laid him at the feet of Azalie.

The aga of eunuchs rushed forward to complete his destruction, but the princess threw herself on his prostrate form and wreathed her arms about his neck. Three of the eunuchs attempted to raise her, but she resisted till the aga promised not to injure the knight, whom he knew to be a friend of prince Selim, till the latter should have seen his sister. The aga swore to keep his word by the beard of Mahomet, and the princess, knowing that the aga never violated such an oath, rose and stood mournfully gazing, while the guards raised the half-revived knight, and bound him hand and foot.

He was borne through a small door, into a corridor which passed downwards in the thick wall. They had scarcely disappeared, when a youth in a page's dress passed before the astonished Azalie, and after bidding her fear not, for all would yet be well, disappeared through the same aperture, as that through which his captors had conveyed the knight.

Down four long flights of narrow stone steps was the knight led, till at last the feet of the eunuchs pattered upon the floor of the damp dungeons beneath the castle. Bearing their prisoner along through an arched way for some distance, they laid him down at length before a dungeon door, and proceeded to withdraw the bolts which fastened it without.

The only lamp they had was borne by one of the inferior eunuchs, who stood holding it above his head. All were looking upon the motions of the aga while slipping back the bolts, and heard not the footsteps of the page as he approached them. In his hand he held a long rod, which he swung around swiftly and struck the lamp from the eunuch's hand.

All was now darkness, and after their surprise had abated, two of their number went up the long flights of steps again to procure other lights. A long time elapsed, in which the eunuchs huddled together over their prisoner, in earnest conversation. While D'Arville lay on the cold stone, hardly knowing what next to expect, a voice whispered close to his ear:

'Brave knight, those who have caused you to be brought hither, will soon restore you to liberty. Fear not, but believe that happier days are in store for you. Your vow shall be accomplished, your lady love shall be won, and your name be on the tongues of thousands. The rose which thou wearest is the symbol of thy invincible friends, and one of their chosen brothers will never be suffered to perish unnoticed. Remember, perseverance and secrecy, and you shall ere long find Azilla, and win Azalie.'

The whisper ceased, and the gloom of the dreary dungeons seemed lit up with bright beams of joyous hope, and while reviewing the occurrences of the evening no feeling of regret crossed his mind. Had he been free to have performed his part over again he would not have hesitated an instant to do so.

Soon a faint light cast the shadows of the massive pillars along the floor, and the two eunuchs were seen approaching bearing a lamp in each hand, evidently determined not to be left in the dark again. The whole party looked around to discover the cause of the interruption which they had experienced a few moments before, but in vain, and returning to their prisoner they raised him, and thrust him into the dungeon. The door was closed and D'Arville left to darkness and his own reflections.

The aga of eunuchs had hardly closed the door, when something struck him and dropped down with a dull sound. Looking downward, he perceived, upon the ground, to his horror, a fleshless skull. The whole affrighted group, with quick steps, moved toward the foot of the stairs, and just as they were about to ascend, three or four more of the same strange missiles came flying about their ears, while a dismal cry echoed among the vaults.

This was more than they could bear, for though they would have boldly faced a human foe, and perished rather than surrendered, yet when these tokens of a supernatural foe came upon them, they dropped whatever was in their hands, and with yells and cries of terror, scrambled up the steps as rapidly as possible, falling over each other repeatedly in their affright, and stopped not till they found themselves safe in the apartments of the princess Azalie.

Had they but stopped a moment, in their upward course, they would have heard a merry laugh following them, as the page chuckled over the success of his stratagem.

## CHAPTER XVI.

*The knight released. A discovery. The dying emir. Poison. The assassins detected. The confession. Hafed's villany. 'Selim and an empire.'*

AT midnight the anxious Selim, who sat in his own apartment, heard a knock at his door, which a servitor opened, and there appeared the three physicians who attended his father, the aged emir. They made their obeisances, and stood respectfully awaiting the sound of his voice.

'I doubt not, men of wisdom, you have come from my revered father. You said that at this hour the fever would be fully developed, and you would be enabled to decide on the true nature of the case. Speak then, and keep nothing from me through fear of wounding my feelings.'

'Prince of ten thousand warriors, we have come hither to relieve your mind of suspense; we cannot, however, do more than bid you hope. The nature of his malady sets at defiance all our skill in physics, and we know now, no more than at dawn, what causes his illness. Much of the fever hath left him, but he is still incoherent, and seemeth to be sinking rapidly.'

'Is it so, then? and is our tribe to lose its great leader, at this perilous moment, when all is in commotion; when my brother hath the martial sons of Turcomania far away, and is perhaps in open rebellion? No, no, it must not be, for without him who will keep the horrors of civil war from our midst? Who will calm the storm when my brother shall return and sweep me and mine from the land? O, if you would win Selim's undying gratitude, if you would merit the blessings of paradise, and the smiles of angelic beings, save him, save him, and you will have the thanks of millions.'

'Noble Selim, we will do our best. We will never leave his side, by night nor day, till he is restored to health, and if we fail, let our lives be forfeit. A thousand blessings rest upon your head, and may happiness and prosperity rest upon your filial piety, and attend your future course. Shall we retire, hope of Ben Istam's tribe?'

'Go,' replied Selim, 'and should any change occur, let me know at once. Success attend your efforts, and unending felicity be your portion.'

With fitting reverence the men of science withdrew, and the prince was again left alone, but not long, for in a few minutes after a page entered, the same, who had led the knight such a journey before he reached the room of the princess Azalie, and with a smile took the seat to which Selim pointed him.

'Everything has succeeded, my lord, and the chevalier is in safe quarters, in the dungeon. The eunuchs did not find it a very pleasant task to seize him, for he laid half of them senseless, and by the beard of Mahomet, I could hardly help laughing aloud, and disclosing the place of my concealment. I was safe behind the hanging of the movable wall, and when they took him down the secret stairs I followed, and so frightened them, that they did not half stop to fasten the cell, but scampered up stairs as fast as possible.'

'But what said my sister to his suit?' inquired the prince.

'She told him that when he had performed the vow which brought him hither he might hope to win her,' replied the page.

'And did he tell her the whole story of the maniac?'

'Yes, my prince, and when he first mentioned it she seemed somewhat jealous, but on hearing the conclusion of the tale she was filled with admiration of his disinterested gallantry, and desired him to persevere.'

'Then all goes right,' said the prince, 'and my plans in respect to him will soon be brought to a successful termination. Go now, and keep a good watch.'

The prince soon retired to rest, and slept calmly till dawn. After seeing his father, who was asleep, but failing fast, he sought Lord Cretolius, whom he found in great anxiety respecting the prince Arnil, the latter not having been seen since the previous evening. The prince seemed much surprised at this, as if he knew nothing of it, and caused active inquiries to be made in all parts of the palace. For a long time they met with no success, till at last the aga of the eunuchs appeared, and stated that he had arrested such a person for intruding into the apartment of the princess Azalie.

The prince ordered the aga to bring the prince Arnil to his presence. This having been done, the astonished chief of eunuchs was ordered to retire, and Selim held out his hand to D'Arville, saying:

'And so, my gallant prince, you would seek the hand of my sister? I do not blame you, for she is beautiful as the stars, and worthy of thy love. But you must beware how you enter her apartments, lest the guards, not knowing the friendship I have for you, shall cut you to pieces.'

The knight knew not what to say at this unexpected speech, and was surprised at the generosity displayed by the prince, where he had expected nothing but indignation and death.

'Ha!' continued Selim, advancing to the knight, and pulling aside his silken doublet, 'what is here? If you wear disguises, you should take care not to let what is beneath be seen. This is not Turcoman armor. By the beard of Mahomet, who art thou, that wearest the black armor of a foe, and comest into our presence in the guise of a spy, making professions of friendship to deceive me? Guards, ho!'

A dozen of the armed attendants entered, and in obedience to the prince's order tore off the disguise of D'Arville, and left him standing in his armor in the middle of the room. The red flush of indignation crossed his features, but he knew it was useless to make the least resistance, and with his eyes fixed firmly on those of the prince, awaited his movements or words.

'Now I think, as Allah is my guide, that I have seen that face before. Ha, that symbol on the shoulder—is it the Knight of the Silver Cross? Is it he who saved my fair sister in the halls at Palmyra? Is it he who bearded my brother Hafed in the streets of palms? Welcome, welcome, brave knight, welcome to the home of Selim. Here is my hand, and with it take my friendship, and renewed assurances of my gratitude and esteem.'

'Noble-hearted prince, I am pleased with your generosity, and as St. John is my patron, if you will place confidence in me you will find it not misplaced, and should you need my services in the field, you will know that my arm has not lost its strength since I smote the imperious Lion of Turkestan from his horse. Should he bring his armies back to destroy you, count on my assistance, and that of my troop, who are true knights as ever donned armor, or struck a blow for St. John and victory, and in the contest I will seek Hafed in the van of the fight, and not leave him till one or the other of us shall have perished.'

As D'Arville ceased, the thoughtful expression of the prince's face gave place to a smile, as he said:

'You desire me to place confidence in you. I will do so, but first I would have you repose in me your secrets? I would have you tell me why you came hither, and wherefore you assumed that disguise, and dared such a dangerous adventure? Come, we will step into the balcony, and there I can hear your story.'

The knight gladly accepted the invitation, and followed the prince through the open window, the blinds of which they shut behind them. Lord Cretolius was alone for half an hour, at the end of which time the two returned, and found a messenger awaiting them, who, when he saw the prince, spoke:

'May you live a thousand years, noble Selim. The men of wisdom have sent me hither to tell you that your father, the emir, whom Allah preserve, has recovered his reason, and is now in a condition to see you. He earnestly desires your presence.'

'Lead me to him. Come, Lord Cretolius, and Sir Percy, will you not accompany me?'

The slave led the way, and the two guests, with Selim, followed in his footsteps. In the room of the emir were two of the physicians, who stood aside to let the prince pass. The latter, advancing to the bedside of his father, took his hand, but spoke not, for his heart was full at the pitiable state in which he found his beloved parent.

'My noble son, and you, my guests, I rejoice that I am permitted again to look upon you. My brave Selim, I have sent for you, for I feel that my days are numbered, for the nature of my disease is unknown, and my mind tells me that ere the sun shall have thrice sped his daily course, I will be no more on earth, and my soul, I hope, will seek the happy regions of bliss, and rest from care in the paradise of the faithful.

'Nay, weep not, my gallant son, weep not, for you have been dutiful to me, and heaven will reward you. When I am gone let peace reign between you and Hafed, and disturb not the prosperity of my realms by discord. But why hath Arnil assumed that dark armor of our foemen?'

'My father, I will tell you,' replied Selim, 'when we are alone, for I would not show my weakness to others.'

'Tis no disgrace, Selim, but an honor, for your tears are dictated by your filial love. Nevertheless, noble sirs, will you withdraw to the ante-room for a moment? When we have finished our conversation we will recall you.'

Both retired, and the prince was left alone with his father, for the space of forty minutes, at the end of which time they were re-admitted. The emir lay with closed eyes, and the prince Selim stood at the foot of the couch, with folded arms, while in his eyes a strange expression attracted the attention of D'Arville. The gaze of the prince was fastened upon the knight, and once the latter imagined he detected a slight smile lurking in the corners of his mouth.

So confounded was he by the singular look with which Selim regarded him, that he remained in one spot, in vain attempting to read his thoughts, till the prince spoke:

'My father hath been telling of matters new to me, of a fact which has filled me with surprise, and which greatly concerns you and the object of your search.'

'Is it so!' exclaimed the knight; 'has he told you who carried off the Lady Azilla Marontius and her daughter, and do you know where they now are? If you will let me know, if you will aid me in fulfilling my vow, as you promised, you cannot ask me aught that I will not grant.'

'I take you at your word,' replied Selim. 'Rest content, and be assured that ere three weeks have passed you shall see them; but then I shall claim the promise you first made to me, and insist on its fulfilment. Well, reverend man, wherefore come you in such haste?'

The latter sentence was addressed to one of the physicians, who now entered quickly, and scarcely stopping to salute the prince, stammered forth in broken sentences, as fast as his exhausted breath would allow:

'My prince, the servitor who sat up last night with your father, has been taken suddenly ill, in the same manner, and is nearly insensible. He was asked what he had been eating, and said that since last evening he had tasted nothing but a drop of water, which he sipped from a cup he found on the emir's table.'

'What!' exclaimed the prince, 'and do you mean to say that he has the same symptoms, that he is affected in the same manner as my father?'

'It is even so, my prince, the feverish sleep he is now in is the same,' replied the physician.

'Then, by the beard of Mahomet, my father has been poisoned! Father, you have heard! Which of these cups did you drink from last night, as is your custom?'

'Allah be praised for this discovery, for I feared that some new disease had come upon our tribe to thin its warriors off. The cup is the silver one which stands upon the edge of the board. That is it.'

The prince raised the designated vessel, and after examining it attentively, exclaimed as he passed it to the physician:

'By the tomb of the prophet, it is even so, for here is a fine white powder resting on the surface! What think you of it, my sage advisers, has there not been foul work here? Look at it and say. If my suspicions are correct, may Allah help me to discover the demons, and rend them limb from limb! By the beard of Mahomet, their bodies shall bleach above the city gate, and their bones whiten in the passing breeze!'

'Prince Selim, there is death in this cup!' said the physician. 'This powder, if I mistake not, is a deadly poison, and if so, I have a phial in my room that will test it. Here, slave,' continued he, opening the door, and speaking to one without, 'hasten to my apartment, in my mansion, and bring hither the largest black phial from my case of boxes. Quick, or your head shall answer for your tardiness.'

The physican sat down and looked into the cup as if in a study. Prince Selim, with anxious look, walked quickly hither and thither across the apartment, evidently struggling to master his emotions, while the knight seemed wrapt in a sort of surprised meditation, as if something had crossed his mind of a startling nature. At last the door opened, and a servitor appearing, handed a little phial to the physician.

The latter placed the cup on a stand, and while all present eagerly watched his movements, he poured a few drops of the dark-colored liquid from the phial into it. A bubbling noise ensued, and the water in the drinking vessel frothed and foamed up, and at last ran in snowy effervescence over the edge, and down upon the stand.

'It is poison,' cried the wise man, 'and of such a nature that he who swallows a grain or two of it, is doomed to a slow but sure destruction. Three days, as the emir said, limits the duration of life. The fever has passed off; after the fever a few hours of sanity intervenes, followed by the most painful spasms and death. There is no remedy for it, no help for our aged emir, and he must—'

Choking sobs interrupted the old man's utterance, and he bowed his aged head upon the couch of his master, and giving way to his feelings, wept like an infant.

'O, Allah!' said Selim, 'and is it so? Must we lose the great head of our house? must my beloved father perish? Would, would that I could know what demon has done this, would that I could know—'

'I have it, St. John, I have it!' cried D'Arville, starting to his feet, with flashing eyes. 'I know who have done it, as St. John is my guide, I do, and if you will but be led by me I will bring the wretches to punishment!'

'Who is it, then, if thou knowest? Tell me quickly, that I may sacrifice them to my vengeance, and Allah will bless you, noble knight,' cried Selim.

'I do not know, but by the glory of my knighthood, I have my suspicions, and if you will but do as I direct, I shall try to prove them,' answered D'Arville.

'Quick, then, I will do so; what would you?'

'Where are the emirs of your race? Are they here?'

'Three have gone with Hafed to destroy the city in the desert, but the other seven are now in Iconium.'

'Go then, send your swiftest messengers, and bring them hither to this room. How long ere this can be accomplished?'

'Noble knight, their palaces are near at hand, and a few minutes will suffice to accomplish your desires,' answered Selim. 'I will leave you here, and return with them ere long, and bring with me other chiefs.'

'And let a guard attend, I pray, and with them the aga of eunuchs,' responded the knight, as Selim left the room.

Scarcely ten minutes elapsed ere the tramp of armed men was heard without. As the sound ceased the prince Selim entered, accompanied by seven emirs and a score of chieftains, in the most magnificent dresses. Having paid their respects to the aged emir, and greeted him with sympathizing words, they gathered around his bed in silent and respectful group, awaiting what should come next.

Opening the door, D'Arville spoke to the aga: 'Go thou to the cell of the princes Ali and Mustapha, bind them hand and foot, bandage their eyes, and bring them hither, but let them know naught of what has happened. Whisper but a word to them, and your head shall answer for it.'

The aga disappeared and ere long returned, leading a band of eunuchs, who bore their prisoners on their shoulders, and in obedience to the knight's orders sat them on a cushion, some distance from the foot of the emir's couch, with their faces towards it.

'Do you still deny that you entered the apartment of the princess Azalie?' inquired the knight of the blindfolded prisoners.

'We do,' replied Ali, 'we are not guilty of that act.'

'Where then were you, or what business had you in the upper floor of the palace?'

'We said before that we went thither to seek our master, the emir, but that we never were nigh the princess's door. Did the eunuchs find us in the northern wing, in which is the harem, or did they find us in the western wing, near our master's door?' replied Mustapha.

'If you went to see your master, why did you not fulfil your intentions?' asked the knight.

'Because when we slightly opened the door the slaves were asleep in the ante-room, and knowing from this that the emir had retired to rest, we concluded not to disturb him. We wished to see him on secret business.'

'And of what secret business did you whisper together in the corridor of the eastern wing, ere you sought his chamber? What said you when you stopped before the black door of the eastern tower, which opens into that corridor?' questioned the knight.

The two prisoners held their peace for a moment, but Ali at last asked, hesitatingly:

'Who saw us in the eastern corridor? We were not either in that or the eastern wing that night.'

'Knaves, you are caught with a lie on your tongue. Slaves,' shouted Selim, 'if you were not in the eastern corridor, by what stairs did you ascend to this floor? Answer that, dogs of Mahoun!'

'We came up by the other stairs,' responded Ali, boldly.

'Slave, thou liest; no other staircase leads hither, except that which is in the harem, in the northern wing; now is thy guilt clear as daylight, for either thou liest in saying thou didst not pass through the eastern corridor, or else thou camest hither by the harem stairs!' cried Selim.

'*Hither!*' said Mustapha, 'what meanest thou? Where are we, I pray? Can we be in—in—'

'Remove the bandage from their eyes, and keep silent, one and all,' said D'Arville to the chiefs.

The orders of the knight were obeyed, and the two astonished prisoners gazed in silence upon the prostrate emir, on the guards, on the frowning faces of the emirs and chiefs, upon the angry eye and terrific look of the aroused Selim, and on the stern, determined countenance of D'Arville. Over the face of Ali came an expression of ferocious daring, and his lips were compressed in proud defiance, but Mustapha exhibited every sign of terror. The knight looked searchingly from one to the other, and then ordered the guards to remove Ali from the room. When this was done, he thus addressed Mustapha:

'Slave, thou art near to death. Confess thy crimes, and thou shalt live. It is the only chance, and if thou dost not seize the opportunity while it presents itself, thy soul will soon be raving in the regions of despair, doomed forever to the pangs that await the accursed.'

'What wouldst thou have me say? I did not poison him.'

'Ha!' cried Selim, 'wretch, thy doom is sealed!'

'Nay, noble prince, thou wilt know no more, if thou wilt not be guided by me in all things. This man shall live, I say, but those who incited him on shall die.'

'Be it as you say, but give me vengeance,' responded Selim.

'I will aid you in punishing the guilty,' replied D'Arville. 'Now, wretch, I give thee thy choice—hearest thou, Mustapha, life or death is thine. Confess, and thou shalt be restored to liberty, and money given thee to seek a distant land; deny thy guilt, and thou perishest.'

'Ask me aught thou wilt and I will answer,' replied the terrified Mustapha, 'anything but death.'

'Well, then, what stairs did you ascend to reach this floor?'

'I came up the stairs of the eastern corridor.'

'Go on and relate all that happened there,' said D'Arville.

'At the back door I stopped and refused to go any farther, but Ali reasoned with me, and threatened me, till at last I consented to proceed. When we came to the door of this apartment, Ali opened it and softly entered the ante-room, upon the floor of which lay the guards, wrapped in a profound slumber. Their evening draught had been drugged by some of the creatures of Ali; and shutting the door, I followed him lightly over the prostrate forms of the slaves to the bedside of the emir. He breathed easy, and slept as gently as a babe. So light were his respirations, that one would hardly have thought him asleep.

'As I looked upon the snowy hair which fell around his noble brow, and gazed upon his venerable face, my heart smote me, and I felt a faintness come over me. The cup from which the emir drinks when he wakes at night was beside me; the little box of powder was in my hand, but my limbs refused their office, and I became almost powerless. In vain Ali pushed my arm, or angrily whispered to me to perform my part; in vain he threatened me with vengeance if I moved not; at last, in his impatience, he snatched the poison from my nerveless grasp, and threw the powder into the cup.

'This action gave me strength; and hurriedly leaving the bedside, I made my way back to the door, and in a minute more Ali and myself stood in the darkness of the entry. At that moment a noise echoed along the corridor, and the flaming of torches and hurrying forms coming towards us, caused Ali and myself to seek to escape by the western window, but ere we could do so, we were taken prisoners by the eunuchs, and were happy to find that our true purpose was not suspected. This made our confinement seem light to us in the dark dungeon into which we were thrown.'

[CONCLUDED NEXT WEEK.]

[Written for The Flag of our Union.]

### The Little Chip-Gatherers.

BY M. M. BALLOU.

*Written on seeing two little half clad children repulsed by the owner of a wood-pile, from whence they were gathering a few chips, on a chilly winter day.*

Speak not harshly—let her gather
A few chips from off the pile;
Hard their lot this winter weather,
See them tremble all the while!

Chide her not, for her poor mother,
Worn with hunger, cold and woe,
Hath sent her with her little brother;
How they suffer, none may know.

O, spare from out your hoarded treasure
A trifle for their cheerless hearth;
Give, and God to you shall measure
Flowering blossoms in your path.

Chide her not—but smile, and spare her;
Poor child! give her from the pile:
For though she suffers, God is near her,
Looking down on both the while.

Doubtless those to whom 'tis given
Thus to struggle, pressed by woe,
Attain to brighter joys in heaven,
Than fortune's favorites know.

[Written for The Flag of our Union.]

### SHIPPING A SEA.

BY CAPT. ROBERT BARNACLE.

'COME, Bob, spin us a yarn,' cried several of the crew of the ship Banco, one fine 'dog-watch,' as the old ship was rolling along before the trade winds.

'Yes, yes, my old *matelote*,' said the boy Benny, slapping old Bob smartly and familiarly upon the shoulder; 'give us the "twister" you promised me in the morning watch; come, out with it, "old 'un," or out comes that "hook and thimble" eye of yours, and in goes a spoonful of this hot lobscouse; d'ye hear?'

'Spring yer luff, young nimble chaps, and clap a stopper on your jawing tacks, or you may get a touch of my "bandana,"' growled old Bob, in reply.

'All fast, old canvass back.'

'Heave in stays, then, and drop yer anchor alongside, Mr. Saucebox, and don't be backing and filling about decks, like a pilot-boat among an inward bound fleet.'

'Well, boys,' continued old Bob, after a few moments' pause, and taking his pipe slowly from his mouth as he spoke, and allowing the bright blue smoke to escape, curling upwards through his matted locks and wreathing in fantastic shapes around his head, 'I'll give you a yarn that shall be short and sweet, like an Irishman's daughter. I was one time on board of an old down-east bark, bound up the Straits. The wind had been blowing heavy for several days, and the old bark was bowling away before it at no small rate. Our shocking dickey [second mate] was an original specimen of the amphibious gentry as was ever seen. He would have been called in the backwoods, "a real specimen of rye and ingin humanity." He was long-limbed, short-bodied, round-shouldered, bullet-headed, weazel-faced, one-eyed, and had a nose like the cut-water of a Baltimore clipper. His head was covered with long, dirt-colored hair, that stared out in every direction in huge locks from beneath an old sou'wester, which he wore in all weathers. He usually stood in the lee-waist, when not busied about decks, with his long, bony hands thrust into his beckets, his great, bare, red wrists exposed, his head bent forward, and his body stooping—looking as forlorn as a half-starved jackass. This specimen of the *genus homo* rejoiced in the name of Jarvis. We had another *character* which I must describe, in order to shape my course and distance aright for a yarn. This was our cook, or the "doctor," as we usually called him. He was a regular out-and-out Congo prince—as black and as shining as the ace of spades—large and stout, flat-nosed, woolly-headed and white-eyed as his tribe usually are. He was an adept in his vocation, and prided himself upon good coffee, hash, duff, and scouse. He was pompous, a little pugnacious withal, and very jealous of any interference with his duties. His usual reply to all suggestions from others regarding the strength of his coffee, or the cooking of his viands, was:

'"I'se de cook, sa, an' I knows my duty; an' I dusn't tank nubbuly to intafea wid *my* duty. I knows 'um, sa."

'Between these two odd characters (the cook and Mr. Jarvis) a friendship had sprung up that bid fair to rival that of Damon and Pythias; but fate, which will never let anything run smooth any great length of time, willed that their mutual good feelings should soon be wrecked.

'As I before said, the wind had been blowing heavy, and a sharp, irregular sea was running, whilst the old bark was scudding along under a close-reefed main topsail and foresail, which were just enough to keep her ahead of the seas that were rolling after us. It was the commencement of the first "dog-watch," one afternoon, that the "doctor" had been busy preparing supper. The second mate was as usual in the lee scuppers, whistling in low, doleful tones, when the "doctor" called him to the galley and asked him to seat himself there for a few minutes, and hold the various pans and pots containing the supper upon the stove, in order to keep them hot, while he (the doctor) should go into the cabin and prepare the table. To this Mr. Jarvis readily consented; and was soon seated, braced out to steady himself as the vessel rolled, with the long handle of a large pan of hashed meat in one hand, and the handle of a similar pan filled with boiling lobscouse (a mixture of sea biscuit, hashed meat and water) in the other.

'For a few minutes all went on finely, and the second dickey was having a fine, warm time of it; but a heavy sea struck the old bark under the quarter and broached her too about three points, and before she could pay off again an old fashioned sea came tumbling in about six feet deep over the larboard rail, staving in the door of the galley where Mr. Jarvis was ensconced, and knocked the poor fellow down head foremost between the lee side of the galley and the stove. The pan of hash, impelled by the same power, had already preceded him, and his face and head was instantly buried in warm, moist meat and potatoes. The pan of lobscouse slid along quite slowly at first on top of the stove, but soon with accelerated speed and in a moment discharged its heterogeneous contents upon the poor fellow's head and neck, filling his hair and whiskers with the steaming liquid. This was a horrid position for him, and decidedly unfair, but as if fate had not afflicted him enough yet, it capped the climax, by allowing the recoil of the bark to tip a large kettle filled with hot studding-sail-boom tea upon his back and shoulders. This was too much for his philosophy, and giving a horrid yell of agony and fright, he bounced upon deck and ran aft, steering as wild as a dog with a tin pan at his tail.

'Fate had also so ordered it that the same sea which was the cause of the poor dickey's mishap, should also be the means of the "doctor's" downfall. For that worthy had just stepped into the pantry door (a small store-room in the forward part of the cabin) as the old bark lurched, sending poor Quashee "full and by" to leeward. Finding himself falling, he grabbed at a flour barrel standing on one head and about two-thirds filled, which followed his rapid descent. In a moment the darkey was prostrate, but not until his hard head had been in contact with a keg of molasses which was stove as suddenly as if it had been struck by a thirty-two pound shot. For a few moments all was silent as the grave in the pantry. The molasses keg was discharging its contents upon the head and breast of the poor darkey, while the flour barrel on the opposite side of him was performing a similar kind act.

'After revelling in the sweets of life for a moment, consciousness returned to Quashee, and he was out of the pantry on the deck in the twinkling of an eye: and such another looking nigger, probably, was never before seen. The molasses and flour that adhered to his "worsted" made his head appear twice its usual size, and not very unlike a large sweet-cake, ready for baking. Two little holes, where he had winked, and one for his mouth, indicated that there was a face somewhere beneath the surface. He stopped for a moment as he felt the fresh air and spouted the flour from his mouth and nostrils, like a fin back whale. The first object that met his eyes after he had rubbed a little of the covering from them, was poor Mr. Jarvis, who was wriggling aft from the scene of his disaster, howling most piteously and looking as woe-begone as Crusoe's man Friday, after he had put his hand into the boiling water. The sight of him whom he expected was playing the guardian angel over the supper in the galley, was too much for the already excited darkey's temper, and it flew up to fever heat immediately.

'"Ha! ha! what dat supper?" cried the maddened nigger, as he took the position of a lion *couchant*.

'"O! O! ou—ou—o—ou," replied the scalded "dickey," as he rubbed his back with one hand, and with the other endeavored to free his hair and whiskers from the lobscouse with which they were reeking.

'"What dat supper, I tell you? Dat what I want'er know," cried the darkey, growing more and more excited, while all hands were almost suffocated with laughter.

'"O, doctor! ou—O!—the galley is smashed, the stove is capsized, my head is split, my back scalded, and the supper is all gone to the devil by the board."

'Upon hearing this news, the now furious nigger threw himself into the attitude of the lion *rampant*, glared wildly at the dickey, as if determined upon enforcing the restitution of the treasures entrusted to him willy nilly, and cried:

'"Eh—eh—what dat? what dat hash—dat 'scouse—dat tea—dat—dat—de whole ob dat supper? Dat's what I want'er know; gib 'um to me—dat supper, I say."

'"O! ou!" groaned the scalded dickey, in reply; and the doctor, now determined upon venting his rage on something, sprang upon the dickey with a howl of fury. At that instant the captain came to the scene of action.

'"Hallo! what is the meaning of all this? Here, you nigger, what are you about? In the name of Heaven, where have these men been?" cried he in amaze, at the sight before him.

'The chief mate, Mr. Staples, an old salt, who loved a joke, and who had witnessed the whole scene, now came forward, holding on to his sides, and explained.

'"Why, sir," said he, in reply to the captain, "the devil is to pay and no pitch hot. Old Neptune favored us with a visit this afternoon, and finding Mr. Jarvis with a foul bottom, he hove him down and burnt his bends, and finished off by powdering the cook at the ship's expense."

'The captain then took his turn at laughing, and Mr. Staples took the second mate into the cabin and played the part of the good Samaritan, by pouring oil upon his wounds, while a little soap and water doctored the "doctor."'

### The Friendly Defiance.

BY CHARLES MACKAY.

Thou shalt not rob me, thievish Time,
Of all my blessings, all my joy;
I have some jewels in my heart,
Which thou art powerless to destroy.

Thou mayst denude my arm of strength,
And leave my temples seamed and bare;
Deprive mine eyes of passion's light,
And scatter silver o'er my hair.

But never, while a book remains,
And breathes a woman or a child,
Shalt thou deprive me, while I live,
Of feelings fresh and undefiled.

No, never, while the earth is fair,
And reason keeps its dial bright,
Whate'er thy robberies, O Time,
Shall I be bankrupt of delight.

Whate'er thy victories on my frame,
Thou canst not cheat me of this truth—
That though the limbs may faint and fail,
The spirit can renew its youth.

So, thievish Time, I fear thee not,
Thou'rt powerless on this heart of mine!
My jewels shall belong to me—
'Tis but the settings that are thine.

### The Pitcairn Islanders.

The last accounts from Valparaiso describe a visit recently paid by her majesty's ship Calypso to the inhabitants of Pitcairn's Island. The population was found to be 140, of whom 71 are males and 69 females, and the present chief magistrate is George Adams, the son of John Adams, one of the mutineers of the Bounty. The island contains about 400 acres of land, which is quite capable of cultivation, and which might supply 2000 inhabitants, but only 60 acres are in use, that amount being fully sufficient for existing wants. Formerly the absence of water, of which there is not a single spring on the island, was found to be an insuperable objection to living upon it, but this is now obviated by the use of well-constructed tanks, which enables the residents not only to collect enough for themselves, but also to supply the vessels that visit them. The condition of the entire community, both as regards intelligence and morality, is spoken of in high terms, and they are likened in their appearance and in their general arrangements to the inhabitants of one of the better sort of villages in England. They consider themselves English subjects, and acknowledge no other supremacy or allegiance.—*Liverpool Mercury.*

One of the latest discoveries is that gunpowder can be made out of wood. This may account for the most wooden-headed persons being generally the most explosive.

[Written for The Flag of our Union.]

### COLLECTING A BILL.

BY THE OLD 'UN.

When, latterly, the inimitable and humorous Dan Marble arrived in this city, we promised ourselves much pleasure and amusement from his advent, not only from his genial and truthful impersonations on the stage, but from his society; as the immortal Dan shines as brilliantly in private life as he does upon the stage. This gentleman is 'just nat'rally bound,' on every visit to our time-honored metropolis, to furnish us with the material for a sketch that has never been in print or made use of on the stage; and to do Dan justice, he has never, since the conclusion of the compact, failed to redeem his pledge. We are indebted to him for the 'Arkansas man who had never seen a piano,' and some other things which have had their success. The following veracious narrative was communicated by him on his last visit:

In a well-known and flourishing city of the west, one of those young giants which have sprung up to maturity in the course of a dozen years, there lived and lives an individual connected with the press, known familiarly among his friends by the *soubriquet* of the 'long-faced man,' and almost equally well known by the nickname of Colonel Walton. The first he obtained from the length of his physiognomy; the second from we know not what military achievement.

Among the acquaintances of the colonel was numbered a certain noted and popular member of a theatrical firm, whom we shall designate as Mr. Longley.

The colonel and Mr. Manager Longley, a few years ago, were taking a morning walk in the vicinity of St. Louis. Hunger had sharpened their appetites, and when they entered a little way-side tavern, they were reduced to that pitch of famine that they could eat a horse behind the saddle, as the saying goes. Now the colonel had no money, while the manager was literally 'out of town with a pocket full of rocks.' The colonel made some passing remarks touching the sharpness of the morning air, the state of his appetite and the prospect of a good dinner. Still Longley could not or would not take the hint. At last the colonel spoke out:

'Longley—I'm deuced hungry.'

'So am I.'

'Longley—got any money?' asked the colonel.

'A few,' replied the manager.

'Well, then,' said the colonel, 'I'll tell you what—you lend me five dollars—and I'll order dinner.'

'I'm agreed,' replied the manager, and the money was forked over.

It was a famous dinner to which they sat down. There were quails and prairie chickens, and venison steak, and no end of pies and custards, with a bottle of wine and cigars to wind off. The 'long-faced man' and the manager cracked jokes, and 'all went merry as a marriage bell.'

Dinner ended and the bill paid, they walked back to St. Louis merrily and lightly. That very afternoon, however, Longley, who was famous for keeping a sharp lookout in money matters, sent his boy, a lad of eleven, to the colonel's office, to get 'that money he lent him in the morning.'

'Tell your daddy,' was the colonel's message, 'I can't pay him to-day.'

The next morning, bright and early, the boy made his appearance again with a peremptory demand for 'that five dollars.'

The colonel finding his creditor so suspicious and sharp set, determined to punish him, and accordingly sent back word that 'he was hard up—hadn't a dollar in the world—nobody would lend him any—sorry—couldn't help it—hoped to be able to return it some time or other,' &c. &c.

After dinner Longley's boy re-appeared with a pressing demand for 'that five dollars.'

'I can't pay it,' said the colonel.

'Please, sir,' said the boy, 'father said that I must stay here till I got the money.'

'O, very good,' replied the colonel, 'you're a good boy; you can stay here as long as you've a mind to. You can go down in the yard and play with the dog till you're tired, and then you can go up in the garret and sleep, but you mustn't tread no mud in on the carpets.'

The boy embraced the proposition. He went into the yard and whiled away the long afternoon with the interesting quadruped to which his attention had been directed, and when perfectly worn out re-entered the house, carefully cleaning his boots on the scraper, and rubbing his feet on the mat. Supper would have been very acceptable to him, but as he was not invited to partake of that refreshment he ascended gloomily to the garret, and there forgot his sufferings in sleep. The next morning he resumed his sport with the dog, but being hungry, he soon abandoned the colonel's premises and returned to his worthy parent *minus* the five dollars.

Longley was in a perfect rage at the disappointment and the treatment of this juvenile collector, and directed thereanent certain fulminations against the head of the colonel, winding up with 'only wait till I catch one of *his* boys. I've got a dog in my yard and a bed in my garret too.'

Now there was a certain club-room in the suburbs of which no one not a member was ever admitted either for love or money. The number of members was strictly limited, and Longley had in vain attempted to procure a membership and entrance. It was no go. The colonel, however, was a member, and this fact increased the aggravation of the manager. After revolving various ways and means of circumventing his debtor, and gaining admission to the coveted coterie, Longley hit on the following expedient. He determined to present himself at the room on a certain evening, to knock boldly at the door, and when interrogated by the porter, give the name of Colonel Walton, thus effecting an entrance, trusting to chance to secure a welcome afterwards.

He accordingly presented himself and knocked sternly at the door.

'Who's there?' inquired a rough voice.

'A friend.'

'A friend? what name?'

'The colonel.'

'The colonel? what colonel?'

'Colonel Walton, of course.'

'Not quite tall enough for the colonel,' replied the well-known voice of that individual himself. 'Not quite tall enough for the colonel. But you're a good boy—you can go into our yard and play with the dog, and when you're tired you can go up stairs and sleep in our garret, but you mustn't tread no mud in on the carpet.'

Longley was regularly 'done brown' and retired in a rage. Whether he ever got the five dollars or not we cannot take upon ourself to say; but we are inclined to think that after his second discomfiture, he 'called it square,' and gave up the idea of collecting that 'small bill of his.'

# THE FLAG OF OUR UNION.

THE FLAG OF OUR UNION

F. GLEASON, PROPRIETOR.

M. M. BALLOU, EDITOR.

☞ The terms of The Flag of our Union are $2 00 per annum, invariably in advance. The paper is always discontinued at the expiration of the time paid for.—See imprint on the last page.

☞ All communications designed for publication in the paper, must be post paid, and addressed to F. Gleason, *Boston, Mass.*, Proprietor of The Flag of our Union.

### To our Correspondents.

'My Early Hopes,' a poem, accepted.

'Lines addressed to the Editor,' from Alary, answering a request for permission to publish her true name. Filed for insertion.

'A Stray Thought,' and 'Friendship and Love,' declined.

'Melancholy,' by the Green Mountain Bard, accepted.

'The Huntsman of the Housatonic,' a prose sketch, by Calvin Porter, shall appear next week.

'Thanks to ——,' a delightfully fresh, original and sparkling poem, from our valued correspondent, Frances S. Osgood, shall appear next week.

'The Firmament,' 'An Acrostic on the Lord's Prayer,' and 'Lines to my Mother,' are all declined.

'Foreign Correspondence, No. 6,' being a letter from our talented correspondent, dated at Florence, Italy, in our next.

'The Noble Mechanic,' a tribute to the late N. P. Ames, of Cabotville, Mass., by that cherished authoress, Mrs. L. H. Sigourney, is filed for insertion.

'To my Friend on his Marriage,' accepted.

'An Invocation to the Spirit of Beauty,' next week.

'The Deity,' a poem, not quite up to our standard.

'Thoughts on visiting a Rural Cemetery,' declined; also, 'Ever Thine,' and 'Lines to him who understands them.'

'The Lily o' the Vale,' a song, by J. B. M. G., next week.

'The Faithless One,' 'The Request,' and 'An Address to a Friend in Heaven,' are not worthy of print.

'I'm waiting impatiently,' a poem, by C. R. E., accepted.

'The Rich and Poor,' and 'A Rhapsody,' both declined.

'A Cure for the Rheumatism,' a sketch by our regular contributor, Uncle Toby, and one for our readers to make merry over, next week.

'Taking the Starch out of 'em,' a cold water sketch, by the Young 'Un, next week. 'Nuff sed.'

☞ No poems or other articles will be received for this paper, unless accompanied by an authentic name.

### Going to California.

> 'O, cursed love of gold!
> How worthless is the prize,
> That human life doth hold
> To our bewildered eyes;
> For this from home and friends we part,
> And tear sweet nature from the heart.'

While we see so many of our fellow-citizens starting for this distant El Dorado on the Pacific, we are led again to refer to the subject, and pause for a moment to consider the actuating motive that induces men to leave a happy and comfortable home, to risk their lives by innumerable perils in emigration. It is an inordinate desire for riches—to become the possessors of untold wealth—that these people are willing to sacrifice all the finer sensibilities of the heart, and to bow down under the yoke of selfishness; and this spirit they will find growing upon them, to 'keep what they get, and get what they can;' a maxim that has less true Christianity in its spirit than any other that we know of. It seems to us that this discovery, so far from being of immediate benefit to the country, may be looked upon in the light of an injury (though the ultimate result be for good), it will turn so many away from their legitimate employment, render so many quiet and good citizens wanderers and adventurers, and bring misery upon so many families that may be left destitute by the loss of their supporters. Besides this, suppose thousands of these gold hunters return successful, with an immense amount of gold, their constitutions broken down in the getting of it, and their health gone forever. Such men, like misers, have made bricks that their heirs may build houses! We would not, if we could, have this country and people become unduly rich; the fact is, if we but fully realized it, we are in a most happy condition already, and all experience shows that as luxuries increase the life of man is abbreviated. The four kings of Rome reigned longer than the first twenty emperors.

A man must labor infinitely to get more than he needs, or than will satisfy the reasonable calls of his natural appetite; but to drive away thirst and hunger he need commit no excesses, nor run any great risks. The sudden possession of riches never made a man happy, for wealth is almost sure to prove an altar upon which the best promptings of our nature must be sacrificed; a silver vein is the only one that runs not back to the heart! Money and time are the heaviest burthens of life, and the most unhappy persons in existence are those who have more of either than they can usefully dispose of. Most of those who are starting on this California tour are persons of very humble means, and therefore it is, to use a homely phrase, 'neck or nothing,' with them. If they succeed, they will come home rich men; if they prove unfortunate, they have not only lost their time, but all the ready means that they possessed. A poor man suddenly rich, is almost sure to become a prodigal, putting on riot and excess to hide his former obscurity; for how truly hath it been said that wealth is like a serpent, which an enchanter takes by the tail without being bitten, but who turns and stings those who are unacquainted with the art of charming it.

It is foolish to anticipate wealth without labor. Those who go to the shores of the Pacific for gold will find that it is only by the most arduous personal exertion that the precious metal is obtained. Would not this same industry, judiciously employed at home, yield quite as well, all things considered, of the loss of time, the risk of life at sea, and by climate, with a hundred other vicissitudes that might be named? Spare minutes are the richest gold dust that we know of when well improved; while riches and poverty depend upon our desires more than our pocket-books. There is a happy medium in all things; follow that, and avoid extremes, if you wish to be truly happy. What a glorious world this would be, if all the inhabitants could say with Shakspeare's shepherd, 'Sir, I am a true laborer; I earn that I get, get that I wear, owe no man hate, envy no man's happiness, am glad of other men's good, and content with my farm.'

An Allegory.—A poem in our last number, thus entitled, from our Providence contributor, *Alary*, was a gem that we would have our readers turn back to, and read once more.

Greeley, of the Tribune, jumps from the frying-pan into the fire. His reputation would have stood better, if he had kept out of Congress.

Cheering.—The Philadelphia Republic thinks it a most 'gratifying circumstance' that only one man has been frozen to death in that city this winter.

### A Royal Intrigue.

A correspondent, referring to the anecdote we published a short time since in the Flag, touching the history of the Cardinal Richelieu and Anne of Austria, wife of the feeble Louis XIII of France, says: 'I would give more for such a short, pungent scrap of historical fact, than for a volume of dry, uninteresting detail. The way you told that affair, did more to remember the historical relationship of Richelieu and the king upon the minds of your thousands upon thousands of readers, than the writing of a volume in detail might do. Pray give us more such, Mr. Editor.' We assure our correspondent that we are not sufficiently 'posted up' in historical matters to make them the theme of our pen, but while we are on the subject, we do recollect another romantic item of interest, relating to the same beautiful and thoughtless queen, as the one we have already published. As we write from memory, the reader will follow us leniently.

It will be remembered that the Duke of Buckingham was sent from the court of England by his king, to negotiate with the king of France some delicate matters in relation to a proposed royal marriage between the princess Henrietta and Charles. On his arrival at Paris he was presented at court, and from the first moment his eyes rested on the queen of Louis, he felt a passion rise in his heart that no discretion could control. She was a peerless beauty, light hearted and free, and ever ready to receive the homage of her nobles. Buckingham was a splendid specimen of a man, of noble bearing and remarkable beauty, to which was added all the ease and polish of manner that the constant atmosphere of the court imparts. The queen, already charged with unloyal intercourse with the Cardinal Richelieu, most unjustly (for had she favored him, she would never have disgraced him before her friends, as we showed in our first article), was, like Lady Teazle in the School for Scandal, ripe for an intrigue, having already suffered the stigma without the realization of the fact.

The eagle eye of the rejected Richelieu at once discovered the feelings of the English minister, and from that hour he hated him, and opposed his mission in every possible manner. He aroused the jealousy of the king, and Anne of Austria found herself little better than a prisoner in her palace, she was so closely watched, lest she should give the Duke of Buckingham a private interview. The daring and reckless duke hesitated at nothing to accomplish his object of a private meeting with the queen, and to effect this, he adopted a female attire of white, from top to toe, and aided by a confederate of the court, he took advantage of a superstition that had existed relative to the White Lady, a phantom that often visited the palace for centuries, and actually succeeded in closeting himself with the queen. But he was warned by the approach of the king, and escaped by a back staircase, though not undiscovered by the guards, who, believing the tradition of the phantom, knelt down for her to pass!

It is also known that he assumed the dress of a monk, a national guard, an officer of the guard, and on one occasion actually disguised himself as the king, in order to obtain an interview with the queen. But all his efforts, though most ingenious in design and boldly executed, and even seconded by the queen herself, failed through the vigilance of Richelieu's spies, until at last the reckless duke found the queen at Amiens, when both Louis and the cardinal were obliged to leave her with the court household for a few days, being suddenly called away to Fontainbleau. Relieved from the restraint of their company, Anne of Austria once more smiled upon the duke, and walked with him early and late on the banks of the Somme. Louis, whose bodily health seemed to prey upon his mental faculties, must have been a stupid fool, in the first place, to permit the Cardinal Richelieu to become so intimate with his queen, and then allow himself to be governed by the cardinal; and what is more singular still, that both together, the wily cardinal and the jealous king, should not have been able to baffle the preposterous designs of the reckless English duke. As it was, her imprudence at Amiens blasted her character; and this very amour cost England and France a war.

### The Home of the Free.

Enjoying as we do the peaceful comforts of a republican form of government, which guarantees to every one the rights and privileges of a freeman, we are too often thoughtless of the blessing that enables us, each one, to sit down under his own vine and fig tree. Like other blessings, we can only appreciate that of our glorious form of government by contrast. Compare it, for instance, with the feeble, tottering associations of the old world. Thrones and principalities are crumbling before the eyes of the present generation like things full of rottenness, while the long-tried and well-tested constitution of the United States stands like a house built upon a rock. The rain of political intrigue, the floods of selfish politicians, and the winds of party contests, may blow and beat upon it, but it is founded upon a rock and will not fall! People may talk loudly of the country being ruined by the accession to power of this party or of that, but it is nonsense; all have the good of the country at heart, though there may be difference of opinion as to the manner of bringing the desired object about. There can therefore be no such thing as ruin to the country, for were that to threaten us, in any shape, there would then be but one party, and that would be for the *Union*. This is as it should be; and in the matter of the administration of the government, two great parties are its safeguard; one being a check upon the other. We have long since become a model for other nations, and the flag of our Union, as it floats over distant seas, is hailed by foreigners as the emblem of a great and powerful nation, a people whose watchword is *Liberty!*

Boston and Halifax.—The steamer Unicorn will in future ply regularly between this city and Halifax, N. S. We shall thus always receive the English news by her in advance of the New Yorkers.

There is a convict in the Indiana state prison who is now serving on his *sixth* sentence to this same prison.—*Boston Post.*

There is also one of the same sort in our Charlestown state prison; he 'rather likes it.'

Silly Fanatics.—Resolutions denouncing the Union and all who uphold it, were passed a few days since at Faneuil Hall by the Boston Anti-Slavery Society, led off by Abby Folsom.

Musical.—That delightful warbler, Biscaccianti, has established her claim to the title of Boston's musical protege.

Theatrical.—Booth, at last accounts, was playing at New Orleans, as good as new.

### Editorial Inklings.

Quebec was lighted by gas on New Year's evening, for the first time.

A newspaper press and material have been sent to California from New York.

The authorities of Boston spent $130,000 for two school-houses, last year.

James has got out a new *variation* on his well known novel.

We should like to see a plate of butter made from the 'cream of a joke.'

Caroline Chase, for some reason or other, poisoned herself at Savannah.

The wool from the sheep raised in Vermont, is worth $3,000,000 per annum.

There are issued in New York city, 13 daily, 9 semi-weekly, and 66 weekly papers.

Seven persons have been bitten by mad dogs, in Massachusetts, within a month.

An old subterranean canal is said to have been found, connecting the Atlantic and Pacific.

There are over 60 vessels up for California, from New York city alone.

A late estimate shows that there are 30,000 clergymen in the United States.

There are a great many counterfeit Mexican dollars circulating in Bangor, Me.

It is hard to tell what Benton is driving at in his late California gold speech.

The editor of the Woonsocket Patriot advertises for a 'wet nurse!' Queer fellow.

By calling at our office the public can see a bucket of water from 'All's well.'

The U. S. ship Perry has taken a slaver on the African coast.

The total coinage of the United States mint, for the past year, has been about $6,000,000.

We have 'fingered' some of the real California gold, coined into quarter eagles.

A man must pay a tax of $20 a year to keep a dog, in Massachusetts, now.

There is an intelligent old lady in Lexington, Mass., aged 101 years.

It is just 66 years since England acknowledged our independence.

The engravings of Jenny Lind are good likenesses of Mrs. Butler (Fanny Kemble).

Lots of counterfeit gold and money have been shipped to California. Where's the elephant?

### Expose of Meanness.

We are content, as a general thing, to keep on in the even tenor of our way, regardless of the attacks that a spirit of envy induces, and without any public notice of the many kind and complimentary paragraphs that are given to the Flag, though we feel none the less thankful to our brethren of the press. In the first place, we are perfectly willing to let a discriminating public decide as to the merits of our labors, without filling these columns by personal controversies; and secondly, we have always deprecated the practice followed by many of our cotemporaries, of catching at every compliment they can find of themselves, and reprinting it in their own papers. Of these grumblers against this paper, we have one thing to ask. If the Flag is so faulty, how is it that at this very moment it enjoys a larger circulation than any other weekly paper in the United States? This is a fact of which it will give us pleasure to offer any one tangible evidence. We have been led to these remarks by rather an extraordinary exhibition of meanness, on the part of the editor of '*The Great West*,' a paper published in Cincinnati. He calls the Flag 'a humbug paper,' and on the same editorial page appropriates No. 2, of our Foreign Correspondence, as original in his journal, besides stealing a humorous sketch from the Flag, entitled 'Dodging a Militia Fine,' a column article, by our regular contributor, The Young 'Un, placing it on the inside of his paper, and leading that also as original! Now all publishers, and the public generally, are fully aware of the great outlay necessary to sustain a foreign correspondence, especially from a first class writer, as is the case with the series published in the Flag. Then, too, the high price that any original sketch commands, from a popular and well known writer, is generally understood. Yet this graceless literary pirate steals both, and then denominates the journal which has gone, well nigh, to furnish all there is of interest in his paper for the week, 'a humbug paper.' This is about the same degree of consistency that those who take pains to speak against the Flag generally exercise.

### The next Prize Tale.

One more number of the Flag will complete 'The Knight of the Silver Cross,' when we shall commence the publication of our *five hundred dollar* prize tale, by Miss Martha Ann Clough, entitled,

## PAOLINA.

This charming story is fraught with beauty of style and excellence of plot throughout, and cannot fail to delight our readers. We have learned with pleasure the manner in which Miss Clough has disposed of the five hundred dollars which she received from us; and it will render the tale no less interesting to our subscribers to know that the young lady at once presented three hundred dollars of the money to her father, who is in rather straitened circumstances, retaining but two hundred for herself. Miss Clough is but nineteen years of age; and though she has written for the press, has never before published in her own name.

Small Potatoes.—A Boston paper, that has been growling week after week, with jealousy at the Flag, appropriates an original story from this paper, not only without credit, but alters the title in order to throw a cloak over the smallness of the act. The story as published in the Flag was entitled 'Mary Moxon, or The Avengers;' as appropriated by the paper that has growled so constantly at this journal, it is entitled 'The Lynchers; a Western Incident.' Comment is unnecessary.

The Commerce of Boston.—Boston during the last nine years just closed, has paid into the national treasury in the form of revenue, forty millions of dollars.

To Perfume Linen.—Rose leaves dried in the shade, cloves beat to a powder, mace scraped; mix them together, and put the composition into little bags.

Madeira.—We are in expectation of a series of letters from a talented correspondent at this beautiful and fertile island.

Phœbus! What a Name.—Judge Hornblower has been elected president of the New Jersey Historical Society.

Startling Rumor.—That Miss Dickinson, the actress, has carried the city of Richmond by storm.

Vanity.—'There is not a mite in the world (says Lavater), but what thinks itself quite the cheese.'

Freights.—The taking of so many vessels for California, has caused an increase in freights to a sum not known for years.

### From our Foreign Files.

The Bourbons are called the Wandering Jews of Royalty.

A great strike for wages has taken place on the North Bristol Railway.

Deaths from starvation and cold are reported as occurring in Ireland.

The nutmeg tree flourishes in Singapore, near the equator.

It is currently reported that the Prussians are about to concentrate an army of 150,000 men on the Rhine, to be put under the command of General Wrangel.

The French government forbade midnight masses on Christmas eve, and ordered that the collections on that day should not go to the church, but to the poor.

The king of Denmark has fully confirmed the proclamation of Governor Scholton, giving free emancipation to all the slaves within the Danish dominions.

The Russian army, now on the frontiers of Poland, amounts to over 200,000 men. It is presumed that they are assembled there in anticipation of a French movement upon Italy.

An English paper describes a full grown crab, bearing on its back two score and a half of oysters, apparently as firmly imbedded in its shell as if they constituted a proper part of it.

A Liverpool paper says that the banner of a female society in Bolton bears an inscription, of which the following is a copy: 'To the Queen Victoria of England—may she ever rule: *and the same to all other women!*'

The landed proprietors in England in 1775, were 140,000. In the year 1815, a space of forty years, they were reduced to 30,000, and there is little doubt the process has been going on from that time down to the present.

The medical men who practise in the city of London, declare that cancerous and pulmonary affections have been enormously increased, of late years, by the quantity of meat that is daily disposed of unfit for human food.

### Gleanings of Wisdom.

He that can convince, will never dictate.

Hope is the prophet of youth—young eyes will always look forward.

Flattery is unbecoming not only in a friend, but even in a slave.

Fashion makes foolish parents, invalids of children, and servants of all.

The life of a discontented man is a tune in which all the notes are discords.

The less tenderness a man has in his nature, the more he requires from others.

If some men died, and others did not, death would indeed be a most mortifying evil.

Three things that are as good as the best—brown bread in famine, well-water in thirst, and a gray coat in cold.

Where true religion has prevented one crime, false religions have afforded a pretext for a thousand.

Genius will never be neglected by the public unless it neglects itself; it must not disdain the humble alliance of industry.

In any situation of life the amount of our happiness will, probably, be found to bear, in the long run, a pretty exact ratio to the heartiness with which we perform our duty.

Guided by the star of truth no man was ever led into error. It is by turning from the light that is within and around them, that multitudes fall by the way and perish.

Whatever your situation in life may be, lay down your plans of conduct for the day. The half hours will glide smoothly on without crossing or jostling each other.

It will afford sweeter happiness in the hour of death, to have wiped one tear from the cheek of sorrow, than to have ruled an empire, or to have conquered millions.

A heart full of love and human sympathy always looks out through the window of a cheerful face, speaks to you in a gentle tone of voice. Goodness and urbanity seldom walk far apart.

### The Joker's Budget.

*Deer* meat is said to be selling *cheap* in the market.

There's no rose without a thorn. Yes, there is: there's the *prim*-rose.

When is a landlord an insect tamer? When he has ten-ants at will.

The man that struck Billy Patterson has gone to California—so the papers say.

A paragraph commences thus: 'Women in arms!' Well, where should they be?

'Well, sir, do you entertain my proposition?' 'No, sir, but your proposition has entertained me exceedingly.'

Why are fashionables like pounds, ounces, and drachms? Because they go to make up the ton.

'Paddy, how do you like the Americans?' 'Faith, I like them so well that I've a mind to become a native.'

Mrs. Partington, in allusion to the many advertisements headed 'Ho! for California,' thinks a spade would be more useful than a hoe, to the gold diggers.

'Who is that with Miss Flint?' said a wag, to his companion, as they walked along the pavement. 'O! that is a spark which she has struck.'

The Greenfield Democrat mentions, as a recent addition to the curiosity shop, a cheese made of the 'milk of human kindness.' It can't be good for much.

'Mother,' said a young hopeful, 'what is a light-house keeper?' 'Why, some houses are so light, that they have people to keep them from being blown away.' The youth was satisfied.

Aunt Betsey tells a story of one of her near neighbors, when she lived in the country, who was 'meaner than parsley.' 'Why,' she says, 'whenever he happened to get hold of a half dollar, he would give it such a squeeze, that the poor eagle would *squeal* outright, almost.'

### Miscellaneous Scraps.

A curious claim is now before Congress, the owners and masters of the ship Cadmus demanding payment for the passage of General Lafayette and family from France in 1824. The amount claimed is five thousand dollars.

An arrival from Cayenne, at Salem, reports that a large portion of the crops had been lost owing to the emancipation of the blacks, who during the season were unwilling to work.—They were generally living a vagrant life, and the jails and hospitals were filled.

The Ural Mountains, now yielding so much gold to Russia, are but twelve hundred miles long and five or six thousand feet high; the mountain chains in New Mexico and California which produce gold are near twice as long and twice as high as the Ural Mountains.

The President and Vice President elect have taken rooms at Blackwell's, late Coleman's Hotel, Washington. Large preparations are in progress for a grand inauguration ball. An immense booth is to be built in Judiciary Square for the occasion, capable of holding 10,000 people.

The steamer Edith will be used as a depository for gold in the absence of a mint at California. Every packet leaving San Francisco for Panama, will take from the Edith whatever gold she may have on board, and thus it will be conveyed to Chagres and thence to New Orleans with all possible rapidity.

How much better is our Congress than a band of swindlers? Recently the committee on printing reported a resolve in the House directing the clerk to furnish members with books to the value of from $500 to $1000 for each member. The clerk is to get the required books at any cost, and distribute them.

The coal fields of Virginia are stated to cover 21,400 square miles out of the total area of 64,000—an extent equal to that of England, Ireland, Scotland and Wales combined! Cannel, or purely bituminous coal, abounds throughout the basin of the Kanawha, and is so accessible that a single hand can dig with ease two hundred bushels per day.

### Quill and Scissors.

Of Prescott's history of the 'Conquest of Mexico,' the publishers have sold very nearly 18,000 copies. The author receives $1 50 for each copy sold. His receipts thus far, on that work, alone, have been therefore $27,000.

A writer states that Morgan, commander of the celebrated rifle corps, during the revolution, used to blow a conch shell occasionally during a battle, to let his men know that he was alive, and to give them fresh courage.

A negro boy of seven years old and a girl of five, were found in a thicket near Annapolis, Md., with their heads cut off. They belonged to General George H. Steuart, and one of his negro men is suspected as the murderer.

A. Wise, in his speech before the Electoral College of Virginia, spoke of 'the broad ocean, the earth's great eye, the many colored couch of the setting sun, the great receptacle of all rivers.'

In Alexandria, Va., on the 20th inst., William Stewart, Esq., shot Mr. Jefferson with a pistol. Mr. Stewart belongs to a wealthy and respectable family. The provocation given was that Jefferson struck Stewart.

Each dray in New Orleans, according to a new ordinance, is taxed annually thirty-five dollars. We suppose drays must be a nuisance, and the authorities wish to drive them from the city.

At Franconia, N. H., the coldest place in the Union, and where the weather changes more suddenly and more extensively than any other, the people are healthy and are long livers.

The steamer Senator, which has been running between New York and Fall River, has been sold to a company, who intend to fit her up in fine style, and proceed to the gold regions.

A New York letter, of Thursday, says: 'Mr. Willis, I am sorry to say, is a martyr to inflammatory rheumatism, and looks like a mere shadow of the gay, handsome debonair Willis.'

The gold fever is as prevalent elsewhere as here, it seems. Three vessels cleared from Honolulu for California the week ending August 26th, and one man started in a whale boat.

During the past year 2473 males, 893 females, and 212 boys (the classification is that of the Montreal Courier), were arrested by the police of Montreal; 2000 of these cases arose from intoxication.

William Ellis, alias George Buttington, an Englishman, aged 22 years, died on the 25th in the New York hospital, from a stab inflicted with a penknife on the 3d in a porter house.

The Commissioner of Patents has been instructed, we see, to grant a patent to Mr. Greene of New Jersey, for his discovery of the true mode of manufacturing the Russian sheet iron.

A Lacedemonian woman, when consoling her son for a glorious wound that had lamed him, said, 'Now, my son, every step you take will remind you of your valor.'

The St. Mary's Cathedral at Halifax, was recently broken into, and the altar robbed of several precious stones, &c. The place was then set on fire, but did not burn down.

It may be taken for granted that one half the extravagant stories we now hear about California gold and the prices of articles at the 'diggins,' are made up in this country.

In Cumberland, Md., William G. Mitchell shot and killed Michael Allwine, in a house of ill fame where both were in the habit of visiting a degraded female. M. escaped.

The Supreme Court of the United States has decided that the tax levied on foreign passengers under the laws of New York and Massachusetts, is unconstitutional.

Governor Johnston of Pennsylvania recommends the erection of a monument to the memory of the sons of that State who have fallen in the late war with Mexico.

In Macon county, S. C., on Christmas day, Captain Munday accidentally shot his nephew, John Brooks, who died in consequence. They were hunting bears.

A young man named Best, who drove a sleigh party out from Ogdensburg, N. Y., became intoxicated, was placed in a barn to sleep, and died of apoplexy.

In Florida the Legislature adjourned 13th ult., after passing three railroad bills and a bill for the establishment of common schools throughout the State.

Amasa Collins, a boy about fifteen years of age, son of Patrick Collins of Milton, was drowned in Neponset river recently, by falling through the ice.

The New Orleans Picayune contradicts the report that John Smith had died from the cholera in that city. He was under an indictment for larceny.

Thomas Fitzpatrick, an English machinist, recently come to this country, was killed by charcoal burning in his room, in Philadelphia, over night.

Captain C. C. Danley, a hero of the Mexican war, has been elected auditor of Arkansas. It was a close vote between him and General Conway.

John L. Bigelow, late democratic candidate for Congress, fell dead in the village of Waterloo, N. Y., while walking in the street.

Margaret Evans, a destitute young woman, froze to death in a garden near the railroad, in the city of Washington, on a night lately.

The Greek Slave is on exhibition at Louisville, Ky. During its exhibition at Cincinnati, it was visited by about 12,000 persons.

Copies of Powers's Greek Slave, as statuettes, are now much sought for abroad, and begin to make their appearance here.

In Tennessee there are already seven cotton factories at work, and it is said that arrangements are making for erecting others.

Between San Francisco and the gold region, there is some hundred miles travel by water, and forty by land.

The coal mines of Tuscaloosa are becoming quite valuable. The gas by which the city of Mobile is lighted, is made of it.

The Cincinnati Globe says that there are at present one hundred and thirty-seven printers out of employment in the city.

John Griffin, a native of Ireland, aged 21, a sailor, died in New York hospital from the administration of chloroform.

S. S. Eckel's jewelry store on Pennsylvania avenue, Washington, has been robbed of goods to the amount of $3,000.

The last sudden death we notice is that of Richard Mechrie, an old citizen of Albany. 'Be ye also ready.'

A dog, unfortunate enough to be troubled with hydrophobia, was killed on one of Boston wharves, last week.

William Jones, cook of ship Samuel Hicks, lying at Savannah, committed suicide by cutting his throat, 17th ult.

Tobacco has risen in price, owing, it is said, to increased consumption in France, Spain, and Italy.

During the late cold weather some fifty vessels, laden with corn, were frozen up in the Dismal Swamp Canal.

The Mississippi boatmen have united to build a church in St. Louis, for their special use.

It is stated that Catlin has been offered by the Russian Government $75,000 for his Indian Gallery.

W. Y. Stokes killed Thomas A. May, his step-father, in North Lexington, Miss.; family quarrel.

The dwelling of Rev. Mr. Clark, Catholic priest of Lafayette, Ia., was burnt on the 5th ult.

The population of Lancaster, Pa., is nearly 13,000; an increase of 4,000 in nine years.

Six Chippewa chiefs, three warriors, and two squaws, have arrived in Washington.

The receipts of the American Board for the last five months were $121,288.

The Seguins are making a successful southern and western tour.

The Israelites must have used tar, as the Bible says they *pitched* their tents.

### Local Matters.

#### Amusements.

The opera, at the Howard, has been patronized by the discriminating few, but we think the engagement will be a failure pecuniarily. The prize play of Old Job and Jacob Gray still proves a sufficient card of attraction, at the Boston Museum, which is well filled nightly. The Boston Lyceum has been running its original burletta of 'Boston a hundred years hence,' 'Mysteries and Miseries of New York,' with farces interspersed, and to good houses. The National has presented a variety of pieces, during the week, but the card of the bills has been the nightly appearance of Herr Driesbach. The Beach Street Museum has struck something very like a California gold mine, in the 'Female Forty Thieves;' it takes like wildfire, and draws crowded houses. Mrs. Mestayer is the bright particular star of the piece. We see by our foreign papers, that Mrs. Mowatt and Mr. Davenport have been engaged at the Marylebone Theatre, and were about to appear in a new play, written by Mrs. Mowatt.

#### To Real Estate Owners.

Wanted immediately, a centrally located building lot, suitable for the erection of an extensive granite building, for the purpose of a printing and publishing office, for the Flag of our Union. The subscriber finding his present large establishment entirely too small for the purpose of conducting his greatly increased business, is compelled at once to seek more extended conveniences for the purposes of his publishing business. Any one possessing such a lot who may desire to erect a building of granite as above, by applying at this office can lease the same for a term of years, or the same will be purchased if mutually agreeable.

Apply to F. Gleason, at the Flag of our Union office.

#### More Hydrophobia.

We are hearing, almost every day, of well authenticated cases of this terrible disease, and have one case in particular before us while we write, viz., that of Miss Sarah Cathore, of Boston, who so lately died in all the agonies of hydrophobia, some months after being bitten by a worthless cur. How much longer will the laws permit human life to be sported with to please the owners of dogs? The license to keep them should amount to a prohibition, generally, and a handsome reward should be offered for every one killed in the streets. In England, the tax upon a house dog is £8, or $40.

#### A Superb Store.

We referred, a few weeks since, to the noble granite block, erected on the corner of Washington and Summer streets, unquestionably one of the finest in the city. Since its completion, Messrs. Jones, Ball & Poor have leased the immense corner store, and are fitting it up in a style of the most elaborate elegance. The store is about one hundred and thirty feet in length, and will surpass any other in this country, in its rich and brilliant display of jewelry, plate, etc. Our readers must not fail to look in for their personal gratification.

#### Penny Post System.

We are glad to see that Boston has at last adopted the English style of a penny post delivery, and that letters will in future be delivered in any part of the city for *one cent* each, by the sworn agents of the Post Office Department. Sub post office stations, in various parts of the town, afford facilities for the citizens to communicate with each other. This has long been a great desideratum in Boston. This, with our parcel delivery post, is among the latest improvements in the city of notions.

#### Boston Lawyers.

The lawyers of Boston lately held a meeting for the consideration of means calculated to advance the cause of the 'Purification of the Bar.' The occasion ended by a supper at the Revere House, when a poem, written by A. C. Spooner, was read. Here's two lines of the poem:

> 'The truest account of our troubles by far
> Is, that lawyers too often attend *the wrong bar*.'

#### Dramatic Readings.

Mrs. Butler's entertainments, at the Masonic Temple, have proved exceedingly popular. The lady is eminently qualified for the task, and her remarkable talents must be fully conceded by every admirer of genius. Her reading of Shakspeare's Tempest, was one of the most effective exhibitions we remember to have witnessed.

Mad Dog.—A dog, supposed to be mad, was killed last Saturday, in Tremont street, after having bitten several other curs, all of which must, of course, become rabid, and will probably bite some human beings. One was also recently killed in Foxboro'. Several persons narrowly escaped being bitten. Eighteen dogs and one horse that were bitten by him have already been killed.

Inauguration Party.—Arrangements are making upon a large scale for a grand soiree, at Faneuil Hall, on the evening of the 5th of March, to celebrate the Inauguration of Gen. Zachary Taylor.

A Whaling Voyage round the World.—This admirable panorama, which far outshines any other we have seen in vivid interest and startling effect, has proved immensely popular in this city. Success to excellence.

German Paper in Boston.—An evidence of the increase in the German population, in Boston, is presented in the appearance of a newspaper in that language, entitled the 'Boston Merkur.'

Large Sum disbursed to the Sick.—Since its origin, in 1847, the Massachusetts Health Insurance Company, Tremont street, has disbursed upwards of sixteen thousand dollars to sick members.

The Elephant.—The shrewd ones say, that the crowds thronging to California will get little else besides a sight of the 'elephant,' and he can be met with at home.

Ice Crop.—The yield of this luxury for the low latitudes, as well as our own summer consumption, is very fine in the neighborhood of Boston, this season.

A Big Figure.—It is estimated that the final cost of the new water works in Boston, will be about three millions eight hundred thousand dollars.

The Hydrants.—The letter 'H' has been painted on houses, fences, and posts, in all quarters of our city, indicating the location of the different hydrants.

Stone Jug.—The new jail will probably cost this city six hundred thousand dollars.

## OUR OLIO COLUMN.

[Written for The Flag of our Union.]

### How to be Happy.

BY THE BARD OF SOUHEGAN.

> The bliss of life 's more equal shared
> Than many people think it;
> Although at times the brittle thread
> Seems surely to be kinked.
> The poor man, he will sigh for wealth,
> The rich will sigh for pleasure;
> Though each may get a different kind,
> They get an equal measure.
>
> The poor may be a happy man,
> Who has a mind content
> With what, in wisdom passing his,
> Kind Providence hath lent.
> He takes his labor cheerily,
> And sweetly sleeps at night;
> Rises at early dawn refreshed,
> With gladsome heart and light.
>
> The rich man, on a bed of down,
> Lies by his conscience goaded;
> Musing on ships, and banks, and stocks,
> And on his millions hoarded.
> He calls on happiness in vain;
> The maiden seems to fear him;
> And from some lowly cottage sees,
> But dares not venture near him.
>
> Some other men have worldly wealth,
> And know well how to spend it;
> If honest worth they see oppressed,
> With strength they will defend it.
> Are any hungry, they will feed,
> Are any naked, dress them;
> And prayers from many a grateful heart,
> And peace and plenty bless them.
>
> Our happiness we make ourselves,
> Within a certain measure;
> For, 'tis not, as most fools suppose,
> Confined to worldly treasure.
> A conscience clear, a mind content,
> Or hot or cold the weather,
> Does more to make a happy life,
> Than all things else together.

### Ho for California.

> Ho! for the land,
> Where each atom of sand
> Is into a dollar reducible!
> And as onward you travel,
> The 'coarse kind of gravel'
> All turns to doubloons in your crucible.
>
> With picks, shovels, baskets,
> And hogsheads for caskets,
> You open the vaults of creation;
> Of the banks (of the rivers)
> Become the receivers,
> And place them in prompt liquidation.
>
> If you die—pretty quick
> The next man grabs your pick,
> And ne'er thinks of asking 'whose was it?'
> Then seeking your gold,
> Digs a pit in the mould,
> And soon makes your final deposit.
>
> Ah! the gold as it shines
> In the streams, in the mines,
> Would make your eyes snap in their sockets,
> And if you don't die,
> You'll come by-and-by,
> With plenty of rocks in your pockets.
>
> The chances 'tis said,
> Are that cold steel or lead
> Your affairs may wind up or unsettle;
> But if one of these twain
> You should find 'in a vein,'
> You'll not want the yellower metal.

### Laugh, Lady, Laugh!

> Laugh, lady, laugh!
> There's no avail in weeping;
> Grief was never made
> To be in beauty's keeping.
> Tears are of a stream,
> Where pleasure lies decaying;
> Smiles, like rays of light,
> O'er sunny waters playing.
>
> Sing, lady, sing!
> There is a charm in singing,
> When melody its spell
> Upon the air is flinging.
> Sweet sounds have often won
> More than the fairest faces;
> And harps have always been
> The playthings of the Graces.
>
> Love, lady, love!
> There's always joy in loving;
> But sigh not when you find
> That man is fond of roving;
> For when the summer bee
> Takes wing through beauty's bowers,
> He knows not which to choose,
> Among so many flowers.

### More Last Words.

> Who killed the sea-serpent?
> 'I,' said Professor Owen,
> In zoology so knowing;
> 'And I killed the sea-serpent!'
>
> Who wont say 'die' to the serpent?
> 'I,' said Captain McQuhae,
> 'I stick to what I say;
> And I wont say die to the serpent.'
>
> Why couldn't it be a serpent?
> 'Cause Owen's never seen one.
> Has there, therefore, never been one?
> Why couldn't it be a serpent?
>
> What was 't, if not a serpent?
> We know it wasn't a seal;
> And 'twas too big for an eel;
> And it certainly was a serpent.
>
> There's six of us saw the serpent,
> With a mane upon its back,
> And a tail and not a track;
> And we'll all swear to the serpent.

### The Pig upon the Lea

> A boy beheld a little pig,
> Pig upon the lea;
> Fat, to roast he thought it fit,
> Never ne'er was put on spit,
> And right pleased was he.
> Pig squeal, pig, poor little pig,
> Pig upon the lea.
>
> Said the boy, 'I'll catch thee now,
> Pig upon the lea;'
> Said the pig, 'I'll kick thee so,
> Thou'lt remember me for wo,
> And I will not suffer thee.'
> Pig squeal, pig, poor little pig,
> Pig upon the lea.
>
> And the boy he grasped it rude,
> Pig upon the lea;
> Though the pig kicked all he could,
> O! and Ah! it did no good,
> Roasted it must be!
> Pig squeal, pig, alas, poor pig,
> Pig upon the lea. *Baltimore Patriot.*

### Purer than Snow.

> Purer than snow,
> Is the girl I know;
> Purer than snow is she:
> Her heart is light,
> And her cheek is bright—
> Ah, who do you think she can be?
>
> I know very well,
> But I never shall tell;
> 'Twould spoil all the fun, you see:
> Her eye is blue,
> And her lip like dew,
> And red as a mulberry.
>
> Mild as the dove,
> Is the girl I love—
> Mild as a dove is she;
> And dearer too,
> Than ten like you—
> Ah, who do you think she can be?

### N. P. Willis.

FROM 'A FABLE FOR CRITICS.'

> There is Willis, so natty, and jaunty, and gay,
> Who says his best things in so foppish a way
> With conceits and pet phrases so thickly o'erlaying 'em,
> That one hardly knows whether to thank him for saying 'em;
> Over-ornament ruins both poem and prose,
> Just conceive of a muse with a ring in her nose!
> His prose had a natural grace of its own,
> And enough of it too, if he'd let it alone;
> But he twitches and jerks so, one fairly gets tired,
> And is forced to forgive where he might have admired;
> Yet whenever it slips away free and unlaced,
> It runs like a stream with a musical waste,
> And gurgles along with the liquidest sweep—
> 'Tis not deep as a river, but who'd have it deep?
> In a country where scarcely a village is found
> That has not its author sublime and profound,
> For some one to be slightly shoal is a duty,
> And Willis's shallowness makes half his beauty.

### On a Barber

> What annoyed other folks never spoilt his repose;
> 'Twas the same thing to him whether stocks fell or rose;
> For blast or for mildew he cared not a pin;
> His crops never failed, for they grew on the chin.



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# THE FLAG OF OUR UNION.

[Written for The Flag of our Union.]

### The Green Bonnie Banks o' the Clyde.

BY J. E. M. G.

O fair are the meads by the pure flowing Devon,
  At morning when dewdrops bespangle the lea,
An' lovely the scene on a still summer even,
  When stars gem the breast o' the smooth-winding Dee.
But fairer to me, midst the freshness o' morning,
  Is the margin o' Clutha, its deep-rolling tide—
Are the hills an' sweet vales sae richly adorning
  In beauty the green bonnie banks o' the Clyde.

I've gazed on the Tyne as in beauty it wended—
  I've strayed whaur the Avon steals softly along;
An' heard its low murmur when with it was blended
  The blackbird's full notes and the linnet's sweet song.
An' though dewy wild flowers the air were perfuming—
  Though pinks and primroses bedecked ilka side—
They seemed not sae fragrant as those I've seen blooming
  Far west by the green bonnie banks o' the Clyde.

I hae roamed whaur the Tay in splendor was flowing,
  'Tween hills an' through mony a bright golden mead—
An' hae looked upon vales all fertile an' glowing,
  By the banks o' the clear an' beautiful Tweed.
An' though nature there was her riches revealing,
  On green cultured hilltops an' valleys so wide,
They aroused not in me the same gush o' feeling
  As a blink o' the green bonnie banks o' the Clyde.

For O, it was there in the sweet years o' childhood,
  When life seemed a pathway embroidered wi' flowers,
That oft I've reclined 'mongst the green shady wildwood,
  An' heard the birds' anthem record from the bowers.
An' O, it was there grew a sweet modest blossom,
  All guileless an' pure, nor tainted wi' pride;
Is it strange, then, the fair smiling flower o' my bosom
  Still blooms by the green bonnie banks o' the Clyde!

*Brooklyn, N. Y., February, 1849.*

[Written for The Flag of our Union.]

### Pensive Thoughts.

BY CHARLES H. MAYSON.

How oft sad thoughts come stealing o'er us,
  Unbidden as the winds that blow;
As shadows darkly pass before us,
  They hide awhile joy's fitful glow.

When sunny skies beam on our way,
  And flowers bedeck the velvet lawn;
When nature smiles the live-long day,
  Will saddening thoughts come hastening on.

When music's soft, enchanting sound
  Moves on the mellow evening air,
When hearts are light, and joys abound,
  Still thoughts of sadness linger there.

At eve, when pleasure's dazzling light
  Shines brightly round the sparkling bowl,
E'en then, like darkest shades of night,
  Come thoughts of sadness o'er the soul.

Ah! whence these messengers of gloom,
  That shade our path so oft with woe?
Say, speed they from a dismal tomb?
  Or from some caverns dark and low?

O, no—they're harbingers of love;
  An angel's charge to them is given,
To turn our hearts to joys above,
  And lead our footsteps up to heaven.

Then let the thoughts that oft arise
  Within my breast as time moves on,
Prepare my soul for paradise,
  Ere life's fast ebbing sands are gone.

*De Ruyter, January, 1849.*

[Written for The Flag of our Union.]

### Dreams.

BY HENRY MAY.

The shadowy gates of the region of dreams
  Were oped in their beauty last night in my sleep;
And the brightest of visions hung over my couch,
  As if wrapt in the vigils they watchfully keep.

They led me away to a land of delight,
  And taught me the words of a language divine;
Then sang in a voice so tunefully sweet,
  They waked a response in this lone heart of mine.

They led me far back to the time of my youth,
  When the joys of my life were as dew to the flower,
A thing of delight—or the moonlight's sweet kiss
  On the warm cheek of love in the star-bedecked bower.

O, how my heart beat in that deep, blissful time,
  At the memory of days so long since agone;
Of the moments and hours I ne'er have forgot,
  Which I spent in the presence of a beautiful one!

Then they raised to my raptured, enchanted delight
  A palace of gems from the jewels of air;
Which shone in the light of a thousand bright lamps,
  Like diamonds and gold, or amethyst rare.

But as morning beat o'er the couch of my dreams,
  It dispelled those bright visions of jewels and gold;
Yet left me the angels that watched o'er my sleep,
  For their own sweet presence I feel in my soul.

[Written for The Flag of our Union.]

### The Emblem.

BY GEO. W. PUTNAM.

O, don't you see in the leafless tree,
  When autumn winds are sighing,
An emblem true of me and you,
  And that we too are dying.

The hours of time, that mark our prime,
  Like withered leaves are flying;
Soon, stiff and cold, low in the mould
  Our bodies will be lying.

But fresh and green, the trees, I ween,
  At gentle spring's returning,
In bloom arrayed, will cast their shade,
  And greet the early morning.

So shall our dust arise, I trust,
  Bright forms of grace assuming;
And seek the skies of paradise,
  Where flowers are ever blooming.

### The Flowers of God.

BY REV. JAMES G. LYONS.

The welcome flowers are blossoming,
  In joyous troops revealed;
And lift their dewy buds and bells,
  In garden, mead and field.
They lurk in every sunless path,
  Where forest children tread;
And dot, like stars, the sacred turf
  Which lies above the dead.

They sport with every playful wind
  Which stirs the blooming trees;
And laugh on every fragrant bush,
  All full of lolling bees:
From the green marge of lake and stream,
  Fresh vale and mountain sod,
They look in gentle glory forth—
  The pure, sweet flowers of God.

### A Mother's Love.

Sweet is the image of the brooding dove!
Holy as heaven a mother's tender love!
The love of many prayers and many tears,
Which changes not with dim declining years—
The only love which on this teeming earth
Asks no return for passion's wayward birth.

## MISCELLANEOUS.

[Written for The Flag of our Union.]

# MADELINA:

OR,

# THE STAR OF MADRID.

A SPANISH STORY.

BY FRANCIS A. DURIVAGE.

Madelina Manriquez, the only child of old Manuel Manriquez, was, in her day, the reigning beauty of Madrid. As the period is not very far remote, she may be still enjoying her supremacy, consuming hearts to tinder with the flash of her large, lustrous black eyes, or causing them to flutter in unison with the fluttering of her dainty and bejewelled fan. No one wore the mantilla with more grace; no daintier foot than hers trod the mazes of the dance, and no fingers more delicate touched the strings of the guitar. In short, she was so bewitchingly beautiful, that she was called, almost by common consent, *La Estrella de Madrid*—the star of Madrid.

The old don, her father, proud of her charms, frequently took her abroad to display her perfections, and enjoy the sensation they excited. She never missed a bull-fight, nor was she ever known to be absent from a *festa*.

The gallants of the city were raving mad about her, and hundreds of handsome *Madrilenos* would fain have made pretensions to her hand, but she treated them all with equal scorn and indifference, for her pride was at least proportioned to her beauty. There was one suitor, however, to whom her manner was a little less harsh, and this was Count Sebastian de Leon, almost as renowned for beauty as the lady herself. Besides this, he was generous and accomplished; but his father, who had transmitted to him these qualities and fascinations, had forgotten to add money, and the count was sadly hampered by this terrible omission. Madelina regarded his poverty with serious distaste. Although rich enough herself, she was a little mercenary, and required equality of fortune in a lover. Count Sebastian hovered about her with laudable assiduity. He touched the guitar nightly under her balcony; and whenever she rode out with her father, she was always sure to see De Leon dashing along on his fiery Andalusian, which he managed with all the grace of an accomplished cavalier.

One day—one eventful day—brought on an explanation. The count kneeled at the feet of the lady and poured forth his vows and hopes.

'You men are so false,' said the lady, playing with her fan.

'Bid me do anything to prove my love,' replied the count, 'and if man can do it, I will dare it, and accomplish it.'

'In the olden time,' answered Madelina, 'a lady once threw her glove into an arena where there was an uncaged lion, and bade her true knight to recover it. Unfortunately, there is no such opening now: but there is the bull-fight.'

'And you love the bull-fight?'

'O, passionately! Did you see Sevilla the other day, when he struck the bull in the very centre of the ring, after he had wounded two of the toreadors? O, it was sublime! I could have kissed him.'

Sebastian raised the hand of Madelina to his lips.

'Farewell, lady; when next we see each other, it will be in a far different scene.'

Madelina wondered at the abruptness of his departure and the obscurity of his parting words, but she did not think long or anxiously about the subject: for her mind, to tell the truth, was occupied with glowing anticipations of the pleasure to be derived from the grand bull-fight which was to take place on the approaching Monday. It had been commanded by the queen, who was to be present, together with her august spouse, Don Francisco, and of course everything would be on a scale of the greatest magnificence. Rumor said that the bulls selected for the occasion were as fierce as lions, and bets were offered on the number of deaths likely to occur in the ring.

From that day Madelina saw nothing of the young count. She missed the sound of his guitar at night; she missed his manly figure on the Prado; and she even felt as much regret as a spoiled beauty can at the loss of so insignificant a creature as a man.

At length the eventful day came, and was ushered in by the booming of cannon and the music of military bands. The most brilliant of the light companies of the line were under arms at an early hour, and the horses of a cavalry detachment were saddled up and ready to receive their riders. All Madrid was astir. Fain would the entire population have thronged the benches of the amphitheatre, but only about seven thousand could be accommodated, and among these, the earliest on the spot, were Donna Madelina and her father.

The time wore slowly away; and as the hour for the commencement of the game approached, the population vented their impatience in shouts, groans and hisses, for an uneasy audience is the same all the world over. The arena was crowded with people, strolling about, seated on the ground, or frolicking with each other. At length, at a signal from the president of the day, a gate was thrown open, and the high constable, followed by two subordinates, on horseback, rode in at the head of a brilliant company of cavalry and cleared the ring.

When they had retired, a mounted constable rode into the ring, and after saluting the royal box, held forth his hat for a key which was dropped into it by the president of the day. This is the symbolic sanction for the commencement of the sports. The constable dashed out of the ring at full gallop, amid shouts of 'Look out! the bull's after you!' a *chiste*, or joke, perpetrated at every bull-fight, yet always productive of applause and laughter.

The trumpet sounds, and in gallop the *picadores*. These are the mounted combatants, whose weapon is the lance. Their gay Andalusian dresses, silken sashes and glittering spurs, are well calculated to attract the eye of beauty. On foot are the *chulos*, whose business it is to harass and enrage the bull, by shaking their brilliant scarlet draperies before his eyes, to divert him from his prey when the lancers are sorely pressed. Among those on foot are the *banderilleros*, who carry little darts called *banderillas*, and the *matador*, whose business it is to despatch the bull with his sword.

Madelina surveyed these preliminaries with an eager eye. At length another gate was opened, and in dashed one of the fiercest of Andalusian bulls. Bellowing and snorting, at two bounds he reached the centre of the arena, and there he stood, pawing up the ground and glaring defiance on his enemies. As it is necessary to attack the bull somewhere near the circumference of the circle, so that the *toreador* can escape if worsted, a *chulo*, waving his red cloak, lured the bull from his central position. Now he dashed madly forward; a picador charged him, lance in rest, but the animal avoided the blow, and plunging furiously forward, thrust his horns into the breast of the horse, who reared up and fell backward on his rider. The second picador met with no better success, and the bull, though disdaining to trample on his fallen foes, held possession of his ground, and prevented the chulos from rendering assistance to their fallen comrades.

At this imminent crisis, a new actor appeared upon the scene. Mounted upon a splendid horse, a youthful cavalier dashed into the circle. A blood-red pennon fluttered on his lance, whose long spear threw back the rays of the sun like a mirror. A broad-leafed *sombrero*, from which floated a snow-white plume, shaded his countenance. He galloped up to the royal box, and reined his steed back on his haunches beneath the eye of Isabella, and levelled his lance, point to the earth, in humble salutation. The queen smiled graciously, as she acknowledged the salute, and then her eye, which had critically scanned the splendid figure of the cavalier, was turned for a moment, with a different expression, on the meagre limbs and imbecile countenance of Don Francisco de Assis, who sat meekly beside her.

From the queen's box the cavalier rode to that of the star of Madrid, and it was then only, when he lifted his sombrero from his head, that the lady and the multitude recognized the features of Count Sebastian de Leon.

But the unconquered bull challenged the attention of the count by a furious bellow, and he wheeled his horse to face the infuriated brute. The animal recoiled in terror, for he was not blindfolded, as the horses of the picadors generally are. But Count Sebastian gave him the spur, rowel-deep, and brought him to the charge. The lance, however, an imperfect weapon, snapped in the shock, and the bull, again victorious, dashed on his enemies and overturned horse and rider. More than one shriek of terror and distress rose from the female spectators of this terrible scene. The bull seemed intent on trampling and goring the life out of the fallen count, and he dealt him thrust after thrust with his horns. At length the brute lifted his head, and to the horror of the spectators, the count was seen hanging from the horns. This frightful spectacle was visible to every one present, for the maddened bull, with his human burthen, rushed thrice round the arena. At length he stopped and threw off the body with a violent jerk. To the astonishment of all, De Leon sprang to his feet. The horns of the bull had passed beneath his Andalusian sash, and he was not materially injured, though bruised and shaken. Undaunted and heroic, he shouted for another horse and lance. They were brought to him. He sprang into the saddle, and rushing to meet the bull in the centre of the arena, drove his lance-point deep in the creature's massive neck, and rolled him over, a lifeless carcase on the sand.

Ah! then arose the deafening *vivas*—the maddening shouts, that hailed Sebastian de Leon the bravest picador of all Castile and Spain.

A few days elapsed, and where was Madelina? Listening to the love-lays of the gallant count, whom a hint from her lips had induced to peril his life in the arena? Alas! no! Upon his knees before her was the old Marquis de Beauvilliers, an *attaché* of the French embassy, and while the withered *millionaire* pressed his suit, the beautiful girl smiled graciously upon him, and finally consented to be his.

It was arranged, for certain family reasons, that the marriage should be solemnized in Paris, and accordingly a few days after the bull-fights, a handsome travelling carriage belonging to the marquis was seen at the door of Don Manuel's house in the Calle de Alcala, and the star of Madrid was actually seen to enter it, accompanied by her father. They made a fine show as they went off in the marquis's carriage, which was drawn by four horses, for it was surrounded by a score of dragoons, splendidly uniformed, and mounted fellows, belonging to the Queen's Own, who were sent out as an escort. Whether Madelina regretted her choice, or whether she compared the snuffy old Frenchman who was her *vis-à-vis*, to the handsome young count, I will not take upon me to say; but certain it is that she looked pale and said little. Towards night they entered a gloomy defile among the mountains, and the dragoons who had been scattered about over the road, closed up round the carriage. But they had not proceeded far when a voice from the road-side shouted:

'*Alto! Caballeros!*' ('Halt, cavaliers.')

'Who are you that speaks?' asked the commander of the dragoons, drawing his sabre from its rattling scabbard.

In reply to the question, a mounted and masked cavalier armed to the teeth, bounded into the road. Putting a whistle to his lips, his signal was answered by the appearance of a dozen horsemen all equally well armed with himself. At this formidable demonstration, the commander of the escort behaved according to the rules laid down for observance upon such occasions—he turned his bridle and took to his heels.

The foremost of the robbers advanced to the carriage and opened the door of it. The Frenchman fell on his knees and begged for his life.

'Gentlemen,' said the robber, 'you, together with this fair *señorita*, will be my guests to-night. We will give you humble fare but good treatment. In the morning, you will be free to pursue your journey, and I will give you an escort more faithful than the last. A lonely mountaineer, I have taken an extraordinary method of procuring the pleasure of a little good society.'

One of the robbers (if such indeed they were) mounted the box with the coachman, and directed him how to drive. The remainder of the band rode before and behind the carriage, with the exception of its leader who rode by its side.

They soon turned off from the main road at right angles and followed a lane through which the carriage passed with difficulty. It was now dark, and our travellers could only conjecture whither they were taken. Finally they were obliged to abandon the carriage and alight. They were then introduced into a cave, the interior of which was reached by a number of rugged steps. At the foot of this natural staircase was a large vaulted chamber where a roaring fire had been made, the smoke of which, rising in a solid column, worked its way out to the upper air through crevices in the rocks. Here were a table, chairs, some chests and other furniture. There was also a female, masked, in the apartment.

In spite of the agitation she experienced, Madelina could not help being not unpleasantly interested at the singular turn which her affairs had taken, and the romantic character of the scenes by which she was surrounded.

The marquis fretted and fumed at his ill luck, and Don Manuel was immensely stupid and sulky.

The masked robber and his female companion presided at the table and compelled their guests to do honor to the repast. The robber sat near Madelina and paid her very assiduous attention; but though he conversed very freely with her, there was nothing in the tones of his voice or his style of speaking, which reminded her of any person she had ever met. At length the female rose, and signifying to Madelina to follow her, they retired through a low door artificially constructed in one side of the chamber. The robber then produced wine, of which he pressed his guests to partake. Don Manuel was with difficulty persuaded to drink; but he found the wine so excellent on tasting it, that he did ample honor to the robber's hospitality. The marquis was equally enamored of it, and the old fellows hob-nobbed to each other for hours, while the robber kept them in perfect good humor by telling stories, singing songs, or discussing the topics of the day.

When they finally complained of being sleepy, he spread them a couch of furs by the fire-side, luxurious enough for the limbs of a Sybarite. Their senses were soon lapped in oblivion, and they forgot their cares and troubles. When they awoke and consulted their watches, they found that the sun must have been up some time. But no ray of daylight penetrated the cavernous chamber, and the lamps were still burning on the table.

By the time they had fairly roused themselves their host entered the room.

'*Caballeros*,' said he, politely, 'I thank you most cordially for the honor you have done me, and the pleasure your society has afforded me. Can I prevail upon you to honor me by prolonging your visit?'

'We must be on the road,' said Don Manuel.

'We must be on the road,' echoed the Frenchman.

'As you please, *señores*. You will find your carriages hard by; your horses have been cared for, and your property is safe, Don Manuel.'

'And my daughter?'

'Here she comes, señor.'

The star of Madrid tripped towards her father. She was a shade paler than usual, and the expression of her eye was softer.

'Well, my child,' said the old gentleman, 'are you ready for a start?'

'And, mademoiselle, are you ready for a kiss?' inquired the marquis.

But she shrunk from the old Frenchman in disgust.

'Pardon me sir,' said she.

The Frenchman bit his lips and swallowed a *mille tonnerres* that was on the point of escaping them.

'Don't be angry, monsieur,' said the masked cavalier, taking the hand of Madelina, 'but that is a privilege reserved for this lady's husband;' and he lightly pressed the lips of the blushing belle.

'Her husband!' exclaimed Don Manuel, furiously.

'Ay,' replied the unknown, raising his mask and displaying the features of Count de Leon. 'I was too much in love to relinquish a mistress I fondly adored—too much of a patriot to permit a Frenchman to bear off the star of Madrid. When I perilled life and limb at her instigation in the bull-ring, I won a right to her hand. She knew not her own heart when she turned from me. So give us your blessing, Don Manuel; it is useless to refuse it, for we were married last night and nothing can sunder us.'

How Don Manuel and the Frenchman stormed and swore, and how the former came round after a good deal of coaxing, how the robbers were not robbers but only amateurs, and how the veiled woman was De Leon's sister, are circumstances that do not demand many words. The Frenchman went north in his carriage, threatening the vengeance of his government and a war with Spain. De Leon and his party went south, all being splendidly mounted, and making a fine show. The nuptials, celebrated in the cavern with little pomp, gave occasion to great feasting and rejoicing when publicly solemnized. All agreed that Madelina was worthy of De Leon, and he in turn of the star of Madrid.

It is believed that they enjoyed perfect happiness, and were untiringly fond of each other; for once, when there was to be a bull-fight, and the count proposed to make his second appearance in the ring, Madelina declared that 'he should not think of such a thing, and if he made the proposal a second time, she wouldn't love him any more, and would never speak to him again.' As she went on loving him and talking to him, it is fair to presume that he gave up bull-fighting and proved an obedient husband.

### The Rights of Woman.

Mrs. Little, who wrote the following, understands herself:

'The rights of woman!' what are they?
The right to labor and to pray;
The right to watch, while others sleep;
The right o'er others' woes to weep;
The right to succor in distress,
The right, while others curse, to bless;
The right to love whom others scorn,
The right to comfort all that mourn,
The right to shed new joy on earth,
The right to feel the soul's high worth;
The right to lead the soul to God,
Along the path the Saviour trod;
A path of meekness and of love,
A path of faith that leads above;
A path of patience under wrong,
A path in which the weak grow strong.
Such woman's rights, and God will bless,
And crown their champions with success.

### In Luck, for once.

When the Emperor Joseph the Second was in Paris, in the reign of Louis the Sixteenth, he was in the habit of walking about the city incognito. One morning he went into an elegant coffee house and asked for a cup of chocolate. He was plainly dressed, and the waiters insolently refused it, saying it was too early. Without making any reply, he walked out, and went into a little coffee-house, nicknamed the 'Piercing Eye.' He asked for a cup of chocolate, and the landlord politely answered that it should be ready in a moment. While he waited for it, as the coffee-house was empty, he walked up and down, and was conversing on different subjects, when the landlord's daughter, a very pretty girl, made her appearance. The emperor wished her a good day, according to the French mode; and observed to the father, that it was high time a flower in full bloom should marry before it faded. 'Ah!' replied the honest old man, 'if I had but a thousand crowns, I could marry her to a fine young man who is very fond of her; but sir, the chocolate is ready.' The emperor called for a pen, ink, and paper; the girl ran to fetch them, and he gave her an order on his banker for five thousand livres.

### Taking a Tract.

The New Orleans Delta says: A colporteur opened the door of an Irishman's shanty in the Second Municipality, and putting in his head, in a very pious tone asked the owner of the domicil, who happened to be in at the time, 'if he would accept of a tract of the Holy Land,' meaning, of course, an essay on that interesting portion of the world. 'Yis be jabers,' was the reply of the Hibernian, 'a houl section, if you give a good title deed. But I should like to know if there is much of it prairie, or if new settlers are subject to the agur there?'

[Written for The Flag of our Union.]

### The Old Man's Lament.

BY GEO. F. DUNHAM.

"*Still there comes no hope for me!*"

I.

Years agone,
When autumn decay
Scattered round
The falling leaf—
Sat alone,
An old man weary,
Near a mound,
O'ercome with grief!
He had sought, in distant land,
Where the wild pomegranates bloom—
Wealth—but came with empty hand,
To his long deserted home!

II.

O'er that mound
A tree was bending;
Neath it, he
Deserted a stone;
Names he found,
His heart was rending!
Could it be
That *all* were gone?
He had crossed the ocean wide,
Children, wife and home to see!
'Search is vain!' in tears, he cried—
'Still there comes no hope for me!'

III.

All the day,
Was heard that sighing—
'Still there comes
No hope for me!'
Swift away
The birds were hieing
To their homes
Beyond the sea—
Where the sunshine a glistening beams,
Constant, gild the plain and towers;
Where the pure, pellucid streams
Softly flow by fragrant bowers.

IV.

Fast the shade
Of night was falling
On the domes,
The field, the tree;
Then he made
That moan appalling—
'STILL THERE COMES
NO HOPE FOR ME!'
When the morning a cheering ray
Glanced across the bright blue sea,
Stiff and cold the old man lay
On that mound—beneath the tree!

### Foreign Correspondence of the Flag.

LETTER NO. 5.

PARIS.

My dear Flag:

I must not fail to note a universal trait of the French people. I mean, the love of flowers evinced by rich and poor, lounger and laborer, in palace and in garret. The flower-girls of Paris have long been celebrated, far and near; and the readers of the Flag will remember, with pleasure, the story of 'Rosalette,' by Lieutenant Murray, not long since published in this paper, wherein he so beautifully chronicles the life of 'The Flower Girl of Paris.' Shut up within the dingy walls of a city, the sweet and fragrant productions of the earth have an indescribable charm for them, and the little grisette, poor as she is, has her monthly rose and pot of violets blooming in her window, and enjoys them too, as much as can her richer neighbor in the next square his hot-house, upon which he spends a thousand a year. I believe that there is a hallowing influence about these beauties of nature, that goes far to elevate and improve those devoted to their loveliness. Having the originals so almost constantly before them, the French have learned to imitate nature almost exactly, and produce the finest and most perfect artificial flowers in the world; and the manufacture and export of these graceful ornaments amounted to many thousands of dollars per annum, for the United States alone. True to their fanciful character, the French have one fault, even in the manufacture of artificial flowers—they *flatter* nature herself.

No one is allowed to beg publicly in Paris, so the poor wretch who is reduced to this necessity, procures some trifle, ever so insignificant, say a lead pencil, or half a dozen of them, and entreats you to purchase, in order to afford him the means of sustaining life. Of course, no one thinks of taking any of the poor creature's articles in return for the few sous which they toss him. In this manner a large class evade the law, and gain a livelihood. Near the door of the Opera, you find half a dozen boot-blacks with portable stools. They stand ready to black your boots, which have become soiled, if you have walked to the theatre. This is another ingenious mode of earning a few sous, and is also practised at the corners of many of the streets; and for three sous, your boots will receive a fine polish. Perhaps in a few minutes a fellow will meet you, and regretting that your hat and coat are so very dusty, will whip the one off your head, and with an expert flourish of a brush, smooth and polish it, and then with a little broom, handled with the utmost dexterity, relieve you of dust and lint at another cost of three sous! And, I have actually seen one of these street operators tell a gentleman that his collar was much soiled, and producing a portable looking-glass, inform him that he would replace it by a clean and fresh one, for half a franc! Are not these fellows fertile in expedients? Never boast of Yankee invention after learning these facts.

This morning, I visited the tomb of Lafayette, the noble and true-hearted advocate of freedom, the active champion of America, the bosom friend of Washington. Where do you think his ashes lie? At St. Denis, side by side with those of nobles and kings, or at *Père la Chaise*? In neither of these, but in a private yard, formerly belonging to a convent, but which is now converted into a boarding school, you may see the grave of the great and good Lafayette. The spot is marked only by a couple of simple slab stones, such as are common in American grave yards. A plain, unostentatious inscription, with the motto, *Requiescat in Pace*, signifies that his ashes lie here. The visit to this spot raised in my mind a peculiar train of thoughts, as you may readily imagine; but I will not enlarge upon them here. Since I wrote you about the cemetery of *Père la Chaise*, I have been there again with a party of my American friends, and experienced much pleasure from a more minute examination of the grounds. I found many graves with flowers cultivated upon them, by friends of the deceased, many with exceedingly unique designs and inscriptions upon them. That of La Fontaine, the celebrated writer of fables, is curious and appropriate. It is ornamented by two *basso relievos*, in bronze, representing the fables of the wolf and stork, and that of the wolf and the lamb, as originated by La Fontaine, himself.

I have before spoken of the large number of dogs in Paris. Every family, and often every member, especially the females, keeps a pet of this sort. The rich have a King Charles spaniel, or a petit greyhound—the poor have such as they can get. The utmost care is necessary, however, to prevent their loss; for there are organized bands of dog thieves, who make a trade of pilfering them, and selling them to the restaurateurs, who serve them up after the style of mutton chops! This is easily enough done, and with little chance of detection.

Free lectures on medicine and surgery have ever been liberally given in Paris, and students are permitted to accompany the physicians, through the numerous and admirably conducted hospitals of the city. A medical book need hardly be looked into. One gains the requisite knowledge by actual observation, a more certain mode than can be acquired from books. Americans, likewise, are particularly favored by the professors and leading physicians, and have every facility granted to them that could possibly be desired. These advantages, the great picture of life that the city of Paris affords, and the inexhaustible opportunities for improvement in art and science, render it a particularly desirable resort for Americans, who are closing their scholastic pursuits.

Early in the coming week, I shall sail from Havre for the Mediterranean, and when once fairly settled in Italy, I will resume my letters to the Flag, and with so prolific a theme as that beautiful and classically interesting country affords, I hope to forward you a series of entertaining epistles.

Adieu, M. E. D.

### America as it is.

A recent number of the Journal des Debats, at the close of a long article on the late Presidential election in this country, gives the views of the writer in the following complimentary manner:

'For the rest, never did a President come into power under happier auspices. North America enjoys a degree of prosperity higher than she has possessed since the year 1836, which was followed by a disastrous reaction. Capital is abundant in the United States. Europe, alarmed by revolutions, is sending there a part of her own. Agriculture is extending and becoming more perfect. Manufactures of all kinds are advancing with giant steps. The probability of high prices of food in England during the winter, determines the embarkation of a great deal of grain and flour at advantageous prices. Railroad enterprises are multiplying, and a railroad is beginning to be seriously talked of, of 1600 miles in length, which will unite the valley of the Mississippi to the Pacific Ocean, and which, with the communications already existing, will permit one to traverse from one part of the American continent to the other, at its greatest breadth. Happy country, flourishing republic! Here are the fruits which are gathered when the laws are respected and public morals have sufficient authority to restrain, within legal limits, the turbulent and factious minority, and the violent chiefs which exist in every country.'

[Written for the Flag of our Union.]

### The Three Star Altars.

A TWILIGHT DREAM.

BY ISABELLA S. BYRNE.

Gentle words and gentle tones
  Rung in memory's bell;
Lovely pictures, pure and bright,
  On memory's mirror fell:
Sweetest odors seemed to rise
  Like an altar sacrifice.
    Angel forms attending,
Low-toned songs of holy praise
    Gradually ascending.
Upward on the spirit's wing,
    To you pale star altar,
Trembling Hope her offerings
    Soft low prayers to falter.
Then we raise our gaze on high—
    Sounds celestial harmony
  From that bright star bloring,
Where firm Faith her organ tones
    Confidently raising;
Upward on the spirit's wing,
    By inspiration given,
Soar we to another star,
    Nearer, nearer heaven,
Where a mellow, rosy light
    Every image pure and bright,
  To the vision bringing;
Charity, with holy care,
    Round the wanderer clinging.
Raptures of pure happiness
    Fill the wanderer soaring;
Every word is but to bless,
    Every thought adoring.

Sad now beats the dreamer's heart,
    To the earth recalling;
And is waked from this bright dream
    By the teardrops falling.

*Baltimore, February, 1849.*

### Practical Jokes.

The following incident was described to us by a friend: His grown-up elder brother lodged in a side street of the new town of Edinburgh, and he himself arrived late one night on an unexpected visit to him from the country. Being known to the landlady, he was admitted at the door without question, and passed into his brother's chamber, without knowing whether or not the latter was returned from his professional engagements. However, on perceiving the gas let down, with open books on the table, and as it was not long past eleven, he set down to amuse himself with a volume, and wait his brother's coming. Half an hour had elapsed and still no appearance of him; the youth was getting weary enough of the dull medical work he was obliged to peruse, when at last he fancied he heard a low breathing through the half-opened door of the little bedroom. The thought for the first time struck him that his brother had been all the while comfortably in bed, and half provoked at his own stupidity, half at his brother's pleasant unconsciousness, he resolved with boyish recklessness to play him a trick.

Stealing into the little bedroom, through the window blind of which the moon shed a dim light, he all at once placed his hand forcibly upon the sleeper's breast, and shouted out to him in a threatening voice to rise. With one bound the young man sprang to the floor, and before the other could contrive to make himself known, there was a struggle between them, in which the former reached hold of a pistol from his dressing table. 'O, for mercy sake, Tom!' gasped out the younger, snatching aside the window-blind, as his brother, still bewildered with sleep, held him at arm's length. He said he never should forget the expression of his brother's face in the moonlight, as the fierce glare of hostility changed into recognition, and he let fall his weapon on the floor. Neither of the two could speak for sometime, but the first words the eldest said, were: 'John, you stood nearer, this night, to making me your murderer than tongue can tell. If that pistol had been primed, man, I'd never speak to you again, I think. Never, while you live, play a second trick like that on me.' Many a practical joke has had a worse ending, but the narrator confessed he never passed such another moment of emotion—not fear at all, but the thought of a thousand lightning horrors—as that in which he saw his brother's eyes just opened from sleep, meeting him like those of a mortal foe, and by his own thoughtless freak.—*Douglas Jerrold.*

### Hard upon the Shakers.

A bill has passed the lower House of the New Hampshire Legislature, which grew out of the complaints against the Shakers. It utterly destroys a man's right to his own property from the moment he joins any society organized upon the plan of the Shakers, provided he has a family, and provides against his bestowing his property upon the society in advance. His property passes into the hands of his wife, while he remains separated from her, though she cannot dispose of it; and if she joins the society, it is placed in the hands of guardians for the use of the children, if there be any. Children cannot be indentured to Shakers without the consent of the Judge of Probate of the county, and a strong penalty is affixed to the act of secreting children who may be demanded at their hands. Paupers cannot be bound out to the Shakers by selectmen of towns; and the act, which is equally rigid throughout, goes into effect from the date of its passage.

### The Fate of the 'Foreign Legion.'

BY H. G. CHIPMAN.

The morning of the fourteenth of September broke clear and calm over the dark and frowning battlements of the castle of Chapultepec. The flag of the Mexicans streamed proudly out from the ramparts, and waved in all its gorgeousness in the gentle breeze that swept along the plain. Shining bayonets and glistening sabres reflected back the sun's bright rays, and deep-mouthed cannon loomed out upon the surrounding country, threatening death and destruction to the advancing foe. On they came, filing out, column after column from the suburbs of the little village of Tacubaya, and sweeping like a destructive tornado upon the devoted ramparts. Suddenly, from the batteries of the castle, a stream of flame and smoke shot forth, and all along the lengthened line, the missiles of terror and death went hand in hand, cutting down the noble and brave, the good and generous, and strewing all in one mangled heap of gore and blood. War, in all its blasting and desolating effects, was carrying grief and misery into many a heretofore happy family, and striking down the father and husband, the son and brother, in terrible and bloody havoc, and consigning them to one common and sorrowing grave. While the faces of the wife and sister at home were, perhaps, wreathed in smiles, that of the husband and brother were writhing in the agony of death, upon a foreign soil, and breathing out life's last sigh amid the roar of cannon and the rattle of muskets. The scenes of that dreadful and fatal morn will never be forgotten. But while this was transacting around Chapultepec, another and a still more terrible scene was passing in the little town of Mixcoac, some half a mile distant from Tacubaya. At the battle of Churubusco, the deserters under Riley had been captured, and after an impartial trial, sentenced to be hung. They were known by the title of the 'Foreign Legion,' and were made up of men who had deserted the ranks of the Americans and joined the force of the enemy. The day set for their execution was the fourteenth of September: and it also happened that the attack upon Chapultepec took place the same day.

The sun had just risen, and tinged the east with his purple ray, as they were led forth to die. Thirty in number, and surrounded by a strong body of men, they advanced with slow steps towards the gallows, the muffled drum sending forth its solemn death-notes, and giving to the whole the appearance of a military funeral, rather than a public execution. They were arranged under the gallows, which was one erected for the purpose—being nothing more than two large posts set firmly in the ground, across the top of which was placed a pole of sufficient length to admit the bodies of thirty men. Beneath it the prisoners were arranged, with the noose around their necks—the other end of the rope being thrown over the pole, was grasped by three or four stout men, ready at a moment's warning to launch them into eternity. A gloomy silence pervaded the spot, and as they gazed upon the group collected there, they found no sympathizing glance in the scowling and glaring eyes which were fixed upon them. They had destroyed the last feeling of respect felt for them, when they took arms against their own countrymen. The usually dark brow of Colonel H——y, who superintended the execution, was contracted by a deep frown, and his deep gray eyes twinkled savagely in their sockets, as he galloped up to the spot, and reined in his smoking charger beside them.

'Is all ready, lieutenant?' he asked, of an officer who commanded the guard.

'Everything,' replied the officer.

'Then let them swing!' was the savage reply.

The lieutenant turned and advanced towards the prisoners, when suddenly the eye of the colonel fell upon the castle, and the deadly roar of artillery reached his ear.

'Lieutenant,' he suddenly exclaimed, with startling energy in his voice.

'Ay, sir,' replied the officer, returning.

'Have everything ready, but don't draw them up until the American flag waves out from the flag-staff of Chapultepec Castle.'

'Ay, sir, it shall be done;' and the lieutenant turned to the gallows.

'If we aint hung until that castle is taken by the Americans, we shall live a good long life yet,' sullenly exclaimed one of the prisoners under the beam.

'Then live you shall, for till the flag of our Union waves in victory over yonder castle, you shall not die,' replied Colonel H——y, sternly.

'Hurrah, boys! we'll live a long life yet. Old Bravo's the man to stick to the castle as long as there's a shot in the locker, or a man to stand by him,' replied the fellow.

All eyes were now fixed with deep intensity upon the height—and galling was the agony of suspense which they endured between the moments which elapsed during the terrible contest which was going on around the castle hill. Suddenly the flag of the Mexicans went down amid the strife, and the colonel shouted:

'There goes the enemy's banner—the castle is won.'

'And there goes the flag back again; go it, Old Bravo!' shouted another of the legion, as the Mexican flag rose to the top of the staff and waved to the breeze.

A muttered execration escaped the lips of the colonel, and each one again fixed his eyes upon the scene. The contest raged on with unabated vigor, and in a few moments the brow of the hill was hidden from sight by the dark cloud of smoke that hung around it. A half hour passed, and as a strong wind swept down the plain and lifted the smoke from off the height, the enemy's flag had again disappeared from the staff. A moment of deep anxiety followed, and then the American flag ran up the staff and floated proudly over the battlements.

'Up with them!' thundered the deep voice of the colonel; and the next moment thirty human beings were swinging in the last agonies of death from the gallows; and as they quivered in the rising sunbeams which glanced along the plain, no look of sympathy fell upon their detested features, for all considered that they richly deserved their fate.

Such, reader, was the fate of the 'Foreign Legion'—men who scorned all the attributes of nobleness and love of country which generally exist in an American bosom, left the standard of freedom, and a handful of comrades, in the heart of an enemy's country, surrounded by an overwhelming force, to lend a helping hand in destroying the brave little army which was toiling onward to death or victory. Dishonored they lived—hooted and despised, they met the traitor's doom.

### Over the Ferry.

Once in years long past and buried,
O'er the water I was ferried.
Here, on castle, rock and river,
Fell the evening shade as ever.

And beside me, in the wherry,
Two dear friends then crossed the ferry:
One, a grave and thoughtful brother,
Strong in youth and hope the other.

One toiled on, with faith before him,
And the grave closed peaceful o'er him;
While his comrade, bold, fire-hearted,
In the battle-strife departed.

So, when through the past I wander,
And on happy days would ponder,
Must I miss loved friends and cherished,
Who by Death's fell hands have perished.

This is friendship ne'er deceiving—
Soul and soul together cleaving!
Happy were those spirit-greetings,
Happy still our spirit-meetings.

Take then, boatman, thrice I owe thee,
Here this coin I offer to thee:
For unseen, with me this carried,
Two bright spirits thou hast ferried.

### Gloves.

In 790, Charlemagne granted an unlimited right of hunting to the abbot and monks of Littel, for making gloves and girdles of the skins of deer they killed, and covers for their books. Edward Vere, Earl of Oxford, first introduced from Italy to this country embroidered gloves, and perfumes. He presented queen Elizabeth with a pair, who was so pleased with them, that she wore them while her portrait was drawn. George Clifford, earl of Cumberland, received a glove from queen Elizabeth—the queen had dropped it—when he, taking it up to return it to her, she presented it to him as a mark of her esteem, and he wore it on public days.

'Jones' (a Liverpool paper) says: 'Let us be up and doing. Let every man, woman and child in these realms petition the [illegible] and the legislature to abolish all those horrid electric telegraphs, or it will soon be all up with us. Already we have had [illegible]

[illegible]

A clergyman in Scotland desired his hearers never to call one another liars, but when [illegible]

[illegible]

'My dear Tom,' said an exquisite to a brother idler, 'how do you spend the four-and-twenty hours?' 'In charity,' replied his friend. 'In charity?' 'Yes,' continued Tom, [illegible]

[illegible]

A bill was brought into parliament, by which it was directed that a penalty of £50 was to be levied for the commission of a particular offence [illegible]

[illegible]

Two interesting negro lads were standing in the streets of Charleston, gazing into the windows [illegible]

[illegible]

A French teacher, resident in Oxford, named Duncan, called upon Mr. Wickman, who lived opposite Lincoln's College, [illegible]

[illegible]

'Mrs. Sprigs, will you be helped to a small piece of the turkey?' 'Yes, my dear Mr. Wilkins, I will.' [illegible]

[illegible]

The Knickerbocker perpetrates the following: 'Why are we led to infer that David and Jonathan were intemperate men? Because David, when he went out to meet Goliath on the "field of honor," took a sling; and Joshua, previous to his attack on the walls of Jericho, "took a horn," and gave a regular blow out!'

A domestic, newly engaged, presented to her mistress, one morning, a pair of boots, the legs of one of which was much longer than the other. 'How comes it, you rascal, that these boots are not of the same length?' 'I really don't know, sir; but what bothers me the most is, that the pair down stairs are in the same fix!'

'How to make leeches bite,' is the caption of an article going the rounds of the paper. The best way we know is to put them in a [illegible]

[illegible]

It has been said that Napoleon never indulged in more than six hours' sleep. A poet has said: Nature requires five, Custom gives seven; Laziness takes nine, And Wickedness eleven.

A rogue asked charity, on pretence of being dumb. A lady having asked him with equal simplicity and humanity, how long he had been dumb, he was thrown off his guard, and answered, 'Five years, madam.' 'Poor fellow,' said the lady, as she gave him a dollar.

'We see by the Ledger,' says the Dispatch, 'that "good ol[d] bourbon can be had now at $2 per week."' [illegible]

[illegible]

If you wish to get wound upon with another [illegible]

[illegible]

Before leaving Troy, king Menelaus offered to sacrifice to [illegible]

[illegible]

'Have you seen the opera of Lucrezia Borgia?' 'No, I hear [illegible]' 'Well, at a certain part of it, all the heroes lose their mustaches.' 'Bless me! what do you do?' 'Why, they all go to the mustachios.' 'I don't see any difference!' [illegible]


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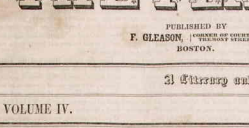
PERILOUS SITUATION OF LADY IDA. AND HER RESCUE.



*The Knight of the Silver Cross saving a Lady at the head of the mysterious Moslem.*

A SPLENDID ORIGINAL ROMANCE,

## OUR THOUSAND DOLLAR PRIZE TALE.


Entered according to Act of Congress, in the year 1849, by F. GLEASON, in the Clerk's Office of the District Court of Massachusetts.


[WRITTEN EXPRESSLY FOR THE FLAG OF OUR UNION.]

# THE KNIGHT OF THE SILVER CROSS;
## OR,
# HAFED, THE LION OF TURKESTAN.
## A TALE OF THE OTTOMAN EMPIRE.

BY EDGAR W. DAVIES, Jr.

[CONCLUDED.]

At Mustapha concluded, glittering scimitars were unsheathed, and several of the chiefs and emirs sprung forward to despatch him; but D'Arville, drawing his own weapon, placed himself in front of the prisoner, saying—

"I have procured him life, if he confessed, and he shall have it, or at St. John's my pardon, I will perish with him."

The indignant Moslems, who had often gleamed with suspicious eyes upon the dark armor of D'Arville and the glittering cross on his shoulder, now, with increased suspicion upon him, at this attempt to defend the vile Mustapha, laid their fierce hands upon him in rage, and warded off several of the blows with his sword whistling on high.

"Come! this is he who saved the princess Amlin from death—this is the gallant knight who rescued the lovers of my wife from the unfaithful globe in the hall of Princes—this is the Knight of the Silver Cross!" Ali Pasha, for such he was, called on his followers to cluster their numbers, and thy descendants shall reign for ages over a mighty empire.

Shall I continue my narrative? Am I to have the dispersal of this prisoner, and do as I please with him?"

A universal shout of assent from all present was his answer.

"Mustapha, what reward were you to have for the performance of the vile deed you have undertaken?"

"Two sacks of gold, one of which Ali promised me, to assist him, was to be our reward. One sack he sent hath concealed in his own house; the other was to be his when the deed was finished, answered Mustapha.

"And from whom was the gold to come?" asked D'Arville.

"From Hafed, the Lion of Turkestan!"

"From Hafed?" Hafed's partizan!—"From the prince of Ben Istan?" Can this be true?"

Such were the exclamations poured forth by the astonished chiefs, as the aged emir raised himself in bed, with horror in his countenance. D'Arville motioned to the ago, and all was brought below him.

"Ali, your guilt is known; concealment is now in vain. I have been eye witness to all of you, and no more. Who dared you to poison the emir?"

"Ah! do you know it? Has you poet coward told you all? Would that I had my hands free, his head should roll upon the ground," cried Ali.

"Your own will, very soon," answered D'Arville. "Who, I ask you, poisoned the emir?"

"I will not tell—but—you, I will, for he has tempted me to my destruction, and he shall perish with me. It was Hafed, the warrior chieftain of Ben Istan. It was he who urged me to slay his father, that he might reign alone; for he trusted, that when he was Padyssa, should be lead Selim, to send his soul to the regions of death."

A sign from D'Arville, and the flashing scimitars of the ages of eunuchs glanced the air—after they fixed at the chains which had dropped upon the couch of him who had poisoned.

* * * * *

The emir was dying. His head was supported by pillows, and his glazing eye looked fearfully around the grim circle of the Moslems who surrounded his couch. Upon the countenance many grimacing shades were held, and at the spot where their points met, the wan hand of the dying warrior rested. Thirsty emirs and chieftains, in whose grasp the hilts were clasped, gazed with tearful eyes, yet determined expression, upon the pale countenance of Ben Istan's sinking chief.

"Chieftains of a mighty race, sons of the Seljukide conquerors, listen to my wish.—Suwar, by the hand of the prophet, by your hopes of paradise, by the glories of Turgutlu-conquered lands, children, avenge my death, and pursue the assassins Hafed as destruction —do you live dare to the watch' and his beast to the spital of the mountains. Swear that he shall never reign in these halls—that his head shall never press these cushions, at his presence pollute my hall of judgment.'

"We swear by the beard of the prophet," was the solemn response.

Selim, my gallant son, to thee, in the presence of these chiefs, I bequeath my sabre, and call on warrior to thy aid, and thy descendants shall reign for ages over a mighty empire.

"We will, we will, by the beard of Mahomet.' "Thou shalt wield not the viceroy of the new empire—those with me, Selim and the Empire—death to the Greek—dominion to the descendants sons of Ben Istan!"

Wildly the chieftains shouted the warcry, and with their voices mingled those of D'Arville and Cressida. Thirty blades flashed brightly in the air, and clashed together upon each other in token of response, and made a fierce exclamations of the emirs, and their ardent vows of exile of satisfaction crossed the features of the aged chief, as he fell back on his pillow.

In an instant every sound ceased, and all stood motionless. A few moments more, Selim, the son of Ben Istan, the last of his race, hath become heaved not, and the fountain of life had ceased its pulsations, for the descendant of the great Genghis Khan lay cold in the sleep of death, and his kindly soul had winged its way to eternity.

## CHAPTER XVI.

*Mordec's success. The Moslem. A truce. An attack. The siege. Mursolim's bravery. Death of King Icura. Selim's service. Victory.*

THE first faint light of dawn rose over Padyssa, and showed a fearful sight; citizens stripped upon corpses, brother against brother, friend against friend. The dread horrors of civil war reigned in fearfulness, and it seemed that every wall in the city was stained with scenes of massacre would attend the completion of the immolation of the conquered. Several party, in self-defence, would be compelled to barricade hundreds of their opponents, and many to the sword. Scenes of the greatest terrors and the most gallant knights of the realm.

The sun rose over the city, but not the moonsun troops of the king had not left the shelter of the castle gateway, and till they did so, it was not possible for Everard to attack them. The division of Lord Mordec was drawn up in battle-array, in front of the castle gate, but at a safe distance, that they might be out of reach of the darts and missiles of the royal troops. This was a wise provision on the part of Everard, as there was but a single gate leading from the castle, and that rather narrow.

Not long after, however, the remnant of the imperial legion issued forth, followed by a chosen band of footmen, and when about two thousand men had passed the gate, Lord Mordec gave the signal to advance, which they did with impetuosity, and by the mere force of their overwhelming numbers drove the royalists into the castle-area, and slaughtered them without mercy. Every effort was made on the part of re-entering the narrow gateway, for the victory being almost in up not only preventing the entrance of the discomfited host, without but rendering it impossible for the rest to come out to their assistance.

In the confusion of the moment, it became an easy task for Lord Mordec to destroy or take prisoners all who had at first deployed from the arched way, and retire with but small loss, before the royalists could muster in force sufficiently to shower their missiles from the battlements. The rout of the Cretolian army, witnessing this gallant exploit, were received with loud shouts of triumph, and ere long were drawn up in the field intervening between the palace and the castle, and sent detachments to the king to come out and meet them in open fight, promising not to attack him till they were ready for battle.

The discomfited, and he has they had just experienced, the royalists were now inferior in numbers to the Cretolians by at least a thousand men, and therefore Everard was puzzled in the bold stand he had taken. For a long time the king made no move, but at last a challenge more than ordinarily insulting roused the royal ire, and in a transport of fury he gave orders to his chiefs to lead on the Cretolians. In another hour his troops had left the security of the castle, and in a body of fifteen hundred men were drawn up in the field intervening between the palace and the castle, and sent defiances

hoofs of their horses rattled over dry leaves, and the branches overhead hid the sky almost from view, so thickly did the trees of the forest, in which we now were, cluster together. Here a bed of moss was made for me, beside a huge rock, and upon the moss garments were spread, to protect me from the damp. They offered me food, but I could not eat, and laid down upon my rude couch, thinking for a long time of my strange situation, and weeping at my bitter fate. At last, fatigued by the travel of the day, and wearied with my thoughts, I dropped asleep, the robbers being gathered in a circle around to ensure my safety.

'At dawn I awoke, and found them already astir. Ere long, scouts who had been sent out returned, and gave information that the pursuers were no longer in sight, whereupon the chief gave orders to mount, and issuing from the forest, directed his course westward, in order to reach the road among the mountains, which leads down to our northern gate. Near noon of the next day we reached the foot of the range, and commenced our ascent, but here we were suddenly surrounded by thousands of Turcoman warriors, and among them I caught sight of Hafed at the instant his eye fell upon me.

'Springing forward, he caused me to be taken from my captors, and then inquired of the chief who he was. The latter replied that he was emir of a tribe beyond the Euphrates, and had just returned from a plundering expedition in the neighborhood of Palmyra. Hafed, satisfied with this explanation, was about to permit him to depart, when a young Turcoman chief rode up, and seeing the robber, cried out: "It is the robber Kasid, the renegade wretch of a Saracen, who slew my father in cold blood for crossing him in some of his desperate plans. By the beard of Mahomet, dog, demon, I will have thy life." The next minute, the young warrior's scimitar passed through Kasid's neck.

'This was the signal for the destruction of the robber-band, whose deeds, it seemed, were known to the tribes, from his desperate incursions into their caravans and travelling parties. My situation, I soon found, was not much changed for the better, as the prince Hafed became very insolent in his attentions, and each day I feared he would commit some act of violence. Two days after, we arrived before Palmyra, and his eager siege of our city left him no time to renew his persecutions, but before he commenced the first attack he gave me in charge of a dozen of his guards, and after consoling me with the assurance that when he had killed every Palmyrene he could take, and burnt the city, he would show me that it was vain to resist his charms and oppose his suit, and that in spite of my repugnance I should be the queen of his harem.

'I procured a dagger, and placed it in my bosom, resolved that he should perish beneath the arm of insulted virtue, should he persist in his villany; but for four days I remained in a state of suspense, and knew nothing of what was going on, till I saw the Moslem leaving their tents on the summit of this mountain, and marching away this morning with their whole force. Several hours elapsed, and then my guards suddenly carried me down the side of the mountain. Looking over the shoulder of him who carried me, I saw the blue plumes of the house of Cretolius, and the dark armor of the knights pursuing us. The rest you know, and how D'Arville killed the wretch who was about to cut my head off.'

'As Mahomet is my guide, I am rejoiced that his plans have been foiled. O, had I but slain him long since, these events would not have occurred, and my noble parent would still have lived,' said prince Selim.

'And had I but killed him when I struck him from his saddle in the street of palms, it would have been a happy blow, and have saved many lives,' responded D'Arville.

'Nay, noble sirs,' said Ida, 'the ways of Providence are inscrutable, and He who reigns on high, turneth the works of evil men to the blessing of the good. Everything was better as it has been, for were it otherwise, greater evils might have happened.'

'You are right, my fair daughter,' replied Lord Cretolius; and then, turning to the knight—'Brave D'Arville, you said that when Ida's story was finished, you would ask of us a boon in return for the inestimable services you have rendered us? I will grant any request, even if you seek the hand of Ida.'

'You have said rightly, my lord, I do seek the hand of Ida,' said D'Arville.

'Here then is your bride; take her, and may Heaven bless you both,' said Lord Cretolius, as he attempted to place the lady's hand in that of the knight, but she drew back suddenly, saying, in a tone of heartfelt anguish:

'No, no, no, I cannot, I cannot; O, sir knight, take pity on me; do not, my father, ask me to sacrifice myself to one, when I love another.'

'You love another?' echoed Everard, 'and whom?'

'I love—I love—' Ida stopped abruptly, afraid to proceed.

'Do not distress yourself, gentle Ida—nor you, noble Selim, look not so fierce; for, as St. John is my patron, I would not interfere to prevent your happiness,' said D'Arville. 'My Lord Cretolius, I ask not her hand for myself, but I pray thee let my services prevail in favor of a friend, who hath done double service—give your daughter to him she loves—to Selim.'

'To Selim! never, never, sooner would I see her in the—'

'Cease, Lord Cretolius, and think. Had it not been for the prince, where now would have been your fair city? Where its noble inhabitants? Where yourself?'

'I care not for that; I will never give my daughter to one who will for a time enjoy her love, and then throw her aside, broken-hearted, to mourn her blighted hopes among the cast-off beauties of a Moslem harem, I will never—'

'My lord, I have something to tell you and Everard on that subject; for the prince has confided in me the story of his love, and revealed to me his determinations. Come aside with me, and I will tell you what will astonish you. Come, if you have any gratitude towards me at all.'

D'Arville, having said this, led the reluctant noble and Everard a short distance down the side of the hill, earnestly conversing with them. Selim and the Lady Ida were thus left alone, and when an intervening clump of palm trees hid the knight and his companions from view, the prince turned his eyes towards the maiden, and gazed earnestly upon her blushing cheek, and embarrassed countenance. Once she raised her gentle eyes, but quickly dropped them again.

The prince sprang forward, and throwing himself at her feet, took her hand. She did not withdraw it, and he covered it with ardent kisses. The events of the past few weeks had changed her feelings, and she no longer looked with fear upon the scarlet dress, which had once been the terror of her people.

'Ida, Ida, I will not repeat again the story of my fondness, for you know well that I love you. But I would tell you of my resolutions. I would speak of the change that has come over my heart, and over my affairs,—and did you not bid me hope when last we met in the hall of De Montfort? Did you not bid me hope that through some change I might win your hand? Tell me, will you not be mine?'

'I know not what to say—I—you remember what I told you, respecting my ideas of the treatment due to woman, and my dislike of the Moslem customs,' said Ida, mournfully.

'Ida, dear Ida, speak not so sorrowfully. I can quiet such fears, for I tell you truly, as I adore Allah, it is the truth that I have determined, for your dear sake, never to woo another, never to fold another in my arms if you will be mine. I will adhere to the custom of the Frank; I will be governed as far as you are concerned, by the laws of your own land. My own love, I will swear this, with every solemn oath the sons of Turcomania know. I will never, never think of another, for your virtue and innocence have power to sway my heart, even though beauty should be lost; but when to these traits of character, sufficient in themselves to win my affection, you add the most excelling loveliness, I feel that life without thee would be a living death. Will you, will you not be mine?'

'Selim, how am I to know that you will do as you have said? Will you think as much of me when years have passed, as now? And will you not, after we are married, when you think yourself secure of me, will you not treat me less kindly, and perhaps break the resolutions you say you have just formed?'

'O, Ida, do not, do not doubt me thus. I love thee dearly, and will love thee forever, while my life is left me. Dear Ida, can you not trust one who loves you, and one you love?' said Selim.

'Yes, Selim, I can trust you; I believe you love me, and I am ready to resign my happiness into your care when you have promised these things, for I am sure that you will be faithful to me. I will trust you, and be—be yours.'

Ida's concluding words were uttered in a whisper, and the happy Selim caught her in his arms, and pressed his lips to hers. His happiness was too great for words, and it seemed like a dream. Suddenly a voice, the laughing voice of Everard, startled him.

'Noble prince, you are welcome to her, but you have not stopped to hear the sequel of the knight's conversation with us, ere you pressed your suit, and when you have made the vows of which D'Arville spoke, when he just informed us of your intentions, you may wed her as soon as she likes; say you not so, my father?'

'Yes, and happy am I to reward the deliverer of Palmyra, and the friend of the knight, with this inestimable treasure, this little hand which I hold in mine,' said Lord Cretolius. 'And you may thank the warm intercessions of your brave friend D'Arville, and his earnest solicitations, for this happiness, for he offers his honor as a guarantee for the truth of your promises.'

'And as Allah is my guide,' replied the prince, 'his honor will I hold as my own, and his guarantee shall never be forfeited. Noble D'Arville, I will never forget your kindness, and when my happiness is completed, I hope to be able to render yours as perfect as I know mine will be. I have a surprise in store for you which you little expect. When, noble lord, when will you give me the lovely one I seek?'

'When you have taken the vows you have promised; a few days will suffice to make every preparation. But you must remember, that you should never have her, were it not that your general reputation for virtue and honor is such as leaves no doubt in my mind that you will adhere to your resolutions. Come, now, and let us return into the city, for the king being dead, there will doubtless be some difficulty in the selection of another.'

The party now mounted their steeds, and took their way to the road, adown which they were soon moving, Lord Cretolius and the knight in advance, while behind them rode Everard and Selim on either side of Ida. Everard was the only one to speak, the lovers being too much engaged in happy thoughts to pay attention to outward events.

In the battles which had lately occurred, not only the king had perished, but his brother, the duke Cestalius, and four other lords were numbered with the slain, and none of the males of their houses being left, it became necessary for the senators and barons to choose a monarch from their own number. The discussion on the subject now ran pretty high, not only among the nobles, but all classes of the people, and the two who seemed most in favor were Lords Morden and Cretolius. The assembly of senators were called together, and the party of friends from the side of the hill, arrived just in time to hear the call of the heralds. Leaving the rescued Lady Ida in the palace of her father, among the maidens who were rejoiced to see her, they took their way to the imperial palace, and entered the senate-chamber, from which the corpses of those who fell in the civil contest had been removed, though there were still stains of blood upon the floor.

After a long debate, the assembly decided in favor of Lord Morden; five of the twenty-one nobles, and sixteen of the hundred barons were dead, and of the hundred senators left, forty decided in favor of Lord Morden, thirty in favor of Cretolius, fifteen for Lord Sicinius, and the rest were divided. This decision being made, Lord Morden rose:

'My lords, I am an old man, and will soon drop into the grave, and then you will find it necessary to make another choice, for, as you know, I have no heirs. I am the last of my race. To you who have honored me by thinking me worthy of the Palmyrene crown, I return my warmest thanks, while I refuse the gift which others covet, and I beg of you, as the greatest favor you could confer on me, to transfer your influence to the house of Cretolius. I do not wish the cares of government—'

'Nay, my lord Morden, I cannot agree with you,' replied Lord Cretolius. 'I will never consent to take the place which of right belongs to you, never. Therefore, believe me, when I tell you that I will not now accept the crown; by the banner of my house, I swear it.'

'You will not. Hear me; I also swear never to wear the crown. Even should I take it, the cares of government would soon prostrate me. Therefore, friends of Cretolius and Morden, let me recommend to you, as a fitting ruler—and I pray you arise instantly, whoever is in favor of the one I propose—I recommend the son of Lord Cretolius, Baron Everard.'

Sixty of those present instantly arose, and after a long discussion, it was decided that Everard should be king, and the Lords Cretolius, Morden, and Sicinius, a council to advise and direct him, as his ministers. The coronation ceremony was ordered to take place in a week, as in the present state of affairs it was inexpedient to leave the realm without a monarch, for the usual period of mourning—a year—his seal, according to the laws of Palmyra, not being permitted to be used by any substitute.

And now, without the city, the people were busy in burying the bodies of those who had fallen in the various conflicts, and removing the traces of battle from the palace of the late king, and the adjacent streets. The corpse of Iscora was taken from the wall, and laid in state in the senate-chamber of the palace, which was hung with black.

Two days after, with martial music, and reversed arms, ten thousand Palmyrenes marched slowly through the street of palaces. Each banner was furled, and every plume topped with black muslin of Stamboul. In the midst of this array moved a ponderous car, drawn by sixty black horses, surrounded by the nobles of the realm, and their kindred, on magnificent chargers, from each of whose helmets depended streamers of black muslin, and their sheathed scimitars were wreathed with the same fabric. Upon the car rested a marble coffin containing the body of Iscora.

Slowly and solemnly they passed along the street of palaces, and turning into the street of palms proceeded toward the western gate. Within the walls two hundred thousand men, women and children had assembled along the line of route, to witness the mournful procession, and as it passed through the gate, it entered a double line of the Moslem, whom the prince had thus drawn up in honor to his new allies.

Ascending the hill, the cortege after a while reached the spot near its summit, at which the tomb of the monarch had been erected, as was usual, some years before, and the coffin was raised from the car, and placed within the entrance. When all the troops composing the escort had passed in front, and the appropriate ceremonies had been performed, at a signal every helmet was removed from the heads of the soldiery, even the prince Selim, who had followed in the train, doing the same, and the marble coffin was deposited in the vault, the door of which was closed.

The hundred thousand human beings who had gathered from the city and the Moslem camp turned away from the solemn spot, and as they took their way down the hill, gazed in admiration on the beautiful scene before them.

Ere long no living soul remained near the tomb, and king Iscora was left alone in the silent sleep of death.

### CHAPTER XIX.

*Conclusion. Happiness triumphant.*

GLORIOUS was the day that now dawned upon Palmyra; the sun was not too warm, and the soft breezes from the mountains sighed sweetly among the lofty branches of the countless trees in the palace gardens, and fanned the cheeks and fluttered the drapery of thousands of the fair, while innumerable plumes, of every hue and color, floated beneath the banners of twenty noble houses.

Within the vast area of the palace gardens were congregated the beauty and manhood of Palmyra, to witness the ceremonies attendant on a royal coronation, and the two hundred thousand present, among whom the scarlet-dressed sons of Ben Istam were conspicuous, waited impatiently the arrival of the expected cortege. Groups were gathered here and there beneath palm trees, conversing on the astonishing changes which three weeks had witnessed, and the variety of costumes made the scene beautiful in the extreme; for beside the dark armor of the knights of St. John, appeared the gay robes of the Turcoman, or the green uniforms of De Montfort's troop, and mingling with these grim warriors were the differently clad retainers of the nobles of Palmyra, and their tastily arrayed wives and daughters.

At last the sound of martial music broke on the ears of the assembled multitudes, and through the gates appeared the van of the cortege, Lord Morden's chosen chevaliers. Passing on, they made the circuit of the gardens, the crowds of spectators pressing around the line of march, to catch a glimpse of their future monarch, Everard, who rode in the midst of the nobles and barons of the realm, escorted by the blue-plumed legion of Cretolius.

Loudly rang the cries of the people, as the party paused before the magnificent throne, placed on a vast balcony erected for the purpose, on an elevated position against the palace, whence all could see the ceremony. Dismounting, the party of leaders ascended, and as the herald of the king raised his trumpet to his lips, silence fell upon all, and every busy tongue was stilled.

'Hear ye, one and all, Palmyra's sons, hear! It has been decided, by the senators of the realm in council convened, that as King Iscora hath passed from earth, and this state is without a legal head in these troubled times, therefore that it were better that we have a ruler. The choice, in solemn conclave, hath fallen upon Everard, son of Lord Cretolius. Keep silence, then, and bear witness to the acts this day performed.'

The men of piety, the ministers of the church, advanced, and performed their solemn vocations. These being concluded, the baron Everard was led to the throne, and while the nobles, with naked scimitars, stood around, the bishop of Palmyra placed upon his head the crown of the realm; the air rang with shouts of 'A thousand years to our youthful ruler!' 'Hail to Everard, king of Palmyra!' and the waving of ladies' kerchiefs seemed like countless doves of merry white settling down upon the gardens.

One by one the nobles stood before the throne, and giving their weapons to the new monarch, pressed their lips to the blade, and while he held the hilt vowed allegiance to his rule, swearing to maintain his righteous government. Lastly, the guests, D'Arville, De Montfort, and Selim, followed by the seven emirs of the Turcoman army, and the chief commanders of the different divisions of the Palmyrene legions and their pretors, greeted King Everard, and wished him a prosperous and happy reign.

The monarch and his suite then withdrew and entered the palace to partake of the luxuries provided for the occasion, and while coin of small value were scattered freely among the people, they slowly dispersed to their homes.

* * * * * *

Again within the royal hall of Palmyra resounded the dulcet notes of music, and again the thousand burners that illumined the magnificent scene, threw their light on sparkling jewels and gleaming arms. A hundred nobles were there in their rich costumes, and all the higher families of the realm had sent their representatives. Beauty again ruled the hour, and bright eyes bewitched adoring suitors' hearts.

But not as before did they assemble, merely to pass a pleasant evening. The noble Selim had taken the prescribed vows to adhere to the customs of the Christian in respect to the marriage laws, and now, at the foot of the throne on which sat King Everard, stood the bishop of Palmyra, gazing upon the eager countenance of the Turcoman prince. Advancing from the group of nobles, while the expectant throng of the fair and brave stood around, Lord Cretolius, holding the hand of the blushing Ida in his, at a sign from the bishop, spoke:

'Selim, prince of the tribe of Ben Istam, confiding in the promises you have made, and accepting the guarantee for your honorable performance of them offered by the noble Knight of the Silver Cross here beside me, I am about to surrender into your keeping the dearest jewel of my heart, my gentle daughter Ida, the pride and joy of the ancient house of Cretolius. That she loves you truly, I know, but whether she loves too well, your future conduct will prove; that you love her has been evinced by your generous conduct, and the course of feeling that has changed a dreaded foe to a trusted friend and benefactor, and reconciled two nations long at enmity. Take her, and may you pass with her a life of peace and happiness.'

The noble placed her hand in that of Selim, who, gazing on her fondly, imprinted a kiss on her lips, and replied:

'Lord Cretolius, I accept this dear hand, and as Allah is my guide, I will protect my sweet Ida from every danger, and having the inestimable treasure of a loving heart, that priceless gem, a woman's pure devotion, I shall never stray from her side to seek another. You have addressed me as Selim, prince of Ben Istam, but here, in the presence of the seven great emirs of Turcomania, of the hundred tribes of the Seljukides, and of the assembled noblesse of this realm, let it be known, that by the voices of the Turkish chieftains, I am no longer Selim, prince of a single tribe, but Othman Selim, founder and sultan of the Turkish empire. Let those who own my sway salute their sovereign!'

An hundred and fifty voices pealed forth the cry, 'Hail to Othman I, sultan of Iconium and Turcomania!' and the turbans of a hundred and fifty chieftains were thrown upon the floor, at the feet of the new emperor. The bridal ceremony was then performed, and at its conclusion, the chieftains again shouted, in concert with all present:

'Hail to Ida, the peerless sultana of the Othman Empire!'

The sultan led his bride to the group of noble maidens, who attended as bridesmaids, and returning to the foot of the throne, addressed the assembled noblesse:

'King and nobles of Palmyra, and you my chieftains, I pray you give heed to the tale I shall relate, for to it will come a thrilling sequel. My father on his death-bed told me the story, and gave in my charge the one whom I shall soon introduce to you. His tale was thus:

'Long years ago, a troop of our tribe, flying from a fierce incursion of a dreaded foe, came southward, and for a long time were absent. The third week after their departure they returned, one half their number having perished during their absence, bringing with them a number of female prisoners, and a small quantity of spoil. My father, in looking over their captives, had his heart touched by the tears of a beautiful woman, and the innocence of a lovely little girl whom she held folded to her bosom.

'On inquiring into their history, he resolved to purchase them, and as his favorite sultana had just lost, by death, a daughter of the same age, the little captive was given to her as a consolation, and brought up in the harem, her mother being allowed to have the care of her education. My father was a man of warm feelings, as many of you know, and contrary to our usual custom, permitted the parent to train her in the faith of her Christian fathers.

'She was brought up in the harem of the princess Azalie, to whom she was more than a sister. My father, in dying, gave her in my charge, and told me the name of her parent, which was Azilla. The gallant knight D'Arville, as you know, vowed to restore the wife and daughter of the maniac, Marontius, to him, and now I am ready to reward the knight for his services to me; for it was he who brought to light the assassins of my lamented father, it was he who traced the origin of the crime to my brother Hafed, and he it was, who, in the late battle, smote the parricide from his horse, and sent his guilty soul to Eblis.

'And now, brave D'Arville, I will give you the pleasure I promised. One of those Saracen maidens yonder, is the daughter of Marontius, and her mother, Azilla, is the dame who now advances.'

As the sultan spoke, a veiled lady approached, and gave her hand to the knight. At the same moment Selim Othman took the hand of one of a group of maidens, who stood aside, all veiled, and robed alike in plain costumes, and placed her beside the veiled lady.

'Now, I thank heaven,' cried D'Arville, 'that my adventure hath terminated thus successfully. I am rejoiced that now I shall be able to restore the lady and her daughter to the bereaved parent and husband, and for this moment of success, as St. John is my guide, I would relinquish the honors of knighthood. But two things are now necessary to make my happiness complete, one is the presence of Marontius, and the other—'

'Then by the beard of Mahomet,' cried Selim, 'I can remove one cause of your unhappiness, for as I have prepared this surprise for you, I have also taken care that it shall have a fitting conclusion. Guards! open, and admit him whom I gave into thy charge a few hours since!'

At this mandate, a number of retainers of the house of Cretolius, who stood before a side door, opened it, and the maniac, Marontius, bounded to the open space before the throne, in the sight of all the wondering assembly. In place of the armor which he wore a week before, or the skin of a wild beast wherewith he was wont to cover himself, appeared a neat dress of fine stuff; his face, which for fifteen years had not been touched by aught save the tempests of winter, was clean; his beard and hair had been partly shorn, so that D'Arville was hardly able to distinguish, in the noble form before him, the savage giant who dragged him from his horse, on the moonlit night when Palmyra first met his sight, and he overtook Lord Cretolius in the western road.

'Where are they,' cried Marontius, 'where are they, O tell me, where? They told me, who brought me hither, they told me, who placed upon me these garments, and clipped the locks from my head, they told me I should see them again! O, in pity, where is my Azilla, where is she? Will no one tell me? Where is the wife of my heart? And you, noble knight, they said you would bring her back to me, will you also keep silence? And these Saracens, they said, had brought her to you! O, I have cursed their race, I have sworn to bathe my hands in their blood; but now they have returned her hither, and I will bless them, I will—O, tell me, where is she? 'Lady, lady,' continued he, addressing the trembling dame who stood beside D'Arville, 'you weep, you sob—do you know where she is? Ha! great Heaven! that sigh, that sigh, I remember it of old! It was so Azilla sighed when her cruel father bade us meet no more! Lady, in mercy lift the veil, and—'

'Artania, my early love,' cried the lady, tearing off her veil, and rushing into the arms of Marontius, 'my long-parted husband, my own, my own!'

One moment the maniac gazed on the face of his Azilla, and then, with one wild shriek of mingled emotion, fell back senseless upon the floor.

'My husband, awake from your trance—you are not dead. O, my heart, and is this to be the fate of him who—is this to be the end of all my hopes? O, bitter disappointment! let me die with him I love!'

The Lady Azilla threw herself on the form of Marontius, and sobbed as if her heart would break. The veiled maiden who stood near D'Arville, knelt beside the Lady Azilla, and as their tears together flowed, there was scarcely a dry eye in the hall.

'Mother, dear mother, weep not! I am left to thee! See, he is not dead, for the blood beats in his temples, and his bosom heaveth! O, sirs, lift him gently,' continued she, to those who raised him partly from the floor, 'or he may yet perish!'

Two of the guards held his head and shoulders on their knees, and an anxious group gathered around to witness the effect of the attempts made to revive Marontius. The lady and the maiden knelt with clasped hands, gazing into the face of the prostrate man, and over the snowy shoulders of the latter fell her glossy ringlets, which had escaped from their confinement, for she had torn her veil aside that she might the better look at him whom she now knew was her father.

The astonished D'Arville had no eyes for any but her, for he saw that the maiden was no other than the Turcoman princess, Azalie. The resemblance between her name and that of her mother, Azilla, now struck him forcibly, and he wondered how it was he had not before suspected the truth.

'Raise him, and bear him to the ante-room,' said King Everard, 'and you, fair lady, I pray you accompany him, and see if your presence will aid in his restoration. Let every care be taken of him, and all proper means be used for his restoration.'

The attendants lifted the prostrate form from the floor, and conveyed him to a couch in the ante-room, followed by the Lady Azilla and the princess Azalie, with their maidens and grooms. The door of the ante-room was shut, and Marontius was left in care of his wife and child.

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'Where is the noble chevalier who restored to me my wife and daughter? Let me see him, that I may call down upon his head happiness, and rejoice in showering upon him my gratitude for the benefits he has conferred on me?'

All within the festive hall turned in surprise, and looked in the direction whence the sound proceeded, and there, just appearing through the open door of the ante-room, they saw the form of him whom they had seen carried out insensible an hour before. Astonishment seized on all, and they gazed in wonder, half-doubting whether this appearance of sanity was not transitory, for no longer in the maniac's eye gleamed the glare of madness, but in its place appeared the calm glance of reason, and as he strode up the hall they saw that he no longer moved with wild rapidity, but stepped firmly in the steadiness of self-possession.

'Great Heaven,' cried the knight, 'and have my efforts been thus blessed in the end! O, I thank thee, great Power above, that thou hast nerved my heart to prosecute my first intention, and through thy providence hath brought my vow to a successful issue. I thank thee that I have thus been enabled to rescue a soul from the dark oblivion of despairing madness, and restore to their homes the fair ones who were torn thence by violence.'

'And is it you, noble knight, is it you to whom I am indebted for these blessings? How, O, how can I ever repay you?'

As the lord of Marontius and Artanius said this he took the hand of D'Arville, and gazed into his eyes with grateful look, while the Lady Azilla, throwing herself on the bosom of the knight, cried:

'Brave champion of the oppressed, chivalric knight, to Heaven I return my thanks, that giveth me the opportunity to express to you the fervent gratitude I feel. You have restored me to the dear husband of my youth, you have given a father back to the orphaned daughter, and re-united the sweet ties which bound together a family. O, I think that nothing I can give would be too great a sacrifice for me, that I might recompense your kindness. Will you not give us an opportunity of showing our gratitude, will you not allow us to repay some of that debt we owe you, and return the obligations you have showered upon my husband, my daughter, and myself?'

'Yes, brave D'Arville, for they tell me that is your name,' said Marontius, 'ask of me a boon, I pray you, and I care not what you seek, your request shall be granted to the uttermost that lies in my power.'

The knight's heart beat wildly with emotion, and the gush of his feelings so overpowered him, that he found himself unable to articulate a single sentence. His tearful eye, however, rested wistfully upon the form of the timid Azalie, who stood a few feet distant, trembling, and though her veil hid from sight her features, yet D'Arville imagined he could divine her thoughts. As soon as he could speak, he said:

'There is but one boon I ask of you, and that, at this moment of restoration, it would be cruel to take. Yet my own happiness demands that I should speak, for I love with the whole strength of my heart, and without this dear being to share my joys, I will be forever joyless; without the happiness of her dear presence, I will be forever unhappy.'

As the knight said this, he advanced and took the hand of Azalie, pressing it respectfully to his lips.

'This is happiness upon happiness,' said Marontius; 'for I shall be proud to own as a son-in-law one who has so gallantly conducted himself, and whose heart throbs with such generosity and kindness. O, what pleasure is mine. It seems as if Heaven had ordained that the joy of a life should be crowded into this single evening, to recompense me for the bereavement and desolation of spirit which have been my lot for fifteen long years—for this they tell me hath been the period during which my mind hath wandered. Take her, brave D'Arville, and through many a passing year mayst thou have continually increasing happiness. Heaven's blessing rest upon you both.'

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Again before the royal throne gathered a bridal party; the groom was the gallant Knight of the Silver Cross, the bride, the lovely Azalie. At the side of the former stood the sultan Othman, as groomsman, attended by three of his princes, and a number of young Palmyrene nobles; beside Azalie was her bridesmaid, Othman's beautiful spouse, the peerless Ida, and in her suite a train of noble maidens.

The lord of Marontius and Artanius gave away the bride with a fitting address, in the presence of the vast assemblage of Turcoman emirs, and princes, and Palmyrene nobles, and the bishop performed the pleasing service. On the throne sat King Everard in his robes of state, and in his right hand rested the sceptre of the realm, while on either side stood Lords Cretolius, Morden, Sicinius, and three other aged nobles, in the capacity of ministers.

'My own dear Azalie, this hand which you have now given me, and the heart which was long since mine, are more than sufficient to repay me for any dangers I may have incurred in the fulfilment of my vow. Heaven and St. John, I am but too happy, and since you desire it, I will henceforth devote myself to the joyful task of securing your felicity.'

As the knight said this, he saluted his beautiful wife, who, looking timidly up into his face, softly whispered:

'Did I not tell you, in the palace of Iconium, that when you had restored the lost Azilla to her husband, you should be rewarded with the hand of Azalie, the princess of Ben Istam? Little thought you, then, my own brave husband, that Azilla was watching your movements there, and that the page who whispered to you was no other than herself in disguise; and little did you imagine when you wooed on the eve the eunuchs took you prisoner, that your Azalie was the daughter of Azilla.'

She ceased and leaned her happy head upon his bosom, while the young nobles and maidens in attendance, many of whom were betrothed lovers, looked at each other with smiling faces, as they thought of the time when their own felicity should be secured, and many were the bridal parties that graced the same altar ere a year had passed.

King Everard rose from his throne, and descending, bade the knight kneel; touching the lips of D'Arville with his sceptre, he said:

'Arise, Percy D'Arville, Knight of the Silver Cross, arise, no longer a baronet, but as Percy, Lord D'Arville, and Duke of the Realm. That thou mayest not lack for power to sustain thy lordly name, we confer on thee, with the approbation of our council, the dukedom of the late Duke Cestalius, and give to thee the command of the newly raised imperial legion!'

Loud cries of applause rent the air, and bright eyes sparkled with pleasure. Around Lord Percy D'Arville crowded the nobles of Palmyra to offer him the hand of fellowship, and to welcome him as one of their number, while the Lady Azalie and the Sultana Ida retired to the side of the hall to receive the greetings of Palmyra's fair daughters.

Soft music swelled through the air, and its cadences fell on the ears of a delighted throng. Soft breezes came in at the windows and fluttered the drapery of beauteous dames, and from the jewels that decorated the necks and bosoms of gentle maidens, the golden rays of a setting sun were reflected back in radiant splendor.

[Written for The Flag of our Union.]

## The Noble Mechanic.

A TRIBUTE TO THE LATE N. P. AMES OF CABOTVILLE.

BY MRS. L. H. SIGOURNEY.

Amid the clang of forges, and the flame
From stricken anvils, full of ardor, wrought
A bright-eyed boy. His hand was hard with toil,
Yet his clear mind o'er fields of thought ranged wide,
Gathering the fruits of knowledge, and sphere
By that nobility whose title rests
Not on escutcheons, or a worn-out name,
But honest, earnest labor.
Boyhood changed
To manly beauty, and I saw him tread
In foreign climes. Amid the Louvre's pride,
The storied haunts of Albion's glorious isle,
The strange enchantments of the castled Rhine,
And all the pomp wherein the royalty
Of the Old World doth wrap itself, he moved,
Undazzled and undaunted, simply bent
On the first purpose of utility,
And in those unobtrusive virtues strong
That make republics prosperous. Yet free
Flowed nature's gentler current—for right deeds
Do nourish right affections, and I marked
The tear escaping from his manly eye
At mention of the mother who had trained
His infancy for heaven—and whose white locks,
Serenely tending towards a lonely couch,
Were bright with deathless hope.
And thus he kept
His course unswerving, with an upright aim,
Giving to industry its highest crown
Of pure example. Energy untired,
And grace of manner, and a liberal zeal,
Counting all men as brethren, put to shame
That selfish indolence, with folded hands,
Cumbering God's busy world.
But fell disease
Came darkly on his frame,—the vigorous frame
Grew languid, while the soul looked fearless forth,
With faith undimmed, till to his narrow home
The weepers slowly followed.
So farewell,
Patriot and Christian! Hands and hearts like thine,
Trace a fair record, both for earth and heaven.

## A Somnambulist.

Dr. Kendall, in one of his letters from Paris to the Picayune, says the following anecdote was published a day or two since in the Droit, and the editor believes that the particulars are precisely as set forth. It is about as impudent a case of swindling as has lately been heard of. The story goes on in this wise:

'Madame Eugenie F——, a well known author of several romances, recently ordered her domestic to bring out her carriage. Whilst the coachman was waiting at the door he was accosted by a friend, and went with him to take a glass in the neighboring wine-shop. Instead of one he took several, and, on his return, found to his great mortification that some one had run away with the vehicle. Madame F—— immediately went to the commissary of police to complain of the robbery, and he promised to spare no efforts to detect the thief. Madame F——, notwithstanding all her confidence in the police, deemed it well to seek the assistance of a magnetiser, who possesses a male "subject," endowed, it is said, with extraordinary faculties. Placed in communication with the somnambulist, the latter told her, in answer to her questions, that if she would go to the Bois de Boulogne the next day at 12 o'clock, she would find, in a place he indicated, her vehicle and the man who stole it. Thinking this communication a very extraordinary one, Madame F—— consulted the commissary of police. He advised her to go, and promised to have her followed by some of his agents. At the time mentioned next day Madame F—— was in the specified place in the Bois de Boulogne, and exactly as the watch marked twelve she saw the vehicle advancing down an alley towards her! Her astonishment was great, but it became still greater when she saw that the person driving the carriage was no other than the somnambulist who had told her where to find it! Madame F—— stopped him, and questioned him as to how he had procured the vehicle. He replied in a very unsatisfactory manner, and was about to proceed on his way when the agents came forward and arrested him. Before the commissary of police, the young man, who is very elegant, said that he could not tell how he happened to be in possession of the carriage, but he supposed that, after a sitting of somnambulism, his magnetiser had allowed him to go out before he was thoroughly awakened, and, as he was consequently not in possession of all his faculties, he must have entered the vehicle and driven home. Notwithstanding this explanation, the vehicle taking somnambulist was taken to the prefecture of police.'

The Greek philosopher thought the highest wisdom was self-knowledge. There are plenty of people in this world who know their inability to take care of themselves, but few are wise enough to confess it.

[Written for The Flag of our Union.]

## TAKING THE STARCH OUT OF 'EM!

A COLD WATER SKETCH.

BY THE YOUNG 'UN.

A knot of idlers stood upon the end of a pier which ran out into the Hudson River, in one of the small towns near Albany, a few days ago, amusing themselves with hurling stones into the broad stream, each vieing with his neighbor in the endeavor to pitch a missile at the farthest distance from the shore, when a tall, rugged-built Vermonter, direct from the Green Hills, suddenly made his appearance in their midst, and for awhile remained a quiet observer of their movements.

He was a brawny, strong-looking Yankee, and was very decently clad. The efforts of the little party had been exhibited over and over again, when the stranger quietly picked up half a brick which lay near him, and giving it a jerk, it fell in the water a long way beyond the line which had as yet been reached by the foremost of the crowd. At the conclusion of this feat, a loud 'bravo!' went up from half a dozen voices around him.

It was a cold, clear day in October, and the men, determined not to be outdone, renewed their attempts; but the Vermonter, without saying a syllable to any one, continued to pitch the pebbles far out into the stream, which seemed to annoy one of them in a green jacket, the apparent leader of the gang, who declared he wouldn't be beaten by a 'feller right strait out o' the woods, no how;' and sidling up to the stranger, he determined to make his acquaintance.

'Where do you come from, neighbor?' inquired the other.

'*Me?* Wal, I hails from Varmount, jes' naow, friend.'

'Haint been in these parts long, I reck'n.'

'Wal—no. Not edzackly, gere—but up and daown, sorter.'

'Yis—so I 'sposed.'

'Yaas,' continued the green 'un, carelessly, and seizing a big billet of wood, he twirled it over his head, and it landed several rods from the shore, in the water.

'You've a little strength in your arms, neighbor.'

'Some "pum'kins" — is them flippers, stranger. Up in aour taown, more'n a month ago, I driv them are knuckles rite strut thru a board, more'n a ninch'nuff thick!'

'Haw—haw!' shouted his hearers, the man in the green jacket laughing loudest.

'May be you don't b'lieve it.'

'Not much,' answered the crowd.

'We aint *very* green, down here in York—*we* aint,' said the fellow in the green jacket; 'we've been about, you see.'

'Wal, jes yeu look yere, friend,' continued the Vermonter, in the most plausible manner; 'up in aour caounty, we've a purty big river, considerin'—Inyun River, it's called, and may be you've hearn on it. Wal, I hove a man clean across that river t'other day, and he came daown fair and square on t'other side!'

'Ha, ha, *ha!*' yelled his auditors.

'Wal, naow, you may laff, but I kin deu it agin.'

'Do what?' said the green-jacket, quickly.

'I kin take and heave you across that river yender, jest like open and shet!'

'Bet you ten dollars of it.'

'Done!' said the Yankee; and drawing forth an X (upon a broken down-east bank!) he covered the bragger's shinplaster.

'Kin yeu swim, feller?'

'Like a duck,' said green-jacket—and without further parley, the Vermonter seized the knowing Yorker stoutly by the nape of the neck and the seat of his pants, jerked him from his foothold, and with an almost superhuman effort, dashed the bully heels over head, from the end of the dock—some ten yards out into the Hudson River.

A terrific shout rang through the crowd, as he floundered into the water, and, amidst the jeers and screams of his companions, the ducked bully put back to the shore and scrambled up the bank, half frozen by this sudden and involuntary cold bath.

'I'll take that ten-spot, if you please,' said the shivering loafer, advancing rapidly to the stakeholder. 'You took us for green-horns, eh? We'll show you how *we* do things down here in York'—and the fellow claimed the twenty dollars.

'Wal, I reck'n you wunt take no ten-spots jes' yit, cap'n.'

'Why? You've lost the bet.'

'Not edzactly. I didn't calkilate on deuin' it *the fust time*—but I tell yeu, I kin *deu* it.'—and again, in spite of the loafer's utmost efforts to escape him, he seized him by the scruff and the seat of his over-alls, and pitched him three yards farther into the river than upon the first trial!

Again the bully returned, amid the shouts of his mates, who enjoyed the sport immensely.

'Third time never fails,' said the Yankee, stripping off his coat; I kin *deu* it, I tell ye.'

'Hold on!' said the almost petrified victim—

'And I *will* deu it—*ef I try till to-morrer mornin'.*'

'I give it up!' shouted the sufferer, between his teeth, which now chattered like a mad badger's—'take the money.'

The Vermonter very coolly pocketed the ten-spot, and as he turned away, remarked:

'We aint much acquainted with you smart folks daourn here'n York, but we sometimes "take the starch aout of 'em" up our way—and p'raps you wunt try it on to strangers agin. I *reck'n* you wunt,' he continued, and putting on a broad grin of good humor, he left the company to their reflections!

## Anecdote of Duelling.

In Japan, instead of fighting duels, the parties endeavor to show their valor *by committing suicide*. It is related that two officers of the emperor's household, meeting on the stairs, their sabres happened to tangle: words arose, one imputed it to accident, adding, that the quarrel was between two swords, and that one was as good as the other. 'We shall see about that,' replied the other, and instantly plunged his weapon into his own heart. The other, impatient to show his courage, ran up, waited upon the emperor, and returned, saying he was sorry to let the other get the start of him, and threw himself on his sword: thus proving that one sword was as good as the other.

## The American Flag.

When the flag of our Union was first unfurled from its staff in Tampico, an aged Spaniard was heard inveighing, with lugubrious earnestness, against the pertinacity with which that flag had pursued his fortunes. In broken English he exclaimed: 'I was de Spanish consul in de Louisiane when dat flag wave over me dere. I live den in de Texas, but dat flag follow me dere. Says I, by the holy virgin, I go where dat flag never come. I come to Tampico, but here is dat flag again.' And the old man wept as he turned his eyes from that flag, which, like his evil genius, had haunted him through life, and was now mocking his heartfelt misery.

## Foreign Correspondence of the Flag.

### LETTER NO. 6.

FLORENCE, Italy.

MY DEAR FLAG:

A sail up the Mediterranean to Leghorn gave me a delightful impression of this great midland sea. Every association connected with it is so classical and romantic, that I felt almost oppressed with the weight of interest that I experienced as we rounded the headlands of Corsica, and bore away to the north for Leghorn. Unrivalled waters, with thy boundary of Alps and Apennines, thy smiling coast, dotted here and there by watch-towers, and now by a volcano! Thy bosom teeming with the picturesque crafts peculiar to these seas, and every surrounding object combining to add interest and beauty to the ever-varying picture.

Here the bloody Moors and the Turkish corsairs for years maintained their supremacy, until driven hence by the stronger powers of Europe, who only gained possession to make these waters the scene of contest and bloodshed on an extended scale. We had a strong head wind after tacking to the north, and, spite of good seamanship, we drifted southerly. To tell the truth, I could not regret it, for it gave us a distinct view of the Island of Elba, or Napoleon's Isle, as the seamen call it. Putting the ship's head to the east, the captain run in towards the coast, and taking a land breeze off the Tuscan shore, made an easy run up to Leghorn, where I first put my foot on Italian soil. The same evening I arrived at Florence, the poetical and lovely capital of Tuscany, and from whence I am writing you this epistle.

FLORENCE—I love to write the name—so beautiful in its belongings is this proud daughter of Italy. Rich in architectural beauty, crowded with magnificent churches and palaces, situated at the very foot of the cloud-topped Apennines, and divided in its midst by the lovely Arno in its course from the mountains to the sea. The poetical genius of all vine-clad Italy is nowhere more conspicuous than in Florence, the favorite home of the artist, and his best schools, where nature and art combine to prompt the imagination and the ideal.

The two finest museums of art, doubtless in the world, are those of the Pitti Palace and the Gallery Imperial in this city. I have passed hours of entranced pleasure in both already, and not yet three weeks in Florence. In the Imperial Gallery is the original of the far-famed Venus de Medicis—the most delicate, truthful, and expressive female figure that the art of man can create. To an American eye there are some statues and many paintings that are perhaps objectionable, from their being destitute of drapery, but one learns to look upon a rude figure without a blush, when its artistic merit prevents an unchaste thought. In France, these pictures appear to be executed to minister to depravity and a vitiated taste; in Italy, they seem to breathe the atmosphere of art, and that hallows them. Beyond all have I been absorbed in the study of the glorious old paintings that overhang the walls of the churches in all parts of the city. Such a wealth of artistic merit! O, that I could take your readers by the hand along these solemn old aisles!

There are always more or less American artists here, and the very cheap rate at which one can live handsomely in Florence, makes it an object to come abroad, if only to pass a vacation in this city. Though the Italians are an oppressed and indigent people, still the humblest of them have an ennobling appreciation of art in their character. They seem to lead a dreamy, indolent life, but find enough and to spare for the necessities of life. The mountaineers who come down from the country to bring produce, look for all the world, with their fancifully-wrought velvet jackets and leggins, like our established idea of the accomplished banditti. Indeed, the fellows do not hesitate to cut a throat now and then to possess themselves of a purse, but the highwaymen of the Italian States have gradually passed away before the advance of a firmer and more settled condition of government, though the difficulties over all Europe have not been without their effect here; and the traveller who is not cautious as to moving in company with a goodly number, or who borrows of the night to gain time, is not unfrequently saluted by the muzzle of a carbine thrust in at his carriage window, with a prompt demand for his money and valuables.

An Englishman at our hotel, who has just made the long overland journey from Naples by the way of Rome, tells us that he has been twice attacked within the last fortnight—once he succeeded with the aid of a companion in beating off the robbers. The second time, overcome by numbers, both lost their watches, but having been too cautious to travel with much money, they got off without further loss.

One of the principal objects of interest is the church of Santa Croce, one of the oldest, if not the oldest, in Italy, and visited by all foreigners on account of the illustrious dead whose ashes lie here. It is a plain, unfinished-looking affair exteriorly, but on entering its doors, all else is forgotten in the contemplation of the illustrious names that are engraven upon the tombs. There are Michael Angelo, Alfieri, Machiavelli, and Galileo. What a combination of illustrious names to repose together in the sleep of death. There are other statues, busts, and many noble old-fashioned paintings here, each one in itself ample study for many days' examination, and artists improve them in this manner. I saw a young American sitting before the figure of Dante, perfectly absorbed in contemplation, nor did he move from his place while our party were in the church, a period of nearly three hours.

Just back of the Pitti Palace there is one of the most beautiful gardens in all Italy, called by the Florentines the Boboli Gardens. They are thrown open three times a week, when they are thronged by the beauty and fashion of Florence. The almost innumerable variety of plants, shrubbery and flowers—the endless number of charming walks and avenues—the delightful groves of Italian pines and oaks, dotted here and there with glorious specimens of statuary, by Michael Angelo and others, render it in short a perfect rural paradise.

I had wandered here until purposely lost, and then climbed to the beautiful summit of the hill-side to overlook the lovely city and the glowing Val d'Arno. But here I am at the end of my sheet, and so for the present

Adieu, M. E. D.

## A Rich Cake.

At a fair given in Rochester, New York, on Christmas, was a cake eleven feet high. Scattered through the rich mass were a diamond ring, a pearl ring, a ruby ring, two gold pencils, a gold toothpick, a dozen fine gold rings and a set of diminutive tea spoons, in all worth fifty-four dollars; and he or she who was lucky enough to get a slice with a prize in it, became the proprietor of the hidden treasure. A spade of solid silver, made for the occasion, was to be used in cutting up and serving out the cake.

# THE FLAG OF OUR UNION.

## THE FLAG OF OUR UNION

F. GLEASON, PROPRIETOR.

M. M. BALLOU, EDITOR.

☞ The terms of The Flag of our Union are $2 00 per annum, invariably in advance. The paper is always discontinued at the expiration of the time paid for.—See imprint on the last page.

☞ All communications designed for publication in the paper, must be post paid, and addressed to F. Gleason, Boston, Mass., Proprietor of The Flag of our Union.

### To our Correspondents.

'A New Pleasure,' a prose sketch, from our valued contributor, T. S. Arthur, next week.

'Kind Words,' a poem, by the Green Mountain Bard, accepted.

'Fishing vs. Berrying,' a prose sketch, declined.

'The Smugglers,' a poem, by the editor, next week.

'Ecceleham,' and 'The Age of Reason,' declined.

'A Mourner's Prayer,' by Mrs. E. R. B. Waldo, filed for insertion.

'Stanzas to ——,' a poem, by our regular contributor, Mrs. Emma C. Embury, shall appear next week.

'The Inebriate's Wife,' not quite up to our standard.

'Printer's Ode,' by our regular contributor, Augustine J. H. Duganne, is filed for insertion.

'Lines for an Album,' by H. Bird, accepted.

'To Melancholy,' by Austin Jones, next week.

'The Unexpected Declaration,' a poem, next week.

'Lines to a Worm,' accepted.

'Foreign Correspondence, No 7, a letter from our talented correspondent, dated at Florence, Italy, in our next.

'Brown vs. Payne,' too long a poem for us.

'Nina Galletti, or The Poisoned Chalice, by our regular contributor, Geo. P. Burnham, shall appear next week.

☞ No poems or other articles will be received for this paper, unless accompanied by an authentic name.

### True Religion.

If upright people would but make their goodness agreeable, and smile instead of frowning, in their virtue, how many would be won by their example to a good cause. The fact is, religion is rendered repulsive by the manner in which it is laid before the people by those fallacious reasoners who picture God's wrath, and rarely allude to his fatherly affection. People listen, and are filled with awful forebodings, and sorrow overcasts their souls; whereas the doctrine of Christ should be represented in its appropriate dress, the livery of joy and peace; and from the principles of fatherly love and kindness, should be gathered the strongest motives for humility, gratitude and obedience. The spirit of man is naturally rebellious, and the true way to cleanse the hardened heart is to inundate it with a deluge of love, the only weapon of Omnipotence. Reason with the sinner, and he will meet you with subtle argument; threaten him, and he will meet you blow for blow; against future interest he adroitly balances present pleasure. The human heart rises against severity, while it is soothed by gentleness, as the waves of the ocean rise in proportion to the violence of the winds, and sink with the breeze, until it becomes a gentle zephyr, into mildness and serenity. Was it not Fenelon who said: 'True piety has in it nothing weak, nothing sad, nothing constrained. It enlarges the heart, it is simple, free, and attractive.'

Let us pause, then, before we consent to listen to those who would make it appear otherwise. Believe us, nothing unpleasant belongs to true religion, though some spiritual cooks have done their best to render it unsavory. Some people seem to think that parade and show are indispensable accompaniments to religious worship, and thus bedeck their temples and establish elaborate ceremony in connection with such service. But let them remember that the two great ingredients of God's revealed gospel are love and charity, both of which lose their glory when heralded by ostentation. We know that some will adduce most logical reasons in favor of the mode that we decry; but it is sophistry, not sound reason. Like a gilded window curtain, such things are pleasant enough to the eye, but their true use is to keep out the light. An anecdote which we remember to have heard strikes us at this moment as not inappropriate in this connection, as showing the fallacy of the mode of teaching which we have spoken against.

A venerable missionary, who had struggled long and hard to convert the inhabitants of a very cold country to his teachings and threatenings, at last was relieved by a young man, who had asked the elder's advice as to the course proper for him to pursue. 'My son,' replied he, 'for ten years have I given these people the terrors of the law; I have painted the infernal regions in their warmest colors; but the idea has seemed to please them, and going to a warm climate was rather a comfort than otherwise. Now the best thing for you to do, is *to give it to 'em cold*—make it out fifty degrees colder than it is here, and I guess you'll bring 'em. They can't resist that, sir.' We are assured that the aforesaid young missionary now 'gives it to 'em cold!'

### The World's a Stage.

How truly it hath been said, that 'all the world's a stage.' You and I, gentle reader of the Flag, are among the performers; each one studies and enacts his part, while chance and fickle fortune are the great dramatic composers, and assign us the pieces. Some play broad farce, some light comedy, and some enact deep tragedy; fools shift the scenery, those thoughtless beings who form the great mass of the lower classes. Philosophers are the spectators, and they sit, wisely profiting by observation. Rich men occupy the boxes, and distinguished ones the prosceniums, while poor men fill the pit. Between the acts, the beautiful and lovely of the gentler sex form the delicate refreshments, while folly plays loud its concert in the orchestra; and each day renews the varied scenes, until time drops the green curtain, and death closes the play.

Ridiculous Practice.—Three of our exchanges came to us the past week besprinkled with self-puffing. One gives a column and a half of 'notices' of itself, that it has been saving for a long time past to make a show with. Another gets up but half a column, while a third, as usual, puts all it can find, here, there and everywhere, over its inside pages. Capital reading for subscribers!

Russian Cavalry.—The Minister of the Interior has just published the statistical report on the number of horses used in the Russian cavalry. From this document, it appears that there are now more than 15,000,000 of horses in Russia.

Inauguration Ball.—Gungl's celebrated band are to do the music for this occasion on the fifth of March at Washington.

Outside.—Don't fail to read Mrs. Osgood's little gem on the fourth page.

### Organic Remains.

Of all the curious and interesting relics that are discovered in modern times, those that the earth is found to contain seem to us the most remarkable and worthy of note. The ground is discovered to be full of organic substances, animal and vegetable, which must have remained there thousands of years, forming the only monument and memorial of races of beings long since passed away. How curious the imagination at once becomes; how full of conjecture at the sight of these relics. To whom could they have belonged—what sort of people, and what have become of these races, entirely extinguished, with all records of themselves save these curious organic remains. Have they passed through the vale of death and gone to people some of the stars? Or does the silence of the tomb end their spiritual as well as bodily existence? The mind *will* revel in these fancies, will form strange and fanciful conjectures when it beholds these remarkable and unintelligible memorials. True, science has succeeded, in some degree, in classifying these monuments of the past. Their relative positions in the formations recognized by geologists, have also enabled scientific men to determine the relative period at which the people they represent acted their part upon the stage of life, hereafter to be trodden, perhaps, by an infinite succession of races!

Then springs up the wonder and conjecture in our minds, shall we, too, be thus forgotten? Will the seemingly imperishable monuments and records that we are multiplying, share this fearful oblivion? Doubtless, yes! All history and observation show us that the earth's surface is undergoing a perpetual change. The currents of rivers and oceans are forming accumulations of land in some places and washing away the surface in others. Indeed, you and I, gentle reader, can remember of the disappearance of whole islands of no inconsiderable magnitude. The lofty mountains, sapped and undermined by rains and heavy frosts, plunge into the hollows below, and towering hills and deep valleys are formed by the washing away of soil in rivers' courses, and by earthquakes. Philosophical reasoners, and able geologists, have long since arrived at the opinion, that nearly the whole of the present surface of the earth, was once at the bottom of the sea, and has been uplifted by mighty convulsions of nature.

Thus it is that shells and aquatic belongings are found on mountain tops, hundreds of miles from the sea, and swamps show the petrified remains of vegetation that grows only on high and dry soils. Among other remains most curious are those of animals, the species of which is now extinct, but which are remarkable for their extraordinary dimensions and formations. Among them is the Mastodon found in this country, of the enormous dimensions of eighteen feet in length by twelve in height! In short, these curiosities of geology are almost inexhaustible. Is it not an interesting subject, that of Organic Remains?

### Public Amusements.

Believing that we are created social beings, we think that it is the duty of man to seek all rational means to enjoy life and realize its sweets; and for this reason we hold that well-conducted public amusements are of a highly beneficial character in their influence upon the community. By participating in them, the young and thoughtless are prevented from being led into gross pursuits and secret vices, or passing their time in taverns, grog-shops, and the haunts of crime. Then there is the recreation and refreshment that the places of public amusement afford to those who have been closely confined through the day, either by mental or bodily labor. To such they are valuable as a refreshing and invigorating source of pleasure, enabling the mind and body to return with renewed vigor to their work. That public diversion, well-chosen pleasure, and recreation for the million, is absolutely essential, there are very few who will deny. The main object should be to purify and elevate these amusements, so that the influence they exert shall be of a salutary nature. To accomplish this desirable end, the wise and the good should preside over these exhibitions, and by their countenance and advice check anything that leads to corruption of manners or the debasement of the mind. This would not only render them a source of pleasure, but one of unquestionable profit.

### The Beard.

Americans are fast becoming a bearded nation, cultivating the mustache and beard generally all over the face. It is a fashion that has crept over the water to us, and not an unbecoming one to many. Still it requires much tact and good taste to manage the beard so that it shall be becoming to the wearer. It will serve to hide an ill-formed mouth, and of course as well as to hide a handsome one; the teeth look clearer and whiter from behind a dark mustache. The beard may be so trimmed and arranged as to do much in remedying any natural defect. A short face may be made longer, and a narrow one broader, a lack of development in the chin remedied, and other desirable objects attained. Ladies generally like the beard, not objecting to this distinction which nature has created between the sexes. We acknowledge a liking for the appendage ourself, considering it not only comfortable, but manly and becoming.

### Ourselves.

Having found that every fresh expenditure upon the Flag has brought us back a rich return in our subscription list, we have resolved to make still more liberal outlays and exertions, to render it the star of the literary press. In accordance with this design, we are organizing a corps of contributors, from a class of choice writers, who have never before lent their names and services to a newspaper enterprise, as regular contributors. We shall shortly announce these names, after completing the list. No newspaper in the country will be able to compete with the literary department of 'The Flag of our Union.'

One Dollar Gold Pieces.—Mr. McKay has reported a bill to the House of Representatives, authorizing the coinage of one dollar gold pieces at the mint of the United States and its branches. So we shall probably have the golden dollar.

Already Sailed.—Up to this date, as near as can be calculated by good judges, *one hundred* vessels have sailed from various parts of the United States for California, by the Cape Horn route to the Pacific.

Near Home.—Commodore Stockton's gold mine in Whitehall, Virginia, is proving to be as rich as any California one has done. He realized over $8000 in one week lately, the men obtaining about $30 a day each.

'Uncle Toby's' sketch is in type, but is crowded out by the closing chapters of the prize tale. It wont lose anything by keeping.

### Statistical Information.

GATHERED FOR THE FLAG OF OUR UNION.

The highest mountain on the globe is Chamoularie, 28,000 feet above the level of the sea.

The falls of Fugloe, Isle of Fugloe, Norway, are one thousand feet high.

The State of Rhode Island contains an area of only 1,225 square miles.

The culture of cotton was first introduced into South Carolina in 1788.

The number of inhabitants in the city of Mexico will vary but little from 200,000.

Calcutta is computed to contain the same number of souls as Boston.

The United States, with its new acquisitions, covers an area of 3,000,000 sq. miles.

The surface of Lake Superior is 625 feet above the level of the ocean.

The State of Ohio covers an area of forty-four thousand square miles.

The Cathedral of Milan in the city of the same name, is 355 feet high.

The city of Lyons in France, has a public library containing 150,000 volumes.

Lake Huron is the deepest of the North American lakes. Average depth 1000 feet.

The population of the Chinese empire is over 200,000,000 of souls.

The city of Jerusalem has been captured eighteen times by different conquerors.

Gibraltar, the far-famed rock, rises 1500 feet above the level of the surrounding waters.

The idea of the steam engine originated with the Marquis of Worcester, in 1663.

Muskets were first used in France some time during the year 1414.

The gross revenue of Canada for the past year has amounted to $2,226,995.

Bangor, Me., exported in 1848, 156,560,273 feet of lumber to various ports.

It is computed that $20,000 worth of wine is annually made from the grape in Ohio.

The debt of the British American colonies amounts to the sum of $14,000,000.

The first paper published in North America was the News Letter, issued in 1704.

### Occupation and Industry.

Did you ever notice, gentle reader, that the discontented and grumbling members of society are invariably those who are in such circumstances in life that they are not compelled to be industrious, in order to gain a livelihood? Persons who have little or nothing to do, are invariably uneasy and discontented, while the industrious have not time for such thoughts. Time glides to those who toil—it is the toilers' privilege—Heaven designed us all to work, each in his peculiar sphere, some with the hands, and some with the brain. There is not a man or a thing alive that has not tools to work with. Has not the spider a power-loom within his head, and that most stupid of animate substances, the oyster, has a Papin's digester, with a stone and lime-house to hold it in. Man is happy only when employed, for laziness begets vice, vice begets crime;—then who would not avoid laziness? Especially is an industrious spirit desirable in woman; life is so uncertain, the freaks of fortune so variable, that the young man who takes a partner to his bosom, whose domestic habits and education have been averse to this essential requisite, to say the least of it, runs a fearful risk. Yet how many there are wholly ignorant of the ordinary wants of life, or the means of supplying them—how many that have been brought up to think it degrading to enter a kitchen, or to perform for themselves any necessary service. Let your children, good mothers, you who read these fair pages, be brought up endowed with both domestic knowledge and that of the schools; thus shall you plant and rear a flower for the circles of society which shall be equally valuable for its fragrance and its intrinsic worth.

### Success the Criterion.

Nothing, perhaps, goes farther to impress one with the frailty of human judgment, than a realization of the fact that all comparatively rests upon the criterion of success: for, who can see the secret springs of a man's heart, or know the reasonings of the mind? He who draws a prize in the great lottery of life is declared to be a model of wisdom, and to have shown a remarkable degree of foresight and skill; but if he fails, he is set down for a fool who has engaged in meaningless speculations. Had the patriots of the American Revolution been defeated in their struggle for independence, they would have been seized as rebels and hanged! Success changes traitors into patriots, rebels become heroes, and prosperous crime even is set down for virtue. How weak is human judgment!

### FIVE HUNDRED DOLLAR PRIZE STORY.

In our next paper will be commenced the story that took the second prize of five hundred dollars, entitled,

PAOLINA:
OR,
THE SYBIL OF THE ARN.

By Miss Martha Ann Clough. This story, to which we have already referred, will be splendidly illustrated in each number of the paper, and will deeply engage the interest of the reader by its excellence of plot, and purity and elegance of style. We feel great confidence in this story, and shall lay it before our many readers with much satisfaction.

### California.

We counted in one of our English exchanges the advertisements of *eleven* companies of various names, plans, and purposes, all forming to proceed to the gold region. Perhaps when these English intruders get there, our Yankee boys will permit them to dig American gold; and then again *perhaps* they wont! Why don't the cockneys get up a company in London to dig gold in Virginia and North Carolina? There are some large and profitable mines there, and they certainly have the same right to dig in those States as in any other territory belonging to this country.

### Herr Driesbach.

We felt very little sympathy for this well-known exhibitor of wild animals, when we heard some days since of his having been bitten and torn by one of the wild animals that he is so constantly tampering with. The idea of going upon the stage nightly before an audience, and running the risk of one's life to delight 'the groundlings,' is a humbug. Such foolish exhibitions should be discontinued.

Mississippi Enterprise.—A meeting of planters has been held in Lafayette county, Mississippi, for the purpose of raising funds, by subscription of stock, to purchase two or three more steamboats, to ply on the Tallahatchie river, to carry off the produce of the country.

More Warning.—A son of Colonel Faulkner, of Acton, was bitten recently by a rabid dog. The bitten part was immediately excised. An ox, belonging to Jonas Sawyer, Esq., of Berlin, was shot shortly after, having exhibited unequivocal symptoms of hydrophobia.

### From our Foreign Files.

The cholera in London was slightly on the increase, and also in Edinburgh.

A British squadron is about to be despatched for the chastisement and suppression of the Moorish pirates in the Mediterranean.

At the conclusion of the war in 1815, the national debt of Austria was two millions of florins. It is now one thousand millions.

Napoleon Bonaparte, the son of Jerome, is appointed Minister Plenipotentiary in London, in the place of M. de Beaumont, resigned.

It is the gossip of London that Count D'Orsay managed to raise 2000 sovereigns for Louis Napoleon to carry on the contest for the Presidency.

The British troops in Pelhawur had mutinied. A Sepoy regiment at Moultan had also gone over to the insurgents, leaving the British officers in a most critical position.

After a dynasty of 1048 years the Papal authority had ceased to exist in Rome, and a new Constituent Government is to be formed upon a basis of universal suffrage.

There has been a Sikh conspiracy discovered at Calcutta. The plot was to massacre the English, seize the Treasury and obtain military possession of the capital of British India.

Jenny Lind, one of the London papers tells us, lately witnessed from a private box, the Meg Merilies of Miss Cushman. It was the first time she had seen it, and during the performances she frequently testified her approbation.

Accounts from Bombay to the 3d December indicate that Lord Gough would have some sharp work to perform before the Punjaub is annexed to the British dominions, which it seems beyond a doubt has been determined upon.

There are now but five among all the kings and queens of Europe, who reign over so many people as are included in the State of New York; and there are but three emperors in that quarter of the world who claim so many subjects.

### Dewdrops of Wisdom.

'Both man and womankind belie their nature when they are not kind.'

How is it possible to expect that mankind will take advice when they will not so much as take warning.—*Swift.*

Goethe says: 'I see no fault committed that I have not committed myself.' Had the gentleman ever committed suicide?

The path that leads to fortune too often passes through the narrow defiles of meanness which a man of exalted spirit cannot stoop to tread.

Nothing is more noble, nothing more venerable than fidelity; faithfulness and truth are the most sacred excellencies and endowments of the human mind.

If a man does not make new acquaintances as he advances through life, he will soon find himself left alone. A man should keep his friendships in constant repair.—*Johnston.*

Thought engenders thought. Place one idea upon paper; another will follow, still another, till you have written a page. You cannot fathom your mind.

Love is the shadow of the morning which decreases as the day advances. Friendship is the shadow of the evening which strengthens with the setting sun of life.

A man gets a kind of respectability from the fact of having a family. I have hushed my passion when about to retort insolently to another, when I thought of his children.

If the world affords any perfect felicity, it is in a middle estate, equally distant from penury and from excess; it is in a calm freedom, a secure tranquillity, a thankful enjoyment of ourselves and all that is ours.

A man is thirty years old before he has any settled thoughts of his fortune; it is not completed before fifty. He falls to building in his old age, and dies by the time his house is in a condition to be painted and glazed.—*Bruyere.*

### The Joker's Olio.

A bad hat, taken to an evening party, frequently comes out the next day as good as new.

A teacher of penmanship, in twelve lessons, taught a lawyer to read his own writing.

Never do things by halves, unless it is sending a bank note by the post, or paying a cabman his demand.

A friend has presented us with the autograph of the blacksmith that 'riveted the public gaze.'

A man went on board a California vessel to take leave of his friends, and *forgot* to come ashore again.

'Although you count yourself a brighter fellow than I am, yet I can come round you,' as the earth said to the sun.

If a man will reap 'whatsoever he *soweth*,' what a harvest of coats and breeches the tailors will have, one of these days!

Seeing a cellar nearly finished, a waggish friend of ours remarked that it was an excellent foundation for a *story.*

If cloth is eighteen shillings, and pants fifty cents, how many yards of buttermilk will be necessary to make a gander an outside coat?

Of all passages in a young man's life, there is none so trying, so solemn, or accompanied with so much earnest feeling, as seeking for the lucifer-box in the dark.

'I thought the wise men came from the east,' said a western man to a Yankee. 'And the farther you go west, the more you'll think so—I *rather guess.*'

A western editor says he is a whole horse, which we presume is the case, as we find the following advertisement in his columns, viz: 'Grain wanted at this office.'

'I have learnt this profound truth,' says Alderman Johnson, 'from eating turtle, that it shows a most depraved taste to mock anything for its greenness.'

### Miscellaneous Items.

A young Baptist minister from Mississippi has been detected in New York city in stealing lots of books from different stores where he purchased small quantities of stationery.

A letter in the London Times says the political excitement of the year has almost annihilated the publishing business in Berlin; no one reads, much less buys, any printed thing more bulky than a pamphlet or a newspaper.

At Albany, New York, recently, William Osborn's grocery and provision store, 73 Washington street, was burnt, and the next day he was arrested as the incendiary. It is said he had $8000 insured on worthless stock.

Late dates from Mexico have been received. The Mexican Congress had assembled, and the President's message delivered. During the past year the expenses of the government, including all departments, amounted to $16,500,000, and the receipts to $10,000,000.

The whale ship South America, Captain Sowle, which arrived at Newport a short time since, has been absent only about two years, during which time she has procured five thousand five hundred barrels of oil (200 sperm.) The South America is a ship of 616 tons.

Most of the passengers for California, in the ship Architect, from New Orleans, have their wives and daughters with them. The ladies are particularly desirous of visiting the gold regions, and few husbands are permitted to go without them.

The old bell in Schenectady, cast in 1732, at Amsterdam, for that town, has at length become cracked and useless. Its sonorous tones were heard at a considerable distance, and gave alarm in by-gone days to the people, on the approach of Indians.

The Thibodeaux Minerva says that in the parish of Assumption, a few miles above that place, there is a family of 25 children—23 boys and 2 girls—all the legitimate offspring of the same parents, the oldest of whom is now 45 years of age, and both enjoying the best of health.

### Quill and Scissors.

An Irishman, in Northfield, while in a state of intoxication on Monday, became highly excited, beat his wife in the most cruel manner, and killed his child, about 18 months old, which she held in her arms.

Nothing is so contagious as enthusiasm; it is the real allegory of the tale of Orpheus; it moves stones; it charms brutes. Enthusiasm is the genius of sincerity, and truth accomplishes no victories without it.

William Osborn has been fully committed for trial at Albany on the charge of burning his grocery, and, as there was a dwelling attached, the crime is arson, and punishable with death.

The trade of China with the United States, in round numbers, is said to be worth $10,000,000 a year, independently of the traffic in opium, which is principally in the hands of foreign houses.

A remarkable phenomenon has been discovered down South. A Southern editor stops the press to announce that a reddish star is seen in the heavens, cutting up shines!

The Boston Times, exulting in the fine quality of ice gathered in Fresh Pond, says, 'the ice is in prime condition, thick as the head of a fanatic, and cold as charity.'

The organ-grinders and other perambulating minstrels, are fast returning to the city, says the New Orleans Delta. A certain sign of the absence of disease.

A man by the name of George Bostwick murdered his wife and child at Port Stanley, Canada, a few days ago, and then closed the dreadful tragedy by cutting his own throat.

A managing lady at Swansea lately purchased two pigs on credit—sold them for ready money—and laid out the proceeds in a license, with which she married a third husband.

'Pat Maher, a notorious rumseller in Gardiner, had both jaws broken lately, while resisting a constable. 'The way of the transgressor is hard.'

A woman has been arrested in Philadelphia for cutting her husband in a most shocking manner with a hatchet. He had accused her of infidelity.

A company of *old heads*, in New York have formed a company with a large capital, and have sent agents to California to purchase *vessels and goods* to *reship* to the Atlantic cities.

Petitions are flowing into Congress from every section of the country, asking for the reduction of the rates of postage, and the abolition of the franking privilege.

On the night of Oct. 1, John R. Von Pfister was murdered by Peter Raymond, on the American fork, 50 miles from Sutter's Fort, Oregon. Raymond was arrested.

In the New York city marine court, Piercy A. Cole and wife have recovered judgment for $99 against Dr. Collyer, for whom they worked as model artistes.

Since the organization of Ohio, there have been seventy-nine bank failures; netting a loss to the people, the bill-holders, of about five millions of dollars.

A young scamp in Philadelphia forged a check for $5000, received the money and sailed for California. Texas will lose its right to the title of the Valley of Rascals.

Thirty-three vessels are laid up at Milwaukie. Quite a fleet moored in the harbor which but a few years since was visited only by Indians in their canoes.

During the reign of Henry the Eighth which lasted thirty-eight years, no fewer than 72,000 persons were executed, being at the rate of 1894 per annum.

An infant was found in the well of Moses Sanborn, in Kingston, N. H., a few days ago, and in Exeter on Friday, a dead infant was found near the factory.

General Paez has called one of his steamers of war employed to blockade Maracaibo, by the double name of *Andrew Jackson Buena Vista.*

Robert Owens was so badly injured in a prize fight in Liverpool that he died in a few days. His opponent Campbell was arrested for manslaughter.

Major Noah thinks that the 'gold of Ophir,' which 'we read of' in the Scriptures' came from California. The major is a *judge.*

Several young ladies were sliding down hill in Milton, Vt., when one of them was precipitated over a precipice 15 feet high, and instantly killed.

The New Orleans Delta announces the death of Major James Copper, ex-Mayor of Baton Rouge, who was accidentally drowned.

Power's Greek Slave is to be engraved as one of the illustrations of the London Art Journal, which appears in an enlarged form.

A single factory in Worcester, Mass., has sold $80,000 worth of revolving pistols since the gold fever broke out.

Dickens's last Christmas story is most awfully cut up by his old friends, his warmest admirers, of the London press.

There is a man on Cape Ann who splits his lucifer matches, to make them go farther. There's nothing like economy.

They go against liquor in Oregon. They have just voted there, by a small majority, to refuse licenses to sell intoxicating liquors.

Several sheep have been imported into London from the Cape of Good Hope, with the view of crossing them with the English breed.

The emigration from Liverpool to the United States in the year 1848 is ascertained to have amounted to 127,500 persons.

Machinery for a Cotton Factory is going out to San Francisco Bay, on account of a New England Company.

The collector at Cleveland, Ohio, states that the lake commerce of that place last year exceeded in value $10,000,000.

Six thousand persons, according to last accounts, had already sailed for California from the Sandwich Islands.

Mr. James Ross, a merchant of Port Lavaca, committed suicide on the 31st ult., by strangling himself with a sheet.

Gen. Persifer Smith had sent from Panama to Payta, by a French brig of war, for whalers to come there as transport ships.

We are told that upwards of 40,000 passports have been issued at Washington within the last three months.

The debt of Georgia is $1,903,472 22. It has been reduced $178,098 88 during the past fiscal year.

Israel Tisdale, Jr., agent for the Stoughton Branch Railroad, committed suicide by hanging himself in Stoughton.

If two omnibuses are racing, never hail the first unless you have a particular fancy to be run over by the second.

David Fender, 'popping the question,' in a letter, concludes thus: 'And should you say yes, dear Mary, I will truly be your D. Fender.'

The great suspension wire bridge at 'Niagara Falls,' is situated *two miles* below the Falls.

Francis M. Hill, a native of Utica, N. Y., and a printer, has been elected mayor of Kingston, U. C.

The U. S. screw steamer Alleghany sailed from Gibraltar to the eastward, Jan. 3d.

The pearl fisheries of the California coast will attract attention as soon as the gold fails.

Kentucky has sent this season to Cincinnati over 120,000 hogs, which realized to the owners $790,000!

The income of the Girard estate last year amounted to $106,000.

The amount of American cheese imported into Great Britain in 1848, was 109,322 cwts.

Ulcers are now treated in England, successfully, it is said, by fumigation.

The members of the Iowa Legislature have voted themselves gold pens.

Two hundred and fifty emigrants have sailed from New Orleans for Liberia.

A cast iron building is to be erected in Lawrence in the spring.

There are 700 sick in the Hospital at Quarantine, at New York.

Two propellers are about to leave New York for the Pacific.

The most certain method of borrowing £5 is to ask for £10.

Health is better than California gold.

### Local Matters.

#### City Amusements.

The opera troup have worked hard at the Howard Athenæum to win a place in public favor, but either the prices charged, or some other influence, has operated against them, notwithstanding that great excellence characterises the troup. We observed particularly the efficiency of the orchestral portion of the company, embracing about forty instruments. Bland has been playing Dickens's Haunted Man, as dramatized for his Lyceum, to good houses. Originality and novelty characterise this establishment. Old Job and Jacob Gray still draws well at the Boston Museum. The play of the Female Forty Thieves, at the Beach Street Museum, does not abate one tithe in its attractive qualities, and large audiences witness it nightly. It is worth the price of admission to hear Mrs. Mestayer sing and dance Independence Day. The panoramas of the Rhine, and a Whaling Voyage round the World, are both well patronized, and worthy of a visit from our readers. Mrs. Butler's readings at the Masonic Temple continue to draw overflowing audiences, and the lady reaps golden opinions from all sorts of people.—Tickets to her entertainments are sold on each occasion at a premium, by speculators.

#### Captain Josiah Sturgis.

This well-known and efficient officer of the revenue service, who has so long been attached to the Boston station, has passed, thus far, through an eventful life with credit and honor. From a simple cabin boy on ship-board, he rose to command the finest East Indiaman that sailed for years from this port, until the State department, appreciating his character for seamanship and general excellence, appointed him to the post of first lieutenant in the revenue service. His noble qualities soon induced a further promotion, and for many years he has been captain of that rakish and beautiful craft, the Cutter Hamilton. A faithful life of Captain Sturgis would prove a record of great interest. Our readers, who love to look upon a picture of nautical beauty, should get a peep at the cutter, as she lies off our wharves, every rope, sail and spar in superb nautical order.

#### Dramatic Readings.

Mrs. Butler's Shakspearian readings at the Masonic Temple are still the theme of general admiration. Indeed, the excitement to procure tickets has amounted to a furor, and speculators have bought them up to sell again at a large advance. People living twenty and thirty miles from the city come in expressly to see and hear her, and in the meantime she is coining money at the rate of about a thousand dollars per week. We do not remember to have seen an audience so completely absorbed and carried away with the spirit of the speaker, as was the case on the occasion of her reading of King John. The scene, as read between Hubert and Arthur, by Mrs. Butler, left scarcely a dry eye in the entire audience. The Masonic Temple is crowded to its utmost capacity at each of her readings.

#### Tremont House.

This well-known and favorite Boston hotel has undergone a change in the proprietorship, Mr. Olmstead retiring, and Mr. Whitcomb, the gentlemanly assistant in the house for years past, taking his place in the partnership; so that the firm will be now, Tucker, Whitcomb & Parker, a trio of experienced and favorite hosts. Enjoying a personal knowledge and acquaintance with these gentlemen, we hesitate not to pronounce the old Tremont to be still on the top wave of favor and excellence. The house is to be entirely re-furnished and improved, with some desirable and important additions in the conveniences of the reading rooms, smoking room, and other divisions of the lower floor of the house.

For the Gold 'Diggins.'—Our port has evinced an unusual degree of activity for some weeks back, one or more vessels clearing almost daily for San Francisco, well filled with emigrants. About thirty vessels are still up for the Pacific, and there seems to be no abatement of the fever for emigration. We wish these adventurers well, though we shrewdly suspect they are most of them going to see the 'elephant.'

Sleighing.—We have had good sleighing again for a succession of days, which has caused the merry bells to jingle, and money to perform the same tune, as it promotes the circulation of the spare change. Have our readers been up on the 'Neck,' as we advised them to do? There's richness for you, as Mr. Squiers said.

A Fine Painting.—Just opposite our office, in a window in Tremont Row, there is a rich painting, composing a group of children, entitled, 'The Fisherman's Children,' and a gem of a picture it is—expressing at a glance a legend that might occupy a whole column in the telling.

The Old Museum.—We believe this building is about to be finished in its repairing at last, and will be fitted up for a hotel, to be called the Montgomery House. It possesses the great desideratum of a finely located and central situation.

Mad Dogs.—Dogs are running mad in all sections of the country, and biting human beings, whose consequent fate is an awful and lingering death! Let every cur be killed—better thus than that one man, woman or child should die from hydrophobia.

Rowdyism.—The rowdies about town make nothing of attacking our watchmen lately. The other evening one of the Charlies was surrounded by a gang, who demanded his rattle and book. He answered them, by knocking down two of them, and the rest *vamosed.*

Musical.—We see that a young lady belonging to Boston, named Isadora Hansen, has been giving concerts in Havana with distinguished success. A Yankee vocalist abroad is something new.

Theatrical.—We understand that Mr. Macready has just received a new play from Bulwer, written expressly for him, which he proposes to bring out in this country, before he returns to England.

Business.—Everything gives token that the spring business of the city will open with the brightest aspect. Money will be easy and a good degree of confidence established.

Valentines.—Are each one of our fair readers getting a Valentine ready for us? We merely ask for information.

Herr Driesbach.—The wild beast man, has gone up to the northern towns of New York State. That lion is still a little unmanageable.

Sale.—Eighty thousand muskets, belonging to the United States, are to be sold by auction, at New York, on the twenty-seventh instant.

### OUR OLIO COLUMN.

[Written for The Flag of our Union.]

#### To my Friend, on his Marriage.

BY ALMIRA.

The silken chains of Hymen
Are thrown around thee now;
Before the sacred altar
Thou'st pledged the marriage vow;
Thou'st sworn to love and cherish,
Till death the links divide,
Her who hath left all other friends,
To be thy wedded bride.

With woman's trust and confidence,
Her hand to thee she plighted,
And shouldst thou e'er betray the trust,
Her dearest hopes are blighted.
Then never give her cause to wish
That she were once more free;
Or grieve that she hath left all else,
To cling alone to thee.

And now I wish thee lots of bliss,
For auld acquaintance sake,
Although you quite forget to send
*That little slice of cake!*

*Boston, February*, 1849.

#### A New Gold Song.

Although we do not at all endorse the sentiment of the following from the London Sunday Times, yet we like the *jingle.*

'What is here!
Gold!—yellow, glittering, precious gold.'
*Timon of Athens.*

Now's the time to change your clime,
Give up work and tasking;
All who choose be rich as Jews,
Even without asking.
California's precious earth
Turns the new world frantic;
Sell your traps and take a berth
Across the wild Atlantic.
Every one who digs and delves,
All whose arms are brawny,
Take a pick and help yourselves—
Off to Californy!

Yankee Doodle's all agog,
With the golden mania,
Debts no longer prove a clog—
Happy Pennsylvania!
Those who about stocks and loans
Kicked up such an old dust,
Live to see the very stones
Come down with the gold dust.
Every one who digs and delves,
Joins the Indians tawny;
Make a pick and help yourselves—
In happy Californy!

Shakspeare, of undying fame,
Whom they're going to play so,
Gave to gold a naughty name,
Or made Timon say so.
And the mob their true lands leave,
Corn, and canes, and 'taters,
To appear, lest it deceive,
As Californicators.
Every one who digs and delves,
Wear your hands quite horny;
Take a pick and help yourselves—
Off to Californy!

Gold is got in pan and pot,
Soup tureen or ladle,
Basket, bird-cage, and what not,
Even to a cradle!
El Dorado's found at last,
*Turks and sixurous*
Loose their dazzled heads as fast
As Raleigh did before them.
Choose your able-bodied men,
Navvies bold and brawny;
Give them picks and spades, and then
Off to Californy!

How this flush of gold will end
We have statements ample;
Perhaps a few sacks they will send,
Only for a sample;
Just to make th' money rare,
And turn us all to cruisers.
But we hope this golden news,
Really is all true, sirs.
Every one who digs or delves,
Stout, and tough, and brawny,
Buy a pick and help yourselves—
Off to Californy!

#### A Maiden Lady's Soliloquy.

'Tis wondrous strange,
How great the change,
Since I was in my teens:
Then I had beaux
And billet-doux,
And joined the gayest scenes.
But lovers now
Have ceased to vow;
No way they now contrive
To poison, hang,
Or drown themselves,
Because—I'm thirty-five.

Once, if the night
Were e'er so bright,
I ne'er abroad could roam,
Without—'the bliss,
The honor, miss,
Of seeing you safe home.'
But now I go,
Through rain and snow,
Fatigued, and scarce alive—
Through all the dark,
Without a spark—
Because I'm thirty-five.

They used to call,
And ask me all,
About my health so frail;
And thought a ride
Would help my side,
And turn my cheeks less pale.
But now alas!
If I am ill,
None care that I revive;
And my pale cheek
In vain may speak,—
Because I'm thirty-five.

Now, if a ride
Improves my side,
I'm forced to take the stage;
For that is deemed
Quite proper for
A person of my age.
And then no hand
Is offered me,
To help me out alive;
They think 'twont hurt
Me now to fall,
Because I'm thirty-five.

O dear, 'tis queer,
That every year,
I'm slighted more and more;
For not a beau
Pretends to show
His head within our door.
Nor ride, nor card
Nor soft address,
My spirits now revive;
And one might swear
As well be dead,
As say, I'm thirty-five.

#### The Snow.

BY CHARLES LAMB.

An old man slowly said,
Where's the snow
That fell the year that's fled?
Where's the snow?
As fruitless were the task,
Of many a joy that's past,
As the snow.

The hope of airy birth,
Like the snow,
Is stained on reaching earth,
Like the snow:
While 'tis sparkling in the ray,
It is melting fast away,
Like the snow.

Cold, deceitful thing,
Is the snow,
Though it come on dovelike wings.
False snow,
'Tis but vain, disguised, appears,
And our hopes, frozen tears,
Like the snow.

#### A Paper Kiss.

Some editors are lucky fellows; one of them has received the following, in a very neat billet, and in a very neat style of chirography. He objects decidedly to 'take it' in this fashion alone, though.

A kiss, a kiss,
Replete with bliss,
I send within this paper;
Take it in haste,
Don't stop to taste,
It's little more than vapor.

Pray don't complain,
That it's in this strain;
To pledges I'd be steady:
And were you here,
I would appear
Not 'rough,' perhaps, but 'ready.'

#### A Scold—A Parody.

She never held her peace,
But let ill humor, like a harsh catarrh,
Feed on her croaking lungs—she stamped and stormed,
And with a sour, bleary-eyed austerity,
She sat like Hecate upon her bosom,
Looking a witch.



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[Written for The Flag of our Union.]

### The Lily o' the Vale.

BY J. S. M. O.

How oft I've sat beneath this bower,
At twilight's calm, enchanting hour,
An' wooed a sweet wee modest flower—
The lily o' the vale.

The bricht-birds sang fine 'mangst the trees,
Soon lost its charm my heart to please,
When her rich voice swelled on the breeze—
Fair lily o' the vale.

My heart has throbbed wi' pleasure sweet,
The hours hae fled like moments fleet,
When her ripe lips wi' mine did meet—
Sweet lily o' the vale.

Her brow is o' the snawdrop's hue,
An' dark her een o' shining blue,
Her lips twin roses gemmed wi' dew—
Fair lily o' the vale.

Her dark an' flowing silken hair,
In ringlets kiss a cheek sae fair,
That aft I've wished sic bliss to share—
Sweet lily o' the vale.

Wi' beauty's form an' grace refined,
She bears within a wealthy mind,
Whaur a' that's pure an' bricht's combined—
Dear lily o' the vale.

Flowers mair gay may deck the plain;
Sae chaste an' lovely, there are nane,
To me at least, compared wi' Jane—
The lily o' the vale.

*Brooklyn, N. Y., February, 1849.*

[Written for The Flag of our Union.]

### I'm waiting impatiently.

BY C. S. ETTIS.

I'm waiting impatiently
To welcome spring again;
To hear the wildbirds' merry song
Re-echo through the glen;
And hail the balmy breeze that steals
Across the waking lea;
Or wander by the sparkling stream
That dances on in glee.

I'm waiting impatiently
To see the winter past;
The drifting snow and piercing wind
O'er nature's face doth cast
A shade of sorrow; wood and stream
Look desolate and drear;
And the poor beggar shivering stands,
While falls the trembling tear.

I'm waiting impatiently
The coming in of May;
A thousand joys ride on the wing
Of each succeeding day;
And laughter, like the scent of flowers,
Is borne along the air,
From hearts and lips that deem the spring
An enemy to care.

[Written for The Flag of our Union.]

### My Early Hopes.

BY THE BARD OF SOUHEGAN.

My early hopes! my early hopes!
How quickly have they flown!
Like faded leaves from autumn tree,
By wintry tempests blown.
And there they lie, the fair and bright,
All scattered o'er the earth;
And winter snows must on them lie,
Ere greener ones have birth.

My early hopes! my early hopes!
They've melted quick away,
Just like a sparkling gem of dew,
Beneath the sun's warm ray.
Another day must pass away,
Another long, dark night;
Ere other gems will sparkle there,
As joyous and as bright.

My early hopes! my early hopes!
Deep with the dead they lie;
And pensively the chilling winds
In sadness o'er them sigh.
And many a bright and joyous spring
Shall come, and pass away,
Ere other hopes upon their graves
Shall bloom as fresh as they.

[Written for The Flag of our Union.]

### Invocation to the Spirit of Beauty.

BY AURELIUS.

Spirit of Beauty! O hear, I implore thee!
Return once again to this bosom so lone;
Return as of yore, and, smiling, bend o'er me;
I'm desolate, desolate, since thou art gone!

Nay, leave me not thus; my heart-strings are broken,
And fain with thee upward my spirit would soar;
Return, O return! Ah, vainly I've spoken!
Thou'rt gone from this world, to return nevermore.

I pine for thy smile, the joy of my childhood—
Those lineaments worshipped so often of old;
With which I have roamed through garden and wild-wood,—
To whom oft my madness of heart I have told.

Hear me, O hear me; though faithless my pleading;
For soon will the pulse of this heart be at rest:
Hear, beloved spirit! earth's ties are rending;
Guide me, O guide to the realms of the blest.

[Written for The Flag of our Union.]

### Lines to the Editor.

BY ALMY.

A few days since, we solicited of ALMY, the permission to prefix her true name to the poems we publish from her pen, in place of the modest one she has assumed. This is her answer.—ED. FLAG.

Nay, ask it not, what signifies a name,
Save when it glows within the light of fame?
'Tis all I have, though lone it there appears—
All that survives the wreck of hopeful years.
It is my crown—bless them who placed it there;
It is the only one I evermore may wear.
If future time shall bring my soul's desire,
'Twill be the last that moves my earthly lyre.
Then wherefore change the name so long my own,
When to the ear the sound's familiar grown?
I like them not—those names of lengthy run,
Fate Eve, nor Adam, never had but one;
Then let me keep my own—my little name—
Till rising slow, it fills the trump of fame;
And as the noble FLAG floats out afar,
There let me shine, the very smallest star.

*Providence, R.I., February, 1849.*

[Written for The Flag of our Union.]

### Melancholy.—A Sonnet.

BY THE GREEN MOUNTAIN BARD.

O come, sweet Melancholy, and enthrall
My soul in the dim shadowings of thy gloom;
Enshroud the heavens, earth, ocean, spirit, all,
In thy dark robe, as in the shrouded tomb.
For I do love thee, tearful child of night,
Whose home is in the dim old forest walk,
Where thick inwoven boughs shut out the light,
And gloomy spirits all around thee stalk.
Sad is thy song, yet no more sad than true;
For thou dost picture life a mirrored tide,
Where every lovelike vision brought to view,
Is with some dark deformity allied.
O come, sweet spirit of life's shadowy gloom,
And teach vain man this world is not his home.

## MISCELLANEOUS.

[Written for The Flag of our Union.]

### The Huntsman of the Housatonic.

BY CALVIN PORTER.

READER, go back with me to the days and scenes of our fathers, when the places where now stand our churches, our palaces and homes were a wilderness; where the sunlight of heaven almost failed to pierce the eternity of forests, and the echoes of nature were only awakened by the war-whoop of the savage, or by beasts of prey; and as in imagination you look abroad on the chart, I will picture to you a story, a tale of brevity and simplicity, but of terror, fearfulness and death!

It was drawing towards the close of a day in midsummer—years and years have since passed away—when a man of age, with a brow that bore the stamp of agony and wo, was seen to ascend an eminence rising abruptly from the vale of the Housatonic, which overlooked the country for miles. He paused not in his task of weariness—the man of sorrow and grief—nor did he turn aside from his course; but on and on he passed. From noontide had he toiled with his rifle in his hand, his hunting-knife in his girdle, and sweat on his brow; and though a ghastliness covered his visage, and his limbs trembled with labor, yet a fire in his eye and a firmness on his lip told plainly that he faltered not. How like angels the birds sang from the hills, the forests and the glens; and how their carolling went up, sweetly and gloriously, to God's heaven; how gently the murmur of fountains came on the breeze from the face of the earth, touching like dreams of childhood on the lyre of the soul. Did the wanderer heed them—emblems of paradise? No; his mind, and his soul, and his heart, and his hopes, were away, striving to unveil the mysteries of destiny, yearning to learn the fate of an idol.

Just as the sun disappeared in the west, he gained the summit of the eminence; and his eye wandered abroad on the panorama of hills, valleys, lakes and glens spread out before him. To the north towered Greylock, lifting its head like a giant to the sky; a gleam of sunlight yet lingered on its crest, imparting a beauty and sublimity, that to the mind of the painter and poet might have seemed a talisman of Eden. To the east lay a ridge of the Hoosacs, looming up almost gloomily against the horizon, while to the south and west an irregularity of landscape, that could not fail to please the eye and warm the heart, addressed his vision. Here, for a time, paused the man of years. The shadows of evening were thickening around him—a silence, like the repose of death, pervaded the forest—the breeze had lulled itself to rest, and there seemed to lay a spell on the face of the world which it were a sin to mar. The huntsman raised his hand to his brow to brush away the sweat-drops that had gathered there, and his eye rested sadly, fearfully, on the valley below.

'Eola,' he murmured, 'my child, where hast thou fled? God of the world, O give me back my idol. No home, no hope, no wife, no child. O! why am I cursed with the torture of life?' and he bowed his face and wept.

'Stranger, why dost thou mourn?' said a voice at his side; 'has heaven lost its stars, earth its sunbeams and its flowers, or life its affections, that thou shouldst veil the heart in sackcloth and curse the boon of being? Look out on the chart of nature and listen to the music of its angels. Do they prate of sorrow? There is a divinity in the flower—there is hope in the leaflet—there is beauty in the azure of the sky, with its clouds, its zephyrs and its gems; and what though the earth hath its shadows, existence is still a dream of loveliness and glory.'

The wanderer raised his eye and surveyed the intruder. He was a youth in the morning of manhood, with eyes and hair that mocked the sable of midnight, and he possessed a symmetry and beauty of features that might rival the conceptions of the novelist, or the skill of the sculptor. He was dressed in the costume of a sportsman, a frock of serge coming down to his hips, and buttoned to his chin, displaying to a miracle the proportions of his form; a huntsman's cap rested lightly on his head, and he held a rifle in his hand, which he toyed and played with, as though it were a pastime.

'Boy,' said the hunter, after scanning him with the eye of an eagle, 'what is thy name?'

'Henly Hudson.'

'And hast thou a home in the wilderness? Methinks thou art not a child of the forest.'

'I am not: the place of my nativity is by the waters of the ocean; but feeling a desire to ramble, I left the home of my parents, and bent my course towards the wilderness of Berkshire. Through the kindness of a friend I have shared the comforts of his cabin since my location here; but, unfortunately having lost my direction in my travels to-day, after groping about in the valley a while to no purpose, I ascended the mountain to ascertain my point of compass. As twilight is already gathering over the landscape below, perhaps thou canst supply me with lodgings for the night.'

'I have no home,' said the sire, wildly; 'yesterday night I could have given thee food and rest in my cot; but it is now in ashes: the Indian hath been there, and rendered it a scene of desolation.

'Listen, stranger, and I will tell thee a tale. Years since, even in my youth, I came to the wilderness of the Housatonic, and reared me a cabin in its forests. I chose a spot for its location that must have gladdened the heart of nature's enthusiast; the seal of heaven was on it and around; a brook murmured by the door; flowers blossomed in our path; birds were singing and carolling around us forever; the sunlight shone upon us as sunlight never shone before; the breeze whispered like memories among the leaflets; and we heard it at morn, noontide and eve. O, stranger, it was a home of bliss; the wife of my bosom, the idol of my youth, followed my fortunes; she shared my toils, my sadness, my cares and my hopes; and she loved me only as woman knows how to love.

'At length we had a child, a daughter born unto us, and it seemed then as though our cup of happiness was filled. We reared for it an altar in our hearts, and made it a god. How we watched for its smile, and gathered for it flowers, and treasured for it hopes; and how we taught it to lisp the name of father, mother, heaven. And we thought that our joy might always last; but the Indians finally became unfriendly to the settlers, and repeatedly did they attempt to exterminate the pale-faces from the country; still I lived on in security, and for a period met with no demonstrations of hostility at their hands. They feared my tube of iron,' continued he, grasping his rifle firmly in his hand; 'they knew that its ring was death—that it never erred. And I prided myself in showing them my skill; but I soon saw that they began to regard me with distrust, and I must be constantly on my guard; yet I did not forego the pleasure of often ranging the forests in search of game, while they, knowing my habits, dogged my footsteps like hounds.

'Thus passed my time for days, and months, and years, when of an afternoon in summer I took my rifle and wandered forth into the wood. I found game in abundance, and the excitement of the sport led me on until I was miles from home. Darkness came ere I was aware, and thinking of my wife and child, I started to return. My hound trotted along quietly by my side, ever and anon raising his head and snuffing the air; the stars shone mildly down from the azure above, and the silence of the tomb rested on the forest around. As I entered a glen through which I had to pass, the voice of a whippoorwill came lovely as the tones of woman on my ear, and I paused to listen. As I stood there, I heard the crash of a footstep at my side; my dog uttered a moan of alarm; I felt the gripe of a hand tightening around my throat, and in a moment I was thrown to the ground. The gleam of a hunting-knife in the starlight fell on my eye, and ere I had time to move a muscle or raise an arm in defence, it had encircled my head.

'O, God! I was in the power of the savage; the scalp was torn reeking and dripping from my crown; the knife was plunged into my breast, and I was left to die.'

'Thy head, sire? Let me behold thy crown,' exclaimed the youth, with an emphasis that made his comrade start, while Hudson grew ghastly as the shroud.

The huntsman raised the cap from his brow, revealing the track of the Indian's knife.—The crown was shred away, and where erst grew the covering of nature, nothing but a scar, mangled and thrilling, struck the eye.

'Stranger, who art thou?' continued the youth, while a shudder went to his heart.

'I am Luke Granger, the Huntsman of the Housatonic.'

A groan burst from the lips of the boy, but leaning his head against a tree, he motioned to Granger to proceed.

'The length of time,' resumed the hunter, 'I remained in a state of insensibility I know not. When I revived, the dog was licking the wound on my head, and moaning over me almost with the sympathy of humanity. My wounds had bled profusely, and I was in a state of exhaustion; but, wo to the Indian, I was still living. Exerting myself to the utmost, I crawled to a brook that gurgled by, and laving my head and breast in the fountain, I felt revived.

'How I arrived at my house I never knew. A feeling of delirium was in my brain, and the pulsations of life seemed on the eve of ebbing forever. I was bereft for the time of the sense of vision, and recked not whither to direct my course; but groping around me, I gathered a rod from the ground with which I sought to feel my way, when my hound, as if comprehending my situation, seized it firmly in his teeth and led me on.

* * * * * * *

'Months passed before I arose from my bed and visited the fields again; but the pyre of vengeance was burning like a volcano in my bosom—it warmed and thrilled the blood in my veins, fired my brain, nerved my limbs, and at length I recovered.'

'And thy wife and child?' cried his auditor.

'They were not molested; the ire of the savage seemed to fasten on me for the time, and me alone; but they had a foe to cope with now whose vengeance knew no slumber. I immediately procured a rifle, mine having been stolen by the Indians on the night of the attack, and I at once swore revenge. Thus far I had ever treated them as men; but the tie of humanity was now severed, and Indian after Indian fell beneath my hand. Whenever a gleam of pity thrilled my heart, I would think of the wound in my breast, the blade dripping with my blood, the scalp torn madly from my head, and the tenderness would vanish like the mists of the morning.

'But why dwell on the ghost of the past. Yester-eve, while I was away on business, my cabin was attacked by the savages, and when I returned I found it in flames. My daughter had but a week before returned from Boston, where she had passed a season with kindred and friends, and I was joyfully anticipating the smiles and the hopes that should greet me after the day's absence and toil, when, on ascending a cliff to the right of my dwelling, lo! what a scene burst on my vision. The wife of my bosom was on her knees, praying for the mercy she dared not expect, her eyes upraised to heaven, and tears streaming down her cheeks: while my daughter was clasped in the arms of a savage, who was fast bearing her away. Without pausing, I rushed madly, wildly on; but, alas! my speed was of no avail. As I descended the cliff, I saw a tomahawk gleam and glitter in the air—I heard a shriek, enough to freeze the heart of man—and then on the instant the weapon was buried deep in the brain of her, the angel of my being, the idol of my youth. I saw her lifted in the arms of an Indian and cast, yet living, into the flames. I saw it coil around her limbs and lick her bosom of snow—the bosom where I had so oft lain my head when I wearied of the toils, and the sorrow, and the trials of the world. I saw it writhe her locks of gold, scathe her brow, darken her cheek, and seal her lips—lips that had so fondly taught me the treasure of love and woman's heart—lips yet glowing and thrilling with the caress of parting; and think you, stranger, I shall ever forget the sight? Think you her death-groan, as it went up to God, will ever cease to ring in my ear? Never—never! My vision failed me, the waters of life froze in my veins, and I fell scathed, as with the lightning's stroke, to the ground.

'When I awoke from my lethargy, it was morning; the birds were singing around me, the sun was shining, and the breeze murmuring among the leaflets of the wilderness. I arose and turned my gaze on my home. O, God! what a scene for the husband and father—what a picture for the soul of man! The smoke was still rolling up to the sky, shaping itself fantastically among the branches of the trees—the sun looked beautifully and blessedly on the spot: but there was a silence there, and a loneliness that changed my heart to stone. I went, and groping among the cinders and ashes, found the bones of my wife, blackened, and seared, and tortured beyond the semblance of humanity—*and I left them there.* No trace of my daughter was discovered, and I could only infer that she was borne away a captive. And, boy, I have toiled since morning through glen and over mountain, on the trail of the Indian, and my prayer for existence is, that I may find my child, in life or in death, and be revenged.'

A sigh burst from the lips of the youth, as the Huntsman of the Housatonic finished his recital, and he stood before Granger the incarnation of wo.

'Indeed!' he wildly exclaimed, raising his eyes, from which gleamed the fire of anguish, 'is it thus that my hopes are to be blasted? I had not recked of aught like this. Luke Granger, in the name of the Redeemer, tell me, is thy daughter living?'

'Most probably she is, but if Heaven doe not intervene, her hours ere this are numbered.'

'And where?'

'Not a league from where we now stand—the savage has not gone far with his prey; but I tell you, if not rescued, she will never see morning's light again.'

'Then, in the name of mercy, lead on.'

'Art thou willing to encounter danger for her sake?' said the Housatonic, surprised at the interest and emotion his companion manifested.

'Yes.'

'Art thou willing to meet a race who never knew mercy, who delight in torturing their victims, and seeing them groan, and writhe, and shriek, and die?'

'Yes.'

'And wouldst thou defy torture and challenge death, that her life might be spared?'

'Yes, on, on, I will follow.'

Granger looked at the youth inquiringly for a moment, and then casting his eye abroad on the landscape, continued:

'The Indians are in our vicinity, and I ascended the mountain at sunset to take a survey of the scene. At twilight they will light a fire, as is the custom of the tribe, and the smoke will betray their ambush—ha! there it ascends from the glen at the left;' and he pointed towards a column of smoke that arose from the base of a mountain, nearly a league to the south of where they stood. 'Now is the hour for action. Our foes probably far outnumber us, but my daughter must be saved, else I will die in the attempt.'

The huntsman and his companion now prepared for their mission; the priming and loading of their rifles were faithfully examined, their knives were fastened securely in their girdles, and noiselessly as spirits they descended the hill in the direction of the encampment.

The night proved one of darkness—the landscape was enveloped in gloom; but Granger was acquainted with the course, and he led his companion slowly and cautiously along. Before they descended the cliff, the eye of the huntsman had fastened on a star that seemed to hover over the smoke-wreath of the savages, and he marked it as a guide to their bivouac. On and on they pressed, in silence and through gloom; and as they gradually neared the lodge, the caution and taciturnity of the sire increased. He gave directions to his comrade in a whisper, pausing ever and anon to listen; and his eye pierced the darkness around like that of an eagle. As they were carefully ascending a crag that arose abruptly in their path, the sound of a war-whoop, ringing on the silence of the night, larumed their ears, and they paused.

'Ho! we are upon them,' muttered the Housatonic; 'now control thy nerves, let you behold what you may.'

Not a twig cracked beneath their feet, not a leaf rustled in their path, as they arose to the crest of the crag. Hudson was the first to catch a survey of the scene below. There, scarcely a score of paces from where they crouched, burned a fire of logs and brush, casting a radiance on the objects around, and lighting up the forest with a glare ghostly in the extreme. A score of savages surrounded the beacon, painted and apparelled in the costume of war, their tomahawks gleaming fearfully in their belts; while just below the circle, bound securely to a tree, stood a female in the prime of youth, and weeping bitterly. There was a loveliness in the expression of her features, as she stood there, an angel among demons, with her face upraised to heaven and her hands clasped over her bosom. Her hair hung loose and floating around her neck and shoulders, and with her head thrown back in the attitude of prayer, it swayed and wantoned in the breeze like threads of gold. She was a vision of beauty that would never weary the eye of man.

A groan had almost escaped the lips of the youth as he contemplated the scene; but the eye of Granger was upon him, and he stilled the cry.

'Hush!' whispered he, 'not a sound above thy breath, if thou wouldst not see her sacrificed before thy face.'

For awhile they lay quiet, watching narrowly the motions of the savage, and planning a method of attack; when at a gesture from their chief, the Indians arose simultaneously to their feet. The sachem proceeded to the tree where the girl was secured, and undoing the fastenings, led her forth among the group. The war-whoop again rung through the wood, and they prepared for the torture of their victim. The pleasure of sacrificing their captive at the stake, seemed for the time forgotten, and they were apparently determined on a species of torture at once without the pale of their cruelty. A rope was procured and looped around her neck, to which was attached a chain of iron they in their traffic had purchased of the whites. The extremity of the chain was thrown over the limb of a tree, and immediately grasped by a number of the warriors, who, with yells of delight, commenced the torture by drawing gradually upon it, and tightening the cord around her neck.

A shriek from the girl as she felt the coil press at her throat, thrilled to the soul of the youth and he sprang like lightning to his feet.

'Granger, they will assassinate her before our eyes. Let us forward to the rescue.'

'Pause,' whispered the huntsman, quietly, as he laid his hand on the shoulder of the boy, 'pause and trust to me. They shall not murder her while Luke Granger lives: but the rope must be severed ere it presses too tightly around her neck.'

'And how?'

'With the bullet that slumbers in my rifle.'

'God of heaven! you will destroy your child,' cried Hudson, comprehending the means to be used, ''tis not the eye of mortal, nor the arm of flesh, that can speed a ball to a mark like that.'

'Fear not, I *never err*; my daughter's life is in no danger at the hands of a father. I can shoot the rope from her neck, albeit it fits rather closely, as easily as I can unloose the latchet of my shoes. I have used the rifle from childhood—but look, they are drawing upon the chain; ha! she swings from the ground; O! see her struggle and writhe, and hear her shriek!'

'And will you see her murdered thus?' said the youth, as he made a spring, 'on, on, she will die.'

'Hold,' continued Granger, 'I tell you she shall not die. Wait till she ceases her struggles for a moment, and then I will mar their plans. How they howl, and shriek, and yell; ay, well, let them howl—there, there—it is the moment for action.'

The girl had now ceased her struggles, and hung suspended without motion, and seemingly without life. The fire shone brightly on her form and features, displaying their symmetry and beauty; and the cord, as it lay coiled around her neck, dimly revealed by the glare of the flame, fastened the eye of Granger. He raised his rifle to his shoulder calmly and unhesitatingly, as though he was about to fire at a deer; while his comrade, trembling from head to foot, covered his face with his hands to shut out the scene. Did he err the breadth of a hair in his aim, it must prove the death of his idol; still he faltered not—not a nerve shrunk from the trial. For a time there was a pause, and then the report of the rifle rang out on the darkness. The girl fell to the ground, and a yell of surprise and madness burst from the lips of the savages.

'Luke Granger, you have murdered her,' said the boy, uncovering his face; and he groaned aloud.

'The lead did not injure her,' said the father, quietly, 'she has only fainted; but our task has scarcely yet begun, so nerve thyself for action. The demons will be upon us instantly, and while I cope with them you must bear Eola from the scene—no overtures, you *will* abide my dictation, or she may yet be lost. I can easily deal with the Indians in the darkness; but listen, I leave not the forest till they have gone to their death!'

As Granger predicted, the savages supposing their captive killed by the shot, left her to her fate, and rushed immediately on the ambush of their enemies.

'There, now mark your man, and then fly to the rescue,' whispered Granger, as Hudson raised his rifle to his shoulder. The messenger of death brought a foe to the ground, and in an instant the youth was lost in the darkness; while the huntsman, secreting himself within the shadow of a crag, calmly awaited their coming. The howls and cries of the savages were now redoubled, and they sought long and vainly for their enemy. They ranged like devils through the wood, searching the glen, the valley, and the crag: but darkness veiled their vision, and they warred only with shadows. At length an Indian ascended to the bluff, beneath which Granger was ambushed, and catching a glimpse of the form beneath him, he raised his tomahawk as a cry of alarm was trembling on his lips; but it never awoke the echoes around. The hatchet wavered in his grasp, and he fell without a groan to the ground. The breech of the huntsman's rifle had swiftly and silently crushed to his brain, and he lay at the feet of Granger a corpse.

After an hour's search for their foe, the Indians at a signal from their chief, returned to their bivouac; but their captive was gone. No blood marked the spot where she fell, and as they sought for a trace of her death and found it not, they whooped again in the agony of madness. Meanwhile Hudson, having rescued the captive, bore her away from the arena of terror; and, after the savages had given up the search and returned to their encampment, he clasped her lightly in his arms, and conveyed her to the ambush of his companion.

'Granger, thy daughter is safe!' and the girl was placed in the arms of her father. As he pressed her to his bosom a tear glittered on his cheek. She still remained in the state of insensibility into which she had fallen when suffering the torture of her captors; and placing her gently on a knoll of moss at his side, he arose to his feet and turned his eye towards his foes.

They were now evidently engaged in transferring the contents of a keg which stood in their midst, to their pouches and flasks; and the hunter, after eyeing them awhile, turned inquiringly to Hudson, who was kneeling over the form of the girl, silently imprinting a kiss upon her lips.

'What does the keg contain, think you?'

'It contains powder. As I passed it with thy daughter I saw grains scattered on the head; they are now filling their flasks from its contents.'

'Ha! powder didst thou say?' returned Granger, a gleam of triumph lighting up his visage; 'then it shall prove their destruction. Ho! haste, and assist me to light a fire here behind this cliff, and I will soon let them know that the huntsman of the Housatonic still lives.'

A box of tinder together with flint and steel, was drawn from the pocket of Granger, and a blaze immediately started. While Hudson supplied it with fuel, Granger produced a slug of iron and laid it on the coals; then, charging his gun with powder and wad, he waited impatiently for the iron to heat. While he thus stood fidgeting over the flame, the youth looked up anxiously into his face.

'What wouldst thou do?'

'I will show you, right shortly. Do you look over the cliff and see if they still surround the keg.'

Hudson obeyed the injunctions of Granger, and soon returned an answer in the affirmative.

'Then prepare to assist me, and we must work like lightning, or our efforts will be in vain. Now raise the slug on a coal, and keep it white with heat till the instant I shall want it; then slip it into the tube of my rifle as quickly as you can.'

Thus saying, they ascended to the crest of the cliff, the boy keeping the coal, on which rested the slug, burning with his breath. The Indians were still seated around the keg, an opening between a couple of their number, revealing to the eye of Granger the reservoir of powder; and without pausing, he stood his piece upon the breech, and, turning to Hudson, said:

'There, now I am ready; slide the iron rapidly into the barrel, or it will cool before it reaches its destination.'

The motions of the huntsman now were like the glance of thought; it was scarcely the work of an instant to raise the rifle to his shoulder, sight the tube, and draw upon the trigger. There was a click of the lock, a gleam of flame shot from the muzzle, and then a report, that fell on the ear with the force of thunder, awoke the echoes of the mountains for miles around.

The slug had not disappointed the expectations of Granger; it pierced the keg, igniting the powder, and the work of destruction was accomplished.

Calmly blowing the smoke from his rifle, the huntsman reloaded it, and then approached the bivouac of the Indians. The agent of death had indeed fearfully done its work; nearly a score of savages lay scattered around, splinters of the keg driven deep into their flesh; and on their faces, seared and distorted with the powder, could be traced scarcely a resemblance to identify them with humanity. The chief, who alone survived the explosion, was seated in the rear of the circle at the time, and, although severely wounded, he was now crawling away to secrete himself from his foe. As well might he have sought to evade the eye of a spirit. Granger caught sight of his form, and clasping him by the throat with the gripe of a giant, hurled him to the ground. Their eyes met, and for a moment gleamed from their depths an intensity of hate which a lifetime of strife and enmity only would beget.

'Die, murderer of my wife, desolater of my home! It is Luke Granger whose gripe is upon thy throat. Dost thou remember her cry for mercy, her shriek of anguish, as the hatchet sunk into her brain, and she was cast into the flames? Die, thou demon, thou destroyer of innocence and hope; and, as thy spirit penetrates the darkness of eternity, may its wings be burnished with the curse of the wronged and oppressed!'

As the avenger spoke, he plunged his knife to the heart of the chief, who rolled over upon his face and died without a struggle or a groan.

The hunter now returned to the mound where he had left his daughter in company with the youth. She had recovered from her insensibility during the interval of his absence, and, to his surprise, he found her closely locked in Hudson's embrace. Her demeanor towards him manifested something more than gratitude; it was marked by a fondness and a tenderness, only known to those whose hearts are indelibly typed by the angel of affection—whose beings have received their talisman of immortality—the divinity of love.

'Eola!'

The girl looked up; it was her father who called, and she fled from the arms of Hudson to the bosom of her parent.

'Eola, thou art still left me,' murmured he, as he folded her to his heart; and he wept. 'Our home is a desolation—thy mother is no more; but the deed is avenged. Hudson,' continued he, turning to the youth, 'hast thou ever seen my daughter before?'

'I have, and I heard from her lips the events of thy life.'

'And you love the girl.'

'I love her.'

'Eola, hearest thou this?'

'I have heard it before, father,' replied she, tremblingly; and she hid her face in his bosom.

'And do you return the affection?'

'He will answer thee, father.'

Granger now learned from the youth that he had become acquainted with Eola while she was on a visit to her friends in Boston, and formed for her an attachment, which he had acknowledged, and with pleasure found to be warmly reciprocated. Upon her return home, finding that he could not exist without her presence to gladden and beautify life, he had immediately followed her to the wilderness; but failing to ascertain the location of her father before her departure, he had, up to the time of his meeting Granger in the forest in quest of his daughter, sought in vain for the object of his pursuit. The scenes that subsequently occurred are already known to the reader.

Granger heard the recital in silence, and when the youth had finished, he grasped him by the hand, and remarked:

'Henly Hudson, you have acted nobly tonight; you have aided in rescuing her from the power of the foe, and she is thine; but Eola and her sire must never part. With the spirit of her mother looking down upon us, I resign her to your trust. She has loved me as daughter never loved before—she will love you as wife seldom loves.'

The morning dawned, and they together left the forest. In time a mansion was reared where once stood the cot of Granger, and the affluence of Henly Hudson rendered it a home of peace and luxury. The husband and daughter felt deeply the death of Mrs. Granger, but the balm of years softened their sorrow, and partially healed the wounds in their hearts. From the night of the drama above recorded, the spirit of extermination, which had before animated the breasts of the savages, seemed extinguished. They never recovered from the effects then received. The name of Luke Granger struck a terror to their souls which they had no power to conquer, and thenceforth he could range the forests without molestation. Tradition has handed down his name to posterity, and he is still spoken of in the vale where he lived and died, as the Huntsman of the Housatonic.

### Sweet Mother, do not weep!

BY GEO. P. BURNHAM.

The last brown leaf of autumn sear
Hung trembling on the bough,
And sadly wailed the midnight air,
In accents plaint and low;—
With quivering lip and falling tear
A mother watched her child,
For well she knew that death was there,
Though still the brave boy smiled!
'Sweet mother, do not weep!' he said—
'Kneel here—I'll kiss those tears away;
Thus, thus support my weary head—
But, mother, do not weep!'

Against his pale and fevered cheek,
The mother pressed her own:
His breath was faint, his pulse was weak—
The work was nearly done!
Her tears, unbidden, still would flow,
While gazing on her child;
She softly kissed his pallid brow;
Again he faintly smiled.
'Sweet mother, do not weep!' he cried;
'Bright angels whisper me away:
No sorrow enters there,' he sighed—
'Then, mother, do not weep!'

The night had passed—and morning's breath
Swept coldly o'er the hill;
The loved one's eyes were sealed in death,
The mother watched him still.
The withered leaf which hung alone,
Had fallen from the tree;
The faithful watcher's task was done—
No more that smile she'll see!
Yet, gentle mother, do not weep!
His spirit bright is with the blest;
Naught but his form is wrapt in sleep—
Then, mother, weep no more!

*Godey—February.*

### No Backing Out.

The steamer Andrew Jackson, Captain Eckert, on her last trip from New Orleans to Cincinnati, entered the canal at Louisville, and after passing through the locks, met another large boat in the canal, filling it from side to side. The captains on both boats insisted on the other's backing out; each refused; words ran high, each threatening the other to put on steam and rush through first. At this point the superintendent of the canal made his appearance, and decided that the Andrew Jackson should back down to the basin, and suffer the other to pass on into the locks, saying the other boat had entered by permission, and that the Jackson ought to have stopped at the basin. Captain Eckert, after giving vent to a few bitter, bold curses upon the superintendent, reluctantly prepared to back the Jackson down to the basin. One of his deck hands, an Irishman, who, with flushed cheeks and heaving bosom, had witnessed the contest, here exclaimed: 'Captain Eckert, this is your boat; you can back her if you choose,' (and seizing a screw-driver, and pointing to the figure-head, a likeness of General Jackson, carved in hickory), 'but this ould feller never backs.' Applying the instrument, he began very deliberately to unscrew the figure-head from the bowsprit, with the declaration that no man ever backed him living, and while he could raise an arm, no man should back him dead. So saying, he unscrewed the figure, took it upon his shoulders, and carrying it up town, he called a few of his friends together, and held a carousal over it, till the boat got through; he then replaced it in its position, and resumed his accustomed place on the forecastle of the Andrew Jackson.

### Affecting.

An affecting incident is related by a Donegal paper. A few nights since a young boy and his sister returning from Pettigo homewards, had to cross a mountain. The night was dark and stormy, and they lost their way. Next morning both were found dead from exposure. The boy and girl lay side by side—the latter with her arm around her brother's neck, and her flannel petticoat removed from her own person, was wrapped round his feet. Thus did the noble creature, perhaps, sacrifice her own life in the vain effort to sustain that of the brother's.

[Written for The Flag of our Union.]

### Titania to ——

IN A 'MIDSUMMER NIGHT'S DREAM.'

BY FRANCES S. OSGOOD.

I have something sweet to tell you,
But the secret you must keep;
And remember, if it isn't right,
I'm—'talking in my sleep.'

For I know I am but dreaming,
When I think your love is mine;
And I know they are but seeming,
All the hopes that round me shine.

So remember, when I tell you,
What I cannot longer keep,
We are none of us responsible
For what we say in sleep.

My pretty secret's coming!
O, listen with your heart;
And you shall hear it humming,
So close 'twill make you start.

O, shut your eyes so earnest,
Or mine will wildly weep;
I love you! I *adore* you! but—
'I'm talking in my sleep!'

### Cromwell's Puritan Army.

The army which now became supreme in the state was an army very different from any that has since been seen among us. At present the pay of the common soldier is not such as to seduce any but the humblest class of English laborers from their calling. A barrier almost impassable separates him from the commissioned officer. The great majority of those who rise high in the service rise by purchase. So numerous and extensive are the remote dependencies of England, that every man who enlists in the line must expect to pass many years in exile, and some years in climates unfavorable to the health and vigor of the European race. The army of the Long Parliament was raised for home service. The pay of the private soldier was much above the wages earned by the great body of the people; and, if he distinguished himself by intelligence and courage, he might hope to obtain high commands. The ranks were accordingly composed of persons superior in station and education to the multitude. These persons, sober, moral, diligent, and accustomed to reflect, had been induced to take up arms, not by the pressure of want, not by the love of novelty and license, not by the arts of recruiting officers, but by religious and political zeal, mingled with the desire of distinction and promotion. The boast of the soldiers, as we find it recorded in their solemn resolutions, was, that they had not been forced into the service, nor had enlisted chiefly for the sake of lucre, that they were no janissaries, but freeborn Englishmen, who had, of their own accord, put their lives in jeopardy for the liberties and religion of England, and whose right and duty it was to watch over the welfare of the nation which they had saved.

A force thus composed might, without injury to its efficiency, be indulged in some liberties, which, if allowed to any proper troops, would prove subversive of all discipline. In general, soldiers who should form themselves into political clubs, elect delegates, and pass resolutions on high questions of state, would soon break loose from all control, would cease to form an army, and would become the worst and most dangerous of mobs. Nor would it be safe, in our time, to tolerate in any regiment religious meetings, at which a corporal, versed in Scripture, should lead the devotions of his less gifted colonel, and admonish a backsliding major. But such was the intelligence, the gravity, and the self-command of the warriors whom Cromwell had trained, that in their camp a political organization and a religious organization could exist, without destroying military organization. The same men, who, off duty, were noted as demagogues and field preachers, were distinguished for steadiness, by the spirit of order, and the prompt obedience on watch, on drill, and on the field of battle.

In war, this strange force was irresistible.—The stubborn courage, characteristic of the English people, was, by this system of Cromwell, at once regulated and stimulated. Other leaders have maintained orders as strict. Other leaders have inspired their followers with a zeal as ardent. But in his camp alone the most rigid discipline was found in company with the fiercest enthusiasm. His troops moved to victory with the precision of machines, while burning with the wildest fanaticism of crusaders. From the time when the army was remodeled, to the time when disbanded, it never found, either on the British Island or on the Continent, an enemy who could stand its onset. In England, Scotland, Ireland, Flanders, the Puritan warriors, often surrounded by difficulties, sometimes contending against threefold odds, not only never failed to conquer, but never failed to destroy and break in pieces whatever force was opposed to them. They at length came to regard the day of battle as a day of certain triumph, and marched against the most renowned battalions of Europe with disdainful confidence. Turenne was startled by the shout of stern exultation with which his English allies advanced to the combat, and expressed the delight of a true soldier, when he learned that it was ever the fashion of Cromwell's pikemen to rejoice when they beheld the enemy; and the banished cavaliers felt an emotion of national pride, when they saw a brigade of their countrymen outnumbered by foes and abandoned by allies, drive before it in headlong rout the finest infantry of Spain, and force a passage into a counterscarp which had just been pronounced impregnable by the ablest of the marshals of France.

But that which chiefly distinguished the army of Cromwell from other armies was the austere morality and the fear of God which pervaded all ranks. It is acknowledged by the most zealous royalists, that, in that singular camp, no oath was heard, no drunkenness or gambling was seen; and that during the long dominion of the soldiery, the property of the peaceable citizen and the honor of woman were held sacred. If outrages were committed, they were outrages of a very different kind from those of which a victorious army is generally guilty. No servant girl complained of the rough gallantry of the red-coats. Not an ounce of plate was taken from the shops of the goldsmiths. But a Pelagian sermon, or a window on which the Virgin and Child was painted, produced in the Puritan ranks an excitement which it required the utmost exertions of the officers to quell. One of Cromwell's chief difficulties was to retain his pikemen and dragoons from invading, by main force, the pulpits of ministers whose discourses, to use the language of that time, were not savory.—*Macaulay.*

### How it is done.

Cochran, of the Boston Odd Fellow, is one of 'em, and does up a receipt for matrimony after the style of Miss Leslie's domestic cookery. Hear what he says:

'Catch a young gentleman and lady in good condition; let the gentleman be green, and the lady tender. Place them at a dinner-table, and baste the gentleman with a good quantity of wine. While he is soaking, stick in a word now and then about miss; this will help to make him boil. When he begins to change color and turn red, take him into the drawing-room, and set him and the lady side by side, then stuff them with sweet cakes and strong green tea. Then place them at the piano, and blow the flame till the lady sings; when you hear the gentleman sigh, it is time to remove them, as they are then warm enough. Now put them by themselves in a corner of the room, or on a sofa, and there let them simmer together for the rest of the evening. This sort of game is not cooked at one dressing, but if repeated two or three times, care being taken to keep them together as much as convenient, they will be ready for matrimony whenever they are wanted.

N. B.—After marriage they will require looking to now and then, as they are apt to become sour.'

The wise man has his follies no less than the fool; but herein lies the difference—the follies of the fool are known to the world, but hidden from himself; the follies of the wise are known to himself, but hidden from the world.

Being at a wedding party where there were some wild young men, they proposed that Rev. Mr. Murray should drink wine with them, to which he assented, remarking, at the same time, that 'he could drink like a *beast*.' At this they stared at each other, and winked, plainly intimating that they would make him go the entire animal. After drinking a glass he positively refused to take any more. They then reminded him of his promise; to which he replied: 'I have performed my promise—I have had enough; and *a beast always leaves off when he has had enough*.' The reproof was keenly felt, and, it is said, had a very salutary effect.

A Mr. John Lewis, according to the Kentucky Yeoman, has invented a 'Safety Mask,' or 'Prophylactic Protector,' to ward off contagious diseases! The Yeoman thinks that 'when cholera, yellow fever, or like diseases raged, it would prove a valuable protector.'

Mr. John Lewis is requested to propel an invoice of his 'Prophylactics' down this way. The Cape Cod girls are said to be getting very 'rampagious;' and each one of them will take a 'valuable protector.'—*N. Y. Globe.*

*Epitaphs.*

Here lies two children dead as nits,
God killed them both by ague fits,
They were too good to live long of me,
So God took them home to live long of he.

Another—

Here lies John and Lucy Leaven,
Killed by lightning sent from Heaven,
In 1777.

The Glasgow Citizen states that a floating railway, in connection with the Edinburgh and Northern line, is to be thrown over the estuary of the Tay, where it is about a mile and a half broad. Now, indeed, Britannia is ruling the waves, and that with unmistakeable lines. In laying down rails over the billows, she will literally rule them with rods of iron.

Germany has produced clocks and printing.
France, cooks, capons and compliments.
Russia, mad emperors and hemp.
Africa, gold and ebony—blacks.
England, roast beef, puddings, beer and taxes.
The United States, constitutions and Yankee notions.

A gentleman playing whist with an intimate friend, who seemed, as far as hands were concerned, to hold the Mahometan doctrine of election in supreme contempt, said to him with a countenance 'more in sorrow than anger,' 'My good fellow, if dirt were trumps, what a hand you would have!'

Dan Marble tells a story about a Yankee tailor who was dunning a man for the amount of his bill. The man said he was 'sorry, very sorry, very sorry *indeed*, that he couldn't pay it.' 'Wal,' said the other, 'I took you for a man that would be sorry, but if you are *sorrier* than I am, then I'll quit.'

SMOKING.

The doctors think it very bad
To use cigars, and so, egad,
Do I; for always where or when
I see the things I burn them then.

'Is Mr. —— abstemious in his living?' asked a physician of a rather obtuse attendant upon a patient laboring under an inflammatory complaint. 'Waal, he's abstemious enough in the eatin' part, but I tell you he's *stemmous* when you come to the drinkin'.'

Some old bachelor thus describes matrimonial travelling: 'If you see a gentleman and a lady in the same coach, in profound silence, the one looking out at one side, the other at the other side, never imagine they mean any harm to one another, they are already honestly married.'

If the pillar of salt into which Lot's wife was turned, is now (as Lieut. Lynch asserts), upwards of forty feet high, after being wasted by the storms of 4000 years, more or less, how tall was Lot's wife when she met with her sudden change! We ask for information.

ON DR. W——.

Pray Heaven will be forgiving!
Such sin is on his head:
For he cuts us down while living,
And cuts us up when dead!

A Paris caricature represents Louis Philippe receiving a kick from Lamartine, who is receiving one from Cavaignac, who is in turn kicked by Louis Napoleon; and then comes a scroll, 'To be continued.'

A young prating lawyer one day boasted to a facetious counsellor, that he had received five and twenty guineas for speaking in a certain cause. 'And I,' said the counsellor, 'received double that sum for holding my tongue in the same cause.'

'Has my client paid your client any money?' 'Not that I know of; but why do you ask?' 'Because,' replied the first lawyer, 'I'm afraid they will settle the case between themselves, and we shall get no fees.'

Two gentlemen were lately examining the breast of a plow on a stall in a market place. 'I'll bet you a guinea,' said one, 'you don't know what this is for.' 'Done,' said the other, 'it's for sale.' The bet was won and the wager paid.

Dobbs, on being questioned by the Court as to whether he had ever been extensively engaged in the hotel business, answered that he rather thought he had, as he once 'boarded' a frigate and two sloops-of-war.'

Sir Thomas Moore remarked to the executioner by whom he was to perish, that the scaffold was extremely weak; 'I pray you, friend, see me up safe,' said he, 'and for coming down, let me shift for myself!'

When Lord Eldon brought in a bill for restraining the liberty of the press, a member moved as an additional clause, that all anonymous works should have the name of the author printed on the title page.

Horn writes: 'We are about to have that part of Broadway fronting the "Gem Bowling Saloon" paved with square blocks of granite, by that Colossus of *street* pavers, the immortal Russ. Three cheers *for us!* (Russ.)'

An Irish gentleman once remarked in the House of Commons, that the French were the most restless nation in the world—adding very pensively, 'They will never be at peace until they are engaged in another war.'

One of the great comets which terrified Europe some centuries ago, produced the catastrophe of giving all the cats in Westphalia the stomach-ache.

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MEETING OF THE YOUNG LORD OF LISIADE WITH PAOLINA.

*Alberto is suddenly roused from his revery by the approach of the gondolier and his beautiful daughter.*

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# PAOLINA:

OR,

# THE SYBIL OF THE ARNO.

## A TALE OF THE TIME OF COSMO III.

BY MARTHA ANN CLOUGH.

### CHAPTER I.

*Florence. Ancient ruins. Palace of the Lisiade. Alberto. The sick lady. The stranger.*

'More mighty spots may rise—more glaring shine,
But none unite in one attaching maze
The brilliant, fair, and soft—the glories of old days.'
BYRON.

FLORENCE—fair, delightful Florence! Beautiful thou art, with thy pillared halls, thy spacious temples and thy marble palaces! I love to think of thee, as thou standest on the banks of the silvery Arno, in whose clear waters thy loveliness is so delightfully mirrored! Fairest of Italia's fair cities art thou, though some of thy columns have mouldered, and some of thy monuments crumbled to dust! They may tell me of Naples—of the hills, clothed with vineyards, olive-trees, and orange-groves, that slope down to her beautiful bay, and Vesuvius, towering near; of Venice, the queen of the Adriatic, built on an hundred isles, with her 'tall piles,' and sea-girt castles;

'Whose porphyry pillars, and whose costly fronts,
Fraught with the orient spoil of many marbles,
Like altars ranged along the broad canal,
Seem each a trophy of some mighty deed;'

of Milan, with its cathedral, rearing its pure, white columns to the sunny sky; of Genoa, home of the daring Columbus, with its broad bay and costly edifices, long ago styled the 'city of a thousand palaces;' of Rome, too, time-hallowed Rome, once the mistress of the world, enthroned upon her seven hills and overlooking the waters of the Tiber—they may talk of her grandeur and her power—of her ancient splendor—of her fountains, her churches, and her amphitheatres, yet still will I speak of thy beauty, Florence, of *thee*, that wast surnamed the *Fair*. Nature and art have combined to stamp upon thee their own bright signet—mellow are the sunbeams that gild thy lofty turrets and thy glittering spires—soft and balmy are the breezes that steal through thy bowers of orange and myrtle—bright is the star-light that bathes thy streets! Gentle and refreshing are the dews that moisten thy delicate blossoms and sweet-scented shrubs—pure are the fountains that gush up from thy green turf—clear is the river that sweeps by thy walls! There is a mystic spell linked with thy loveliness—'tis the charm which the genius of thy children has woven around thee, and it floats like a magic banner over thy soil! Highest on fame's crowded list have thy gifted sons written their names; the memory of thy painters, thy sculptors, and thy bards, linger around thee like the perfume of faded flowers, hovering over the spot where they blossomed. Never can be forgotten, while *intellect* shall be honored, the ambitious Danté; *he died an exile from his home, centuries ago, but his name lives still*: is it not immortal as the spirit of him who bore it? Petrarch, too, immortalized in deathless song—round whose brow was twined the laurel of renown—bright as the foliage of the trees that wave over his tomb—fresh as the water of the fountain which bears his name, is his memory still.

Cimabue, also, Giovanni Cimabue, who first revived the art of painting in Italy, among thy painters stands conspicuous; of a Cassentino and a Dolce, with a host of others thou canst boast! And yet, without these, the name of Galileo were quite enough to render thee illustrious; he who gazed upon the regal sun, the pale, queenly moon, and 'cloistered stars,' with eager, searching eye, and unfolded truths concerning those bright orbs that astonished the world. Those were thy palmiest days, when the great and the gifted trod thy streets, and their voices echoed through thy halls. That was thy golden age, when the illustrious family of the Medici held sway over thee, for their power was an era long to be remembered in literature and the arts, for which thou *hast been, and art still*, celebrated. They passed away—thy proud, aspiring rulers, and thy noblest sons, and thou wast left to become in course of years what thou now art—but the mere vestige of thy former greatness! Ah! Florence, thou hast sadly changed—yet still, still thou art beautiful, though time's tireless foot hath not passed over thee lightly; though church and palace have crumbled beneath its march, and the master-spirits once thy pride, no longer throng thy dwellings. Yet a thrilling interest still hovers around thee, as if the souls of the departed would linger near the scenes of their earthly existence; thy children, and the strangers who come to breathe the inspiration of thine atmosphere, love to recite tales of those by-gone days. There is some romantic legend of the olden time linked with every shady grove, grottoed cave and winding stream; with every ruined castle, crumbling tower and ivy-crowned turret; with every work of art now remaining in thy lofty galleries!

I have a tale to tell, of a painter who once dwelt in Florence, a nobleman of the house of the Lisiade, now no longer there, but once, in the time of Cosmo III, the proudest family in Tuscany. And well they might be, for gentle blood was flowing in the veins of Ludovico de Lisiade, and the Signora Ginditta, his haughty bride, was from one of the noblest houses in Venice.

On the margin of the Arno, perhaps a league from the city of Florence, can now be seen the ruins of the ancient home of the Lisiade. 'Tis in an enchanting spot, surrounded by orange and olive trees, through whose foliage the graceful windings of the placid stream are distinctly seen, a lofty hill raises its superb head in the rear of the castle, crowned with dark firs and cypresses; a cave, with its mouth half-hidden by tangled masses of dark, gray moss and matted shrubbery, is seen near the summit, *now* inhabited by nought, save the owl and the raven, but *once* the well-known abode of the *Sybil of the Arno*. The green sward, gemmed with gorgeous-tinted flowers, slopes even to the water's edge, but the paved avenues, leading to the palace, are concealed by rank, running vines, woven thickly together, save where here and there the delicately-tinted marble peeps forth, as if languishing in the close embrace of the interlaced tendrils for one more fresh, warming sun-ray.

Around the arching gateway the glossy ivy folds her clinging garment, while many a wild flower, with petals of rich crimson, stainless white, and deep purple, nestles lovingly against the faded gilding, like the blooming cheek of *youth* resting beside the furrowed brow of age.

The clear fountains have long since ceased their melodious murmuring, and their basins of the finest marble are filled with withered leaves and decayed flowers, with now and then a late-fallen blossom, looking forth from a host of blighted sisters, as if still wooing the refreshing dewdrop, and the golden sunlight.

Birds 'plumed gorgeously,' flit about in the orange trees, and weave their tiny nests in the luxuriant shrubbery, all regardless that their glancing eyes and sweet, wild songs too ill accord with the utter desolation around them.

The castle, too, alas! how hath it changed! Methinks, the lord of Lisiade would scarcely recognize in that crumbling edifice the palace he was once so proud to call his own! The ponderous hall-door creaks gloomily upon the massive hinges from which it is now falling; the winding staircases totter beneath the tread; the spacious corridors are *strangely* dark, for the light that would fain struggle through the stained windows finds its way obstructed by the dust that has accumulated for many a year. The dim apartments present a scene, striking, indeed, with their quaint carving and costly furniture; the rich, though faded tapestry; the luxurious cushions of soiled velvet heaped upon the tasselated floors; the heavy drapery falling in damp, crumpled masses around the casements, and the marble statuary looking down from many a niche, as if frowning on the desolate aspect of those deserted halls. All is gloomy, sad, solemn; as if ancient magnificence were struggling to arrest the progress of decay. There is something strangely interesting in that old dwelling, for there is splendor, ay, grandeur even, in the ruins of what was once princely.

Years, long years have passed away since human beings dwelt within those walls; since the notes of cheerful voices echoed through those lofty corridors, or the tones of music gushed from the now mouldering instruments. In the once pleasant music-room, Time has wrought sad changes; the owl sits perched upon the deep-toned organ—the bat spreads its wings across the keys of the piano—the raven smooths her plumage upon the tuneful harp, and the spider weaves his web across the music-breathing strings of the lute. Yet not always has that palace been thus tenantless, thus silent; those marble floors once echoed to the tread of the proud, ay, and the gifted too; the gladdening melody of merry voices and joyous laughter, resounded through those now dreary halls; skillful fingers wandered over those mute instruments and aroused the witching music of their chords; noble dames, fair maidens, and brave cavaliers lingered around those now dusty windows, and watched the glorious sunlight that stole through the stained glass, or breathed the perfumed air that floated up from the placid Arno. Light feet pressed those tottering staircases, and trod the giddy mazes of the festive dance in the now crumbling porticoes. Many a chariot rolled beneath that decaying gateway, and the hoofs of many a shining steed rang upon those now overgrown pavements. Time *was*, when there was not a lovelier palace in all Italy, than that of the Lisiade. Many a gondolier paused as he was gliding down the river, to admire the pure, white marble walls and lofty turrets—the overhanging trees and blossoming shrubs. Noblest among the noble were its owners; there was not in Florence a more influential man than the lord of Lisiade, or a woman more universally respected than the Signora Ginditta. Indeed there was something in her pale, though beautiful face and majestic bearing, that demanded respect; and yet there was a singular expression in the smile that ever wreathed her lips, and the strange light that glowed in her dark, restless eyes.

They had an only son, Alberto de Lisiade; at the time our tale commences, a lad of some twelve summers. Nature had been liberal in her gifts to the boy; beauty had written her name on his fair face and graceful form, and genius had stamped her signet on his lofty brow. *His* was such a countenance as rivets the attention; there was a world of thoughtfulness in his deep, liquid eyes, and an expression on his white forehead that seemed to say it ached with the wildness of the child's imaginings. The painters, the poets, and the boy's tutors that thronged the palace, would stroke back his glossy hair, and as *they* gazed at his spiritual face, declare that his *genius* would one day make all Italy, nay the *world* even, ring with his praises. Then the flashing eyes of the Lady Ginditta would grow brighter, and the folds of her robe quiver above the quick beatings of her heart, as she made some smiling reply to the flattering words of her guests. It was her sole ambition to see her son honored—*honored for his talents*. Neither de Lisiade nor herself possessed the glorious gift of genius, and she coveted it for her child, as a beggar would covet a jewel sparkling beyond his reach. Every faculty of her being was absorbed in fostering a love for the arts in her son; for this purpose, she gathered around her the richest specimens of painting and statuary the world afforded; for this, she threw open the doors of her palace and invited the gifted to enter. She had all her life been surrounded with wealth and luxury; she had received the homage which noble birth can insure; but *another* honor she coveted, that which is due only to genius. Who may tell how anxiously she watched every movement of the child, every shadow of thought that flitted over his face; how her heart leaped when she saw him gazing hour after hour at the rare paintings that enriched his home! One of Raphael's master-pieces adorned his own chamber, and often when the fond mother entered his apartment she found him with his eyes riveted on the beautiful picture. Then he had no words for her, she, none for him, and she would hurry away, almost overburdened with an excess of joy.

The boy loved to wander away alone, to climb up the hillside all matted with wild vines, and throwing himself down on the grassy turf, revel amid the ideal creations of his fancy. Bright were the visions of the child; no human tongue may tell how gloriously beautiful were his dreams; how brilliant were the images that wandered through the fairy realms of his imagination, nor how lofty were the aspirations that lived within his soul.

Not only for the *ideal* world had he an eye; the *real* earth to him was so lovely that he could never weary of gazing on its beauty. He loved the green old woods where everything was so fresh and so fair. There was an indescribable charm to him in every coquetting zephyr that stole through the boughs of the lofty trees; in the melody of the unfettered stream winding its way between flower-decked banks; in the bird-notes that gushed forth amid the quivering leaves; in the long, slender reeds that bent over the mossy brink of some bubbling spring, and tremblingly stooped to kiss its waters; 'twas as if in *these* a spirit voice were speaking of the beauty of his earthly abode, and each tone made his heart vibrate with strange emotions.

Sometimes he would take his way to the river's side, and sit for hours watching the track of the gondolas in the water as they sped onward like an arrow; the light and shade that chased each other on the tide like the rain and sunshine of an April day; the fantastic shapes of the clouds, and their gorgeous colors so beautifully mirrored in the stream; the shadows of the trees, too, that drooped over the water, and bathed their wreath-like branches in the cool liquid.

He was ever abroad at dawn, when the flowers awoke and smiled at the sky above them; at the sunset hour when the west seemed like a sea of crimson, with now and then a wave crested with gold, and azure, and purple, dashing upwards into the clear, blue ether; at twilight when the dews came down to kiss the drooping plants, and the wind's murmur lulled them to repose, and in the shadowy eve when the stars hung like a jeweled coronet upon the brow of night, and all was purely, serenely beautiful. His mother never sought to detain him in the palace, for she well knew how dreamy were the fancies, how bright the visions, of her child. He often spent weeks in the studios of the most eminent painters in Florence, watching their labors, and occasionally commenting upon their work, in a manner that revealed to their practised understanding his extraordinary gifts. Sometimes, often indeed, he made a sketch, and even the least worthy, the ambitious mother carefully preserved. There was a softness, a beauty, a grace, pervading even his childish attempts, that drew from the eminent *Loni* the prophecy that he would equal Raphael.

'*I shall be a painter*,' said the boy one day, as he was gazing on a painting long before placed in the gallery of Florence, by the celebrated Signorelli.

'*I* shall be a painter,' and a strong resolution took possession of his soul.

* * * *

Days went by—the child was again at his home, but a solemn stillness pervaded the castle of the Lisiade. The Signor Ludovico moved stealthily through the apartments with a look of sorrow on his face; the menials glided noiselessly through the spacious saloons silent and pale, and the young Alberto wandered listlessly from room to room, with tears in his eyes and a host of strange feelings in his heart.

'Twas a dark, stormy night; the sky was shrouded in portentous clouds that hung like a pall over the firmament; the wind swept down the hillside and howled around the palace, and the rain pattered against the windows and fell in pools upon the grass beneath.

Within a darkened apartment lay the lady of Lisiade; a burning fever was raging in her veins and parching her very vitals. Low, moaning sighs broke from her quivering lips, and sounded through the room like the wail of weary childhood. The heavy curtains were looped far back, that the sufferer might breathe more freely, and floated like an azure cloud around her couch. The rich counterpane, fringed with silver, was folded across the heart throbbing so wildly, and then swept down to the tapestry muffling the floor. The long, black tresses of the lady, escaping from the fillet that had confined them, and lying in rich confusion on the satin pillow, contrasted strangely with her colorless cheek and high forehead. One burning hand was twined among her hair, damp with perfumes, and the other lay like a fragment of statuary upon the counterpane.

The night wore on, and her attendant, a Venetian dame, who had watched her infancy, came softly to the bedside and looked anxiously upon her; she had been strangely still for a half hour, and the matron feared she would never speak again. She laid her hand upon her fevered cheek:

'How motionless she seems—I scarcely know that she breathes,' she muttered, and she placed her ear against the heart of the lady.

'Poor Ginditta,' she continued, slowly, 'poor Ginditta! the holy virgin preserve thee!' and she sank down beside her.

At length the Signora de Lisiade started:

'Agnese,' she said softly. 'Agnese, there is a chilliness around my heart, as if my blood were freezing—it cannot be that I am dying!'

The woman sprang to her feet, and though a dampness stood upon the forehead of her mistress, and the hand she clasped was growing cold, she said hurriedly:

'Nay, nay, it must not be, that thou art dying, lady—it cannot be.'

The words were scarcely uttered, when the tapestry was drawn aside, and a tall figure shrouded in dark garments advanced to the sufferer, and took her station by the servant.

'Holy Mary!' exclaimed the Lady Ginditta, 'whence comest thou at this solemn hour? art thou the death-angel, or, or—' and the words died away upon her tongue.

'It matters not whence I come, nor who I may be,' replied the stranger, in a low voice; 'but thou art on the very verge of the grave—this thought should drive all others from thy brain!'

'I cannot die,' gasped the lady, faintly, 'I cannot die!'

'What! wouldst thou live longer? For what?' asked the same thrilling voice.

The energy of the bride of the Lisiade seemed to return.

'For what would I live,' replied she, firmly, 'for what! I have a son—a noble boy,' and she gazed earnestly at the stranger; 'I would live to hear the world ring with the praises of his genius; to see him honored as the gifted alone can be; to behold the laurel of fame wreathing his brow.'

'And would this satisfy thee? Is it for this thou wouldst live?'

'For this alone; I have received the honor due to wealth and rank, but my heart would fain have its idol honored for something nobler!'

'This then is thy chiefest, thine only wish? thou hast ever been proud and haughty; what if thy son should wed one beneath him in rank, wouldst thou not wish thyself sleeping thy last slumber in the vault where thy fathers lie buried?'

There was silence for a moment.

'Nay, O, nay; might I but see him as I said, my heart's loftiest, only wish would be gratified. So highly should I prize the gift, I sometimes think I would barter my hope of eternal felicity to obtain it.'

'Dear lady,' interrupted Agnese, 'you rave!'

''Tis as I said,' replied the lady, 'my heart has ever worshipped genius; *once*, had I possessed it, I might have been,' and a shudder passed over her frame, and she buried her face for a moment in her thin hands, and then continued: 'it matters not what now, but could I see my son distinguished, were no other favor on earth mine, I know I should be happy.'

'It may be,' said the visitor, solemnly, 'thou *mayst* one day behold thy fondest aspirations realised, but remember, lady, there may be thorns even then in thy pathway; thou wilt not then be happy,' and before the lady could reply, the mysterious stranger glided from the room.

'Twas as if the reason of the Lady Ginditta had fled with her visitor; all night, and for many weeks, she raved almost incessantly of the dark form with which she had communed, and the strange conversation concerning her child; her life seemed nearly ended, but at length she began to recover, a faint crimson again mantled her cheek, and a beam of the light that formerly glowed there returned to her eye. No one but herself and Agnese knew aught of the person that came like a shadow to her couch that stormy night, when her spirit seemed about to wing its flight to the land of souls, but they well remembered the strange words she had uttered.

Again, was the form of the Signora Ginditta seen in the haunts where she had been wont to linger, and the young Alberto and his doating sire rejoiced in the life and health of her who was the light of their home.

### CHAPTER II.

*Morning at the castle. Alberto and Paolina. The fisherman. The young painter and his sketch. The Sybil of the Arno.*

IT was morn, a glorious morn; Heaven's broad dome was one vast expanse of cloudless blue, save that a few tints of gold and crimson floated like a rosy banner in the east, as if to herald the approach of the day-king's chariot. The dewy leaves of the orange trees and flowering vines around the castle of the Lisiade, quivered slightly as the gentle breeze stole through them, and mingled their soft rustling with the sweet songs of the birds, and the low murmur of sparkling fountains. The waters of the Arno were smooth and unruffled as a sheet of burnished silver, save when some gondola skimmed over them and left in its track a thousand ripples.

The young Lord Alberto stood upon the palace steps gazing upon the scene, with his full lips parted, his dark curls clustering around his face, and his lustrous eyes lighted with admiration. A gondola—a fairy-like barge, was rocking on the river, and seemed wooing the boy to seat himself within it; he saw it, and seizing his plumed cap, darted to the water's edge. A moment more and the fearless lad was floating down the stream. There was something novel to him in being alone upon the river, and his cheek glowed, and his heart thrilled as he glided onward. It was a fitting hour to arouse the dreamy fancies of the child, and at length he drew his velvet garment still more closely around him, and folding his arms, abandoned himself to the witching visions that came flitting across his brain. So absorbed did he become that he marked not the flight of time; he saw not that he was nearing the city of Florence, till at length a gondolier with his face half hid by his slouching hat, seized him by the arm, and said in a gruff voice:

'Wake ye, boy; 'tis not fitting for one so young to float here so carelessly! Rouse thee!'

Alberto sprang to his feet.

'Where am I?' he said, looking round him, 'have I drifted far?'

'That I cannot say,' replied the man; 'we are near the city of Florence now; see ye not the reflection of the church-spires, and castle turrets in the water? Ye was asleep I trow, and would have gone I know not where, had I not aroused ye!'

'Nay, nay,' said Alberto, 'I was not asleep, but I was *dreaming* as I often dream, good sir, and I saw not, heeded not, whither I was going. I stole from my father's palace at dawn, and throwing myself into this gondola, have glided hither!'

'And thy name?' asked the boatman, gazing upon the costly garments of the child.

'My name is Alberto de Lisiade,' replied the lad; 'my father lives in the beautiful castle by the water-side, a league I suppose from here!'

'Ah! yes, I know,' responded the man; 'what wilt thou do, child? Thy father comes every day to the city; shall I conduct thee to some of his acquaintances yonder, or wilt thou sail back with me to thy home?'

The boy made no answer, for his eyes had become fixed on a little girl, sitting at the feet of the gondolier, with one tiny hand upon the edge of the boat, and the other coquetting with the collar of a large, Italian greyhound. She

[SEE ENGRAVING.]

was very young; she could not have seen more than six summers, but she was so beautiful, that to the enthusiastic Alberto she seemed a fairy. The gondolier smiled, and then continued:

'Speak, my young lord; what wilt thou do?'

'That pretty creature,' asked the boy, 'is she a fairy—or a water-nymph? I've heard Agnese tell of them!'

'O, no, child, she is my own little darling; ye may speak to her if ye will?'

The lad stepped to her side and placing his small, white hand upon her glossy curls, looked into her face, and said softly:

'*I wish I could paint you!*'

'Who are you?' exclaimed the little girl, clapping her hands and gazing admiringly at the rich clothes of Alberto. 'What is your name?'

'My name is Alberto,' replied the boy.

'And mine is *Paolina*,' said the girl; 'nay, nay, Lina,' she continued, stroking the glossy neck of the dog, 'do not growl at *Alberto*.' The heart of the young artist beat faster as he heard his name so sweetly spoken, and he kneeled down beside his fair companion, and said softly:

'Are you one of the forms I see sometimes? your voice is so sweet, and it sounds strangely familiar!'

'O, no,' replied the little stranger, 'I never saw you before; I live in the old cottage all covered with moss and vines, a long way from here;' and she took up the cap, which the boy had thrown off, and began to play with the diamond that looped its folds together.

'Ah! Paolina,' said the fisherman, who had quietly seated himself in Alberto's gondola, 'thou dost not often dally with such costly playthings.'

'Is it not beautiful?' asked the girl, holding it up, 'see, see, Lina—is it not beautiful! I *have no jewels*,' and the tears gushed into her eyes.

'I have a plenty of them,' exclaimed Alberto, 'you shall keep *this, pretty one*;' and disengaging it from the rich velvet, he seized a worthless clasp that had fastened her coarse mantle, and placed the jewel in its stead.

'Nay, nay, child,' cried the boatman, 'thy parents may not wish thee to give away so rare a gem! Paolina can do very well without it,' and he made a movement to take it from his daughter.

'Thinkest thou, that Alberto de Lisiade may not give a jewel to whom it pleases him?' cried the lad, 'take it not from her—it shall be her own!'

The man smiled, for the boy had drawn up his slight form till he seemed almost majestic; there was a world of indignation in his dark, lustrous eyes, and as the humble gondolier gazed upon him, he muttered:

'Holy virgin, he has some of his mother's spirit!'

The boy heeded not his words, but in moody silence stooped to caress the child now playing with the gem he had given her.

'*You shall keep it*,' he murmured.

'Yes, yes, boy, that she shall,' responded the boatman, 'the young lord of Lisiade may surely bestow such presents as he will!'

It was strange—the instantaneous change that came over the boy's face; as when the sun breaks through a storm-cloud was his countenance. His full lips parted with a smile, and a clear, ringing laugh broke like the chime of a bell from his lips.

On, on they glided, by many a bark; some with gilded sides and carved oars, and others scarcely fitting to sail on such a stream. Seating himself at a short distance from his companion, the young Alberto leaned his head upon his hands and gazed on the matchless loveliness of Paolina. At length the two gondolas stopped near his father's palace, and Alberto saw his mother hastening towards him.

'Alberto,' she exclaimed, 'whither hast thou been?'

The lad heeded her not, but the fisherman, doffing his hat, and bowing low, respectfully said:

'I found him, noble lady, an hour ago, floating alone in his gondola near the city of Florence; I thought he was in danger, and took upon me to row him safely home!'

'He is a dreamy boy,' replied the lady, proudly; 'in truth, thou deservest a reward for thy services,' and she slipped back the golden rings of her purse.

'Nay, nay,' responded the fisherman, 'I only did my duty, lady; what I would wish another to do for the child talking with thy son now. He insisted on giving her the diamond that ornamented his cap; I remonstrated with him, but he became so angry, that I concluded to leave the matter to thee.'

'Let her keep the gem—she deserves it; she is a beautiful child!' and she even stooped to kiss her, but a strange paleness came over her cheek, and a slight shudder shook her frame, as she beheld the almost unearthly loveliness of the little girl. Was she thinking of the question she had answered that stormy night, when the lamp of her life seemed waning so fast? The fisherman said no more, but bowing gracefully to the lady, stepped into his gondola, and seized the oars. The young Alberto waited to kiss the ruby lips of his fair companion, and then sprang lightly to the shore.

'How beautiful she is,' he said, as the barge sped up the river, and when it disappeared he turned away and slowly followed his mother up to the castle.

Three hours after, when the Signora Ginditta entered his apartment, she found him on a low seat beside an open window, busily engaged with the palette and brushes which she had provided for him. She came noiselessly to him and looked over his shoulder. He was attempting to make a sketch of the fisherman's daughter, and so intent was he upon his work, that he heeded not her approach. She watched him eagerly for a few moments, and then hurried away without saying a word—several weeks, yes, months went by, and at length the boy brought the work which had engaged his attention to his mother. It was a drawing of Paolina, as he had seen her when she first held the jewel in her hand, and though very correct, was still far from being faultless; to the fond mother's eye it was full of interest.

'It is very beautiful,' she said, in a low voice.

'There is something wanting,' replied the boy, 'something that I have vainly endeavored to portray—the look of perfect delight that shone in her face—the expression of her eyes, and of her mouth too—I remember them not as I recollect the hues of the flowers, the shapes of the clouds—*I have them in my mind*, but I saw her only once, and I cannot portray what still lingers like the forms of a dream in my memory. When I think how much more beautiful *she is than this*, I am almost disheartened. But perhaps, *one day* I shall succeed in rendering it faultless. Signorelli, and Pagani, and even Michael Angelo and Raphael, made no better sketches than this once; so Loni told me, mother.'

'Thou wilt be a painter, then?' said the Signora Ginditta, and her robe rose and fell like a sea-wave, above the beatings of her proud, aspiring heart.

'*I am a painter*,' said the child, and he turned away, without hearing the words, 'The holy virgin and all the saints be praised!' that came from his mother's lips.

Years passed away—and Alberto de Lisiade's sole ambition was still to be a painter. Day after day he spent in the different cities of Italy, studying the works of the great masters that had lived long before him. The master-pieces of the Caracci and their disciples, of Cagliara, styled by his countrymen, 'Il pittor felice,' of Corregio, of Raphael and Buanarotti, became familiar to his eye. At length, he placed himself in the studio of Morandiat Florence; after having made a thousand vain attempts to perfect a sketch of the fisherman's daughter, he resolved to cease his efforts till he might again behold her. He executed several pieces that made his talents obvious to the men of genius that mingled in his society, but he was not yet satisfied. His visions were still entrancing—dreams of beauty were continually hovering round him; the matchless loveliness of Paolina was indelibly stamped upon his memory's tablet; the sketches he had made of her were, nevertheless imperfect; the melting hue of her glorious eyes, and the smile, cheering as a ray of sunlight that lingered round her lips, he had never succeeded in portraying.

His birthday came, his eighteenth birthday, and he was summoned home. It was sunset, a glorious sunset, and he took his way to the brink of the river, and seated himself beneath some orange-trees to repose, as he had been wont to do in childhood. The gorgeous clouds, golden-hued, and azure and purple, that floated so lightly in the heavens, how like the brilliant imagery that his own imagination sometimes delineated they were; and then, the dark masses, edged with silver, that seemed to rest upon the summits of the blue mountains, and the tall firs that crowned the far off hills, how beautiful! Now and then a pencilled line of light shot upward into the sky, like a glowing arrow, to burn in the clear vault of heaven. The mellow sunlight bathed the green earth, and, stealing through the foliage of the trees, shone upon the head of the youth, his velvet garments, and the jewelled hilt of the small dagger he wore, and even tinged the plumed cap lying beside him. The waters of the Arno gleamed as if a shower of gold and gems had fallen among them; many a barge, laden with peasants chanting their wild hymns, was shooting over the stream, and leaving their tracks radiant with flashing ripples. At length the youth closed his eyes, and gave himself up to the thoughts of Paolina, that almost continually haunted his brain. A low sound as of a lute-tone broke over the waters and came faintly to his ear; and then a voice of exquisite harmony mingled in the strain. The music seemed to him of unearthly sweetness, and as it swelled louder he heard the dipping of an oar.

'*Still dreaming*,' said a voice near him, that sounded strangely familiar, and unclosing his eyes the painter saw the gondola of the fisherman, and seated in it, with her white hands poised on the lute-strings, and her form enveloped in a dark cloak, was the figure of a young girl; the glance of those beautiful eyes, the smile of those full lips could not be mistaken; it was *Paolina*. The artist sprang to his feet, and hurried to the water-side, but the boat had shot past, and as it sped on its course the maiden took from her robe a *diamond*, and holding it up, sang a low, plaintive melody. Alberto gazed upon the fair creature, with the gem glittering in the sunlight till she vanished, and then went back to the castle. It was thronged with the gay and the noble—and the waning sunshine, beaming through the stained windows, shed a rosy brilliancy on the costly garments of the guests. The elite of Florence were there assembled; bards and painters and scholars, with the fire of genius sparkling in every feature of their faces. Fair maidens too, were there, and gallant chevaliers; but the thoughts of Alberto were not of that brilliant assemblage—they had followed the fisherman's daughter.

The night wore on, the moon and stars came forth as if to listen to the sweet music that echoed through those halls, and look upon the loveliness of those dark-eyed Italian ladies. Far from the gay ones, in the picture gallery, stood Alberto de Lisiade and a fellow-student.

'Bernardo,' said he, abruptly, 'thou knowest how often I have essayed in vain to paint the form of Paolina, the fisherman's daughter. To-night at sunset, as I sat upon the river's brink, I saw her.'

'Saw her! saidst thou? Is she still beautiful as when a child?'

'Ay, yes; still more gloriously fair. I had no time to speak to her, but she held up the jewel I gave her; she remembers me! I hope I shall succeed now in portraying her witching loveliness.'

'Alberto,' interrupted his mother, 'Alberto, our guests will take it strange if thou standest apart here; come, and thou too, Bernardo; it is not fitting for two such comely gallants to stand here alone. Come, join the dancers!'

Alberto smiled, and for a moment hesitated, but he loved to gratify his mother, and bidding Bernardo follow, he went with the Signora Ginditta to the gilded saloon. The young lord of Lisiade was beautiful; there was a singular refinement, too, in his manners, drawn perhaps, from the lofty thoughts he cherished, and the large, gazelle-like eyes of a fair Milanese to whom his mother presented him, dilated with admiration as he knelt before her, and begged to lead her to the dance. When the music ceased he drew the arm of the maiden within his own, and led her to a seat by an open casement; the soft starlight seemed wooing them to go forth, and they roamed to the banks of the Arno; the maiden placed herself on a low seat beneath a tree, and Alberto sat at her feet. At length they talked of the beauty of earth and sky; *here*, on such a theme, the young painter was peculiarly eloquent, and his companion listened almost entranced to his words. There was a splash in the water near them, and looking up, Alberto beheld the gondola he had seen at sunset gliding by. A female was alone in the barge, and as the moonlight fell upon her features, he saw again the image that had haunted his dreams.

''Tis *Paolina*!' exclaimed he, rushing towards her. 'Stay but for a moment, one moment.'

The girl paused and seemed about to spring to the shore, but her eye caught the figure of the beautiful Milanese, and again seating herself and seizing the oars, the barge sped onward like a bird upon the wing.

'Let us go back to the castle,' said Alberto, to the maiden, 'we shall be missed.'

The girl would have asked who Paolina was, but a sudden reserve had come over her companion that forbade her. He led her up the palace steps, and back to the saloon, whence they had come, and then went to relate his adventure to Bernardo.

Midnight's star-gemmed mantle veiled the brow of heaven; the guests that had thronged the castle of the Lisiade had all departed, and with a stealthy step the Signora Ginditta wandered through her spacious saloons. The lights were dying amid the festoons of fragrant flowers and the gilded carving; the halls were now deserted, and closing the ponderous hall door with her own hands, the lady ascended to her own apartment. A single lamp of silver fed with perfumed oil shed a faint, flickering air around the room, sufficient, however, to reveal the splendor of its furniture. The tall windows and the walls were shrouded with tapestry of rich, blue velvet, whose heavy folds swept down till the silver fringes lay like icicles upon the marble floor. A couch, on which the Lady Ginditta had pined so wearily years before, covered with the same azure velvet, and canopied with curtains of the same material, occupied one corner of the apartment. A mirror of polished silver, supported by a frame inlaid with pearl and precious stones, reflected the majestic form of the fair woman who passed before it. On a curiously wrought table were scattered in tasteful confusion caskets of rare jewels, delicately-tinted plumes, and a few fading orange-blossoms.

The lady of Lisiade stood for a moment motionless; then drew back the curtains from the casements and gazed forth. The moonbeams shone through the windows, and creeping across the floor, nestled among the drapery around the couch. At length she extinguished the light, and then, approaching a small ivory cabinet, drew from it a golden locket, and seated herself in an arm-chair. Hours went by, while many a thought of her son came across her mind; the scene that had transpired in that very room passed before her mental vision, and she was thinking of the fisherman's daughter, when Alberto stood beside her.

'Alberto,' said she.

'List, mother,' interrupted the boy, as he heaped some cushions at her feet, 'thou knowest how often I have vainly endeavored to perfect the painting I commenced six years ago—the fisherman's daughter—I have seen her again, mother—I have seen Paolina!'

There was a slight coldness in the voice of the Lady Ginditta, as she asked:

'*Where? where?*'

'To-night, mother, twice to-night, but only for a moment—once at sunset, and once in the evening when I went forth with Signorina Gevin—she is lovelier if possible than when I first beheld her—lovelier than aught else I have ever seen or dreamed of! I have looked on the faces of Raphael and Guido; of Lanforenco, and the Caracci; ah, and a thousand others—I have seen the beauty of the fairest maidens in Italy, but none have I seen, real or ideal, so perfectly beautiful as *Paolina*.'

There was silence for a moment—a strange cloud passed over the face of the mother. 'She is very young,' she said to herself, and then she continued:

'Why, why dost thou not succeed in portraying her loveliness? Thou hast genius, Alberto!'

'I'll tell thee—I have never been able to give the smile that lingers round her lips—the changing light that dwells in her eye.'

'List, child,' said the mother, 'thou shalt go to Rome, perhaps thou mayst gather some new inspiration there, where all the gifted in Europe throng.'

'Never, never till I have succeeded. I am

# THE FLAG OF OUR UNION.

[Written for The Flag of our Union.]

## Sixteen to One.

BY MRS. EMMA C. EMBURY.

"There is no greater folly than that of courting fame-that is a world where there is impossible to go alone."—BULWER.

Nay, speak not from me! love me! I would not be
With bitter word, cold look, or chilling tone;
The one but stings, when I can calmly greet the
With the blank words of courtesy alone;
But the cold look, the tone that seems not the friend,
On whom my heart did so much wealth expend.

Turn my own fancy conjured up to mock me,
Turn my own heart to be a traitor to my peace,
Make it assume the shape in form and feature
Of one who would not, could not, used it thus;
It were no fault of thine, that I was mistaken,
Nor would I blame thee, though I suffered much.

I did mistake thee, yet the thought is cherished
And dearly do I cling to the dear belief
Though all that made its charm has long since perished,
Its memory is a treasure to be kept
And gentle resentment in my bosom dwell,
Or friendship, if thou wilt not have it called.

Is on thy heart, or bosom of lonely sadness,
Will thine be longed for in vain?
Thy tones for register which I ne'er may recall;
Thy looks my memory will not keep,
Therefore art thou more dreamlike than the rest
Of those I've met, and yet I love and feel
Our hearts may tune the love, where Death has set his seal.

[Written for The Flag of Our Union.]

## A NEW PLEASURE.

BY T. S. ARTHUR.

The whole purpose of Mr. Bolton's life had been to accumulate property, and to add to the end to his own gratification. To part with a dollar unnecessarily, was to him a thing almost of a prospective good; and it acted as the abridgment of a positive enjoyment. Hence Mr. Bolton's benevolence had never been very successful; and in giving, he had not unfrequently felt that he was doing wrong in the right to good deeds. The absolute selfishness of his nature had been the ruling power of his life.

He married the life of Mr. Bolton. Dollar was added to dollar, house to house, and field to field. Yet he was never satisfied with the amount of his wealth. He had always a small compass with the wealth of the world, and he felt poor. Year after year he had repeated, as he appear at times actually imagining himself to be poor, that he was in higher value upon what he had, as the means of gaining more; and in his pursuit of this object, at the expense of a daily increasing selfishness.

In the beginning of life, Mr. Bolton possessed a few generous feelings, the remains of which, in a somewhat stunted state, existed in childhood. His mother, a true woman, perished in the midst of her years of usefulness, bent of his character, had sought in every possible way to implant in his mind feelings of benevolence and regard for others. The seeds of doing this had been to introduce him into the society of children, and to his sympathies. She often took him with her to see poor or sick persons, and encouraged him in doing so as to create a desire in his mind to afford relief. So soon as she perceived the slightest evidence of this generous mode of bringing it into activity, so that he might feel the delightful consciousness of having performed a deeding done good to another.

But, alas! the seeds of such hereditary love of self, that she ever found difficulty in inducing him to part with any thing which had long slumbered in his bosom.

Mr. Bolton's acquaintance was extensive, and was also in a creature a desire in his mind to afford relief. So soon as she perceived the slightest evidence of this generous mode of bringing it into activity, so that he might feel the delightful consciousness of having performed a deeding done good to another.

But, alas! the seeds of such hereditary love of self, that she ever found difficulty in inducing him to part with any thing which had long slumbered in his bosom.

Mr. Bolton's acquaintance was extensive, and was also in good standing, and then he resumed his old employment of looking after his rents, and collecting his dues. But the circumstance that promised some better returns than he was getting.

"But you've got a great many cousins—you said I have, mother; why don't you spend them?"

To this Mrs. Bolton would answer as appropriate, and as gently as she could, but her poor career in her efforts, which were never successful.

In early manhood, as Mr. Bolton began to feel a desire to mingle with the world, the extension of early states of innocence and sympathy, which, under his mother's care, had matured, upon him, and he acted, in many instances, with a generous disregard of self. But, as he mingled more and more with society in the accumulation of money, these feelings were gradually forgotten, and the love of self, and his own, in the effort to procure blessings for others, no matter how greatly they stood in need of them. He never opened a purse, or even for such a purpose, he would generally

"Sir, you're a generous man, and I'm glad to see you," said Mr. Bolton, as he left the office, with the sum of fifty dollars in his hand.

"Capital. I would advise you to secure it."

After making several inquiries as to the situation, the quality of the land, the improvements, etc., Mr. Bolton told the broker, in a general way, his business, that he might buy the property for him, if he could obtain it for a reasonable price, and left the office. The broker said he could easily do, as the business proposed was one in his own hands.

In due time, Mr. Bolton was informed by his agent in the country, that he could obtain the property on the best place, and that, by means of the little management proposed, he had obtained it for a much less sum than the value of building. The land, stock, farming implements, etc., were all purchased, and the agent, in that just entered the incumbrance on the estate, and was pleased to find that Mr. Bolton had built true real value.

"This was a good speculation," said the gray-headed money-lover, when his agent announced him of what he had been doing.

"First rate," replied the broker. "The farm is worth every cent of three thousand dollars. Poor Gray! I can't help feeling sorry for him. But it's his luck. He valued his farm at three thousand five hundred dollars. A week ago he contrived himself worth two thousand dollars. Now he is worth only a copper. Fifteen hundred dollars, and three or four years' labor thrown away into the bargain. But, it's his luck! So the world goes. He must try again. It will all go in his lifetime."

"Gray! Is that the man's name?" inquired Mr. Bolton. "His voice was changed.

"Yes. I thought I had mentioned his name."

"I didn't remark it if you did. It's the farm adjoining Harvey on the north ?"

"Yes."

"I have had it in my mind, all along, that it was the one on the north."

"No."

"Who did you say Mr. Gray ?

"He with how short luck an hour ago."

"Oh, yes. I remember now."

"He takes it hard, of course. Any man would. But he will get over the injured pain. It's no use crying over disappointments and losses, in this world."

Some months passed after this encouragement, before Mr. Gray's mind became clear, and his entire self-possession restored. Then grasping the hand of Mr. Bolton, he thanked him with all the eloquence a grateful heart inspires. It was the happiest moment the old gentleman had ever known. The mere possession of a thousand or two of dollars secured no nothing to the pleasure he felt in having rendered a service to another, or, rather, in having relieved from deep sorrow.

He ran back to the office, reflecting upon what he had done, and recalling the delight which he felt. When he got to the office, he had attended him so carefully while he lay a sufferer on his bed, his heart revelled in bosom with a new and happy emotion.

Having once tasted this pleasure, he gained another with an unselfish interest, that interest continued. It seemed as if he could not have enough of it. Every day he was on the look-out for some opportunity to do good, or to relieve suffering, and he rejoiced when he found it. He was often, however, disappointed in the object of his benevolence. Many of those who had been assisted by him, he found, would hardly make up his mind to be down again, and to be assisted by him, and would hardly make up his mind to be down again, and to be assisted by him, and would hardly make up his mind to be down again, and to be assisted by him, and

# THE FLAG OF OUR UNION.

F. GLEASON, PROPRIETOR.

M. M. BALLOU, EDITOR.

☞ The terms of The Flag of our Union are $2 00 per annum, invariably in advance. The paper is always discontinued at the expiration of the time paid for.—See imprint on the last page.

☞ All communications designed for publication in the paper, must be post paid, and addressed to F. GLEASON, *Boston, Mass.*, Proprietor of The Flag of our Union.

### To our Correspondents.

'First Impressions and Second Thoughts,' a prose sketch, by our regular contributor, Mrs. EMMA C. EMBURY, filed for insertion in our next.

'Spring,' a fine poem, by S. M. Clark, next week.

'Take back the Ring,' not quite up to our standard.

'The Soldier's Daughter, a story of the French peasantry,' by our regular contributor, LIEUTENANT MURRAY, next week.

'To one far away,' a poem, accepted.

'A Valentine,' a very peculiar article, from our regular contributor, EDGAR A. POE. To appear in our next.

'Health,' a poem, by G. S. Stevens, accepted.

'Solitude,' a poem, by the Green Mountain Bard, filed for insertion.

'The Water Cure,' a dyspepsia-curing article, from our regular contributor, THE OLD 'UN, in our next.

'Ah, why thus lonely,' a song, declined.

'Heaven keep thee, St. Mary,' an appropos poem, from our regular contributor, PARK BENJAMIN, filed for insertion.

'Is there a God?' declined. Blank verse is hard to write.

'Foreign Correspondence, No. 8, a letter from our valued correspondent, dated at the sea city of Venice, shall appear in our next.

'My Home beneath the Sycamore,' a very sweet poem, from E. S. Travel, next week.

'Story of an Old Settler,' a prose sketch, by J. H. Robinson, shall appear in our next.

☞ No poems or other articles will be received for this paper, unless accompanied by an authentic name.

### Wonderful Discovery!

It will be seen by the following paragraph, copied from the *N. E. Puritan*, that the writer has made a most brilliant and entirely original discovery, viz.: that amusements are all *invented*, not *discovered!*

'Amusements are all *invented*. They are not *discovered*, like many of the different kinds of food, which exist in nature prior to such discovery, as well as after. All amusements are mere human contrivances; or if, in some, their contrivers have help, it is help from beneath, and not from above. Probably there is not an amusement that will be instanced by any one, as God's own ordering and contrivance. It will be admitted that every one of them is invented by man in a specific and determinate search after pleasure. Since, then, God has not provided amusements for us, but all of them, both small and great, are man's contrivance, how does it appear that they meet an original and fundamental want of our being? And how much short of impeaching God's goodness, is it to allege such a necessity and demand, which he has neglected to meet and supply?'—*New England Puritan.*

What a grand discovery is this; how fraught with consequences of vital importance to the welfare of the human family! And then the Herculean mental labor which this sage of the nineteenth century must have performed in arriving at this grand, startling, and most momentous conclusion. Plato and Confucius thought deeply and wrote wisely, but a greater than these has now appeared. Even Solomon, the wise king, is surpassed in his wisdom by the Solomon of the Puritan; for while the former declared as the result of his experience, that there is no new thing under the sun, the latter has found a *new thing* in the plenitude of *his* wisdom.

'All amusements are merely human contrivances,' says the Puritan oracle; and of course we must receive this new revelation, notwithstanding the evidence of everything about us and within us, to the contrary. The fair fields of spring, arrayed in mantles of the loveliest hue, bedecked with gem-like flowers, fragrant with delicious perfumes, and gilded by the glorious, soul-cheering sunlight—these, which are to man so genial and copious a source of amusement, 'are mere human contrivances,' got up 'by man in a specific and determinate search after pleasure;' or, if he 'have help, it is help from beneath and not from above.'

And so of the affections and sympathies which bind man to man, and cement the holy relationship of parents and children, brethren and sisters, and husbands and wives, and which constitutes so large a share of the most gratifying amusement and pleasure of which human beings are susceptible. These, too, are mere human contrivances; a work in which the Author of our being had no hand. Nay, more; the very senses of the body and the powers of the mind which enable man to receive delight from roving through the verdant fields by day, or gazing upon the spacious firmament

'When night with wings of starry gloom,
O'ershadows all the earth and skies,
Like some dark beauteous bird, whose plume
Is sparkling with unnumbered eyes—'

or which capacitate him to drink deep of purest pleasure from exploring the wonders of nature, or in the indulgence of the social affections, are but the work of men or devils, not of God.

How can people be so bigoted and so blind; how can they work themselves up to such an unnatural and unhealthy state of mind, as to conceive of such sentiments? We believe that there is more true religion in the reasonable enjoyment of the bountiful gifts of a kind Providence, in cheerful smiles, and gladsome tunings of the voice, in the merry dance and the refined social circle, than in all the bigoted, sanctimonious, long-faced, depraved and knavish pretension to religion, that hypocritical teachers ever held up as a bugbear to mankind.

### Significant.

Each year is preparing the British American colonies for a separation from the throne of England. Now and then, the spirit that is ripening will evince itself as in the editorial below, which we cut from the St. Johns, (N. B.) Observer.

'There is so much regard and respect for monarchy and monarchical principles in New Brunswick, that the idea of separation from England cannot, without great and cogent reasons, be entertained; but our trade is prostrate, our population is gradually removing to the neighboring Republic, and it is hard to say what men *in self-defence may be forced to do.* The rulers of the British empire, if they wish to retain the affections of the colonists, must smile them under a common head.'

CHEAP POSTAGE.—Give us a penny rate of postage, say we. It can be afforded if the franking privilege is abolished. Some members of Congress write and receive one hundred letters per diem, according to a report to Congress, requiring a private clerk to accomplish this correspondence. In England not a member of Parliament, nor the Lord Chancellor, nor even her Majesty the Queen, is allowed the franking privilege.

CREDIT.—Will the editor of the Philadelphia Saturday Evening Post please credit this paper with the sketch he publishes entitled 'Dodging a Military Fine?'

NEW EDITION.—We have just issued a new edition of the 'Black Avenger.'

### Where the Money goes.

The readers of the FLAG may think that it sounds rather large to say the expense of the general government of the United States, during Mr. Polk's administration, has been one *hundred and fifty dollars per minute*, but this is actually a fact susceptible of demonstration. The question naturally arises, what can have become of such an immense sum of money? It is true, the Mexican war absorbed a large share, but it is curious to realize the many channels of necessary expenditure to which the treasury is subjected. Among these, that of keeping up our foreign intercourse with various nations is not a small item. For instance, the pay of a minister plenipotentiary is $9000 per annum, as regular salary, and $9000 more for an outfit. The United States have six ministers, as follows: at London, Paris, Rio Janeiro, Berlin, Madrid, and St. Petersburg. The regular pay of these representatives of our government amounts to $54,000 per annum, and as often as there is a change, $9000 extra. The pay of a Charges d'Affaires is $4500 per annum. There are thirteen at this time under appointment by our government, their united pay amounting to $58,500. Attached to each of these departments are numerous secretaries, clerks, and in some cases interpreters, at an additional cost of many thousand dollars, making, by careful estimate, an average cost of over $200,000 per annum for this purpose. These are only two small items of expenditure, and yet the reader will see how heavily they draw upon the resources of the treasury. Then there is the support and maintenance of light-houses, which costs a little over $400,000 yearly; and carrying on the mint of the United States $100,000 more. These are only a few items that we happen to be conversant with, and are of the class that go to swell the immense yearly expenditure.

### The Drama of the Times.

Could fiction more than equal fact in the strange drama that has been performing on the great European stage for the last twelve months? Here empires and whole races have been the actors; the denouement has involved the rise or fall of a whole nation. In rapid succession the most startling and vivid scenes have followed close upon one another, and before the echo of one catastrophe has died upon the ear, our attention is fixed by another. Through all these wild and unprecedented convulsions of the kingdoms of the old world, England has thus far escaped dissolution; first, because she saw and was prepared by the experience of others secondly, on account of the extraordinary and powerful measures that she has ever adopted, and by seizing upon and destroying in the bud, any demonstration that may lead to even a show of republican spirit. Then, save in Russia, no people in the world (we refer to the masses) are more completely trodden under foot than those of Great Britain. Consequently, the effort that would raise them from this state must be more powerful and energetic than such an one as has revolutionized France and other kingdoms. There is one blessing that we have ever felt ready to acknowledge, and for which our countrymen should be most grateful; and that is, that our favored land has escaped, from the very nature of her constitution and the spirit of her institutions, from these fearful catastrophes. Let us be jealous of our liberties, and be ever ready to put down internal as well as foreign enemies, that the *Flag of our Union* may ever wave over a united and free people.

### A Miscellaneous Journal.

It is the style of the English journals to give their readers leading articles produced by logical and laborious research, with philosophical deductions, forming in reality standard essays upon political or domestic economy. Who reads these leaders? Not the masses, but the learned few. The million either cannot comprehend these articles, or else find them too heavy and uninteresting for perusal. In this country, with no small degree of philosophy, the press adopt a more genial and certain mode of disseminating knowledge. The same philosophy, the same moral, the same practical, domestic or political economy, is conveyed in historical imagery, and we diffuse it thus to our readers through the tales and sketches that appear each week in our columns. Those who would illy comprehend the application of abstract reason, or at least find it distasteful in its dry, rough state, yet enjoy and appreciate it when depicted under the reality and semblance of actual life. Let those who are disposed to question the influence and good moral effect produced by the literary press, pause for a moment and consider these things, and we believe that every unprejudiced and intelligent mind will acknowledge the excellence and good moral effect of a well-conducted literary journal.

### The late Prize Fight.

Now that this barbarous affair has been consummated, will the authorities permit the vile creatures who have been engaged in it to go at large? The principals, if either survive, should be imprisoned for years at least, and the seconds and others who took an active part in the brutal exhibition, should be made public examples of for the benefit of the community. No person engaged in this heinous breach of the peace, should escape a long term of imprisonment. We are surprised to see papers that are considered respectable journals, giving the vulgar and low-lived details of the engagement.

ATLANTIC AND PACIFIC RAILROAD.—The people of the Great West are alive to the importance of the early construction of a railroad from the Mississippi to the Pacific, and are holding meetings and appointing delegates to the Memphis convention to be holden next fourth of July.

GOOD.—The bill making prize fighting, and leaving the State for that purpose, a state prison offence, has passed the legislature of New York. Let every State in the Union do likewise.

OVERLAND PARTY.—A company of eighty have left New York city to meet at Pittsburgh, and form an overland party to California, by way of Fort Smith, Arkansas, and Passo del Norte.

WHAT NEXT?—The project of a submarine telegraphic communication with Europe is actually in progress. It seems practicable.

THE CANADIANS.—We see, by our Quebec exchanges, that expeditions from various parts of the British colonies in America are fitting out for the gold region.

FRENCH NEWSPAPERS.—Some of the Paris journals make queer blunders about us. One talks about General Taylor's having won much renown by his battles fought in India!

PATENT MEDICINES.—A bill has been reported in the United States House of Representatives to prevent the patenting of medicines.

### Editorial Inklings.

Mrs. Butler gave one of her readings, gratuitously, to the Boston Mercantile Library.

It is proposed to make the town of Brazos a port of entry. It is before Congress.

Four persons were drowned in the Niagara river lately, while smuggling.

The New Yorkers are shipping *girls* to California. Precious commodity!

The English war steamer, James Watts, is a rouser, and carries eighty guns.

Suspicion is described as being 'all stuck full of eyes.' Very good.

Park Benjamin, our valued contributor, is lecturing in the vicinity of New York.

Many of the western editors have packed up and gone to 'the diggins.'

A six hundred dollar horse was killed by the shaft of a sleigh on Boston Neck, lately.

Several large hotels have been built and packed up for California.

The caravan of California adventurers, to start overland from St. Louis, is very large.

A concert was given in Boston, the other day, by bona fide negro performers.

Eggs have been selling in the eastern cities at forty cents the dozen, lately.

The silver plate of a Catholic church in Cambridge, Mass., has been stolen.

Old Job and Jacob Gray has had a run of nearly forty nights at the Boston Museum.

The Mexicans have got bitten by the gold fever, and are suffering accordingly.

The benefit at the Boston Museum, for the family of the late Mr. Snelling, netted $400.

The last Baltimore firemen's fight resulted in the death of two individuals.

There have been 3,684 interments in Mount Auburn since it was opened.

The tallest California story yet is, that a mountain of pure gold has been found!

Clams have poisoned those who have partaken of them, in Massachusetts, lately.

Quicksilver is found in great abundance in California.

Those who go to California by sea, have *twenty thousand miles* to sail.

There are 181 war steamers in the English navy. Where's America?

Hyer, the pugilist, is an American. *Yankee* Sullivan is an Irishman.

### Girls to California.

We hear of a private enterprise the object of which is, safely to ship to San Francisco eighty young and good-looking girls, of respectability, who shall form suitable matches for the adventurers in the valley of the Sacramento. They are to be shipped from New York, free of all charge to themselves, the vessel well found in all respects, and every care had for their comfort; but the girls are bound to the owners of the ship, until some one shall choose them for wives, when the said lovers will be charged *one thousand dollars for passage money*. If this is not selling wives, what is? We do not know how far the plan is consummated, for considerable secrecy is practised in relation to the business; but we have it from reliable authority, that a goodly number of females are already enlisted in this voyage for husbands.

### A Simple Remedy.

Many of the soldiers who have returned from Mexico, have been seriously afflicted with chronic diarrhœa, and not a few have died from the effects of that exhausting complaint. We have known a number of instances, however, wherein a cure has been affected by the use of the following simple and wholesome diet: Take a half pint of milk and a gill of prepared lime water, and boil them together. Into this liquid crumb plain, hard bread, known as 'pilot bread.' Let this dish be eaten for breakfast, dinner and supper, to the exclusion of all other food, and its beneficial effect in restoring health and strength will be perceived in a few days, while a steady perseverance therein will ere long remove the disorder entirely.

### Position of England.

Doesn't it sound rather ominous to hear the British press talking in the style of the paragraph quoted below? This generation will live to see the arrogant pride of the English humbled.

'The London Times says there has never been a time since the accession of Queen Victoria, when English intercourse with other nations has been in so bad a position as at present. It adds: "There is not a single State in either hemisphere with which we can be said to have a cordial understanding; and with several of the principal nations we are on a footing a little short of hostility. Throughout the world our foreign policy has provoked resentment and distrust."'

### Free Circulation of Newspapers.

Mr. Senator Allen of Ohio, made a speech the other day, in favor of the free circulation of newspapers, within a distance of sixty miles from the place of publication. This would be one step towards the great end that we hope to see accomplished, viz., that of the free circulation of newspapers throughout the entire Union. This will follow the adoption of a penny rate of postage, which must come, sooner or later.

### The Popularity of the Flag.

We do not propose, like some of our contemporaries, to endeavor to substantiate the popularity of this paper, by quoting a column of compliments from other journals, nor extracts from our *private* correspondence. We consider that there is always one indisputable token of a paper's popularity, and that is its circulation. The Flag of Our Union *prints and circulates weekly*, more copies than any other paper in the country.

CALIFORNIA.—We look for some bloody and fearful news from the 'diggins,' before long. Every one who has gone out, has carried pistols, bowie-knives, guns, etc. Personal conflicts must be frequent and fatal, and when the English arrive, there will probably be some bloody engagements.

DANCING.—We have a letter on our desk, calling most earnestly upon us to decry the present styles of dances. The author has sent his communication to the wrong market. We shall never be found opposing innocent and rational amusement.

COMFORTABLE.—The New York Mining company, numbering 101 persons, which recently sailed for San Francisco, took with them everything that would contribute to render the voyage comfortable. Among the rest, they had a library of 3000 volumes and a piano.

TEMPERANCE IN IOWA.—A law was passed in Iowa about two years since, by which it was left to the citizens of every county to say whether licenses should or should not be granted within their limits. Last year there were but two counties which granted the privilege.

PERPETUAL MOTION.—Some one in Georgia has again discovered perpetual motion. Wonder if it will stay discovered this time?

SPECIE.—Silver is, for some reason, at a premium in London just now.

### From our Foreign Files.

The gold mines of Wicklow, Ireland, are about to be worked.

There are thirteen hundred well known race horses in England.

The bank of Vienna has borrowed ten millions of francs from the Rothschilds.

An attempt is making in Scotland to introduce affirmations instead of oaths.

At the last advices, Mount Vesuvius was covered with snow. A rare event.

There are now practising in Paris one thousand three hundred and eighty-nine physicians.

The families of Henry 5th, and Louis Philippe, are to be permitted to return to France.

A California expedition has left Greenock, a number of 'navvies' accompanying it, armed with a due supply of spades and smelting pots.

Remington has been building a bridge of 150 feet span, over the Trent, in Staffordshire, for Earl Talbot. It has no intermediate support.

The first church bell which has ever been heard in Egypt, since the occupation of that country by the Moslem conquerors, has lately been suspended.

The London Daily News has doubled both its size and price. It is the organ of the Liberals, and is conducted with marked ability and enterprise.

General Cavaignac has scornfully repelled all the advances which were made to him, and refused to appear as officer of the state at the review and at the reception of new year's day.

A specimen of the frigate bird, which lives and sleeps in the air, never visiting the land, except at the breeding season, has been presented to the Ipswich museum, by the bishop of Norwich.

The election of Louis Napoleon to the Presidency is viewed at Vienna as a sad blow to Austria, none doubting that the French will interfere in Italy, and perhaps in Hungary.

### Dewdrops of Wisdom.

Hunger never saw bad bread.

Modern poets put a great deal of water in their ink.—*Goethe.*

Many people drop a tear at the sight of distress, who would do better to drop a sixpence.

The idea of human excellence is merely founded on the partiality which man feels for himself.

Politeness is like an air cushion—there may be nothing solid in it, but it eases the jolts wonderfully.

Tart words make no friends; a spoonful of honey will catch more flies than a gallon of vinegar.

Learn to *think*, and you will soon learn to *write*; and the more you think, the better you will *express* your ideas.

Inquisitive people are the funnels of conversation; they do not take in anything for their own use, but merely to pass it to another.—*Steele.*

If you would not be forgotten as soon as you are dead and rotten, either write things worth reading or do something worth writing.

Taught by experience to know my own blindness, shall I speak as if I could not err, and as if others might not, in some disputed points be more enlightened than myself?—*Channing.*

Sir Peter Lely made it a rule never to look at a bad picture, having found by experience that whenever he did so, his pencil took a tint from it. Apply the same rule to bad company.

Profane language is to conversation what ten inch spikes would be to veneering—splitting, shivering and defacing it. It is in bad taste, offensive to a majority, and gratifying to none.

'Behold' said a Bedawee, bringing an enormous snake that he had murdered, into the presence of Mahommed Ali—'Behold what I have slain in the desert! where is my reward?' "And was not the desert wide enough for it and you?" was the quiet rejoinder, as the disappointed hero was sent empty away.

### The Joker's Olio.

Noah was the first *Ark*-itect of whom we have any record.

What tea do prisoners most wish for? Liberty.

I have a great aversion to *Auburn locks*, as the criminal said, when he took lodgings in the Auburn prison.

The most tender-hearted man we ever saw was a shoemaker, who always shut his eyes and whistled when he ran his awl into a shoe.

Certain young men, when they are invited out to a ball, only go in time for supper.—These are what may be called the supper-numeraries of society.

A walking-stick has legs, but an umbrella has wings. By-the-by, if you are wise, you will take care not to buy a silk umbrella, for it only flies all the quicker.

'Stars are not seen by sunshine.' Certainly not; one goes by lamplight to see the 'stars' at most theatres. Acting by sunshine would be 'all moonshine.'

A young widow, who edits a paper in a neighboring State, says: 'We do not look so well to-day as usual, on account of the non-arrival of the MALES.'

There is one remarkable feature in the Isle of Wight (England), not generally known, which is, that any person who visits there, may obtain *mutton* from *Cowes*.

Somebody says that the last great discovery is a cure for the dyspepsia, viz., *saw dust*, now used extensively in Grahamite establishments, and pronounced by their subscribers to be *very fine board*.

Saturn has lately appeared in public without his rings, which Punch says has occasioned much animadversion among the other planets, who accuse him openly of having pawned them.

A gentleman who had left a pair of boots in a shoemaker's shop, a day or two since, on calling for them found they had been *soled*. They were finally recovered at but a trifling expense.

### Miscellaneous Scraps.

Amethyst means that which will not intoxicate, and was so called because it was a prevalent opinion among the ancients that wine drunk from a cup of this precious stone, would lose its intoxicating power.

The New York Democrat has a notice of excellent Catawba wine and Swiss cheese, made at a German settlement in Missouri. The wine is said to have less of the wild flavor of the Catawba than is usual, and the Swiss cheese is pronounced equal to the imported.

The amount of money now in the treasury of Virginia, applicable to the erection of a monument to Washington, is upwards of $40,000. This sum has arisen from private donations made in the year 1848, in pursuance of resolutions then adopted by the General Assembly.

A husband in Boston, the other day, went to the door of his wife's room, with the intention of procuring a sword from a closet. After some delay, she let him in. On opening the closet, he found a very nice young man, a Mr. Clark, standing there in place of the sword.

The Philadelphia Inquirer states, on the authority of a gentleman who has paid much attention to the subject, that if the means of transportation could be obtained, 10,000 slaves would be manumitted in various parts of the Union, with the object of sending them to Liberia.

It appears from the report of the New York alms-house, that the cost of supporting the city paupers, is ten dollars a week each. The New York Post suggests that they should be boarded at the Astor House, where they could be accommodated at about seven dollars per week.

### Quill and Scissors.

The manners, habits and customs of the people of China, have, it is said, remained unchanged for more than 30 centuries. In medicine they are especially skillful and successful. Sir William Temple, the celebrated Eastern traveller, says, that 'the Chinese never let blood.'

The newspapers say that the State of Missouri has 'at last' accepted her share of the surplus fund, to which she was entitled under the distribution law of Congress, passed a good many years ago, and that the Legislature of the State has appropriated it to the building of a lunatic asylum.

Soloman Dowd and Lucinda Coleman have been found guilty in the Superior Court at Hartford, of the murder of Niles Coleman of Marlborough, husband of Lucinda, by giving him corrosive sublimate of mercury. The murder was committed early in January.

A London paper speaks in high terms of Mr. Powell's great work, 'The Discovery of the Mississippi by De Soto,' intended for the rotunda of the capitol at Washington. The artist is busily engaged on it in Paris.

Things in Hayti assume a very gloomy revolutionary aspect. The government is acting fraudulently to merchants and others in refusing to redeem their bonds, and levying a very onerous tax on all business transactions.

A new comedy from the pen of Mr. J. E. Durivage, has been brought out at one of the New Orleans theatres. The title of the piece is: 'Where there's a Will there's a Way,' and is very highly spoken of.

'When I am dead, my soul will return to France, and dwell in the hearts of the French people, like thunder in the clouds of heaven, and throb with ceaseless strife in new revolutions.'—*Napoleon.*

Jack Harrison, who was sentenced to three months imprisonment on Blackwell's Island, for keeping a notorious gambling house, has been set at liberty by Governor Fish, of New York.

Be careful, if you have your portrait in the exhibition, not to stand opposite it, or else you will probably overhear remarks that will make you feel most unpleasantly beside yourself.

James Cummings, of Austin, Mo., accidentally killed his wife a short time since, by the discharge of a gun, the lock of which he was repairing. The ball passed through her heart.

A lump of gold, weighing four ounces, from the Sacramento, has been exhibited in London, and an engraving of it appears in the Pictorial News.

Philip Duffy has been sentenced to fourteen years' imprisonment in the state prison for the murder of his sister, at Lafayette, Louisiana.

A wild cat two feet high and three feet long was recently killed at Port Hope, Canada, after destroying many sheep and even calves.

A little boy in New York, two years old, came to his death on Saturday, by drinking a small quantity of camphene from a can which his mother had left within his reach.

Miss Williams, sister to Mrs. Bodisco, wife of the Russian minister, was married to Mr. Richard Cox in Georgetown, D. C., on Thursday evening, when the parties had a gay time of it.

It is not from California alone that gold is flowing. The increased production of Russian mines is from £6,000,000 to £8,000,000 per annum.

Property in New York, says the True Sun, is improving. The real estate below Union square, has, as a whole, advanced 10 per cent. since November.

The lower Mississippi had swollen to such an extent as to overflow its banks, and great alarm exists that great damage would follow from the inundation.

The House of Representatives has abolished the spirit ration allowed to sailors in the navy. Each sailor is to receive four cents per day in lieu of his grog.

In an affray at Mobile, police officer Dillaber shot Mr. Cottrell through the breast, who afterwards knocked the officer down. Mr. C. was not mortally wounded.

Three large stores were swept off at Maumee city by the freshet on the Maumee river, and Mr. Potter, member of congress, loses several thousand dollars thereby.

Policeman A. J. Heston was dangerously if not fatally wounded while trying to quell a riot in house corner of Chestnut and School streets, Philadelphia on Friday.

In Indianapolis, John Spartan was killed with a jacknife by John Pogue. Before he died Spartan acknowledged that he was the aggressor in the affray.

M. de Lingueville, a Frenchman, who died lately at the age of 110, had been married ten times, espoused his last helpmate at 99, and had a son at 101.

Last week some persons broke into the store of Mr Stewart, of Gardiner, Maine, bored holes in his casks, and let out liquors which cost from $1000 to $1500.

A bridge over a creek fell Jan. 28, on the railroad in Georgia, precipitating the Macon passenger train engine and tender into the mud; nobody hurt.

The Richmond Whig, speaking of John Randolph, says: 'It was worth a ride of twenty miles to hear him say, "Mr. President," when he opened one of his speeches.'

Calvin Todd, of Rowley, was suddenly killed on Friday last, by the overturning of a small building which he was moving on a sled.

Glass may be drilled like metal by keeping the instrument (a common iron drill) moist with a solution of camphor in turpentine.

The emigrants to California are taking out a good deal of specie. About $250,000 has been taken from New York in this way.

A western editor says that no man who has paid regularly for his newspaper was ever known to be bitten by a mad dog.

'I can boast of RANK,' as the butter said to the cheese. 'And I am STRONG and MITY,' as the cheese replied to the butter.

Mr. Charles R. Thorne, late manager and lessee of the Federal street Theatre, in Boston, has gone to California.

Two new counties have been created in North Carolina. They are named, respectively, 'Watauga' and 'Alamance.'

The Maryland court of appeals has decided that the law prohibiting the sale of liquor on Sunday, is constitutional.

The editor of the Massachusetts Ploughman says, 'No people make better pork than the farmers of New England.'

Henry Milbourn, a planter at Avoyelles, La., had his head severed from his body by the machinery of his cotton gin.

It is not always proper to say what we think, but it is never improper to think of what we are about to say.

Ensign has been sentenced to 17 years imprisonment for setting fire to the house and shop of Mr. Bingham, of Berlin, Vt.

In his letter from Panama, Gen. Smith wrote that the British consul had sent 15,000 ounces of gold dust across the isthmus.

The consumption of cotton during the past year, in England, was 280,000 bales more than in 1847.

The Paris papers announce the death of Mrs. Niles, wife of the American charge d'affaires at Turin.

The fees of the Sardinian physicians are fixed by law. Ninepence is the charge for a short visit.

A buffalo was killed near Erie, Pa., on the 15th ult., the only one seen in that part of the country.

Old boys have their playthings as well as young ones; the difference is only in the price.

There are in the city of Buffalo 9,099 children between the ages of 5 and 16 years.

Beware of little expenses: a small leak will sink a great ship.

Lamartine's Meditations have been translated into Chinese.

Cannel coal is found at Tuscaloosa, Alabama.

Major Bliss is said to be engaged on a history of General Taylor's campaign in Mexico.

### Local Matters.

### 'Doing' a Sheriff.

The California fever has carried off a goodly number of adventurers, who were glad of an excuse to escape from creditors and duns. When the D—y sailed a few days since, on the calling of the roll, to see if all the passengers were present, it was found that a certain gentleman was minus, and on inquiry, it was understood that Mr. ——, the sheriff, had been waiting, for the better part of two days, upon the wharf, to arrest the individual who was now missing, as soon as he should make his appearance. With a round oath, sending all sheriffs and creditors to a very warm climate, the captain of the vessel directed the shore lines cast off, but gave an order to hold on a bit, as a sleigh came dashing down to the pier with some additional freight, which the truckman informed the captain was a box of sugar and a couple of trunks belonging to the surgeon of the ship.

'Surgeon?' said the captain; 'we haven't got one aboard!'

'Mum's *the* word,' said the truckman, nodding significantly towards the sheriff; 'all right, captain.'

'O, ah, I see. Yes, yes, rouse in the *surgeon's luggage*, boys,' said the captain to the second mate and his gang.

The trunks and sugar box were hoisted on board; the ship cast off her fasts, and floated off with a spanking breeze from the north-west, on the top of the tide, with the speed of a steamboat.

The sheriff looked about him in vain for the object of his search, and was just about to leave the pier; but by chance he turned towards the ship as she was fast receding from his view, when, lo, and behold! there stood the identical person he was to have arrested, on the quarter-deck, just by the tafferel, with his fingers performing a very peculiar twinkling motion, and his thumb resting on his naval organ!

In explanation, we have only to say, that as soon as the vessel had fairly cleared the wharf, *the top of the sugar-box was knocked off!*

### Italian Street-Musicians.

There are hosts of lads strolling here and there about the city, with organs upon their backs, and who pause before any group or window from whence encouragement is offered. They grind out music for 'a penny a tune,' or any amount of remuneration that may offer. We met an interesting looking lad of fifteen, the other evening, in Washington street, with his instrument, and by a trifling token of hospitality, won his confidence, and over a dish of oysters learned his story. He had run away from a hard master, to whom he was apprenticed, at Genoa, and shipping before the mast on board an English brig, worked his way to Liverpool, and from thence to Boston. His instrument he purchased with money saved from his wages, from a fellow-countryman whom he met here, and he then set up business with it. He was now just returning from Roxbury and the south part of the city, and showed us the proceeds of his day's work, amounting to nearly three dollars. There are many intelligent men with families, who would find it impossible to net this amount, with all their knowledge and advantages. This industrious boy, with frugal habits, is saving fifteen dollars per week, and he confidently looks forward to a time when he can afford to return to his Italian home.

### City Amusements.

The opera, at the Howard, has been unfortunate, and the attempt to perform with a first class company of artists has signally failed. At the National, a new fairy piece has been drawing well, and is put upon the stage with the usual strength and excellence of this house. Bland's Lyceum has attracted its usual regular and reliable support, with its customary variety of pieces. The Female Forty Thieves still parade, 'with full ranks, at the Beach Street Museum, and Mrs. Mestayer is as captivating as ever. At the Boston Museum Mrs. Barrett is playing a most successful engagement, apparently as young and beautiful as lang syne. The stock company at this house embraces much talent, and the manager shows himself the most successful caterer in amusements for public taste that has ever operated in Boston. The Boston Theatre, Federal street, is advertised to lease.

THANKS, A THOUSAND THANKS!—Really, we have reason to cry, 'hold, enough!' Our table is covered with Valentines, and our heart running over with thanks for the compliments that have greeted us. It would be invidious to particularize; so our hat is off, and our hand on our left breast to you all!

UNCULTIVATED LANDS.—It is stated in the *Atlas*, that of the 4,192,000 acres of land in Massachusetts available for cultivation in some form, only 260,000 acres, or six and a half per cent., are under tillage; the remaining ninety-three and a half per cent. consisting of woodlands, meadows, swamps, pasturage, etc.

IN BAD TASTE.—It is a matter of surprise to us, that respectable bookstores and periodical depots will display at their windows, and on their counters, such filthy and meaningless Valentines as may be seen all over the city, lying beside those of really chaste and beautiful designs.

TO OUR 'SOUTH END' READERS.—Mr. Chas. E. Flinn has a periodical and newspaper depot at No. 473 Washington street, well supplied with books and stationery, where the Flag of our Union may always be found.

BURYING THE DEAD.—We are glad to see that our city authorities are turning their attention to the importance of providing burial grounds out of the city, and of permitting no more burials in town.

VALENTINES.—The penny post has been busily employed for more than a week past in distributing these love missives all over the city. The observance of this practice grows each year more general.

A GOOD PLAN.—Many of the neighboring towns have offered a handsome reward for every dog that is killed, when found running at large in the highways, *collar or no collar*.

THE DAILY BEE.—This is the best looking and most unexceptionable penny paper in the United States.

FOUNDLINGS.—The old game of leaving babies at the citizens' doors, is being carried on to some extent lately. Two cases in one week.

CAPTAIN STUDSON.—This whole-souled old sailor has been appointed a justice of the peace for the county of Suffolk, by Governor Briggs.

SPIRITUAL.—One item of a cargo lately cleared from Boston for Africa, was thirty-seven thousand gallons of New England rum!

### OUR OLIO COLUMN.

[Written for The Flag of our Union.]

### The Unexpected Declaration.

BY ALMIRA.

Mine own sweet friend, dear Caroline,
One moment list to me;
I have a very simple story
I'd fain relate to thee.
Brother and sister have we been
From childhood's earliest hour,
And ever o'er my wayward heart,
Thou'st held a witching power.

Thy father brought me when a babe,
Within his princely walls to dwell,
Because I was the orphan child
Of one he loved full well;
Since then, he's loved and guarded me,
As though I were his son;
And in one dream of happiness
My time has glided on.

In his society and thine,
The days have quickly flown;
Weeks, months and years unheeded past,
And now I'm twenty-one.
To-morrow, in a gallant ship,
I sail far o'er the sea,
To win abroad a name and fame,
Worthy of him and thee.

But ere I go, dear Caroline,
I'd whisper in thine ear,
The only secret of my heart—
I've kept it for a year:
I love a fair and gentle girl—
(Nay, start not, Caroline),
Whose deep, dark eyes and rosebud lips
Are very like to thine.

Her voice of flute-like softness,—
(Dear Carro, why so sad?)
Falls on my ear in such sweet notes,
It makes my spirit glad.
Her heart is pure and innocent,
None like it have I known—
What! tears, my Carro! That fair maid
I love—is thee alone.

*Boston, February, 1849.*

### The Thriving Family.

BY MRS. L. H. SIGOURNEY.

Our father lives at Washington,
And has a world of cares,
But gives his children each a farm,
Enough for them and theirs.
Full thirty well-grown sons has he,
A numerous race indeed;
Married and settled all, ye see,
With boys and girls to feed.
So if we wisely till our lands,
We're sure to earn a living,
And have a penny, too, to spare,
For spending or for giving.
A thriving family are we,
No lordling need deride us;
For we know how to use our hands,
And in our wits we pride us.
Hail, brothers, hail!
Let nought on earth divide us.

Some of us dare the sharp north-east;
Some, clover-fields are mowing;
And others tend the cotton plants
That keep the looms a-going;
Some build and steer the white-winged ships,
And few in speed can mate them;
While others rear the corn and wheat,
Or grind the corn to freight them.
And if our neighbors o'er the sea
Have e'er an empty larder,
To send a loaf their babes to cheer,
We'll work a little harder.
No old nobility have we,
No tyrant king to ride us;
Our sages in the capitol
Enact the laws that guide us.
Hail, brothers, hail!
Let nought on earth divide us.

Some faults we have we can't deny,
A feeble here and there;
But other households have the same,
And so we wont despair.
'Twill do no good to fume and frown,
And call hard names you see;
And what a shame 'twould be to part
So fine a family!
'Tis but a waste of time to fret,
Since nature made us one,
For every quarrel cuts a thread
That healthful love has spun.
Then draw the cords of union fast,
Whatever may betide us,
And closer cling through every blast,
For many a storm has tried us.
Hail, brothers, hail!
Let nought on earth divide us.

### I'm saddest when I sing.

Here is a pretty little song, by some unknown author. It seems as though the writer spoke honestly.

You think I have a merry heart,
Because my songs are gay;
But O, they all were taught to me
By friends now far away.
The bird retains his silver note,
Though bondage chains his wing,
His song is not a happy one—
I'm saddest when I sing.

I heard them first in that sweet home
I never more shall see;
And now each song of joy has got
A plaintive tone for me.
Alas! 'tis vain in winter time,
To mock the songs of spring;
Each note recalls some withered leaf;
I'm saddest when I sing.

Of all the friends I used to love,
My harp remains alone;
Its faithful voice still seems to be
An echo of my own.
My tears, when I bend over it,
Will fall upon its string;
Yet those who hear me little think
I'm saddest when I sing.

### An Old Bachelor's Death.

Groaning and moaning,
His selfishness owning,
Grieving and heaving,
Though nought he is leaving,
But pelf and ill health,
Himself and his wealth.
He sends for a doctor to cure or to kill,
Who gives him advice, and offence and a pill,
And drops him a hint about making his will.
As fretful antiquity cannot be mended,
The miserable life of a bachelor's ended;
Nobody misses him, nobody sighs,
Nobody grieves when a bachelor dies.

### A Poetical Silk-Dyer.

A silk-dyer placed on his sign the following parody on Goldsmith's familiar lines, 'When lovely woman stoops to folly.'

When lovely woman tilts her saucer,
And finds too late that tea will stain,
What ever made a lady crosser?
What art can wash all white again?

The only art the stain to cover,
And hide the spot from every eye,
And wear an unsoiled dress above her,
Of proper color is—TO DYE.

### Music.

How differently the same thing may be described is well exemplified in the following quotations.

———Now the musician
Hovers with nimble stick o'er the squeaking crowd,
Tickling the dried guts of a mewing cat.—MARSTON.

And soon a strain is heard—
Not wanting power to mitigate and swage,
With solemn touches, troubled thoughts, and chase
Anguish, and doubt, and fear, and sorrow, and pain,
From mortal or immortal minds.—MILTON.

### It.

The pronoun IT is a comical word—
IT is sometimes amusing, IT is often absurd;
IT is large, IT is small, IT is round, IT is square,
IT rains, IT snows, IT is foul, IT is fair;
IT is black, IT is white, IT is long, IT is short,
IT is everything almost, and then IT is nought;
IT is true, IT's a lie—IT isn't—IT is—
Indeed the word IT is a hunting and quiz.

### To a Lady with beautiful Teeth.

They shine like diamonds in the light,
To grace the charming girl;
First, ivory claimed them as her own,
But gave them up to pearl.
O, may their lustre long endure,
With laughter to beguile;
The ready heralds of a kiss,
And parents of a smile. *Knickerbocker.*

### The Deaf Woman.

Biddy, whose hearing was extremely bad,
Her apples vending to the schoolboy lad,
By one was met, when 'what's o'clock?' he cried;
'Two, two a penny, sir,' the dame replied.
In haste again he asked. 'No, not another;
I'd not sell more,' she said, 'e'en to my brother.'
Enraged, he stamped, 'speak, lest I use thee ill.'
'Well, if you wont,' she cried, 'another will.'

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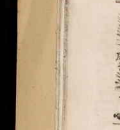

Hark! hear ye not the trumpet's note,
How o'er the welkin rise the strains!
Hark! hear ye not the trumpet's note!
Tis the FLAG OF OUR UNION!

[Written for The Flag of our Union.]

## A Mourner's Prayer.

BY MRS. E. A. WARD.

The spire of the following convent will be borne miles around by the winds, if no gentler dirge be sung, that the darkness of the night may become instructed of a bereaved daughter.

O Thou, whose mighty fiat first created
From night and chaos this fair world earth;
To whose omnific power all things are indebted
And calling planet, star and blazing sun,

O, who am I to rise, that thus disdain by
The chastening hand upon my trembling heart!
Is it, O God, of thy great plan of life,
Of justice, mercy, and thy love, a part,

I know it must be so, for thou art love:
But still my human nature revolts, why,
Why should she pass forever from my sight!
Why should she languish, she youthful, gifted,

Thou hast taken the wheels of death away;
The burning wheels of the mortal night;
Cast but the living spheres within my sight,
And then again command, "And there be light!"

And great, O God, that even here on earth,
My soul thy Spirit's influence may feel;
That I may trust Thee boldest to it bind,
That I may know thou wouldst her to heal.

Thou shalt say and in patience calmly wait
The happy dawning of that promised day,
When, in the holy mansions of the Lord,
The sad flesh rests subject, and I may pray

[Written for The Flag of our Union.]

## To Melancholy.

BY AUSTIN JONES.

Hail, gloomy Power! hail, potentate Melancholy!
Who lor'st in dark and comforting caves to dwell;
Who scornest the noise of mirth and jollity,
Far from the haunts of men to dell.

O Grand with me the sister's lowly style,
Whose verse will, doubtless by some lofty mood,
Write Cynthia, whose impetuous breathe like,
Or like whose light adorns poetic fire.

Or lend my footsteps to some rugged tower,
Where fills the bat, from whence the screech-owl cries;
Restless with pain, or evening's silent hour,
While clouds with sable drapery hang the skies.

Or to some churchyard, where the silent dead
Hath from the precincts of gaiety withdrawn;
Show how the wretch that sleeps as soon his bread,
And the proud monarch sees alike in him.

I'll there reflect on all the ills of life,
How selfish wit is prone to wound each man;
How selfless fell is fierce and bloody strife,
Led by ambition to the unexplored plain.

How goodness unsupported is betrayed,
Friendship abused by interest's sordid crime;
How power-proud, spirit, to virtue's garb appeal,
Usurp the heritage that is virtue's due.

Then, vow of life, for virtue die I urge,
As a brave I'll learn to view the grave;
There, and there only, cease the woes of man;
There sleeps the great, and there rests the slave.

[Written for The Flag of our Union.]

## Lines for an Album.

BY M. HIRE.

A single leaf is all I claim,
Here lady, in this book of fame,
Whereon to trace thy cherished name,
To breathe a prayer for thee and mine.

Mine shall not be the flatterer's art,
With value of gems to grant them me;
I'll speak the language of the heart,
Though poor in words, in thought sincere.

May hope's bright star illume thy days,
Through this veil, Freedom world of care;
Thy life be one bright scented's day,
Thy path be strewn with fairest flowers.

May sorrow's tear ne'er dim thine eye,
Nor misery with pain and blight;
Nor care, nor grief e'er to cause a sigh,
Or cast that shadow o'er thy face.

And may each joy that life can yield,
Through many years to thee be given;
To cheer thy heart and light thy path,
Through earth, thy native garden in heaven.
*Cincinnati, Ohio, February, 1849.*

[Written for The Flag of our Union.]

## To a Worm.

BY SUSAN.

Cast to the cruel fate that would not rest
Aside from thine, your troubled and blessing worm;
Crawling, perhaps to some serpent nature,
Out of the reach of school's fiendish fate.

Forgive me, helpless wretch, I cannot stay
Now to destroy the unfeeling agony
Which my human's feeling visit and shall,
Because I am a fellow-creature.

For if my presence could but save the pain
That shoots along thy torture-racked frame,
O, I would gladly linger by thee still,
And bind thy wrists with unbroken will.

But I will give thee, and I will not stay,
In you green spot of gently waving grass,
For there, perchance, will remain a worthier
Reward,

The unfortunate home may still be found;
At least the heart, though covered cold and stony,
Will not be cruel to even a fellow-creature,
Cracked, like himself, by those who count his kind
Worth of sympathy for others' weal.

[Written for The Flag of our Union.]

## Kind Words.

BY THE GREEN MOUNTAIN BARD.

What breath can I?
And a little drop of mist,
It fell upon a flower,
Which sprang to life again.

What breath can I?
And a little word of kindness,
Although a little thing—
Will cheer the heart like a zephyr,
And raise new joys to spring.

And, as the skies shed freely
Their dews on earth below,
And earth's sunny weather,
To cheer the flowers grow;

So make thy greetings kindly,
That, therefore, they may grow,
Softly as the softened heart,
In sympathy to know.

## Domestic Felicity

My late-crushed cottage is like a bower,
Music is in it, and the song the singer,
That accompanied wife of mine, invests the air
With a halo of delight, which seems to me
And with rich color even as the sunset's dye.
My noble hearted late comfortable—and still more—
All to this little home, and boundless happiness—
Here to earth here as I have power to give,
Dearest to overflowing—O, if Heaven

# MISCELLANEOUS.

[Written for The Flag of our Union.]

## NINA GALBERTI;

OR,

## THE POISONED CHALICE.

A STORY OF NAPLES.

BY GEO. P. BURNHAM.

### CHAPTER I.

*Our characters. The journey. A narrative.*

Nina Galberti had been reared among the myrtles and orange groves. Her early years had been tranquil and unclouded, her youth had known no shade of sorrow, her riper years were passed in peaceful pleasure and ease. She was, in truth, gentle, lovely as the fairest of Italy's sweet daughter's; a thing of innocence and purity, a being all tenderness, all affection, all kindness. Nina Galberti was what she was, for she seemed formed who surrounded her; in form, in features, in character. The dark, piercing, lustrous eye, the black hair, the brunette complexion of the Italian maiden, had been predicted in Nina's person, and in the observant traveler who chanced to meet her, was at a glance that the bright floral skin, the rosy cheek, the golden ringlets, and the bright blue eye of Nina Galberti, showed her a former transplanted from another clime.

The father had been absent, and Nina had been an inmate for many years, was alone, in his private apartment. It was the twilight hour, and as she sat with her harp before the open casement, the wild wind which swept from the Apennines, was playing in pale brow, and amid the ruffling breeze, even as the harp of Nina which still glowed in the atmosphere, it could be seen that his locks were silvered by time. His form, though bent, was full sixty years old, and his career had been marked by many a deed of daring. He was alone, for the mother of Nina he wiped the seams, produced a tit of melancholy to which he was frequently subject, and which he looked into his heart, as he meditated upon the past. His reflections were by no means agreeable, for he was reminded of crime. His life had been a scene of turmoil, and intrigue, and excitement; but in his old age, in his days, the wicked Giuchio turned in vain his memory, and within his reach for solace The crimes of his early days still haunted him, but he did not possess the courage to shun the end, and he was now fully equal to any emergency. It was to study at intrigue and treachery did occasion call on in his youthful days, when he had often, very often, been much the agent of others' guilty purposes.

In the morning of the day which was now declining, Giuchio, the father of Nina, received a patterson which runs upon the public roads between Naples, to which there were but two travellers, who had occupied the vehicle at Rimondi. One of the occupants was a friar of the order of St. Dominic, the other was little quite a youth; his slight mustache and sparse beard denoting that he was approaching to manhood

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THE FISHERMAN AND HIS DAUGHTER IN THE ARTIST'S STUDIO.

*Paolina gazing in enraptured admiration upon the beautiful picture by the young artist.*

A SPLENDID ORIGINAL ROMANCE.

OUR FIVE HUNDRED DOLLAR PRIZE TALE.


Entered according to Act of Congress, in the year 1849, by F. Gleason, in the Clerk's Office of the District Court of Massachusetts.


[WRITTEN EXPRESSLY FOR THE FLAG OF OUR UNION.]

# PAOLINA:

OR,

# THE SYBIL OF THE ARNO.

## A TALE OF THE TIME OF COSMO III.

BY MARTHA ANN CLOUGH.

[CONTINUED.]

### CHAPTER III.

*The young painter's reflections. Sudden interruption to his day-dreams. The finished portrait. The joy and rapture.*

'I sought that lighted eye,—
From its intense and searching purity
I drank in *soul*!'

HEMANS.

THE light of day was dying, amid the life-like images crowding the studio of one of Italia's master-spirits. The faint, rosy tinge of the fading sunbeams still lingered amid the rich paintings; it was the hour of twilight, and the students had gone forth to breathe the fresh air, and to rest their weary eyelids. The studio was deserted, save that one pupil still lingered at his easel, on which lay an unfinished painting. Tint after tint, shade after shade, he added, till at length he pushed it from him, and gazed upon it with a dissatisfied air.

'It is not perfect, now,' he muttered; 'I thought, after I had again seen the maiden, I might be successful; I cannot give it up, for if I do, I relinquish in that moment, my resolution to be a painter! It is almost faultless now; to my fellow-students it seems so; but, alas! they have never seen Paolina! Why can I never give the true expression to that heavenly face?'

A light foot-fall broke the stillness of the shadowy apartment, and a young girl robed in coarse garments, with a single jewel in her tiny hands, knelt at his feet, and bidding a huge grayhound to lie down beside her, held up the gem, and gazed admiringly at its lustre. The artist seized his brushes, while his heart beat fast; he would not have spoken for the world, for the expression he had long vainly endeavored to portray, was on that speaking face; a few shades more here—another there, and the picture was faultless. There was the true image of the fisherman's daughter—that sunny smile, that beaming eye, were there. The painter clasped his hands in an ecstacy of delight.

'Paolina!' burst from his lips, and approaching the maiden, who had started from her kneeling position, and was hastening towards the door, he said, earnestly:

'Whence hast thou come, beautiful one—did some good angel send thee!' and he took one of her small hands within his own.

'It is not often,' responded the girl, in a musical voice, 'that I come to Florence; but to-day, as I passed thee, I heard thee speak of thy vain attempts to complete a sketch of the humble fisherman's daughter; I heard thy repinings, thy desponding words, and I could but render this slight service to the friend of my childhood;' and with this reply, she hurried away.

'Stay, stay,' said Alberto, but the maiden had fled, and he turned again to look at his beautiful painting. The work was at last complete; he compared it with the pictures of his master, even, and his heart acknowledged how vastly superior it was to any in the studio. Who may tell the feelings of the proud youth, as he paced to and fro in that apartment? The work that had occupied his sleeping and waking thoughts was at length completed—it was perfect! Long, long did he gaze upon it, and long did he think how strangely his dreams had been realized; he was but a youth, and such a master-piece; his heart seemed bursting with an excess of happiness, and he sank down upon the floor perfectly overjoyed.

Two hours afterwards, the great master, under whose instruction Alberto had placed himself, entered the studio. He took a lamp, and passing from easel to easel, praised or blamed the work of his pupils, as he fancied. At length, he paused before the picture of Alberto:

'I wonder how the young lord of Lisiade succeeds with his work?' he said, to himself; 'when I left him at sunset, he was quite discouraged.'

At this moment, the picture of the fisherman's daughter met his eye.

'Beautiful, glorious, divine,' he exclaimed; 'how rich the hue of that rounded cheek—how melting, how full of *soul* the glance of those deep, liquid eyes—how sunny the smile on that lip—and the attitude, how carelessly graceful—how childish—how natural! Ah, ha! see how daintily she holds that jewel; and the dog, how confidingly he looks up into her face. It is perfect, divine, and over all there hovers such a softness and grace—that *I*, *I*, his master, have vainly endeavored to obtain! Let the light fall full upon it,' and as he moved with it towards the window the prostrate form of Alberto met his eye.

'Boy, boy,' he cried, 'dost thou sleep now?' and he shook him gently; 'how pale he is—he cannot be asleep. O, no—I see how it is, now, the youth is overjoyed with his success;' and taking some water from a vase near him, he sprinkled it in his face.

'Holy Mary! I fear that life has flown; the youth has scarcely been out of the studio since he came from his home, three months since;' and he placed his hand upon the heart of the young painter, and listened a moment.

'There is a faint pulsation,' he continued, and even as he spoke his pupil recovered.

His energy seemed to return at once, as he caught the eye of his master; there had ever been a strange sympathy between them, and often, when the spirits of Lisiade had flagged, he had whispered in his ear words that had seemed almost magical.

'See, see, it is finished!' said Alberto.

'Yes, it is perfect—it is divine,' responded the generous man, 'thou hast triumphed—did I not tell thee thou wouldst?'

'Yes, but list thee! I owe it all to Paolina; to-night, after thou hadst departed, as I sat alone, wearily repining, she rushed into the studio, and looked in my face, as when a little child I met her on the Arno. It was as if her presence had inspired me, for ere she departed, I had finished the painting that has occupied my thoughts so long.'

A smile passed over the face of his auditor; he was thinking, perhaps, if the romantic reverence, which the artist had so long cherished for the fisherman's daughter, would not one day ripen into love:

'Well, well,' he said, slowly, gazing into the happy face of Alberto; 'thou hast excelled me—thy master. I can give thee no farther instruction; it were better I should learn of thee.'

'Nay,' said the boy, 'talk not so; I have ever loved thee, for thou hast been as a father to me. I would fain linger in thy studio, but I have long been intending to go to Rome. Much as I have travelled in Italy, I have never remained for any length of time there, because I have scarcely felt worthy; now I may go.'

'List!' said the artist. 'I would fain talk with thee now, ere thou goest;' and he went on, inciting the youth to still loftier attainments—to still higher aspirations.

The stars were setting, ere they parted, and then Alberto hurried homeward. To his mother, in whose chamber a lamp was still burning, he unfolded the tale of his success; and when the next day she went with him and his proud sire to look upon it, she was almost overpowered with joy. None but Alberto knew why her voice was so tremulous, when she spoke of her child to the noble dames around her, nor why her cheek glowed with such a brilliant crimson, and her eyes with such an unusual lustre. She could almost have worshipped her son, when she saw the darling hope of her heart realized, but she suppressed the strong emotions in her soul, till her powerful mind, capable of stern resolutions as it was, seemed quite overwhelmed.

Ere sunset, the fame of Alberto de Lisiade, had spread through Florence, and all day long was the studio thronged with the noble, the gifted, and the curious, who came to look upon his first, perfect painting. No one but the artist's anxious and ambitious mother, and his master, even thought that one of the haughty house of the Lisiade would ever love the humble fisherman's daughter, whose matchless beauty he had transferred to canvass.

At night, when Alberto had gone to his home, and the studio was quite deserted, a fisherman and a young girl stole softly up the staircase, and entered the lone room.

'Holy Mary!' muttered the man, as his eye fell upon the piece, with whose praises all Florence was ringing, 'it is the girl herself!' The maiden said nothing, but kneeling, gazed upon it till a mournful smile came over her face, and the tear-drops gushed into her eyes;

[SEE ENGRAVING.]

then took her father's hand, and crept silently down to the street. It was Paolina.

Several days afterwards, the young painter formed the romantic intention of seeking her, and seating himself in a gondola alone, he rowed up the river several leagues, till at last his eye was gladdened with the sight of a ruined cottage.

'That is her home,' he almost shrieked for delight, and he hastened towards it; but he found no one, save an old woman, from whom he could only learn, that Paolina had left the valley. After seeking her many weeks in vain, the painter and his companion Bernardo went to Rome.

### CHAPTER IV.

*Another scene. The fisherman's home. The strange visitants. The convent. New home of Paolina at Rome.*

'Yes! I have marked thee many a passing day,
But now, new scenes invite me far away.'

BYRON.

IN a deep valley, radiant with the brightest verdure, several leagues from the city of Florence, was the home of Paolina. It was a low cottage, with the roof quite buried in luxuriant, flowering vines that had crept over it, and extended their fibrous tendrils quite across it, till scarce a vestige of the thatch was to be seen. Blossoms of the richest hues peeped from the dark, glossy leaves, till the old dwelling looked more like some green hillock, than the abode of man.

A rude bridge, with its crumbling railing almost concealed by a profusion of soft moss, spanned the sparkling stream, that crept like 'a silvery serpent' through the vale, till at length it met the broader Arno, and swept onward to the sea. A grove of willows, with their branches woven together by festoons of leafy vines, drooped over the river, bathing themselves in the pure water. The whole valley was clothed with the freshest verdure; bowers of pomegranate and citron trees nodded to the tall cypresses that crowned the surrounding hills, and here and there the golden fruit of the orange gleamed among the green foliage.

It was noonday, and the sun poured a flood of light over the delightful vale; the air was warm and sultry, and the silence that reigned around was even oppressive. There was no sound from the waters of the brook, so sluggishly did it creep onward; no breeze rustled the green leaves that covered the cottage of the fisherman; the flowers drooped beneath the piercing sun-rays, and nestled down among the foliage, as if to hide their tiny heads. Beside the door of her home, sat Paolina, with her lute, and the faithful Lina sitting beside her. The wreath around the neck of the dog was withering, and he looked pleadingly at his young mistress, as if he would ask permission to leap into the brook yonder; but the girl had no eye for the dog; her mind was far away in a princely dwelling—for it was the day after she saw with her sire the picture that she had assisted Alberto de Lisiade to finish.

[SEE ENGRAVING.]

'Paolina,' said a sweet voice within the dwelling, 'sweep the strings of thy lute, I would fain hear the song I last taught thee.'

The girl's fingers wandered caressingly amid the strings of an elegant though soiled instrument; a faint, bird-like prelude gushed forth, and then melted away; she had forgotten herself again. At length, a tall, comely woman came forth, but there was a look of anguish on her countenance, such as sometimes makes our hearts ache. Her face was beautiful, delicate and fair without the slightest tinge of color; her eyes were of the hue of a sapphire, and shaded by long lashes that seemed dewy with tears. Her hair was a bright auburn, and an occasional thread of silver might be seen among the tresses, confined with a faded silken fillet. Her whole appearance was that of one who had grown old prematurely—it told all eloquently that care and sorrow, not time, had furrowed that lofty brow, and sprinkled the hoary dust among those glossy locks. A single ring set with two rare gems, gleamed upon one of her exquisitely-formed hands, which, though they were somewhat sun-burnt, were delicately small.

Without saying a word, she took the lute from Paolina, and drew back into the cottage. A strain of exquisite harmony floated through the lowly apartment, and out upon the sultry air, for it was a masterly hand that swept those lute-chords. There could not be found in Tuscany a more skilful musician than the mother of Paolina, but few knew her powers. As the melody of her song swept by, Paolina sank down upon the grass, and leaning her head on one hand, laid the other upon her pet, and gave herself up to the tumultuous thoughts that haunted her. The splashing of oars in the stream, and the low growling of Lina, aroused her, and looking up, she saw a gondola close to the shore. A beautiful maiden, of perhaps twenty summers, attended by two female servants, stepped forth, and came towards the cottage. The beauty of Paolina seemed to fascinate her.

'We heard the sweetness of thy song,' she said, caressingly, 'and we came on shore to rest a moment in yon picturesque cabin, and listen, if we may, to another such a strain.'

'Follow me,' said Paolina, and she gracefully led the way to the cottage. The lady seemed surprised at the refinement of the fair woman who received her; she listened like one spell-bound to the songs which Paolina sung so sweetly, and when she had finished, said:

'I have never been so charmed with a young girl, as I am with Paolina. I have no sisters, and I am sometimes very lonely, for my mother has long been dead. It would gratify me, O, so much, signora, if I might take thy daughter away with me. I would place her in a convent, where I have passed many a pleasant hour, till her education is completed, and then take her to be my companion, in my father's palace. She has charms that would adorn the highest station, and at Rome—'

'Rome!' exclaimed the mother.

'Yes, I am one of the house of the Biandetti, at Rome.'

'And thou art—'

'Berenice de Biandetti!'

The lady started.

'I have heard of thee, signorina,' she said, slowly; 'thou saidst thou wast lonely?'

'Yes, I had a brother once, but he died, when I had seen scarcely ten summers, at Venice.'

The mother of Paolina trembled in every limb, but she spoke not, and the Lady Berenice continued:

'I have been spending a few weeks at Florence, and only came up the river to visit the ruins of the old abbey above here. It would please me if thou wouldst grant my request, signora!'

The tears gushed into the eyes of the mother.

'She is all that is left to me,' she said to herself, and then begging the Lady Berenice to excuse her for a moment, she passed into an adjoining apartment. When alone, she buried her face in her hands, and wept as she had not for years; her whole frame shook like an aspen leaf; but at length she grew more calm, and clenching her hands convulsively across her heart, as if to quell its stormy waves, she murmured:

'That one of the proud Biandetti should ask this—one of that haughty house, and yet, as she said, the maiden has charms fit to grace the highest station. I cannot educate her as she deserves. Alas! how all my heart's energies have been blighted. I cannot surround her with any society, save that of the peasants, of which I am one. Though it cost me many a bitter, bitter tear, the sacrifice shall be made;' and removing the traces of tears from her cheeks, she went back to her guests.

'The child may go,' she said, as she entered, though her voice trembled slightly, and drawing Paolina towards her, she said, fondly:

'Thou knowest how often thou hast sighed for more congenial society—do not weep, dearest, thou hadst better go—I shall not be very lonely—and thou wilt be very happy.'

'Then, mother,' said the maiden, as she brushed the tears away, 'if thou thinkest it better, I will go—though I am very happy here. I will come often to see thee, and then—'

'Thou canst come often to visit thy child,' interrupted the Lady Berenice.

Scarcely trusting herself to speak, the mother accompanied her child to the gondola, and kissing her cheek, saw her seat herself in the barge. As she entered, the dog Lina leaped after her.

'Nay, nay, Lina,' said the girl, in a faltering voice, 'thou must not come; mother cannot spare both her pets;' and then the tears that were lying so weightily upon her heart, gushed forth.

'Guard her carefully,' the sorrowing woman could only say; 'and the blessings of a grateful heart shall follow thee! She is gentle and affectionate, and she will love thee—but guard her carefully as I have ever.'

'I will, I promise thee that,' said the Lady Berenice; 'fear not.'

The lone mother watched the barge that was bearing away her child—her treasure, till it disappeared down the river.

When they reached Florence, it was night, and weary and sorrowful, the young Paolina went to rest; she already began to love the fair lady, and her imagination pictured for her a brilliant future.

'I must go again to look upon that beautiful painting of Lisiade's,' said the Signorina Berenice, as she sat with her fair protege, the next morning; 'wouldst thou not like to behold it? Now I think what it is that makes thy face so strangely familiar; there is an expression on that, precisely like thine!'

The maiden smiled, but said nothing that she had ever heard of the young artist of whom her benefactress was speaking. She went forth with her, and gazed upon the image of herself, while the lady of Biandetti laughingly declared that the likeness was perfect. They spent only a few days at Florence, and then proceeded to a nunnery some ten leagues from Rome. In the quiet seclusion of the convent, Paolina's days sped happily indeed. The Lady Berenice often spent weeks with her, and talked of the improvement of her companion, of her gifts and accomplishments—of her father's palace, and of the gay scenes of Rome, to which she should soon take her. Besides, the heart of the girl grew to the kind sisters among whom she dwelt, and under whose instruction she made rapid progress.

LOVELY COTTAGE HOME OF THE FAIR PAOLINA.

*Paolina, with her lute and dog, enjoying the grateful shade at noonday.*

The superior of the convent treated her with great kindness, and seemed to manifest great interest in her welfare. Sometimes she spent days with her mother, and once at parting, she had clasped her to her heart, and said, wildly:

'Holy virgin! mayst thou *ever* be thus happy!'

And Alberto? Had she forgotten him? O, no! Berenice and the sisters often talked of his beautiful paintings, and of his fame; yet they never marked the reddening cheek of Paolina. Her memories of him had grown to be the dearest secrets of her soul; not even to her benefactress had she ever revealed the fact that she had ever seen the young lord of Lisiade. The lady of Biandetti had never made his acquaintance, for the few months that he had spent at Rome she had passed at Genoa; and when she returned to her native city, he had gone to Naples. He was to return, however, and she flattered herself that she should then become acquainted with him.

Two years had flown swiftly by, and Paolina was about to leave the secluded nunnery for the scenes of Rome. She heard from the Lady Berenice, when she came to take her to her father's palace, that the artist, Alberto de Lisiade, was again in their city; and as she talked of his beauty, his talents, and renown, her heart thrilled with delight, for she thought she might again see him. She had often heard the praises of the fisherman's daughter, which now adorned the gallery of Florence, and she wondered if the painter still remembered the original. It was late when she entered the palace which was to be her home; the Lady Berenice led her up the marble steps, and across the spacious halls, till she found herself in the presence of the Signor de Biandetti. He looked upon her as his daughter presented her, and muttered something about her surpassing loveliness, and a strange resemblance to some friend of his; then welcomed her even more kindly than she had anticipated, and hoped she would be very happy in her new home. He even kissed her when they separated, and as she left his room followed by Berenice, said: 'She is indeed a sweet creature.'

The beautiful girl sought her pillow, with a thousand half-formed dreams of happiness with her kind benefactress. And she—Berenice de Biandetti—who was she? The only daughter of the haughtiest family in Rome—a maiden, with a will that had from childhood been law. Every whim, every caprice, had been humored, till in fact she knew no will but her own. Still, she possessed a kind heart; she was ever gentle and affectionate to her aged sire, and even to the menials of her household. She was gifted, too; she loved the beautiful, passionately, and it is no wonder that she fell in love with the fair Paolina.

There was something romantic, something sweet, too, in the thought of having so lovely a creature for a companion, and since the maiden had been under her protection, she had faithfully fulfilled her promise to the mother, for she loved her. Many a suitor knelt at her feet, for her beauty and accomplishments had won for her the title of the 'Pearl of Rome,' but none pleased her fancy. At length, she saw Alberto de Lisiade, and then she beheld her 'beau-ideal' realized. He was handsome, fascinating and gifted. She had only seen him since he came last to Rome, and he had not seemed even to notice her then—her, whom all other eyes were seeking; but her heart suggested that he might not have beheld her, and with this thought, she stifled the feelings of chagrin that despite her pride had haunted her.

### CHAPTER V.

*Alberto at Rome. High mass at St. Peters. An enchanting revery broken. The 'Pearl of Rome.' A familiar face suddenly appears. Effect on the young lord.*

'I thought myself beloved—we breathed no vow,
No mingling visions might our fate allow,
As unto happy hearts; but still and deep,
Like a rich jewel, gleaming in a grave,
Like golden sand in some dark river's wave,
So did my soul that costly knowledge keep
So jealously!'

HEMANS.

WITH many a wild dream still burning in his heart, had Alberto de Lisiade come to Rome the second time. It had been two years since he had seen the glorious Paolina, but her memory was still the brightest treasure in his mind's casket. Fancy had led him to Naples, and thence to Verona; he had finished one more painting during those years. It was a head of the Virgin, and had won for him still more renown than the fisherman's daughter; but it was dear to him chiefly for the resemblance it bore to Paolina. A change had come over him; like another artist of the olden time, he only painted when he felt a spirit of inspiration for his favorite employment, for without it, his attempts would have been fruitless.

Bernardo was still his companion; he was a sculptor, and there was something almost mysterious in the friendship of the two youths; he only knew the romantic affection which Alberto de Lisiade cherished for Paolina, and he kept the secret as fondly as if it had been his own. They often talked of her, and wondered whither she had gone, but all their inquiries had been in vain. Even the 'Sybil of the Arno' had refused to say aught of her disappearance.

Alberto had spent all his time since he had been in Rome, in viewing the works of art that greeted him at almost every step.

The day came when the high mass which was annually honored at St. Peters was to be celebrated; and yielding to the solicitations of their companions, Alberto and his friend strolled to the church. He had often admired the magnificent edifice, that had been a century in building, but he had never visited it on such a day as this. Without pausing to look upon the fountains with their sparkling waters shooting upwards, or the huge obelisk in front of the church, he hurried into the interior. Indescribable emotions rushed over his soul as he gazed up at the arching dome, at the splendid architecture, the beautiful statues, and the master-pieces of the best Italian painters. The notes of the organ, and the melody of powerful voices melting into a sweet symphony, floated through the lofty building. Louder and sweeter swelled the song, now echoing through every nook of the church, and now dying away into the softest cadences, till at length the anthem ceased with a low, quivering sound, that seemed like the last sigh of a departing spirit. All was grand, thrilling, sublime; the priests with their gorgeous robes, moving stealthily, reverently to and fro; the lamps burning around; the high altar with its lofty ceiling on which the Pope himself was reading mass; the figures kneeling devotionally in every corner of the spacious church, and the sunlight that shone through the stained windows, and slept like gold dust on the rich ornaments with which the edifice was decorated. The Lord Alberto was aroused from his reverie by his companion:

'Rouse thee, rouse thee,' said he, 'look yonder; is not that face divine?'

He looked in the direction to which his friend pointed, and saw the figure of a kneeling female before a representation of the Virgin. Her hands were clasped devotionally; but her countenance wore an expression of haughtiness—there was a slight curve in her full lips and snowy neck. Her black tresses, wreathed with orange-blossoms, were plaited in a single, massive braid above her lofty forehead; her eyes were singularly dark, and brilliant, and raised devotedly to heaven. Her robe was of purple velvet, and her mantle, of the same material, falling about her face, shed a faint tinge of its own rich color over her cheek.

'Who is she?' asked Alberto.

'She is styled the "Pearl of Rome," replied Bernardo; 'she is of the house of the Biandetti, the proudest family, and she, the haughtiest maiden in Rome. One might know it by the expression of her face. She is gifted, too, they tell me—a poetess.'

'See, see,' interrupted one of their companions, earnestly; 'the Signorina Berenice is coming this way! I would give a world, if I had it, to win a smile from that proud maiden!'

'Hush, hush!' said Bernardo, for the lady was now opposite them. She glanced up at Alberto, as she passed, and a slight blush spread over her face, as she met the glance of his companions.

'She has not half the beauty of Paolina,' he said to Bernardo, as she disappeared; 'as then, *she* is the Pearl of Rome!'

'Thou must not expect her to be so beautiful as Paolina, for though I never beheld the girl, I have seen thy painting, and I never have seen another maiden so gloriously fair!'

'What a pity,' said he who had spoken so enthusiastically of the lady of Biandetti, 'what a pity that the Pearl of Rome should throw away her smiles on one so little mindful of them. Ah! well, perhaps when I have won thy fame, my lord of Lisiade, I, too, may gain the smiles of the ladies;' and he passed gaily onward, humming a merry tune.

The next morning, Alberto entered the studio where the gay fellow was at work; he greeted de Lisiade warmly, and began relating his grievances. At length he left his easel, and placed himself by Alberto on the window seat. The chariot of the Biandetti was passing; the Lady Berenice was within, and another maiden by her side. A pair of dark eyes glanced up at the window; de Lisiade started. 'Paolina!' he said to himself; and seizing his cap, he readily acceded to the proposal of his friend to stroll to St. Peters. The notes of the organ were dying through the lofty edifice as they entered, and glancing at the same picture, before which he had seen the lady the day previous, he beheld the figures of two females; one was the Signorina Berenice; the other, though taller and still more graceful, if possible, than when he last saw her, he knew could be none other than the fisherman's daughter, Paolina.

The painter saw again the being whom he had vainly sought—the image that had so long haunted him; but how, whence, had she found her way to Rome, and in company, too, with the proudest lady in that city? These were questions he could not answer; but he gazed earnestly upon her, now robed in garments as costly as those of the lady whose companion she was; he marked the grace of her attitude; and the proud curve of her arching neck, and thought her loveliness unequalled. At length the maiden rose.

'By all the saints in the calendar, my lord of Lisiade!' exclaimed the gay student, 'is that an angel, with Berenice de Biandetti? Such charms cannot belong to a mortal!'

Alberto made no reply, but taking his arm, went forth to the door which they had entered. In a moment, the ladies were passing them; again Alberto saw the glance of the Pearl of Rome, but he gave no look of recognition till the maiden who followed her raised her dark eyes to his face; then he doffed his plumed cap, and smiled upon her. The lady smiled too, and drawing her garments more closely about her, descended the steps with her friend.

'What a form! 'Twere a fit model for a sculptor,' said many a voice as she disappeared; and vainly endeavoring to solve the mystery of her presence in Rome, Alberto de Lisiade went to his home. He felt a new inspiration, and taking a half-finished painting which he had long before commenced, he went to the studio of Odazziand, begging permission to work in company with the merry band of painters gathered there. He was gratefully received, and soon felt himself quite at home.

During the whole day, the theme of conversation was the Lady Berenice and her angelic companion. No one knew her, save Alberto; he only said that he had once or twice met her, before he came to Rome, in Milan or Naples or Florence; one of those cities, he was sure. No one but Bernardo knew that the fair being whom every one was admiring, was the fisherman's daughter of his painting, whose fame had been wafted through all Italy.

Thoughts of his childhood were passing before de Lisiade, but he chatted gaily with his companions, and thus the hours wore on. Just before sunset, two females entered; one was closely veiled, but the other was Berenice de Biandetti. She had often been at the studio, but she begged permission to look upon the specimens of art that adorned the walls, and they were only too happy to allow her the privilege. The brush trembled in the fingers of Alberto, for he knew that the veiled lady was Paolina. His cheek grew a shade redder, and his eye beamed more brightly, as he bent over his work. He saw that Paolina's eye seemed searching for some object, and she was evidently disappointed, for they were wet with tears.

When the Lady Berenice paused near him, he rose and said politely:

'My unfinished painting is scarcely worthy a look yet, lady,' and he placed before her the canvass; 'I call it the "Spirit's First Glance at Paradise," but thou seest it is now but just commenced. By-and-by, I hope to render it faultless;' and he went on pointing out to her the design of the piece. 'I really wish,' he continued, 'that I had one of my finished sketches to show thee!'

'I have seen them both, signor,' said the lady, playfully; 'do not think that the fame of Lord Alberto de Lisiade has not reached Rome before thee!'

Alberto made some gallant reply, and the lady seemed pleased with his animated conversation, for she loitered some minutes near him, while her companion busied herself with the work of Luigi Manatti, the youth who had so praised Berenice. At length they turned to depart; the Lady de Biandetti with many thanks for the entertainment which their paintings had afforded her; but Paolina only articulated a simple 'Buon Giorno,' and left the apartment.

As Alberto was leaving the studio, he met Bernardo:

'I have seen her!' he exclaimed, grasping the hand of his friend,' the original of thy painting!'

'Where, when?'

'In the palace of the Biandetti, but now; I knew in a moment it could be no other, for I never before beheld such loveliness. She is the most beautiful being I have ever seen; but how happens it that she is in Rome?'

'That I cannot tell! I saw her this morning at the church of St. Peters, and this afternoon she came with the Pearl of Rome to our studio. She was closely veiled, but I recognized her form. I cannot imagine why she is here, and that, too, in the bosom of one of the wealthiest, proudest families in Rome.'

'It is by some strange, unaccountable freak of fortune, doubtless. But come, let us walk upon the river's brink,' and taking the arm of Alberto, the two youths took their way to the banks of the Tiber.

* * * * * * *

It was night in Rome; the moonbeams fell softly on church and palace, on monument and column; and the stars shed their pale lustre on the tall obelisks and magnificent edifices. How beautiful were the Coliseum and the Forum, bathed in the silvery radiance! All was still, for it was long past midnight. The door of a princely dwelling was at length thrown open, and two beautiful maidens came forth into the vine-wreathed portico.

'See, see,' said the taller of the two, 'see the Coliseum, see Rome by moonlight!'

Her companion spoke not, but winding her arms around the neck of the speaker, gazed silently on the scene before her. There was a low tone of music beneath the colonnade, and then the melody of a guitar, blended with a rich manly voice, came sweetly to the ears of the fair listeners. There was a purity in the song, so well fitting that calm, midnight hour, that they seemed almost entranced. It was addressed to Berenice, and was as follows:

'Brightly the stars are gleaming above thy princely home,
Softly their beams are falling upon its gilded dome;
Gently the winds are sighing among the dewy leaves,
And my song is mingling with the music of the breeze.
Bright as the sky above thee, fair lady, be thy way,
May joy's sun shed over thee full many a gladdening ray;
And when on such an evening thou comest forth to gaze
On the beauty of the earth, and the stars' tiny blaze,
Then deign, O deign, fair lady, sometimes to think of me;
For ever, ever surely, shall I remember thee!'

There was a rustling among the dew-laden shrubs, as if they were murmuring that so sweet a song had ceased so soon, and still the maidens listened breathlessly, but no note of guitar or voice greeted them, and they entered the palace.

'I know who the gay cavalier is, who has sung so sweetly, methinks,' said the Lady Berenice, smilingly; 'it is the gifted artist, whom we saw this morning at St. Peters, and again this afternoon, if I mistake not.'

She was mistaken; it was Bernardo Camacci; had her eye been still sharper, she could not have detected the form, nestled down among the fragrant leaves. It was Alberto de Lisiade, who had accompanied him, to catch, if possible, a glimpse of Paolina.

'She listened breathlessly to thy song,' said Alberto, as they took their way homeward.

'Yes, but she thought it was thine,' rejoined Bernardo; 'and thou, thou wouldst not give one of the flowers in thy cap for her affection; thou lovest Paolina.'

'I could never love another,' said Alberto, slowly. 'I know not if her mind be as lovely as her person, but she is gloriously fair. She has been to me as a guiding angel; years ago, when I could not succeed in painting her beautiful face, she rushed into my presence, and ere she had gone, the piece, which I had despaired of completing, was faultless. The other, the head of the Virgin, I value only for its resemblance to her; the work on which I am now engaged, I threw aside long ago, because I lacked inspiration. I have seen her, and I have it!'

'And yet,' interrupted Bernardo; but he paused abruptly.

'And yet what?'

'She is of humble lineage, thy proud mother, in whose veins the best blood of Italy is coursing, would scarcely brook such an alliance.'

'Paolina is glorious; she would adorn any station. My haughty mother might deem herself honored; but let me not talk of this. I know not if the maiden cherishes aught of affection for the dreaming boy that was her admirer even then. I have scarcely spoken to her, since the day that I floated up the Arno by her side; but now I will gain her attention, if possible. If she be gentle and loving as I think her, I shall endeavor to win her love—if not—' and he paused abruptly, for they were at the door of their lodgings. A host of tumultuous feelings haunted the brain of de Lisiade that night. He remembered how dreamily he was floating down the Arno, when the voice of the fisherman aroused him, and the surpassing beauty of the fisherman's daughter met his eye. In his dreams he stooped to place a jewel among the folds of her coarse garment, and to seize the worthless clasp that had hitherto supplied its place; he stood before his father's palace, and his haughty mother was beside him; Paolina was there, too, and as a gondola in which she was seated was moving from the shore, he kissed the forehead of the child, and a strange thrill came over him; he woke to know that the visions of his childhood had flown. Again he slept—beneath a tall tree he sat; a voice said, 'still dreaming,' and the fair Paolina glided by; he sat at the feet of a lovely Milanese, talking of poesy and song; it was the still hour of evening; nature wore a smile, the heavens bent kindly over him, the air was full of perfume, a gondola glanced over the water, and within it he saw the form of Paolina.

He stood within a studio, perplexed, weary, dispirited; a young girl knelt before him—one glance at her—a shade, a tint more, and the painting which he had despaired of completing was perfect. 'Paolina,' he shrieked for very joy, and woke to know that the vision had fled. Again he dreamed; within a dim church he stood, Paolina passed before him, and he remembered the strange delight he had felt at beholding her. Again he stood before the altar in the same magnificent edifice; a maiden was beside him, arrayed in flowing robes of snowy velvet, sweeping even to the marble floor; a rich veil, fastened with a wreath of orange-blossoms, floated like one of those fleecy clouds around her, which we sometimes see in summer. A single diamond gleamed upon the hand that rested like a water-lily in his own. Holy words were hovering on his own lips, and then a response came in a sweet, lute-like voice from beneath the veil; he looked upon his bride—it was Paolina.

The artist awoke, with a feeling of joy filling his soul; he could scarcely believe the

vision was naught but a dream. He rose, and proceeding to a small chest, slowly unlocked it, and drew from it a casket. After searching a moment, a small clasp met his eye; he took it, and disengaging the rich, gold one that fastened his girdle, hastily placed the other in its stead. It was an hour to sunrise, and taking a book, he sat down to read.

And where was Paolina? In the sumptuous apartment which the lady of Biandetti had provided for her, with her head buried in the pillow—asleep? O, no! she was wondering if the songster was indeed Alberto. She remembered the smile that had lighted his face; and then his gallantry to Berenice came to dispel those sweeter fancies. 'He will never love the fisherman's daughter,' thought she, 'the proud de Lisiade;' and yet, there had seemed a mysterious connection between them! She had assisted him, she scarcely knew why; her interest in him arose, perhaps, from a romantic devotion to the boy who had so admired her. She thought of the change in her prospects; of her pale, sad mother; of the convent, and the parting words of the superior and the sisters; of Berenice and her sire, who treated her so kindly. 'Ah, me!' she said to herself, 'I wonder if I shall ever tire of Rome?' and with these thoughts, she at length fell asleep.

She was awakened by her attendant, who came to say that her lady was waiting for her to go to the Tiber. She and Berenice loved to go forth early, and hastily robing herself, she descended to the river. Berenice was there before her, and greeting her in a gay voice, she bade her seat herself beside her.

The morning was delightful; there was such a dewy freshness in the air; the trees looked so beautifully, and the birds sang so sweetly amid the green foliage, that she scarcely spoke for the thoughts and memories that filled her mind. Berenice was silent, too; and at length, throwing back her mantle, Paolina leant over the prow, and amused herself by dipping up the cool water. So intent was she upon her sport, that she knew not that another craft was abroad, till hearing the splash of oars near her, she looked up, and beheld a barge in which several gay cavaliers were seated; one of them was Alberto de Lisiade. In a moment they had glanced past; but not before she had heard him say, 'Paolina,' and had seen the smile that passed over his face.

'It is the artist, Alberto de Lisiade,' said her companion, looking after them. 'I wonder if he has no song to warble this morning?' and the gay conversation which she commenced was not ended, when they reached the palace.

'I must contrive some means to speak to her,' said Alberto, to himself, as he entered the studio; but his companions were rallying him upon the paltry clasp which he wore in his girdle, and he was obliged to join in their raillery. Ah! they knew not the associations that clustered around it. With the afternoon, came an invitation for himself and fellow-students to be present at a fete, to be given by a wealthy Roman lady at her castle.

'I shall go,' said Alberto, as he threw down the note.

'Ah, ah!' vociferated his companions, 'all Rome will ring with it, if thou goest! When thou wast here before, thou sawest, caredst for nothing, save pictures;' and for the rest of the day, they talked of nought save the 'Lady Agata's festival.'

At evening, a princely gathering were assembled within her palace; form after form glided up the marble steps, and entered the gilded portals. All was gay and brilliant. In a shadowy balcony stood Bernardo and the young lord of Lisiade, talking in low tones; they glanced at the illuminated saloon, and beheld the lady of Biandetti and Paolina.

'See, see! Bernardo,' was all Alberto said, but his eyes followed the maidens as they seated themselves in the recess of a large, Gothic window. They had evidently just arrived, but they were soon surrounded with a crowd of gay gallants and laughing ladies. Now and then, the Lady Berenice paused in her conversation, and the eyes of Paolina occasionally wandered vacantly through the apartment. It was the first banquet at which she had been present, and her beauty and grace were the theme of every tongue.

'Berenice de Biandetti is no longer the Pearl of Rome,' thought and said many a dame, whose daughters' charms had been eclipsed by her superior loveliness.

The dancing commenced, and Alberto saw Paolina led away by a handsome nobleman; after watching the gracefulness of her movements for a few moments, Alberto entered a smaller apartment, and found himself in the presence of the Signorina Agata. She sprang to her feet, and her cheek glowed with pleasure as she heard his graceful salutation. He offered his arm to the lady, and they strolled through the spacious halls chatting merrily all the while; Bernardo was just leading Paolina to the dance, as they paused in the saloon which Alberto had left; and at the suggestion of the young artist, they joined the merry band. Both Berenice and Paolina started, as they saw him, and when the music sounded, and Alberto was treading the 'gay measure,' he came opposite the fisherman's daughter; with the single word 'Paolina,' he gave her his hand; only a moment did they linger, but the smile that lighted the face of the girl convinced him that he was still remembered.

When the dancing was over, a Genoese nobleman engaged the attention of the Lady Agata, and the lord of Lisiade led Paolina away. Every eye was following the fair being, and nothing but the most trivial conversation passed between them, till as the guests were dispersing, he found her alone, waiting for Berenice in a small apartment; then he had only time to say:

'Thou art the Paolina, whom I first saw upon the Arno?' and to hear her musical 'Si, signore,' before the Lady Berenice returned. He made some gallant speech to her, for words were ever at his command, and then hurried away, leaving her more enamored with himself.

The next day he had departed to Florence; not that he had left Rome forever. O, no, but his birthday was approaching, and his parents had urged him so earnestly to spend a short time at home, that he obeyed. As he passed the palace of the Biandetti, he saw the Lady Berenice, and he paused for a moment.

'Whither away so fast?' exclaimed she, after she had replied to his questions.

'To Florence, lady!' said Alberto, and bowing, he passed on.

'To Florence—to Florence! What can take him thither so soon?' she muttered to herself, and hastened to tell Paolina the tidings.

The fisherman's daughter had indeed become the pet of the proud Lady Berenice and her doting sire. The old man loved at nightfall to sit in his favorite portico, and listen to her songs; for her taste for music had been cultivated till she had become a masterly performer. He often talked to her of her loveliness and her gentleness, and the maiden soon loved him, as if he had been her sire.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

[Written for The Flag of our Union.]

## A Valentine.

BY EDGAR A. POE.

At a 'Valentine Soiree,' in New York, the following enigmatical lines were received, among others, and read aloud to the company. The verses were enclosed in an envelope, addressed 'To her whose name is written within.' As no lady present could so read the riddle as to find her name written in it, the Valentine remained, and still remains, unclaimed. Can any of the readers of the Flag discover for whom it is intended?*

For her these lines are penned, whose luminous eyes,
Brightly expressive as the twins of Leda,
Shall find her own sweet name that, nestling, lies
Upon this page, enwrapped from every reader.
Search narrowly this rhyme, which holds a treasure
Divine—a talisman—an amulet
That must be worn at heart. Search well the measure;
The words—the letters themselves. Do not forget
The trivialest point, or you may lose your labor.
And yet there is in this no Gordian knot
Which one might not undo without a sabre,
If one could merely understand the plot.
Enwritten upon this page whereon are peering
Such eager eyes, there lies, I say, perdu,
A well-known name, oft uttered in the hearing
Of poets, by poets; as the name is a poet's, too.
Its letters, although naturally lying—
Like the knight Pinto (Mendez Ferdinando)—
Still form a synonym for truth. Cease trying!
You will not read the riddle though you do the best you can do.

* Should there be no solution furnished of the above, we will give the key next week.

[Written for The Flag of our Union.]

## THE SOLDIER'S DAUGHTER.

### A STORY OF THE FRENCH PEASANTRY.

BY LIEUTENANT MURRAY.

In a small town in Norman France, lying between Havre and Rouen, there dwelt, long since, an honest vine-dresser, named Frederic Leablue. Himself and wife were an humble couple, but content and happiness smiled within their little cottage, and the vine-dresser counted himself a fortunate man. A son and daughter had blessed the union of Leablue with his peasant wife, creating additional pleasures, with mutual cares and joys, around the domestic hearth. But to encounter reverses is the lot of all, and permanent happiness is not to be enjoyed upon earth. Thus thought the honest vine-dresser, when a sudden fever deprived his beloved companion of life, and left his widowed heart bereft of every tie that had bound it to happiness. The children, yet too young to realize the extent of their bereavement, now looked to the unhappy father for constant care and protection.

At this period, when Leablue was saddened to the deepest intensity of grief, and when he felt a reckless disregard of life and all its ties, save for his children's sake, the announcement reached his village that soldiers were wanted for the grand army, and in less than a week after he found himself drafted by the authorities, and under marching orders to the frontier. To resist was useless, and a fresh wound was inflicted upon his heart in parting from his little children, whom he confided to one that he hoped and believed would prove a faithful protector. Pressing them to his heart, he bade them farewell, and marched off, to the gay notes of martial music, to form one of the grand army that was to cross the Alps under Napoleon. Time courses quickly, most quickly in childhood, and two years had passed rapidly, making the brother and sister, the first six and the latter five years of age, when the gazettes that announced the result of the battle of Lodi, contained the name of Frederic Leablue among the killed!

Up to this period the children had been protected with ordinary care by him who was trusted with their keeping, but now that the probability of future recompense was cut off, his interest in them ceased, and the little ones were treated with a harshness and disregard that made them miserable.

To escape the ill-treatment he now constantly received, the boy one day wandered from home, either to perish or seek shelter elsewhere, for no search could ever discover him: the good-natured villagers having been induced to seek him, if for no other reason, to satisfy their curiosity concerning him. With the example of her brother before her, and the constant ill-treatment of those with whom she lived goading her to the act, the soldier's little daughter stole away one dark night, and walked many weary miles to the small town of Nemore, begging at the first door she approached, for shelter and protection. It was at an honest farmer's house that the little orphan had applied, nor could fortune have better directed her steps. They heard her touching story, and befriended her at once. They had themselves but just buried a little daughter, near her own age, and the good wife pressed the orphan child to her bosom, saying that she was sent by Heaven to fill the place made desolate by the loss of their dear Amele, while their remaining child, Louval, a boy of seven years, overjoyed at a new companion, fondly kissed and caressed the little wanderer.

The soldier's child, long a stranger to such kindness, wept tears of joy, and asked in her simplicity if she might love them with *all* her heart! The affectionate spirit evinced by the child cemented at once the resolution of the farmer and his wife, and she was soon adopted, and called by the name of the child they had lost, Amele. Noel Lorain was the good farmer's name. He was a man in comfortable circumstances, though humble in influence and attainments; but his heart beat as warmly as that of the proudest noble in the land, and the poor never turned unrelieved from his door. Amele and Louval were sent to school together, and no brother and sister were ever more dear to each other than were these two children. In the fields, or beside the peaceful hearth, they were ever companions, read their juvenile stories to each other, divided the task of mastering each other's lessons, and became daily and hourly endeared to one another.—Each seemed to vie with the other in their duty and service to the kind farmer and his wife; and had the lovely Amele really been their child, it is doubtful if they could have loved her more tenderly.

At the May-day festivals Amele was generally queen of the dance; and her young form ripened with each returning spring into sweet and captivating womanhood. Finding in each other a congenial spirit, Amele and Louval grew up like two gentle flowers on the same stem: while the old farmer and his wife looked upon them with pride and affection. With pride at the manly bearing, noble brow and intellectual attainments of Louval, and with unutterable fondness at the sweet and affectionate child of their adoption.

Eleven years had thus worn away, making Amele sixteen, when one day a stranger stopped at the little post-house of Nemore. It was May-day, and the villagers were clothed in their gala dresses, while Amele presided as queen of the festival. The stranger was a man of some twenty years; and while his meal was preparing, strolled out to see the ceremony of crowning the queen of the day. He lingered long, gazing with admiration upon the beauty and native grace of the peerless floral queen; and when his conveyance was announced, declared that he had made up his mind to tarry until the following day, in order to obtain required rest, but secretly resolving to endeavor to make the acquaintance of the beautiful girl whose appearance had so much interested him. Hospitality ensured any stranger a welcome in the little town of Nemore, and the traveller, seemingly by accident, knocked at the door of farmer Lorain.

That night, with legends of adventure and pictures of life in foreign lands he amused the humble circle till a late hour, and when he pressed the hands of each at parting, he saw that he had created a friendly interest in the breast of Amele, that awakened a response in his own bosom in the shape of a passion that was as novel as it was intense. He dreamed of the beautiful girl all night, and found on the morrow that he was far from desiring to continue his journey, and declared his resolve to tarry here, for a few days at least, and enjoy a period of rest that continued travel and fatigue rendered peculiarly grateful. His days were multiplied to weeks, and after once visiting Havre on some business, he again returned to Nemore. In the meantime, his attention to Amele was too evident and partial to admit of question, as it regarded his affection for her, and Louval saw his long-loved companion daily growing more intimate with her new friend, Herbert Fontenel. His own cherished love for her had never been told, but it was none the less sincere and devoted, and now he felt the wretchedness of disappointed love gnawing at his heart.

'She is pleased with the newness and novelty of this Herbert Fontenel's regard—she has known me so long,' thought he, 'that a change is agreeable. But can he love as I have done, as I now do? It is impossible! He has seen the world, he is fluent in speech, gay and humorous in wit, and he outshines me, it is true. But knowing Amele's heart as I do, I cannot believe that he inspires that sincerity of affection that would alone make me happy. I have never told Amele that I loved her, but, ah! could she not read my love in every word, every look, every act of mine, for these many years? I could not speak to her now, upon such a subject; now, at a time when I see her so intimate with him. Ah, no! I must look on and see my own misery consummated, in silence.'

Thus reasoned Louval.

Amele all unwittingly found herself day by day becoming more and more engaged by the pleasant and fascinating society of Herbert, though if she could have paused, and analyzed the feelings that actuated her, she would have perceived that he did not engender in her bosom those soft and glowing pictures of ideal loveliness that the conversation and intercourse of Louval was wont to do, but the lack of this was made up, at least for the time being, by the novelty of Herbert's constant attention. Amele was in reality unchanged at heart towards Louval, but a quick succession of circumstances had seemed to give her best regard to Herbert, with the power and certainty of fatality itself. Had her adopted brother spoken—had he declared his regard for her, even now, perhaps it would have led her to look into her own heart, and to steel it in season against any other passion; but Louval was too generous, too proud in spirit, to refer to the subject now.

Thus there was no counter-current for Amele to overcome, and she seemed to glide on into an affection for Herbert without any circumstances occurring to create even a transient pause that might give birth to reflection. Perhaps the more practised eye and judgment of Herbert enabled him to read the feelings of Louval, but he reasoned that all was fair in love, as in war, and it was not his part to allude in any way to a subject that might prejudice his own position and hopes with the beautiful girl that he loved. The old couple were too simple and honest to canvass the matter at all, and were singularly blind and silent as to the regard of Amele's new and ardent young friend. Indeed, he had shrewdly managed to gain their good will and regard at the outset of his acquaintance.

The misery of Louval now seemed complete. The day for the union of Amele and Herbert had been fixed, and yet his proud and loving heart was too stubborn to speak and reveal his disappointment, even to her he loved. He had resolved to see Amele married, and then, bidding farewell to the scenes of his childhood, endeared to his heart by the memory of Amele and their younger days together, to seek in some distant land for forgetfulness. Well he knew that his home would no longer be tolerable to him, bereft of the idol that had for so many years rendered it a paradise of contentment.

The arrangements were in progress for the bridal, when one summer's day an old man, care-worn and weary, paused in the village for refreshment and rest. His browned visage showed him to have been exposed to the elements, and hard service had bent his manly form. Farmer Lorain, ever rejoiced at an opportunity to relieve the needy, was the first to spy him out, and to proffer the hospitality that was a characteristic of his nature. The old traveller entered his doors and told his story. He was returning to his native land, after long absence from his home, having escaped from a foreign prison, and long sickness in a distant clime, whither the chances of war had carried him.

He sees Herbert and Amele together, and exclaiming with the greatest excitement, asks who the young people are.

'This is my daughter Amele,' replied farmer Lorain; 'the gentleman is her betrothed, Herbert Fontenel.'

'Is she your daughter? Ah! how very like, how very like—' murmured the old soldier, gazing at her.

'I mean my adopted daughter,' continued the farmer; 'but, indeed, she has always seemed like our own child.'

'*Adopted*, did you say?' eagerly inquired the old man.

'Yes, Amele was an orphan. Her father died at the battle of Lodi.'

'The battle of Lodi?' said the old man, earnestly, 'and what was her name?'

'Cecile Leablue,' replied Amele, gazing in wonder at the old man.

'O God! it is my child!' exclaimed the soldier, staggering to a table for support. 'Cecile, Cecile, I am Frederic Leablue, thy long, long-lost father!'

'Leablue—Frederic Leablue!' exclaimed Herbert Fontenel, trembling in every limb. 'Amele, you never told me that this was your name. Frederic Leablue—as there is a God in heaven, that is the name I once bore!'

'I knew it,' exclaimed the old soldier, folding both to his breast, 'when first I saw you there together. You are both my children. God be praised—God be praised!'

'God be praised, indeed!' said Herbert, wiping the cold perspiration from his brow, 'that this timely discovery has been made. Father, for our father you must be, we were about to be married!'

'An especial Providence has brought this about,' sobbed Amele. 'Ah, *brother*, you will love me none the less.'

'I love you, if possible, the more, dear sister; and hard must be the heart of either that is not resigned to such a result, bringing back all the early ties of our childhood's home, and restoring our beloved father.'

'But how bear you the name of Herbert Fontenel?' asked the farmer.

'I will tell you. When hard treatment, and even blows, drove me to leave my sister, and the brutes that abused us both, I wended my way to Havre, where, fearing to give my true name, I shipped by that which I remembered to have read in some book, and was registered upon the roll as Herbert Fontenel.—Gradually I rose to a lieutenancy, and am now the possessor of a commission in the royal navy.'

Need we explain in detail how easily every proof was adduced, and how completely all were satisfied? How Frederic Leablue was taken a prisoner at Lodi, and not killed, and of his long imprisonment? We think not. The reader will supply all these; but we must complete the story, by referring once more to Amele and Louval.

Amele retired to her bed that night to weep over the contending emotions of her heart. Louval had written her a note that very day, against the resolve he had made to the contrary, telling her of his love, and reverting to the past in so tender and kind a manner, and picturing all the joys and the long hope of his life so vividly before her, that for the first time, she had that morning paused and looked back upon the past; and while she saw that she must go on, she trembled in secret at the abyss that now seemed to threaten her future.

'Ah! why did he never tell me this before?' she sighed, to herself, 'then I should not have been liable to have regarded another with the tender interest that I experience for Herbert.'

This was the exact position of affairs when the old, care-worn soldier appeared and discovered his children.

The next morning Amele met Louval. She had wept all night; her eyes were bent upon the floor, her lovely form was agitated by contending emotions, and her bosom heaved with quickened force, as the eyes of her adopted brother bent upon her.

'Amele,' he murmured, in a tone so low that it could hardly have been heard by any one else, 'will you not take my hand, and assure me that we are still friends?'

'Louval,' said she, struggling for power to speak; her heart was full—she could not utter a word, but raising her soft, blue eyes, they met his own, and she was at once locked in his arms.

The bridal ceremony that had been fixed for the following day was not postponed, after all: there was only a change in the bridegrooms. And happy was Herbert, now Frederic Leablue, for he had found a dear sister, in search of whom he was engaged, when chance threw him in the way of Amele. Joyful and happy was the marriage that was consecrated in the little chapel of Nemore.

## Colonel Maribus.

DEAR SPIRIT:—The rumor that the 'cholera' is in this region of the world—to wit, in Mobile and New Orleans—has caused very great dread in some of our nervous denizens, that it will pay us a visit. I saw 'a crowd' assembled yesterday, and on approaching it, found the topic to be cholera. There were several wry faces in the group; some talked of going to the 'Piny Woods' (the cholera has never yet been known to visit such by-quarters), some to the plantations, and some —— no where at all. A wag of a fellow, who would joke at a funeral, seeing so much solemnness, told a very good anecdote about the cholera, which spread a grin on every countenance, and was no doubt more beneficial to the sympathetic portion of the crowd than would have been a dose of 'doctor's stuff.' This is the joke—it is worth repeating. I will style it—

'COLONEL MARIBUS.'

When the cholera first made its appearance in one of the eastern cities, in 1832, a sanitary committee was appointed to visit each house in the city, and enjoin cleanliness on the inhabitants. In one of the suburbs, in a dark alley, they found an old Irish woman living in one room which was not remarkable for cleanliness. The spokesman admonished the old lady that she should be more cleanly, as sickness was approaching the city, and she would be likely to be attacked.

'Divil's the danger!' said the old lady, 'd'hirt is houlsome—it niver kilt half as many as the divilish doctors.'

Just at this juncture a grunt, very much like the grunt of a pig, was heard to proceed from the corner in which the old lady's bed stood, and the spokesman of the committee inquired what was under the bed.

'Me pug,' said the old lady.

'Your pig?' responded the committee.

'Yes, me pug.'

'And don't you know,' ejaculated the committee, 'that if the cholera morbus comes here and finds you in this filthy condition, and with a pig under your bed, that you will be one of its first subjects?'

'Who the divil's Curnel Maribus,' responded the old lady, 'that I should drive out me pug for him? To the divil with yer Curnel Maribus! Wasn't Gineral Lafayette wid us, and me pug under the bed, and nobody disturbed him; and wasn't he a better man than Curnel Maribus?'

'Ah!' said the committee man, 'you don't understand us. It's the disease—the sickness we mean.'

'Don't trouble yerselves about that,' said the old lady, 'for it don't trouble me; and now, gintlemen,' she continued, 'I wont turn out me pug for yer disease, not for Curnel Maribus, nor for yerselves—so ye may jist as well lave me house.'

They did leave, and the old lady kept her 'pug,' and we hope her health. But of this deponent sayeth not.

*New York Spirit of the Times.*

## Preaching in the West.

Old Mr. Jacob ——, an itinerant preacher in the West, who, like a lawyer in by-gone times, had to ride his circuit, had an appointment one day, a mile or two north of the Conemaugh River, near its head, a little thunder-gust stream that would rise in a freshet ten or fifteen feet in as many hours, and run dry again, almost as quick. He reached the southern bank one day when the river was behaving its very worst. The people on the other side called to him that it was above 'rideable order,' and he 'mustn't ventur.' But Jacob had his appointment to keep, and as his rule was 'no postponement on account of the weather,' he did 'ventur.' His horse was strong and his heart stout, and the river was not very broad; but it was a little deeper and wickeder than he had contracted for. Near the opposite shore the tide was too much for him, and he began to go down stream rapidly, the current drifting him towards an eddy that was raging like a whirlpool. He saw it and made a vigorous effort to grasp the branch of a tree that hung over the swollen water. It broke in his hand, and the chances seemed desperate. Finally, grasping the pommel of his saddle, he cried out in his stentorian preaching tones, 'Lord, thou hast promised to be with thy servants in difficulty, and it is pretty near time to do something.' The next moment he was rolling in the waves and thrown against the bank. The folks who had warned him against the attempt quickly fished him out, and after a little more rolling and shampooing on the shore, 'he come to.' His first words were, 'now, if I had my horse, it is still time to keep my appointment.'

*Republic.*

[Written for The Flag of our Union.]

## Heaven keep thee, Saint Mary.

BY PARK BENJAMIN.

One of the most spirited and promising expeditions, now fitting out from this metropolis for the Ophir of the West, is that of a company of young men, thirty in number, who have bought the staunch, dry, fast-sailing clipper bark St. Mary. She is to have a first-rate captain, with all the provisions and munitions necessary for one year. As an addition that may be useful as well as ornamental, she is to carry on her deck a couple of long Toms, who may chance to be 'ugly customers,' if brought into requisition. Her company of adventurous owners are among the most respectable youth of our city and its vicinity. I wish her a heartfelt God-speed, and send this impromptu song with her over the deep.

Heaven keep thee, St. Mary! may favoring gales
Blow swift o'er the sea till they fill her white sails;
May her timbers prove strong, and her masts be unstirred,
As she sweeps to the south, like a migrating bird.

May she sail through the straits, like a cloudlet at noon,
Or bend and not break, as she weathers Cape Horn;
Then o'er the Pacific, in beauty and light,
Speed on till the Golden Gate bursts on her sight.

San Francisco receive her with shouts and with cheers,
As the loveliest craft they have looked on for years;
With a crew of brave hearts, that can never be sold,
Though allured by the faraway gleaming of gold.

Heaven keep thee, St. Mary! her name is a charm
To protect her from tempest, and shield her from harm;
'Twill shine in the darkness, 'twill brighten the day,
As she darts through the billows and tosses the spray!

[Written for The Flag of our Union.]

## STORY OF AN OLD SETTLER.

BY J. H. ROBINSON.

The snows of many winters have left their whiteness upon my head, but many events of the war are still fresh in memory. During the long and bloody struggle for independence I was compelled to witness many horrors. I had seen old men with gray hairs murdered in cold blood, the young man of twenty summers stricken down in a moment by the ruthless foe; and helpless women and children tomahawked and scalped without remorse. Those were troublous times, and their very remembrance makes me shudder. I was young then, and both able and willing to meet the sturdy sons of the forest in fight. My father was one of the early settlers on the Kennebec. I was the oldest of four sons. Before the commencement of the war, my father had built him a cabin quite comfortable enough for his purpose, and commenced clearing—converting the savage wilderness to a garden, to teem with corn and grain. I and my brothers of course assisted him in his labors. The war broke out the second year after our settlement on the Kennebec. At first we apprehended but little danger from the savages, as they had hitherto manifested a friendly disposition. But we were soon conscious of our danger. The Indians commenced their depredations upon the white settlers. Tales of bloodshed were daily borne to our ears. We went to our daily labor with our weapons in our hands. At the close of a summer day, we were seated in our comfortable cabin as usual. A knocking was heard at the door. My mother turned pale, and looked at my father, as if entreating him not to open it until he was certain who was without. I immediately acted upon this hint, and stepping softly to the entry, was enabled to reconnoitre the premises through a small crevice. My mother's fears were not without foundation. An athletic savage stood at the door. His face was painted in the most hideous manner. Instead of undoing the fastenings, I proceeded to add to their strength. I reported the discovery I had made.

'But one did you say?' asked my father.

'Only one,' I replied.

'Now see what you can discover on the other side of the cabin.'

I did so, and to my surprise saw three more of the rascals crouched like serpents in the grass.

I reported this also.

The knocking continued until it became furious. My father of course turned a deaf ear to his entreaties for admission. Finding that artifice would not answer, he was joined by his comrades, and together they made a more furious attack upon the door. In truth we were but little alarmed, for there were only four of the savages, and we felt able to contend with them. The fact was, they supposed that the male members of the family had not yet returned from work; consequently they had only to deal with females. The savages now brought a large stick of wood, and with their united strength used it as a battering ram. This plan promised to be successful. The door began to yield. In the cabin were three loaded muskets. They were already in hands skilled in their use. We knew a disagreeable surprise was in store for our foes, and this knowledge gave us strength and courage. The door yielded, and they rushed in. Poor devils, it was the last *rush* that three of them ever made, for they fell dead upon the threshold, beneath our well-directed fire. The fourth one fled in consternation. We pursued him far into the forest, but he was swift of foot and baffled pursuit.

'He will bring down more of the red devils upon us,' said my father, wiping the perspiration from his brow.

Indeed the escape of the Indian was extremely unfortunate. After this we were kept in continual alarm. We were fired at in the fields by unseen foes, and were obliged to take the greatest precautions to guard against surprises by night. One of the Indians slain was a brother to him who was so fortunate as to escape, and we knew that to avenge his death would henceforth be the great object of his life.

Once we were attacked in the middle of the night. After a hard fight, we succeeded in driving them away with the loss of several of their number.

Finding our position growing more critical every day, we began to think about leaving our solitary cabin, and seeking some white settlement. Before our dwelling, was the stump of a tree which had been broken off by a strong wind about four feet from the ground. This stump was hollow. One morning as my father opened the door to go to his work, I heard the report of a gun, and almost immediately another, while simultaneously with the first report, a ball struck the chimney near me. I ran to the door.

'Go look in that hollow stump,' said my father.

I did so, and to my astonishment saw an Indian in the agonies of death. I recognized him instantly as the one who had made his escape. He had secreted himself therein during the night, in order to shoot my father as he left his cabin.

Fortunately his aim was bad. The ball passed within an inch of his intended victim's head.

Before he had time to make his escape, he received the contents of my father's rifle. With our united strength we dragged him forth. He sang his death-song and died.

We now relinquished the idea of leaving our home, thinking that after this event we might live in comparative safety.

Soon after this, I joined the ranks of my countrymen, encountered much hardship, and saw real service. It so happened once upon a time, that I was sent out on a scouting party. In our zeal we went so far that we were obliged to pass the night from camp. There was no dwelling near, and we were in the vicinity of our savage foes, whose cunning we had reason to dread. We made arrangements to pass the night as follows.

We were in a small 'clearing' which had been made before the war broke out, and afterwards abandoned as untenable on account of the Indians. Near the middle of this was the trunk of a large tree which had been blown down, and whose roots had taken from the soil whereon they grew an enormous quantity of earth. I placed myself on one side of this rampart of earth, and my friend on the other, with the understanding that we should watch each other during the night.

By making a small opening through this natural fortification, I was enabled to thrust my gun through and watch the approach of an enemy toward my friend, and he by a similar operation could do the same favor for me.

The night was not very dark, and objects could be seen at a considerable distance. Having arranged matters in this manner, we felt but little apprehension in regard to a surprise. The hours rolled on. I felt very sleepy, and hardly able to keep my eyes open.

About midnight my attention was arrested by a bush which I did not recollect seeing in the early part of the night. At first I gave little heed to so slight a circumstance, but at length began to fancy that it came nearer. Still I strove to persuade myself that the appearance was to be attributed to my eyes, rather than reality. After watching it for a half hour longer, I could no longer doubt that the bush was in motion. A suspicion of the truth rushed across my mind. I waited with breathless anxiety until it was within gunshot. Taking deliberate aim I fired into the bush. It fell instantly, and I heard a heavy groan.

'What have you done?' said my companion.

'We will see in the morning,' I replied.

We kept our position until sunrise, for fear of a surprise. Upon examination we found the body of a stout Indian lying in a pool of coagulated blood under the bush. He had taken this method to reconnoitre. As it happened, it proved fatal to him and his purpose. I have passed through many scenes, but I never shall forget the hollow stump and the moving bush.

## What they think of us.

A leading Parisian journal thus speaks of America and the institutions of our glorious republic. It is pleasant to realize that the great nations of the earth can look upon this Union and consistently hold such language as we copy below from the *Journal des Debats*. The eyes of all the world are upon us; those of the liberal minded, with hope and admiration, and those of the defenders of kings and tyrants, with fear and jealousy.

'For the rest, never did a President come into power under happier auspices. North America enjoys a degree of prosperity higher than she has possessed since the year 1836, which was followed by a disastrous reaction. Capital is abundant in the United States. Europe, alarmed by revolutions, is sending there a part of her own. Agriculture is extending and becoming more perfect. Manufactures of all kinds are advancing with giant steps. The probability of the high prices of food in England during the winter, determines the embarkation of a great deal of grain and flour at advantageous prices. Railroad enterprises are multiplying, and a railroad is beginning to be seriously talked of 1800 miles in length, which will unite the valley of the Mississippi to the Pacific Ocean, and which, with the communications already existing, will permit one to traverse from one part of the American continent to the other, at its greatest breadth. Happy country! Flourishing republic! Here are the fruits which are gathered when the laws are respected and public morals have sufficient authority to restrain, within legal limits, the turbulent and factious minority, and the violent chiefs which exist in every country.'

## American Talent abroad.

Mrs. Mowatt, the talented American authoress and actress, now performing in London, has been highly successful in her public efforts abroad. She has brought out her original play of Armand, at the Marylebone Theatre, with distinguished success. Our readers will peruse the following, from the London Examiner, with not a little pride in their fellow countrywoman.

'On the first night of the representation of *Armand*, the house (a beautiful one, about the size of the old Park Theatre) was crowded to its utmost capacity, and all the standing room in the lobbies was occupied. Many ladies had to quit the theatre, not being able to obtain seats. As the play proceeded, every scene was received with the warmest applause, and at the end of the fourth act, the audience testified their interest and gratification by the most enthusiastic demonstrations. The success of the play was certain. The fifth act consummated the triumph; and the closing lines, uttered by Mrs. M. in her most winning and admirable manner, brought down the house with a general uproar of applause. She was immediately called before the curtain; and a complete hurricane of bouquets and wreaths testified the delight and approbation of the immense audience.'

## James, the Novelist.

We have cracked a joke many a time at the expense of this prolific writer, with his 'single horseman,' and those 'two travellers who might be seen ascending an eminence just at sunset,' etc., but we shall say no more against one who speaks so handsomely of our talented fellow-countryman, Washington Irving.

'This chapter shall be, I think, what that delightful wight, Washington Irving, would call a Salmagundi, or, as it should be, perhaps, a Salmi a la Gundi; but having mentioned that name, Irving, I dedicate this book to you. It is long since we first met—long since we last parted—and it may be long, long ere we meet again. Nevertheless, heaven speed you, wherever you are, and send you forward on your voyage, with a calm sea and a swelling sail! In all the many that I have known, and among the few that I have loved and esteemed, there is not now a living man that can compete with you in that delightful conversation where the heart pours forth its tide, and where fancy and feeling mingle together, and flow on in one ever sparkling stream. The dim Atlantic—whose very name sounds like that of eternity—may roll between us till death close the eyes of one or the other, but till the things of this world pass away, you shall not be forgotten.'

## A Jack Shepherd.

A boy of 17 was found hidden in a rubbish box in New York Custom House, by the porter, lately. He had about him 'The life of Monroe Edwards, the forger,' 'The life of Dr. Jenkins, the celebrated victimised,' 'The Newgate Calendar,' and the 'Travellers' Guide;' a pair of Colt's revolving pistols, loaded and capped; a flask of powder, bullets and moulds; a box of matches, and two pieces of sperm candle; a pair of false whiskers and moustaches; a piece of yellow ochre, used to discolor the skin and make one look older, a small phial of chloroform and sponge, and $45 in gold. In some of his pockets small pieces of paper were found, with direction, copied in neat writing, giving the manner to alter the complexion, to write invisible, &c., and likewise two small memorandum books, in one of which were written cyphers, and the other had been kept as a diary since November 16. He turned out to be a boy who had been advertised as 'missing.' The father came, and said his son used to be a good boy, but had latterly been ruined by reading bad books. The boy robbed his father of $160 and fled. Now he was trying to rob the U. S. Sub-Treasury in the Custom House. His book contains a list of all the jewelry stores in New York, and all the great rogues in the country. It is a strange affair.

[Written for The Flag of our Union.]

## THE WATER CURE.

BY THE OLD 'UN.

Since the introduction of the limpid waters of Lake Cochituate into the goodly city of Boston, the Water Commissioners have had their hands full of business, for the various accidents incidental to the commencement of the service, the bursting of pipes, the demands for payments of damages, applications for accommodations, &c., have rendered the offices no sinecures.

The other day, a poorly but decently dressed Irish woman entered the office of the Commissioners on Washington street, and walked up to the head clerk.

'Well, my good woman, what do you want?'

'I want to see the dochthor.'

'The doctor! what doctor?'

'How should I know his name, and me niver seeing him?'

'This is the Water Commissioner's office, my good woman.'

'Ah! and sure, I've hard of the wonderful cures you've made. If my poor Teddy had been alive at this moment, he wouldn't have been dead the day.'

'O! you want the water brought into your house.'

'Sure—and I'd like that same.'

'Well, where do you live?'

'Broad strate—near Purchase strate—it's a small cellar I have to myself. I used to take boarders; but its poorly I am, and I can't work as I used to, dochthor.'

'Well, haven't you got any water?'

'Divil a bit. I have to take my pail and go to Bread strate for it.'

'And the water doesn't come into your cellar?'

'Sure it comes into me cellar, sometimes—but it's as salt as brine; it's the say water. I've tried to drink it, but it made me sick. O, I'm bad, dochthor, dear; if you think the water 'll cure me, tell me where I can get it.'

'You've got the pipes down your way?'

'I've got the pipes, dochthor, dear—but sorrow a bit of tibaccy. Do you think smoking is good for the rheumatiz?'

'There's some mistake here,' said the clerk; 'what's that you've got in your hand?'

'They tould me to bring this bit ov pasteboord here, sure.'

The clerk took it. It was a dispensary ticket. He explained the mistake, and told the applicant where she should go to obtain medicine and advice.

'No, dochthor, dear—it's no mistake—it's the water cure I'm after. Sure it's the blissid wather that saves us. There was Pat Murphy that brok his leg when he fell with a hod of bricks aff the ladder in Say strate, and they put a bit of wet rag round it, and the next wake he was dancing a jig to the chune of Paddy Rafferty, at the ball given by the Social Burial Society. And there was my sister Molly's old man Phelim, that was took bad wid the fever—and he drank walth of whiskey, but it never did him a bit of good—but when he lift off the whiskey, and drank nothin' but wather, he came round in a wake. O, dochthor, let me have the blissid water.'

'You must see your landlord about that.'

'You wouldn't sind me to him, dochthor.'

'I'm no doctor, good woman,' said the clerk, now thoroughly annoyed, 'and you've come to the wrong shop, as I told you.'

'How do you use the water?' inquired the woman.

'Why, you turn the cock and let it on—in this way,' said the clerk, letting a little Cochituate into a basin. 'There, go along now, and go to the doctor's, as I have directed you.'

'Sorrow a dochther I go to, but the water dochthor, this blessid day,' said the woman, and she left the office.

She repaired to her cellar in no enviable frame of mind. She was sick and discouraged, and labored under the impression that she had been to the right place, but they had imposed upon her, from an unwillingness to aid her. In the meanwhile, however, during her absence, a service pipe had been admitted into her premises by the landlord, though she was not aware of the fact. She became acquainted with it soon enough, however. The next morning, about four o'clock, as she lay on the floor, bemoaning her hard fate, and the neglect of the 'dochthor,' she heard a rushing noise. The water-pipe had burst, and a stream, like a fountain, was now steadily falling into the cellar.

'Bless their hearts!' exclaimed the old woman—'they haven't forgotten the poor. The dochthor's sent the water at last—and I must lie still and take it.'

The first shock of the invading flood was a severe one.

'Millia murther!' she exclaimed—'how could it is! Dochthor, dear! couldn't ye have let me had it a thrifle warmer.'

The water continued to pour in, and she was thoroughly soaked. Under the belief that the doctor must be somewhere about, superintending the operation, but keeping himself out of sight from motives of delicacy, she continued to address him.

'There! dochthor, dear! Blessings on ye! That'll do for this time. It's could I am! Stop it, dochthor! I've had enough! It's too good for the likes of me. I fale bether, dochthor; I wont throuble ye more, dochthor; many thanks to ye, dochthor! do ye hear? It's drowning I am!'

By this time she had risen, and was standing ankle deep in water. As the element was still rising, and the 'dochthor' failed to make his appearance, the poor woman climbed upon a stool which was soon insulated by the tide. From this, she managed to escape in a large bread-trough, and ferried herself over to a shelf where she lay, in comparative safety, watching the rising of the waters.

What would have been her fate, if she had remained alone, it is impossible to say. After some time the noise of waters alarmed the neighbors; they came to see what was the matter, and finally succeeded in rescuing the tenant of the cellar from the threatened deluge. She was comfortably cared for, by a fellow-countrywoman, and a regular dispensary physician sent for. Wonderful to relate, the shock of the cold bath had accomplished one of those accidental cures, of which many are recorded in the history of rheumatic disorders; and in a few days, the sufferer was on her legs again. Furthermore, her sickness had proved the means of interesting several benevolent individuals in her fate, and by their assistance, she was established in a little shop where she is making an honest penny, and laying by something against a rainy day. This she all attributes to the 'blissid wather,' and in her veneration for the element, has totally abjured whiskey, and signed the pledge, an act which gives assurance of her future fortune.

The Sultan of Turkey has taken a great stride in religious toleration, having issued a decree according to Christians the privilege of attaining the highest dignities, even that of pasha and vizier.

## Foreign Correspondence of the Flag.

### LETTER NO. 8.

VENICE.

MY DEAR FLAG:

I am at a loss how to commence this letter, dated at the sea city, queen of the Adriatic. Wander where you will, visit what spot you like, the lagoons, the squares, the churches, the Bridge of Sighs, the Rialto, where Shylock, Antonio and Pierre met—go where you will, it is all classic and romantic in association. The Rialto is the only bridge that crosses the grand canal, and connects the two main parts of the city. It is a noble span of a single lofty arch, built entirely of the whitest of marble. It is very broad, forming a fine street, with shops on either side, and a walk on the outer edge for foot-passengers.

You know, of course, that this city is navigable in all parts; that is, its streets are canals, and its vehicles gondolas—a captivating, and delightful mode of conveyance; and the Venitians step into these superb boats for a row, as an Englishman would mount his horse, or enter his carriage for a drive in the park. These boats are furnished most luxuriously with cushions, that one sits into, rather than upon; and I have never conceived of a more glorious lounge, than may be enjoyed in a Venitian gondola. There are constantly passing you, gay parties of fair and lovely ladies; and after the golden light that tinges objects at twilight has fallen around the waters of the canals, the churches, and the atmosphere, the soft and thrilling notes of the national instrument, the guitar, fall sweetly upon your ear, touched by fingers as light as fairy hand.

There are many splendid palaces at Venice that the wear of centuries has failed to destroy, and in some instances even to deface. Some of these still present superb collections of paintings and statuary, and are furnished and tapestried as became the palace of a Venitian noble in the days of this city's glory.

We visited this afternoon the ancient Barberigo Palace, in which the immortal Titian lived, worked, and died. You can easily imagine that I regarded the place as little less than sacred, as I looked upon the noble works of his hand still gracing the walls of his studio, which remains precisely as he left it. The palace was, before Titian, the residence of some of the proudest nobles of the island city. From a lofty window we obtained a superb view of the scenery. It was just twilight—*Venice at twilight!* All around lay the numerous islands of the group, the coast of Italy in the west, and the mountain of Friuli in the north, while the lagoons in the distance and the Giudecca here and there, were speckled with the swift-gliding gondolas, their streamers gracefully trailing in their wake, and the soft notes of the guitar echoing through the golden atmosphere of this holy hour. Talk not of romance, you who have never seen Venice by twilight, when the broad-faced king has sunk behind the shores of Italy, and the mystic beauty of the hour has gilded spire and hill-top with a light that can be but indifferently imitated by the pencil of the gorgeous scenic artist.

I think the Venitian women, as a class, the handsomest that I have yet seen. Their indolent habits and want of exercise gives them a Spanish tendency to *embonpoint*, but the fullness of person, combined with their style of features, is really fascinating. The eyes of the Italians, especially those of the Florentines, are very large and beautiful, but they generally possess a fire and energy that one does not see in the orbs of the Venitian women. These, though equally brilliant in size and expression, are generally wrapped in a soft, dreamy, yet passionate languor, which is most attractive to the sterner sex. It is not to be wondered at, therefore, that we always hear the traveller laud the beauty of the Venitian females. It is an honest admiration, though few pause to analyze the reason of their preference for their style of beauty over that of other Italian females.

I was forcibly impressed by the remark of a young Englishman, who was of our party in a gondola in the Giudecca this morning. 'He who can gaze upon the eyes of a Venitian female, and not love, has either lost his heart already, or he lacks the smallest spark of sensibility.' We take a long row each day up and down the broad canals, and we thus obtain a favorable opportunity for observation and amusement. You should hear the clear ringing voices of the Venitian ladies, as their boats glance with such a still, quiet motion over the yielding waters of the canal; the effect is enchanting.

To be in Venice and not visit the Bridge of Sighs, would be a sacrilege. So, after some delay, we gained the requisite permission and instruction, and proceeded to see this fearful relic of the Inquisition. The dungeons of the Ducal prison are the most damp, dreary and horrible places for confinement imaginable. Blood-marks are upon the damp walls, where prisoners have been stabbed, or strangled, or murdered in some other shocking manner. Here a narrow passage was pointed out to us as the spot where state criminals were guillotined; and here, the passage where the [illegible] cells under the canal itself were dug, where the prisoner was sure to die in a week after incarceration, from the fearful and noxious vapors of his dungeon. The Bridge of Sighs reaches across the canal from the prison to the chamber where the fearful Council of Ten held their sessions, and where the criminals came to receive their sentences. It is lighted by two windows, closely barred, overlooking the water beneath, and is gloomy enough. We remembered it as the spot where Childe Harold had stood and lingered with absorbed interest in its cold and cheerless shade.

We make a point of strolling nightly through the narrow, alley-like streets, of which there are a few extremely interesting. The hoof of a quadruped never passes over them, and they are so narrow that the moon only comes down daintily at the angles and points, while the picturesque balconies and ancient style of architecture add great interest to the scene.

The church of San Marc is the richest I have ever seen. It is filled with magnificent old paintings of great value; and the ornaments upon its altar are of massive gold and silver, while its associations are more interesting than any other in all Venice. Yet all the churches here are wonderful in their accumulated wealth. Could one of them be brought to a market, and its value realized, the world would wonder at the immense wealth that has lain idle within these walls. I write you always until my sheet is full.

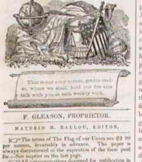
Adieu, M. E. D.

## Indian Antiquity.

The Houston Telegraph speaks of huge limestone rocks near the south fork of the Llano, covered with rude paintings representing Indian Chiefs in their war costume, horses, mules, and other animals, and a variety of hieroglyphical figures. They are executed chiefly with vermilion and charcoal, and are much venerated by the Camanches.

# THE FLAG OF OUR UNION.

THE FLAG OF OUR UNION




F. GLEASON, PROPRIETOR.

MATURIN M. BALLOU, EDITOR.

☞ The terms of The Flag of our Union are $2 00 per annum, invariably in advance. The paper is always discontinued at the expiration of the time paid for.—See imprint on the last page.

☞ All communications designed for publication in the paper, must be post paid, and addressed to F. Gleason, Boston, Mass., Proprietor of The Flag of our Union.

### To our Correspondents.

'Death of a Father,' a characteristic poem, by our regular contributor, Mrs. L. H. Sigourney, will appear in our next.

'Lines to a Friend,' accepted.

'The Maiden of the Shield,' a tale of the Scottish persecutions from our regular contributor, Augustine J. H. Duganne, shall appear next week.

'Cheerfulness,' a song, by the editor, in our next.

'The Yankee Privateer,' a nautical sketch, by Sylvanus Cobb, Jr., filed for next week.

'A Boat Song,' by our regular contributor, Francis A. Durivage, shall appear in our next.

'The Lonely Grave,' accepted.

'A Boat-Fight in Washington Street,' being an out-and-out sketch from our regular contributor, The Young 'Un, next week.

'Foreign Correspondence, No. 9, a letter from our valued correspondent, dated at the seven-hilled city of Rome, shall appear in our next.

'The Wife's Blessing,' a poem, by our regular contributor, Mrs. Frances S. Osgood, in our next.

'The Silent Lover,' 'An Acrostic,' 'Love never the World,' 'Augusta Church,' and 'The Declaration,' are respectfully declined.

☞ No poems or other articles will be received for this paper, unless accompanied by an authentic name.

### Newspaper Influence.

Blessings of daily enjoyment we are apt to overlook, or pass in mental review without a due consideration of their value, while the tongues and pens of the most eloquent are usually put in active requisition for heralding the advancement of some new discovery in the arts and sciences, and exciting the minds of men to a due appreciation of the benefits to be derived from it. Thus the air we breathe, so important an agent in sustaining life, and in contributing to the comfort and happiness of man, because of our perfect familiarity with its beneficial properties and constant enjoyment of the blessing, receives not a thought from us: while the invention of a machine for facilitating telegraphic communication, is the daily and hourly theme for universal commendation. The necessary and constant natural blessing is common to every living being, and is enjoyed at every moment, hence it fails to attract attention; while the occasional, artificial blessing may be employed by a few, and only upon emergencies, but it has the charm of novelty, and hence the general voice of commendation.

Just so it is in the literary world; a universal, indispensable blessing is hardly thought of, while an isolated and exclusive production, having its beginning and end in one subject, and that of comparatively little moment, is lauded to the skies, and reviewed and criticised with a most extravagant outlay of labor and talent. The newspaper press, with all its potent energies and mighty influence, its boundless scope of subjects, and constant, untiring, ever-renewed action, hardly receives a passing thought for itself, while the literary world is up in arms and enacting Babel *redevivus* over a fragmentary history, written by Mr. T. Babbington Macaulay! Now we have not a word to say against this history, and in fact feel strongly inclined to commend it warmly, as a great improvement upon former histories, and as an example of purity and elegance of style. But we do design to say a good word, in our humble way, for the newspaper press, which benefits and entertains all, instructing them every day of their lives, upon a thousand difficult subjects, and at an expense so very moderate as to be within the reach of all. While, for example, Macaulay, at a very heavy expense, and which of course can be borne by comparatively a few, in seven or eight large volumes, instructs and entertains a *few* with a portion of the *past* history of *one nation*, a good family newspaper, for a trifling sum, furnishes *all* with the *past* and *present* history of the *whole world*, physical, social, political, moral, and religious, and in addition gives them an endless and inexhaustible variety of miscellaneous information, valuable lessons and soul-cheering entertainment.

It must be remembered, also, that the newspaper press, having all the productions of all authors at its command, culls the grains, as it were, from all, and thus gives to its readers only what is good, thereby saving to them much valuable time and labor, as well as expense, in wandering through the ponderous tomes of sleepy chaff that too often hides the few grains of wheat which alone are valuable to the great mass of the people. In short, the value of the good influence exerted by a well conducted family newspaper is incalculably great. The public schools, the preacher, parental instruction, books, magazines, and libraries, are all of them indispensable in the great work of education, but the important place of the newspaper can be filled by none of these. And when we claim this high influence for a good journal, we do not mean a partizan sheet, that upholds party as the chief good, and makes all other considerations subordinate to that of party triumph. No, such papers have their mission to perform, and we do not say that it is not a good one; but we greatly fear that such cultivators of the minds of the family circle are more apt to promote the growth of tares than wheat; to engender a sectarian and rancorous spirit, rather than to inculcate knowledge.

The Thousand Dollar Prize Tale.—We have issued 'The Knight of the Silver Cross' in book form, illustrated with eight engravings, and the whole upon new type and the finest of book paper, in the most modern and beautiful style. Those who have been unable to procure the story complete, while in course of publication in the paper, can obtain it now at any of the periodical depots, bound neatly, for fifty cents, or library edition, for seventy-five cents.

A Discovery.—A Dr. McCurdy, of Alabama, claims to have made a discovery, through chemical agencies, to render an iron wedge buoyant in water! He has been lecturing in Mobile, on the subject, and says that the most important practical uses can be made of the discovery.

Effects of the Gold.—In their speculations upon the probable influence of an influx of gold into the veins of commerce, the English papers assert that creditors will be the sufferers, debtors the gainers, and annuitants, and persons of fixed incomes will be ruined.

Musical.—The southern tour of the Seguin troop has proved very successful. We last heard of them as great favorites at Richmond.

### Marriages.

The great portion of marriages that take place are poor, contemptible affairs, after all. A few soft looks, a walk, a dance, a squeeze of the hand, a ring and a clergyman, and all is over. Then comes the honey-moon, with cake and wine, and visits in all their formal array. Soon the wife sits on one side of the hearth and the husband on the other, trifling pleasures, and more trifling quarrels are shared between them, little cares and little children grow up around them. This is the picture of ninety-nine out of a hundred of the marriages that occur. Disappointed and unhappy at finding matrimony not exactly paradise, the husband and wife pine over their hard lot, forgetting that it rests with themselves to render life cheerful and pleasant. To do this, there must be a resort to an intellectual source of amusement, such as will elevate and improve the mind, and unconsciously each will find the time to pass most agreeably, and be in better humor with themselves and each other. Old bachelors describe matrimony as being

> 'Noisy clack and constant brawling,
> Discord and domestic strife;
> Empty cupboard, children bawling,
> Scolding woman made a wife.'

But one who has resorted to a more philosophical mode of reasoning, who has chosen his help-mate, not for personal beauty alone, but for the intelligence of her mind and its proper cultivation, writes another verse, which will do very well to offset the foregoing.

> 'Lovely looks and constant courting,
> Sweetening all the toils of life;
> Cheerful children, harmless sporting,
> Lovely woman made a wife.'

All we can say to our readers is, look first on *this* picture, and then on *that*, and judge for yourselves. But remember that one or two minds turned in upon themselves for the means of pleasantly passing the leisure hours of the day, unless they be stored with intelligence, have a great blank to contemplate.

### We are all Brothers.

When we view the contentions of parties and sects, the bitter contests of communities, and the angry controversy of one man with another, we cannot avoid thinking to ourself that people forget the grand principles of true Christianity, and lose sight of the just ends of life. There is a proud man, elated by the momentary success of fortune, who looks down with contempt upon his humble neighbor; and yet who ever knew a man to scorn the humble who was not himself a fit object of scorn to the poorest? When we are prompted by a spirit of revenge upon another, or are inclined to estimate ourselves so much above our fellows, let us ask ourselves these three simple, yet important questions: From whence came I? What is my business here? and whither do I tend? These queries, duly considered, will show us our nothingness in the scale of being, and disabuse the mind of self-prejudice.

Now, the true secret of happiness and contentment, such as we would have all our readers enjoy, is to promote a spirit of friendship, and the true mode to engender a feeling of brotherly love in our breasts for our fellows, is to do them good, for the good man is as sure to love him to whom he does good, as is the bad to hate him whom he has injured. Let the miser have his gold, the man of honor his emblems of renown, and the soldier his fame; but you and I, gentle reader, let us have the boon of brotherly love and friendship. We are all passengers of a day only, whether in the stage-coach or the immense omnibus of the universe. Why, then, should we not strive to make the way as pleasant and agreeable to each other as possible? Shall we not be disposed to do this, if we remember that we are all brothers? We recollect to have been forcibly struck by the remark of one of the soldiers at Paris, during the late revolution: 'They have killed my brother at the Palais Royal,' cried a young man, afterwards at the Place du Carousal, 'and I must kill some of them.' 'Whom could you kill,' said a national guard to him, '*who would not also be your brother?*'

### The Slave Trade.

It is a fact that this horrid traffic is carried on, if possible, with more energy and success than ever, on the coast of Africa, and every fresh arrival from thence brings us intelligence of the successful 'running' of a cargo of these human beings. During the early part of September, the British cruisers captured three slavers in the river Gallenas, one of which had 400 slaves on board; a large Brazilian steamer, fully equipped for the slave trade, was captured on the south coast. Other cruisers had taken twenty other vessels off Gallenas, Sea Bar, and Gallebah, which had on board nearly 2000 slaves. We are told by the Monrovia (Africa) Herald, that several vessels under American colors, fully equipped for the slave trade, were on the coast, and unless they were closely watched, would succeed in carrying off cargoes from Gallenas. Is not this the blackest kind of piracy? May the justice of Heaven be visited upon the participators in all such enterprises.

A Sign.—When a newspaper is found offering the most earnest inducements to obtain subscribers, and putting down the price to clubs at such a rate as to leave no profit at all, be pretty sure that the said concern *is very much in need* of subscribers.

Signs of the Times.—In the House of Assembly of Nova Scotia, on the 20th of January, a committee was appointed to confer with the Legislatures of the United States, Canada and New Brunswick, on the subject of reciprocal free trade.

Punch.—Anything that emanates from the London Punch is set down at once as true wit, and is copied far and near, yet some things that Punch says are very 'stale, flat, and unprofitable.'

Lines to Spring.—We would commend the poem in the present number, entitled 'Spring,' by Mrs. S. M. Clarke, a new contributor. The reader will find the true spirit of poesy and sentiment breathing through each line.

Died.—Many of our readers will remember that sweet little danseuse, Maria Stanton, aged only eight years, yet who was one of the leading dancers of the Viennoise troop. She died lately at Havana.

Lumber.—We understand that Bangor will do a great business in lumber, this season, and that an immense amount of logs have been hauled.

Sunday Atlas, New York.—This is one of the best conducted and most spirited weeklies that comes under our observation.

Mortality.—We see the average mortality of Philadelphia put down at about 160 per week—that of Boston only 90.

### Statistical Information.

GATHERED FOR THE FLAG OF OUR UNION.

The ocean covers an area of square miles equal to three-fourths of the earth's surface.

The fall of water at Niagara is one hundred and seventy feet in height.

The Mississippi River is 2300 miles long by its channel's course.

The planet Mercury is three thousand two hundred miles in diameter.

The area of the State of Maine is about thirty-five thousand square miles.

The diameter of the sun is 882,000 miles; that of the moon, 2,160 miles.

The Pacific Ocean is 11,000 miles long and 8000 in breadth.

The area of the State of Vermont is about ten thousand square miles.

The first slave brought into this country was in a Dutch vessel, in the year 1620.

The superficial area of Florida is stated at 55,000 square miles.

Indiana was admitted into the Union in the year 1815.

Isles of Shoals are eight in number, and belong mostly to the State of Maine.

Lake Superior contains thirty-five thousand square miles of surface.

The population of Montreal, Canada, is about 50,000, by the latest returns.

French adventurers first came over and settled Canada in the year 1534.

The territory of Mexico has an area of 1,690,000 square miles.

The population of Bangor, Me., is set down at eleven thousand.

The Island of Cuba contains forty-three thousand square miles.

The cataracts of the Nile, so celebrated, have an elevation of only ten or twelve feet.

The United States paid $5,000,000 for the Floridas to the Spanish Government.

Steamboats ascend the Missouri thirty-five hundred miles from the Gulf of Mexico.

The river Bravo del Norte is twelve hundred and fifty miles in length.

### Music and the Drama abroad.

Jenny Lind is under engagement to perform in some of her best pieces at her majesty's theatre, London.

A new German company are about to perform operas at Drury Lane Theatre. Pischek and Staudigl are at the head of the troop.

A French opera company are performing Auber's *Domino Noir* at the St. James Theatre, with the greatest success and eclat.

Mr. Charles Kean is performing an engagement in London, and has repeated Hamlet several successive nights. The press is unanimous in his praise.

The Marylebone Theatre has been crowded nightly to witness Mrs. Mowatt perform in her own play of 'Armand, or the Peer and the Peasant.' The reader will see that Mrs. M. has 'Englishfied' the title of her play.

The London Morning Post says that Jenny Lind's price for singing at a concert is £500. It is a capital way to ruin any profession, to make one or two persons the receivers of all the premiums of its excellence.

Castellan, Alboni, Lablache, and Mademoiselle Meric, are performing at the Theatre Italien, Paris. Louis Napoleon has subscribed for a box at this house for the next four years.

### Mistaken Notions.

People frequently make a great mistake in their estimate of riches, and count him who owns the largest house, the broadest lands, and the finest pictures and specimens of statuary, to be the wealthiest of his fellows. Is it so? Let us see. A man may own estates, rare gems of art, and even mountains; but when the wick of life is exhausted, and he dies, he is the owner of only six feet of ground by two. Now the poor artist who has visited that man's gallery, has enjoyed his pictures, far more, perhaps, than he could do who owned them. A man may be rich enough to dine sumptuously a dozen times each day, yet he has appetite for only three ordinary meals, and can enjoy no more; he may own a cellar of the rarest wines in Christendom, yet he can drink only one bottle; he may have forty horses in his stable, and yet he can mount but one. He cannot get up a rain storm or a sunshine for his exclusive benefit; the poor man must share them both equally with him, the same sky is over all. A French writer has truly said, 'soul and body are the only property which a man completely owns,' and let us tell the reader that the only true criterion of riches, is contentment.

### Advertisements.

We wish to point out to our readers one advantage they gain in the Flag over all other large weeklies. Papers of the size of this journal, publish *six or eight columns* of advertisements at the expense of just so much room taken from the legitimate purpose of a really miscellaneous and literary journal. Of course they are induced to do this for the sake of the profit it brings in, but they render just about *one quarter* of their paper useless to their patrons, for the purpose that these subscribers purchase it for. We have never admitted an advertisement into our paper, and never shall, notwithstanding the large offers that are constantly being made to us, but every inch of the room in our immense sheet shall be faithfully devoted to the pleasure and instruction of our subscribers.

Ballet Dancers.—Du Lolle of the Philadelphia Spirit of the Times is a funny fellow. Speaking of some dancers at the theatre, he says: 'Those ballet girls at the Walnut imitate the Viennese youngsters very respectably. They have but one fault in their dancing, poor things! When Heaven manufactured them, it forgot to say *grace*.

The Ex-King.—It seems that Louis Philippe is begging of the president and council of France to permit him to return to Paris. He says: 'All my ambition will be to live as a good citizen.'

Dog-matical.—The law of Boston requires that all dogs running at large shall be muzzled; but whether the said muzzle shall be worn upon the head or the tail, the law as enacted sayeth not.

Credit.—Will the editors of Neal's Saturday Gazette please credit this paper with the sketch they published, entitled, 'Dodging a Militia Fine,' by our regular contributor, the 'Young 'Un?'

The Heron Family are creating a sensation at the St. Charles Theatre, New Orleans. Booth is at the American Theatre, and the Montplaisirs at the Orleans.

Pauper Population.—Blockley Almshouse, Philadelphia, is said to contain a population of 2400 souls.

English Service.—England is about to reduce her army and navy expenses.

### From our Foreign Files.

Carved tortoise shell combs are now all the rage abroad.

Charlotte Cushman has been playing in Dublin with great success.

A son of Sir Robert Peel has been promoted to a Post Captaincy for extraordinary merit.

A man named Robert Owen was so badly injured in a prize fight at Liverpool, that he died in a few days.

Ladies who now appear in society in mourning, or half mourning in England, adopt the plan of decorating it with scarlet.

The young Earl of Stamford has run away with and married a beautiful girl, the daughter of a shoemaker in Cambridge, Eng.

An English bishop who admires Jenny Lind is about to present her with a superb copy of the Bible! 'The singers go before.'

The *Patrie* states that the distribution of letters by the post daily in Paris, which before the reduction of the postage was 81,000, now averages 120,000.

The present possessor of Abbotsford is the only son of Mr. Lockhart, a lieutenant in the 16th Lancers. The estate has a rental of $4500 per annum.

At the sale of the Stowe Library, in England, a copy of 'The Polyglot Bible,' edited by Brian Watson, and containing the rare Republican Preface, sold for £25. 10s.

An American Bowling Saloon has been opened at Liverpool. At the bar, the drinkers are allowed to pour out *their own liquors*, in quantities to suit themselves, which is something new in England.

Dr. Murray (Medical Times) states that nearly in every mounted regiment in India, there are members of the medical profession, who, from some cause, have been compelled to enter the army as private soldiers.

A considerable number of respectable farmers are about to leave Wexford, in Ireland, to settle in Rio Grande, a tract of country to the south-west of Rio Janeiro. The Brazilian government has promised them land and pecuniary assistance.

### Dewdrops of Wisdom.

Nothing dries sooner than a tear.

An egg to-day is better than a hen to-morrow.

He that falls in love with himself will have no rivals.

Be not forward to assign reasons to those who have no right to ask.

If man could have half his wishes, he would double his troubles.

Women, so amiable in themselves, are never so amiable as when they are useful.

When prosperity was well mounted, she let go the bridle, and soon came tumbling out of the saddle.

He who eclipses others, owes them civility, and whatever a mistaken vanity may tell us, it is better to please in conversation, than to shine in it.

Philip, king of Macedon, seeing the extent of his body traced on the dust where he had fallen, exclaimed, 'Great God! how small a place do we occupy in the universe!'

A man one day came to Diogenes, to consult him respecting the hour at which he ought to eat: 'If thou art rich,' replied Diogenes, 'eat when thou wilt; if poor, when thou canst.'

The most agreeable conversation is enjoyed with persons of undoubted integrity, who speak without any intention to deceive, and hear without a disposition to betray.

Narrow-minded men, who have not a thought beyond the little sphere of their own vision, recall the Hindoo saying: 'The snail sees nothing but its own shell, and thinks it the grandest in the universe.'

The destruction of his body always alarms man, notwithstanding the opinion of the soul's immortality; a sure proof that he is more affected by the present reality, than by the hope of a distant futurity.

Man is the work of nature and subject to her laws, from which he cannot free himself nor even exceed in thought. A being formed by nature, he is nothing beyond the great whole of which he forms a part.

### The Joker's Olio.

If a man will reap 'whatsoever he *soweth*,' what a harvest of coats and breeches the tailors will have one of these days!

The *Sun* is explaining why so many brick houses give way before they are finished. Did the editor ever hear of one given away *after* it was finished?

A correspondent asks what is a violincello? Our devil says a 'violincellar,' as he pronounces it, is Italian for 'a gentleman who vends fiddles.'

It is the gentleman who edits the Cincinnati Dispatch, that expresses the opinion that General Taylor will be excessively *bored* about the time of his *inaugeration*.

The Hants Independent says: 'The press is very powerful; but it can't after all induce its correspondents to write on one side of the paper when they want their letters printed.'

'Do you understand me now?' thundered out one of our country pedagogues, to an urchin at whose head he threw an inkstand. 'I have got an *ink*-ling of what you mean,' replied the boy.

The old proverb says, 'A miss is as good as a mile;' but when we look at the extraordinary length of Mr. Banvard's panorama, we may say that a Miss-issippi is as good as three miles.—*Punch*

A young man in New York advertised for a *wife*. In less than two hours eighteen married men sent in word that he might have theirs. Connubial bliss in that *village* must be at a discount, we think.

An Irish recruit was asked by his officer, 'What's your height?' To which Pat replied: 'The man that measured, told me it was five foot ten, or ten foot five; I am not exactly sure which—but it was either one or the other.'

### Miscellaneous Items.

Captain, now Sir Samuel Brown, R. N., who was the first to form an iron suspension bridge, says that he took, one dewy morning, the first idea of such a bridge by observing the construction of a spider's bridge thrown across a garden walk.

The French Directory, in a letter to the Spanish Admiral Massaredo, thus alludes to England: 'From a small corner of the earth, *which the sun seems to light with regret*, England *pretends* exclusively to the sovereignty of the seas.'

John Muller, a German astronomer of the 15th century, constructed a wooden eagle that flew forth from the city, met the emperor, saluted him, and returned. He also made an iron fly which flew out of his hat at a feast, and returned after sporting about the room.

Macaulay says of an occasion in which Somers made a speech—'Somers rose last. He spoke little more than five minutes, but every word was full of weighty matter; and when he sat down *his reputation as an orator and a constitutional lawyer was established*.'

The free academy in New York city was opened last week, and begins with 141 students. About 140 will be added every six months, until the academy is full—its accommodations being designed ultimately for eight or nine hundred. Two years is allowed for a complete course.

A resolution has passed the Illinois Legislature unanimously, to move the capitol from Springfield, because board is so high. Heretofore, board has been $2 50 and the wages of members $4 a day. But now board has gone up and wages have gone down—and their 'sufferings' is intolerable.'

A party of river pirates made an attack, on the night of the 30th ult., upon the unfinished house of Mr. Scott, at the mouth of the Kentucky river, Carroll county, Ky. They were fired upon by Mr. S., and one of their number wounded; but succeeding in forcing an entrance, they drove Mr. S. out, and ransacked the premises.

### Quill and Scissors.

Schlegel, in his Philosophy of History, speaking of the wall of China, says: 'Such is the height and thickness of this wall, that it has been calculated that its cubic contents exceed all the buildings of England and Scotland.'

The crew of the U. S. frigate Congress, some five hundred in number, have published a card, complimenting Captain Lavalette, their commander on their late cruise, for his kindness and humanity towards them.

A pauper was received into the alms house of Lawrence, Indiana, a short time since, who besides having one hundred dollars in cash, concealed on her person, had a bank book with a credit of fifty dollars.

The Richmond Whig gives an account of the discovery in that State of the largest lead vein in the world. It yields 80 per cent. of pure lead and two of silver. It is supposed to extend through the whole State.

The Montreal Transcript says that a horse named Fly, was lately trotted from Montreal to Cornwall, a distance of ninety miles, in six hours and fifteen minutes, excluding stops. This is over 14 miles an hour.

The London Times mentions the occurrence of 112 deaths among 1400 pauper children at a village seven miles from London, the cause being nominally cholera, but actually ill-treatment and neglect.

A man, says the Philadelphia Ledger, was found the other day mounted on a ladder, with his lips pressed to the telegraph wires. He was kissing his wife in Philadelphia 'by telegraph.'

The rats of Chicago are said to be noted for their firmness and daring. A large body of them recently made a regular attack upon a cat, whom they bit to death. She slew nine of them before she yielded.

A bill for the full pardon of all those who took part in the late civil dissensions of Canada, entitled 'An act for the Queen's most gracious, general and free pardon,' has passed both houses of the Canadian Parliament.

In France, all ladies who do not possess a decided ample fortune, make it a point to learn some practical art of business, which, in case of reverses of fortune, they may use it to obtain a living.

Recent developments have been made which go to prove that Rev. Mr. Williams, a Catholic missionary, residing in the vicinity of Green Bay, is the son of Louis XVI, formerly king of France.

The President of the Republic has made a donation of 50,000 francs to the society formed in Paris for the erection of buildings, in different quarters, as lodgings for the working classes.

A copper mine has recently been discovered about two miles above the Reisterstown road, on the Elms farm, Carroll county, Md., which gives every assurance of proving very valuable.

Five hundred and eighty-five vessels of all classes were erected in the year 1848, worth, with their cargoes, $4,523,176, of which the insurance offices paid $2,801,319.

A 'Syberian Lynx,' or wild cat, says the Portsmouth Gazette, weighing 25 pounds, was shot near Mount Agamenticus, in York, and brought to that town recently.

The *National* speaks of a report respecting an intention attributed to the Government of granting Abdel Kader his liberty, and allowing him to retire with his family to the east.

William J. Ford, of Queen Anne's county, Md., killed at one shot, a few nights since, seven wild geese, averaging between ten and eleven pounds each.

Lawrence Allman has been found guilty of the murder of his brother, in Clearfield county, Pa., the jury having sent for a Bible and read and prayed till they had made up their minds.

Late accounts from New Orleans say that the Mississippi has overflowed its banks, and the water is higher than ever known before. Great damage has been done to property.

A young lady of Alabama was tried for firing a pistol at a false lover, and acquitted on the ground that there was no malice, but only an excess of love. Too burning, by far!

Denmark has announced her intention to borrow seven millions of dollars, and to issue four millions of exchequer bills. The quarrel about the duchies remains in statu quo.

The New York editors think that if Boston is to rejoice in the cognomen of the 'American Athens,' their city is entitled to the prouder soubriquet of the 'American Rome.'

Among the passengers from Havana for Mobile, in the steamer Dee, were the brother and mother of Gen. Santa Anna. They are on a 'flying visit,' merely—the Register says.

In a work on steam navigation, from the pen of Prof. Woodcroft, high praise is given to the United States, for its patronage of Captain Ericson, and the adoption of his propeller.

Alexander Dumas, who boasted that he earned £6,000 a year by his pen, has declared himself insolvent, surrendered all his effects, and sought the protection of the courts.

We see a book advertised under the title of *What is Money?* What is money indeed! Why, in our opinion, money is extremely difficult to get, and when got still more difficult to keep.

A London physician who analyzed the water at Claremont, which made Louis Philippe's family sick, found it largely charged with lead.

The New Orleans *Crescent* is down upon the *wireworking* of the telegraph companies, like a thousand of brick, and threatens to give these lightning men *thunder*.

Nature acts by simple laws. When we quit experience, imagination leads us astray. It is from want of experience that men have formed wrong ideas of matter.

There is another 'rebellion' in Ceylon; a letter of Dec. 13 from a British officer says he was preparing his 100 men to meet an attack of thousands of Kandians.

The house of a man named Miller, at Hampstead, Long Island, was burnt the other day, and Mrs. Miller, five children and a servant perished in the flames.

Education, above all, gives the mind habits, useful to the individual and to society. Men have no need either of celestial rewards or supernatural punishments.

Mr. Belt, a young journeyman printer in the Washington Union office, has made the lowest bid for the printing of the *next* Congress, and is to have it.

Soft soap well rubbed into the bottom of the hoofs when clean, and before the horses leave the stable, will prevent the collection of balls of snow.

'Take any shape but that,' as the mantua-maker said when the fellow tried to steal a fashionable dress pattern.

The City Marshal of Lowell is after the entire canine population of that city, found at large and unmuzzled in the streets.

Mankind are very odd creatures. One half censure what they practise, the other half practise what they censure.

Commodore Jones says, that to guard the vessels sailing from California with gold will require all the American navy.

Early vegetables were brought to New York by the last steamer from Charleston—lettuce heads as large as cabbages.

In the celebration of General Taylor's reception in Louisville, Ky., two men had each an arm blown off by the firing of a cannon.

Single copies of the 'Californian' are sold at 25 cents each at the office, and at the mines at $1 each.

To leave undone what it is our known duty to do, is as obviously a sin as the doing of what we are forbidden to do.

Col. Hynes, of Nashville, Tenn., died recently, having left $10,000 for the establishment of a school in that city.

67 deaths from cholera in London during the week ending January 20th.

The exports of Alton, (Ill.) during the past year, amounted to $882,850 96.

There are six printers in the Ohio Legislature. One of them is speaker.

Specie in Bank of England, week ending Jan. 20, £15,048,551.

### Local Matters.

#### Look about you.

How many of our citizens have never so much as visited the end of one of our long wharves in their lives, deeming themselves well informed of the business of this immense city, simply by the records of the newspapers, and a walk twice a day from their dwelling houses, or offices, through the self-same streets, from one year's end to another. Such individuals would get a deal of information and enlargement of ideas by a stroll among the business streets of Boston, along its wharves, and through those thoroughfares that are nearest to the shipping. Here they would see an almost incalculable amount of merchandize of every known description, and thousands of men and vehicles engaged in its transportation. Along the noble piers, on the east side of the city, they would see myriads of tall masts and noble crafts; here a gallant ship, just dropping her anchor in the stream, from some far-off clime, and there another just spreading her broad wings, loaded to the hatches with a rich freight, for some foreign port; and now a huge, dark steamer, with clouds of smoke and thundering paddle wheels, is seen coming in from across the Atlantic. Here the wharves are crowded with the rich fruits of the sunny south, and there, with the staple products of the north. This is a ship from Sweden, with her stout, low-statured crew, discharging her cargo of iron; and next to her is a Hollander, with a cargo of liquid fire, marked *gin*. Here is an East Indiaman, with hides and spices; she is a Yankee craft, and looks, though off the long voyage, as if just out of dock. Those dark, bedimmed bundles, done up in raw hides, are ceroons of indigo, and here is flaxseed, and saltpetre. That is a French bark, astern of the Indiaman, from Havre, with silks, China ware, brandy, and some rich brands of wine. This rakish brig is from the Mediterranean, and has brought from the Straits a cargo of fresh fruit, oranges, raisins and almonds. That fore-and-aft schooner is from Hayti, filled to the decks with coffee; and here is another West Indiaman from Cuba, with dye-wood, tobacco, sugar and molasses. Moored across the end of the wharf is an Italian trader, from Leghorn, with some beautiful specimens of statuary and paintings, with oils, nuts, and green fruit. This rough-looking brig, moored ahead of the ship, a queer craft, Turkish built, and manned by real broad-pantalooned and turbaned gentlemen, is from Smyrna, with opium and wool. Here's a South American trader farther on, with hides, mahogany and coffee, from Brazil. Those small crafts, lying four and five deep at the wharf, are coasters, from New Brunswick, with fish, coal, plaster and wood. Those lofty ships at the opposite piers are Liverpoolers; and those bales on the wharf contain colored cottons, worsted goods, linens, carpetings, and the casks contain cutlery and hardware. And so we might go on, and enumerate a hundred different branches of trade that may be seen at the piers, for such is a commercial picture of this good city.

#### A Street Scene.

The other day a worthy son of Africa, in humble circumstances, was passing along Washington street with a huge, empty shoe-box on his head, when his foot slipped on the ice and he fell heavily upon the ground.—Luckily, he was unhurt, but unluckily, the box flew through a large plate-glass window of a dry goods store, and shivered it to atoms. The crowd laughed heartily at the fall, as people charitably do under such happy circumstances, and the negro joined. But when the occupant of the store rushed forth and began to rave about damages, the negro put on a most dismal countenance, and declared he was almost killed.

'Preese hebben, massa,' cried he, 'I'll make you pay for dis. Don't believe you're shovelled off your sidewalk dis winter; and I'm lamed for life; poor laburun man, with a wife and ten children 'pendent on my daily bread for my labur.'

The store-keeper, struck with this new view of the matter, took refuge in the store, and the nigger limped away, groaning till he got round the corner, when a hearty 'yah! yah!' relieved his pent-up convulsions, and he went on his way rejoicing.

#### Wash House.

Our readers will remember that we have before taken occasion to recommend public baths, and the like, to be supplied with Cochituate water. It seems that something of the sort, after the style of those in London, is proposed in New York, and a company has applied to the Legislature for a charter, with a capital of $50,000. Their object is two-fold, viz., 1. To afford convenience to poor people for washing the *clothes* of their own families; and, 2. To enable them to wash themselves. Vast numbers of the people in London resort to them for both these purposes. Shall Boston be behind all other cities in such a valuable public convenience?

#### Amusements.

Mrs. Barrett, at the Boston Museum, has been the star of the past week, performing to overflowing audiences nightly. The opera, at the Howard, now on the firm basis of subscription, breathes freer and deeper. Bland's Lyceum is funny and full as ever, each night; while the Beach Street has been earning something to fall back upon in hard times. Now the Butler furor has abated, the interest that must dispense itself upon some sort of public amusement, will be more generally diffused, each house dividing a share.

Mr. Barnard took three hundred of the children belonging to the Warren Street School to the Beach Street Museum, the other day, to see the play of the Female Forty Thieves. That's right—let the little folks enjoy themselves.

The Season.—We are having a charming winter—plenty of cold weather of the sharpest sort, and sleighing all the while. This is the coldest continued period of weather known in Boston for many years.

Wealth of Boston.—The city of Boston is alone worth in valuation as much as the entire State of North Carolina. The property of the latter is ascertained to amount to $140,000,000, while the 'City of Notions' figures up to $167,000,000.

The Dog Star.—Such an indiscriminate slaughter of dogs was never before known, as has been going on in this city for some days. It is bad taste to get rid of them after this fashion, but we rejoice to know they are fast disappearing.

Excellent.—They have a law in Kentucky that every apothecary shall submit to an examination as to his qualifications, before he shall be permitted to take out a license to keep a drug store in that State.

## OUR OLIO COLUMN.

#### Impromptu.

BY THE EDITOR.

Merrily, merrily sound the bells!
Of happy hearts their jingle tells:
The Graces, all hooded, are out for a ride,
Each with a gallant knight close by her side.
So, merrily, merrily on they go,
Swiftly o'er the sparkling snow.

Hear their merry, merry song,
As glides the joyous crew along:
There are bright eyes sparkling, all ripe for a lark,
With many a blush thrown away in the dark!
Jingle, jingle, on they go,
Helter-skelter, through the snow.

Gaily, gaily on they're passed,
Heedless of the chilling blast,
All thoughtless are they, in their robes so warm,
Of the half-clad poor and the searching storm.
Ah, happy ones! your song doth tell,
'All's merry as a marriage bell.'

#### There's a bad Time going.

There's a bad time going, boys,
A bad time going;
We've got our Christmas bills to pay,
But with them soon will pass away
The bad time going.
Business has been at a stand,
But credit's getting stronger;
Prosperity is now at hand,
Wait a little longer.
There's a bad time going, boys,
A bad time going;
There's a bad time going, boys;
Wait a little longer.

There's a bad time going, boys,
A bad time going;
Railway shares have seemed to be
A sink for all men's property,
In the bad time going.
Lines which used to quarrel then,
To prove whose purse was stronger,
Shall be controlled by honest men,
Wait a little longer.

There's a bad time going, boys,
A bad time going;
When men by right of family,
The public servants claimed to be,
In the bad time going.
Talent with birth shall fairly cope,
And show itself the stronger;
For its reward it soon may hope—
Wait a little longer.

There's a bad time going, boys,
A bad time going;
Silly lordlings, free from cares,
Have filled too long official chairs,
In the bad time going.
Turned adrift in parks or fields,
Perhaps their minds may grow stronger;
Nepotism slowly yields—
Wait a little longer.

There's a bad time going, boys,
A bad time going;
Anarchists intemperate,
Fair complaint deprived of weight,
In the bad time going.
Sense shall supersede abuse,
And make a strong cause stronger;
True reform it will produce—
Wait a little longer.

There's a bad time going, boys,
A bad time going;
Help to drive it off who can,
Every woman, child and man,
The bad time going.
Humblest aid, if rightly given,
Makes the impulse stronger;
Move then, statesmen, ere you're driven;
We can't wait much longer.
There's a bad time going, boys,
A bad time going;
There's a bad time going, boys,—
Wait a little longer.

#### John Russell, John, my jo.

John Russell, John, my jo, John,
I wonner whaur you've been;
Has ye been in your bed, John,
Or drinkin' late at e'en?
Ye should na gang wi' Guizot, John,
An' Philippe on the 'gry;'
But push on with reform, John,
John Russell, John, my jo.

John Russell, John, my jo, John,
When we were first acquent,
The people's cause ye took, John,
Before the Parliament.
But now ye're turned round, John,
An' wink at them. O,
Ye're not the man I took ye for,
John Russell, John, my jo.

John Russell, John, my jo, John,
Just tak' a look at France,
How sleepy heads like you, John,
Has led them in a dance,
Which may extend to us, John;
An' if it should, you know,
We're unco' dour to settle, John,
John Russell, John, my jo.

John Russell, John, my jo, John,
I took ye wi' a swither;
An' I hae made my mind, John,
To lea' ye a'thegither.
Wi' Hume and Cobden, now, John,
It's han' and han' I'll go;
Sae ye may toddle aff, John,
Ye winna be my jo.—*Glasgow Examiner.*

#### Song of the American Editor.

BY WILLIAM WALLACE.

I'm of the Press! I'm of the Press!
My throne a simple chair;
I ask no other majesty
Than strikes the gazer there.
The horse of fire obeys my rod,
My couriers take the sea;
The lightning leaves the charmed cloud
At Art's command for me.

I'm of the Press! I'm of the Press!
Let monarchs wear a crown;
I wave my pen across the page
And crowns have tumbled down.
The world rolls on, the millions stride;
Without, the tempest rolls;
Within, I brood a quiet thought
That changes all the souls.

I'm of the Press! I'm of the Press!
My host, embattled types;
With them I quell the tyrant's horde,
And rear the stars and stripes.
I give my hand to all the race,
My altar, freedom's sod;
I say my say, and bend my knee
Alone, alone to God.

#### Lions of Gotham.

You bid me set my fancy free,
O, loved and lovely Mabel;
And tell you all I hear and see
In this bewildering Babel.

But all I see and all I'm told,
Till night from early morn here,
I wouldn't tell for all the gold
Unfound in California.

It is a very wicked world,
My guileless little cousin!
I know a belle whose hair is curled
With love-notes by the dozen.

I know a 'blue,' who buys bouquets,
And sends them to herself, dear;
And when her friends come in, they praise
The love-gifts on the shelf, dear.

I know a man who writes some stuff
In praise of all his books;
You ought to see him read the puffs,
And how demure he looks!

I know a critic so refined
He'll read no book he praises,
Lest he should lose thus a mind
Whose subtlety amazes.

I know a painter—paints to-day
A picture deeply shaded,
And cracks the surface every way,
To make it 'worn and faded.'

#### Sum for the Ladies.

The Boston Times asks the following interesting questions. The ladies had better get their slates and work out the sum.

If kisses were a penny each,
And words a groat a score,
A kiss for every twenty words,
And twenty in an hour—
Visit the fair one twice a week,
And stay from eight to one;
'Twould take how long, at such a rate,
To pay a hundred pounds?

#### The Metamorphose.

Ten thousand changes, ay and more,
Of men and maids, in days of yore,
Hath Cupid made; and now should he
But kindly ask me what I'd be,
'Make me, sweet god of earth and sky,
The air my Julia breathes,' I'd cry;
For then—thrice blessed, happy day—
She could not live, were I away!

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THE FLAG OF OUR UNION.

## MISCELLANEOUS.

[Written for The Flag of our Union.]

### FIRST IMPRESSIONS AND SECOND THOUGHTS.

BY MRS. EMMA C. EMBURY.

"Well, Ned, she has come at last!" exclaimed Mr. Hildreth, as he entered the breakfast-room.

"Who, sir?" asked his nephew, feeling much more interest at the moment, in the hot coffee and muffins than in the question.

"Why aunt Miriam Ellerton,' was the unexpected reply of the old gentleman, as he helped himself to a bit of toast.

"Your aunt Miriam! I did not know you had one," cried Ned, dropping his spoon, in astonishment.

"Didn't I tell you about the death of my old friend Ellerton, and about his dying request respecting his daughter?"

"Not a word, sir; I never heard of the young lady before."

"Why, the truth is, that I did not half like the trust, though I could not refuse it. Like my present quiet bachelor-establishment, and the company of a fashionable southern belle will not be a very pleasant variety to the fireside party."

"A fashionable southern belle!" echoed Fred, in a tone of dismay.

"I don't see why you feel the fact in. I know nothing about her. Her mother, who was a cousin of mine, died young, and her father, one of my very best friends, was carried off by excesse of his large estates and guardian to his daughter. When I accepted the trust, Ellerton was as likely to live as I am, but he has been cruelly cut off by a fever, and now the lady comes upon my hands. I did not tell you of it sooner, my dear boy, as there was no night-nurse or doctor, or something might occur to save me from the annoyance of receiving her, and I hoped to do so. But to talk about it and excite your imagination on the subject."

"I can assure you, uncle, it does not excite me agreeably."

"Why not?"

"Because I have no fancy for fashionable belles, and because she will be sure to be in the way."

I thought just so, Fred, when you came to live with me; the idea of a lubberly schoolboy intruding on my quiet home was such a chill whenever I thought of it. But I soon became reconciled to your presence, and now I shall feel the absence of your gay spirits, my boy, more than I can express."

But what will you do with a young lady, uncle? You want like to escort her to balls and parties."

"Not do I mean to do it, Fred; if she takes up her abode with me, she must content herself to stay quietly at home. My house is now in the city, awaiting my command, as I am appointed to a letter from the captain of the ship in which she has just arrived."

In the course of the afternoon, Mr. Hildreth, with unaffected alarm.

We must all learn to do the city to receive her; I have ordered the carriage to be at the door in an hour."

Do you wish me to accompany you, uncle?"

Certainly, Fred; you would not like to appear wanting in respect towards a lady; especially one who will hereafter be an inmate of my family."

Fred shrugged his shoulders, swallowed in impatient exclamation, and left the breakfast-table of muffin, and rose from the table to draw for the dreaded visit to the southern belle.

Mr. Hildreth was a gentleman of the old school, polished in manner, and very stiffly exacting. He was rich and a bachelor, of course he had a right to be somewhat exacting. He was considered a model of politeness in a kind that they offended no one. His love of order pervaded his whole establishment. To use the expression of the excellent old lady who had managed his house, from a housekeeper for him, 'Mr. Hildreth always looked as if he came out of a bandbox, and he was never known to be in a hurry.'

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He could but doubt again success.
Love and sing-like's sitting side,
We would not hate's cruise sing,
And from's smiling pony fields,
To not win them flowing sea
With loss of pure, unmerited pain!

Could youth but know that earth cannot
Through every win be pure shape,
That of the just who's how cares
With crown thou sailor's cruise shape,
How would they shun that fatal path,
That leads to sorrow and to death.

[Written for The Flag of our Union.]

### To the Sea-gull.

BY H. POWELL FULLER.

I love to see thy brightning eyes,
Bright as the sk in gentle skies,
Dashing in the wind;
While viewing thee, methinks I see
A ray of sweetness shed for me,
Which cheers me ever kind.

I love to see thy wiry lip,
So lustered around it smile sly,
If I love sage a chuck,
Although I'd watch the red-cheek kiss,
And fly my soul with gentle bliss,
Thy sage could be the most.

I love to see thy sage dance,
Thy sage is the thing of fairies's stance,
When in the waves I see it,
But, if on earth we meet no more,
What will life with all its do is o'er,
Dear sea-gull, tell me that.

### Loving and Forgiving.

BY CHARLES SWAIN.

To loving and forgiving—
To angel-minds of earth
Is given the power of living
Of the best and noblest birth.
To loving and forgiving—
Though wrong in sorrow borne,
And they are ever sharing
Their blessings in return.

O, stern and unforgiving—
Of human heart and brain,
What needs the sorrow of living
With never-ending strife,
The cank and unforgiving
There would ye meet the grave,
If there the sinner's sorrow
Reckon not our forgiven.

O, loving and forgiving—
Sweet natures of thy race,
In whose celestial living
Is no remembrance of disgrace,
Still breathe your influence o'er us,
Still your sweet precepts give,
That we may learn to forgive
The pardon we live!

### Napoleon crossing the Alps.

Napoleon crossing the Alps.

Napoleon crossing the Alps.

Napoleon crossing the Alps.



Napoleon crossing the Alps.

Napoleon crossing the Alps.

Napoleon crossing the Alps.

J. A. Smith

# THE FLAG OF OUR UNION.

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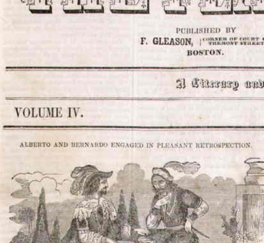

'She is fair—except one, the most beautiful woman in Rome!'

## A SPLENDID ORIGINAL ROMANCE.

### OUR FIVE HUNDRED DOLLAR PRIZE TALE.

Entered according to Act of Congress, in the year 1849, by F. Gleason, in the Clerk's Office of the District Court of Massachusetts.

[WRITTEN EXPRESSLY FOR THE FLAG OF OUR UNION.]

# PAOLINA:

or,

# THE SYBIL OF THE ARNO.

## A TALE OF THE TIME OF COSMO III.

BY MARTHA ANN CLOUGH.

[CONTINUED.]

### CHAPTER VI.

*The two friends, and their conversation. The Sybil of the Arno, again. The young painter the theme of praise. Paolina and the proud Lady Berenice. The mother's visit. Interesting colloquy.*

TWILIGHT'S purple shadows hung like a misty veil over valley and mountain, lake and river, castle and cottage. In the palace of Ludovico de Lisiade lights were already beginning to twinkle; two young men sat on the castle steps talking of Rome. They were Alberto and Bernardo who had accompanied him to his home.

'Well,' said Bernardo, 'how think ye they fare at Rome, to night? Holy Mary! one hour of that last evening we spent in the gay city was worth the richest jewel in this dagger-hilt!' and he drew from his girdle a small poniard that literally blazed with gems. 'In [SEE ENGRAVING.] good sooth,' he continued, 'the Lady Berenice is no mean partner; thou knowest not, Alberto, how happily the moments sped; she is very fair!'

'It is as thou sayest,' replied de Lisiade; 'she is fair—except *one*, the most beautiful maiden in Rome!'

'Except Paolina,' rejoined the youth; '*she* is more like an angel—*she* is peerless—*she* is glorious!'

'Ah! who has so captivated thy fancy, Bernardo?' asked the mother of Alberto, as she descended the staircase.

'A maiden whom I saw in Rome!'

'And *thou*, Alberto, hast thou seen this fair one?'

'Yes, mother, I met her too—she is gloriously beautiful!'

'And her name—'

'Is Paolina.'

A flush came over the cheek of the proud woman; she trembled as if some strong emotion was racking her frame, but she soon recovered herself and said hesitatingly, as if recalling some half-forgotten incident:

'Paolina! Paolina! was not that the name of the fisherman's daughter, of thy first painting?'

'Yes, and if I mistake not, she and the maiden whose beauty and accomplishments are the theme of every tongue in our city, are one.'

'And where sawest thou this girl?' for all the inquiries as to whither she had gone had heretofore been fruitless.

'In the church of St. Peter's, in company with Berenice de Biandetti,' replied Bernardo.

'Biandetti, Biandetti!' ejaculated the haughty mother, and every trace of color left her cheek and lips, and she would have fallen had she not leaned against the door; 'Biandetti—she! Why, she is of low birth—and *they*, the haughtiest family in Rome!'

'She may not be the same,' chimed in Bernardo.

'She *is* the same,' persisted Alberto; 'thinkest thou I could mistake her?'

The mother frowned slightly, and not seeming to heed the last remark, swept majestically across the hall, and disappeared in the spacious music-room.

Hours afterwards, when Bernardo had sought his pillow, and Alberto sat alone brooding over the past, his mother glided towards him, and laying her hand softly on his arm, said:

'Wilt come with me, Alberto? Come to my own room; it is long since we sat alone, come!'

Alberto made no reply, but followed his mother across the silent halls, and into the dimly-lighted apartment. A solemn stillness reigned around; and there was an air of gloomy grandeur in the room, draped as it was with velvet and silver. A luxuriant chair was placed for him beside her favorite seat; some new ornaments were scattered upon her table and after commenting upon their beauty, he seated himself beside her; but he felt ill at ease, and heaping the cushions on which he had reclined in childhood before her, he knelt at her feet. She was pale, very pale, and there was a look of anxiety on her face. He made some trifling remarks on the style of her robe, and the fashion of the slippers which she wore; he had never before seemed to notice her garments, and she said, caressingly:

'Thou art greatly changed, Alberto; once I might have worn a hundred different garments in a day, and thou wouldst not have marked them! Since thou hast been abroad, thou hast learned a lesson on this point!'

'Yes, yes, I went to foster my love for the arts, and I have become a judge of ladies' robes and slippers!'

'And on what painting art thou now employed?'

'The Spirit's First Glance at Paradise—it will surpass all my other attempts. There is a look of purity in the Spirit's face, and an inexpressible grace in her form. It is Paolina, mother, as I have seen her recently!'

There was silence for a moment—a deep silence, and then the mother began to talk of the fame of her son; here she touched the right chord, for the heart of the lady and her child beat in unison on this subject. An hour went by; midnight came and went, and Alberto drew back the window-drapery to gaze upon the night. A wan, withered face was peering through the curtain which the vines had woven across the casement. The Signora Ginditta shuddered, for there was a strange light in the woman's eye.

'It is the Sybil,' she whispered. The soothsayer spoke not, but raising the massive window-frame with as much ease as if it had been the lamp burning upon the table, glided into the apartment, and seated her emaciated form in the chair which Alberto had vacated.

'Thou hast come from Rome, my young lord of Lisiade,' she said, in a voice that sounded through the room like the cry of a frightened sea-bird; 'thou hast come to spend thy birthday beneath the dome of thy father's palace; dost thou remember me? Dost thou remember three years ago in this very room?'

'Yes, I remember thee; didst thou not read my destiny?'

'Ah! ah! that I did,' and she seized his hand; 'there is no change to my eye, save that I read the page of thy future life still more clearly than then!'

'Read my destiny, if thou wilt,' said the Lady Ginditta, extending a hand glittering with jewels.

'Nay, nay,' said the woman, almost sadly, 'I have told thee once, long ago; when the bloom on thy cheek was rich as the hue of an opening rose-bud—when first thou camest to the halls of the Lisiade, a *bride*. I saw thee welcome thy son to-day; the hill is steep that rises above thy castle, but on its summit is the cave of the "Sybil of the Arno." I knew he would be here, for *I*, too, have been in Rome. I have seen the Coliseum, the Pantheon, and the Church of St. Peter's, and the palace of the Biandetti, *too*,' and she laughed merrily as she uttered the last sentence.

'Berenice de Biandetti is lovely,' said Alberto.

'Yes, but a lovelier far than *she* dwells in her palace now—thou hast seen her;' and drawing the young man towards her, she whispered in a thrilling voice, 'Paolina.'

The youth shuddered, for the name seemed too pure to be breathed by those lips, and he made no reply to her words. Soon the woman gathered her coarse mantle around her and went forth; again the Signora Ginditta followed her.

'What wouldst thou?' she muttered hoarsely; and she seized the hand of the proud lady, and held it fast within her own.

'Paolina!' was the only word that came from the faltering tongue of the mother.

'Paolina! I will not tell thee!' almost shrieked the Sybil, and she hastened away with the speed of a winged creature. Silent and pale stood the ambitious mother, as if rivetted to the spot. A step was heard in the corridor, and the Signor Ludovico hurried up the stairs. The lady breathed more freely as she recognized him, and extending her hand led him into her apartments. Business had detained him at Florence, and he had scarcely seen his pride, his joy, Alberto. He had grown old strangely since last they met, and the youth determined to please his sire. He sat down upon his knee, and circling his neck with his arm, talked long and earnestly to him of Rome, of his success as a painter, and the thousand other things of which he loved to hear. The sands of the hour glass told the flight of another hour ere they parted; the old man to dream of his son; the lady to form new plans; and the youth to think of—Paolina.

Weeks went by, and the gifted Alberto and his handsome companion were the theme of every tongue; on the river, in the street, in the thronged saloon, and the quiet bower-room their merits were extolled. Night after night, they spent in the gay circles of Florence, and the heart of the lady of Lisiade grew lighter, as she saw her son daily in the society of the noblest, most beautiful of the Florentine maidens; for she thought that among them he might forget the humble fisherman's daughter. And Bernardo? He had quite forgotten the Pearl of Rome; a lovely Neapolitan, whose brother, a sculptor, too, was dwelling in Florence, had won his heart. She had dark, witching eyes, and shining raven tresses, and was fairer than the haughty Berenice, almost as beautiful as Paolina. He almost fancied himself in Paradise, so happy was he now; but all bright days must flee, and at the end of two months the friends returned to Rome. There was much joy at their return, for they were loved and respected.

'And so thou hast lost thy heart,' said one of their companions as they strolled forth at sunset; after Alberto had related their adventures at Florence; 'is the Neapolitan fair, my lord of Lisiade?'

'Fair! Beautiful as a painter's dream; lovely as an houri!' exclaimed Alberto.

Bernardo spoke not, but the grateful smile that he bestowed on his friend told that his encomium was appreciated.

'And the Signorina de Biandetti?' asked Camacci, as they were passing her home. 'She has not been at our studio of late, but everybody is talking of the loveliness of Paolina. That is the only name by which she is called here, though it is supposed that she is a relative of Berenice's mother, whose parents once dwelt at Florence. She is serenaded, and flattered, and caressed by every one. Even the gondoliers upon the stream, and the boys in the streets, talk of the beautiful Paolina; Berenice is no longer the Pearl of Rome.'

'Hush, hush!' interposed another; 'quit thy silly prating; see, the ladies are in the portico.'

And surely there were Berenice de Biandetti and her protege; they had evidently come forth to enjoy the cool breeze sweeping up from the Tiber. Paolina was plaiting a wreath, while Berenice stood beside her with a basket of blossoms just gathered. Neither saw the band of painters till the old Lord Raolfo said:

'See, see, yonder goes Alberto de Lisiade, the young Florentine artist, with whose name all Europe is ringing!'

Both maidens started slightly, and Berenice hastened to look after him.

'Yes, it is he indeed; I feared that he had quit the city forever,' she said, and a crimson hue overspread her cheek usually so white. Paolina grew a shade paler, and her fingers trembled slightly among the glossy leaves as she bent over her work. She had thought of Alberto, till she had made herself believe that he had left Rome to avoid meeting her—the fisherman's daughter, for she remembered the pride of the Lisiade. Her heart beat somewhat faster as she heard that he had returned, but she concluded he had been fascinated by Berenice, and had come again to be near her.

That evening Berenice went forth to a brilliant festival; but Paolina begged to remain at home to be company for Signor Raolfo; in truth, the maiden had determined to avoid, if possible, the young lord of Lisiade. She saw her benefactress depart, and then sang and chatted with the old man till he retired to rest; he seemed vastly pleased that she had preferred to remain with him, and the evening sped even more pleasantly than she had anticipated.

She went to her own room, and sat till long past midnight, waiting for Berenice; she was half asleep when a light footfall broke the stillness of the apartment, and the superior of the convent entered.

'Holy Mary!' she murmured, 'do I see thee?' and she rushed into her arms, sobbing for very joy.

'Art thou alone?' asked the superior, 'quite alone here?'

'Yes, quite alone; Berenice is gone, and the Lord Raolfo has long been asleep!'

'List thee!' and her voice sank into a whisper; 'thy mother is here.'

'Where?'

'In a gondola on the water; she does not wish to enter the palace, at least if thou art not quite alone!'

The girl said not a word, but, taking the hand of the superior, hastened to the water. Who may tell the joy of her heart, as her mother folded her arms about her and kissed her cheek; she thought she had grown somewhat paler, and more thin; she trembled, too, but Paolina attributed it to her joy on seeing her again. She asked her a thousand questions; if she was happy, if her home was pleasant, if she loved Berenice, and lastly, if the Signor Raolfo was kind; and then her tears choked her words. And then, when Paolina told her how he loved her, even as a child, she seemed almost overpowered.

'But why, why wilt thou not come into the palace?' asked the girl, fondly; 'they would be so glad to see my mother—come.'

'Nay, nay, dearest; I cannot now, I must go back to the convent to-night. Sometime, perhaps, I will come, but not now;' and the words she would still have spoken died upon her tongue. Never fled two hours more swiftly than those they spent in that gondola.

'Promise me, Paolina,' said her mother, as they parted, 'promise me to say nothing of our visit, even to Berenice; promise me this!'

'I promise,' said the girl, reverently pressing her lips upon the rich cross suspended to her neck, 'I promise solemnly.'

She received the faltering adieu of her mother, and the blessing of the superior, and stepped to the shore. She watched the barge till it disappeared, and then hurried back to her lonely vigil in the silent chamber. It was almost dawn when Berenice entered.

'O, Paolina!' she said gaily, 'thou shouldst have been at the fete; it has been the most brilliant of the season. All the elite of the city were there. The young lord of Lisiade favored us with his presence. He is even more fascinating than before he went to Florence. He and a host of others inquired why thou wast not one of the gay throng; indeed I am sorry that I did not persuade thee to go.'

Paolina's eye brightened as she heard this, but she only said that she had been very happy at home, and the gay Berenice, after gossipping a few moments longer, sought her own room.

* * * *

'And where was Paolina?' asked Bernardo, as he and Alberto entered their home.

'I inquired of her friend, and she told me that the maiden had preferred to remain with her father. I fear me that she cares nought for *me*, Bernardo; for had she thought kindly of me, she would certainly have been present this evening, the first of my return!' said the artist, somewhat sadly.

'The daughter of the Biandetti loves thee,' said Bernardo; 'didst mark how her fingers trembled when she gave thee the flower from her fragrant wreath? Didst note the smile that came over her face when thou didst linger beside her, and the frown that flitted like a cloud over her brow when thou wast talking with the Lady Agata?'

'Hush, hush,' responded Alberto; 'she does not love me as I would be loved. She may be fascinated perchance by my words, but she does not love me! I did indeed mark how her fingers trembled when she gave me this flower which I have so carefully preserved.'

'Didst ask her to give it thee?'

'It is the very blossom, Bernardo, which Paolina was placing in the wreath as we passed the palace at sunset. Thou knowest why it is dear to me. I spoke of its beauty to the lady, and she at once gave it to me;' and he rose as he spoke and placed the flower in a secret drawer of the delicately carved cabinet that stood near him. There was a slight noise in the balcony, and the figure of a fellow-student passed before the window.

'Come in,' said Alberto, 'come in.'

The youth needed no second invitation, and in a moment he stood beside them. He was a timid lad who had but lately come from Genoa; he wore a frock of black velvet, and a cap with plumes, tipped with the same color. Two or three costly rings gleamed on his small hands, and his tiny feet were encased in slippers richly embroidered with threads of gold and silver, and glittering with many a rare gem. His form was very slight and graceful, and his movements sprightly as those of the antelope. His eyes were large, and of darkest blue, his complexion very fair; still a look of suffering lingered about his mouth, and gave a touching expression to his face.

'Thou hast not been at the festival this evening,' said Alberto, coquetting with the long chestnut curls that floated on the shoulders of the boy.

'Nay, nay,' said the lad, quickly, 'I have no taste for such amusements.'

'There are many fair maidens in Rome,' said Bernardo, playfully.

'I worship genius,' responded the boy, 'did not the great Michael Angelo say Painting was his bride?' and there was something mournful in his voice. Alberto made no reply, and the youth went on.

'It has been my ambition to be a painter. I would that I could finish a painting like that of thine, my lord of Lisiade! My dreams are bright, but I can never give them form. Alas! I shall never be an artist!'

'Nay, do not despond,' said Alberto, soothingly, for tears were quivering upon the dark eye-lashes of the lad, 'thy work is really beautiful. The piece on which thou art now employed will bring thee honor!'

'Ah, there is something wanting, signor, something that I cannot reach; but I am keeping ye from slumber; ye who have been at the revel,' and he departed.

'What thinkest thou of the boy?' asked Bernardo; 'has he talent?'

'Yes, yes, he *might* make the world ring! But all his thoughts are of the ideal; he lives almost wholly in the fairy realm of the imagination; he does not think of the *real*; he seldom gazes upon the beautiful forms with which the Eternal has peopled the earth. Had I never seen Paolina, I had never been an *artist*!'

'Thou art enthusiastic,' said Bernardo; 'but a truce to such conversation, let us retire to rest,' and he hastened to his own apartment.

### CHAPTER VII.

*The young artist and fellow-student. An English nobleman, and the dying daughter. Excitement of the young Genoese. Sympathy and sadness.*

AT sunrise, Alberto went to the studio; the Genoese was there before him; he had placed his work in the casement, and stood gazing at it, and talking to himself; it was a figure of Mary Magdalen at the feet of the Saviour.

'Strange, strange,' he muttered, 'that I can never perfect that face; I must try something less difficult, and yet, I should not like to give it up. Now, in the sunlight, I see how much is wanting. I wish the distinguished artist, de Lisiade, who came to Rome yesterday was here to tell me what it is!'

'He *is* here!' said Alberto, coming forward and kneeling beside the youth. 'That form is perfect, how beautifully that light garment floats around those graceful limbs; how exquisitely formed are those small hands; and yet there is wanting here,' and he pointed to the brow, 'an expression of angelic purity, and round the lips a smile of ineffable happiness, like that we see sometimes on the face when the heart is at rest.'

'Yes, yes, I know—but alas! how shall I portray it? I cannot!'

'Courage,' said Alberto, 'do not despond. Thou art somewhat disheartened now; do not add another shade at present, but come forth with me; perhaps ere we return, we may somewhere see the very expression which thou hast vainly endeavored to transfer to thy painting!' and winding his arm around the neck of the young man he led him forth. Silently they took their way to the river, and stopped beneath a tall tree, to gaze at the various boats skimming like sea-birds over the water. There was a rattling of wheels in a paved avenue, leading to the city, and a chariot drawn by two beautiful steeds dashed to the edge of the river. The carved door, on which were emblazoned the armorial bearings of an English family, was thrown open, and a rosy-cheeked girl, and a tall, stately man sprang lightly to the ground, and then assisted another maiden to alight. She was evidently dying of some fearful disease, for she was deadly pale, save that a single crimson spot glowed upon her cheek. Her face was very beautiful, and shrouded by a flood of golden curls; her deep, blue eyes glowed with an almost unearthly brightness, and her lips were wreathed with smiles. The fair girl and the nobleman led her to a seat beneath a willow, and placed themselves beside her. Alberto took his companion by the arm, and, approaching them, made some remark upon the beauty of the morning, and the loveliness of the spot. The Englishman replied politely, and they were soon engaged in conversation.

'O, Heaven, she is dying!' shrieked the Genoese, who had been intently watching the pale maiden, 'she is dying!'

Alberto and the nobleman turned towards her.

'Elsine!' said the father, bending over her; 'Elsine!' and his voice quivered as he spoke.

A smile of exquisite happiness passed over the face of the dying girl; her lips parted slowly, and her eyes beamed as if she already heard the songs of the angels, who were wooing her to their own blest dwelling-place; a moment more, and the spirit of the maiden had fled.

'See, see, de Lisiade!' said the young painter; 'there is the very countenance which thou hast described to me. I can perfect my painting now!' And thus it was; it was engraven on his memory forever.

'O, God!' shrieked the younger girl, frantically, and she laid her own glowing cheek upon that of her sister, as if she would warm it into life. The face of the father had become white as alabaster, yet still he kneeled beside the inanimate form of his daughter, and looked steadfastly upon her countenance—a half hour went by, and then the nobleman, raising himself, said:

'It is not fitting to remain here, Ida; we must go back to our lonely dwelling;' and for the first time the tears gushed from his eyes, and his whole frame shook like a wind-stirred leaf. A fresh burst of grief was his only reply, but Alberto begged to be allowed to assist them.

'Thanks,' murmured the nobleman, in a tremulous voice, and he took the form of the dead in his arms and bore her to the carriage; with his own hand he smoothed back the curls from her cold brow, and folded her mantle around her; then seated himself upon the cushioned seat, and placing her beside him, supported her head upon his shoulder, and wound his arm caressingly around her as if the dreamless slumber of death was not upon her.

'Poor Ida,' he said, fondly, as the young girl relinquished the hand of Alberto, and threw herself sobbing at her father's feet.

'Poor Ida, well may ye grieve for the gentle Elsine!'

The young lord of Lisiade and his companion, followed the maiden into the carriage, and closing the door, were soon rapidly approaching Rome. It was a strange scene—that on which the two painters gazed within the chariot; the pale, serene face of the dead leaning upon the sorrowing sire, and her beautiful sister weeping beside her; how different was her tearful countenance from the smiling one she had worn not an hour before. No wonder she wept, when the form of her sister, from which a half hour previous the soul had winged its flight, was all that remained to her of the loving Elsine.

'Alas!' thought Alberto, 'how life and death, how joy and grief, commingle!'

At length they stopped before a small palace in the suburbs; they had probably chosen that retreat for the fresh air and the more quiet neighborhood. A tall, noble-looking woman with a smiling face, came forth, as the students alighted.

'Ah, she sleeps!' she exclaimed, glancing through the carriage windows.

'Hush, hush!' said Alberto, sadly; 'the maiden is *dead*.'

'Dead!' shrieked the woman, 'dead!' and the tears gushed forth as she tottered to the steps, for her heart had grown to the motherless maiden. 'Poor, poor Ida!' she murmured, and, assisting the girl to alight, she led her to the dwelling.

'If there is nothing more that we can do for thee,' said Alberto, 'we will return to the city.'

'God bless ye,' replied the trembling father. 'Alas! there is nothing more! If ever ye are in trouble, remember Richard, Earl of Wallingford!'

The young Genoese staggered as he spoke, and almost fell to the ground—he clenched his hands convulsively together, and gazed for a moment at the nobleman who was on the steps of the mansion; he attempted to speak, but the words died upon his tongue, and, taking the offered arm of his companion, walked several moments in silence towards the city.

'I have seen the very expression on *her* face,' at length he said, 'the very expression which my painting lacks!' but he seemed in no mood for the conversation which de Lisiade commenced, and with many a wondering thought why the Genoese seemed so strangely affected, Alberto entered the studio. Contrary to his expectations, instead of immediately transferring to his work the expression for which he had so long sought, the boy went directly to his lodgings, and de Lisiade saw him no more that day. At sunset, when he was taking his accustomed stroll alone, he passed the palace whither he had gone in the morning with the English nobleman. As he looked upon the dwelling, the father came forth and said sadly:

'Come, stranger, come and look upon my Elsine!' and his voice faltered as he spoke.

With a stealthy step, Alberto followed him into the apartment. There was an air of solemnity in the darkened room, lighted only by a single taper. The father slowly drew back the velvet pall and revealed the features of the fair Elsine, fair even in death. A robe of rich white satin shrouded her form; her long, slender fingers clasped a bouquet of snowy blossoms, and a spray of the same delicate flowers nestled among her bright, golden curls. There was something entrancing in her countenance so pleasant and calm; an air of repose in even her motionless form, that seemed to disrobe death of its terror—to say the spirit was with the blest.

'She is beautiful!' said Alberto, almost involuntarily, 'she is beautiful.'

'Ay, beautiful!' sobbed the sister, who had stolen into the apartment, and she pressed her rosy lips on those of the dead so white and rigid.

'She was so gentle!' and going to the door by which she had entered, she said, mournfully: 'Come hither, friends. Ye would fain behold our dear Elsine, ere we leave Rome forever.'

Two females entered, as she spoke, and as they bent over the form, murmured:

'Tis but the casket that lies here,
The gem that filled it glitters yet.'

They were Berenice de Biandetti and Paolina. They gazed tearfully upon the dead Elsine, and then, kissing the quivering lips of the weeping Ida, went slowly from the dwelling, followed by Alberto.

'Wast thou acquainted with this family—with the maiden whom we have just left?' asked the artist, as they went towards the palace of the Biandetti.

'Yes, yes, we often visited her, Paolina and I—she was a gentle being, and it grieved me to see her pine away!' responded Berenice.

'I never saw her till this morning,' continued Alberto; 'I strolled with a friend to the Tiber, and met them there. I saw her die, and accompanied them home in their chariot. The nobleman told me they had not long been here; I presume they arrived when I was at Florence.'

'Yes, it was then, signor. The Lady Elsine was unable to mingle in the gay scenes of Rome, but we spent many an hour in her society. She loved the music of Paolina's lute, and it was a pleasure to gratify her. She has a brother now travelling in Italy; perhaps thou hast met him, my lord of Lisiade?'

'Never—I think; but see, ladies, we are almost at the gates of the palace of the Biandetti; there must be a beautiful prospect from the window in the cupola of thy dwelling; the Tiber and the scenery upon its bank discernible from thence must form a delightful landscape.'

'It is indeed,' responded the Lady Berenice, eagerly; 'if it will please thee to enter our castle, thou shalt judge for thyself.'

'Thanks, thanks, lady; ten thousand thanks. It will afford me unbounded pleasure to accept thy kind invitation,' and he gaily followed her across the spacious halls, and up the winding staircases, till he found himself in the cupola of the palace of the Biandetti.

### CHAPTER VIII.

*A fearful storm. Palace of the Biandetti. The sweet song. A romantic incident. Departure of Alberto. The note, and Paolina's happy thoughts.*

AN hour went by, and the moon was shedding her soft lustre on a happy group, gathered around the arching windows whence the young artist had wished to gaze. Within the recess sat Alberto de Lisiade—Berenice de Biandetti and the fisherman's daughter were his companions.

'See, see,' said Berenice; 'how that dark cloud hangs over the summit of yon far-off hill!'

'And how angrily the water dashes around that gray old rock in the Tiber,' added Paolina. 'See, the moonbeams are shining on the wild billows, as the light of kindness sometimes gleams over the stormy passions of the soul!'

'It is a fitting comparison, indeed!' said Alberto, and he cast a glance full of admiration on the fair girl.

'Let us linger here and watch the progress of the coming tempest; it is always sure when the clouds gather so darkly round the summit of yonder mountain, so I have heard the gondoliers remark. But ye will grow weary, ladies; why not sit down here in the recess?' and even as he spoke they seated themselves beside him. There was something so spiritual in the face of Paolina, that for a moment the eyes of the artist were rivetted upon her, but Berenice saw it not; she was looking away over the waters.

Slowly the storm came on; it was as if the storm-king were furling his dark banner over heaven's dome. The cloud, that had floated around the blue summit of the far-off mountain, seemed like the herald of a mighty army, arousing them in tones all unheard by the world beneath to contest—on, on they came, rolling their dark crests like war chariots over the starry heavens; the wind that had all day been sleeping amid the orange-groves, arose and crept with a low sighing tone over the Tiber. First, wave after wave crept slowly to the shore, as a weary child would seek the banks to rest; then, when the breezes murmured more loudly, and swept over the waters on stronger pinions, they reared their snowy crests, and dashed against the beach, as a furious beast sometimes rushes onward till it falls powerless to the earth. All was confusion in the streets and on the river; gondolas were glancing over the angry Tiber; the songs of the gondoliers died away upon their tongues; maidens and cavaliers, old men and frightened children, were seeking a shelter. There was a muttering of distant thunder, and the lightning gleamed among the lowering clouds like golden chains amid the folds of a regal robe. Nearer and nearer came the awful voice of the tempest; the rain fell in torrents, and rolled over the marble steps of the palaces, and through the now deserted avenues the wind howled fearfully; yet still the maidens and the artist lingered at the casement.

'In truth,' said Berenice at length, 'we shall be obliged to quit this enchanting scene—Paolina's curls are damp, and the plumes in thy hat drenched with rain, Signor de Lisiade; come, let us go below!' and she led the way to the library. The storm raged fearfully, and Alberto was easily persuaded to stay till it had passed.

He was left alone for a few moments in the superb apartment; hangings of crimson velvet bordered with gold swept over the walls and muffled the lofty windows; tapestry of the softest texture and the most brilliant hues hushed the sound of his footsteps; statues by the first sculptors in the world stood in every niche, rich paintings looked down from heavy gilded frames, and books, blazing with jewels filled the massive cases.

A table covered with cloth of gold, whose deep fringes even mingled with the soft carpet, stood in the centre of the apartment; several luxurious chairs were placed near it; on a pile of cushions lay a lute of exquisite workmanship, and a costly harp stood beside it. A half-open book lay upon the table, and beneath it a handkerchief, on which was embroidered in threads of gold and silver the name, *Paolina*. The velvet lids of the book were crusted with pearls, and the massive clasp was set with brilliants; he turned over the emblazoned leaves, and a scrap of parchment met his eye. He seized it, and tracing a few lines upon it, fastened it among the folds of the hankerchief, placed it carefully among the leaves of the volume, and then awaited the entrance of the maidens.

At length they came, accompanied by a stately man, who was presented to him as the Lord de Biandetti; he politely welcomed him to his palace, and Alberto soon felt himself quite, ah! too happy, in the society in which he had been till now almost a stranger. Berenice seemed unusually gay—she had never looked more lovely than on that night. She was robed in satin of the hue of a half-open orange-blossom; a necklace of pearls circled her neck, and another gleamed among the glossy braids of her raven hair. Had it not been for the superior loveliness of Paolina, Alberto would have thought her peerlessly beautiful. He watched the fisherman's daughter as she sat there mid all the splendor of that lordly dwelling; he marked her gentleness and affection; he saw with what a proud, admiring look the old man gazed upon her and the fair Pearl of Rome, and he knew she had wound herself around their very hearts. They talked of books, of science, and art—and in all these he found her even more familiar than her benefactress. He wondered how she had managed to store her mind with such an amount of knowledge. Ah! he did not know that her own mother, yes, her mother, was one of the most learned women in Italy.

It is not always to the noble, the rich, the powerful, that the Almighty gives the glorious, the far-reaching intellect. God be thanked, that to the poor in worldly riches—to the lonely, there is sometimes given a jewel whose light shall radiate through the world. Think not that to the wealthy, to the overbearing, he who possesses intellect shall cringe; for to whom, save Him who bestowed the gift, shall genius bow? To whom? To no one. Even to the wretched fisherman's wife was the lore of many an ancient tome familiar; and might she not impart it to her child? Ah! she gave her that which was more glorious than all the wealth of Ludovico de Lisiade, proud and aspiring as he was!

The hours wore on, and Paolina leaned over her harp; she had never seemed so beautiful as then; there was something even in her tasteful dress that well befitted the singular sweetness and purity of her countenance. A garment of gossamer-like lace floated around her form, and the loose, flowing sleeves sweeping back to her shoulders, revealed her snowy arms circled by no gemmed clasp, no golden bracelet. She wore no ornament, save that a jewel gleamed among the folds of lace around her neck, like a star peeping through a fleecy cloud. She twined her fingers amid her curls, placing them back from her brow, and bending over her harp, sang to the melody it breathed, a wild, Swedish air. At length the low sounds of the instrument died away, and the young artist still gazed upon the girl who sat at the harp, with her fingers wandering among its strings.

'I love the lute, it is so silvery-toned, and Paolina has an admirable faculty for arousing its melody,' said the Lord de Biandetti; 'come, dearest, please an old man's fancy, and let us hear the voice of the lute!'

The girl rose, and seating herself on the cushions beside Berenice, sang the same melodious song which she had warbled when years before she flitted by the dreaming artist as he thought of her. A speaking smile came over the face of Alberto as she ceased, and as he looked into her soul-lit eyes, and murmured his thanks, she knew that he still remembered it. When Berenice went to the harp, he silently seated himself in the chair which she had vacated near Paolina. The melodious voice of the noble singer he scarcely heard, he was in heart by the Arno's brink, and the fisherman's daughter was floating by. When her song ceased, the old man rose to retire; he expressed his joy at having made the acquaintance of the young lord of Lisiade, one whose name he had so long known as an artist of great merit, and with many a polite wish that he might often have the pleasure of meeting him in his own palace, left the room, followed by Paolina. The Signorina Berenice was urging Alberto to sing when she returned, and taking the lute he sang gaily:

'Sweet as the perfume of flowers,
Stealing through dew-laden bowers;
Pure as the stars that at even
Gem the fair dome of yon heaven;
As fadeless as crowns of the blest,
As soothing as thoughts of their rest,
Are the dreams that rush over the heart,
Of an image never to depart.
Far down a clear river's tide,
A young lad was floating beside
A maiden he ne'er could forget,
Whatever dark foes might beset;
The image was stamped on his heart,
It could never, O, never depart!'

The Lady Berenice praised his song, but Paolina was silent; she only raised her dark, brilliant eyes to his face for a moment, and then fixed them again on the floor. When Lord Alberto rose to depart, he handed the lute to Paolina, but a ribbon attached to it became entangled with the jewels in his girdle.

'Lady,' he said, merrily, 'I am not accustomed to handling such instruments—I should be more at home with my palette; I must beg thy assistance in disengaging this ribbon!'

Paolina's eye caught the worthless clasp.

'Thou seest that I have kept the clasp,' he whispered.

The girl made no reply, but smilingly pointed to the only gem she wore. He twined his fingers amid her own as she busied herself with the ribbon, and again whispered:

'Paolina!'

It was only a single word, but it called rosy hue to the maiden's face, deeper than that which ever slept upon her cheek. Berenice smiled as she looked upon the blushing countenance of Paolina, but she knew not that the artist had spoken to her. She never thought of calling a servant, but went herself to open the hall door for her departing guest.

'O, the storm has passed,' she said, as she stepped forth; 'come hither, Paolina!'

They talked a few moments of the stars and the bright heavens, and then, with many gallant words as to how pleasantly he had passed the evening, Alberto turned to go.

'We hope to see thee often at the palace of the Biandetti,' said Berenice. 'I would repeat the invitation of my father, signor!'

'I shall be only too happy, fair lady, to accept thine invitation, and that of thy sire—this has been the happiest evening I have spent in Rome,' and he merrily bade them adieu.

'The young Lord de Lisiade has grown much more gallant since he has been at Florence,' said Berenice, as she accompanied Paolina to her room. 'I should think, as perhaps he does, that an artist of his age, and with his fame, might afford to spend more time in mirth. Indeed, he tells me that he paints only when he feels a particular inspiration, as he calls it, for his favorite pursuit. He seems to be acquainted with thee!'

'I met him once or twice when I was a child in Florence, and he remembers me;' said Paolina, shaking the curls over her face, as if to disengage the flowers among them, but in truth to conceal her blushes; 'but never fear, he knows only that I am Paolina; he will not betray our secret!'

'In good sooth,' rejoined Berenice, 'I hope he will keep his own counsel. I like not to have it blazoned abroad where and when I found thee. I do not wish the world to know all my actions, and because I have sometimes, yes, always acted independently, I have won for myself the name of the haughtiest girl in the city. Nobody here, save de Lisiade, knows who thou art, or whence thou hast come. But list thee, thou knowest as well as I, that thou

# THE FLAG OF OUR UNION.

art the theme of every tongue. Thy beauty has attracted much attention; I have watched the curious eyes of admiring cavaliers and envious maidens as we have been forth to church, to festival—wherever we may have been; but none but the noblest, the best, shall deprive the castle of Biandetti of its fairest ornament. But the midnight hour is approaching, we must rest;' and tenderly kissing the brow of her protege, the proud girl hurried away.

After she had left the apartment, Paolina thought long of the events of the evening. She wondered a thousand times at the strange conduct of Alberto; but the clasp which he still wore, and the song which he had sung, convinced her that she was still unforgotten. She did not feel like sleeping; she sought among the books lying near her for one that might interest her; but her search was fruitless; at last she thought of the volume that she had been reading in the afternoon, and snatching the lamp, she darted down the winding staircase, and entered the room where she had spent the evening. She opened the book, and taking her handkerchief, was about to return to her own room; her fingers clasped a slip of parchment, and drawing it forth she read—

'Paolina, the fisherman's daughter, is not forgotten by Alberto de Lisiade. He knows not when she came to Rome, nor why she is here; but he recognized her when first he met her in the Church of St. Peter's.'

The heart of the girl beat fast, and the color came and went on her cheek, as she read and re-read the note.

'What if Berenice should see this?' she said to herself, and taking the volume, she went hastily to her own chamber. When there, she stood several minutes with her hand pressed upon her heart as if to silence its throbbing, and listened.

There was no sound, save when the singing birds nestled down in the shrubbery, and uttered a faint cry. She drew back the tapestry, the door which it concealed met her eye; and quickly she seized a bolt, it shot into its place with a sharp, ringing sound that startled her. Again she listened, and then, allowing the drapery clenched in her hand to sweep back, she opened a quaintly carved chest which the superior had given her, and took from it a small satchel embroidered richly. There was nothing of value in the satchel, nought save a few trifling presents which the sisters at the convent had given her; she thrust the note among them, and relocking the chest, unrobed herself without summoning her attendant, and sought her pillow to dream of Alberto de Lisiade.

The next morning, as she was reading in her apartment, her benefactress entered.

'I had the strangest dreams and fancies, last night,' said she; 'indeed, once it seemed perfectly sure to me, that I heard some one cross the hall, and then return. I had half a mind to waken thee, but at last I concluded that I was deceived!'

'Nay, nay,' said Paolina, laying her hand upon the volume; 'I went down to the library after this book; thou knowest I was reading it yesterday!'

'Yes, yes—then I was not so fanciful after all; but see, see there is a hearse coming round the corner; the nobleman's family are leaving us—poor Ida!' and the two girls waved an adieu to her from the window.

Days came and went, and Alberto de Lisiade spent almost every hour in the studio; the fairest maidens of Rome, she who had been its pearl, and the fisherman's daughter, had gone, the aged sire said, to the convent, but in reality to visit the mother of Paolina. The young artist thought much of her, and at last grew very lonely, for her presence had become essential to his happiness. He now resided in the dwelling of Bernardo Camacci, for he had brought his lovely bride to Rome. His cup of life seemed overflowing with joy, for his Leila was gentle and affectionate, and her love for Bernardo flooded his path with sunshine. The Genoese had become his companion in his walks: he was as ever, sad, though mild and timid. His beautiful Magdalen was nearly finished, and he seemed to cherish a childish reverence for it. He never mingled in the merry haunts of the gay painters then in Rome; he only associated with Alberto, Bernardo and his bride. There was something so feminine in his tastes, that he was a fitter companion for the mild Leila, than the noisy artists that thronged the studio. In their rambles, he and Alberto often passed the castle of Biandetti; but no Paolina, no Berenice greeted their inquiring gaze.

As Alberto was listlessly strolling by the adopted home of the fisherman's daughter the thousandth time, he heard voices in the portico, where he had beheld Paolina after his return from Florence, and looking up, he saw the Lady Berenice and Paolina. He could not conceal his joy, as he bade them good evening.

'Indeed,' he continued, 'I can scarcely believe that I again behold the Lady Berenice, and thee, Paolina. I had concluded that thou hadst gone to some other clime! It has been *very lonely* here of late.'

'We have been spending a few weeks in the country, signor,' replied Berenice.

'Ah! then I shall certainly ask the privilege of listening to thy adventures,' said Alberto—'nay, nay,' he continued, seeing Paolina hastening towards the door, 'I will take a shorter way,' and he lightly ascended to the portico.

'Thou seest how eager I am again to be in thy presence. I sometimes feared lest some mischievous bandit, vexed at seeing such loveliness exposed to the gaze of the worldly, had borne thee away to some dark cavern.'

'Nay, nay,' laughingly replied Berenice, 'no such romantic adventure has been ours—we have been spending the time in a retired hamlet, far from here, where we had acquaintances—we could scarcely flatter ourselves that we should be missed!'

'Ah, missed! To tell thee the truth, lady, *I*, a poor, forlorn cavalier, was quite beside myself! I have done nothing but paint a little each day, and stroll by this palace down to the Tiber! If it had not been for the hours which I spent in the dwelling of my friend, Camacci, I should have been tempted to have gone back to Florence!'

'Camacci!' asked Paolina, 'is not that the name of thy friend, the sculptor?'

'Ay! yes, lady—O, I had forgotten to say that he has wedded a fair Neapolitan, whom we meet in Florence. He dwells yonder in the marble palace, near the church of St. John Lateran, and I, too, I have removed my lodgings to the truly charming place. His bride is very amiable and accomplished, and will, I think, be a valuable addition to the already brilliant society of Rome. I should be very happy to have the pleasure of presenting to her Berenice de Biandetti, and her companion Paolina. Indeed I should deem myself honored, if ye would accompany me thither, to-night.'

A few moments afterwards, he presented to Leila Camacci the two fairest maidens in Rome. Bernardo smiled, as he caught the eye of his friend, and his bride almost uttered a cry of joy as she beheld the loveliness of Paolina. They were mutually pleased with each other, and as the ladies of Biandetti departed with Alberto, extolling the charming Signora Leila, she gazed after them and said:

'Paolina! Is she not glorious, angelic, Bernardo! And the other maiden, too, is beautiful, but Paolina, Paolina is divine.'

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

[Written for The Flag of our Union.]

### Death of a Father.

BY MRS. L. H. SIGOURNEY.

'Speak, father, speak!' the weeper cried,
And wild with anguish prest
Her forehead to the unyielding hand
And to the pulseless breast.

For with such sudden lightning-stroke
Had Death his work achieved,
That scarce the astonished heart might brook
The wreck o'er which it grieved.

'Speak, father! call my name once more!'
O, daughter, 'tis in vain,
Look to yon glorious spirit-shore,—
He answereth not again.

Henceforth, sweet home, and favorite scenes,
To thee are changed and drear;
And tears must mingle with the songs
That best he loved to hear.

Yet each fond smile, and tender word,
Are gems for memory's hoard,
The priceless jewels of the past,—
For the lone future stored.

Sweet soul, bear up!—the faith is thine,
Whose eye no cloud can dim;
He cometh to thine arms no more,
But thou shalt go to him.

Bear nobly up—the time is short,
And brief the billows' strife;
Keep his bright image as a star,
And breast the surge of life.

[Written for the Flag of our Union.]

## THE YANKEE PRIVATEER.

### A NAUTICAL SKETCH.

BY SYLVANUS COBB, JR.

There never was a class of people who could 'do up' privateering in a manner so agreeable to all parties, and at the same time so profitable to themselves, as the Yankees. During our last war with England there were many 'down east' captains who did up a bit of this work in a sly way, without ever claiming the honor of having mounted a swivel, or even letting people know that they did anything out of the regular trade in shingles and potatoes. That beautiful river, upon whose richly diversified banks I first drew the breath of life—the noble Kennebec—gave the first watery embrace to many a craft that proved anything but welcome visitors to the various cruisers about our coast, and as a general thing, these down-easters were pretty successful.

One bright morning in June, a good-sized brig made her appearance out from the mouth of the Kennebec, and stood off to the southward and eastward under easy sail, with the 'stars and stripes' merrily playing in the breeze at her peak. There were twenty-three men on her deck; but had you asked the captain why he took so many hands, he would have told you, as he told the folks at Bath, that most of them were *passengers*, going to Boston.

Captain Newcomb was a rare specimen of Yankee genius. He stood about five feet seven in his stockings, stoutly built, and well put together, with a round, provoking-looking countenance, set off by a pair of gray, twinkling eyes, and surmounted by a liberal crop of sandy hair. His mate, and indeed the whole crew, *passengers* and all, would pass for thorough-bred down-easters. The brig enjoyed a purely native name—the SALLY ANN.

'Now, my boys,' shouted the captain, as he lowered his long glass with which he had been sweeping the blue expanse of water, 'we're clear of all eyes but our own; let's put on the old Sally Ann's cruising togs, and I'll be darned if we don't cut up a caper with some of them British cruisers that'll make 'em think they'd better be to hum.'

'Capt'n,' said the mate, advancing towards his superior, 'are you sure the schooner'll be out to-morrow morning?'

'Yes, she'll be after us by daylight, and we must be ready for her. Get up your burtons and falls, clear away the chocks around the mainmast; come, be lively, boys.'

In obedience to the captain's orders, two planks were taken up just forward of the mainmast, and a heavy burton fall was secured to it by a stout strap, and then rigged to the foremast. The main-shrouds and back-stays were eased up, and in a short time the mainmast was stepped forward some six feet, the heel of the mast was firmly secured, and the shrouds and stays again set up, with the eyes of the rigging also hooked further forward. A heavy pair of sheers were then rigged up abaft, and a mizen-mast was soon stepped and rigged; and by daylight the next morning the Sally Ann was transformed into a handsome bark, with a surface of canvass that might have sufficed for a vessel one-third larger.

Shortly after the deck was cleared up, a small schooner hove in sight; and in the course of two hours she was alongside. She had seven men on board, and brought out five guns—four eighteen pound carronades, and one long forty-two, together with an abundance of ammunition. These articles were hoisted on board the bark, and taking *four* of the schooner's men, that vessel was allowed to put back, while the Sally Ann spread her canvass, and took her course for the eastward, with a fair breeze.

For fifteen days the bark held on her course without speaking a sail. Several were seen, but they did not appear to be worth noticing, and all hands were beginning to be rather uneasy at the prolonged monotony. At length, early on the morning of the sixteenth day, the man at the mast-head sang out a soul-cheering

'Sail ho!'

'Where away?' shouted Captain Newcomb, who had just come on deck, at the same time opening his glass.

'About two points on the weather-bow.'

'Can you make her out?'

'She appears to be a heavy ship, sir.'

'That's one of 'em, I'll bet,' exclaimed the captain, as a radiant expression of hope lit up his features. 'Here, Mr. Slocum,' continued he, addressing his mate, 'take your glass and go up into the main-top and watch that fellow.'

The Sally Ann was now heading south-east, close-hauled upon the larboard tack, with a good stiff breeze, and all sail set.

'Mast-head, there,' shouted the captain, after having taken several turns across the deck, 'can you make out how she's standing?'

'Ay, ay, sir; she's a large ship, standing to the north'ard, close-hauled on the starboard tack.'

'Whew! but she's got a little the start of us, hasn't she? We ought to have seen her two hours ago. Never mind, we'll stand on a spell longer, and then I reckon we'll give 'em a race.'

In half an hour the ship was made out to be a heavily-loaded Indiaman, and of course returning from the East Indies. She had run up the British flag at her peak, and the bark had shown her stars and stripes.

'Ready about,' shouted Captain Newcomb, as the flag of our Union unfolded itself at the Sally Ann's peak; and in a few moments she was braced up on the other tack, making a course a little to the leeward of the ship, and about ten miles astern of her. The bark was by far the fastest sailer, for she had been built purposely for it, and the prospect was, that in a few hours the two vessels would scrape an acquaintance.

During the next three hours much excitement prevailed on board both vessels. The Englishman evidently 'smelt the rat,' for his Yankee neighbor was a suspicious-looking fellow, to say the least, and the case was not at all enhanced by the sudden tack and extra spread of canvass that marked Brother Jonathan's course of procedure. To tell the truth, the East Indiamen of that day had a peculiar dread of starred and striped bunting under any circumstances, but more especially when it graced the peak of a non-commissioned cruiser. From a man-of-war they expected some chance for an international adjustment, but at the hands of a Yankee privateer it was sure to be a general delivery of all valuables, without the slightest possible chance for an equivalent. At the end of two hours the Sally Ann had gained nearly five miles on the merchantman, and fired a gun. The ship's crew were now positive of the character of their pursuer, and in a few moments after the Yankee fired his gun, they fell off several points and hoisted their studding-sails. Nothing could have suited Captain Newcomb better than this movement of the Englishman.

'Now, my boys,' shouted the Yankee captain, while he fairly danced with delight, 'we've got the weather-gage of 'em, and if we don't make 'em shell out some of their valuables before night, then my name aint Newcomb—that's all. Keep her away a couple of points; that's it—steady—so. Main-top, there!'

'Ay, ay, sir.'

'Clear away your starboard studding-sails. Fore-top, there—starboard studding-sails. Be lively, boys, and you shall all have a finger in the Indiaman's pie.'

In a few minutes the Sally Ann's studding-sails were set, and a long crest of white foam rolled off from her bows and swept away to the leeward like a snowy mountain. In half an hour longer the Englishman had crossed the bark's course, and the latter vessel had every advantage. The ship had mistaken her pursuer's sailing qualities, for with a free wind that vessel had gained faster than when both were close-hauled. The Yankee was now near enough to make out her neighbor's exact state. She was a ship of about twelve hundred tons, heavily loaded, mounting ten guns, five on each side, and carrying a full complement of men.

'I'm afraid we shall find an ugly customer there,' remarked the mate, pointing to the full deck of the Indiaman.

'Why, Mr. Slocum, you are not afraid of that feller, are you?' remarked Captain Newcomb, as he ran his eye along the immense proportions of 'Old Kennebec,' as the long, forty-two pound gun was familiarly termed. 'Let's give her a salute, and see if we can't heave her to.'

One of the carronades was fired, but the ship took no notice of the summons, further than to run up a main stay-sail.

'So you don't mind our invitation, eh?' soliloquized the captain. 'Then give 'em old Kennebec,' he shouted; and in a few moments the long forty-two was brought to bear on the ship, and the match applied. The Sally Ann trembled from truck to kelson as the heavy gun bounded from the shock; and as the smoke cleared up, the Indiaman's weather fore-shrouds were seen dangling in the breeze.

'Jehoseplat! look at that!' shouted Captain Newcomb, as he performed a perfect double-shuffle. 'Guess two or three more doses like that'll give 'em enough of old Kennebec. Load her up again.'

Again the long gun was loaded, and again fired. This time the shot took effect in the hull, and the splinters flew about the Englishmen's ears in a manner anything but agreeable. The ship's guns were of no use whatever, as they would not send a shot half way to the enemy, and the only consolation that presented itself was to be battered to pieces by the Yankee's forty-two pounder, or, on the other hand, they must haul down their flag and heave to. A few more murderous shots from the Sally Ann decided them upon the latter course, and in a few moments her courses were hauled up and the main topsail laid aback. In fifteen minutes the Yankee was within hailing distance under the ship's stern, and Captain Newcomb ordered the Englishman to send a boat alongside. The appearance of a stout Yankee, holding a lighted match near the breech of that terrible gun, soon decided the matter, and the ship's stern boat was lowered from the davits and manned, and put off for the bark.

As the boat came alongside, an officer stepped on board and looked about the deck for some one to receive him.

'Ah, how d'ye dew?' said Captain Newcomb, stepping to the gang-way and politely bowing to the English officer.

'About as well as circumstances will permit,' answered the official visiter, looking rather angrily at his rough-looking interlocutor.

'Wal, I guess that's about the way we all feel. But are you the capt'n of that ere ship?'

'No, sir; I am the first lieutenant.'

'Dew tell us what you've got aboard?'

'In the first place, allow me to inquire by what authority you thus stop us upon the high seas?'

'See there,' replied the Yankee captain, pointing to old Kennebec, at the same time laying his fore finger in a very meaning manner upon his nose.

'I understand you, sir, you are a privateer.'

'Wal, I reckon you're about right. So I guess we shall have to trouble you for some of your valuables.'

'Then you must come and take them.'

'O, don't trouble yourself about that. We'll take all we want.'

'You may not find it so easy to get on board as you imagine, my dear sir; and rest assured that yonder ship will give your folks a warm welcome.'

'Yes, I see you've got plenty of men, but look here, Mister lieutenant, yew haint got one of them;' and again the captain pointed significantly at old Kennebec.

A slight twinge of the lieutenant's muscles was observable, as his eye followed the direction of the captain's finger, and he evidently felt very uneasy in his present situation. Our Yankee skipper enjoyed his perplexity, and added:

'Now you can go right aboard your own craft and tell your capt'n that we'll send along directly for such little notions as we stand in need of. Perhaps you've got some nice silks, and some shawls, and some other stuff that you would'nt mind parting with for the sake of a free pass to England. Now mind, old feller, this ere gun's got a dose aboard that would send you all to kingdom come in ten minutes; and if you set out to play us foul, look out.'

The Indiaman's officer took this hint very gratefully, and remarked, as he was about stepping over the side, 'I will report to my commander the result of my visit, and you will take such a course as you think proper; but if you take my advice, you will haul off and go about some other business.'

'Look here—hold on a minute,' exclaimed Captain Newcomb, 'I see you haint hauled down your flag yet; now I'll give you just five minutes after your boat gets alongside your ship to make up your mind what to do. If you conclude to let us send our boats along after a few notions, and let us take 'em quietly, then haul down your flag. Now mind—if that bunting aint down out of that in just that time, I'll open our long-tom on your old shell. So tell your capt'n.'

In three minutes after the Indiaman's boat returned, an old quarter-master was seen casting off the signal halyards, and in a moment more the ship's peak was bare—the proud ensign lay upon the deck. The crew of the Yankee privateer gave a loud cheer as they cleared away the long-boat and hooked on their burtons; and with a right good will they hoisted the heavy boat from her chocks and launched her overboard. A dozen men jumped into her, and with Mr. Slocum at the helm, they started off for the ship. Many hard looks were cast at our down-east adventurers as they made their appearance over the gangway of the ship, and many a handspike and monkey-tail was clutched instinctively in the hands of the exasperated Englishmen: but they dared not strike a blow—the black muzzle of old Kennebec looked straight at them, and they had no desire to call forth his disapprobation. Mr. Slocum found a rich store in the hold of the ship, and the Yankee's long-boat was soon laden to the water's edge with a portion of her cargo. This was taken to the bark, and the boat returned for another load. The long-boat was nearly full a second time, when a hurried exclamation from the officer of the deck arrested the attention of Mr. Slocum, who was down in the hold breaking out a fine lot of assorted silks. No sooner had he caught the sound of the officer's voice and stopped from his labor, than he was still more startled by the order that immediately followed.

'Hands by the weather main-braces—man the lee braces! let go—haul in your lee braces! Quick, men. Let her fall off a point, quartermaster. That's it—steady—so!'

The heavy ship gave a plunge forward as her main yards came to the wind, and in a moment she was ploughing through the water with her flag run up to the peak *union down*. Mr. Slocum sprang upon the deck, followed by his men, and in a moment he comprehended the whole matter. Right ahead, about ten miles distant, there loomed up the heavy spars of a British sloop-of-war. The Indiaman's having been between the bark and the new sail prevented Captain Newcomb from observing it, and he was not aware of the approach of the man-of-war till several minutes after the prize had got under head-way.

'The devil!' ejaculated the Yankee captain, as he saw the ship's main yards go round; I wonder what's in the wind now. Jehoseaphat, there goes her flag, union down. Somebody's coming. Main-top, there.'

'Hallo!'

'Go aloft, and see if there's anything ahead of that ship.'

In a few moments a man sang out from the top-gallant-yard:

'There's a British man-of-war, sir.'

'How does she bear?'

'She's right ahead of the merchantman, standing this way.'

'Can you make her out?'

'She's a sloop-of-war, sir.'

'Man the lee main-braces—let go the weather-braces—round with the main-yard!' shouted Captain Newcomb, as he sprang down from the horse-block and seized a lighted match. 'Let her come up a point,' continued he, as he ran his eye along the sight of old Kennebec. 'That's it—steady—so.'

In a moment after the Sally Ann came up to the wind the long gun bore directly upon the ship's mizzen-top, and the match was applied.

In the meantime the state of affairs on board the Indiaman was peculiar. There were thirteen of the Yankee's crew on her deck who stood in a knot in the lee gangway, without knowing which way to turn or what course to pursue. The crew of the ship was composed of fifty able-bodied men, and against such odds of course Mr. Slocum did not for a moment think of attempting any resistance. The English captain felt pretty secure, for less than half an hour's sailing would bring him under the guns of the man-of-war, and then the Yankee might whistle for his men. His pleasant reverie was at this moment somewhat disturbed by a crash directly over his head, accompanied by the heavy report of the long gun, and the fragments of the mizzen-top were scattered about the deck, while the mizzen topmast came thundering down through the cabin sky-light. The ship immediately fell off several points, and there was not much prospect of bringing her up again. In another moment a chain-shot came whizzing over the Englishman's head, and the weather main-back-stays and shrouds were carried away just below the top.

'Stand by the fore and main top-gallant halliards!' shouted the English captain, while his face was blanched with terror. 'Let go! hands by the topsail halliards—jump quick, men!' Let go the topsail halliards—let go the sheets—clew up! Man the jib and flying-jib down-hauls—let go the halliards—haul with a will! Lead out the fore and main clew-garnets and buntlines—clear away the tacks and sheets—up with the courses! Clear away the main-stay-sail—man the halliards—up she goes! Send us up a hawser from the hold——Main top, there; send down a hauling-line——Bend that line to the hawser, and stand by to secure it to the lanyards of the weather main rigging.'

It took less time for the captain to give these hurried commands than we have been in writing them, and the crew worked smartly. In a few minutes the ship was laying to under her fore and main stay-sails and spanker, while a pair of shrouds were rigged and set up, and the wreck of the mizzen topmast cleared away.

'Now, capt'n, if yeou're no objections, I guess we'll go aboard that ere craft,' remarked Mr. Slocum, pointing to the Sally Ann.

'Go, and be hanged!' was the friendly reply of the commander.

'Wal, then, we'll bid you good-by, and if you ever come to Boston just give us a call. Give our love to that friend of yourn coming, and tell him we'd have stopped only jest we were in a hurry.'

Something that sounded very much like an oath, broke from the lips of the excited officer, as the Yankee mate made a polite bow and passed over the gangway.

By the time the long-boat was cleared of her load and hoisted on board the Sally Ann, the man-of-war had come within a mile and a half of the scene. She was a twenty-four gun ship, but Captain Newcomb had no fear of her, for he was confident that he could outsail her, and he felt sure that she carried nothing heavier than medium twenty-four pounders. And in both these calculations he was right. The sloop-of-war was coming down with the wind on her quarter, heading about S. by E., the Indiaman lay right in her course, heading to the northward, while the Sally Ann was just gathering headway, after having stowed away her boat, to the northward and westward. She kept on this course till she cleared the dismantled ship, and then hauling upon the wind, she stood on for a few minutes and hove to.

The captain of the Indiaman looked with wonder upon this manœuvre of the Yankee, and was utterly at a loss to comprehend the meaning of it. He did not have to wait long, however, for at that moment a light wreath of smoke curled up from the breech of the Yankee's long gun. A heavy report followed, and the quarter hammock-nettings and spanker boom of the sloop-of-war were splintered up in great style. Another and another shot followed, and the sloop's cabin was opened on both sides and the binnacle carried away. The man-of-war was getting a little too near for Captain Newcomb's purposes, and putting up his helm and squaring away, he gave the Englishman a parting shot, which carried away the slings of the main-yard; and as that heavy spar came thundering down upon the heads of the amazed men-of-war's men, the Sally Ann set her studding sails below and aloft, and left the new comer to condole with the wounded Indiaman.

Much search was made by English cruisers after a certain *bark* that laid up somewhere along the coasts of Maine, but they never caught a glimpse of her in port. They frequently saw Captain Newcomb's *brig* laying in shore, but not thinking her worth the trouble of chasing, they passed on in their fruitless search after the YANKEE PRIVATEER.

[Written for The Flag of our Union.]

### Cheerfulness—A Song.

BY MATURIN M. BALLOU.

Heigh, derry down derry,
Let's laugh and be merry,
Nor embitter life's short fleeting hours,
We'll romp and we'll sleep,
And leave others to weep,
While we pluck nature's sweet-scented flowers.

Brief as roses that bloom,
We're all near the tomb,—
Why then should we foolishly borrow
Of trouble and care,
Our heart's joys ensnare,
When we all may be gone by to-morrow?

Dash the tear from the eye,
And laugh down the sigh,
Join hands, and be kind to each other;
Nor miserly pelf
Store up for yourself,
But cheerfully share with your brother.

Regrets are all vain,
And cause only pain,
On the bright side of all things we'll gaze;
Thus merry and gay,
We'll be glad while we may,
And a temple to *cheerfulness* raise.

### The Craft.

The following article, which we cut from the *Home Journal*, contains truths that we are happy to endorse. There is no employment on earth of a more intelligent character, or that tends more to self-improvement, than that of the journeyman printer.

'If there were an apprenticeship to the trade of authorship, it would be as essential that a young author should pass a year as a compositor in a printing-office, as that a future sea-captain should make a voyage before the mast. It is not alone that he would thus learn the importance of properly preparing 'copy' for the printers, by legible penmanship and a knowledge of the signs, marks and abbreviations by which proof is corrected. These are matters, an acquaintance with which, on the part of the author, would save much time and vexation, and prevent serious blunders. The chief advantages would be to the *author himself*. There is no such effectual *analysis of style* as the process of type-setting. As he takes up letter by letter, of a long or complex sentence, the compositor becomes most critically aware of where the sentence might have been shortened to save his labor. He detects repetitions, becomes impatient of redundancies, recognizes careless or inappropriate use of expletives, and soon acquires a habit of putting an admiring value on *clearness* and *brevity*. We venture to say that it would alter the whole character of American literature, if the authors (of our very *fluent* nation!) were compelled, before legally receiving a copy-right, to have given one year to labor at the compositor's *case*. We have said nothing of the art of *nice punctuation*, which is also acquired in a printing-office, and by which a style is made as much more tasteful as champagne by effervescing. Journeymen printers are, necessarily, well-instructed and intelligent men. It is a part of a proof-reader's duty to mark a 'Query' against every passage in a new book which he does not clearly comprehend. Authors who know what is valuable, profit by these quiet estimates of their meaning; and many a weak point, that would have ruined a literary reputation if left uncorrected for the reviewers to handle, has been noiselessly put right by a proof-reader's unobtrusive '*qu?*' Of most books, indeed, we would rather have the criticism of the workmen in the office where it was printed, than of the reviewers who skim and pronounce upon it.'

### Mrs. Partington's Valentine!

Our Mrs. Partington received an elegantly embossed valentine, brimful of kind sentiment, which produced quite a flutter in her usually tranquil demeanor. The looking glass was consulted more frequently than seemed consistent with her simple character, and she read the morning paper attentively, to ascertain the remarkable properties of Naples hair dye. As she expressed herself, the fourteenth of February will be a great day in her crantology. 'Who can it be from?' asked she, for the tenth time, as she read the affectionate and respectful lines. 'I wish I knew, I'm sure, for it must be a synonymous name that he signs. These volatile days and saint days and holy days, how nicely they come along to make us happier! There's Christmas time, now, when the blessed Santa Cruz comes down the chimbly and fills the stockings of children with toys and their hearts with gladness, and sometimes puts a barrel of flour or a quarter of wood into the stocking of some poor widowless body! And now here's Saint Volatile, as kind as the other.' She ceased here, like a clock run down, and her eye again rested on the valentine, while something like a blush suffused her cheek. She went to bed an hour earlier that night.

It is the part of woman to cheer both the dawn and the darkness, to be both the morning and the evening star of a man's life.

[Written for The Flag of our Union.]

### The Wife's Blessing.

BY FRANCES S. OSGOOD.

'Tis not for the fame,
That yet in thy story,
Shall hale thy name
With honor and glory;

'Tis not for the spirit,
Undaunted, unquailing,
O'er ills that deter it,
Triumphantly sailing:

'Tis not for the genius,
Heroic and high,
That burns in thy heart,
That beams in thine eye:

Nor yet for the will,
Strong, serene, independent,
That keeps thy star still
In the struggle ascendant:

Ah no, 'tis not they,
That bind me thine own,
While years o'er thy way
Have changefully flown.

'Tis the heart, pure and tender,
That never has failed me,
When sorrow o'ershaded,
When sickness assailed me:

That shared every pleasure,
And soothed every sadness;
That watched its wild treasure
Through folly's fleet madness:

And still beats beside me,
To bind the broke reed;
To guard and to guide me,
To save at my need!

Ah, God is too good,
To let truth such as thine
Waste all its sweet incense
At Folly's light shrine:

For thy blessed sake,
He will strengthen this heart,
Until it partake
Of all that thou art:

And O, may his love
Be a shield unto thee,
As true and unfailing
As thine is to me.

[Written for The Flag of our Union.]

## A BEAR-FIGHT IN WASHINGTON ST.

BY THE YOUNG 'UN.

Most pedestrians who have had occasion to pass up and down Washington street, this winter, will have observed the 'big bear,' which stands grinning a ghastly smile at the door of Pazolt, the furrier, near Bedford street. This ferocious beast should be looked after by Herr Driesbach, or Marshal Tukey; and in these days of rabid-dog-ism, it is matter for surprise that our peaceable citizens have not been disturbed before, by the presence of this zoological monster, in that crowded thoroughfare.

One day last week, however, there came to town a countryman, with a supply of veal and pork. He was a rough-looking specimen, and had been in Boston but seldom. At the side of his sled, there trotted a large-framed, brindled cur, who didn't seem to know exactly where he was, but who jogged on after his master's go-cart, all unconcernedly, until he reached the *bear* afore-mentioned, when he suddenly came to a halt. His ears were thrown back, and the hair upon his shoulders stuck up 'like quills upon the fretful porcupine.'

'Daoun, Belcher! wot in airth's the matter with you?' said his master, observing the cur's pugnacious disposition; and then turning his eyes upward, he beheld *the bear!*

'*Jerusalem!*' screamed the countryman—'*ef* it aint a *bar*, I never seen a caaf!' and with one bound, he landed upon the opposite sidewalk.

'Who-a!—whoa!' he yelled, to his donkey, and the obedient beast, nothing loth, made the best of his way into the gutter, and came to a dead stand-still.

By this time, Belcher had measured the length and breadth of his fearful looking antagonist, and leaping valiantly towards the bear, with a most unearthly howl, he brought the red-mouthed Bruin from his elevated position, down upon the side-walk. Seizing the animal by the jowl, as he descended—he commenced shaking the beast in a fearful manner, when, on a sudden, such a cry went up from the lungs of poor Belcher, as scattered the crowd in all directions!

But still the brave cur struggled, still the crowd yelled with delight, still was heard the encouraging 'stu-boy! stu-boy!—shake him, stick to him, dog—good dog! Give it to him, don't let him up!' and the like—until Monsieur made his appearance, to protect his property, and part 'ze tam dog zat was tear his beauty-bear'—from the *hide* of the beast.

It seems that a steel or iron spring had been placed in the jaws of the stuffed bear-skin, and his mouth had been lined with red-morocco. When the bear was thrown down to the side-walk, the spring was broken, or became so disarranged that the jaws closed suddenly together, and the biggest part of Belcher's jowl and ear was now locked fast between Bruin's teeth. The countryman saw that his dog was worsted—he noted the glistening teeth of the monster, as he lay upon the walk, with the biggest half of Belcher's head in his mouth, and he had no idea of placing himself in the vicinity of the belligerents.

'Take him away!' cried Monsieur.

'No you don't,' said Jethro—'no you don't. Fair play, ef you please. Belcher 'll fetch him, yet—stu-boy! shake him, ole fellow!' continued the countryman; but poor Belcher was in a bad fix. He couldn't bite, and he couldn't get away!

'Stu-boy—ha, ha! Stu-boy—shake him—hi, yah!' yelled the crowd, and Monsieur was nearly frantic with excitement, yet fearing to approach the unruly looking Belcher. The countryman would willingly have choked off his dog, but believing the prostrate animal to be a 'real live bar,' he had no idea of being caught—and he could not be induced to approach the combatants, on any account.

Belcher screamed and struggled—the mob continued to yell and scoff. Monsieur was well nigh distracted—and the countryman was as pale as a sheet—when, on a sudden, the stitches in the bear's belly gave way, and lo! a peck of chopped straw was instantly scattered upon the sidewalk!

Jethro saw it all, at a glance. And a more valiant man was never seen in these parts, than was that same Jethro.

'W'y in thunder didn't sum un ye take the dog away?' said he, advancing, with careful strides towards the 'fallen foe. '*I* ain't afeard o' nothin'—I knew it want nothin', all the time! There'—and poor Belcher was finally released.

'I am ver' mooch 'blige, Monsieur,' said the gentlemanly furrier, as he gathered up the fragments of his mutilated *bear's skin*. 'I am vera mooch 'blige—and I wish you tam pull-dog to ze devil!'—he continued, in a low voice, as Belcher skulked away towards the old team.

'*Git up!*' shouted the countryman, quickly to his pony; and amid the jeers and yells of the crowd, who had collected to see this bear-fight extraordinary, the valiant countryman and his 'bully-dog' disappeared!

### Foreign Correspondence of the Flag.

LETTER NO. 9.

ROME.

MY DEAR FLAG:

We have found our way hither at last, the spot I have always longed from childhood to see. My first visit in this ancient city was to St. Peter's, the church of all churches. Its grandeur and magnificence overpowered me with a sense of oppression, from the moment my foot pressed the pavement of the interior. Its massive pillars, its profusion of gold and marble, its immense size, its distance from the far-off roof—all combined to overawe me by their associations and the power of their grandeur upon the eye. I passed an hour before the noble old painting of the dead Christ, by Michael Angelo, and afterwards half a day in its museum of Roman statuary, the copy of races passed away. Here, too, we saw the Apollo Belvidere, a statue of godlike form, but I doubt of what a perfect man should be, if one so formed ever existed. It is a wonderful piece of art, so admirably executed that one is half disposed to believe it possessed of a soul. We were told a singular story, which is accredited by many, of a young girl who fell deeply in love with it, and faithful to her affection, pined and died for it! Females come frequently to see it, and I have no doubt admire it in spirit not one particle less than do the other sex the Venus de Medicis, at Florence.

O! the classic ruins that we have explored—spots, the very name of which must thrill the heart—the Roman Forum, the palace of the Cæsars, the Coliseum, the Pantheon. These ancient, moss-covered and ivy-grown pillars were placed there by a race long since swept away, emblems of the pride of Rome in her most brilliant days, when she sat proudly on her seven hills, queen of the world. We have seen these ruins by moonlight, with all the poetic influences of the hour, and have again returned, night after night, to view them still once more. During the day we would visit some of the many studios of artists, the Borghese, or some other palace, then once more turn our steps to St. Peter's, to lose ourselves in its immensity, and to gaze upon its endless number of columns, mosaics, pictures and statues, and upon its immense walls, studded in the most finished workmanship, more than four hundred feet high, with precious stones! The effect is inconceivably grand, of a vast mosaic floor, unbroken by even a chair placed upon it, *six hundred feet and more across*, while here and there a bending figure communes in prayer. Then, again, as the vesper bell of Santa Trinita rang out at the twilight hour, we would turn our steps towards it, and listen to the chanting of the nuns—become completely lost in a dreaminess induced by the solemn harmony of the music.

The largest ruins of ancient Rome are those of the baths. History tells us they were open to the people daily, and the principal ones would accommodate over three thousand persons. The baths of Diocletian were enormously large, and occupied seven years in building—the work of forty thousand Christian slaves, most of whom died in the labor. These baths were among the last productions of Roman grandeur, and they show in their lewd statues and fresco paintings, still extant, the spirit of reckless indulgence and disregard of virtue, which tended so materially to her downfall. These reflections are corroborated by the histories of her last emperors and her nobles; for, with the perfection of luxury and wealth, came desolation. Eighteen centuries have passed since then; but may not a goodly moral influence be derived from these recollections? Let us have a care how we build up luxury, that we do it not at the cost of honor and virtue, lest our fate be like that of imperial Rome.

We have been out to the Protestant burial ground. Here we saw the graves of those true poets, Keats and Shelly, and a fresh one, of one of the English travellers who came from Florence with us, a few days since. He was a young physician, travelling for his health, but some sudden change in his disease took place, and it soon terminated fatally. He was a pure and noble-minded man, and we enjoyed his society very much. He was conscious of his approaching end some hours before he died, and gave directions as to where he should be lain, and desired to have engraven on the marble slab placed over his remains, the following words, without his name, 'His hour came, and he was resigned.' There were many other graves of interest here. Near by is the imperishable monument of the sepulchre of Caius Cestius, a beautiful pyramid of more than a hundred feet in height. It is seemingly the most perfect ancient structure in Rome, and is uninjured after a lapse of eighteen hundred years.

Holy week came on since we arrived, and I have been witnessing religious ceremonies carried on in a style of the most perfect sumptuousness and elegance, with the most costly display conceivable. The Pope and cardinals drive about in vehicles that outvie in costliness those of any monarch in Europe, and in a dress and with appurtenances that would support a nation's expenses for years! Ah! how unlike the meek and lowly Jesus, the humble fishermen of Galilee, is all this ostentatious display, and how foreign to the true dictates of religion. It is not the costliness of the sacrifice that so pleaseth God, as doth the offering of an humble and contrite heart, with no better canopy than the blue sky, and no more richly-studded floor than nature's glorious carpet, the soft green-sward. I assure you that it made me feel perfectly unhappy to witness the unequalled extravagance of the Pope and his followers, while the streets of Rome were overrun with miserable beggars, lank and cadaverous, and broken down with absolute want.

We drove out yesterday to the Catacombs, where stands the church of St. Sebastiano, on the identical spot where St. Sebastian was massacred. Underneath the church, in a damp, low cellar, we were shown the tombs of the early Christian martyrs who suffered not long after the time of Christ and St. Paul, to whose personal solicitations they had once listened! I have seen nothing since I came abroad that has moved me with more genuine emotion than the sight of these bones, undisturbed since the days of the crucifixion.

After visiting once more the places of most interest, and impressing upon our minds the localities of the various ruins and monuments, we shall leave Rome for Naples, the sister city of Florence; and my next letter to the FLAG will be written after I have visited Pompeii, and sailed upon the far-famed bay of the Neapolitan city.

Adieu, M. E. D.

### Ploughing by Steam.

The London Globe says that a steam plough has been tried on a farm in Essex, by stationary engines at the extremities of the field, with success. The engine is ten feet by six in bulk, portable, with a pair of horses, and may be used for ploughing, threshing, or for any purpose where steam power is required.

### The Battle of Hohenlinden.

BY J. T. HEADLEY.

The Iser and the Inn, as they flow from the Alps towards the Danube, move nearly in parallel lines, and nearly forty miles apart. As they approach the river, the space between them becomes one elevated plain, covered chiefly with a sombre, dark, pine forest—crossed by two roads only—while the mere country paths, that wind through it here and there, give no space to marching columns. Moreau had advanced across this forest to the Inn, where, on the first of December, he was attacked and forced to retrace his steps, and take up his position on the farther side, at the village of Hohenlinden. Here, where one of the great roads debouched from the woods, he placed Ney and Grouchy.

The Austrians, in four massive columns, plunged into the gloomy wilderness, designing to meet in the open plain of Hohenlinden, the central column marching along the high road, while those on either side made their way through amid the trees, as they best could.

It was a stormy December morning, when these seventy thousand men were swallowed from sight in the dark defiles of Hohenlinden. The day before it had rained heavily, and the roads were almost impassable; but now a furious snow-storm darkened the heaven, and completely covered the ground with one white, unbroken surface. The by-paths were blotted out, and the sighing pines overhead drooped with their snowy burdens above the ranks, or shook them down on the heads of the soldiers, as artillery wheels smote against their trunks. It was a strange spectacle, those long, dark columns, out of sight of each other, stretching through the dreary forest by themselves; while the falling snow, sifting over the ranks, made the unmarked way still more solitary. The soft and yielding mass broke the tread of the advancing hosts, while the artillery, and ammunition and baggage wagons, gave forth a muffled sound, that seemed prophetic of some mournful catastrophe. The centre columns alone had a hundred cannon in its train, while behind them were five hundred wagons—the whole closed up by the slowly moving cavalry.

Thus marching, it came at about 9 o'clock upon Hohenlinden, and attempted to debouch into the plain; when Grouchy fell upon it with such fury that it was forced back into the woods. In a moment the old forest was alive with echoes and its gloomy recesses illuminated with the blaze of artillery. Grouchy, Granjeau, and Ney, put forth incredible efforts to keep this immense force from deploying into the open field. The two former struggled with the energy of desperation to hold their ground; and although the soldiers could not see the enemy's lines, the storm was so thick, yet they aimed at the flashes that issued from the woods, and thus the two armies fought. The pine trees were cut in two, like reeds, by the artillery, and fell with a crash on the Austrian columns, while the fresh-fallen snow turned red with flowing blood. In the meantime, Richenpanse, who had been sent by a circuitous route with a single division to attack the enemy's rear, had accomplished his mission. Though his division had been cut in two and irretrievably separated by the Austrian left wing, the brave general continued to advance, and with only three hundred men fell boldly on forty thousand Austrians. As soon as Moreau heard the sound of his cannon through the forest, and the alarm it spread amid the enemy's ranks, he ordered Ney and Grouchy to charge full on the Austrian centre. Checked, then overthrown, that broken column was rolled back in disorder and completely routed. Campbell, the poet, stood in a tower and gazed on the terrible scene, and in the midst of the fight composed in part that stirring ode which is known as far as the English language is spoken.

The depths of the forest swallowed the struggling hosts from sight, but still there issued forth from its bosom shouts and yells mingled with the thunder of cannon, and all the confused noise of battle. The Austrians were utterly routed, and the frightened cavalry went plunging through the crowd of fugitives into the woods—the artillerymen cut their traces, and leaving their guns behind, mounted their horses and galloped away—and that magnificent column, as if rent by some violent explosion, was hurled in shattered fragments on every side. For miles the white ground was sprinkled with dead bodies, and when the battle left the forest, and the pine tree stood calm and silent in the wintry night, piercing cries and groans issued out of the gloom in every direction—sufferers answering sufferer as he lay and writhed on the cold snow. Twenty thousand men were scattered there amid the trees, while broken carriages and wagons, and deserted guns, spread a perfect wreck around.

### Literary Fame.

Many of our readers have listened to the eloquent lectures of Rev. Mr. Giles on Don Quixotte and other subjects. Though physically deformed, Mr. Giles is a perfect Adonis in mental endowment. Here is a scrap from one of his lectures, delivered in New York lately. We cut it from the Tribune.

'Fame does not come by wishing—because genius or power does not come by wishing. Locke wrote his immortal essays for a Conversation Club; Chesterfield his wicked but polished letters to refine the manners of a son that could not be refined; Paschal's Provincial Letters were composed in a temporary controversy. Indeed the position that epistolary compositions hold is not the least determined; and those that have attained it have been written without the least view to it. Swift had no anxiety for literary fame, and he cared as little about the literary opinion of his cotemporaries as he did of their moral opinion; yet his fame is immortal. Had Bloomfield been a justice of the peace instead of a farmer's boy, the world would have known little about him. It had been better for poor Bloomfield to have remained at the plow; and for Kirk White's literary fame his death came time enough. Could Shakspeare have discovered through the mysterious future the millions that were to pant and laugh and weep over the wizard poetry that convulsed audiences, such must have given him exceeding exultation; mighty as his soul was, yet it would have felt the enlargement of a new joy as he saw men weeping and laughing over his pages, not on the Thames only, but upon the banks of the Ganges, and the most remote regions of the earth.

### Natural Curiosity.

The lovers of natural history will be gratified by an inspection of a curiosity lying in our office in the shape of an American clam, a species of shell fish similar to the English muscle. Its history is singular: 'Mr. Scott, a gentleman residing at Huytongate, about four years ago, had some rough stones carried from the quay at Liverpool to his garden to form a rockery round his fish-pond. Upon these stones several clams have grown. The stones were brought from Lake Ontario, and had been used for some time as ballast in an American vessel; they were lying on the quay four months previous to being used. How they obtained the moisture necessary to the growth and nourishment of shell fish is a mystery. There are eight or ten of the kind, and they are in a healthy condition.'—*Liverpool Mercury*.

### Parallel Qualities of the Sexes.

There is an admirable partition of qualities between the sexes, which the Author of being has distributed to each, with a wisdom that challenges our unbounded admiration.

Man is strong—woman is beautiful.

Man is daring and confident—woman is diffident and unassuming.

Man is great in action—woman in suffering.

Man shines abroad—woman at home.

Man talks to convince—woman to persuade and please.

Man has a rugged heart—woman a soft and tender one.

Man prevents misery—woman relieves it.

Man has science—woman taste.

Man has judgment—woman sensibility.

Man is a being of justice—woman an angel of mercy.

THE FLAG OF OUR UNION.

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F. GLEASON, PROPRIETOR.

MATURIN M. BALLOU, EDITOR.

☞ The terms of The Flag of our Union are $2 00 per annum, invariably in advance. The paper is always discontinued at the expiration of the time paid for.—See imprint on the last page.

☞ All communications designed for publication in the paper, must be post paid, and addressed to F. Gleason, *Boston, Mass.*, Proprietor of The Flag of our Union.

### To our Correspondents.

'Hop-Frog, or the eight-chained Ourang Outangs,' a prose sketch, by our regular contributor, Edgar A. Poe, will appear in our next.

'On visiting the Grave of Washington,' a poem, by O. S. H., accepted.

'The Rover of the Gulf,' a tale of Lafitte and the Gulf, by Capt. Robert Barnacle, shall appear in our next.

'Dreams,' a poem, by our regular contributor, Mrs. Emma C. Embury, filed for the next number.

'Anacreontic,' a poem, declined.

'Foreign Correspondence, No 10,' a letter from our valued correspondent, dated at Naples, shall appear in our next.

'The Court Martial away Down East,' a humorous sketch from our regular contributor, Uncle Toby, next week.

'Foreign Correspondence,' an original letter from St. Helena, by a sailor, filed for next week.

'Fear not to die,' a poem, accepted.

'A Yankee in Mexico,' one of the best and most laughable sketches yet, from our regular contributor, The Old 'Un, shall appear next week.

'A Love Song of Scotland,' a poem, by our regular contributor, Mrs. Frances S. Osgood, in our next.

'Thus we go,' a poem of the times, filed for the Olio column. The author will see that we have taken the liberty to alter the tone of his contribution a little. It was too late in the season for the original spirit of it.

'Haste thee, Spring,' 'An Impromptu,' 'No more will I love thee,' and 'Lines on a Vessel sailing for California,' are respectfully declined.

☞ No poems or other articles will be received for this paper, unless accompanied by an authentic name.

### Editorial Profession.

It is a singularly seductive employment that of an editor, and rather than resign it, many prefer an uncertain and precarious living, to certain comfort and a handsome income. One gets to love it, as does an artist his calling, or a sculptor the creation of his chisel.—Not that, Pygmalion-like, he actually falls in love with his own creation after he has completed and sent it forth, but yet he does feel a pride in his profession, though his own ability may not shine forth with comet-like splendor. There is a satisfaction in sitting down quietly in one's sanctum, and with pen in hand, to realize that we are talking with fifty thousand or more of our fellow-travellers on the highway of life. A cozy and companionable feeling comes over us, and we learn to love our 'parish' of subscribers, like the members of one large family. We meet with them weekly, in spirit, and with each individual member hold an intercourse of sentiment and feeling, more minute and explicit even than we could do orally. We can remember when we were a mere boy, to have learned to love our weekly paper and its editor, like an old friend, and to have read its articles with the feelings with which one sits down by a congenial spirit to listen and to talk. If it were not for this spirit of sympathy, and this response from the feelings of his readers that an editor hopes for, it would be but a thankless task that he performs.

We labor not lightly nor thoughtlessly for your pleasure; for many hours of the day, and the night, too, are devoted to your service, and the weary brain will sometimes come tardily to the work: but our reward is in making you to love the paper we spread before you; to make you look upon the weekly visit of the Flag with real pleasure; to cause you to anticipate its cheerful wit and graphic tales with delight; and to make you turn to these, our chit-chat columns, with a thought of ourself. With such feelings as these, how can we help but send you a good paper; and may we not feel assured of your cordial smiles in return? A thought once expressed upon these pages is like the ripple that a tiny pebble may make on the calm surface of a lake: it spreads broader and broader—is taken up by other ripples, and sent on, on, on, to the end of time. This, then, should be an incentive to render us careful that a wholesome moral ever goes with our pen, and that no unworthy thought be offered upon the fair escutcheon of the Flag. At every fresh step of this journal, success has smiled upon its advance, and as its regular increase has embraced a larger and larger field of influence, the proprietor has felt his own growing responsibility with the large influence he commands, and the moral value and integrity of the paper has as steadily improved. We speak of these things, that our subscribers may realize that we are ever alive to their interests, and thoughtful of them, and that we are determined to make the Flag valuable to them for its intrinsic worth.

### Abolition of Capital Punishment.

This subject is creating much interest at the west, particularly in Michigan. It is a Christian object, and why not give it a fair trial? If wrong, it can be re-established again, and should stand or fall upon its own merits only. It is very certain that this policy has never yet been as fairly tested as the gallows has. Some people who hold up both hands against the prosecution of a just war, will exclaim with indignation at the idea of striking capital punishment from our code of laws.

Exportation of Wives.—Three hundred and seven Irish orphan girls, all under twenty years of age, lately sailed from Plymouth for Sydney in the ship Pemberton. They are under the care of a competent matron, and a few married couples go with them. They are sent out free of cost by government, because of the great disproportion of females to males in New South Wales.

The Butler Divorce Case.—The London Spectator refers to the divorce case between Fanny Kemble Butler and her husband with much feeling in favor of the lady. For our own part, though we extol and admire the lady's genius, we have nothing to say of her domestic excellence.

Railroad Opening.—When they open a railroad route in New England, they give a regular 'house-warming,'—a sort of free spree to the public, who go over the road without charge, eat a dinner at the terminus, and return chock full of satisfaction and praise of the new route.

The Golden Dollar.—Congress has at last passed a law to issue from the U. S. mint forthwith, the long talked of golden dollar, and the twenty dollar piece.

Topic of the Day.—For some time past it is hard to say which has been the prevailing topic of the town—California gold or the late prize fight?

### A Little too Fast.

Not many years since, a certain editor, who might be called rather a 'fast man,' and who, to do him justice, was ever on the alert for anything that was new and spicy, made arrangements with an eminent member of Congress for a copy of a speech that he was about to deliver before the senate chamber, upon an interesting subject; and indeed the whole country, it was well known, were awaiting most anxiously an expression of opinion from this same senator upon the all-important topic. With every preliminary caution to avoid accident, the manuscript was mailed at Washington for the editor referred to, so that he should receive it the day subsequent to its delivery. There were no telegraphs in those days, and indeed it was a good five days' journey from —— to the capital. Well, in accordance with the directions of the senator himself, the time was strictly adhered to and the speech published as especially directed by the author; but ye gods! what tricks fortune will sometimes play upon 'travellers!' The speech itself *was not delivered at all!* A change in the form of the bill before Congress to which it related, having been made, it passed unanimously, and nothing more was thought or said about it at Washington, until the *printed* speech of the honorable member from ——, which had never been made, appeared in the paper!

We were reminded of this rather serious joke, a day or two since, when running over one of our French exchanges, we met with a somewhat similar accident that lately occurred in Paris. We give our readers a free translation after our own style.

One of the most conspicuous dandies of the gayest city of Europe, la belle Paris, had lately succeeded in winning the affections of a very rich and handsome young widow, and they were engaged to be married. The time was set, but the young gallant had convivial friends and boon companions, of whom he must take an appropriate leave; and the last night of the year was appointed for that purpose, when he was to take a jubilastic adieu of wine. For the twenty-four hours in which this process was to be consummated, of course he could not see his lady-love at all, nor yet could he inform her where he was to be engaged; so he resolved to write a love letter *in advance*, which should be despatched to her during the hours of his convivial enjoyment. The main object of the letter, of course, was to account for his absence from her on the evening of the 31st, without discovering to her the real truth. Therefore he dated his letter Jan. 1st, and went on to say:

'I pass from one year to another, thinking of you, dearest! As midnight sounded from the clock, I contemplated your portrait and re-read your adorable letters; then lying upon my couch, as sleep closed my eye-lashes, I dreamed of you; how delicious, how sweet, how heavenly! I awakened at daylight this morning, and with the first glimmer of the coming day, I sit down to describe my dream to you, etc.;' and on he goes to describe his dream in a closely written, four-page letter.

Having made all arrangements for his frolic by six o'clock P. M. December 31st, he called his servant, and directed him with the greatest care to give the letter to Madame ——, when she was at her breakfast the next forenoon, not expecting to be home until noon the next day himself, and then, probably, not in a very clear-minded condition. The night passed away as all such nights do, except that the young lover, having lost more money than usual, returned much earlier than he had expected to do, and as he passed into his door, at 4 o'clock, A. M., he merely said to his servant:

'Remember to take that letter I left with you to Madame —— at breakfast time.'

'O, monsieur,' replied the man, with a satisfied air, 'it has already gone!'

'How?' asked the lover, aghast.

'Yes, monsieur, I met madame's maid in the street yesterday, coming, and as I had the letter in my pocket, I gave it to her then.'

So that on the evening of the 31st, the lady received a letter recounting the events of a night which *had not yet arrived!* On January 1st, there were two dismissals; one was a servant by his master, the other a lover by his lady mistress!

The Key to the Valentine.—To translate the address of the Valentine which appeared in our last paper from the pen of Edgar A. Poe, read the first letter of the first line in connection with the second letter of the second line, the third letter of the third line, the fourth of the fourth, and so on to the end. The name of our contributor, Frances Sargent Osgood, will thus appear.

The Polka Dance.—A correspondent asks if we did not exclude the polka in our remarks in favor of dancing, the other day. At that time we spoke of dancing in general. We must say, however, that we consider the polka decidedly vulgar, and it is difficult in refined society to find a lady that will dance it. Victoria long since prohibited it at her court.

American Built.—It is somewhat flattering to see European powers purchasing their ships of war of this country. The steamer United States, just sold to the German government for $275,000, is an example. She is a noble steamer, and will do our mechanics and her name credit abroad.

A Prediction.—Mr. Walter Savage Landor, in the London Examiner, prognosticates that 'the occupation of California by the Americans will hereafter lay the foundation of a vast and powerful empire, to predominate, at no distant period, in the farthest east.'

Price of a Life.—The Legislature of Massachusetts have passed a law which averages life at $5000; and this is the sum that surviving relatives receive from the corporations where a friend is killed by accident upon the railroad.

The California Fever is evidently abating in our principal cities. People begin to think that very nearly enough persons have gone out to the 'diggins' to get all the gold that will be found.

Contrast.—The British government has just closed a contract for 50,000 gallons of rum for its navy. The United States government has just abolished the article in its service altogether.

Theatrical.—Mr. Macready has been remarkably successful at the St. Charles Theatre, New Orleans. He made his first appearance there in the character of Hamlet.

Kissing.—The Louisville Journal says, in speaking of the reception of General Taylor, at the Gault House, that he kissed the ladies with a 'very decided appetite!'

A Boat Song.—Read this sparkling 'little love of a song,' by our regular contributor, F. A. Durivage, Esq., in the present number.

### Editorial Ink-Drops.

Rev. Mr. Parker of Boston calls piety the baby-jumper of the soul!

Success is a rare paint—it hides all manner of ugliness.

There were erected in New York city during the last year, 320 tenements.

It is proposed to unite New York city and Brooklyn, L. I., in one city government.

The Parisians, it seems, have got the California fever very bad.

Counterfeit half dollars are circulating largely in the western cities.

It is supposed that about $4,000,000 have already been gathered at the 'diggins.'

Edward Gage, aged *eight years*, committed suicide at Clarkson, N. Y., lately.

About 1400 persons have left Boston in all, for the gold region.

The Boston boys are still killing unmuzzled dogs though the 50 cent law is repealed.

What has possessed the governors of several States to pardon out so many convicts?

Mrs. Butler is to give readings in Springfield and other towns in Massachusetts.

The Artesian well, digging at Charleston, S. C., is already 500 feet deep.

Spirit rations are very wisely discontinued in the American naval service.

Maria Edgeworth, the authoress, is aged 83 years, and is now residing in Ireland.

Some wag sets down Saturn as a pugilist, because it is always in the *ring*.

A cotemporary says, very sagely, 'Some men are wise, and some are otherwise.'

The present population of Massachusetts is set down officially at $875,000.

Punch calls patience a moral musquito net, with the smallest kind of fibres.

There were five men hung in the same number of days at the 'diggins.'

About 184 vessels, all told, have sailed from the U. S. for California, thus far.

Booth came pretty near dying of the cholera at New Orleans, but he recovered.

They had a snow storm at Savannah lately, the first since the year 1837.

### A Glimpse Abroad.

France set the ball in motion—the suppression of a political dinner party cost Louis Philippe his crown, and he fled to England. Then came the poet governorship of Lamartine; afterwards the sterner one of the soldier Cavaignac; and, lastly, that of the second Napoleon. Germany and Prussia followed suit, with changes of rulers and constitutions, until it is hard to tell what is Germany, and what Prussia. Austria, after experiencing revolution upon revolution, for the last twelve months, now in Prague, now in Pesth, and now in Vienna, is as far as ever from a settled state; while Hungary is as hard to manage as Arabs in the desert. In Italy, the pope's liberal policy gained him golden opinions for a while, but Rome, with its population of priests and wax light makers, is in a ferment, too, and the pope himself a fugitive and a wanderer. Spain has been for a considerable period upside down as usual; for when was she not torn and lacerated by internal commotions and civil war? Russia should adopt, as her national motto, a boar's head, and these words: 'I bide my time,'—for it will come by-and-by, and the blessing of freedom will shine over the north. England, after a year of unexampled stagnation in business, and domestic misery, has by good management put off her ultimate downfall for a while, and the sun shines once more over the united kingdoms. Ireland, it is true, is still suffering, and it is doubtless here that the fire will finally break out that will consume monarchy in Great Britain at a future day. The past year in Europe has been like the sowing of seed; the harvest is yet to come.

### Lent.

'No, no, not any meat for me to-day—'tis Lent,' said old Bob, as he refused the proffered plate, and who, if not a Catholic, is as rigid as one of that sect in certain observances.

'*Lent!* Goodness gracious! who'd a thought he'd a known it—Lent! Well, 'spoin the meat was lent, aint it as good for all of that? T wouldn't be the first time you've eaten lent meat, not by a good deal, I guess. I'll be bound that you've eaten it many a time in this house afore now,' cried the indignant Mrs. Spriggins, as she placed her arms akimbo.

'Tut, tut, my good landlady, I was speaking of a certain custom—'

'Custom! 'taint a custom, I'd have you to know; I never make a practice of borrowing nor lending, but sometimes 't will happen so.'

Here old Bob, finding it useless to stem the current, donned his tarpaulin and evacuated the premises, muttering: 'Whirlwinds, moonsoons, and tornadoes.'

Chinese Babies.—Heretofore it has been the practice in the large towns and cities of China to drown a pretty good share of the female children. By the last steamer, we see that an edict has been declared prohibiting this, and denouncing it 'as against all morality and civilization,' and further says that 'it disturbs the harmony of heaven.'

Consistency.—Mr. Stephens, of Georgia, says he would dissolve both Union and universe, before he would vote money to carry the treaty with Mexico into effect. We don't know and don't care a farthing on which side of politics Mr. Stephens belongs, but should hardly think any party would desire to acknowledge him.

Mortality at Sea.—The British emigrant ship Cambria lately put into the Delaware breakwater in distress, having been thirteen weeks at sea, and losing fifty-five of her passengers by some malady that broke out after leaving port. Seven more died on the ship's coming to anchor. They were short of provisions and water.

Contributors.—We would call the reader's attention to the names we are constantly adding to our regular list of contributors. We are determined to give more original matter than any other weekly paper, and that too from the first writers in this country.

Poem.—Our regular contributor, Augustine J. H. Duganne, Esq., delivered the poem before the Boston Mechanic Apprentices' Library Association lately, on the occasion of its 29th anniversary.

O. A. Brownson.—This man has been transcendentalizing the good people of New York city. Isn't it most time for Mr. B. to 'break out in a new spot?' Catholicism is getting to be an old story.

For the Readers of the Flag.—We have some rare original sketches and poems filed for the forthcoming numbers of the Flag. Each number shall be better and better.

Of Course.—A cotemporary innocently expresses a wish to see the hand from which 'the finger of scorn' was amputated.

Dramatic.—The drama of Monte-Christo has had a run of over fifty nights at the Broadway Theatre, New York.

### From our Foreign Files.

The French government have resolved to suppress all clubs in Paris for the future.

Money in London was never more plenty, or to be had at cheaper rates of interest.

Discontent, misery and starvation are still all prevalent in poor Ireland.

Increased activity is evinced throughout all branches of trade in England.

The cholera still sweeps off some fifty or sixty per week in the metropolis.

The California excitement still continues, and companies are forming to sail from Liverpool for San Francisco.

American produce was in active demand, and at the highest rates, both for shipment and domestic consumption.

Some amateur performers are about to give theatrical exhibitions at Bristol, England, for the benefit of the indigent poor.

We see by a statistical return that the British army numbers over seven thousand regimental officers on full pay.

The Brussels papers speak of a number of Belgians already preparing to emigrate from that country to California.

The Marquis of Lansdowne, it is said, is in possession of two hundred unpublished manuscript plays of the great dramatist Massinger.

The Austrian government has decided that it shall no longer be necessary to mention in passports the religion of the bearers.

The present number of paupers in Ireland is 2,300,000! and this too out of a population of seven millions! A third of the inhabitants of the most fertile island in the world beggars!

In a recent number of the London Times newspaper, it was said that one hundred million pounds sterling, or five hundred millions of dollars, had been lost in England alone, by the construction of railways.

Highly respectable men in the city of London cut very queer figures in the bankruptcy court; Beausaran & Co.'s house had it seems £70,000 of debts, and not assets enough for a shilling dividend.

### Driblets of Wisdom.

Credulity proceeds from inexperience.

Nothing humbler than ambition when it is about to climb.

Affectation is a greater enemy to the face than the small-pox.

There is nothing of which men are so fond of, and withal so careless, as life.

A man cannot possess anything that is better than a good woman; nor anything that is worse than a bad one.

Maintain dignity, without the appearance of pride; manner is something with everybody, and everything with some.

He who seldom speaks, and with one calm, well-timed word can strike dumb the loquacious, is a genius or a hero.

Sleep in the morning, wine at noon, childish conversation, and the frequent assemblies of the ignorant, take a man out of the world.

Politeness is a mixture of discretion, civility, complaisance, and circumspection, accompanied by an agreeable air, spread over all that one says or does.

When a man has been guilty of any vice or folly, I think the best atonement he can make for it, is to warn others not to fall into the like.—*Addison.*

If you will secure a contented spirit, you must measure your condition, not your fortunes, by your desires—that is, be governed by your needs, not by your fancies.

A man's self is often his worst robber. He steals from his own bosom and heart what God has there deposited, and he hides it out of his way as dogs and foxes do with bones.

It was a golden query of Dr. Franklin, in answer to one of the importunate letters of Tom Paine, 'if men were so wicked with religion, what would they be without it?'

Intolerance should never hold in fettered durance the divine privilege of thought; faith, the primeval cord that binds man in holy unison with his Creator, should soar to its fountain of light, untrammelled by the dismal influence of an unlettered bigotry.

### The Joker's Olio.

Why is a man without legs like an even bargain? Because there is nothing to *boot*.

Why is a cheese like a jail? Because we are glad to find it uninhabited.

Why is a stingy man like a bird's foot? Because he has *no soul*.

Why is a chicken pie like a gun-smith's shop? Because it contains fowl-in-pieces.

A lady who had a favorite fawn that suddenly died, wrote some lines on its death, which she added: '*To a deer friend*.'

Such is the richness of the soil in California, that steel pens, if put into the ground over night, are found to be gold ones in the morning.

A reverend gourmand in England thinks that large, green grasshoppers are an excellent dish. They are no doubt excellent—*for greens*.

An Irishman came into possession of five sovereigns, and not wishing to spend them, went to a pawnbroker's, and pawned them for ten shillings.

A chap reading in a paper that Mexican *Mes* had been received in this city, went into a hardware store and asked to look at some of them.

A person who was in delicate health being asked by a friend 'if he would *venture on an orange*,' replied: 'No, I thank you—*I should roll off*.'

Most of the vessels sail for California on *Sunday*. Is it because 'the better day the better deed?'—or are bumbailiffs powerless on that day?

The New York Globe is fearful that the Whigs will put up Tom Hyer for the next Presidency—as he won his laurels by fighting the battle of *Buny-fitty*.

The ladies have been plentifully kissed by Gen. Taylor in Cincinnati. Some of the jealous youths thought that the old General kissed more as if he relished the business than as a mere matter of form.

### Miscellaneous Scraps.

On Sunday afternoon, Federal Burt Coe, son of Joseph Coe, Esq., of Durham, N. H., committed suicide by hanging. He had partially recovered from a protracted and severe sickness. He was 20 years of age.

A western freshet on some of the rivers of the great valley presents a strange aspect. For instance, the Mississippi at Memphis, was said to be, at the last accounts, forty miles broad.

The pickpockets had a busy, and as it turned out, a pretty profitable time of it, in a pecuniary point of view, at Louisville, Ky., on the occasion of the arrival there of the President elect. During the day of his arrival there were sixteen pockets picked.

The Potomac is, for many miles below the city of Washington, so completely blocked with ice, that sail vessels cannot pass without the aid of steamboats. The ice houses in that vicinity have been amply filled this season.

The Journal of Health, in cases of croup, advises instant, sudden and free application of the coldest water, with a sponge, to the neck and chest; then, after wiping the patient dry, wrap in warm covering, giving it freely of cold water to drink.

The English minister at Washington has been requested by the Canadian authorities to remonstrate against the bridging of Lake Champlain by the Ogdensburg railroad company, as being subversive of treaty stipulations.

Ohio alone, without sinking a pit below the level of her valleys, could supply coal equal to the amount dug from the mines of England and Wales for twenty-five hundred years—and Ohio is but a pigmy in the way of bituminous coal, compared with western Pennsylvania and Virginia.

### Quill and Scissors.

It is stated that the number of applicants for office now in Washington is perfectly incredible. The hotels and private houses are running over with them, and the President and heads of departments are bored almost to death.

The cocoa-nut tree supplies the Indians with bread, water, wine, vinegar, brandy, milk, oil, honey, sugar, needles, clothes, thread, spoons, cups, basins, baskets, paper, ship-masts, sails, cordage, covering for their houses, etc.

The greatest depth ever reached by sounding was in the Atlantic, nine hundred miles west of St. Helena, where Sir James Ross found no bottom, with a fathom line of six miles and a quarter in length.

Charlotte Cushman was in Dublin, the middle of January, producing an absolute sensation, in the character of Meg Merilies. In that part, she never had, and never can have, an equal.

Dr. V. P. Coolidge, who has been for a year in the Maine state prison, under sentence of death, for the murder of Edward Mathews, has had his sentence commuted to imprisonment for life.

On the first ult., the Mississippi river at Quincy, Illinois, was covered entirely across with ice from twelve to eighteen inches thick. Heavily laden wagons were crossing on that day.

Andrew F. Tyler, a fortune teller, was executed at Bryan, Ohio, on the 26th ult., for the murder of a child, which he killed in order that a fortune he pretended to tell might prove true.

On the day after the battle of Waterloo, on the surface of two square miles, it was ascertained that 50,000 men and horses were lying. At that battle 80,000 were killed and wounded.

The fugitive slaves in Canada are said to be thriving and happy. They are mostly farmers, and their condition is the subject of high encomiums from those who have visited them.

Mr. Robert Stephenson is now in Egypt, at the instance of the British government, to survey and report upon the practicability of making a railway across the Isthmus of Suez.

'O, mother! a bee has stung me,' said a beautiful little girl, as she came running in from the garden. 'Never mind, child,' replied the mother, 'it mistook thee for a flower.'

In Savannah, a merchant commencing business, has to deposit with the authorities of the city the sum of $500. Should he fail in his merchandising, he forfeits the $500.

A recent number of the *Times* contained an advertisement of the sale of a Peruvian relic, or natural mummy, supposed to be upwards of five hundred years old.

The legislature of New York have not voted Col. Bliss a sword, but a gold medal, in triplicate, one for him, one for the State library, and one for West Point military academy.

Dr. Stephen Dixon has been held to bail in five hundred dollars for exhuming the body of Miss Logan, from the burying ground of Dr. Smith's church, Allegany city.

The College of St. Andrew is the title of a new Catholic College which is about to be established near Fort Smith, (Ark.) under the patronage of the Bishop of Arkansas.

Wm. Van Rensselaer's mansion near Albany, now advertised for sale, is one of the most expensive ever erected in America. Its whole cost was $140,000.

Two brothers recently died in Memphis, Tenn., when the wife of one of them went out and watched all day over his grave. She went home and died the next day.

The biggest porker of which we have record was raised by Charles N. Hills, of Swanzey, N. H., and weighed 822 pounds, when killed and dressed, at the age of 28 months.

'G. T. C.' meaning 'Gone to California,' are the mysterious initials now appended to houses to let, dead letters, unpaid bills and protested notes.

Mr. Sanborn, in Hampton, N. H., was run over and killed, by the 4 o'clock train on the Eastern railroad, on Wednesday, while walking on the track intoxicated.

A young married woman in Cincinnati has become a maniac, in consequence of being assured by a fortune teller that her husband had died of cholera in New Orleans.

Three men named Williams killed a man named Morgan, and his two sons-in-law, in Wayne county, Mo., lately, in a quarrel about the entering of land.

In New York there are 894 miles of canal. Over $1,000,000 worth of canal work is under contract, to be completed by the next opening of navigation.

Lockjaw lately caused the death of Mrs. Lydia Fitch, of Bedford, Mass. She ran a needle into her foot to the depth of but one-eighth of an inch.

The brig Independence brought into port by the U. S. brig Perry, on suspicion of being engaged in the slave trade, is off Norfolk in charge of the U. S. Marshal.

The Roman Catholic clergy in the south of Ireland are said to be suffering the greatest personal distress, for want of support.

The steamer DeKalb was snagged in the Santee river, S. C., on Friday week. She had a large cargo of cotton, which was mostly saved.

In St. Louis, in an affray, Samuel Heffernan, a young Irishman, was stabbed and killed by James H. Cassady, of St. Clairsville, Ohio.

M. C. Hayden, a citizen of Big Grove township, Iowa, froze to death. He was an intelligent citizen, except when drunk.

Mr. Samuel Martin slipped while felling an ox at Brighton, and the beast stuck his horn into the man's arm, wounding him severely.

Thomas Hadden, who killed John Kehoe in New York with a slung shot, has been found not guilty of murder; justifiable homicide.

Schooner Paragon sailed from Gloucester on Sunday, with five passengers, for California, and one hundred barrels of rum.

An experiment is now in progress in Connecticut to manufacture cigars by the same machinery which is used in making pins.

A clerk in one of the departments at Washington was assaulted and robbed near his own door, and has since died of his injuries.

Widow Sally Williams lately burnt herself to death, by falling into the fire in her own house, at Claremont. She lived alone.

A steamboat recently made a trip up the Scioto River as far as Chilicothe, Ohio—the first steamboat ever seen at that place.

George Ramson, fireman aboard steamer Cherokee at New York, had his back broken by the machinery and died instantly.

A letter from Bermuda says that John Mitchell 'is a poor, miserable broken-hearted looking creature, and in wretched health.'

Cloth may be rendered waterproof by brushing it first with a solution of isinglass, and when dry, with a solution of sugar of lead.

A man named Stratton was arrested a short time since at Cairo, Ill., having in his possession $400 in spurious half dollars.

C. F. Gillmor, a trunkmaker at St. Louis, has left that place suddenly, leaving creditors to mourn for him.

Alexander Champayne, 17 years old, was kicked to death by a horse—at Ellicott's Mills, Md.

Salmon are caught in abundance in the Sacramento. Their flesh is very yellow of course.

The Princess Stephanie, of Baden, is to do the honors of the mansion of Louis Napoleon.

One may go from Detroit, Michigan, to Washington city, for twenty-nine dollars.

Daniel Murphy, an Irishman, was killed on the Baltimore and Ohio railroad.

Kah Ge-Ga-Gah-Bowh, is lecturing in New York, at the University Chapel.

Two negroes were found frozen to death near Lyons, N. Y., a few days since.

The Bangor Whig says the weather has been steadily cold for 56 days past.

Houses No. 41 and 43 Broadway, New York have been sold for $60,000.

Five hundred debtors are confined in the Baltimore jail for debt.

American galvanizing machines are now sold in England.

### Local Matters.

#### Publishing of the Flag.

The Flag of our Union is now printed on two of Adams's largest size power presses, by steam; and in order to issue our edition of *over forty thousand copies*, it requires these presses to work constantly from sunrise to sunset, every day in the week. It makes a busy scene of our publishing hall. The lower floor, or cellar, is devoted to the boilers and steam engine; the second story to the press-room, where the papers are printed; the third floor, to our business and packing office; and the fourth floor, to our bindery and printing office, where the matter is set up for the paper. Each room forms a department of itself, and altogether gives employment to thirty-five individuals, viz., a fireman, an engineer, two pressmen, three feeders for the presses, who lay on the sheets, a porter, a foreman to the printing office, and ten compositors. The bindery gives employment to some ten persons upon the books that are issued by us. There are also six clerks, besides the publisher and editor. Add to this number about as many more able contributors, and the reader will realize somewhat of the labor and expense necessary to issue such a paper as we lay before the public. Then we keep one paper mill, with all its apparatus and numerous attendants, constantly at work to manufacture our paper for the Flag; besides giving nearly constant employment to another, for book and wrapping paper. Thus, before 'The Flag of our Union' reaches the reader, it will be seen how great an amount of average labor has been expended upon it.

#### Mrs. G. H. Barrett

This lady, who for the few past weeks has been the bright particular star in the dramatic horizon of our city, deserves from us more than a passing notice. She made her *debut* at the old Federal Street Theatre, Boston, before we were born; yet she has outcharmed the caprices of fortune, and time only smiles upon her brow. Her forehead and eyes have a beauty that cannot be readily lost, and so long as she continues upon the stage, she must be strikingly interesting. She is decidedly the best actress that Boston has ever reared, and when abroad last season, received the highest encomiums of praise from the London press. We have fancied in her enactment of some of her characters, and in some impassioned parts, that she was actuated by more than fictitious wretchedness, in the expression of her face, and the thrilling tones of her sweetly-musical voice. Mrs. Barrett has a most versatile talent; her best characters are Rosalind, Julia, in the Hunchback, Constance, in the Love Chase, Pauline, Beatrice, etc.; in many of which we have never seen her excelled upon the stage.

#### Long Dresses

We see ladies daily perambulating Washington street with dresses that drag upon the ground at every step, and in these days of bad walking, picking up loads of mud and water. If the dress is a rich one, a single walk of this sort must ruin it. Now, what in the name of good taste makes the ladies wear such long dresses? Is it graceful—is it becoming?—Neither; on the contrary, it is exceedingly ill-advised, if a lady considers for one moment her general appearance in the street. For goodness sake, let ladies show their independence, by wearing shorter dresses in the street. If they have pretty feet (and nearly ever lady has), it will show them: if bad ones, people will not think they are striving to hide them.

#### Amusements.

The opera has been highly successful since its subscription plan, and large audiences have greeted its performances. The Boston Museum, with Mrs. Barrett, has been thronged every evening. Bland & Skerrett's Lyceum is going on in the even tenor of success. The National has produced a new and attractive piece, entitled, 'The Water Sprite and the Fire Fiend,' with other pieces, to good houses. The Female Forty Thieves have turned out with full ranks each night, at the Beach Street Museum, where this original burletta has had a run of some forty nights. There have been the usual number of lectures, concerts and oratorios.

#### Boston Hotels.

We doubt if any city in the Union can surpass Boston in the general excellence and size of its hotels. We know of nothing, by personal experience, except the St. Charles, at New Orleans, that will compare with our Revere and Tremont Houses. The former is, without doubt, the best found public house in the Union, and its furniture and general conveniences are unrivalled. It is also one of the largest public houses in the country. The United States Hotel, Beach street, we believe, is the largest hotel in the Union, and is most unexceptionably conducted.

Widening Streets.—Many of the narrow lanes in Boston are being widened, and the large thoroughfares improved in the same manner. Lindall street, a mere alley heretofore, leading from Congress to Kilby street, has now become a broad and handsome thoroughfare, lined with massive granite stores.

March of Improvement.—The city authorities of Boston have voted to erect another school-house in South Boston, on land belonging to the city, corner of Fourth and East streets, at a cost of $33,000.

Inauguration Balls.—There were three of these entertainments given in Boston on the fifth instant, in grand style—one at the Boston Theatre, one at Faneuil Hall, and one at Assembly Hall, Beach street.

The Museum.—Those of our readers who have not seen Warren as John Peter in Poor Pillicoddy, should do so on the first occasion that offers. He's inimitable.

Commerce of Boston.—Ship Thomas W. Sears has cleared for Canton with a cargo of nineteen hundred and ninety-nine bales and eight cases domestics, valued at $67,681.

Valentines.—It is estimated that about twenty-five thousand Valentines were circulated in this city on the fourteenth and fifteenth of February.

Honor to a Bostonian.—Dr. Jackson, of this city, has received the order of Knight of the Legion of Honor, from the President of France, Louis Napoleon.

Beef.—Rather a tall yoke of oxen were exhibited in State street the other day. They had been fatted for beef, and weighed, unitedly, forty-three hundred pounds.

The Valentine by Edgar A. Poe.—H. C. B., Emma H., and some other correspondents, will see that their solutions of the Valentine are correct.

The Streets.—The thoroughfares of the city give most tangible evidence of the breaking up of a hard winter.

### OUR OLIO COLUMN.

#### The Monomaniac.

BY AN AFFLICTED WIFE.

Dear sir, a wife in agony,
Would tell her tale of woe;
Would seek advice and sympathy,
If aught of help you know.

I had a husband of my heart,
Who seemeth now another;
My babes are orphaned, sir, in part,
They've but a grief-worn mother.

Till now his life did ever prove
The tender, faithful friend;
The husband's duty, parent's love,
Did ever sweetly blend.

But here, a mute, abstracted wolf,
He seems some troubled ghost,
Haunting the house of former life,
Seeking existence lost.

I often try some gentle word
To lure him back to me;
And if at length my voice is heard,
His look is strange to see.

Perhaps I say, 'Be careful, dear!
You're surely taking cold;'
He answers wildly in my ear,
'No doubt about the gold.'

I place his infant in his arms,
And say, 'Tis Adrienne!'
He speaks, not noting her bright charms,
'She's bound for Darien!'

I say, 'Do look at sissy, dear!
She's crying for mamma;'
It shocks me, when I gruffly hear,
'She'll stop at Panama.'

I say, 'Will you not walk with me?
Or ride, love, if you please;'
And pray where will we stop at tea?'
He answers, 'At Chagres.'

I say, 'Your appetite is gone;
Oh what, dear, will you dine?'
He answers with sepulchral tone,
'O, twenty carats fine.'

I say, with hopes that still beguile,
My poetry will you test?'
He answers, with a ghastly smile,
'Sulphuric acid's best.'

Once more I try, 'Your mother kind
Has sent this welcome letter!'
He whispers, as if deaf and blind,
'A life insurance's better.'

'I say, 'Your business needs some care,
Or it will run away, sir;'
Where, then, will be our home—O where!'
He answers, 'On a placer.'

I say, 'Your head is out o' sorts;
Your memory's at a loss;'
Another of those grim retorts,
'Tis sixty miles across.'

I've heard of money-maniacs,
I think he must be one;
But yet, O how my poor heart aches,
What is there can be done?

*Perley's Picnic.*

#### Vive La France.

Joy to the land of the clustering vine,
To the land of song and dance;
Ay shall a fadeless wreath be thine,
A jamais! Vive la France!

Columbia, with a joyful hand,
Salutes thee o'er the sea,
And hails thee as a sister land,
Dear France, forever free.

No more thou'lt bow to kingly gold,
No more a tyrant feel;
For the voice of freemen, firm and bold,
Is mightier than steel.

The world shall echo with thy praise,
Thy glory shall increase;
And brighter shine in future days
The star of liberty.

Through the fair land, each patriot heart
With hope and gladness thrills;
For the bird that soars with tireless wing
Has perched upon thy hills.

There may he fold his wing, and rest
A guardian to thee;
And prove that Heaven has nobly blest
The eagle of the free.

Then joy to the land of the clustering vine!
To the land of song and dance;
Ay shall a fadeless wreath be thine!
A jamais! Vive la France!

#### Common Sense.

She came among the glittering crowd,
A maiden fair, without pretence,
And when they asked her humble name,
She mildly answered, 'Common Sense.'

Her modest garb drew every eye,
Her ample cloak, her shoes of leather;
And when they sneered, she simply said,
'I dress according to the weather.'

They argued long, and reasoned loud,
In dubious Hindoo phrase mysterious;
While she, poor child, could not divine
Why girls so young should be so serious.

They knew the length of Pluto's beard,
And how the scholars wrote in Saturn;
She studied authors not so deep,
And took the Bible for her pattern.

And so she said, 'Excuse me, friends,
I find all have their proper places;
And Common Sense should stay at home,
With cheerful hearts and smiling faces.'

#### Wills without Lawyers

I was a dissolute young blade,
A scapegrace of the worst degree;
And so my slow old uncle made
A will to disinherit me.

To save the lawyer's fee intent,
The deed himself he needs must draw;
And by that precious testament,
He cut me off—his heir at law.

At last the old curmudgeon died,
And, to the will, when 'twas perused,
Proved only signed on its outside,
And so the probate was refused.

The tin is mine, instead of Bill's,
Although I am a worthless whelp;
So here's success to all those wills
Are made without a lawyer's help.

#### Ho, for California!

The New York Mirror serves up this pleasant satire:—

Go, all ye poor fellows who have never a groat,
Whose income is nothing a year,
California wants you, so take the first boat,
For we have no use for ye here.

Go up Feather river, and feather your nests,
And when feathered, come back and behold!
You shall have as much worship, sire, then at the feast,
As the golden calf worshipped of old.

#### A Batch of Epigrams.

*To Bob, on breaking the tongue of his wagon.*

No matter, we shall not be long
Upon the highway loggin';
For though your wagon's lost a tongue,
Your tongue it keeps a waggin'.

*To Bob with a bad tooth-ache.*

You've talked so long, and talked so fast,
Until your tongue is raw;
I'm very glad to find at last
You've got to hold your jaw.

Why's a covetous man, with a memory bad,
Like one with whom avarice is a sin most besetting?
Because, if no better solution be had,
He is never for giving, but always for getting.

#### Panoramas.

Panoramas have waked up a poetical genius about town, who has achieved the following:

The world is now-a-days a Panorama;
When mighty Shakspeare lived, it was a stage—
Too slow a coach by half for this fast age;
The canvass every day is now unfurled
To take the people voyages round the world.

#### Apple Dumplings.

Brother Sam is fond of greens,
But Jim prefers salt pork and beans;
Bill goes in for cakes and pies,
And Tom for roasted turkey sighs;
But apple dumplings give to me,
O, apple dumplings! Jubilee!

#### On a Miser.

A rich man's purse, a poor man's soul is there,
Starving thy body that thy heirs may dine.

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[Written for The Flag of our Union.]

### The Mourner's Prayer.

The following lines have regard to Mrs. Waldo's prayer, published in a late number of the Flag.

Dear child of sorrow, lend an ear
To what the loving Spirit saith;
For blessed are the ears that hear,
And hearing, yield implicit faith.

'Forever I will not contend,
Nor wrathful will I always be;
I only chasten to amend,
And bring the contrite heart to me.

'Anger a moment may remain,
But in my favor there is life;
The night may witness grief and pain,
But joy comes with the morning light.

'A little wrath, a moment's time,
Hath hid my loving face from thee;
But everlasting mercies shine,
To set my child from sorrows free.

'I've sworn the flood shall not again
Cover this fair and bounteous earth;
And as that oath shall sure remain,
I will no more with thee be wroth.'

It gives me joy, dear child of mine,
To read thy prayer to him who will
To all his counsels thee resign,
And all his promises fulfil.

From every eye he wipes the tear,
And takes from every heart its grief;
Dispels each gloomy doubt and fear,
And to affliction grants relief. H. B.

[Written for The Flag of our Union.]

### To a Friend.

BY MISS C. ALLEN.

I ne'er could worship at Wealth's fount,
Or bow at Beauty's shrine;
Yet I would pay devotion deep
At Learning's hallowed shrine.
'Tis there true heaven-lit gems are found,
That gild each passing day;
And Wisdom's ray grows brighter still,
As Time doth speed away.

Then, could I but a chaplet weave,
To deck thy noble brow;
It should be formed of fairest flowers,
Entwined with friendship's vow.
I'd seek the land where Homer lived,
Where Milton touched his lyre,
And gather from those classic halls
Some sparks of holy fire.

And I would quaff at Helicon
Pure inspiration deep,
To lift my restless soul from earth
To Mount Parnassus' steep.
And hold my revels round the fount
Of intellectual joy;
The only stream that flows on earth,
Which never feels alloy.

And there I'd twine a fadeless wreath,
Worthy a mind like thine;
And humbly offer thee my gift,
Fresh from my spirit-shrine.
Yet take the lay I now have sung,
Cast it not idly by;
It is a tribute due to worth,
Whose birthplace is the sky.

[Written for The Flag of our Union.]

### Boat Song.

BY FRANCIS A. DURIVAGE.

'O, boatman!' cried a village fair,
'I fain would cross with thee,
But I have not a sou to spare,
To pay the boatman's fee.'
'O, dear Lisette,' the youth replied,
'From you I take no fee;
And merry speed the little bark,
That bears my love and me.

'The breeze is light, it does not stir
The stream o'er which it flows;
But still the light-winged wanderer
Comes laden with the rose.
Then, dear Lisette,' the youth exclaimed,
'Embark without a fee,
And merry speed the shallop light,
That bears my love and me.

'O, merrily the oar I ply,
Or gaily spread the sail,
When thou art sitting smiling by,
To hear a true love-tale.
Then, dear Lisette, thy hand, I pray—
Embark without a fee;
And merry speed the boat away,
That bears my love and me.'

[Written for The Flag of our Union.]

### The Lonely Grave.

BY W. N. F.

Where stands yon willow all alone,
Sighing when touched by evening's breath,
Is a lone grave, marked by a stone
Which tells of one who sleeps in death.

She came—a stranger all unknown—
Though lovely as the newborn day;
But health had from her features flown,
And she was fading fast away.

She told us not her tale of woe,
But laid her down and sadly sighed;
And ere the tints of morning broke,
The lone and wearied one had died.

Apart her lonely grave we made,
Within the quiet, shady vale,
And many, neath the willow shade,
Have wept to hear the mournful tale.

[Written for The Flag of our Union.]

### The Destiny of Virtue.

BY WILLIAM.

Virtue—born in heaven's bower,
A poor, transplanted, withering flower,—
Breathes the cold air of earth to die,
Sighs but to sleep—to wake and sigh.
Holiest purity and peace,
In all its youth and age increase;
Every hour that o'er it closes,
Like some errant angel, flies,
Doomed to hear its tale of sorrow,
Soon to call it to the skies.

### The Sabbath.

BY EBENEZER ELLIOTT.

Sabbath holy!
To the lowly
Still art thou a welcome day;
When thou comest, earth and ocean,
Shade and brightness, rest and motion,
Help the poor man's heart to pray.

Sun-waked forest,
Bird that soarest
O'er the route, empurpled moor;
Throstle's song, that streamlike flowest,
Wind, that o'er dewdrop goest,
Welcome now the woe-worn poor.

Little river,
Young forever—
Cloud, gold-bright with thankful glee—
Happy woodbine, gladly weeping—
Bee, within the wild rose keeping—
O, that they were blest as ye!

## MISCELLANEOUS.

[Written for The Flag of our Union.]

### THE MAIDEN OF THE SHIELD.

A TALE OF THE SCOTTISH PERSECUTIONS.

BY A. J. H. DUGANNE.

There is probably no other period in English history, so obscured by the tinsel of false glory as that of the 'Restoration.' It has too often been the case, that writers, both of fiction and fact, have allowed themselves to be dazzled by the meretricious though brilliant qualities of the adherents of royalty, and have held up the 'Cavalier' as a pattern of all that was noble and chivalrous, whilst the 'Roundhead' has been stigmatized as a brutal fanatic. We have been taught to believe that the Stuarts were unjustly persecuted, and that Cromwell was a bloody, hard-hearted tyrant, who went about 'like a roaring lion,' devouring noble and generous lords and ladies.

Now, in 'point of fact,' Cromwell was a better man than either of the Charleses, and far more deserving of the sympathies of freemen, if only for the course he took, without reference at all to his character. He was a stern, uncompromising opponent of tyranny in every shape; he despised royalty and all its trappings; and though he may have been a hypocrite as regards religion, he never was a coward nor a traitor to his country.

Had Cromwell lived twenty years longer than he did, or had he been succeeded by one worthy to direct the Commonwealth, England would now have been a republic, and we should never have heard of the 'Restoration,' or of the persecutions that followed it. But Providence willed that its purposes should be developed through other means.

Scotland, which had signalized herself by her devotion to the cause of the Stuarts, and who had welcomed the Restoration of Charles with universal rejoicings, was destined very soon after that event, to feel that it is unwise to put 'trust in princes.' It was reserved for her to experience the ingratitude of royalty, and to fall bleeding beneath a despotism that struck at her most vital part—her religion.

Charles was crowned at Scone (the ancient coronation place of the Scottish monarchs), on the first day of January, 1651; and from that day till the fatal battle of Worcester, the Scotch supported his failing fortunes. After the king's flight to France, the nation, it is true, submitted to the sway of Cromwell, but she was at all times ready to acknowledge what she considered the rightful title of the Stuarts to the throne of the united kingdoms.

Yet Scotland was happy under the Protectorate of Cromwell. Her national religion (the Presbyterian) was respected, her courts of law were conducted with the strictest regard to justice, all private rights were fully recognized, and the nation enjoyed for eight years an uninterrupted quiet.

But with the 'Restoration' times changed, and the Scotch soon found that the gay and dissolute Charles II. had little sympathy for the strait-laced, rigid supporters of the 'Covenant.' It was speedily whispered about that the young monarch ridiculed in private the severe manners of the Scotch gentry, and a remark of his soon became current at court, that 'Presbyterianism was no religion for a gentleman.'

And it was not long before the cloven foot began to show itself. At first, efforts were made by the Episcopal party in the Scottish parliament, to win over, by bribes and promises, the leaders of the Presbyterian church. These proceedings were followed by the most violent enactments against the Covenanters, designed to overthrow the whole system of Presbyterian worship, and reinstate Episcopacy as the national religion.

Scotland rose almost *en masse* and protested against the tyranny of Charles's ministers. But the protest served only as an occasion for new and more desperate attempts to subvert the religion of the people.

Then it was that the 'Persecutions' commenced. Then it was that thousands of humble village pastors were thrust out from their livings, and banished to the woods and caves of the hills—a price set upon their heads. Then it was that whole families abandoned their homes, and fled to the mountains, where they might be permitted to worship God in their own way. Husbands, wives, parents and children, gathered together a few necessaries, and wandered forth from their homes, following the venerable clergyman who had been their guide from infancy—following him, amid toil and privation, up to the rocky hills and the deep forests which were 'God's first temples.'

Darkly hangs the night over the gloomy range of hills which rise like ramparts around the romantic Loch Katrine. Ben Venu lifts his wood-crowned head, and frowns with the gathered clouds that wrap his brow. A storm is arising among the hill-caves, and the waters of the lake are troubled, and angrily lash their borders.

Castle Moray, half way down the ridge, is clothed in shadow. The night fogs from the lowlands encompass its towers, the deepening clouds bend down from the hills to girdle the huge walls with tempest. It will be a fearful night upon the lake, and on the open plains.

But Castle Moray is merry enough within. The great banquet-hall is ringing with song and laughter, where the Laird Grant keeps wassail with a dozen guests. And within the kitchen, before the blazing fire of logs on the mighty hearth, a hundred stalwart troopers are quaffing the nut-brown ale and trolling soldiers' glees with a merry good will.

'Tis Christmas day, and right jovial are these stark troopers, albeit many are far from their own homes; ay, in truth, many of them are not of Scottish blood, nor yet of English lineage. The dark-browed Spaniard is there, and the light-hearted soldier of Gaul, and the blue-eyed man of the Rhine. Who are these men, and what do they in Castle Moray?

They are the troopers of Grahame of Cloverhouse, sworn foeman of the Covenant—him of the bloody hand and golden hair, who vowed to wade knee deep in the blood of Scotch dissenters; Grahame of Cloverhouse, who now feasts with Grant in the banquet-hall, and who waits till the morrow's light, to attack with sword and flame the hapless refugees of Perthshire's hills.

At the banquet-board sits Cloverhouse, quaffing the red wine with Grant the laird of Castle Moray. And Grant has promised to ride forth to-morrow, side by side with Grahame, and scour the mountains with spur and rein.

For well they know, that far up among the rocks are hundreds of Covenanters, hiding in the caverns, and praising God amid the roar of the mountain cataracts. Well they know that the lofty hymns of fearless dissenters are even now echoing among the stormy fastnesses of Ben Venu.

But Grant hath a bonnie daughter—where is she? Where is the bonnie Flora Grant, with her long fair ringlets, and her white brow? Lingers she in her bower, whilst her father keeps midnight wassail?

Nay, Flora Grant is not in her bower. Look up! look up to yonder turret, whence gleams a trembling light. There kneels Flora Grant, with her hands clasped across her bosom, and her eyes raised toward heaven, yet swimming with gushing tears.

'Save him!' she murmurs; 'save him, blessed Mary!'

And as Flora prays, she presses to her lips a silver crucifix, and looks forth from the turret casement upon the stormy night without.

Black and terrible are the clouds piled up on the heights of Ben Venu. Fiercely moans the wind, and now the sheeted rain sweeps down the valley, and overhead the lightning flames and the heavy thunder rolls.

The maiden gazes fearfully out upon the darkness, and her fair bosom heaves with sorrow. She listens amid the pauses of the storm, and hears from below the sound of song and revel in the great banquet-hall. Again she lifts her tearful eyes, and murmurs, 'Save him! protect him, O queen of heaven!'

For whom does Flora pray?

Ah! little does the fierce Laird of Moray think that his daughter *loves*. Little knows Grant that Flora now prays for one of those outlawed men whom he has sworn with Cloverhouse to hunt from the hills of Perth.

Flora Grant has plighted her truth to Ronald, the young Laird Maxwell, whose father was slain by the fierce southern troopers, and who has pledged himself to hold fast to the Covenant, come weal, come wo. And Flora knows that on the morrow her father will ride forth to carry sword and fire through the dwellings of the dissenters, and chase them from their mountain retreats.

The young Scottish maiden, like her sire, is of the ancient church of Rome. But what hath love to do with creeds! Flora hath given away her heart to Ronald the Covenanter, and she will save his life or die.

She presses once more to her lips the silver cross. Then, wrapping her fragile limbs in a plaid, she descends from the lofty turret. Whither will Flora go?

The storm broke fiercely around Castle Moray, and the night fell darkly over plain and valley. But when the rainy gusts swept loudest from the hill-tops, and the gloom was thickest over all things, fair Flora Grant stole from the postern gate of her father's castle, and hurried across the dreary fields towards the mountain pass.

She knew that on the morrow the persecuted Covenanters were to meet among the crags of Ben Venu, in a natural amphitheatre, formed out of the dry bed of what had once been a torrent, shut in on all sides by rocky walls, and only accessible through a narrow and precipitous ravine, and over a log bridge which spanned a fearful chasm. The unfortunate victims of religious tyranny, driven from their peaceful homes by a ruthless soldiery, were now concealed by hundreds in the recesses of the mountain, and on the next day, which was the Sabbath, they would meet to hear preached the word of God by the lips of their revered pastor. All this Flora had learned from Ronald, her lover, who, with his aged mother, had fled to the wilderness, rather than conform to the requirements of the persecuting parliament.

And the young maiden knew, likewise, the character of Grahame of Cloverhouse, whose hands were already stained with the blood of his innocent countrymen, and who, with his marauding troopers, was never known to spare either young or old of the unhappy dissenters who fell into his hands. She shuddered to think that Ronald and his father, unapprized of their danger, might on the morrow fall victims to the fierce soldiers, and that perchance, her cherished lover might perish by her father's hand.

'I will save him!' she murmured, as she fled through the driving tempest. 'Blessed Father in heaven, sustain me in my purpose!'

And while the blast swept yet more wildly around her, and the rain beat upon her tender form, the brave-hearted girl bounded over the wet heather, and toiled up the rocky passes of Ben Venu.

Far below her gleamed the lights of her father's hall, where the Grant and the Grahame held wassail. At intervals she could catch the shrill notes of the pipes resounding in the kitchen, where the stark troopers drank and caroused. But Flora stayed not her steps to gaze back or to listen. On and upward she kept, climbing the crags with weary feet, and threading the mountain-path unfalteringly, though the dense darkness encompassed her.

At times, when the blast rushed with terrible force around some jutting crag, Flora would bend down beneath the shelter of the rocks, and tarry until its fury was spent. And when a sudden gust brought a shower of drifting rain against her face, the maiden would draw her plaid closely about her, and murmur, as she bowed her head, 'I must save him; I must warn my Ronald.'

For hours did Flora Grant thus wander through the storm. Long, long after the Laird of Moray and his fair-haired guest had quaffed the last stoup of red wine together; long, long after the bagpipes had ceased their clamor in the silent kitchen, did the maiden of the castle tread the reeking heather, and climb wearily over the dark crags.

But at last the darkness and the tempest began to break away. The soughing wind grew fainter, and sank down amid the frothy turns. The thick gloom that had hung across the maiden's path changed to a dusky gray; and at length, as Flora's eyes sought the sky, they beheld only a great curtain-like cloud, hanging in heavy folds, with here and there, upon its edges, little fleecy glimpses of the clear heaven, like a fringe of blue and silver. And soon behind that cloud, the moon—the 'highland moon'—glided up, striving to break out, it seemed, her pathway discovered by the *shadowy* light that crept slowly on, like the shades of a green wood in the summer's sun.

And at last, a sparkling, star-like eye looked out through a little loophole in the darkness, and then the bright moon swam forth into the happy sky. And as its radiance fell around the maiden, and clothed her dripping garments with a mist of light, she knelt reverently upon the rocks and prayed for Ronald.

Sabbath broke over Ben Venu. The awful precipices, the deep gulfs, the quiet hill-sides, all reposed in peaceful beauty beneath the blue sky of morning. The rains which had drenched the valleys and swollen the streams, on the night previous, were now rising in bright exhalations under the influence of the sun's rays. From the bosom of Loch Katrine ascended a thick cloud of mist, that gradually widened and extended, until it enveloped the mountain's base like the drapery of a sombre gray curtain.

But, far up among the rocks, all was bright with sunbeams, and fresh with the early sweets of the wild heather and mountain flowers. The towering peaks lifted themselves towards the calm sky like lofty pinnacles of the mighty church of nature; and beneath their shadows were now gathered together the outlawed congregation of devoted Covenanters.

Old men with white, thin hair, and bright, clear eyes; youths with stalwart limbs and fresh-colored cheeks, and maidens young and beautiful, and pure as Ben Venu's snows, were met together in that conventicle of the rocks. And the old men and the youths wore claymores by their sides, and grasped in their hands the deadly arquebus; for it might be that they should be summoned from prayer to conflict, and that the hands now lifted in supplication to heaven, should soon wield match and brand in defence of wife and children.

The old clergyman, who had been driven forth in his age, a wanderer in the wilderness, stood upon an elevated platform of rock, at one extremity of the enclosed area which formed the place of meeting.

Immediately in front of him upon the platform, was a singular table, supported by two masses of rock. This table was no other than a massy iron shield, which had once doubtless defended some stalwart crusader, but which now served as a desk and perchance for communion table. At the present moment it supported an antique Bible, with immense silver clasps, which sacred treasure was guarded by these simple worshippers with the same devotion that of old enshrined the ark of the covenant.

The preacher, in appearance, was a type of the ancient apostles. His brow was uncovered, and the long, reverend locks that depended upon his shoulders, were waved to and fro by the morning breeze. The sunlight, stealing through the foliage of a gnarled fir-tree above him, fell gently upon his broad forehead, weaving a halo around his placid features. The elder members of the congregation were grouped before the pastor, the women and children occupied the side nearest the path to their mountain retreats, and below were the young men, near enough to hear the preacher's words, yet prepared at any moment to spring to arms, and repel the attacks of their persecutors.

The assembling-place, as we have noticed, was the space formed by the dried up bed of a torrent, which had here debouched and created at one time a small lakelet. On either side frowned the black precipices, in the chasms and crevices of which grew patches of stunted firs and other rugged vegetation. A narrow pass at the upper extremity conducted to the otherwise inaccessible cliffs and caverns, which had become the hiding-places of the scattered Presbyterians; and below, the only entrance was through a steep gorge which had been the outlet of the lake, and which had itself been riven in twain, forming a fearful chasm, spanned by a bridge of logs.

On this bridge now paced back and forth a solitary sentinel. Far down among the vales, he could see the curling wreaths of mist rising from lake and streams. Above him the precipices lifted their gigantic forms, canopied by the peaceful heavens. And solemnly, amid the stillness, fell upon his ears the words of love and wisdom from the lips of his aged pastor.

But what is that white object, emerging from the cloud of fog that envelopes the ravine below him? He leans upon his arquebus, and watches with straining gaze. Now he catches a glimpse of a waving plaid; now he sees a white arm lifted towards him; and now, with swift steps, a light figure ascends the rocks and nears the bridge of logs.

'Ronald!'

That voice thrills the young Covenanter's heart. He springs forward with a cry of joy upon his lips. The next moment, the arms of a maiden cling around his manly bosom, and a soft, low voice murmurs:

'Ronald, I have come to save you!'

What sound is that which disturbs the Sabbath calm, among the craggy defiles of Ben Venu? What echoes are those which rumble in the depths of caverns? It is the sound of iron hoofs shaking the earth, and the echoes of Cloverhouse's trumpets. The Grahame and the Grant ride forth to hunt their fellow-men.

But the quarry has had warning of danger. The rocky conventicle is deserted, and the scattered Covenanters have fled to their hiding-places, secure from their ruthless foes.

Only two figures, of all that congregation, are now within the dried bed of the torrent. They are Ronald and Flora. The youth has wound his plaid around the maiden, and taken her own wet garment away. He holds her trembling hand in his, and lifts it to his lips.

'I must away, Ronald! Alas, alas! I thought not I should tarry so long. My father will learn of my absence.'

'God will reward thee, my Flora. Many noble lives hast thou saved this day, of which mine own is but the poorest. O, that I might bear thee company to the plains.'

'Nay, Ronald, thou shouldst not venture,' answered the maiden, brushing the tears from her eyes. 'I will hie me quickly homeward. O, may the good Father and our blessed lady protect thee, Ronald.'

'I like not thou shouldst pray to other than God himself,' said the young Covenanter, as he listened to Flora's adjuration. 'There is none powerful but Him.'

'Nay, 't was to our lady I prayed amid the storm,' replied Flora, with beautiful simplicity, 'and she assisted me. But, fare thee well, Ronald. Hie thee, I beseech, to the rocks, and tempt not the terrible soldiers.'

'They will never penetrate to our retreats, bonnie Flora,' said the Cameronian. 'We have stout soldiers among us.'

'Yet for my sake, Ronald, let not not aught befall to thee,' pleaded the young girl. 'And now, fare thee well, dear, dear Ronald.'

The young Covenanter pressed his beloved to his heart, and kissed her pure forehead. At this moment the blare of a trumpet shook the solid wall around them.

'O, blessed mother! they come! they come! we are lost!' cried Flora, clinging to her lover's breast.

'Nay, come with me. I will protect thee,' cried the youth, grasping his firelock.

They stood upon the portion of the bridge of logs which connected with the lower rocks, at the mouth of the gorge. The opening before them was scarcely wide enough to admit two abreast, but beyond this opening a broad ravine stretched downward to the valley, forming a safe path for a single line of horsemen. And as Ronald and Flora looked down, they could behold advancing in single file, a hundred troopers, headed, as the maiden could distinguish, by Grahame of Cloverhouse, and Grant of Moray.

'It is my father, Ronald! O heaven! it is my father!'

'Fear not, love, they cannot reach us. We have time to escape; and their horses cannot cross this bridge of logs.'

'But they will dismount. See! they swiftly advance, dear Ronald!'

'Nevertheless, we need fear not,' replied the Cameronian. 'Come, Flora, let us cross the bridge.'

And, clasping the maiden's trembling wrist with one hand, whilst with the other he firmly grasped his arquebus, Ronald crossed the tottering bridge, and gained the amphitheatre. As he did so, the foremost of the dragoons caught sight of him.

'Aha!' cried the voice of Lord Cloverhouse, 'yonder are the rebel dogs. Spur up, my men, and we'll ha' meikle sport wi' them a'.'

'Let us fly, my Ronald, ere my father sees me,' cried the shrinking Flora.

Ronald had heard the triumphant tones of Cloverhouse, and knew that the next instant the dragoons would gain full sight of them both. It was true, that the bridge could not be crossed by mounted men, or even by heavy armed foot; but still they might speedily dismount, and then what he dreaded most would take place—the soldiers might track his steps to the mountain retreats, which were now unknown to any but the fugitive Covenanters.

Had the young man been alone, he would not have hesitated a moment in the course to pursue. He would have waited till the troopers should have full view of him, and then, trusting to his own knowledge of the mountains, have led them on to follow him, till they should lose their way among the intricacies of the rocky passes.

But, with Flora at his side, and the knowledge that her father was among the pursuers, Ronald could not adopt this course. Nor dared he, on the other hand, flee directly towards the hiding-places of his friends, lest the soldiers, following closely behind, should thus surprise the Covenanters and find them an easy sacrifice. But one alternative remained.

'Flora, dear Flora,' he cried, 'flee away to hills, sweetheart! I will stay here yet awhile.'

'We will fly together, Ronald.'

'Nay, nay, that cannot be. Go thou, and hide thyself, ere the Grant shall see thee. I will remain at the bridge and withstand the red-coated troopers.'

'I will not leave thee, Ronald.'

'Nay, I must bid thee go, Flora. Thou canst do no good. Look! I have work to do.'

And saying this, Ronald drew from beneath the plaid which enveloped him a stout-handled woodman's axe, and raising it above his head, dealt a mighty stroke upon the logs of the bridge. The rocks echoed to the ringing blow.

'Fly, and hide thyself, Flora Grant. I must abide here and cut away the bridge. Then are we safe. Fly away, Flora!'

'I will remain—I will not flee, Ronald,' answered the young maiden: and as another blow of the axe fell upon the bridge, she knelt beside her lover and clasped her hands in prayer.

At this moment Cloverhouse and Moray rode up to the opening of the gorge on the other extremity of the bridge. Loud were the curses of both, as they beheld the young Covenanter dealing his iron blows upon the shattered logs.

'Quick! dismount, my men, and over the bridge at once!' cried the Grahame.

But, wedged as the troopers were in the ravine, it was no easy matter to dismount, especially as each man was so heavily burdened with defensive armor. Cloverhouse swore a terrible oath. But Ronald paused not in his work. His axe rose and fell, and the bridge quivered beneath each stroke. And Flora knelt on the sward beside him, her fair face muffled in the ample plaid. Still descended the ringing axe.

'Reach me hither an arquebus,' cried Cloverhouse; 'I will quickly send a bullet through the rebel's head, for brains he hath none.'

'By the mass!' cried Grant, who rode behind, 'he is a brave man, whoever he be, and 't were a pity to shoot him like a dog.'

'An arquebus!' again cried Cloverhouse. 'Do ye not see the bridge shaking under his blows? An arquebus!'

Flora heard that terrible threat, and started wildly from her knees. She glanced across the bridge, and beheld a trooper preparing his match-lock for the hand of the Grahame. The next moment it would be pointed at the breast of Ronald. Yet still those axe-blows rang upon the bridge.

The maiden sprang towards her lover, to shield him with her fragile form, but Ronald gently held her back. She beheld Cloverhouse grasp the deadly weapon. Suddenly her eye fell upon the iron shield which yet remained upon the platform, where it had served for sacred desk and communion table. Instantly she bounded towards it. Another mighty stroke descended; the bridge cracked and swayed. Cloverhouse aimed the musket.

'Cease thy blows, false rebel, or thou diest!' he cried, with an oath.

Ronald lifted his axe for yet another blow. Grahame's hand pressed the lock of his piece.

But Flora had returned—Flora, the young maiden, with her plaid streaming in the breeze, came dragging the ponderous shield. She neared her lover—she knelt beside him.

And when the bullet sped from the weapon of Cloverhouse, it reached not Ronald's heart. Flora had lifted the shield before him, and the leaden missile was flattened against its iron bosses. Again descended that ringing axe. The bridge rocked, and quivered, and slid from its rocky hold.

'Another arquebus—quick! I will slay that woman!' cried the Grahame; and again a bullet rang against the shield.

'By Heaven! they are a gallant pair!' cried the Grant.

'Rank rebel dogs!' muttered Cloverhouse. 'Give me another arquebus!'

But at this moment the Laird of Moray uttered a quick cry. The wind had blown her plaid from Flora's features, and Grant had recognized his child. The bridge now tottered and slowly gave way.

'Rebels! canting knaves! they will escape me!' cried Cloverhouse.

'Flora, my daughter! Flora!' shouted Grant, flinging himself from his stirrups beneath his horse's hoofs. The next moment he had forced himself past the steed which Cloverhouse bestrode, and had sprung upon the swaying bridge.

'Come back, Grant of Moray. Are ye mad?'

'It is my daughter!' cried the Grant.

'Father—father! O, holy mother! he will be lost!' cried Flora, wildly, as she beheld the peril of her sire. 'Turn back, my father. Back—back!'

Cloverhouse and his troopers looked on in wonder. The bridge was rapidly sliding from its hold, and the Grant could scarcely keep his footing. Ronald, still covered by the shield which Flora held, grasped the heavy axe, and the maiden watched her parent in an agony of fear.

'Grant, man, ye are lost!' cried the Grahame.

'Go back, my father!' murmured Flora.

But Grant of Moray raised his clenched hand aloft, and shook it wrathfully at his daughter. A dark frown gathered upon his brow.

'I curse thee!' he muttered; 'I curse thee with—'

The shattered logs gave way at once, and thundered into the chasm. A cry of terror rose from the troopers. Flora uttered a shriek and sank beneath the shield, whilst the heavy timbers of the bridge, crashing down the chasm, shook the cliffs and precipices like an earthquake.

But the Grant was not lost. Ronald, the young Covenanter, had watched the moment of the bridge's fall, and as it sank from the rock, he had thrown himself boldly forward and clutched the plaid of the Laird of Moray. And now, as the crash and the echoes died away, Ronald could be seen bending over the chasm and grasping the rescued form of Flora's father.

The stalwart arms of the young mountaineer lifted the insensible man above the cliff, and bore him swiftly from the reach of the troopers' bullets. And Flora, opening her eyes once more, beheld her father safe, and the band of Cloverhouse retreating from the perilous gorge. And ere long, the resounding psalms of the delivered Covenanters echoed and re-echoed through the hills of Ben Venu.

Grant of Moray said no word of chiding to his daughter, when they returned to the castle together. And it was not many months ere the young Ronald, freed with his fellow-Covenanters from the terror of persecution, led to their own Scottish kirk the daughter of the man whose life he had saved, and who could give no fairer treasure than 'THE MAIDEN OF THE SHIELD.'

### The Volunteer's Widow to her Child.

BY MISS CLARA ELLIS.

Come, let me kiss thy rosy cheek,
Which health's bright flushes deck;
Come, clasp thy little dimpled arms
Around thy mother's neck.
There, closer still, my cherished boy,
I feel thy gentle kiss;
O, can life have one joy in store
One half so pure as this?
My earthly ties broke one by one
And left me only thee;
This little, tender, fragile form
Is all the world to me.

What though I'm poor? I heed not that;
I've youth, and strength, and health;
The mite that's earned with cheerful brow
Is sweeter far than wealth.
With thee to rear, with thee to tend,
Thy tottering steps to guide,
I'll reap the fruit of hardest toil,
And share it at thy side.
That look, that look, it breathes of one
Whom I no more shall see;
Smile ever thus, my darling boy,
For thou'rt the world to me.

That was the look thy father wore,
To laugh away my fears,
When called to fight his country's cause,
And I stood bathed in tears.
Thou'st never seen thy father's face,
Hast never known his love;
But still his eye bends o'er his child,
He watches from above.
Shouldst thou be called, in future years,
Thy country's chains to free,
I'll send thee forth to dare the fight,
Though thou'rt the world to me.
*Boston Transcript.*

### Anecdotes of Suicide.

A man threw himself into a pen in the *Jardin des Plantes*, Paris, June 14th, 1808, containing nine black bears. Before assistance could be rendered he was torn to pieces.

Fodere relates an account of an Englishman who publicly advertised 'that he would put himself to death on a certain day for the benefit of his wife and children; tickets of admission, one guinea!' This is almost the coolest attempt we ever heard of.

Philip Mordaunt, cousin to the earl of Peterborough, being subject for several years to severe headaches, one day remarked, 'Life has given me such a headache that nothing but a good sleep in the graveyard will set me to rights,' and shot himself immediately.

During the last hours of Charles IX., it is said that he imagined that he heard the shrieks and groans of the massacre of St. Bartholomew.

A young Englishman brought an original poem to Mr. R. Groombridge, the London publisher, last year (1847), to be published. Mr. G. did not think it superior to Milton, as the author did, so the poor fellow went home and blew out what little brains he had.

It has been reported that upon the death of Josephine, Napoleon attempted suicide by a preparation of opium and arsenic, furnished him by Yvan, his Russian physician. Those who consider Napoleon immaculate deny the charge, but Baron Fane, his secretary, vouched for its truth.

A woman once told Esquirol, that she meditated self-destruction. 'Very well,' said he, 'your husband will be ridded of a great torment!' It is scarcely necessary to say that she altered her mind on the subject.

Miss Moyes flung herself from the top of the monument in London, and a few days after, a party of five gentlemen went up, and four of them followed her example. The fifth stated that upon viewing the dizzy height he could scarcely resist the desire of self-destruction.

The bell of the church at Fressonville, in Picardy, France, was heard to ring at a very unusual hour, June 5th, 1822. Upon inquiry being made, a man was found hanging to the clapper. His struggles had caused the bell to toll. He was cut down, and restored to life.

A Frenchman, named Martel, hung himself in a coffee room during the last Revolution, (1848.) A note was found in his pocket, stating 'that he was one of those who had been revelling in the king's cellar, and he had dreamed that he was to die that day, or he would be damned. Therefore, he put an end to his life to secure the salvation of his soul.'

In 1700, one Clarke, organist of St. Paul's, London, being disappointed in love, resolved to destroy himself. Not knowing whether to hang or drown himself, he tossed up a penny for a decision; it fell on its edge in the mud. Therefore he blew out his brains.

A woman drowned herself in Canada in 1836, by breaking a hole in the ice large enough for her head, put it in, and was afterwards found with her body quite dry.
*Philadelphia City Item.*

### What is a Pound?

Sir Robert Peel, some time ago, puzzled the world in general, and himself in particular, by asking, 'What is a Pound?' We believe the Right Honorable Baronet, like the green grocer's boy with his master's little account, is 'waiting for an answer;' and, taking pity upon him, we offer the following solutions of his rather quaint query:

A Pound—of raw sugar, is ten ounces of saccharine in one ounce of brown paper and five of sand.

A Pound—of arrow-root, is twelve ounces of pure *radix sagittæ* to four of chalk.

A Pound—on the stage, is one brass button, or when in the shape of small change, it is ten gallery checks.

A Pound—of waste paper sold at a butter-shop, is twenty-four ounces.

A Pound—of mutton chops, is nine ounces of meat to four of flank and three of bone.

A Pound—of cake, is a shilling and upwards, according to its size.

We hope Sir Robert Peel will find these answers to his question of 'What is a Pound?' perfectly satisfactory.—*Punch.*

### An Intelligent Elector.

The Paris *Estafette* tells the following story of one of the 'seven million Sovereigns' of France: 'Jean Branchu is an elector of Pararne. He can read but little and write less; but he enjoys his rights and uses them, you shall see how. Louchardet gives him four ballots—one bears the name of Cavaignac, another that of Bonaparte, the third that of Ledru Rollin, and the other that of Lamartine. Branchu spells out the four names and gives the following opinion upon each: 'Cavaignac—that sounds hard, I don't like it; Bonaparte—that means war, I don't want that; Ledru Rollin, I don't want him; but La Martine, that is another affair; I know her, she's a worthy woman with a large family of young children—I vote for the woman Martine.'

### Foreign Correspondence of the Flag.

LONDON.

MR. BALLOU:

Dear Sir,—As I promised to drop you a line now and then, during my stay here, I sit down to fulfil my agreement. I have just returned from witnessing your fair countrywoman's (Mrs. Mowatt) performance in a play of her own composition. The Marylebone was crowded to its utmost capacity on the occasion, and never have I witnessed a more successful performance. Mrs. Mowatt, and Mr. Davenport, who supports her, have both made a decided hit in the metropolis; and it will be gratifying to your readers to know that they are doing better, pecuniarily, without doubt, than any other American artists have ever done in England, not even excepting Forrest.

The daily papers are all full of French affairs, and the English look with the utmost anxiety and interest towards that quarter, watching every political movement and its result. Some funny anecdotes are told in relation to Count D'Orsay and the President of France, Louis Napoleon. They are known to have been very intimate together, when the latter was in London; and it is said that D'Orsay lent him the cash wherewith he lately returned to Paris. At first, this was thought to be a mere story, but chance has substantiated it as a fact. Now, as President of the French, Louis Napoleon can evince his gratitude to the handsome and accomplished leader of London fashion.

There is still cholera enough here to keep the fidgetty ones a little anxious, but the mass give it no heed at all, and the London world goes on just the same as though it was unknown here. The board of health have succeeded in establishing rules and regulations in relation to the cleanliness of the streets, that will go far, no doubt, to keep away contagious diseases. The apothecary stores have done a 'smashing' business on the credulity of the lower classes, who have been induced to take all kinds of medicines, and in any quantity, as a preventive; when in fact, its direct influence is to produce disease in well people. Fright and medicine have brought on the cholera in many instances.

Private report says that the queen has lately evinced an irritable state of temper. This the knowing ones predict to be a forerunner to *insanity*, a trouble which she inherits from her father and grandfather. If England should lose its queen, about these days, what a rumpus would be kicked up in Europe. It would be the signal for a new constitutional government in England, and perhaps for a revolution elsewhere. The present generation will be a remarkable one, all through, for a ball has been set in motion that no power can withstand. A more liberal feeling towards republicanism is evinced even by the prejudiced London press, and the Chartist party is daily gaining ground. Speaking of her majesty, she drove out with her royal consort on Monday last. She looked well, and sat *very near* to Albert.

She is not so good looking as the prints I have seen of her in America, nor is her husband, though neither could be called homely. The queen's diminutive stature is much to her disadvantage, as it regards her personal appearance. The prince is getting to be somewhat portly, and looks quite substantial. The domestic relationship of the queen and her consort is said to be of the most agreeable character, and I have no doubt that their palace-home is happy. I saw in a copy of the Union Magazine, that I found on board the steamer, that Mrs. Kirkland has represented Victoria as much opposed to literary people, and I understand that for some odd reason this is really the case, and her majesty avoids lettered persons, of either sex, with the utmost pertinacity.

Several large vessels are fitting out from Liverpool and this city, bound to your north-western coast, to seek for gold in the valleys of California. Will this be infringing on American soil? Some folks think so, and predict trouble when the English vessels shall appear in the bay of San Francisco. Unless these adventurers propose to become actual settlers, I do not see what right they have to work the gold mines of America for their individual use. But doubtless your government will look out for its own territory. The parties that go from here are well armed and found in all things necessary to carry on the mining business.

I find the 'FLAG' on file at a friend's house here, and I assure you its fair pages look to me like the countenance of a dear friend. If all your subscribers become as much attached to your paper as I have done, you must have an enviable list of friends. I may write you again before long from this city of smoke and bustle.

Yours, truly, C. B.

### Making an Acquaintance.

I was once staying at the City Hotel, when under the management of Chester Jennings, and the immortal Willard; it was '*the* Hotel' of the city.

Every day for nearly a month, I dined opposite the same gentleman; we both lingered over our wine somewhat longer than the other boarders; picked at the almonds and raisins; lighted our cigars—*but never spoke.*

One night stormy evening when 'going out' was impossible, as I laid down a newspaper to light my second cigar, the following question from the 'gentleman opposite,' started me as unexpectedly as a voice from the tomb.

'Pray, sir, have you ever been to St. Petersburgh?'

'No, sir, never!'

'It is worth your while to go there, sir; should be happy to take wine with you.'

This happened ten years ago, and strange to say, an acquaintance formed upon this slight introduction, has ripened into the warmest and most intimate friendship. And the 'gentleman opposite' who knew no more of St. Petersburgh than the one whom he addressed, has often laughed over what he is pleased to term the 'Russian way' of making an acquaintance.

### Thrilling Incident.

One of the most affecting occurrences in the life of Campbell (says Dr. Beattie) was the conveyance by himself and wife of their only son to a madhouse as an incurable lunatic. All the particulars about that melancholy episode are of the most painful interest. Describing many of the inmates, the poet spoke of one in particular. 'A few years ago, on the Salisbury road, a lion broke loose from a caravan. All escaped into a house but two men, one of whom was killed by the wild beast on the spot; the other flew to an adjacent house. It was locked by those who fled to it for shelter. The poor fugitive saw the lion, after killing his companion, walk slowly towards the house. He shrunk up to the side of the wall. The monster glared upon him, but, by some unaccountable accident, passed him, and went on. At that moment, he said he felt exactly as if half of his head had been torn off. Nevertheless, his senses did not immediately forsake him, for he proceeded to London, and had composure enough to draw up a distinct account of the catastrophe; but his intellect soon after fell to ruins, and he is now incurable.'

What maintains one vice would bring up two children.

At a convention of clergymen, not long since, a toast was proposed by one of the members, after they had dined, that each one should entertain the company with some interesting remarks. Among the rest, one drew upon his fancy, and related a dream. In his dream he went to heaven, and he described the golden streets, the river of life, etc., etc. As he concluded, one of the divines, who was somewhat noted for his penurious and money-saving habits, stepped up to the narrator and inquired jocosely:

'Well, did you see anything of me in your dream?'

'Yes, I did.'

'Indeed! what was I doing?'

'You were on your knees.'

'Praying, was I?'

'No; scraping up the gold!'

REMEMBER—'that if you always hold the mirror up to Nature,' yours will certainly not be the glass of Fashion.

[illegible]

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THE YOUNG LOVERS' INTERVIEW.

*'I have begged thee to come hither that I might tell thee how fondly I have loved thee!'*

## A SPLENDID ORIGINAL ROMANCE.

### OUR FIVE HUNDRED DOLLAR PRIZE TALE.

Entered according to Act of Congress, in the year 1849, by F. GLEASON, in the Clerk's Office of the District Court of Massachusetts.

[WRITTEN EXPRESSLY FOR THE FLAG OF OUR UNION.]

# PAOLINA:

OR,

# THE SYBIL OF THE ARNO.

### A TALE OF THE TIME OF COSMO III.

BY MARTHA ANN CLOUGH.

[CONTINUED.]

### CHAPTER IX.

*Birthday of Berenice, and festive rejoicings. The young English lord. Alberto and Paolina. A declaration, not altogether unexpected. Happy thoughts of Paolina. Incident in the studio.*

'O, dear art thou to me!
And wheresoever my footsteps roam,
My heart still turns to thee!'

IT was the birthday of Berenice de Biandetti, and all day had the palace been thronged with those who came to offer their congratulations, and look upon the loveliness of her who had been hitherto the 'Pearl of Rome.' The evening came, and within their ancestral castle were assembled a princely gathering. Lamps of gold and silver, fed with perfumed oil, were burning upon the tapestried walls—in festoons of rich blossoms, and in many a leaf and bud of the carved marble. Massive chandeliers were suspended from the fluted ceilings; music breathed from unseen arches, and swelled through the spacious halls, mingling with the melody of gay voices and the ringing laughter of merry guests. There were maidens with sparkling eyes, and long, silken tresses, mingling with many a fragrant blossom and gemmed tiara; young girls from many a fair Italian city; from the vine-clad hills of France, from the proud halls of Albion, and the castles of sunny Spain. There were stately dames with jewelled robes and waving plumes, and cavaliers with smile-wreathed lips and beaming faces. They, too, had come from many a strand—gathered in Rome, some for pleasure, some for business, some for instruction. There were bards with poetry on their tongues—orators whose eloquence had chained the Roman people; painters with eyes following every beaming face, and sculptors watching every graceful form. There were the happy, and those in whose hearts care and sorrow were making their dwelling-place; yet all seemed joyous—brilliant—gay. That lordly mansion was glittering with lights, and vibrating to harmony.

It was near midnight, and the Signorina Berenice was moving through the dance, the gayest of the gay; her eye was full of fire, and her cheek glowed with a crimson quite unusual to it. Bernardo Camacci and his bride were there—but who was that graceful youth in one of the vine-wreathed porticoes? He was talking in a low, sweet voice to the most beautiful being of that vast assemblage—to Paolina. And where—where was Alberto de Lisiade? In an adjoining apartment, conversing with a young Englishman, with whom he had but just arrived; it was the son of the Earl of Wallingford. He was a tall, finely-formed young man, with a profusion of curling hair, and a high, pale brow. He was a worshipper of genius, and was making remarks upon the guests.

'I have heard my sister speak of the Lady Berenice of the house of Biandetti; and of thee, too, my lord of Lisiade—thou wast present when our gentle Elaine died—poor girl! Ah! there is an artist from England; but he sees me not!'

Alberto's eyes were wandering to the portico, where he had seen the figure of Paolina. One of her rounded arms was thrown round a marble pillar, and her snowy fingers were coquetting with the white blossoms scattered thickly among the green foliage that crept round it. She was in full dress; a robe of rose-colored velvet, so rich that it seemed crusted with gold-dust, encircled her form and swept even to the floor. Sleeves of delicate lace were looped at the shoulders by clusters of diamonds; and the same costly gems gleamed upon her snowy neck, in her dark tresses, and upon her arms.

'My lord of Lisiade, who is that glorious creature,' said the Englishman, who had at length seen her, 'there in the portico? Ah, I know now—she must be the Paolina, of whom my sister told—the Paolina who tempted me to come to Rome so soon! Who is that fellow conversing with her? I wish I knew him, that I might obtain an introduction. Ah! now there is the Marquis of Elliston coming this way! What a pity! he will detain me an hour!'

By this time, the nobleman whom Alberto's friend had so dreaded to meet was on the spot, and after they had strolled away, the young artist sought the fisherman's daughter; the Genoese had gone, and Paolina was alone.

'Why, why art thou not among the dancers?' asked Alberto.

'I scarcely know,' replied the girl; 'this is a pleasant place, and I have been talking of it to a young Genoese painter—a fellow-student of thine, methinks.'

'Ay, yes—he is not very fond of festivals; I wonder almost that he ventured hither to-night!'

'He has gone now; there was something strangely sudden in his departure, and he remarked that he was not quite well!'

'Indeed! Well, he is a sad, timid boy,' and de Lisiade paused for a moment; 'there must be some delightful avenues in you garden,' he said at length; 'if I might crave so rare a boon, lady, I would ask thee to come with me down into the grounds of the Biandetti,' and he extended his hand to the girl.

'I shall certainly be happy to grant thy request!' replied Paolina, and taking his offered hand, they descended to the garden. They took their way through winding paths, with the flowers half opening their starry eyes as they brushed by them. Lights were glancing upon them from the silver lamps burning among the fragrant shrubbery, and the very heavens above seemed smiling on them.

'Paolina,' said the lord of Lisiade, as they paused at length beneath a tree; 'Paolina,' and he drew her arm within his own, and clasped the slender hand of the girl.

[SEE ENGRAVING.]

'I have begged thee to come hither, when all is mirth yonder, that I might tell thee how long, how purely, and how fondly, I have loved thee! Thou hast not forgotten me—I have never forgotten thee! After thou hadst departed from Florence I went in search of thee, to the ruined cottage; thou hadst left the valley. I visited Rome; then other cities—but no Paolina gladdened my sight till in the Church of St. Peter's I met thee. I knew thou wast the Paolina of my painting—and I gave thee a smile of recognition. Thou sawest it—then I met thee again, and again, till now I have begged thee to come hither,' and he poured into the ear of the confiding girl the low-toned words of love.

'And now,' said he, 'tell me, dearest, how thou hast found thy way to Rome, and why I see thee in the house of the Biandetti?'

With many an earnest gesture, the fair Paolina related to her dearest friend the story of her departure from Florence; an hour went by, ere they turned to go back to the palace.

'But before we return, Alberto,' said the maiden, eagerly, 'promise to say nought of our love to a living being!'

'I promise,' said Alberto; and they returned to the gay throng. They had scarcely entered the castle, when the young Englishman begged an introduction to Paolina, and he saw her no more alone.

The hours wore on, and the revellers were dispersing; the Lady Berenice was smiling adieus, and uttering smooth-toned compliments. Paolina stood alone in an apartment, leaning her head against a marble pillar, and thinking dreamily of the events of the night. A pair of dark, soul-speaking eyes looked into her own, and a well-known voice said:

'Paolina; remember!'

'I will,' whispered the girl!

'Wilt come with me, dearest?' said the artist; 'I must make my adieus to Signorina Berenice!'

'Ah, here thou art!' said the Lady de Biandetti, as they hastened towards her. 'I was fearful thou hadst gone; I hope thou hast enjoyed thyself, my lord of Lisiade.'

'Never better,' replied Alberto, glancing at Paolina; 'it has been a charming evening, and with some further gallant remarks he took his leave. The maidens gazed after him, till the flutter of the plumes upon his cap was seen no more, and then ascended the staircase to their own apartments.

'He loves me!' Paolina said to herself, as she entered her own chamber; 'he loves me!'

'How beautiful thou art to-night, Paolina,' said Berenice, a short time afterwards, when she came according to her custom to chat a few moments before retiring; 'how becoming this new robe is,' and she drew her companion to a mirror before which a lamp was burning. There was a singular contrast between that proud girl, the haughtiest of a noble house, and the fisherman's daughter. There they stood, Berenice with her pale face, restless eyes, and snowy robe, and Paolina with her glowing cheek, her glossy ringlets, and costly garments. She looked fit to sit upon a throne and queen it over the lordly and the brave.

'Thou art so kind,' murmured Paolina, and she kissed the lips of her companion.

'Nay, nay, talk not of this, let us chat concerning the fete. That young English nobleman, the brother of the gentle Elaine and the gay Ida, declared to me that he had been drawn hither by the report of his sister, concerning the beauty of the Roman ladies. He has travelled much, and spent a long time at Genoa not many months since; he is very companionable, and withal seemed to admire thee very much. He came with Lord de Lisiade, to whom he had letters; he praised him very much, as he deserves to be. To my eye, he was the most worthy of the cavaliers; one could never weary of his society, he is so agreeable! And then, the young bride of Camacci; how beautiful she is, I am quite in love with her! Well, I have made quite a long story, I see—who else; but I will think of it again to-morrow; good night, dear,' and she hurried away.

'She loves Alberto,' thought Paolina, as her maid, Bianca, was unclasping her slipper.

'Who was that stranger, the Englishman, I mean, lady?' asked Bianca.

'Lord Ervine, son of the Earl of Wallingford, and brother of the two fair girls, whom the Lady Berenice and I used to visit at the dwelling of Signora Livia!'

'I heard him declaring to the Signor Camacci that thou wast the most beautiful being he had ever seen, and he had travelled the world over almost!'

'When heardest thou this, Bianca?'

'This eve, lady, when I stood concealed behind the tapestry to watch for a moment the dancers,' and the woman went on gossipping of the remarks she had heard, till Paolina grew weary of hearing her. Then she sought her pillow, and dreamed sweetly of Alberto de Lisiade.

Days, weeks went by, and the young artist and his Paolina were happy. Ah! how happy! He came often to the palace of the Biandetti, but not even the searching eye of Berenice could discover the secret of his heart. He often roamed forth with the fisherman's daughter, when the stars were out in all their brightness, when the moon looked lovingly upon them, when the night-winds breathed softly through the orange-bowers, and the Tiber beat against its palace-gemmed shores like the musical throbbing of their own young hearts. Ah! those were halcyon days!

It was noonday, some six weeks after the birthday festival of Berenice de Biandetti, and Alberto sat in the studio chatting with his companions, when Lord Ervine, the young Englishman, entered. He was evidently in fine spirits, for he declared that he had never enjoyed life as well in any place as at Rome. The society was so *distingue*, the gentlemen so courteous, and the ladies so amiable and so lovely. The cheek of the Genoese boy grew a shade redder, and he shook the plumes of his cap over his face as he listened. At length, the stranger came to speak of Paolina.

'She is the most perfectly beautiful woman I ever met!' said he, and he went on talking extravagantly of her loveliness.

When he paused in his tour round the studio at the easel of the Genoese, the boy rose and placing his work before him, sauntered to the window, and gazed listlessly forth. He seemed fascinated by the painting.

'It is superb—it is glorious—I have never seen a Magdalen that surpassed it. Pardon me, gentlemen, but this boy has excelled ye all—except the picture of my lord of Lisiade there, this is the finest picture in the studio. Why, my young friend, this will win thee fame!'

'I paint not for fame!' said the lad, in a low, melodious voice, still looking from the window.

'Thou deservest it,' replied the Englishman; 'I have seen many paintings with the same design as this, but never before one so beautiful.'

There was not even word or sign of thanks from the lad, but when the nobleman had left his easel, he again took his seat before it.

'Who is that Genoese?' asked Lord Ervine, as he strolled with Alberto from the studio; 'he did not seem disposed to be very talkative.'

'He is very timid,' said Alberto; 'his name, I think, is Andrea Castellini; he has not been here long!'

'He is very handsome, and as graceful as a girl,' continued his companion; 'and his painting bespeaks his genius.'

'Yes,' said Alberto, 'he is highly gifted.' But by this time the mind of the young Englishman was attracted to the 'Piazza del Popolo,' which they were passing, and in his admiration of this stupendous obelisk, Lord Ervine had soon forgotten the Genoese painter.

### CHAPTER X.

*Palace of the Camacci. The Lady Berenice. Her anxiety, which is in no wise allayed by what she saw. The solemn vow. Effect on the proud lady. The plan for revenge. Better thoughts. The Sybil again, and her warning. Departure of Alberto, and attentions of the English lord.*

'To love in doubt and woe,
Shutting the heart the worshipped name above,
Is to love deeply!'

THERE was mirth and gladness in the dwelling of Bernardo Camacci, for a gala night it was. With music and dancing, gay conversation and merry laughter, the hours sped away. Berenice de Biandetti was there, with a smiling face and joyous words; but there was an undefined foreboding in her heart, and the smiles she wore were assumed to conceal her feelings of uneasiness. She looked in vain for Alberto de Lisiade; he was nowhere in the lighted hall, his form was not to be seen among the dancers, and at last she took her way up the staircase, determined to find Paolina, if possible, and making some plea to her of indisposition, desire her to excuse her to Signora Camacci, and seek her home. She first entered a spacious Gothic hall; a few loiterers were gazing from the windows, but she saw not the object of her search. She passed on, scarcely knowing whither she went till she came to a small door; she carefully opened it, and drawing back the tapestry noiselessly, gazed into the apartment. A small silver lamp shed a faint light around; the room was richly furnished, draped with pale rose-colored velvet, and tastefully ornamented. A few books were scattered about, and on a curiously-carved easel she saw Alberto's still unfinished painting—'The Spirit's First Glance at Paradise;' she knew that this was one of the suite of rooms which he occupied in the palace of the Camacci, it was his private studio. In a luxurious chair, among whose velvet cushions her form was almost buried, sat Paolina; a low ottoman was placed beside her, and upon it, with her hand clasped in his and his dark eyes raised to her beautiful face, was Alberto de Lisiade. The proud Lady de Biandetti shuddered, and for a moment trembled so violently that she came near falling; but she tried to suppress the emotions that were stifling her, and gazed steadfastly upon them.

The artist was speaking of his first painting; she had seen it, had admired it, had often praised it in his hearing—but she had never dreamed that he had long loved her protege, Paolina.

'Thus thou wert,' she heard him say, 'when I first saw thee—I loved thee then—I love thee now, dearest Paolina!'

The girl twined her snowy fingers among his dark locks and said, softly:

'I loved thee then, too; have I not told thee that I love thee now?'

'Then promise me, dearest, to be my bride!'

The tears sprang to the eyes of the girl.

'Listen to me,' she said, in a tremulous voice; 'thou art noble, I, a poor fisherman's niece, Alberto, not as thou hast supposed, a daughter. The gondolier with whom I met thee is not my sire; he is my mother's brother, but he has ever called me his own little darling. My sire is dead; I am poor, humble, and thy parents would sooner see thee dead, than that thou shouldst wed one so far below thee. It makes me happy to know that thy love is mine, but it were better thou shouldst wed some one more worthy of thee!'

'Nay, nay, Paolina, talk not thus—if thou hast aught of affection for me, promise to be my bride; thou wilt promise me this! Kneel down beside me, love, and vow to be mine!' and as the girl knelt down beside him, he said:

'By all my hopes of heaven, by thy memory, by the holy cross,' and he held up a jewelled crucifix, 'I vow to love only thee, cherish only thee, wed none but my own Paolina!'

'By this holy cross,' said Paolina, 'I know nothing more sacred, by all the saints in paradise, I vow to be thine, thine only, Alberto de Lisiade.'

Berenice looked upon them, as Alberto led his affianced to the painting; heard them building their bright hopes of the future; heard them talk of their happiness; heard them speak of her, Paolina lovingly, and Alberto respectfully: of her beauty, her gracefulness, her kindness, her goodness, and she listened till she was almost overpowered, but still gazed on.

'Will they not miss us?' asked Paolina.

'It may be, yet I had much rather linger here, Paolina!'

Berenice heard no more; she allowed the tapestry to sweep into its place, and went, pale and trembling, into the spacious hall. There she sat down by an open window, and thought of all she had witnessed. No emotion had ever before wrung the heart of that proud girl; but she assumed a calm face, wreathed her lip with a false smile, and went back to the saloon which she had left. Lord Ervine was soon beside her, and she was chatting gaily, when Alberto de Lisiade and his betrothed bride entered. Her eye understood the flush on the cheeks and the light in the eye of the artist; the hand of the fisherman's daughter rested like a seed-pearl on the dark velvet of his sleeve; all this the haughty maiden marked, and her voice grew slightly tremulous as she continued her conversation.

THE ATTEMPTED REVENGE—THE HAPPY SLEEPER.

*'One drop of this colorless liquid, only one drop!' she muttered, and tremblingly held it up.*

An hour went by; Paolina was promenading the apartments with Lord Ervine, and Berenice sat on a low couch in the music-room, carelessly trifling with the strings of a lute.

'Lady,' said a manly voice, that thrilled every chord of her heart, 'why alone? Permit me to seat myself beside thee!'

The brain of the Lady Berenice reeled, for it was Alberto de Lisiade; but she replied in the same gay tone, as if no disappointment were lurking in her soul. She talked and smiled as cheerfully as if no burden were oppressing her. When the guests were departing, as she folded her mantle around her, she saw Alberto passing through the lofty hall; he lingered for a moment beside Paolina, and assisted her in fastening her cloak; then came with her to Berenice, and offered to conduct them to their chariot. Slowly Berenice went down the steps to the street, laughingly jesting with the artist; but as she entered the carriage her whole frame quivered with emotion. When she found herself again in her own room, she slowly divested herself of her luxurious robe, and disentangled the blossoms even now fading among her tresses; she gazed upon them, lying all crushed and withered among the folds of her costly garment, and as a faint perfume stole up from them, a bitter smile came over her face, as she said:

'Withering, like my hopes! Alas! that no perfume can linger around the memory of love's young dream!'

She was a girl of powerful mind, and as she brooded over her blighted hopes, a fearful resolution took possession of her soul. No being save Lord de Lisiade had ever made her spirit's harp vibrate to the melody of unseen, unspoken love. Mingled feelings were filling her soul; the bitterness of wounded pride, of unrequited affection. She determined to seek Paolina—to drive her forth in the dim night-time, to be again what she had been—what she still was, despite her beauty, a fisherman's daughter. Should she, whom she had befriended, stand between her and her hopes? The thought was madness.

'Fool that I was,' she muttered, 'to bring her charms to compare with mine! And yet, Alberto de Lisiade has loved her long before he met her in Rome! From a child he has loved her! No wonder that he had no eye for the Pearl of Rome, till Paolina was beside her. I remember now—fool, that I never saw before the reason. He never glanced at me till she came! I see now the joyous smile that overshadowed his face whenever he met her. How silent she has been on the subject, and yet I cannot blame her! Paolina! How musical is her very name! She has been his idol—since—childhood! Did I not hear him avow it, and that glorious picture is her image! I noted the resemblance, but never thought that one of the Lisiade would love her, a fisherman's daughter. I cannot, cannot rest to-night—this girl has been my ruin—why not be revenged?' and a low, hysterical laugh sounded through the room, startling from its unearthly shrillness, 'why not?' She drew from a casket as she spoke, a small, gilded flask, and seizing the lamp, darted quickly to the apartment of Paolina. With noiseless step she glided to the couch, and pushing aside the heavy curtains, gazed at the sleeper.

'One drop of this colorless liquid—only one drop!' she muttered, and she held it tremblingly above the parted lips of the girl; the liquid

[SEE ENGRAVING.]

crept slowly to the edge of the flask, as if unwilling to do its fatal errand; and as the maiden looked upon her innocent friend, all her former tenderness came back to her, and sinking down beside her, she said:

'O, holy virgin! forgive me, but I am very wretched!'

Even as she spoke the girl started, and murmuring Alberto's name, again was wrapped in slumber. It was as if a poisoned arrow had pierced the soul of Berenice; the flask again quivered in her hands, but seizing her lamp, she hurried to an open window, and with all the energy she could summon, flung forth the flask that had tempted her; a loud, ringing sound came up from the pavement as if its death-knell were tolled, and the unhappy girl went back to her lonely room. Ere an hour had flown, her plans were formed.

'I will not thrust her forth,' she said, 'for then the world would know all my misery! No one must know that the proud heart of Berenice de Biandetti ever mourned over the wreck of blighted love. There are cavaliers in Rome who have kneeled to me; I must not lose my dignity!' and with these thoughts the hours passed.

It was almost dawn, and faint and weary she threw open the casement, and leaned forth to breathe the freshness of the morning air. A tall figure was flitting through the shrubbery; she knew not who it was, but the next moment the Sybil of the Arno entered the apartment. She came quickly forward, and gazed so earnestly at the girl, that the color mounted to her cheek.

'What wouldst thou?' she demanded haughtily.

'I would read thy destiny,' replied the woman, and seizing her hand, she looked steadfastly upon it.

'Thou hast loved, Berenice de Biandetti,' she said, slowly; 'nay, start not, lady, I know thy name! Thou hast loved one who only respects thee. He loves another, one gloriously fair; perchance thou knowest it already; it will cost thee many a struggle to see thy life's first hope of affection fade away. The maiden is one of thine own household—no menial—one whom thou lovest, lady. Thy future is overshadowed for a time, at least, by clouds rising from thine own heart. I will not tell thee more now, but listen; injure not Paolina; as thou valuest thine own peace, injure not the fatherless! Beware how thou triflest with such an one, for thou wilt repent it if thou plantest one thorn in her way! Beware!' and without waiting for gold, she vanished.

The morn came, and Berenice's course was decided; she met Paolina with the same caresses that she had ever been wont to bestow upon her, and all the while the anguish of blighted hopes was dwelling in her soul. Time went on with untiring pinions, and she often met Alberto de Lisiade; he was still more gay and joyous than she had ever seen him, and well he might be, when the love of the pure-minded Paolina was his own.

The Englishman, Lord Ervine, was a frequent guest at the palace de Biandetti. He was a profound scholar, and had travelled, as Bianca said, the world over almost. He would spend the long, sunny days in rehearsing to Berenice and Paolina a thousand descriptions of his travels.

Now he talked of his own Albion, of the ancient castles embowered in vast parks; of the populous cities and quiet hamlets; and of the dark, old forests, connected with many a superstitious legend. Now of Scotland, with its beetling cliffs and mist-crowned mountains; with its mighty cataracts, leaping with loud voice into the gloomy glens—with its blue lakes smiling at the over-arching heavens, and its romantic straths and valleys purpled over with heather. He told of the lofty Ben Lomond, at whose base lies the Loch famed in story and song; of the bright rivers winding their way to the sea; nor did he forget many a thrilling tale of Scottish lord and chieftain. Now he spoke of vine-clad France, now of sunny Spain, and now of classic Greece. Of Switzerland, too, with its wild, romantic scenery; of the Alps rearing their snow-capped summits to the sky; and of the 'glaciers glittering in the sun like cities of crystal, with towers, and spires, and turrets.'

They loved to hear him talk of Jerusalem, hallowed by the visits of the Saviour—of Balbec, the ancient Heliopolis; of Smyrna and Palmyra. Yet, most of all did they admire to listen to his descriptions of Persia; he had wandered over its soil—had stood in the valley of Shiraz, celebrated in Oriental tales and poems; he had looked upon the tombs of Hafiz, the most renowned of Eastern poets, and Sadi their greatest philosopher. He had visited Persepolis, whose wonderful magnificence had excited his deep admiration. He described to them the city of Ispahan with its superb mosques and palaces; he had wandered through the 'Palace of Forty Pillars,' built in the most costly style, radiant with pearl and precious stones, and ornamented with gold and silver. He had stood almost entranced with its beauty in the vale of Cashmere, called by the Asiatics the Paradise of India, and the Garden of Eternal Spring,' surrounded with high mountains, watered by murmuring streams, and abounding in every variety of wild flowers.

He had travelled India; he talked of Benares, of Lahore, of Delhi. He had even penetrated to the Mogul's palace glittering with jewels and gold. He did not forget the beautiful Circassian females, nor the dark-eyed maidens of Hindostan. Hour after hour he spent in the castle de Biandetti, for he was very eloquent, and most certainly an agreeable companion. The old Signor de Biandetti was highly pleased with him, and the ladies listened delighted to his conversation. There was an indescribable fascination in his manners—an air of superiority, that commanded respect, and a polite deference to females, that was calculated to win their regard. He was everywhere a welcome guest, and next to Alberto de Lisiade the most popular man in Rome. He was by several years the senior of Alberto, and must have seen at least thirty summers.

Of all the Roman ladies, Paolina seemed to charm him most; and he often declared that he had never seen her loveliness equalled.

The heart of the artist sometimes beat strangely as he heard his encomiums, and saw him so often in the society of his betrothed; but he knew that her love was his, and persuaded himself that he should ever retain it. He still met her often, and poured again and again into her ear words of love. His birthday was approaching, and as was his custom he was about to leave Rome for a time.

With a light step and cheerful voice, he entered the palace of the Biandetti the evening before his departure. Berenice and her father had gone out of the city, and Paolina was alone; two such halcyon hours as he spent that night in her society he had never known before.

'And now, Paolina,' he said, fondly, as he rose to depart, 'make my adieus to Signor de Biandetti and Lady Berenice! When next I visit my home, I hope to take thee with me, dearest, my bride!'

The girl smiled, and the crimson on her cheek grew somewhat deeper.

'Thou wilt return when a month has flown, thou sayest, Alberto,' she said, softly.

'Yes, love—my lady mother will wish me to tarry longer, but I may not now; I know thou wilt be very happy, dearest!' and he affectionately took his leave.

Neither he nor Paolina had seen the dark eye that peered through the tapestry as they sat together—nor how fearfully it gleamed as it gazed upon them.

As Alberto was hastening down the street he met the Genoese:

'Castellini,' he said, inquiringly, 'hast thou decided to go to Florence?'

'Nay, nay,' said the lad, sadly, 'I am not in very fine spirits! I have concluded not to go!'

'It would give me great pleasure, Castellini, to have thy company!'

'I appreciate thy kindness, my lord of Lisiade, but think it better to remain here for the present! I may not stay long in Rome, and I must improve my time!' and there was a peculiar emphasis in his tones as he pronounced the last words.

'Nay, nay, Andrea, thou art sad to-night; but I must away, I shall meet thee again at Bernardo's!' and thus they parted.

Two hours later, when Lord Ervine came from the palace de Biandetti, the Genoese painter darted from a clump of shrubbery beneath one of the windows, and slowly followed him. The next morning, Alberto de Lisiade had gone to Florence, and during his absence the English traveller was almost the constant companion of Berenice and her protege. Rumor said that he was wooing and would soon win the beautiful Paolina; and he took no trouble to contradict the assertion. He rowed the ladies over the Tiber, visited with them the thousand places of interest in the city, brought them the freshest fruit and blossoms; read them the inspiration of the poets, and sang in a rich mellow voice the old English ballads which he had learned when a child. When Paolina took her lute, and mingled with its strains her own bird-like tones, he would talk of the gentle Elaine, and tell how long before he had seen her, he had heard the praises of her musical talent.

And Berenice! Had she quieted the wild beatings of her anguish-laden heart? O, no! she had daily witnessed the love that was dictating the attentions of the Englishman, but she never troubled herself to tell him that the girl was betrothed to another, for he knew not, Paolina knew not, that she was certain of it.

'Has not my own affection been thrown back, to lie a burdensome weight upon my spirit,' she said to herself; 'and why should I seek to drive the charming Englishman from the same fate?'

She felt a sort of disregard for the sorrows of others, for her own had required all the strength of her mind to aid her to bear them. She stifled the cries of her wounded heart, and mingled with the gay and the joyous as if she were one of them. O, is it not often thus? Are not the bitter feelings of the soul locked within it, till it sighs like a pent-up bird to soar away into the clear, blue heavens, to a home where the earth-weary may rest? Are not smiles worn, and merry words spoken, to hide the ghastliness of a breaking heart? Ah, yes! and yet we think not that often beneath a cheerful exterior, grief is lurking like a poisonous serpent, to blast with its fatal venom the energies of the soul? Alas! for those who must weep in secret, and go abroad as gaily as if no care were oppressing them! There are those whose sufferings speak eloquently in warm tears gushing over pale cheeks, whose anguish is written on every feature, but God pity those who must lock their sorrows in the far, far depths of their own hearts, and live a life that is all a bitter mockery!

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

#### Protesting a Note.

Accommodation notes are, it appears, sometimes given as a mere means of 'raising the wind;' at least this was the case with one which was sent a few days ago to Mr. ———, one of our best known notaries, for 'notice of non-payment.' Happening to know the drawer, the worthy officer called upon him in person. The former, seeing him approach his residence, met him at the door and welcomed him in:

'I am glad to see you, Mr. ———.'

'So am I you,' replied the officer; 'I have a note of yours sent to me for protest.'

'Ah! very well, do you get anything for the job?'

'Certainly, I shall get one dollar and thirty-seven and a half cents if you do not pay the note now.'

'Indeed! well, I'm glad that somebody gets paid for it, for when I gave it I did not expect anybody would ever get a cent for it, for I haven't a dollar in the world!'

The notary instantly recollected an errand in the next street. *Am. Courier.*

#### Banvard's Picture.

A London paper discourses on Banvard's Panorama, which is now being exhibited in that city, as follows:

These three miles of canvass have been painted by one man, and there he is, present, pointing out what he deems most worthy of notice. This is his history. Poor, untaught, wholly unassisted, he conceives the idea—a truly American idea—of painting the 'largest picture in the world.' Some capital must be got for the materials, and the acquisition of that is his primary object. First, he starts 'a floating diorama' on the Wabash River, which topples over when people come to see it, and keeps all the company at the pumps for dear life. This entertainment drawing more water than money, and being set upon, besides, by robbers armed with bowie knives and rifles, is abandoned. Then he paints a panorama of Venice, and exhibits it in the west successfully, until it goes down in a steamer on the western waters. Then he sets up a museum at St. Louis, which fails. Then he comes down to Cincinnati, where he does no better. Then, without a farthing, he rows away on the Ohio in a small boat, and lives, like a wild man, upon nuts, until he sells a revolving pistol, which cost him twelve dollars, for five-and-twenty. With the proceeds of this commercial transaction he buys a larger boat, lays in a little store of calicoes and cottons, and rows away again among the solitary settlers along shore, bartering his goods for beeswax. Thus, in course of time, he earns enough to buy a little skiff, and go to work upon the largest picture in the world! In his little skiff he travels thousands of miles, with no companions but his pencil, rifle and dog, making the preparatory sketches for the largest picture in the world. Those completed, he erects a temporary building at Louisville, Kentucky, in which to paint the largest picture in the world. Without the least help, even in the grinding of his colors, or the splitting of the wood for his machinery, he falls to work, and keeps at work, maintaining himself meanwhile, and buying more colors, wood, and canvass, by doing odd jobs in the decorative way. At last he finishes the largest picture in the world, and opens it for exhibition on a stormy night, when not a single 'human' comes to see it. Not discouraged yet, he goes about among the boatmen, who are well acquainted with the river, and gives them free admission to the largest picture in the world. The boatmen come to see it, are astonished at it. 'Our country' wakes up from a rather sullen doze at Louisville, and comes to see it, too. The upshot is, that it succeeds; and here it is in London, with its painter standing on a little platform by its side, explaining it; and probably, by this time next year, it and he may be in Timbuctoo.

#### The Mines of Potosi.

This celebrated city formerly belonged to Peru, but is now under the government of Buenos Ayres. It is situated in the interior, about three hundred miles from the Pacific Ocean, being built in a narrow glen on the skirts of an elevated mountain. It owes its origin and importance to its silver mines, the richest in South America. The mountain of Potosi is the most elevated summit in this quarter, and is always capped with snow. It rises to the height of 10,860 feet above the level of the sea, and 4397 feet above the plain on which the city is built. The city must of course be nearly 11,000 feet high. This great elevation renders the climate cold. The environs are barren, the valleys almost destitute of wood, and the sides of the hills covered with moss. The mountain is of easy ascent, and from its summit is presented a grand picturesque view of lakes, valleys, and mountains.

The population of Potosi once amounted to 160,000, but, in consequence of the diminished importance of the mines, it has been reduced to 40,000. The streets are narrow, and irregular; the houses are built of stone or brick, and are of only one story—they are without chimneys, and the apartments are kept warm by being closed and covered with alpacca skins, and by burning perfumery in them. On entering a house, the visiter, as the first salutation, is presented with a silver chafing dish of perfumery burning.

The mines of Potosi were accidentally discovered by Diego Hualca, an Indian peasant, when pursuing wild goats. Arriving at a steep place, he laid hold of a small shrub to prevent himself from falling, but the shrub, being unable to support his weight, was torn up by the roots, and disclosed to the astonished hunter a rich mass of silver, lumps of which adhered to the earth and came away with the plants. Not long afterwards the discovery was made known, and the mine was opened in 1645.

From the first discovery of these mines to the year 1803, the quantity obtained from them amounted to the enormous sum of one thousand and fifty millions of dollars. The annual quantity thirty years since was about five million dollars. Although their produce is reduced to about one quarter of what it once was, yet they are still the most productive mines in South America.

These mines have caused the destruction of thousands of human beings in the latter end of the 16th century. Sixteen thousand Indians were constantly compelled by the subscription of the meta to work in them. At present there are only about two thousand miners employed, who are well paid, and work from choice.—*Boston Post.*

#### Fulton and Napoleon.

A singular circumstance, says Alison, occurred about this time (1801), which demonstrates how little the clearest intellect can anticipate the ultimate result of the discoveries which are destined to effect the greatest changes in human affairs. At the time when all eyes in Europe were fixed on the Channel, and the orators in the French tribunate were wishing for a 'fair wind and thirty-six hours,' an unknown individual (Fulton) presented himself to the First Consul, and said: 'The sea which separates you from your enemy gives him an immense advantage. Aided alternately by the wind and tempests, he braves you in his inaccessible isle. This obstacle, his sole strength, *I engage to overcome.* I can, in spite of all his fleets, at any time, *in a few hours*, transport your armies into his territory, without fearing the tempests or having need of the winds. Consider the means which I offer you.' A most singular proposition was this, truly. Napoleon so far entertained it, as to commit the plans and details of Mr. Fulton to a Commission of the most learned men which France could produce, and this was all that the First Consul's vast engagements would allow him to do. This most learned Commission reported to Napoleon that 'it was visionary and impracticable.'

THE FLAG OF OUR UNION.

[Written for The Flag of our Union.]

## HOP-FROG

### The Eight Chained Ourang-Outangs.

BY EDGAR A. POE.

I never knew any one so keenly alive to a joke as the king was. He seemed to live only for joking. To hit off a good story of the jokish kind, and tell it well, was the sure road to his favor. To him who happened also to be a good mimic he became a bosom friend and a confidant. He had begun life, early in his career, by getting himself admired as a fool; and many persons in his dominions were considered fools in consequence of their successful imitation of his own character. These people, however, although they always seemed to be what they were not, were not altogether fools. They were simply men of great talent, who had, to all intents and purposes, given over their existence to the one object of becoming fools. They had all their wits about them, in short, to such a degree that they could make a very thorough fool of any person who required their services, and who was himself not altogether a fool. The king, however, as I have already observed, was himself a fool, and he loved a fool by instinct, as a dog loves a bone—as a true monkey loves sugar—as a genuine dandy loves fine linen—as a veritable prig loves cream. He considered a fool the most precious of all the gifts of fortune, and the one which stood most in need of encouragement. Where, indeed, could be found a better counsellor than a fool? Where a more agreeable companion than a fool? Where a more thorough gentleman than a fool? Where a wiser man than a fool? I put it to you, one and all, most positively and peremptorily, where?

His late majesty, then, had a fool's value for a fool; and, as I have already said, he would have encouraged the species, even had he been himself disinclined to do so, merely for the sake of the thing. But, in truth, the monarch's love for a joke was not the least of his claims to the throne. He considered a capital pun the best of all imaginable passports to the good graces of his subjects; and, where a rare jest was to be found, the public treasury was at the disposal of any minister who could find it. Thus it happened that the royal coffers were pretty well exhausted by the numerous bribes given to the professors of the science of wit; and that the premiers, ministers of state, and other officers of the government, were, for the most part, appointed with a view altogether to their proficiency in the details of the king's favorite amusement.

Not that his majesty was indifferent, on occasion, to the powers of a good actual hater. He could, at any time, discriminate between the false wit and the true, and was always ready to sacrifice the former to the latter. Thus, although he had many fools in his household, he had also seven counsellors who were not fools, and these seven counsellors were occasionally asked for their opinions. They were all fine jokers themselves, and took pleasure in the jokes of others. Their counsels were frequently sought, indeed, upon account of their accomplishments in this respect, rather than for any trifling considerations of public business. I have just said that, upon occasions of importance, the seven were always consulted. On such occasions they assembled in a large room in the palace, and were overlooked from a throne of state by the king and his court. The monarch would present to the council some very difficult question, requiring immediate attention, and, after the proper remarks had been made upon it, each member would have an opportunity of discussing it, or not, according to his fancy, while the king and the courtiers either drank wine, or played cards, or entered into conversation with the fair wives of the councillors. For my part, I am free to confess that I should have preferred a game of cards to any other mode of spending the time. I detested the council-board. The king's questions were generally so absurd that I could make no sense of them, and the answers which I was forced to furnish, in my capacity of fool, were frequently so painfully sensible as to put me to the blush. The king, however, was quite delighted with my progress in the science of wit, and often told me that I should make a good figure at the head of my profession, when the old gentleman who filled it should be gathered to his fathers. There were seven of us altogether, and we were all pensioned and overworked.

The monarch, in his time, had been fond of playing many practical jokes upon his nobility, and the consequence was that the seven counsellors frequently found it necessary to put their heads together in order to devise means for paying back in kind the compliments of their master. The way in which they usually managed it was to wait until the king had perpetrated some more than commonly outrageous piece of folly, and then to persuade him that the thing was a good joke, and that he ought to be highly pleased with it. Once thus entrapped, he was not to be caught napping again. He was naturally a good-hearted man, and, although he delighted in practical jokes, he could not bear to have them played upon himself. The tricks of his counsellors, therefore, were not unfrequently very much relished by the victim before the matter was fairly explained to himself.

The seven had been in session, one day, upon some business of more than usual importance, when a page of the household staggered into the room, and delivered to the king a huge package, sealed and tied up with red tape. Whatever was in the wind, it was clear, at first sight, that nothing of consequence was to be discussed. The monarch looked on while his favorite cut the strings of the package, and then, with a broad grin, proceeded to open a box within, filled with cotton, from which he took a very small pair of spectacles, set in a frame of some black metal. Having adjusted the glasses to his nose, and taken a good look through them at the council, he proceeded to open a second box, from which he drew a pair of huge iron shears. These he handed, with a polite bow, to the minister who sat next him, and who, in turn, bowed to the minister next to him. The package was now passed from hand to hand, each member looking at it, and then bowing to his neighbor, until it came to the last councillor of all, who, having taken out the spectacles, and put them on his own nose, and then opened and closed the shears several times, as if to test their goodness, began to trim very deliberately the king's whiskers, bowing to the latter, at each snip, for permission.

The monarch's whiskers, I should say, were very long, very bushy, very black, and very much admired. They were the pride of his majesty's heart, and he would have trusted the head of his kingdom to the hands of a barber with more confidence than he would have trusted his whiskers. To trim them properly, too, was a task of the most delicate nature, and one which required the nicest manipulation. The shears, moreover, had been selected for the express purpose of cutting whiskers, and had never been employed for any other. They were sharp—very sharp—and the councillor who operated with them knew well how to make them sharper. The king, however, had no sooner seen the first few inches of hair fall upon the floor, than he began to perceive the trick which had been played him, and he accordingly entered, with great zest, into the humor of the joke. Some of the seven, who had been in the secret, dropped their jaws on their breasts, and remained motionless, with every appearance of awe-stricken attention; others, who had not been in the secret, opened their eyes to the widest possible extent, and seemed to be lost in astonishment; while all, with a single exception, turned pale with terror. The exception was a fellow of the name of Hop-Frog, who, as well as the king, and perhaps the king more than any one else, laughed loudly and long at the success of the scheme. Indeed, the whole affair had been of his contrivance, and he had, from the first, counted upon the effect which was produced.

When the minister had finished his task, the king looked at him for some moments in silence, and then, suddenly starting to his feet, and overturning his chair backward, with a vehemence which appeared to be entirely unpremeditated, he cried out to the barber in a voice of thunder, "Scoundrel! dog! villain! how dare you do this? Are you mad? Are you in a conspiracy? Are you in the pay of my enemies? Are you a traitor? Are you a fool? Are you a coward? Are you a poltroon? Are you a knave? Are you a fool? Are you afraid

# THE FLAG OF OUR UNION.

F. GLEASON, PROPRIETOR.

MATURIN M. BALLOU, EDITOR.

☞ The terms of The Flag of our Union are $2 00 per annum, invariably in advance. The paper is always discontinued at the expiration of the time paid for.—See imprint on the last page.

☞ All communications designed for publication in the paper, must be post paid, and addressed to F. Gleason, *Boston, Mass.*, Proprietor of The Flag of our Union.


### To our Correspondents.

'The Poor Woodcutter,' a prose sketch, by our regular contributor, T. S. Arthur, will appear in our next.

'Youth's First Pilgrimage,' a poem, by Almy, filed for insertion.

'Death of an Infant,' a poem, accepted.

'Love's Reply,' a poem, by our regular contributor, Mrs. Frances S. Osgood, in our next number.

'The Past,' a poem, accepted.

'Where were you last night at twelve?' a laughable sketch, from The Young 'Un, shall appear next week.

'Rosalie de Clairville,' a legend of the olden days of France, by our regular contributor, Francis A. Durivage, filed for next week.

'Another Gold Song,' filed for the Olio column.

'Foreign Correspondence,' an original letter from a friend at Lisbon, filed for the next number.

'O come to my Bower,' a poem, accepted.

'The Lost at Sea,' by our old (young) friend, Miss Morton, shall appear in our next.

'Foreign Correspondence,' regular series, from our talented contributor, M. E. D., dated at Constantinople, shall appear in the next issue of the Flag.

'America,' is a poem of merit, but too long for us.—We aim at brevity, that we may give the more variety.

'A New Way to study Medicine,' a humorous yarn, by the Colonel, next week.

'The Night Watch,' a thrilling nautical sketch, by an officer in the U. S. Navy, in our next.

'The Voice of God,' a poem, by Anna, accepted.

'Winter,' a poem, by J. W. N., in our next.

'When I feel most fine,' a poem, filed for the Olio column.

'Love's Three Dwellings,' 'A Sister's Revenge,' 'The Converts,' and 'Lines to L.,' are respectfully declined.

☞ No poems or other articles will be received for this paper, unless accompanied by an authentic name.

### Dependence one upon another.

Let pride of wealth and position arrogate as much as it pleaseth to itself, still it is impossible to forget that we are eminently dependent one upon another. The rich depend upon the poor, as well as the poor upon the rich, the world being not unlike to a magnificent building: all the stones gradually become cemented together, and therein lies their strength. No single portion of the immense fabric is of any particular value by itself, however important it may be when considered with the rest of the structure. And so it is in society. The rich, the strong, the influential, and the weak, are alike component parts of the great and entire whole. What would either be if alone and isolated from all the surroundings that go to develop and exercise his peculiar merit or profession? The fact is, we are so constituted by nature, that we cannot even enjoy ourselves *alone*; some one must lean upon our arm, and share our gladness, listen to our observations and prompt our imagination, and become, as it were, a partner in our feelings, or else our impressions become spiritless and tasteless. Those are the happiest persons, after all, who live in no small degree to benefit others—who are always ready with a kind word to encourage, a smile to cheer, and a dollar to assist; because such realize the great and true principle of mutual dependence. What reader has not felt, as he gazed upon some pleasing exhibition, some delightful phenomenon of nature, a longing at his heart for a congenial spirit with whom to share the enjoyment that his loneliness renders, after all, but partial? When the heart is full, it seeks for a thousand reasons, in a thousand ways, to impart itself. How sweet and indispensable at such times is fellowship—soul mysteriously strengthening soul!

It is in such a train of thought as this, that we sometimes wish for wealth, not to hoard up with a miserly spirit, but to *share* and enjoy. He is no true philosopher who imagines that the chief power of wealth is to supply personal wants, for in ninety-nine cases out of an hundred it creates more wants than it supplies; and there can be little doubt to a shrewd thinker, that, of the two extremes, great wealth and its attendant troubles and corruptions, or simple poverty and its wants and deprivations, the latter is really the more desirable. Indeed, experience has always shown that the larger portion of happiness is enjoyed by those who constitute the middling classes of society. Let us realize, then, this doctrine of mutual dependence, and remember that no one can live happily who lives for himself alone. Generosity is one of the noblest traits of our nature, and a judicious exercise of it affords an unspeakable return of satisfaction. There are too many among us, who, mistaking the philosophy of life, expect to get up in the world by a wholesale exercise of selfishness, and by pushing and crowding their fellows. But believe us, gentle reader, such invariably get their labor for their pains, and hurt themselves in the experiment.

### That Valentine, by Poe.

Having received a poem from our regular contributor, Edgar A. Poe, Esq., and having paid for the same as *original*, we were not a little surprised to see the poem appear in Sartain's Union Magazine for March, uncredited, and as original, though in the table of contents, on the cover, it is omitted. We at once addressed Mr. Poe, for an explanation, lest it should appear that we had taken the Valentine from the Magazine without credit. His answer to us is full and satisfactory. The said poem was written and handed to Mr. De Graw, a gentleman who proposed to start a Magazine in New York, but who gave up the project, and started himself for California. Mr. Poe, learning of this, thought, of course, his composition was his own again, and sent it to us as one of his regular contributions for the Flag; and was himself as much surprised as we could be, to see it, not long afterwards, in the Magazine, though the publisher does not say there that it was written for his pages. It was doubtless handed by Mr. De Graw to Sartain, and published thus without any intent to wrong any one. We make this statement, as in duty bound to Mr. Poe, and ourselves.

'Tisn't so.—Willis has been charged by some dozens of his editorial brethren with suffering under inflammatory rheumatism; but he 'denies the soft impeachment,' and says he was never in better health than now.

The Turf.—Upwards of thirteen hundred race-horses ran in England, Scotland and Wales during the last season, and nearly one hundred and fifty in Ireland.

Pennsylvania.—The committee on the judiciary in the Pennsylvania Senate have reported a bill abolishing capital punishment.

### 'Agricultural Department.'

Many of our weekly exchanges have one or more columns of their journals thus headed, and devoted ostensibly to the publication of articles purporting to contain information and instruction upon matters relating to farming. In ten cases out of a dozen, these articles are written by some experimental philosopher, who knows no more practically about farming than the sea-serpent. Nevertheless, honest, and even experienced farmers are sometimes led to try the plans laid down by these wise-acres. We rarely see a column of this stuff, telling a farmer when to water and when to feed his cattle, that we do not remember some of the serious consequences that have been the results of following the plans of these *theoretical* farmers.

It will be remembered that the late Mr. Barrymore, well known in Boston as a highly successful dramatist, was also a farmer, on a small scale, possessing a pretty little spot in Roxbury, which he cultivated himself. Our valued contributor, the 'Young 'Un,' also 'farmed it,' as a man of leisure, in the immediate environs of the 'City of Notions.' One morning the Young 'Un got up and read in some 'agricultural department' that a crop of potatoes might be greatly enhanced in their yield by cutting off the blossoms as fast as they appeared; and forthwith his potato patch was subjected to a regular morning *shave*, as invariably as the owner himself mowed his own chin. Being naturally of a communicative disposition, Young 'Un wished to inform his neighbors of the new plan that was to produce so large an increase in the crop of potatoes.

So one day meeting with Barrymore, he told him of the plan, and advised him to clip off the blossoms as soon as they appeared. Barrymore was just about as much of a farmer as the Young 'Un; so he clipped his little patch of vines; and reasoning that what was good for potatoes must also be good for *beans*, cut off all the blossoms of the bean vines also as fast as they appeared! The consequence was, that the Young 'Un wilted all his vines and killed them, root and branch, and Barrymore found that he had nipped his crop of potatoes and beans, too, 'in the bud.' This was buying experience rather dear, but still it opened their eyes *some*.

But the Young 'Un is a spirited chap, and of an inquiring disposition; so having read in the said 'agricultural department' that *hay tea* was good for swine, he purchased a bundle and boiled it down to a perfect jelly, for his half dozen Berkshire hogs. But sad to relate, the very first dose killed every identical porker! There was some weed in the mess that when well steeped proved a fatal poison. We are *credibly* informed that this was the last experiment in theoretical farming that the Young 'Un made, while poor Barrymore soon bade adieu to farms and farming for a better world.

### Extravagance.

Ask your purse, not your pride, what you shall buy. Let not a desire to excel your neighbor in display, run you into lavish expenditure. There is no foible so attractive for the time as extravagance. People call it liberality, nobleness of spirit, and enlarged views; they look on with admiration, as they do at a brilliant display of fireworks, but the fire once spent, then comes the reaction. Dress is perhaps the greatest medium of extravagance. Shakspeare, Fuller, and many old and standard writers advise display, and costly attire, but it is very questionable policy in a republic like ours, where it is sure to provoke envy and detraction. This is one of the means of those who expend so much self-denial and thought to keep up the show of what they have not, while one-half the same labor expended in restricting themselves to the hardest realities would be to much better effect. And yet we would have no reader of ours foster or practise a niggardly spirit. The fact is, it is the same with our expenditures as with any enjoyment—pleasure and diet ought to be in perfect harmony, bearing a just proportion to each other, for while immoderate pleasure puts nature into disorder, so also a sparing and dry way of living dulls the spirits and faculties. And thus, while undue lavishness tends to derange one's means and leads to many evils, so likewise a mean and parsimonious spirit tends to render us blunted unto all good influences, and shuts us out from the companionship and regard of our fellow-men.

### Cheap Postage.

It seems that the law makers at Washington have not yet learned to look upon a high postage system as a tax upon intelligence, but prefer to be behind other nations in the adoption of liberal measures for the advancement of knowledge. It will not be many years before these very Congressmen will wonder that they had not, long since, adopted a penny rate of postage, and made the transportation of newspapers free. There is no other possible act, that Congress could adopt, which would aid so much in the general advancement of intelligence and good sound common sense among the people, as the adoption of such a law as we refer to, viz., newspapers free through the mails, and all letters two cents postage each, and always pre-paid.

Ireland.—The last news from this oppressed and unhappy country is all of one character—namely, the flight of the population, by whatever means they can procure, to the United States, leaving rents unpaid, and the sick and helpless behind. The Freeman's Journal, Dublin, says: 'The arrivals in this city alone, average nearly two thousand per day, of emigrants eager to embark for America.'

Attractions of the Times.—Next to the acquirement of gold, some people of the present day seem to evince the utmost avidity for a knowledge of private history; and your next door neighbor is scarcely content unless he knows the minute internal arrangements of your kitchen, and the amount per month you pay your cook!

The Present Number.—We cannot refrain from calling the attention of the reader to the contents of the present number of the Flag. Besides being almost entirely original, it contains contributions from some of the best writers in America.

Mrs. Butler.—This lady is as popular in New York as she was in Boston, and her 'readings' are thronged at *one dollar* the ticket.

Summary.—A clergyman at Wilton, Mass., has lately been thoroughly castigated by an enraged father.

Theatrical.—A new theatre is to be erected at New Orleans, to be under the management of Thomas Placide, Esq., the comedian.

Treasury Notes.—The amount outstanding at the present time is about $1,600,000.

### Various Modes of Travelling.

PREPARED FOR THE FLAG OF OUR UNION.

In many countries of the East the mode of travelling is usually in a palanquin borne by two or four men; sometimes it is placed upon the back of the camel or elephant, or between two mules harnessed one before the other.

The Esquimaux of North America harness from eight to ten dogs to their light sledges, and dash off at great speed. The Laplander yokes the reindeer to a sledge, but is never seen to mount upon his back.

In many parts of South America, where the roads are inaccessible even for mules, the only mode of transportation is for the traveller to perch himself in a sort of basket upon the back of a carguero or porter.

Wheel carriages are not at all in use among the nomadic tribes of Asia and Africa, where travelling is wholly consummated upon the backs of elephants, horses and camels, these being only used as beasts of burthen.

In England, France, and America, the universal mode of land transportation now is the railroads; though private conveyance in either country is furnished in the most agreeable shape—good vehicles and horses.

In Switzerland, the traveller who would observe the country to advantage, must do so on foot; for in many parts there are only bridle roads, and these are of the most dangerous character for the equestrian.

The canal boat is an easy and economical, though slow mode of travelling, and is very common in the United States. Five miles an hour can easily be obtained—about one fourth the average speed of railroads in America.

The rich traveller in England prefers posting. The post-chaise, which contains two seats, and is drawn by two horses, may be hired at any of the inns, and relays of horses along the entire route in any direction.

In some parts of India, oxen are harnessed to a two-wheeled covered vehicle, and in this conveyance short journeys are not unfrequently accomplished, though the palanquin is the most common, borne by servants.

### The Island of Cuba.

It is somewhat singular that this gem of the American Archipelago is so little known, and its peculiar beauties and belongings so indifferently understood by Americans. This absence of information on our part is the more remarkable when we realize the geographical position of the island, which gives it at once to the United States, and the fact also that it is the key to the Gulf of Mexico; thus commanding the commerce of our great western valley of the Mississippi, as well as other branches of our southern trade. The importance of its position has never been rightly considered by our government. The island lies on the other side of the Gulf, off the Floridas, like a sentinel or outpost to our seaboard on the south. In the hands of a hostile nation it could harm us more than all the world besides. England duly appreciates the importance of Cuba, and has long looked with wistful eyes towards the possession of so rich a gem. It is not long since the proposition was openly made in parliament to seize and hold the island from Spain, on some plausible pretext; a plan that has long been entertained in secret. Should our government tamely submit to the possession of Cuba by Great Britain, it would be forging another link in the strong chain of English power which already half encircles this Union.

### Flogging in the Navy.

We see it stated in the papers that the frigate United States, just returned from a three years' voyage, has served out to her crew, during the cruise, more than *eight thousand lashes!* an average of twenty-two to each man. We do not know the captain's name, if we did, we would publish it for the benefit of humanity. Eight thousand lashes! If this is not wholesale brutality, then we know not the meaning of the term. We have an original sketch upon this subject from the pen of an officer of the navy, which we shall publish next week, showing a fearful example of the result of this degrading treatment of men upon the high seas.

Ostentation.—An exchange significantly asks: 'What do you think the meek and lowly Jesus would say, if he should come into one of our fashionable gingerbread churches, and see the splendid display of dry goods; and the minister, with more yards of fine silk about him, than any of the congregation, strut up the broad aisle to the highest seat in the synagogue, and then repeat his long prayers, and sleepy sermons?'

Great Abundance.—It is cheerful to know that plenty reigns in our happy land, more especially when so many poor emigrants are flocking hither. The Chicago Democrat learns that all the warehouses at Southport are full, pressed down and running over, of wheat; the ten-pin alley is also full, and at last advices an offer of two hundred dollars was made for one of the churches.

Continents and Ireland.—The Dublin Freeman's Journal speaks of the American proposition to purchase Cuba, and suggests that the British Government should bring Ireland 'to the market in time, while *Islands* are in fashion.' 'Jonathan,' he continues, 'may refuse to buy anything *less* than *Continents* by-and-by.'

Ship Building.—Portsmouth, New Hampshire, is turning out some fine specimens of naval architecture. A ship has just been completed there, which is the largest packet vessel in the world, measuring 1640 tons.—She is called the Empire State, and is to ply between Liverpool and New York.

Early Marriage.—A lady only ten years old was married at Panama recently. Females mature in that meridian faster than in any other region. At eight or nine, young ladies are of sufficient growth to carry on quite serious flirtations.

Dramatic Success.—At last accounts, Mrs. Mowatt's play of Armand was to be performed for the *twentieth consecutive night* at the Marylebone Theatre, London.

Capital Punishment.—We see by our foreign files that a bill for the abolition of capital punishment has been introduced into the British Parliament.

California Fever.—There seems to have been fewer *fatal* cases of this prevailing distemper the last few weeks.

The Queen's English.—Victoria opened her speech before Parliament, lately, with a grossly ungrammatical phrase.

Ice Crop.—The yield is larger and of finer appearance than ever before stored for home consumption in Massachusetts.

Dog-gerel.—We haven't seen any story lately of 'canine sagacity.'

### From our Foreign Files.

Many English ships are advertised for California: price of passage from London, £50.

A railway round Paris, uniting the termini of the different railways, has been completed.

Among the battalions of the civic guard in Rome is a company of Americans studying the fine arts in that city.

The costume of the ladies at the recent opening of the British Parliament, was in the style of the reign of George II.

It is stated in a late London paper, that there are one thousand persons in the Cork poor-house who do not possess a shirt.

In Glasgow, 10,000 men go to bed drunk every Saturday night, are drunk all Sunday, and remain drunk the greater part of Monday.

In 1848 the number of chargeable letters delivered in the United Kingdom amounted to 329,000,000, an increase in nine years of 253,000,000.

A grand ball, attended by 3000 persons, took place recently at the Hotel de Ville, Paris. Louis Napoleon was present, and danced in several of the quadrilles.

Abbas Pacha, who arrived at Constantinople on the 10th of January, had an interview with the sultan on the 12th, and was invested by his sovereign with the vice royalty of Egypt.

The Earl of Derby, England, received some plants recently from California, and on washing the earth that was around them, he found that it contained gold!

The world will learn with astonishment, envy, admiration, hope, faith, and charity—one or the other, perhaps all six—that Queen Victoria has actually—kissed the daughter of Mr. Charles Kean!

Strong efforts are to be made in the British Parliament to curtail the speeches of the members. The London press has entered into a *quasi* understanding not to report speeches beyond certain limits.

A recent letter from Naples says: 'Vesuvius has been more than usually active since the 7th. On the 12th the mountain towards Bosco Reale opened in two parts. The people in the neighborhood have all fled.'

### Driftdrops of Wisdom.

Imagination is to love what gas is to a balloon—that which raises it from earth.

In Italy, their ordinary form of asking is, do good for your own sake.

A cheerful spirit makes labor light and sleep sweet, and all around happy, which is much better than being only rich.

Keen glances of censure proceed generally from a dark involved temper, like flashes of lightning from a gloomy sky.

Every man has something to do which he neglects, every man has faults to conquer which he delays to combat.—*Johnson.*

Pour water hastily in a vessel with a narrow neck, little enters; pour gradually, and by small quantities, and the vessel is filled.

Because you find a thing very difficult, do not presently conclude that no man can master it; but whatever you observe proper and practicable by another, believe likewise to be in your power.

A Bible and a newspaper in every house, a good school in every district—all studied and appreciated as they merit—are the principal support of virtue, morality, and civil liberty. —*Franklin.*

Do not complain of another for not keeping your secret till you have first complained of yourself. How can you imagine a stranger to be more faithful to you than you are to yourself?

If you form a strong attachment to a virtuous woman, dare to marry early. It is better to be poor than wicked. Cherish the object of your early love. Be industrious, and trust to Providence.

Adversity detects cowards, draws out the faculties of the wise and ingenious, puts the modest to the necessity of trying their skill, awes the opulent, and makes the idle industrious.

### The Joker's Olio.

What letter when covered with dots denotes anticipation? It is *X specked.*

If U were invited out with the rest of the alphabet, at what time would you go?—After T.

The man who climbed the North Pole is said to be in Cincinnati at present, hatching snow-balls.

A tailor, who, in skating, fell through the ice, declared that he would never again leave his *hot goose* for a *cold duck.*

They are going to have a theological discussion down in Maine. We are glad it does not occur about *dis-section.*

The Governor of New York and Mayor of Pittsburgh are both rather *scaly* men; the former being a *Fish* and the latter a *Herring.*

The Emperor of Austria has long been considered of unsound mind. Of late he has certainly shown himself a flighty character.

The Bishop of London vows that, although the charter may become the law of the land, it never shall be *the law of the see*, if he can help it.

In speaking of the farce of 'The Dance of the Shirt,' at the Adelphi, the Sun observes that there 'is some stuff in it.' It might have said that it is all stuff from beginning to end.

As it was Auriol himself who taught his daughter, the well-known *danseuse*, her first *steps*, he may be said, not only to be her father, but her *step-father* as well.

The papers tell us that, among other measures adopted by the civic authorities against cholera, 'a *standing* committee of physicians will *sit*,' &c. How will they manage?

A writer in one of the Reviews was boasting that he was in the habit of distributing literary reputation. 'Yes,' replied a friend, 'and you have done it so profusely, that you have left none for yourself.'

A Yankee who listened to Mr. Foote, of Mississippi, while he was indulging in (what Southerners call) 'senatorial high-falutin',' remarked, 'that they made a great mistake when they crossed the *t* in that chap's name.'

### Miscellaneous Scraps.

The New York Sun says that eight stages are building in that city, to run between Vera Cruz and Mazatlan. Steamers on both oceans are to connect with the line, so that passengers can go from New Orleans to San Francisco in *eighteen days!*

All Paris, from the duchess down to the shop girl, and from the President down to the lounger in the gallery, is at this moment playing, singing, humming a song which Lafount the actor borrowed, it appears from Mr. Mitchell's niggers, on his recent visit to London.

Without woman, man would be a rude, unpolished solitary; he would be a stranger to grace, which is no other than the smile of love. Woman suspends around him the smiles of life, like the honeysuckles of the forest, which adorn the trunks of the oak with their perfumed garlands.

The parchment containing the original charter of Charles II to his brother James, duke of York, in 1664, comparatively in good preservation, and the ink still retaining its original color, has been placed under glass in a neat frame, and now hangs at the entrance into the State Library of New York.

If industry is no more than habit, it is at least an excellent one. 'If you ask me which is the real hereditary sin of human nature, do you imagine I shall answer pride, or luxury, or ambition, or egotism? No; I shall say indolence. Who conquers indolence, will conquer all the rest.'—*Zimmerman.*

'The least gnat in the air,' says the excellent Flavel, 'may choke one, as it did Adrian, a Pope of Rome. A little hair in milk may strangle one, as it did a counsellor in Rome. A little skin of a raisin may stop one's breath, as it did the lyric Anacreon's.' Trifling and even contemptible things are often pregnant with power.

### Quill and Scissors.

The weather in France is remarkable this winter for its mildness. It is marked for its severity beyond the Alps and in the East. The Italian journals mention that the lagunes of Venice were covered with ice.

We commend the following recipe to housekeepers: To make potatoes very mealy, take and wash them well just before you wish to use them, and then, without drying or wiping, put them in—*an old meal bag!*

The salt found in the great salt lake, in California, is superior to any now in use for preserving butter, beef, &c. It is the strongest ever yet discovered. Three barrels of water make one of salt.

In New Orleans on the 13th inst., Thomas B. Harper, who killed J. E. Johnson in the late affray at the St. Louis Exchange, was held to bail in the sum of $20,000, which was immediately given.

Isaac Coal, an old and highly respectable citizen of Columbus, Ohio, and several times sergeant-at-arms of the senate, committed suicide on the 20th inst., by hanging himself in his barn.

A lawyer, Carl Harman, of Saxony, has been arrested in New York for stealing from a passenger in the bark Emma with whom he came over, and from a fellow-boarder in New York.

A prize fight came off in Detroit recently. The principals were Mary Lewis and Bridget Riley. The seconds were Abigail Brown and Jos. Bowers. They have all been held to bail.

The streets of Halifax, N. S. were impassable on the 14th ult., in consequence of a violent snow storm, and the heaviest fall of snow since 1798. The harbor was closed with ice.

The Fond du Lac Republican says that a gang of horse thieves, counterfeiters, and blacklegs, four or five hundred in number, has been discovered in Lee, Paw-Paw county, Ill.

The Philadelphia board of trade have passed resolves in favor of continuing the coast survey as a great national work, the completion of which our country owes to the world.

England and Wales, with sixteen millions of people, contain nearly eight millions unable to write their name, and not fewer than five millions unable to read their mother tongue.

Bishop Watson compares a geologist to a gnat, mounted on an elephant, and laying down theories as to the whole internal structure of the animal from the phenomena of the hide.

When a man is thinking of the past, he casts his eyes on the ground; when of the future, he raises them to heaven; when of nothing, he looks in the fire.

A certain prude carried her prudery so far as warmly to rebuke her librarian for putting the male and female authors together on the same bookshelves.

Theodore Parker aptly compares some men who grow very rich by trade, to cabbages growing in a violet bed. They smother the violets, but are after all nothing but cabbages.

We regret to hear that Mr. J. M. Scott, so long and favorably known at the Bowery, and, indeed, throughout the whole United States, died on Saturday evening last.

By telegraph from New York, we learn, says the Chicago Journal, that 'whiskey is quiet.' Glad to hear it. It kicks up considerable of a noise hereaway, occasionally.

The Ohio House of Representatives has, by a decisive vote, instructed a committee to report a bill repealing all laws granting license to sell intoxicating liquors.

The different railroads that run out from New York are putting the price of season tickets at a very low rate, in order to populate the villages upon their lines.

'My soul,' says Lamartine, 'is like the sieve in which the Mexicans wash their golden ore; the sand falls to the ground, the pure metal remains.'

It is said that our minister in England, Mr. Bancroft, on a recent visit to Paris, succeeded in negotiating a postal treaty with the French government.

An apparatus for converting salt water into fresh, in large quantities, has been successfully used on board the British ship of war, the Reynard.

Thomas Knox was instantly killed at New York, quite recently, by falling down the hatchway of the steamship United States; he was a mechanic on board.

The Legislature of Wisconsin has passed a general law authorizing any inhabitant to change his name, with the approbation of the town authorities.

A cask has been picked up in latitude 68° 10' north, and longitude 64° 30' west, containing important information relative to the Franklin expedition.

The Roman General Marius replied to the Gaul who had sent him a challenge: 'If you are tired of your life, you can go and hang yourself.'

The most foolish thing in the world is said to be, to bow to the rich till you're unable to stand erect in the presence of a poor man.

The mad judge McHenry, of New Orleans, refuses to hold a court till his clerk pays over the money to his (the judge's) brother.

There is a hog now hanging up in Jennings's establishment in Green street, at Albany, New York, which weighs 949 pounds dressed!

Mr. Joseph Ross, of Ipswich, Massachusetts, has secured a patent for an improved swinging bridge. It is an ingenious affair.

A letter from Bermuda says that John Mitchell is a poor, miserable, broken-hearted looking creature, and in wretched health.

Mrs. Partington says a great many more die now of *suggestion* of the brain than there used to when she was a gal.

A new revenue cutter, to be stationed at Portland, Maine, will be ready to take her place about the middle of next April.

A boot maker of Ogoacoke, Illinois, exhibits eight pairs of large size boots, made by a man named Grinnell in one day!

We often hear Douglas Jerrold blamed for not finishing his stories. But, after all, he is not worse in this respect than his readers.

It is said that ex-President Polk and his estimable lady will visit Europe soon, having vacated the White House at Washington.

The London Sun says Sir Henry Bulwer, the new ambassador to the United States, is a true friend to popular rights.

The London Railway Magazine gravely describes the model of a newly-invented railway to take an invalid up to bed!

Fifty years ago, Mrs. Washington knit stockings for the general; now there are not fifty ladies in the city who can play that part.

Why is it useless to send a message by the electric telegraph? Because, after all, it must come through the post.

A negro who was lynched near Jamaica, L. I., for a gross outrage on a white girl has since died of his injuries.

The cotton manufactory at Charleston, S. C., is found to be very successful, and turns out excellent goods.

William Warna had both his eyes blown out a short time since in a limestone quarry, at Westminster, Mo.

What is the use of charging our memories with anything that does not charm or console our existence?

Why are dreams like the cars upon the railroad? Because they come upon sleepers.

Lady Blessington edits the *Lady's Newspaper*, and Count D'Orsay designs for it.

Mr. Killgore has eloped from Ware with a factory operative, leaving a wife behind.

The Sub-Treasury at New York is said to contain three million of dollars in coin.

Robert Owen, the Socialist, has written a letter of advice to the President of France.

Companies of German emigrants are turning their attention to Western Virginia.

There was a shock of an earthquake at Potsdam, St. Lawrence county, N. Y., lately.

Mr. John Linderman shot seventeen fine deer 'week ending' Feb. 7, in Iowa.

The elephant is now permanently domesticated at San Francisco.

The debt of Philadelphia is $3,446,000.

Dan Marble is in New York.

### Local Matters.

#### Amusements.

What with Inaugural balls, and the excitement attendant upon the fresh coming in of a new President, the past ten days have been the scene of busy excitement. Still the opera has done well, though we have no idea that the crowded audiences that throng the Howard go there to hear the music, but rather to dress and see each other. The most brilliant night of the past week, was one of those when *Roberto Devereux* was performed; and we defy any one, who has not a monomania for music, to sit it out with patience, as produced at the Howard. The National Theatre has presented its usual variety to good houses. The Boston Museum is coining money; and Mrs. Barrett's late engagement has proved a great card. The new farce of 'Slasher and Crasher' brought out at this house, is immensely funny, and puts an audience in capital good humor. It is by the author of 'Box and Cox,' and 'Poor Pillicoddy,' and has been equally successful in London with these two capital farces. The author evinces a ready sense of the ridiculous, and great knowledge of stage effect, but there is a *striking family likeness* in the composition of the three pieces. The Beach Street Museum has made the most of the favoring breeze that set into its course, and taking the wind right aft, has run before it like a bird. Nathans and his pupils have been here performing their pleasing gymnastics upon the stage; and the Female Forty Thieves have appeared nightly. The two panoramas, Champney's, of the Rhine, and Purrington and Russell's, of a Whaling Voyage round the World, are still very popular; the first named is doubtless the most artistic effort in this line yet exhibited to the public. We have not found time to visit the new panorama of the Creation of the World and the Deluge, just opened at Boylston Hall.

#### Perambulating Advertisements.

It is curious to observe the various modes that our citizens adopt to render their business notorious, in the way of advertisements. The numerous places of amusement each send a horse and cart about the streets, the sides of the vehicle being boarded up some six or eight feet high, and covered with posters setting forth the bill of fare, offered at their several establishments, in immense letters and all sorts of colors. Some tailoring establishments send men into the various parts of the town with bills printed in large letters, and hoisted upon poles, which are borne by carriers hither and thither, with an advertisement commencing after this manner: 'Ten thousand garments ready made and for sale at less than cost!' Little boys are running here and there, with cards tied upon their backs, stating where 'California outfits' may be obtained on the most reasonable terms, or at what Daguerreotype establishment strangers can be 'taken in and done for' the cheapest! You take up a daily paper and commence reading a paragraph which seems to relate to some curious and interesting historical fact, but which winds up with a recommendation of some patent cough drops, and you have thus been inveigled into reading the paragraph, though you may never have had a cough in the whole course of your life. You turn to what seems to be a *bona fide* poem, but which you find closes with an earnest commendation of some infallible corn salve! Thus we go.

California Fever.—To those persons who believe the *Munchausen* stories about gold in the valley of the Sacramento, we would say, you are deceived, both by designing men and yourselves. Some gold can be gathered there, but many have gone to get it. Not one in twenty will ever return with enough gold to pay expenses and loss of time!

A Good Move.—The railroads leading from New York to the immediate environs, have lowered their charge for season tickets to the least possible price, thus aiding in building up the villages and towns in the suburbs of the city. This is an example that the Boston railroads should follow.

A Soft One.—A man lately sailed from this city as a member of a joint company, for California; but when the pilot was about to leave the ship, the faint-hearted fellow told his comrades that he would make them a present of his share and outfits, for he was going to return with the pilot: and he did return.

Roguery.—Several of our hotels have been laid under contribution, by a gang of ingenious house thieves, who have stolen watches, jewelry, and valuable articles of wearing apparel from boarders' rooms.

The Weather.—We have had much cold, damp, searching weather lately. Spring doesn't smile upon us yet in genial mood. Ugh! These east winds give one premature rheumatism, only to think about them.

Two Fools.—We have not seen it noticed in the dailies, that the commander-in-chief of the national guard of Paris, and the editor of the Corsaire newspaper, fought a duel lately. Both desperately wounded.

The Fountain on the Common.—There was an evening exhibition of the fountain given the other night. It proved very successful. There was a full attendance of stars, and the moon seemed *highly* entertained.

A Monster.—A bell weighing *eight thousand pounds* was cast at the foundry of H. N. Hooper & Co., Causeway street, this city, a few days since.

Rather Queer.—General Taylor remarked to a friend the other day, that he had never seen a member of his cabinet before his present visit to Washington.

Boston Daily Times.—This excellent penny paper has appeared in an entire new dress, from top to toe. The 'Times' is conducted with tact and ability.

Curiosities.—We advise those who are going to the Boston Museum to go early and examine its half million of curiosities, before sitting down to the play in the grand saloon.

Bland and Skerrett's Lyceum.—This little theatre has been closed some few days—what does it mean? It was the very temple of fun and frolic.

Fires.—The Boston fire department were called out forty-two times last month. Losses by fire, $53,000—about two-thirds insured.

The Inaugural.—If 'brevity is the soul of wit,' then Taylor has hit the nail on the head in his inaugural address.

City Documents.—We are indebted to the City Marshal for a package of '*pub. doc.*'

Pugilistic.—Tom Hyer, the prize fighter, is said to be in this city.

More Particularly.—Will the Boston Old Fellow please to be thanked?

## OUR OLIO COLUMN.

[Written for The Flag of our Union.]

### Thus we go.

BY O. A. YATES.

While comets are roving
Their star-lighted way,
And prize-fighters gather
In battle array;
While motties are chanted,
And vespers are sung,
And music is rolling
From bugle and drum;
While Hyer is lauded,
And Sullivan hissed,
And a protocol mission
Supplants Mr. Trist;
While banners are streaming
On sea and on shore,
And adventurers hie
To California's shore;
While Van Buren's reposing
In Lindenwald's shade,
And Cass now enjoying
The Salt River trade;
While Polk is retiring
With sad, brow and sedate,
And Taylor is acting
The helm of the state;
While Washington teems
With the gay and the fair,
And parasites gather
For the spoils that are there;
While the Muses are quaffing
At Siloah's brook,
And cob-webs are gathering
In every nook;
While evening advances,
And morning draws nigh,
And matrons are hushing
The nursery cry;
While Philippe has fled
To Britannia's shore,
Where Louis Napoleon's
An exile no more;
While royalists glory,
And Cavaignac wails,
And Lamartine's star
Unhappily pales;
While Tyranny's losing
Her thrones and her chains,
And Freedom is ringing
O'er Orient plains;
While Pius is wandering,
An exile from Rome,
Saint Peter's successor
Despoiled of his throne;
Still wags the world smoothly
Each morning and night,
And Time swings his pendulum,
Of all things in spite.

[Written for The Flag of our Union.]

### 'Mad Dogs,' and 'Cal-i-for-nia.'

BY W. H. S.

On 'Change to-day I chanced to be,
And every man I chanced to see,
I asked the news of the day;
Each one would surely say the same,
And all the leading topics name,
'Mad dogs,' and 'Cal-i-for-nia.'

I met the merchant looking sad,
And, truth, I really thought him mad,
For all the man would say,
'What shall I do! O, if I knew
The candid truth of the topics two,'
'Mad dogs,' and 'Cal-i-for-nia.'

I met a lawyer looking fine;
He says, 'My friend, you're just in time;
I have some first-rate news, to-day;
'Twill make our business extra good,
And I am in the honding mood,'
'Mad dogs,' and 'Cal-i-for-nia.'

I left the man and walked for home,
When all at once I heard a groan,
And looking round, there lay
A woman just the same as dead,
But still the woman plainly said,
'Mad dogs,' and 'Cal-i-for-nia.'

Now all the time, by day or night,
I cannot help the foolish fright,
I hear my conscience say,
Beware! Of what I oft respond,
When something mumbles o'er the sound,
'Mad dogs,' and 'Cal-i-for-nia.'

### Old Trowzer.—A Ballad.

Old Trowzer was a terrier
Of famous Scottish breed,
A trained rat-catcher else was he,
Of wondrous strength and speed.

But once upon a summer's day,
A summer's sultry sun
Beat down upon old Trowzer as
It oft before had done.

Yet ne'er before, since time began,
So all the papers say,
Were dogs so much addicted to
The hy-dro-pho-bia.

And now when down he lay to rest,
And out his weary tongue,
Some little froth fell from his mouth,
And from his mouth some hung.

And everybody said they knew
The dog was surely mad,
Or else why foam so awfully,
And wag his tongue so bad?

This question so convincing was,
That every woman ran
To find out ways to kill the dog,
And so did every man.

Jim Jenkins first a musket got,
He was a marksman true;
He loaded it with wild goose shot,
As any goose would do.

He aimed it at the terrier dog,
And pulled the trigger too;
But only one shot took effect,
And that his tail went through!

Old Trowzer would not bear the smart,
For sure it smarted some;
So quickly on Jim Jenkins jumped,
And bit Jim Jenkins's thumb!

Jim Jenkins to the doctor ran,
He feared a dreadful fate;
To save his life, the doctor had
His arm to amputate!

Meanwhile the dog, pursued by all,
All round the village flew,
And e'en his master thought him mad,
And tried to kill him too!

And every man seized what he could—
A pitchfork, hoe or gun—
If e'er the dog in gunshot came,
They'd turn about and run!

Old Trowzer 'd lost his master's love,
He ne'er had liked the town;
So thought he 'd in the river jump,
And in the river drown.

Yet ere the middle he had reached,
The people had the shore;
They shot poor Trowzer, and he sunk,
He sunk, to rise no more!

The world must know it—know ye all,
Beneath the rolling wave,
The dog, whose ill was water's fear,
Has found a watery grave!—*Boston Post.*

### Mrs Partington poetic.

The Times and Keystone has the following from Mrs. Partington, in reference to her visit to see the statuary of 'Hero and Leander:'

Well, Leander swam the Hellespond,
I'm told there is no doubt;
For Hero, too, the brazen thing,
At whom our maids would scout,
To stand upon the river's brink—
For so the story goes on—
To meet a man at dead of night,
Without a stitch of clothes on—
I'm ashamed of her.

### Death and the Gourmand.

'Your time is up,' Death frowning cried,
Unto a well fed sinner.
'One moment stay,' the gourmand replied,
'I have not been to dinner.'

'I, Death, for no man wait;
Your life is past the prime;'
'True—but let me fill anon the plate,
Then, sweet man, I'm thine.'


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[Written for The Flag of our Union.]

### On visiting the Grave of Washington.

BY OSCAR A. MOGHAM.

A stranger stands beside thy lonely grave,
  And down his cheek a teardrop flows apace;
A tear which came while musing o'er the brave
  That slumbers neath the flower-clad sod in peace.

Far from thy narrow house, amid the storm
  Of Scotia's hills, my infancy found rest;
But, sleeper, thy great name is ever borne,
  Deeply engraved on every Highland breast.

They from their mountain heights looked o'er the
    deep,
  When England's legions left the grating strand;
Sent by a tyrant, with the sword to sweep
  The rebel patriot from his native land.

And when her sails no longer met the eye,
  They breathed a prayer that freedom might have
    birth,—
A star effulgent on the darkened sky,
  To cheer the drooping nations of the earth.

Their prayer was heard—to thee, great sire, was
    given
  The task of waking from lethargic sleep
Freedom, which man would curb, though righteous
    Heaven
  Formed it like waves which gambol o'er the deep.

Gladly ye heard the summons, and as flames
  Long smothered, ye opposed the insulting foe,
Who learned, though late, upon the crimson plains
  Of Saratoga, what free-born souls can do.

Thy task is done; and millions bless the name
  Of Washington, enrolled among the dead;
And ne'er will cease the echo of thy fame
  From grateful hearts, while stars their lustre shed.

Not till the sun in clouds of blood shall set,
  And oceans roll their nameless waves upon
Unpeopled shores, will gushing life forget
  The name engraven here—GEORGE WASHINGTON.

[Written for The Flag of our Union.]

### Young Love.

BY THE GREEN MOUNTAIN BARD.

I.

Love knocked one morn at a maiden's heart,
With a rat-tat-tat so brisk and smart,
  She careless let him in:
And thought, to flirt with the boy awhile,
And bask in the sunlight of his smile,
  Would surely be no sin.
She toyed with his tiny bow all day,
  And laughed at his whims all night;
So speedily flew the hours away,
  When Love was her heart's delight,
    So witty his ditty,
  So full of mirth and joy;
    So smiling, beguiling,—
  Young Love's a charming boy.

II.

But when at length she bade him go,
'O no, my dear,' says Love, 'O no!
  I will not budge an inch!'
She coaxed and teased, but Love would stay;
She scolded him the livelong day;
  But Love would never flinch.
And such a row she ne'er had known,
  Nor such a tumult dire;
Love pulled staid Reason from her throne,
  And thereon placed Desire;
    So wily and slyly
  Does Love his arts employ;
    Aye teasing, yet pleasing,—
  Young Love's a roguish boy.

III.

Discretion found the place too warm;
And Sleep, to escape the gathering storm,
  Did from her temple fly;
Hope waged a ceaseless war with Fear,
While Joy deferred caused many a tear,
  And many a deep-drawn sigh.
And all the while Love laughing stood,
  Nor did he care a pin;
And ah, too late the maiden rued
  The hour she let him in.
    Love meets us, and greets us,
  And wins with smiles of joy;
    Then grieves us, deceives us—
  Young Love's a naughty boy.

[Written for The Flag of our Union.]

### Fear not to die.

BY MARIA D. WILLIAMS.

Why feareth man to die? Life claims our fears;
  For life's stern trials prompt the enduring sigh;
'Tis when our loved ones err, deep, bitter tears
  Should flow—but fear not thou to die.

Child of misfortune's bleak and stormy gale,
  Neath sorrow's dreary, dark and frowning sky,
Jehovah's oath is sure—it cannot fail—
  Believe his promise, fear not thou to die.

To die is to be freed from sin's control;
  Death is the boon of rest, most kindly given;
It frees from earthly cell the captive soul,
  Redeemed from death, she hails her native heaven.

Why fear to die? our friends have gained the shore,
  Where mortal puts on immortality;
To die will re-unite us evermore—
  O, greet thy spirit's rest—fear not to die.

Why feareth man to die? that valley's shade
  Is but the prelude to a brighter sky;
Fear not the tomb—'twas there our Saviour laid
  And rose again—O, fear not thou to die!

[Written for The Flag of our Union.]

### Memory.

BY MISS C. ALLEN.

There is a gem of sacred worth;
  That's felt, but never seen;
It lingers mid the mental sphere,
  Of pensive, gentle mien.

It bears within its mystic shrine
  The stores of by-gone years;
The varied scenes of joy and grief,
  Embalmed with smiles and tears.

In sorrow's hour, in mirth's bright day,
  It still doth hover round,
And deep within its magic fount
  Most sacred things are found.

It is a vase, within whose heart
  Only the past doth live;
Yet o'er each coming hour of time
  A hallowed light will give.

### Recollections of Youth.

Ah, happy hills, ah, pleasing shade,
  Ah, fields beloved in vain,
Where once my careless childhood strayed,
  A stranger yet to pain!
I feel the gales that from ye blow,
A momentary bliss bestow,
  As waving fresh their gladsome wing,
My weary soul they seem to soothe,
And, redolent of joy and youth,
  To breathe a second spring.

## MISCELLANEOUS.

[Written for The Flag of our Union.]

### THE ROVER OF THE GULF.
#### A TALE OF LAFITTE.

BY CAPT. ROBERT BARNACLE.

### CHAPTER I.

'But who that chief? His name on every shore
Is famed and feared—they ask, and know no more.'

IT was a damp and foggy night in the March of A. D., 1815, that Henry Benson was walking the deck of a little, Baltimore-built brig, then at anchor nearly abreast of the lower cotton-press in New Orleans. It was soon after the great battle of the eighth of January, where the hero Jackson laid the foundation of a name that will never die, and the city was rife with the sounds of riot, discord and conviviality emanating from hordes of disbanded soldiers, sailors and Barratarians. The night was dismal and uncomfortable, the moon shed a yellowish, sickly light amid the fog, and the mist that gathered on the rigging formed in drops and fell like rain, whilst the still and heavy air bore each shout of revelry, each roll of drum or shriek of fife across the waters with vivid distinctness; and the horrid roar of the alligators among the bayous and marshes, the hoot of owls, the hum of myriads of insects, the intolerable stench of the muddy and flat lands, together with the lonely, yet noisy rush of the turbid waters against the brig's side and around her bows, rendered the lone watch of the deck frightful to a man of less nerve than Henry Benson. But he, with a soul that knew no fear, an open-hearted, frank, dare-devil and danger-courting disposition, a round, compact and elastic frame, possessed of great power, well shrouded in his oiled jacket and sou'wester, paced the deck of the Gazelle during his anchor-watch, feeling as secure as if within the walls of a castle. Now humming a scrap from some sea-ditty—now walking aft to the binnacle to see if the glass required turning, and anon holding audible converse with his thoughts; thus passed the first hour of his watch.

'Hallo, Beelzebubs!' said he, communing with himself, as shouts from the city burst upon his ear with unusual distinctness. 'I should think by the noise that the old Dragon himself was unchained among ye; and if the pilot spoke truth, in saying that the blood-loving Lafitte is in the city, you have a demon you little think of in your midst; and now, as I think of it, who knows but that tall, black-whiskered and smooth-tongued devil who was steering the sail-boat which capsized under our bows the other day, was Lafitte himself; he looked like a desperado, and evidently steered the boat on our cable intentionally; but what could have been his motive? To drown the old gentleman, I think: for he looked as black as a thunder-cloud at me, as I pulled the old man out; but he came very near losing his own number in the mess, whatever he intended. He did not reckon upon that knock on the head from the chain. Well, I may have saved a villain, for aught I know, to cut my throat yet. But the old gentleman and his daughter—ah! there is pleasure in the thought of having saved them. I would wade through danger to my very neck to do the like again. God bless her pretty figure-head. I can see her now, with her roguish eyes twinkling like the Cape lights in a frosty night, and can almost feel that pretty, soft hand in mine now, as she bade me good-by.'

At this moment the dip of oars near the brig's bow arrested his attention, and looking over the side, he saw a boat filled with armed men approaching.

'Who goes there?' hailed Henry, as he walked forward.

No answer.

'Who goes there? Speak, or I'll fire into you!' continued he, sharply.

'*Amigos*,' replied a voice, in Spanish.

'Friends! Keep at a friendly distance, then, until I learn your errand.'

'*Pronto hombres—pronto*,' said a voice, in low tones, from the opposite bow; and turning his eyes in that direction, Henry saw another boat approaching rapidly and almost noiselessly.

'Quick, shipmates—quick, for your lives, tumble up here; we are boarded!' cried Henry, an instant after, as he thundered at the fore-scuttle with a handspike; then running aft, he sounded the alarm at the cabin doors.

'Treachery!' cried he, at the top of his voice. 'Up, up, and arm, for we are boarded by river pirates.'

Then seizing a cutlass from a heap that were on the cabin sky-light, he bounded forward to repel with stalwart arm the midnight foe.

'Jump, heroes, for those cutlasses on the sky-light, and the boarding pikes on the booms,' continued he, with shrill voice, to the frighted and half-dressed crew, who were issuing from the scuttle. At the same instant, he aimed a blow at the head of a man who was clambering up the fore chains, which toppled him over among his companions in the boat.

'Aboard, tigers! aboard, there, before they have time to rally,' cried a hoarse and commanding voice, in impatient tones, from the stern-sheets of the boat.

'Come aboard, and it shall be a death-ship for you,' returned Harry, from between his closed teeth, as he lopped off at one stroke of his cutlass both arms of a pirate who was climbing up the side, while the body fell back on the heads of his companions, and rolled from thence overboard.

'Shoot the fool! curses on him!' cried the voice from the stern-sheets; 'what! dolts! let one man repel a boat's crew of the tigers?'

At this instant a blow from behind, dealt by one of the assailants who had boarded on the other bow, felled Harry to the deck. Recovering his footing a moment after, he again rushed forward to the attack, and was met by a tall, black-whiskered man, who appeared to be the chief, and whom he recognized as being the individual of whom he had been speaking.

'Cut, cut—overboard with 'em, tigers!' cried the pirate, as his elastic blade wound round Harry's clumsy cutlass.

Hand to hand they fought for a minute, Harry retreating, and the pirate pressing on impatiently. A moment after, and Harry's heels struck the booby hatch, pitching him backwards into the steerage, whilst the pirate rushed aft to help complete the slaughter.

### CHAPTER II.

'Nay, nay, no frowning, sweet; those eyes were
    made
For love, not anger.—I must be obeyed.'

How long Henry Benson remained insensible from the effects of his fall he knew not, but his first consciousness was, of being dragged towards the deck.

'Who have ye there?' inquired the same voice he had heard in the stern-sheets of the boat.

'One of the crew, whom we found in the steerage, and whom we are about to consign to the devil; that is, if the "old boy" will accept of the consignment,' answered one of the pirates.

'O, ho! that is the chap I knocked down and supposed dead; but never mind now, I want you here at present; shove him into the sail-room there, at your hands, and hasten on deck to make sail.'

A moment after, and Henry was rudely thrust into the sail-room (which was a small apartment in the steerage, and separated from the cabin by a thin partition), and the door closed and locked. As he sunk upon a heap of old sails in one corner, he was for a moment constrained to doubt his identity.

''T is no dream—no; 't is a terrible reality—a prisoner among pirates! Father of mercy, protect me,' was his cry, as thoughts of the 'plank,' 'yard-arm,' and every other summary mode of murdering their victims, usual to sea marauders, passed through his mind. But soon hope, which is ever strong in brave hearts, came to his aid, and with that ready adaptation to circumstances peculiar to seamen, he soon felt more at ease, and his wearied body was wrapped in slumber. When he awoke, he knew by the motion of the vessel that she was upon the open sea, and that knowledge cut off all hope of escape to the shore. As he lay for a moment reflecting upon his situation, the sound of sobs from the cabin faintly reached his ear, and placing his head against the partition, he could distinctly hear the sound of a female voice engaged in prayer.

'Good heavens! a woman in the hands of these monsters! But, perhaps,' thought he, 'she is an accomplice. No! I would not wrong the name of woman by such suspicions; and besides, she is praying, therefore she can have no fellowship here. How came she here? There was no woman on board yesterday. Ah! perhaps it is some kidnapped victim, torn from a quiet home and friends, or inveigled by some hellish arts to trust herself in the arms of one she had learned to love.'

At times he fancied that the voice was familiar, and with strained ear he listened, whilst his heart beat quick and hard. The opening and shutting of the cabin doors next arrested his attention, and immediately the voice ceased praying.

'Good morning, Miss De Wolfe,' said the voice of the chief, blandly. 'I hope and trust you rested well last night.'

'O, Don Raffael,' replied the voice, in imploring accents, 'spare us, spare us.'

'Spare you, my dear Zinette; what fear you? I assure you that no harm shall come to you; I love you too well for that, I assure you.'

'Insult me not, Don Raffael, with such language now; the hawk loves not the dove which he steals from its cote; no, he steals but to destroy,' answered the lady, coldly.

'I *swear* to thee, here, on my bended knee, by the gods, by the light of heaven, that I do adore thee, Zinette—that my brain is maddened—that I am eaten up with love of thee; and it was the knowledge that I must die, unless I possessed thee, that has driven me to take that which I fondly hope ere long you will freely give; forgive, then, the deception I have practised—let my love be an excuse for me.'

'Methinks such intensity of love as you describe would not prompt to violence; it should increase respect for its object. Had I not told you of the hopelessness of your passion? and what is love unreturned but hate?'

'I know that you refused my suit,' said he, in a softened tone, 'but I felt certain that you knew not the depth of my love, and I fondly hoped, that, once removed from home, surrounded by all the luxuries of wealth, and with every wish ministered to with a devotion you could but marvel at, you would learn to love one whom you oft have smiled upon, and I yet could be happy; and say, dearest,' continued he, warming to enthusiastic eloquence, 'shall we not, together, roam over the bright blue seas, making our bark dance with joy, until we touch at those green isles within the tropics, where every breeze is laden with fragrance, and the earth looks glad in its munificence, and there, with all we love around us, in some sheltered nook while our lives away? Or, if it please thee, we will shape our course to European shores, and there, surrounded by wealth, pomp and magnificence, you shall reign queen of the gay; no wish, however extravagant, shall remain ungratified, for I have wealth unbounded, and power.'

'Cease, for heaven's sake, such mockery,' replied she, evidently losing temper each moment; 'release my poor father, whom you cruelly dragged from his home; he who befriended you, opened the doors of hospitality, and warmed you in his bosom; release us, I say, ere you talk of love, and ere I tell thee what thou art.'

'And what am I, pray, bold maid?'

'Alas! worse than I could have believed. Last night's tragedy tells me thou art a villain and a—murderer!'

'Worse I am, if thou wilt have it, fool: I am LAFITTE, THE PIRATE CHIEF OF BARRATARIA!' thundered he, in a passion; 'one who seldom wooes in vain, and whose wrath burns fiercer than his love; so beware how you tempt the tiger in his lair.'

So saying, he left the cabin. Henry, who had listened to this conversation with mingled feelings of astonishment, curiosity and rage, sunk back upon his bed of sails, trembling in every joint with excitement, and for a moment forgot his own position in his sympathy for the unfortunates in the cabin.

'Alas, alas! poor beings!'

### CHAPTER III.

'A gust, which all descriptive power transcends,
Laid with one blast the ship on her beam ends.'

MEANWHILE the little Gazelle had flown onwards like a bird on wing, leaving the muddy waters of the Mississippi far behind, and danced on the green waves of the broad Gulf. Her course had been shaped for Barrataria, and she disdained not to put forth her fleetest powers alike for the blood-thirsty corsair, or the honest merchant. During the first day, the pirates had been busily employed in getting their new prize in order, and in making such arrangements as were necessary. This had engaged their utmost attention, and they exulted not a little over the sailing qualities of their stolen bark. Thus Henry wholly escaped their attention during the first day; and had he not found some damaged bread stowed away in the sail-room, he would have suffered severely from hunger.

But on the morning of the second day a consultation was called by Lafitte, for the purpose of determining the fate of our hero, and settling some other minor matters in their usual way. Some were for allowing Henry the privilege of joining them, after the usual ceremonies and oaths, as they were in want of companions; but others were strenuous in their wishes of carrying to the extent their motto, 'dead men tell no tales.' For a time quite a war of words raged among the pirates, in the midst of which the cry arose from the helmsman:

'The squall! the squall! Look to windward!'

'A squall close aboard—clew up the kites—stand by the halliards and clewlines!' were the cries immediately heard from all sides.

Lafitte, who had been in the cabin, leaped to the deck as he heard the helmsman's cry, and casting his eyes to windward, he there saw what drove the blood from his cheek and paralyzed him for an instant; but recovering in a moment, he cast his eyes aloft, then cheered on his crew:

'Bear a hand, boys, with those to'gallant sails and royals; cheerly, now; let go topsail halliards—stand by tacks and sheets—man the clew-garnets and buntlines—hurrah, boys—clew up and clew down fore and aft—quick is your play, or we lose our spars.'

The whole line of the horizon, as far as the eye could reach, seemed one vast sea of foam. Dark and frightful banks of clouds, which had risen as if by magic, were piling up and driving before some great gale with fearful rapidity. The sun was obscured, and the light of heaven was fast being shut out. An unnatural calmness was in the air among the sails, as if nature was preparing its vast energies for the awful exertions it would soon call into action. The waters near the brig forgot, in their fright, their regularity, and jostled against each other in their endeavors to flee, throwing their tiny crests upward with hollow splashes. A moment after, a premonitory gust flew over, and in an instant, with a roaring, howling and surging sound, that rivalled the thunder's din, the squall struck the brig, which bent beneath its crushing force like a reed. In a moment all was enveloped in blackness and mist. The affrighted pirates screamed with terror, as they clung to the rigging, and the storm-god mocked their cries with his horrid howls among the spars. Lafitte, with the promptness of a ready seaman, had been able to strip the brig of all sail, except a 'close-reefed main topsail;' under this he had expected to weather the squall, but the first gust had proved to him the futility of that attempt and his immediate danger of foundering, and he shouted to the helmsman:

'Keep her away—hard a-weather—hard up—jam it up;' but the little Gazelle was too far gone to mind any promptings from her helm, and she made no apparent effort to 'pay off.'

'Is that helm up?' asked Lafitte, anxiously.

'Yes, *hard* up,' was the reply.

'Lost! all lost!' was the shriek that arose from all.

Henry Benson had listened eagerly to the process of taking in sail, and expected the squall; but he was not prepared for the shock which came, and as he felt the brig bend down more and more, his heart sunk within him; and when everything moveable in his cell tumbled down to leeward, he instinctively commenced a prayer, feeling that all was over.

Shrieks from the female in the cabin burst upon his ear, and immediately a wish to be on deck when the brig went down took possession of his breast. Making one kick at the door, which luckily was to leeward, he drove it from its hinges, and a moment afterwards he was on deck.

'O, the indescribable horror of that scene! The heavy atmosphere and flying spray shut out the light of day, and a phosphoric light on the surface of the waters gleamed with pandemonian glare, and rendered the ocean one sea of fire—a vast sheet of blaze, of which the sinking brig was the centre. The sea to leeward was filled with poor wretches whose despairing shrieks were stifled by the elements. The brig was lying motionless, her masts parallel with the sea, her decks full of water and fast being spurned beneath the wave by the frenzied storm. Henry saw it all at a glance, as he clambered to the weather-rail; then turning, he leaped to the 'fife-rail' of the mainmast, and with a stroke of his knife he severed the 'belaying rope' of the weather sheet of the main-topsail.

With the velocity of, and a rattling crash not unlike lightning, the chain-sheet ran through the blocks, and the weather-clew of the main-topsail, which had been pressing the brig down, burst instantly in shreds with a sharp report. This relieved the little brig immensely, and she raised her lee rail out of the water immediately, as if conscious that an effort was being made to save her.

'Hurrah! she rights a little,' cried Lafitte, as he saw Henry's intentions.

'Loose, and set a piece of the fore-stay-sail, and she will pay off,' cried Henry; 'she will live, yet.'

Those on the forecastle soon succeeded in hoisting the head of the staysail, and the lee half of the main-topsail still remaining, lifted, with Herculean power, the masts from their recumbent position. The vessel immediately felt the influence of this manœuvre, and began to move slowly through the water.

'Hoist more of that staysail, and square in the after-yards!' shouted Henry, as he hastened aft, and seized the helm which had been deserted.

In a few minutes the Gazelle, under the influence of the staysail and the lee clew of the topsail, turned her head to the leeward, and darted off before the hurricane like a wounded whale. The pirates clung to the rigging with blanched cheeks, for a few minutes speechless, and looked back towards the spot which had well nigh been the grave of all on board, and their hardened hearts felt a momentary gratitude as they viewed the boiling surge.

### CHAPTER IV.

'He looks to her, and rushes on
Where life is lost, or freedom won.'

BARRATARIA is a cluster of low, sandy islands, situated in the Gulf of Mexico, a few degrees to the southward and westward of the Balize. They are barren and isolated, and appear as if bearing God's curse upon their soil. For many years they were frequented by bands of sea marauders, who repaired there for revelry and division of spoil. On one of the largest of these islands, near whose shores was good anchorage, the pirates had erected a number of block-houses for barracks, magazines, and store-houses; and hither, as soon as the furious hurricane which beset the Gazelle had abated, did Lafitte and his band steer their course. Henry Benson, for his presence of mind and courage in seizing upon the only method of saving the apparently doomed vessel, was looked upon with admiration by this lawless band, and now nothing was more desired by them than his companionship.

Lafitte took him by the hand warmly, acknowledging his double indebtedness to him, and offered to share his command with him. This, Henry cunningly appeared to be well pleased with, but asked a few days to reflect upon it. This request was immediately granted, as they thought it, to be impossible for him to escape from the vessel or the islands, and they had but little doubt that Henry, after a few days' association with them, would readily join them; and they already called him Lieutenant.

Feeling safe, now his greatest curiosity was to learn more regarding the prisoners in the cabin. He was not yet familiar enough to venture upon questions, and he thought it by far the better policy to affect a careless indifference, and trust to some fortunate circumstance to reveal them to him.

That the lady was a noble and high-minded woman, he had no doubt, for the conversation he overheard told him that; and the familiar tones of her voice had awakened his curiosity and sympathy, and he determined to protect and free them even at the risk of his life. The evening after anchoring at Barrataria, the prisoners were removed, and the following morning orders were given for dismantling the Gazelle for thorough repairs, and all left her for the shore. There Henry found the crews of several other piratical vessels then in the bay, and the return of that part of the gang that had been at New Orleans, with a prize so valuable to them as the Gazelle, was hailed with great joy, and preparations were made for a grand carousal. Henry immediately commenced reconnoitering. He strolled along the shore and noted well the appearance of each boat; he walked around the buildings with a careless air, yet scrutinizing every nook. The house occupied by Lafitte was situated to the right of the harbor, on a slight eminence and at some distance from any other buildings. It was a long and low house, built originally for barracks, and containing a number of small apartments, in one of which he felt convinced were the prisoners. In front was a long colonnade, on which paced a sentry night and day. After satisfying his curiosity as much as he dared to, he joined the pirates at their cups. They were a villainous set, black and brown, bewhiskered and bedevilled,

'Every creed and every race
Found with them a place.'

And Henry, thinking it best for him to pretend to float with the tide, was soon as uproarious as the worst, and whenever Lafitte was near, apparently drank deep and fast; his songs were as loud as the veriest bacchanalian on the shores, whilst all said he was a glorious fellow. Late in the day the carousal ended as usual in a fight, in which all participated, both men and women. Now, thought he, is my time to have a look for the prisoners; and he staggered away unobserved, in the direction of Lafitte's quarters.

Sombre night was rapidly approaching, and twilight trembled and lingered as Henry hurried along. A fresh burst of shouts from the rioters caused Henry to look back, and he saw Lafitte hurrying in the direction of his fighting myrmidons. This circumstance determined him to enter the house boldly under the disguise of his apparent intoxication, and if detected to plead ignorance.

Arriving at the colonnade in front of the house, he saw the form of the sentinel leaning over the balustrade at the opposite end, watching the movements of the rioters in the distance; and taking advantage of the opportunity, he noiselessly entered the door which was near him. His heart beat quick as he proceeded along a narrow passage between a suite of rooms, expecting to meet some one at every step. He opened a door at the right and saw that it was filled with stores of various kinds, and another near at hand, which contained seamen's apparel of all kinds. Turning to the left he glanced into a room, the door of which was open before him, which was furnished in good style, with a Turkey carpet, books, charts, and nautical instruments in profusion, and a richly wrought grass hammock swinging in the corner; this, thought he, must be the den of the tiger.

He hesitated not a moment, but hurried along the passage until he fancied that he heard some one moving in a room behind him. Opening the door with palpitating heart, he saw by the dim twilight which streamed in at a small window, a lovely female form seated beside a bed at the extremity of the room, with her face buried in her hands.

'Advance another step, monster, and I strike! Death before dishonor!' cried she, springing to her feet, and holding up a dagger pointed at her own breast.

'Hush, lady, fear me not; I am—'

'And are you here! you a pirate, whom I thought so noble, so brave!' said she, sadly, as they mutually recognized each other—one as the sailor who saved her life at New Orleans, and the other as the lady whom he had rescued from drowning.

'No, no, fair lady; I am a prisoner like yourself, and have come to free you, if possible; say, will you escape with me; wilt trust to me and to the sea in an open boat?'

'Escape! trust! O, how gladly—anything—death, rather than this—haste, let us fly now. But no!' continued she, in a voice which seemed instantly changed from the joy of heaven to the depth of woe; 'no, no, not without my father; alas!'

'Where is he? Let us find him,' said Henry, eagerly.

'In some one of these rooms; I know not which,' returned Zinette. Henry opened and closed several doors rapidly, in vain; but on attempting one he found it locked. An indistinct thought struck him that he had seen keys upon the table as he glanced into Lafitte's room, and hastening thither, he found it was so. He returned instantly, and applying one of the bunch, the door opened, and the next moment Zinette clasped her arms around her father's neck.

'Haste, haste; we have not a moment to spare; we must leave the house ere Lafitte returns,' said Henry; and seizing the trembling old man's hand, they hurried along the now dark passage.

'Hist—O God, we are lost,' whispered Henry, as he heard Lafitte's voice at the door, entering. 'Stand close against the wall here in this nook—close up, and don't breathe, for your lives.'

The next instant Lafitte brushed past them in the dark, uttering deep curses against his belligerent crew, and entering his room, he closed the door with an angry slam.

'Who—hic—who goes—hic—there?' said the sentinel, who had been keeping pace in his cups with his comrades below, approaching, as Zinette and her father crossed the colonnade followed by Henry.

'*Matanzras*,' replied Henry.

'But—hic—hic—the petti—hic—coat—petticoat——'

'Juanna, the maid,' answered Henry, as he hastened on after the two.

'Ju—hic—all right—devilish—hic—pretty name—'

They ran with their utmost speed to the shore, sprang into the fleetest boat, and spreading their sail, steered out into the darkness which enveloped the sea. Not a word was spoken for a long time, whilst their hearts beat madly within their breasts. They soon passed the headlands of the bay, and their boat bent to the breeze which blew fresh and fair. Soon a distant hum from the island reached their ears, and a moment after a blue light loomed up from the shore, casting its lurid glare far over the waters, revealing to them the pirates collected in numbers on the beach.

'There, there they are!' cried Lafitte, as he hurried to and fro like a madman. 'Off! put off every boat; hundreds, ay, thousands to him who first reaches them! Trail the long gun on them from the fort—no, no, stop—pshaw—how foolish—they cannot escape—what can they do in an open boat without provisions? they will be glad to return on the morrow.'

The night was damp and chill, and Zinette snuggled herself in her father's arms down in the boat, whilst Henry sat at the helm and shaped his course by the stars, and steered for the nearest land.

As morning was flinging its glad light upon the waters, Henry turned his eyes anxiously to windward, and to his dismay, he saw first one, then another, until five sail appeared between him and the horizon. These he doubted not were the pirates in pursuit of him, and he turned his gaze immediately to leeward for escape in that quarter, and his heart sunk within him as he saw several small sail on that side. Hemmed in upon all sides, he felt that escape was impossible, and for a moment tears stood in his eyes and trickled down his manly cheeks.

'What! is there no escape—has God forsaken us?' cried Zinette, in despair.

'Alas! no escape; we are surrounded—and see—already have they spied us from the windward, and have "bore away" for us,' replied Henry.

'Then let us die. I have the dagger yet, and now death would be a boon, indeed,' replied she, with a determined tone.

'No, no, not yet; trust in God; he will not forsake us; hope on longer,' returned Henry, speaking cheerfully as he was able.

The vessels from the windward swept down gracefully, and Henry, notwithstanding his situation and his knowledge of their character, could not help admiring the symmetry of the tall spars and straight black hull of the vessel nearest him; and as she circled around them and came up to the wind, with her topsail aback, a hoarse voice hailed them through a speaking trumpet:

'Boat ahoy! come alongside!'

Henry knew it would be useless to resist or attempt to escape, and Zinette and her father hung their heads in silent despair. In a few minutes they were alongside, and several black-whiskered seamen appeared at the gangway and assisted them up the vessel's side.

'Good heavens! where are we?' said Henry, as he looked around him with surprise.

'*On board of the U. S. Schooner Dolphin*,' said a man dressed in a naval uniform, as he stepped forward from the quarter-deck.

'Dolphin! Schooner!' exclaimed the astonished and bewildered trio.

'Ay, the Dolphin, bearing the flag of Commodore Patterson, now in pursuit of the renegade Lafitte and his piratical fleet; and yonder comes the remainder of our fleet,' said the officer, turning his eyes to windward; 'the Shark, Vixen, and Porpoise.'

The next moment Zinette uttered a faint scream of joy as she sunk into Henry's arms, sobbing like a child. Who can paint the joy of those rescued ones? I will not attempt it; I will leave it with the imagination of the reader. Zinette and her father were soon attended to, and Henry ushered into the presence of the Commodore, to whom he related his story.

After listening attentively and questioning Henry, Commodore Patterson concluded to bear away for Barrataria, and attack the pirates in their den, and immediately gave the necessary orders. The boats to the leeward, which were Lafitte's in pursuit of Henry and Zinette, were all captured, and during that day the naval fleet, under Henry's pilotage, entered the channels of Barrataria and anchored before their vessels and fortress.

A heavy cannonading immediately commenced, and for a short time the battle raged with fury; but soon the pirates were driven from their guns and scattered in all directions.

A few succeeded in escaping in boats, but a majority were taken prisoners and afterwards suffered the penalty of their crimes. After destroying the fort and magazines and buildings, the fleet got under weigh for New Orleans. Zinette received every attention from the officers of the fleet, and no little rivalry existed among them on her account.

Henry Benson was favorably mentioned in the Commodore's official report to Congress, and through his friendship and the influence of the De Wolfs, Henry soon received a commission in the navy; and ere the epaulettes had adorned his shoulder one season, he led to the altar the lovely heiress, Miss Zinette De Wolf.

### To Pius IX.

It is a little singular that Mrs. Fanny Kemble Butler should have happened to speak so prophetically when she was in Rome, concerning the events which subsequently occurred. The lines below were written in the very first days of the Pope's reform, when few if any anticipated such a result as has occurred.

It may be that the stone which thou art heaving,
  From off the people's neck shall fall and crush thee;
  It may be that the sudden flood may push thee
From off thy rock, whence, prophet-like, believing
In God's great future, thou dost set it free;
  Yet heave it, heave it heaven high, nor fear
  To be o'erwhelmed in the first wild career
Of those long-prisoned tides of liberty.
  That stone which thou hast lifted from the heart
Of a whole nation, shall become to thee
  A glorious monument, such as no art
E'er piled above a mortal memory:
  Falling beneath it, thou shalt have a tomb
  That shall make low the loftiest dome in Rome.

### Origin of Mrs. Partington.

Who has not heard of Mrs. Partington—that old lady whose comments upon passing events appear so frequently in the newspapers, and whose amusing views of life exhibit a simplicity in ignorance to which Mrs. Malaprop's errors in cacholgy are nothing? Mrs. Partington first had her introduction to the public through the pages of the Rev. Sydney Smith, the most witty divine of modern times. In Smith's speech delivered at Taunton, in England, in 1831, the following amusing comparison occurs: 'I do not mean,' he said, 'to be disrespectful, but the attempts of the lords to stop the progress of reform reminds me very forcibly of the great storm of Sidmouth, and of the conduct of the excellent Mrs. Partington on that occasion. In the winter of 1824 there set in a great flood upon that town—the tide rose to an incredible height—the waves rushed in upon the houses—and everything was threatened with destruction. In the midst of this sublime storm, Dame Partington, who lived upon the beach, was seen at the door of her house with mop and pattens, trundling her mop, and squeezing out the sea water, and vigorously pushing away the Atlantic Ocean. The Atlantic was aroused; Mrs. Partington's spirit was up; but I need not tell you that the contest was unequal. The Atlantic Ocean beat Mrs. Partington. She was excellent at a slop or a puddle, but she should not have meddled with a tempest!'—*American Union.*

### Foreign Correspondence of the Flag.

ST. HELENA.

FRIEND BALLOU:

When you and I used to answer the teacher's questions together at school, as to the latitude and longitude of St. Helena, I little thought that I should ever be a dweller, even transiently, upon its ocean-girt shores; but here I am recruiting, after a most unprecedentedly long voyage from Canton, bound to Liverpool. We reached here in a crippled condition; and while the repairs are going on, I am looking at the lions of this strangely isolated spot, which seems like a bit of dry land that has floated away from South America, or the African coast, and got hard and fast here midway between the two. Geologists, with their usual pertinacity, and perhaps not unreasonably, attribute the island to volcanic origin. The only thing that I can find of that character, is a spot known here as the Devil's Punch-bowl, which looks as though it might have one day been the mouth of some volcano.

I should not think St. Helena was a very healthy place, though I feel refreshed and like a new being in the week I have been here, after having been shut up on ship-board with the scurvy among the crew. The natives, who might raise crops here to export, procure hardly enough from the fertile soil for actual necessity, and depend largely upon foreign imports. It was an odd sight to me to see such a variety of fruits growing together, those of the north and those peculiar to the tropics side by side; mangoes, bananas, tamarinds, sugar and coffee of the tropics, oranges, figs, citron, grapes and olives of the south of Europe, and the apples, gooseberries, currants, etc., of your colder New England clime. Yams and a great variety of vegetables are abundant. Three crops of potatoes per year are frequently gathered from the same soil. The cabbage tree, dogwood tree, and gum tree, are natives, and the oak has been introduced from England. The blackberry grows in such profusion here, that the vines are considered a great nuisance. On my suggesting to some of the residents the fact that the leaves, steeped and taken as a drink, were good for the prevailing trouble here, diarrhœa, I was laughed at so heartily that, like Paul Pry, I *almost* swore never to do a good-natured thing again!

In my wanderings upon the hills, I found the residence of a Yankee, who makes it his business to breed goats and sheep; the former are found in a wild state, and are easily domesticated. From his look-out he apprises himself of the approach of vessels, sailing from the south (those coming from the north cannot make the island), and driving down his little herd to the port of Jamestown, he disposes of a half dozen or so at good prices, and thus with economy he is making a good living and saving money.

There is a great variety of game along the shores of the island and upon the hills, and many kinds of fish are plenty and excellent. It would gladden the eyes of some of the New York and Boston aldermen if they could see the fine large turtles that the fishermen catch so dexterously, turning the unsuspecting creatures upon their backs, when they become as easy to manage as you could desire.

It is an old story to speak of the fact of this having been the spot upon which the English government condemned Napoleon to drag out his existence, and of his death here, &c; but it is the only event of interest connected with the history of the island. It was discovered some three hundred and fifty years since by the Portuguese, but was not inhabited until more than a century afterwards, when the Dutch became masters of the island. Not many years after, it fell into the hands of the English, and Charles II granted it to the English East India Company, who have made it a sort of half-way house for their ships to refit at, where they may take in fresh provisions. It is now the property of the British throne, and under its immediate control and government. It is a little more than ten miles long, and some six or seven in width, with a population of more than five thousand souls, half blacks. The surface of the country, as they say in the geographies, is 'diversified;' that is, mountainous in some parts and level in others. There is one lofty point, called Diana's Peak, some three thousand feet high.

After laying here some ten days I am becoming uneasy, and anxious to get to sea again on our way to Europe. I have exhausted all the lions of the island, including the little room in which Napoleon died, and the spot where his body did rest for nineteen years, until the French carried it away with so much pomp some eight years ago, to bury it in state at Paris.

My friend, the Yankee before named, who claimed kindred with me through our nationality, has just been down from the cliffs to bid me good-by, as we sail to-morrow.

Very cordially yours, R. S.

### Transcendentalism burlesqued.

Recently a writer in the Boston Post went into rhapsodies with respect to a lecture delivered by Mr. R. W. Emerson, known to the public as one of the dealers in 'windy suspirations of forced breath.' Among other lofty things, he declared that Mr. Emerson drops nectar—chips sparks—exhales odors—lets off mental sky-rockets and fire-works—spouts fire and draws ribbons from his mouth—that he sparkles, shouts, sings and explodes like a bundle of crackers! This style of criticism is neatly illustrated by a comical genius, who introduces his burlesque of such writing, by saying that the writer in the Post does not criticise, but that he plays around the subject like a humming-bird round a honeysuckle—he darts at it like a fish-hawk after a pike. He looms up like a thunder-cloud, comes down in a shower of tinkling sleet and rolls away like a fire on the prairies. He plays with figures of speech like a juggler, balancing the sentences on his chin, and keeping up six with each hand. His fancy goes up like the jet of a fire engine, and comes down in a spiral ecstacy, like a Peruvian condor. He is a detonating mixture—a percussion cap—a meteoric shower—a spiritual shuttle, vibrating between the unheard of and the unutterable. Like a child, he shakes his rattle over the edge of chaos and swings on the gates of the past—and he sits like a nightingale in a golden ring, suspended by a silver cord from a nail driven into the zenith.

### Massachusetts.

Old Massachusetts has ever taken the lead in what is great, good, useful and profitable. She established the first school in the United States, the first academy and the first college. She set up the first press, printed the first book and the first newspaper. She planted the first apple tree and caught the first whale. She coined the first money, and hoisted the first national flag. She made the first canal and the first railroad. She invented the first mousetrap and washing machine, and sent the first ship to discover islands and continents in the South Sea. She produced the first philosopher and made the first pin. She fired the first gun in the Revolution, and gave 'John Bull' his first beating, and put her hand first to the Declaration of Independence. She invented 'Yankee Doodle,' and gave a name forever, the 'The Universal Yankee Nation.' Truly a great State.—*Memphis Herald.*

A gentleman residing in a village not many miles from Exeter, in this State, finding that the diminution of his woodpile continued after his fires were out, lay awake one night in order to obtain, if possible, some clue to the mystery. At an hour when 'all honest folks should be in bed,' hearing an operator at work in the yard, he cautiously raised his chamber window, and saw his brother endeavoring to get a large log on his wheelbarrow.

'You're a pretty fellow,' said the owner, 'to come here and steal my wood while I sleep.'

'Yes,' replied the thief, 'and I suppose you would stay up there and see me break my back with lifting, before you'd offer to come down and help me.'—*Portsmouth Messenger.*

COURTSHIP OF THE LATE DR. R.—'Dear Sir:—I am sorry I cannot accept your kind offer, as I am already engaged; but I am sure my sister Ann would jump at it.

Your obliged ELIZA L.'

'DEAR MISS ELIZA:—I beg your pardon; I wrote your name in mistake: it was Miss Ann I meant to ask—have written to her per bearer. Hoping soon to be your affectionate brother,

J. R.'

The Doctor and Miss Ann were married, and, as they say in the fairy tales, 'lived very happy all the rest of their lives.'

An attorney in this vicinity once addressed a man against whom he had a 'small demand for collection,' requesting him to 'call and settle.' Not receiving any answer, however, he again wrote him, but with no better success. After having written a number of letters, he at last obtained one in return, in which the debtor said he would 'try and dew somethin' when sloddin' came,' and closed with 'But for goodness sake, Squire, don't write any more letters, for it will take *all the dew to pay the postage*.'—*Knickerbocker.*

A gentleman who listened to Mr. Benton's recent speech on the proposed railroad from St. Louis to the Pacific, described it as follows: 'Mr. Benton addressed the Senate for two hours and a half upon his scheme, reading the whole of Gibbon, the greater part of Cæsar's Commentaries, and the story of Adam and Eve, from all which he deduced the moral and political necessity for the construction of a road from St. Louis, "where I reside, Mr. President," to the Pacific Ocean.'—*N. Y. Express.*

A miller who attempted to be witty at the expense of a youth of weak intellect, accosted him thus:

'John, people say that you are a fool.'

John replied: 'I don't know that I am, sir. I know some things, and some things I don't know, sir.'

'Well, John, what do you know?'

'I know that millers always have fat hogs, sir.'

'And what don't you know?'

'I don't know whose corn they eat, sir.'

When it freezes take care of your nose, that it doesn't get froze, and wrap up your toes in warm woollen hose. The above we suppose, was written in prose, by some one who knows the effect of cold snows.

Whoever supposes that wrapping our toes in warm woollen hoses, will keep off the roses that bloom on our noses, amid the cold snowses, is the greatest of Joseses.—*Burlington Free Press.*

A Yankee has just invented a method to catch rats. He says: 'Locate your bed in a room much infested by these animals, and on retiring, put out the light. Then strew over your pillow some strong smelling cheese, three or four red herrings, some barley meal or new malt, and a sprinkling of dried codfish. Keep awake till you find the rats at work, *and then make a grab*.'

'Ma,' said a young lady to her mother, the other day, 'what is emigrating?'

*Mother*.—'Emigrating, dear, is a young lady going to California.'

*Daughter*.—'What is colonizing, ma?'

*Mother*.—'Colonizing, dear, is marrying there and having a family.'

*Daughter*.—'Ma, I should like to go to California.'

A lady of high rank and exquisite taste having read an advertisement of a London silversmith, in which it was stated that by the electrotype process *waiters* and other articles might be plated so that by no possible test they could be distinguished from real silver, sent her three footmen and page to be electrotyped by the advertiser.

When a poor loafer is cooped up, with an empty rum-bottle by his side, the papers say 'Another victim of intemperance.' When a respectable citizen eats a dinner that kills him in a few hours, with or without the help of the doctors, the same papers head his obituary notice, 'Mysterious Providence.'

'Friend, it is very wrong to swear as you do—why do you do it?'

'Because,' replied the prisoner, 'I've understood that a man may swear out of jail in thirty days, and I want to see if it can't be done in fifteen. I am going to sit up all night and do my worst.'

An old man dying in Boston, recently, was asked if he would have a clergyman sent for. He requested to see Rev. Dr. Colyer, who called upon him accordingly. The rich man said, 'I have sent to request you to keep those——cats in your yard quiet to-night.'

There is no heart so cold but that it can be warmed to some expression of love, where feelings are congenial. The editor of the *Cincinnati Commercial* says he thought so recently, when he saw the editor of an evening paper affectionately patting a hog upon the back!

Mrs. Partington asked Aunt Betsey the other day, what was the reason that mayors always went into such good society.

'Why, haint you never heard the old proverb—"Money makes the mayor go!"' replied our good aunt, with a benevolent smile.—*City Item.*

A precocious youngster, being asked how many genders there are, replied: 'Three, sir—the masculine, feminine, and *neutral*.' 'Well done, my son; now define them.' 'The masculine is men; the feminine is women; and the neutral is old *maids and politicians*.'

The pumpkins grow so large out west that they are obliged to turn them over by putting the end of rails under them. One of them scooped out forms a very good meeting house for a small society.

A paper, in describing the dress of a gentleman at the New York Fancy Ball, who appeared as a 'Spanish bandit, in a doublet of maroon velvet,' made the gentleman dress as a 'Spanish Bandit in a doubloon of narrow velvet!'

The difficulty of acquiring our language, which a foreigner must experience, is illustrated by the following question: 'Did you ever see a person pare an apple or pear with a pair of scissors?'


THE

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ABRUPT APPEARANCE OF THE SYBIL.

'Rememberest thou that fearful night when thy foot stood on the boundary of the spirit land!'

## A SPLENDID ORIGINAL ROMANCE.

### OUR FIVE HUNDRED DOLLAR PRIZE TALE.


Entered according to Act of Congress, in the year 1849, by F. GLEASON, in the Clerk's Office of the District Court of Massachusetts.


[WRITTEN EXPRESSLY FOR THE FLAG OF OUR UNION.]

# PAOLINA:

or,

## THE SYBIL OF THE ARNO.

### A TALE OF THE TIME OF COSMO III.

BY MARTHA ANN CLOUGH.

[CONTINUED.]

### CHAPTER XI.

*The mother and son. An interesting conversation. The Sybil of the Arno, again. 'Beware! beware!' Paolina, and her fearful doubts.*

'Away!—within me pent,
That which is barred from its own element,
Still droops or struggles! But the day *will come*,—
Over the deep the free bird finds its home,
And the stream lingers midst the rocks, yet greets
The sea at last; and the winged flower-seed meets
A soil to rest in;—shall not *I*, too, be,
My spirit-love! upborne to dwell with thee!'

HEMANS.

THE lovely night again saw Alberto de Lisiade in the castle of the Lisiade; again he sat beside his mother, talking of the past, the present and the future. Ah! they were all full of interest!

'Mother,' he said, at last, 'mother, thou hast not forgotten Paolina, the fisherman's daughter; thou canst not have forgotten her! She is in Rome still; at the castle de Biandetti! Thou mayest have heard of her even here, for her beauty and accomplishments are the theme of every tongue! She is the idol of the haughty Berenice and her proud sire, and well she may be, for Italy contains not her equal.'

'She is of low birth, my son—a humble fisherman's daughter!' said the mother, sneeringly.

'I care not for that! She has won my love—she is my betrothed bride, mother; and when next I come to the castle de Lisiade, I shall bring her with me as thy daughter!' replied Alberto, calmly.

'Alberto! Alberto de Lisiade, thou hast been jesting—thou canst not have spoken in earnest,' shrieked the mother.

'Nay, I speak the truth! Why start thus? I have loved her since I first saw her, years ago upon yonder river. Ere a twelve-month she will be Paolina de Lisiade! I have already—yes, long ago, pledged her my vows;' and he walked slowly from the apartment.

'Never!' hissed the mother, and she ground her teeth together; 'never shall Alberto de Lisiade disgrace himself by such a plebeian alliance—never! Shall my son, in whose veins the blood of the Ranatti and the Lisiade is coursing, wed the daughter of a fisherman? Never—no, never! My daughter! My daughter! Paolina de Lisiade! Never! never! Sooner would I lie down in the vault where my father lies buried, than see her the bride of my son!'

There was no sound when the harsh tones of her voice died away, but the next moment a tall form stood beside her. It was shrouded in flowing garments of black; no trace of a face was discernible, save, that a pair of eyes, dark as the hue of starless midnight, and restless and piercing as the eagle's, looked searchingly into her own, as if they would read her soul; she knew that it was the same mysterious visiter that had come to her when in that very room her spirit seemed on the verge of that viewless land, which she so dreaded to enter. Years had passed since then, but the image was engraven on her memory; she could not forget it! In a moment, that strange conversation rushed over her mind, and she staggered to a marble pillar to support herself.

'Ginditta de Lisiade,' said a hoarse voice, 'Ginditta de Lisiade, dost thou remember my first visit? Rememberest thou that fearful night, when thy foot stood on the boundary of the spirit-land? Hast thou forgotten the question I asked thee—the same that thou hast answered but now so differently? Thou knowest! Speak, speak, as thou valuest thy life!' and a poniard, singularly bright, and with its hilt adorned with many a jewel, flashed before the eyes of the trembling mother.

[SEE ENGRAVING.]

'I think differently now!' gasped the wretched lady.

'Ay, ay. Fame has been his; thine ear hath drank in his praises—thou hast seen thy son honored for his genius, yet this hath not satisfied thee! I knew it would not. Ere many moons had waxed and waned, after thou hadst risen from thy couch of suffering, thine only son, thine idol, woman, beheld Paolina—thou didst fear then he would love her—thou hast spent many a sleepless night in thoughts of this very subject—he does love her better than all things earthly—thou knowest it! And yet thou wouldst drive him from her. Woman, I know thee well—I knew thee, before the lord of Lisiade wooed and won thee. I saw thee, when a maiden thou didst first meet in Venice one, one, woman, on whom thou didst lavish thy smiles in vain! Thou wast handsome, noble, wealthy; but a girl far beneath thee in station was thy rival! List, lady, she had talent, learning, knowledge—and knowledge was power. Then thou wouldst have bartered all thy possessions for the gifts of that humble girl; but it was in vain that thou didst wreathe thy tresses with gems—that, thou didst robe thyself in velvet and satin; the maiden, the humble girl, won the heart which thou didst seek in vain! Then thou didst meet Ludovico de Lisiade, and thou didst give him thy hand; thy heart was another's. Thou hast lavished since then thy love on thy child! Thou knewest how to prize genius, and thou didst covet it for thy son! It is his. Woman, if thou wouldst not have his spirit crushed by the weight of blighted affection, as thine has been—if thou wouldst not have him know the anguish of soul that has been thy lot, beware how thou talkest of Paolina,'—and the figure glided from the room.

The miserable mother stood for some minutes with her head bent, earnestly listening, as if she expected again to see her guest.

'Never, never,' she muttered, 'never shall he wed that girl!' and even as she spoke the dark figure again came before her, and uttering solemnly:

'Beware! beware!' she receded.

'Holy Mary!' ejaculated the frightened mother; 'holy Mary! Who is that fearful stranger? Who, O, who is that fearful, fearful stranger?' and with a loud shriek that summoned Agnese, she fell to the floor.

'I have seen—I have seen, Agnese,' she gasped, as the serving woman entered, 'twice to-night have I beheld that strange visiter!' and shuddering, she again buried her face in her hands.

'Who, who?' whispered Agnese, kneeling beside her mistress.

'Me, me!' said a sepulchral voice, and looking up, the terrified woman again beheld that frightful personage.

'Again I say, Signora Ginditta, beware! beware!' and thus the figure vanished.

The reason of the lady of Lisiade fled, and Agnese could hardly find voice to summon assistance. Again the Signora Ginditta seemed hovering on the brink of the grave, and Alberto, though still determined to wed Paolina, lingered near her, soothing her wild fancies and quieting her fears.

Six weeks flew away, and no Alberto had, as yet, returned to Rome. Paolina often wondered where and why he was staying; she gazed at every form that passed—and in the evening the color would mount to her cheek at the sound of every footfall.

'Can he be false?' she often asked herself, in the stillness of her chamber; 'can he be false?' and then the tears would rush to her eyes, and roll down her cheeks till they fell upon her costly garments. Lord Ervine's attentions troubled her; she saw that every one was marking them, and at last she endeavored to avoid him. She often remained with Lord de Biandetti, when Berenice went forth to some gay revel, that she might not meet the Englishman; but then he seemed ill at ease, and declared how much he missed the presence of the charming Paolina.

There was one who watched him almost continually; it was the Genoese painter. He was now seen at every festival—at every banquet. He was never merry, but there was an indescribable fascination in his manners, and he had become exceedingly popular.

### CHAPTER XII.

*Alberto returns to Rome. Paolina's joy. Strange rumors come to his ears of the young English lord. Alberto determines to discover their truth. A bright sunshine to the heart.*

WEEKS had passed away, and sad and dispirited, Paolina again entered a banqueting-hall; as the evening wore on she felt faint and weary, and she entered a small saloon, till then quite deserted. She had not been alone more than five minutes when the Genoese entered.

'Lady,' said the boy, bowing, 'my friend, Alberto de Lisiade, has returned!'

'Returned!' exclaimed Paolina, quite forgetting herself—'when?'

'He has but just arrived in Rome, lady—he inquired for thee, and the Signorina Berenice, and though I told him that I was quite sure that thou wouldst be here, he has gone to the castle de Biandetti.'

Paolina would have continued the conversation, but the youth had fled. While she was thinking whether she had better return to the palace, Alberto threw himself at her feet. His story was soon told, and proud and happy while leaning on his arm, Paolina went with him to the guests. All seemed pleased, and surprised to see him, but a frown came over the brow of Lord Ervine, as he gazed upon his lovely companion; then he approached him, and with a smiling face congratulated him upon his return.

'Hast heard the news?' asked the Lady Agata, an hour afterwards, as she was promenading with Alberto, 'they say Lord Ervine is wooing the fair Paolina!'

Alberto made some scarcely audible reply, and soon after offered his arm to the wife of Bernardo.

'They say Lord Ervine is wooing our Paolina!' said the pretty Leila.

'Ah!' was the only answer of the Signor Alberto, but his heart beat fast; in a moment, he met Bernardo.

'I have a word for thee,' said his friend, earnestly; 'hast thou heard that Lord Ervine is to win thy Paolina?'

'Dost thou believe it, Bernardo?'

'Indeed, Alberto, I scarcely know. I like not this Englishman. He has a smooth tongue and ready wit, and he is a frequent guest at the palace de Biandetti. See, how earnestly he is talking to Paolina now!'

Alberto made no reply, but carelessly drew his friend near them. Lord Ervine was urging her to dance with him, but she positively declined, and he was obliged to seek another partner.

'Paolina,' said Alberto, softly, 'wilt thou join the dancers with me?'

The girl raised her dark, brilliant eyes to his face, and smilingly gave him her hand. A thrill of delight shot through the heart of the artist, but as he stood up to dance he heard Lord Ervine mutter with an oath—

'A pest on de Lisiade! I wish he had remained at Florence.'

Despite all this, the young lord of Lisiade was sad, as he sought his own lodgings.

'There must have been some cause for all these rumors,' said he to himself, when he seated himself in a luxurious chair, and began to think of the hundred tongues from which he had heard it.

'I will seek her to-night,' and wrapping himself in his cloak, he went to the castle de Biandetti. A light was burning in the apartment of Paolina, and he distinctly saw through an open casement the form of his betrothed. She was reading alone, and he watched her some moments as she turned over the leaves of some old volume. He took a cluster of grapes from a vine near him, and fastening them to a handkerchief on which his own name was embroidered, threw them into the room. The maiden started, as they fell at her feet, and recognizing the handkerchief, came immediately to the window.

'Paolina!' he whispered, 'come hither.'

In a moment the maiden was beside him; she led him to a seat in the library, and placed herself on a low ottoman at his feet.

'Paolina,' he said, earnestly; 'Paolina, I have heard from many a tongue to-night, that Lord Ervine is wooing thee! Tell me, dearest, hast thou grown weary of Alberto?'

The tears gushed over the rosy cheeks of the maiden.

'Thou wrongest me, Alberto, to believe it for a moment. He is often here, but wouldst thou know how I value him—see,' and she took a ring from her finger, 'like this,' and she threw it with all her energy from the window—'I have vainly endeavored to avoid him.'

'And thou dost not love him, dearest?'

'Nay, nay, by this cross I swear it.'

'The holy virgin be praised! And now, dearest, let us silence these false rumors—let the world know that thou art my betrothed bride!' and when they parted two hours later, the universe contained not two more happy beings.

Ere nightfall the next day, Alberto de Lisiade had obtained permission from her adopted sire, Lord de Biandetti, to wed the beautiful Paolina. It was soon known in Rome, that the fisherman's daughter was the affianced bride of the young artist, and the theme of conversation became their bridal day. Lord Ervine still lingered in Rome; he heard the tidings of Paolina's engagement, but it was no news to him; he had beheld their parting, weeks before, and knew then full well that she was the artist's affianced.

### CHAPTER XIII.

*Fete on the birthday of Berenice. Sad feelings of the proud lady. Her fearful illness. Devotion of Paolina. The dark missive. Its effect. Brilliant gathering at the palace of the Camacci. Berenice's happy recovery. She unfolds her heart to Paolina. The stranger and the note.*

ANOTHER birthday of Berenice de Biandetti came, and another princely gathering assembled to celebrate it. She had grown still more haughty, more majestic, since she had last collected such a band around her. The revellers had departed, and she and Paolina stood alone, in a spacious hall; the murmur of fountains and the low sighing of the breeze came softly to their ears.

Paolina stood leaning wearily against a pillar, thinking of the events of the evening, and the sweet memories connected with it; her imagination was wandering into a shadowy portico, then down into the dewy avenues, with the lights glancing at the sleepy blossoms, and the wind kissing the swaying shrubs, till she stood far from the castle. A manly form was beside her, and low-toned words were ringing in her ear. Berenice came softly to her side, and laid her cheek caressingly against her own. It was as if a bar of ice had touched her, so cold was the cheek of the proud girl. There was a tremor in her frame, and her eyes, usually so bright, looked dull, and were swimming with tears.

'Good night,' she said, sadly, and turned to go. A piercing shriek startled Paolina, and looking after her benefactress, she saw that she had fallen to the floor.

'Poor, poor Berenice!' screamed Paolina, and Bianca rushed into the hall.

'Holy virgin, pity her!' shrieked the faithful girl, and then she took her in her arms as if she had been a child, and bore her to her own chamber. Berenice de Biandetti lived, but senseless, speechless; days and weeks went by, and no word, no look of recognition, came from the sufferer. Her eyes were closed, and the tears lay crushed between the long, silken lashes like frozen rain-drops. There was a look of suffering around her high, pale brow, and her lips were firmly compressed, as if to conceal the grief that had been coiled like a viper around her heart. Her proud spirit had at length yielded—the false smiles which she wore could be assumed no longer; the mockery of life had become too oppressive; she had sunk beneath it. It was strange; but Paolina ever lingered about her couch; she knew no weariness, and though her cheek grew a shade paler, and her step sometimes seemed to have lost a part of its elasticity, she could not be persuaded to leave her. She had never seemed so lovely, as when in her simple muslin robe she stood beside the drooping Berenice. Her devotion became proverbial in Rome, and many wondered that she could sustain such exertions. She only left the apartment of the invalid to talk a few moments each day with Alberto de Lisiade; he often besought her to resign her place for an hour to some faithful attendant, and go forth to rest her weary frame, and breathe the refreshing air. But in vain; was not Berenice de Biandetti the benefactress, to whom she owed so much? And should she leave her? No; and thus ever he plead in vain. Lord Ervine came daily to inquire for Berenice, and her companion, but Paolina never left the room to meet him; if he was entertained at all, it was by Lord de Biandetti.

One morning, just at dawn, as she sat watching her friend, she was startled by a tap against the window, and a slip of parchment fell upon the carpet. She took it and read—

'Paolina is informed that she is betrothed to one who is unworthy of her. Alberto de Lisiade is affianced to a Florentine maiden, even now in Rome. His visits to Florence have been purposely to meet her; she is of a noble house, and well worthy of the love of one more truthful than he. She is now at the palace of Bernardo Camacci, to whose bride she is a friend. Lady, accept this information from one whose friendship for thee has prompted the revelation of the truth.'

Every trace of color receded from the cheek of Paolina, but no tear moistened her eyes; her brain whirled for a moment, so that she could scarcely command herself, but she suppressed her emotions, and concealing the note, busied herself in attending to Berenice. The day wore on, and Alberto came not; she saw him in the afternoon, standing with a beautiful girl, by the obelisk in front of the Church of St. Peter's. They seemed earnestly conversing, and the heart of Paolina throbbed so painfully, that it sounded in her ear like the beating of a muffled drum. As she descended to the library for a moment, she found Lord Ervine with Signor de Biandetti; he seemed overjoyed at seeing her again, and was unusually agreeable and respectful.

It was long after nightfall, when Alberto came to inquire for her.

'Thou art pale to-night,' he said, tenderly. 'Paolina, this watching will injure thee!'

'Nay, nay,' replied the girl, 'I am very well!' but there was a slight tremor in her voice.

'We have a guest at the palace of the Camacci,' said Alberto, as he rose to depart, 'a friend of Signora Leila, and an old playmate of mine.'

'Ah!' said Paolina.

'If thou couldst be persuaded to leave Berenice, I should insist that thou shouldst come and see her—but how cold thy hand is, love—thou art ill indeed.'

'Nay, nay, Alberto, I am not ill!' and as he went forth, she sought Berenice's chamber, muttering:

'Holy virgin! It is true, then—the maiden is here; I see now, why he could so long away!'

Again the midnight hours went by; another day came and went, and the young artist came at sunset, to say that the Camacci were to give a fete that evening, and that he should be obliged to attend; he expressed his sorrow that she could not be present, and with many an endearing word took his leave. All this failed to quiet the fears of Paolina; she felt truly miserable, as she had never, never felt before. Thus far, her path had been almost wholly sunshine, and she saw now that the shadows were beginning to fall. Ah! life's strain of melody is a mingled one—joy and sorrow strangely blend as it sweeps on; there are ever some sad, dirge-like breathings ere it melts away in the more glorious music of eternity. The spirit's harp must vibrate to some sounds of grief ere it tunes its chords among the symphonies of the blest, and mingles its harmonious melody with that of the angels who chant their undying songs around the throne of the Eternal. One's existence may not be fraught with gladness alone; for were it thus, the soul would cling to earth, and think not, care not, to plume its pinions for a flight to the world on high.

Paolina leaned forth from the casement, and saw the lights beaming in the palace of the Camacci, and heard the music wafted from the festal halls. At last, two graceful forms came forth into the portico; they were Alberto de Lisiade, and the Florentine maiden. She saw even the delicate robe of amber-hued velvet, that the girl wore, and the jewels that glittered in her hair; she almost heard the words of love that she fancied Alberto was speaking, as he had talked to her, and her emotions overcame her; she fell senseless upon the cushions on which she had been kneeling.

'The holy virgin and all the saints pity me!' exclaimed Bianca, when she came, according to her custom, to look upon Berenice, before retiring.

'Poor Paolina, I feared this—' and she stooped caressingly over her, and taking a gilded flask containing some powerful perfume from the table, she sprinkled it over her face. She clasped her small hands within her own.

'How cold they are,' she murmured; but even as she spoke, the girl revived.

'Dear me, lady,' said Bianca, when she was quite recovered, 'dear me! thou art too ill, dear, to remain here to-night. Go to thy couch, lady, and allow me now to take thy place!'

'Nay, nay, I cannot leave her,' said Paolina; 'but list, Bianca, thou mayest remain, too, if thou wilt! I am lonely here sometimes, the nights are so long!'

'Yes, yes, dear lady, I will!' and she sank into a chair. 'O, me, what a dull place this castle is now; the Lady Berenice so ill, so silent, and thou so still here with her. If it were not for the Englishman and my lord of Lisiade, I should forget where I am. But hark! they are having a gay time in the castle yonder; some people would not hush their noisy merriment, if half Rome were dead.'

'They are having a brilliant festival at the dwelling of the Camacci,' said Paolina.

'Ah! yes, I do not doubt that; but it almost makes me shudder when I think how gay, how happy, poor Lady Berenice seemed at that last entertainment which she gave. I do not believe she was well, though, for Ersine said she was very sad when she made her toilet, and seemed to care nothing for the robe she wore, or how she looked at all, poor lady. And then so like a dead person as she has been ever since, no wonder that music sounds like a dirge to me.'

'Dost thou think she will ever recover, Bianca?' The woman shook her head.

'I fear not—and if she should die, the virgin pity her father. I have lived in the family ever since Berenice was an infant; I was here when poor Lord Paolo died at Venice, and it seemed as if the poor man would go mad. There had been some trouble between them, and the old gentleman wronged his son!'

'How, Bianca?' asked Paolina, anxiously.

'Why, he married a girl of low birth, and thou knowest how proud the Biandetti are! his sire was very angry, and he disinherited him. His wife was a beautiful woman I have heard, and as wise almost as a sage—it was this that charmed him, for it was said that she was the most learned and accomplished lady in Venice.'

'And he married her!'

'Yes, and lived happily for three or four years, when he suddenly died. The Signor de Biandetti repented then, ay, bitterly repented. Whole nights and days he remained shut up in his chamber, and I heard his sobs as he paced to and fro. At length, he went to Venice, but he could find no trace of the wife and child of his son. Since then, he has lavished his affection on Berenice; he has never thwarted her will, or reproved her in a single thing. Perhaps he thinks to atone for his cruelty to his son—he was many years older than Berenice, and the oldest of the family; all but he and the poor girl yonder, died in infancy.'

'Was his son handsome?' asked Paolina.

'Ay, that he was—a noble youth—he was a great scholar, and his father was very proud of him.'

'And his mother, the Lady de Biandetti?'

'Her form was mouldering in the family vault, before any of this trouble! Poor lady, I sometimes think she was taken in mercy from this wicked world.'

'It may be,' said Paolina, solemnly, 'it may be—there are sorrows dark and fearful in this beautiful earth.'

'Yes, lady, but thou art young to talk of these; when thou hast seen thy hopes blighted, thy friends sleeping in death, and life has become burdensome, then thou mayest talk of sorrow; not now. Not now, when thou art looking forward to days of happiness—when thou art the betrothed bride of Alberto de Lisiade. I know the Signor de Biandetti is grieving even now, that thou art soon to leave us. He loves thee, fondly; and poor Berenice, I know not but this illness has been caused by thinking how lonely she will be.'

There were bitter thoughts in Paolina's heart, but she dared not trust herself to speak, to say that she might not leave the home, where she had dwelt so happily, very soon. She fell into a reverie, and her garrulous companion followed her example.

The next day, as Paolina was bending over Berenice, her reason returned; she recognized her protege, and murmured her name. From that moment, she began to recover—Paolina still kept her station, and the invalid watched her as carefully as if her life depended on the girl's motions. She was very feeble, and it pained the loving Paolina to see how helpless she was. Alberto came as heretofore, to chat each day a moment with her; but she had no time to unfold to him the tidings which the note contained, and it lay like an incubus upon her soul. Besides, she was one to think long in secret of her woes, ere she disclosed them to any eye. Nevertheless, she resolved, when Berenice had entirely recovered, to tell Alberto what she had heard; till then, she would bury it in her own heart.

'Bianca,' said Berenice, one day, when Paolina was for a moment absent from the apartment, 'has Paolina been here constantly during my illness?'

'Yes, lady—she has not left thee an hour for food or rest! I wonder how one so young can support such extraordinary exertions—but she seems to know no weariness. Ah, now I remember one night when I came to visit thee, she was lying senseless upon the cushions. I knew she was quite exhausted, and endeavored to persuade her to take some rest; but 'twas all in vain—the next day thou didst begin to recover, and then she seemed to gain new energy.'

'She is an angel!' murmured Berenice.

'Yes, lady, I do sometimes think she is a real angel!' and the superstitious Bianca went on eulogizing the devotion of the girl.

Berenice de Biandetti at length rose from her couch of suffering; long and fearful had been the struggle; but the memory of her blasted hopes had grown less painful—her stubborn will had been humbled. She indulged no feelings of revenge towards the grateful Paolina, and she shuddered when she thought of the resolutions which she had cherished. She now sat like the shadow of her former self, several hours each day in her own room; the joy of her sire was unbounded, and he could scarcely say enough of the devotion of Paolina.

'Paolina,' said Berenice, as the girl knelt beside her, one day, 'Paolina, let me tell thee a sad, sad story. It has long burdened my spirit, but I have never before gained strength to tell thee. Paolina, thou knowest that I have ever esteemed Alberto de Lisiade; thou hast not known that I loved him, but I did, Paolina—I loved him! He was the first to awaken the glow of affection in my aspiring heart; my love was unrequited. He loved thee—I heard him avow it; nay, start not, love, I speak truly. Dost thou remember the feast at the dwelling of the Camacci, when he led thee to his own little studio? I felt sad that evening, and I went in search of thee that I might make some plea to return home, and beg thee to make my apologies to Signora Leila.

'I sought after thee in the lighted saloons among the merry guests; then ascended the staircase, hoping to meet thee in that Gothic hall—my search thus far was vain. On, on I wandered through a suite of rooms, richly furnished, till I came to a small door; I cautiously opened it, and saw thee. Thou wast seated in a large arm-chair, like a queen upon a throne, I thought then, so gloriously beautiful didst thou seem; Alberto de Lisiade was at thy feet, a slave to thy gentleness and thy beauty. I heard him pour into thine ear the thrilling words of love—I heard him ask thee to become his bride; I heard thee plight thy vows. Yes, I saw—heard all this, though my brain reeled strangely, and I scarcely knew where I was standing; I only knew this, that Alberto de Lisiade loved thee, Paolina. I shrieked not—I uttered no cry, I shed no tear then—but it was as if a wave of poison had rolled over me to wither all my hopes. I wreathed my lip with smiles, and my tongue with cheerful words, and went back to the gay throng. Alas! how changed! My eyes saw thee as thou didst enter with thy betrothed—I marked the bright flush on his face and on thine own—I read it well, and my voice faltered slightly as I continued my conversation with Lord Ervine. Some minutes afterwards, or hours, I cannot remember which, as I sat alone in the music-room, Alberto entered; he spoke to me with the same respectful manner that had always characterized his demeanor! Then, then, Paolina—I cannot tell thee! but it was a strong, strong effort that I made then; but I succeeded, I did speak calmly, as I had ever done in my happiest moments. I even swept the strings of the lute with which I was trifling, and as I sang, the tones of my voice were never clearer, more melodious. When I found myself in my own room, O, who may tell the thoughts that overwhelmed me! O, Paolina, hadst thou known them, thy pure heart would have shrunk back in terror. Feelings of revenge, of hatred, took the place of the intense affection which I had cherished; I was tempted to commit a fearful deed! do not shudder, dearest! A small flask met my eye; it was filled with deadly poison, long ago distilled in the cave of a learned hermit, and given me for some chemical experiment; it seems now as if in every clear drop there lurked a demon's tongue, whispering "Revenge!" It was the thought of one almost maddened by disappointment! I seized the poison, and rushed to thy apartment. Do not grow so pale, dearest; think how strong was the will of Berenice de Biandetti; how proud, how ambitious she was, and thou wilt not wonder then at the strange determinations that filled my mind. I bent over thee—one drop of that liquid would have been thy death warrant. As I held it suspended above thy lips, that fluid, fatal as the bite of the anaconda in its influences—thoughts of all our former happiness came like an angel of mercy to my brain. I turned away, and kneeling beside thee, besought the virgin to forgive me. Thou wast dreaming of Alberto, for thou didst murmur his name; again the temptation came over me, but I resolved to resist it; I hurried to the window and dashed the flask to the earth.

'Dost thou remember asking upon the next morning, why it was there, and I made thee some evasive reply, and myself gathered up the fragments, and threw them into the stream. When I went again to my own room, I thought long, but less wildly of thee. I determined that the world should never know my wretchedness. The tide of time rolled on to the vast ocean of eternity; and still I twined the jewels among the braids of my glossy hair; I robed my form in costly garments, and moved among the happy, as if I, too, were thus—but my heart, my heart, was

'Lorn as a hung-up lute that ne'er hath spoken,
Since the sad day its master-chord was broken.'

'O, Paolina! may it never be thy lot to know such misery. But let me tell thee all. Lord Ervine was our constant guest, and I knew that he loved thee! But I heeded it not. What was it to me, I thought, if he was to know the agony of unrequited love? Had not my own soul drank deeply of the bitter draught which he was placing to his lips? Thus I heedlessly dreamed on. It seems as if a strange vision wrapped my senses; but I remember that fatal night, when the air was redolent with perfume, and music was wafted on every passing zephyr; when these halls were crowded with guests, and I moved among them, receiving their congratulations. When they had departed, all departed, I wound my arm around thee, and resolved to tell thee all my sorrows, but my pride was not quite subdued. I turned away to gather more courage, and that is all I can tell thee! There are many links wanting in memory's chain, for I remember nothing till I met the glance of thine eyes, and murmured thy name. Since then, I have watched thee earnestly, fondly. I know that thou deservest all my old affection; that thou art worthy the love of Alberto de Lisiade. And now, dearest, no other human being, none but thine affianced, must ever know what I have told thee. I am not one to unfold to the gaze of the cold-hearted, unpitying world my heart's bitter sorrows. Promise me, never to reveal, save to him of whom I spoke, aught that I have told thee!'

'I promise,' said the girl, and she laid her head on the shoulder of Berenice and wept with her. Her spirit yearned to unfold to her benefactress the fears which were destroying her happiness, but her soul was too sorrowful; she could not! Several days afterwards, the two maidens went to the convent, that, far from the busy scenes of Rome, Berenice might more rapidly recover. Paolina had no time to tell Alberto the news which she had heard concerning him, but she had brooded over it till she had scarcely a doubt of its truth. She was wretched indeed, but no human being knew it—wretched? ay, miserable! When Berenice had quite recovered, she went back to Rome alone, and Paolina went to visit her mother. From the Sybil of the Arno, she learned that Alberto de Lisiade was again in Florence.

'It was true,' she said to herself, 'he has come with that Florentine maiden.'

It was a lovely evening, and Paolina wandered forth to her old seat by the river's brink; it was quite overgrown with moss and vines, for it had been long since last she visited it. It was full of recollections; she thought how she had stood upon it, and cast tufts of grass and sprays of blossoms into the water, to see her pet Lima plunge into the stream, and bring them to her feet. Her heart sighed again for the days of her childhood, and she wondered if she should ever have been thus sad had she never seen Rome and its joyous scenes. A splash in the Arno near the shore aroused her, and the next moment, a servant wearing the livery of the Lisiade approached her and thrust a folded paper into her hand. She hastily read as follows—

'PAOLINA:

'I know it will seem strange, when I tell thee that I can never wed one so far beneath my station. I give thee back thy vows. I ask a like favor from thee.

'ALBERTO DE LISIADE.'

The writing seemed familiar; it could not be mistaken. The tears trembled in her large, liquid eyes, but she seized a pen suspended to a chain around her neck, and wrote simply—

'ALBERTO DE LISIADE:

'Thou art free—I give thee back the vows which thou hast pledged me!

'PAOLINA.'

She gave the note to the servant without speaking, and watched him as he went down the river to his home; then slowly returned to the cottage.


[CONCLUDED NEXT WEEK.]


### The Bear.

The bear is capable of general attachment. Leopold, Duke of Lorraine, had a bear called Marco, of the sagacity of which we have the following remarkable instance:—During the winter of 1709, a Savoyard boy, ready to perish with cold in a barn, in which he had been put by a good woman, with some more of his companions, thought proper to enter Marco's hut, without reflecting on the danger which he ran by exposing himself to the mercy of the animal which occupied it. Marco, however, instead of doing any injury to the child, took him between his paws and warmed him by pressing him to his breast until next morning, when he suffered him to depart to ramble about the city. The young Savoyard returned in the evening to the hut, and was received with the same affection. For several days he had no other retreat, and it added not a little to his joy, to observe that the bear regularly reserved part of his food for him. A number of days passed in this manner without the servants knowing anything of the circumstance. At length, when one of them came, one day, to bring the bear his supper rather later than ordinary, he was astonished to see the animal roll its eyes in a furious manner, and seeming as if he wished him to make as little noise as possible, for the fear of waking the child, whom he had clasped to his breast. The bear, though ravenous, did not appear the least moved with the food which was placed before him. The report of this extraordinary circumstance was soon spread at court, and reached the ears of Leopold, who with part of his courtiers was desirous of being satisfied with the truth of Marco's generosity. Several of them passed the night near the hut, and beheld, with astonishment, that the bear never stirred as long as his guest showed an inclination to sleep. At break of day the child awoke, was much ashamed to find himself discovered, and fearing that he would be punished for his temerity, begged pardon. The bear, however, caressed him, and endeavored to prevail on him to eat what had been brought the morning before, which he did at the request of the spectators, who afterwards conducted him to the prince. Having learned the whole history of this singular alliance, and the time which it had continued, Leopold ordered care to be taken of the little Savoyard. *Home Journal.*

### Anecdote of Burns.

'On one occasion,' says Mr. K——, our informant, 'Burns had been in the habit, for some weeks, of laying aside a few pence weekly from his slender earnings to purchase a book entitled "Scottish Melodies," which he had read and was anxious to own. By the most rigid economy he at length acquired a sum sufficient to obtain the greatly-desired work, and was on his way to procure the volume, when, passing by a wretched cottage, he heard the cry of children for bread. Prompted by the generous feelings of his heart, he entered to learn the condition of the family, and found a weak, emaciated mother, engaged with her needle, sewing together some rags to cover her half naked children. They were shivering around her, without food or fire, exposed to the inclemencies of a cold November wind, which found its way through many an open crevice into their miserable tenement.

'The woman informed him that her husband had left them several weeks before in a drunken frolic, since which time they had not heard from him, and that they had that morning eaten their last meal of potatoes. This was the only kind of food they had tasted for several days, nor did they know from what source they were to obtain more. Burns could bear no more, but placing before them the few shillings he had suffered such self-denial to procure, without waiting for the thanks of the grateful family, except as they were expressed by tears of joy, retraced his steps homeward. Often,' says Mr. K——, 'have I heard him say, he experienced more pleasure from that act than he should from the possession of the best library in the kingdom.'

### Gentlemanly Habits.

At table the gentleman never talks loud, nor stares at the other guests, and especially never commits that indecency so common to Englishmen, staring at women. He never makes remarks upon any one present; never looks up and around when eating or drinking, like a dog over a bone, and afraid of losing it. He never drinks or talks with his mouth full, or fills his mouth till a cheek is distended like that of a ground squirrel gathering winter store. He never spits at table, or coughs or sneezes over his plate. He never looks about stealthily or boastingly, as if afraid or anxious to be gazed at, but sits quiet and self-possessed, and taking for granted that the rest of the company have their own business to mind, and no leisure to be busy about himself. In the parlor, especially among women, he never stretches upon a sofa, puts his feet in or on a chair, or on a table or window-sill, or sticks them out at full length. He never sits with his feet stretched out and his hands on his head, as if holding it on. He never makes general denunciations of parties or sects in presence of strangers whose opinions he knows not. He defends his opinion when called upon, or omits it at discretion, but never aggressively assails those of others in the social circle or among strangers, or in any place where controversy is not expected. He never utters profane or indecent language, or makes coarse allusions, especially in presence of women. *Old paper.*

### Something New.

We know not how it may be in regard to our readers, but there is to us certainly something 'new under the sun,' as contained in a subjoined extract from the 'American Zoological Journal.' It treats of that animal so peculiarly fond of what the French denominate as the 'social system,' of such extremely democratic habits as the most ultra 'Red Republican' could desire, to wit—the Pig. The town of Pottsville, Pa., has the honor of 'enrolling in its ranks' these newly-brought-to-notice *aqua-porkupeds*, which subsist on offal thrown into the creek on which the town is situated, and are owned by Irish laborers:

'A particular race of pigs called 'Divers' has been bred in the place, differing from others in the fact that they are web footed, and are remarkable for their ability to dive, and for the length of time they can remain under water. Their power in this way seems to increase with age. One male of two years of age, was observed to remain under water more than thirty minutes. An ordinary pig is drowned in less than one minute, as ascertained by experiment. The peculiarities of the diving pigs are supposed to result from long practice, and physical change, transmitted and increased from generation to generation. The reason why they remain so long under water, is that they may there devour their food, which is in danger of being taken from them by other pigs which frequent the shore.'—*Yankee Blade.*

THE FARMER'S DUE UNION.

[Written for The Flag of our Union.]

## ROSALIE DE CLAIRVILLE.

A LEGEND OF THE GOLDEN DAYS OF FRANCE.

BY FRANCIS A. DURIVAGE.

The crossroads of Armaingnac, a mass of stark and vassal, had long proved the haunt of lawless, without dreaming of linking his destiny with that of the fair dame who then ruled the state of France, as was the administration of the daughter of Paris. In fact he was no corpse longer. He found himself the wretch of arms, the clamp of steel-clad carcass, no hair-shod heart-lover, to whom he had, than the less dangerous executorate of the mastership; yet even these he preferred to the festivities of the palace and the banquet hall. He was a man of war, and he was accepted with the toughest impress of his age. His helmet had worn away his nose incessantly curb, his face was pitted by a thousand wrinkles, his complexion was burned and weather-beaten, his stature was harsh, his language bold and stern, and his whole time occupied either in battle, or in dreaming of arrogance, campaigns and sieges.

Yet it is claimed that in his warm and yellow ire,[1] D'Armaingnac conceived the idea of taking to himself a wife. To accomplish this purpose he addressed himself, therefore, to lonely and high-born damsel whose clarion had penetrated even the iron heart of the man, and whose beauty had so roused to trim a heart, but to her father, an old nobleman of rank, he went one to ride and unpolished as himself. Between him and the seneschal there was a feud, and the father of the beautiful Countess Rosalie de Clairville, in his dying moments, enjoined it on his daughter to accept the hand of D'Armaingnac, under whose charge and wardship he suffered her to remain until she came to the old soldier chose to lead her to the nuptial altar. After this solemn and last injunction no disagreeable as possible, he hastened to console all his enemy, closed his eyes, declined breathing, and was laid with the ashes of his fathers, a race of iron-headed and iron-hearted gentlemen, all of whom had served their king and many of whom had been to Palestine, a fashionable mode of seeking for a lifetime of carnage, rapine and disorder.

So the Countess Rosalie was taken home to the feudal castle of D'Armaingnac, where the latter made over wedded by the pompous presence of one of the starchest of dowagers, named Marguerite, who had been selected from Sevin expressly for the purpose. The ceremonies were solemn and grand, and as much as if she had already become the property of the constable.

Now it happened that, without consulting her father, the lady Rosalie had already fallen in love with a young gentleman of the district. Seventy, son of the chatelaine of Grey Castle.[2] His had overturned a stone arrow, all of whom were dying of love; but Seventy was the only one who could boast of enjoying her smiles.

D'Armaingnac could, every day of his dinner. A feudal chief in the adjustment of his affairs of sex, and there paid his addresses in good set phrases; but these were made to the ear in passing, and it was evident that he merely paid his devoirs to the mistress of the castle as one of his possessions.

One day the aged warrior found the fair one reclining beneath the canopy of her magnificent bed, which, from its splendor, was somewhat low, and kneeling, raised her lily hand in his rough and hairy fist.

"Dear Clarice!" said the lonely gift, still dreaming of

D'Armaingnac started to his feet as if an asp had stung him. She had a lover, thus—his name was to her heart the sweetest in the heart. Full of rage and jealousy, he sought out the damsel.

"Tell me, Spanish hag," said he, seizing her rudely by the arm, "who is the villain?"

Who has told you about Clarice, my lord? asked the damsel, imperiously bringing her countenance in her hand.

"There is a lover, then? growled D'Armaingnac, heedless of her question.

"I will tell you nothing," answered old Marguerite, boldly. "Kill me—I will never betray my sweet young mistress."

D'Armaingnac half drew his dagger from its sheath, but he returned it to its waistband, and with a bitter curse, turned his back. So he and again sought the presence of Rosalie. He had awakened from her brief reverie, and was sitting in an easy attitude, resting on her beautifully rounded arm.

"Well, madam," said D'Armaingnac, initially, if young life bubble in their veins, old ears are not in child's their counsel. Who is Clarice, of whom you dream by day as well as by night?"

"Clarice!" cried the countess, turning pale.

Ah, madam—you were not dreaming of Henri D'Armaingnac, the only child of one you have a right to think. Ha!" he added, "I will pay you the wonders of speech, and it can be no other than Clarice de Savoisy, the daughter of Clarisse."

"Knowest—would Rosalie, turning deadly pale, and trembling; "you have spoken to her your suspicions; my lord—you are mistaken in your conjecture, I love not Clarice de Savoisy—she is an unworthy object of my love."

"He turns her been seen saddled in my courtyard. How many times he has been here, merely, I cannot tell; long has it been, you shall confess. Out with it, or worse shall befall you."

"My lord! my lord!" cried Rosalie, in agony; "spare me—pardon me!"

D'Armaingnac darted himself in the face of his prisoner.

"On thy eyes, minions," said he; "I cannot see to harm thee. But my rival had president noble of the realm, who dare interpose between me and my affianced bride, I will run him also a dog as the last of the thrice-Paris!"

With this chivalrous declaration, D'Armaingnac went back to interrogate the servants, and to see whether he could not obtain from their replies wherewithal to feed his smoldering jealousy. He was servile in his anger, and they set lived in a most unpleasant state of his wrath. None of them suspected the serious mischief which lay at the foundation of these future and necessary incorrespondence; but from all they said, D'Armaingnac came to the conclusion that none of them had been cognizant or abetting of any underhand, except a dog which he had accustomed to watch the garden, and which, having surprised strays in his house, he immediately strangled, by way of acknowledging his services. The first fact he had to register that Rosalie's love probably enforced the exotic through the garden, whence the only egress was by means of a postern that opened on the waterside. The fierce D'Armaingnac stood in the neighborhood of the royal towers of St. Paul. One gate of this feudal dwelling opened on the Rue St. Antoine, and was fortified at every point. The walls on the river side were immensely strong, impregnable, and furnished with formidable towers.

After much exploration, the constable found that Rosalie had, indeed, arranged his plan of action. He ordered a number of his most trusted retainers to be in readiness, and to be on the towers that commanded the quay, with their arquebuses loaded, and to fire down upon everybody except the gentleman in the boat, who was to be allowed to pass. But to spare the life of any one cavalier who should come in, day or night, taking care, however, to see that he passed out. He took these precautions and orders were given at the house on the Rue St. Antoine.[3] The servants, even the chaplain, were forbidden to go out on pain of death. Then the duty of guarding the two flanks of the castle having been committed to a select body of his men-at-arms, whose fidelity was beyond all the horned oxen, the constable made sure of the safety of the person and honor of the lady Rosalie, if he dared to penetrate the stronghold of her enemies.

The constable had business at Paris; and he left the castle of Armaingnac after dinner, knowing which, the poor countess fell into the preceding day, sent a note to Seventy, informing him that the coast was clear, that D'Armaingnac was feeling his castle vassal with the principal warriors of Paris, and that the seneschal Countess Rosalie de Clairville, in his dying moments, enjoined it on his daughter to accept the hand of D'Armaingnac, under whose charge and wardship he suffered her to remain until she came to the old soldier chose to lead her to the nuptial altar. After this solemn and last injunction no disagreeable as possible, he hastened to console all his enemy, closed his eyes, declined breathing, and was laid with the ashes of his fathers, a race of iron-headed and iron-hearted gentlemen, all of whom had served their king and many of whom had been to Palestine, a fashionable mode of seeking for a lifetime of carnage, rapine and disorder.

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# THE FLAG OF OUR UNION.


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F. GLEASON, PROPRIETOR.

MATURIN M. BALLOU, EDITOR.

☞The terms of The Flag of our Union are $2 00 per annum, invariably in advance. The paper is always discontinued at the expiration of the time paid for.—See imprint on the last page.

☞All communications designed for publication in the paper, must be post paid, and addressed to F. GLEASON, *Boston, Mass.*, Proprietor of The Flag of our Union.


### To our Correspondents.

'The Frigate Bird,' a fine poem, by O. G. H., accepted.

'The Blue Velvet Bonnet,' a Parisian Tale, by Fred Hunter, shall appear in the next issue of the FLAG.

'The Felon's Wife,' by our regular contributor, Mrs. EMMA C. EMBURY, filed for the next number.

'Stray Leaves,' in verse, accepted.

'Ula Stanhope,' a prose sketch of the Mexican War, shall appear in our next.

'A Dream within a Dream,' a poem, by our regular contributor, EDGAR A. POE, filed for next week.

'A Man overboard,' a poem, by the Editor, next week.

'An Enigma,' a curious puzzle in verse, by our regular contributor, Mrs. FRANCES S. OSGOOD, in our next number.

'A Fragment' in verse, by the Bard of Souhegan, accepted.

'Swapping Horses,' a double-distilled humorous sketch, from THE OLD 'UN, shall appear next week.

'Sorrow,' a sonnet, by the Green Mountain Bard, accepted.

'Give,' a story in verse, by C. N. G., curious in metre, and laden with a rich moral, filed for insertion.

'Leave me alone,' 'Lines to the Sweden,' 'Evening,' 'Edward and Eliza,' 'Lines to Mary,' 'Life on the Land,' 'Hymn to Contentment,' and 'The Sailor Boy's Song,' are respectfully declined.

☞No poems or other articles will be received for this paper, unless accompanied by an authentic name.

### A Spirit of Humility.

Humility is a rare virtue, and the most seemly, perhaps, of all; we mean true humility—for it is a cloak, without doubt, that is more used to cover vice and wickedness than any other. When you mark it conspicuous between one man and another, gentle reader, scan it closely, for it is generally the cringer to his equal who is bold before his God! Moreover, in our intercourse one with another, it should be sparingly indulged in; its most appropriate rendering being in the silence of prayer. It is a quality most glorious and beautiful, yet it should be used with discretion; for a fool will tread upon the neck of him that will let him. Now we say not this in disparagement of the respect that one renders to those above him, who have a right to demand it, but we mean to draw a line between respect and humility. No, no, we are a great advocate of discipline; but a sailor or soldier can give prompt and implicit obedience, without any niggardly cringing. Never sink the man in the station; for, by proper conduct and strict regard for duty, you may make the station you hold, though it be ever so humble, respectable before all.

Who will fairly estimate us, if we cheapen ourselves? And is it not always the case that contempt follows in the footsteps of servility? It is for this reason that we would have our readers use meekness with discretion. There are plenty of Shylocks in the world, ready to kiss and serve the hand of him who so lately called them cut-throat, and spat upon their gabardine, and like Shylock, when their cowardly spirit sees no chance for retaliation, they will claim *their pound of flesh*. Such men will bear any insult, and no injustice or oppression will arouse their choler: they are strangers to the promptings of honest indignation, but their secret hours are consumed in plotting *revenge*—mean, low-lived, cowardly retaliation, that would strike its victim in the dark! There is a vast abyss between anger and hatred. It must be a heart but poorly sensible unto good that the first has never moved; but those who indulge in the latter, are like midnight assassins. Give us an open and frank enemy, though ever so deep in the wrong, rather than he who, ostensibly coinciding with us in an *humble* tone, yet does it from servility, and not from honest conviction. Understand us, then, not to disparage humility, when we say it is ofttimes out of place from one man to another, but never in the communion of man with his Maker.

ENGLISH LIFE.—Mr. Strafford, a clerk in the London post office, lately appeared at the insolvents' court, and was opposed. The insolvent came to court in a phaeton with his servant. On inquiry it appeared that his own income was $350 a year. His wife had $600 a year from her friend, Lord Adolphus Fitzclarence. The insolvent admitted that he kept two horses, a servant in livery, and two carriages, which were paid for by his lordship. His case was adjourned for examination.

POLICY IN THE MEDITERRANEAN.—The Belgian Consul at Gibraltar has transmitted to his Government some information respecting the navigation of the coast of Riff, near Cape Forcas, and the piracy carried on there. He states that the forces of the pirates who traverse the coasts of Morocco render it imperative on the part of masters of vessels to give Cape Forcas a wide berth. He also alludes to the capture of several English vessels by the pirates.

OUR BOOKS.—We would remind our readers that we furnish any six of our twenty-five cent books for one dollar. By reference to our column of original publications, it will be seen that there is a great variety to choose from. Select those desired, enclose the names with one dollar by letter to this office, and the books will be sent by return of mail, or by express as may be designated; in either instance, the cost of transportation is trifling.

NO DOUBT OF IT.—A paper that is published upon the old credit system, says: 'No man who has paid for his newspaper has ever been known to be bitten by a mad dog.' Then no reader of the FLAG need fear, as we have not one subscriber in our immense edition who has not paid in advance!

REFORMERS.—Wouldn't it be quite as well, if some of those individuals who set themselves up for reformers, in this enlightened age, should try their hand at home manufacture.

DEBATERS.—Don't trust too much to good humor when you are engaged in debate and argument. The Indian produces fire by rubbing of the driest sticks.

COMPENSATION.—Fortune is more equally balanced after all, than half the world think it; to the rich it gives fear—to the poor, hope.

HOPE ON, HOPE EVER.—Norman, the daughter of Enoch, was five hundred and eighty years old when she was married!

### Slander.

Many people become slanderers unwittingly, from downright thoughtlessness. They forget that there is less danger in throwing a stone at random, than in an idle word. There are those who do not hesitate to publish for fact any thought that may occur to them; such are ever ready, for capital's sake, to impute the vilest motive to those of whom they speak. It is the mark of a mean spirit and a base soul, always to suspect the worst intentions—to be ever spying out errors in our neighbors, while ten to one, we need reform more than they do; for a real Christian seldom sees a defect in his neighbor—even as pure water reflects the blue sky serene and fair, while muddy pools make everything about them look black and cloudy! It is a good and honest rule to engrave upon one's heart, and one which we hope all our readers will remember, never to speak ill of any man; if he is good, it is impiety—if he is bad, give him your prayers. There is keen and truthful sarcasm in the following lines:

> 'A slanderer felt a serpent bite his side;
> What followed from the bite?
> ——The *serpent died*!'

Inasmuch as he that handleth pitch must be defiled, the best way to defeat slander is to notice it apparently not at all, but *live it down*. It cannot much injure him whose daily walk refutes it and brands it as a lie. Slander is like the wasp that assails you; if you attempt to kill it, and fail, it returns to the attack more furiously than ever; but the true way to combat it is to use those weapons against which it has no power to defend itself; and these are virtue and uprightness.

### A Coffee Estate.

Talk about your New England hot-houses, your Winship's nurseries, and all that sort of thing, 'tain't a circumstance to a West India coffee plantation in its wild and comparatively uncultivated state.—*Illinois Free Trader.*

Right, Mr. Free Trader, a coffee plantation is one of the most beautiful gardens we have ever conceived of. An estate usually covers some three hundred acres of land, planted in squares of eight acres, and intersected by broad alleys of palms, mangoes, oranges, and other ornamental and beautiful trees. Mingled with these are planted lemons, pomegranates, cape jessamines, and a species of wild heliotrope, fragrant as the morning. Conceive of this beautiful arrangement, and then of the whole when in flower. The coffee, with its milk-white blossom, so abundant that it seems as though a pure white cloud of snow had fallen there, and left the rest of the vegetation fresh and green! Interspersed in the alleys is the red of the Mexican rose, the flowing pomegranate and the large, gaudy flower of the penon, shrouding its parent stem in a cloak of scarlet, with waving here and there of the graceful yellow flag, and many bewitchingly fragrant wild flowers twining their tender stems about the base of these. In short, a coffee garden is a perfect floral El Dorado. Our own experience was gained mainly on the estate of a Scotch physician in Cuba, who, in accordance with the custom of the island, had named his plantation, and called it *Buena Esparanza*. Good Hope.

### The Bright Side.

Too often shall we find ourselves looking on the dark side of the course of life, if we pause to reflect. We have known men who had succeeded in so disciplining their minds and feelings, that they could say, with old Izaak Walton, 'every misery that I miss is a new mercy;' and thus they learned to look on the bright side of all things, and to be comparatively happy even under adversity. It is very true, that all troubles seem long, and that the calamities which seem to *come* to us on swiftest wings, *retire* with a limping pace, but yet, if we resolve to look ever on the bright side, we shall find ourselves flowing on in the calm river of contentment, in the quiet sunlight, with scarcely a ripple, towards the gates of eternity.

### Possession of Property.

We sometimes wonder when we see a rich man hoarding up his treasures and watching eagerly for gain, why he can so blind himself. Perhaps, he is surrounded by many needy relatives, and with children who are retarded from advancement by the want of pecuniary means. By-and-by, this old man must die, and then the division will necessarily come. How much pleasure might he have enjoyed in the judicious allotment of his ample means, while it was most needed, and at a period, when he might himself have realized the good his industry and successful speculations were producing among his own kith and kin. He that defers his charity until he is dead, is, if rightly weighed, liberal of another man's goods rather than of his own.

### Closing of Congress.

The close of the late Congress has been characterized by scenes of the most shameful character, when members resorted to fisticuffs to illustrate their arguments, and exchanged blows in the council halls of the nation. Let the aggressors be marked by the public, and their constituents remember to send better representatives to Washington next time. If public men would but realize that they are making history, how differently they would sometimes act.

HOW TO GET ON.—The best way to get help in the world, is first to help yourself; as a proof of this, show that you need aid, and all will turn a cold shoulder; but prove that you can do without it, and folks will actually beg to give you a lift!

TERRIBLE DISASTER.—Sixty-four persons lately perished in the Royal Theatre, Glasgow, during a rush of the audience to escape from the building, which had taken fire in the gallery.

FLYING MACHINE.—We really believe that a flying machine is to be invented at last, capable of guiding its course through the air in any given direction, and according to its size, to carry numbers of passengers.

A QUEER DISH.—The parrots in the West Indies settle upon the sour orange trees, and are taken with nets, a dozen or more at a time. The people eat them in a stew, as we do the pigeon.

RALPH WALDO EMERSON.—This gentleman delivered a lecture in Worcester a few days since, which the Palladium man called *crystallized moonshine*.

JOHN SMITH.—We were mistaken in saying that this gentleman had gone to California, for we observe that he has just been arrested and lodged in the Tombs, New York.

AGAIN AND AGAIN.—Isn't there any way to stop the seemingly interminable ether controversy?

QUERY.—Where are those gold dollars?

### Editorial Ink-Drops.

The good people of Portsmouth, N. H., are ambitious to make it a city.

Why is education like a tailor? Because it forms our habits.

The landlords in Washington only charged $5 a day during inauguration week.

The town of West Cambridge, Mass., sells $100,000 worth of ice per annum.

The Bangor, Me., papers are bragging over a hog that weighs 615 pounds. Fat enough.

Gold pens were first invented in this country, but are now common in Europe.

A book entitled 'Memoirs of Lola Montes,' is announced by a Swiss publisher.

The French government have sent an engineer to examine the California diggins.

A girl in Keene, N. H., poisoned herself fatally by taking chloroform.

Hudson, the Shakspearian lecturer, has become an Episcopal minister.

Every third person in Ireland is little less than a downright beggar.

Dr. Franklin was the first Post Master General of these United States.

A Boston sailing packet went out to Liverpool lately, in fourteen and a half days.

There have been some fatal cases of hydrophobia in England lately.

Herr Alexander, the magician, was at last accounts, performing in New Orleans.

Repining at a loss is said to be putting pepper into a sore eye. *Smart.*

It is said that nature will *leave* all the trees next spring. She's green, to do so.

The past winter proves to have been the coldest recorded for eighty years.

Some people appear afraid to use their consciences at all, lest they wear them out!

More persons, after all, die of their remedies, than sink to the grave by disease.

When is a candle perfectly happy? When it wants (*r*)*muffin*. *Not* original!

Judge Kingsbury, of Gardiner, Me., suddenly fell dead in the streets of that town.

Some one has been bottling up a wave dipped from the 'sea of life.'

A census of the whole British Empire has been ordered by Parliament.

The only kind of fits said to be good for invalids are bene *fits*. Of course.

There's a powder horn in Boston made from the horn of a dilemma.

### Improvement of Time.

It would surprise those persons who think that they have not time to do this or that thing, because the hours of the day are so much employed in some regular pursuit of business, if they would adopt the rule of dividing and apportioning the twenty-four hours after some system. We know a young friend who has for several years been engaged in mercantile employment some eight or nine hours per day, who, until he adopted this mode, thought he had not time for any other fixed purpose; but, by allotting his hours thus—for sleep, eight hours; morning study, before breakfast, one hour; evening study, two hours; and attendance upon some useful lecture or intellectual entertainment, retiring at ten, he has in one year acquired a good knowledge of the French language, has read Rollin, Thiers, and Plutarch, as well as some of the standard British essayists, doubtless acquiring more valuable information in these twelve months than in years of study at school. Have a fixed time for every duty, and if you adhere strictly to it, you will be surprised to see how much may be accomplished in twenty-four hours.

### The New President.

Well, Zachary Taylor has been made President of the United States, a new party have come into power, and their head, as President, has sworn to uphold the constitution. The united will of a mighty nation has placed him at its head, and now may God enable him to officiate with credit and honor both to himself and the country. Unlike the old world, we elect our chief ruler by ballot, not by force of the bayonet, and the spectacle of inauguration, therefore, becomes a scene of remarkable interest, from the fact that it is the consummating act that peaceably removes one large party from power and authority, and installs another in its place. Can any stronger evidence of the excellence of our laws and institutions be adduced, than the fact that over twenty millions of people peaceably assent to the principle that recognizes law in the will of the majority?

EMANCIPATION IN KENTUCKY.—Some of our Southern exchanges contain a very long letter from Henry Clay, on the subject of emancipation of slaves in Kentucky. He appears fully to have committed himself in favor of the project.

THOMAS JEFFERSON'S LETTER, on the subject of removals from office, written to Mr. Shipman of New Haven many years ago, was passed round at a table in Washington last week. It has been preserved by the granddaughter of the gentleman to whom it was addressed.

NORTH CAROLINA GOLD.—Major G. W. Caldwell, operating in Benson's Mine, in Union county, on Saturday, the 10th ultimo, gathered up at one handful ten pounds of virgin gold. It produced him the handsome sum of $2400.

OLD ENGINE.—The first fire engine ever in Philadelphia, bearing the name of the maker and date of its manufacture, 'Loud; London, 1688,' is to be used in the approaching triennial fireman's parade in that city.

'GETTING INTO THE WRONG SHOP.'—Will the Oxford Democrat, Paris, Me., please credit the sketch thus entitled in its last number, to the FLAG. It was written for this paper by our regular contributor the YOUNG 'UN.

MARRIAGE ON SUNDAY.—It is said that the Pennsylvania courts have decided that marriage is a civil contract, and that they have also decided that no contract made on Sunday is valid.

FLOOD.—Along the whole line of the lower Mississippi, the river is in a very alarming condition. In very many places it has overflown its banks.

MRS. BUTLER'S READINGS.—A vulgar curiosity to see a lady whose private history has become so notorious, is no doubt a predominating cause of her remarkable success.

REMEMBER THIS.—Those who indulge in anger, fretfulness, peevishness, and the like, prey upon the tender fibres of the frame, and ruin the nervous system.

EXACTLY.—'Silence is a fitting reply,' says an old proverb, 'to all the attacks that arise from impertinence, vulgarity, or envy.' The old proverb is right.

CHEAP.—Good apples recently sold at Cincinnati at 80 cents a barrel.

RUM.—One New York house has sent out over $30,000 worth of spirits to California.

### From our Foreign Files.

The queen held her first levee for the season in St. James's palace, February 22d.

Guizot has, through necessity, accepted the post of librarian in the Bedford family.

Father Mathew will be promoted to one of the two Catholic sees now vacant in Ireland.

The king of Holland opened the Chambers on the 14th, amidst general manifestations of attachment from his people.

The Antwerp papers announce the conclusion of all requisite preliminaries for a postal convention between France and Belgium.

M. Sosnerado has arrived in London from Vienna, with a view to settle with Lord Palmerston the preliminaries of the Brussels Congress.

The masses of Great Britain are asking for justice, and the aristocracy are mocking this demand by schemes of benevolence.

Recalde, a Carlist chief, was lately taken, sentenced, and shot, in Spain. A reprieve arrived two hours after his death.

Dr. Walsh, the Roman Catholic Bishop of Cambysopolis, and vicar apostolic of the London district, expired on Sunday evening, at his residence, in Golden-square.

The shoals of herrings in the Frith of Forth have been so great, that some boats' crews have captured from twenty-five to thirty barrels per day.

The Grand Duke of Tuscany has fled from Vienna, and a provisional government has been declared by the excited people.

The cholera returns have now swelled to 12,495, of which 5546 have died, 3788 have recovered, 3164 continue under treatment, or their result is not stated.

Several fine vessels have lately been built in Van Dieman's Land; and it is expected that ship building will become one of the most lucrative trades followed there.

The queen of Spain, says the 'Times,' presented General Narvaez with a sum of 8,000,000 reals (£80,000), as a recompense for his loyal and valuable services, and a mark of her personal esteem.

The London papers advertise a patent varnish or blacking of gutta percha, which renders boots and shoes impervious to wet, and renders over-shoes of leather or India rubber unnecessary.

On Thursday last, R. Wake, Esq., in pursuing his favorite sport upon the Exe, of wild fowl shooting, fired into a flock of teal feeding on Greenland Banks, and killed the extraordinary number of forty-nine birds.

### Dewdrops of Wisdom.

Statesmen are the only things which look greatest at a distance.

No woman is capable of being beautiful who is not capable of being false.

Debt is the young man's chancery; for, when once he gets in, it is impossible to say when he will get out again.

Diogenes used to say, 'Other dogs bite their enemies, but I my friends, that I may save them.'

I have heard a grave divine say that God has two dwellings—one in heaven, and the other in a meek and thankful heart.

The world is populous with good and useful men, though their forms are in the keeping of the grave.

The little and short sayings of wise and excellent men are of great value, like the dust of gold, or the least sparks of diamonds.

Enthusiasm is always connected with the senses, whatever be the object that excites it. The true strength of virtue is serenity of mind, combined with a deliberate and steadfast determination to execute her laws.

All pleasure must be bought at the price of pain; the difference between false pleasure and true is just this: for the true, the price is paid before you enjoy it—for the false, after you enjoy it.

Lord Bacon says that a man would do well to carry a pencil in his pocket, and write down the passing thoughts of the moment. Those that come unsought for are commonly of the most value, and should be secured, because they seldom return.

Never quarrel with a lady. If you are troubled with her, retreat; if she abuses you, be silent; if she tears your cloak, give her your coat; if she boxes your ears, bow to her in return; if she tears your eyes out, feel your way to the door and—*fly*.

He is unwise and unhappy, who never forgets the injuries he may have received. They come across the heart like dark shadows, when the sunshine of happiness would bless him, and throw him into a tumult that does not easily subside.

A lover should be treated with the same gentleness as a new glove. The young lady should pull him on with the utmost tenderness at first, only making the smallest advance at a time, till she gradually gains upon him, and twists him ultimately around her little finger.

The Rev. Dr. Fuller says of marriage: 'Deceive not thyself by over-expecting happiness in the marriage state. Look not therein for contentment greater than God will give, or a creature in this world can receive, namely, to be free from all inconveniences. Marriage is not, like the hill of Olympus, wholly clear, without clouds.'

### The Joker's Olio.

'Dyed (died) in the wool,' as the butcher said to the mutton.

'Shocking times!' as the old woman said when the lightning knocked her over the wash-tub.

Whose best works are most trampled upon? A shoemaker's; because good shoes last longer than bad ones.

The drama must have been in operation long before Shakspeare's time, for we read that Joseph was in the *pit*.

What did General Taylor agree to take for his seat in the White House, but a short time prior to his reaching Washington? *A chair.*

Why is a man who ceases importuning for favors like a monarch who abdicates his throne? Because he gives up *as king*.

'I wont cover your heel, I'll be *darned* if I do!' as the *ragged* stocking said to the novel reading lady.

Some of our restorators are certainly 'sporting' establishments, as people may frequently be seen putting down the *steaks*.

'Pat, who were your ancestors?' 'My *aunt's sisters*? Be jabers, and it's hard telling.'

Why is a stick of molasses candy like a bottle of cologne? Because they are both bought for a *scent*.

'Will you have these *circulars* printed *square*?' By no means,' said the wag. 'Don't you see that they are to be sent *all round*?'

The Chronicle tells of a man meeting two attorneys, one of whom he did not know, but asked his friend to be introduced to his brother-in-law.

'Performance is better than promise.' Not always. We have known performances that were by no means equal to the promises in the bills.'

An article in a southern paper, announcing a person's decease, says: 'His manes were committed to that bourn whence no traveller returns, *attended by his friends*.'

It is said there are people in the 'Mountain District' of Kentucky, so green that they followed a wagon which happened to pass that way, twenty miles, 'just to see whether the hind wheels would overtake the fore ones.'

A lounger in a tavern, seeing a gentleman ride up to the door, rose and accosted him: 'Stranger, don't your face ache?' 'No, why do you ask that question?' 'It looked so ugly, I thought it must hurt you.'

A green chap from the country, going from St. Louis to Nashville, was advised by a city friend to take the Colorado, meaning the fine steamer named after the finest stream in Texas. 'Take the *cholerydo*! No, I'll be hanged if I do if I kin help it.'

### Quill and Scissors.

The Skowhegan Press states that a lead mine has been discovered at Moose Head Lake, in which the ore is abundant and the quality very good, yielding about 90 per cent. of pure lead.

Chauncey W. Holt, of Columbus, N. Y., died suddenly in Utica. He was on a drunken frolic, and broke his ankle a day or two before, and mortification had commenced in the leg.

The Bedford Times says, that during a recent run with Baron Rothschild's hounds, Bell, the huntsman, on his horse King Pepin, took a leap over a brook with posts and rails, which was found to measure thirty-two feet.

The Danish navy is strong and rapidly increasing. They have five line of battle ships in commission, more than 1000 guns, and about 10,000 seamen afloat—a larger number of men than is employed by the U. States.

The Ethiopian Serenaders have been in Dublin, where they met with good success. From thence they went to Belfast, and next proceed to Liverpool, when they will soon return to America.

A crusty old codger remarked of absent-minded people that it did not make much difference whether their minds were absent or present, for they hadn't much of that article anyhow.

The Duke of Argyle and sons, and Lady Blantyre, have been excommunicated by Bishop Trower, Tractarian, for attending divine service in Glasgow, in a Presbyterian church.

The National Intelligencer says General Taylor 'whispered for some time with Chief Justice Taney.' Whispering in company! the 'Court Journal' must look to it.—*Boston Post.*

According to Professor Adelung, there are 3664 known languages and dialects in the world, of which 937 are Asiatic, 587 European, 276 African, and 1624 American.

To him that will often put eternity and the world before him, and who will dare to look steadfastly at both of them, the former will grow greater, and the latter less.

A correspondent of the Lynn News states that Rev. Thomas Driver, pastor of the Baptist Church in Sturbridge, has resigned his charge, with the design of going to California.

At Mt. Harmony, Md., Mr. Wood, a respectable trader, was called out in the evening and killed by three negroes, two of whom have been arrested. No motive is assigned for the deed.

Miss Mary Lyon, the well known and highly respected Principal of the Mount Holyoke Female Seminary at South Hadley, died at that place on the 5th inst., aged 52 years.

Lowery McBath was tried at the recent term of the Blount county, (Tenn.) circuit court, for seducing a girl aged 17, by a promise of marriage. Verdict for plaintiff, $200.

The orange and lemon trees in Florida lost their foliage by cold on the 20th of February, the thermometer being 22 above zero. What would Floridians think of 34 below?

Among the rules introduced for the preservation of order at Leicester Theatre is the following: 'Children in arms will be charged double price.'

A letter from the Pope, detailing his trials and afflictions, addressed to the President of Mexico, has been read in the Congress, where it produced a lively sensation.

The number of *one hundred and eighty-nine thousand, one hundred and seventy-six* emigrants arrived at New York during the year 1848.

The most beautiful sight in nature, says Dobbs, was a woman that he met yesterday. Grace was in her steps, heaven in her eyes, and a baby in her arms!

The Danish Consul calls on all the seamen of Denmark, in the ports of the United States, to return home, as there is a probability of a renewal of hostilities!

How beautiful are the smiles of innocence—how endearing the sympathies of love—how sweet the solace of friendship—how lovely the tears of affection!

The good man feels no injustice so strongly as that done to others; that committed against himself he sees not so clearly: the bad man feels only injury to himself.

The elephant of the Bowery menagerie broke loose on Thursday night, and went strolling through a part of New York city, and disarranging grocery stores.

We very often hear of *winter* passing over the heads of old men, but somehow or another there never was a *summer* that did the same thing.

William Danforth, of Amherst, N. H., was instantly killed by being crushed by a limb of a large tree he was felling. His age was forty-two.

In 1590, near Rouen, they found a skeleton whose skull held a bushel of corn, and whose body must have been eighteen feet long.

An artist of Cincinnati has received a gold snuff box, a vase studded with diamonds, and £300, as a present from the Sultan of Turkey.

Louis Napoleon seems to be daily acquiring political strength, and the people are fast declaring themselves Bonapartists.

A colored boy called at the Boston custom house for a protection; he was born at Newbern, N. C., is 18 years old, and 6 feet 5 inches high.

The people of New Haven are beginning to agitate the subject of supplying that city with water, after the manner of our large cities.

It is rumored that Messrs Newman and Pomeroy, clergymen of the Methodist and Baptist churches, have been murdered in the gold region.

Mrs. Hannah Osborn, a Quakeress, 81 years old, blind and deaf, was accidentally burnt to death at No. 2 Madison street, Philadelphia.

A jury in Portsmouth, N. H., have given Mary Hoitt a verdict for $1000 against Peter H. Moulton, for breach of marriage promise.

The bill for a branch mint in New York did not pass Congress. The bill for the coining of double eagles and gold dollars did pass.

A New York jury have given J. G. Bennet six cents damages against M. M. Noah, for a libel concerning the black mail family.

The prices realized for real estate in the upper part of New York, lately exceeded those of the speculative era of '36 and '37.

New iron should be very gradually heated at first, after it has become inured to the heat it is not as likely to crack.

Two lads of 17 and 18 years, sons of Charles Ross and Merrill Witcher, were burnt to death in a logging camp in St. David, near Calais.

Near Palermo, in Sicily, in 1548, was found the skeleton of a giant thirty feet long, and another, in 1550, thirty-three feet high.

If we keep our corn, wheat, &c., at home, how can we ever get foreigners to take our cotton, hemp, and tobacco?—*Gen Taylor.*

Mr. Frederick Dickens, brother of 'Boz,' has married a young lady of the name of 'Weller.' *Query*—A daughter of *Samuel*?

A young man of 19 years was found murdered near Goose Creek bridge, S. C., supposed to have been a dry goods pedler.

If you wish to preserve fine teeth, always clean them thoroughly after you have eaten your last meal at night.

William M. Silliman was killed in the ship-yard of Westervelt & Mackay, New York, by a spar falling upon him.

There will probably be a good many appointments under the new administration, and more *dis*-appointments.

Resolutions calling a State Convention to revise the Constitution were unanimously adopted in the senate of Michigan.

Austin, late captain of the Empire Club, has been acquitted of murder in New York city.

Blessed is the horse whose owner is poor, for he cannot afford to buy a whip.

Sassafras chocolate has been introduced at the English breakfast table.

The pay of an Austrian soldier is four cents a day.

A New Orleans paper advertises for sale one '*undivided* half of a negro.'

Springfield, Mass., is lighted with rosin gas.

### Local Matters.

#### Coming into Port.

One of the finest and most spirited sights we have witnessed for a twelvemonth was the arrival, a few days since, of a large East Indiaman, the Chilo, from Singapore. The wind was fresh from the northward and westward and the vessel necessarily beat up the harbor under full sail. As she came up to Long Wharf, with her starboard tacks aboard and everything set that would draw, so nicely was she handled by the pilot, that you might have tossed a biscuit on board of her from the wharf, as she turned on her heel, swung her yards to the wind, and filled on the other tack. With a like manœuvre in the channel she came up to her wharf at the North End, in a most majestic style. Her royals and topsails were handed, courses hauled up, head sails down, and her anchor let go at the word. We half envied the honest tars that manned her, the joy of a safe return, after a year's voyage and hardships on the ocean.

#### Amusements.

There has been nothing new offered at the theatres for the past week. The opera has gone on, as usual, quite successful. The two Museums are crowded nightly; and the panoramas are well patronized. That of the Creation of the World and the Deluge deserves more than a passing notice; and next week we shall speak of it more at length. In the meantime, we advise our readers to go and witness its exhibition. The season for balls and parties has not yet closed. The military ball at Winthrop Hall, given to the City Guards by their commander, Captain Thompson, on the 20th instant, was quite a *recherche* affair. The lecture season is still in full vogue, and subjects *ad infinitum* are being scientifically discussed and '*buttered*' for the people.

#### Truant Boys.

It is not generally known that the City Marshal has made it the sole duty of one of his assistants to attend to truant boys. His mode of procedure is to visit the by-streets and wharves of the city, during school hours, and carefully to watch and question all idle children whom he meets. A clue is thus frequently obtained whereby many boys are led to give up the pursuit of truants, and to apply themselves to study and good behaviour. A full report of every case is kept at the Marshal's office. According to this report, *three hundred* truants have been reclaimed during the past year.

#### Gone to the 'Diggins.'

Maj. John E. Durivage, late one of the assistant editors of the Picayune, and one of Wool's aids during the Mexican campaign, has been seized by the California fever, and he started a short time since with a party from the Crescent City, by vessel to Brazos, and thence overland to San Francisco. Mr. Durivage is peculiarly calculated for such an enterprise, possessing the physical power of endurance, the will to accomplish his purpose, and ample experience in pioneering. We shall be enabled to publish some of his original letters in the Flag, as he has promised to correspond with the 'Old 'Un.'

OYSTERS.—These palatable articles have been so scarce in this city for sometime past, that double price was charged for them, and many shops where they were sold were obliged to shut up altogether; but as *fifteen* vessels arrived in one day last week, laden with them, there is now a *quan. suf.* for the present. A change of wind brought them into harbor all together.

NO-HAIRED DOG.—We have met several times lately, in Court street, a queer specimen of a dog, without any appearance of hair upon his skin at all; in fact, his hide looks like that of a lizard or a frog. He is the pet of his owner, whoever he belongs to, as he wears a collar wrought cunningly in needle work, and has the bearing and manner of a well-fed and particularly cared-for dog.

DOCTOR HOLLICK.—This gentleman has been delivering lectures, first to 'gentlemen only,' and then to 'ladies only,' upon physiology. We cannot say that we think these private lectures are of a character to elevate the general intelligence of the masses. They seem to us, to say the least of them, of questionable propriety.

AN EXAMPLE.—The *Daily Bee* says that Rev. Hosea Ballou has made it a rule not to owe one cent to any one. This is a fact—furthermore, he never placed his name to a note—never borrowed money—never kept an account at any store or place of business—but always paid for that which he bought when he procured it.

BOSTON HACKS.—There is no other city from Maine to Louisiana, and scarcely in the world, where one can ride in so elegant a vehicle for so trifling a fee as in this city. Twenty-five cents will carry one to any part of the town, and in a turn-out that a stranger would set down for a private establishment.

FAST DAY.—Governor Briggs has appointed Thursday, the twelfth of April, for a day of public fasting, humiliation and prayer. One class of our citizens make this an occasion of religious exercise and repose, but the masses improve the day for riot and excess.

STATISTICAL.—Marshal Tukey's report to the Mayor and Aldermen relative to the indigent children of the city, shows that there are one hundred and thirty-nine boys regularly employed in the various nine-pin alleys in Boston, in setting up the pins day and evening.

ADULTERATED DRUGS.—The quantity of spurious drugs imported into this city by firms who are reported to be of the highest respectability, is very large. The new law of Congress is exposing them.

REVENUE.—The steamship America, which arrived at this port a few days since, paid into the Custom House, as duties on her cargo, one hundred thousand dollars.

GOLD FROM CALIFORNIA.—A handful of the 'real stuff' has been exhibiting in the window of one of the Washington street jewellers, lately.

COMMERCIAL.—One hundred and nineteen vessels arrived in our port during *one day* last week. Of these, ninety-five were square-rigged crafts.

BOWLING.—A gentleman of this city scored *two hundred and sixty-one* pins in ten rolls lately—straight pins and on a long alley.

WHARVES.—There are one hundred and sixteen wharves in Boston.

MEDICINES.—There are *over* ninety apothecary shops in this city.

### OUR OLIO COLUMN.

[Written for the Flag of our Union.]

#### Another Gold Song

BY JULIA ANN.

I've often heard it said of late,
That California was the state;
And there they say the gold is found
By picking lumps from off the ground.
CHO.—O, the Californians tell us, O,
There's gold enough in the country, O;
I went to see and found it so,
Just as the people told me, O.

I had no means of getting gold;
I tried it long—for to be bold—
I found it all would be in vain,
For riches I could not obtain.
CHO.—O, the Californians tell us, &c.

I had no wife to mourn and cry,
While I did climb the mountains high;
A bachelor I've always been,
Though taunted by the married men.
CHO.—O, the Californians tell us, &c.

But now I've got the glittering gold
Which from the mountain tops has rolled,
I now will lead a different life,
And want to get a handsome wife.
CHO.—O, the Californians tell us, &c.

Now, lovely maids, prepare for me,
For married I must surely be;
I'll give a call next Sunday night,
Now pray do not my offer slight.
CHO.—O, the Californians tell us, &c.

[Written for The Flag of our Union.]

#### When I feel most fine.

BY LOCKLIN WILSON.

'Tis said to be a pleasant care
To hear the robin sing;
Or watch the murmuring rivulet,
That flows from yonder spring.

To gaze on heaven's canopy,
Or on the angry seas;
Or hear the songs of mirthfulness
That float upon the breeze.

Or ramble 'mong the flowers sweet
That grow in yonder vale,
And sip the spicy odors
Wafted by each gentle gale.

To rove among the forest trees,
Where fragrant zephyrs blow;
Or by the smooth and rolling river,
Where the crystal currents flow.

Or stand upon the mountain top,
And view the scene around;
And hear the merry yeoman laugh
Until the woods resound.

But the deepest joy I ever knew,
*And when I felt most fine!*
I had my arms round Sally's waist,
And she had hers round mine!

#### The Stiff Cold Water Man.

Zeke was an honest fisherman,
I knew him passing well;
And he lived by a little pond,
Within a little dell.

A grave and quiet man was he,
Who loved his hook and rod;
So even ran his line of life
His neighbors thought it *odd*.

For science and for books, he said
He never had a wish;
No school to him was worth a fig,
Except a 'school of fish.'

He ne'er aspired to rank or wealth,
Nor cared about a name;
For though much famed for fish was he,
He never fished for fame.

Let others bend their necks at sight
Of fashion's gilded wheels,
He ne'er had learned the art to 'bob'
For anything but eels.

A cunning fisherman was he,
His angles were all right;
The smallest nibble at his bait
Was sure to prove 'a bite.'

All day this fisherman would sit
Upon an ancient log,
And gaze into the water, like
Some sedentary frog.

With all the seeming innocence,
And that unconscious look,
That other people often wear
When they intend to 'hook.'

To charm the fish he never spoke,
Although his voice was fine—
He found the most convenient way
Was just to drop a line.

And many a gudgeon of the pond,
If they could speak to-day,
Would own, with grief, this angler had
A mighty taking way!

Alas! one day this fisherman
Had taken too much grog,
And being but a landsman, too,
He couldn't 'keep the log!'

It was in vain, with might and main,
He strove to reach the shore;
Down, down he went, to feed the fish
He'd baited oft before!

The jury gave their verdict, that
'Twas nothing else but gin
That caused the fisherman to be
So sadly taken in:

Though one stood out upon a whim,
And said the angler's slaughter—
To be exact about the fact—
Was, clearly, gin and water!

The moral of this mournful tale
To all is plain and clear;
That drinking habits bring a man
Too often to his bier!

And he who scorns to take the pledge,
And keep the promise fast,
May be, in spite of fate, a stiff
Cold water man at last! *Boston Post.*

#### Dialogue between Brandy and the Cholera

BRANDY.

Tell me, dread plague, why great thou forth,
Spreading dismay and death,
From east to west, from south to north,
With pestilential breath!

CHOLERA.

Foul, poisonous drug! charge me no more
With crimes of such excess;
My victims number many a score,
But thine are numberless.

BRANDY.

That is not true, for I have sure
Been often instrumentive,
With pepper, to effect a cure;
I also am preventive.

CHOLERA.

Ah, Brandy, thy untimely birth
Has caused perpetual tears,
While I have coursed around the earth
But twice in sixteen years.

The rich, the poor, the young, the old,
Are crushed by thee each day,
While death and evil manifold
Are strewed in thy pathway.

Ah! many a widow thou hast made,
And many an orphan pale;
On many a home hast cast a shade
Of darkness and despair.

So, Brandy, say no more to me
Of pestilential breath;
A while, and I will leave to thee
To do the work of death.

#### Sonnet to Jenny.

Jenny is my darling girl,
With sparkling eye and golden curl;
She's fond of dancing, mirth and play,
And laughs so hearty all the day,
That when night comes of calm repose,
Laughing to bed my Jenny goes.
I love to take her on my knee,
And listen to her artless glee;
And then my wife will sit and smile
To see me thus the hours beguile.
When Jenny grows to womanhood,
O, may she be as pure and good!
That when old age shall gather o'er me,
And death's dark shade lie dense before me,
Her smile shall gleam across my way,
And gleam *sunlight* in its ray.


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THE FLAG OF OUR UNION.

[Written for The Flag of our Union.]

## Winter.

BY JOSEPH W. NYE.

The scene has changed—no longer smile the flowers
That decked the joyous earth in beauty bright;
How soon have fled those happy summer hours
That memory now recalls with fond delight!
Strong was the spell they wove around my heart,
Sad was the hour which called them to depart.

Those bright autumnal days that sweet, sad time,
That softly lingered on the closing year,
Where has it fled—say, to some happier clime,
Where winter's drear, cold night cannot appear?
The wakeful eye of memory sparkles bright,
When dreams of autumn's glories greet its sight!

I saw the beauty of the year depart,
And sighed that beauty did so soon decay;
I felt deep sorrow thrilling through my heart,
But had no power to bid it longer stay;
The memory of those bright, those vanished hours
Is like the fragrance of the dying flowers.

Now winter reigns supreme, all cold and drear,
The howling storm sweeps through the darkened air;
Roused in the north, the stormy hosts appear,
And shake old Boreas from his icy lair;
And from his well-filled quiver hurls around
His feathery arrows on the naked ground.

Each murmuring rill is bound, the mantle green
Has from the forest dropped, and a white shroud,
In all its dreariness, lies o'er the scene;
Where zephyrs played now roars the north wind loud;
And in the light of morning's golden beam,
The snowy plumes of the tall forest gleam!

But Spring again will come, the flowers will bloom,
And blithesome birds with music fill the air;
Thus man will burst the bondage of the tomb,
Forever free from sorrow, strife and care,
And taste the joys of that immortal spring,
Where all unite Jehovah's love to sing.

[Written for The Flag of our Union.]

## The Past.

BY E. A. TRUXEL.

Life's evening shades shed o'er the mind
A brighter view of by-gone days—
Of friendship's offering, true and kind,
That throw upon the heart its rays.
While memory's vision calmly seems
To mingle with the hallowed dead;
The past comes back, with all its dreams
Of joyous hopes that now are fled.

And in our souls we feel the past
To be the type of future hours;
Hope proves to be a dream at last,
That flits around this world of ours.
And oft, amid the cares of life,
Our hearts grow weary with the toil,
The past comes back with all its strife,
And thus the future seems to foil.

Those dreamy hours of childhood's years,
Thus doomed too soon to pass away,
Where a kind mother soothed our tears,
And life was but a joyous day;
But now they only form a part
Of life locked up in memory's cell,
And like the past they cheer the heart,
While on this changing earth we dwell.

[Written for The Flag of our Union.]

## Youth's First Pilgrimage.

BY ALMY.

My head is weary, weary, mother,
I've wandered all the livelong day;
But I've come back to thee, dear mother,
As evening spreads her mantle gray.

O, the world is not, dear mother,
As seems it, to our fancy's eye;
The earth is not so fair, dear mother,
Nor can we trust the changing sky.

I started at the dawn, dear mother,
And brightly rose the golden sun;
I thought 'twould shine all day, dear mother,
But lo, dark clouds before it run.

The birds sang sweet and gay, dear mother,
I hailed them in a joyous tone;
But they fled at my approach, dear mother,
And left me there to sing alone.

I plucked the flowers so bright, dear mother,
Whose fragrance fills the balmy air;
I placed them on my breast, dear mother,
And found but withered leaves were there.

I sat beside the stream, dear mother,
And heard the murmuring waters fall;
But there I saw a serpent, mother,
Whose trail seemed spreading over all.

I walked along the vale, dear mother,
But there great shadows fell of gloom;
I scaled the mountain height, dear mother,
And there the light had too much room.

I saw a maid so fair, dear mother,
I thought to love her all life long;
But she laughed my vows to scorn, mother,
And bade me cease my silly song.

My heart is aching sadly, mother,
O let me lean upon thy breast;
The world is dark and dreary, mother,
And now I fain would be at rest.

[Written for The Flag of our Union.]

## O come to my Bower!—A Song.

BY THE GREEN MOUNTAIN BARD.

The twilight is deepening o'er valley and grove,
And pensive the hour;
And mournful the voice of the lone turtle-dove;
I'm lonely, I'm lonely, haste, Willie, my love,
O come to my bower.

The nightingale sings, O so pensively sings
To her favorite flower;
As she wooes the soft fragrance abroad that she flings—
O haste, ye glad hours that my Willie aye brings,
O come to my bower!

The moonlight sleeps sweetly through valley and grove;
Now is love's witching hour:
O where, my own Willie, say, where dost thou rove?
Canst devote not one hour to Mary and love?
O come to my bower!

O come, and thy couch shall be softly o'erspread
With many a flower;
While my love a bright halo around thee shall shed,
And fondly this bosom shall pillow thy head—
O come to my bower!

[Written for The Flag of our Union.]

## Death of an Infant.

BY P. A.

A beauteous blossom fair she grew,
None lovelier, or of brighter hue,
Was ever gemmed with morning dew,
Or withered by the blast of even.
An angel saw the beauteous prize,
And bending downward from the skies,
A moment stood in glad surprise,
Then plucked and bore it home to heaven!

# MISCELLANEOUS.

[Written for The Flag of our Union.]

## THE POOR WOOD-CUTTER.

BY T. S. ARTHUR.

As Mr. Edgar was leaving the breakfast room one cold morning in February, his wife called after him, and said:

'Our wood is all out; we must have more to-day.'

'Not all gone!' returned Mr. Edgar, in a tone of surprise; 'that can't be.'

'Yes, it is. Sally says there are only three or four sticks in the cellar.'

'Is it possible? I thought we had enough to last all winter.'

'The cold has been unusually severe, you must remember.'

'I know. But you see, it's only the beginning of February. A cord of good hickory ought to have lasted all winter. Perkins says he doesn't burn but one cord in his air-tight stove from November to April.'

'I don't know how it is,' said Mrs. Edgar, a little fretfully; 'I'm sure, the nursery is never too warm.'

'It's wasted by the girls in kindling fires in the range and heater, I suppose,' remarked Mr. Edgar, as he closed the door after him, and went grumbling away.

Mr. Edgar happened to feel just at this time, particularly poor. His income was not large, yet ample, if dispensed with proper care, for the comfortable support of his family. A rather freer use of money than was prudent, all things considered, had drained his purse so low as to bring on, as just said, a feeling of poverty; and the thought of having to pay out four or five dollars for wood, when he had believed that there was fuel enough in the cellar to last until spring opened, was, in consequence, most unpleasant. It seemed little better than throwing so much money away. No such feeling was experienced a week before, when he paid three dollars for concert tickets, nor when, a few days previously, he expended ten dollars in porcelain ornaments for the pier table and mantel.

But it was in liberality of this kind that the poor feeling had its origin. Mr. Edgar found that money had been going too freely, and that the purse strings must be held more tightly. Too suddenly upon this resolution came the announcement that more wood was needed.

'I'll only get a quarter of a cord,' said Mr. Edgar, as he walked along towards his office, 'That, surely, ought to carry us over the cold weather.'

But, on reflection, seeing that it was only the first week in February, and that fire would have to be kept up in the stove for nearly three months, Mr. Edgar rather doubted the ability of a quarter of a cord of wood to afford the amount of warmth required. This conclusion of his mind was evinced by a sigh. Instead of going direct to the wharf and making the purchase, Mr. Edgar went to his office, where he gave up his thoughts to business until about half past two o'clock. He then stepped down to the wharf, to purchase the wood previously to going home to dinner. He had settled the question as to the quantity that must be bought. Nothing less than half a cord would be sufficient.

The day was very cold; colder than he had supposed; for in his comfortable office but few evidences of the degree of temperature without were apparent. As he drew near the wood wharves on the Delaware, the sharp wind came rushing by, causing him to shiver beneath his double-wadded coat.

'Any wood, sir?' inquired a carter, tipping his hat to Mr. Edgar, as that gentleman reached the wharves.

'Yes,' was replied, indifferently.

'May I haul it, sir?'

'I don't care.'

'Do you wish it sawed?' eagerly asked another.

'O, yes.' So that much was settled.

Into the little six-by-eight office of the corder, Mr. Edgar next thrust himself. It was filled with men, poorly clad, and bearing about them many signs of extreme poverty. Most of them were there waiting for some job to turn up by which they could earn a trifle. The extreme cold had driven them into the office.

Mr. Edgar looked at these poor men, but he did not feel any pity for them. Not that he was indifferent to human want or suffering; but his mind was intent on knowing the price of wood, and he was somewhat worried at being compelled to expend money when he felt so very poor.

'What is hickory?' inquired Mr. Edgar, as he crowded up to the corder's desk.

'Six dollars.'

'Six dollars! whew!'

'Do you want it sawed, sir?' inquired a man, in a quick voice.

'I have a sawyer.'

'Shall I haul it for you?'

'Too late, Jack,' answered a man with a whip under his arm, smiling as he spoke; 'I'm ahead of you in that job.'

'What is oak?' inquired Mr. Edgar.

'Five and a quarter.'

'The difference is too small. I must have the hickory.'

'How much do you want?' asked the wood merchant.

'Only half a cord.'

'Do you wish it split?' inquired a man who looked as if he was acquainted with few of the comforts of life, and was not over-supplied with things necessary.

'No,' replied the buyer, an expression of impatience escaping him.

'Walk out and look at the wood,' said the corder; 'you'll find none better on the wharf.'

'The price is high.'

'Not for this season. Last year hickory brought seven dollars.'

Mr. Edgar felt that six dollars was ruinously high. Five and a half he had fixed as a maximum rate in his mind.

'Well, I suppose I must take it,' fell from his lips in company with a sigh. And he moved down toward the great piles of wood on the wharf, to look at the article he was purchasing. The carter and sawyer were by his side. After selecting the wood, he inquired of the former as to the price of hauling.

'Three levies,' replied the carter.

'Too much. I have never paid over half a dollar a cord.'

'It's the regular price for half a cord of hickory,' returned the carter.

'What are you going to charge me for sawing?' said Mr. Edgar, turning towards a poor Irishman, who stood by with his saw on his arm.

'How many cuts will there be?'

'Two. I want it sawed into three pieces.'

'That will be just a cord?'

'Yes.'

'Seventy-five cents.'

'What?'

'Three quarters is the price of sawing hickory.'

'I'm sure I never paid over half a dollar, or sixty-two cents, at most.'

'You may have got pine or oak sawed for that, but not hickory.'

'Is three quarters the regular price?' inquired Mr. Edgar of the carter.

'Yes, sir,' answered the man of the whip, 'they always get that. And I'm sure, sir, that if you were to run a saw through a cord of close, seasoned hickory, you wouldn't think yourself too well paid even at seventy-five cents.'

This was a form of argument that carried with it a convincing force. Mr. Edgar disputed the charge no farther. While he yet stood musing over the great price his half cord of wood was going to cost him, the man who had asked if he did not wish it split, and who had followed him along the wharf, said, as he touched his hat respectfully:

'I'd like to split it for you, sir.'

Mr. Edgar remembered by this time, that he had no one at home who could split the wood after it was sawed. So he inquired as to the cost, remarking, at the same time, that, as it was for an air-tight stove, not more than half of it would need to be cleft, and that only once.

'I'll do it for half a dollar,' said the man.

'Half a dollar!' returned Mr. Edgar, in surprise; 'why, you ask more than the cost of hauling. O, no! I shall give no such price as that—I'll split the wood myself, first. If you choose to do it for a quarter, you may. Not one half of it will have to be touched with an axe.'

The man shook his head, and said that he couldn't walk over a mile and split half a cord of wood for twenty-five cents, even if he was very poor.

'You're doing nothing,' remarked Mr. Edgar.

'Though I may get a job before night worth a dollar, instead of a quarter.'

Mr Edgar felt as he looked at the man, whose clothes were poor, and above whose thin face masses of gray hair were visible, that it was hardly generous to beat him down so low for a job of work that would take him at least a couple of hours, if not more, to perform, so he said:

'The wood is merely to be thrown into the vault beneath the pavement. If you will pile it after it is in, I will give you half a dollar.'

'Very well,' replied the man, 'I will do it.'

Mr. Edgar next obtained his bill from the corder, and paying it, started home to dinner.

It was nearly four o'clock when the wood arrived. Half an hour afterwards, Mr. Edgar sat down in his parlor with one of his children on his lap, and glanced out of the window. The wood-sawyer, a hearty-looking Irishman, was working away with an energy that brought the perspiration to his face, although the thermometer was within five degrees of zero; but the other man, who was splitting the wood and throwing it into the cellar, was slower in his movements, and appeared to be suffering from the severity of the weather. As Mr. Edgar sat at the window of his warm and comfortable parlor, and looked out at this poor man, as he swung his axe slowly, he noticed his countenance more particularly than he had done before. It was marked with many furrows worn into it by toil or suffering, and had something subdued and sad, as if affliction and disappointment had been his attendants at some part of his journey through life. As Mr. Edgar looked at him, marking the slow progress he made in his hard work, and then thought of the many comforts he enjoyed, a feeling of pity came into his heart.

'Poor man! You have to work hard for so small a pittance,' he said to himself, as he sighed and moved from the window. He made an effort in doing this to turn his thoughts from the man; but this was not so easily accomplished. In thinking of him, he could not help contrasting his own labor and its reward, with the labor and reward of the wood-cutter.

'It will take him at least two hours to get through with this work,' said he, mentally; 'and what will the hard labor yield? Fifty cents! And in all probability he has a wife and children at home. Ah me! the condition of the poor is hard enough.'

With these thoughts came an inclination to pay the man more for his work than he had agreed to give him. This, however, was met, instantly, by an opposing argument that arose in his mind almost spontaneously.

'A half dollar for two hours' work,' said he, 'is very good for a laboring man. Why, that would be five dollars for a day's work of ten hours.'

To meet this came the thought that splitting and piling wood was not steady work; and that in all probability, the half cord upon which the man was now at work, was his only job for the day. This view of the case was not so pleasant.

A recollection of some business at his office which required attention on that afternoon, caused these thoughts to retire.

'When the man is done piling away the wood in the cellar, pay him half a dollar,' said Mr. Edgar to his wife, as he was leaving the house to proceed to his office.

It was after six o'clock when Mr. Edgar returned home. The wind rushed and moaned along the streets, and the cold which had increased by several degrees since mid-day, penetrated his warm garments, and caused him to shiver as the chilly air seemed to pass through them as if they were but gossamer. On arriving at home, Mr. Edgar was rather surprised to find the man he had employed still cutting wood in front of his house, although it was getting quite dark.

'Aint you done yet?' he said, as he stood at his door.

'Very nearly,' replied the man. 'I have only a few sticks more to split, and it wont take me a great while to pile it up in the cellar.'

Mr. Edgar went in and joined his family who were gathered in the parlors awaiting his return. His children were all well clad, healthy and happy, and both he and his family were in the enjoyment of every comfort. As he sat down among them he could not help thinking of the man at work before his door, nor was he able to repress a faint sigh, as he thought of what would be the condition of his beloved ones were he able to earn only the pittance he had grudged to the poor laborer.

But these thoughts gradually retired, and the man was not again remembered until they were all assembled in the dining-room to partake of the evening meal. Then, the room being in the basement, Mr. Edgar could hear him piling the wood below. It was full three hours since the work was commenced, and yet it was not completed. He was in a warm, bright room, clad in his dressing-gown, and slippers, and with his family around him, and the poor wood-cutter was in the cold cellar, alone, toiling by the light of a dim lamp, with his thoughts turning perhaps upon his little ones who awaited his coming that they might divide the loaf he would bring them.

As he thought thus, Mr. Edgar felt how small was the price that awaited the completion of the poor man's task.

'I will pay him more,' he said, in his own mind. But the moment this was concluded, he remembered that, to do so, would increase the price of his half cord of wood. The poor feeling came back, and he said:

'I can't afford this. If I were to overpay every one after this fashion, I would find myself badly off by the end of the year. The carter and wood-sawyer are just as much entitled to a higher rate of payment as this man. They have the fixing of their own price, and if they are satisfied, I am sure I ought to be.'

But, for all this, humanity kept urging the claims of the wood-cutter in the cellar. Sometimes Mr. Edgar would determine to act generously, and hand him seventy-five cents on the completion of his work. But that would make his half cord of wood cost nearly five dollars.

'If I were to increase all my expenses at this rate,' he argued with himself, 'I would be minus several hundred dollars at the end of the year.'

And then he would fall back to his original state, and content himself with the reflection that fifty cents was enough for the job.

'A smart man could have done it in half the time it has taken him.'

This thought laid the matter to rest; but the rest was only temporary. Thought is the form of the affection; and sympathy for the poor wood-cutter clothed itself, spontaneously, in generous thoughts.

At length the work was done. Mr. Edgar heard the man's slow, heavy tread, as he ascended the cellar stairs. Now came the struggle between humanity and the poor feeling from which he had suffered all day. More than a dozen times, before the servant came in and said that the wood-cutter had finished his work, did he alter his mind. Now he had seventy-five cents in his fingers, and now fifty.

'Half a dollar is enough—it is all he asked,' he would say, as he commenced drawing his hand from his pocket with only the single coin in his fingers. 'But he is poor, and has worked very hard. A quarter of a dollar is a little matter to you, but much to him,' would cause the hand to dive down again into the pocket, and take up an additional twenty-five cent piece. But from the other side would come a word, and then only the half dollar remained.

'The man is done,' said a domestic, opening the door of the dining-room, while this debate was still going on.

The time for the decision had arrived; yet the question was not settled. Regard for another's good had not been able to gain the victory over selfishness. There was still a momentous struggle. But the necessity for an instant determination caused a slight confusion in the mind of Mr. Edgar, and in this state the half dollar was handed to the domestic, who took the money and retired. He heard her close the door after her—heard her speak to the man in the entry, and heard the man walk away; while a painful conviction that he had not done right in the case before him impressed itself upon his mind. Now that it was too late to recall the act, he deeply regretted what he had done, or, rather what he had neglected to do, and felt that in saving the fourth of a dollar, he had gained only a disquiet mind.

'To think,' he murmured to himself, 'that I could have let the saving of such a paltry sum restrain me from the performance of an act of humanity. I spend dollars in the gratification of my senses, and part freely with the money in doing so; but when the question of compensation to a poor laboring man comes up, I chaffer for the value of a few pennies, and beat down to a minimum price, instead of taking a pleasure in paying liberally. Ah me! what strange inconsistency!'

Leaving Mr. Edgar to his not very pleasant reflections, we will follow the wood-cutter. His name was Harlan. He had been better off than now—owning at one time a small farm near the city, from which he derived a comfortable support for his family. In an evil hour, he was induced to sell this farm and remove to Philadelphia, for the purpose of keeping a store. The result was as might have been expected. Knowing nothing of business, he was not able to conduct it successfully. By the end of three years, he found himself completely ashore. Losses from trusting out his goods, and from unwise purchases, added to the greatly increased expense of his family from residing in a city, consumed all that he had, and he was forced to close his store, sell off his stock, and settle up the business. If, after this, he had been even with the world, it would not have been so bad. But debt was added to the burden of his troubles.

The question, 'What next to do?' was now more easily asked than answered. Mr. Harlan had no trade at which he could work, and was comparatively a stranger in the city. His chances for getting employment were, therefore, small; and as winter was closing in, he might well begin to feel deeply troubled, especially as his family consisted of his wife and three children. In order to meet some of the most urgent of his creditors, who were not satisfied when they saw the man broken up in business, and every barrel, box and package of his goods sold off and the proceeds distributed, but still clamored for their pay, and threatened all manner of consequences if the money did not come, he sold the best of his furniture, thus depriving his family of many comforts, and reducing himself to a still lower position.

'What shall I do?'

Ah! how often and anxiously was that question asked, and how silent was all around after its utterance. Bread must be had for his little ones, and no man was more willing to work for it than he; but who would give him work? By a neighbor who had dealt in his store, and with whom he conferred on the subject, he was advised to try and get a place as laborer in one of the stores along the wharves. Acting on this suggestion, he visited the store of every merchant from South to Vine streets, and asked for work; but without success. The fall business was over, and many were dispensing with regular aid instead of employing more.

'I must do something,' said the unhappy man, in this crisis of his affairs. 'I will saw wood—do anything for my children. How does Gardiner manage to get bread?' he asked, of the neighbor before mentioned. He spoke of a poor man living not far off.

'By picking up odd jobs along the wharves,' replied the man. 'He splits and piles up wood, carries bundles, and does little turns of one kind and another for people who may happen to need his services.'

On this hint Harlan acted. He went on the next day to the wharf, with an axe under his arm, and came home at night as poor as he had gone out in the morning. Several opportunities had offered for obtaining work, but more eager seekers for employment thrust him aside and secured even the jobs for which he had half bargained. On the day following, he was more successful, and earned a dollar. From that time he went to the wharves regularly in search of work. Sometimes he did not earn half a dollar during the whole day; at other times he did better. But the average of his gains was not over four dollars per week. This sum he found altogether insufficient for the wants of his family. Many privations were the consequence. Sickness came at last to add to the distress of the unhappy man. For two weeks he was confined to the house—most of the time to his bed—and had it not been for the kindness and charity of some neighbors, his family would have suffered for food.

As soon as he could get out again, and before he had so far recovered his strength as to be really able to go to work, he was on the wharf, seeking employment. He earned but a trifle on the first and second days, and on the third day his only job was that obtained from Mr. Edgar. The splitting and piling of half a cord of seasoned hickory wood was work beyond his strength. It took him full three hours to perform it, and when he received his wages and turned his steps homewards, his head was aching violently; he felt feverish, and almost staggered as he walked.

Mr. Edgar, as has been seen, was far from feeling happy. He could not get the thought of the poor laboring man out of his mind, try as he would, nor help feeling that, even though he had paid him the price agreed upon for his work, he had not dealt by him fairly. So occupied was his mind with this idea, that he was not able to sleep for nearly two hours after retiring for the night. With the morning came back the same thoughts. He felt troubled and ashamed. On going to his office, he found himself still haunted by the man's image. Finally, he determined to go down to the wharf, search him out, and pay him half a dollar more, in hopes thus to ease his conscience, or lay the troubled spirit that was haunting him. Acting up to this resolution, Mr. Edgar went down to the Delaware, and walked along the wood wharves for ten or fifteen minutes, in hopes of seeing the man. But his search was not successful. As he was about going away, he met the sawyer who had been at his house on the day before, and remembered him.

'Have you seen anything of the man who split my wood for me yesterday?' he asked of the sawyer.

'He hasn't been on the wharf to-day,' was replied.

'Where does he live?'

'In Federal street, near Seventh.'

'Do you know his name?'

'Yes, sir. His name is Harlan.'

'Is he very poor?'

'Yes, sir; and he's been sick. He wasn't able to undertake such a job as he had yesterday, and I'm afraid it has put him back.'

'Has he a family?'

'O, yes. He has a wife and children.'

Mr. Edgar stood musing for some moments. Then he asked particularly as to the man's residence, and on being told, went away.

In a small room, in the third story of a house in the lower part of the city, sat a man in a deeply despondent attitude. Three children were near him, the oldest not over seven years of age; and a woman stood by the fire of a few coals that scarcely took the chill from the air of the small apartment, washing. The woman worked on in silence, and the man sat with his eyes gloomily cast upon the floor.

'Indeed, Jane,' said the man, 'I must go out and earn something to-day. All that I received yesterday is gone; and when our dinner is eaten, there will not be a mouthful of food left.'

The man, as he walked across the room, staggered, and had to lean against the wall to support himself. He was very pale, and his eyes were drooping and dim.

The wife left her wash instantly, and going to her husband's side, took hold of his arm and drew him towards the bed that was in the room, saying, as she did so:

'You must lie down, Henry. Indeed you must; for you are sick. Don't think of going out. You are not able to work, and the attempt will do you harm. I am sure you could not walk a square.'

While she yet spoke, she had drawn him to the bed, upon which he sunk down, murmuring:

'Heaven help us!'

Just then came a knock at the door. On being opened, a man stepped in and said:

'Does Mr. Harlan live here?'

At this inquiry, the sick man started up, and recognized in the visiter the person for whom he had done the job of work on the day previous, that had proved too much for his strength. Hope instantly came into his despairing heart, and he said:

'O, sir—save my children!'

All night the man had lain in a raging fever, and his pulses yet beat quickly and irregularly. He had little more strength than a child. The excitement caused by this sudden and unexpected appearance was too much for him, and he fell back on making this almost wildly uttered appeal, so exhausted that he panted like a frightened child who had shrunk trembling upon its mother's bosom.

Mr. Edgar, for he was the visiter, felt deeply moved by what he saw and heard. Sitting down by the bed-side, and speaking a word of encouragement to the poor man in order to quiet his mind, he proceeded to make inquiries of the wife as to their circumstances and the causes which had led to their present destitution. The narrative affected him much.

'No, no,' said he, after the wife had finished her relation, which ended with a reference to her husband's wish to go out and look for work that day, 'he must remain in bed, and I will send him a physician. Here is more than he could earn;' and he handed the woman a couple of dollars. 'Get necessary food for yourself and children. To-morrow I will either see you myself, or send to know if Mr. Harlan is better. In the meantime, don't let your minds be troubled. Better employment can be had for you, I am very sure.'

'If we were only back in the country again,' sighed the woman.

'O, yes,' said Mr. Harlan; 'if we were only on some little place in the country. It was a sad day for us when we turned our thoughts towards the city.'

'The way may open for you to get back,' returned Mr. Edgar; 'at least, hope for the best. You have evidently reached the lowest point in the descending circle of fortune, and it is but fair to think that the movement will now be upward.'

When Mr. Edgar retired, it was with a deeper feeling of sympathy for the poor than he had ever known; and his cheek burned as he called to mind the many instances in which he had paid them their small wages with a grudging spirit, and meanly beaten them down in their prices for work, when these prices were already so low as to be scarcely sufficient for the commonest necessaries of life. He thought of the many times he had chaffered for a sixpence or a shilling with a porter or poor laborer, and after gaining a trifling advantage at the expense of justice, threw double the amount away in some foolish expenditure. All this was humiliating, but salutary. It was a lesson in life not soon to be forgotten. In Mr. Harlan's case he took an active interest. He saw that the family were properly cared for until he was able to go to work again, and then obtained for him the place of overseer on the farm of an acquaintance who wanted a competent farmer.—When spring opened, Harlan went back to the country with a hopeful spirit, and Mr. Edgar went on his way through life rather more thoughtful than he had been, and far more considerate of the poor.

[Written for The Flag of our Union.]

## The Voice of God.

BY ANNA.

I hear it in the dewy eve,
When all is hushed and still;
I hear it on the mountain side,
And by the murmuring rill.

I hear it in the song of birds,
And in the zephyr's sigh;
In the falling of refreshing rains,
His voice is ever nigh.

I hear it in the balmy spring,
In sultry summer shade;
I hear it in the autumn wind,
'Mong rustling leaves decayed.

I hear it in the winter, too;
All hours it is the same:
Whispering of a better world,
Devoid of care and pain.

## A Confusion of Time.

A few nights since, says the New Orleans Picayune, a queer-looking individual who would realize an independent fortune as a contortionist, if he would but turn his attention to that line of business, approached the entrance to the St. Charles Theatre, and attempted to pass the door-keeper. That functionary interposed a check to his progress by demanding the applicant's ticket. After a variety of alarming visual contortions, sufficient to fill any child's mind with thoughts of ogres, gnomes and fairies, and ruin his pleasure for the residue of the holidays, the gentleman replied in a sepulchral tone of voice:

'I have no ticket.'

'Then,' said the door-keeper, 'it becomes my painful duty, in my official capacity, to deny you admission to this establishment, unless you produce the necessary voucher to satisfy me that you are entitled to the privilege of witnessing the personations of the theatrical company of Ludlow & Smith.'

The gentleman performed another series of contortions, more alarming than any of his previous ones, and rolling up his eyes appeared to look through the very top of his head at the immovable keeper of the gates, while he reiterated his assertion of 'I have no ticket.'

'You must go and buy one, then,' said the door-keeper.

'I have bought a ticket, paid my money, and been into the theatre once already, and when I came out you gave me no check or ticket, sir,' the gentleman said, twisting his head under his shoulder like an anthropophagi.

'You are mistaken, sir,' retorted the door-keeper; 'you have not been into this theatre to-night. It must have been once upon a time.'

'No, sir,' exclaimed the other, 'it was not.'

'I don't think you know whether it was last night, or to-night, for you are drunk, sir,' said the door-keeper, waxing impatient.

'Well, sir,' said the other, steadying himself upon his legs, 'that's no argument, for I was drunk last night too, sir. But tell me, what is the play to-night?'

'Richelieu.'

'And what was it last night?'

'Othello.'

'You are right, Mr. Door-keeper, and I am wrong: it was last night, for the play was Othello, I accept your apology for troubling me so long.'

And with this satisfactory explanation, the contortionist walked down stairs like an unearthly spirit, and was seen no more.

## Home.

Of all that has been written upon this happy theme, the following merits singling out for preservation. It is one of the gems that our readers must reset in their hearts.

Thou whose every hour
Is spent in home's sweet bower,
Where love like golden fruit o'erhanging grows,
Where friends, to thy soul sweet,
United, circling meet,
As lapping leaves that form the perfect rose;
Thank thy God well—soon from thee joy thy day
Passes away!

Thou, at whose household fire
Still sits thine aged sire,
An angel guest with love as those of old;
Make thy young children's care
That crown of hoary hair
Which the calm heavens love as they behold.
Soon, soon the glory of that sunset ray
Passes away!

Thou, from whose household nooks
Peep forth gay, blooming looks,
Those 'fairy heads' shot up from opening flowers,
With wondrous perfume filled,
The fresh, the undistilled,
The overflowing bliss that childhood showers:
Praise him who gave, and at whose word their stay
Passes away!

Thou, with another heart
United, though apart,
As two close stars that mingling shine but one;
Whose pleasant pathway lies
Neath tender, watchful eyes,
Where love shines clearer than the morning sun;
Praise God for life, that in such soft array
Passes away!

More—more—thou hast yet more!
These thy heart's treasured store,
Transferred to heaven may win immortal birth,
With radiant seraphs there,
May tune ambrosial air
To ever-glorying hymns of praise, while earth,
Like lingering music from some harper gray,
Passes away!

*Home Journal.*

## High and Dry.

To the Cincinnati Commercial is due the credit of the following story:

The popular steamer Albatross, Capt. C. D. Robinson, arrived yesterday afternoon from New Orleans. During the trip up, the Albatross had occasion to stop at the mouth of Green River to put out two hogsheads of sugar. She reached that point at night—no light to be seen—and the river was at high flood—the town at the mouth being almost entirely inundated.

'Hallo!' cried the captain, 'who keeps this town?'

'Hallo, yourself!' sung a voice from the midst of the darkness.

'Where's your wharf boat? Show a light, we've got freight for you,' cried the captain.

'The wharf-boat's drifted off—there aint no lights about, and you can't land no freight,' was the categorical reply.

'Strike a light,' shouted the captain, 'and let us see to get in.'

'Show a light yourself, and let me see to get out.'

'Where are you?' cried the captain.

'Up a tree!' answered the voice.

The boat sent in her yawl, and, sure enough, found a man with a bundle under his arm, perched in a tree, the rising waters stealing slowly upon his resting-place.

## General Urrea a Tennesseean.

We have heard a singular story, says a Nashville exchange, to the effect that the renowned Mexican chief who has recently so far out run General Taylor, is a native of Tennessee. It is said that his real name is Ury, and that he was born and 'raised' to near manhood, in Middle Tennessee, Sumner or Smith county, we think. He was a wild, roving sort of a fellow, and about twenty or twenty-five years since strayed off from the paternal roof and went to Mexico.

## Foreign Correspondence of the Flag.

City of Lisbon, Portugal,
Hotel Mad. De Juin.

Friend Flag:

Since I wrote you last, I have heard of the election of General Taylor and young Napoleon to the Presidency, the former of the United States, the latter of France. The last named event created quite a sensation in Lisbon; and as near as I could understand the matter, the government were in the greatest excitement and alarm, fearing that the reception of the news would be the signal for a revolution here. But on the very day that they fancied their troubles were to commence, a British fleet of fifteen sail anchored before the city of Lisbon. The fleet is under the command of Admiral Napier, and comprises three large ships of the line (one three-decker), several frigates, war steamers, etc. They make a handsome and formidable appearance in the harbor. It is said that this fleet had no ostensible purpose in coming here at this time, while some of the more knowing ones say it is here to intimidate the revolutionists, and to give 'aid and comfort to the crown.' This is probably the case, as I am told that Great Britain is the only power to whom Portugal can look for help; and furthermore, it should be remembered that the consort of the Queen of Portugal is a Saxe Coburg, and cousin to Prince Albert. By the way, the American frigate St. Lawrence, Captain Paulding, came up the harbor this morning, and such a cracking of guns between the frigate and the fleet I think I have never before heard. There is a fine double echo in this harbor, which makes a salute a very noisy affair.

Speaking of revolutions here, I really doubt whether the Portuguese are a people that would either understand or appreciate the advantages of a republic. They are filled with the superstitious notions and customs of their ancestors; and, like the Chinese, refuse the introduction of all kinds of improvements—what was right a thousand years ago is right to-day. The same carts or drays that were in use centuries gone by, are still the vogue, and they are more clumsy than you can well conceive of. I really think that the dogs would bark at them were they to appear in the streets of an American city. The wheels are made of thick plank, with a large wooden axle morticed tight into it, and turning with the wheel. A large frame, or platform, is placed on the top of this axle, from which projects the pole, or shafts, as the case may be, for sometimes you will see one and sometimes two oxen before them, but in no case have I ever seen a horse *disgraced* by being placed before one of these ugly vehicles. Most of the trucking, however, both the heavy and the light, is performed by men. They relieve the poor beasts of an immense sight of hard labor. It is truly astonishing to see what burthens these Portuguese can carry on their shoulders. Even in the transportation of wine no team is necessary. I have seen four men trot off briskly with a full sized pipe of wine between them. This morning I saw a man making off with six barrels upon his shoulders. I counted them twice. They were empty, I presume; but only think what a bulk of wood to be carried on one man's shoulders! The marketing is done here mostly in panniers thrown across the backs of mules and donkeys.

There are many annoyances here, especially to those strangers who are not initiated into the fashions of the place. The most perplexing are the innumerable beggars. Strangers, of course, are the ones to suffer, and to whom they will give chase if you do not readily hand over. Indeed, it amounts to little less than highway robbery, as practised by these vagrants. One persevering old hag followed me up two flights of stairs to my chamber the other day, and I was positively obliged to call a sentry to relieve me of the annoyance. Bah! such horrid looking old hags! Why, the wierd sisters in Macbeth are *beauties* to them! So strong, however, is the association, that I should not be surprised to see the whole tribe of them riding on broomsticks in the air 'with all the original music!'

The houses of Lisbon are built mostly of stone, with an outside finish of stucco work, giving them a uniform and light colored appearance so unlike an American city. Lisbon, like Rome, is built upon hills, some of which are very steep and very high. Standing in some of the lower streets and casting your eyes upwards, the houses appear as though stacked up one upon another, until they seem to cleave the very sky. Standing in some of the upper streets, it is nothing uncommon to find yourself nearly on a level with a six story house. There are no gable ends or slanting roofs here. I can give you no better idea of the appearance of the tops of the dwellings, than by comparing them to the sections of a Chinese Pagoda, and they are universally *shingled* with earthern tiles!—Some of the streets here, strange enough, run over and under each other. I have stood in one street (or on a grand arch perhaps I should say) and looked down fifty or sixty feet into the street running underneath. Some of these streets are grand and splendid beyond description, there are also many very narrow and mean; but, on the whole, Lisbon is a noble old city—full of interest to the traveller.

I dined a few days since with the American minister, Mr. Hopkins, of Virginia. It was a real American dinner, and all felt quite at home. Wont you please to believe that the fine old wines we partook of were of a *rare* brand. Why, they would have made Bacchus smack his lips, and smile benignly. Mr. Hopkins and his fair lady are deservedly popular.

Very cordially yours, E. S. J.

## Emerson's Plato.

Plato, said Emerson, is philosophy, and philosophy is Plato. In him, too, are found the auroral beams of Christianity; and here is forecast the Koran of Mohammed. Everybody finds his peculiar taste gratified in Plato; to the French he is Parisian, to the German Teutonic. In this respect, he is like Helen of Argos, whose beauty made everybody that saw her feel related to her. It is remarkable that uncertainty exists as to the authenticity of some of the writings of genius—of Homer, of Plato and Shakspeare. This is because these great minds magnetized and assimilated to themselves those about them, and thus each lived in several bodies. It is said that Plato plagiarized. 'It is only the inventor who knows how to borrow;' and the stupendous genius of Plato could not absorb all the learning of the times. Another merit of Plato was, that, being a philosopher, he was something beyond—he was a poet. A man, to attain perfection in any department, must stand on higher ground than he works upon. The biography of Plato is short. So is that of all geniuses; it is written in their books; and in the painting of Plato's pen, we are to look for the portraits of his family and the pictures of his home. Religion, art, intellect—all these had Plato. 'He united the freest poetry with the most exact geometry; his energy and thoughts was like the momentum of the falling planet; his discretion like its return to the curve. Socrates and Plato,' said Emerson, 'are the double stars which no instrument has been able entirely to separate.' It was a happy thing that Socrates—the wise Æsop of the mob,' yet so honest and enthusiastic in religion—early impressed Plato, and took a lasting position in the foreground of his mind.

I courted her under singular circumstances. I won her through a rash vow. Thus. I saw her—I loved her—I proposed—she refused. 'You love another,' said I. 'Spare my blushes,' said she. 'I know him,' said I. 'You do,' said she. 'Very good!' I exclaimed; 'if he remain here I'll skin him.' I wrote him a note. I said it was a painful thing—and so it was. I said I had pledged my word as a gentleman to skin him—my character was at stake—I had no alternative. As an officer in his majesty's service, I was bound to do it. I regretted the necessity, but it must be done. He was open to conviction. He saw that the rules of the service were imperative. He fled—I married her.—*Captain Tiger.*

An individual having been convicted upon rather slight evidence, the Judge proceeded to pass judgment as follows:

'Prisoner at the bar! You have been found guilty by a jury of your countrymen of a crime which subjects you to the penalty of death. You say you are innocent; the truth of this assertion is only known to yourself and God. It is my duty to leave you for execution. If guilty, you richly deserve the fate which awaits you—if innocent, it will be a gratification to feel that you were hanged without such a crime on your conscience. *In either case you will be delivered from a world of care.*'

'Cousin William,' said a merry, mischievous young girl, 'what do you think I heard a pretty lass say of you?'

'I don't know—something good, I hope. Who was it, coz?'

'Sha'n't tell you! but it's the truth—a very pretty girl *did* say something about you.'

'Well, tell me what it was.'

'I sha'n't—unless you will give me that annual that you bought.'

'Well, agreed—you shall have it—now tell me.'

'Well, now—don't blush so—she said you were the *ugliest looking man she ever laid eyes on!*'

A laundress, who was employed in the family of one of our former governors, said to him, with a sigh:

'Only think, your excellency, how little money would make me happy!'

'How little, madam?' says the governor.

'O! dear sir, one hundred dollars would make me perfectly happy.'

'If that is all, you shall have it,' and he immediately gave it to her.

She looked at it with joy and thankfulness, and, before the governor was out of hearing, exclaimed:

'*I wish I had said two hundred.*'

The president elect is a joker. At a tavern in Maryland, while he was waiting for the Baltimore train, among others who introduced themselves was one of the ubiquitous Smith family. On hearing the name, General Taylor remarked with a merry twinkling of the eye—'That is no name at all.' 'Why, General,' replied Mr. Smith, 'you should have no objection to the name; Mrs. Taylor was a Smith.' 'Yes,' added he, promptly, 'but I made her change her name, and I advise you to do so too.'

We understand that an alteration—severe, certainly, but wholesome—is about to be made in the system of prison discipline. Union paupers, it is well known, often commit theft, or do damage, for the purpose of procuring for themselves the better diet and accommodation of a jail. Henceforward it is intended to commit all convicts who may violate the jail regulations to—the work-house.—*Punch.*

A young lady, returning late from a concert, as it was raining, ordered the coachman to drive close to the sidewalk, but was still unable to step across the gutter.

'I can lift you over,' said coachey.

'O, no,' said she, 'I am too heavy.'

'Lord marm,' replied John, 'I am used to lifting barrels of sugar.'

A short time since, in Hertfordshire, were written on a grave rail these lines:

'Remember me as you pass by,
As you are now, so once was I;
Therefore prepare to follow me.'

Underneath some one wrote:

'To follow you I'm not content,
Unless I know which way you went.'

The papers are continually announcing 'Dates from Smyrna.' This is strange taste. They will next be publishing 'Sausages from Bologna,' or 'Shrimps from Pegwell Bay.' However, it would be quite a treat to devour the newspaper at one's breakfast, if there were always so many good things wrapped up in it.

In the Jamaica House of Assembly, a motion being made for leave to bring in a bill to prevent frauds by wharfingers, one of the members rose and said:

'Mr. Speaker, I second the motion; the wharfingers are, to a man, a set of rogues. I was one myself, for ten years!'

Punch says of the 'royal theatricals,'

Sing a song of Shakspeare at Windsor t'other day,
Real British artists acting a play;
When the play was *Hamlet*, the *Prince* was Mr. Kean,
And wasn't that a pretty dish to set before the queen?

We have been favored with a view of a letter in which an antiquarian desires to be informed whether Grimstone's celebrated snuff, which is efficacious in diseases of the eye, would be of any use in restoring the *site* of Troy, which has long been very uncertain.

'I pray thee, don't make a miss-deal,' said a lady to us at the whist table, the other evening. We told her that we should rather make a Mrs. ——. Considerable agitation was manifested, and the playing was suspended for a few moments. —*Yankee Blade.*

On the trial of Mullins, the Chartist, just before the court adjourned, one of the jury was taken aback by his coat being stolen. We suppose the thief considered that, being a visiter to the Old Bailey, it was only courteous to adopt the 'habits' he might find there.

FRIENDSHIP AND LOVE.

Friendship is like a cobbler's tie,
That joins two *soles* in unity;
But Love is like the cobbler's awl,
That pierces through the *sole* and all.

A volatile young man, whose conquests in the female world were numberless, at last married. 'Now, my dear,' said his spouse, 'I hope you'll mend.' 'Madam,' said he, 'depend upon it, this is my last folly.'

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A HAPPY GROUP.

*The young artist proudly regarding his lovely betrothed.*

A SPLENDID ORIGINAL ROMANCE.

**OUR FIVE HUNDRED DOLLAR PRIZE TALE.**


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[WRITTEN EXPRESSLY FOR THE FLAG OF OUR UNION.]

# PAOLINA:

OR,

## THE SYBIL OF THE ARNO.

### A TALE OF THE TIME OF COSMO III.

BY MARTHA ANN CLOUGH.

[CONCLUDED.]

### CHAPTER XIV.

*Unhappy thoughts of Alberto. Lord Ervine's declaration. Its sudden interruption. Who the Genoese boy was. Paolina retires to the convent. Alberto returns to Rome. Is disappointed in his search for Paolina, and flies abroad. His return, and their mutual joy.*

THE next morning, as Alberto de Lisiade stood in the hall-door, a stranger came slowly towards him, and gave him the note which Paolina had written the night before. We need not say that he had never seen the one to which it was a reply, and his astonishment at such a declaration was unbounded. Three or four days passed, ere he could think of any cause for such a note, and at length the rumors which he had heard of Lord Ervine came back to him; he at once came to the decision that she had been false to him, and had determined to wed the fascinating Englishman. And here was an end to love's halcyon dream; the spell had flown—the enchantress had vanished. He felt too sad, too dispirited, to return to Rome, and he lingered mournfully in his father's palace, thinking of her, who had been thus false, thus heartless.

And where was the wretched Paolina? A few days after she had received the note from the servant of the Lisiade, she commenced her journey to Rome. She had not been there more than two days when she received from her anonymous friend the following:

'Did I not tell thee the truth? Has not Alberto de Lisiade followed the maiden to Florence? Forget him!'

'Never,' exclaimed the wretched Paolina, 'forget him! O, no! I can never forget him!'

She was robing herself for a banquet, and when, arrayed in her garments stiff with jewels, she gazed into the mirror, her own surpassing loveliness seemed a mockery. But she went forth; she was everywhere met as the affianced bride of Lord de Lisiade, and it pained her to hear her own name linked with his, when the golden chain that had bound them was severed. Late in the evening, she stood with Lord Ervine in a bower of orange-trees in the garden.

'Paolina,' he said, eagerly; 'Paolina, I must tell thee the secret of my heart. I love thee! I have met many a fair maiden, but none have equalled thee. I would that thou hadst no vows to bind thee, for I have never plighted my faith to any maiden! I would plight it to thee.'

As the words died upon his tongue, a beautiful young creature darted from the dew-laden shrubbery and stood before them. A bright crimson glowed upon her cheek; her eyes were large and expressive, and a profusion of chestnut curls floated upon her shoulders. She wore a robe of white satin, with many a diamond blazing among its rich folds, like jewels in a snow-path; the large, flowing sleeves, embroidered with silver and gems, floated back to her shoulders, revealing arms, round and white enough for a sculptor's model; there was a haughty curve in her snowy neck, and a proud smile on her lip. She laid her small hand softly on the arm of the Englishman, and looked calmly and searchingly into his face. Paolina was sure she had never met her before, and yet the countenance was familiar; in a sweet, musical tone, that sounded like a flute-note, she spoke:

'Lord Ervine,' she said, calmly, 'no wonder thine arm trembles beneath the weight of my hand; has it never rested there before? Ah! answer me that! Dost thou remember me, Oila Senette, with whom thou wast wont in the palaces of Genoa to wander? Hast thou forgotten when on such a night as this, thou didst pour into my ear a tale like that to which this maiden has listened but now? Canst thou look me in the face, and declare that thou hast never plighted thy faith to Oila Senette? Thou knowest I am thy betrothed bride. And then, when thou knewest that genius was mine, didst thou not incite me to win for myself a name among the gifted? Didst thou not tell me that when I should place before thee a painting equal to one in my father's palace—that then I should be thine by the church's rite? Thou didst depart, and I came hither; the work is completed—thou hast declared to me that it was superb. Nay, speak not, hast thou not yet recognized in me the Genoese boy, the artist, whose Magdalen thou hast so often admired? If not, I tell thee that Andrea Castellini, the timid painter, and Oila Senette are one!'

The Englishman was silent, but his frame quivered with emotion; the lady continued:

'I have watched thy steps—I have frequented the halls of the gay that I might keep my eye upon thee. Thou knowest that this maiden, gloriously beautiful as she is, has vowed to love another, and yet thou hast sought to breathe to her the feelings of thy heart; the falsehood that was on thy tongue I could not bear; it was too much, and I rushed into thy presence and bade thee forbear. Alberto de Lisiade is my friend, and this maiden I have loved; she has pitied the sadness of the Genoese painter! The virgin be praised!'

'It is true, true,' said Lord Ervine, though the words seemed faltering on his tongue. 'I did tell thee, Oila Senette, that when thou shouldst execute a painting like that in thy father's palace, I would make thee my bride. I saw my sister, my Ida, and heard her praises of this maiden—I came to Rome almost purposely to behold her, to win her; nay, start not, Oila—I did not believe then that she was more beautiful than thou, but when I saw her loveliness, it was as if a spell had bound me. I forgot my vows to thee, and determined to win Paolina, and take her to my home as my bride. It has been in vain, for she loves another;' and taking the arm of the beautiful Genoese, he turned away. Paolina went back to the lighted halls, thinking of the devotion of the fair young creature; she could scarcely believe it was not a dream, so strange did everything connected with it seem, and for a few moments she almost forgot her own sorrows in thoughts of the injured Oila.

It was very late when she and Berenice returned to their own home.

'I am very unhappy!' said Paolina, as her friend seated herself beside her in her room; 'I am wretched, dear Berenice!'

'Thou unhappy! Thou the affianced bride of Alberto de Lisiade!'

'I am no longer the affianced bride of Alberto,' said Paolina, mournfully; 'thou wilt think it strange, but when thou wast ill I received this note,' and she held up the slip of parchment. Berenice hastily perused it.

'This may have been from some mischievous person, Paolina—I scarcely believe the tale it tells!'

'Thou wilt believe this, then—this, in his own hand-writing. I received it, lady, when I was with my mother, on the banks of the Arno; it was brought me by a page in the livery of the Lisiade!'

Berenice read, and her cheek grew still paler and her eyes more flashing, as she spoke:

'He is a villain, if he is the author of this!' she said, indignantly; 'a villain, but how knowest thou that it is his writing, dear?'

Paolina spoke not, but unlocking her chest, took from an embroidered satchel a note, and placed it in the hand of her benefactress.

'Poor girl!' said the kind Berenice, 'poor girl—it is the same—I cannot bear that thou, so young, so innocent, so beautiful, shouldst be thus deceived!' and she mingled her tears with those of her protege.

'And now,' said Paolina, at last, 'let me go away to the convent, and stay till my heart grows stronger. I am not ungrateful to thee, dear lady; the holy virgin knows how dearly I love thee, and thy sire; but if I stay here, Berenice, I must go abroad, and wear the semblance of joy when my soul seems bursting with grief. These festivals weary me sadly; let me go away till I have grown more able to meet the gaze of the pitiless. The superior bade me come thither when I was weary and sick at heart; kind lady, she did not think it would be so soon!'

'Be it so, dearest; I would not have thee school thyself as I did; I know it would break thy heart! I do not know, indeed, what will become of me, and my sire, too, if thou dost go, but we will try to make the sacrifice.'

'One other favor, Berenice; let no one know whither I have gone—none know whence I came—and if—if Alberto de Lisiade comes again to Rome, tell him not where the wretched Paolina has taken refuge!' and the girl's frame quivered like a reed over which some terrible storm is passing.

'Thou knowest, Paolina,' said Berenice, soothingly, and she drew the gentle creature to her side, and tenderly smoothed back the curls from her throbbing brow; 'thou knowest that the world may seek in vain to obtain information from me—and he, the perfidious artist, shall never know whither thou hast gone.'

The next morning, three persons with whom our tale has been connected departed from Rome. Lord Ervine and the Genoese had gone undoubtedly to Genoa, and the wretched Paolina to the convent.

At sunset the same day, Alberto de Lisiade again entered the city where a few weeks before he had been so happy; in vain he made inquiries concerning Paolina; no one knew anything about her, save that she had departed, and as Lord Ervine had left at the same time, Alberto believed that Paolina had been won by the Englishman; no person, save Paolina and Berenice, knew that the Genoese painter was other than he seemed, and thus the whole was enveloped in mystery. Of the haughty Lady de Biandetti, the desponding artist could learn nothing; she received him with great coolness, and only replied to his inquiries concerning Paolina, that circumstances had made it advisable for her to leave Rome, perhaps never to return. The Signora Leila had seen Lord Ervine and Paolina in the garden the evening before their departure; she passed on and entered the palace, and soon after, Paolina returned alone; Lord Ervine was seen no more at the banquet, and she believed, and Bernardo also, that the fisherman's daughter had fled with him. Weary of Rome, Alberto returned to Florence, but he was sad and lonely, and he set out on an excursion to France. He was unhappy—the gay maidens and cavaliers in vain endeavored to raise his spirits; the dream of affection which he had cherished had passed away, and the memory of his spurned love ever haunted him.

* * * *

A year passed, and Paolina came to the palace de Biandetti to die. Her cheek, once so round and rosy, had grown pale and thin, and her form, once so graceful, had become emaciated. There were many tears in the old castle when she, so feeble, so shadow-like, entered it, leaning on the arm of the weeping man who had been to her a father. He led her up the winding staircase, and across the spacious halls till she found herself in her own room; then a bright flush came over her face, and a tear trembled in her eye, for the sight of that apartment brought back many bitter recollections. Day after day she lay in that chamber, attended by Berenice—she received no visiters, save the old Lord de Biandetti, and the servants who had loved her. She spoke but little of Alberto de Lisiade, and none but Berenice and her sire, and the sisters at the convent, knew that she was dying of a broken heart.

It was a warm, sunny afternoon—Paolina lay upon her couch, gazing out upon the clear, blue heavens, and wishing that her spirit like an unfettered bird might wing its flight far, far beyond those azure depths till it folded its pinions before the throne of God. She was sighing for rest, rest in the pure, bright heavens—she grieved no longer now; she only thought of the land where she hoped soon to find her home. There was an expression of peace in her pale face and the dark eyes raised so earnestly to the sunny sky; she was beautiful still, though now but the shadow of the glorious Paolina. The rich crimson drapery of her couch shed a rosy hue over her countenance, and the small hands nestled among its heavy folds. Her lute lay on the pillow, for she had just been singing her last song, perhaps, to the kind old man who now sat with his face buried in the cushions of his chair beside her. He was thinking how he should miss the music of her voice, and the light of her smile, and the tears were falling upon the black velvet garments which he wore, like rain-drops. Poor man! next to Berenice, like her, even, he loved Paolina. He had grown old, and his affections had centered in those two beings; should one of the chords that bound him to life be broken, ah! how would he grieve!

'Lady Berenice,' said Bianca, stealing into the apartment, 'please, do please to come down for a moment! Do please come, lady.'

Berenice rose and slowly followed her; she led her down into the library, and whom should the proud girl see, but Alberto de Lisiade? She was about to retire, but he seized her hand and detained her. All his former gaiety had fled, and he looked unhappy, miserable. He told her all his misery; and when the lady de Biandetti spoke to him of the note which Paolina had received, he exclaimed, as he glanced over the parchment:

'Holy virgin! a fac-simile of my own hand-writing! but I swear to thee, lady, by the holy cross, that I never before saw it!'

Ere Berenice went to summon her father, she had related to the artist the story of the Genoese painter, and been satisfied of the truth of Alberto's assertions. When she went to beg her sire to come for a moment to the library, Paolina was sleeping; he murmured fondly, as he bent over her:

'Poor Paolina!' and then mournfully followed his daughter. His joy was unbounded, when he heard the explanation of Alberto, for he had sorrowed deeply over the fate of his pet.

'Holy Mary be praised!' said the Lady Berenice, as he concluded, and the tears gushed from her eyes.

'Wait here one moment, my lord of Lisiade!'

'Nay, let me come with thee, lady,' exclaimed Alberto, and he followed her into the apartment of Paolina.

'How changed!' he murmured, in a low voice, as he gazed upon her; 'how changed!' Paolina started as he spoke, and their eyes met. Those were holy moments when Alberto de Lisiade and his affianced bride were again united. Both had suffered through the malice of their enemies, and both were again happy.

### CHAPTER XV.

*Two female strangers, and who they were. An interesting history unfolded. Who Paolina really was. Effect of the intelligence upon the Signora Ginditta.*

> 'For life hath many a path of thorn,
> To wound the feet that rove,
> But yet no sunnier spot than this—
> Break not the trance of love!'
>
> SIGOURNEY.

TIME sped onward, and the loveliness of Paolina had returned, the crimson again glowed upon her cheek; the light of joy beamed in her eye; the smile of real happiness wreathed her coral lip, and the Signor de Biandetti declared that she was more beautiful than ever.

The authors of the notes which she had received were yet shrouded in profound mystery; none knew whence they had come.

It was a calm, starry night, and within the library at the castle de Biandetti were assembled a happy group. At the feet of a favorite female friend, sat Paolina with her lute; Alberto stood beside her, gazing proudly upon her lovely form.

[SEE ENGRAVING.]

In the recess of one of the windows might be seen Berenice; a smile was on her countenance, and she was evidently listening with interest to the conversation of a tall, noble cavalier, who was her companion. He was a Neapolitan of high birth, who had won her love, and he was telling her of his ancestral home, overlooking the Adriatic.

'Lady Berenice,' said an obsequious footman, entering on tip-toe, 'there are two ladies in the hall who wish to speak with your ladyship, and my lord yonder. Shall I admit them?'

'Yes, Moise.'

The servant departed, and two females entered; one was the superior of the convent, and the other the mother of Paolina. They were welcome guests, and Alberto was surprised at the gracefulness and air of refinement that characterized the mother of his bride. Paolina wondered, too, at the ease of her manners, the profound learning which she manifested in her conversation, and the richness of her dress. She wore an elegant garment of black velvet; the ring which Paolina had seen her wear in childhood was still upon one of her small hands, and another, a massive one indeed, set with a single diamond, sparkled beside it. The folds of her robe were fastened at the neck by a cluster of the same costly gems, and another gleamed upon the black, silken fillet that confined her auburn tresses. When, at the request of Berenice, she took the lute from Paolina, and swept its chords, no one wondered at the skill of her daughter. She remained several days at the castle, and Lord Raolfo already entertained for her a fatherly regard.

'Pardon me, dear madam,' he said, one day, as the same group that she had met when first she entered the palace were collected in the library; 'pardon me, but how, how hast thou, a fisherman's wife, been able to store thy mind with such a fund of knowledge? The gentleman who just went hence is the most learned man in Rome, and he declared that he has never met a female with thy learning!'

The lady bent her head, and seemed studying the figures wrought in gems and silver upon her embroidered slipper.

'I will tell thee my history,' she said, at length; 'I am, Signor de Biandetti, as thou knowest, the daughter of a humble gondolier of Venice. When a child, a passionate desire for knowledge awoke within me. Books, books I sought—they were like angelic companions to me; my uncle, a friar, was a man of profound learning—he saw me, and took me under his instruction. Secretly I stole to the cloister of which he was an inmate, and spent the long hours of the day, when my companions were at play, in poring over some quaint old volume or dusty manuscript. I studied till nightfall, and then, snatching a book, ran swiftly to my home. Thus years passed on; my uncle, pleased with my attainments, unfolded to my eager gaze the treasures of his own mind; the truths of science became like household words to me; the literature of other nations became familiar, their languages hovered on my lips as readily as the soft accents of my own Italian tongue. Then I turned my attention to lighter accomplishments; I rose from grave discussions with the wise friars, to sweep the strings of my lute, or chant the songs which my father, like all Venitian gondoliers, sang so sweetly. The monks and priests, to whom my proud uncle presented me, declared me a prodigy; and at length the learned Berta, the daughter of a gondolier, became the wonder of her native city. At the age of sixteen, I was the theme of every tongue; my countrymen became proud of me; I was everywhere a welcome guest, in the palaces of the rich and the noble; in the highest circles of Venice I was honored for my talents, and my birth, my rank was forgotten.

'About this time, there came to Venice a young nobleman; I met him at a banquet; he was handsome and fascinating, and withal a scholar, almost equal to my uncle. He had heard of me—and with his reverence for knowledge, it is not strange that even before we met he esteemed me. I was beautiful, then, too; care had drawn no furrows on my lofty brow; sorrow had not paled my cheek; but there were other maidens in Venice, lovely and noble, others that smiled on him in vain; noble, proud as he was, he turned away from these, to woo and win Berta, the daughter of a gondolier. I loved him, signor, and my heart, which had worshipped genius, thrilled to the melody of happy affection; his was a kindred spirit. I became his bride; his father, the son of a haughty house, who prided himself on his illustrious birth, disinherited him, for would he receive as his daughter, one so far beneath him in rank? No, and so he turned him from his home to die away from his lordly palace. Years sped swiftly by; we were happy. Alas! too happy! Then death came, sudden as the arrow that pierces an eagle when his wings are plumed, 'twould seem, near the gate of heaven. He died!' and the voice of the speaker became choked with tears, and the frame of the old man shook violently.

'He died! Then the sweetness of life departed—I saw him buried in the dark, dark vault, and then returned to my lonely home. It was no longer mine, now that he who had provided it for me was gone; and weary and sad, I determined to leave it. Venice was too gloomy for me; I dismissed my servants, and taking with me my wardrobe, and my child, went with my only brother to the banks of the Arno. My parents were dead, and my brother and my Paolina were my only friends. Since then, my powers have seemed blasted; the learning which had so dazzled my countrymen, was buried in my mind like a hidden jewel, till Paolina demanded it; then, then for a time, I found pleasure in imparting it to her; till thou didst ask to take her with thee! I consented, for I knew that I could not surround her with the refined society which Rome commands; the struggle in my heart to part with her, no human tongue may tell, but there was one still more powerful reason to urge me to make the sacrifice!'

'And that?' asked the old man, earnestly.

'That, signor, was that the daughter of Lord Paolo de Biandetti might dwell in the home of her father!' and the mother's voice grew firm as she spoke.

'Madam,' said the weeping sire, 'wilt thou look me in the face, and say that thou art the wife, and Paolina the child, of my disinherited son, my Paolo?'

'I will swear it, if thou wishest it. I have the proofs;' and she drew from the folds of her robe a certificate of her marriage, and placed it in the trembling hand of the repentant nobleman; then took the ring from her finger and held it before him.

'I see, I know thou tellest truth—that ring, that old, family ring, I myself gave to my son; I have often thought about asking thee to allow me to examine it, since thou hast been in the castle. Besides, I see the resemblance to my son in the face of Paolina; I marked it when I first beheld her—and this is why, perhaps, my heart has grown so closely to her;' and he drew the girl fondly to his side, and kissed her cheek, while the tears rained from his eyes over her face.

'Her name, too,' murmured the mother; 'is it not almost his? Paolina! Was it not the name of thy wife, signor, and his mother? See,' and she took from her neck a locket, and touching a secret spring, revealed the miniature of a beautiful woman in the prime of life; beneath it was engraven in the richly chased gold, the name of Paolina.

'It is she,' shrieked the old man, and he pressed it to his quivering lips.

Again the lady took it, and touching another spring, revealed the picture of a young man; his dark, lustrous eyes, and the expression of his face was singularly like the lovely girl, the protege of Berenice de Biandetti. Another name was graven beneath it; it was Paolo. With tearful eyes that group gazed long and earnestly upon the disinherited son of the Biandetti.

'The holy virgin forgive me!' said the repentant father; 'and thou, thou, lady, whom I have so deeply wronged! I have bitterly repented of my cruelty, of my pride, ay, when he could not forgive me! I loved him; he was the joy, the pride of my heart, but I thrust him from my palace, and never saw him again. I sought to find thee, lady, his wife, and his child, but no person in Venice could tell whither thou hadst gone? The holy virgin forgive me!'

'Amen!' came from every voice in that room, and then Berenice drew the wife of her brother, her sister, to her heart, and wept tears of joy.

'Paolina de Biandetti!' said Alberto de Lisiade, as he knelt down beside the weeping grandsire. 'Paolina de Biandetti!' but he loved her no better, than when he wooed and won her as the fisherman's niece.

It was soon known in Rome, that Paolina was the daughter of Lord Paolo, and that the mother, whose wisdom and accomplishments soon made her the wonder of the city, was the Berta who had been so widely admired years before in Venice. The news was ere long wafted to Florence, that the Paolina to whom Alberto de Lisiade was betrothed, was none other than the child of Paolo de Biandetti. Agnese was making the toilet of her lady when she ventured to disclose to her the news. She was the confidential attendant of the Signora Ginditta; had been with her even from infancy, and had grown old in her service.

'Signora de Lisiade,' she said, quietly, as she twined a cluster of rubies amid the dark hair of her mistress, 'they say for a certainty, that the Paolina whom my young Lord Alberto is about to wed, is indeed the daughter of Paolo de Biandetti, who married Berta at Venice twenty years ago almost!'

The eyes of the lady glowed like those of a basilisk.

'From whom hast thou heard this, Agnese?' asked she.

'From one, on whom I can rely, lady; from Bernardo Camacci, who has just come from Rome!'

'When, when was this fact ascertained?'

'But recently, lady, and Berta, Lady Berta, I should say, is now dwelling at the castle de Biandetti, and is everywhere received as the Lord Paolo's wife!'

'Holy virgin!' screamed the woman, 'this is too much. Has it been for nought that I have determined to break this match! Must that Berta, the low-born daughter of a gondolier, must she ever come between me and my plans! When is the bridal day?'

'I know not; I only heard this, and that Lord de Biandetti would give away the bride.'

The eye of the Signora Ginditta had been growing still brighter, and her cheek more pale, as Agnese spoke; she shook her by the arm, and laughed wildly as she said:

'Let him wed her, if he will! Let him wed her, and bring her to his home! I—I can receive her—as befits Ginditta de Lisiade to greet the bride of her son, and the daughter of Paolo de Biandetti—I knew him, Agnese; he was a friend of mine in my girlhood,' and again she laughed.

'Nay, nay, lady, be calm. I have no doubt that thou wilt love her!' said Agnese, soothingly, for she saw that her mistress was growing wild.

'Yes, I shall love her! She is gentle, they say, very gentle. I shall love her! Leave me alone, Agnese, now, and say to Signor Ludovico, that I do not feel able to accompany him to the banquet this evening!'

The woman went slowly from her presence, muttering:

'Dear me! How my lady is changed—I was really afraid she would be raving again—but she is calmer now!'

From that day, the Signora Ginditta said nought against the affianced bride of her son; she even sent a message to Rome to invite Alberto to make no delay after the bridal, but to bring his beautiful Paolina immediately to his home. She went from room to room, arranging the furniture, and ordering that everything should be in readiness for their reception. As for Signor Ludovico, he seemed well pleased that Alberto was to bring to his castle, as his daughter, one of the noble house of the Biandetti, and this was all he knew about it. Alberto received the message from his parents, and immediately decided that they had heard of her having been acknowledged by the Biandetti, and had determined to oppose him no longer.

### CHAPTER XVI.

*A bridal scene. Alberto and his bride return to the paternal mansion, and are received with rejoicing. Dark feelings at work in the heart of the Signora. Thrilling monition of the Sybil. Its effect. A revelation. Who the Sybil was. Happy denouement.*

> 'Turn back thine eye
> Along thy path of life, and mark the way
> O'er which thy soul with many a tear and sigh
> Hath passed!'

A MOST enrapturing melody was pealing forth from the organ, as a bridal party entered the Church of St. John Lateran at Rome. Before the altar they paused—two lovely maidens, robed in snowy velvet, with light veils floating around them, and dewy orange-blossoms wreathed among their tresses; two noble cavaliers were beside them, and an old man, with a lovely woman leaning on his arm, was near. A priest in gorgeous garments came forward and stood among the happy group around the altar. It was a glorious scene—the lofty church, with its massive architecture and costly ornaments; the melody floating through the edifice, and the happy countenances, on which the sun, stealing through the stained windows, shed its mellow light. The notes of the anthem died away; holy words hovered on the tongue of the priest, and fervent responses came from the rosy lips of those to whom he had spoken—Paolina de Biandetti was the bride of Alberto de Lisiade, and she who had once been the Pearl of Rome, had that morning given her heart and hand to Calo Menetten.

As the bridal party passed down the steps of the church, a tall form, shrouded in a dark cloak, and with the face quite concealed by the black plumes of his slouching hat, gazed earnestly after them, and then disappeared.

* * * *

It was twilight when Alberto de Lisiade and his happy bride entered his father's palace on the banks of the Arno. Kindly and affectionately were they welcomed; the Signor Ludovico shook his daughter warmly by the hand, and hoped she would be very happy in her new home; while the Lady Ginditta threw her arms around her neck, and pressed her quivering lips upon the beautiful cheek of Paolina. There was feasting and mirth in the palace for many days, and truly did Ginditta de Lisiade receive her daughter as one of the house of the Biandetti deserved. There was to be a feast at the castle, and the Lady Ginditta softly entered the spacious banqueting hall. The side-board was loaded with rich plate; the ruby wine was sparkling in many a cup of gold and silver. She stepped cautiously forward, and raised a chalice—a massive golden goblet, curiously wrought, and adorned with many a rare jewel; it was one which she had appropriated to Paolina, and she took it up and gazed earnestly upon it for a moment; then placed it on the very spot which it had occupied, and took from the folds of her robe a small gilded box, containing an orange-colored dust. Carefully she held it above her daughter's drinking-cup, and muttered wildly:

'I do love her, Agnese!' The words were scarcely uttered, when the same form that had twice before so terrified her, came to her side.

'Woman—there is murder in thy heart!' said the thrilling voice. 'If thou valuest thy soul's salvation, poison not Paolina—the bride of thy son;' and seizing the box from the trembling grasp of the Lady Ginditta, the stranger disappeared. A wild shriek startled the faithful Agnese, and she hastened to find her lady delirious. Another fearful illness brooded over the Signora de Lisiade, but at length she recovered. The kindness and attentions of Paolina seemed to have won her regard, and she treated her with the greatest respect. But soon she began to pine daily, and Agnese often declared that she believed some secret was burdening her soul. She moved no more through the halls of the palace, but lay upon her couch in her apartment, apparently on the brink of the grave.

'Paolina!' she said, one day, as she was alone with her, for she was her constant attendant, 'wilt thou not beg Alberto to come hither? I have something to tell him, love!' In a moment, he was beside her.

'Sit down,' she said; 'sit down, Alberto, and thou, Paolina, place thyself beside him, near me! Now let me tell thee—dost thou remember, Alberto, how bitterly I opposed thy marriage? Thou dost, but thou knowest not all,' and she went on narrating the events of his boyhood—the story of that stormy night when the mysterious stranger first visited her, and the second time when she appeared; 'now let me tell thee something, Alberto, of which thou couldst not have believed me capable. When thou didst come to thy home, more than a year since, Paolina has told thee that she visited her mother at the same time; she has told thee of the note which she received. List, now! I heard that she was there, from a peasant, and I wrote those cruel lines, for I could imitate thy writing; and summoning a trusty page, bade him place it in the hand of Paolina; he obeyed, for a purse of gold was his reward. He brought me the reply; it was all I could wish; it said nothing of the note she had received and I remember well the joy with which I read it. Had it been otherwise, I should have imitated the penmanship and written a note to blast all thy dreams of affection. I sent it to thee by that page, disguised, in order that thou mightest think he was a stranger! I know thou wilt wonder, but when thou hast known all my wickedness, this will seem a trifle. Of my earlier days, I wish now to tell thee—I cannot die in peace till I have spoken to thee and thy bride these fearful secrets.

'When I was twenty years of age, I met in Venice, Paolo de Biandetti; do not start, dear, he was thy father—he was learned, and captivated my heart. But he could not love me; my beauty, wealth and rank were all unheeded; the daughter of a gondolier, whose profound learning and many accomplishments had rendered her the star of the highest circles, won his love; he married her—and I, disappointed, immediately accepted the hand of Ludovico de Lisiade. I came hither, the world thought a happy bride, but they knew not that feelings of revenge were rankling in my soul. Years passed, and I went to Venice, to visit again the home of my youth. I met Lord de Biandetti and the Lady Berta often; I saw her receiving the affection which I had coveted. I was maddened by feelings of disappointment and revenge, and one night at a banquet, I mingled in the wine of thy sire a deadly poison; he left the banqueting-hall to die.

'The next morning I left Venice; no feeling of remorse then preyed upon me; my brain seemed seared. On my son I then lavished my love; no wonder that I wished he might be gifted—I, who knew how highly to prize the works of genius. The thought that my son would wed one beneath him, was torturing, but when I learned to the contrary, learned that his affianced bride was the daughter of my hated rival, my emotions were fearful. I determined to murder thee, Paolina! how thou dost shudder! No wonder that thou dost! I met thee with a smile—with expressions of endearment, but I had vowed to take thy life. I even held the poison above thy cup of wine; but at that moment a dark form rushed into my presence, and forbade me; ye know the rest. And now bring hither the Lady Berta, who arrived yesterday; thanks to the virgin, that I may confess to her my wickedness, and receive her pardon. Holy Mary, grant that I may be pardoned by the Infinite!'

Sadly the hours went by; the lady was forgiven by those whom she had wronged on earth, and a priest was endeavoring to offer her the consolations of religion, when the same dark form that had so terrified Signora Ginditta, entered. The dying woman shrieked with terror, but the voice bade her be silent; and throwing off some loose garments, the figure of a woman, attired in Venitian costume, stood before the astonished occupants of the chamber. The Lady Berta immediately recognized the servant who had been most faithful to her during the years which she had spent in the home of her husband, the Lord Paolo. For a moment, the woman looked upon her.

'Lady Berta!' she said, slowly, 'I see that thou knowest me. But this is no time for congratulations; my duty to this dying woman has called me hither. When thou, the widow of Paolo de Biandetti, didst come far from Venice to make thy home, I determined to follow thee—to watch thee and thy child, for I cannot tell thee how deeply I loved thee. I knew what thou didst not; that Ginditta Ranatti was thine enemy, and to watch her steps and thwart her designs, I determined. The better to effect my purposes, I pretended a knowledge of the future; in the cave I made my home, and became, at length, the Sybil of the Arno. I lingered around this castle concealed in the tapestry; I listened to the soliloquies of its lady; I watched the young Alberto. It needed no prophetic eye to see that he would be a painter, or even that he would love Paolina. I kept my eye upon ye, all of ye—I saw the girl when she went to Rome, but I would not tell thee, Alberto, whither she had gone. I followed her even thither; I entered the palace de Biandetti, when bitter thoughts were in the heart of the proud Berenice, and bade her beware how she wronged Paolina! I am the mysterious stranger that three times ere this, has visited thee, Signora Ginditta. I am the renowned Sybil of the Arno. I am simply the humble servant of Lady Berta. I know nothing of the future supernaturally; all my knowledge has been gained from my own senses. But a desire to serve those whom I have loved has led me to take upon myself the contemptuous name of a Sybil. My story is told—I would not that this woman should leave the world with the belief that an unearthly being forbade her to injure the daughter of Paolo de Biandetti.' And as she spoke the last word, a shriek from Agnese resounded through the apartment—the Signora Ginditta was dead!

Years again rolled on; Alberto de Lisiade had seen his sire placed in the family vault beside his mother; the ancestral castle seemed gloomy, and he resolved to leave it forever. The mother of Paolina, and the devoted brother who had been styled her father, the gondolier, still dwelt in the palace de Biandetti, with the Lord Raolfo; Berenice was at the home of the noble Menetten, in Naples, a proud and happy wife; and Alberto determined to make his residence in the city of Florence, near the studio where he had been a pupil. He erected a magnificent dwelling, and in the society of his fair Paolina, his days sped happily indeed. Many of the servants of his father he still retained; and she, who had been styled the 'Sybil of the Arno,' became the attendant of the lady of Lisiade. And his paintings? Soon after the death of his mother, they disappeared; no trace of them could be found. He executed several other pieces, but wherever he placed them, they soon vanished. At length, he determined to paint no more. Life's joys were his, and he had ceased to feel the restless yearnings for fame that once filled his soul. Except from the minds of his countrymen, the Florentines, his memory soon vanished away. Other master-spirits arose, and their names took the place of his; Italy had ceased to ring with the praises of the artist, Alberto de Lisiade.

In his own home, he was truly blest. Time still swept on, when one day a package was placed in his hands by a servant. It was the confession of Lord Ervine; on a death-bed it had been penned, and he shuddered as he read. Lord Ervine had written to Paolina the false tale concerning her betrothed; he had confirmed her suspicions; he had stolen and burned the paintings of de Lisiade. His heart was full of revenge; he saw their bridal at the Church of St. John Lateran, when they plighted their vows at the altar; and while Alberto de Lisiade and his fair bride were at Florence, he had destroyed the paintings that had spread his renown. Every piece which the artist finished he had managed to obtain, for he had vowed, ay, fearfully vowed, to be revenged.

When the death-angel stood before him, remorse took possession of his soul, and though the penitent nobleman could not restore the master-pieces of the Lisiade, he could humbly confess his faults, and hope for pardon. The beautiful Genoese could not wed one, who had proved himself so unworthy of her love; she returned to Genoa, and soon after became the bride of a celebrated sculptor.

Bernardo Camacci with the Signora Leila lived happily at Rome, and the friendship, which had subsisted between himself and Alberto, grew stronger with years; they were as brothers.

Alberto de Lisiade's dreams of domestic bliss were fully realized. In his home he was truly happy; and when time had furrowed his brow, and age twined its silvery fingers amid the dark locks of the lovely Paolina, their mutual affection was no less bright on the altar of their hearts, than when they plighted their faith in the Church of St. John Lateran at Rome.

THE END.

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**New Book on the United States.**

Among the works recently published in London is one, entitled 'The Western World, or Travels in the United States, exhibiting them in their latest development, social, moral, political and economical.' The author is Mr. Alexander Maykay, a barrister at law of the middle temple. The work is pronounced the most accurate and impartial account of the United States that has been published for many years.

THE FLAG OF OUR UNION.

[Written for The Flag of our Union.]

# THE FELON'S WIFE.

BY MRS. EMMA C. EMBURY.

'O, what was love made for, if 'tis not the same
Thro' joy and thro' sorrow, thro' glory and shame?
I know not, I ask not, if guilt be in that heart,
I but know that I love thee, whatever thou art.'
MOORE.

'What do you think of the female clubs of Paris?'

'That they are safety-valves for that species of excitement, which in the former revolution led the fishwomen of the Halle into the presence of their queen, with arms dripping blood, and voices hoarse with imprecations.'

'You are severe.'

'I do not mean to be so. It shows the better spirit of the age, when that excitement, which once led women to snatch up the pike, now induces them to mouth fine speeches in assertion of their rights.'

'You have no voice in this clamor about woman's rights.'

'No—perhaps because I have had so little experience of woman's wrongs. Those are the happiest people who never have occasion to inquire whether their enjoyments are lawful rights, or only accorded privileges; and it has always seemed to me that to receive all needful kindnesses from the hands of affection, was far better than to stand upon the right to claim them.'

'But hedged in as you have always been from the exigencies of life, and surrounded by those who interpose themselves between you and the world, you are scarcely a proper judge of the defects in a social system, which makes woman so utterly dependent on the caprice of the opposite sex.'

'I grant that you are quite right in that. From my earliest recollection, I have experienced all the comfort of being taken care of by stronger natures than my own. My bark has floated down the current of life, always propelled by a firmer hand than mine, and I have never been ambitious of steering my own course. I can see great defects in our social system, but I cannot help believing that those who would fain destroy the landmarks which God has himself set between the duties of man and woman, would convert errors into crimes. The folly in the oft-mooted question of "the equality of the sexes," consists in the fact that the disputants are not willing to allow that things may be equal in value, yet entirely different in character.'

'Our lawgivers are trying hard to give freedom to woman, and to make her independent of her former tyrants; first, we had the law of property, now we are going to have a new law of divorce.'

'If we set out with an utter disbelief in sentiment, love, a sense of duty, love of offspring, and all other good impulses in the heart, it is an easy matter to make laws for all classes of citizens. But it appears to me, that in the *marriage-bond*, where *sentiment is a duty*—where a want of affection is the most grievous of wrongs, even if it lead to *no dishonor*—men should be careful how they "put asunder" what "God has joined together."'

'Then you do not think the law of divorce should be so modified as to make ill-temper, intemperance, the commission of a felony, or mere discrepancies of character, a sufficient ground for separation?'

'I would rather not discuss a subject on which I have reflected so little. This is one of the matters where my instincts are so strong that I seldom call in the aid of intellect to decide for me. Every one judges first from their own consciousness, and then from the deliberations of their reason; but in this case I have never gone beyond the first mode of deciding.'

'Yet you must have known many cases where the marriage-bond pressed heavily.'

'But rarely one where a release from it would have done good, and I think I have known instances where the knowledge of the indissoluble character of the tie has modified character and softened the asperities which alone made it a grievous fetter. Did I ever tell you the story of Mrs. Hartley, the convict's wife?'

'I do not remember it.'

'Then you never heard it, for you would not have forgotten it, though it is so simple in its details, that, except as illustrative of some point in human nature, such as we are now discussing, I should scarcely think of narrating it.'

'Pray let me hear it, for I always like to have a good reason for believing you right.'

'Thank you for your implied compliment, which might have been construed so easily into an implied doubt, had I been in the mood for mock humility.'

The speakers drew their chairs closer to the cheerful fire, and as the old gentleman pulled out his snuff-box, preparatory to sitting himself down to the enjoyment of the story, the lady, who, though neither young nor pretty, had always been one of the happiest of women, thus began:

'It was a bright and beautiful afternoon in the June of 182—, that I found myself on board of a North River steamboat, with a party of gay, young friends, bound on a pleasure excursion. We were all possessed of youth, health and cheerful spirits, and who does not know the magical power which these qualities possess of diffusing an atmosphere of happiness around everything in life? For my own part, the excitement of travel has ever been a powerful stimulus to my imagination; and perhaps at no time have such glorious visions of ideal life floated round my dreams, as at the moments when, with mind and body equally free from the restraints of daily habitude, I have found myself a waif upon the current—a wanderer on the highway—carried along by the influence of others, and yielding myself willingly to a guidance which, whether it led me by the river-brink or over the mountain-top, still left my mind free to enjoy its own peculiar fancies.

'We had all been indulging in a degree of gayety, which to the sober plodding business-traveller must have seemed the very height of youthful folly. But as the gorgeous clouds gathered around the setting sun, and the purple haze of evening began to steal over the waters, the influences of the quiet hour were felt and obeyed even by those among us who knew not whence came the peaceful calm that now fell upon our spirits. As is usual with them in such moods, the gentlemen went off to seek the stimulus of a cigar, and we ladies grew silent, thoughtful, and perhaps stupid, as the time wore on towards night. We all felt something of the reaction which follows unusual excitement, and I was fast sinking into one of my sombre moods, when something attracted my attention towards a little group of fellow-passengers, who had not before appeared on deck. The party consisted of a woman, plainly attired, yet with those unmistakable marks of gentility about her, which even poverty could not conceal. A man, whose pretensions to equal refinement might have been questioned, notwithstanding his fine figure and luxuriant curls; and two very respectable looking persons, who, but for a certain keen watchfulness in their manner, and a peculiar furtiveness in their restless glances, might not have attracted my notice.

'As the party took their seats at a little distance from the solitary position which I had assumed, the female threw back her veil, and I saw a face of exceeding delicacy and beauty, but pale, thin, and at that moment deluged in tears. She did not perceive me, but quickly dashing away the gathering drops, she turned to her companion, and seemed trying to converse with him cheerfully. She sat so close to him that I at first supposed his arm around her waist, for the folds of her shawl seemed to fall over and cover his attitude. But a sudden start which he gave threw back for a moment the veiling drapery, and I then discovered that she held a baby in her arms, and that his hands were *ironed*. It was but a momentary glance, for she instantly drew the folds of the shawl around her, carefully defending the child from the night air, and just as carefully screening from sight those frightful hand-cuffs.

'The truth now began to dawn upon me. I was looking upon a felon, who, guarded by two officers, and accompanied on his journey by his wife and child, was now on his way to Sing Sing Prison. My sympathies were painfully excited, and I sat motionless, watching the unhappy pair. As the twilight deepened, and the passengers began to leave the deck, I observed her lean her head upon his bosom, and give vent to the tears she could not repress. Then rousing herself, she put one arm about his neck, and spoke in a low voice, but with those thrilling words that are always so full of tenderness, and seemed to be uttering words of comfort. Then the man bowed his head down upon her knees, and I could hear his suppressed sobs, while his whole frame shook with emotion. Perhaps the cold iron which bound his wrists had startled the child from its repose, for it awoke with a feeble cry, and the unhappy wife and mother forgot to wipe away the tears that dropped down her own cheeks, while she soothed the child's complaining, and strove to comfort the wretched father.

'At this moment, one of the men belonging to the boat came whistling along, and hung a lantern in such a manner as to cast its light full upon the melancholy group. I distinctly saw the faces of all—the pale, but beautiful features of the mother—the little rosy babe—the father, looking haggard and miserable, yet evidently possessing one of those meek but handsome faces which usually make a man a "drawing-room pet"—the two guardians, with so much commiseration in their looks as almost to give dignity to their commonplace countenances;—all were brought within my range of vision. But it was only for a moment. The glare of light was painful to the tear-swollen eyes of that sufferer, and they soon retreated to a darker corner of the boat. The return of my companions soon after drew me from my sad reflections, and seeing them in no mood for sorrowful sympathy, I said nothing to them of my discovery.

'About an hour afterwards, as we were approaching Sing Sing, the usual preparations were made for landing passengers, as was then customary, in a small boat. The boat was lowered, two of the crew got in, a step-ladder was let down, and then, in view of all the passengers, to whom a landing was always an object of interest, the constables hurried the felon into the boat, while they more gently assisted the young wife to a seat beside him, and giving her the baby, which one of the men had kindly held while she was making her descent, the little bark sped lightly towards the shore. As it shot swiftly over the waters, cutting directly athwart the silver line of light which the moon was now casting over the twilight waves, it seemed like a fairy boat, and it was hard to believe that it was really freighted with sorrow and crime.

'Of course, every one now knew who had been our fellow-passengers, and one incorrigible "*quid-nunc*" insisted on reading from an old newspaper all the particulars of a recent forgery. I do not remember the whole story as there related, but the name of the offender—Charles Granville Hartley—had an aristocratic sound that scarcely suited the tale of poverty and petty temptation which the testimony on the trial had developed.

'More than a year had elapsed, and I had almost forgotten the circumstances I have just narrated, when one morning, while making a call upon a new neighbor, we were interrupted by the entrance of a lady who was giving music-lessons to several little girls in the family. As she approached, her features seemed strangely familiar to me, yet when she was introduced as "Mrs. Hanson," I was convinced I had never known her. Unwilling to interfere with the young ladies' lessons, I shortened my visit, and went home with that strange, haunting, vague reminiscence of something or somebody, which was incomprehensibly associated with the pale but pretty features of the young music-teacher.

'My new neighbor was one of those excellent persons, who value people not for their position in society, but for their actual qualities of character. She soon discovered a mind and manners far superior to her present poverty in Mrs. Hanson. But all her endeavors to win her from her habitual sadness and seclusion were vain. She appeared to estimate kindness—to feel grateful for sympathy, but at the same time to shrink from all proffered attentions. Once, and once only, was she tempted out into society. My friend's little girls gave "a children's party," and Mrs. Hanson kindly consented to play cotillons for them. As she sat at the piano, dressed in black, which might or might not be the weeds of widowhood, that strange, haunting resemblance again occurred to me. I was perplexed, almost troubled, for the vague recollection seemed associated with some forgotten grief, or some by-gone pang. Yet how could it be?

'In the course of the evening, the children, who doted on their teacher, prevailed on her to sing. She commenced that pretty, cheerful, hopeful Scottish song:

'"O, hide ye yet—O, hide ye yet—
Ye little ken what may betide ye yet."

'Her voice, rich, full, and highly-cultivated, rang out as clear as a silver bell, until she reached the last note; then, it as suddenly failed her, and rising from her seat, she hurried from the room. But as she turned, I caught a glimpse of her face, pale, drooping, and deluged with tears. Surely, I had seen that face before, and with just such an expression upon it. In an instant the truth came to me like a flash of lightning. In Mrs. Hanson I beheld the wife of the felon.

'I was almost sorry to have made this discovery, for I had been making interest among my friends for her, and had represented her, according to all the information I could obtain of her, as a widow, burdened with the support of a young child, and striving to earn her livelihood by teaching music. I had it in my power to secure her several pupils, but with my present knowledge of her real history, I felt some doubt in assuming the responsibility of recommending her. It was a prejudice of which I am now heartily ashamed, but then it influenced me so far as to make me lay aside all reserve, and determine to speak frankly with Mrs. Hanson.

'Accordingly, I made my way to the humble abode in which she had taken refuge; and just at the close of a dreary winter's day I found myself entering her door. But we had no time then for explanations. I found her in a state of terrible excitement, for she had just returned from her round of lessons, and had found her little boy suffering from a sudden attack of the croup. The girl in whose charge she was obliged to leave him during the day, was a kind but not a skilful nurse. She had unwittingly exposed him to the cold, damp atmosphere, and when the mother returned, she was almost frantic with alarm.

'I had some experience in such matters, and throwing off my bonnet and shawl, I was soon in the midst of "the doctoring." The advice of a skilful physician, and the prompt aid of the landlady and myself, were not without their speedy effect. The child's labored breathing no longer tortured our ears, his fever subsided into a gentle sleep, and all immediate danger was at an end. But Mrs. Hanson's excitement had been too great for her to recover so soon. A quieting draught was ordered for her, and sending word to my family that I should not be at home, I prepared to spend the night in watching beside the bed of *the felon's wife*.

'From that time we became fast friends. Mrs Hanson could never be sufficiently grateful to me for my opportune services, and I could not be indifferent to one who seemed so overflowing with affectionate feeling. Not as a distrusting patroness, but as a sympathizing friend, did I now seek to know the particulars of her history, and her simple narrative did not certainly lower her in my estimation.

'Her father, a rich London merchant of the name of Hanson, had taken into his employ the son of a poor cousin, and, in consequence of his relationship, had suffered the boy to grow up as the familiar friend of his own children. But when this intimacy ripened into an affection between his youngest daughter and the penniless clerk, the father regarded it as an outrage to his kindness. After a violent explosion of wrath, the young man was dismissed ignominiously, and the young lady was sent to a boarding-school. This harsh treatment produced the effect which might have been anticipated. Ellen Hanson eloped from school, and was united to her lover by the famous blacksmith of Gretna Green. Their next step was to escape the father's vengeance, and with the little means they possessed they secured a passage to America.

'They arrived in this country with only a few dollars in their pockets, but Mr. Hartley knew the names of some of Mr. Hanson's American correspondents, and to them he appealed for hospitality and guidance in a strange land. Had he been frank with them, all might have gone on well enough; but he possessed a certain timidity of character which made him fear the consequences of an open avowal of the truth, and he therefore allowed them to remain in ignorance of the terms on which he had quitted Mr. Hanson's employ. As a relative of the rich merchant, and the husband of his daughter, Hartley received every attention, and his wife, the co-heiress of that large fortune, was not neglected. But the bubble broke at last. Mr. Hanson's vengeance followed the delinquents, and the letters which he sent to his correspondents effectually put an end to all their civilities and services.

'Hartley thus found himself cast off by his agreeable associates and thrown upon his own resources, at the moment when those resources were of the least possible value. With some difficulty he obtained a small clerkship, and upon the scanty pittance derived from this he hoped to live until better fortunes should return. But he had not taken into consideration his own habits of expense, or his wife's utter ignorance of the value of money. Accustomed to the most unlimited indulgence, she never thought of the means by which it was to be procured, until she had learned some of those bitter lessons which experience alone can teach. The result of it all was that Hartley found himself at the end of the year in debt far beyond his means, while his wife, now the mother of a delicate babe, stood more than ever in need of the comforts which wealth alone could purchase.

'I have said that Hartley was a weak man; not weak in intellect, nor infirm of purpose, but weak in his resistance to the doubtful counsels of expediency. He was content if he could but put off the threatened evil, and therefore he was led into the crime for which he afterwards suffered punishment. He did not mean to wrong any one out of a cent; but he wanted money for present exigencies, and his position afforded him (as he supposed) means of obtaining the money and cancelling the fraud, until it should all be repaid. He forged the name of a well-known merchant as endorser upon a note of $300, and obtained the money. When the note became due he paid a small sum upon it, and gave a new note for the balance, forging the same name as endorser again. This went on for several months. No suspicion was excited, and Hartley hoped to pay off the whole amount in the course of another year; when, by some one of those trifling circumstances, against which no human ingenuity can guard, he was detected. The result was what I have already stated. He was a tenant of a felon's cell, and his wife, forgetting her habits of self-indulgence, had become the untiring, energetic woman of business, toiling day and night to provide for the support of herself and her little one, while she awaited with patient hope the hour of her husband's emancipation from prison.'

'And what will you do when he comes?' I asked, as she finished her recital.

'"I am trying to lay aside some money to carry us to the far west, where our disgrace will never be known," she replied.

'Hopeless indeed was the task her love had set, and as I looked on the frail, delicate-looking young creature, who thus spoke of "laying up money" from the pittance she received for teaching, I could not help feeling that even yet she knew little of the value of money. She had laid aside her husband's name for fear of exciting prejudice, and resuming that of her father, was generally regarded as a widow by those who employed her. She had never seen her husband since the gates of the prison closed upon him. Twice she had visited his abode, but was denied all access to him, in consequence of certain prison rules which could not be infringed. Yet in spite of discouragement and disappointments she struggled cheerfully on, hoping always for the best, and never yielding to a despondency which could only have paralyzed her strength of mind.

'And how dearly she loved her husband! I do not, I cannot believe he deserved such love from such a woman; if he had, he could never have been tempted to disgrace himself and her. But it was beautiful to see the devotion, the almost religious reverence, with which she cherished every memory of him. She never allowed herself to dwell long upon the crime he had committed, or the weakness which had led to it. But of his generosity, his tenderness, his devotion to her comfort, his nobleness of sentiment, his refined taste, his sweetness of temper—of all these things she would talk for hours, and endeavor to impress me with her own belief in his excellence. Then she would show his miniature, and in the fair, handsome face where I beheld the undoubted evidences of that feebleness of principle which led him into error, she saw the perfection of manly beauty and high-toned character. For the world I would not have tried to undeceive her; yet I looked upon her as affording one more instance of that lavish expenditure of affection, that useless waste of love, poured out at the feet—not of the real being—but of the idol our own hearts create.

'Two years of unflinching labor had somewhat impaired Mrs. Hanson's health and strength, when she received an offer of a liberal salary as assistant in a large boarding-school in the country. The prospect of a settled home, and the hope of benefiting her own health and that of her little Charley by a residence in the country, decided her to accept the offer. By this means I lost sight of her for several years, and she might have faded from my memory like a dream of my youth, but for a circumstance which at first was quite a puzzle to me.

'A friend of mine visited England—not as the mere tourist and traveller, but as the guest of an American gentleman who had for more than twenty years been the occupant of a beautiful abode in Warwickshire. Under such circumstances society always wears a different aspect to the stranger, and my friend soon found himself the object of attentions and hospitalities which nothing but a long acquaintance usually obtains. When he returned, he had much to tell and many delightful people to talk about, but he seemed to have been particularly charmed with a certain Mr. and Mrs. Garnville, whose neat but tasteful abode, fine library, and handsome equipage, were all in perfect keeping with the simple, dignified, yet elegant manners of their owners. They were an exceedingly handsome couple, too, and their children were perfect little Cupids.

'Are they rich?' I asked.

'"They have recently come into possession of a moderate estate, the bequest of a distant relative, who, with the singular tenacity respecting family names, so common in England, made the adoption of her name one of the conditions of the legacy. There is some romantic story connected with their early life which I never distinctly understood. The lady was an heiress, but made a runaway match, and was disinherited by her father. For a few years they took refuge in this country, but they never alluded to their residence in America, and I presume their recollections of poverty and exile were not agreeable."

'Who could have recognized in this picture of elegant affluence and comfort the portraits of the felon and his wife? Yet such was the fact.

'Hartley's term of punishment had nearly expired; five long, dreary years had passed since the gates of that living tomb had closed upon him, and his gentle, loving wife now awaited the moment of his deliverance with impatient hope. Quitting her situation in the school, she hired obscure lodgings in New York, and on the day when Hartley was liberated, he found his faithful wife waiting to receive him. Sadly did each regard the other, for sorrow had done its work on both. The bloom of Mrs. Hartley's cheek was gone, and the graceful bearing which had once been her husband's peculiar charm, was now exchanged for the cowed and downcast look of one who had drunk from the cup of shame, and trembled before the finger of scorn. He had lost his own self-respect, and nothing but the devotion of such a wife could have awakened him to a new trust and confidence in himself.

'A long fit of illness followed his restoration to freedom, and scarcely had he recovered when his wife caught the fever he had just escaped and was brought to the very gates of death. Notwithstanding all Mrs. Hartley's economy she had been able to save but little from her earnings; and the expenses of sickness soon exhausted their humble means. Poverty, hopeless poverty, sat at their bedside, and as they lifted their heads from the couch of pain, they saw nothing before them but a dreary waste of utter destitution. In vain Hartley tried to obtain employment. He had no friends to aid him; he could give no testimonials of character; and the few to whom he ventured to confide the truth, were unwilling to employ a convicted felon. The courage of manhood failed—the strength of manhood was crushed beneath the weight of poverty and disgrace. But woman, true to her own high nature, became the guardian angel in that hour of darkness. Her smile brought sunshine to the gloomy home of poverty, and even when want stood at the door, love kept watch within.

'In this terrible exigency, just when all hope seemed gone, a piece of torn paper, containing an advertisement for the heirs of a certain Mistress Margaret Granville, met the eye of Mrs. Hartley. Carelessly glancing over the paper, unconscious that it was of any moment to her, she read the names of the missing legatees, and first on the list stood the name of Charles Granville Hartley. It was a most unlooked-for piece of good fortune, for the testator was so remotely connected, and so little known even to her own family, that no one could have dreamed of expectations from so distant a quarter. Some kind friend was now found who advanced to the *heir in expectancy* the means of reaching England, and when once there her claims were easily established. Dropping his final name and taking that of Granville, as the testator directed, he found himself the owner of a fine property, which, though sadly dilapidated and fallen out of repair during the long life of its former owner, yet had every capability for improvement. After paying all minor legacies, there was a sufficient sum in the funds to provide for all necessary improvements in the estate, and in little more than two years after his liberation from a felon's cell, Charles Hartley Granville (as he now styled himself) was surrounded by all the tasteful elegancies of English life.

'He had been weak in principle, but he was not depraved in heart. The unexpected accession of wealth had removed him from temptation, and no man could be more just and honest and honorable in his dealings, than was the man who had paid so heavy a penalty for his one sin. His leniency to offenders against the laws, his mercy towards poachers, and his tenderness for young delinquents, gave him popularity with all the poor people in the county. But no one suspected from what a bitter source within his own bosom he drew the sweet waters of benevolence.

'Of the lovely and loving wife I never heard anything more direct than the information brought by my friend. She evidently feared to compromise her husband by awakening reminiscences in the minds of her trans-Atlantic friends. Yet I fancy I was long held in her remembrance; for during several successive years I received an anonymous packet from England containing some little memento of regard. But they were unaccompanied by any name, or anything which could identify the person from whence they came, and I can therefore only conjecture that while love forbade the indulgence of grateful feeling, there was yet a warm and kindly reminiscence of those who had befriended her in her evil days existing in the bosom of her to whom affection had been like armor of proof.

'I have told you a true story—true in all its main particulars; disguising only the names, and putting out of view circumstances which might have identified the parties to the few who knew their real history. Is it not a remarkable case of the saving power of affection? Tempted into dishonesty by the pressure of necessity—disgraced in the eyes of the world—deprived of freedom—condemned to associate with hardened felons—bowed down with a weight of remorse and shame—what would have been the end of the unhappy Hartley had he been cast out alone upon the world when his term of imprisonment expired? I pretend not to dispute the wisdom of laws framed by good and honest men—I venture not to lift my feeble voice amid the din of public affairs, or to whisper a woman's fancies in the halls of legislation; but it seems to me that as far as regards the marriage bond, there is more *true*, ay, and more *moral* philosophy in the impassioned verses of the poet, than in the projected law which would shut the light of wedded love from the convict's gloomy cell, and leave him no hold upon the future.'

[Written for The Flag of our Union.]

## A Man overboard!

BY MATURIN M. BALLOU.

There's a man overboard! Fearful cry on the sea;
Brace in the head yards! put the helm hard a-lee!
Luff up in the wind! quick! heave the ship to!
Pass the word for the watch there, and summon the crew!

There's a man overboard! Cut the life buoy adrift!
The tide bears him off, O, how fearfully swift!
Let go a boat there! cut the gripes with a knife!
Bear a hand, with a will, boys, the stake is a life!

One cheer to sustain him! now bend to your oars!
Fierce toss the blue waters, and loud the gale roars!
Their signal is answered, a faint cry is heard,
How they tax their strong sinews, yet speak not a word.

Ha! they see his dark form as it rises to view,
While loudly they cheer him, their efforts renew;
They grasp him—he faints—but the body is raised;
Their comrade is saved! God be praised! God be praised!

[Written for The Flag of our Union.]

# ELLA STANHOPE.

## A TALE OF THE MEXICAN WAR.

BY MARY BLOGROVE.

In an elegantly furnished apartment, of one of the largest buildings in the wealthy town of F——, Virginia, a beautiful girl was reclining upon a sofa. Both the room and its inmate were in keeping with the wealth of their owner. The massive chairs, ottomans and side-board were of the purest mahogany, while the rich carpeting pressed beneath the foot, as softly as the down of the cygnet. And a fit occupant was she who rested there, robed in a dress of snowy lawn, and a golden bracelet encircling either arm, while her complexion was of lily white, her forehead moderately high, her mouth extremely kissable, and her sunny hair fell in a flood of luxuriant curls over her neck and shoulders. But her dark, soul-full, blue eye was dimmed by the momentary cloud of sadness which swept over her soul, and the pale white muslin, which half concealed her features, was bathed in tears. She started from her reclining posture on hearing footsteps in the hall, and hastily brushing away her tears, at the sound of the low tap on her door, welcomed her visitor. We will pause a moment to look at the person who enters. He is of strong and manly mould, with a broad and intellectual brow, shaded by jet black curls, a piercing night-hued eye, and thin, firmly compressed lips.

'What, my Ella in tears?' he exclaimed, taking her gently by the hand, and leading her to the sofa.

'Tell me, dearest, has anything new occurred to trouble you?'

'O, Edward, to-morrow my father leaves for Mexico; then who will take care of sister and me?'

'I would gladly be your lawful protector, Ella, but that privilege your father has denied me, he does not think me worthy of you; and I have come to tell you that I too am going forth to win a name and fame on the battle-field. Your father will yet be proud to own me as a son; for, when I return, I will bring with me a title which Zachary Taylor himself need not be ashamed to own; though it may not be as high-sounding as his, it shall be the title awarded to true bravery and skill.'

'But should you *never* return, Edward, what will it profit you, or me either, that half America are singing your praises? Do not go, Edward, we should then be all alone.'

The young man drew her fondly to his heart, and kissed the burning tear from off her cheek, whispering words of kindness and consolation in her ear. She forgot her griefs, and her wonted smile returned.

It might have been an hour that thus they sat—they took no note of time; but they were interrupted by a hasty tread; the door was thrown rudely open, and the sternly contracted brow and lightning flashing eye of Mr. Stanhope, the father of Ella, stood before them. In the low, deep voice of fearful anger, he spoke—

'And so, Miss Ella, you have dared to disobey me, and receive again one whom I have forbidden to meet you more, and you, Mr. Grenville,' turning to Edward, 'have had the audacity to continue your visits, when I have taken good measures to inform you that they were anything but agreeable. To you, madam, I would say, prepare yourself instantly for your visit to your aunt's, and to you, sir, depart, and never cross my threshold again. It seems that a low-bred mechanic cannot take a decent hint, but must be ordered out of the house like an ill-mannered dog.'

Ella Stanhope's cheek blanched, but her eye gleamed with something of her father's fire, though she said nothing. While Edward Grenville rose calmly, proudly to his feet, and bending the light of his soul-reading eye, full on the angry countenance of Mr. Stanhope, he replied:

'That you have ordered me from the house, as you would an ill-mannered dog, I must allow. That I am a mechanic, whether low-bred or not, I do not wish to deny; but, sir, I met your daughter to-day, only to breathe a farewell, perhaps a last one in her ears, and inform her father that he will no longer be troubled with my presence, until the day shall come, however distant it may be, when he shall be proud to own me as a friend; yes, even as a son.'

'Until that time, sir, I gladly bid you adieu.'

Bending a softened glance on Ella, and bowing coldly to her father, he retired. Mr. Stanhope was at heart a kind man, and ardently attached to his daughter; but he was hasty, haughty, and self-willed. His mind was strongly tinctured with the prejudices common to aristocracy. His wife had long reposed beneath the soft turf and flowers of the churchyard, and Ella, a blooming girl of seventeen, and her thoughtless, happy sister of twelve, were his only companions. What wonder that he was chary of the companions they chose.

The morning sun fell brightly on the burnished metal spires of F——. The balmy breath of May came loaded with the perfume of the wild wood flower, but it failed to waken a thrill of joy in the hearts of Ella Stanhope and her sister, as surrounded by stage companions, they slowly wended their way to the house of a maiden aunt, about thirty miles distant. Two hours later saw a motley group of volunteers leaving the village of F—— for the sunny but blood-stained plains of Mexico, and among that number were Mr. Stanhope and Edward Grenville.

The afternoon of the same day found Ella and her sister alighting at the small but neat cottage of Miss Susan Stanhope, their father's only sister. She was a tall and somewhat elegantly formed lady, of about thirty-eight, with all the primness and precision usual in ladies who singly reach that age of life; but beneath that calm and placid dignity, an acute observer might trace a deep and abiding sadness, the result of an early and bitter disappointment. At her brother's removal to the more populous village of F——, many years previous, she had chosen to remain in the home of her birth, and watch the declining years of her parents, only one of whom now remained, and that one her father. She welcomed her nieces, with quiet and spinster-like pleasure, exerting every means in her power to render their sojourn with her agreeable.

Days wore slowly by in the retirement and solitude which surrounded Ella. Week after week she sped to the little post-office, with vain inquiry for news from those so fondly loved, and far away. At length a letter came—with trembling eagerness she broke the seal, and read. It was from her father. He had reached in safety his destined port, had already mingled in the scenes of soul-sickening carnage, but except the breaking of an arm, had sustained no injury. He was already weary of his life-destroying mission, and should return as soon as the time of his enlistment expired. He spoke kindly and affectionately to his daughter, for his more near acquaintance with the grim messenger, Death, had softened his proud heart. But he spoke not of Edward Grenville, except to say that he had enlisted in a different regiment from his own, and he had not seen him since. Ella could scarcely repress the sad thought that he had already tasted the steel of his foe, and now slept his lone sleep on the battle-field. But she fondly trusted that another time her father would know more concerning him. In this, alas! she was doomed to be disappointed. Another, and another letter came, but breathed no word of him who still sat on the throne of her heart. And the sunny bird of hope spread his bright wings, and plumed his pinions for flight, leaving behind a cheerless heart.

In the mean time, the skill and bravery of one Captain Munroe of the eighth regiment became the theme of every tongue. He was said to be a native of Virginia, and her press and people became loud in his praises. It was stated that he led his little band foremost in the fight, and his pathway, like that of the dreaded simoon, was marked by blight and desolation; that his foes fell before him like the panting bird beneath the steady aim of the hunter. That his courage was dauntless, and his skill unequalled. He was ever quoted as an example of a perfect soldier.

Time in his gilded car rolled speedily on, and following close in his track, came his old companion, change. The colonel of the eighth regiment passed to his dreamless slumber, surrounded by the din of war and the clangor of arms. His place was supplied by Edward Monroe. Captain Monroe lost none of his daring or ambition on assuming the rank of colonel.

Mr. Stanhope served his time, and returned to his home elder by many years than when he left. Ella and her sister again occupy their father's princely mansion—but see—on the brow of Ella Stanhope, too, the blighting hand of mutability hath left a trace. The bloom of happiness has passed from her cheek, the joyous light from her eye—she seldom mingles in the gay and aristocratic parties to which her station gives her free access. Might we lift the veil of maidenly reserve, we still should trace the memory of Edward Grenville in her heart, though his name has faded from her lip.

Another revolution of the tireless wheel of time, and the silvery note of peace had sounded across the wide extended plains of Mexico. The famous battles of Palo Alto, Cerro Gordo, Buena Vista, &c., were passed, and the gallant sons of freedom returned again to their peaceful occupations, although with their numbers vastly diminished.

Among the rest was Colonel Munroe, who now figured in the gay circles of F——. He was athletic in person, somewhat above the medium height, with a countenance much bronzed by exposure, a deep set black eye, long straight hair of the same hue, and an enormous pair of whiskers. Such was his appearance on his first return from the wars, and such when Ella accidentally met him at the house of a friend. She thought she could trace a faint resemblance to some former acquaintance. She looked again—those eyes certainly were like Edward Grenville's. He spoke—and the low deep tone of his voice thrilled every nerve in her frame, and woke a wonderful echo in her heart. But no, it could not be. Were those his glossy curls? That, his broad and ample brow? Indeed, he did not look half as well as Edward. With this she silenced the throbbing of her heart, though she shrunk from his earnest and admiring gaze.

Ella Stanhope was still beautiful. Her retirement had only served to render her more truly lovely; instead of the gay and happy girl, she was now the calm and intellectual woman. One might almost worship her, and not deem it sacrilege. What wonder, then, that the heart of Colonel Monroe yielded unconditionally at their first meeting? at least this seemed to be the case, for as weeks wore on, he became a frequent visiter at Mr. Stanhope's, where he was warmly welcomed.

One evening as he and Ella sat alone, in the elegant drawing-room of her father, he thus addressed her:

'Miss Stanhope, I have long waited for this hour, in which to tell you, how deep and wild are the feelings which you have awakened in my heart—much as I have mingled with the gay and beautiful, never have I met the realization of my ideal standard of beauty and excellence, until I met you—and then I saw all—yes, more than all which my wildest dreams had pictured. Tell me, lady, may I hope that I have awakened a kindred emotion in your heart?'

'Colonel Monroe, I will not say what might have been my feelings in regard to you; but I will be frank as yourself, and confess that before I ever saw you, my heart was given to another; and though that one now lies unburied on the battle-field, no other can usurp a place in my heart.

'"I do not doubt your worth, your truth,
I do not doubt your love;
But I gave my heart to him in youth,
And he bore that heart above.
Then seek a bride whose heart is free,
Nor longer woo in vain,
For she who once has loved like me,
Can never love again."

Such are my sentiments, and such they will ever be.'

Colonel Monroe did not look as desponding as might have been expected from a rejected lover. He relinquished the small hand which he held, and deliberately unfastening his whiskers, threw them upon the stool of embossed velvet at her feet; he then lifted the long luxuriant hair from his head, and placed beside it, displaying an ebon covering of glossy curls.

'Do you not know me, Ella?' he said, 'Edward Monroe and Edward Grenville are the same; and I have brought back the same true heart to lay again at your feet.'

Ella's mournful blue eyes opened wider than usual, as she followed his movements, and a happy smile of recognition parted her lips, as she replied: 'O, Edward, how could you deceive me thus, you know not the bitter tears which I have shed for you!'

'Am I not forgiven, my own Ella? I did but test your love, and win your father's approval; he has told me he would be proud to own Edward Monroe as a son; he cannot now refuse Edward Grenville.'

And Mr. Stanhope did not refuse, but welcomed him warmly to his heart: Although not cured of his prejudices, he was willing to admit that some good might come out of Nazareth.

It was in the beginning of October. The deep gold of eventide burned in the autumnal sky—the wind sighed somewhat mournfully through the leafless branches of the trees, but awoke no echo in the happy hearts which filled to overflowing, the elegant mansion of Mr. Stanhope. A merry wedding festival was gathered there. We need not describe the scene. It is an old and oft-repeated tale. The bride and groom were Ella Stanhope and Edward Grenville.

[Written for The Flag of our Union.]

## An Enigma.*

BY FRANCES S. OSGOOD.

I am nought in my sphere, yet I live not in vain,
For no note without me could be sounded again;
No orb could be known, and no telescope shaped,
If I from their primal foundations escaped;
In the comet for years I've been going my rounds,
And though I'm inconstant, I keep within bounds;
I am not upon earth, yet I dwell in the world,
In the cloud I am borne, in the pennon unfurled;
My sister and I in the moon sit together,
And I float in the snow and the down of a feather;
I am first at the oar, and all voyages share,
The boat, should I leave it, would fly thro' the air;
I rise in the roar of a storm on the ocean,
I'm seen there in person, and always in motion;
In the loveliest objects of nature I breathe,
In her diamonds I roll, in her roses I wreathe;
In her rainbow I bend, in her fountains I flow;
In the coo of her dove, and the bound of her doe,
In each song of the bird, in each fold of the flower,
I am seen, I am heard, but I go in an hour.
To myself I belong not, but always to you,
In your mouth, in your brow, in your soul, in your shoe;
I sit beside you in each hour of the year,
Though but once in a month can you see me, my dear.
I'm in love, but in doubt, and I cannot go out
Of my house but I'll be in a riot and rout.

Without me an emperor's title were lame,
Victoria owes me her crown and her name;
No oracle utters, no orisons pray,
No orator breathes, unless I lead the way;
Every rock, every manor, every bough of the tree,
Every stone owes its organization to me.
In toil and in trouble, in constant employ,
I'm strongest in sorrow, I tremble in joy;
I belong to love, logic, and nonsense and reason,
And though never in time, I am always in season.
Most strange transformations my presence will crown,
If I breathe through a gun it will swell to a gown;
I'm first in the onset, in midst of the foe,
With the sword, and yet never to battle I go;
The poet from me wins his name and his story,
The miser his gold, and the hero his glory;
If it were not for me, to her troublesome beau
A lady could never contrive to say, 'no.'
In music, the viol's soft breathing I aid,
In the organ and clarion proudly I'm played;
In pain, admiration, delight and surprise,
Each mortal to me for fit utterance flies;
In each thought, and emotion, and hope that you feel,
I breathe, though but softly, and lightly I steal.
With lofty and proud ones but once I am found,
But doubly to all that are poor I am bound;
But language would fail me in trying to name
One half of the places and spaces I claim;
If you keep a wood fire, look for me in the log,
Yet, though I'm incautious, I know I'm incog.

* The solution of the above will be given next week.

## Opponents of Reform.

Sidney Smith levelled the following knock-down argument against those opponents of reform, the enemies of progress, who interpose obstacles to all improvement, and are willing to perpetuate an evil, on the ground that any change is a departure from the views entertained by the fathers.

'There happens, gentlemen, to live near my parsonage a laboring man, of very superior character and understanding to his fellow laborers; and who has made such use of that superiority that he has saved a very considerable sum of money, and if his existence is extended to the common period, he will die rich. It happens, however, that he is, and long has been, troubled with violent stomach pains, for which he has hitherto obtained no relief, and, which really are the bane and torment of his life. Now, if my excellent laborer were to send for a physician, and to consult him respecting this malady, would it not be very singular language if our doctor were to say to him, "My good friend, you surely will not be so rash as to attempt to get rid of these pains in your stomach. Have you not grown rich with these pains in your stomach? Have not you risen under them from poverty to prosperity? Has not your situation, since you were first attacked, been improving every year? You surely will not be so foolish and so indiscreet as to part with the pains in your stomach?" What would be the answer of the rustic to this nonsensical monition? Monstrous of Rhubarb! (he would say) I am not rich in consequence of the pains in my stomach, but in spite of the pains in my stomach; and I should have been fifty times richer, and fifty times happier, if I never had any pains in my stomach at all.'

[Written for The Flag of our Union.]

## A Dream within a Dream.

BY EDGAR A. POE.

Take this kiss upon the brow!
And, in parting from you now,
Thus much let me avow—
You are not wrong, who deem
That my days have been a dream;
Yet if Hope has flown away
In a night, or in a day,
In a vision, or in none,
Is it therefore the less gone?
*All* that we see or seem
Is but a dream within a dream.

I stand amid the roar
Of a surf-tormented shore,
And I hold within my hand
Grains of the golden sand—
How few! yet how they creep
Through my fingers to the deep,
While I weep—while I weep!
O God! can I not grasp
Them with a tighter clasp?
O God! can I not save
*One* from the pitiless wave?
Is *all* that we see or seem
But a dream within a dream?

[Written for The Flag of our Union.]

## SWAPPING HORSES.

BY THE OLD 'UN.

The hero of the present sketch is a clergyman renowned for his eloquence, for his zeal in the cause of religion and good morals, and for the affability which characterizes him in private life, and endears him not only to his parishioners, but to a large circle of friends and acquaintances. Not to have heard the Rev. Mr. C. preach or lecture, is certainly to argue oneself unknown. We shall not, however, endeavor to point out the identity of this gentleman, from motives which will be obvious to our readers. One of his characteristics and an element of his success, is his power of abstraction. His mind frequently wanders away from the worldly affairs in which his bodily faculties are participating, or in vulgar parlance 'his wits are gone wool-gathering.'

On a certain occasion, Mr. C. had engaged to visit a neighboring town, for the purpose of speaking at a temperance celebration; and as there was no public mode of conveyance to the place in question, he was therefore obliged to hire a horse and sleigh. The stable-keeper, to whom he applied, was one of his parishioners; too happy to oblige his minister, he gave him one of the best turns-out in his establishment, a tight cutter. A splendid set of wolf-skin robes, and a pet horse of his own that was down to 2.40 time on a good track.

Mr. C. jumped into the sleigh, grasped the lines, the hostler let go her head, and off went the fast mare in slashing style, head and tail up, the ribbons streaming from her ears, and the merry bells ringing a triple bob-major in double-quick time. The reverend whip took but little heed of the swiftness of the pace, for his mind was otherwise engaged in arranging the heads of his discourse, and polishing the periods which were soon to roll in music from his lips, awakening the thoughtless to reflection, and raising up the sinner who had fallen.

Arrived in due time, he ordered his horse to be taken out, and then went to the meeting, where he was received with enthusiasm, and spoke with his usual brilliancy and success.

After the meeting was over (it concluded with a very prosy speech from a very dull but decent deacon of the old school), our orator re-entered his sleigh and started for home. Having put the horse upon the track, his mind wandered away as usual, and he forgot the loneliness of the road, the lateness of the hour, and the biting of the cold north wind.

Reaching the stable, he stumbled into the counting-room to announce his return, and deliver up the whip.

'Well, Mr. C., how did you like her?' asked the stable-keeper.

'Her? who?'

'Why—my mare.'

'O! she went very well.'

'I should rather think she did, sir. She's done her mile low down in the thirties, and I've been offered 1500 dollars for her.'

'She went better than she came back,' observed Mr. C.

'Well, that's queer!' said the proprietor of the fast mare—'it's commonly *wisy-versy*.'

'I had to use the whip, coming back,' persisted the lecturer.

The stable-keeper now became alarmed. His mare must be sick. He caught up a lantern, and rushed forth into the yard.

'Why, good heavens!' exclaimed he, as he surveyed the animal—'what have you here?'

And well might he wonder. The 'critter' standing in the fills was a perfect natural curiosity, and would have made the fortune of a travelling showman. He seemed like a combination of the cow and donkey, with an almost imperceptible dash of the rhinoceros. He was hammer-headed, sprung in the fore-knees, spavined, blind of one eye, destitute of a tail and shaggy as a bear. A more palpable fraud upon dogs was never before permitted to stand in the same amount of horsehide. The parson had exchanged horses with the old school deacon, and never discovered his mistake.

In the meantime, the old deacon, having delivered his discourse, ordered his horse and sleigh, bundled his wife and family into that huge and lumbering ark, pulled on his buck-skin mittens, took his seat, and started with his customary slash of the whip, and his usual 'G'lang! yo critter now.'

The fast mare was off like a shot. She was as thin-skinned as a poet, and couldn't bear the lash. Off she went like a rocket, or a swallow, or a runaway locomotive, or any fast thing you can imagine. The deacon was beside himself with amazement. The old family ark had never gone through the snow at *that* rate anyhow. As he whizzed past the tavern, the loafers of the village set up a hurrah, and shouted 'go it, Deacon Snooks!' The deacon tugged on his lines with all his might and main; but he might as well have tried to stop a locomotive with a piece of pack thread. The orchards and shoemakers' shops flew by in a bunch, and the mile-stones were all knocked into a vulgar stonewall. He got home in little less than no time. His eldest son rushed out to meet him with:

'What *have* you got there, father?'

'Beelzebub in harness, I do verily believe,' replied the honest deacon, as he tumbled out of his sleigh scared out of his wits.

'You've been a trading horses,' said the youngster, 'and you've made a first-rate swap.'

And so he had, only it didn't 'stay put.' The next day the owner of the fast mare made his appearance with the old man's nag, having got over ten miles in little more than half a day, and demanded restitution of his property. The deacon, who was 'an honest man like his father the deacon before him,' gave up the 2.40 animal without a murmur, and cheerfully took back his 'family horse' that had borne an excellent character for twenty-four years, and would sooner die than run, while the owner of the former, mentally resolved then he would never again let out his 'werry fast crab' to go to a temperance lecture.

# THE FLAG OF OUR UNION.

F. GLEASON, PROPRIETOR.

MATURIN M. BALLOU, EDITOR.

☞ The terms of The Flag of our Union are $2 00 per annum, invariably in advance. The paper is always discontinued at the expiration of the time paid for.—See imprint on the last page.

☞ All communications designed for publication in the paper, must be post paid, and addressed to F. GLEASON, *Boston, Mass.*, Proprietor of The Flag of our Union.

### To our Correspondents.

'The Secret Panel, or the Spirit of the Hartz Mountains,' a story by Sylvanus Cobb, Jr., shall appear next week.

'Spring,' a fine poem, by W. M., accepted.

'Marti the Smuggler,' a story of the low latitudes, by our regular contributor, LIEUTENANT MURRAY, filed for next week.

'Stanzas,' by O. G. W., accepted.

'The Pedagogue, a humorous sketch, brim full of fun, from our regular contributor, THE OLD 'UN, next week.

'The Past,' a poem, by C. M. W., accepted.

'Pat Gallagher's Ghost,' an Irish sketch, by our regular contributor, JOHN BROUGHAM, shall appear in our next.

'Life's Seasons,' a sweet poem, by Mrs. H. W. A., shall appear in the next issue of the FLAG.

'The Jealous Lover's Excuse,' a poem, by our regular contributor, Mrs. EMMA C. EMBURY, filed for the next number.

'Hermione, the Foundling of St. Antoine,' a Tale, by our regular contributor, FRED HUNTER, will be commenced in the next number of our paper.

'The Cid, from Froissart,' a poem, by our regular contributor, Mrs. FRANCES S. OSGOOD, in our next number.

'The Chieftain's Daughter,' 'My Lovely Margaretta,' 'When on the stars I gaze,' 'The Indian's Grave,' 'Flowers of Earth,' 'A Welcome,' 'California,' 'The Talker,' 'The Bridegroom's Dream,' 'A Sonnet,' and 'The Orphan's Lament,' are respectfully declined.

☞ No poems or other articles will be received for this paper, unless accompanied by an authentic name.

### False Pride.

This is the most cankering and bitter trait that possesses the heart of man, and has ruined more souls than any other vice, for it may be set down as their chief. What leads the humble trader with limited income to far outlive his means, and spend his profits in the support of a costly house in a more costly situation? Pride. What isolates a man from the genial and cheerful intercourse of his fellow-men? Pride. What leads a sensitive mind, when sorely pressed by misfortune and bowed down by disappointment, to end this life by self-destruction? Pride. What is that which undermines and gnaws at the roots of every virtue? False pride! There is an honest pride, such as makes one ashamed to do an evil act—such a degree of self-esteem as makes one above doing an injury to any one—but it is the pride that sets one above his fellows that we would deprecate—that spirit which would demand homage to itself as better and greater than others. In the name of good sense, how can any one feel thus, when it is realized that the entire life of man is but a moment in the scale of eternity, and that in a few short days, at most, we must all go from here. When the soul is about to depart, what avails it whether a man dies upon a throne or in the dust?

Pride is like an empty bag, and who can stand such a thing *upright*? It is hollow and heartless, and, like a drum, makes the more noise for its very emptiness. What is there in us to induce such a sentiment? Who can say with truth, 'I am better than my neighbor?' Some shrewd philosopher has said that if the best man's faults were written on his forehead, they would make him pull his hat over his eyes! Ah! there is so much of good in those who are evil, and so much that is bad in the best, that it ill becomes us to judge our neighbors harshly, or set ourselves up for saints at their expense.

Let those who feel above their fellows, view the heights above themselves, and realize their littleness; for as there is none so vile but that a viler hath been known, so there is no saint but a holier can be named. Let us, gentle reader, guard our hearts, that no such principle may enter there, and we shall thus be protecting our own happiness and peace of mind, and set an example to others becoming us as good Christians and useful citizens; and when we see those deluded mortals arrogate to themselves all that is great, such as hold themselves the salt of the earth, we must remember that God will surely melt the frozen, snow-capped cliffs of pride like an iceberg in the tropics!

### Mrs. Butler's Readings.

Judicious praise is all very well, and proper enough, and the public look to the press to see a fair criticism upon public performers and lecturers; but *soft soap* is a cheap and dirty article at best, and when used to besprinkle a public object, it generally creates disgust in the public mind. Now we have listened with unquestionable profit and pleasure to the lady's readings whose name heads this paragraph; but if one half that the New York press is saying of her is true, she would excel Minerva and every goddess that is chronicled. Gentlemen, pray quell your rhapsodies.

THE ROYAL HOUSEHOLD.—There are some interesting statistics on the last page relative to Queen Victoria's establishment. By the by, as her ladyship is likely to have an increase of family, according to the English papers, and as Parliament always grants a handsome sum on the birth of each prince or princess, the reader may add to the items specified in the article, another figure of about fifty thousand dollars per annum. A mere trifle to bring up a royal baby upon.

'ON THE DEATH OF A FATHER.'—A poem, by Mrs. L. H. Sigourney, thus entitled, and also a prose sketch, entitled, 'A Pack of Cards turned into an Almanac and Prayer Book,' by Lewis Gridley, which appeared in the Boston Odd Fellow, the former article week before last, and the latter last week, both without credit were written for 'The Flag of our Union.'—Neighbor Cochran probably found them floating about without their paternity attached.

MUSICAL.—The Italian opera troup that have been performing so successfully at Havana have returned to this country. It will be remembered that Tedesco—the sweet prima donna, belongs to this troup.

WHO'D A THO'T IT!—The Savannah Republican man had the first mint julep of the season sent to him. Guess the giver knew his customer.

CANADA.—Trouble is brewing in the Canadas, and they will be coming the republican game over England before long,—mark this as a fact.

Dow, Jr., of the Sunday Mercury, is 'e'enamost' as good as Punch himself, and twice as profitable.

### The World about us.

It is rather odd that we know no more of what is going on about us. Our tastes and desires, if they indicate an inquisitive character, or a wish for practical knowledge and information, show us to be looking far away for these things, without casting so much as a glance at those scenes of knowledge within grasp of our very hands. We are too apt to reason, that, if we could travel abroad, in distant lands, perhaps we might become wiser, like some persons to whom we have had to look up. The fact is, if we look about us with a judicious purpose of learning, and of observing all that is valuable and worthy of study, we shall find that we live in a very clover-field of wisdom, with the honey laden-ed blossoms lifting their heads about us, and inviting us to pluck their sweets. Do not allow yourself to tramp along the same road day after day, and year after year, but turn sometimes into a new path to gather knowledge by the way-side. We know many individuals who plod on daily to their place of business, for instance, through the same streets and by-ways that they have done these ten years, and who are little better than hermits in the crowd, who could easily get lost in any section of their native city. As an example, we knew an old Frenchman in New Orleans, who actually had never crossed out of the French part of the city, and who had not the most distant idea of what the St. Charles Hotel looked like, though he might possibly, by some accident, have once got a glimpse of its dome. Leigh Hunt tells of a man who had resided six and thirty years in the square of St. Peter's at Rome, and then, for the first time, went inside the Cathedral! How many there are in every city like these two men? The fact is, everything is teeming with intelligence, if we consult it, and knowledge stalks abroad at every corner. Let us look about us, then, examine, compare, solve and understand.

### Deposition of the Pope.

The public have become so accustomed to hearing of a king dethroned and a republic established, that such a trifling affair is now scarcely heeded at all. Thus we see the press comparatively silent on the late deposition of Pope Pius the ninth, and the solemn act of the people of Rome which has established a republic in the holy city. This purpose has not been hastily consummated, but has been brought about coolly and with the utmost deliberation. The Pope is assured that if he pleases, he can return to Rome, and that his *spiritual* character shall be cordially acknowledged and upheld; but he will never again be accredited as a temporal prince or ruler. This is doubtless, excepting the dethronement of Louis Philippe, the most important political act in Europe these many years, and cannot fail to have a great influence upon the political world. There is probably not one of our readers who is not fully aware that it was the Pope himself who evoked the spirit of freedom and republicanism which burst forth, first in France, and like an uncontrollable volcano has burned ever since, lighting the masses of Europe to the halls of the temple of Liberty!

### Wise Judges are we.

The London Times newspaper was seized with symptoms of the most holy horror when General Scott led the Americans against Vera Cruz, and denounced it as being the very height of barbarism in this enlightened age, to fire upon a city, demolishing houses and human lives! So it was a terrible thing; but will the editors of the London Times be so good as to cast their eyes to the operations of the English army now in India, where 'annexation' is going on amid carnage and desolation. Perhaps, gentlemen, your benevolence will be again aroused when you contemplate the bloody bombardment of *Mooltan*, so fatal to the inhabitants, and resulting in such trifling loss of life to the besiegers.

HUDSON THE LECTURER.—Our readers will remember this eccentric Shakspearian lecturer who has delivered his readings or lectures upon the immortal bard in most of our principal cities. He has just taken orders in the Episcopal Church. We hope he will be a little less radical in his religious discourses than he was in his public lectures.

ITALY.—The late events that have taken place in Tuscany show most conclusively that all Italy is verging on republicanism; and unless Austria, Sardinia, and other powers should interfere to re-establish the authority of the Pope, the republican flag will soon float on every fortification and palace from Boulogne to the straits of Messina!

ONE VOTE.—At an election for judge of the polls, in the Mt. Carbon district, Schuylkill county, Pa., Mr. Joseph George received *one vote*, and there being no other all day, was declared duly elected.

CALIFORNIA MUNCHAUSENISM.—A fresh batch of stories, calculated for the green ones, are going the rounds of the press about gold, as being more plenty than dirt in the valley of the Sacramento. All true, of course.

'TRIPPINGS OF TOM PEPPER.'—Don't the editor of the New York Mirror think seriously that some evil-disposed person may have cut off the end of the story thus entitled, which has been publishing in that paper for some years.

HAPPY REMARK.—Ex-President Polk, in a speech at Richmond, Va., on his way home, paid a happy and just compliment to the character of the American citizen. He said, 'I am no longer a *servant*, but one of the *sovereigns* of the nation.'

JOHN BROUGHAM.—We shall have the pleasure of introducing this talented and popular author to our readers next week, as a regular contributor. 'Pat Gallagher's Ghost,' from his pen, will appear in our forthcoming number.

W-H-E-W!—One of our cotemporaries tells an 'orful' hard dog story—hard to believe, we mean—about a dog's buying a bottle of gin for his master. He must have been a 'rum 'un,' that dog.

COMMERCIAL.—The first full-rigged craft ever built on the Upper Mississippi, is to be launched shortly at St. Louis, and is to proceed *direct* to California.—*Exchange paper.*

Then she'll go over-land, of course.

SECRETARY OF THE NAVY.—We understand that the present secretary of the navy, Hon. W. B. Preston, is a grandson of Patrick Henry.

THE BLUE VELVET BONNET.—Read this capital story from our regular contributor, Fred Hunter, on the last page.

SAVANNAH, GEORGIA.—This city is to have its streets improved by planks being laid down, *a la* plank roads in New York State.

### Commerce of the World.

CAREFULLY PREPARED FOR THE FLAG OF OUR UNION.

*France* exports wine, brandies, silks, fancy articles, furniture, jewelry, clocks and watches, paper, perfumery, and fancy goods generally.

*Italy* exports corn, oil, flax, wines, essences, dye-stuffs, drugs, fine marble, soap, paintings, engravings, mosaics and salt.

*Prussia* exports linens, woollens, zinc, articles of iron, copper and brass, indigo, wax, hams, musical instruments, tobacco, wine and porcelain.

*Germany* exports wool, woollen goods, linens, rags, corn, timber, iron, lead, tin, flax, hemp, wine, wax, tallow and cattle.

*Austria* exports minerals raw and manufactured, silk thread, glass, grain, wax, tar, nut-gall, wine, honey, and mathematical instruments.

*England* exports cottons, woollens, glass, hardware, earthen ware, cutlery, iron, metallic wares, salt, coal, watches, tin, silks and linens.

*Russia* exports tallow, flax, hemp, flour, iron, copper, linseed, lard, hides, wax, duck, cordage, bristles, furs, potash and tar.

*Spain* exports wine, brandy, oil, fresh and dried fruits, quicksilver, sulphur, salt, cork, saffron, anchovies, silks and woollens.

*China* exports tea, rhubarb, musk, ginger, zinc, borax, silks, cassia, filagree-work, ivory ware, lacquered ware and porcelain.

*Turkey* exports coffee, opium, silk, drugs, gums, dried fruits, tobacco, wines, camel's hair, carpets, shawls, camlets, morocco and coffee.

*Hindostan* exports silks, shawls, carpets, opium, sugar, saltpetre, pepper, gum, indigo, cinnamon, cochineal, diamonds, pearls and drugs.

*Mexico* exports gold and silver, cochineal, indigo, sarsaparilla, vanilla, jalap, fustic, Campeachy wood, pimento, drugs and dye-stuffs.

*Brazil* exports coffee, indigo, sugar, rice, hides, dried meats, tallow, gold, diamonds and other precious stones, gums, mahogany and India rubber.

*West Indies* export sugar, molasses, rum, tobacco, cigars, mahogany, dye woods, coffee, pimento, fresh fruits and preserves, wax, ginger and other spices.

*Switzerland* exports cattle, cheese, butter, tallow, dried fruit, coal, linen, silks, velvets, lace, jewelry, paper and gunpowder.

*East Indies* export cloves, nutmegs, mace, pepper, rice, indigo, gold dust, camphor, benzoin, sulphur, ivory, rattans, sandal-wood, zinc and nuts.

*United States* export principally agricultural produce, cotton, tobacco, flour, provisions of all kinds, lumber, turpentine, and wearing apparel.

### A Warning.

The Post Master at Townsend, Vt., writes to us that a person calling himself S. W. Hill, has been through that neighborhood, representing himself as agent for almost any of the city papers, for which he solicits subscriptions; but it seems that he pockets the funds himself, as no papers are forthcoming. We have no such agent as the one named above. It is singular that people will allow themselves to be thus imposed upon. To be sure some of these swindlers have forged certificates, and thus deceive even the most cautious. Now it is easy enough for any one to avoid all danger of fraud. Just enclose your subscription in a letter, through the Post Office, directed to the publisher of the Flag of our Union, and there is no fear of any mistake; the paper will be sent by return of mail.

### HERMIONE,
### THE FOUNDLING OF ST. ANTOINE.

A ROMANCE OF THE CONTINENT.

This is the title of the next story that will be commenced in the Flag. It will be sufficient recommendation for it, when we say it is from the pen of our regular contributor,

FRED. HUNTER,

author of 'The Child of the Wreck,' and other tales familiar to the readers of the Flag.

PAOLINA.—This excellent story is completed in the present number, and we shall issue it at once in book form, when all those who desire to preserve it in this shape can do so, and those who have not been able to obtain all the numbers of the Flag containing it can supply themselves. We have heard but one expression from all in relation to the story, and that has been in high commendation.

ROMANTIC.—There is a story current, that when the present Pope was a youth, and in the Guardia Nobile at Rome, he fell deeply in love with a beautiful English girl. She refused his suit, although he was handsome, young, and noble, on account of the difference of religion; he took the matter so much to heart that he retired to a convent, became an ecclesiastic, and eventually pope.

JUSTICIA is informed that we think enough has been said upon the subject of ether. If it would do our correspondent any particular service for us to reprint last year's presidential message, or some other document that has been published all over Christendom, we will do it, but, good gracious! who cares about the ether controversy!

CERTAIN CURE FOR THE CHOLERA.'—Two hundred drops of laudanum in a pint of raw brandy. The above has been known to cure several cases. —*Boston Post.*

CURE.—We'll bet that dose will cure a person of anything, and more than that, they never will be troubled with sickness, *or anything else*, afterwards.

'Upon examining the edge of the sharpest razor or lancet with a solar microscope, it will appear as broad as the back of a knife—rough, uneven, and full of notches and furrows.'—*Exchange paper.*

Wouldn't some men's consciences present a queer aspect, if it were possible to view them through the same magnifying power?

FLOGGING IN OUR NAVY.—The convicts in our prisons are no longer subjected to the brutal punishment of the lash, while the gallant seamen of our navy are daily lashed to the gratings and whipped. A black spot this, upon our naval escutcheon.

THE PRESIDENT.—A friend from Washington informs us, that General Taylor has lost thirty-four pounds of flesh since he was elected to the presidency.

RUSSIA SALVE.—This patent medicine will either cure anything, from a burn to a guilty conscience, or else the advertisements tell 'direful' wicked fibs!

THE NEW ADMINISTRATION.—The press still find a fruitful theme in speculating upon the policy of the new President and his cabinet.

FRESHET.—Chicago has lately been visited by a flood that destroyed one hundred thousand dollars worth of property.

### From our Foreign Files.

Elihu Burritt was lecturing at Aberdeen.

There are seven ships at Bordeaux bound to California.

The queen has sent a splendid diamond ring to Charles Kean.

The volatile Frenchman is renewing his love of theatres, dancing, and all the gayeties of social life.

The Sultan of Turkey has lately given permission to the Jews to build a synagogue, or, as they prefer to call it, a temple on Mount Zion.

Late London papers state that the House of Commons are about to pass a law making insolvents ineligible to sit in that body.

The Carlisle Journal states that a few days ago, on Coniston Falls several sheep were uplifted into the air by a whirlwind, and one of them so high, that it was killed by the fall.

A society has been formed at Potsdam for the avowed purpose of eradicating from the German language all words adopted from the French or any other tongue.

It is stated that Queen Victoria is once more in a condition which holds out a prospect of her presenting the country before long, with an additional prince or princess.

Within three months after the new law of divorce was adopted in France, there were as many divorces as marriages, and in eighteen months, 20,000 divorces were registered.

The condition of Ireland continues to be most lamentable. One account says that the famine years were halcyon ones when compared with the present. The sand banks in some districts are dotted with the corpses of the dead.

Russia is claiming now, in good earnest, parts of the territory of Turkey, and occupying it. The British have protested against it, and things look as though the long anticipated struggle for power was on the eve of commencing between Great Britain and Russia.

### Dewdrops of Wisdom.

Keep thy shop, and thy shop will keep thee.

Nothing is so indomitable, so stubborn and so mighty, as a principle.

Fame is a glass castle, erected by public opinion, for the better observation of its inmates.

True religion speaks in actions more than words, and manifests itself chiefly in the common temper of life.

A poet that fails in writing becomes often a morose critic. The weak and insipid white wine makes at length excellent vinegar.

Good nature is the very air of a good mind, the sign of a large and generous soul, and the peculiar soil on which virtue prospers.

A man of learning, without a knowledge of the world, is like one who has a deal of gold, but no small money in his pocket.

Locke says: 'Every sect, as far as reason will help them, gladly use it; when it fails them, they cry out, "It is matter of faith, and above reason."'

There is no vice or folly that requires so much nicety and skill to manage, as vanity; nor any which by ill management makes so contemptible a figure.

Education is not the putting a sharp weapon into a man's hand, but training him to employ for good purposes whatever weapon may come in his way.

Small acts of kindness! how pleasant and desirable do they make life! Every dark object is made light by them, and every tear of sorrow brushed away.

Prefer solid sense to wit; never study to be diverting without being useful; let no jest intrude upon good manners, nor say anything that may offend modesty.

It requires courage to read aloud to the world a page from the heart's book, yet it is well that it be sometimes done. We should manage things better were we more communicative.

A skeptical young man, one day conversing with the celebrated Dr. Parr, observed that he would believe nothing which he could not understand. 'Then, young man, your creed will be the shortest of any man's I know.'

### The Joker's Olio.

Why is a counterfeit note like a bar of iron? Because it is forged.

What is more like life, than your face in the glass? Why, your face *out* of the glass.

The locomotive is the only good *motive* that can be given for *riding* a man on *a rail*.

A wag calls taking the route across the Isthmus, 'going through the little end of the horn.'

A certain judge in Vermont used to charge the jury, that 'things of a doubtful nature are very uncertain.'

It wont do for a man to bump his head against a stone post, unless he *conscientiously* believes that his head is the hardest.

There is a man down-east with such a hard character that he is obliged to wash himself with cast steel soap (Castile soap.)

A contemporary says that congress has voted to purchase General Washington's *dairy*. Going into the milk business, perhaps.

'There, John, that's twice you've come home and forgotten that lard.' 'Really, mother, it was so greasy that it slipped my mind.'

It was a smart child who asked his father, a while since, what kind of wood the 'Board of Trade' was made of!

The editor of the Wisconsin Sentinel does not boast of the *size* of Wisconsin 'babies,' but says they are an uncommon *sure* crop.

'Why,' said an inveterate joker, a few days since, 'is a young dandy, with large, bushy whiskers, selfish and pedantic? Because he is a *he-goat-ist*' (egotist.)

I think that to be strong and able to whop everybody (not to do it, mind you, but to feel that you were able to do it), would be the greatest of all gifts.

### Miscellaneous Scraps.

Flame is air rendered white hot, and is exceedingly light; for this reason the blaze of a candle always takes an upward direction. The flame in a candle is hollow; the outer parts only being flame.

Charles Hoffman, the author, we are pained to learn, from a private source, has met with a severe affliction, having become insane. This sad event adds another to the melancholy cases on record, of the casualties incident to men of letters.

The inauguration ball at the City Hall, in Washington, yielded about $11,000, or $3000 above the expenses, which sum will be divided between the two orphan asylums of the city—a most noble and benevolent use to make of the funds.

Tables of the railroads of the United States, recently published in the American Railroad Journal, exhibit the extraordinary fact that 6421 miles of railway were in actual operation at the commencement of the year 1849, within the limits of the United States.

Ex-Governor Slade of Vermont is delivering lectures in Chicago on the subject of Education in the West. The National Board of Popular Education, of which Governor Slade is the agent, has sent out to the West during the forty-two years 110 school teachers, at a cost of about $10,000, 96 of whom are now engaged in active duty.

The 'Semaphore' states that the last English mail which left Marseilles for India contained such a quantity of letters that the additional postage amounted to 120,000 francs ($4,800). Previous to the reduction in the postage of letters, the mail for Algiers consisted at most of five bags; since then the number has increased to eleven.

One of the last acts of the late Postmaster General, was the appointment of Mrs. Maria J. Hornbeck to be Postmistress of Allentown, in place of E. R. Newhard, resigned. Mrs. H. is the widow of the late Hon. John W. Hornbeck, and has a large family dependent upon her for support.

### Quill and Scissors.

We are emphatically a nation of soldiers; with our mother's milk we imbibe lessons of patriotism. The duty of defending the country is inculcated as the first a freeman should learn and the last he should forget.

A respectable looking couple who stopped at a hotel in Troy on Wednesday night, went off the next morning, leaving in their room an infant, three months old, for the happy landlord to take care of.

The Paris correspondent of the Courier says, 'of three things rest assured—Louis Napoleon is a true republican; he is a sagacious politician; and his government will be sustained by the people.'

A rencontre recently took place near St. Louis, Mo., between David Goodfellow, sen., and David Goodfellow, jr., in which both were shot. It is doubtful if either was a good fellow.

It is confidently stated that the King of Sardinia has resolved to take up the cause of the Grand Duke of Tuscany, and is about to march, with an army of 12,000 men, for the purpose.

Mr. Colman says that to such perfection is agriculture carried in Flanders, that two and a half acres are considered ample for the support of a man and wife and three children.

A new play by Mrs. Ellett, entitled 'Walter Raymond,' has been produced at the Walnut Street Theatre, in Philadelphia, Mr. Murdoch playing the part of the hero.

The treasurer of the Norfolk Seamen's Friend Society acknowledges the receipt, from different sources, of $1,744 91 toward the erection of a sailor's home in the city of Norfolk.

Judge Cranch, of the highest court of the district of Columbia, has decided that Mr. Bain is entitled to a patent as well as Prof. Morse. *This breaks up the telegraph monopoly!*

A corps of engineers, with a detachment of United States dragoons and one of infantry, have been ordered to survey and cut out a road from Fort Smith, Arkansas, to Santa Fe.

The county almshouse at Ghent, near Chatham, N. Y., was destroyed by fire on Friday. In one portion of the building six lunatics were confined, three of whom perished in the flames.

The Plough recommends smokers to try hops instead of tobacco, observing that the fragrance is balsamic, and, diffused in a bed-chamber, will often bring calm, refreshing sleep.

In Pittsburg, Mr. William B. Scarfe stuck a brass pin into his finger while dressing, was seized with excruciating pains, and was expected to die in consequence.

In 1836, only thirteen years ago, there were not 5000 white inhabitants between Lake Michigan and the Pacific Ocean! Now there are nearly a million.

The young lady who is hasty, and in too great a hurry, will never get a lover to take her hand, but be left with nothing but her wits at her fingers' ends.

There has been a run upon the People's Bank of Patterson, New Jersey, and the bank has been compelled to pay out all kinds of coin to keep the machinery in motion.

The arrivals at the port of Chagres from Dec. 27, 1848, to Feb. 16, 1849, a period of 52 days, comprised eighteen vessels and 1663 passengers, chiefly from New York.

The laborers on the levee in New Orleans, celebrated inauguration day by parading through the streets and shouting 'Old Zack and three dollars a day.'

Mr. Albert Spearing, of Monroe, was caught in the gearing of a shingle machine, in Bradley, Me., and instantly killed. He left a wife and two children.

In 1848, there were 805 alarms in London. The loss by fire in that city for the last 15 years, is not one fourth as much as in the city of New York.

The health officer of the port of New York receives annually fees amounting to $70,000, or three times as much as the President of the United States.

Gun-cotton was used by the Bombay column of the British forces in cannonading Mooltan. It is said to have been fearfully effective.

The jail of Roanoke county, Va., was entirely consumed by fire, lately, by a negro attempting to burn out one of the windows to make his escape.

Horace Vaughn made the past season one hundred barrels of wine from vines growing wild within a few miles of East Greenwich, Rhode Island.

The President appointed the Cadets at large for West Point, just before his term expired. He gave two to the north, and eight to the south.

D. D. Titus, of Springport, was run over near Auburn, by a railroad train, and instantly killed. His head was crushed to atoms.

Barney O'Donnell was hanged March 15, in Troy, N. Y., for the murder of the Italian organ-grinder, Antonio Ratto.

A young woman committed suicide at Governeur, N. Y., a few days since, by taking cedar oil, by the advice of her seducer.

8,000 men, and many of them non-residents, own all the land in Ireland, upon which 8,000,000 of people depend for subsistence.

A man named Bridge has been recently hanged in Iowa. We suppose it will be said of him, that he is another suspension bridge!

It is asserted that Gen. Taylor shook hands with 5000 ladies after returning to the White House on inauguration day.

The notorious Jim Webb, supposed to have been concerned in the robbery of the government jewels, was arrested in New York.

Massachusetts constitutes only 1-448th part of the American Union, so far as territory is concerned. She is little, but smart.

Mitchell, the captive at Bermuda, is to be sent to the Cape of Good Hope as a free emigrant, in consequence of ill health.

John Lachet, an overseer on Mr. Michon's plantation, Chef Montour, La., was found murdered, by a slave probably.

James Jordan, of Cranberry Township, Pa., aged 78, was put in prison on the 21st ult., on the charge of having poisoned his wife.

The discovery of the California gold will enable the American republic to supply the world with sovereigns.—*Punch.*

Horace Johnson has been arrested at Detroit, charged with manufacturing and issuing counterfeit half dollars.

A missionary writes from Malta, that a newspaper in the Italian language, under religious auspices, is about to be established there.

Henry Anderson, of South Windsor, Con., hung himself—31 years old, easy circumstances, leaves wife and children.

The Cincinnati Despatch chronicles the capture of a *pike* in the Ohio, weighing forty-seven pounds!

Andreas Hall was hanged in Troy, N. Y., on Friday, along with Barney O'Donnell. Both confessed.

Peter G. Van Beuren committed suicide in New York by shooting himself with a double barrelled pistol.

Three catamounts were killed in East Penn. Township, Carbon Co., Pa., last week, by Mr. Charles Rehrig.

The island of Borneo furnishes gold dust, and produces annually about $50,000,000 worth.

Ninus and Semiramis, who reigned 2017 years B. C., had armies amounting to nearly two millions of fighting men.

The Mormons in California are getting more gold than anybody else.

A colored woman died in New Orleans, recently, aged 131 years.

Guizot has 150,000 francs for his late work entitled 'Democracy.'

The Sisters of Charity are about erecting a new Hospital in Philadelphia.

A lynx measuring five and a half feet was killed in Waterford, Vt., recently.

U. S. steamer Iris has been sold at Norfolk for $23,610, on foreign account.

### Local Matters.

### The Newspaper Boy.

Few of our citizens, who buy their penny paper daily of the newspaper boy, ever give a second thought to the little vender himself, but pay their copper and pass on, unheeding. He's a queer chap, the newspaper boy; generally born of Irish parents, his father dead, and his mother either too dissipated and abandoned, or else too poor to heed him, he gets on by his own exertions solely, and sleeps in friendly sheds and the driest alleys he can find. If successful in his day's sale, perhaps he affords himself 'lodging' in some cellar or garret, at a cost of ten cents; but after paying a fourpence in the forenoon, and a like sum in the after part of the day, for the two plates of beans that usually form his sole nutriment, he finds little money left for any other purpose. Perhaps, taken by the glowing title of some flash play at the theatre, he employs the sum total of his profits in the purchase of a gallery or pit ticket, at ninepence, and enjoys the blood and thunder scenes of the piece with critical taste, as to the manner in which the 'agony is piled on.' His delight is in the sanguinary scenes, when the hero fights hand to hand, and when trap doors open and shut the oftenest. During the intervals of the play, he amuses himself by uttering the shrillest cries with his fingers introduced into his mouth, or by screaming most assiduously to the orchestra for 'physic.' He is bound to do his best to have every song and dance repeated, because it makes the fun last the longer, and to keep time to the performance of the music with his feet. He's good authority as to the merits of Hyer and Sullivan, and has somehow or other a most correct knowledge of the statutes relating to indigent boys and street hawking. He's always ready to earn a penny by doing an errand, holding a horse, or the like; and although he knows every nook and corner of the city, considers State street the court end of the town. He doesn't hesitate at a trifling theft, and considers the House of Correction very good winter quarters. As he grows up, chance sometimes gives his life a happy and fortunate turn; but generally he becomes an accomplished rascal. Such is a picture from life of four-fifths of the newspaper boys who daily thrust the papers in your face, as you pass down State street in the morning.

### Pitcairn's Island.

This interesting spot, one of the most easterly of the Polynesian group of islands in the Pacific ocean, is chiefly rendered notorious from the fact of its being the refuge of the mutinous crew of Captain Bligh's ship, the Bounty. The mutineers, after turning their officers adrift to perish, at length sought out this isolated, and until then uninhabited spot, and settled here, with wives picked from the Pacific isles. We were lately much amused by a description given of the spot, by the lecturer at the exhibition of the panorama of a Whaling Voyage, now exhibiting in Washington street, in which the island is fully represented. It is a fertile and beautiful spot, some seven miles in circumference, with an abrupt rocky coast. The population consists of about an hundred persons of both sexes, being descendants of the mutineers, and as children of European fathers and Polynesian mothers, they present an interesting link in the human race. They are tall and robust, but not very handsome, hospitable, quite intelligent and civilized, and in comparison to the inhabitants of the other islands, highly moral. Their form of government is patriarchal and republican, all having a voice, and even the females voting for their officers, who are chosen yearly. They are very punctilious in religious duties; and, on the whole, form a family of peculiar interest and romance.

### Amusements.

At the Beach Street Museum, Barney Williams has been convulsing his audience with his irresistible humor. The opera of Ernani has had a fine run at the Howard Athenæum. At the National, a new piece, called the Pride and Glory of France, has been produced with good success; and the Water Sprite, lately brought out at this house, has been continued nightly to good audiences. The Forty Thieves, with all the original music, scenery and dress, has been produced at the Boston Museum in the most superb style, employing nearly an hundred assistants in its nightly representation. The scenery is the best we ever saw placed upon the stage, and is entirely new, from the rise to the fall of the curtain. It must have an immense run, and deserves the extraordinary patronage it receives. Not a standing place is left unoccupied during its performance. The laughable farce of Slasher and Crasher is still provoking the audiences at this house to the most immoderate degree of mirth. The panoramas of the Creation of the World and the Deluge, a Whaling Voyage, and of the River Rhine, are as popular as ever.

### Fountains in the City.

The fountain on the Common has delighted every one who has seen it play in its various graceful forms. That there is plenty of water no one can for a moment doubt; and now give us more of these beautiful and enlivening ornaments to our city. We venture to say that there is hardly any other plan that would so add to the appearance of the city, so beautify the squares and purify the air, as that of increasing the number of fountains. What is there, on a hot, sultry day, more glorious than a fresh, sparkling *jet d'eau*, cooling the air and delighting the senses?

BOLD BUSINESS.—A man was stopped in the middle of the Common, a few evenings since, at about eight o'clock, and his money demanded. Some one approaching the spot, the rascal ran away. Our watchmen should be in stronger force, and *better armed*, or else gentlemen who have occasion to be out in the evening should carry *protectors*.

DR. BAIRD'S LECTURES.—This gentleman's lectures upon Europe, now delivering at the Tremont Temple, are in the highest degree interesting and instructive. If our readers would post themselves up in foreign matters, let them go and hear the doctor.

NEW FIRM.—We see that a couple of gentlemen in this city advertise that they have associated themselves in business as *civil architects*. Isn't this some new business?

IMPROVEMENTS.—Washington street is being improved at the corner of Essex street. A splendid block of stores will be erected at once on the spot of the old house, just removed.

CLEAN STREETS.—Four hundred men, with many carts and horses, were employed one day last week in cleaning up our streets.—They are none of the cleanest yet.

THE WEATHER.—The warm rains we have had lately are just in time to wash the face of Spring.

VISITERS.—Our hotels are full of strangers.

## OUR OLIO COLUMN.

### Twenty-one Riddles.

We find the following in an old scrap-book lent to us by a friend. It is rather curious, and will serve to amuse for a while those who will try to solve the several parts.

1 Dean Swift often speaks of a queen whose name,
Read backward or forward, is always the same.
2 Call a kitchen maid by it, and still the same name,
Read backward or forward, is always the same.
3 A prophet of old had a mother whose name,
Read backward or forward, is always the same.
4 And of female recluses we know that the name,
Read backward or forward, is always the same.
5 When you speak to a lady, you'll find that the name,
Read backward or forward, is always the same.
6 When a child, you were dressed in a thing, whose name,
Read backward or forward, is always the same.
7 Then, too, you were fed with something, whose name,
Read backward or forward, is always the same.
8 You may travel abroad in a carriage whose name,
Read backward or forward, is always the same.
9 You may pass over a flat piece of ground, whose name,
Read backward or forward, is always the same.
10 Where the lamb trots about by a creature whose name,
Read backward or forward, is always the same.
11 You may go out and walk at an hour whose name,
Read backward or forward, is always the same
12 Or you may ride at a subsequent hour whose name,
Read backward or forward, is always the same.
13 If you hear a gun, you'll hear something whose name,
Read backward or forward, is always the same.
14 And your dog may hunt well, though no longer his name,
Read backward or forward, is always the same.
15 Your bird, too, may sicken on something whose name,
Read backward or forward, is always the same.
16 You may quaff a strong drink, made of wheat, whose name,
Read backward or forward, is always the same.
17 Or stare at a giant whose dwarfish name,
Read backward or forward, is always the same.
18 But this you can't do with a thing whose name,
Read backward or forward, is always the same.
19 If you write in defence of sound doctrine, its name,
Read backward or forward, is always the same.
20 Do but take a sly look, and of this, too, its name,
Read backward or forward, is always the same.
21 Ay, whatever is done, believe me, its name,
Read backward or forward, is always the same.

### Parody.

The following is supposed to be the soliloquy of many a California stricken fellow, meditating a descent on the 'gold diggings.'

To go—to stay—that is the question!
Whether it were better to toil and sweat,
And tug at home for a poor short pittance;
To wear a brimbroken hat, a torn shirt,
A rusty coat and rended trowserloons,
With never a dollar to spare to take
Your 'gial' to ride. Whether it were better
To be a clerk, a servant of servants,
A very slave, and retail dry goods
By the ell or yard. Whether it were better
To wear one's brief life away in scribbling
For the daily press—better to puzzle the brain
Over some knotty case of law—
Better to endure the proud man's contumely,
The pangs of despised love, the world's neglect,
Or pull up stakes, and budge for the placers,
There to sift gold for a time, and then return
With a pocket full of rocks.

### A Chain of Triads.

Three furies are there—Fear, Remorse and Hate—
That vex with mortal hands our mortal state;
Yet they are guardians of a heavenly gate.
Three graces are our stars—Life, Beauty, Truth—
Primeval sisters, bright in endless youth,
That cheer man's slavish toil with peace and truth.
Young Abel lies a wreck in childless death,
Cain withers in his own envenomed breath,
Yet hopeful Eve is yearning still for Seth.
The rain that wets the summer's joyous leaves,
The beam that dries them, and the wind that heaves;
Each spirit gives a charm, and each receives.
Three destinies are throned o'er all supreme—
Life, Death, and Growth: wild shapes of clouds they seem,
Yet rule the ages' work, the moment's dream.
Three nations were there in the world of old,
Who from their graves all earth's dominion hold—
The Jew, the Greek, the Roman bold.
Prose, Song, and Gabble, are three modes of speech,
The only ones on earth for all and each,
Sense, essence, nonsense, as they can to teach.

### Love.

Love! love! thou art a feather,
Blown about by every weather;
Now a breeze will give thee breath,
Then anon 'twill be thy death.
Sometimes lounging in a bower,
Sipping sweets from every flower;
Then, when cooler fits are on,
Were a leaf and thou art gone;
Or perchance the sunshine may
Glow too brightly on thy way;
Or if it should turn to shade,
Thou wilt fly the gloomy glade.
Love! love! I fear thou art
Of selfish temper, fickle heart;
Like the changeful April shower,
Storm and sunshine in an hour.
Thou canst wear a smiling face,
Though it still bears passion's trace;
Fond and fickle, light and free,
Love, say what can equal thee!

### The Matter accounted for.

God Cupid, one day, with his quiver well stored,
Sallied forth upon wickedness bent;
Right and left his insidious love messengers poured,
And hearts by the hundred were shamefully scored,
To the mischievous archer's content.
Till at last he encountered king Death on his way,
Whose arrows more fatally flew;
In vain did the emulous urchin display
All his craft—his companion still carried the day,
For his shafts were like destiny, true.

Now Cupid, annoyed at the other's success,
Invoked cousin Mercury's aid,
Who having for mischief a talent no less,
Changed their quivers so featly that neither could guess,
Such complete transpositions were made;
The result up to this very hour you may see,
For when very old folks feel love's smart,
Cupid's arrows by Death surely wielded must be;
But when youth in its loveliness sinks to decay,
Death's quiver must furnish the dart.

*Knickerbocker.*

### Tom Moore a Pirate.

Some man in Missouri has made a discovery which has hitherto eluded the vigilance of our quarterly reviewers, namely, that the poet Moore stole his 'Minstrel Boy' from the nursery classics. He gives the stolen and the original lines, and leaves the public to judge.

THE PLAGIARISM.

The minstrel boy to the war is gone,
In the ranks of death you'll find him;
His father's sword he has girded on,
And his wild harp slung behind him.

THE ORIGINAL.

Little Bo Peep has lost her sheep,
And don't know where to find 'em;
Let 'em alone, and they'll come home,
Bringing their tails behind 'em.

### Sonnet to Zachary.

O glorious Zach, heaven shield you from disaster!
You'll see the capitol completely filled
With 'new recruits,' not waiting to be drilled,
But eager for a chance to drill their master!
Such squads of office-seekers!—I'm afraid
You'll be quite murdered by the hungry band
Claiming 'appointments' from your noble hand
That really are 'not fitting to be made!'
From foes, good general, you have nought to fear—
You've faced their cannon and their loudest roars,
But how'll you stand the thousand friendly bores
That point their brazen muzzles at your ear?
From hostile troops no danger now impends—
But heaven preserve you from your troop of friends!

### The Button.—AN EPIGRAM.

John, who is always too punctilious,
Got up one morning rather bilious,
And thus began to scold:
'Say, where's that button! you're a wife
To worry out a fellow's life—
How oft must you be told?'
But madam, with a ready wit,
That cured her spouse's angry fit,
Cried, 'dearest, do not scoff
About that little button, John—
I really meant to put it on—
But then I—*put it off*!' *Boston Post.*

### For a Drinking Man.

It beats the brain, it spoils the memory,
Hastening on age and wilful poverty;
It drowns thy better parts, making thy name
To foes a laughter, and to friends a shame.
'Tis virtue's poison and the bane of trust,
The match of wrath, the fuel unto lust.
Quite leave this vice, and turn not to 't again,
Upon presumption of a stronger brain;
For he who holds more wine than others can,
I rather count a hogshead than a man.

### Motto for an Album.

Here friendship's galaxy shall shine,
In tender, pure, unclouded light;
A ray each thought, a star each line,
Forever fixed, forever bright.

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[Written for The Flag of our Union.]

**Give.**

BY E. N. GERMAINE.

They pass the beggar by,—
Not a soul heeds the child;
No voice doth reply,
To her questions wild,
And she stands, O God, neath a winter sky,
Asking for bread,
To give to the dead,
For the soul had fled!
She begs amid palaces, and gold
Untold;
Amid churches, with bells gay,
Telling the hour of day,
But none within, to pray.
Carriages roll on,
Haughty borne,
Glancing with scorn,
In a moment gone.

Now the golden sunbeams fall
On all—all—
The shadows tall,
Of tower and wall,
Doth the weary eye appall.
A thousand feet
The pavement meet
Like the roar
Of the sea,
Dashing free
Against a rock-bound shore.
The hungry winds are held at bay
Throughout the shadowed day,
By the hills lying gray,
Far away.

Now the child, with steps light,
Hastens through the street,
Through the gloomy night
She takes her flight,
A dead mother to meet.
In a desolate room, in an alley drear,
She died of hunger, and cold, and fear,
And this in a Christian land,
Where countless churches stand!
Carefully,
Prayerfully,
Let us remember the house that was built upon sand.

'Merciful God!
Why is the rod
Of chastening
Hastening
On me?
We have never broken
Thy commandments spoken;
O, open
Thine ear to my earthly prayer!
Jesus!
Son of God!
I knew her lips will never more,
Speaking to me words of love
Again.'

How slowly
And lowly
She breathes in pain!
She sigheth,
She dieth—
Her spirit has fled!
She's gone among angels—
Amen!

[Written for The Flag of our Union.]

**The Frigate Bird.**

BY OSCAR G. HUGHAN.

Bird, of plumage rich and rare,
I would soar with thee in air;
Through the broad expanse of blue,
Purer visions I would view.
Far from scenes where mortals weep,
On thy pinions I would sweep;
Gaily o'er the sparkling wave,
Where thy pinions thou dost lave.
Lend, O lend me, then, thy wing,
Lonely wanderer, airy king!
Let me now my flight begin,
I would flee the earth's loud din.
Man has made this world, once fair,
The birthplace of unceasing care;
Hearts 'gainst hearts, till life is o'er,
Wage a dark, relentless war;
And when death has kindly freed
A heart that lived alone to bleed,
Buried neath the sod 'twill lie,
Perished e'en from memory.
Far from earth's conflicting thrall,
I would live, if live at all;
Give, O give me, then, thy wing,
Lonely wanderer, airy king.
Storms may ruffle thy soft breast,
But they soon are hushed to rest;
Leaving nothing in their train,
That can give thy bosom pain.
Soon are ye upon the crest
Of heaving waves, with plumage drest;
Knowing not that ye have been
Dazzled by the lightning's sheen.
But when storms distract the mind,
Sad the ravage left behind;
Tearful eyes and wasted cheek
Utter more than tongue can speak.
I with thee could brave the power
Of angry tempests for an hour;
But the constant weight of care
This poor heart can never bear.

[Written for The Flag of our Union.]

**A Fragment for the Newly-Married.**

BY THE BARD OF SOUHEGAN.

The cord of love, that close hath bound,
A single stroke may sever;
And woe the day when once 'tis rent,
For time can mend it never.
Love is a plant of curious growth—
A gentle gale may break it
When least expected; and when storms
Have tried in vain to shake it.

And when the silver cord is broke,
It never can be mended;
Ne'er be the cord it was before,
Though some have so pretended.
For some remembrance of the fault,
Which was, perhaps, a small one,
Is always left, and will be sure
Most wretchedly to gall one.

A laugh, a pun, a careless joke,
Many a breach hath wrought,
And harsh words spoken unawares,
Too many hearts have parted.
Then strive, my friends, by word or deed,
Ne'er to wound the feeling;
A tiny stroke may cause a wound,
Will take whole years in healing.

[Written for The Flag of our Union.]

**Sorrow.—A Sonnet.**

BY THE GREEN MOUNTAIN BARD.

Thou, Sorrow, fill'st the earth—for everywhere
Are sown thy seeds of devastating woe,
And who the grandeur of thy power may know,
For who may count the victims of despair!
Each day, each hour, each moment hath its share
Of pain—thy first-born—birthright of our race;
And on this wide, wide earth there is no place
Where we defiance to thy power may dare.
For if we seek the halls of mirth, thou'rt there—
Or pleasure's train—still do we meet with thee;
And should we fly to earth's most hidden lair,
There thy dread form would ever present be.
Thou hast all times, all places for thine own,
The crowded mart, and woodland cottage lone.

# MISCELLANEOUS.

[Written for The Flag of our Union.]

## THE BLUE VELVET BONNET.

A PARISIAN TALE.

BY FRED. HUNTER.

It was Sunday night in Paris. The busy, nervous, excited French capital but rarely finds itself asleep; yet on the Sunday night to which we now allude, so quiet were the streets, the gardens, the very patrol itself, that, as the bell-tongue of old Notre Dame pealed forth the hour of one in the morning, a casual visitor in the great metropolis might have suspected that even *Paris* sometimes slept!

The Procureur du Roi was alone in his library. The hour might seem unseasonable—and so it would be in fact to many—but even on the Sunday night we speak of the Procureur was busy in his quiet sanctum; for the times were troublous in France, and this important official found himself compelled to devote the midnight hours to certain matters in his province which could not be safely managed by daylight. He had just closed a huge *portefeuille*, containing valuable and exclusively private documents, and was in the act of rising to deposit it in his secret escritoire, when a slight rap at the door of his studio arrested his attention.

It was an extraordinary summons at this unusual hour—at the entrance to his private retreat; and the Procureur du Roi stood for an instant amazed. The door was fast—his orders had always been of the strictest character touching the permission of visitors to approach *this* apartment—and he could not comprehend this singular call. He made no reply, and the low, gentle knock was instantly repeated. He quickly placed his budget of papers out of sight, and turning to a drawer in the desk at which he had been engaged in writing, he drew forth a superb silver-mounted pistol. Then pressing his foot upon a spring beneath the table, as the knock was again repeated, the fastening at the side of the wall receded, and the door opened of its own accord, as the Procureur pronounced the words, 'Come in!'

At the same instant a sharp click might have been heard as the Procureur drew back the pistol-hammer; for he had not the remotest idea who could thus have ventured to intrude upon his privacy, and he did not choose to be taken at disadvantage. But he quickly lowered the muzzle of his weapon, and his surprise was greatly increased as he gazed towards the entrance, and beheld the form of a female, whose graceful carriage, as she advanced towards the table at which the official sat, convinced him at once that she was young, at least, if not beautiful! Her figure was slight, but well rounded, her person was well formed, and she was habited in a neatly fitting *pelisse*; she wore a BLUE VELVET BONNET, tastefully placed upon her head, from which depended a thick veil of *berege*, hiding her face entirely from view, and in her hand she bore a small casket.

'Madam!' said the Procureur, sternly, ere she had accomplished five paces beyond the threshold.

'Monsieur le Procureur!' responded a voice in tremulous tones, as the form of the female still advanced towards him.

'How's this, madam?'

'Hear me, monsieur——'

'How gained you entrance hither?'

'Pardon my rashness, monsieur, and listen to me,' continued the sweet voice, whose plaintive but musical tones had made a deep impression upon the Procureur.

'We are alone. Do not importune me, I conjure you; but rather have compassion upon a female who appeals to you in behalf of one dearer to her than life, who is convicted of a crime he is innocent of, but who must die ere to-morrow's sun shall go down, unless you, monsieur—you will save him!'

'Me, madam! Of whom do you speak?'

'Of Edmund Dufonte—'

'*Dufonte!*' exclaimed the Procureur; 'he is condemned for a terrible crime.'

'But you, monsieur, can save him.'

'It is too late, madam! Already——'

'I tell you, Monsieur Fuegare, you *must* save him!' continued the now excited and singular being before him. Then lowering her voice to a whisper, almost—'Monsieur,' she continued, 'Edmund Dufonte is innocent of the crime he is charged with. His unfortunate associations have been his ruin, and in his blind attachment to the welfare of the guilty, he has neglected to avail himself of the *proof* of his innocence!'

'Madam, this is all an enigma to me. The prisoner should have taken steps at an earlier day to have shown himself guiltless of the charge, which circumstances have so clearly fastened to his skirts.'

'Circumstances! Ay, monsieur; this it is which has caused his dilemma. And now I pray you hear me. It is *not* too late. Twelve hours have yet to elapse, ere the moment arrives which is fixed for his execution. O, monsieur! speed in this work of mercy—save the innocent Edmund, as you value your own future peace! Suffer me to depart as I came—do not pursue me, do not annoy me unnecessarily. What I have now spoken is *truth*, as there is a Judge above us; and you shall find it so. Here, within this casket,' continued the strange visiter, as she placed the box before him, 'you will find the duplicate of the proof, transcribed from the originals with my own hands. Promise me you will examine the contents of this box within the next hour, and I am content.'

The Procureur du Roi gazed upon his mysterious visiter in utter astonishment. How she could possibly have gained admittance to the door of his own private apartment, he could not conceive; and what the meaning of her earnestness and peremptory manner was, he could not determine. But she pointed significantly towards the box, the clock struck *two*, and she seemed impatient and anxious.

'Twelve hours hence, monsieur, unless you will it otherwise, Edmund Dufonte will be no more. I ask you to examine that casket at once—have I your promise?'

'I will attend to it, madam.'

'I may now retire unmolested?'

'Go, madam; I have no wish to detain you. But—'

'I know what you would add. Your guard is attentive, watchful, faithful. Let me escape as I entered, and I shall have no trouble. If I fail here—the king must be apprised.'

'You are at liberty, madam.'

'I shall be with you again to-morrow, at ten o'clock, monsieur; *Bon soir!*' added his visiter; and so saying, she darted from the room. A bell instantly tinkled near by, and a gen-d'arme quickly entered the studio.

'Quick, Colin! A female has just left this apartment in a dark dress, blue velvet bonnet, and veil. Haste! Follow her to *her* home, and report her address to me at daylight—away!'

The gen-d'arme disappeared *instanter*, and soon found himself on the pavement outside the house. The Procureur du Roi turned at once to examine the contents of the casket. A small key was attached to the handle of this box, but the Procureur halted in his movements for an instant, as he thought of Fieschi's dreadful machine, and the various plots which were constantly resorted to by the guilty, to destroy or injure the officers of government. But the remembrance of the tender tones of that sweet voice which he had just listened to re-assured him, after a moment's hesitation, and placing the key in the lock, the contents of the casket were exposed to his gaze.

There were two envelopes, covering each a sheet of French post paper within the little box; and opening the first, he found a brief letter, written (or rather copied) in a disguised female hand. Running his eyes hastily over the lines, he read as follows:

'HOTEL DU RENARD ROUGE, MONDAY EVE.
'Dear Edmund:

'Do not fail to meet me as we agreed, near the garden wall of the Hotel du Cardinal Fesch; sharp ten, remember. I cannot go there alone, you know. The scoundrel P—— has bled me of every crown of my present month's allowance, as well as of the next in prospective; for he holds my acceptance for the amount. I will be avenged on him yet; he is a rascally *cheat*. Would it not be well to be prepared for emergencies? I shall carry no weapons save my usual pocket "comforter." Remember *ten*—and that I rely on your friendship. *Au revoir.*

'ERNEST.'

At sight of this signature, the paper trembled in the Procureur's hand, and a sudden expression of pain pervaded his hitherto calm countenance, as if a sting had shot to his very heart! Again he read the lines of the brief missive before him hastily, and as he finished the final word once more, his cheek blanched and he gasped for breath! Seizing upon the other envelope, he quickly opened it, and his already terrified fancy received an additional shock as he perused its startling contents!

'PRISON ST. PELAGIE, MIDNIGHT.

* * * 'But a few hours' respite remains between your lover and eternity! You are already apprised of my determination. You did not promise it, but when I claimed it, I asked the favor as *the last* I should ever demand at your hands—that the casket I entrusted to you should not be opened until I was no more. *You* cannot save me, surely—the fiat has gone forth, and though innocent, I am doomed! Ernest was my *first* friend; but for his kindness I should never have known my dearly-loved J——; he has escaped suspicion, and I am content to die, that *he* may be saved! Believe me, when I re-affirm to you my innocence. *His* hand struck the fatal blow, the gambler P—— had robbed him, and incensed at his repeated injuries, he demanded satisfaction and justice, which his adversary refused. I dashed between the combatants; at the instant the weapon fell, I wrenched it, dyed in gore, from the hand of Ernest as he drew it from the frightful wound. The gambler fell, and Ernest fled as the police seized upon and forced me away to prison. I cannot expose him; he committed the act in a moment of frenzy. I am prepared—and will only add my final adieu! When you shall read this, Edmund Dufonte will be no more—he will have paid his last debt—he will have saved the friend he loves. Heaven bless you, dearest, and him——adieu!

'EDMUND DUFONTE.'

The letter fell from the hand of the Procureur du Roi, and he was utterly at a loss to comprehend the overwhelming suspicions which flashed upon his heart. Was Ernest really the guilty man? Was Edmund innocent? Who was his strange visiter? She had acknowledged the hand-writing—but it was plainly disguised. What was her interest in the matter? How came she within his dwelling unobserved, at midnight? But time pressed—the king was at Versailles—the death-warrant had been signed—the execution had been ordered at two o'clock, and the hour of three in the morning was now tolling. What was to be done? In the midst of all these conflicting thoughts, the gen-d'arme he had despatched upon the trail of the female in the blue velvet bonnet, suddenly returned.

'Who is she, Colin?' asked the Procureur, in haste, as the spy re-entered the apartment.

'I could ascertain nothing, monsieur.'

'No?' asked the officer, disappointed.

'No, monsieur. I proceeded instantly, agreeably to your orders, to the street; but no living object was in sight, save the night-patrol upon the corners, above and below the house. They had been there fifteen minutes, and no one had passed. I have searched in all directions, inside and outside—but no such person as you describe can be found.'

'It is very singular; you may retire, Colin,' said the Procureur; and he turned again to the curious letters upon his table, which he perused once more in deep thought. The name affixed to the first one, was that of *his own son!* He had been absent from home since the rendering of the verdict against Edmund Dufonte—and none knew where he had gone. The father's heart sank within him, as he contemplated the frightful peril of his child; but his sense of justice reminded him that efforts must be put forth at once to save the innocent.

The casket had evidently been opened by the original recipient of it, two days earlier than Edmund had intended. But the Procureur had not forgotten the words of his mysterious visiter, who assured him that a failure with *him* would force an appeal to the *king*. In this contingency, the life of his own son would be perilled by the disclosure; as it was, he might save both Edmund and Ernest. The lady in the blue velvet bonnet would call at ten in the morning. Another hour passed—the clock struck four—morning broke in the east—and within half an hour afterward, a vehicle drove rapidly away from the door of the Procureur du Roi, on the way to the palace at Versailles. He had four leagues to make; but ere the hand upon the dial pointed to the hour of six, the carriage reached the garden gates. The watchword was given from the window of the vehicle, the sentinels presented arms, and the Procureur dashed up the avenue leading to the palace, in hot haste.

By direction of Monsieur Fuegare, a watch guard had been posted at the entrances of his mansion, and full an hour before ten o'clock, the doors of the residence of the Procureur were blocked by the forms of faithful spies, who were charged with the duty of observing whence the strange visiter came, who had taken so deep an interest in the fate of Edmund Dufonte. The clock struck ten at last, no being was in sight of the guard, the door of the Procureur's studio was secured as usual, and the nearest gend'arme approached the latter for an instant, to be certain of the fact, when he most unexpectedly discovered the strange female standing before the entrance. Alarmed at the absence of monsieur, and evidently fearing for the result, she turned quickly to the guard, exclaiming:

'I would see Monsieur le Procureur.'

'Enter, madam,' said the soldier, instantly opening the door with his private key. 'Monsieur will soon return.'

The stranger was quickly relieved by this reply, and five minutes afterward the Procureur made his appearance, covered with dust. He had just returned from a private interview with his majesty, the king.

'Now, monsieur,' exclaimed the lady, in an earnest, but trembling tone, 'the hour has arrived! Tell me, what is to be the fate of Edmund Dufonte?'

'No power, madam, short of the king's can save the man condemned to death, by the laws of France, for the frightful crime which Dufonte is now charged with.'

'He is *innocent*, monsieur,' repeated the girl, firmly.

'How came you in possession of those letters, madam?'

'I have no time, monsieur, to waste in answering questions. His majesty is at Versailles, and your answer decides my course. A carriage awaits me, even now, within a stone's throw of your door; and unless you bid me hope, within the next hour, the cause will be laid before the king. Speak, monsieur, and quickly!' continued the stranger, impetuously.

'You will at least inform me, madam, how you—'

'Suffice it, Monsieur Fuegare, that the papers are genuine. I received from Edmund, late last night, the casket enclosing the originals, as a final memento of his devotedness to her he loves. The parting gift was accompanied by his most imperative request and injunction that its contents should not be exposed until after his execution, to-day; and even then, that no eyes, save her's to whom it was addressed, should ever know what the box contained. Curiosity, despair, whatever you may deem it, monsieur, urged me at once to examine it. I did so—you know the result—you are aware, monsieur, how deeply you are concerned in this matter, and I would ask again, what am I to hope for?'

'*Me?* *I* concerned, madam?' stammered the Procureur.

'Ernest, who signs the first letter, *is your son*, monsieur!' continued the mysterious female, in a subdued tone of voice. 'You *may* save him—you *must* save Edmund Dufonte! Quick, monsieur! time presses!' added the female, and she moved to depart.

'Hope for the best, madam,' said the Procureur du Roi, and the hand of the maiden stretched towards the door of the studio.

'We shall meet again at *two* o'clock, monsieur,' added the stranger, and the blue bonnet disappeared. The guard followed her to the street, around the corner. She sprang into a calèche, and dashed away, eluding pursuit—the gen d'arme not being prepared to follow the conveyance.

The Procureur du Roi had discovered the peril of his son—he was convinced from these and other circumstances now within his knowledge, that the tale was no fiction; he felt that the guilt of Ernest might readily be made manifest, and he had suffered no unnecessary delay to elapse in the morning, after perusing the letters, ere he communicated with his sovereign, who confided in the Procureur most implicitly. Besides, the almost unparalleled generosity of Edmund towards his friend called loudly upon monsieur to aid him in his present trying emergency. But who was the mysterious girl in the blue velvet bonnet?

In the meantime, Edmund had resigned himself to his fate. He knew his innocence, though he was found guilty in the eye of the law, which had condemned him upon circumstantial evidence; but then the reeking knife, fresh from the murdered man's heart, was found in *his* hand, at the moment the victim fell; and he could not avoid the final crushing result. But his conscience was free from compunction—he had saved a fondly-loved friend from death, and he was content. He bade adieu to his relatives at last—he was left alone with a priest, and a few minutes afterwards the final summons came.

The cheek of Edmund Dufonte was pale, but his step was comparatively firm, his head erect, as he passed along the gloomy corridor of his prison. He advanced to the court-yard—a file of gen d'armes accompanied him in his silent march, and turning an angle beyond his prison-house, he suddenly beheld the scaffold! For an instant Edmund halted—faltered—for the terrible sight almost overpowered him.

'Forward!' said the executioner, firmly; and the prisoner walked on, without further apparent emotion.

Five minutes before two o'clock a carriage rolled up before the prison-door, from which emerged the tall form of a gentleman, who instantly gained admittance to the scene within, the sentinels presenting arms as he passed the portal. It was Monsieur Fuegare, the Procureur du Roi. And following immediately, there came a calèche, from which there emerged a young female. She presented a signet-ring to the guard, who quickly gave way, as she rushed by them. It was the stranger in the blue velvet bonnet.

Edmund Dufonte mounted the scaffold, the priest pronounced a final prayer, the lookers-on murmured an expression of pity for the handsome youth who was so soon to suffer for a supposed crime, and the hand upon the dial pointed to one minute of two o'clock.

The Procureur du Roi rushed along the avenue—he came in view of the scaffold; and he bore in his hand a white parchment.

'Quick!' screamed a voice behind him; and turning, he beheld the form of his midnight visiter, who hurried down the path.

'Hold!' shouted the Procureur du Roi, as he advanced rapidly to the foot of the platform, and beheld the headsman about to execute the duty of his office; and the clock struck *two!*

'A reprieve! A pardon from the king!' exclaimed the officer in command, seizing the document from the hand of the Procureur du Roi; and a wild shout of congratulation ascended from the sympathizing multitude.

The arms of the prisoner were quickly released—his pardon was pronounced—the crowd rent the air with their enthusiastic hurrah—and Edmund Dufonte sprang from the scaffold to embrace the form of his deliverer—the mysterious visiter of Monsieur Fuegare.

The Procureur du Roi insisted that the generous, innocent Dufonte should instantly enter his carriage, and proceed with him to his own dwelling, in company with her who had effected his escape (for purposes of mutual explanation), and in a few minutes the now happy lovers were seated before monsieur, in his private studio.

'The details of this unfortunate affair are known, I believe,' said the Procureur du Roi, 'but to ourselves. My son has disappeared, none knows whither. This morning, before I left with your pardon, Monsieur Dufonte, I received a missive from him, without date, confessing his crime, and praying for my intervention to save you. That is accomplished; I congratulate you upon your escape. And now, madam, allow me to know to whom we are all so deeply indebted for this well-timed delivery,' continued he, addressing the female stranger, earnestly.

With a trembling hand did his gentle visiter remove the thick veil which shadowed her fair features from view, and restless was the anxious eye of the Procureur du Roi, as his glance sought the beautiful face which had hitherto been entirely excluded from his gaze, beneath the blue velvet bonnet. But the blood rushed from his heart; he sat transfixed in his chair; he could not trust his senses, as he listened to the now altered tones of that voice, hitherto so successfully disguised. Astounded, he gazed upon that face and heard the words:

'*Father, forgive me!*'

'Josephine! My God—no—no!' yelled the Procureur du Roi.

'Monsieur, *your* pardon, now,' continued Edmund Dufonte, and the two lovers knelt at his feet, hand in hand.

Monsieur Fuegare saw it all. His *own daughter* it was who had gained entrance so mysteriously to his private chamber; it was his loved Josephine who had secretly favored the innocent and generous Edmund; it was his child who had saved her lover—who was alone the party (beyond those immediately concerned) who was conversant with the distressing *fact* relating to the murder. The papers were destroyed, Edmund *was* forgiven, and the father did not hesitate to bless them and countenance their intimacy.

Poor Ernest lived to repent of his rash crime, but he never returned to his native land. His absence was mourned some years, and his death was finally made known to his afflicted parent and relatives. The generosity of Edmund was never forgotten by the father of the really guilty man, and he loved to see his Josephine happy in a union with him whose life she had so curiously saved. In her interview with her father, she had so disguised her voice and person that no suspicions were excited, and on her midnight visit, Josephine retired from her father's studio to her *own chamber*, near by—thus eluding pursuit on that occasion. The circumstances of the reprieve were never publicly alluded to, in the family. Edmund made a faithful and affectionate husband—the father forgave the lover and the loved; but he never forgot the appearance and the *ruse of the mysterious stranger*, in 'THE BLUE VELVET BONNET.'

**Little Emma going to Sleep.**

BY PAPA.

Is not the following little poem a delightful picture?—Peruse it repeatedly, as we have done, gentle reader, and hoard its clustered beauties.

Sweet night-capped traveller to the land of dreams,
Now droops thine eye towards its calm repose;
Forgotten are the various joyous schemes
That like small seas in thy young mind arose.

The day was all too short for their employ,
And the fast waning of a winter sun
Did the fulfilment of thy plans destroy,
And saw those infant projects but begun.

The last beam fadeth from thy gentle eye,
Sleep claims dominion, and beneath its sway
Thy spirit on unfettered wing may fly
From earth such an allurements far away.

Drink in blest draughts from some celestial rill,
Breathe atmospheres of purer light than ours,
Hear music notes from heavenly harps that thrill,
Inhale sweet odors from immortal flowers!

Revel mid scenes young fancy leads thee through,
Clothed in the beauteous hues that hope reveals,
Until the day again its sway renew
And its first dawning thy bright eye unseals.

O, could we sink thus calmly to our rest,
Who, older grown, have felt the weight of care;
We seek our pillow with a troubled breast,
And weary hours of thought attend us there.

My child! I bend thee gently o'er thy bed,
And listen to thy breathing soft and light;
A soothing influence doth thy calmness shed,
And innocence here sanctifies the night.

*Boston Post.*

**A Law Story.**

A down-east correspondent, from whom it will always be a pleasure to hear, tells a good story of a certain counsellor in his village, who commenced practice in the court of common pleas. The judge had a 'rule' that no action should be continued on motion of defendant, unless his counsel would state upon his honor that he verily believed there was a defence, and he was usually called upon to state the *nature* of that defence. 'Once upon a time,' the counsellor wanted a continuance: the plaintiff's lawyer objecting, he was requested by the court to say whether there was a defence to the suit, and if so, to state what it was. 'I have, may it please the court,' was the reply, 'four defences to this action: *first*, the note declared on is a forgery; *second*, my client was under age when he signed it; *third*, he has paid it; *fourth*, it is outlawed!' 'You may enter a con-tin-u-ance, Mr. Clerk,' said the judge. 'Thank your honor, we have.' The same legal wag was riding in the cars of a down-east railroad, the other day, when he fell into conversation with a Boston 'jobber.' Coming to a crossing, he pointed out to his neighbor a road which had just been opened, with the remark: 'That's a very important road to this part of the country—*very* important.' 'Ah,' said the other, 'there are a good many settlers in there, I suppose?' 'N-o—there *were*, before the road was made, but now they're all *moving out!*'—*Knickerbocker.*

**Editing a Weekly Paper.**

The majority of readers seem to think that nothing can be more easy or pleasant, than to edit a paper; but of all the different employments by which men make their bread and butter, there is none, we firmly believe, that so taxes the mind, temper and flesh, as that of editing a paper. There is none that requires a nicer tact, a sounder judgment, a more constant application, a quicker wit, or a kinder heart. A churlish temper could never succeed as an editor; nor a narrow-minded man, nor an ignorant one, nor a hasty one, nor an unforgiving one. An editor must of necessity turn himself inside out to the public. He cannot be a hypocrite any more than a husband could be a hypocrite to his wife. He must expose himself in all that he does, as much in selecting the thoughts of others, as in publishing his own, and the better way for him in the outset is to begin frankly, to save himself from after contradictions and mortifications. Whoever succeeds tolerably well as an editor, is something more than an ordinary man, let his cotemporaries say or think of him as they will.—*Holden's Magazine.*

**Whaling.**

The inhabitants of the island of Nantucket were the first persons to engage extensively in the whale fishery, and as early as the year 1690, they made whaling a profitable business, discovering the whale from a look-out on shore, capturing him in boats, returning to the shore with the carcase to extract the oil from the blubber. As the whales grew scarce around the island, they pushed off into the ocean in small vessels, and in the year 1748 they had 60 sail, from 50 to 75 tons, and caught 11,250 barrels of oil. The first sperm whale caught at Nantucket, and probably by Americans, was taken by the schooner Hussey about the year 1712.—*Hunt's Merchant's Magazine.*

[Written for The Flag of our Union.]

**Stray Lines.**

BY F. O. STURGIS.

'I, too, with grief have striven,
But from my side the arrow driven.'

Life, once to me, as virgin snow
Just shed on some volcano's brow,
Was pure and fresh, and fancy's flowers,
With all their sweetly fragrant powers,
Were strewed, as if by hand of fairy,
In its dull path, where'er most dreary;
And, like those snows, most brilliant grew,
When sparkling in the morning dew;
Till from all sides a lava stream
Swept all, as morning does a dream.
Then Hope her folded pinions spread,
And left my breast a funeral bed,
Upon whose altars withered lay
Each cherished flower that decked the way.
I looked within, and all was dark,
Without—but saw no solar spark;
One star alone, a sentry bright,
Stood pilot in that darksome night,
When driving was my bark to shore,
And breakers all around did roar;
When shivered was each spar, and Hope
Stood clinging by a single rope;—
Though single, it had power to save,
And bear me safely o'er the wave.
Then trust to it, thou shipwrecked heart,
Whose sails of life, in fragments part,
Are fluttering out upon the breeze,
Like signals of distress on seas;
Upon whose coast the buccaneer,
With nought to hope, and nought to fear,
Scorns the sign of those distressed,
And shuts out pity from his breast;
When spar, and sail, and all are riven,
Thy trusting faith repose on Heaven.

**Flogging a Clergyman.**

About twenty years ago, when there were but few settlements in the northern part of Ohio, an itinerant preacher of the Methodist Society, by the name of Johnson, was employed to travel on the extensive circuit in that section of the country. Johnson was a man somewhat above the middle stature, with brawny shoulders, and endowed with great muscular strength and a degree of courage and self-possession adequate to any emergency, qualities which admirably fitted him for conflict with the rude and boisterous elements pervading the society by which he was surrounded. In his manner he was ever affectionate, but faithful in what he considered his duty, without regard to consequences. His fearlessness had the effect of drawing down upon his head the indignation of a certain class of characters, who, determined to get rid of him, insulted and annoyed him in various ways; but, through his coolness and shrewdness, not only were their plans entirely defeated, but not unfrequently their wicked devices were made to recoil upon their heads.

After every expedient had signally failed, it was resolved, as a last resort, to cause the preacher to be waylaid and severely beaten, with the assurance that unless he should decamp immediately, the same course of treatment was to be followed up until the desired effect should be produced. As the instrument of their vengeance, they were induced to select an Irishman by the name of Kennedy, who had the reputation of being the most athletic man in the county, and who, for a stipulated reward readily undertook the disgraceful business.

One time, the clergyman was met in an unfrequented spot by the ruffian, who was on horseback. Kennedy saluted him with much respect, and informed him that he intended to give him a sound drubbing.

'Ah, but, my dear sir, you had better go about your business. If you try it, you will be sure to get the worst of the bargain.'

'There's little fear of that,' exclaimed Kennedy, 'I have basted stronger men than you before to day'

So saying, he aimed a blow with his fist at the preacher's head, intending to knock him off his horse, but missing, received one in return which brought him instantly to the ground. The preacher then dismounted, and picking up his prostrate and chop-fallen adversary, threw him over an adjoining fence.

The bully, finding he had got hold of the wrong customer, wisely concluded upon a cessation of hostilities, and looking over the fence, he cried out, as the preacher was patiently waiting for another attack:

'*I say, Mister, will you be good enough to throw my horse over after me?*'

Johnson was thereafter permitted to ride and preach without the slightest molestation.—*Exchange paper.*

**Spurn not the Poor Man.**

BY JOHN PARKER.

Spurn not the poor man, spurn him not,
Though hard may be his hands;
No gold nor silver has he got,
Nor houses, nor yet lands.
Yet cast thou not that scornful glance
Upon his sunburnt face;
For though he's poor, his poverty
Can never thee disgrace.

His coat may of the coarsest be,
Made out of hodden gray,
And thine be of the best broadcloth,
And trimmed so fine and gay.
Thy polished boots may brightly shine,
In fashion fitting neat;
And his poor clogs be dingy brown,
And shapeless on his feet.

Yes, his exterior may be rude,
And no attractions show;
And his connections be among
The cursest and the low;
But in the casket, rough to view,
A gem may be concealed;
As bright a gem as ever yet
Was to the world revealed.

Full many a mine of priceless worth
Is hid within the breast
Of many a poor neglected one,
Cast down and sore oppressed;
Among the poorest of the poor
Earth's noblest sons abound;
The best, the purest, greatest still
The cottage hearth surround.

**Do not despise small things.**

The possibility of a great change being introduced by very slight beginnings, may be illustrated by a tale which Lockman tells of a vizier, who, having offended his master, was condemned to perpetual captivity in a lofty tower. At night his wife came to weep below his window. 'Cease your grief,' said the sage: 'go home for the present, and return hither when you have procured a live beetle, together with a little *ghee* (or buffalo's butter), three clews, one of the finest silk, another of stout pack-thread, and another of whipcord; finally, a stout coil of rope.' When she came again to the foot of the tower, provided with these things, he instructed her to touch the head of the insect with a little of the *ghee*, to tie one end of the silk thread around him, and place the reptile on the wall of the tower. Seduced by the smell of butter, which he conceived to be in store somewhere above him, the beetle continued to ascend till he reached the top, and thus put the vizier in possession of the end of the silk thread, and drew up the pack-thread by means of the silk, the small cord by means of the packthread, and by means of the cord a stout rope, capable of sustaining his own weight—and so, at last, escaped from the place of his duress.—*Quarterly Review.*

**Arctic Ocean.**

Captain Royce, a whaleman of Sag Harbor, has recently arrived from a voyage in which he has explored new whaling ground, and made important discoveries north of Bherings Straits. During his cruise in July and August, Captain R. saw no ice, and the weather was ordinarily so pleasant that his men could work in light clothing; and it was so light through the night, that whaling might have been carried on during the entire 24 hours. Captain R. found the whales numerous, and of a different species from any he had before seen, and of three different kinds—all very tame. Both the American and Asiatic shores he found inhabited by numerous tribes of Indians; some of whom he saw passing from one continent to the other, in large canoes. Good anchorage was found in most parts of the ocean, from 15 to 35 fathoms.

**Queen Victoria's Household.**

Although, as far as respects the personal exercise of political power, the British sovereign can hardly be called a substantial entity, yet there is one way in which she makes her existence obvious to the dullest sensibilities of her subjects. The civil list conferred by act of parliament on her majesty, as her regular annual allowance, is £385,000 sterling, or nearly two millions of dollars. Of this enormous sum, £60,000 are assigned for her own private use, and the remainder is expended in the department of the Lord Chamberlain, the Lord Steward, and the Master of the Horse; and in royal bounties, charities, pensions, and special services. The function of the Lord Chamberlain, who is always a peer of the realm, is to exercise general supervision over the queen's apartments, and to make arrangements in regard to chaplains, physicians, artizans, musicians, and in regard to furniture, wardrobe, etc. The appointment is always political, and terminates at the close of every administration. The Lord Chamberlain never performs the duties of his office in person, but his salary is none the less on that account. It amounts to £2000, or nearly $10,000 annually. In his department are a vast number of functionaries, or rather dignitaries, since very many of the offices are merely sinecures.

A master of the robes, whose station is merely honorary, receives annually $2500—I reduce it to federal money for the convenience of your readers; eight ladies of the bed-chamber, whose only duty it is to visit and dine with her majesty three fortnights in the year, and who invariably are the wives or daughters of peers, have a salary of $2500 each; eight maids of honor and eight bed-chamber women, who are also ladies of high birth, and whose duty is merely to give the queen the 'pleasure of their company' a few weeks in the year, have each a salary of $1500; eight lords in waiting, and eight grooms in waiting, whose business is simply to dine with the queen three fortnights in the year, have, the former $3500 each, and the latter $1500 each; a master of ceremonies, who introduces ambassadors to the sovereign on state occasions, has $1500; sixteen gentlemen ushers, with no duties, have from $600 to $1000 each; fourteen grooms of the chamber, and eight sergeants-at-arms, whose offices are complete sinecures, receive salaries ranging from $200 to $500. Four officers of the robes, three king of arms, six heralds, two state pages, five pages of the back-stairs, six pages of the presence, four queen's messengers, all receive salaries as large as most of our State governors—some having real and others merely nominal duties.

The poet laureate, at present Wordsworth, receives $500 per annum, the examiner of plays $2000, the keeper of the swans $200, and the surveyor of pictures and the master of the Tennis Court, each high salaries. Sixty chaplains and twenty different physicians are attached to the court, some performing services and receiving pay, and others not. One hundred and forty yeomen of the guard, whose only duty is to attend upon her majesty on state occasions, in the king's guard costume of the sixteenth century, enjoy salaries amounting in the aggregate to $60,000. The entire sum expended in the Lord Chamberlain's department, including household salaries and tradesmen's bills, is $350,000.

The Lord High Steward, always of noble birth, has a salary of $10,000; his duty, which is always performed by proxy, is to govern the queen's household, and to provide for the culinary department. He has under him quite a little army of treasurers, comptrollers, secretaries, clerks, store-keepers, 'yeomen of the pantry,' bakers, confectioners, cooks, table-deckers, porters, etc. He is also the chief judge of the Court of Marshalsea, which consists of nine marshalmen, whose business is the administration of justice between the queen's servants. The total expenditure of the Lord Steward's department amounts annually to about $600,000.

The master of the horse, who has charge of her majesty's horses and stables, has a salary of $12,500; and he has under him a large number of equerries, pages, postilions, coachmen, grooms, footmen, etc., all paid with liberal salaries. In his department, as in every other of the British government, there is no want of sinecures. A master of the buckhounds, who has no duties whatever, receives $8000 annually; and a grand falconer, although her majesty possesses not a single hawk, has an annual salary of $6000. The total expenses of the master of the horse's department, is $325,000 annually. The office is now held by the Duke of Norfolk, the peer next in precedence to the royal family. His ancestors, clear back to the Reformation, were, as he himself is, of the Roman Catholic faith, and suffered heavy disabilities and amercements on account of their religion. It was a sight, curious and suggestive enough, to behold, as I did, last September, on the occasion of the royal prorogation of parliament, this sturdy disciple of Rome, seated in his official capacity, in the royal state carriage, as the special attendant of her majesty, the head of the established church.

Besides the enormous list, specified above, large appropriations are constantly made for the maintenance of the royal palaces, castles, pavilions, mews, parks, gardens, pleasure grounds, etc. The royal family also draw heavily upon the public purse. Prince Albert, as royal consort, the duties of which are pretty much limited to the registration at Somerset House of the additions to his family, receives annually £30,000 pounds, or nearly $150,000! And as field marshal in the army, a colonel in the foot guards, constable of Windsor castle, ranger of Windsor park, and lord warden of the Stannaries, most of which posts are absolute sinecures, he obtains every year at least $40,000 more. Adelaide, the Queen Dowager, relict of the late William IV., has an annual allowance of £100,000. The Duchess of Kent, the queen's mother, receives £30,000. One of the queen's uncles, the Duke of Cambridge, receives £27,000; another, the Duke of Cumberland, now King of Hanover, £20,000. Another member of the royal family, Leopold, King of the Belgians, receives £50,000; and the Duchess of Gloucester, the queen's aunt, receives £16,000.

The grants made by parliament from year to year, for the royal accommodation, and for royal salaries and pensions, do not average less than three million and a half of dollars. For the maintenance of the royal dignity, a very large sum which does not appear in this calculation, is sunk in plate, jewels, etc. The queen's plate, at St. James's palace alone, is estimated to be worth two millions of pounds. The Crown Jewels kept at the Tower of London are valued at three millions of pounds. The crown worn by her majesty on state occasions, is worth about £115,000; and that used by her at her coronation, as I was told by its showman, is prized at one million pounds. For the consideration of a single sixpence, my republican vision has been dazzled by the sight of this latter magnificent diadem. Its ground work is red velvet, and is covered with one blazing mass of opals, sapphires and diamonds. Around this imperial crown were ranged various diadems, sceptres, orbs, swords of justice and mercy, golden spurs, a golden wine fountain three feet high and of the same circumference, a golden baptismal font, chalices, tankards, salt cellars, spoons, and many other massive utensils of gold used at the coronation of the sovereign, or at the christening of children of the royal family.

Besides the annual appropriations made by parliament, the crown receives large revenues from other sources—from the immense estates it possesses in all parts of the kingdom, from admiralty droits, from Gibraltar duties, from the increase of vacant bishoprics, from escheats, forfeitures, waifs, estrays, treasure-trove, etc. The revenues of the Duchy of Cornwall amount to £20,000 annually, and go to the support of the young Prince of Wales; the revenues of the Duchy of Lancaster amount to £10,000, and are paid into the privy purse of royalty.—*Correspondence of the New York Courier and Enquirer.*

An eminent writer and an acute critic has said that 'the eye of a critic is often like a microscope, made so fine and nice that it discovers the atoms, grains, and minute particles, without ever comprehending the whole, comparing the parts, or seeing all at once the harmony.'

In the year 183—, when specie currency was scarce, and the fortunate owner of twenty-five cents in 'coin of the American realm' considered himself rich, the good steamer 'Kennebec,' Capt. K. (a dry old joker) was on her trip from Hallowell to Boston.

Among her passengers was an individual whose personal appearance marked him strongly as 'one of 'em' who 'live by their wits.' The clerk had certain misgivings about said individual's having 'paid his fare to the captain.' Captain K. was confronted with him to ascertain the truth; says Captain K.—

'You paid me your fare?'

'Yes, sir.'

'O, yes, you gave me a five dollar bill.'

'Yes.'

'And I gave you five half dollars?'

'Yes.'

'*Well, now, let's see your half dollars?*'

This was a *stumper*, and Captain K. left him, advising him to pay his fare over again.

A raw boy, coming into a printing office, to learn the business, the foreman asked the question:

'Have you ever set any?' meaning type of course.

'Set! reckon I kin; haven't I set all our old hens, and didn't every one on 'em hatch out every egg put 'nunder 'em, except old Speckle, that went off and left her nest—consarn her old picter!'

'You'll do,' said the foreman. 'I don't want you to set hens, but to set at that stand.'

'Wall, that's quare; you want me to *set at a stand*, like them set of fellers pickin' up them little jigamarees, do you? Wall, here goes.'

John went to work, and 'learnt his letters' at the case, until he could compose and punctuate correctly—so that he is now a first rate *setter and printer*.

Dr. Channing had a brother, a physician, and at one time they both lived in Boston. A countryman, in search of the divine, knocked at the doctor's door. The following dialogue ensued:—

'Does Dr. Channing live here?'

'Yes, sir.'

'Can I see him?'

'I am he.'

'What! you?'

'Yes, sir.'

'You must have altered considerably since I heard you preach!'

'Heard me preach?'

'Certainly. You are the Dr. Channing that preaches, an't you?'

'O, I see you are mistaken now. It's my brother who *preaches*—I'm the doctor who *practises*.'

During the exhibition of a menagerie in a country village in Maine, a real live Yankee was on the ground, with a terrible itching to 'see the elephant,' but he hadn't the disiderated 'quarter.' Having made up his mind to get in 'any how,' he stationed himself near the entrance, and waited until the rush was over. Then assuming a patient, almost exhausted tone, and with the fore finger of his right hand placed in the right corner of his mouth, he exclaimed, 'Conscience sake, Mister, aint ye goin' to give me my change?' 'Your change!' said the door-keeper. 'Ya-eas! my *change!*' I gin ye a dollar as much as a half an hour ago, and haint got my change yet.' The door-keeper handed over three quarters in change, and in walked the Yankee 'in funds.'

Two comedians having a wager about which of them sung the best, they agreed to refer it to Kelly, who undertook to be arbitrator on this occasion. A day was accordingly agreed on, and both the parties executed to the best of their abilities before him. As soon as they had finished, he proceeded to give judgment in the following manner. 'As for you, sir (addressing himself to the first), you are the *worst* singer I ever heard in my life.' 'Ah,' said the other, exultingly, 'I knew I should win my wager.' 'Stop, sir,' said the arbitrator, 'I have a word to say to you before you go, which is this, *that as for you, you cannot sing at all*.'

A gentleman returning from Leyton one evening, hailed the cad of an omnibus, and asked him if he was going to the bank? He answered in the affirmative, and that the fare would be a shilling. The gentleman took his seat in the 'bus, and when it arrived at the Flower Pot, in Bishopsgate street, the cad opened the door and said:

'Ve goes no further, sir.'

'Why, you told me,' said the gentleman, 'that you went to the bank.'

'Ve calls this the bank.'

'O, very well,' said the passenger, giving him a sixpence, 'I *calls* that a shilling.'

While Col. Alden Spooner printed a paper at Sag Harbor, he was much encouraged by a liberal merchant, who advertised his wares in two long columns, specifying every item of wet or dry goods, shovels, stationery, and mouse traps. While this was working magically among the villagers, a rival merchant called in one day and asked with a *nonchalant* air the charge of inserting a couple of lines. He was told fifty cents, and paid the money. He thereupon paraded directly under the long advertisement,

I TOO
JOHN THOMPSON.

A poet says, very beautifully, in describing the devotion of a wife:

'She clung to him with woman's love,
Like the ivy to the oak;
Whilst her head with crushing force,
Earth's chilling tempest broke.'

Now it would be satisfactory to know whether the tempest broke the lady's head, or her head broke the tempest; because if she was the victim it adds considerably to the interest.

A colored servant sweeping out a bachelor's room, found a sixpence on the carpet, which he carried to the owner.

'You may keep it for your honesty,' said he.

A short time after he missed his gold pencil-case, and inquired of his servant if he had seen it.

'Yes, sir,' was the reply.

'And what did you do with it?'

'Kept it for my honesty, sir!'

The old bachelor disappeared.

The reply of Charles the second, when importuned to communicate something of a private nature, deserves to be engraven in the heart of every man:

'Can you keep a secret?', asked the subtle monarch.

'Most faithfully,' returned the nobleman.

'So can I,' was the laconic and severe answer of Charles.

A correspondent informs us that a serious catastrophe has occurred to a highly sensitive friend of ours. On viewing the agonizing illustration of the sea-serpent in *Punch*, the other week, he immediately 'shuffled off the mortal coil.'

Rough and Ready must be a very good tailor. He cut out General Cass, *basted* several of his friends in good fat offices, *turned the coats* of several Locos, wrote splendid *despatches*, and sew forth.

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[WRITTEN EXPRESSLY FOR THE FLAG OF OUR UNION.]

# HERMIONE:

## THE FOUNDLING OF ST. ANTOINE.

## A Romance of the Continent.

BY FRED HUNTER.

[CONTINUED.]

### CHAPTER V.

*The surgeon returns to his mansion. He keeps his promise of secrecy. His character, and love of gain. Nicole, the waterman of the Seine—and the rescue. Five months afterward. Chaufran's final visit to D'Aumail. A scene at the surgeon's residence. The 'Foundling of Saint Antoine.' Chaufran repents. An act of mercy rewarded by kindly reflections. Hermione Chaufran.*

MONSIEUR CHAUFRAN reached his elegant residence in the Rue Saint Honore safely; and his temporary absence from home had caused no uneasiness in his family arrangements, as he was frequently detained, or called away professionally, for days together. He therefore readily accounted for his disappearance on this occasion, as he had every reason now for preserving silence on the subject of his arrest, and its cause.

Though but thirty-five years of age, Chaufran was a surgeon of high repute, in and about Paris. The commissary was his junior some three years. Though the surgeon had been married several years, he was childless. His attention had always been devoted assiduously to the [illegible] of his profession, and his excellent talents had gained him a wide reputation. The practice of Monsieur Chaufran had been extended, and he was one of the few fortunate professional men, who by constant and rigid economy in his household, had amassed already a handsome property. In addition to this legitimate means of accumulating the world's goods, he had latterly inherited a splendid income, by the death of his father, and his marriage had also brought him a considerable amount in the funds, as well as the fine mansion he occupied in the Rue Saint Honore.

At the expiration of the month, the surgeon did not forget his appointment with the Commissary de Police. At the hour agreed upon, the carriage of Chaufran stood before D'Aumail's door, and the surgeon had paid his respects to the man whom, above all others in the world, he hated supremely; but Monsieur D'Aumail had worked upon the fears of Chaufran, and he was safe for the time being. The interview was brief between the confederates in guilt, on this occasion, and the commissary having reminded his visiter of his obligation, his pledge, and his confession—thanked him for his courage and prudence, thus far, and they parted. At the end of another month, the visit was repeated promptly as agreed on, and so for five months following; when D'Aumail informed the surgeon that he was satisfied, and that when again he desired to confer with him, *he would send for him!* This announcement nettled Chaufran not a little, but he finally went away, satisfied with the assurance on the part of the commissary, that if disposed, he could be his own friend in the matter between them, thereafter; and if he kept his own counsels, he need entertain no fear of molestation. The hint was sufficient; Chaufran profited by the advice.

On the night of the 23d of March, at the moment Chaufran and his employer had so unceremoniously disposed of their little burthen, by dropping it from the Pont du Jardin du Roi into the Seine—there chanced to be an humble waterman in his skiff, who was just returning to his hut on the shore, near that bridge. Hearing the fall of a heavy substance in the water, though the morning was dark, and stormy, he halted, looked back, and saw a dark object floating in the river. He pulled for it, secured the box, and twenty minutes afterward, he stood in his hovel, with his good woman whom he had aroused, in wonder and admiration over the sweet features of a new-born babe!

Five months had expired since then, as we have seen, and the waterman, one Pierre Nicole, was a good-hearted man, but unfortunately, Nicole was poor. Poverty is not a crime—saith the old adage—but Pierre had found it excessively inconvenient; and at the end of five months, he determined that the support of the babe he had saved was a tax upon his scanty income which he could not well afford, and his wife, though childless, had also tired of the novelty. Under her advice, therefore, the husband wrapped the infant in a warm home-made blanket one night, with the charitable intention of depositing the same upon the door-step of some gentleman whom fortune had dealt more kindly with than himself, and who he fancied might be better able to rear and educate the foundling. This laudable undertaking having at length been determined upon, the infant was got in readiness, and the woman having imprinted a kiss upon its fair round cheek, and then another—the little one smiled—as it always did when caressed, and the wife turned away for a moment to conceal a tear; when she looked again, the infant was gone.

Her compunctions of conscience were not sufficiently pungent to cause her to follow her husband, and urge him to bring the child back again, however, although she was a very good woman in the main; and so the waterman trudged on with his little charge, up the lane, across the lower streets, then up again, until at length he emerged into the well-lighted and elegant Rue Saint Honore, where dwelt the wealthy, the proud, and the noble. He passed door after door, house after house, but it was late—late even for Paris, and few persons were up.

At last, Nicole halted before a superb mansion, in the front parlor of which he noticed a brilliant light, and peeping through the curtains which shadowed the windows, he discovered a gentlemanly-looking individual, some five-and-thirty years of age, who sat in a ruminating mood, with his feet thrust carelessly into a pair of soft satin slippers, and resting upon an ottoman. Nicole approached the steps, ascended, looked carefully about him to see if he were watched, turned down the blanket from the infant's head, and kissed it warmly, fondly—for he thought he loved the child; then, drawing his rough sleeve across his eyes, he kissed it again, laid it down carefully against the door, with a fervent 'God bless it!'—and springing the bell-pull violently, he darted from the door to a recess directly opposite, where he stood to watch the result of this performance.

It was the night of Chaufran's last visit to the commissary's quarters, and he had just fairly got his feet into his comfortably fitting silk slippers, when a sudden and unusual crash at his door-bell, at that late hour (for it was quite midnight), startled him from his reverie. He thought first of the significant promise of D'Aumail, to send for him when next he wanted to see him; and his mind having been especially occupied with this subject for the last half hour, it was not unnatural that he should think of his evil genius (for thus he considered D'Aumail) at such a moment. Thus thinking, he forgot that he paid some half a dozen servants in the house to attend expressly to this sort of summons, and almost unconsciously, he moved to the hall, where his astounded ears were saluted with the cry of an infant!

Just five months before, Chaufran had had business with an infant, near the banks of the Seine, and the cry shocked him. Still, he advanced, the porteress opened the door, and the child rolled in upon the entry-carpet. Chaufran took the foundling up with his own hands, and turned to the light. It was a beautiful babe—he felt curious, and he bore the infant into the parlor. The waterman waited an hour, the light was extinguished, and he felt satisfied that the little wanderer had at last found a permanent home. Tears filled poor Nicole's eyes again, though he was happy when he reflected upon his own inability to take proper care of the child, and thought of the prospect that it would be much better off by the change. He bore to his wife the intelligence that he had seen the babe received into a splendid mansion, but in his excitement he had taken no note of the street or house where he had deposited it. He subsequently searched in vain for some clue to the spot where he left the little one; he never saw it afterwards!

Many persons in Chaufran's position would have sent the child to the first police-station that night, or assuredly to the Foundling Hospital next morning. But the surgeon had no children, as we have already stated, and he did neither. The babe smiled in his face, he handed it over to a female servant for the night, and went to bed with a light heart. Chaufran slept soundly, and dreamed; this money-loving, intriguing, wicked Chaufran dreamed that he had done a good act, and a bright star was shining over him. In his fancy, he saw a myriad of angels hovering about him, dancing, singing, rejoicing, and crowning him with flowers. He must have been very happy, for it was not often that thus he dreamed.

Next morning Chaufran arose earlier than was his wont, and his first interrogations were in relation to the child. It was a sweet girl, and again it laughed and crowed as the surgeon dandled it. His mind had been made up, and as soon as his wife appeared, he informed her of his intentions; the babe was adopted forthwith as their own. It was well that the good waterman had chosen the stoop of Monsieur Chaufran as the depot for his charge, though he never knew what was in fact the infant's fate. The babe was well grown, and hearty in appearance, and seemed to be full a twelvemonth old. Such was the belief, and the really innocent Chaufran never gave a thought to the idea that it might possibly be younger, and far less did he suppose or suspect that he had ever before held this very babe in his hands! He was content to adopt it, first, because he was childless; secondly, because he was naturally fond of children; and lastly, because he looked upon this singular affair as a sort of providential matter, a rebuke for the act of which he believed he had been guilty some months previously. He embraced the little one again, and ordered a nurse to be obtained forthwith, to whose care in a few hours afterward it was consigned, and under whose fostering it thrived acceptably.

As we have already noted, Chaufran had religiously kept his promise with the commissary, to call upon him on the last day of the month; and five times had that pledge been renewed and observed. And why should he not have been faithful to these appointments? The surgeon's interest was to remain quiet, and while he appreciated the motives of Monsieur D'Aumail for insisting upon his silence, he felt that it scarcely needed the advice of others now to induce him to keep his promise, for he knew, or believed, that his own safety depended upon such a course. He stood in mortal fear of the commissary's power, and no word escaped his lips in relation to the scene at the house in the Rue de Charenton, or regarding what transpired subsequently with his employer.

Monsieur D'Aumail had caused a vigilant watch to be placed upon the movements of the man whose fate he believed he held in his own hands, but he had no occasion to regret the course he had taken in regard to him. The confession of Chaufran, which in reality was but one of little consequence (obtained as it was), had been carefully sealed by the commissary, and secreted in his private escritoire, and there it remained, as a sort of security for his future good behaviour toward the man whom the surgeon believed had the power to arrest him again at any moment. But the confidence between them had not been abused, and time flew on. The accuser and the accused turned each to his own affairs, and the world had had no intimation that even a ripple had ever occurred upon the tide of their respective careers.

The only circumstance which had transpired latterly, to mar the apparent peace of the Commissary de Police, was the sudden demise of his elder brother, a widower, high in the confidence of the king, Eugene D'Aumail, the Count de Monthon. He was attacked with a fatal malady, and died in a few days, leaving behind him an only son, at a tender age, whom on his death-bed he bequeathed to the care of the commissary, with a magnificent fortune, which the boy should come into possession of, on reaching his majority. This tie of relationship was cemented the more firmly by the affection which D'Aumail really bore to his brother; who had been the means of his promotion from a minor appointment to the lucrative and prominent position he now held under the government. The deceased count had long been upon the most friendly and intimate terms with the king.

The income left by D'Aumail the elder proved to be very large, and his title descended with his fortune to his youthful son; the commissary at once received his young nephew into his guardianship, and proceeded, as circumstances demanded, to make such provision for his future education as had been advised by his deceased parent before his death. The young Count de Monthon proved himself a brave boy, and in after years his name was recorded honorably in the annals of his native country.

But the commissary found it convenient and desirable, after a time, again to change the quarters of the unfortunate Eloise, who had but partially recovered from the shock she had experienced. Young de Monthon progressed in his studies—Monsieur Chaufran pursued his profession—D'Aumail his duty; and while the latter had never had cause to regret the addition of Eugene to his household, the surgeon was happy as he watched the blooming health and rapid growth of the foundling babe, who had been christened *Hermione*, in honor of his wife; and time passed by.

### CHAPTER VI.

*The young Count de Monthon. His father's will. His education and associates. Francois Berdotte. L'Ecole Polytechnique. The wayward companion. A youthful burglar. The arrest. De Monthon's influence. The escape. The young lovers. The tour. New faces and new friends. Italy. The journey's end. A handsome nobleman.*

AGREEABLY with the dying injunctions of D'Aumail's brother, the young Count de Monthon was in due time placed at the Polytechnique school, to be educated for a military life; where his ambition very soon became apparent, and where he gave early promise of becoming an accomplished soldier. At this establishment, De Monthon made the acquaintance of a youth, some few years his senior, the son of a once wealthy but now reduced nobleman, whose fortune had become nearly exhausted, but who felt a desire that his child should acquire a military education, in order that he might provide for himself in after years. 'France needs soldiers,' the old man contended, and—'Francois will shine in his profession.' The boy was his pride, he was the only being he now lived for, and he had over-indulged him to his serious detriment, from his birth.

The almost entire means of his father were lavished upon this boy, a hopeful youth—who valued his parent so long as he gratified all his wishes. In his profession, he advanced with but timid strides; he had little taste for anything, save to squander money, and his father at length saw with deep grief that he was not destined to become famous, save for his waywardness and folly. Every species of juvenile wickedness, which the brain of youth could invent, had been the pride of his younger days, and as Francois approached to manhood, the seeds of recklessness and crime were deeply sown in his heart. The slender means of his father were at last exhausted, he had contrived to involve himself deeply in debt, and long ere he reached his majority, his lack of principle was well known among his companions. At the age of eighteen, he left the military school, as near a soldier as when he entered it!

Unfortunately, this young gentleman had been the constant companion of Eugene de Monthon for a considerable length of time, and a strong intimacy had grown up between them. The young count had avoided falling into the errors which had marked the career of Francois thus far, yet he was constantly in his society, and a friendship was cemented between them, which grew with their growth. The ever generous De Monthon believed the faults of Francois to be failings of the head rather than the heart, and while he confided in him, and gave back his pretended friendship, he loved him until circumstances transpired which forced him to the belief that he was a villain.

For his participation in a petty crime in the neighborhood of the academy, at the age of nineteen, Francois was disgraced and expelled; and within the six months following, the count suffered the mortification of hearing it announced that the Commissary de Police had arrested a gang of burglars (among whom Francois was conspicuous), for a grand attempt to rob a heavy banking house in Paris. This terrible intelligence caused the almost instantaneous death of his kind parent, and Francois was thus suddenly left alone in the world, to grapple with his future fortune, good or evil. Knowing the connection which existed between Monsieur D'Aumail, the Commissary of Police, and his former associate and schoolmate—upon his confinement in prison, Francois sent for Eugene, and begged his influence with his foster-father (ere he should be brought to trial) to permit him in some way to escape!

The interview between the former friends was a long and painful one. The career of the young Count de Monthon had been onward and upward, and deeply did he lament the fall of the companion of his boyhood, whom he believed, but for the parental indulgence which had been extended to him, and the neglect attendant thereon, the friend of his youth might now have been his equal in point of prospect and station. Francois implored him to save him from the ruin which now stared in his face, he appealed to the better nature of his old associate to exert himself with his uncle to come to his aid. The heart of De Monthon was still well-disposed towards the unfortunate Francois; this was his first great crime, and at the end of the interview, he promised to use his earnest endeavors to shield him, with the understanding that if he succeeded, the prisoner should immediately quit France, and forever. Francois promised, and they separated.

His kind-hearted friend was as good as his word. He proceeded at once to his uncle, the commissary, before whom he laid the details of the peculiar case of Francois, and with powerful eloquence and warm appeals, he begged D'Aumail to open some way for his friend's escape. But this was a precedent the commissary could scarcely establish, even to favor De Monthon, whom he loved as if he had been his own son. At least, he required time for reflection. Upon the second application of Eugene, however, he gave him occasion to hope. In the meantime, the commissary had visited the cell of the miserable youth, and struck with his manly appearance, his sympathy became excited, and he determined that, for this offence, at least—Francois should not be brought to trial. A fortnight passed, and the day upon which the burglars were to be arraigned had arrived. The guard were sent to the cell of Francois—it was empty!

On the third day after this, the companions of his guilt had been convicted, and were sentenced to the galleys for life. In another week—the burglary, the escape, and the trial, had been forgotten amid the whirl of changes so constantly succeeding each other in the busy, careless metropolis of France.

The career of young De Monthon continued prosperous, and the influence of D'Aumail at the French court effected his presentation to the king at the early age of twenty. He had left the 'Ecole Polytechnique,' with the highest honors, however, and upon attaining his majority, a vacancy occurred in the post of Charge des Affaires at Venice, to which mission he was immediately appointed. This flattering mark of his sovereign's favor was but another stone in the building of his rapid fortune, and he prepared to leave France, in the full enjoyment of the best confidence of his government.

In the meantime, Chaufran had grown rapidly rich. His fortune was now princely, resulting from fortunate investments, and he had already relinquished the practice of his original profession. He continued his operations at the Bourse, and his visits at the Cafe de Tortini had become frequent. He was apt and successful in his financiering, and the whole ambition of his existence, the aim of his life, now seemed to be but to accumulate gold. His untiring vigilance and tact, his natural cunning and diplomacy, had served him admirably in his new vocation, and he continued to draw voraciously from the golden streams which floated around him. But, in the midst of his vast speculations, and the rapid augmentation of his means, he had never lost sight of the welfare of his tender and beautiful charge, the lovely Hermione.

The education of the foundling had been carefully perfected, every means which gold could command had been placed within her reach, and at the age of seventeen, the charming Hermione was as accomplished as she was beautiful. The great wealth of Chaufran brought her in contact with the best society in the gay city of Paris, and his blooming daughter (for thus she was known) was a bright ornament in the brilliant circle of fashion which she delighted with her presence. Her introduction at the Chateau of the Duc de Berri, a year previously, caused a sensation which was not soon forgotten, even in forgetful Paris; and here it was, on a subsequent occasion, that she met with the youthful Count de Monthon, the protege of D'Aumail, Commissary de Police.

The sweet artlessness of Hermione's demeanor made an indelible impression upon the susceptible heart of De Monthon—an impression, which time, and distance, and other scenes did not eradicate. On this occasion, he devoted himself most assiduously to her favor, and when they parted, he had the satisfaction of believing that his advances had not been unpleasing to her. They were then in the spring-time of youth; she but a simple girl of fourteen, and he scarcely twenty. But of all the bright and lovely dames in sunny Paris, where De Monthon had resided for years, he had met with none to whom his proud heart would surrender, until his eye fell upon the sweet and modest Hermione Chaufran—the loveliest of her sex.

The innocent gaiety of her manner, the peculiar charm of her brilliant conversation, her *naivete*, her grace, her wit, and good humor had captivated him from the first hour he passed in her society; and he would have acknowledged himself her slave, but that he reflected on her youth and his own, and the more than forbidding character of her guardian, Monsieur Chaufran—who had not favored the advances of young De Monthon, for reasons of his own. The count resolved to wait, and though the surgeon doted on his daughter, he had not forgotten the Commissary de Police. He learned that Eugene was the nephew of D'Aumail, and did not deign to smile when the count was formally presented to him! His manner was chillingly cold, but Hermione received the count's attentions, if not with a reciprocal feeling, at least, with a marked and graceful courtesy. Chaufran had not lost sight of this; and avoiding the society which De Monthon frequented, for a time, Eugene and Hermione but seldom met.

During the twelvemonth which succeeded their first meeting, however, on several occasions, Eugene had embraced the opportunity to pay his respects to her who had become the idol of her circle, and a favorable and friendly intimacy had grown up between them, in spite of the aversion which evidently existed with Chaufran to their growing acquaintance. A year elapsed; De Monthon had attained his majority, and had received his appointment abroad. He was highly honored by this flattering mark of royal favor, but he could not have left Paris, even under these promising auspices, without a pang—had he not felt assured that there was one being in the gay throng he left behind him, who would think of him with more than ordinary friendship, or family regard, in his absence. His preparations for departure were finally completed, however, and his last act before quitting Paris, was to place upon the tiny finger of the lovely Hermione a glistening jewel—a parting gift of remembrance.

Hermione Chaufran had seen scarce sixteen summers; but never did truthful mirror reflect a form more perfect, never was symmetry more faultless, never was there a face which beamed with softer smiles, than that of the foundling of Saint Antoine! Hermione was alone in her boudoir on the evening of the day upon which Eugene de Monthon departed for Venice. She had been musing full an hour. A smile lit up her radiant face, she pressed a gleaming ring to her lips, and thought she loved! Bright hopes were in her heart, she thought only of the sunny side of the future. Hermione was happy.

Three years, with their toils and pleasures, joys and sorrows—sped away, and still De Monthon had, not returned to France. The 'season' was over in Paris, and as spring departed, Monsieur Chaufran—no longer Chaufran, the surgeon—decided upon a summer tour upon the Continent. He spoke to his fair ward of Spain or the Rhine; she mentioned Italy—and thither her indulgent guardian promised to journey. He had long since exchanged the dull *routine* of his professional practice for the more exciting and profitable game of chance in consols and stocks, and his fortune had now become immense. He found it advisable to travel for the improvement of his impaired health, and thus determined, early in August, he left the bustle and din of Paris, accompanied by his beautiful daughter, for the more genial and inviting climes of the south.

The journey was slow, and the trip was extended through the most romantic and lovely scenery on the Continent. They passed the Lake of Como, with its beautiful villas and pretty villages—thence to Turino, and onward to Genoa. A few days were spent in Rome, and leaving the 'eternal city,' they arrived in safety at the lovely town of Naples. A week there, and thence to Bologna, and then to Venice—the ancient city of the Doges. On a mild afternoon, Chaufran with his youthful charge, and a goodly array of servants, found themselves before the door of the Hotel de [illegible]

A successive warm glow of the setting ... the heavens, and the tall ... still gilded with its customary festive character; music was abroad in the streets, and bewitching strains rang forth from the balconies; the piazzas were thronged with idlers, the gondolas swept swiftly by, upon the placid waters, and the floating city presented a scene of gaiety and varied life which is met with nowhere but in Venice—the great city of palaces!

Amid the gay routine of this place, a week glided away almost unconsciously, and Hermione had drunk deeply of the joys and excitement which surrounded her. To visit Venice had been one of the fondest hopes of her life; for its charms seemed to her the very embodiment of romance and beauty. Her pulse throbbed quicker as her dream was now being realized. People of all nations, all tongues, congregated there—and amid the giddy throng, her joyous laugh and happy converse delighted the crowd of admirers that flocked around her, and paid homage to her graceful charms.

Among the flatterers who hovered about her person, and had been most obsequious in his attentions to her, was the Duke Pazzoni, who had been presented to her on the first evening after her arrival. Pleased with his courteous manners and talented address, she tolerated his flattery—the more readily because she observed that he had managed to insinuate himself into the good graces of Chaufran; who commended him especially to the favor of his ward, as a nobleman of great estate and high family pretensions. Encouraged by the smiles of her guardian, the duke did not hesitate to urge his claims upon her favor, but the heart of Hermione was sealed against conquest, her thoughts were wandering in another direction. She had been in Venice a week, but as yet, she had not seen her early friend—the Count de Monthon.

### CHAPTER VII.

*A festival in Venice. The beautiful belle. The Duke Pazzoni at the palace. A splendid fete. The star of the evening. A strange cavalier appears in the saloon. The duke is enamored of the fair lady. His attentions. The proposal! Sudden disappearance of two prominent characters. The adventure and the surprise. An important mission is strangely interrupted!*

FROM the dreary night of the scene at the house in the Rue de Charenton, to the bright day on which our travellers arrived in Venice, nearly a score of years has transpired. The affair of the Pont du Jardin du Roi, and the scenes which followed at the prison de La Force—buried since then in oblivion, save to the knowledge of the principal actors—had long been forgotten by Monsieur Chaufran, the wealthy—but still cunning, grasping, money-getting, intriguing Morcelle Chaufran. If, occasionally, his thoughts turned back for a moment to that trying hour in his life, he regretted the crime he ever believed he had committed, but smiled when he flattered himself that he had atoned for the deed, in a measure, by his adoption and care of the foundling Hermione.

She had now reached that age when he thought it advisable to look for a suitable match for her, and his acquaintance with the Duke Pazzoni, though brief, led him to hope that he might find favor in the eyes of his lovely *protege*. He had omitted no opportunity to bring them in contact with each other, and the brilliant position which the duke was reputed to enjoy, his enormous wealth, and supposed influence, had already obtained for him the good-will of Hermione's foster-father, who had not hesitated to urge Pazzoni upon his daughter as a most desirable suitor in all respects. Hermione listened to Chaufran's advice, she heard the words of flattery which fell from the lips of Duke Pazzoni—but she had been ten days in Venice, and as yet she had not met the friend of her youth—Eugene, the Count de Monthon!

It was evening—and Venice glittered with light. Joy and music and merriment ran riot in the court, the hall, and the gilded saloon. The streets, and avenues, and broad terraces of the ancient city of the Doges were thronged—and stately signors, nobles, or strangers mingled together in the swaying mass which moved to and fro, on the occasion of a grand festival given at the Pallazzo del Conti. A gorgeous flood of light gleamed from the many-tinted panes of the great windows which adorned the dwellings of the princely, and the air was soft, voluptuous, ambrosial to the senses.

The chief saloon of the palace was the theatre of a magnificent *fete*, and already the interior was crowded with its thousand guests, where the beauty, the fashion and wealth of the world had assembled. The queenly daughter of Spain, the mild-eyed Italian, the sunny-haired northern belle, or the voluptuous houri of the east, were escorted through the galop or promenade by don, or prince, or knight—and a multitude of hearts beat in unison, amid the excitement and happiness of the passing hour. The main hall was decorated with blazoned and costly tapestries, which surmounted the rich cornices overhead, and beneath which the feet of merry dancers kept time to enchanting strains of melody. Garlands of flowers and bright evergreens were interwoven in every variety of form around the high and massive recesses, forming artificial bowers most tempting to the excited and temporarily weary, and beneath the shade of which many a bold lover breathed a passing vow to quiet and pensive listeners.

Within the shadow of one of those inviting retreats, which looked out upon the broad terrace of the palace, there sat—or rather half-inclined, upon a gorgeous divan—the figure of a youthful maiden, who had attracted more than the usual share of gallantry and attention during the evening, and whose beauty was unequalled even in that brilliant throng. No cloud was on her brow, no shade of melancholy rested on her pleasing features. Her happy smile and playful countenance were the index of unalloyed enjoyment, and many an eye which had looked upon her that night, had deemed her almost too fair for earth. Her form was grace itself, and the simple attire she wore might almost have betokened her a peasant-girl, but for the costly string of pearls which encircled her slender zone, and the modest, but superb diamond loops which dangled at the shoulders of her dress.

The rather solicitous gaze which on a sudden shot from her eye towards the saloon, however, and the slight heaving which might at that moment have been discernible beneath her closely-fitting bodice, showed that she had discovered some one in the crowd who had interested her. At her side, stood a trio of noblemen, and near her was prominent the Duke Pazzoni, whose attentions had been most assiduous during the night. Though the lady was scarcely twenty, her beauty was peerless, and her finely rounded form was most exquisitely developed. Apparently forgetful, however, of the noble flatterers who surrounded her, her eye still glanced curiously among the multitude in the great saloon.

In a remote corner of the hall, there wandered a youthful cavalier—gracefully attired in rose-colored velvet, richly embroidered with silver lacings and stars. His well turned limbs were encased in hose of silk, similarly ornamented, and upon his head was placed a Spanish hat, surmounted by a waving plume. A neatly trimmed moustache covered his lip, and his attire rendered him a stranger in the gay crowd; none knew whence he came. He was closely followed by a stout-limbed attendant, in the garb of esquire, and as he moved on, he was evidently seeking for some person among the mass of beings before him.

'Bernard!' said the cavalier, sharply, addressing his follower; 'you have made no mistake?'

'No, signor,' was the half sullen reply of the other.

'Attend me, closely,' continued his master, and they proceeded on.

The cavalier still threaded the crowd, intent upon his object, but without success. The maiden arose and quitted her seclusion, followed by the duke, and a trio of noblemen.

'Signor!' said Bernard, suddenly.

'Yes.'

'To the right.'

'Tis well,' replied the cavalier, and darting forward, attended by his servant, he soon reached the head of the hall.

Before him, in company with the duke, moved the form of her, in whom was centered all his secret hopes—the queen of the festival, the lovely Hermione Chaufran. The heart of the young cavalier was bold, for he had dared to love her for whose favor even an emperor might sue. His eye was rivetted upon her every movement, and he noted with satisfaction, that thus far he had not been recognized. That Venus-like form still moved through the crowd, and delighted courtiers flitted about the maiden, enraptured if a single smile was vouchsafed them, from lips so lovely. Nobles of high rank followed in her train, but the tall and graceful form of the duke was constantly by her side. The cavalier lingered behind, at a respectful distance; he had caught her eye, but there was no recognition, and as the multitude became fatigued, some lounged within the grateful arbors, while others, attracted by the cooler air upon the broad terrace, had deserted the scene of mirth within, for the freshening breeze which was wafted across the water.

The Duke Pazzoni had placed the snow-white hand of Hermione within his arm, and together they sauntered down the piazza toward the garden. A line of shadowy boughs hung over the gravelled walk without, and orange-trees threw out their odor from a myriad of costly marble vases. A bower at the foot of the avenue invited them to enjoy its quiet, and thither they wandered—the maiden and the vanquished duke. In a low murmur, Pazzoni grasped the opportunity to flatter the ear of his youthful listener, and words of impassioned eloquence fell from his wily lips. He would have clasped the hand of Hermione, but his appeals found no response. She repelled his protestations, and in lofty but respectful tones she chided him for thus annoying her, though she well knew that the duke was her father's choice. The proud lover bit his lip with mortification, and hinted at a rival.

'Tell me, Hermione, may I not hope?'

'My father—duke,' said Hermione, calmly, 'has already informed me of his wishes. I cannot yield. He may barter for my hand—my heart he cannot control.'

A slight rustling near the arbor, at this moment, startled its occupants, and the hand of the duke was upon his sword-hilt, as he darted to the opening. No intruder was in sight, however, and they retreated. The air was still, the rising moon cast its gentle rays across the garden walk, and they turned in silence toward the saloon. As they ascended to the terrace once more, the attention of the fair beauty was again arrested for an instant, by the appearance of the handsome cavalier who had twice crossed her path during the evening, and whose face she thought was familiar to her. Yet she could not imagine what was the occasion for an *incognita*, if she were correct in her surmises. The duke passed on with his fair inamorata, and having reached the hall, he called an attendant to his side.

'Pascho!' he said, 'be ready in half an hour.'

The attendant departed in search of his master's barge, and the duke having bestowed his charge, apologized for suddenly quitting the scene, under pretence that matters of weighty importance compelled him to absent himself. The plume of the gallant young cavalier had waved in the crowd but a moment before, and he was overheard by the duke to call upon his esquire.

'Bernard!'

'Signor.'

'My gondola.'

'It waits your pleasure.'

'At three o'clock.'

'It lacks full half an hour.'

'See to it, Bernard, I must be in Bologna to-morrow.'

As Bernard disappeared, the eye of the cavalier again met that of Hermione. 'Twas but an instant, yet the glance thrilled through his veins, and but for a single motive, he would have advanced. He reserved his happiness for a future opportunity, but still his eye followed her. An instant afterward, a rose dropped from her hand. He secured it, passed near her, and touching his hat with an easy grace, he noticed that a slight movement on the part of Hermione acknowledged the simple compliment. The cavalier was happy!

As the hand upon the dial pointed to the hour of three, two strangers enveloped in massive cloaks *a l'Italienne*, emerged by separate doors from the crowded saloon of the palace, and shortly afterwards each entered his gondola, to cross the Gendecca, or Grand Canal. A few minutes later, the Duke Pazzoni, who was one of these, accompanied by his servant, Pascho, alighted upon the opposite shore, where a pair of richly caparisoned horses stood ready saddled, in waiting. Springing into the stirrups, the duke and his attendant instantly disappeared. Scarcely had they shot out of sight, ere a costly travelling carriage made its appearance upon the high road opposite to the city; but the silence of the morning had been interrupted but for a moment, and the equipage passed on. The vehicle contained the cavalier and his esquire—who were bound on a mission of consequence to Bologna.

Half an hour subsequently, in a sharp angle of the road which passed through a deep ravine, some ten miles from the city, the quick tread of advancing horses was heard, and a man thoroughly armed suddenly appeared from out the thicket, by the wayside. Presenting his carbine boldly, he stood for an instant—when a low whistle was given by the foremost rider, and the intruder immediately fell back.

'Ventino!' said the rider.

'Your excellency,' was the answer.

'Faliero!'

'Here,' replied another voice.

'Pascho!' continued the first speaker; and the three persons addressed advanced to the side of the stranger's horse.

'Two miles hence, Ventino, there approaches a landau. There are two persons in it; a guard accompanies the postilion, five in all. Call sufficient aid to secure the principal traveller, whom you may know by his costly dress—whose person you are not to harm, and present him to me at sunrise. You are well armed?'

'Thoroughly, excellency.'

'Cut the traces, take care of the master, and unless the attendants are too troublesome, leave them to themselves.'

'Yes, your excellency.'

'Have a care, in this enterprise, Ventino, I would confer with this gentleman at daybreak.'

'At you tent, excellency?'

'No, at the grotto.'

The horseman disappeared instanter, and in a few minutes, half a score of stout men were gathered in the thicket, awaiting the arrival of the landau. They were not long in attendance, for the signals were scarcely agreed upon, ere the heavy but elegant travelling carriage made its appearance in the ravine. A trio of sturdy fellows sprang forward to seize the horses, and at the same instant a ball whizzed over the head of the postilion, which act was accompanied by a very peremptory and significant order to 'halt!'

The horses plunged and reared at the report of the carbine, three of the strongest men, well armed, forced open the carriage door, and ere the astonished traveller found leisure to ask any unnecessary questions, he was pinioned in the arms of his captors!

'Help! Bernard—scoundrels!' shouted the traveller, but the sound of his own voice only echoed through the wood, as his valiant 'guide' who had taken to his heels, unharmed, made the best of his way back towards the city. The traces were cut, the mad animals dashed away at full speed, and the postilions fell on their knees, begging lustily for quarter.

The traveller was forced into the thicket, where a bandage was placed over his eyes, and five minutes afterward, he found himself blindfold, and thrust into a carriage between two men, who still clung to his arms with a most determined gripe. A signal was given outside, and the prisoner soon felt that he was moving forward at a rapid pace upon a rough path, he knew not whither.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

Augurelli, a learned Italian, devoted much of his attention to alchymy. He was firmly convinced that any metal could be converted into gold. Only one thing bothered him, and that was to find out the way. Having written a book on this subject, he dedicated it to Leo X., who was then Pope, expecting a rich present in return. He was somewhat surprised, shortly after, to receive from his Holiness, a purse and a letter, informing him that since he could make gold, he needed only a purse to put it in.

THE FLAG OF OUR UNION.

[Written for The Flag of our Union.]

## Von Kempelen and his Discovery.

BY EDGAR A. POE.

After the very minute and elaborate paper by Arago, to say nothing of the summary in 'Silliman's Journal,' with the detailed statement just published by Lieutenant Maury, it will not be supposed, of course, that in offering a few hurried remarks in reference to Von Kempelen's discovery, I have any design to look at the subject in a *scientific* point of view. My object is simply, in the first place, to say a few words of Von Kempelen himself (with whom, some years ago, I had the honor of a slight personal acquaintance), since everything which concerns him must necessarily, at this moment, be of interest; and, in the second place, to look in a general way, and speculatively, at the *results* of the discovery.

It may be as well, however, to premise the cursory observations which I have to offer, by denying, very decidedly, what seems to be a general impression (gleaned, as usual in a case of this kind, from the newspapers), viz: that this discovery, astounding as it unquestionably is, is *unanticipated*.

By reference to the 'Diary of Sir Humphrey Davy' (Cottle and Munroe, London, pp. 150), it will be seen at pp. 53 and 82, that this illustrious chemist had not only conceived the idea now in question, but had actually made *no inconsiderable progress, experimentally*, in the very *identical analysis* now so triumphantly brought to an issue by Von Kempelen, who, although he makes not the slightest allusion to it, is, *without doubt* (I say it unhesitatingly, and can prove it, if required), indebted to the 'Diary' for at least the first hint of his own undertaking. Although a little technical, I cannot refrain from appending two passages from the 'Diary,' with one of Sir Humphrey's equations. [As we have not the algebraic signs necessary, and as the 'Diary' is to be found at the Athenæum Library, we omit here a small portion of Mr. Poe's manuscript.—ED.]

The paragraph from the 'Courier and Enquirer,' which is now going the rounds of the press, and which purports to claim the invention for a Mr. Kissam, of Brunswick, Maine, appears to me, I confess, a little apocryphal, for several reasons; although there is nothing either impossible or very improbable in the statement made. I need not go into details. My opinion of the paragraph is founded principally upon its *manner*. It does not *look* true. People who are narrating *facts*, are seldom so particular as Mr. Kissam seems to be, about day and date and precise location. Besides, if Mr. Kissam actually *did* come upon the discovery he says he did, at the period designated—nearly eight years ago—how happens it that he took no steps, *on the instant*, to reap the immense benefits which the merest bumpkin must have known would have resulted to him individually, if not to the world at large, from the discovery? It seems to me quite incredible that any man, of common understanding, could have discovered what Mr. Kissam says he did, and yet have subsequently acted so like a baby—so like an owl—as Mr. Kissam *admits* that he did. By-the-way, who *is* Mr. Kissam? and is not the whole paragraph in the 'Courier and Enquirer' a fabrication got up to 'make a talk?' It must be confessed that it has an amazingly moon-hoax-y air. Very little dependence is to be placed upon it, in my humble opinion; and if I were not well aware, from experience, how very easily men of science are *mystified*, on points out of their usual range of inquiry, I should be profoundly astonished at finding so eminent a chemist as Professor Draper, discussing Mr. Kissam's (or is it Mr. Quizzem's?) pretensions to this discovery, in so serious a tone.

But to return to the 'Diary' of Sir Humphrey Davy. This pamphlet was *not* designed for the public eye, even upon the decease of the writer, as any person at all conversant with authorship may satisfy himself at once by the slightest inspection of the style. At page 13, for example, near the middle, we read, in reference to his researches about the protoxide of azote: 'In less than half a minute the respiration being continued, diminished gradually and were succeeded by analogous to gentle pressure on all the muscles.' That the *respiration* was not 'diminished,' is not only clear by the subsequent context, but by the use of the plural, 'were.' The sentence, no doubt, was thus intended: 'In less than half a minute, the respiration [being continued, these feelings] diminished gradually and were succeeded by [a sensation] analogous to gentle pressure on all the muscles.' A hundred similar instances go to show that the MS. so inconsiderately published, was merely a *rough note-book*, meant only for the writer's own eye; but an inspection of the pamphlet will convince almost any thinking person of the truth of my suggestion. The fact is, Sir Humphrey Davy was about the last man in the world to *commit himself* on scientific topics. Not only had he a more than ordinary dislike to quackery, but he was morbidly afraid of *appearing* empirical; so that, however fully he might have been convinced that he was on the right track in the matter now in question, he would never have spoken *out*, until he had everything ready for the most practical demonstration. I verily believe that his last moments would have been rendered wretched, could he have suspected that his wishes in regard to burning this 'Diary' (full of crude speculations) would have been unattended to; as, it seems, they were. I say 'his wishes,' for that he meant to include this note-book among the miscellaneous papers directed 'to be burnt,' I think there can be no manner of doubt. Whether it escaped the flames by good fortune or by bad, yet remains to be seen. That the passages quoted above, with the other similar ones referred to, gave Von Kempelen *the hint*, I do not in the slightest degree question; but I repeat, it yet remains to be seen whether this momentous discovery itself (*momentous* under any circumstances) will be of service or disservice to mankind at large. That Von Kempelen and his immediate friends will reap a rich harvest, it would be folly to doubt for a moment. They will scarcely be so weak as not to '*realize*,' in time, by large purchases of house and land, with other property of *intrinsic* value.

In the brief account of Von Kempelen which appeared in the 'Home Journal,' and has since been extensively copied, several misapprehensions of the German original seem to have been made by the translator, who professes to have taken the passages from a late number of the Presburg 'Schnellpost.' '*Viele*' has evidently been misconceived (as it often is), and what the translator renders by 'sorrows,' is probably '*leiden*,' which, in its true version, 'sufferings,' would give a totally different complexion to the whole account; but, of course, much of this is merely guess, on my part.

Von Kempelen, however, is by no means 'a misanthrope,' in appearance, at least, whatever he may be in fact. My acquaintance with him was casual altogether; and I am scarcely warranted in saying that I know him at all; but to have seen and conversed with a man of so *prodigious* a notoriety as he has attained, *or will* attain in a few days, is not a small matter, as times go.

'The Literary World' speaks of him, confidently, as a *native* of Presburg (misled, perhaps, by the account in the 'Home Journal'), but I am pleased in being able to state *positively*, since I have it from his own lips, that he was born in Utica, in the State of New York, although both his parents, I believe, are of Presburg descent. The family is connected, in some way, with Maelzel, of Automaton-chess-player memory. [If we are not mistaken, the name of the *inventor* of the chess-player was either Kempelen, Von Kempelen, or something like it.—ED.] In person, he is short and stout, with large, *fat*, blue eyes, sandy hair and whiskers, a wide but pleasing mouth, fine teeth, and I think a Roman nose. There is some defect in one of his feet. His address is frank, and his whole manner noticeable for *bonhomie*. Altogether, he looks, speaks and acts as little like 'a misanthrope' as any man I ever saw. We were fellow-sojourners for a week, about six years ago, at Earl's Hotel, in Providence, Rhode Island; and I presume that I conversed with him, at various times, for some three or four hours altogether. His principal topics were those of the day; and nothing that fell from him led me to suspect his scientific attainments. He left the hotel before me, intending to go to New York and thence to Bremen; it was in the latter city that his great discovery was first made public; or, rather, it was there that he was first *suspected* of having made it.—This is about all that I personally know of the now immortal Von Kempelen; but I have thought that even these few details would have interest for the public.

There can be little question that most of the marvellous rumors afloat about this affair are pure inventions, entitled to about as much credit as the story of Aladdin's lamp; and yet, in a case of this kind, as in the case of the discoveries in California, it is clear that the truth *may be* stranger than fiction. The following anecdote, at least, is so well authenticated, that we may receive it implicitly.

Von Kempelen had never been even tolerably well off during his residence at Bremen; and often, it was well known, he had been put to extreme shifts, in order to raise trifling sums. When the great excitement occurred about the forgery on the house of Gutsmuth & Co., suspicion was directed towards Von Kempelen, on account of his having purchased a considerable property in Gasperitch Lane, and his refusing, when questioned, to explain how he became possessed of the purchase money. He was at length arrested, but nothing decisive appearing against him, was in the end set at liberty. The police, however, kept a strict watch upon his movements, and thus discovered that he left home frequently, taking always the same road, and invariably giving his watchers the slip in the neighborhood of that labyrinth of narrow and crooked passages known by the flash-name of the 'Dondergat.' Finally, by dint of great perseverance, they traced him to a garret in an old house of seven stories, in an alley called Flatzplatz; and, coming upon him suddenly, found him, as they imagined, in the midst of his counterfeiting operations. His agitation is represented as so excessive that the officers had not the slightest doubt of his guilt. After hand-cuffing him, they searched his room, or rather rooms; for it appears he occupied all the *mansarde*.

Opening into the garret where they caught him was a closet, ten feet by eight, fitted up with some chemical apparatus, of which the object has not yet been ascertained. In one corner of the closet was a very small furnace, with a glowing fire in it, and on the fire a kind of duplicate crucible—two crucibles connected by a tube. One of these crucibles was nearly full of *lead* in a state of fusion, but not reaching up to the aperture of the tube, which was close to the brim. The other crucible had some liquid in it, which, as the officers entered, seemed to be furiously dissipating in vapor. They relate that, on finding himself taken, Von Kempelen seized the crucibles with both hands (which were encased in gloves that afterwards turned out to be asbestic), and threw the contents on the tiled floor. It was now that they hand-cuffed him; and, before proceeding to ransack the premises, they searched his person, but nothing unusual was found about him, excepting a paper parcel, in his coat pocket, containing what was afterwards ascertained to be a mixture of antimony and some *unknown substance*, in nearly, but not quite, equal proportions. All attempts at analyzing the unknown substance have, so far, failed, but that it will ultimately be analyzed, is not to be doubted.

Passing out of the closet with their prisoner, the officers went through a sort of ante-chamber, in which nothing material was found, to the chemist's sleeping-room. They here rummaged some drawers and boxes, but discovered only a few papers, of no importance, and some good coin, silver and gold. At length, looking under the bed, they saw a *large, common hair trunk, without hinges, hasp, or lock*, and with the top lying carelessly *across* the bottom portion. Upon attempting to draw this trunk out from under the bed, they found that, with their united strength (there were three of them, all powerful men), they 'could not stir it one inch.' Much astonished at this, one of them crawled under the bed, and looking into the trunk, said:

'No wonder we couldn't move it—why, it's full to the brim of old bits of brass!'

Putting his feet, now, against the wall, so as to get a good purchase, and pushing with all his force, while his companions pulled with all theirs, the trunk, with much difficulty, was slid out from under the bed, and its contents examined. The supposed brass with which it was filled was all in small, smooth pieces, varying from the size of a pea to that of a dollar; but the pieces were irregular in shape, although all more or less flat—looking, upon the whole, 'very much as lead looks when thrown upon the ground in a molten state and there suffered to grow cool.' Now, not one of these officers for a moment suspected this metal to be anything but brass. The idea of its being *gold* never entered their brains, of course; how could such a wild fancy have entered it? And their astonishment may be well conceived, when next day it became known, all over Bremen, that the 'lot of brass' which they had carted so contemptuously to the police office, without putting themselves to the trouble of pocketing the smallest scrap, was not only gold—real gold—but gold far finer than any employed in coinage—gold, in fact, absolutely pure, virgin, without the slightest appreciable alloy!

I need not go over the details of Von Kempelen's confession (as far as it went) and release, for these are familiar to the public.—That he has actually realized, in spirit and in effect, if not to the letter, the old chimæra of the philosopher's stone, no sane person is at liberty to doubt. The opinions of Arago are, of course, entitled to the greatest consideration; but he is by no means infallible; and what he says of *bismuth*, in his report to the academy, must be taken *cum grano salis*. The simple truth is, that up to this period, *all* analysis has failed; and until Von Kempelen chooses to let us have the key to his own published enigma, it is more than probable that the matter will remain, for years, in *statu quo*. All that as yet can fairly be said to be known, is, that '*pure gold can be made at will, and very readily, from lead, in connection with certain other substances, in kind and in proportions, unknown*.'

Speculation, of course, is busy as to the immediate and ultimate results of this discovery—a discovery which few thinking persons will hesitate in referring to an increased interest in the matter of gold generally, by the late developments in California; and this reflection brings us inevitably to another—the exceeding *inopportuneness* of Von Kempelen's analysis. If many were prevented from adventuring to California, by the mere apprehension that gold would so materially diminish in value, on account of its plentifulness in the mines there, as to render the speculation of going so far in search of it a doubtful one—what impression will be wrought *now*, upon the minds of those about to emigrate, and especially upon the minds of those actually in the mineral region, by the announcement of this astounding discovery of Von Kempelen? a discovery which declares, in so many words, that beyond its intrinsic worth for manufacturing purposes (whatever that worth may be), gold now is, or at least soon will be (for it cannot be supposed that Von Kempelen can *long* retain his secret) of no greater value than lead, and of far inferior value to silver. It is, indeed, exceedingly difficult to speculate prospectively upon the consequences of the discovery; but one thing may be positively maintained—that the announcement of the discovery six months ago would have had material influence in regard to the settlement of California.

In Europe, as yet, the most noticeable results have been a rise of two hundred per cent. in the price of lead, and nearly twenty-five per cent. in that of silver.

[Written for The Flag of our Union.]

## To a Mocking Bird.

BY MATURIN M. BALLOU.

Hang it! I can't write a word,
That bird makes such a row;
And there, O dear, he goes again,
*Bow-wow, bow-wow, bow-wow!*

Will never cease thy piercing notes,
And give one chance to think!
There, he's off again, I vow—
*Bob-o-link, bob-o-link, bob-o-link!*

O, what a tease! sure such another
No man ever knew—
There, I declare, I've stopped my ears—
*Mew, mew, mew!*

Want some one step that bird for me,
Or play it some foul trick?
Now he's mocking the pendulum,
*Click-ck, click-ck, click-ck!*

I can't stand this—not a moment's rest—
I'll leave the house, I will;
Stay, where's my hat! he's off again—
*Whip-poor-will, whip-poor-will!*

## The Maniac and the Infant.

The following anecdote was related to us by the keeper of the prison where the maniac was confined. He had been brought there in a most desperate state. He had long before been confined in a cell where for months no one dared to enter. Several stout men at last brought him to Hartford county prison. In a few days the keeper determined to use his utmost skill to subdue him. He adopted the following expedient:—

He told his little child who was then scarcely strong enough to walk, to go to the cell, and knowing she would have no fear, to offer the insane man an apple. Day after day, the child went to the cell, and calling the man by name, said, 'Sir, take an apple, take an apple, sir.' The maniac turned away in rage. She continued the practice, and in her mild, soft voice, again and again urged the distracted man to accept her little gift. He seemed inexorable. Still she entreated. His eye could not be caught; for little can be accomplished with any man until the eye is secured. One day the little child stood at the iron grating with the apple in her hand, saying, 'Come Mr. ——, now accept of my apple. Do take it from my hand.' Her mild, soft, persuasive tones, at last touched a tender chord in that distracted soul. It vibrated to the gentle sound of the infant voice. Light broke in upon that darkened mind. Gradually, as the flower yields to the beams of the rising sun, and throws open its petals to its refreshing influences, so did the soul of this maniac open to the sweet influences of this infant. He looked upon her; she on him; and, reaching out his hand, quietly took the little token of affection, and ate the apple in her presence. Gradually she subdued him. The keeper, delighted with the experiment, at last took him out one day, letting the child lead him to one of the offices in the city, and he was introduced as Mr. ——. Said the men, 'Is this any relation to that Mr. ——, whom you have confined as a maniac?' 'O, yes,' said the keeper, 'he is a very near relation;' delighted with the innocent deception he was practising; 'he is very nearly related, he is the man himself!' Had it thundered that moment the men would not have been more surprised, and they were about rushing into the street. The keeper assured them that there was not the least danger. After a short conversation, the restored man, with the keeper and the child, returned back to the prison. Here was a most wonderful instance of the power of love. The man was subsequently restored to society.—*Prisoners' Friend.*

## Capital Rebuff.

We heard a good anecdote of Booth the tragedian, the other day, which we do not remember to have seen in print. He was playing in his favorite character, Richard. In the play as brought upon the stage, a messenger come in and says:

'My liege, the Duke of Buckingham, is taken.'

'Off with his head! So much for Buckingham,' replies Richard.

In this case the messenger rushed in breathless and exclaimed:

'My liege, the Duke of Buckingham is taken—*and we've cut off his head!*'

Booth, without being at all disconcerted at this vile blunder, which destroyed a fine passage in the play, coolly took the messenger by the ear, led him towards the foot-lights, and replied:

'Well done, thou good and faithful servant—this be thy reward'—saying which, he applied his boot to the unfortunate wight with such vigor as to send him half across the stage.

## The Eyes.

A remedy for the decay of sight and natural short-sightedness is said to consist in the manipulation of the eyes. In the case of short-sightedness the eye is to be gently rubbed from the internal to the external angle; in case of decay of sight, in the other direction. This constant general rubbing is said to produce a gradual change in the convexity of the eye; diminishing it in the first case, and increasing it in the other. Care must be taken not to inflame the eye by hard or long-continued rubbing. John Quincy Adams is said to have practised rubbing his eyes upon this principle, and it is also said he never used glasses.

[Written for The Flag of our Union.]

## The Olden Time.

BY JOHN BROUGHAM.

That golden time,
The olden time,
How people love to praise;
In jog-ging rhyme,
Old England's prime,
In good Queen Bess's days.

The present time
Is pleasant time,
If men would but agree
To make the time
Just like its time,
And pass in jollity.

The olden time,
That golden time,
Belongs to history;
Let sages pore
Its pages o'er—
The present time for me.

And if in time,
This living time
Should swallow up the past;
The coming time,
Benumbing time,
Will swallow it as fast.

Then seize your time,
And pass your time
In timely merriment;
Or losing time,
Abusing time,
'Twill find but discontent.

The olden time,
The golden time,
Belongs to history;
Let sages pore
Its pages o'er—
The present time for me.

[Written for The Flag of our Union.]

## MORE SCARED THAN HURT.

### A BEAR STORY.

BY HENRIETTA LUZEE.

My early days were spent in the town of A——, in the Granite State, not many miles distant from the snow-capped mountains whose loftiest peak bears the name of the venerable Washington. This part of the country was new when my father first took up his abode in this mountainous wilderness.

Since the savage yell of the red man had ceased to echo through the forest wilds, the bear and other wild beasts had become numerous, and roamed the wilderness, and even the partially cultivated fields of the sturdy yeoman with little apparent fear. The bear was particularly troublesome to the farmers, often plundering their corn-fields and making havoc among their flock. The laborer went forth to his toil with his gun on his shoulder, and it was no uncommon thing for him to return at night well laden with venison.

If the farmer allowed his sheep to remain in the pasture during the night, as a reward for his negligence he found his flock minus two or three in the morning. But they were not always secure, even in their strongly-built yards, as many of the unfortunate farmers could testify. Often during the night, the bears would enter the yard and help themselves to as many as they liked, generally selecting the best.

One night about the middle of autumn, one of the neighboring farmers heard an uproar among his sheep; but being faint-hearted, suffered his flock to become the victim to the merciless ravages of the hungry bear. On going to his yard in the morning, to his mortification he found that three of his best sheep had been killed.

One of his neighbors, a Mr. D. (who by the way was more noted for a particular drawling tone which he possessed, than honesty or uprightness of character), took upon himself to rally his unfortunate neighbor exceedingly for his cowardice.

'Let a bear come to *my* yard, and take one of *my* sheep, if he dares,' said Mr. D., 'I'll make them scarce, that's *sartain*. I've seen too many bears to be afeard of one by night or day.'

Mr. D. was small of stature, but boasted of great courage. 'If I am a *leetle man*,' he would say, 'it takes a big bear to skeer me.'

The barn of Mr. D., and consequently his sheep-yard, was near by his house, and for a long time his flock remained undisturbed; but our brave neighbor with his fat sheep was not destined to be slighted by the black gentlemen. One night as he was quietly sleeping, in all probability dreaming of his timid neighbor and his own undaunted courage, he was suddenly aroused from his slumber by his wife.

'Husband! husband!' said she, 'something is to pay with the sheep.'

Our worthy neighbor sprang from his bed, and without stopping to dress himself, made for the yard.

'Call John and Jim,' said he, 'and we will have some bear meat for breakfast.'

Mr. D. rushed to the yard with his courage raised to the highest pitch, shouting for John and Jim to bring the gun, which in his haste he had forgotten to take. The moon shone faintly, but gave sufficient light for Mr. D. to discover a dark object shrinking away in one corner of the yard. Seizing a stake he rushed towards it, screaming at the same time at the top of his voice:

'I'll larn you how to come arter my sheep, you infarnal black rascal,' at the same time administering a blow with his stake. 'I knowed I could skare a rigiment of you.'

The dark figure before him taking fright from some other cause sprang in the direction where Mr. D. stood, and coming in contact with the little man capsized him, and he found himself lodged on the back of the infuriated animal; and before he could extricate himself was carried round the yard several times. At last, seeing the blood on his night-dress, he concluded he had received his death wound, and began to say his prayers. Soon, however, he became exhausted and lay quite still on the ground expecting every moment the bear would come and finish him. Just at this crisis, his wife and boys made their appearance with the gun, having waited to dress themselves.

'Where are you, father?' asked John, a lad about seventeen years of age.

'Here I am,' answered the father, in a faint voice. 'I am torn all to pieces, I am a dead man. Come and git me into the house—but shute the bear fust or he'll kill you too; he is a dreadful fierce one—'

Jonn seeing the dark figure in one corner of the yard, fired, and the animal fell to the ground. The trio soon gathered around the prostrate form of the husband and father.

'You had better go to the house and git a quilt; I am so badly torn you cannot git me there without. There,' said he, 'handle me carefully,' as they wrapped the quilt about him and raised him from the ground. He groaned aloud, begging them to be careful, for it was like taking his life. As soon as they arrived at the house they placed him on the bed and his wife fell to the floor.

'Go for a doctor, John, as quick as possible; though I shall be dead long before you git back; but it will be a satisfaction to your mother. Make the hoss go,' said he, as John was about to start. 'Now Jim,' continued he, 'try and revive your mother—poor woman, she is a widder.'

Jim, who was not acquainted with such cases, being told by his father to throw some water in her face, caught the bucket and threw the whole contents in his mother's face. It had the desired effect; she quickly recovered and sprang to her feet, thinking the world was again deluged.

'You had best send Jim for some of the neighbors,' said Mr. D. to his wife. 'I am confident I am dying—you will feel better not to be alone.'

Two or three of the neighbors with their wives soon made their appearance. The story had lost nothing by Jim's relating, consequently they were expecting to witness a scene of horror.

'This is a sad affair, Mr. D.,' said one of his neighbors, approaching the bed of the wounded man.

'Yes,' replied he, in a faint and tremulous voice, 'I have fallen a victim to my *courage*. If I had remained quiet, and let my sheep been killed, I might have saved my own life; but I have done my duty to my sheep, that is a consolation.'

When he had finished speaking he closed his eyes and seemed quite exhausted.

'You must not converse,' said another, 'it overcomes you.'

After remaining quiet for a short time he opened his eyes and asked to have his mouth wet. A spoonful of water was put to his lips, which he swallowed with much apparent difficulty.

'He is just gone,' said one that was standing by, in a whisper.

Mr. D. heard the words, and believing them, fainted.

'He is gone,' said Mr. L., who stood by the bed.

Mrs. D. went into hysterics.

'Do not scream so,' continued Mr. L., 'it will open the eyes of your husband. I have heard tell of the eyes of the dead being opened, so they could not be closed. Lend her out of the room,' said he to the women, placing his fingers on the eyes of the dead man. At this moment the doctor arrived.

'You are too late,' said one of the men; 'he has just breathed his last.'

The doctor went to the bed and placed his hand on his temple.

'He is not dead,' said the physician; 'he has fainted, probably from the loss of blood. I will see if there is any hope for him.'

So saying, he carefully removed the quilt from the blood stained form of Mr. D. Some that were faint-hearted drew back as they saw the night dress of Mr. D. completely stained with blood. The doctor asked for some warm water and a sponge, and washed the blood from his limbs, and then burst into a hearty fit of laughter. Not so much as a scratch was there to be found on him. The application of the water, and the laughter of the doctor, brought Mr. D. to a state of consciousness. Thinking himself a disembodied spirit, he exclaimed, angrily:

'You needn't laf at me; I dare say you was as awkward at fust as I am. I shall soon larn your manners and customs.'

This caused another burst of laughter, which so enraged Mr. D. that he sprang out of bed, determined to fight his new comrades; but seeing his wife, and other familiar faces, he paused and inquired where he was; and to his astonishment found that he was neither dead nor wounded.

'Neighbor D.,' inquired one of the men, 'what led you to suppose that you were so badly wounded?'

'Dear men, interrupted Mr. D., 'why, railly, I felt the impression of that bear as much as though one of you men should tackle me.'

It was agreed that two of the strongest of the men should go and bring in the bear. In a few moments they returned; and what was Mr. D.'s astonishment and vexation, when, instead of a bear, he saw his large black sheep, the most valuable of his flock, with her neck badly torn, and a ball lodged in her head. They had *mutton* instead of bear meat for breakfast.

The bear had entered the yard and selected the black sheep as his prey; but at the approach of Mr. D. had escaped unnoticed—and thus he had mistaken the black sheep for the bear.

## Power of Love.

The sentiment of love is too frequently made light of; that which is the most potent agency of this our earth; that which has been the central fire of many of those revolutions, is mockingly referred to as if it were a subject for trifling. But love in woman has a true meaning. Love in man is an ennobling passion; it is as dew upon the flowers, as purple dawn upon the sky, as the quiet streamlet in the valley, as an orchard resplendent with early blossoms; it is as a morning prayer; it is as an evening hymn; it is a child asleep and dreaming of heaven. It may be as a deluge that spreads around a viewless waste, without a dove, olive-branch or rainbow; it may be as a faithful field withered with a poisoned wind; it may be as a delectable mountain thrown asunder by the inward fire; it may be the home-sickness of the exile; it may be despair; it may be insanity that sings long and low its melancholy airs; it may be insanity that laughs aloud and then expires. Love while its object lives in purity makes a poet of him with whom it dwells—the ploughboy in the field—the sailor in the shrouds has his dreams and glories; he has in his own way the most passionate imaginings; it kindles up the dormant faculties; it rouses fancy in the stupid; it loosens the tongue of the stammerer; it lends to the most illiterate speech an eloquence; represses sensuality and tames even the savage; it gives joy and fear and happiness; it renders even the mean heroic, and fills them with self-respect. Out of the visions of youth may have come the flames that have illumed the path to greatness. The captain in his floating castle, the general in the tented field, the magistrate in his duties, may each, if he will, look back and find in love the impulse that led him on to power.—*Giles's Lecture on Don Quixote.*

## Sea-weed Bread.

Sea-weed bread, or laver cake, if not one of the delicacies, is one of the edible curiosities of the Gower coast. A great sensation was made some years ago, by a statement that thousands of the peasantry in the 'wild west' of Ireland, were obliged, for some months in the year, to live mainly on sea-weed. In Gower and Swansea sea-weed is rather a popular article of food. Women attend Swansea market with baskets of laver cakes, which are sold at 1d and 2d each. This weed (*ulva porphyra laciniata*) makes an excellent ingredient in sauce for mutton. It is got close to low-water mark, washed well in sea-water, to free it from sand, and then boiled twelve hours, and seasoned with salt. In winter it is only necessary to boil it two hours. The weed grows rapidly except in winter, and it is renewed every other spring. It is also used in several parts of the coasts and islands, where it is called slokum.—*Book of New South Wales.*

[Written for The Flag of our Union.]

## To one who feared she would interrupt me.

BY FRANCES S. OSGOOD.

'Interrupt' me, little darling!
Ask the river,
Freely flowing,
If the sunbeam or the zephyr
Interrupts it in its going.

Like the light upon the ripple,
Like the south wind
On the sea
That bears the balm of flowers
On its wings, art thou to me.

Ask the lute, that dreams of music,
If the tune
Disturbs its strings,
While it gives that dream imprisoned,
Only freedom and glad wings.

'Interrupt' me, little fairy!
Ask the cloud,
That loves your eye,
If the moon's illumining beauty
Interrupts its floating by.

Like the rose Aurora gives it,
When it wanders
By her bower,
Like all of light and love art thou
To me, my fairy flower.

[Written for The Flag of our Union.]

## 'A CLEAR FIELD AND NO FAVOR.'

### A CLERICAL SKETCH.

BY THE YOUNG 'UN.

Within a short distance of the wild shores of Barnegat, there lies an inconsiderable settlement, which can scarcely be denominated a village; in which, spite of the well-known character of the denizens of that ilk, is located a small building, which is appropriated to the purposes of a school-house, and which, occasionally, long time ago (when an itinerant chanced to appear in the vicinity) was used as a church.

The inhabitants of Barnegat are notorious the world over, for their 'wrecking' propensities. The hard-fisted residents, for many miles along the coast, are educated wreckers, they know nothing better, and are not the most scrupulous community in Christendom, in the conduct of their vocation. Notwithstanding this fact, they would gather at the little school-house above mentioned, occasionally, when not busy upon a Sunday, to listen to the words of admonition and instruction, which availed them very little, however, during the week!

It chanced, some years ago, that there happened to pass along there a smooth looking individual, who halted on Saturday in this little neighborhood, and who proposed to remain over the Sabbath, and submit a sermon to the people, at the modest school-house. The offer was accepted, and the reverend gentleman made his appearance in due season, before a very respectable sized congregation. The day being rather pleasant, a full house greeted the speaker, and the services had been carried on for half an hour, very much to the gratification of the smooth-faced parson and his rough auditory.

The text had been given out, the preacher had divided his subject into the requisite number of 'heads' to answer his purpose, and the attention of the audience was fixed upon the speaker, when the propriety of the occasion was suddenly interrupted, and the multitude were unexpectedly startled from their quiet, by the entrance of an outsider, with the exclamation that a brig had just stranded upon the beach, half a mile below.

In an instant the whole crowd were upon their feet, some turning towards the door, some rushing for their head gear, some one way, and some another; when the clear full voice of the 'itinerant' (whom they respected for his calling, in spite of their generally rough character) was heard high above the confusion, and the throng came to a dead halt, in their tracks!

'Brethren,' said the sleek-haired speaker—'it is the Sabba' day; this is a sakrid place,' and the reverend gentleman turned, and secured his hat from the peg behind him.

'Let no rende nor unbecomin' conduck be exhibited in this place, brethren,' continued the itinerant, and he slowly descended the steps of the rostrum, and entered the aisle of the church.

'But rather let us, brethren—show a disposition to be calm; and not disgrace these sakrid primises by any act of undue disturbance, on this holy day,'—and by this time, he had worked himself pretty much through the crowd, who gathered around him, and amid their innocence and respect for the cloth, stood listening carefully, though impatiently, hats in hand—to his quieting remarks.

'Quick—brethren,' continued the parson, still moving towards the door—'speak low, and remember we should respect this day, above all others;' and he emerged from the hall to the door.

'It's a great misfort'n, this wreck, at sich a time, brethren,' added the itinerant, as he placed his foot upon the steps outside; 'but you see, fellers, I've been round *some*, myself, *so let's all have a fair start!*' and with these words, the smooth-tongued preacher (who was one of 'em!) darted off at full speed, at the head of the crowd, and was the first man aboard the wreck.

All *he* asked for, was 'a clear field and no favor.' But whenever a 'missionary' has ventured among those wreckers since, the committee on plunder respectfully hint to him that his *clerical* services will be dispensed with!

## Floating Railway.

The launch of this vessel for ferrying the trains over the Frith of Forth, took place on Tuesday afternoon, at Messrs. R. Napier's ship-building yard, Glasgow. The operation excited considerable interest, more particularly as the vessel was built 'broadside,' and not in the usual manner, with her bow or stern to the river, it being conceived that, owing to the elevation of the ground above the high water level of the Clyde, the launch of the vessel on the broadside system, could be more safely and easily effected. The signal being given, the blocks were removed, and the stopper ropes cut, when the vessel, 170 feet long on deck by 34 feet wide between the paddles, and ten feet deep, strongly framed and plated to sustain the great weight of a train of loaded trucks, glided with a gently increasing velocity to the end of the ways, fell about two feet and a half to the river, gave two or three heavy rolls, and then drifted into the centre of the stream, and was towed to the Broomielaw, where she received her machinery. Her engine is fifty-six inch cylinder, and three-feet six-inch stroke, working each paddle. A chimney on each side allows a clear space in the centre for three trucks, loaded abreast, and the captain stands above them, between the paddles, to steer either end foremost. The vessel is of iron, ribbed; the plates on the bottom being half an inch thick.—*Glasgow Examiner.*

Russia has assumed a threatening attitude in view of the warlike operations in Italy, Austria, &c. This has caused an uneasy feeling on the Continent, which has been sensibly felt in England, and has operated injuriously upon the business of the country.

## An Old Joker in a Bad Fix.

In travelling through the western country, one can hardly step on board a steamboat, either lake or river, without finding one at least among the passengers whom he will at once set down as a *character*; and there is often more real fun to be scared up in a trip of a day or two on one of these boats than a month of Sundays this side of the Alleghany Range. 'Old Steele,' as he was called by every one who knew him, was what might emphatically be called a 'case' of the first water. He had no *advisable* means of support, nor was there much known about him, except that he was a hardened old rascal—would cheat the eye-teeth out of you in less than no time if he could, and was rather fond than otherwise of beguiling the time and money of any green one he might, by a 'game o' keerds,' shoemaker loo, poker, old sledge, or anything else agreeable—it was all one to him; he was generally sure to win, provided he could find a customer, which was not always the case. He had a peculiar way of consoling any one who was unfortunate or foolish enough to sit down with him, by saying that 'when they'd got used to his play' they wouldn't mind it, and would do well enough; but somehow they never *could* 'get used to his play' until it was too late, unless they were right smart themselves.

On one occasion he was *speculating* up and down the Ohio river, and having had a poor run of luck in the Social Hall, where he found some who knew 'keerds' as well as he, and others who knew *him* too well to be induced to 'take a hand,' he thought he would try the lower deck, and accordingly he went below, where for a time he was pretty busy playing high, low—white Jack—loo, &c., &c., scared up now an old watch or a jack-knife, then a pistol or a barrel, or anything convenient, and, as he was *smart*, property changed hands briskly enough.

Among his other customers were the firemen and deck-hands, and before the boat reached C——, he had skinned them all; not only of what funds they had in hand, but of sundry watches, breast-pins, and one or two orders upon the clerk for wages due. These last he did not see fit to present at the counter, for fear of consequences. But one day as he was seated alone counting his profits, the captain, who had been informed of his operations, came to him and told him he must restore what he had won to the rightful owners.

'Why so?' said S.; 'I won 'em fair.'

'Can't help it,' said the captain; 'the main deck aint the place for you to open in; besides, you shan't speculate out of *my* crew, any how—so just give back what you've won, quietly and peaceably, or I'll know the reason.'

Old Steele was deaf to all the captain's entreaties, and to questions, 'Aint you ashamed of yourself for robbing folks in this way? Haven't you got any bowels for them?' answered very coolly, '*Not a bowel!*' The captain finding there was no virtue in words, determined, like the old man in the fable, to try another expedient. He accordingly called upon three or four of his hands (willing ones of course) to bring the old sinner forward, and ordering the engineer to 'stop her,' he had him tied to the *piston rod*, which was horizontal, allowing him two or three feet of rope, and then ordered the engineer to go ahead. For a few minutes it was short turns and a good many of them for Steele; but still he kept his feet and seemed not to mind it much; but as the firemen kept poking in the wood, and the engineer gave her a turn or two ahead—out of revenge for having lost a watch which had cost him a month's wages in 'Orleans,' the old fellow at last found it no child's play to come to time *every* time, without being subjected to a sudden and unceremonious jerk.

The captain and passengers (many of whom had collected to see the sport) were dying at the fun of the thing, and occasionally asked him if he would *deliver*; but Steele, without answering, only kept his eye upon the piston, seeming intent upon finding out how many feet stroke it had. At last he began to travel weaker. The captain said to him again—

'Come, old boy, you may as well hand over first as last.'

'Hand over?' said Steele; 'see you —— first; *I'm jist gettin' used to the critter's play!*'

This was too much—the passengers interfered; even the hands thought the thing had gone far enough, and he was accordingly loosed from his travelling companion, and soon after went ashore at a wood-yard—having first invited all hands to 'step up and licker,' and wondering 'why folks never could learn to *git used to his play!*'—*N. Y. Spirit of Times.*

## The Model Spoilt Boy.

He will do as he likes. He will dirty his clothes, he will tear his trousers, he will break the windows, and no one shall prevent him. He cares nothing for nobody—not he; and he will cry if he chooses. He's not going to school; he hates it, and he does not care if he's a dunce. Ma said he wasn't to learn if it gave him a headache. He likes playing best, and only wishes he was a king, he would eat such lots of buns all day. Do you like ginger-beer?—*he* does. The servants are nasty creatures—that they are; and he'll tell his mamma that they struck him, and wont they just catch it! He does not care if it is 'a story.' Where does he expect to go to? He knows well enough, but he's not going to tell you—it's in jolly likely. His papa is much richer than yours. Wont you give him a shilling? You wont? Well, you're a nasty, stingy man, and ma said you'd a big nose, and that you only came to dinner. O, yes! you'd better strike him; he kicked nurse yesterday—he should like to see you do it. Isn't plummy catching flies and putting 'em inside a watch?—he's done it over and over again—it's such fun! Have you ever stuck cockchafers? Crikey! isn't it a lark just giving 'em paper tails, and set 'em flying in church? He and Harry Simmonds melted Polly's doll, yesterday, before the fire—there is n't a bit of the head and shoulders left now. He isn't a naughty boy—he will scream. Ma says she'd eat herself if she was half as ugly as you. He wont take any medicine—he does not care if he does die. It's precious nasty stuff—ah, he's glad he's broken the bottle. He'll tell you a secret if you wont tell. Aunt Jane wears a wig—Pa and Ma quarrel so, sometimes; Ma says Pa 's a brute, and then Pa calls Ma a 'big millstone round his neck.' He didn't steal the fruit—he only took a apple, and two pears, and a orange, and a handful of nuts—that's all. He wont be a good boy. He wont let go your whiskers. If you'll give him a shilling, p'r'aps he will. He wont go to bed. Ma lets him sit up as long as he likes. He will stamp. He wont leave go of the table-cloth—he won't. He doesn't care if he does pull all the tea-things over. Ugh! ugh! ugh! he'll tell his ma! Ugh!—you'd better not hit him again, or he'll be ill and die of the measles—that he will. Booh-ugh-ooh!—he's jolly glad he's spilt the tea-urn—he'll do it every day, if you don't leave him alone. You're a nasty beast—u-u-ugh.

The Model Spoilt Boy is carried off, at last, amidst a chorus of his own screams, but not before he had upset several cups and saucers, and distributed his kicks very impartially all round. The screams are continued up stairs, and prolonged under the bed-clothes, till he falls asleep—the only period he is ever quiet. The next day his 'pa' determines to send him to school. 'Ma' opposes, and her pet child resists; several broken windows attest the fury of the struggle; but for once the maternal authority is overpowered. The young Nero of the nursery is packed off into the country. When he comes home for the holidays, he is wonderfully tamed; but it takes half-years thoroughly to eradicate his profound savageness, and to make of him a sweet child that forgoes his natural love for bruising the cat, and worrying the servants, and breaking the windows and putting gunpowder into the snuffers, and wiping his dirty hands on gentlemen's trousers. Sometimes he's cured of screaming, but is troubled with dreadful fits of sulking, that will continue for days together, as if it were his only consolation for no longer pinching his little brothers and sisters, or running pins into the little baby, or giving blue-bottles a watery grave in the milk-jug. These sulks may, with care and a strong hand, be weeded from his barren disposition, but generally they lie, with his other faults, too deep to be rooted out; and, as the child is the reputed father to the man, so a despotic husband, or a tyrannic parent, is only too frequently the son of the Model Spoilt Boy.

## Women of China.

Woman is in a more degraded position in China than in any other part of the globe, and her humiliation is rendered more conspicuous by the extent to which civilization and education have been carried in the empire. In rank is she regarded as the companion of man, but is treated solely as the slave of his caprices and passions. Even among the females of the higher ranks, few are found who can read or write; their education is confined to the art of embroidery, playing on a horrid three-stringed guitar, and singing; but the obligation of obedience to man is early inculcated, and the greater portion of their time is spent in smoking and playing at cards. The women of the poorer classes have no education, and can be considered but little better than beasts of burden. A man of that class will walk deliberately by his wife's side with the totters under a heavy load, and frequently she may be seen yoked to a plough, while her husband guides it. Those of the lower classes who are good looking, according to Chinese ideas of beauty, are purchased by the rich, as about twelve or fourteen years, as concubines, and are then instructed according to their master's idea. The Chinese cannot at all comprehend the European mode of treating ladies with respect and deference, and being naturally superstitious, attribute to devilish arts practised by the fair sex, the just appreciation we entertain of their value; in short, they consider European ladies have an influence somewhat similar to that ascribed to an evil eye by Italian superstition. Chinese domestics have a very great objection to reside in an European family over which a lady presides; and an old tradition of theirs curiously coincides with their superstition about our females—that China should never be conquered until a woman reigned in the *far-West*. Some say that this prophecy was never heard of until they were conquered by the army of Queen Victoria. Be this as it may, they all consider that it is to be found in some of their oldest works.

Many traditions are extant in China relative to woman; and amongst other legends the horrible practice of deforming the female feet is thus, said to have, commenced. The wife of one of their ancient emperors was found by her lord and master near the apartment of one of the great officers of the court, who had the reputation of being very handsome. Receiving from the emperor a torrent of abuse for her misconduct, she pleaded in her defence, that it was not *her* fault but that of *her feet*, which were so very large they led her to the spot surely against her will. The emperor immediately ordered the fore part of her feet to be amputated. Such is the origin of the crippled foot, which from this time became the fashion. The appearance of these distorted extremities, which are more tapering stumps, is most disgusting to an European eye. Immediately after the birth of a female, her toes are doubled down, the big toe is made to overlap, and bandages are then applied with an incredible amount of pressure; as age advances, the whole becomes one mass of life and abhorred humors.

A surgeon, who had unbound and examined the foot of a Chinese lady, has assured me that the effluvium arising from it was more offensive, and the sight more disgusting than anything he had ever witnessed in a dissecting-room. The bandages employed are made of silk, which are rarely removed, and these are covered with fresh ones from time to time, and over all the dwarf shoe is worn, ed, the pointed toe of which is stuffed with cotton. Owing to their maimed feet, the women cannot walk any distance, even with the assistance of sticks or crutches, which they always use in the house. The hobbling motion of one who attempts to do so is considered most graceful by the Chinese; and of ladies who essay the exploit are poetically called 'Tottering Willows.' Women of the higher order, when they go abroad, are carried in sedan-chairs or boats, but those who cannot afford to command such equipages, are carried on the backs of men or of women who are blessed with undeformed feet. In the families of the wealthy inhabitants, all the daughters are maimed for life; but among the poorer classes, if there are two or more daughters, one is always deprived of pedestrian power, and she is hence invariably considered superior to her sisters, and may become a *wife*. The others can never become more than handmaids, except they intermarry with the very lowest.

This horrid and barbarous taste is more unaccountable in a nation where the undistorted natural foot of a woman is the very model of beauty; the high instep is equal to the Andalusian, and the arch of the sole rivals that of the Arab; the ankle, which in the distorted foot becomes revoltingly thick, is symmetry itself. Such a foot, of course, can only be seen among the lower classes. The whole female character seems to be completely changed by the barbarous practice in question; for the countenance of a Chinese beauty is almost void of animation, and somewhat expressive of the suffering which her ligatured feet may produce, while the countenances of unstrapped females are full of vivacity.—*Dublin Magazine.*

## European Refinement.

We read a great deal and hear a great deal about the advantages of advertising, as but sides the Atlantic, but in Italy they appear to apply the system in its widest sense. For instance, the principal paper of Turin, the capital of Piedmont and of Charles Albert's dominions, recently contained the following serious and most important notice:

'WANTED.—The Signora Marchesa Solferi di Bartolomeo is in immediate want of a young, healthy, wet nurse, and in order to avoid the possibility of any future loss of milk, she must be unmarried. Her services will be required for the nourishment of a small litter of five thorough-bred English Spaniel pups, their maternal relative being dead. The marchioness would stipulate as an essential condition, that the nurse should reside in her excellency's house. She will receive a salary of 180 francs per month, and will be allowed chocolate in the morning. She will take her breakfast with the machioness, her dinner with the servants, and will be required to *sleep with the dogs!*'

There you have an advertisement which appears in one of the leading papers of an important and highly-polished European capital, and I call it tolerably rich. 'Chocolate in the morning and sleep with the dogs!' We poor republicans must bestir ourselves, or we shall never catch up with the high and refined state of civilization they have hereaway.—*Kendall to the New Orleans Picayune.*

## Wants a Place!

The following is a correct copy (address omitted) of an advertisement from the London Times Supplement, dated Feb. 7th:

'Do you Want a Servant? Necessity prompts the question. The Advertiser offers his services to any lady or gentleman, company, or others in want of a truly faithful and confidential servant in any capacity not menial, where a *practical knowledge of human nature* in various parts of the world would be available. Could undertake any affair *of small or great importance*, where inviolable secrecy, or good address would be necessary. Has moved in the *best and worst societies* without being contaminated by either; has never been a servant; begs to recommend himself as one that knows his place; is moral, temperate, middle-aged, has no objection to any part of the world. Could advise any capitalist wishing to increase his income and have the control of his own money. Could act as secretary or valet to any lady or gentleman. Can give advice or hold his tongue, sing, dance, play, fence, box, preach a sermon, tell a story, *be grave or gay*, *ridiculous or sublime*, or do anything, from the curling of a peruke, to the storming of a citadel, but never to excel his master. Address ——, Post Office.'

## A Witch.

When well-formed features beauty's offspring speak,
And health's sweet roses tinge the youthful cheek,
When the bright eye its dangerous power displays,
Though modesty restrains its softest rays;
When words polite and sentiments refined
Are vouchers for the beauty of the mind—
Or maid, or widow, be she poor or rich,
My heart in terror whispers, 'There's a witch!'

# THE FLAG OF OUR UNION.

THE FLAG OF OUR UNION

F. GLEASON, PROPRIETOR.

MATURIN M. BALLOU, EDITOR.

☞ The terms of The Flag of our Union are $2 00 per annum, invariably in advance. The paper is always discontinued at the expiration of the time paid for.—See imprint on the last page.

☞ All communications designed for publication in the paper, must be post paid, and addressed to F. GLEASON, Boston, Mass., Proprietor of The Flag of our Union.


### To our Correspondents.

'The Spirit of the Cord,' an Irish Ghost Story, by our regular contributor, A. J. H. DUGANNE, shall appear in our next.

'Lines to a Child,' by Helen, accepted.

'The Negro who did not believe in Ghosts,' a prose sketch, by Peter, filed for next week.

'The Son's Appeal,' a poem, by our regular contributor, Mrs. FRANCES S. OSGOOD, in our next number.

'The Wanderer's Return,' a prose sketch, by Horace Judson, shall appear in the next issue of the FLAG.

'The Flight of Time,' a poem, by A. C. H., accepted.

'Wrong End Foremost,' a laughable and true sketch, by our regular contributor, UNCLE TOBY, next week.

'Lines to Ruby,' by J. C. S., accepted.

'The Mother's Aversion,' a side-splitting sketch, by our regular contributor, THE OLD 'UN, filed for the next number.

'The Angel Visitants,' a poem, by A. L., accepted. The fair authoress will please receive our thanks for the letter accompanying her favor. Such tokens are cherished and remembered.

'Eldorado,' a poem, by our regular contributor, EDGAR A. POE, in our next number.

'I love thee,' a fine poem, by A. A., accepted.

'A Rural Scene,' being a poem from our regular contributor, FRANCIS A. DURIVAGE, in our next.

'The Coquette,' a sketch in verse, by Zelia Gray, filed for the forthcoming number.

'Church Worship,' a picture in verse, by Miss C. Allen shall appear next week.

'My Mother,' 'The Love-Token,' 'The Country Boy's Answer,' 'I long to see,' and 'Lines to T. B.' are respectfully declined.

☞ No poems or other articles will be received for this paper, unless accompanied by an authentic name.

### The Gold Discovery.

We can vouch for the truth of the following story, as we are personally acquainted with one of the parties. About thirty years ago, a young man left Boston as a common sailor, in a ship bound to the Pacific, to trade. After some two years absence, the ship was on the coast of California, and here our young adventurer, who was a friend of the captain, got leave of absence for a short time to proceed inland, and send down some of the natives to trade. An unexpected casualty detained him longer than he anticipated, and the captain, supposing he had been treacherously murdered, set sail without him. He remained among the natives for some two years, before an opportunity occurred whereby he could return to the United States. During this time, he lived a hunter's life, and on one occasion was surprised, while hunting in the valley of the Sacramento, by the appearance of glittering particles which he discovered in a stream, and in the sand on its border. He gathered a handful or so of the grains, dirt and all, and put them in his pack, to take away as a curiosity.

He returned home to Boston at last, and one day discovering the little package of earth in his chest, he took it to a gentleman of high respectability, and who was a personal friend of the discoverer, telling him that he was welcome to the stuff, and suggested that he should analyze it. This was done, and to the surprise of both, the dust was found to be the purest of gold! Let it be remembered that this was thirty years since; an expedition was at once planned by the citizen referred to, with ample means and materials, the whole to be under the guide of the young discoverer, who declared that he could conduct the company to a valley where they could get *bushels* of the dust. He could not describe the spot, so as to render its discovery by others easy, but he could lead them the shortest way from the coast to the gold sands. The utmost secrecy was maintained, and all preliminary arrangements were made for the early departure of a mining company.

Unfortunately the young discoverer was seized at this time with a violent fever, and delirium came on before any definite directions could be taken down from his lips, and as death soon after closed his career, the design of the company was relinquished. They had no locality specified, except that of a country so wild, unexplored and extensive, that it was deemed hardihood to attempt to prosecute the purpose at first entertained. The parties engaged in this affair have never felt authorized to make public mention of it for fear of ridicule, perhaps, until the subject of the gold discovery is no longer a problem. It was the will of Divine Providence that the gold should not be discovered at that time, or rather that it should not be disseminated in the land, for some good and wise reason; but chance has again brought the *treasures* of this Eldorado to light, and its riches are pouring into our Atlantic ports, by each arrival from the Sandwich Islands and the Pacific coasts, in quantities that will enrich thousands upon thousands.

### All Things are valuable.

Nothing is worthless; it is only our ignorance as to its appropriate use that renders anything of little value. Countless riches lie hidden in all the creations of God, and every green herb and root contain uncounted riches, for the use of man. How true it is, that in the perfect circle of creation, nothing could be spared; for there is design in all things. Man in his weakness would crush the myriads of insects that people the air or fatten on decayed substances. He can see no use in the thistle that springs up spontaneously to mock the indolence of the husbandman; he questions the wisdom of Divine Providence when the pestilence claimeth its victims, yet he knows not but it sweepeth away a mightier and unknown curse. It has been beautifully said, that the foreknown station of a rush is as fixed as the station of a king; and doubtless the sailing of a cloud hath Providence for its pilot.

LOUIS NAPOLEON.—The French President has a habit of rambling about Paris *incog.*, at night. He'll get a piece of cold steel thrust into his ribs on some of these occasions, if he is not careful.

MODERN IMPROVEMENT.—In Shakspeare's time the world was a stage, but now-a-days we are inclined to think all the world is a panorama!

GOLD.—The arrival at this port of several vessels from the Pacific, with some hundreds of thousand of dollars in gold dust, has given a fresh impetus to the California fever.

MACBETH.—They have *travestied* this tragedy in New York most successfully. Playing at Burton's Theatre.

### A Sip of London Punch.

Punch says some meaning things; for instance, if the following paragraph don't 'hit hard,' then we don't understand its meaning. It is well known that the Duke of Wellington has made a move, doubtless to render himself popular with the masses, to have some system devised whereby the rank and *file of the army* may receive instruction and useful education in the ordinary branches of learning. Punch says:

'The duke of Wellington says, and his saying deserves to be written in the largest letters, over the Horse Guards, and round every cannon's mouth, "It is time that ignorance should cease in the British army." And it is high time; but we hope none of our military readers will have their vanity wounded if we venture to put the following question: "When the aforesaid ignorance ceases, how long will the British army last?" Is it to be expected that some 40,000 men will walk quietly into a field to kill, or to be killed, when they are in a state to reason? Depend upon it, they will not do it to please anybody! But still we cry, as loudly as the duke, "Educate the army."'

The anti-capital-punishment societies, and ultra prison disciplinarians, are also very cleverly hit off. The scene is within a prison, having all the appropriate belongings.

'One of the gentlemen convicts is smoking a cigar in a warm bath while the warden brings his chocolate—another is having his hair cut *à la mode*, and the following conversation goes on between a turnkey and a convict in dressing-gown and slippers. Smoking a meerschaum, and drinking "now and then" from a mug placed upon a fashionable *tripoy* at his side.

'"The governor wishes to know, sir, what exercise you will take to-day—whether you will pick a little oakum or take a turn on the mill for a short time?"

'"O, give my compliments to the govner, and say I shan't come out to-day, I don't feel very well."'

We often have occasion to laugh over newspaper errata on this side of the water, but we don't remember to have seen a more laughable one than this, from Punch, which, however, we strongly suspect is of 'home manufacture:'

'The editor of a country paper, speaking of the people of France, says in a beautiful fulminating leader: "When the provisional government promised the laboring classes that they should never again want work or high wages, *them asses* actually believed it."

'We thought this rather strong, and a little ungrammatical, when the next week's paper contained the following:

'"ERRATUM.—For 'them asses' in our last, read 'the masses.'"

'However, there is a deal of coarse truth wrapt up in a lot of bad grammar sometimes. For ourselves, we decidedly prefer "*them asses*."'

Our readers will remember that Mr. Chas. Kean, not long since, gave a private dramatic entertainment at Windsor Castle, before her majesty and the royal family. The occasion has afforded a theme to Punch for many jokes.

'The tragedy of Charles Kean at Windsor Castle, as was to be expected, will have a lasting influence on the minds of the royal children. We have the best authority for stating that when any of the illustrious infants are at all refractory, Lady Littleton has only to exclaim, "Hamlet's coming!" and the petty rebels are as still as mice.'

### Office-Seekers.

We are often led to smile at the inconsistency of those people and editors in particular, who have so much to say against office-seekers; just as though it were any disparagement to a man's character that he desires to serve his country in some civil capacity, for a fair and reasonable compensation. It is said, that those who seek for office have worked to elect the executive from whom they expect reward, with mercenary purpose, and that to aspire to the attainment of public office is the evidence of a base mind. This sounds very much like nonsense to us; the offices must be filled by somebody, or else the machinery of government would stop; and then again, let us ask, is the politician, who labors and does everything he can for his party, to receive no reward? Pray, who are to have the offices? People who have quietly laid on their oars, and watched to see which of the great parties would be the successful aspirant for power? It is the height of absurdity to talk about interested motives and want of purity of intentions; personal interest mingles in every act of life, and unless made to control all principle, is the truest actuating motive of our nature, and the best to be governed by. It is a very easy matter for us to see the mote in another's eye, even when we have to peer over a beam in our own. Were we placed as the much decried office-seeker is, should we not do as he is doing? Is there really such gross inconsistency in the motives that actuate him? We think not; and speak of these things because we like to turn people's thoughts in upon themselves now and then, that they may undergo the test of reason.

TRIUMPH OF A PRIMA DONNA.—A letter from Havana to the Picayune, states that Steffanoni, a celebrated prima donna, had a benefit there recently, which was the most brilliant affair ever witnessed in that city. The receipts were $8000, and the presents were innumerable, consisting of crowns of silver, with golden acorns, a mahogany case with a purse of one hundred and twenty doubloons, a set of jewelry, rings, fan, bracelet, &c. This is singing to some purpose.

THE TELEGRAPH AHEAD OF TIME.—A message was lately sent by direct communication from Philadelphia to St. Louis—starting from Philadelphia at *five minutes before two o'clock*, it reached St. Louis at *five minutes before one o'clock*—so that St. Louis is about one hour west of Philadelphia in longitude.

A LITTLE TOO BAD.—The Yankee Blade man should be looked after; perhaps the cold water treatment might have a cooling effect. Here's one of his 'last:'

'We believe all men were originally intended to be setters of stone—as all in infancy were *lap(i)dearies*. (lapidaries.)

'COLLECTING A BILL.'—Will the Spirit of the Times please credit a sketch thus entitled, which lately appeared in that paper, to the Flag of Our Union! It was written expressly for this journal by our regular contributor the OLD 'UN.

THE TWO GENERALS.—General Taylor and General Scott are not on the best of terms, after all. Old Zack tried all he could to show his regard for Scott, but the latter was a little too sensitive, and left Washington without calling on the President.

RUSSIA.—The man who buys a thousand acres of land in Russia, purchases with the title all the inhabitants upon the soil, who henceforth become his property, paying him such a tax as he is pleased to assess.

MATRIMONIAL.—'My dear,' said an affectionate spouse to her husband, 'am I not your only treasure?' 'O, yes,' was the cool reply, 'and I would willingly lay it up in heaven.' What an 'insinuating' wretch!

OYSTERS.—It is a little queer that you must take an oyster *out* of its bed before you can *tuck it in*.

FAST.—One of our Yankee clippers, the Sea Witch, has made the voyage from China, in seventy-four days!

GOODNESS GRACIOUS! GRACIOUS GOODNESS!—Two ladies cowhided a man in Cincinnati, the other day, for insulting one of them.

THE ROMAN FLAG.—The new republic have adopted the Italian tri-colors, green, red and white as their flag.

HEIGHT OF IMPUDENCE.—Taking shelter from the rain in an umbrella shop.

### Statistical Information.

PREPARED FOR THE FLAG OF OUR UNION.

Hour-glasses were invented at Alexandria, 150 years before Christ.

It is estimated that the oak tree lives in a state of nature 1500 years.

The sum of $15,000,000 (!) is expended each year in London for intoxicating drinks.

Vaccination was first tried upon condemned criminals, in the year 1721.

The interest of the British national debt is over £24,000,000 sterling.

Looking-glasses were first made at Venice, in the year 1300.

Iron was first discovered by the burning of Mount Ida, 1406 years B. C.

Muslins were first manufactured in England, during the year 1781.

The English poor rates supported 1,400,000 paupers last year. Misery enough.

The first jury ever empannelled was in England, during the year 970.

Air is 816 times lighter than its bulk of water. A queer but correct calculation.

Military uniforms were first adopted in France, by King Louis XIV.

Letters were invented by Memnon, the Egyptian, 1822 years B. C.

The plague of Europe, Asia and Africa, commencing in 588, lasted for fifty years.

The average coinage of the British mint for the last 30 years is £17,000,000 per annum.

Linen was first discovered and made in England, in the year 1253.

Microscopes were first invented and used in Germany, in the year 1621.

The cost of cigars smoked every day in the streets of New York city, is $10,000.

The first private library was that of Aristotle, collected 534 years B. C.

The perspiratory tubes of the human body measure in length *twenty-eight miles*.

According to statistics, *one third* of the population of England are paupers!

The first literary magazine in America was by Franklin, published in 1741.

### Mrs. Butler and her Readings.

Never doubting, and indeed fully subscribing to, the fine genius and intellectual culture of this lady, yet we sicken to see her made the theme of such nonsensical eulogy as we find in some of the papers. The fact is, it has become fashionable for the public to be all agog at once on some theme, and Mrs. B. happens to afford a fitting object for this mushroom popularity at the present time. A few years ago the Dickens fever prevailed (and what a reaction followed!); after that came Sue's works, yet the Mysteries of Paris, then in every one's mouth, is now forgotten; then there were Ole Bull, Vieuxtemps, Castellan, and various other artists, each for the hour the all-absorbing *rage*, and upon whom equally fulsome praise was lavished. Last month, it was Macaulay—this month, it is Mrs. Butler—next, it may be a rope-dancer. It seems that an unhealthy desire for extravagant criticism has sprung up, and those who fill this department of the daily press endeavor to gratify the fashionable appetite. Many of those persons who are made the subject of this unreasonable and indiscriminate praise, realize its worthlessness, and secretly execrate the authors of articles which are in reality calculated to injure them, by raising a standard of excellence that cannot be realized.

### Forrest and Macready.

A fresh letter has lately appeared from Mr. Forrest upon the subject of the late controversy between himself and Macready. We have already expressed it to be our opinion that Forrest has the best of the matter; yet if he is foolish enough to continue so silly and profitless a controversy, we shall recant our good opinion of him. Both of these actors are doing a vast deal every year towards killing the drama, by the exorbitant terms they demand from theatrical managers, who in turn must lessen the salaries of their regular companies in order to meet such extraordinary outlays, or else engage the services of third rate performers, who may be had at an insignificant outlay, in order to prevent their treasuries from being completely drained. The starring system is without doubt the greatest curse the drama has ever experienced.

DEW DROPS OF WISDOM.—We frequently find this division of our paper copied entire without credit. Now, though we do not pretend that the scraps contained therein are original with us, yet we do contend that this small division of the Flag costs an immense expenditure of time and labor, to render it complete each week. It is literally made up of scraps from turned down leaves in our reading, and costs us more trouble than a purely original article or sketch.

POPULATION OF CANADA.—The official estimates make the present population of the two Canadas very nearly a million and a half of people—in actual figures, 1,491,421; of whom 768,334 reside in Lower, and 723,087 in Upper Canada. Each of these colonies sends forty-two members to the Provincial Parliament.

ENGLISH NEWSPAPERS.—Those of our readers who are not in the custom of seeing foreign papers, would be surprised to observe what long and tedious articles are given to chronicle the most unimportant events, such as we should dispatch in a four line paragraph.

SANTA ANNA.—The Mexican Congress has passed a resolution requiring Santa Anna to give notice to the government before returning to the country, and of the place where he proposes to land. Couldn't Mr. Polk help him to another 'pass'? Where's Bancroft?

MRS. MOWATT.—A friend in London writes us; 'all Americans here feel proud of our fair countrywoman, the successful actress and authoress. I never witnessed a greater theatrical triumph than her benefit night exhibited.'

SPANISH POLICY.—The Governor General of Cuba has issued a decree against the introduction of American letters and newspapers into the island. This is a step towards *annexation*, when rightly interpreted.

DRAMATIC.—We understand that Miss Charlotte Cushman intends to return to this country early in the coming fall; and rumor has it that Grisi and Taglioni will also visit this country about the same time.

ACKNOWLEDGMENT.—We owe the New Hampshire Democrat one. When you come to Boston, friend Elkins, we'd like to have you 'take a few raw, in the shell' with us.

ECONOMY.—We see that the English are striving to economize the enormous yearly expense of government, and orders are given for curtailment in many departments.

THE LEGISLATURE OF DELAWARE, at its late session, abolished public executions, a confession that they are not favorable to public morals.

### From our Foreign Files.

The war in the Punjaub costs the East India Company £5000 a day.

The London papers announce the death of Bernard Barton, known as the 'Quaker poet.'

Redmond Ryan, an Irish actor of Irish characters, is about coming to America.

A new piece is in preparation at the Haymarket. 'The Brigand' will also be revived for James Wallack.

Rubini, it is currently reported, will appear once more at her Majesty's Theatre, in the course of the ensuing season.

A son of the celebrated vocalist, Madame Cinti Damoreau, has just been married to Madlle Alix Grenier de St. Martin.

At Rome the ministry are making every preparation for war; all the useless bells are ordered to be melted for casting into cannon.

The first vessel from London to California left in the beginning of March, well filled with freight and passengers.

Another colliery explosion has taken place in one of the English coal mines near Manchester, in which twelve persons were killed.

The Rothschilds, it is said, are winding up their Paris establishment. Their losses by the Revolution must have been immense.

Queen Victoria has written to the Pope, sympathizing with him in his sorrows. The Exeter Hall fanatics are tremendously enraged.

Jenny Lind's appearance at a concert at Derby, on Thursday se'nnight, drew an audience of 1200 persons, at a guinea and half a guinea admission.

A London paper states that Mr. Macready is said to be preparing to return to England from his transatlantic tour, which has not proved so remunerative as he had anticipated.

Letters from Rome, by Vienna, announce that Austria had offered the Pope aid, in men and money. The Czar has declared himself in his favor. The Pope is said to have obtained a loan of six millions of scudi in Russia.

### Dewdrops of Wisdom.

Nothing produceth love like humility; nothing hate like pride.

Keep at least three paces from him who hates bread, music, and the voice of a child.

Christianity commands us to pass by injuries; policy, to let them pass by us.

A man's word may be as good as his bond, but his bond may be as bad as his word.

Sincerely to aspire after virtue is to gain her, and zealously to labor after her wages is to receive them.

There is a great difference between seeking to raise a laugh from everything, and seeking in everything what justly may be laughed at.

The beneficence of the poor man cannot be so extensive a blessing to others as the beneficence of the rich man, but it may be quite as intense a blessing to himself.

Those who achieve great ends are rarely the men who design them; the reapers of the harvest are not generally those who have prepared the soil and cast the seed.

Something of sadness lurks beneath the pleasure founded on a knowledge of mankind; the most truly inoffensive gaiety is that which is purely imaginative.

Some one gives the following definition of death: 'To die, is to enter the eternal world stripped of everything but the moral character.'

If the line which separates vice from virtue were distinctly and legibly drawn, the mark would not last long, for so many would be crowding upon it, that it would be very soon obliterated.

The middle and lower ranks, too numerous to be bribed by a minister, and almost out of the reach of court corruption, constitute the best bulwarks of liberty. They are a natural and most efficacious check on the strides of power.

### The Joker's Olio.

'Have you a quick ear?' asked a singing-master. 'I don't know, sir; I never saw it run.'

Why is a youth who never left the maternal mansion like a family loaf? Because he is *home-bred*.

It is very well to say, 'Know thyself,' but suppose you never found yourself at home, how are you to get an introduction?

An old man slowly said,
Where's the snow?—C. LAMB.

It has 'gone to grass.'

An officer being intoxicated, an old soldier observed he was afraid there was something wrong at *head quarters*.

Why is a lady who accidentally falls into a gentleman's lap like a barbarous nation? Because she is a *Lap-land-er*.

The Court Circular says: 'Prince Albert went out *shooting this afternoon*.' This, then, is the way in which he kills time.

None but Lords are allowed to receive the Order of the Garters. We do not envy them, for the Garter is generally considered a fitting ornament for calves.

A bolt of canvass fell off the stern of a steamer and a man jumped in after it. Being in for a *duck*, he was bound to have the *canvass back*.

To make children take medicine, I first coax, then bribe, then threaten, then spank, and finally choke; but I think that to begin with the choking would be the best way.

'Are you quick at figures?' asked a merchant of a young man who applied for a situation. 'O, yes,' said he, 'I am quick enough at them, but it takes me a good while to manage them.'

A young lady who was rebuked by her mother for kissing her intended, justified herself by quoting the passage: 'Whatsoever ye would that men should do unto you, do ye even so to them.'

A correspondent tells us of a man who died lately, 'because he was so rich,' and asked us what the doctors should 'put down' as the occasion of his death. It is hard to tell. We should say he died of the 'fullness of the chest.'

### Miscellaneous Scraps.

The revenue received from customs, from all the ports of the United States, amounted during the two months of January and February, to only a fraction less than *five millions three hundred thousand dollars*.

Packing flour for California is done at St. Louis in this way: The flour is put into a cotton sack, and then covered hermetically with a sack of dressed elk-skin, so as to exclude it completely from the air.

The New Orleans Picayune says that a colored woman, named Felicite Maxan, died in that city recently at the extreme advanced age of 131 years, without having been sick a day in her life.

A worthy lady in Newport, R. I., has received a letter, post-marked Boston, enclosing $200, which the writer says was due to her husband on an old unsettled account. The recipient has not the remotest idea from whom it came.

Catlin, the celebrated aboriginal historian, has been lecturing on his favorite theme, in Manchester, England, and exhibiting many portraits of Indian chiefs, taken by him in his travels. He was received with great enthusiasm.

An improvement has been made in the microscope, by B. Hassert, Cincinnati, which it is said immensely increases its power. The Cincinnati Commercial speaks of it as a great scientific discovery—the benefits of which are incalculable.

Mr. George W. Skinner, from Providence, R. I., has arrived at Vera Cruz, and has had a conference with the Mexican authorities in relation to constructing Morse's Magnetic Telegraph from that city to Mazatlan via. the city of Mexico. He received strong encouragement from the government, and proceeded on an examination of the route.

### Quill and Scissors.

Some cynic has suggested whether the custom of setting apart the first day of April for fools may not be dispensed with, as three-fourths of the people are fools all the year round.

Cowles, in his excellent History of Plants, notices the virtues of hemp thus laconically: 'By this cordage ships are guided, bells are rung, beds are corded, and rogues kept in awe.'

The President of the French Republic and the majority of the ministers have decided that the envoys sent to Paris by the Roman Republic shall not be received by the French government.

In the county of Mayo, in Ireland, three magistrates are receiving out-door relief for themselves and families, from the different parish unions. This fact is sufficient to show the destitution is not confined to the peasantry.

The number of vessels which have, up to the present moment, cleared in the ports of the United States for California, is 270, carrying, passengers and crew together, 17,341 souls.

It is stated that the eminent savan, Dr. Thomas Dick, whose works form a portion of the standard English literature, will visit the United States during the coming summer.

The Evening Post says the increase of street beggary is enormous. In the upper part of the city where the Police is rather scarce, these beggars go about in squads.

A man may do great things, says an exchange, and yet not be a great man. Which moral Sam Patch might have delivered, as he leaped from the summit of Niagara.

The inhabitants of Elizabethtown, N. J., have been thrown into a state of excitement by the extraordinary disappearance of Mr. A. Van Houten, tax collector of the borough.

George McKay, of Providence, R. I., was killed by the fall of a piece of timber at a ship launch in Mobile. He was of the firm of McKay & McLeod, and leaves a wife and three children.

There is news from China to December 29th, but it is not specially important. Six Chinese junks which had been engaged in piracy, were burned by government order.

A new steamer, called the Puritan, is now building in New York, to run between Fall River, Providence, and Newport. She will be finished about the first of June.

A new book has been published, called 'Auriferdine, or Adventures in the Gold Region,' the author of which is Cantell A. Bigly; which may be read: *Can-tell A Big lie*.

The Cincinnati Organ and Messenger says that a member of a division of the Sons of Temperance of that city, was recently expelled for marrying his mother-in-law.

Twelve tons of Salmon Trout have been taken from Moose Head Lake, the past winter, and have brought to the fishers $2000. Why should they go to California?

It is said that the President of France aspires to the hand of Miss Coutts, the celebrated banker's daughter. He probably admires her for her *sterling* worth.

A large wild bear was killed a few weeks since, near Charleston, S. C. It was supposed that they had been exterminated in that region.

The sheriff of Rockbridge county, Va., in attempting recently to quell a disturbance in court, was severely, if not fatally, wounded by a pistol shot.

Some of the Yankees waiting at Panama for a passage to California, have got out a newspaper, the Panama Star, which they sell for twelve and a half cents a copy.

You have no business to have any business with any other people's business; but mind your own business, and that is business enough for you.

Lieut. John E. Bispham, U. S. N., died in Philadelphia on Saturday last, from disease contracted on the coast of Africa three years since.

The U. S. Army in Texas is now engaged in opening a route to California, through the valleys of the Rio Grande and Gila.

They are beginning to talk about eating each other in California. We advise very fat people, therefore, to keep away from there.

A female was held to bail in Philadelphia last week in $400, on a charge of libel, in sending a scurrilous Valentine to another.

A wire bridge is to be suspended, this summer, across the mouth of the Licking River, by C. F. Ellett, the distinguished engineer.

In Bourbon county, Ky., Benjamin Cloud has committed extensive forgeries, mortgaged his property to a friend, and vamosed.

Henry Clay is to deliver the address at the great Agricultural and Horticultural Fair to be held at Cincinnati next fall.

A stage coach ran off a precipice near Pittsburg, and George Pennington was killed and others injured.

The Niagara Falls Iris states that the pail factory of Paterson & Murray in that village can turn out 1000 pails per day.

In the breaking up of the ice, the eastern half of the old bridge over the Connecticut at Windsor, Vt., was swept off.

The Boston Republican recommends that ether be given to criminals at the time of their execution, as a matter of humanity.

Mr. Hannegan has received his commission and outfit as Minister to Berlin, and will leave shortly.

The doctors are at work trying to cure up a man in South Carolina, that he may be executed according to law.

An exchange, in a puff of a mercantile firm, says that 'they are determined to sell their goods if they have to give them away.'

It is said that American speculators are now in Canada buying up cows at $12 each, for our western dairymen.

The papers tell us that adventurers are going in *flocks* to California. This is the way which geese always travel.

Bolivia is in a frightful state of confusion. Three rival chieftains are in the field, contending for the government.

A new town, to be called Appleton, has been surveyed and laid out near the Grand Chute, on Fox River, Wisconsin.

A married music teacher has eloped from New York with one of his pupils, a girl of sixteen years.

A pound of crude iron costs four cents, but by labor its value for watch springs increases to $2000.

China has forgot its old tale of passive obedience. Disturbances have broken out in several provinces.

The gold dollar will weigh twenty-five and eight tenths grain; and is to be coined until March 4th, 1851.

Two steamers were burnt, lately, near Augusta, Ga., with twelve hundred bales of cotton—loss $25,000.

Gen. Taylor has communicated to Gov. Fish his intention to attend the next New York State Fair at Syracuse.

Charles W. Morgan takes command of the naval force in the Mediterranean, vice Com. Bolton deceased.

Col. George W. Sevier, of Tennessee, died at Washington 29th ult.

The cholera still prevails at New Orleans, and at the landings on the Mississippi.

Silk, equal to the best French article, is now produced near Wheeling, Va.

There are now 100 students in the Woodstock, Vt., medical school.

There is a talk of abolishing passports between England and France.

A rainy day always reminds us of a certain vegetable; it is the cab-age.

A large party of Latter Day Saints, or Mormons, lately left Liverpool for California.

Many of the inhabitants of Nova Scotia are in a starving condition.

Old Zack says he shall exclude all duellers from office. Good.

A succession of severe earthquakes has been experienced among the Azores.

Caleb Cushing didn't get any office from Taylor. Queer, wasn't it?

ODD.—That rivers should be so full just where they *empty* themselves.

### Local Matters.

#### A Word about California.

'Mr. Editor,' writes a correspondent, 'you are in the midst of information; why can't you just drop a line, and say what you think about going to California, and suggest what I had better carry with me, if I conclude to go.' As we have had more than one like interrogatory, we will just say a word here which will save us and future correspondents trouble. If you are minus friends and money, and have nothing else to lose by it, why, go to the 'diggins;' but before you start, make up your mind to leave behind you comfort, civilization, conscience, respect for other people's lives, and all care for your own. You must take to your bosom two new and constant friends to be with you even when you sleep, a bowie-knife and a revolver; also a small pocket directory relating to the dressing of shot wounds and knife cuts. Bid your acquaintances farewell forever, as not one out of ten who go to California will ever live to return; consequently, the chances are nine to one against you. Moreover, you must make up your mind to meet there a class of men, most of whom having found the States 'too hot to hold them,' have seized upon this venture, like drowning men at straws. If, after having weighed these matters thoroughly, you feel inclined to go gold digging, 'we hope you may get it.'

#### Gaming Clubs

Our citizens, generally, are not aware that there are among them many clubs, *à la* Crockford, where young men are nightly enticed and adroitly swindled. Some of these club-rooms are splendidly furnished and liberally conducted, as it regards the supply of the best refreshments and wines, and many persons who pass for gentlemen—ay, and move in good society—are the patrons and officers of these 'hells.' While we write, we have one of these establishments in our mind, situated in the very heart of the town, in one of our most fashionable promenades. It is by being enticed into such places as these, that young men lay the foundation for their ruin, and are led to defraud their employers to feed an appetite for gambling. There is a vast deal of crime and rascality going on among the higher classes of dissipated society, that superior cunning and tact enable the participators to hide from publicity and the law, but wherever we find it, we shall always expose it boldly.

#### Amusements.

The Boston Museum has struck another profitable vein with its speculation of the Forty Thieves, produced in superb style, and performing nightly to crowded audiences. Miss Phillips, as Morgiana, appears to much advantage. The opera season has closed at the Howard Athenæum, after doing only a living business. The Beach Street Museum is daily growing more popular, and is well filled at each representation of its varied and taking pieces. The 'Female Forty Thieves' bids fair to run an hundred nights. Mrs. Mestayer is as popular as ever with her winning smiles and easy grace. The panorama of the Whaling Voyage has left the city, after a successful season of about three months. That of Champney's, of the River Rhine, will close shortly; it is richly worth a visit. The exhibition of the Creation of the World is still open at Boylston Hall.

#### Miss Arvilla Phillips.

We were no less surprised than delighted to witness the performance of this little danseuse at the Beach Street Museum, a few evenings since, and without hesitation we pronounce her the best performer of her age that we have ever seen. Her petit form is unusually well developed for a child, and its easy grace and agility is surprising. There are no sharp angulations in her performance, but a flowing liquid beauty characterizes every step, and each movement, pirouette or chassee, seems natural and spontaneous, so finished is her execution. With such native talent, Miss Phillips should be encouraged and cultivated.

#### A Pretty Idea.

Little fountains, with ornaments and spacious marble basins, are being introduced into the windows of many of our stores, fed by pure Cochituate. Dr. Brown, corner of State and Washington sts., has a fine one filled with gold fish and other choice aquatics. The doctor has a most insinuating way with him, and has tamed several of his gold fish to come to his hand and eat from it; he says it is the easiest thing in nature, and the only requisite is uniform kindness and gentle handling.—Step in and taste the doctor's soda, and see his artificial pond.

#### James T. Fields.

This gentleman has just issued a volume of his own poems. We have only seen extracts from the book, but surely, if they are a fair sample, Mr. Fields must have been writing some of his poems merely to 'fill up,' for they are exceeding 'stale, flat, and unprofitable.' Here's a verse from a poem entitled, 'Lines to a Malignant Critic.' The last line is especially elegant:

'He hasn't a sixpence to buy his wife's shroud,
He "writes for a living," so stab him again!
Raise a laugh, as he timidly shrinks from the crowd,
And hunt him like blood-hound, most valiant of men!'

It is stated that in Boston alone, Mrs. Butler cleared $10,000 by her Shakspeare readings. She is in a fair way to make a large fortune.—*Amer. Courier.*

Altogether out of reason, Mr. Courier. Mrs. Butler hardly cleared $3,000 in this city by her readings. But that we thought was doing a smart business.

MAJOR ANDREWS.—This gentlemanly and efficient officer of Colonel Wright's Massachusetts Regiment, died in this city a few days since, of disease contracted in Mexico. He was a true soldier and a noble-hearted man. A major's command escorted his remains to the grave.

MARINE TELEGRAPH.—After a slight interruption, the Marine Telegraph of this city is again in operation. The funds got low, and the merchants wouldn't 'pony up' until they had to do without it a few weeks. They soon saw its value.

WASHINGTON CONTINENTALS.—We see by the Advertiser that a new military company, under the above name, is about to be formed in this city, which will adopt the original Continental uniform, precisely in the same style it was worn in 1776.

SENTENCED.—John McPike was sentenced a few days since, in the Supreme Court of this city, to five years' imprisonment in the State Prison, for the murder of his wife at East Boston, some months since.

THE MATCH GIRL.—There is a very excellent painting at Doggett's rooms, Washington street, by G. H. Ballou, representing a little match girl. It is a sketch from fancy, but is very lifelike and expressive.

## OUR OLIO COLUMN.

### American Aristocracy.

The idea, that to be able to trace back one's genealogy any great length of time constitutes in itself any merit or distinction, is a palpable absurdity; inasmuch as the farther back we refer ourselves, the more nearly do we approximate to the veriest serf in the world. Sir Thomas Overbury said of a man who boasted of his ancestry, that he was like a potato plant, the best thing belonging to him was under ground! Read these lines, by J. G. SAXE, upon the subject. We find them, uncredited, in an exchange.—ED. FLAG.

Of all the notable things on earth,
The queerest one is pride of birth
Among our 'fierce democracie;'
A bridge across a hundred years,
Without a prop to save from sneers,
Not even a couple of rotten peers;
A thing for laughter, fleers and jeers,
Is American aristocracy!

English and Irish, French and Spanish,
German, Italian, Dutch and Danish,
Crossing their veins until they vanish
In one conglomeration!
So subtle a tangle of blood, indeed,
No heraldry Harvey will ever succeed
In finding the circulation.

Depend upon it, my snobbish friend,
Your family thread you can't ascend,
Without good reason to apprehend
You may find it waxed at the other end
By some plebeian vocation!
Or, worse than that, your boasted line
May end in a loop of stronger twine
That choked some worthy relation.

### Why don't you take the Papers?

BY N. P. WILLIS.

Why don't you take the papers?
They're 'the life of my delight;'
Except about election time,
And then I read for spite.

Subscribe, you cannot lose a cent—
Why should you be afraid?
For cash thus paid is money lent
On interest four-fold paid.

Go then, and take the papers,
And pay to-day, nor pay delay;
And my word, it is inferred
You'll live till you are gray.

An old newspaper friend of mine,
While dying from a cough,
Desired to hear the latest news,
While he was going off.

I took the paper, and I read
Of some new pills in force;
He bought a box—and is he dead?
No—hearty as a horse.

I knew a printer's debtor once,
Racked with a searching fever,
Who swore to pay her bill next day,
If her distress would leave her.

Next morning she was at her work,
Divested of her pain,
But did forget to pay her debt,
Till taken down again.

'Here, Jessie, take these "silver wheels,"
Go pay the printer now!'
She spoke, she slept, and then awoke
With health upon her brow.

I knew two men as much alike
As e'er you saw two stamps,
And no phrenologist could find
A difference in their bumps.

One took the papers, and his life
Is happier than a king's;
His children all can read and write,
And talk of men and things.

The other took no papers, and
While strolling through a wood,
A tree fell down upon his crown,
And killed him—'werry good.'

Had he been reading of the news
At home, like neighbor Jim,
I'll bet a cent that accident
Would not have happened him.

Why don't you take the papers?
Nor from the printer's sneak!
Because you borrow of his boy
A paper every week.

For he who takes the papers,
And pays his bill when due,
Can live in peace with God and man,
And with the printer too.

### Gold.

A mighty pain to love it is,
And 'tis a pain that pain to miss;
But of all pain, the greatest pain
Is to love, but love in vain.
Virtue now, nor noble blood,
Nor wit, by love is understood.
Gold alone does passion move;
Gold monopolizes love.
A curse on her and on the man
Who this traffic first began.
A curse on him who found the ore!
A curse on him who digged the store!
A curse on him who did refine it!
A curse on him who first did coin it!
A curse all curses else above
On him who used it first in love!
Gold begets in brethren hate;
Gold, in families, debate;
Gold does friendship separate;
Gold does civil wars create.
These the smallest harms of it;
Gold, alas, does love beget.

### A Serenade.

How shall I picture thee, ladye fair,
How thine enchantments tell?
How shall I sing of thy raven hair,
How of thy bosom's swell?
Duskily drooping o'er summer seas
Lowers the moonless night;
Gently the waves with the morning breeze
Heave in the rosy light.

Soft is the sigh of the ravished shell,
That mourns for its parted zone;
Sad is the clang of the passing bell,
As it dies on the evening breeze;
Sweetly arising from twilight trees
The notes of the night-bird swell;
But softer, and sweeter, and sadder than these
Are the murmurs of love's farewell.

### Epitaphs.

*On a Sexton at St. Edmundsburg.*

I that had a hundred bodies brave,
Was carried by a fever to the grave;
I carried, and was carried, so that's even;
May I be porter to the gates of heaven.

*In the churchyard of Grantham.*

John Palfreyman which lieth here,
Was aged four and-twenty year;
And near this place his mother lies,
Also his father, when he dies.

### Sonnet to a Clam.

'Dum tacent clam-ant.'

Inglorious friend, most confident I am
Thy life is one of very little ease—
Albeit men mock thee with their similes,
And prate of being 'happy as a clam!'
What though thy shell protects thy fragile head
From the sharp bailiffs of the briny sea,
Thy valves are sure no 'saf-ty-valves' to thee,
While 'rakes' are free to desecrate thy 'bed,'
And bear thee off, as foemen take their spoil,
Far from thy friends and family to roam—
Forced, like a Hessian, from thy native home
To meet destruction in a foreign broil!
Though thou art tender, yet thy humble bard
Declares, O clam, thy 'case' is shocking hard!

### Epigram.

'Jack,' quoth his father, 'can you tell
What state will give me ease?
I tire when standing—when I kneel,
Sharp pains invade my knees.

'To walk, my feet all blisters o'er—
My back aches, if in bed;
And if I sit, my hips are sore;
To lean, affects my head.'

'Yes sir,' quoth Jack, 'one way remains,
The last within your power,
Since none of these relieves your pains,
Try hanging, half an hour!'

### Who's dat dying on de Floor?

AIR—'*Who's dat knocking at de door?*'

I had just come up for dis famous town to see,
And all de curiosities, whatever dey might be;
I went to de House, and heard de speaker say
To some big humbug dat before de chair dere lay—
'Am dat O'Connell—am dat you, John?
What, you aint dead yet? you better go along!
For dar is no use dying on de floor, any more.

'Who's dat dying on de floor?
Twenty times you've done that I tink, before—
I'll call de showman, tell him how
You always go on as you're doing now;
Who's dat dying on de floor?
Am dat O'Connell, am dat you, John?
If you aint dead yet, you'd better go along,
For it's no use dying on de floor, any more.


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[Written for The Flag of our Union.]

### The Eagle's Flight.

BY ALMY.

An eagle gazed from an Alpine height,
Gazed on the fiery sun;
And he winged an upward course of flight,
Till it should safe be won.
And then o'er a precipice he bent,
And gazed on scenes below;
Far down, a sun its radiance lent,
Seemed moving to and fro.

Quoth the eagle, as he viewed his plight,
'The earth hath sunbeams too;
And as 'tis easiest, downward flight,
I'll prove the saying true.'
Once more he viewed the far-off sky,
Then stooped without remorse,
And on, from crag to crag, did try
The easy, downward course.

While on his way, each nice repast
Did soothe his appetite,
That not a look he homeward cast,
So sweet was earth's delight.
Down, down, his course he kept again,
And reached the goal below;
Alas, 'twas but a glassy main!
The sun's reflected glow.

Weary and senseate, he now
Is glad to rest awhile;
The cool winds fan his throbbing brow,
And heavy thoughts beguile.
A hunter, with a hunter's eye,
The royal feathers spies,
Quick as meteor, through the sky
The death-winged arrow flies.

Alas for him who sought the sun
In sparkling waves below!
And found his earthly course was run,
To grasp a gilded show.
With broken wing and bleeding breast,
And fading sight, he tries
To reach once more the snowy crest,
Where his loved eyrie lies.

In vain! in vain! he sinks to earth;
The far-off sun grows dim;
The Alpine height that gave him birth
No more will glow for him.
As evening clouds with sunbeams part,
A starry wing sweeps by—
And the proud bird that sought the sun,
Falls to the earth, to die.

[Written for The Flag of our Union.]

### Scenes of Childhood.

I AND MY SISTER.

BY MARY.

'Twas down by the wildwood in infantile days,
We whiled away childhood in innocent plays;
We sported, and frolicked, and rested at ease,
On our own grassy couch beneath the large trees.

We loved then to ramble o'er orchard and park,
Our own merry songs were as gay as the lark;
We picked up the ripe fruit all mellow and nice,
And had plenty of knickknacks around without price.

It gave us no trouble our cupboard to fix;
We made it of shingles laid lengthwise on bricks;
And out of the pieces of ma's fated ware
We arranged our cupboard quite pretty with care.

Our favorite playhouse beneath a large tree
Was as pretty a playhouse as ever could be;
The clustering grape vine hung graceful around,
And the close-matted branches o'ershadowed the ground.

My mind often lingers in this happy spot,
Those bright happy hours can ne'er be forgot;
Although now my childhood has long since passed away,
I love the sweet wildwood where we used to play.

[Written for The Flag of our Union.]

### The Beautiful in Nature.

BY JOSEPH W. NYE.

There's beauty when the rosy morn
Dispels the shadows of the night;
When flowerets smile to greet the dawn,
And birds sing praises at the sight.

There's beauty on the moonlit deep,
When storms rage not to rend its breast;
So sweetly calm, it seems to sleep,
Hushed like a guileless babe to rest.

There's beauty in those coral caves,
Far down beneath the billows' crest;
O'er many a gem the tempest raves,
That sweeps across old Ocean's breast.

There's beauty on yon shining strand,
Where murmuring wavelets fringe the main;
They gently kiss the glistening sand,
And sing their sweet, harmonious strain.

There's beauty in those sparkling gems
That deck the gorgeous dome of night;
Not kingly thrones and diadems
Can boast of charms so rich and bright.

There's beauty where the king of day
Sinks in his golden bed to rest;
When sweetly beams his latest ray,
And earth is with his splendor dressed.

But there's a brighter world above,
Where beauty all unclouded reigns;
Where all rejoice in light and love,
And music rolls in heavenly strains.

[Written for The Flag of our Union.]

### Paolina.

BY MRS. M. E. SELLECK.

Meek-eyed Paolina! child of the ideal!
Thou fair habitant of beauty's sweet zone!
Making all hearts to turn from earth's gross scenes—the real!
And cling like tendril vines in fondness to thine own.
Lo, if unto thee such witching power belongs,
To uplift and beautify the earth—fettered soul—
Bidding it to breathe forth of heaven's enraptured songs,
Till joy from love's deep fount hath filled life's golden bowl;
From whence shall the beauteous portraiture be drawn,
Pure and life-giving as the first blush of morn,
That can image her whose genius gave thee birth!
Which fills our souls with the radiance of its beams;
Wanting no lips to praise its modest inborn worth;
Aye lingering round us like the mystery of dreams!

### There is Good in the World.

There is good in the world,
Though sin may defile it;
There is joy mid our tears,
Though men may revile it.
Though crime's mighty banner
Is in darkness unfurled,
Yet remember this truth—
There is good in the world.

In the worst of our kind,
There's a remnant of good,
If we knew but the chord,
Or the sensitive mood,
By which their kind feelings
Might again be unfurled;
Then their actions would prove
There was good in the world.

## MISCELLANEOUS.

[Written for The Flag of our Union.]

### THE DEFORMED.

A TRUE STORY, WRITTEN BY REQUEST.

BY CALVIN PORTER.

Early in the summer of 1848, while I was passing through a beautiful town on a range of the Green Mountains—beautiful as it came from the hands of the God of nature—I called at the mansion of a friend whose cursory acquaintance I had the pleasure of possessing. The day was sultry even for the season, it being the leafy month of June. The casement of the neat little parlor to which I was conducted was thrown up, through which the southern breeze came refreshingly cool, and laden with the kisses of flowers, affording at the same time a glimpse of wooded hills and blue mountains far away. The owner of the mansion was emphatically a Puritan; some of the finest attributes of his being had been narcotized by prejudices, yet a warm good heart throbbed in his bosom, alive to many of the nobler sympathies that finger its tuneful chords, but dead to others equally noble and holy. After a few rambling remarks, our conversation centred on that most vexatious of all topics—romance. From the tone of his comments I soon learned that he deprecated the writing and the reading of all fiction. Some of his views were exceedingly grotesque; views that I was incompetent to meet, on account of the strange dishabille in which they were clothed; therefore I listened to his medley of contradictions without seriously endeavoring to unshroud any of them. I knew where the focus of his arguments centred. He was aware that I dabbled in fiction now and then, and the battery of his verbal grape was all directed towards myself. But finding that I met his overtures with that most perplexing of all arguments, utter silence, he soon put a quietus to his suggestions by admonishing me as a friend, if I must and would write, to dress each tale with an instructive moral. Scarcely had the words left his lips, when he arose suddenly from his seat, and, pointing through the casement, at an object in the street, uttered a low, derisive laugh.

'There,' said he, 'goes that burlesque of humanity, that dreamer, that transcendentalist, Eugene Mordant. I wonder the mother that bore him is not ashamed of her deformity;' and he surveyed his own manly proportions in a mirror that hung pendant from the wall.

My eye involuntarily followed the index of his finger, and fastened on an individual who at first sight seemed absolutely ludicrous, if we *dare* name aught ludicrous, which bears the holy seal of God, and the divine impress of immortality. His entire spine was apparently contracted into a huge hump between his shoulders, his head was cast forward by the sad deformity, his limbs were disproportioned to his body, and his attitude and address were far from pleasing to the casual eye.

The burlesque and scorn of my friend, contrasting so vividly with the words of advice yet warm on his lips, sunk deep into my heart. One moment, the sage advocate of a universal reformation for the general good of humanity, the next, scorning and deriding a common brother, because the Creator had not seen fit to cast him in the same mould with himself! 'O, consistency, thou art a jewel.'

'Where is Julia?' said he; 'she ought to have a glance at her hump-back adorer: how proud she would be of such a husband! how dare the vagrant offer his hand to the proud and queen-like girl?'

The afternoon had far waned when I took my departure. I had tarried, hoping to get a glimpse at the fair Julia Atwood, the beautiful daughter of my friend. I had not seen her since childhood, but often heard that she was proverbially lovely and withal very proud and haughty; but she appeared not, and, as the sun declined in the west, I reluctantly bid Atwood and his gentle wife good-by, and took my departure. I followed the direction taken by the hump-back, with a determination to seek an interview, and ascertain what Atwood meant by '*dreamer, transcendentalist*,' as he had termed the deformed. Passing on nearly a furlong over the highway, I came to an abrupt declivity, near the base of which I saw the object of my thoughts pacing slowly onward, his hands crossed behind him, like one in meditation. I had approached within a few paces before he discovered my presence, but he seemed to manifest no surprise or interest whatever at my abrupt intrusion. He merely bowed in return to my greeting, and then moved on in the same slow measured clock-work pace as before.

'It is a beautiful evening,' I ventured to suggest.

'Beautiful!' he returned, in low, mild tones, 'what do you mean?'

'Mean!' said I, nettled at the apparent apathy of his reply, 'I mean that the heaven is blue, the sunlight pleasant, the flowers sweet, and the zephyrs gentle.'

'True, my soul knows all this, feels all this, drinks in this paradise of sunshine and flowers, roving winds and green woods; but what then?'

'Then the spirit of man should assimilate and be happy.'

'With wormwood and gall steeping his heart in torture.'

I looked for the first time into his face, and, to my surprise, saw that it was remarkably, almost painfully beautiful. It was very pale, which pallor was heightened nearly to ghastliness by the glittering ebony of his hair, eyebrows and lashes; his eyes were startlingly black and lustrous as a diamond; his small white lips were fringed with a belt of the deepest crimson, giving his features a dazzling charm, which were stamped with an inexpressible mournfulness. When in repose his countenance was quiet and nerveless as that of a corpse, so calm, so listless, and withal so lovely, that I forgot his deformity, and stared at him in wonder. He noticed my surprise, and, for a moment, a faint crimson played beneath his clear pearl cheek.

'Well,' said he, breaking the pause, 'what am I, a man or a brute?'

'I do not understand you.'

'Then I will make you. Man looks on my *face* and calls me *brother*—he looks upon my back, surveys these limbs, this stooping, patchwork form, and I am at once bereft of soul, mind, feeling, hope, immortality. The beautiful scan my person and burlesque the word of God, by saying, that I am "fearfully and wonderfully made;" the proud and the mirthful serve me up at their banquets in lieu of a dessert, and pass me round in a jest. Those who know enough to be fools, shun me as though this prominence on my back had power to reach and pierce my soul. The good—ah! I know them not. Now why is it? Did not God make my soul as sensitive as his whose form is typed in a more perfect similitude of manliness? my heart as large and hopeful; my feelings as acute; my affections as sacred? If there is anything in this world that will crucify the spirit of man, it is scorn and derision at misfortunes beyond the control of human influence. But you have not laughed at my misshapen form; you have looked upon me "gently and humanly," and I love you for it. Such a greeting from a stranger is rare. Come with me to my home; it is the cottage in the grove yonder; you will pass the night with me.'

He commenced in bitterness, but his voice melted into a tone of sorrow as he proceeded, and as he finished, a tear fell from his eye. Without hesitating, I followed as he conducted, and was soon ushered into a parlor, so perfectly neat and elegant in all its belongings, that I paused in admiration. A soft luxurious carpet yielded noiselessly to the touch of the foot, the centre table was laden with volumes chosen with a nice discriminating taste; pictures looked down from the walls like things of life, and the windows were hung with lilac silk curtains, whose drapery, sweeping to the floor, bathed the light admitted through the casement with a hue so rich and voluptuous, that it seemed like an oriental palace. In a few minutes the mother of the deformed entered the parlor, and I was introduced. From me the lady turned a look on her son; *such a* look of warm, womanly, motherly idolatry, I never saw before. The words of Atwood, 'I wonder the mother who bore him is not ashamed of her deformity,' flashed through my mind. How earnestly, how fervently, how lovingly she regarded her pale-faced boy. He was beautiful to her, more beautiful than anything else in the world. He had sprung from her loins, she had nourished him at her breast, pillowed his infancy with a mother's care, guarded his childhood with a mother's prayers. Her bosom had been a refuge for the sad boy when the gibes of playmates pierced his young heart; she had nourished his budding intellect, modelled his intense sensibility, been the guide and the champion of his helplessness—what wonder then that she loved him? In the touching language of Scripture, 'He was the only son of his mother, and that mother a widow.' They lived together in retirement. The estate left them by the husband and father was so ample as to supersede the necessity of labor, and Eugene Mordant passed the most of his time in painting, drawing, reading, or wandering over the green fields.

After tea he invited me to walk, and following him with an eager step, he led me on through the edge of a forest, into a circular plot of open land, walled in by an amphitheatre of trees. In the centre of this plot had been reared a frame-work arbor, and it was covered with the trailings of a grape vine which were just putting forth their shoots to the influence of summer. Reared on either side of the bower were seats on which to luxuriate in the sultriness of the season; and rarely if ever have I been called to visit a rural retreat so fascinating to the senses and the heart. Here the dreamer might dream, the enthusiast speculate, the lover hope.

Before entering the arbor, Mordant cast a look so solemn, so full of anguish, at a mossy mound in the centre, reared in the similitude of an ottoman, that it caused me no little curiosity. What was there in the simple seat to call forth such a demonstration of feeling? In a moment I was full of speculation, which imperceptibly verged into a dreamy twilight reverie. I could not analyze the impulse that swayed my trembling spirit, but I was back again to that ideal landmark of my youth—the dawning of a first love. Thought revelled in the halls of memory. The dear soft plaintive eye of one who had been the alpha and omega of my existence, was shining into my soul; the scene and the hour were opening my being to the influences of happier times. I could see the gleam of the rainbow that once arched the temple of my hope, I could hear the wild voice that once swayed my heart like the wand of an angel. But *this* tomb of remembrance I had never unbarred to mortal eye, and with a shudder and a sigh I crushed the thoughts that oppressed me.

'P——, you are a hypocrite to the world but not to me.'

I looked the inquiry I dared not express.

'Your heart is not your own.'

'You are deep in speculation this time,' said I, assuming an indifferent air.

'Shall I convince you that I am right?'

'You may try.'

'Well, then, I will describe the object of your affections;' and he went on, giving a more accurate description of her personal appearance than the mother that bore her could have done.

'Did you ever see her?' said I, astonished and confounded.

'No!'

My amazement increased—'Then *what* are you?'

'I am a man like yourself.'

'Then how came you by this knowledge?'

'From a knowledge of yourself.'

'But you know me not.'

'I do know you better than others who have made your character a study for years; simply because before an utter stranger you ventured to appear *natural*. During your reverie just now, your heart was typed on your face. Raphael never wrought beauty from the insensate marble more evident to the human eye, than your emotions were to me then. From your own personal appearance I read hers. Your complexion, the hue of your hair, your eyes, the general cast of your features, your stature and shape, excel the pen of the novelist in her delineation. We all love the antipodes of ourselves in form, in feature, and in nature.'

I felt instructed, and remained silent that he might proceed:

'Furthermore, we all *must* love, and it is a noble trait in manhood, to be honest, to be serious in regard to that affection. It is nothing that the proud spirit of man need blush to meet; it is *the* godlike picture of humanity, the heart-system of the universe, the inevitable result of sexual character. True, God might have formed Adam a *being* without the necessity of creating for him an associate; but the moment He formed him a *man*, He, yes, even *He*, lost the power of making him happy, without associating with his existence the beautiful antipodes of himself. The instant that Adam received the mysterious impulses of sexual feeling, the *creative* genius in his nature was concentrated on an architecture in the spiritual likeness of woman, which was reared to the loftiest shrine in his heart and worshipped; and for this *ideal* Adam would have died broken-hearted, even in the paradisal bowers of Eden, had not God created that rival of Himself in the soul of man—that type of affection—*woman*. We cannot imagine man without woman, heaven without hell, happiness without grief, light without darkness, heat without cold, love without hate, physical without the spiritual, sunshine without shade. There is a negative for every positive under the sun. Am I not correct?'

I knew not how to answer: the enthusiasm of his utterance, together with his strange reasoning, rendered me speechless. Pausing awhile for a reply, he continued:

'Well, they are rather novel sentiments, I know.'

'I did not say that.'

'No, but you thought it.'

'True, but my thoughts are a secret.'

'Not to me. I have made the human face a study from infancy.'

I felt an awe in his presence I never felt in the presence of mortal before; and seating myself in the bower opposite where he reclined, I commenced the study which in his case had been crowned with such eminent success. But I could make nothing of his countenance; it was so calm, so quiet, so impenetrable, that all I could read was beauty in repose. He bore my scrutiny with the immobility of a statue.

'This is a lovely retreat,' said I, wishing to resume the conversation.

'Yes, it is lovely to the eye of a stranger, but to mine it is fraught with anguish. Every floweret of the vine is cicuta to my hopes; the sight of that mossy seat is like a vulture in my soul. Be silent and I will tell you why. I have loved, I *do* love, and there is no fear of death, no hope of heaven, no sunshine of immortality, no overture of omnipotence, that sinks not into oblivion beneath its ineffable influence. The great soul of thought and action, the genius of intellect, the iron resolves of manhood, the eagle flight of fancy, the solemn judgment of maturity, all succumb to this foll autocrat of my nature, and are swayed like a feather in the tempest. Visions arise out of my brain and spring like angels into the world, only to melt *before* its fierce, lidless eye; hopes robe themselves in the vesture of happiness, and become ghosts in its sad, awful presence, and grope around my haunted brain, whispering, with strange lips and mocking tones, of a boon beyond my reach. I have wondered why nature made such a heart as mine, and located it in such a temple. Why could not I, if my person must be formed to excite the derision of men, have been endowed with a nature to scorn and hate? True, the breath of heaven fans my brow, and the flowers smile on me as I travel God's sweet earth; sunshine and starlight and the music of birds are beautiful to my senses as to those of him who stands erect, and, surveying his goodly proportions, says, "I am formed in the image of my Creator!" The poetry of nature has been my idol, and I have read it even as the saint reads his Bible. Science and learning I have sought and gained. I have scanned the natural heart, and traced the fountain of action to its source. I have learned to fathom the secrets of men's thoughts, till there is no human being that can come into my presence and go forth, without leaving a record of his affections, his hopes and aspirations, daguerreotyped on my soul. I never was deceived. But this scrutiny into the great volume of mortal things has made me sad. The world calls me a dreamer, and some know just enough to think me insane. When I am rendered thus classical by fools, I make no effort to undeceive. In early youth I became acquainted with my idol. The first words I ever heard fall from her lips were a jest at my appearance; but her tones were musical as running water; she was young then, just in the giddy season of her opening teens, and the gibe was forgotten. I sought her acquaintance with an eagerness that knew no check; she was the incarnate prototype of that divine ideal I had reared in my bosom and worshipped, and that worship was transferred with the lightning of thought. In an instant I knew that I was immortal. It was now that the powers of life all concentrated in one focus, the motives of action fixed on one point. I *must* win her love. Our acquaintance was consummated, and I commenced the great work of life. I felt that mine was a hazard game, a solemn trial; but I brought every power to bear. My youth at this time gained access to her presence; her parents guessed not that mine was other than a schoolboy preference for the proud, high girl, and they regarded our intercourse with indifference; but to me it was a talisman of heaven. All the poetry of my nature was instilled into my being; one by one I planted the seeds of a thousand wild and beautiful thoughts in her mind. I taught her the loveliness of the flower, pointed out the beauty of the blue sky, opened to her imagination the pictorial volume of fancy, wandered with her to where the fresh waters fell from the green hill, translated the song of birds, sung with her at the twilight time, taught her sublime nature to welcome the thunderbolt, and the blast of the hurricane. And she was an apt scholar. What was at first assumed with an apathy bordering on indifference, at length became the El Dorado of her being. Proud and haughty and formal as she sought to be, I made her an enthusiast. I have seen her weep over a flower and talk to it as she would to a pet; she would watch the stars in the evening time, with her great blue eyes upraised, as though in each lamp of night she beheld a living God. The anthem of the breeze to her was sweeter music than the minstrel of Tyrol ever *sung*.

'Years flew on, and I still continued to exert this influence over her; we arrived at maturity, but changed not. True, her proud father now forbid our intimacy, but the spell was upon her, and we met clandestinely. It was now that I began to question the tie existing between us. She loved my teachings, my eloquence, my enthusiasm, but did she love me? She met me almost daily at the risk of a parent's frown, but why? She was gentle, smiling, intimate, womanly, and I could sway her feelings at will. I could draw the tear to her eye, wreath her mouth with smiles, warm her fancy even to wildness. I could crimson her cheek or pale her lip with a glance, and cause her heart to throb as though it would burst its beautiful pearl temple with a word; but I was not satisfied. The answer which was to be my judgment, my heaven or hell, was as yet unsought, unuttered. My idolatry destroyed all the other perceptions of life. I could not open a book but her great, sad, tearful eyes were gazing up from its leaves into mine; every flower of the field, every star of heaven, were so interwoven with her being, that I could see her sainted smile in them all. The eloquence of the zephyr, the song of birds, the voice of dripping fountains, were laden with the crystal purity of her plaintive speech. In my dreams, her shining tresses were drooping around my face, her warm lips were nestled on mine, her great heart throbbing against my breast, and her soft arms folded around my neck. Then I forgot my own deformity and her pride.

'Winter months came, and we had fewer chances of meeting; but with opening spring our interviews were again renewed, and again the teachings which had made us both what we were. The interval of comparative separation gave new zest to our meetings, and we went forth again into the sweet sunshine and blossoming earth with a newer, fresher happiness. May-day was drawing near, and then the young were to meet and wander in search of flowers. They did meet. The afternoon and evening of the day proved exceedingly lovely, and every young heart was wild with pleasure. The fields were ranged far and wide, the meadows, the hills and the glens; the company separated into parties of two, three, four or more, just as fancy or association dictated, and ere I was aware of it, I was left alone with my idol. She took my arm with a gentleness and frankness that made me wild with happiness, and we were away into the forests. Her pride and formality were for the time cast utterly aside. She was all that I had so long yearned to behold, a perfect woman in thought, feeling and action. We were together throughout the afternoon; hope blossomed in my soul. I fired her nature with visions of poetry and beauty, peopled her mind with new and radiant thoughts, read to her chapter after chapter from the great manuscript of the universe, and watched her the while, even as the mother watches the slumber of her first-born. Her cheek gradually deepened to a burning crimson, her lip became pale and quivering with emotion, her white bosom rose and fell with the tide of feeling, and her gazelle eye looked the language of all things noble and lovely.

'O God! she was beautiful to me then—beautiful as the dream of a saint—beautiful as a Christian's hope—beautiful as the flood-tide of memory when it bears on its bosom the garlands of childhood. In the wild day-dream of that hour I forgot that I was unlike my kind—forgot all things but the girlhood-angel at my side. Just at nightfall we came to this bower, and seating her on that mossy mound, I reclined at her feet. Her hand reposed in mine, and my arm was around her waist; her form trembled in my embrace, and her breath came on my ear like a sigh; and thus we sat conversing till the shadows of twilight robed the bower in a soft, entrancing gloom. Pictures of wedded happiness were mezzotinted on my brain. The hour of revelation had come; and kneeling at her feet I opened to her my heart. She received my avowal of affection in utter silence. Her lips parted as though she would speak, but her tongue would not give utterance to her feelings; a tear rolled from her cheek upon my brow, and with a strange effort she sought to rise and leave the bower. I clung to her garments, and she, trembling and faint, with a cry of *anguish* fell into my arms.

'"O God!" she cried, in a voice that made me shudder, "this is agony!"

'She wound her arms around my neck, and again and again glued her hot lips to mine; her tresses swept my burning cheek, her heart throbbed wildly, audibly against mine, and minutes elapsed before she relaxed her close embrace. The glowing pressure of her lips to mine debarred the power of speech, and I returned her endearments, beside myself with mingled rapture and woe. At length she raised her face from mine, and gazed with a wild, grief-full look into my eye. There was love and aversion, affection and scorn in that glance. Arising proudly to her feet, with a stately step she walked to the entrance of the bower.

'Julia,' said I, 'have you no word in return for me?'

'"What should I say—that I have a *hand* as well as a heart? Eugene Mordant, if you have ever hoped to win my *hand*, pluck that hope from your soul. I am the proud daughter of Horace Atwood!"

'The words seemed to freeze on her tongue as she uttered them, and they were ended with a sob.

'Julia, one word more and I have done. Do you *love* me?'

'"Love—what is that?" and she laughed a strange, hysterical laugh. "*I love* such a shocking deformity as yourself? The very gods would make merry at such an idea; but perhaps I am too mirthful over your agony. Come, in pity, Eugene, I will wipe away the feelings my words may have caused."

'Again she approached me, and her arms were twined closely around my neck; again her lips were pressed wildly, deliriously to mine—another *tear* fell on my brow, and her strange, passionate embrace—was it a seal of womanly pity? In a moment more she was gone, and I sunk to the ground. A deep, woman wail arose from the forest without and fell on my ear, and I heard no more. With her fled all the sunlight of life. I closed my eyes and tried to die, but God would not let me. I never knew *how* I loved her till this moment; the *soul* was stricken from my being, and I became an *automaton*. We have met but once since that awful night, and then she *fainted* in my presence, *perhaps* because she could not express her pity for the "shocking deformity" whom she had made desolate. From the hour of the declaration I have existed without a hope—I shall never hope again!'

The gibbous moon had now risen above the dark line marked by the forest on the evening sky, and its rays falling aslant into the bower, bathed the person of the deformed in a flood of white, quivering beams. His black, glossy hair gave back the tints like a burnished mirror, and I saw that his glittering eye shone with a lustre almost intolerable to behold. His usually mild and plaintive mien had fled, and a warm radiance, thrilling as the Borelian flame in the midnight sky, burned in every feature of his face. If it had been beautiful in repose, it was startlingly so now; the glorious countenance of woman, lovely in her charms, could not parallel its wild, wizard graces at that moment. It was written over with a strange enthusiasm—so strange and so mingled with the agony of tortured feeling, that I arose involuntarily to my feet, wondering whether I was in the presence of an angel or a man.

At this moment we were both startled by a sigh. A white-robed female darkened the entrance of the bower, and in an instant was kneeling at the feet of Eugene Mordant—her white arms were twined around his knees convulsively, and a sob came from her parted lips. Like thought a change came over the features of Mordant, and he sunk kneeling at her side, murmuring one word:

'Julia!'

'Eugene, *dear* Eugene, it is three long weeks since I saw you last; and, great God, what weeks they have been to me!'

'Julia, do you remember our parting here on May-day eve?'

'Do I remember it? *Yes!*'

'And you would come here to torture me again?'

'Eugene, since that hour I have only lived in its remembrance; and I have visited this bower nightly, that I might see you again; but you came not. I have been mad with the folly of my nature, my pride is gone, and here, to-night, I kneel at your feet, even at the risk of appearing unmaidenly in the eye of a stranger, to crave your forgiveness.'

'Julia, you are forgiven—you were forgiven long since.'

'But, Eugene, that is not enough; you have the gift of reading the human heart—now read mine.'

'That gift has been a source of sorrow to me; I shall never exercise it more.'

'Eugene, you do not mean to understand me, but I will make you—I must become your *wife*, or die!'

'Julia, I am the deformed.'

'You are *beautiful* to me.'

'What will the revengeful, deriding world say to your choice?'

'I care not for the world.'

'How can you meet a father's frown?'

'I tell you, Eugene Mordant, that every other tie in existence may be severed, every other hope be cast aside, but this—never. A father's frown must not separate us—the sarcasm of the world shall be thrown to the winds. Six weeks of estrangement have taught me many solemn lessons. In my pride I cast you from me, when you were the sole happiness of my being; when I loved you—*adored* you even as you taught me to love. That pride I have plucked from my bosom—the woman of my nature alone remains. Will you take the hand of Julia Atwood, if it is willingly, gladly given?'

He answered with a murmur of rapture, and clasped her to his heart. It was a long, wild, silent embrace. I could hear the rustling of her white garments as she pressed him closer to her bosom, the beating of their hearts, and the mutual sighs of bliss that escaped from their united lips. They seemed to have forgotten my presence; and feeling that my position was a delicate one, with a light step I left the bower, sad and melancholy at the thought that *such* happiness as I had just witnessed had been, by a stern destiny and my own mad career, shut out from my soul forever.

An hour elapsed before I was again joined by Mordant. At last he approached me and took my arm. It trembled with excitement, and on his dazzling face were traces of tears; but I saw that he was unutterably happy.—Not a word was uttered by either as we passed on to his home. The evening had already far waned, and showing me to a neat, pleasant chamber, he bade me good night, and retired.

Early on the following morning I met the widow and her son at the breakfast-table, and after partaking of a bountiful repast, I exchanged partings with them, and proceeded on my way, feeling that my accidental acquaintance with the deformed had been to me a source of instruction.

* * * * * * *

Many have been my speculations since then in regard to the circumstances that might have subsequently transpired in connection with the lovers, when, at Valentine time, I received a beautiful pictorial Valentine from an unknown source, representing a young husband and his bride seated in their own dear home parlor, in all the enjoyment of newly-wedded happiness. The arm of the husband encircled the waist of his bride, her cheek lay on his shoulder, and their hands were clasped together, while her eyes were raised tenderly to his face. Beneath, written in a delicate female hand, were these words:

'Behold my happiness—may *such* be thine—
*Not* your Valentine!'

In the same package I received a letter, which, on opening, I found to be the joint production of Eugene Mordant and his gentle *wife*. The writing on the Valentine corresponded so accurately with Mrs. Mordant's, that I had no difficulty in making out its identity, and I was at once instructed how to understand the mysterious emblem. The missive explained all. Horace Atwood, as the reader may infer, sternly opposed the union of his daughter with the deformed, and they were married clandestinely. When he became cognizant of the step they had taken, his anger knew no bounds, and for a long time he refused to see his daughter. But a dark cloud was hovering over his career, which was to change his entire destiny. His property, of which he possessed considerable, had sometime before been invested in a hazardous speculation, and the immense fortune he anticipated came up a blank. Soon after he became the victim of a fell disease, which reduced him to the brink of the grave. For months he was confined to his bed; his creditors only waiting for his return to health to turn him from his house, and he revived to find himself houseless—pennyless.

It was now that a father's thoughts once more turned to his daughter. Unasked, she had assumed a place at his bedside during the hours of disease, and been the ministering angel of his sick room when he was forsaken of all else; and Mordant, too, had been to him more than a son. Worldly misfortunes, together with the heavenly kindness he had received at the hands of those he had wronged, thoroughly humbled the proud nature of Horace Atwood; and his emotions of humble thankfulness were in no wise diminished, when Eugene Mordant nobly stepped forth and reinstated him in his dear old homestead. He could only fall upon the bosom of his benefactor and murmur:

'Forgive and forget. I have wronged and scorned you once, but I never shall again. My son, my son!' and the old man wept.

Will Horace Atwood, when he reads this tale, take down his ledger, and give us credit for a story with a moral?

### Driving Hogs East.

Wherever there is a penny to be made, the Yankees are on hand to make it. Driving store hogs from Northern Ohio to the Brighton market has become quite a business, and a profitable one too. A shrewd Yankee from the Berkshire hills comes this way with money in his pocket, travels round among the Buckeyes, ready for a bargain, and soon picks up a drove of several hundred hogs at from a cent to a cent and a half per pound. He buys a few slick horses, and then with a hired hand or two starts his grunters for down-east. He drives them at the rate of 12 to 15 miles per day, feeds them well, and in about 50 days reaches Albany, where the swine are shipped on the cars for Brighton, and, increased in weight, by the journey, they there bring from 5 to 6 cents per pound alive and squealing, and are scattered among the farmers in the region round about, to be fattened for customers and a market. The horses are matched and sold at a handsome profit, and the penny being well turned, the Yankee is ready for another speculation. A drove of 600 hogs passed through the city yesterday for Brighton, bought principally in Hardin and Huron counties.—*Cleveland paper.*

### Dogmatical.

As a worthy clergyman was passing along the sidewalk in Bath, recently, with a very large looking-glass in his arms, he was met by a large dog, who, seeing himself reflected in the mirror, mistook his shadow for the substance of some other of his species, and, like a true Bath dog, always on hand for a fight, he *pitched into it*—broke the mirror and threw down the owner, and then took himself off, no doubt supposing that he had entirely demolished his antagonist, so that there was not so much as a grease spot left of him. He is worthy to be placed alongside of the famous dog that Æsop tells about.

### The Poor.

BY EDWARD HOPPER.

The poor! God help them, the suffering poor!
In the midst of want and cold,
When rough winds rattle their rickety door,
And enter their tenements old.
O, little we know of their want and woe,
Of their scanty table and hearth;
How they shiver and shrink, while the icy snow
Puts a shroud on the frozen earth.

Hark! voices are in the winds of night,
And they tell us a sorrowful tale
Of the weary and worn with the hunger-blight,
And the poor man's suffering wail.
Full many a pang on their pinions bleak
They carry about the air,
From the heart of the strong by want made weak,
And unmanned by despair.

There's a stifled groan from a dwelling lone,
Where fatherless children live,
And the mother hears her infant moan,
But O, she has nothing to give.
'Twould rend your heart, that widow's cry,
Who watcheth their scanty bed,
With her hollow cheek and sunken eye,
And her husband with the dead.

O, her heart will break for her children's sake,
For she has neither food nor fire;
And not one crumb of their crust will she take,
Lest her little ones starve entire.
And dying they are in our very sight,
Of hunger, cold and sorrow;
Ay, while before our eye the world looks bright,
No ray of hope can they borrow.

The poor are God's poor! And, Christian men,
God's almoners are ye!
Then as ye receive, so give again,
God's bountiful charity.
Let it not be said that ye keep God's bread,
And hoard his silver and gold,
While ye leave the suffering poor unfed,
And perishing with the cold.

### The last Battle of Marshal Ney.

At length a dark object was seen to emerge from the distant wood, and soon an army of 30,000 men deployed in the field of Waterloo, and began to march straight for the scene of conflict. Blucher and his Prussians had come, but no Grouchy, who had been left to hold them in check, followed after. In a moment Napoleon saw that he could not sustain the attack of so many fresh troops, if once allowed to form a junction with the allied forces, and so he determined to stake his fate on one bold cast, and endeavor to pierce the allied centre with a grand charge of the Old Guard—and thus throwing himself between the two armies, fight them separately. For this purpose the Imperial Guard were called up, which had remained inactive during the whole day, and divided into two immense columns, which were to meet at the British centre. That under Reille no sooner entered the fire than it disappeared like mist. The other was placed under Ney, the 'bravest of the brave,' and the order to advance given. Napoleon accompanied them part way down the slope, and halting for a moment in a hollow, addressed them in his fiery, impetuous manner. He told them the battle rested with them, and he relied on their valor. 'VIVE L'EMPEREUR!' answered him with a shout that was heard all over the field of battle.

He then left them to Ney, who ordered the charge. Bonaparte has been blamed for not heading this charge himself; but he knew he could not carry that guard so far, or hold them so long before the artillery, as Ney. The moral power the latter carried with him, from the reputation he had gained of being the 'bravest of the brave,' was worth a whole division. Whenever a column saw him at their head, they knew that it was to be victory or annihilation. With the exception of Macdonald, I do not know a general in the two armies who could hold his soldiers so long in the very face of destruction as he.

The whole continental struggle exhibited no sublimer spectacle than this last effort of Napoleon to save his sinking empire. Europe had been put upon the plains of Waterloo to be battled for. The greatest military energy and skill the world possessed had been tasked to the utmost during the day. Thrones were tottering to the ensanguined field, and the shadows of fugitive kings flitted throughout the smoke of battle. Bonaparte's star trembled in the zenith—now blazing out in its ancient splendor, now suddenly paling before his anxious eye. At length, when the Prussians appeared on the field, he resolved to stake Europe on one bold throw. He committed himself and his charge to Ney, and saw his empire rest on a single charge. The intense anxiety with which he watched the advance of that column, and the terrible suspense he suffered when the smoke of battle wrapped it from sight, and the utter despair of his great heart when the curtain lifted over a fugitive army, and the despairing shriek rang on every side, 'LA GARDE RECULE,' 'LA GARDE RECULE,' makes us for the moment forget all the carnage in the sympathy for his distress.

Ney felt the pressure of the immense responsibility on his brave heart, and resolved not to prove unworthy of the great trust committed to his care. Nothing could be more imposing than the movement of that column to the assault. That guard had never yet recoiled before a human foe, and the allied forces beheld with awe its firm and terrible advance to the final charge. For a moment the batteries stopped playing, and the firing ceased along the British lines, as, without the beating of a drum, or the blast of a bugle to cheer their steady courage, they moved in dead silence over the plain. The next moment the artillery opened, and the head of that gallant column seemed to sink into the earth. Rank after rank went down, yet they neither stopped nor faltered. Dissolving squadrons and whole battalions disappearing at once, affected not their steady courage. The ranks closed up as before, and each treading over his fallen comrade, pressed firmly on.

The horse which Ney rode fell under him, and he scarcely mounted another before it also sunk to the earth. Again and again did that unflinching man feel his steed sink down, till FIVE had been shot under him. Then, with his uniform riddled with bullets, and his face singed, and blackened with powder, he marched on foot, with drawn sabre, at the head of his men. In vain did the artillery hurl its storm of fire and lead into that living mass. Up to the very muzzle they pressed, and driving the artillerymen from their own pieces, pushed on through the English lines. But at that moment a file of soldiers who had laid flat on the ground, behind a low ridge of earth, suddenly rose and poured a volley in their faces. Another and another followed, till one broad sheet of flame rolled on their bosoms, and in such a fierce and unexpected flow that human courage could not withstand it. They reeled, shook, staggered back, then turned and fled. Ney was borne back in the refluent tide, and hurried over the field. But for the crowd of fugitives that forced him on, he would have stood alone, and fallen on his footsteps. As it was, disdaining to fly, though the whole army was flying, he formed his men into two immense squares, and endeavored to stem the terrific current, and would have done so, had it not been for the thirty thousand fresh Prussians that pressed on his exhausted ranks. For a long time these squares stood and let the artillery plough through them. But the fate of Napoleon was writ, and though Ney doubtless did what no other man in the army could have done, the decree could not be reversed. The star that had blazed so brightly over the world, went down in blood, and the 'bravest of the brave' had fought his last battle. It was worthy of his great name, and the charge of the Old Guard at Waterloo, with him at the head, will be pointed to by the remotest generations with a shudder.

### What's in a Name?

A corporal in one of the regiments in Mexico, when the roll was being called, refused to answer to the name of 'Ebenezer Mead.' The officer repeated the call. No answer. 'Is Ebenezer Mead on the ground?' said the indignant official. 'Eben Mead is here,' quoth the corporal. 'Why don't you answer, you rascal. Ebenezer Mead!' 'My name is simply Eben Mead.' The 'Ebenezer' was repeated again in a tone like a small north-wester. 'Captain,' quoth the rampant corporal, 'you call me Ebenezer. Your name is Peter Read; would you respond if you were called Peterenezer Read?' He was taken to the guard-house, tried for contempt, and deprived of his warrant.—*Lowell Courier.*

A Yankee has taken out a patent for an improvement in the 'Scales of Justice.'

Lord Wellington was in favor of duelling when it was necessary. Colonel Campbell was insulted at a ball, but did not resent it, and Wellington avoided him. Campbell went to his tent for an explanation. 'You have disgraced your country, sir. You suffered a Portuguese officer to insult you, and did not resent it.' 'I shot him at four this morning, General.' 'I beg your pardon,' said Wellington. 'Take my arm; let us walk through the ranks.'

A clergyman was asked to drink wine at a wedding, but very properly refused. 'What, Mr. M——,' said one of the guests, 'don't you drink wine at a wedding?' 'No, sir,' was the reply; 'I will take a glass of water.' 'But, sir,' said the officious guest, 'you recollect the advice of Paul to Timothy, to take a little wine for his infirmity.' 'I have no infirmity,' was the Rev. gentleman's reply.

Judge Matthews said that a turkey was a very inconvenient bird—as it was too much for one man's dinner, and not quite enough for two, whereupon Mr. Webster remarked, that it greatly diminished the profound respect which he had long entertained for that eminent jurist, as he had never yet found a good-sized turkey too much for a man of properly-regulated stomach.

We learn that, during the last year, five hundred and forty young ladies fainted away on various occasions. More than two hundred of them fell into the arms of young gentlemen. Forty were caught by their aunts and grandmothers, and only one had the misfortune to fall on the floor. She, however picked out a soft place to fall upon and was providentially received by an ottoman.

A practitioner of medicine who had never graduated and who was far gone in consumption, applied to a Medical college for a degree. He was told that it would be entirely useless, unless he wished to have M. M. written on his tombstone. 'Then,' said he, 'give me the degree, for I am determined to enter the other world a *tolled graduate*.'

The father of Lord Audley being in poverty, asked his son for aid, and was refused. He instantly hired a stall in one of the most public places of London, and put up a sign in large letters, 'Boots and shoes mended by the father of Lord Audley.' Within a few hours the cash came, with a polite request that the sign might be burnt.

A gawky, awkward-looking, stage-struck Hoosier went to see one of our theatrical managers last week, and solicited an engagement.

'What role would you prefer, my friend?' said the manager.

'Well, Squire,' said the would-be western Roscius, 'I aint partial to rolls, no how—corn dodgers is my favorite.'

A well-known penurious character, residing in Bath, invited a friend to dinner, and provided *two mutton chops*. On removing the cover, he said, 'My friend, you see your dinner;' which his friend immediately (with his knife and fork) took to himself, remarking, 'I do; I wish I could see yours.'

Great men make mistakes as well as little ones. This was illustrated the other day by Mr. Calhoun, who took the position that all men are not 'created free and equal.' Said he, 'only two men were created, and one of these was a woman.' Tremendous laughter followed the honorable senator's remarks.

Two cardinals objected to Raphael, the great master of the pencil, that in one of the pieces he had put too much red in the countenance of St. Peter and St. Paul. 'Be not astonished at that, my lords. I have painted them as they are in heaven, blushing with shame, at seeing the church so badly governed.'

In the will of a gentleman who had run through a handsome fortune, occurred the following passage. 'If I had died possessed of a thousand pounds, I would have left it to my dear friend, Mr. Thomas B——; but as as I have not a sixpence, he must take the *will* for the *deed*.'

Here is an epitaph supposed to have been taken from an old tomb-stone in W. Cathedral:

Ye passing sinners, pause and weep,
Here lies the bones of Titus Peep;
Locked in the arms of death he's sleeping,
While the 'Old Boy' his soul is keeping.

'Hallo! Pete, dat you?' says one colored person to another, corner of State and Washington street, a few days since. 'Yes, Clem, dat's me, dat you?' 'Yes, Pete, dis is me, myself, only de fact is, I se got two corns on my toe, and my bed got frust bit last night at de fancy ball.'

Plato entertained some of his friends at a dinner, and had in the chamber a bed, or couch, neatly and costly furnished. Diogenes came in and got upon the bed, and trampled it, saying, 'I trample upon the pride of Plato.' Plato mildly answered, 'but with greater pride.'

A correspondent of Jerrold's Weekly News, says that on New Year's day a young man sent a present to his sweetheart, with the following notable distich:

'Madam, myself and all the muses,
Begs your acceptance of a pair of shooses.'

The other day Mrs. Sniffleskins being unwell, sent for a medical man, and declared her belief that she was poisoned, and that Mr. Sniffleskins done it. 'I didn't do it!' shouted Sniffleskins; 'it's all gammon; she isn't poisoned. Prove it, doctor, open her upon the spot—I am willing.'

A butcher let a sailor have a shoulder of mutton on trust, but finding, in a day or two after, that he had gone to a foreign land, said —'My word! but if I had known he never intended paying, I would have charged him a cent a pound more for it!'

'If I was one of those city traders,' said a country youth, 'I should be ashamed to keep advertising one single 'ho for California;' shovels is better, and they might as well advertise a thousand on 'em while they are about it.'

Mr. Mantalin, in describing the death of his wife, said she expired like a dim morning glory, and closed up her mouth so tranquility, that when she stopped breathing she was just ready to whistle.

A mother admonishing her son, a lad about seven years of age, told him he should never defer till to-morrow what he could do to-day. The little urchin replied, 'Then, mother, let's eat the remainder of the plum pudding to-night.'

A man with eleven daughters was lately complaining that he found it hard to live. 'You must husband your time,' said another, 'and then you will do well enough.' 'I could do much better,' was the reply, 'if I could husband my daughters.'

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## A SPLENDID ORIGINAL ROMANCE.


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[WRITTEN EXPRESSLY FOR THE FLAG OF OUR UNION.]

# HERMIONE:

## THE FOUNDLING OF ST. ANTOINE.

## A Romance of the Continent.

BY FRED HUNTER.

[CONTINUED.]

### CHAPTER VIII.

*A breakfast in the mountains. A singular host. The brigand and the French minister. The captain and the count. The escaped burglar makes a trifling mistake. The Duke Pazzoni makes a discovery, and so does his visiter.*

THE journey of the captive was rapid and silent. At first he exclaimed against the tyrannous act of those who had ensnared him, but without obtaining an answer to a single question. He was borne on in the darkness over an uneven road, and his threats were replied to by the placing of a large pistol to his head, the muzzle of which he felt upon his temple; when he concluded it prudent to remain quiet. He was simply informed by one of his polite attendants, that 'the captain desired him to breakfast with him.'

Entering a gorge in the mountain, at the end of an hour the carriage turned an abrupt angle to the right, and after clambering slowly along for several rods, as if ascending a ragged and steep hill, the vehicle halted and the cavalier was requested to alight. Two men still seized upon his arms firmly, and thus blindfolded and pinioned, he walked forward some half a mile farther. Suddenly his feet came in contact with a soft lawn, and soon after he ascended a rough flight of steps; he moved on a few feet, when a door was closed behind him, the bandage was removed from his forehead, and he found himself in a magnificently decorated apartment, in presence of a single individual (for his guards had disappeared), who coldly bade him—

'Welcome!'

The features of the presiding genius of this elegant room were such as might have stamped him, at once, a descendant from ancestors of high caste, but for his peculiar situation and calling; for the cavalier entertained no doubt he was a mountain brigand! His curved lip exhibited the genuine patrician contempt for common-place men and matters, and his iron frame told of his bodily ability. He was tall and well-formed, with a handsome countenance, and looked the man of daring. The cavalier eyed him for an instant, and thought he remembered his general appearance, but in vain he endeavored to call to mind where he had seen him before, if at all. His thoughts soon turned to himself, and the traveller was now not a little anxious about the result of this adventure.

'Who are you, signor?' said the cavalier, firmly; 'and why am I thus unceremoniously deprived of my arms and my liberty?'

'Signor,' replied the other, 'there are some things for which we entertain a peculiar aversion; and among these are useless etiquette, and long stories.'

'Where am I?' demanded the stranger.

'Safe, for the present, signor,' replied his host, with a smile; 'and I am happy in the honor of enjoying your company at breakfast.'

The captive turned suddenly, and sought for his side-arms; they were gone. He glanced about the apartment, and observing the door, he dashed madly towards it.

'Save yourself unnecessary trouble, signor,' continued his companion, with the utmost self-possession, and without deigning to rise from the couch upon which he was lolling. 'No man finds entrance into this room without my special license; no man leaves it, without the pleasure of your humble servant!'

'Monster, what means this!' shouted the cavalier.

'Husband your choler, good signor,' and with his eye resting pointedly on his fractious guest, he turned and touched a bell which stood near him. The summons was quickly answered by the entrance of a servant in costly livery.

'Breakfast,' said the brigand.

'It waits, captain,' was the respectful reply.

A suite of elegant curtains, which until this moment had seemed to shade a high window, were instantly drawn aside, and at the same time the door through which the cavalier had entered, was thrown open. Two stalwart brigands approached the captive, hats in hand, and motioned him toward the apartment which had been disclosed by the raising of the curtains.

In the centre of this room, which for luxuriousness of furniture and appointments fully equalled the first, was spread a sumptuously ornamented table, loaded with rare fruits and the choicest viands, tempting wines and luscious delicacies. The cavalier would gladly have tried the mettle of his queer entertainer, for his wrath was excessive; but he was entirely unarmed, evidently surrounded by a band of robbers, and he saw how futile would be resentment. Beside this, he suspected his host, as he looked more closely in his face, and the captain, having moved towards the entrance, bowed to his guest, and shortly after, they were seated opposite each other at the well-laden table. The politeness and easy manners of the brigand soon drove away the harsh feelings which the cavalier at first conceived towards him, and he condescended to join him at his morning meal.

'You ask me who I am, signor,' said the captain. 'We are strangers; I am from Hungary. We cannot be on friendly terms, you know, according to the custom of my country, until we drink together; allow me to pledge you!' A draught of rose d'amour was quaffed from a golden goblet, and the cavalier thought better of his host. The breakfast proved a feast, for the traveller's appetite had been sharpened by his journey, and the marasquino having been sipped, at the close of the meal, the captive, who had been attentively scrutinizing the countenance of his companion during the repast, felt satisfied, and determined upon his course.

'I have informed you that I am a Hungarian,' said the captain, at length; 'may I ask your name and country?'

'I am Charge des Affaires of the French government,' said the Count de Monthon (*for it was he who had disguised himself at the ball, and who had thus been seized upon, as he was urging his way to Bologna, on official business*), 'and I should now be on my way to Bologna, but for the interruption caused by my unexpected—'

'Visit *here*,' continued the captain, finishing the sentence for him.

'Exactly. And with your permission, good signor, I shall be glad to know your farther pleasure with me, for business of importance presses me, and I would resume my way.'

'I regret your haste, Signor Secretary. The business of his majesty may be of consequence, but by your leave, we must have a few words further.'

'Speak, captain.'

'You see, signor, we manage affairs here, in our own way, and a Charge des Affaires but seldom breakfasts with us.'

'Proceed, captain.'

'You were in Venice, last night?'

'I was.'

'At the ball given at the Palazzo.'

'Yes.'

'I knew it.'

'You!' asked the count, in astonishment.

'Why not, signor? The prince is my friend. I was present on that occasion.'

'You, captain!'

'Yes; and I noted that the Duke Pazzoni, a splendid fellow by the way, was exceedingly attentive to the star of the evening, one Ma'moiselle Chaufran, from Paris. It would not be surprising if the duke married her. He is very wealthy, and a brave man.'

'I do not know him, captain. But so please you, enough of this.'

'As you will, signor,' continued the brigand, carelessly; and calling for pens and paper, the attendant retired to obtain them, and the captain moved with his guest into the room they first occupied.

'Now, signor,' said the captain, 'diplomacy is your profession; oblige me,'—and the polite brigand placed in his hand a pen.

'Your fate is in your own hands, Signor Secretary. I do not trifle with you, when I assure you that our mode of procedure here is summary; and, at least, you will give us credit for being systematic. We cannot waste further time, signor, you will need it; write!'

His guest was prepared to remonstrate, but the captain was imperative. 'Address your friends at Venice,' said the brigand, 'and say that yourself, and the valuable despatches of which you are the bearer to Bologna, are at this writing in possession of Rondino, the brigand. If a thousand crowns be forthcoming by way of ransom, yourself and your documents are safe. In twenty-four hours, otherwise, you and your papers will have ceased to exist. I will not intrude myself upon you further, now,' continued the bandit, 'but you may expect me in half an hour. If you decline, your fate is sealed!'

'Fool, mistaken, wretched fool!' said De Monthon to himself, as the brigand left the room. 'I have your secret, and will lift the veil when next we meet.'

A thousand thoughts rushed rapidly through his mind; he saw how perilous was his situation under ordinary circumstances, but he had recognized the voice of the robber-captain, and his plan was at once determined upon. The half hour expired, and the valiant Rondino entered the room again. The face of the bandit-chief was hardened by exposure, and an absence of several years had changed his form and features. His disguise on the previous night had been completely successful at the time, but De Monthon now beheld in the robber before him, the gallant *Duke Pazzoni*; and, turning a leaf or two farther back in his memory, he saw in the bold Rondino, the brigand-chief, his former friend and schoolmate, the runaway *Francois!*

The escaped burglar had wandered to Italy upon quitting France, and joining a party of brigands soon after, his natural ambition and towering spirit immediately carved his way for him to a position among the mountain robbers he had found it convenient to associate with. But a brief period elapsed ere he had been elected chief of a powerful band, and his success had been unprecedented. His address, cunning, and tact served him most admirably in his new vocation, and seven years among the hills had entirely changed him from the rugged, daring, active youth, to the sinewy, bold and powerful man. He had piled up wealth, from the numerous expeditions and robberies he had succeeded in, in the neighborhood of the great Italian cities, during the five years previously to his meeting with De Monthon; and upon one of his visits at Venice a few weeks before, he had chanced to meet Chaufran and his ward at the theatre. Immediately disguising himself as a nobleman, and assuming the cognomen of the Duke Pazzoni, he attempted to palm himself upon the unsuspecting and avaricious surgeon, in the hope of winning his daughter, ere his scheme should have been discovered. The lapse of time since they met had so changed the appearance and exterior of De Monthon, that his former companion did not suspect him; but as he entered the apartment again, in expectation of finding the proposed letter in reference to the prisoner's ransom, the count looked firmly in his eye, and thus addressed him:

'Captain,' he said, 'you informed me an hour ago, that you were a Hungarian. May I ask how long you have dwelt in these hills?'

The brigand was silent, for his quick eye perceived that the parchment on the table remained as he left it, untouched, and he was surprised.

'You do not answer, captain; it is well. You have made your proposition, I have considered it. Now listen to me.'

'Seven years ago, this very month, a young man was incarcerated within the walls of the prison La Force, at Paris, on a charge of burglary. You need not start, captain. La Force is many leagues hence, and the youth I speak of was *not* an Hungarian. I was then but a mere boy, in years, but I very well remember that a former friend of this unfortunate young man had some influence with the chief of the police; one Monsieur D'Aumail. This friend believed that his old schoolmate had been inveigled in some way, and led on to the commission of the crime with which he was charged, and he interceded with the Commissary de Police in his behalf. He loved and pitied the youth who was in peril, and he pleaded for him. When the day of trial came, the man had by some means escaped. His companions in guilt are now paying the forfeit of their crime, chained to a galley oar!'

'Well, signor,' muttered the brigand, for the first time losing his self-possession; 'what has this to do with our present business?'

'Nothing, captain—nothing. I did not know but you might have heard of this curious case. It is not often, captain, that a prisoner, once in the hands of the French Commissary de Police, is so fortunate as was this burglar I spoke of.'

'Will you address the letter, signor?'

'I have not written any, captain.'

'How!'

'No, captain—and I do not intend to!'

'This bravado will scarcely answer your purpose here, signor,' continued the captain, about to move from the table.

'Permit me, yet, one moment,' said De Monthon, detaining him. 'As I have already hinted, the guilty young burglar was suffered to escape. He left Paris and has never been heard of since.' The brigand turned deadly pale, but the cavalier approached him, and peered closely in his face.

'Last night, at the ball given at the palace, this scoundrel burglar was present; I saw him there, though his disguise was well conceived.'

Again the captain paled, and was about to speak—but the cavalier checked him.

'Captain, the burglar I told you of and the Duke Pazzino—*are the same!* You seem disturbed, good signor.'

'No—no,' stammered the brigand-chief, 'I don't. I—I don't know why I should.'

'But I can tell you more, captain—and this you surely ought to know; you may have heard the burglar's name before, perhaps. It was Francois Berdutte! He should have been very grateful to his friend, I think. But I forget. The name of his deliverer was—'

'*The Count de Monthon!*' shrieked the captain, falling back on his seat.

'Exactly so—good signor, captain, Duke Pazzoni—*I* am that Count de Monthon!'

The heart of Francois—now the brigand-chief, was touched. He had not heard his name pronounced by living mortal for many a long year, and rushing forward, in spite of the efforts of Eugene to prevent it, he threw himself on the count's neck.

Time had wrought a serious change in his old companion's face, too, and the separation of seven years and more had been sufficient completely to disguise his appearance, even to the somewhat practised eye of the bandit. He looked in his face once more, grasped his hands firmly, and without speaking, disappeared. He was absent but a moment, and when he returned, his countenance was calm and firm. He was attended by two of his men.

'Pascho—Ventino!' said the captain, addressing his attendants, 'give this gentleman safe conduct through the passes, furnish him with horses, and provide him with an escort to the gates of Bologna. He is my honored friend—and is in haste to reach his destination; away!'

The brigands advanced, the chieftain raised the count's hand to his lips, gave him his papers, and bade him adieu! De Monthon reached Bologna in safety, and without further hindrance.

### CHAPTER IX.

*Another arrival in Venice. The 'Cavalier San Marcks.' A ball-room belle. The knight offers his aid, and makes himself agreeable. An old friend turns up. The confession and the promise. An interruption.*

IT was near the midnight hour, a week after, that a barge reached the capitol, from which a personage alighted in haste, whose appearance was that of a gentleman of distinction. He moved rapidly on through the main street of Venice, and reaching the Hotel de Bratagna, where a magnificent ball was just concluding, he repaired to a private apartment, and was soon attired in a splendid costume, with the intention of participating in the closing scene of the entertainment. The city was still rife with bustle, beautiful barges and gilded gondolas flitted around, upon the placid waters, and the sweetest strains of music broke from a hundred balconies in the vicinity of the hotel. The dancing had well nigh ceased, but several stragglers still promenaded the great saloon, as if unwilling yet to quit a scene where so much enjoyment had been afforded, during the night which was now far spent.

The person we have alluded to was now attired in a rich suit of purple velvet, and his face was embrowned apparently from exposure to the sun—though the color of his countenance might have been artificial—and a luxurious pair of whiskers graced the sides of his well-favored cheeks. His eye was clear and brilliant, a shower of glossy ringlets hung over his shoulders, and his hat, worn *a la chevalier*, was of black beaver. A short cloak was gracefully thrown over his arm, and his costume indicated him a knight of the order of San Marcks. Though his dress was assumed, and rather *outre* for an appearance in the festive hall, he readily gained the entree, and his mission thither was of such a nature that he was anxious, for the present, to maintain his incognito. Chaufran and his party were still in Venice, but for several days they had lost sight of the Duke Pazzoni. Indeed, he had not been seen since the night of the grand festival at the palace; from which it may be remembered he was suddenly called away on urgent business.

The stranger-knight was passing from the reception-room to the main saloon, when his attention was suddenly attracted by a dazzling jewel, which lay in his path, and which he stooped for, and secured. Upon a nearer inspection of the sparkling brilliant, a slight change of color might have been noticed in his cheek, as he held in his hand a costly ring, upon the inside of which he had discovered a familiar initial! Placing the jewel upon the hand which was concealed beneath the folds of his cloak, he moved forward through the saloon where he observed a few familiar faces, among the remaining wanderers, by whom he was glad to note, however, that he was not suspected. The knight advanced to the extreme end of the hall, without finding the object he was evidently in search of, and lost in his own thoughts, he leaned carelessly, hat in hand, against a pillar which supported the great gallery, and where he had a view of the scene around him.

The *tout ensemble* of the knight was commanding and graceful in the extreme—the personification of gallant manliness. He appeared some twenty-five or six years old, his limbs were well proportioned, and his neatly fitting dress exhibited his person to the most pleasing advantage. The company for the most part were now retiring from the saloon, and the richly frescoed ceiling had ceased to resound with the din of merry voices and the tones of music, which had enlivened the scene for many hours. The knight still leaned against the pillar, in deep thought, and a shade of sadness seemed to have crossed his hitherto pleasing countenance. With a sigh, he turned at last, as if to follow the footsteps of those who had become fatigued with the evening's mirth, when the graceful form of a lady near him arrested his movements. A thrill of delight rushed to his heart, and observing that the beauty before him was searching anxiously for something, he saluted her with ready gallantry.

'Fair lady,' said the knight, 'might I aid you?'

'Good Sir Knight,' said the maiden, retreating a step towards the female attendant who accompanied her; 'I beg pardon,' then recovering herself, she suffered the handsome chevalier to approach her.

'I had not expected to meet a stranger here,' said the lady, timidly—'but in the midst of the dance to-night I have lost a ring—a little treasure, which I valued for its associations; and I have returned hither, after the crowd had dispersed, in the hope of regaining it. I do not find it,' she continued, and a sigh seemed to follow the sentence.

'I could not rejoice at your loss, fair lady—save that to this accident I owe the pleasure of meeting you. Permit me to assist you in the search for it;' and placing the snowy arm of the beauty within his own, they moved slowly down the hall. A strange feeling seized upon the maiden's heart, and she suffered the gallant knight to wander at her side, almost unconscious whither she moved. The search was protracted, but unavailing; yet still the lady leaned upon the knight's arm, until they reached an alcove overhung with damask curtains, where the chevalier invited her to be seated. His voice, his respectful but eloquent words, had awakened a sympathy in her heart, and advancing to the divan within the recess, she sat down; when the handsome knight besought her to grant him one moment's audience.

'Brief, then, signor, for the night is waning; and even now my father awaits my return, in the saloon.'

Emboldened by her artless submission, the knight approached her side, and dropping the curtains so as to exclude observation, he ventured to address her in tones not to be mistaken.

'Lovely lady!' he said, 'I am little skilled in the flatterer's art, but could I dare to breathe a vow in your presence, it should be—'

'I pray you, Sir Knight, relieve me,' said the maiden, quickly. 'My father awaits me, and I would not cause him uneasiness. Besides, should he have observed me, and with a total stranger, too!'

'No, lady—not a total stranger. At least, you are my countrywoman.'

'Sir Knight, I come from France. Your dress bespeaks you from the climes of Spain.'

'My costume, lady, is affected. Thus I choose to revel amid the giddy throng. But happy am I to repeat that Paris is my birthplace.'

'Signor,' continued the beauty, doubtingly.

'I speak truth, lady—and my earliest friend is now in Venice—Charge des Affaires de France; the Count de Monthon.'

'The Count de Monthon!' exclaimed the lady, starting.

'You know him, then,' continued the knight. 'From my earliest youth, De Monthon has been my constant companion.'

'Years since we met,' said the fair one, 'and I remember him.'

'He is worthy of your remembrance, sweet lady.'

'I marvel that we have not met the Count in Venice,' continued she, abstractedly.

'He has been absent, lady, now some days at Bologna.'

''Tis now full three long years since last I saw the count—I doubt if he would recollect the youthful maid he left in Paris.'

'He never could forget you, lady.'

'How? Sir Knight?'

'At least, *I* think so, lady. Often have I heard him speak in tones of warmth, of one he—'

'I would, Sir Knight, that I could find that ring.'

'We were speaking of De Monthon, lady.'

'I spoke, signor, of the ring.'

'I fancy, lady, you would scarcely know the count.'

'O, but I should, Sir Knight,' said the maiden, warmly, forgetting herself for an instant—'and since you are his friend, I may inform you it was his ring I lost. I would not, for the world, he knew it! I could not meet him now, and say the little gift he placed upon my hand at parting had been thus lightly treasured.'

'And you prize that bauble, thus?'

'Dearly, Sir Knight.'

'See, lady, is *this* the ring?' and the knight held forth in his trembling hand the precious jewel she had lost!

'Thanks, Sir Knight—many, many thanks,' cried the lady, 'it is the same.' Then checking her emotion, she raised a kerchief to her blushing cheek. The noble chevalier placed the ring upon her finger, and gazing into her face—

'Dearest Hermione!' he said, 'will you not acknowledge your early friend, the Count de Monthon?'

'*De Monthon!*'

'The same, sweet lady, your slave; who now kneels at the feet of the only being he has ever loved. Say, then, dear Hermione, will you give back that love?'

'Eugene!' said Hermione, for she it was—'you are very kind. I have looked forward anxiously for the opportunity to thank you for this pretty gift, and though I did not dream of happiness like this, to-night, be sure this heart which felt its first throb of affection, years gone by, *at home*, still remains truthful, unchanged.'

'Lady, if I seem bold, let love plead my excuse. You have been first in my thoughts, since we parted, and already had I fixed upon returning to my native country, in person to assure you of my devotedness, and to claim your favor. But now my heart is full, Hermione—let this assure you of my devotion,' and De Monthon raised the hand he still held, passionately to his lips, and impressed upon it a fervent kiss.

'Live, Eugene, *hope!*' continued the maiden, rising, 'but now, good night.'

The curtain was withdrawn, and as the lovers moved from out the arbor, Chaufran stood at the opening.

'A listener, signor!' said the knight, proudly.

'This is my daughter, Sir Knight,' replied the surgeon, sharply.

De Monthon bit his lip, and handed the lady over to her guardian. Then raising his beaver respectfully to both, he moved away.

'Who is this stranger?' inquired Chaufran.

'By token of his dress, it is the Knight of San Marcks,' replied his daughter, archly, and they retired from the saloon.

Hermione's heart was filled with joy, as she departed with Chaufran. The ring she had artlessly acknowledged so valuable to her, was regained; and the original giver—the only being who had ever imaged himself in her soul—thus romantically appearing to her, avowing the deep love of his heart, had touched a treasured responsive chord and caused it to vibrate in her bosom. She was indeed happy.

### CHAPTER X.

*The suitors for Hermione's hand. Chaufran's pride and ambition. The ostentation of the Duke Pazzoni. The duke importunes her, and meets with a rebuff. A formal presentation of the 'Knight of San Marcks.' Chaufran leaves Venice, and arrives in Paris. An unknown nobleman departs from Italy on the following day.*

THE adopted daughter of Monsieur Chaufran was now twenty years of age. All that lavish fortune, freely expended, could bestow upon his lovely charge, in the way of accomplishment in her education, she possessed. She conversed readily and fluently in English, Italian and Spanish, as freely as in her native tongue, and all the bright adornments which lend grace and charms to woman, were centered in the foundling who had been left to the chances of her fate, by Nicole, the poor waterman. Up to this period of her life, her career had been one unbroken current of happiness, and now bursting forth in all the ripening charms of beauteous womanhood, her loveliness increased as her years were advancing.

Chaufran had passed six weeks in Venice; six weeks of continued gaiety and happiness had it proved to his lovely ward. A dozen rivals for her hand had already made their appearance, but of all the throng of wealthy and aristocratic suitors who pressed themselves upon her notice, none had contrived so well to ingratiate himself into the favor of her foster-father as the noble 'Duke Pazzoni.' He had studied the character of Chaufran, in the little intercourse he had had with him, and his prospects had prospered eminently with the surgeon; who had been delighted with his generous manners, and the promise thus held out for uniting his daughter with one so rich and prominent in station. Already he looked upon the lovely Hermione as a duchess!

They had first met with this nobleman, as we have seen, at the theatre. Struck with the beauty of the young lady in Chaufran's charge, the duke lost no time in making their acquaintance, through a friend at Venice, quite as noble and wealthy as himself, and as soon as Chaufran had established himself at his hotel, the duke took up his quarters there, surrounded by a retinue of attendants, whose elegant liveries alone were sufficient to enchant the heart of the avaricious surgeon. The apartments of his highness were spacious and were most splendidly adorned; his array of servants was such as only a duke or a prince could maintain, his establishment was kept up on the grandest scale, and he lived in the most sumptuous and lavish manner, during the few days he tarried in Venice. He was often absent from the city for a day at a time, but none knew whither he went, or cared; and his liberal show of means had fairly captivated the heart of his newly found friend, the still miserly Monsieur Chaufran.

Upon the Rialto, the duke had displayed before the eyes of the surgeon his weighty purse—his superb horses, his carriages, his gondola, were of the most costly description, and all were at the service of his friend Chaufran! The jewels he sported were of the most magnificent character, and his appearance was greatly in his favor, for he was young, handsome and titled. The bait had been taken by Chaufran, to whom his highness had hinted that he should be proud to be acknowledged as the suitor for his daughter's hand. Hermione was flattered by his continued attentions, and knowing the feelings which existed between her father and the duke, she had encouraged his acquaintance, not however, with the most distant expectation that he would importune her, or claim aught save her friendship. Innocent in her own heart, she did not look forward to consequences.

The duke had permitted no opportunity to pass which favored him with any interview in Chaufran's little circle, and he embraced every chance which offered to enjoy the society of the beauty of whom he had become suddenly enamored; but though she tolerated his attentions, and was pleased with his captivating manners and address, she gave him no clue by which he could hope to win her hand, no returns for his ostentatious and gratuitous exhibition of affection. Chaufran went so far as to hint the intentions of his highness, to his daughter in private, but she merely informed her guardian that she had the disposition, for the present, to remain her own mistress. This cooled the ardor of the surgeon, in the premises, for the time being; for he deeply loved his charge, yet he believed that the duke would make an impression upon her affections which might be profitable to his wishes, in the future.

But, as we have also seen, his highness had been suddenly called away from Venice, on the night of the grand ball, and since then, now several days, he had not been heard of! His horses, carriages, servants, all had disappeared, none knew whither. The constant change of visiters arriving and leaving Venice, however, was excuse sufficient to the world at large, for his absence, and to the heart of Hermione it was a relief to know that he was gone. She did not know, nor did the newly made friends of the duke, generally know, what was so casually divulged to the Count de Monthon; to wit, that his highness the Duke Pazzoni, the improvident and famous nobleman, was none other than the bravo Rondini—Francois, of Paris!

Two weeks, a month, flitted by, and the season of gaiety was over. The meetings between De Monthon and his loved Hermione had latterly been frequent, and the 'Knight of San Marcks' had already been formally presented to Chaufran, in his real character, the Count de Monthon. He, too, had studied the surgeon, of whom he knew very little while in Paris; but the feelings of monsieur towards the *protege* of D'Aumail, the commissary, were in no wise akin to friendship or affection. The position of Eugene in Venice, however, compelled him to treat the count with civility, though De Monthon did not lose sight of the evident fact that his presence was anything but agreeable to Chaufran.

He had no means of accounting for his coldness and reserve, yet the deep affection he entertained for Hermione prompted him to ascribe his asperity of manner to approaching old age; and he pardoned his slights, and submitted to his petty indignities, for the sake of her in whom rested all his hopes of future happiness. But the surgeon of the Hotel des Invalides, that was, had a secret rankling at his heart, which he was not at liberty to reveal, and of which De Monthon was entirely ignorant. In that heart he had declared, that no kin of D'Aumail should ever find favor at his hands, if it were in his power to thwart him.

Thus stood the case; and Chaufran found that his health had in a great measure become restored. The visits, frequent and prolonged, which the Count de Monthon had made to his quarters, had become ominous in his estimation, and he expressed his determination to return to Paris at an early day. In the meantime, the renewed acquaintance of De Monthon with Hermione had ripened into the most devoted attachment which heart could give to heart. Eugene had loved her from his youth, but he had deemed it proper to defer to a future opportunity his declaration; when that opportunity had most unexpectedly, but happily been presented him. He embraced it, he poured out his whole heart before her, warmly, honestly, ingenuously, and she had accepted the tribute he had laid at her feet.

Notwithstanding the reserve of Chaufran towards the count, the lovers looked forward with bright hopes. The fortune of De Monthon, by his father, was ample, munificent. His title, his position in society, was honorable, and he sought no dowry with the choice he had made. Chaufran had watched the increasing intimacy which was progressing between his daughter and the nephew of D'Aumail, and with the deepest solicitude. He determined to disinherit his ward (upon whom he had hitherto decided to bestow a handsome marriage portion), if she persisted in responding to De Monthon's passion; but their vows had been mutually plighted, without the knowledge of the surgeon, and the day for their departure from Venice was at length fixed upon by the jealous and vindictive Chaufran.

De Monthon had already decided, also, to return again at once to his native city, and retire from the station which had been so generously conferred upon him by the king. He made known his plans to both Hermione and Chaufran, and at parting, he pledged the former to embrace her again, in Paris, within the month succeeding. Full of high hope, and rapturous with joy at this assurance, Hermione took a temporary leave of her lover, while Chaufran, as he coldly took the hand of the count, could not avoid the compliment to the Charge des Affaires, of an invite to his mansion, when he returned to his home. The lovers were happy. Chaufran was reserved; but the hour arrived, the gondola was at the terrace, and the surgeon and his lovely daughter bade adieu to Venice, in the midst of a host of acquaintances, who sincerely regretted their departure. A few days of rapid travelling carried them safely home, and a splendid *fete* at the mansion in the Rue St. Honore shortly after, announced the event to their numerous friends in the metropolis.

For his own reasons, De Monthon had omitted to make mention of the Duke Pazzoni's name, and though he now knew him to be an unscrupulous villain, yet he had no occasion, so he thought, to allude to him in presence of Chaufran or Hermione. He saw that the duke was sufficiently cautious not to intrude himself again in Venice, during the visit of the Chaufrans, after he had been discovered; and believed that he had now been ridded of his presence, effectually. The duke had disappeared, it is true; but the movements of De Monthon had been closely watched, from the hour of his return from Bologna, and Francois was fully advised of his future plans, his resignation, his proposed return, the departure of Chaufran from Venice, all, as well as if he himself had been present at the time these arrangements were made!

Upwards of three weeks had passed. De Monthon had been recalled at his own request, and on the twenty-fifth day after he pressed the hand of Hermione at the terrace in Venice, he left behind him the pleasures and bustle of the 'floating city.' His journey was fortunate, and in a brief space of time, after an absence of over three years, he once more set foot in the home of his youth, the locale of his early days, the residence of his dearly loved Hermione.

Nearly a month before this, and but twenty-four hours after the departure of Chaufran and his family from Venice, an elegant gondola crossed the Grand Canal, and was soon out of sight, in the distance. The occupants of this barge were a nobleman and his retinue of servants, who were destined, it was said, to the north. De Monthon was not aware of the fact, but the traveller knew of his intended journey in a few weeks, and, subsequently, the hour the count entered the French capitol!


[TO BE CONTINUED.]


### Influence of our Acts.

It is starting on a false principle to suppose that a man can escape from his own deed, be it good or bad. As soon as he has committed it, he has given it an existence, an individuality, which he can never destroy; it becomes independent of him, and goes into the world to deal its influence in widening circles far beyond his view.

### Extent of the Gold Region.

One thousand steamers are constantly plying up and down the Mississippi and its tributaries, averaging from two hundred and fifty to fourteen hundred tons burden. Mr. Catlin, in a late lecture, said that he had crossed and recrossed the great valley of the Mississippi in nearly every latitude, and he could plant in that valley fifty millions of human beings. He describes California as one thousand miles square. He had been over a great part of the country between the Great Salt Lake, the Sierra Nevada, and the Rocky Mountains; and said this tract (four hundred miles east and west, and six hundred to eight hundred north and south), he had found, for the great part of the way, to be most beautifully variegated, fine and fertile. In a great part it was watered with fine fresh streams. He believed this tract to be equally rich in gold with that west of the Sierra Nevada, where they were now digging; nay, he believed gold would be found and worked with equal success east of the Rocky Mountains. Thirty thousand Mormons, who had been the first diggers in the present gold region, had suddenly left it to the Great Salt Lake neighborhood. This meant something. By the last accounts it appeared that they had discovered gold near the lake, still more abundant than upon the banks of the Sacramento, at a distance of from four hundred to eight hundred miles up that river. He believed that the three mountain chains of the Sierra Nevada, the Rocky Mountains and the Alleghanies, had all been upraised by some great volcanic or other subterranean forces, and in being upheaved they broke the crust of white, milky quartz, lying horizontally all over the country, and which experience had shown to be the native bed of gold. The upheaved mountains would shed this quartz and its ores into the valleys on both sides; and hence the latest accounts from the gold region described them as breaking the lumps of quartz with sledge hammers and picking out the gold with bowie-knives. The Rocky Mountains must have shed this quartz with its gold deposit to the east as well as the west. He mentioned finding the Camanches, the Kioway, and other tribes of Indians, wearing large lumps of gold as neck ornaments; and one old Kioway chief told him it was found seven days travel west of his village, and offered, if he would stay, to send his young men with him to the place; but Mr. Catlin being attacked with a bilious fever, and meeting with a party of dragoons just then returning, made his way back to New Orleans. The place indicated would be east of the Rocky Mountains. The present *gold region had an area not less than that of Great Britain!* and he firmly believed that in six months a tract of not less than a thousand miles square would be found to contain, and would be dug or mined for gold. He referred to the liberality of the United States government, opening the gold region to all the world, on condition of each adventurer paying to it only four per cent. of the gold he got; and expressed his conviction that a distant country like England would benefit more by obtaining a fair share of the gold in exchange for manufactures, than the country near the 'diggins,' where rash and wild speculation would prove ruinous to thousands.—*Eng. paper.*

### How Mr. McMahon was satisfied!

I made one of four hundred interesting individuals, who sailed for Lisbon, in the Bermuda transport, and after being tossed about for ten days, we were obliged to put back, the sea went down and we found ourselves lying comfortably in the harbor of Cork.

'Come, Mr. Medicot,' said the skipper, to me, 'we shall be here for a couple of days to refit; had you not better go ashore and see the country?'

I sprang to my legs with delight; visions of cowslips, larks, daisies, and mutton chops, floated before my excited imagination; and in ten minutes I found myself standing at that pleasant little inn at Cove, which, opposite Spike Island, rejoices in the name of Goat and Garters.

'Breakfast, waiter,' said I; 'a beefsteak, fresh beef, mark ye; fresh eggs, bread, milk, and butter, all fresh.' No more hard tack, thought I; no salt butter, but a genuine land breakfast.

'Up stairs, No. 4, sir,' said the waiter, as he flourished a dirty napkin indicating the way.

Up stairs I went, and in due time the appetizing little *dejeuner* made its appearance. Never did a miser's eye revel over his broad acres with more complacent enjoyment, than did mine skim over the mutton and the muffin, the teapot, the trout and the devilled kidney, so invitingly spread out before me. Yes, thought I, as I smacked my lips, this is the reward of virtue; pickled pork is the probationary state that admirably fits us for future enjoyments—I arranged my napkin upon my knee, seized my knife and fork, and proceeded with most critical acumen to dissect a beefsteak. Scarcely, however, had I touched it, when, with a loud crash, the plate smashed beneath it, and the gravy ran piteously across the cloth. Before I had time to account for the phenomenon, the door opened hastily, and the waiter rushed into the room—his face beaming with smiles, while he rubbed his hands in ecstacy of delight—

'It's all over, sir,' said he, 'happy to say its all done.'

'What's over? What's done?' inquired I, with impatience.

'Mr. McMahon is satisfied,' replied he, 'and so is the other gentleman.'

'Who and what do you mean?'

'It's all over, sir, I say,' replied the waiter again—'*he fired into the air!*'

'Fired in the air! Was there a duel in the room below stairs?'

'Yes, sir,' said the waiter, with a benign smile.

'That will do,' said I, as, seizing my hat, I rushed out of the house, and, hurrying to the beach, took a boat for the ship. Exactly half an hour had elapsed since my landing, but even those short thirty minutes had fully as many reasons that, although there may be few more amusing, there are some safer places to live in than the Green Island.

### More did you Evers!

Did you ever know an ugly man who was not fond of talking of the beauties of the mind?

Did you ever know a magistrate who was not 'worthy,' at least in the penny-a-liners' reports?

Did you ever know a tradesman who could get in any money at all in these terribly hard times?

Did you ever know an actor who was not kept down by a disgraceful plot in the profession against him.

Did you ever know a theatrical critic who did not recommend the 'judicious employment of the pruning-knife?'

[Written for The Flag of our Union.]

## I KNEW HOW IT WOULD BE.

BY T. S. ARTHUR.

'He'll never succeed!' was the remark of Mr. Hueston, in reference being made to a young man named Eldridge, who had recently commenced business.

'Why not?' was asked.

'He's begun wrong.'

'In what way?'

'His connection is bad.'

'With Dalton?'

'Yes. Dalton is either a knave or a fool. The former, I believe; but in either case the result will be the same to his partner. Before two years, unless a miracle takes place, you will see Eldridge, at least, coming out at the little end of the horn. I could have told him this at first; but it was none of my business. I never meddle with things that don't concern me.'

'You know Dalton, then?'

'I think I do.'

'Has he been in business before?'

'Yes, half a dozen times; and somehow or other, he has always managed to get out of it, with cash in hand, long enough before it broke down, to escape all odium and responsibility.'

'I'm sorry for Eldridge. He's a clever young man, and honest into the bargain.'

'Yes; and he has energy of character and some business talents. But he is too confiding. And here is just the weakness that will prove his ruin. He will put too much faith in his plausible associate.'

'Some one should warn him of his danger. Were I intimate enough to venture on the freedom, I would certainly do so.'

'I don't meddle myself with other people's affairs. One never gets any thanks for the trouble he takes on this score. At least that is my experience. And, moreover, it's about as much as I can do to take good care of my own concerns. This is every man's business.'

'I wish you had given the young man a word of caution before he was involved with Dalton.'

'I did think of doing so; but then I reflected that it was his look-out and not mine.—Each man has to cut his eye-teeth for himself, you know.'

'True; but when we see a stumbling-block in the way of a blind man, or one whose eyes are turned in another direction, we ought, at least, to utter a warning word. It seems to me that we owe that much good-will to our fellows.'

'Perhaps we do. And I don't know that it would have been any harm if I had done as you suggest. However, it is too late now.'

'I think not. A hint of the truth would put him on his guard.'

'I don't know.'

'O, yes it would.'

'I am not certain. Dalton is a most plausible man; and I am pretty sure that, in the mind of a person like Eldridge, he can inspire the fullest confidence. To suggest anything wrong, now, would not put him on his guard, and might lead the suggester into trouble.'

Much more was said on both sides, but no good result flowed from the conversation.—Mr. Hueston did not hesitate to declare that he knew how it would all be in the end; but, at the same time, said that it was none of his business, and that 'every man must look out for himself.'

The character of Dalton was, by no means, harshly judged by Mr. Hueston. He was, at heart, a knave; yet a most cunning and specious one. Eldridge, on the contrary, was the very soul of integrity; and, being thoroughly honest in all his intentions, it was hard for him to believe that any man who spoke fair to him, and professed to be governed by right principles, could be a scoundrel. With a few thousand dollars, his share of his father's estate, he had come to Boston for the purpose of commencing some kind of business. With creditable prudence, he entered the store of a merchant and remained there for a year, in order to obtain a practical familiarity with trade. During this period he fell in with Dalton, who was in a small commission way that barely yielded him enough to meet his expenses. Dalton was not long in discovering that Eldridge had some cash, and that his ultimate intention was to engage in business for himself. From that time he evinced towards the young man a very friendly spirit, and soon found a good reason for changing his boarding-place, and making his home under the same roof with Eldridge. To win upon the young man's confidence was no hard matter. Before six months, Dalton was looked upon as a generous-minded friend, who had his interest deeply at heart. All his views in regard to business were freely communicated; and he rested upon the suggestions of Dalton with the confidence of one who believed that he had met a friend, not only fully competent to advise aright, but thoroughly unselfish in all his feelings.

Dalton possessed a large amount of business information, and was, therefore, the very man for Eldridge; particularly as he was communicative. In conversation, the latter obtained a great deal of information on subjects especially interesting to one who looked forward to engaging in some branch of trade for himself. One evening the two men sat conversing about business, as usual, when Eldridge said:

'It is time I was making some move for myself; but, for my life, I can't come to any decision as to what I shall do.'

'It is better for a young man, if he can do so, to connect himself with some established house,' replied Dalton, to this. 'It takes time to make a new business, and not unfrequently a very long time.'

'I am aware of that; but I see no opportunity for an arrangement of the kind.'

'How much capital can you furnish?'

'Ten thousand dollars.'

'That's very good, and ought to enable you to make an arrangement somewhere. I don't know but I might be willing to give you an interest in my business. This, however, would require some reflection. I am turning out a very handsome surplus every year without at all crowding sail.'

'A commission business?'

'Yes. I am agent for three or four manufactories, and effect some pretty large sales during the year. If I were able to make liberal cash advances, I could more than quadruple my business.'

'And of course your profits also?'

'Yes, that follows as a natural result.'

'Would ten thousand dollars be at all adequate for such a purpose?'

'It would help very much. Ten thousand dollars in cash is, you know, a basis of credit to nearly four times that sum.'

'Yes, I am aware of that.'

'Is your capital readily available?' inquired Dalton.

'Yes. Since I have been in the city, I have invested everything in government securities, as safe property, and readily convertible into cash.'

'Very judicious.'

Dalton mused for sometime.

'Yes,' he at length said, as if he had been thinking seriously of the effect of ten thousand dollars in his business. 'The capital you have would put a new face on everything. That's certain. Suppose you think the matter over, and I will do the same.'

'I will, certainly. And I may say now, that there will hardly be any hindrance on my part to the arrangement, if you should see it to be advantageous all around.'

Of course Mr. Dalton professed, after taking a decent time for pretended reflection, to see great advantage to all parties, in a business connection, which in due time was formed. But few of those who knew Eldridge were apprised of what he intended doing, and those who did know, and were aware at the same time of Mr. Dalton's character, like Mr. Hueston, concluded to mind their own business.

And so, unwarned of the risk he was encountering, an honest and confiding young man was permitted to form a co-partnership with a villain, who had already been the means of involving three or four unsuspecting individuals in hopeless embarrassment.

Confident that he had entered the road to fortune, Eldridge commenced his new career. The capital he had supplied gave, as Dalton had predicted, new life to the business, for the offer of liberal cash advances brought heavier consignments, and opened the way for more extensive operations. The general management of affairs was left, according to previous understanding, in the hands of the senior partner, as most competent for that department; while Eldridge gave up every energy of his mind to the practical details of the business, which, by the end of a year, had grown far beyond his anticipations.

Accepting large consignments of goods, upon which advances had to be made, required the raising of a great deal of money; and this Dalton managed to accomplish without calling away the attention of his partner from what he was engaged in doing. Thus matters went on for about three years, when Dalton began to complain of failing health, and to hint that he would be compelled to retire from active business. Eldridge said that he must not think of this; but the senior partner did think of it, very seriously. From that time his health appeared to break rapidly; and in a few months he formally announced his intention to withdraw. Finding both remonstrance and persuasion of no avail, the basis of a dissolution of the co-partnership was agreed upon, in which the value of the business itself, that would now be entirely in the hands of Eldridge, was rated high as an offset to a pretty large sum which Dalton claimed as his share in the concern. Without due reflection, there being a balance of five thousand dollars to the credit of the firm in bank, which, by the way, was provided for special effect at the time, by the cunning senior, Eldridge consented that for his share of the business, Dalton should be permitted to take bills receivable amounting to six thousand dollars; a check for two thousand, and his notes for ten thousand dollars besides, payable in three to eighteen months. After all this was settled, a dissolution of the co-partnership was publicly announced, and Eldridge, with some misgivings at heart, undertook the entire management of the business himself. It was but a very little while before he found himself embarrassed in making his payments. The withdrawal of two thousand dollars in cash, and six thousand in paper convertible into cash, created a serious disability. In fact, an earnest and thorough investigation of the whole business showed it to be so crippled that little less than a miracle would enable him to conduct it to a safe issue. Nevertheless, still unsuspicious to the real truth, he resolved to struggle manfully for a triumph over the difficulties that lay before him, and overcome them, if there was any virtue in energy and perseverance.

The first point at which the business suffered, was in the loss of consignments. Inability to make the required advances turned from the warehouse of Eldridge large lots of goods almost weekly, the profits on the sales of which would have been a handsome addition to his income. At the end of three months, the first note of a thousand dollars held by Dalton, fell due and was paid. This was so much more taken from his capital. Another month brought a payment of a like amount, and at the end of six months a thousand dollars more was paid. Thus Dalton had been able to get eleven thousand dollars out of the concern, although three years before he was not really worth a dollar; and there was still due him seven thousand dollars.

By this time, the eyes of Eldridge were beginning to open to the truth. Suspicion being once finally awakened, he entered upon a careful examination of the business, from the time of forming the co-partnership. This occupied him for some weeks before he was able to bring out a clear and comprehensive exhibit of affairs. Then he saw that he had been the victim of a specious and cunning scoundrel, and that, so far from being worth a dollar, he had obligations falling due for over ten thousand dollars more than he had the means to pay.

A sad and disheartening result! And what added to the pain of Eldridge was the fact, that he should have been so weak and short-sighted as to permit himself to be thus duped and cheated.

'I knew how it would be,' said Mr. Hueston, coolly, when he was told that Eldridge was in difficulties. 'Nothing else was to have been expected.'

'Why so?' inquired the person to whom the remark was made.

'Everybody knows Dalton to be a sharper. Eldridge is not his first victim.'

'I did not know it.'

'I did, then; and prophesied just this result.'

'You?'

'Yes, certainly I did. I knew exactly how it must turn out. And here's the end, as I predicted.'

This was said with great self-complacency.

Soon after the conversation, a young man named Williams, who had only a year before married the daughter of Mr. Hueston, came into his store with a look of trouble on his countenance. His business was that of an exchange broker, and in conducting it, he was using the credit of his father-in-law quite liberally.

'What's the matter?' inquired Mr. Hueston, seeing by the expression of the young man's face that something was wrong.

'Have you heard anything about Eldridge?' inquired Williams, in an anxious voice.

'Yes, I understand that he is about making a failure of it; and, if so, it will be a bad one. But what has that to do with your affairs?'

'If he fails, I am ruined!' replied the young man, becoming greatly excited.

'You!' It was now Mr. Hueston's turn to exhibit a disturbed aspect.

'I hold seven thousand dollars of his paper.'

'Seven thousand dollars!'

'Yes.'

'How in the name of wonder did it come into your possession?'

'I took it from Dalton at a tempting discount.'

'From Dalton! Then his name is on the paper?'

'No. I hold it without recourse.'

'What folly! How could you have done such a thing?'

'I believed Eldridge to be perfectly good. Dalton said that he was in the way of making a fortune.'

'Why then was he anxious to part with his paper, without recourse?'

'It was, he alleged, on account of ill health. He wished to close up all his business and make an investment of what little he possessed, previous to going south, in the hope that a change of air would brace up his shattered constitution.'

'It was all a lie!—the scoundrel! His health is as good as mine. A greater villain than he is, does not walk the earth. I wonder how you could have been so duped!'

'How do you think Eldridge's affairs will turn out?' asked the young man.

'Worse than nothing, I suppose. I understand that he paid Dalton some eighteen thousand dollars for his half of the business. There was but ten thousand dollars capital at first; and, from the way things were conducted, instead of its increasing, it must have diminished yearly.'

Here was an entirely new aspect in the case. Mr. Hueston's self-complacency was gone. He knew how it would be with Eldridge, from the first; but he didn't know how it was going to be with himself. He didn't for a moment dream that when the fabric of the young man's fortune came falling around him, that anything belonging to him would be buried under the ruins.

'Too bad! Too bad!' he ejaculated, as, under a sense of the utter desperation of the case, he struck his hands together, and then threw them above his head. But it did no good to fret and scold, and blame his son-in-law. The error had been committed, and it was now too late to retrace a step. Six or seven thousand dollars would inevitably be lost; and as Williams had no capital, originally, of his own, the money would have to come out of his pocket. The ruin of which the young man talked, was more in his imagination than anywhere else, as Mr. Hueston was able enough to sustain him in his difficulty.

In the winding up of the affairs of Eldridge, who stopped payment on the day Williams announced to his father-in-law the fact that he held his notes, everything turned out as badly as Mr. Hueston had predicted. The unhappy young man was almost beside himself with trouble, mortification and disappointment. Not only had he lost everything he possessed in the world; he was deeply involved in debt besides, and his good name was gone. A marriage contract into which he had entered, was broken off in consequence; the father of the lady demanding of him a release of the engagement in a way so insulting that the young man flung insult back into his teeth, and never after went near his house.

For months after the disastrous termination of his business, Eldridge lingered about the city in a miserable state of mind. Some friends obtained for him a situation as clerk; but he did not keep the place very long. It seemed almost impossible for him to fix his attention upon anything; this neglect of the interests of his employer was so apparent, that he was dismissed from his place at the end of a few months. This increased the morbid despondency under which he was laboring, and led to an almost total abandonment of himself. In less than a year, he was travelling swiftly along the road to utter ruin.

One day, it was just twelve months from the time of Eldridge's failure, Mr. Hueston stood conversing with a gentleman, when the unhappy young man went reeling by, so much intoxicated that he with difficulty kept his feet.

'Poor fellow!' said the gentleman, in a tone of pity. 'He was badly dealt by.'

'There is no doubt of that,' returned Mr. Hueston. 'Dalton managed his cards with his usual skill. But I knew how it would be, from the first. I knew that Dalton was a knave at heart, and would overreach him.'

'You did!' was rejoined, with a look and tone of surprise.

'O, yes. I predicted, from the beginning the very result that has come out.'

'You warned the young man, of course.'

'No.'

'What! Saw him in the hands of a sharper, and gave him no warning?'

'I never meddle in other people's affairs. I find as much as I can do to take proper care of my own.'

'And yet, if common report is true, had you taken a little care of this young man, you would have saved six or seven thousand dollars for yourself.'

'That's my look-out,' said Mr. Hueston.

'You knew how it would be,' resumed the gentleman, in a severe, rebuking voice; 'and yet kept silence, permitting an honest, confiding young man to fall into the clutches of a scoundrel. Mr. Hueston, society holds you responsible for the ruin of one of her members—equally responsible with the knave who was the agent of the ruin. A word would have saved the young man; but in your indifference and disregard of others' good, you would not speak that word. When next you see the miserable wreck of a human being that but just now went staggering past, remember the work of your own hands is before you.'

And saying this, the man turned abruptly away, leaving Mr. Hueston so much astonished and bewildered by the unexpected charge, as scarcely to comprehend where he was. Recovering himself in a moment or two, he walked slowly along, his eyes upon the ground. With what feelings, the reader may imagine.

A few days afterwards, his son-in-law, at his instance, went in search of Eldridge for the purpose of offering him assistance and making an effort to reclaim him. But alas! he was too late. Death had finished the work of ruin.

### Getting Desperate.

'Ahem! Ephraim, I heard something about you.'

'La, now Miss Sophrina, you don't say so?'

'Yes, indeed, that I did, and a great many said it, too.'

'La, now, what is it, Miss Sophrina?'

'O, dear, I can't tell you' (turning away her head.)

'O, la, do now.'

'O no, I can't.'

'O yes, Miss Sophrina.'

'La, me, Ephraim, you do pester a body so.'

'Well, do please to tell me, Sophrina.'

'Well, I heard that—O I can't tell you.'

'Ah, yes, come, now do' (taking her hand.)

'Well, I didn't say it—but I heard that—'

'What?' (putting an arm around her waist.)

'O, don't squeeze me so—I heard that—that—(turning her blue eyes full upon Ephraim's)—that—you and I were to be married, Ephraim!'

[Written for The Flag of our Union.]

### The Soul's Appeal.

BY FRANCES S. OSGOOD.

O, Father! wandering far from home,
Lone, weary, lost, astray,
In dim and tangled paths I roam—
I cannot find the way.

And evil shapes beset my path,
And evil eyes I meet;
I seek in vain my long-lost home,
With faltering pilgrim feet.

At rosy dawn I left, elate
With thoughtless joy and pride,
Afar thy golden palace gate
That swung, in music, wide.

And now 'tis noon, and weird, wild clouds
Are gathering in the sky,
Terrific thunder rolls around,
The storm goes sweeping by.

The flowers I found at early morn
Are withered in my hand;
I hear a gliding serpent's hiss,
In doubt and dread I stand.

The seraph-shapes that walked with me
At sunrise, long have fled;
The bird-like hopes that flew before,
On starry wings, are dead.

And yet, at times, a vision dawns
Adown through vistas dim,
The lovely palace gleams afar,
Soft falls a faint, sweet hymn.

I see the shining turrets rise,
I hear my sisters sing;
Ah me! the sweet dream dims and dies
Ere I can wave my wing.

My Father! look upon thy child,
Alone, athirst, astray—
O, take my helpless, outstretched hand,
And lead me home, I pray!

[Written for The Flag of our Union.]

## WRONG END FOREMOST.

BY UNCLE TOBY.

Colonel H—— is probably one of the most polite and ceremonious gentlemen that practises at the Suffolk bar. Having in his early days lived much abroad, and ever moving in the best circles of society, he has become perhaps a little stiff and formal, but nevertheless carries in his breast a generous heart, and is in reality a good-natured man. He is one of that sort of persons who are ever ready to yield the utmost respect to those about them, and when in argument he never forgets to be polite, considerate and gentlemanly, even in his most sarcastic retorts. What has perhaps added more than all else, to render the colonel so precise and somewhat peculiar, is the fact that he is an old bachelor, whom Cupid has never yet attacked.

A short time since, the colonel was called to plead a case at an inland town in Massachusetts, where he found a jury empanneled of rather a democratic character. Our legal friend did not expect to meet with the polished manners and bearing of town-bred people, in the aforesaid jury; but still he was rather unprepared for the exhibition of homely, yet good-natured ease and comfort that he witnessed. Being, as we have said, characterized for the most punctilious observation of the rules of good breeding and politeness himself, the worthy counsellor found his equanimity of disposition severely taxed throughout the trial, by the unceremonious character of the proceedings in general, and the queer behaviour of the country jury in particular.

One juror especially, a tall, raw-boned specimen of a Yankee farmer, honest and good-natured 'as the days are long,' disturbed our city counsellor most unmercifully, by constantly falling asleep and saluting the ears of the court with the most uproarous snoring that it had ever been the fortune of the colonel to have overheard. When these nasal sounds became so loud as pretty nearly to drown all the voices in the court room, both of witnesses and counsel, the judge would turn towards the offender with a meaning glance, when his next neighbor would awake him by a 'poke' in the side that would nearly 'finish' an ordinary person. This would have the desired effect for a time, but the snoring would commence again in a few moments.

Another juror seemed to chew tobacco as though he was hired to do it by the job, and kept up a perfect *jet d'eau* of saliva from his mouth to the centre of the court room, not only to the imminent danger of the legal papers and books that lay upon intervening tables, but also to the manifest risk of the persons and clothes of the contending counsel. This was another source of great annoyance to our legal friend, and he fidgeted and twisted upon his seat like a dancing bear upon hot iron. Finally, after bearing the irritation to his sense of propriety as long as possible, he stepped over and respectfully desired the juror in question to oblige him by expectorating in some other direction, which the good-natured man at once agreed to do—saying he meant no offence at all. And thus the colonel passed on through the trial, annoyed and teased half out of his senses by the various breaches of good taste and politeness.

Finally, after experiencing all these tests to his good-nature, the time came for him to address the jury, and he rose with a profound bow to the court and the twelve men empanneled before him; but hardly had his eyes rested upon the jury, when he stood perfectly aghast! The city counsellor was completely staggered by observing that half of the jury sat with their feet resting upon the bar, or rail, in front of them, considerably above their heads, as they sat back in their seats! Now, though the colonel's patience had been taxed to the utmost throughout the entire trial, still his good-nature predominated, and he tried to go on without noticing the matter that we have referred to.

Again he raised his eyes to the jury, and found himself stammering and hemming in his vain endeavors to address his defence to a body of men in so undignified a position. With all the other irritating circumstances, this was too much for him. Pausing for a moment, he looked first at the feet, and then at the heads of the offending parties, and turning to the judge, with a look of despair, said: May it please your honor, I would like to inquire of the court *which end of this jury I am to address!* This hint was enough, for the persons of the jurors found a more appropriate and natural position instanter.

### Motive Power of Niagara.

Measurements, says a writer in Silliman's Journal, have been made of the volume of Niagara river, from which it appears that the motive power of the cataract exceeds, by nearly fortyfold, all the mechanical force of water and steam-power rendered available in Britain for the purpose of imparting motion to the machinery which suffices to perform the manufacturing labors for a large portion of the inhabitants of the world, including also the power applied for transporting these products by steamboats and steam-cars, and their steamships of war to the remotest seas. Indeed, it appears probable that the law of gravity, as established by the Creator, puts forth, in this single waterfall, more intense and effective energy than is necessary to move all the artificial machinery of the habitable globe.

[Written for The Flag of our Union.]

## THE NEGRO WHO DID NOT BELIEVE IN GHOSTS.

BY 'PETE.'

In the year 184—, there lived in the village of D——, in the western part of the State of New York, two certain men, whose names were David Clarke and John Melbourne.—Now it so happened that both were firm believers in ghosts; and as Clarke was constable in the town where he resided, and Melbourne justice of the peace, they of course had considerable influence over the minds of those with whom they associated. At the time our story begins, they had held their offices some upwards of a year, and in that time had converted all, or nearly all within the bounds of their kingdom, to the belief that there were such things as ghosts; and to add strength to their preaching, declared that they themselves had seen them.

Among the few with whom the said worthies had argued, but argued in vain in defence of their 'doctrine,' was a negro, who delighted in the title of Nero. In his own words—'dis intelligum nigger isn't so foolis as all dat. Yah! yah! yah!' But our two officers were determined he should believe; and if nothing else would do, they would scare him into it.

It was a stormy night in the spring of year 184—, that Nero left the village of D——, and proceeded homewards. His hut lay about a mile from the village, and in going home he had to pass through a piece of woods. The rain fell in torrents, and the night was black as Egypt, except when a gloomy flash of lightning lit up the horizon. Nero had got as far as the edge of the woods, and was slowly walking along, singing the familiar song of 'Jim along Josey.' He was just breaking forth in a torrent of music on the chorus of the said song, when a deep voice, which seemed to be directly behind him, said:

'Nero, my son, look upon thy father's ghost.'

His father had been dead about two weeks, and was buried in the woods not far from where he stood. Although Cuffee was not afraid 'ob ghost or debil,' as he said, still he was startled at the sudden interruption. But recovering himself, he said:

'Why, fader, am dat yourself! How is you, nigger?'

The ghost replied:

'Talk not thus to me. This night I promised to meet the spirit of your dear grandfather here. Ah! here he comes! Farewell, my son; a father's blessing rest upon thee.'

Nero was completely confounded; and some moments elapsed before he turned to depart, during which time the ghost of his grandfather had 'come up.' Side by side stood those tenants of another world. As I have said, Cuffee turned to depart, but his foot slipped, and his head struck with the force of a battering-ram the 'corporation' of one of the spectres.

'Lud have massy on my soul!' said Nero, while a loud 'ugh' was the response of the capsized ghost.

'Yah! yah! yah! I guiss you'se no ghost, nigger; you're got bonees.'

Cuffee now saw through it all—how the justice and constable had connived to frighten him into their 'doctrine.' But he was not disposed to let them off thus, but seizing them by the back of the neck, one in each hand, he commenced singing again, keeping time by bumping their heads together.

'O!' groaned the justice. 'O Lord!' chimed in the constable, while Nero topped off with 'Hey, Jim along Josey.'

Half an hour passed, when our colored friend left them lying by the side of the fence nearly insensible. How they got home history does not tell; but next morning they could be justly called 'swell-heads,' while both complained badly of the rheumatism. Nero never exposed them; but in the course of a week or two the affair leaked out, when the two worthies resigned their offices and left for parts unknown. It is needless to add, that immediately after their departure their 'doctrine' fell to the ground.

[Written for The Flag of our Union.]

### Eldorado.

BY EDGAR A. POE.

Gaily bedight,
A gallant knight,
In sunshine and in shadow,
Had journeyed long,
Singing a song,
In search of Eldorado.

But he grew old—
This knight so bold—
And o'er his heart a shadow
Fell, as he found
No spot of ground
That looked like Eldorado.

And, as his strength
Failed him at length,
He met a pilgrim shadow—
'Shadow,' said he,
'Where can it be—
This land of Eldorado?'

'Over the Mountains
Of the Moon,
Down the Valley of the Shadow,
Ride, boldly ride,'
The shade replied,—
'If you seek for Eldorado!'

### Singular Spelling.

Dr. M., an army surgeon, was very fond of a joke (if not perpetrated at his own expense), and had, moreover, a great contempt for citizen-officers, who were more renowned for their courage than their scholarship. One day, at mess, after the decanter had performed sundry perambulations of the table, Captain S., a brave and accomplished officer, and a great wag, remarked to the doctor (who had been somewhat severe in his remarks on the literary deficiencies of some of the new officers): 'Dr. M., are you acquainted with Captain G.?' 'Yes, I know him well,' replied the doctor; 'he's one of the new set. But what of him?' 'Nothing in particular,' replied Captain S.; 'I have just received a letter from him, and I will wager you a dozen of old port that you cannot guess in six guesses how he spells cat.' 'Done,' said the doctor; 'it's a wager.' 'Well, commence guessing,' said S. 'K, a, double t.' 'No.' 'K, a, t, e.' 'No! try again.' 'C, a, t, t, e.' 'No! you have missed it again.' 'Well, then,' returned the doctor, 'c, a, double t.' 'No, that's not the way; try again; it's your last guess.'—'C, a, g, h, t.' 'No,' said S., 'that's not the way; you have lost the wager.' 'Well,' said the doctor, with much petulance of manner, 'how does he spell it?' 'Why, he spells it C, a, t,' replied S., with the utmost gravity. Amid the roar of the mess, and almost choking with rage, the doctor sprang to his feet, exclaiming, 'Captain S., I am too old a man to be trifled with in this manner!'

### Panama.

A correspondent of the Lowell Courier writes from Panama that he has visited three or four cathedrals, all larger than Trinity Church, New York, built of stone, decorated in the most costly manner, but now so poor they cannot pay for glass to their windows. The churches are the only buildings that have glass. The writer adds: 'Cock fights take place every day; every one in town goes to them; dollars, doubloons, and all kinds of money change hands rapidly.'

[Written for The Flag of our Union.]

### A Rural Scene.

BY FRANCIS A. DURIVAGE.

With flashing ripples, bright as gems,
The stream divides a meadow fair;
Now passing under branching stems,
Now sweeping in the frosty air.

Not far away its lucid tide
Grows dark beneath a moss-grown mill;
Then feeds a lake, expanding wide
Beneath the shadows of a hill.

Dim in the misty distance seen,
A church tower lifts its gilded vane;
The guardian of the sylvan scene,
The farm, the hamlet and the plain.

What though the forest trees are bare,
And far their naked branches fling;
There is a promise in the air
Of blossoms bright and early spring.

The bluebird on the apple-tree
Is carolling his hopeful lay;
The robin whistles blithefully,
As heralding the coming May.

Soon will the tender foliage wreathe
Its garlands green on every bough;
Soon will the violet gem the heath,
So sere and mournful seeming now.

And thus, though sad awhile and lorn,
The heart may all forsaken seem;
Hope, like the spring of tears, is born,
And warms it with its radiant beam.

[Written for The Flag of our Union.]

## THE WANDERER'S RETURN.

BY HORACE JUDSON.

At the close of a beautiful day towards the end of August, a traveller was seen hastily proceeding along the road which led to K——, a beautiful but sequestered hamlet, in the western part of the State of Virginia. He was considerably above the middle size; his fine, open countenance was somewhat embrowned by toil and the scorching heats of many a summer's sun; yet there was an expression of careless good-humor mingled with the noble frankness which sat upon his strikingly-handsome features, shone forth in the glance of his bright blue eye, and revelled in his sunny smile, which told that though his lot through life might have been toilsome, yet the anguish of conflicting passions had seldom been allowed to invade the calm serenity of his bosom.

Edward Deming had left his home at the age of eighteen, to seek his fortunes on the perilous bosom of the ocean. He had been absent about five years, and had now returned to cheer the declining years of his aged parents, and to calm enjoyments of reciprocated affection. The sun was just sinking below the western horizon, when Edward entered his native village; the last beams of his departing splendor illuminated the cottage windows, and cast a lingering gleam over the luxuriant landscape. Edward paused and looked around him; the scene which presented itself to his view would have been beautiful, even to a stranger's eye; but to him, who now gazed upon it, it was connected with so many delightful associations of boyish mirth and early happiness, that it could not fail exciting the warmest emotions of rapturous admiration.

Surely nature, when in her sportive mood, designed this as an abode for rural innocence. In the centre of it rose a verdant hill, the summit of which was covered with wood, from beneath whose deep, embowering shade rushed forth a little rivulet, which, after bounding and frolicking down the side of the hill, tumbling from rock to rock, its bubbles reflecting the rays of the sun in a thousand glittering colors, at last runs slowly and quietly along the sunny plain below till it is hidden by, and finally lost in the tall, wavy grass which overhangs and intercepts its passage. On the summit of the hill, a little to the left of the wood, stands the village church, a plain, white building, surrounded by a palisade, within the slight enclosure of which many a grassy knoll, or simple stone, bears witness that there the hamlet's sires gathered together in their last, long, quiet rest; the weeping-willows which overshadowed these humble memorials of departed worth, seemed, as they waved their agitated branches in the passing breeze, to sigh a mournful requiem to the departed spirits of those whose bones lay there; while the tall spire which rose from the midst of that humble burial-place, with heaven-directed finger pointed to that blest abode whither the immortal spirits had taken their flight.

Around the base of the hill were situated a few of the cottages which formed a part of the hamlet; each surrounded by its own little garden, and separated from its neighbor by a cluster of fruit trees. Far away to the left rolled a majestic river, partly hidden in the distance by the intervening branches of a row of tall poplars, which formed the western boundary of the little village. As Edward advanced, every step recalled some object familiar to his memory. Here stood the tall chestnut trees, which in the days of boyish happiness he had so often climbed in search of bird's nests; yonder was the river, on the banks of which he had so often walked with his Virginia; and here, O, most welcome of all remembrances, on that grassy hillock he had set by her side on the evening before his departure—here they had pledged their vows of mutual affection and constancy till death; and here Virginia had promised to become the support and comfort of his aged parents during the absence of their son. And Virginia had performed that promise. She had taken up her abode with them, and alleviated the loneliness of their situation by her tender assiduities and filial love.

Edward's heart beat high as he turned down the lane that led to his father's peaceful cottage. He ascended a rising ground, from which he could plainly perceive it. The vines which crept up its sides and covered its humble thatch were carefully twined around the windows; the simple rail fence which formed the little door-yard, was neatly white-washed, and the path which led through it was decked on both sides with rose-bushes and lilacs.—Edward well knew to whom he was to attribute its improved appearance; it seemed to furnish him with an assurance that his Virginia had not forgotten her early love. He knocked at the door, which was opened by his mother. The delighted parents recognized their son at first glance; and when seated between them, he almost forgot for a moment that there was another being, perhaps, even more dear to his heart than they were. A light step crossed the passage, and Virginia stood before him, in all the loveliness of improved beauty—not as he had left her, a pretty, artless girl, just emerging from childhood—but a beautiful woman, uniting all the fascinations of her former guiltless innocence to an improved understanding and cultivated taste.

In a few weeks they were united in the bands of wedlock; and after a long life of happiness, still looked back with heart-felt gratitude to the day which witnessed 'The Wanderer's Return.'

[Written for The Flag of our Union.]

## THE MOTHER'S AVERSION.

BY THE OLD 'UN.

Every domestic circle possesses an individual of the human species, whose character may be appropriately described under the title of the 'Mother's Aversion.' Children *cry for* them, but not in the acceptation of the preposition as employed in the widely circulated advertisement of Sherman's lozenges. If, by the operation of any now unforeseen cause, the manufacture of those delicious medicaments should be suddenly suspended, if the secret of their composition should die with the proprietor, if salts and senna in the cycle of time should again come into fashion with nurses and mammas, all babydom would be plunged in abject misery; but if the 'mother's aversion' should be stricken from the catalogue of men, if his image should never more be reproduced, we question if any nursery in Christendom could prove the shedding of a single tear, though such pearly drops were worth an ounce of California gold dust.

The 'mother's aversion' is generally a genteel young man with a very prepossessing countenance. He is commonly a 'Jack' or a 'Bill,' not a Jack at a Pinch, and always a bill that passes current. It is a long time before he is found out. He at first appears in the character of the 'mother's favorite.' He deposes to a great fondness for children, and juvenile mammas always experience peculiar pleasure in displaying to him their first editions with embellishments of bib and tucker. He is even admitted to the sanctum of the nursery, and his opinion is consulted on abstruse questions of paregoric and peppermint. He is on laughing terms with the nurse, and familiar with the statistics of coral rings and teething. It may be safely asserted that he is fond of babies. He handles them with great dexterity, and always punctually returns them to the proprietors without breakage whenever they begin to cry. He tells the mammas that the infants look exactly like them, only not quite handsome enough, while he confidently assures the male parents that they are the very image of their fathers. He is always punctual at christenings, on which occasions he is apt to indulge in a new suit of black and bury his head a long while in the caudle cup. No man is better spoken of by the medical faculty, and he keeps a list of the births in his little vellum memorandum-book.

So long as children are babies, his intercourse with them, even when no witnesses are present, is conducted on the most friendly footing, but when they begin to walk alone, his diplomatic relations no longer proceed upon amicable principles. When the mother's or nurse's back is turned, he amuses himself by making up a direful face at the infant toddler, which instantly changes to a smile of angelic sweetness when the shriek of the terrified sufferer claims the attention of its friends. This experiment is frequently repeated when any male friend and admirer happens to be present to enjoy the joke and stimulate the wit and genius of the operator. When the age of playthings arrives, the 'aversion' is very generous to 'his dear young friends,' as he pleasantly styles them. He is rather given to presenting them with very sharp jackknives, and that particularly when the recipients are of that unsuspecting age when the blade of an edge tool comes as ready to the fingers as the handle. At Christmas time he expends a good deal of capital on little wooden snuff-boxes, which, on being opened, give free vent to horrible mumbo-jumbos of gigantic proportions and petrifying features. He deals largely in sweetmeats, which on being broken, produce terrific explosions, astounding to the heart of juvenility. On holiday evenings he is in the habit of dropping in quite in a friendly way to see his young friends before bedtime, wearing a black mask with horns, and holding a lighted stick between his teeth. Or he quietly opens the folding doors and strolls into the parlor with his hat on the top of a broomstick, holding a cloak over his head, and deporting himself like a genteel Patagonian in reduced circumstances. When requested by his dear young friends to tell them a story, he retires with them into a remote corner, and in a voice inaudible to their natural guardians and protectors, rehearses many a pleasant legend of itinerant giants who subsisted principally upon infants of a tender age, together with veracious histories, supported by circumstantial evidence, of children who woke up in the night-time and found bears under their beds, those disagreeable animals being well-known to be rather common than otherwise, in all well-regulated nurseries.

All this time, the true character of the 'mother's aversion' is far from being suspected, and he is still the 'mother's favorite.' His inappropriate presents are merely evidences of want of judgment, and no one is more shocked or surprised than himself, at the consternation and dismay inspired by his dramatic impersonations. He always promises 'never to do so again,' and indeed he keeps his word, for there is no limit to the fertility of his imagination, and each new character assumed is more frightful, if possible, than the preceding. As for his legendary horrors, they are told in confidence, and children never betray story-tellers. At length, however, some suspicions begin to be awakened. Some hideous faces are detected in the looking-glass, and reprimanded sharply. The children are found looking under the beds with dismal countenances before reposing, they murmur in their sleep of impossible giants, and frantic ogres, and they begin to grow pale, as the hour of their friend's visit approaches. At length the nursery maid overhears and oversees and betrays all. The 'favorite' becomes the 'aversion.' He is denounced as a monster. The children are swept up whenever he appears. The mother 'wonders what pleasure some people can find in tormenting other people's children,' and wishes to know distinctly of the torment, if he does not entertain apprehensions that the Wilton carpet will open and swallow him.

The 'mother's aversion' is finally and formally expelled. His character is gone in one family and all its cognate branches, and he wanders away, like one of his own legendary ghoules or vampires, to seek whom he may devour in another quarter.

'For Satan finds some mischief still
For idle hands to do.'

In conclusion, let us remark, for the consolation of mothers, that we never knew one of the 'aversions' to come to a good end. They either take to an old maid, or die of drink; or marrying eligibly, receive their poetical punishment in being as severely tormented by their own children, as they have tormented those of others. And so mote it be to the end of the chapter.

A really feeling heart will dictate the conduct which will be most acceptable, will teach the delicacy which *times* a kindness, as well as renders it, and forbears all officious attention, whilst it ever evinces a readiness to oblige.

### Captain Guy.

One fine day in the year 1814, two men started in a little schooner called the 'Hurry' from a creek in Maryland, abreast of Blakistone's Island, with a load of oysters, for a run to Alexandria.

They had just got clear of the land, and fairly into the Potomac, when they were discovered by some of the British fleet, which was then blockading the river, and chase was immediately given by the barge. The little hooker was quickly put about, and endeavored to regain her harbor, but she stuck fast between the island and the main land. The men on board owned the vessel, and were both captains, their names Matthew Guy and Woodward.

Guy was a little bullet-headed fellow, as brave as Old Zack, and could shoot as well as another celebrated personage of the name who is still living. As soon as the schooner grounded, he began to prepare his ducking gun to receive the Johnny Bulls, who were paying them so hurried a visit.

'For God's sake!' said Woodward, 'don't fire on them, or they will kill us when they board.'

'Hang 'em!' said Guy, 'I'll give 'em thunder; but as you're a little frustrated, I'll take the canoe and go ashore, and wait for them.'

Well, he did! He got behind a blind for shooting ducks, which was close by, and as soon as the barge pulled in, as soon as her keel touched the shore, he let fly a load of swan-shot, and wounded every man of them but one, and before they could recover from their astonishment, Guy was down upon them, and sternly ordered them to jump out. He did not feel quite sure of them till they were separated from their arms. The officer in command stood up and shouted out:

'Men, are you all dead?'

'If they are not,' said Guy, 'I can soon finish them.'

'There is no need of that, sir,' said he, 'we have surrendered.'

Well, out they jumped, and Guy ordered them to march up from the beach. In a few minutes, when the officer began to think a little, he asked Guy if it was possible that he had attacked them alone?

'If you don't march on in silence,' said bullet-head, 'd'ye see this?' (holding out his shooting-tool.)

'No necessity for that, sir,' said the Briton, 'we've surrendered!'

Some say that Guy whooped and hallooed so, that he made them believe a crowd of boys were coming after him, and judging from the sample they did not wish to see the rest of them; and it is also said that he had but one load of shot, and that one; but one thing is certain, he took them all prisoners, one officer and five or six men, by himself, and delivered them up to the nearest post.

The main facts of the above story may be ascertained by any one who will inquire at the War Department in Washington. The agent for prisoners at the time, Gen. John Mason, the father of Senator Mason, of Virginia, is still living. I believe he paid Guy the sum allowed by Government for taking the prisoners. When Guy came forward to claim the reward, his claim was denied, as the officer taken acknowledged him to be his captor. I have heard that the sum paid him by the Government for the barge and the prisoners and their arms, amounted to some thousand or twelve hundred dollars—a very little independence for the brave little fellow.

It is said that the captured officer, for some reason or other, denied that he was wounded. When Guy heard of it, he said, 'Open his shirt bosom and examine.'

Guy, I believe, emigrated some years after to Kentucky.—*N. Y. Spirit of the Times.*

### The Yankee Character.

A mountain of granite appears rather a tough subject to deal with, yet a Yankee will burrow into its bowels, and lo! the granite becomes gold in the vault of the Commonwealth Bank in Boston. A pond of ice presents a cheerless and chilly prospect to the eye, but the Yankee, nothing daunted, will heave up its crystal masses, and [illegible] the ice glitters in diamonds upon the [illegible] of his rosy-cheeked spouse. Whenever a Yankee layeth down his hand, gold springeth. Into what soil soever he thrusteth his spade, gold spouteth therefrom. In the [illegible] by his chimney corner, he sitteth [illegible] and thoughts chase one another through his brain, which thoughts are gold. Various [illegible] are, it may be in forming and [illegible]; it is but a gridiron, another a baby-jumper, and a third a steam-engine, but he writes them all down in the patent office at Washington, and then putteth them in his pocket in the golden eagles from the mint at Philadelphia.

But your genuine Yankee [illegible] merely his own sagacious conceits; but the lies, the fears, and the errors of others are moreover all gold to him. He [illegible] mermaids and sea-serpents, and locked up in his iron-chest heaps of golden [illegible]. He manufactureth a pill of chalk and wheaten bread, which he warranteth to cure [illegible] hydrocephalus, epilepsy and yellow fever, and presently buildeth him a great house on the banks of the Hudson. When a sudden delirium seizeth all the world, prompting them to emigrate in floods nowhere, he quietly [illegible] teeth his fleets of transport for that [illegible] tion, or building a railroad in that [illegible] regardless of what is at the other end, [illegible] putteth the passage money in his pocket. He [illegible] erecteth to himself no castles in the air, but he diligently aideth his neighbor to do the same, and out of the proceeds [illegible] presently castles upon the earth. Such is the modern Midas—the Midas without the long ears—the cool, acute, sagacious, [illegible] Yankee.—*Tuscaloosa Monitor.*

### An Inconvenient Likeness.

A respectable young man was tried for a highway robbery that was committed in Bethnal Green, in which neighborhood both he and the prosecutor reside. The prosecutor swore positively that the prisoner was the man who robbed him of his watch.—The counsel for the prisoner called a young woman, to whom the prisoner paid his addresses, who gave evidence which proved a complete *alibi*. The prosecutor was then ordered out of court, and in the interim a man by the name of Greenwood, who was on his trial on a capital charge of felony, was introduced and placed by the side of the prisoner. The prosecutor was again put up in the witness-box, and addressed thus: 'Remember, sir, the life of this young man depends on your reply to the question I am about to put. Will you swear again that the young man at the bar is the person that robbed you?' The witness turned his head towards the dock, when beholding two men so much alike, he became petrified with astonishment, dropped his hat, and was speechless for a time, but at length declined swearing to either. The young man was of course acquitted. Greenwood was tried for another offence and executed; and a few hours before his death acknowledged that he had committed the robbery with which the other was charged.

### Loving Remark.

The following anecdote having never been seen in print, we give it to our readers.—While our goodly city was in the possession of the British during the war of the Revolution, an English officer of rank gave an entertainment, to which several American officers who were prisoners, were invited. Among them was a Captain ——, distinguished as a brave officer, but uncouth in his manners, and not conversant with the refinements of society, and not much given to any 'set phrase of speech.'

The English officer, who was the host on the festive occasion to which we allude, had two daughters—one of them distinguished for beauty and a great belle; the other was remarkably plain, by reason of a defect in one of her eyes. After the removal of the cloth, many sentiments were drunk, and among them several highly complimentary to the beautiful daughter of 'mine host.' Captain ——, with that devotion for the sex which a brave man ever entertains, feeling that the other daughter had been neglected, when called on by the host, gave as his sentiment:

'Your daughter, sir!'

'Which one, sir?' asked the [illegible].

'The cock-eyed one, sir!' responded the well-meaning but plain-spoken captain.—*New York Times.*

THE FLAG OF OUR UNION.

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F. GLEASON, PROPRIETOR.

MATURIN M. BALLOU, EDITOR.

☞ The terms of The Flag of our Union are $2 00 per annum, invariably in advance. The paper is always discontinued at the expiration of the time paid for.—See imprint on the last page.

☞ All communications designed for publication in the paper, must be post paid, and addressed to F. Gleason, Boston, Mass., Proprietor of The Flag of our Union.

## To our Correspondents.

'The Diamond Star, or the Englishman's Adventure,' a prose sketch, from our regular contributor, Francis A. Durivage, in our next.

'Lines to Frances S. Osgood,' by L. E. B., accepted.

'Grace Morland, or the Weight of Trifles,' a prose sketch, by our regular contributor, Mrs Emma C. Embury, shall appear in our next.

'Our Flag,' a fine poem, by A. A., accepted.

'Smoking 'em out,' a humorous sketch, by the Green Mountain Bard, filed for next week.

'Spring-Time,' a poem, by the editor, next week.

'The Tavern on the Hill,' a laughable sketch, by our regular contributor, The Young 'Un, filed for the next number.

'Teachings of Nature,' a poem, by G. B., accepted.

'An Enigma,' in verse, by Miss C. Allen, shall appear in the next issue of the Flag.

'I would that I were beautiful,' accepted.

'Nelly,' an imitation of the Elizabethan poets, by our regular contributor, John Brougham, next week.

'The Minstrel,' a sketch in verse, by Zelia Gray, filed for this column.

'New England Girls,' a poem, by F. W., accepted.

'For Annie,' a poem, peculiar and characteristic, by our regular contributor, Edgar A. Poe, in our next number.

'Lines to the Eagle,' a poem, accepted.

'The Answer of Prayer,' 'There is a Tear and a Laugh, &c.' 'Lines to William,' and 'Am I forgotten?' are respectfully declined.

☞ No poems or other articles will be received for this paper, unless accompanied by an authentic name.

## Home Influence.

To render a man happy and contented, his home influences must be of an agreeable and enticing character. This must be the spot to which he can retire for peace and quiet enjoyment; the green isle in the ocean of life, ever warmed by the genial sun, and fragrant with flowers. Contention should never enter here, but the good wife, yielding, yet influencing by kindness, should aim to render her husband's home an earthly paradise. Let this be the case, and there will be few men who will prefer the bar-room to their own firesides, or the company of the depraved and vicious to that of a kind and tender help-mate. We remember a story told of an eminent English divine, whose name we cannot recall, that is strongly illustrative of the moral we wish to inculcate. A very respectable young countrywoman called upon the pastor one day, and told him, with undisguised feelings of regret, and with an earnest injunction as to the pastor's secrecy, that her husband was unkind to her, that he passed nearly all of his leisure hours away from home, and that, in short, his conduct was rendering her quite miserable.

'I thought, sir,' said she, 'as you are a good and wise man, perhaps you would advise me what to do, that I might reclaim my husband.'

'Your complaint is not an uncommon one, my good woman,' said the pastor, 'and I think is within the reach of a simple remedy.'

'O, tell it to me, and I will bless you,' said the poor woman, sobbing like a child.

The pastor took her hand kindly, and looking into her face, said, impressively:

'*Always meet your husband with a smile.*'

Light broke in upon her mind instantly. She expressed her thanks, courtesied and went away. She had the secret, and she resolved to try the potency of the charm. It was about three months subsequent, that the pastor heard a gentle knock at his library door one day, and bade the person to enter. It was the wife who had come to him not long before, but how changed! True, a tear was in her eye, but it was a tear of joy. She brought him as a present, a couple of fine fowls, which she begged him to accept as a token of acknowledgment for an indebtedness she could never repay. She had followed his advice, and it was completely successful; her husband was cured. Love and kindness only existed in their cottage, and he no longer sought the company of boon companions, but was contented and happy in his home.

## A Queer Business.

We see by the New York Sun, that Miss Cruse, who was sent to the Insane Asylum for marrying her father's gardener, is still there. The keepers, with the exception of Dr. Earle, consider her perfectly sane, yet no examination is made, and the poor girl is kept within the bars and bolts of a mad-house. She still declares that she will marry Patterson the gardener again, when she gets out—if she ever should. He has several times attempted to see her, but was repulsed, and threatened that he should be shot if he did not keep away. He is an intelligent, well educated young man, whose family is now reduced, but was once far more wealthy than the Cruses. Love laughs at locksmiths, and we don't care how soon these two find themselves happily together again. After a young girl has lost her heart, it is too late to attempt to influence her affections. Care should be taken to guide them at an earlier period; but, success to true love, wherever it is found.

Good Writing.—There is no excuse for any one being a bad writer who practises with the pen at all; for a very little care will ensure a graceful and easy style of chirography. Niebuhr, a German writer, says: 'A bad handwriting ought never to be forgiven; it is a shameful indolence. Indeed, sending a badly-written letter to a fellow-creature, is as impudent an act as I know of.' We have little reason for complaint as it regards our correspondents, but still the idea is worth chronicling.

'Dodging a Militia Fine.'—Will the Tioga Banner please credit the sketch thus entitled, and re-published by that paper, to the Flag? It was written by our regular contributor, 'The Young 'Un.'

'The Mother's Avenger.'—Read this capital piece of fun and drollery, by 'The Old 'Un,' on the second page. The best sketch he has furnished us.

Query.—Why does not Marini and Steffanoni give the New York public a test of their quality?—*New York paper.*

O, shade of Lindley Murray! Answer—why *doesn't* they?

'A Rural Scene.'—This exquisite little poem by Mr. Durivage, in another column, is a picture from life, and is one of the best that this able writer has ever published.

John Brougham.—This talented gentleman, poet, author and actor, is immensely popular in New York.

## Taking it Coolly.

The editor of one of our English exchanges says to emigrants intending to start for California from this country, 'go well armed;' and he lays down the most elaborate set of rules for them to be governed by—thus coolly countenancing this intrusion upon our soil, as though there was no question at all but that the whole affair, California, gold mines, bay of San Francisco and all, belong equally to the British crown as to the United States. He says: 'The territory has been only lately acquired by the United States, and there is no protection for either life or property in it. The reckless and daring character of the American backwoodsmen, many of whom have made their way to the golden valley of the Sacramento, is known. They are all dead shots with the rifle, and when that fails, their close quarters with the bowie-knife generally proves fatal. Every native of our islands who should think of going thither, should be armed with a rifle, a brace of pistols, a dirk, and a couple of bowie-knives. They should go in bands of from fifty to a hundred—appoint a captain and subalterns—keep watch and ward—study all species of fighting, offensive and defensive—make themselves perfect masters of the rifle, and provide a good commissariat, with chests for their treasure, etc. Such parties may succeed; but straggling adventurers, or small isolated parties, ignorant of the country, and the mode of fighting or robbing practised there, will be shot down like deer or prairie hens.' They will be shot down like prairie hens, armed or unarmed, in large bands or small ones, if they attempt to land thus equipped, upon the soil of the United States.

## The Newspaper.

Those persons having charge of families, who do not see them supplied with at least one good miscellaneous weekly paper, leave a very important duty unfulfilled. Such a medium of instruction has many advantages over books; first, because no books of equal capacity in quantity, can be offered so cheaply as a newspaper, and secondly, none are so interesting, because the newspaper consists of a variety measured out in the proper quantities, as to time and quality. Being new every week, it invites to a habit of reading, and affords an easy and agreeable mode of acquiring knowledge, so essential to every one. It causes many hours to pass away pleasantly and profitably, which would otherwise have been spent in idleness and mischief. The first taste for reading that is elicited from children is manifested in the miscellaneous paper, in which they earliest learn to feel an interest, and to read with attention. Some writer has said he could at once decide whether a family were in the habit of reading a good paper or not, by a very few minutes' conversation upon general subjects with its younger members. There is a moral in all this, that it is well to rightly understand.

## The Telegraph.

Laying aside all other benefits resulting from the discovery and adoption of the Magnetic Telegraph, we consider that its bearing upon our national defence is one of its most important advantages. For instance, suppose a hostile fleet to appear off Boston harbor, the number and strength of the enemy is made known in fifteen minutes' time to the war and navy departments at Washington, and orders are issued by the departments through the same medium, with lightning speed, to any given point, for reinforcements, troops, steamers, or whatever may be desired. The necessary orders thus issued, the authorities of the various sections can centre their forces at any required place, by means of railroads running in every direction, at the rate of forty miles an hour. Thus we see the importance of the telegraph, as a government agent. With steam we can do much, but with the telegraph we can perform little short of miracles. Space and time are literally annihilated.

## French Ingenuity.

We shall begin to think the French next to the Yankees for cunning and ingenuity, if we have a few more such practical examples as the following: Two brothers in Paris, both excellent swimmers, follow the business of saving each other's life, in order to get the municipal reward of twenty-five francs. One throws himself desperately into the water from a bridge, while the other comes up unexpectedly, plunges in after him, and at last brings him safe to shore.

Another Hero gone.—The Eastern Argus mentions the death, at Saco, Maine, on the 23d ult., of Benjamin Simpson, aged 94, one of the immortal tea-party that threw the cargoes of tea from the ships in Boston harbor. What an immense crowd must have participated in that affair, every veteran that has died these twenty years has been represented to have a finger in the business.

Look out for Breakers.—The Washington Union states that the secretary of the treasury has made a new requisition for information. Each clerk is directed to state, in his own writing, what are his duties, what his age, what his nativity, what his residence, &c.

Another gone.—A veteran soldier, named Thomas Pennicook, aged 102 years, has lately died in Chichester poorhouse, England. He fought and was wounded at the battle of Bunker Hill. He lived in the almshouse from choice.

Internal Improvements.—The inhabitants of Cincinnati have agreed to subscribe one million of dollars for a railroad from Cincinnati to St. Louis. The citizens of St Louis have agreed to subscribe a half million for the same purpose.

Glad to hear it.—The Lowell Courier states that the wages of the operatives in that city had been raised by the corporations to what they were six months ago, when in consequence of dull times they were reduced.

Copper.—Mr. Elias Bassett, of Hamden, Conn., has discovered a copper mine in that vicinity, a specimen of which is said to be as pure as that yielded by the Lake Superior mines.

More Doctors.—Thirty-nine young doctors have just graduated and been sent forth by the College of Physicians and Surgeons in New York.

Very Clever.—It is now stated that a poor old man, after shaking hands with Old Zack, found in the palm of his hand three half eagles.

A Sign of the Time.—The Governor-General of Canada was treated with marked disrespect at a concert of the Philharmonic Society, at Montreal, recently.

Business—is gradually reviving in our cities.

## Editorial Inkdrops.

Blacksmiths are great sinners, because they have such hardened vices.

The quantity of wheat raised in the United States, last year, is 126,000,000 bushels.

The editor of the Times has seen a pair of spectacles made for the eye teeth.

Father Mathew is again said to be 'coming.' So is Christmas coming.

Why is a sleepy child like a coat worn threadbare? Because it wants a nap.

A woman of the town cowhided a newspaper editor in Broadway, N. Y., lately.

St. Louis is overflowing with emigrants bound for California, by the overland route.

The only dice that Napoleon ever played with were human bones.

The Canadian people are seriously talking about annexation to this country.

Counterfeit dollars and counterfeit half eagles are in circulation all over the Union.

Why is a kiss like a rumor? Because it passes from mouth to mouth.

Henry Clay and Mr. Macready were passengers together lately on a western steamer.

Whoever goes to law for damages is sure to get them. Remember that.

John Smith has got a letter in the Boston post-office. Somebody should tell him of it.

The priests are calling upon the Catholics to furnish money to the Pope. Bah!

How many a thoughtful spirit is quenched by poverty and painful need.

A wag of a fellow is exhibiting in Boston a feather from Pompey's Pillar.

St. Josephs, Michigan, has been nearly destroyed lately by a large fire.

They had a fox-chase in the neighborhood of Cincinnati, not long since.

There is a hospital building at Jacksonville, Ill., as an insane asylum, cost $60,000.

Why is a shabby-genteel man like an over-ripe cucumber? Because he's *seedy*.

The Viennoise children are making their way to the North. *Vive la danse.*

Seven large vessels were fitting out at Bordeaux, France, at the last accounts.

A den of counterfeiters was lately broken up in Canada, and their materials destroyed.

The editor of the Times wants to see the stick with which the clock struck one.

We live a lifetime in a dream, but all is again forgotten in the morning.

Barnum, of the N. Y. Museum, is exhibiting one of the hinges of Hell Gate.

## Female Emigrants.

The readers of the Flag will remember that we once before referred to the fact that a shipment of young girls to California was about to take place. They are headed by a Mrs. Farnham, and the number is already about complete. They go out in a ship admirably fitted up and arranged for their convenience; and will doubtless find a *quick* market when they arrive at San Francisco. We can see many good influences that will probably result from this enterprise, though morbid and uneasy moralists frown upon the business. We think that hundreds of poor young girls may thus benefit their conditions, relieving themselves from close labor and poor remuneration, to become the wives of the settlers, and to exert a good and lasting influence upon the inhabitants of the new Eldorado.

## Cheap Postage.

We shall never cease to raise our voice in favor of this great reform until it is accomplished. Every arrival from Europe brings us fresh intelligence of the excellence of a system of cheap postage, and the adoption of the plan by different countries, while this great and free republic plods on in the old and miserable policy. The following is from Lloyd's London Weekly.

The chamber of representatives at Brussels adopted, on the 8th inst., a resolution in favor of a uniform rate of postage of ten centimes (one penny) for prepaid and twenty centimes (twopence) for unpaid letters throughout Belgium. The commission on money orders to be one per cent.

## General Taylor's Message in England.

The English press, with hardly an exception, speak in terms of high commendation of General Taylor's Inaugural Message. The London Times says: 'The message of President Taylor will not fail to excite admiration. If it does not appeal to the warmest sympathies of an Englishman, if it does not possess that semi-tragic interest with which nearly all Europe listens to the few and solemn declarations of her princes, it is for reasons, some of which are immensely in favor of the American republic.' The London Standard, likewise, speaks of it in terms of characteristic eulogy.

What a Whopper!—A Philadelphia paper of *the same size as the Flag*, says at the head of its columns, that it contains more literary and news matter than any weekly paper in the country! The said paper contains on its third page *four columns of advertisements!* The reader can judge for himself as to the truth of this item of self-laudation.

Loss of the Steamer Acadia.—This well-known steamer, so long on the route from Liverpool to Boston, and which was recently bought by the German Confederation, for a war-steamer, has, it seems, been lost on the passage from Liverpool for Bremen. Loss about £100,000.

The Ruling Passion.—While the steamer Conway was burning recently on the Mississippi, a man jumped into the river with a bag containing $800 in specie, and went down, holding it above his head, and offering a large reward to any one who would save him.

Significant.—A correspondent of the Cork Examiner writes, 'If things go on as they are, this country must soon change hands. The wild boar, and wolf, will return as lords of the extending wilderness.'

Our Publications.—The reader is referred to our advertising column, where will be found a good selection of tales and romances suited to every variety of taste, and embracing every department of novelette literature.

Produce in Chicago.—According to the Chicago Journal, there was in store in that city, on the 1st of March, 618,000 bushels wheat and 18,000 bbls. flour.

Foreign Intelligence!—That mad wag of the Lynn News, has got the following line in his last paper all alone by itself:

'Queen Victoria————that'll make seven.'

Important Queries.—Who struck Billy Patterson? and who wrote the Letters of Junius?

Cholera.—Two hundred deaths in one week by this fearful disease, in New Orleans, lately, and probably many cases not reported.

A New Cemetery.—The New Yorkers are to have a new cemetery of three hundred acres, at what is called Cypress Hill.

## From our Foreign Files.

The Turkish empire in Europe and Asia contains 577,000 square miles, and 17,000,000 inhabitants.

The pay of an Austrian soldier is four cents a day! What an honorable and respectable body of men they must be.

Louis Napoleon requires all his servants and attendants to attend church on Sunday, where a Corsican abbe performs service.

As an example of the rapid advance of New Zealand, it may be noticed that the public omnibuses ply up and down the streets of Wellington.

The Marquis of Waterford, who is ever anxious to afford assistance to the laboring poor, has at present employed on his estates 1000 men daily.

There was a grand review at Berlin, on the 8th inst., of twenty thousand men of all arms. The king was received with much royal feeling when he appeared on the field.

Paris has now a brilliant physiognomy, which well contrasts with the sad aspect she so long bore, and which made her almost a desert in comparison with her ancient animation.

The British army continues in good health, gathering strength for a fresh conflict with their intrepid foes. Sir Charles Napier proceeds to India on the 24th. A splendid dinner was given to him on his departure as Commander in Chief.

The Baron Nathaniel de Rothschild is about to return to Paris the whole of the valuable articles of vertu and household property which he caused to be brought to this country for security, in the spring of last year, shortly after the revolution broke out in the French capital.

A Freehold Land Society has been established in Cheltenham. Its object is to enable its members, by small weekly contributions, to become the proprietors of pieces of freehold land, whereby they may secure for themselves the right of voting in the election of members of Parliament.

## Dewdrops of Wisdom.

If you would keep your secret from an enemy tell it not to a friend.

By little and little great things are completed; and so repeated kindness will soften a heart of stone.

The revolutions produced by genius in the world of thought, naturally end in actual revolutions in society.

The poor are possessed of little, beggars have nothing, the rich have too much, just *enough*, not one!

Why should we open our hearts to the world? it laughs at our weaknesses, it does not believe our virtues, it does not pity our sorrows.

While a man feels that he is free, and fills a respectable rank, as a freeman in the community, he walks with upright port, conscious even in rags of comparative dignity.

Pliny very beautifully said: The highest of all characters, in my estimation, is he who is ready to pardon the errors of mankind, as if he were every day guilty of some himself.

Inasmuch as liberty and security are more conducive to happiness than excessive riches, it must be allowed, that the poor man's stake in the country is as great as the rich man's.

How much fine sentiment there is wasted in our strange world! I have seen a young lady in rapture over a flower which was to deck her hair in the ball-room, who would turn away with a look of loathing from the proffered kiss of her baby brother.

The stage at once gives a body to our thoughts, and refinement and expansion to our sensible impressions. It has neither the pride or remoteness of abstract science, nor the petty egotism of vulgar life.

If there be a lot on earth worthy of envy, it is that of a man, good and tender-hearted, who beholds his own creation in the happiness of all those who surround him. Let him who would be happy strive to encircle himself with happy beings.

## The Joker's Olio.

Little men can neither lie *long* in bed, nor wear *great* coats.

'My dear, you snore,' said a lady to her worser half. 'I *snore* it,' was the laconic reply.

Why was General Taylor like a robber? Because he was a '*Rough 'un!*' (ruffian.)

Throw physic to the dogs.—*Shakspeare.*
Throw *quack* medicines to the ducks.—*Jokespeare.*

The Dedham Democrat says that *dull* newspapers are read with increased interest after they have been *filed*.

A certain cockney once defined love to be nothing more than 'an insane desire to pay a young woman's board.'

Woman's 'Empire State' is matrimony. Here she is always in the majority—always *reigns*, and sometimes *storms*.

An exchange says there is something softening in the presence of woman. There are none so good at *melting but-her*.

A lady on being asked what bird her birds-nest pudding was the work of, said "'twas the cuckoo (cook who) made it!"

'What is the meaning of Syntax, mother?' inquired a little girl. 'It is a tax on sin, and this is the only thing that is not taxed in Pennsylvania,' was the reply.

When Frank Hayman buried his wife, a friend asked why he expended so much on her funeral. 'Ah, sir,' replied he, 'she would have done as much, or more, for me with pleasure.'

'See here, my friend, you are drunk!'—'Drunk? to be sure I am, and have been for the last three years. You see, my brother and I are on a temperance mission. He lectures, while I serve as a frightful example!'

'Father, what do you mean by raising things in hot houses?' 'Why, my dear boy, you are being raised in a house too *hot* to hold me sometimes.' The mother seized a broom-stick, but the man cut his stick.

'Bill,' said Tom Williams, 'what desperate cold weather we have!' 'Why, they have got a *mometer* down to Squire Jones's, that tells how cold 'tis; and this morning it was five degrees colder than *nothing*.'

## Miscellaneous Scraps.

After all the virtuous indignation poured out like water upon the heads of the Harpers for altering the orthography of Macaulay's History of England, it appears that the author himself does not care the snap of a finger about the matter.

A rich old farmer near Easton, Pa., has been holden to answer for cutting off the ear of a young man who was courting his daughter. The old fellow entered the room and proposed to him either to be shot or lose his ear, and the poor fool chose the latter.

The diadem of princes (observes St. Foix) was copied from the fillet which topers, in the early ages, used to wear round their temples, to check the fumes of wine. It was meant as an intimation to royalty not to suffer itself to be stupified by the noxious incense of adulation.

The friends of a deceased person whose body had been stolen assembled in such numbers before the medical college at Rock Island, Illinois, that the corpse was the next day restored unmutilated, although the faculty of the college declared they knew nothing about it, not they.

A Miss Johnson, of Dover, Ohio, died recently under circumstances that induced her friends to cause a post mortem examination to be made, when a quantity of arsenic was found in her stomach. She is supposed to have taken this upon ascertaining the faithlessness of her lover.

An attempt was made some nights since, at Nashville, to rob a bakery. Several persons were engaged in the attempt, and the owner overhearing them, waited patiently with his gun in his hand until one of the party removed a panel and thrust his head in. He then fired, and one man, a negro, fell dead. The other persons ran away.

## Quill and Scissors.

The Legislature of Virginia, at its recent session, appropriated an aggregate of $2,920,000 for four railroads and a macadamized turnpike, besides a large amount for turnpikes in Western Virginia.

Big Spring (Kentucky) village was ruined by a recent hurricane; the fine Methodist church was completely demolished, and the inhabitants were crowded into the few buildings left standing.

There is a brig of two hundred tons building at Cincinnati. She is intended for a sea vessel, will be loaded there, and then take her departure from the State of her nativity forever.

The Legislature of Missouri has adjourned, after a session of seventy-eight days, during which time it passed 750 acts, exclusive of resolutions, memorials, etc., in all, at least eight hundred.

Nathan Starkweather recovered last week $107 from the owner of a dog that bit him in Wethersfield, Ct., two years since. He was bitten on the right hand, and had his thumb seriously injured.

A country editor, in speaking of a steamboat, says: 'She had twelve berths in her ladies' cabin.' 'O, life of me!' exclaimed an old lady, upon reading the above, 'what a squalling there must have been!'

At Fulford, William Rankin, a private of the 53d, was this week married to Miss Maclaurin, heiress to £15,000, who was given away by the father. The bride is twenty-six and the bridegroom thirty years of age.

Fanny Wright Darusmont has lately been in Cincinnati, purchasing farming implements for her extensive plantation in Tennessee, while her husband has gone to Europe to purchase stock.

The young Emperor of Austria formed the habit of smoking in the camps in Italy, and after dinner indulges himself with a cigar. This is an immense innovation, as no member of the Imperial family ever smoked before.

The Belgian government, to encourage the cultivation of the silk-worm, have, by a decree, offered to all who applied to the minister of the interior slips of mulberry trees and silk-worm eggs.

An English company has leased the silver mines of Guadalcanal, in Seville, Spain, having been under water 150 years. The company proposes to drain them.

Nice, fat and respectable oysters in New Orleans, that have all along considered themselves worth three dollars a gallon, are now glad to sell themselves for sixty-two cents!

It is a hard case that the statement of the proprietor of the New York Courier, concerning General Scott's miff with the President, should be contradicted by the same paper.

The drama of 'Cockneys in California,' recently produced at the Adelphi, London, was written, singularly enough, by Mr. Sterling Coyne, a dramatist of some repute.

Lord Brougham once, in the House of Peers, 'thanked God' that the English people were 'under recognizances of £800,000,000 to keep the peace under any circumstances.'

Two men had an encounter in Jeffersonville, Ia., on the 22d ult., when one killed the other with a single blow of his fist. The dead man's name was Anderson.

A Yankee transported a couple of hogs to the 'diggins' in California to root for 'precious ore,' and obtained every night from six to eight ounces of gold from their snoots!

In the report of the municipal commissioners on the city of London, it is stated, 'The Lord Mayor's chaplain *and* coachman receive each a freedom annually.'

The cost of collecting the revenue in England is seven per cent., in France eleven and a-half per cent., and in Belgium forty-three per cent., of the gross income.

Mr. and Mrs. Charles Kean have recently greatly pleased London play-goers by appearing in secondary characters, in order to bring out Shakespeare's play in good style.

A hen which had been covered eight weeks under a load of hay in Nashua, without food or water, was found alive and is doing well.

An English writer says that the outcries of Ireland have never availed her more than the sputtering of an apple while being roasted.

It is proposed, in Albany, to tax cigar-smokers one dollar a year, to aid in the introduction of pure and wholesome water into the city.

Archibald Ross was fatally injured by the blowing up of Parsons's powder mill in Brighton, N. Y.; half a ton of powder exploded.

Millions of wild pigeons have been seen passing over the southwestern part of New York State within the last week or two.

The last forger arrested is Joseph Dockhard, formerly a U. S. soldier, who is holden in Washington for forging a land warrant.

The Edenton, N. C., Sentinel says that Mr. James Norcom caught at one haul, at his fishery, upwards of six thousand shad.

Washington Goode, under sentence of death for murder, states that he served for five years under General Taylor, in the Florida war.

Mrs. Bendry, of Morristown, St. Lawrence Co., lately gave birth to her *seventh* child. She is only eighteen years old!

L. D. Walker, Esq., of St. Louis, has received the appointment of private secretary to Mr. Hannegan, minister to Berlin.

The Quaker City says: 'Judge Parsons enjoys good health.' Well, he would have a wretched taste, if he did not.

Punch, in his Parliamentary Dictionary, defines a 'comprehensive measure' to be a measure that will take everybody in.

A 'down east' editor asked his subscribers to pay up, that he may play a similar joke upon his creditors.

There are supposed to be 2000 people waiting at great expense at Panama, to get conveyance to San Francisco.

There is in Springfield a little boy, two years old, bright and smart, that weighs only thirteen pounds.

The damage by the late collision on the Northern railroad, in Canaan, N. H., is thought to be as much as $8000.

'Pa, ain't I growing tall?' 'Why, what's your height, sonny?' 'Why, I'm seven foot, lacking a yard.'

The British Admiralty have resolved on another Arctic expedition in search of the missing one under Sir John Franklin.

Bibles and tracts are forbidden, by general order, to be distributed among the English troops in Ireland.

The Pennsylvania Legislature has proposed an amendment to the Constitution, making the judiciary elective.

A paper 'down east' says the reader will see some errors on its first page which he will please to *overlook*.

Bajocchi, the orderly of the French President, has gone to Vienna, to obtain the ashes of Napoleon's son.

When one praised a good man liberally before his face, he exclaimed, 'Hold! do not strike fire so near my tinder.'

The Opera in London, has twenty-three principal singers, and a chorus of ninety-four persons.

Moses Jewett, aged 71, committed suicide by cutting his throat in Ipswich on Wednesday.

Accounts from Vienna announce a great loss to the musical world in the death of the harpist, Parish Alvars.

In port at New Orleans March 20th, there were 220 ships, barks, and schooners.

It is said the bees mistake the Baltimore girls for flowers, and sting them accordingly.

It has been suggested that the best board of health in the world is a wash-board.

George Robesmen hung himself on a tree near the race course, Charleston.

Mr. Carman, a lime merchant, shot and killed himself at Bridgeport, Va.

Henry Clay has returned from New Orleans to his home in Kentucky.

There are about twelve hundred liquor-dealers in Boston; all going it *strong*.

Men to have light hearts and clear consciences should have *cork souls*.

## Local Matters.

### Street Venders.

We have observed for a twelvemonth past, with not a little interest, an Irish woman, who sells apples and candy at the corner of Congress and State streets. She has been there in all sorts of weather during this period, and is always accompanied by her little daughter, now probably two years old. When we first saw her there, patiently awaiting the transient custom that affords her a few pennies' profit in the course of the day, the child was too small to stand alone, and rested on its mother's arm or lap. Still it braved the weather under the scanty shawl she wore, and slept amid all the din and confusion of the public street. During the past severe winter, the mother has been ever found at her post, with evidences of success in trade, manifested by an increase in the character and quantity of her stock. The little girl has nestled day after day by her mother's side, peeping out now and then to see the falling snow, or to smile on some purchaser, and then again to nestle closer to its mother's breast. Sometimes we have said to ourself, as we daily passed the spot, 'Can that little creature live and thrive amid such exposure and hardship?' But now that the spring has come, and it is nearly summer, the warm afternoon sun lays cozily on the south side of State street, and the little girl has come out from her nestling-place with the spring birds, and the green buds, and plays by the mother's side, happy and well. Well! Ay, the very picture of health—its plump little cheeks are as red as roses, and its sparkling eyes dance in merriment at the whirl of the busy crowd, or with delight at gazing upon some large dog that has stopped to wag his tail, as he rubs his bushy coat fawningly against her side. And now we might go on here, as our mind is doing, and contrast that child, so vigorous and contented, with the sickly and pallid children of many of our rich people. But let the reader draw his own moral from this true picture of the street vender and her child.

### Impromptu.

'The "Old 'Un" has gone out of town and bought himself a little farm. Just imagine him, with his calm, sober mien, hoeing potatoes. Don't give the porkers *hog-tea*, Old 'Un.'—*Flag No. 14.*

*To the Editor of the Flag:*

And why not 'hoe potatoes
With a calm and sober mien?'
Or spend one's leisure moments
In the culture of the bean?

The former bears a blossom
Delightful to the eye—
Its tubers who can sneer at,
Or pass neglectful by?

And for the other esculent,
A man of sense will own
That he who rashly 'knows not beans,'
Argues himself unknown.

But do not as a 'farm' describe
My humble garden-plot,
Nor magnify to an estate
A poor two-acre lot.

Yet proud am I to till that soil,
(A moment to be serious)
For Cicero, you know, declares,
That '*nihil est* uberius.'

THE OLD 'UN.

*Nihil est agricultura melius—nihil uberius—nihil libero dignius.—Nothing is better than agriculture—nothing healthier—nothing worthier a freeman.

*Mystic Lodge, Woburn, April, 1849.*

### Amusements.

A new spectacle has been brought out at the Beach Street Museum, entitled, 'The Model Modern Aladdin.' It must have a long run. The Boston Museum has found 'The Forty Thieves' a taking piece, and the manager will be richly paid for his large expenditure. At the National Theatre, 'Mike Martin,' an original drama, introducing horses upon the stage, has proved very attractive. A party of serenaders have had the Howard Athenæum for a short time, and are doing well. The Lyceum Theatre has opened, after a brief recess, and is doing a good business. Mr. and Mrs. Ayling have been added to the stock company.

### Boston Tax Payers.

By a little pamphlet published in this city, we learn that over six thousand of our citizens and business firms pay the sum of twenty-five dollars and upwards as taxes—ranging from the sum named, up to eight thousand dollars. The late Peter C. Brooks paid a little over this sum, besides about four thousand more as trustee. Abbott Lawrence pays six thousand dollars; David Sears about four thousand; Josiah Quincy, Jr., pays three thousand; Jas. Parker, three thousand; Peter Parker, Henry Codman, John L. Gardner, William P. Winchester, two thousand each, etc. Truly, we have some men who have got 'rocks' enough.

### Conscience Awaking.

One or two instances having occurred in this city, wherein money unjustly retained was paid over after the lapse of years; the stories got into the papers, and the consequence was, that many guilty ones were conscience-stricken, and have gone and done likewise. Several of our traders have received letters containing small sums of money from anonymous sources, the envelopes simply saying, 'This is justly yours, and I relieve my conscience by sending it to you.' So much for the force of example.

Another Fountain.—Our State Legislature has shown its good *taste*, as a body, in appropriating the sum of $2500 for the erection of a fountain, to be placed in the State House yard. We understand that the city authorities propose to erect several others on public grounds.

A Liberal Reward.—The British Consul in this city has received official notice that the British government has offered £20,000 sterling for the discovery of Sir John Franklin, who has been so long absent on an expedition to the Arctic regions.

Horrid Taste.—The Boston tailors are making up cayenne colored pants for their customers. Christopher! what a taste to wear them!

Hospitality.—Our Common Council have appointed a committee to tender the hospitalities of the city to President Taylor, and invite him to visit Boston at his earliest convenience.

Gold.—The dust brought to this port by the ship Tsar, and invoiced at $70,000, yielded $100,000 at the mint. A large share of it proved twenty-two and a half carats fine.

The Fountain.—The fountain on the Common plays through one of its pipes, a stream one hundred feet high.

A Boston Notion.—Some of the clergymen in Boston, it is said, preach in kid gloves.

## OUR OLIO COLUMN.

[Written for The Flag of our Union.]

### The Coquette.

BY ZELIA GRAY.

How shall I dress my hair, love?
With the gems I wore last night,
And twine these pretty jessamine buds
Among the tresses bright?

Or shall I wear these orange flowers,
With this myrtle and white rose?
You know Sir Harry will be there,
And I mean he shall propose.

Not that I love Sir Harry—no!
I only mean to please
This little, foolish heart of mine;
You know I love to tease.

Now shall I wear my velvet robe?
Or will this lace compare
With the jewels on my arms, love,
The dark braids of my hair?

Nay, do not laugh, sweet sister mine,
Because I dress with care;
Of course I should, for I am sure
Sir Harry will be there.

Now place this gem in the shining braid,
Beside the half-blown rose;
There, that is well—I'm sure to-night
Sir Harry will propose!

### Woman.

We clip the following from a very witty old ballad.—The old poet hits hard; how much spice of truth is in what he says, we wont dare to say.

Women are boats when at their reste,
But when is that, I praye;
By their good wills, they are never stille,
By night and eke by daye.

If the weather is bad, all day they gad;
They heede not wind or raine;
And all their gay gowns they [illegible],
For why do they not refraine?

Then they must chat of this and that,
Their tongues alone must walke;
Whensoever they go, they always do soe,
And of their bad husbands talke.

When cometh the night, it is never right,
But ever somewhat wronge;
If husbands be wearie, they are so merrie
They never cease [illegible].

Then [illegible] they chide, while at their side
Their husbands try to sleepe;
'Why, how you snore; [illegible] the floore,'
Such is the rule they keepe.

So women are boats when they are at reste,
If you can catch them stille;
Cross them, they chide, and are worse I've tried,
If you grant them their wille.

Give them their way, they still say nay,
And change their mind in a trice;
Let them alone, and you will own
That mine was good advice.—*St Louis Reveille.*

### The Song of the Axe.

Let the poet-bard begrudge the sword
That gleams on conquest's track;
Be it mine to prolong a humbler song—
The song of the woodman's axe.
'Tis meet to sing of the lowliest thing
That graces the reign of Peace;
And add our praise to hearty lays,
Or prayers for bright increase.

In the ruddy flood of battle's blood
Its splendor ne'er was dimmed;
For a gentler fame awaits its name
Than e'er the soldier hymned.
Like a pioneer, with a voice of cheer
It breaks the forest's gloom,
And maketh the garden give joyous birth,
And like a garden bloom.

And the palace dome, or peasant's home,
It owns with brave command;
For no towering oak its lusty stroke
Could ever yet withstand.
O, the axe is king of the wildwood ring,
And of the lordly trees;
For before his blow they lay them low
That laugh at the mountain breeze.

And his trophies bright are truth and light,
And plenty's golden store;
For no drop of tears e'er dims the sheen
That flashed in days of yore.
Then praise to the king of the wildwood ring,
The woodman's shining axe;
For a gentler fame awaits its name
Than the sword or conquest's tracks.

### Samivel's Vish.

I vants to marry—yes I does
I vants a little vife
To wash my 'air and vash my neck,
And be my all—my life.

Ven Adam lived in Paradise,
He didn't live content,
Till from his side a vife was took,
And into woman bent.

Just think how Adam must have stared,
Ven first he got awake,
And found himself a married man,
Vithout e'en vedding cake.

I vish that I could do the same—
Just go to sleep some night,
And vake up in the mornin' vith
A vife to bless my sight.

I'm werry bashful—yes I am—
'T'would save me lots of trouble,
To go to bed a single man,
And vake up as a double.

### Con Amore.

BY BARRY CORNWALL.

Love was ever yet a martyr;
Bred in sorrow, born in pain,
Tossed about on troubled waters;
By a scornful arrow slain.
Wherefore, then, O fairest lady,
Bid me sing of love again?

I was young, and I was dreaming,
When a burning vision came;
Lighted up mine eyes with passion,
Touched my cheek with crimson shame;
Smote my heart, that shrank and trembled,
Till it burst aloud in flame.

Long the vision seemed to linger;
Then, without a smile or sound,
Passed beyond my humble regions,
Like the sun when seaward bound,
Glorious—but content with having
Cast a glory on the ground.

Now I dwell within the shadows,
And the dreams that shone of yore
Lighteth up another passion,
Lingereth on another shore;
Leaving Love, that was the martyr,
Master still forevermore!

### The Courting.

Zekle crept up unbeknown,
An' peeked in thru' the winder,
An' there sot Huldy all alone,
With no one nigh to hender.

Agin' the chimbly crooknecks hung,
An' in among 'em rusted
The old queen's arm that gran'ther Young
Fetched back from Concord busted.

The walnut logs shot sparkles out
Toward the pootiest, bless her!
An' leetle fires danced all about
The chiny on the dresser.

The very room, coz she was in,
Looked warm from floor to ceilin',
An' she looked as rosy agin
As th' apples she was peelin'.

She heard a foot, an' knowed it, tu,
A raspin on the scraper,
All ways to once her feelings flew,
Like sparks in burnt-up paper.

He kin' o' l'itered on the mat,
Some doubtfle o' the sekle;
His heart kept going pity pat,
But hern went pity Zekle.

### Household Orders.

Rachel, go and comb your hair;
Betsey, you stop laughing there;
Kate, make haste and wash the dishes;
And Susan, mend your father's breeches.

Sammy, run and feed the hogs;
Jim, go out and bring some logs;
I'll whip you, John, you know I will,
If you don't stop a kicking Bill.

### To my Own.

I long not for the cherries on the tree,
So much as those which on a lip I see;
And more affection bear I to the rose
That on a cheek, than in a garden grows.

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[Written for The Flag of our Union.]

### I love thee.

BY A. A.

I love thee! with a fond and trusting love;
To thee my brightest thoughts are ever turning;
And all the incense of my heart, sweet dove,
On the altar of thy love is burning.

Thou art lovely! glorious as the light
And splendor of the night's refulgent queen,
The heavenly rays of thy beauty bright
Float through my soul's windows in dazzling sheen,
And glass themselves in its transparent water
To daguerreotype Love's loveliest daughter!
Thou art beautiful as a Pleiad zone.
I love thee!
But not for beauty alone.

Thou art witty! The glances of thine eyes
Flash intelligence, and soft humor dart;
Winged thoughts and laughing from thy brain arise,
And fall like joy-drops on the saddened heart.
Pale Melancholy from thy presence flies,
And dimpled Mirth crowns thee who gave her birth;
Thy merry tongue would move a heart of stone.
I love thee!
But not for thy wit alone.

Thou art accomplished! at thy fair command,
The very air is musical with song;
Thou touchest the lute with thy fairy hand,
And golden notes from their slumbers throng,
And pour in rapture sweet, on all around,
Their winning, gushing melody of sound.
There is enchanting witchery in thy tone.
I love thee!
But not for music alone.

Thou art guileless! 'tis for this alone,
Thou child of virtue, thou diamond of earth!
'Tis thy singleness of heart that won me,
Long ere I felt thy beauty or thy worth.
No mantle of deceit is on thy brow;
Pure as the morning star thou shinest now.
Thou art guileless, my beautiful, my own!
I love thee!
Love thee for *thyself* alone.

I love thee with a fond and trusting love;
To thee my brightest dreams are ever turning;
And all the incense of my heart, sweet dove,
On the altar of thy love is burning.

[Written for The Flag of our Union.]

### To Ruby.

BY J. C. SMITH.

As careless hangs the gentle rose
Upon its tender stem,
When morning smiles on its repose,
And priceless dewdrops gem:

As sings the bird upon its tree,
When every note is glad,
May joy and worth thine ever be,
To which no one could add.

May never ill beset thy way,
With which thou canst not cope;
Nor sorrow cloud a single day,
Nor blast a single hope.

And may those precious realms be won,
Realms ever fair and bright;
Where summer hath no scorching sun,
And winter hath no blight.

There is a balm for every grief,
A balm for every care;
A thousand sources of relief
For sorrows that we bear.

There is a consolation high,
That lurks in every breast;
To live, to struggle, and to die,
Is only to be blest.

[Written for The Flag of our Union.]

### To my Brother.

BY J. T. M.

O think of the days when in childhood we sported,
With hearts light and cheery, from care wholly free;
Like bees from the flowers, however assorted,
True pleasure, like honey, we sipped in full glee.

Though distant those days now, like us, from each other,
How sweet the remembrance—to memory how dear!
Nor distance, nor time can efface them, dear brother,
But with that remembrance we oft shed a tear.

No care for the future then clouded our pleasure,
Our summer of happiness lasted all year;
The prospect unbounded and clear beyond measure,
We ne'er dreamed of trouble, or thought of a tear.

Delightful illusion! O why did it leave us?
And reality frowning with aspect most drear,
Chase away that sweet vision, so perfectly joyous,
That parting with it, we must need shed a tear.

But amidst all the ills that in life we fall heir to,
One sure source of pleasure we still can enjoy;
The fond, fond affection of childhood we hold to,
That dwells in the heart, and which nought can destroy.

[Written for The Flag of our Union.]

### To a Child.

BY HELEN.

Beautiful child, with the eye whose light
Is pure as the rays of the queen of night;
O, fairy-like spirit, a tear will start,
When I press thy form to my yearning heart.

Thou, child, hast awakened a world of thought;
Dark visions come to me, unasked, unsought:
I know that the future hath floods of tears,
For one so bright in her infant years.

I have loved thee long, and I know thy mind
Is waiting the stir of the faintest wind,
To breathe forth music as wildly sweet
As the zephyr wafts when the fairies meet.

But the world's hard hand will coldly sweep
The gentle chords of thy soul, whose sleep,
Thus rudely broken, will ne'er return,
As the garland snatched from the festal urn.

[Written for The Flag of our Union.]

### The Flight of Time.

BY A. C. HOSMER.

Faintly flow, thou gentle river,
Like a dream that dies away;
Down the ocean gliding ever,
Keep thy calm, unruffled way.

Time, with such a silent motion,
Floats along on wings of air,
To eternity's dark ocean,
Burying all its treasures there.

Roses bloom, and soon they wither—
Cheeks though bright, soon fade and die—
Shapes of light are wafted hither,
Then, like visions, hurry by.

Quick as clouds at evening driven
O'er the many-colored west,
Years are bearing us to heaven,
Home of happiness and rest.

## MISCELLANEOUS.

[Written for The Flag of our Union.]

### THE SPIRIT OF THE FORD.

#### AN IRISH GHOST STORY.

BY A. J. H. DUGANNE.

'Mick, *avourneen*, ye're goin', shure?'

'Och, tak' another dhrop, an' be aisy! It's a bad night, it is.'

'Faix! it's a long road, and a bad one, *avick*.'

These expostulatory sentences were volubly poured out by a circle of brawny sons of the sod, seated in the ingle of the snug little tap-room of Ballinshully, to a stout, jovial-looking young farmer, who, with a brimming mug of potheen in one hand, and a thick, iron-bound whip-handle grasped tightly in the other, stood near the door, leering with a pair of comical little eyes at the buxom landlady within the bar.

'Hould yer tongues, the whole uv yez.—Throth, an' isn't it Fair-day the mornin', an' the dumb bastes, an' the childer, an' the ould woman to be lookin' afther, ye unconsiderate spalpeens? Shure, it 'ad look like Mick Teenan to be late, and the Murphys an' O'Keegans to the fore. Get out wid yez!'

'Arrah, Mick, tak' my advice,' said the rosy-cheeked landlady, bustling forward and taking hold of the whip which the young farmer grasped. 'For the sake of your blissed sowl, don't go home the night. Shure, don't ye mind the ugly *sperit* that sits at the Ford o' Darrochdyle? Och, it's the night uv all others in the year that the sperit has power to hurt thravellers. Throth, it's flyin' in the face o' rayson, to pass that same place, an' not a leprighawn to say good luck till ye.'

'Ye might as well 'o afther savin' yer breath to blow the fire, Misthress Carney,' replied the young man, snatching away the whip, and giving it a sudden twirl around his head that made the lash crack like a pistol. 'I'll go home to-night if all the sperits in Connemara stood forninst me. So just ordher Pat Mulligan to bring "Norah Creen" to the door, and here's a stirrup-cup to the whole uv ye. Hooroo!'

And with a sudden jerk of the head backwards, as he applied the whiskey to his lips, the young man swallowed its steaming contents at a draught, and deposited the empty vessel upside down upon the bar.

The gossips in the chimney-corner shook their heads in silent reprobation of the young farmer's foolhardiness, and the landlady disappeared from the bar, to give orders to Pat Mulligan, the red-headed hostler.

In a few moments Norah Creen, the little black mare which Mick Teenan averred was worth her weight 'in goold,' was led round to the door of the cabin, and Mick himself, buttoning his coat closer to his throat, and giving his top-boots an encouraging hitch, bade 'good-by' to the occupants of the snug ingle, in spite of their renewed entreaties that he would not attempt his lonesome journey home.

'Ye're determined, thin, Mick Teenan,' said an old man who occupied the warmest spot, removing his short *dudheen* from between his lips, with a deprecating puff of smoke, 'ye're determined to leave us?'

'Divil smoder me if I'm not, Phil Darley, an' that's no small oath.'

'Thin hearken to me, *avourneen*, an' go round by Pat Doyle's mill, an' don't pass the Ford o' Darrochdyle. It's no far out uv yer way, an' by that means ye'll chate the *sperit*.'

Before Mick Teenan could reply to this adjuration of the old man, a sudden peal of thunder shook the walls of the frail roadside-tavern, and a flash of lightning glimmered through the windows.

'Whillaloo! what's that?' exclaimed another of the party, starting to his feet, as the dismal reverberations died away in the distance. 'Howly vargin, what a crash!'

The door of the tap-room opened, and the carroty head of Pat Mulligan, the hostler, appeared in the aperture. His face was white as chalk, and from his coarse canvass jacket the rain streamed in a score of little rivulets. He beckoned nervously to the young farmer.

'Misther Teenan, Norah's conductin' herself very onkindly,' said he. 'Divil a bit will she be aisy at all, plase ye, sir.'

The next moment a shrill neigh from without attested the truth of Pat Mulligan's deposition. The bar-room occupants crowded to the door, cautiously protruding their heads, with due deference to the big drops of rain pattering from the eaves; and Mick Teenan seized the head of his restive mare.

'Who towld ye to tie the crathur, ye *omadhawn*?' cried the young man, angrily, as he hastily unfastened the bridle which the hostler had hitched to a post. 'Norah Creen's like her masther—she'll niver be continted widout her fraydom. But, good luck to all uv ye, till we meet again, and don't throuble yersilves about Mick Teenan.'

So saying, and with another crack of his whip, the young farmer sprung upon Norah Creen's back; and then with a loud 'hooroo,' put spurs to the animal, and trotted off into the stormy darkness. The buxom landlady and her customers remained at the door as long as the departing hoofs could be heard in the distance, and then returned, with anxious faces and many misgivings, to the ingle-side, there to speculate upon the rashness of youth, and to refresh each other's memories by the recapitulation of a hundred legends of 'Petticoat-Loose,' 'The Spirit of the Ford,' and all the calendar of Irish ghosts and hobgoblins.

All who have travelled in the south of Ireland, if they have mingled at all with the peasantry, must be familiar with the numberless marvellous tales that are recited concerning the celebrated '*Petticoat-Loose*,' an evil spirit, whose destiny, according to popular tradition, is to inflict harm upon rash or wicked mortals during a term of centuries in which she expiates an ill-spent life.

It may be well to remark, in this place, that it is a popular belief among the peasantry of the south of Ireland, that the purgatory which is apportioned to many who die in sin, is often located near the scene of their earthly crimes. In other words, it is supposed that the spirit of a bad person, after his bodily death, remains upon the earth, wandering up and down, continually suffering, and constrained to perform certain acts which are at the same time its punishment and the means of expiating the sins of a former life. For instance, one spirit is believed to haunt the spot where a cruel murder was perpetrated, and there its terrible destiny is to waylay and murder certain individuals who are sent and delivered into its relentless hands. Others, again, are compelled to remain, viewless and disembodied, between the heaven and earth, witnessing with the keenest pangs the miseries and crimes of their friends and descendants on the earth, and remorsefully conscious that they have been the cause of all by their own sins committed while in mortal life.

'Petticoat-Loose' was, as the belief runs, once a beautiful maiden, who, in her life-time, was cursed with a violent and ungovernable temper. In her height of passion, she would attack and maltreat an aged mother, beating her shamefully, until the poor old woman sank beneath her blows, and prayed that God would punish her wicked child. Then the right arm of the young woman became endued with immense strength, and as the story goes, increased in weight to several tons. Whoever she struck, or even laid her hand on, was crushed immediately, and thus she destroyed not only her mother, but also her lover and many of her friends, until at last every one fled from her, and she perished miserably, bearing her heavy arm down with her to the grave.

But her punishment was not even then complete. While her body mouldered in the common resting-place of good and bad mortals, the spirit of the wicked daughter remained near the scenes of her living crimes, and the dreadful weight which had been the instrument of her earthly penance, still remained in her uncorporeal arm. The curse still clung to her, and she was condemned for thousands of years to linger upon the earth, and be the medium of destruction to sinful mortals. She was to sit upon a ruined wall, or in some lonely spot, and there, at certain seasons, power was given her to crush with her fearful hand the unfortunate traveller who should cross her path.

This is one version of the story of 'Petticoat-Loose;' and infinite are the marvellous stories connected with the exercise of her evil power. The traditions concerning 'The Spirit of the Ford' are somewhat different, but the same unholy destiny is prescribed to her—to destroy human life. Her usual place of resort was the 'Ford of Darrochdyle,' where, on a particular night in the year, her evil power was fatal to all who approached the haunted stream. And it was upon this unlucky night, that our headstrong young farmer, Mick Teenan, had resolved, *malgre* the advice of his friends, to leave the comfortable tap-room of Mistress Carney, and betake himself to his lonesome homeward journey.

For sometime after leaving the tavern door, the little black mare, Norah Creen, dashed on through the storm at the very top of her speed, and Mick, into whose brain the fume of *potheen* had ascended, was in a most blessed state of indifference as to whether it was midnight or noonday. Norah was familiar with the road; and her master, sitting firmly in his saddle, and grasping the reins, indulged himself in all the amusing fancies and corresponding actions, which a 'drop too much' is calculated to inspire. He cracked his whip about his head, shouted 'hooroo' in answer to the thunder-peals, and trolled snatches of every old ballad he could call to mind, to the accompaniment of his mare's hoof-strokes. Mick was as happy and uproarious as Tam O'Shanter, before he reached Kirk Alloway.

But as the potent exhilarator, *potheen*, began to lose its virtue under the cold rain which now was soaking through the young man's garments, so Mick's ebullitions of mirth began sensibly to decrease. His whip-snaps subsided into a sober waving of the lash, his 'hooroo' no longer emulated the thunder, and even his musical talents were now only developed by a few sepulchral attempts to whistle 'St. Patrick's Day in the Morning.'

And as the effects of Mistress Carney's whiskey declined, Mick Teenan began to reflect, and very soon arrived at the conclusion, that he was not so comfortable as he had previously supposed himself to be. His great coat, he became aware, clung to his body with a weight and coldness that satisfied him of its being pretty well saturated with Irish fog. Norah's flanks were smoking with the exertion of her long gallop, and the little mare was now indulging herself in a leisurely amble. The rain had ceased, to be sure, but the clouds still hung heavy overhead, and the road was dark and gloomy, and moreover broken and miry, so that poor Norah was compelled either to pick her way most delicately, or to run the risk of sinking fetlock, if not girth deep, in some unlucky bog-spots. Mick Teenan's thoughts began to lose the *couleur de rose* with which *potheen* had painted them.

And as the power of the 'spirit of whiskey' departed, the power of 'The Spirit of the Ford' began to fill his mind with uncomfortable images. He began to recall, one by one, the thousand stories he had heard in his childhood of the baleful doings of this Darrochdyle fiend, and of the numberless unhappy wights who had been known to set forth upon the same road which he was himself journeying, but who never returned to tell their anxious friends of their adventures. He remembered how the parish-priest, Father Mulrooney ('God rest his sowl,' murmured Mick; 'he's dead now'), had walked along by the Ford one Sunday night, with cross and book in hand, to exercise the evil spirit, and how the good father had heard wild, unearthly shrieks whenever he sprinkled the holy water about him. He recollected, too, how Will Carey, the miller's son, who never feared man nor beast, had gone out with a stout crab-stick to the Ford, swearing by this and by that, to have a game of single-stick with the '*sperit*;' and how the poor boy had been found next morning drowned in the stream, and his crab-stick, the only token, broken to small bits, and lying by the Ford.

All these reminiscences, it may be imagined, were scarcely calculated to enhance the agreeableness of Mick's situation, wet to the skin as he was, and trotting over a muddy road, at the 'witching hour' of one of the darkest and dreariest nights laid down in the almanac. He could hardly refrain from picturing to himself the comforts of Mistress Carney's tap-room, and it is not to be wondered at if he wished himself back there, or if he mentally accused himself of having done a very foolish thing in leaving such snug quarters. In fact, poor Mick, as he peered forward into the darkness, and thought of Darrochdyle, almost pulled the rein of his little mare to turn her back towards the roadside-tavern. But the apprehension of the well-merited ridicule to which he would be exposed, should he return to Mistress Carney's, after his vaporing departure, checked his hand. Beside, he was already more than half way home; and, after passing the Ford, the road was direct and good. But the Ford itself—there was 'the rub.' Poor Mick, as he neared the haunted vicinity, began to feel strange misgivings.

Once he thought of the advice of old Phil Darley, at the tavern, to go round by the mill, and thus escape the dreaded pass. But, then, to do that, he must retrace his steps nearly to the point where he started, and afterwards pursue a roundabout and lengthy course which would keep him on the road the entire night, and completely 'beat up' poor Norah Creen for the next day. At last Mick Teenan, like a true Irishman, came to the conclusion that the safest way to get round danger was to go straight through it, and so, mustering his courage for the emergency, he gave a 'chirrup' to encourage Norah, cracked his whip to embolden himself, and away went mare and master in a smart canter over the road, towards the Ford of Darrochdyle.

The clouds were now beginning to break away, and a few small patches of clear sky were struggling out from the driving masses of darkness. It was evident that the storm was completely over, and that the latter portion of the night would be starlight. This tended somewhat to lighten Mick's apprehension, as it assured him that if the 'sperit' was visible at all, he could see her better with the aid of a little light, and so he might have time to '*rayson with her*,' as he pleasantly, though rather feebly, remarked to himself. But at this moment Norah Creen, the black mare, suddenly stopped short in her canter, and Mick Teenan was well-nigh thrown bodily over head.

'What the divil do ye mane by *that*?' cried Mick, apostrophizing his mare, as he recovered his seat in the saddle.

Norah Creen answered with a shrill neigh, and planting her fore-hoofs wide apart, stretched out her nostrils and began to snuff the air.

'Tunder and turf, what are ye at?' cried Mick.

'Don't swear, Michael Teenan!' said a voice, which seemed to proceed from some one by his side. But he saw nothing. The mare's eyes, however, were dilated, and a cold sweat broke from her neck.

'Howly vargin presarve us!' ejaculated the young farmer.

'Bless yourself three times, Michael Teenan, and you'll see a friend,' said the voice.

Mick did as he was directed. He crossed himself reverently thrice, shutting his eyes all the time. When he opened them at last, he beheld a white horse standing beside his own black mare. Astride of it sat the figure of a man, and Mick Teenan trembled in every joint, for in the face of that man he recognized that of an old friend long since dead. It was that of Andrew Boyne, at whose death-bed he had himself watched years before in the north of Ireland.

'Do you know me, Michael?' asked the stranger.

'I do, Andrew Boyne! In the name of God, what are you?'

'I am a spirit, Michael, and I have learned this night that the life of an old friend was in peril. I have come from the far off north to save you, Michael Teenan. And now I say to you, go back from this place.'

Mick had been gazing in the face of him who had been his friend, and a strange feeling had come over him. The fear which had at first oppressed him was gone, and it seemed as if he were face to face with the living instead of the dead.

'You have come to save me, Andrew,' said he, 'what must I go back for?'

'The Spirit of the Ford of Darrochdyle is powerful for evil this night,' answered the strange voice of him of the white horse.

'I fear not, Andrew, if you ride with me beyond the Ford.'

'That I cannot do,' said the shape, sorrowfully.

'Then I will ride alone,' cried Mick Teenan, spurring his mare. But Norah Creen stirred not; she only neighed shrilly.

'Michael! you are, as of old, obstinate and headstrong—but, nevertheless, I will save you this night. Listen to me, and obey my words.'

And while Mick Teenan, with a strange awe creeping over his heart, watched the countenance of his ghostly friend, the shape drew from its bosom a long, bright-bladed knife, with a black horn handle.

'Take this knife,' said the spirit of the north, in a solemn voice, 'place it in your bosom, and ride forward. You will reach the Ford, and there you will behold a woman seated by the water. She will ask you to permit her to ride with you. Speak no word in reply, but draw this knife, and plunge it into her bosom. She will cry to you, "Draw, and strike again!" but as you value your life, heed her not; for if you draw the weapon she will regain her strength and destroy you. But spur your horse, Michael Teenan, and spare not whip nor rein. You ride for your life; and either you or your horse, or both, must die to-night.'

Mick Teenan heard the last words of his spirit-friend sounding in his ears. He felt the black handle of the knife within his grasp. But the white horse and phantom rider were visible no more.

Nick crossed himself once more, while the cold drops stood upon his forehead. Then, placing the knife within his breast, he spurred Norah Creen, and galloped forward.

The heavy clouds were now scudding away before a strong breeze, and the rising moon began to appear dimly working her way upward from the horizon. Wide streaks of light and shadow began to be developed over the face of the country, and it appeared probable that by the time Mick Teenan should have reached the Ford, the clear light of a cloudless sky would enable him to discern whatever good or evil might be in his path.

The young man, though his head was bent upon his horse's neck, his brow rigid, and his teeth set, as if in intense thought, was yet almost unconscious of what he was about. His mind was a confused chaos of strange phantasma, in which no object was clearly distinct, yet a thousand were vividly present. The events of the evening, his tavern companions, his mysterious interview with the dead, his lonely ride, all were mingled together, and wrapped in a maze of unreality. Only one idea gleamed palpably forth, and that was of the act—the blow—by which his life was to be saved. He nervously clutched the black handle of the spirit's knife, and bending on the mane of Norah Creen rode on towards the Ford. He reached it.

The stream was swollen and turbid, and as Norah Creen dashed in and breasted the water, her feet touched not the sand. The storm had fed the mountain streams, and the Ford was no longer passable save by swimming. The black mare snorted and blew the muddy water from her nostrils; but she stemmed the current gallantly, and reached the opposite bank.

There sat a pale-faced, weeping woman, with a thin shawl wrapped about her fragile form, dripping with thick drops of rain. Norah Creen stood still upon the banks and neighed. Her eyes were inflamed and dilated with fright. Mick Teenan clutched the black handle of his knife.

The moon now burst brilliantly from behind a frowning cloud. Her rays fell brightly upon the rushing water and over the wet sward of the banks. They fell, too, upon the white, melancholy countenance of the lonely woman, sitting upon a stone by the bank of the stream. The woman's eyes were blue, and tears were gushing from them thickly and fast. Mick Teenan's heart sank within him.

'I am weary—I am sick,' spoke the woman, in a low, sweet voice, like music. 'May I ride with you, friend, to the nearest village?'

Mick Teenan, as he listened to that voice of singular melody, half rose in his stirrup, and stretched forth his hand to lift the woman to the saddle. But Norah Creen, at this moment neighed, and struck the earth with her hoof, and at the same moment the black handle of the spirit's knife glowed beneath the young man's grasp like fire. Mick Teenan called on the name of God, and raised the glittering steel. It descended into the bosom of the weeping woman.

'Draw—and strike again!'

But Michael Teenan released his clutch of the knife, and plunged his rowels in the side of Norah Creen. The gallant mare stretched forth her neck. She snuffed the breeze and sprang away like a cross-bolt.

Then sounded a shriek amid that lonely place, as if a thousand souls were expiring in agony. Its horrible, unearthly sound was echoed and re-echoed from the hills. The terrible chorus, mingled and prolonged, froze the blood and maddened the brain of the young man.

Then, from afar—from afar off among the snows of the north, came an answering shriek. It was the cry of an evil spirit coming to the rescue of his fallen sister.

Norah Creen, with breast distended, with blood-shot eyes and streaming mane, flecked with streaks of foam, dashed forward. And her master, bending down, hugged the neck of his brave mare. On they swept, clattering through the solitudes; and behind, on the wings of the north wind, came the far-off spirit to release his sister.

Mick Teenan raised his head and gazed forward with straining eyes. He beheld in the distance his own cottage, shining in the moonlight. Norah Creen beheld it, too, and snorted wildly as she bounded on.

On—on with headlong speed, and look! Look, Michael Teenan—the stable doors fly open! Look! beyond the threshold stands a black steed, and beside it the Phantom of the Dead.

Norah Creen pants and leaps forward.

'Throw yourself from the saddle, Michael Teenan, or you die!'

Mick heard the voice of his spirit friend and flung himself from the back of his faithful mare. The next instant he had crossed the threshold of the stable, and the doors were closed behind him. He sank senseless upon the floor.

In the early morning, when the mother and the family of Mick Teenan arose, they discovered the young man sleeping upon the stable floor, whilst just without the great doors lay Norah Creen—dead. Mick related to his awe-struck audience his fearful story, and then, arousing the priest and the neighbors, he led them back over the road that he had traversed at the speed of life or death. They reached the Ford of Darrochdyle, and closely examined the spot where Mick had stabbed the weeping woman.

The black-handled knife was *there*—its blade sunk deep in a mass of crimson matter which melted and disappeared when they drew the weapon forth.

*Reader*.—'And what became of the black-handled knife?'

*Author*.—'I am informed that it is still preserved, as a sort of heir-loom in the family of the Teenans. After his adventure, Mick himself was never known to taste a drop of whiskey or other intoxicating drink; and whenever he saw a friend obstinately bent on a foolish enterprise, he would shake his head and relate the story of his fearful rencontre with the 'Spirit of the Ford,' which had made him a sober and humble man; always concluding his recital with a deep sigh, and the exclamation, "Poor Norah Creen!"'

[Written for The Flag of our Union.]

### The Angel Visitants.

BY ALICE LINCOLN.

'Twas a midnight calm, and in silvery showers
The moonbeams fell on the dew-gemmed flowers,
As the angel of song took her silent way
Where in slumber sweet a fair boy lay.

Her lustrous being came to shed
Her lovely gifts on that fair young head;
And she sought to wake in his inmost soul,
A spirit of song that should spurn control.

O soon o'er that dreamer's brain, that hour,
Swept visions of triumph, fame and power;
For lightly there flashed over lip and brow
A look of pride all unseen there till now.

But the angel of sadness, whose drooping wing
For other gifts to this earth doth bring,
Thus those bestowed by her sister fair,
She, with pensive brow, sat watching there.

And she sighed as she marked that haughty look,—
But ere her heavenward flight she took,
She kissed each rosy-lidded eye,
And a tear-pearl left on his forehead high.

Thus the poet's eye gained its pensive light,
Though erst with glee it was sparkling bright;
And his voice—from that hour his voice was not—
A sound to be heard, and then forgot.

But oh, when the twilight hour hath cast
O'er the spirit the glow of the vanished past,
Will that voice, with its low, soft, witching note,
Through the soul's still chambers sweetly float.

### A Maiden's Defence.

The following is from 'Pepy's Diary,' just brought out by Lord Braybrooke: '18th August, 1667.—Walked towards Whitehall, but being wearied turned into St. Dunstan's church, where I heard an able sermon by the minister of the place; and stood by a pretty, modest maid, whom I did labor to take by the hand; but she would not, and got further and further from me; and at last I could perceive her to take pins out of her pocket to prick me if I should touch her again; which seeing, I did forbear, and was glad I did spy her design. And then I fell to gaze upon another pretty maid in a pew close to me, and she on me; and I did go about to take her by the hand, which she suffered a little, and then withdrew. So the sermon ended, and the church broke up, and my amours ended also.

### Who is a Coward?

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

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

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

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

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

### Mrs. Partington.

'It is all very true, Mr. Knickerbottom,' said Mrs. Partington, as she read in the last Knickerbocker something concerning brevity and simplicity of expression; 'its true as you say; and how many mistakes there does happen when folks don't understand each other! Why, last summer I told a dressmaker to make me a long visite to wear, and would you believe it—she came a fortnight with me! Since then, I've made it a pint always to speak just what I say.' Her mouth grew down to a determined pucker at the end of the sentence, and the snuff box was tapped energetically, as if the thought of unrequited bread and butter was laying heavy on her memory.—*Boston Post.*

[Written for The Flag of our Union.]

### Church Worship.

BY MISS C. ALLEN.

I stood within the church's aisle,
At the quiet hour of prayer,
And said that consecrated pile,
Where holy thoughts should each beguile,
Looked for soul-worship there.

But Fashion, with resistless sway,
Had trod Religion down;
And the gay trappings of a day,
With vanity's delusive ray,
Did on Devotion frown.

The gaudy dress of richest hue,
Of fine, expensive style;
The haughty air that met my view,
Bright jewels, in their lustre new,
With self-approving smile;—

Seemed all the offerings that were brought
To lay on Heaven's shrine;
And with their vain oblations fraught,
The wanton eye they only sought;
Cold pride's unerring sign.

'Tis mockery all—no heart is there;
No spark divine doth rise;
Unfeeling as the midnight air,
The thoughts no deep emotion bear—
The soul in shadow lies.

Can we not give to God one day,
For all his love and care?
Can we not teach our souls to pray,
And in the spirit's humble lay,
Our thoughts to Heaven bear.

When neath the fretted roof we kneel,
Let views of God alone
Amid our mental visions steal,
And wake within a fervent zeal
Of thanks to yonder throne.

### Lord Brougham in the House of Lords.

We enter 'The Crimson Chamber.' The lions—Brougham, Grey, Wellington, Lyndhurst, Melbourne—are in their places. An exciting debate is going forward, which has taken rather a personal turn. Yonder is Brougham, stretched out half his length on one of the ministerial benches; now listening to a clumsy earl on the floor, whom he eyes with a portentous scowl; anon whispering a hurried word to the peer at his elbow. What an ungainly figure! Those long legs and arms, loosely hung in their sockets, give him a slouching air. Human face could hardly look more ugly or unintellectual. His iron gray hair bristles over his forehead like the quills of a fretful porcupine. His restless eye peeps through eyebrows that seem alive with nerves. He must be agitated with the debate, for he writhes as though his red cushion were a sheet of hot iron. He suddenly starts up (who ever knew him to sit still for five minutes?) walks with his long strides towards the door, and while chatting with the ladies, his tormentor stops, and the Ex-Chancellor cries, with startling emphasis (less some one get the floor before him), 'My Lords!' and slowly advances to the table in front of the wool sack. An audible *hush* runs round the chamber; for they had been anticipating a reply from the mercurial lord. Every whisper ceases, and all eyes are fixed on the towering intellect before them.

The peeresses leave their damask chairs, and approach the bar, to get a better view of the orator. Members of the House of Commons till now chatting round the bar, lean forward in silence. The loungers in the lobbies enter the hall, the word having passed out, 'Brougham is up!' The untitled spectators rise from their seats on the carpet, where fatigue had sunk them, and stand on tiptoe, to catch every glance of the eye, and wave of the hand, of the scholar and statesman, whilst the crowded galleries forget their lassitude in listening to one whose name and fame are the property of mankind.

But to the speech. Listen to that first sentence! How it plunges into the very centre of the subject. The first blow knocks the keystone from his last antagonist's speech, and tumbles the whole structure on his affrighted head and shoulders. And the dandy young lord, over in the corner, who, in the puny oration he recited so prettily an hour ago, went out of his way to sneer at Brougham—see the blood fly from his cheeks when his nice little piece of rhetoric comes rattling in bits round his ears. As the lion fixes his eye upon him, he would give his coronet and his curls if he could sink into a nutshell. A fiery glance or two having withered him, the monarch of the debate grapples with worthier antagonists. What a sweep does he give to the argument—what fertility of illustration. How large the field of his comprehension—how exhaustless and varied its resources. What execution is done by these long-drawn sentences, with parenthesis within parenthesis, each a logical syllogism, or a home-thrust fact, or a blighting sarcasm, wound round and round his victims, till they are crushed in its folds! Great in matter, his speech is equally powerful in manner; violating every law of rhetoric and oratory promulgated by the schools, he is a law unto himself—original, commanding, majestic.

Brougham having castigated half-a-dozen of the lords, spiritual and temporal, to his heart's content, took a seat at the clerk's table and began to write a letter, when the chancellor (Cottenham) rose and commenced a conciliatory speech. His calm, slow, cool manner contrasted strongly with the tempest which had just passed over our head, reminding one of those dewy showers which follow smilingly in the trail of a dark cloud, after its thunder and lightning and torrents have raged and blazed and poured, and passed away.

This great man has been described so often, that not only his public history and mental character, but his personal peculiarities—yea, the nervous twitching of his eyebrows—are as familiar to Americans as to the reporters in the gallery of the House of Lords. As an orator or debater, he is sometimes compared to Webster. The very attempt is unjust to both. You might as well compare the repose of Lake Erie to the thunder of Niagara. Each has his own sphere of greatness. The Bostonian rarely enters the arena of debate, unless clad in mail to his finger's ends—a safe and strong debater. Not so the Londoner. He sometimes rushes, sword in hand, without a scabbard or shield, into the thickest of the fight, and gets sorely galled. Little arrows do not pierce Webster, nor do ordinary occasions summon forth his heaviest weapons. But Brougham, why he will fight with anybody, and on any terms. The smallest Lilliput in the house can sting him into paroxysms with his needle spear. But woe to the assailant! The bolt which annihilates the Earl of Musketo is equally heavy with that which strikes down the Duke of Wellington. As a whole, Brougham is unlike any of our public men. Could we mix into one compound the several qualities of Webster, Clay, and John Quincy Adams, and divide the mass into three parts, we might, by adding a strong tincture of John Calhoun, make three very good Henry Broughams.—*National Era.*

### Women at a Premium.

A lady writes from San Francisco to her friend in Massachusetts: 'The demand for marriageable women seems to be as great as for goods. This is the only country in the world where women are properly appreciated. The proportion of males in the territory is five to one of females; and the labor of females is as much needed in cooking, &c., at the gold region, as the males. There have been more marriages the last few months than in ten years previous, in this country. The squaws, before they will go to the gold region, make efforts to get white husbands, which they soon obtain in the present state of affairs. Father Massuque, the Catholic priest, has informed me that he married the last month 110 white men to squaws. The consequence is, that the poor Indians will soon be left without any class of females from which they can choose—as certainly no white woman of whatever condition in society, will marry an Indian, when she can readily marry a white man of some wealth and prominence. Some of the most ugly and slovenly servants here, marry traders who have accumulated fortunes in a week'

### City of Moscow.

The city of Moscow, rendered famous by Napoleon's celebrated expedition, was built in the 12th century, and now contains 400,000 inhabitants. It is situated in a great valley, and the houses are mostly built of wood, with roofs of sheet iron. In the centre of the city stands the walled hill or Kremlin, which is surrounded by a brick wall 50 to 75 feet high, and a mile and a half in circumference.—Within these limits are several public buildings. The popular opinion that the Kremlin is a palace is erroneous. It is simply, as its name signifies, a walled enclosure, and was built as a defence against domestic insurrection. It could no more be blown up by powder than could a great hill. In the church which stands within its limits is a bell weighing 140,000 pounds, but this is eclipsed by the great bell which stands at the foot of the tower. This is 19 feet high, 65 feet in circumference, 18 inches thick, and weighs 400,000 pounds avoirdupois. A large piece has been broken out of it, and it is sometimes used as a chapel. Around the city stretches a public garden or Boulevard, and outside of this, a wall of turf 30 or 40 feet in height. Three hundred churches, each with five or six domes, are scattered throughout the city. The domes are pear sloped, and are surmounted by a spire and a cross, with the crescent beneath it. They are painted sometimes brown, and often a bright blue color, with large spangles of gold. As there are from 1500 to 2000 domes in the city, the effect when the sun is shining upon them, is extremely brilliant. About nine-tenths of the city was burnt by the Russians, when they evacuated it in 1812. It has never been ascertained who gave orders to have the city fired. The Governor General of Russia, Rostopchin, who was charged with having caused the conflagration, has disclaimed the act. It is probable, however, that the commander of the Russian troops which marched from the city when Napoleon entered it, gave orders to fire the buildings. Tartar-like, they burnt everything as they retreated. Napoleon could easily have prevented the catastrophe, if he had suspected it, as he could have stationed soldiers in every house; but he did not anticipate such an event. The city now shows no sign of the vast conflagration which has rendered it so famous in European history.—*Dr. Baird's Lectures.*

[Written for The Flag of our Union.]

### To a Bluebird.

BY JOSEPH W. NYE.

Hail, hail, sweet bird! sure harbinger of spring!
Again with joy those annual song I hear;
Welcome thy purple breast and sky blue wing,
For thou art ever to my heart most dear.

Long have I listened for thy herald note
To sound the requiem of old winter drear;
Upon the breeze this morn I heard it float,
And then I knew the springtime must be near.

And now I see thee, blithesome on the tree;
My bosom thrills with rapture and delight!
Sweet little warbler! full of life and glee,
How well thou know'st the end of winter's night.

Since thou wert here, old Boreas, fierce and loud,
Rushed with his legions from the northern hills;
Hid the bright earth beneath a snowy shroud,
Chained the blue rivers and the murmuring rills!

Shook the bright robe of autumn from the trees,
And rudely snatched the last sweet flower away;
But soon the sun, warm showers and gentle breezes
Will deck the scene in summer's green array.

Thy little cot still standeth as before,
Although it wavered in the howling wind;
And now the snow is gone that filled its door,
And there again thy song retreat wilt find.

Sweet bird, like thee, when mortal life is o'er,
May our freed spirits plume their pinions bright,
To an immortal spring exalting soar,
To bask forever in unmisted delight!

### Paris.

Paris has lately occupied so prominent a position in the eyes of the world, that all relating to it must be interesting. If we may believe the following account of affairs which we find in Jerrold's Newspaper, the phases of society are improving. 'Paris is merry; balls and entertainments make night joyous; that, however, proves little; we have heard of guillotine balls there, and merry meetings, in which men took part without having thought it necessary to wash blood off their hands. But now the Republic holds life a sacred thing, and the joyousness we have spoken of is not one snatched from among perils. Paris is more prosperous. We will give one sufficient proof of it. This week the deposits in the savings' bank have been greater, and the withdrawals smaller, than in any week since the revolution. If the laboring classes can save, the Republic, with its present government, is tolerably safe. Careful men, it has been said, do not quarrel with their bread and butter—still less, we think, with their savings' bank books. The president seems to grow in popularity. We are bound to record it of Louis Napoleon, because we considered Cavaignac's claims superior to his, that the president *labors*; that word tells much; he mingles among the people quietly; he is not indifferent to the annals of the poor. As the present National Assembly is soon to be a thing of the past, the Parisians seem to consent universally so to regard it already, and hardly any attention is paid to its proceedings. In all the Paris papers not devoted to party objects there is more about Italy than France.'

### The King of Denmark.

We read in a letter from Copenhagen of the 9th February: In the morning of yesterday, three children were skating on the ditch below the ramparts, when the ice broke and one of them fell through into the water. At the moment the king was passing by on horseback with his suite; Lieut. General Bulow, one of his majesty's aides-de-camp, seeing the boy in danger of being drowned, got upon the parapet, and sliding down on the other side, arrived in time to catch the child, but had scarcely got him in his arms when the ice again gave way, and they were both plunged into the water. The king hastened down, took the child and placed him in safety on the bank, and then, with great difficulty, though assisted by an officer, and two grooms, drew General Bulow out of the water at the moment when he was on the point of being carried under the ice. The general, who had been completely submerged, and lost his senses, was carried to a mill near at hand, where the first attentions were paid to him. He was afterward removed to his residence, where he remains still unwell, but out of danger.—*Galignani's Messenger.*

### A Strange Animal.

Colonel Fremont has recently despatched to Corpus Christi an extraordinary animal which his party succeeded in capturing, after a three days' chase, in the neighborhood of the river Gila. A letter received from one of Colonel Fremont's party, by a merchant in St. Louis, describes it as an animal resembling a horse in every particular, except that it is completely covered with a close curly wool resembling camel's hair in color and the fineness of its texture. It has no mane, and its tail is like an elephant's. The animal possesses wonderful agility, leaping over obstructions ten feet with all ease.—*Boston Transcript.*

### Curious Discovery.

In the great Pyramid of Egypt is a small opening at the top, the depth of which has never been sounded. Another aperture of the same size exists at the foot of the pyramid. It was long conjectured that these two openings communicated with each other; but no means could be devised to establish the fact, till the problem was solved recently by the ingenuity of an Arab. He took a cat and her kittens; placed the cat in one aperture, and the kittens in the other, and stopped up both with stones. The next day he opened them, and found cat and kittens all together at the foot of the long passage.—*Sunday Atlas.*

A droll fellow being requested by an old lady to read the newspaper, took it up and began as follows:

'Last night, yesterday morning, about two o'clock in the afternoon, before breakfast, a hungry boy about forty years old, bought a fip custard for a levy, and threw it through a brick wall nine feet thick, and jumped over it and broke his ankle right off above the knee, and fell into a dry mill pond and drowned. About forty years after that, on the same day, an old cat had nine turkey gobblers,—the wind blew Yankee Doodle into a frying-pan, and knocked the old Dutch churn down and killed a sow and two dead pigs at Boston, where a deaf and dumb man was talking French to his aunt Peter!'

The old lady raised up both hands and exclaimed 'Du tell!'

An African preacher, speaking from 'what is a man profited if he gain the whole world, and lose his own soul?' mentioned among other things, that they lost their souls by being too charitable! Seeing the congregation astonished beyond measure at his saying, he very emphatically repeated it, and then proceeded to explain his meaning. 'Many people,' said he, attend meeting; hear the sermon, and, when it is over, they proceed to divide it among the congregation—this part was for that man, and that part for that woman; such denunciations for such persons, these threats for some sinners—and so,' continued the shrewd African, 'they give away the whole sermon, and keep none for themselves.'

One evening lately, Professor Wines advertised a gratuitous lecture at Newark, N. J., on the Theory of Government. At the hour of commencement, the audience being very small, the Professor administered the following neat, classical and pungent rebuke:—'Plato, when delivering lectures in Athens, sometimes had Aristotle for his only hearer; on which occasion he was accustomed to proceed with his lecture as usual, remarking that when he had Aristotle for a hearer, he had the better half of Athens. On the same principle, I may congratulate on my audience this evening.'

Everybody recollects the amusing account, in the Pickwick papers, of Mr. Tony Waller upsetting a coach load of 'free and independent electors' into a canal, to prevent their attending an election. History furnishes almost as good a thing. When the celebrated John Wilkes was a candidate for a seat in the House of Commons at Berwick, the opposite party sent down a lot of voters from London, by sea; and Wilkes bribed the captain to land them in *Norway*, which he did!

The editor of the Arena, published at Killingly, Ct., complains that it is hard work to edit a country paper, on account of the lack of local news and incidents. He says he expected to have had an original marriage and death for his last paper; but the sudden thaw kicked the wedding into the middle of next week, and the doctor was sick himself and could not visit his patient, so the patient got well—and thus both announcements were lost.

It has been said that an Irishman is at peace only when he is in a quarrel; a Scotchman is at home only when he is abroad; an Englishman is contented only when finding fault with something or somebody; and let us add, that a captious, busy, blustering, impetuous American is at the height of felicity, only when he is in all these tumultuous conditions at the same time.

A worthy, but poor minister, writes a friend from the country, requested, a few days since, the loan of fifty dollars from the cashier of our bank; and, in the note requesting the favor, he said that if the cashier would oblige him, he would pay him in ten days, on the faith of Abraham. The cashier returned word, that by the rules of the bank, the endorser must reside in the State.

'Ah! John, you wont have me much longer; I shall never leave this bed alive!' 'Please thyself, Betty, and then I'll please me,' returned John, with great equanimity. 'I have been a good wife to you, John,' persisted the dying woman. 'Middlin', Betty, middlin',' responded the matter-of-fact husband.

'My dear, don't say tale, say narrative,' said a modest lady to her little son, who was relating a very interesting 'tale' he had just read in the newspaper. While the little fellow was thinking of his mistake, the old house dog walked in shaking his tail and looking quite familiar at the boy, when he exclaimed 'Ma, make Sancho quit shaking his narrative!'

'An old man' complains that boys come to see his *darters*, but say nothing about marrying them—this he does not like. He says 'gals must get husbands when they are young, if they get them; and therefore, those *fellers* who have no notion of being married, have no business to take up the gals' time for nothing, and thereby keep better ones away.'

Sometime since, a Jonathan from 'Downeast,' visited New York, and stopped at the Astor House. On coming to the dinner table he was surprised to see nothing on it. 'What will you have?' said the waiter. Jonathan stared at him—'I don't know.' 'Would you like a bill of fare, sir?' 'Thank ye, I don't care if I do take a small piece!'

An old bachelor being ill, his sister presented him a cup of medicine. 'What is it?' asked he. She answered, 'it is elixir asthmatic, it is very wholesome, and will make you feel very smart.' 'Nancy,' he replied, with a smile, 'you are very sister-matic.'

'Bill, you young scamp, if you had your due, you'd get a good whipping.' 'I know it, daddy, bills are not always paid when due.' The appreciative father trembled lest his hopeful son should be suddenly snatched from him.

Punch, speaking of the 'Swimming Society,' says, 'The members were so devoted to the cause, that after dinner, their heads began to swim, but by sticking to the wine, they kept themselves above water.'

'Nimrod, who sewed the Mexicans up at Buena Vista?'
'A *Tailor*, sir.'
'What did he sew them up with?'
'*Wool*, sir.'

Doctors will differ. No, they will not always—in the propriety of *bleeding* (as applied to the pockets of their patients) ''fore George! their unanimity is wonderful.'

The way they have of announcing themselves for office in Arkansas, is to place a flask of liquor at every fork of the road, labelled: '—— —— candidates for —— office.'

Why do fish dealers need the special interposition of the Washingtonians? Because they wet their herrs in the morning, and blow it all day; and they do not hesitate to get their fish corned.

An Irishman describing a toad, said it was a queer bird: 'when it stood up it was no taller than when it sat down, and when it flew, it went with a d—l of a jolt.'

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# HERMIONE:

## THE FOUNDLING OF ST. ANTOINE.

## A Romance of the Continent.

BY FRED HUNTER.

[CONTINUED.]

### CHAPTER XI.

*The yacht 'La Sylphide.' The stranger-nobleman, her commander. His crew and the course pursued. A rover heaves in sight, runs up the black flag, and gives them chase.*

THE golden hues of sunset were dancing upon the bright waters one afternoon, a few days after Chaufran's departure from Venice. The surface of the bay was slightly rippled by the freshening breeze, and the last rays of the god of day were reflected upon the crests of the rough boulders which rose along the shore—as a beautiful little yacht shot out from her moorings under the shelter of a rude cove on the westerly coast of Italy, within sight of Genoa. This bay was a somewhat secluded spot, seldom frequented by large vessels, but affording a most excellent retreat to the craft accustomed to the waters in its neighborhood. The yacht we allude to, was apparently felucca-built—at least so it seemed in the distance—and as she moved gracefully out toward the open sea, her broad lateen sails were instantly filled, and she bounded forward across the dark blue waves, like a bird on the wing.

Her barthen was scarcely sixty tons—though she appeared larger; and as her bright side careened to the water's edge, a polished swivel-gun might have been seen over her stern. Her sharp prow sat high upon the water, her masts were thrown jauntily aback, and upon a close inspection, on a white line beneath her tafferel, might have been discovered her name, '*La Sylphide,*' in golden letters. Everything on board had been snugly stowed away, and as she moved out from her moorings, the owner of this neat and saucy little craft stood by the starboard rail, with his hand over his eyes, gazing intently out into the broad sea before him, as if to satisfy himself of the state of the weather, or peradventure to note if the open space beyond were entirely clear, and that his movements were unobserved. Whatever was his purpose, however, he was evidently content; for, turning to the helmsman, he gave a brief order to be called if the weather should change, and then descended a narrow companion-way, to the small but elegantly appointed cabin of his beautiful vessel.

There were now but four men in sight on the deck, and these composed the crew of the yacht. They were leaving the scenes, for a time, where they had been engaged for months to profitable advantage—and an appearance of melancholy pervaded their rough features, momentarily, as they departed from the shores where they had been so successful, and upon a mission, too, which none of them knew anything of—their commander vouchsafing them no sort of details touching his present expedition or purposes. But an hour passed away, and they had become resigned to their destiny with that same stoical indifference which had marked their course for years, in their precarious occupation.

The rising breeze sang musically through the slight rigging, and the yacht moved swiftly on before the wind. The head-yard had been braced up, the jib was thrown out, and the snug-built craft darted forward, standing gallantly down the bay. The dark boulders faded in the twilight, the scattered islands along the outer shores were left behind in the distance, the breeze stiffened as they got fairly away, and as the bright moon arose from her bed far off in the east, the Sylphide had made some leagues upon her voyage, her present course lying nearly in a westerly direction. One half the crew had gone below, and the other two were upon duty on deck.

'She's a nice craft, though, Fal,' said the man at the helm; 'and lays like a creeker to the wind.'

'Well, we have been at sea before, old fellow, but not often in this shape, eh?'

'You may well say that. But how did he get her?'

'With *l'argent*, to be sure,' said his companion; 'how else? She belonged to the rich old don, who crossed to Genoa in her; and isn't our master rich as Crœsus?'

'Well,' continued the other.

'Well! The captain wanted just such a craft, and he bought her. That's all.'

'That's enough,' continued the other, quietly.

'And here we are, on board—bound who knows where?'

'Or cares?' was the reply. 'We've been in worse quarters than this, as you know, eh! And so that we are paid well—as *he* always pays, why need we make ourselves either inquisitive or uneasy?'

'She skims like a sea-gull!'

'Beautifully.'

'And our course?' inquired the other.

'Due west, till daylight, is the order.'

The breeze continued to whistle right merrily, the air was balmy and clear, the silver moon rose high in the heavens, and the gallant cutter swept along blithely upon its course.

As morning peeped over the line of hills which lay to the northward, still plainly in sight, the owner of the yacht made his appearance from below. He was a man over thirty, of tall and commanding form, his features embrowned but well moulded, his proportions symmetrical and stately. He was attired in the best dress of the country, and appeared to good advantage—as far as exterior went; but his heart had been schooled to rough treatment, and his course of life, thus far, had been an almost uninterrupted chain of excitement and perils.

He had nerved himself boldly to the task of confronting his fate, however, at all times, and in all emergencies—and his present adventure was one of danger and difficulty. Yet it promised the gratification of his passions, and, never yielding to despair, when once he had undertaken an enterprise, he entered upon this with a fearlessness of results, hoping as he ever had, for success, which thus far had crowned his schemes, however unlawful they might have been, however hazardous, or arduous.

On the present occasion, he was skimming on before a smacking breeze—bound to the coast of France; and he smiled within himself as he braved the dangers of the voyage, in so frail a bark! But what cared he for the hazard, if the object of his mission should be fortunately accomplished? He might have taken a shorter route to his destination, he might have reached the end of his journey over land, many days earlier—but there was no occasion for haste, he thought; and if he finally consummated his plan, he should have use, perhaps, for his yacht. La Sylphide performed her task nobly; the weather continued propitious, and the stranger soon reached the coast of Spain in safety.

The gallant yacht passed through the Straits, she doubled Cape Vincent, and rounding Cape Finisterre, she glided along the coast, into the bay of Biscay. Still the gale favored their progress, the breezes wafted them swiftly on, with but slight alternations, and bearing closely in upon the shore, and seeking a harbor upon the approach of the threatening squalls so common in that latitude, and which they occasionally encountered—they proceeded safely up. Belle Isle was left behind them—the North Point was cleared, and already La Sylphide approached the rugged shores upon the inner side of the Isle of Guernsey, but a few leagues west of the French coast.

Until they arrived at this point, they had met with no mishap; they had been upon the water less than a month, and now the high projecting rocks which stand out against the sky, and are visible from a goodly distance, to the inward bound craft, in a clear day—the bluffs of Cape de la Hogue, to the eastward of Alderney, were plainly in sight; the last point they had to make, ere they could ride into smooth water comparatively, beyond, and from which, less than two days' sail would bear them to the mouth of the Seine, their final destination.

The cutter bounded gaily on, the wind was fresh and strong, and her lateen sails (which several days previously had been taken down and were stowed away) had given place to a complete cutter-rig—more appropriate to the waters and country she was now rapidly approaching. She had been scudding on at an easy rate, for three or four hours after noon, one day, when a small dark-hulled schooner, which had until now seemed bound in a direction beyond them, and which lay to windward some three miles, on a sudden tacked, and came bearing down towards the yacht, causing her owner serious uneasiness! He knew the sailing capacities of his little cutter, and after turning his glass several times towards the strange schooner, he gave peremptory orders to crowd all sail upon his vessel, and to stand in at once towards the shore!

He still kept his glass in his hand, and continued yet to observe the manœuvres of his forbidding neighbor behind. His eye was steady, and not a motion of the suspicious vessel escaped his gaze. But his pursuer gained upon him perceptibly, and on a sudden his worst fears were satisfied—as the rover behind him ran up the black flag! No craft save these two were in sight, and they were full ten leagues from the main shore; but the commander of the yacht saw plainly how impolitic would be any attempt at resistance, how futile would be a surrender. He soon discovered that the schooner carried several guns, and the only chance left him, was a run for it—in the hope that he might gain the shore, every rod of which his helmsman was well acquainted with, throughout that whole vicinity.

Once in the shoal water which extended out from the shore, he knew the advantages he should have over the heavier schooner, and he might thus escape. Filled with this forlorn hope, for he observed that his threatening adversary gained rapidly on his track, he crowded every inch of canvass upon his little bark, which could possibly be spread and managed, and away she dashed madly on before the brisk breeze, the belligerent schooner still gaining upon her, with an increase of sail, and following directly in her wake, less than two miles behind!

The gunwale of 'La Sylphide' lay close to the edge of the waves, her draught was very light, and she had been constructed so as to keep the sea in all weathers. Her sailing qualities, with her present owner, were yet to be actually tried—but her pointed cutwater now threw up the sparkling spray on either side from the parted waves, and she rushed gallantly on, while her bold commander stood near his faithful helmsman, who held the tiller and kept her up steady in the very eye of the wind.

The skipper was an undersized man, his features were sinister, and his countenance was of a questionable character. The untrimmed beard upon his rough face was wiry and forbidding—but his small round eye twinkled nervously as he watched the motions of the yacht he guided, and he had already proved himself the devoted slave of his master. He was desperate in his character, however, when pushed to extremes, and he had seen service upon the seas, having been a sailor many years of his life. He was a native of France, and he knew the French coast thoroughly. Many a time had he braved the dangers of the rocky region they were now fast approaching—and though the day had waned, and night was nearing them, he felt at ease so far as a knowledge of his course was concerned.

For more than an hour, the atmosphere had given palpable indications of an approaching storm, and already far away to the southwest, a range of white capped clouds had made their appearance. As twilight set in, the skipper, accustomed to these changes, had noticed the state of the weather, and he prayed that it might come, for, in the rising gale, he saw his deliverance!

The owner of the yacht approached the bow of the boat, and his nervous gaze was fixed upon the shore beyond, with its high projecting bluffs, along whose base the breakers dashed and curled—but his confidence in the judgment and seamanship of his helmsman was implicit. Whatever might have been his thoughts, he said nothing, but stood quietly watching for the result.

His manly form and fine appearance might well have attracted attention. His lip was firm, his eye was bright, his *tout ensemble* was fearless. But in the mission before him, his stake was most important; he believed his future happiness or misery was involved in its consummation, and he was anxious to avoid unnecessary hindrance in the accomplishment of his present hopes. The person so deeply interested in this race, the owner of La Sylphide—was the nobleman whom we may remember left Venice with his servants, on the day which succeeded Chaufran's departure.

### CHAPTER XII.

*The chase and the chances. The haven heaves in sight, and the skipper of the cutter makes for the shore. An unlucky shot. Night closes upon them. The estuary is gained. Their final moorings, and establishment at Bagnolet.*

THE reckless rover now in pursuit of La Sylphide, had discovered her at early noon, and observing at once that she was a handsome yacht, the commander of the schooner determined upon overhauling her, in the hope that he might secure some rich nabob on board, who might chance to be overburthened with gold! He had crowded sail in the chase, and the sailing-master of La Sylphide had not omitted to follow his example. The rover now plunged on under a cloud of canvass, and the little cutter could not hold good her distance. The yacht approached the rock-bound coast, however,—and even now she breasted a ragged bluff, which stood upon the extremity of a long reef stretching out into the sea, when a sharp report was suddenly heard in the distance, and a shot from the cruiser's bow-chaser, struck the water less than a fathom's distance from her rudder post!

'Well aimed!' said her commander, quickly.

'A six-pounder, that!' shouted the skipper, but the words had scarcely left his lips, ere another shot broke the water, within twenty yards of her larboard quarter!

'Fire away, blood hounds!' said the master of the yacht—and well he knew that contention was unavailing. He saw that he should be indebted to 'lucky chance' only for an escape—but the quiet and stern manner of his skipper assured him that he might hope.

The gale had increased, and spite of his wishes to the contrary, the helmsman found it necessary to shorten sail, at once. He cast his eye behind him for an instant, as the yacht boomed on, outvieing the wind, seemingly, in her speed, and his order to take in sail had been well-timed, for the howling wind rushed madly up, the roaring billows came fast upon her track, thrusting their white crests against her tafferel, and threatening at each plunge to deluge her. On came the white waves one after the other, like starving hounds, pitching and wrangling for their prey. The tiny masts bent before the gale, and now the most of her canvass had been secured. A mass of driving foam rolled and surged at the base of the rocky shore a league beyond, but still the buoyant cutter gallantly rode the waves, still she dashed towards the breakers!

'Steady, so!' said the skipper, mechanically, as a huge sea lifted the Sylphide high in the air—but she came down again bravely before the wind, and the wave passed on.

The commander and crew were all on deck, and every eye was rivetted in the direction of the shore. A wild sheet of salt spray washed over the deck, the hurricane abated no jot of its violence, the guns still rang from the schooner behind, but the gallant cutter still bounded gaily on, like a sea-bird, upon the crests of the great waves. Suddenly the storm-wind lulled, the skipper looked up, and quickly shouted:

'Now, boys—shake 'em out! All sail on!'

In an instant of time the wrinkles were taken out of the sails, the jib was run up, and away she plunged again towards a high point of rock which the quick eye of the helmsman had descried in the distance, and which he hoped to gain, ere the fitful violence of the blow should come on again.

'What speed?' inquired her owner.

'Full six knots—ay, seven, now,' said the skipper, and La Sylphide shot away right gallantly.

'Will she bear the foresail?'

'Hardly,' said he—'but up with it! We may as well be swamped by the gale, as be sunk by that pirate. Shake it out!'

Beyond the bluff alluded to, rose another sharp rock, the outward point of a similar reef, and between these two ranges of threatening boulders ran a narrow passage to the main land. Once beyond those points, the hardy skipper felt himself comparatively safe, for he was certain the schooner would not dare to venture into that shoal and narrow channel, in the midst of such a storm.

'How bears the rock?' asked the helmsman, of the lookout, for it was growing inky dark.

'Close aboard, on the lee beam.'

The cutter was instantly put away a quarter point.

'Steady!' and the skipper now saw but a single chance left him for escape. The wind had veered, and to enter that channel and attempt to 'tack' through its narrow course, would be impossible. He was forced to keep on every inch of sail the yacht would carry, up to this moment, in order to keep clear of the cruiser's guns, and a trying moment had now arrived.

For the last half hour, the gale had not been so severe, but the gathering clouds flitted rapidly up the sky again, and it was well that the little cutter had already hied away towards the haven now close in view; for, far as the eye could reach, the vast canopy above was one mass of thick blackness, through which the occasional lightning pierced with vivid brightness, while the sea rolled heavily against the huge rocks which lined the coast for miles along the northward shore. The storm had well nigh reached its height, but the fierceness of the gale was far behind the brave little craft whose crew had now shortened sail again, but the cutter still pressed swiftly on.

All was silent on board the yacht; the darkness increased, but the long-wished-for point was gained. As yet, the yacht was unharmed; the shots from the rover had fallen around her for the last hour, but she rounded the point, and already the haven of safety was before her! The helm was put hard down, again the wind shifted in her favor, the little craft came half about, she passed the high promontory, the balls whizzed over her, and her commander was just about to congratulate himself upon his good fortune, when a chance shot dashed through the foretopmast of the yacht, and the spar came down with a crash upon the deck!

But the cutter passed on, the detention was but slight, and the wreck was instantly cut away; they left the rock behind them, entered the passage, and reached the mouth of the broad estuary which ran up between the two high ledges spoken of, as night closed thickly around them; and the proud owner of the gallant little bark gazed upon his now retreating enemy with a smile of contempt, as he viewed her outline by the lightning's glare, and saw that she dared not venture into the passage he had passed! The cruiser fired a parting shot, and evidently aware of the dangers before him, he suddenly tacked ship, put about, clawed off from the rocky shore, and stood out to sea again, under close-reefed topsails, soon leaving a wide margin between him and his intended prize.

The yacht pursued her course, with the wind directly behind her, and two hours afterward she rounded too, in a small cove, and came to anchor for the night. The damage to her foremast was unfortunate, but there was no present help for it; and the watch having been set, one half the crew retired for an hour's rest. Before daybreak the storm had lulled, and La Sylphide set sail again, putting out to sea through an opening at the easterly point of the rocky island on her larboard; whence they proceeded on without farther detention or molestation, the rover having disappeared entirely from view.

The channel through which they had coursed was sufficiently narrow and tortuous to task the skill of a more than ordinary seaman, even by daylight, but the bold skipper of La Sylphide knew his ground, ay, every foot of it. And morning broke, bright and clear, the yacht rocked gently along over the still heaving surface, the big clouds were rolling far away in the north, like the fleeing ranks of a retreating army, the gale was fresh but gentle, and all was safe again.

Within forty-eight hours after the accident, the yacht had made the entrance to the mouth of the Seine, and ere midnight La Sylphide was safely moored in a small bay within the mouth of the river. After their tiresome journey, the crew slept soundly, and early next morning the owner proceeded towards Paris, taking with him two faithful attendants, and leaving the others behind, in charge of the cutter. Arriving at the village of Bagnolet, distant about a league from the French metropolis, he found convenient quarters, where he at once established himself with his attendants; and from whence, for a while he purposed to watch the current of events, with a view to the final consummation of the object which caused his present visit to France.

'See to the luggage,' he said, addressing his confidential servant,' procure such furniture as may be needful for comfort at our lodgings, and obtain an escritoire and writing materials.'

'I shall not fail, captain.'

'Answer no impertinent questions, either. My mission hither is one of vital import, and my incognita must be strictly observed.'

'I understand.'

'I shall be absent, from time to time, and may need you at a moment's warning.'

'I shall attend you.'

'It is well,' said his master—and the attendant left him. The necessary arrangements for their future convenience at Bagnolet were made without delay, and the stranger set about the prosecution of his final plans, forthwith.

### CHAPTER XIII.

*A retrospective glance. Monsieur Berdotte and his family. Eloise, the victim of D'Aumail. The brothers. Arrival of the nobleman in France. The death-bed secret, and the diamond ring. An interview of interest. Death of Eloise. Threatening prospects. The oath.*

THE family of Monsieur Berdotte, of Paris—the father of Francois, consisted of his wife and three children; a daughter, Eloise, the eldest—Francois, four years her junior, and Julien, the youngest son. The last named, had proved a wild youth, who had left his home many years before, and his whereabouts or final fate had never been known. Julien had long since been dead, it was supposed, no trace of him having ever been had, after his sudden disappearance. The daughter, Eloise, was just budding into womanhood and had attained her eighteenth year, when Monsieur D'Aumail, the Commissary de Police, first chanced to meet her. Though many years her senior, she became flattered with his lavish attentions and polished address, and his station in society gave him manifest advantages over any rivals. He was wealthy, high in position, and well-favored; and, under honorable pretences, he won the favor and confidence of the beautiful, but ill-fated Eloise, whom he betrayed, as we have already seen. Finding exposure certain, he rented the small mansion in the Rue de Charenton, where he placed her for the time being, and where we first saw her, on the night of the 23d of March, in the chamber from which Chaufran had abducted the infant.

Francois Berdotte, her brother, had been partially educated at the Polytechnic School of Paris, as we have also shown. At the time he left France so suddenly, he had no intimation of D'Aumail's villany, nor had his sister had the opportunity to communicate with him, ignorant as she then was of Francois's error. When the commissary suffered the young burglar to escape, little did he dream that D'Aumail was aware of his relationship to Eloise; but that functionary was rejoiced at the apparent opportunity thus to be ridded—as he believed he would be, forever, of the presence of him who might one day, if at liberty, call him to account for the foul wrong he had committed. Francois was guilty of a crime, for which, if convicted, he must suffer a severe and frightful penalty; but ignorant of the greater crime perpetrated by the commissary, he bade adieu to France, and left D'Aumail comparatively at his ease.

Upon the arrival of the strange nobleman in Paris, he found that Monsieur Berdotte had long been dead. He was related to the family, and his next inquiries were for the brothers and the daughter—the once lovely Eloise. He learned with concern and sorrow, that the latter was rapidly sinking under a fearful malady for which no aid could be found, and he was informed that even at that moment she might scarcely be living. He ascertained her address, and hastened with all possible despatch to a small, ill-furnished tenement in the suburbs of Paris (whither she had been forced, at last), where he found her on her death-bed. O, how changed was that beauteous girl from her former self! Emaciated, broken down with suffering and grief, he could scarcely believe it was the Eloise he saw a few years since, in the bloom of health and beauty of womanhood. She extended her feeble hand—that hand so curiously marked, which, could the wealthy Chaufran have seen again, he would never have forgotten, assuredly, and the visiter was satisfied of her identity. She was supported now by a small stipend, paid monthly to the old crone who took nominal charge of her—but the nobleman saw plainly that her care would be needed but a few hours longer, at best; Eloise was dying!

The unknown had not disclosed his name to any one in Paris save Eloise, for reasons of his own, though years had elapsed since he left his native place; yet he was desirous to make an exertion for the better comfort of Eloise, and proposed that she should be moved at once, to more healthy and convenient quarters. His proffered kindness came too late—the poor sufferer felt that her hour of dissolution was rapidly approaching.

'You have come,' said the invalid, 'only to receive my dying blessing. It is kind in you, thus to feel for me; but a few hours hence, and I am convinced that this emaciated and shrunken form, the poor remains of once admired beauty, will be cold in the embrace of death. Do not oppress me with your tears, but listen calmly to the little I have to say.'

'Poor Elaise!' sighed the stranger.

'I feel that my strength is rapidly passing away, and even now the chill of death is on me. But I would speak of a terrible secret—a secret known but to myself, my betrayer, and to God alone! Nay, listen—and do not speak till I have finished.'

Her voice failed her, but amid her sobs and dying groans, she related briefly to the attentive stranger the history of her wrong, and gave the details, day and date. She informed him how her infant child had been removed from her side on the night of its birth, how it had been thrown into the Seine, as she subsequently learned, how she had been robbed of a valuable ring on that occasion, etc., and with her dying breath, she pronounced the name of her destroyer.

'D'Aumail, the commissary!' exclaimed the nobleman.

''Twas even he,' she said. 'Now take this ring. Keep it for the sake of Eloise. It was *his* ring—and I wore it, treasured it, under circumstances of want and suffering; for I loved him. He gave me two—the other was stolen—his station was too far, above—O, I am dying—adieu!' said the sufferer, faintly, and she swooned away.

Eloise lay for some minutes calm and rigid; then a struggle came, a gasp—she opened her eyes upon her friend, and a faint but sweet smile pervaded her features, a smile which called back to the recollection of the stranger the scenes of brighter days. He took the ring, imprinted an affectionate kiss upon her cold forehead, and a few minutes afterward he wept over her corpse! He left the chamber of death, and swore in his heart a terrible revenge upon the villain who had caused the downfall of Eloise Berdotte!

He returned immediately to his quarters at Bagnolet, where he found his evening meal prepared in his private apartment. Soon after he reached his room, his attendant, whom he had brought with others from Italy, entered for the purpose of serving him, as was usual at supper. He declined to eat anything, and his confidential servant observed that his master (always even in his temper) was deeply disturbed.

'Will your excellency have anything else provided?'

'No. Remove the supper, and then come to me.'

The servant did as he was directed, and in a few minutes, in accordance with his master's request, he seated himself at the side of the nobleman, near the table.

'Listen!' said his master, with earnest emphasis. 'The capital of France at this moment holds a villain, whose heart I would gladly wrench from his guilty breast!'

'Your excellency is not wont thus to be disturbed, surely,' replied his servant, 'and I judge you must have deep cause for offence. Paris holds a great many villains, your excellency, and guilt is not an extraordinary commodity, there.'

'And you know it—too?'

'I have seen it there,' said the other, coolly.

'You!' asked the nobleman, with surprise.

'Some twenty years ago, or more, I lived in Paris. I was a young man then, and drove a caleche for Dudevan. My business brought me in contact with all sorts of people, you see; and I met with some strange scenes, in my time. But I was understood to be a mute, your excellency, of course, a sort of *confidante* as it were; so I never spoke of what I knew and saw. I have borne the wealthy and the poor, the proud and the humble, over these very roads—ay, many a dark night; but it was a good while ago,' said the man, thoughtfully.

The eyes of the nobleman glistened, and he said, 'go on, go on!'

'I remember one night, now, quite twenty years back—of taking two men in my vehicle, from a house in the Rue de Charenton, whom I carried to the Pont du Jardin du Roi. One of them had a small deal box under his arm, and about the middle of the bridge, they ordered me to halt. They got out, walked on a little distance, and then I heard a noise in the water, as if some heavy substance had struck upon it. I was well paid for my horses, you see, and I had no occasion to make inquiries, your excellency. But when they returned, which they did immediately, I observed that the box was gone. They got in again, and I drove back. As we passed the quay, I saw a dark object floating on the water, and a waterman, who happened to be coming up, rowed out and secured the box, which I was satisfied my passengers had thrown into the Seine.'

'Well, well,' said his master, earnestly.

'Well. I said nothing to them, but knowing old Pierre Nicole, who was often out thus o'nights, I called at his hut next morning, and learned that his prize was a newborn infant, a sweet little girl, too, she was—and I laughed at him for his pains. You are right, excellency, there is a deal of villany in Paris.'

'And your passengers?'

'O, I drove them to the upper end of the Rue St. Honoré, I think, where they both alighted. I did not observe where they went, however; the night was dark, the fare was pre-paid, and I drove home. I heard a door shut beyond me, on the right; but couldn't tell which house it was, and it didn't matter much to me, either.'

'And the infant, you say, was rescued by Nicole, near the quay?'

'In the river. He lived near by. But he soon got sick of the baby; and one night he took it out and left it upon the steps of some rich old dog's house, whence I suppose it very soon found its way to the Foundling Hospital.'

'And you never heard of it, again?'

'Never.'

'You are clear in your recollections of this transaction?'

'Yes, your excellency. I remember all, distinctly.'

'Good! Now leave me. To-morrow evening, we take lodgings in Paris. Yourself and Carlos will accompany me thither. Prepare a disguise for a travelling *marchand*, and await me at ten in the evening. I have business on my hands which will require our stay in this vicinity some days. Good night,' said the nobleman, and his attendant disappeared.

The stranger tossed upon a restless pillow that night. His mind was overpowered, his senses almost stunned with the intelligence he had gathered since his arrival in France, and which had been so casually communicated to him. His determination was fixed before daylight, and he felt called upon to follow up the train of circumstances which had been revealed to him, resolved to be avenged upon D'Aumail at the very first opportunity.

De Monthon found upon his return to Paris, that the national affairs of France were in such a state as might well arrest the attention of every lover of his country's welfare. He had learned within the previous year, of the establishment of the 'club' of Paris, of the troubles which existed between the clergy and the government, of the menaces which had been exhibited by the people at large, and he watched the disturbed tide of political events with an anxious eye. The revolt of the troops in July followed soon after his arrival, the arrest of a portion of the ringleaders succeeded that, and their forced release from prison, by the people, immediately afterward, is still fresh in the memory of many now living.

Of the intimacy which existed between Hermione and De Monthon, Francois Berdotte was totally ignorant. He had never had any knowledge of their acquaintance with each other, even, and the fact that both Chaufran and D'Aumail had scrupulously avoided each other's society, subsequently to their adventure a score of years before, would have had the effect to confirm the idea that they were strangers, had Francois thought at all of the matter. But he had never known Eugene to speak of Hermione, and his mind was never once called to the subject in any manner whatever.

Alarming events which had latterly transpired in Paris, rendered it peremptory that prompt and efficient steps should be taken to maintain the authority of the king, which even the *noblesse* of France saw, with fear and trembling, was now declining. De Monthon's associations were with the nobility, and much he feared the signs of commotion which met him on his return to his native land. A twelvemonth previously to the count's recall, Monsieur D'Aumail had been promoted, for his eminent public services, to the post of Governor of the Bastile, a place well fitted to his peculiar talent, and an appointment which was conferred by the king, in consequence of the commissary's continued success in the performance of his duties.

While the pulse of France was throbbing with excitement, attendant upon matters of import which were rapidly approaching a fearful crisis in the history of that country, the unknown stranger we have noted was assiduously plotting D'Aumail's destruction!

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

### Heroic Martyrs.

In the accounts of the loss of the emigrant ship Floridian, by which one hundred and seventy persons lost their lives, it is stated that five seamen belonging to a fishing-smack of Colchester, perished in an unsuccessful attempt to rescue the sufferers. The brave and noble men saw the quarter deck carried off, with some of the emigrants on it, and pushed off in order to save the drowning unfortunates. They had pulled out to sea but a short distance, however, when a heavy roller struck their boat, upset it, and consigned the whole five to a watery grave. We have looked in vain among our English files for the names of these generous martyrs to compassion and duty: it being our intention to have passed them along as that of the sailor Jerome was, a few months ago. We notice with pleasure a suggestion in some of the London journals that inquiry should be made whether they left families, with the intention of providing, in this case, for the widowed and orphaned circle. If it is glorious to die on the battle-field, where the sword is drawn perhaps in a doubtful quarrel, how much more glorious to perish thus in the heroic attempt to save the lives of helpless women and children! The Greeks erected statues to men less worthy of commemoration. Let the names of these gallant men be recovered from obscurity, and in some way preserved for the gratitude and emulation of their race.—*Philadelphia Gazette.*

### Obstinacy.

We find in one of our French journals, an incident recorded which is very like an anecdote we have seen before:

Beauten, a grandee of the Court of Louis XIV. was exceedingly obstinate. He said that he had never known but one man more obstinate than himself, and he was a country judge. One morning, this judge, who had frequently annoyed him, called to make him a visit.

'Ah, s'death!' said Beauten, to his valet; 'say that I am in bed.'

'Monsieur,' replied the valet, after having delivered the message, 'he says he will wait till you rise.'

'Then tell him I am very sick.'

'Monsieur, he says he knows some excellent remedies.'

'Tell him that I am at the point of death, and there is no hope of my recovery.'

'Monsieur, he says that being the case, he cannot think of your dying without bidding you adieu.'

'Tell him I am dead!'

'Monsieur, he says he wishes to sprinkle you with holy water.'

'Well,' said Beauten, unable to find any other pretext, 'then show him in.'

### Case of Elizabeth Gaunt.

Among the persons concerned [illegible] House plot, was a man named J[illegible]. By his own confession, he had [illegible] when the design of assassination [illegible]ed by his accomplices. When [illegible] detected, a reward was offered [illegible]hension. He was saved [illegible] by an ancient matron of [illegible] persuasion, named Elizabeth Gaunt. This woman, with the peculiar manners and phraseology which then distinguished her sex, had a large charity. Her life was passed in relieving the unhappy of all denominations, and she was well known as a constant visiter of the jails. Her political and theological opinions, as well as her compassionate disposition, led her to do everything in her power for Burton. She procured a boat which took him to Gravesend, where he got on board of a ship bound for Amsterdam. At the moment of parting, she put into his hand a sum of money which, for her means, was very large. Burton, after living sometime in exile, returned to England with Monmouth, fought at Sedgemoor, fled to London, and took refuge in the house of John Fernley, a barber in Whitechapel. Fernley was very poor. He was besieged by creditors. He knew that a reward of an hundred pounds had been offered by the government for the apprehension of Burton. But the honest man was incapable of betraying one who, in extreme peril, had come beneath the shadow of his roof. Unhappily it was soon noised abroad that the anger of James was more strongly excited against those who harbored rebels themselves. He had publicly declared that of all forms of treason, the hiding of traitors from his vengeance was the most unpardonable. Burton knew this. He delivered himself up to the government; and he gave information against Fernley and Elizabeth Gaunt.

They were brought to trial. The villain whose life they had preserved had the heart and forehead to appear as the principal witness against them. They were convicted.—Fernley was sentenced to the gallows, Elizabeth Gaunt to the stake. Even after all the horrors of that year, many thought it impossible that these judgments should be carried into execution. But the king was without pity. Fernley was hanged. Elizabeth was burned alive at Tyburn on the same day on which Cornish suffered death in Cheapside. She left a paper written, indeed, in no graceful style, yet such as was read by many thousands with compassion and horror. 'My fault,' she said, 'was one which a prince might well have forgiven. I did but relieve a poor family, [illegible].' She complained of the insolence of the judges, [illegible] and of the tyranny of him, the great one of all, to whose pleasure so many other victims had been sacrificed. In as far as they had injured her, she forgave them: but, in that they were implacable enemies of that good cause which would yet revive and flourish, she left to the King of kings. To the last she preserved a tranquil courage, which reminded the spectators of the most heroic deaths of which they had read in Fox. William Penn, for whom exhibitions which humane men generally avoid seemed to have had a strong attraction, hastened from Cheapside, where he had seen Cornish hanged, to Tyburn, in order to see Elizabeth Gaunt burned. He afterwards related that, when she calmly disposed the straw about her in such a manner as to shorten her sufferings, all the by-standers burst into tears. It was much noticed that while the foulest judicial murder which had disgraced even those times was perpetrating, a tempest burst forth, such as had not been known since that great hurricane which raged round the death-bed of Oliver. The oppressed Puritans reckoned up, not without a gloomy satisfaction, the houses that had been blown down, and the ships which had been cast away, and derived some consolation from thinking that heaven was bearing awful testimony against the iniquity which afflicted earth. Since that day, no woman has suffered death in England for any political offence.—*Macaulay's History of England.*

### The Lost Tribes.

It will be recollected that Major Noah gave it as his opinion that California is the real 'Ophir' of Scripture, where Solomon obtained the gold used in building the temple. In answer to the question of a contemporary as to what has become of the ten, or rather nine-and-a-half missing tribes of Israel, the Major says that they are without doubt to be found on the continent of America, in the Indians who were its inhabitants when the country was discovered by Europeans. The opinion is one that very many learned men have entertained, and much has been written in support of it both by Jewish and Christian writers. In the second book of Esdras, in speaking of the tribes who were carried away captive by the king of Assyria, it is said that he 'carried them over the waters, so they came unto another.' And it is added: 'They took this counsel among themselves, that they would leave the multitude of the heathen, and go into a far country, wherein mankind never dwelt, that they might there keep their statutes, which they never kept in their own land (Assyria), and there was a great way to go, namely, a year and a half.'

The Major follows them in their march towards the northeast coast of Asia, where, as he assumes, a large proportion of them crossed Bherings Straits, and spread themselves over our continent. Some passed down the Pacific coast, through California to Mexico, Central America and Peru, where they encountered their ancient enemies the Canaanites, who had emigrated five hundred years before them, built the city of Palenque, and executed those various works of art and immense labor, the huge remains of which are a wonder and a mystery to the present generation. These people the newly-arrived Israelites attacked and destroyed, and became themselves masters of the New World. Such is the opinion held by the authority we have quoted; and many facts are adduced in support of the assumption. 'These,' says Noah, 'are the missing, but never the *lost* tribes of Israel. They resided in California when the ships of Solomon made their three years' voyage, and furnished the gold of Ophir for building the temple; they reside there still—the settlers and proprietors of Mexico, Peru, and the whole American continent; they have been here centuries before the advent of Christianity, and patiently await the promises of redemption.—*Am. Courier.*

The law of libel is a glorious affair. A man charged with having robbed the treasury of Bedford county, Pa., put in a plea of guilty, and was sentenced to two years and six months in the penitentiary. The editor of the Bedford Inquirer says: 'Precisely three years ago we were fined $350 for cautioning the public against this individual.'

THE FLAG OF OUR UNION.

[Written for The Flag of our Union.]

# GRACE MORLAND:

OR,

## THE WEIGHT OF TRIFLES.

BY MRS. EMMA C. EMBURY.

'—Trifles make the sum of human things,
And half our misery from our foibles springs.'
HANNAH MORE.

'Do you remember the promise we made each other years ago, dear Lilias? Do you remember how we sat on the mossy old stone, beside the brook, and told our dreams of the future? Do you remember how glowingly we described our ideal lovers? Mine was to be tall, with raven hair and large, black eyes—proud in his bearing to men—gentle in his courtesy to women—a 'preux chevalier' of modern times. Did we ever think whether he would be rich, Lilias? No—sordidness comes with later life. We weave golden fancies in our youth, but we traffic not in "filthy lucre." Do you remember promising to be my bride's-maid, if I was married first? I was then fifteen, and you were one year younger. Ten years have passed since then. *Ten years*, Lilias! How old I have grown; and now I call upon you, dear friend, to fulfil that promise. I am going to be married, Lilias—but not to my ideal lover; yet if I were to describe my future spouse, it would be in terms so like those I just used in speaking of our youthful dreams, that you would be deceived into the belief that I had really found my idol. Suppose I were to tell you, my lover is tall, dark-eyed and raven-haired, would you not immediately add all the other attributes of our girlish hopes? What a mockery are words! what a mockery is truth itself, when it comes to us wearing the semblance of our hopes, when we know those hopes are dead within us!

'You will come to me, Lilias, will you not? But remember—no congratulations—no good wishes, and above all, no sympathy from *you*. I am nerved to play my part to the world, but to *you*, Lilias, it would be impossible. Do not think I am unhappy—do not imagine I am sacrificed to the ambition of parents, or to the worldliness of friends. Of my own free will, am I alone the victim—pshaw! what a romantic idea I am putting into your head. I will be more rational, dear Lilias, and as we used to say, "I'll tell you all about it, soberly."

'In the first place, Miss Lilias Grey, please to remember that I have celebrated (*with tears*) my twenty-fifth birthday. I am no longer young, no longer blooming, no longer the pet of society, who tolerated all my whims and impertinences as only "pretty Fanny's way." Women are like hot-house plants in America—forced into premature display, and of course doomed to premature decay. At sixteen I was thrown into society, and from that time to this I have lived but in a whirl of fashion and excitement. People fancied I was an heiress, as well as a beauty. They were deceived, Lilias. No amount of money was spared upon my education—no expense was too lavish for my adornment in society—no sacrifice was too great to procure me a fitting position in the world of fashion. Yet for what? Lilias, my cheek burns while I write the degrading words—I was sent into the world as an *adventuress*—born and bred a lady, with high-toned feelings and acute sensibilities, I was destined to play the part of an adventuress. You are amazed, but my language is not too strong. My father valued my beauty as the pedler does his wares. He had expensive tastes and was always in advance of his income; therefore, it was intended that I should make a market of my attractions, and marry a fortune.

'For a long time I was kept in ignorance of this; but even now my heart sickens at the recollection of the gradual dawning of the bitter truth upon me. I had not sufficient moral courage to break through the restraints of family pride and prejudice, else I would have buried myself in some obscure retreat—gone into a convent—done anything, rather than kept up the deceitful part I was called upon to play. No matter; my youth has been wasted in frivolity, and society has provided no refuge but marriage for the refined and destitute woman. Were there any retreat offered to me—any honest and honorable home provided for the *poor gentlewoman*—any place where, by such labor as she could perform, her bread could be earned, without subjecting her to exposure, and danger, and hardship, such as woman shrinks from—were there any such abode for me in the future, I would subject my pride and tame down my worldliness, and grow the meekest of charity sisters, rather than sell myself for riches, and honors, and luxuries.

'But you will be wearied, or at least pained, with my wild incoherencies. I would burn this letter, and write you a pretty, lady-like epistle, about wedding preparations and such interesting matters, but my brain is too weary and my heart too faint. Besides, I would rather let you have this one glimpse into my heart, before I close its portals forever. Come to me, dear Lilias. I am to be married on Tuesday fortnight. But remember—ask no questions, and offer no sympathy. Sympathy, indeed! I shall have the largest house, the finest horses, the gayest wedding, and the richest *trousseau* of any bride of the season.

'Yours, as long as I am mine own,
'GRACE MORLAND.'

Such was the singular epistle which, coming as it did from one of the dearest of her early friends, almost broke the heart of sweet Lilias Grey. Grace Morland had been her schoolmate for years, and when they had finished their education, though each set out on a very different pathway in life, they still retained their school-girl fancy for each other. Grace entered upon all the gayeties of city life, as a beauty and a belle, while Lilias returned to her father's quiet country parsonage to enjoy the calm delights of contentment and usefulness.

Every summer Grace came to recruit her health and renew her roses, by a quiet visit to Lilias in her village home. Lilias rarely returned this visit, for she liked not the whirl of gayety in which the Morlands lived. But she loved Grace dearly, and the spoiled and flattered votary of fashion became the true-hearted, unsophisticated, affectionate girl once more, whenever she found herself amid the hallowed influences of the good pastor's roof. In this way it happened that Lilias knew more of Grace's inner nature than any one else could know. She saw the real woman, such as nature made her—such as society should have left her. But they who beheld Grace Morland, the centre of a frivolous circle—the admired of empty fools—the leader of idle fashions—the arrogant beauty, claiming as a right the homage of the gay world—had a very different opinion of her. Exceedingly lovely in person, with the stately, yet gentle bearing so attractive in a gifted woman, proud but yet kindly in feeling, and accomplished in everything which could add to her attractiveness, it would have been strange indeed if she had not won lovers at her feet.

Yet she seemed in no haste to assume the honors of a bride; and it was not until people said she had flirted through four or five seasons that she accepted the richest of her lovers, and consented to become the wife of 'John Digges, Esq.' as he wrote himself down on his porcelain cards.

Lilias pondered long and sadly over her friend's strange letter. She would have given worlds to have gone to her and sympathized with her, and counselled her. But Lilias had other and sadder duties. Her mother lay ill with a fatal disease, and she knew that her place was by the sick bed; so she wrote to Grace, tenderly and earnestly expostulating with her on the madness and folly of marrying with such feelings, and coupling her refusal to assist at the wedding with such a touching description of her own sorrowful anticipations, that Grace Morland wept like a child over the letter of her *one true* friend.

But the expostulations came too late—Grace was summoned from her melancholy reflections to receive a magnificent '*corbeille de mariage*,' which her wealthy lover had sent for her acceptance. As her sisters gathered round, and drew forth the rich India shawls, the sparkling necklace of diamonds, the superb '*broideries*' and delicate '*bijouterie*,' which formed part of its contents, Grace yielded to the influence of womanly vanity, and consoled herself with the thought that if she did not feel a romantic attachment for her future *lord*, she was at least certain of substantial good in the connection.

'He is good-looking, not deficient in brains, and certainly has good taste, or he never could have selected his marriage gifts so well.'

Such were her thoughts as she suffered the gay girls to heap on her stately person as many of these superb presents as they could, in order to see their effect. Grace had too much real pride to value these adornments beyond their actual worth; and besides, she had always dressed too well to think much about mere decoration. But as she stood before the mirror with a diamond circlet on her dark hair, a chain of the same priceless gems upon her proud neck, and the folds of a costly Cachemire falling to her feet, a feeling of *security*, a sense of the *actuality* of wealth, and a *certainty* of its possession, gave her a thrill of joy such as she had never before known. Heretofore, she had been showing forth the shadow—now the substance was in her hands, and though neither sordid nor fond of dress, yet Grace Morland had been so often compelled to stoop her proud nature to subterfuges, to conceal the real position of her family, that there was positive joy now in the consciousness of wealth.

* * * * * * *

The wedding day came. A train of carriages filled the street, the bridal party were escorted to the church, and on their return received the congratulations of their 'dear five hundred friends.' The bride's *trousseau* was examined, admired, and envied by all the young ladies. An extraordinary quantity of wedding cake was distributed, and then the 'happy pair' were whirled off in the bridegroom's new equipage to commence a wedding tour of several weeks.

There are few things more trying to the feelings than this sudden isolation from all familiar ties—from all well-known faces—from all former habitudes which fashion has prescribed as the necessary ordeal to precede domestic life. Where two persons love each other most devotedly, it is an awkward thing to feel thus thrown entirely upon each other's resources, at a time when the excitement of happiness has impaired the calm self-possession, which is the only comfortable friend of mind. But when, not love, but 'circumstance, that unspiritual god,' has united those who have no tastes, no feelings, no habits in common—when the newly-cemented marriage bond requires all the extraneous aid possible, before it can be adapted to the wearers—when the yoke needs *fitting* to the necks of those who have submitted to it—then the wedding *tour* becomes the most severe of all tests of character.

Grace Morland, the proud beauty, sustained and supported in her pride by parents, friends, and admirers, had a very easy part to play towards her affianced husband, while John Digges, the happy and munificent lover, who daily handed her into the carriage for a drive, and who regularly waited upon her to the opera or the ball-room, had little else to do than to dress like a gentleman and enjoy the admiration she excited. But when Mr. and Mrs. Digges were taken out from the midst of these surroundings, and called upon to be particularly agreeable to each other, without any assistance except such as they derived from their own mental and moral resources, the affair wore a different aspect. Not that either was particularly deficient in agreeableness, but they were so different. Mr. Digges was one of those careless, good-tempered, idle men, who, having no intellectual tastes, and being too rich to adopt mechanical pursuits, generally adopt a medium course and become excellent judges of horse-flesh. His particular talent lay in such matters, and he was one of the best amateur horse-jockeys in the country. The bride, without being anything of a '*blue*,' was decidedly beyond mediocrity in mind, well educated, with cultivated tastes, and a refinement of manners and feelings which almost reached the point of fastidiousness. In the daily intercourse of domestic life, these differences in character might come gradually forth, associated perhaps with some kindly word or some good deed, which would soften the medium through which they were first seen, as a balmy, spring-like atmosphere takes away from the asperities of a rude landscape. But when thus sent forth together to see the sights and study each other, all the discrepancies which existed between them seemed suddenly to stand out in bold relief.

When they returned and entered upon the daily routine of life in the magnificent house which the wealthy bridegroom had prepared for his beautiful bride, both felt something of that painful disenchantment which is too apt to follow high anticipations. Mr. Digges had learned to feel a certain awe of his superior wife, and the lady had found that her husband, though not decidedly vulgar, certainly 'did not show blood,' as a jockey might say. As if to sadden her still more, almost the first thing she saw, on entering her richly-furnished dressing-room, was a letter from Lilias Grey. Poor Lilias! While Grace had been going through one of the gayest of life's gay scenes, she had been watching beside the death-bed of a beloved mother. Not until that mother was laid in the grave did Lilias relax her cares, and then, over-fatigue and excitement prostrated her strength. She was taken alarmingly ill, and though her youth and a good constitution rescued her from her perilous condition, she was yet feeble. The first moment of convalescence had been devoted to Grace; and though too weak to write a whole letter at once, she had added a few lines from time to time, until the artless epistle was like so many pages from her heart's book.

Grace wept long and tenderly over this letter. Perhaps it was well for her that she had some such excuse for the mournful distaste with which she seemed to turn away from the luxuries which surrounded her. Her husband, though utterly unable to sympathize in such a friendship as this seemed to be, yet wished to please his wife, and accordingly proposed sending for Miss Grey to pass a few weeks with them. Grace caught eagerly at the suggestion, and thanking him for the kind thought, she despatched a warm-hearted, earnest letter to her sorrowing friend, praying her to visit them, and promising her seclusion and quiet during her sojourn. At first, Lilias shrunk from the idea of going among strangers, but she was not one to cherish morbid grief. She believed change of air would restore her, she wished to see Grace once more, and she finally accepted the cordial invitation.

The warm welcome which Lilias received from her friend, and the affectionate solicitude with which Grace devoted herself to her comfort, did much towards restoring the invalid's spirits to their usual quiet tone. As her recent bereavement prevented her from going into society, Grace gave up many enjoyments for the sake of remaining at home with her, and Lilias felt as if the world had not yet spoiled her friend's noble nature. At first sight it seemed to her as if Grace had indeed drawn a rich prize in the lottery of life. Surrounded by everything that taste could devise, or luxury desire, or wealth procure; with a husband, well-looking, not ill-bred, full of kindly feeling, and withal, devoted to his beautiful wife, it might seem strange, indeed, if Grace was not a happy woman.

Yet Lilias had been but a short time domesticated with the newly-wedded pair, before she discovered an occasional shadow flitting over the serene sky, which, though as light and transitory as the shade flung over a landscape by the clouds of April, yet was sufficient to dim the sunshine of home. Grace had always possessed a most refined taste and the most fastidious delicacy, even in the minutest details of life. Perhaps it might better deserve the name of *daintiness*, when applied to the minutiæ of existence; but it was as much a part of her nature as was her talent, her beauty, her pride, or any other of her individualities of character. She had a morbid fear of ridicule, and like all persons who are gifted with a quick perception of the ludicrous in others, she was exceedingly sensitive to anything that could expose her, or hers, to the same ordeal. Had Mr. John Digges been a vulgar, fussy little man, with any ridiculous peculiarities of look or manner, no temptation could have induced her to marry him. His name had been some objection, at first, but she fancied she could obviate that difficulty; and when she became his wife, it was in the full belief that, with a very little training, he would occupy the respectable position of a somewhat dull and pompous gentleman of large fortune and good taste.

But the very quality on which she had depended for producing the effect she desired proved the cause of her defeat. John Digges, Esq., had been one of the most unpresuming men in the world; and, therefore, notwithstanding his large fortune, nobody troubled themselves to remember that his father had started in life as a pork-butcher, and that his mother once sold sausages in the market.—These things had happened before he was born, and though he knew them well enough from his father's gossipping remembrances, yet their only effect upon him was to excite his ambition, while it kept down his self-love. As soon as he was old enough to reflect upon such matters, he determined to marry into an *old* family, and in the meantime he was resolved not to make himself ridiculous, by presuming too much upon the wealth which was his only claim. To be sure, his father was a wholesale dealer in provisions at the time of his death, and commanded the respect usually paid on Change to a man who 'has money;' But John Digges could not forget that he had been born over a pork-shop, and this was the single drop of bitterness in his cup of life.

When his parents died, he fancied he should lose this disagreeable reminiscence, but it still pursued him like a shadow. He would have given half his estate for the privilege of bearing an aristocratic name, and being able to talk of his grandfather. Now, though family pride, when it consists in an honest and honorable pride in a long line of worthy ancestors is one of the most ennobling of qualities, and as the humble scion of a noble house once said, 'is useful in preventing a man from doing anything unworthy of a gentleman;' yet an uneasy consciousness of *family meanness* is one of the most debasing of all mental characteristics. Mr. Digges had been well educated, as far as his mediocre talents would allow. He had every advantage which society could afford to the rich man's son; his personal appearance was at first sight very good, and even rather striking; yet all these qualities were neutralized by the shyness, self-distrust, and weakness, growing out of his unfortunate consciousness of low birth.

His marriage with Grace Morland had gratified him in more ways than one. She was not only beautiful and gifted, but was also fashionable and elegant, while the stately and self-possessed pride of her whole bearing, evincing as it did the habitual sense of 'family'—that sort of unquestioned and unquestioning charm to fixed position which so few in this country can possess—completely fascinated him. Perhaps the deference of his manner when he first proposed to her—the unaffected humility with which he seemed to regard his own relative position—the timidity with which he referred to the wealth which he sought to lay at her feet, were not without their due effect upon the belle, who was now finishing her sixth season in society. But she was scarcely prepared for the change which this attainment of his hopes effected in the character of the lover.

Utterly deficient in taste and tact, Mr. Digges was no sooner the husband of the beautiful Miss Morland, than he began to exhibit his ruling passion, by striving to identify himself with the lady's family, and forgetting his own. One of the first acts of the wife after her marriage, had been to order a set of visiting cards with the name of 'Mrs. J. Morland Digges,' thus giving dignity to her new monosyllabic title. But what was her horror and mortification to find, after paying her whole round of bridal calls, that her husband, liking the sound of the agreeable *prefix*, and wishing to afford her an agreeable surprise, had followed her example, and that every card which he had handed in, with hers, bore the name of *Mr. J. Morland Digges*, Esq. Grace could have cried with vexation. In vain she attempted to expostulate with him, and make him understand that while she had a perfect right to use her own maiden name in such a manner, if she chose, yet that it became a perfect absurdity in him to assume it. He either did not, or would not, see the folly of which he had been guilty, and continued to claim the newly-acquired family name, very much to the amusement of the good-natured world of fashion.

This had been the cause of the first difference between them; but Grace soon found that all hope of moulding him into dull respectability was utterly futile. Hitherto, he had cowered in the presence of the well-born, and used his wealth only as a screen to his conscious insignificance. But now he was resolved to indemnify himself for past discomforts, by determinately sharing his wife's advantages of fashion and position. His disposition was affectionate, and he had a certain fondling manner, which, if associated with refinement and courtliness, might have passed unobserved, or have added a tenderness of demeanor not always disagreeable to those who receive such attentions. But Mr. John Digges loved his wife, and he rather liked to let people see that he did, or rather, to let them see that he was privileged to be familiar with the 'proud ladye,' whom they might worship afar off. He had a sort of boyish petulance of temper, which made him insist on having his own will in small matters, not because he cared so much about the matters themselves, but because his vanity liked to bring into subjection her pride. In short, his whole character was made up of *littlenesses*—some of them good, some bad, some indifferent—but *all little*; and as a man's person always takes, more or less, its *expression* (if I may use the term) from his mental and moral nature, John Digges, Esq., though six feet high, and wearing superb black whiskers, to say nothing of a glossy moustache, was in appearance, as well as in reality, one of the *smallest* men in society. There was a certain servility in his manner—a sort of fawning civility in his voice—an artificial smile of condescending benevolence on his face—and his very figure had a sort of awkward suppleness, as it was always ready to spring forward, in a sort of *jack-knife bow*, to those who stood higher than himself in the estimation of the world.

Such was the real man whom the proud, high-minded, fastidious Grace Morland had chosen as her lord and master. It would be almost impossible to designate the thousand ways in which such a bond could gall such a woman. In his affectionate moods he would throw his long limbs on a sofa, and resting his head in her lap, would drop asleep while uttering all sorts of fond platitudes. In his fits of petulance he would insist on some petty act of obedience on her part, which was all the harder for being so trivial. In his boisterous good humor, he would tease and annoy her through her daintiness and delicacy, by pulling the comb from her hair, when her toilet was just completed, spilling his chocolate over her exquisite morning-dress, or playing some boyish antic among her '*bijouterie*.' Two things he exacted with a degree of pertinacity as absurd as it was annoying. He would not allow her to occupy herself with any employment, and he insisted on a full-dress toilet every day. As he had no business, and was at home at all hours, he was able to enforce all the petty demands which he made in his household, so that Grace soon found herself little better than the favorite slave in the midst of her magnificent home. Yet all this was done, not from ill-temper, not from a tyrannical disposition, but simply and sheerly from want of tact and obtuseness of perception.

Lilias saw the tendency of these things, and she could easily understand how difficult it was for Grace to adapt herself to just such circumstances. Had there been anything worth studying and assimilating herself to, in her husband's character, she would have been happier; but this perpetual recurrence of trifling discrepancies, this continual harping upon pettinesses, this daily discovery of 'small sins' against dignity and self-respect, formed the most trying of all ordeals to a really proud woman. In vain Lilias sought to awaken her friend's perceptions of the better part of his nature, by bringing forward his generosity, his affection, his good temper, and his kindliness. Grace could acknowledge his worth—could do full justice to his sterling good qualities—could feel a sort of grateful liking for him when he was away; but when he was beside her, continually offending her taste by his '*gaucherie*,' or exciting her contempt by his want of self-respect, and wounding her pride by the very subservience he showed, not to her, but to her 'high connections'—exerting a kind of good-humored despotism over her in private as 'Mrs. John Digges,' while in public he was the most humble of obedient servants to the well-born daughter of Mr. Morland; when she saw him in this light (as unfortunately she too often did), she learned how heavily the weight of small things may press upon the spirits.

Lilias Grey did not see these evils in their full extent during the few weeks that she was the inmate of her friend's family; but she saw enough to send her to her quiet home full of melancholy foreboding. She could discern the cause of the trouble, but she could do nothing to prevent it. Had there been serious faults of character, or vices of temper to correct, there would have been more hope for future happiness. But, unfortunately, the discrepancies were those which could never be remedied—the differences of character were too trivial to be treated as defects, yet too serious to allow of that assimilation which alone can ensure the comforts of domestic life.

To record the daily detail of home trials in an ill-assorted marriage, is like heaping up grains of sand to form the mountain. Small in themselves, they seem scarce worth the noting, yet what a barrier between hearts do they build up! Three years after Grace Morland's marriage, Lilias received the following letter from her:

'Come to me, Lilias. I bade you thus to my wedding, and you did not come; but refuse me not now, in my hour of anguish.—Come to me, Lilias, my true and only friend. I am alone—alone in the midst of the splendor and display for which I sold my poor self. Do you know what the French mean when they talk of killing '*à coup d'epingles*?' stabbing with pin-points, as we might say. For three years have I been suffering this martyrdom; for three years have I felt my heart consuming by half a grain a day. Now I am free, Lilias—but what a freedom! I have driven him from me, Lilias; he is gone, and I am left to solitude and remorse; ay, *remorse*, for now that he is no longer here to mock my agony with his petty exactions and small tyranny, I remember all his kindliness, all his true, though weak affection, and I am wretched at the thought that he has been driven from his home by one who owes him so much.

'But let me explain my true position. Do not think, Lilias, that we let the world into the secret of our troubles. To the lynx-eyed world of fashion we are only the complaisant husband and wife, each pursuing the course most agreeable to their feelings, yet preserving the *respectability* of an unbroken union. Mr. Digges has sailed for Europe, where he will probably remain several years *for the benefit of his health*. I remain at home, *out of duty to my infirm father*. What hypocrites the world makes of us!

'You only shall know the truth, Lilias. To you only will I breathe the anguish that now wrings my heart. Do you remember Schiller's fancy of the proud Hippogriff yoked with an ox to the plough? It is but an idealized image of such an unnatural union as that which has bound me. Yet what right have I to complain? It was my own act. For the sake of wealth and luxury, I sold myself—my own proud self—and how shall I dare complain that the yoke I voluntarily assumed has galled me?

'I knew we were unlike; I did not hope for congeniality of feeling; but my days of romance were over, and I had schooled myself to dwell content among the *proprieties of life*, believing that I could fulfil all ordinary duties without the aid of sentiment. It was an *awful mistake*! "*In marriage, sensibility is a duty; in every other relation, virtue may suffice; but in that where destinies are intertwined, where the same impulse, so to speak, serves for the beatings of two hearts, a profound affection is an essential bond of union.*" I met with this passage in Mde. de Stael lately, and I have written it on my heart and brain with the iron pen of experience.

'Come to me, Lilias, and let me weep on your bosom. Come and listen to the tale of "small causes," and learn how terribly "trifles" do "make the sum of human things." Your soft eye will open in meek wonder when you hear the trivialities which have been suffered to come between those who promised to be faithful unto death to their plighted troth. Alas! the marriage vow was a perjury even at the instant it was uttered, and the sin has not gone unrewarded.'

Lilias Grey obeyed her friend's mournful summons. She found her faded, worn and haggard with repentance and regret. The liberality of her husband (perhaps his *pride*) had left her in the full enjoyment of wealth and state. Everything wore the aspect of elegance and magnificence, but of the pair who began life together in the midst of these envied appliances, one was a lonely and unhappy wanderer; the other as lonely and even more unhappy, because possessed of a more sensitive and higher nature.

In vain Lilias sought to shape her friend's remorse into that repentance which could lead to a re-union. The idea of her husband's return called up all the bitterness of a galled and tortured pride, which could not forgive past humiliations. Yet there were times when the recollection of the real tenderness which lay beneath the uncouth demonstrations from which she had recoiled—of the lavish generosity which wanted only the additional charm of delicacy to have made it as gratifying to the better feelings, as it was to the more sordid ones of her nature—of the deference and devotion to her wishes, which, if accompanied by a little more self-respect and force of character, would have wooed her gratitude and commanded her esteem—filled her with an unutterable anguish.

When Lilias returned to her village home, she was accompanied by Grace, who gladly sought a refuge from fashionable friends in the seclusion of a country parsonage. There, with the world shut out, and with no pleasant anticipations to call her thoughts beyond the sombre present, Grace had ample leisure to read the melancholy pages which were recorded in memory. She saw how thorough had been her own worldliness; how superficial her sense of duty; how wicked had been her pride; how weak her resistance to the dictates of evil passions. She reviewed the conduct of her husband, and she could not but acknowledge to herself that he had violated no actual duty, had neglected no claim upon him, had offended no principle of religion or morality, or even of propriety. It was *the daily insults offered to her taste* that had made the difficulty between them, and she learned the truth that so many feel without the power of analyzing, viz., that people may have sterling principles, like ingots of fine gold, but if they have not taste and tact, like current coin, for daily use, their real worth is rarely discovered until the period of usefulness is gone forever.

No woman of sense ever communes honestly with her own heart, without growing better. Had her husband returned, he would have found his beautiful wife as much improved in character as she was faded in bloom and freshness of beauty. But Mr. John Digges was one of those good-natured, indolent persons who hate trouble and carefully avoid scenes. He was convinced that his wife's temper could never be made to consort with his own; yet with a sort of pride in the connection that long outlasted his personal affection for her, he provided munificently for her at home, while he preferred the freedom and '*dolce far niente*' of a life abroad. He kept up a civil correspondence with Grace; and he was not without good-natured friends to tell him of her faded looks, as well as of what they called 'her fanaticism,' when she withdrew from gay life, and gave herself more entirely to a life of usefulness. The picture of an ugly devotee, in the place of his stately Grace, was not agreeable to his somewhat literal ideas, and he therefore suffered year after year to pass away without the least apparent wish to return to his native land. He had learned to do without his wife, and he shrunk from the recurrence of stormy scenes and turbulent interviews.

To a sensitive nature such as Grace possessed, perhaps the severest of all punishments was the knowledge of the futility of her remorse. She never had it in her power to atone to her husband for what she felt to have been her want of appreciation of his good qualities, and the undue weight which she gave to his defects. But what she could do, to atone for the error of an interested marriage, she did nobly. Out of the savings of the income which her husband left her, she established 'a home for poor gentlewomen,' such as she had sighed for in her youth.

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[Written for The Flag of our Union.]

## Spring Time.

BY MATURIN M. BALLOU.

Pure is the morning
That ushers the spring!
Sweet birds are warbling
Their notes on the wing.
Young buds are bursting—
All hopeful and bright—
Breaking their thrall
Of the long winter night.

Soft-scented breezes
Are kissing the lea,
Wild flowers yielding
Their sweets to the bee.
Roses are blushing
Neath Sol's ardent gaze;
Dewdrops are flitting
Away on his rays!

All nature is happy—
And gladness the while,
Hath hillside and meadow
Each wreathed in a smile.
The season's soft shadow
On all things is seen;
For nature is wrapped
In her mantle of green.

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[Written for The Flag of our Union.]

## For Annie.

BY EDGAR A. POE.

Thank Heaven! the crisis—
The danger is past;
And the lingering illness
Is over at last—
And the fever, called 'Living,'
Is conquered at last.

Sadly, I know, I am
Shorn of my strength;
And no muscle I move
As I lie at full length—
But no matter!—I feel
I am better at length.

And I rest so composedly
Now, in my bed,
That any beholder
Might fancy me dead—
Might start at beholding me,
Thinking me dead.

The sickness—the nausea—
The pitiless pain—
Have ceased with the fever
That maddened my brain—
With the fever, called 'Living,'
That burned in my brain.

The moaning and groaning,
The sighing and sobbing,
Are quieted now; and the
Horrible throbbing
At heart:—O, that horrible,
Horrible throbbing!

And ah! of all tortures,
*That* torture the worst,
Has abated—the terrible
Torture of thirst
For the naphthaline river
Of glory accurst:—
I have drank of a water
That quenches all thirst.

Of a water that flows,
With a lullaby sound,
From a fountain, a very few
Feet underground—
From a cavern not very far
Down under ground.

And ah! let it never be
Foolishly said
That my room, it is gloomy,
And narrow my bed;
For man never slept
In a different bed—
And, *to sleep*, you must slumber
In just such a bed.

My tantalized spirit
Here blandly reposes,
Forgetting, or never
Regretting, its roses—
Its old agitations
Of myrtles and roses:

For now, while so quietly
Lying, it fancies
A holier odor
About it, of pansies—
A rosemary odor
Commingled with pansies—
With rue and the beautiful
Puritan pansies.

And so it lies, happily
Bathing in many
A dream of the love
And the beauty of Annie—
Drowned in a bath
Of the tresses of Annie.

She tenderly kissed me—
She fondly caressed—
And then I fell gently
To sleep on her breast—
Deeply to sleep from the
Heaven of her breast.

When the light was extinguished,
She covered me warm;
And she prayed to the angels
To keep me from harm—
To the queen of the angels
To shield me from harm.

And I lie so composedly
Now, in my bed—
Knowing her love—
That you fancy me dead.
And I rest so contentedly
Now, in my bed,
With her love at my breast,
That you fancy me dead—
That you shudder to look at me,
Thinking me dead.

But my heart, it is brighter
Than all of the many
Stars of the heaven,
For it sparkles with Annie—
It glows with the fire
Of the love of my Annie—
With the thought of the light
Of the eyes of my Annie.

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[Written for the Flag of our Union.]

## SMOKING 'EM OUT;

OR, THE

## YANKEE SCHOOLMASTER OUT WEST.

BY THE GREEN MOUNTAIN BARD.

Christmas is, decidedly, *the* great holiday of the West, on which occasion each man, woman and child is expected to enjoy all the fun possible. Feasting and frolicking, visiting and dancing fill up the day, while formerly, even the children in the common schools caught the spirit of the times, and expected an annual 'spree' at the 'schoolmaster's' expense, on which occasion he was required to furnish a liberal supply of the 'ardent,' together with a reasonable quantity of raisins, candies, nuts, etc. Should the worthy pedagogue refuse to comply with these very modest requirements, he was, provided the rising 'democracy' placed under his charge could muster sufficient strength, immediately seized, tied and conveyed to the nearest water course, where he was treated, 'sans ceremony' to a generous application of the 'water cure' in the shape of a plunge-bath, which operation was repeated again and again, much to the satisfaction of the young 'regulators,' until the shivering victim was fain to purchase his liberty by a full concession of all demands.

But in case the urchins felt themselves unable to cope with the superior prowess of their teacher, they would seize the opportunity when he was absent, to barricade the doors and windows of the school-room, and hold possession of the fortress until they could bring their redoubtable enemy to terms. In all cases, however, after they had carried their point, and the 'spree' was over, they would invariably return to their allegiance, and the event was seemingly forgotten—or, at least, it never became the cause of any after-insubordination. But alas! for the integrity of the time-honored custom, the rapid influx of Yankee teachers and Yankee innovations is fast revolutionizing the ancient regime of Western manners, and it is rarely now that an occurrence of the kind takes place.

Once upon a time, as the romance writers say, a very elongated, and, withal, a very down-east-ified individual, bearing the euphonious appellation of Obadiah Starkweather, had wandered away off to the 'far-west' to 'seek his fortin,' as he himself expressed it. He was one of those 'cute' individuals who can turn their hand to almost anything that promised, for the time being, the best compensation for their exertions. Having left home with a goodly supply of 'Yankee notions,' after various vicissitudes of fortune, he at last found himself on the far-off prairies of Illinois, quietly settled in a small 'sucker' village, engaged in the laudable avocation of 'teachin' the young ideas how to shute.'

As Christmas came round, the 'young idees' under his charge began to make preparations for the celebration of their annual 'spree,' of which custom our Yankee friend was, as yet, wholly ignorant. On Christmas morning Obadiah was met as he entered the school-room, by a committee of three, appointed by the little community to present their demands for his consideration.

'The boys say they want you to buy 'em some whiskey and raisins for Christmas.'

Obadiah was thunderstruck.

'Wall, now if this ain't purty consider'ble impertent, to ask Obadiah Starkweather, a te-total deacon's son, to buy whiskey! Take that, and that, and that!' he continued, as he sent one of the luckless urchins reeling this way, and another that, by the not very gentle concussion of his broad palm upon their auricular dependencies, while the third met the floor on the opposite side of the school-room, impelled by an equally severe application of his enormous cowhide.

All further attempts at present upon the virtue of the '*deacon's son*' were, of course, useless; but no sooner had Obadiah left the school-room, at noon, to chat an hour at the village tavern, as was his invariable custom, than the discomfited urchins, being joined by a brace of whiskered idlers, with whom every country village is more or less haunted, called a council of war to devise ways and means for the further prosecution of their scheme. The two whiskered gentlemen who had come in for the purpose of seeing the sport, and to lend a hand, if need be, were decidedly in favor of the cold bath; but the remainder of the council, some of whom, at least, had experienced quite too *touching* a demonstration of the great strength of their absent lord, would not consent to any such uncertain mode of procedure—consequently, it was determined to barricade the door and hold possession of the school-room until their stubborn teacher might be brought to their terms. For this purpose the benches, which were moveable and constructed of hewn puncheons, were brought and piled up against the door, until a fortification was constructed which might have proved quite a barrier to a little army.

Scarcely were their preparations completed, ere the sentinel who had been stationed at a small crevice near the door, announced that the 'master' was coming. In an instant all were silent. Presently, Obadiah was heard trying the latch.

'Hallo there, open this ere door!'

No answer—and again he tugged away upon the door with Herculean strength, but all to no purpose; as well might he have attempted to force his way into the tower of London.

At this moment, Bill Drake, who was the leader among the boys on this, as well as other occasions, appeared at the window and reiterated the demands of the morning.

'Darned if I dew,' shouted Obadiah, now thoroughly exasperated; 'and look a here, my fine lad, when I dew git in there, you'll catch thunder! I guess you will;' and again he thundered away upon the door until he was obliged to pause from sheer exhaustion.

Obadiah was in a quandary. To rout his belligerent pupils from their stronghold he was fully determined, but how it was to be done was a puzzler. Suddenly a new idea seemed to flash upon his brain.

'I'll dew it, by thunder, I will; and if I don't give them are varmints in there a taste of the infernal regions before I'm an hour older, my name ain't Obadiah Starkweather, that's all;' and proceeding along the street to the little village store, he purchased half a pound of sulphur, and returned to the scene of action. The school-house was a new one but just completed, and the stagings were not yet removed; so that he found no difficulty in ascending to the roof; and pouring the sulphur down the chimney into the blazing fire below, he closed the flue with a board.

Great was the consternation of the little garrison within, when the dense volumes of sulphurous vapor began to roll out into the room! and with a suffocating sensation at their throats, all rushed for the door. But here was a new dilemma. In their zeal to secure themselves against their enemy without, they had piled bench on bench, so that they now found it no easy task to remove the huge pile in time to escape from their more fearful enemy within, while the very eagerness with which they crowded one upon another rendered the peril still more imminent, so that for a time they were really in danger of paying the penalty of their misconduct with their lives. But to work they went with all the energy of despair, the benches flying in every direction, much to the damage of many an urchin's head, the sulphur fumes all the time becoming denser and denser, while it seemed to the suffocating and terrified crew, that every moment would be their last, until at length, the door was thrown open, and they rushed forth into the open air, choking and coughing, and presenting altogether an extremely ludicrous appearance.

By this time, Obadiah had descended from the roof, and was standing close upon the bank of the magnificent Illinois, which swept gracefully by within a few rods of the school-house.

'Tis him!' shouted whiskers number one, so soon as he could command his voice.

'Duck him!' vociferated whiskers number two; and almost blinded with rage they made a furious rush upon their antagonist, followed by the whole school, fully determined to wreak a terrible vengeance for the quiet *smoke* to which they had been so unceremoniously treated.

As they approached, Obadiah stepped quickly aside, and giving whiskers number one a trip and a push, sent him headlong over the bank into the river, and seizing whiskers number two by the collar of his coat and the seat of his pantaloons, with one tremendous jerk hurled him far out into the stream, to share with his friend the pleasures of a cold-bath in December!

'Ask a deacon's son to buy whiskey, will ye!' grumbled Obadiah, still remembering the foul insinuation which had been cast upon his virtue.

In the meantime, the scholars, upon witnessing the overthrow of their champions, shrank trembling away, expecting, no doubt, to be massacred, or to receive some other awful punishment, but Obadiah was not naturally of a revengeful disposition, and he was also considerably mollified by the success of his plans, and the mirthfulness that was excited by the ludicrous and woe-begone appearance of the two whiskered gentlemen, as they gained the shore and sloped for the village, so that he merely ordered one of the boys to go aloft and remove the board from the chimney; and after giving the room a sufficient airing, he quietly resumed the exercises of the school.

How long he continued after this event to exercise the vocation of a pedagogue in the village above alluded to, does not appear, but one thing is certain, his scholars never afterwards had the audacity to tempt the virtue of the 'tetotal deacon's son,' by asking him to buy whiskey.

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[Written for The Flag of our Union.]

## Nelly.

AN IMITATION OF THE ELIZABETHAN POETS.

BY JOHN BROUGHAM.

*Incidentes! scriven prosa.*—HORACE, bis!

On some sly affair,
Connubially dishonest,
Vale Lempriere,
Jupiter was non est.
And Dame Juno thought,
Scandal and resents
Consolation brought,
So gave a little party.

Soon the Graces three
Came in evening dresses;
Those they wear by day
Modesty distresses.
Venus came, and son,
Who richly did deserve a
Birching for the fun
He made of sage Minerva.

But they say the boy
Deems it no great treason,
Sometimes to enjoy
Tilting against reason.
If he can but get
During such a jumble,
Into Wisdom's seat,
Wisdom has a tumble.

After tea, there came
A gambling speculation,
And brought with the same
Celestial consternation.
For my NELLY, seen,
Playing with discretion,
From each goddess won
All her rich possession.

Pallas lost her mind,
With wit and wisdom glowing;
The Queen of Love resigned
Her cestus, charm bestowing;
Juno lost her mien,
Dignity and stature—
And the Graces three
Lost their very nature.

On this earthly ball,
When my NELL alighted,
With the gifts of all
The goddesses united—
Is it strange that she,
Without much endeavor,
Quickly won from me
LIFE and LOVE forever.

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[Written for the Flag of our Union.]

## THE TAVERN ON THE HILL.

BY THE YOUNG 'UN.

Several years ago, there resided in a town not a score of miles distant from Boston, an old settler, who had accumulated a very handsome fortune, by driving sharp bargains, and whose reputation abroad was none of the most flattering. He was called 'the doctor,' for reasons best known to those who attached to his name this 'honorary cognomen.' He resided in a large and splendid house, located at the top of a hill near the main road from Boston to Worcester, and if there were any one thing the doctor prided himself on, more than another, it was cleanliness about his mansion. The white colonnade and steps leading to his house were constantly kept as pure from soiling as were the rich carpets which covered his parlor floors; his servants were continually busy in polishing the platform in front of his mansion, and the doctor could see his face reflected in the bright surface which had been brought out upon the carefully rubbed stairs. And some of his vicious neighbors—one, especially, who had been overreached by the sharp doctor, became acquainted with the old fellow's hobby; and so he determined to embrace the first opportunity for revenge.

One terribly dark and stormy night, in early spring, there came along a strange traveller, who halted at the door of the man who had sworn to be 'even' with the doctor. The stranger was looking for lodgings, for his horse had fallen lame, the path was knee deep with mud, the roads had been in a dreadful condition for a week, and he was yet some miles from town. He told his pitiful story, and the farmer instantly bethought him of a plan for satisfaction.

'Been to the tavern, yonder?'

'What tavern?' asked the traveller.

'Why, up there. Don't you see?'

'On the hill?'

'Yis. The big house where the lights are. Fust rate tavern there—on'y the landlord's an ole crusty feller, eccentric-like, and he mayn't want no company.'

'Never mind that. It's a tavern, and that's enough. I shan't go no furder to-night.'

'You see,' continued his informant, 'the ole cuss has got rich a keepin' tavern, and he's gotto be mighty nice about his customers. But you needn't be afeard. It's a public house, and he can't shut his door agin a benighted traveller—though he'll bluff you off ef he can.'

'Wall, I'd like to see the tavern-keeper that can bluff me such a night as this is,' said the stranger, and away he went towards the elegant mansion of the doctor.

'Go rite in to the front door,' said the farmer, to his visiter; 'don't mind anything he says—for, between ourselves, we think the old scamp's a little crazy, sometimes—but tell him it's a public house, and you're bound to stay over night.'

'Well, I *am*,' continued the other, and he was very soon at the front door of the doctor's.

'Hello, here!' he bawled; and seizing upon the bell-pull, he well-nigh tore it off.

'Hello, I say—house!—Wot in thunder—are ye all dead?' and the summons was instantly answered by a brace of servants, accompanied by the doctor himself. The door was quietly opened, and in marched the traveller, covered with mud, drenched to the skin, whip in hand, and evidently delighted to find such capital quarters.

'Ah, this is very well. Hoss at the door, look after him, you fellow, there—rub his off hind leg well, and give him four quarts chopped feed when he's done wheezin', for he's got the heaves dreadful to-night;' and as he got off this order, he stalked strait into the doctor's parlor without further ceremony. For full five minutes the doctor had no words for utterance—but at last his fury burst forth.

'Who are you? Where did you come from? What does this mean? It's my house—this is—*mine!* You've spoiled my carpets—you're a scoundrel, that I don't—'

'Hush, hush—old fellow—I come to stay all night.'

'*All night?*'

'Yes, indeed. Capital house you've got.'

'House?'

'Yes—excellent tavern. I didn't know—'

'Tavern? This isn't a tavern!'

'Can't come it, old hoss. Wont do. They told me all about you. I'm *here*, and here I stay to-night, sure!' and he proceeded forthwith to remove his wet cow-hides, while he very leisurely stood up against the side of the elegant marble chimney-piece.

The doctor raved, and vented all manner of hard curses on the traveller—but it was no go—stay he would—and after exhausting the entire vocabulary of his wrath, he left the intruder in peaceable possession of the premises asleep before the fire. At daylight the old fellow voluntarily concluded to budge, and the doctor actually refused any pay from his strange visiter—but as he departed, just intimated to him to say nothing to any of his friends about *that* 'TAVERN ON THE HILL.'

# THE LAY OF OUR UNION.


THE LAY OF OUR UNION.

"This is our song—strong, and its notes shall ring
Wherever we march, loud, clear, and free,
Till with wide joy we shall hail the song we sing
For Union and Liberty."

F. GLEASON, PROPRIETOR.

NATHAN C. BROOKS, EDITOR.

BOSTON: Saturday, May 4, 1861.



TERMS.—The Lay of Our Union are $2 00 per annum, invariably in advance. The paper is always discontinued at the expiration of the time for which it has been paid.

ADVERTISEMENTS conducted for publication in the Lay of Our Union, at the usual rates of $1 per square, first insertion, and 25 cents for each subsequent insertion.

To our Correspondents.

"The Widow's Son," a page from Ireland's memorable history, by our regular contributor, Anna Boyle Lambert, next week.

"Lines to a Lady at Sumter," a poem, accepted.

"The Rebel Flag," by Mrs. Sarah J. Hale, accepted.

"Sonnet," by Paul Creyton, a fond for early reason.

"Lines to Mary," by Mrs. C. L. Lawton, an excellent poem, by "Mrs. H. B. Clarke," declined with thanks.

"Jonathan Stubbins's Experience," a real Yankee sketch, from our regular contributor, CECIL THORP, next week.

"Ellen," by O. G. W., accepted.

"Lines sent to Lady with a Bouquet," by our regular contributor, Mrs. EMMA C. CRESSEY, shall appear next week.

"Song of the Lumbers," by Enoch Weeden, accepted.

"Lines to Mary," by Mrs. Ellen Ann Eastman, a poem of superior merit, declined with thanks, for the present issue.

"Lines to Miss Susanna W. Osgood," by H. M. S., accepted.

"The Rebel Flag," by Mrs. ELLEN H. GARDNER, accepted.

"A Life Picture," by Mrs. ANNA M. WILLIS, accepted.

"Hero," by Mrs. C. L. LAWTON, accepted.

"An Epitaph," by W. H. B., accepted.

"Lines to Mary," by Mrs. ELLEN H. GARDNER, declined.

"Mary Wooing," by Mrs. Sarah Helen Whitman, has been respectfully declined.

☞ The poems of other writers, not specially noticed in this paper, unless accompanied by an enclosure name.


## Woman's Province.

Our fair readers will permit us to give them a few timely suggestions, which may prove useful. Now, ladies, do you wish to govern your husbands, and keep them so, as to add you love to accomplish it. To begin with, remember that the empire of a wife or mistress is seen in the moving of a lamps. Those who do the drudgery, splash, pull, and perspire like mad, with a broom or a mop, are quietly at the storm, and is hardly seen to move at all. Take a lesson from the latter, never attempt to argue, or accomplish your purpose by contradiction. This only excites bitterness between husband and wife. Rousseau says: "the empire of women is no empire of softness, of weakness, of caresses, but of commands and caresses, her tenderness are tears." Let a scold be your cow! Weeping is the strongest form of argument, and thus by quiet persuasion, seem shall your purpose be gained. Let tenderness, then, be your study, for it is the way, be ever with thee, for loveliness ceases to exist without it. Though a woman be decked with all the embellishments of art and nature, yet if deficient in this, she is like a rose out of the hues of beauty, and leaves a cloud shadowing the human work of the Creator. Talk about the love you have for one, and that a sure mine be master of his own house; why, woman, mine house is your house, and your husband mine has in his trusted codes of law; and mean more more power in her team, than we have in any of our arguments. Who has not noticed that this is eminently true?

A man cannot endure anything better than a good wife, nor anything worse than a bad one. The character of the character of his home; she makes it sweet or bitter to him; she is the presiding genius, and if false to her trust, is earthly power to make the fearful consequences that must result. If true to her position and her vocation, she is the light and joy and gentleness, she is an angel of light, and heaven on earth. Indeed, it has been said, that woman was made of a rib out of the side of Adam; not out of his head to rule over him, nor out of his feet to be trampled upon by him, but under his arm to be protected, and near his heart to be beloved. If so, that is the sphere where she is most potent, the empire where she reigns as queen. Let her arguments and influences then be exerted upon the tenderer sensibilities of our nature, their faculties are peculiarly adapted, and with her language be that of love, and success is certain. Here, where the finer and nobler qualities of a disposition born of warmer nature than those can, for it may be that even those which in some degree lack the refinement. In his necessary contact with the busy world, the man becomes rough and hard, and needs soft and discouraging countenances. He will see the predominating evil in his companion that is the sole actuating motive of half the world, and he will sicken of his fellow-men. Unfortunate reproachment with a stern, rough nature, that and in short he will seem at times to be hardened to the finer feelings. Then let his home, his quiet fire-side, be to him like an oasis in the desert, where does shall spring up a gushing fountain of tenderness and welcome. God's blessing rests on such a home.

## The Government Jewels.

The Government jewels have been recovered. Col. Scott and wagon-load of treasure, one hundred and forty-three pounds, $300 in gold coin supposed to have been confiscated by the secession proceeded to Cass. Riddle by the Emperor of Russia), the gold snuff-box and the gold and diamond box of his brother, now locked in the cellar of a house in New York. The supposed stolen box of the property of Queen Joseph, have been taken on to Washington for trial. Other fancy gentleman are also implicated. The "Jewel Robbery" is reported to have turned "State's evidence."

TRUTHFUL.—M. Thomas, in his eulogy on Marion Antelope, alludes to the well-known saying of Tom.—"I have lost a dog, for dam him he is gone." Now we have our doubts, whether that does the say? The day, in which these words were pronounced, was not left; on the contrary, the dog was not to be found to the world, as when they gained their eternal home in a corpse. We have never seen anything finer than this, and it has been much admired.

TRAVELS.—According to a new work on America, by Mr. Mackay, an English barrister, the whole of the population of the State of York (one of the most highly taxed States in the Union), is less per head than the tonnage in England for the support of the military establishments alone.

THE MISSOURI.—The Secretary of the Navy has had an interview with Capt. George W. Taylor, of submarine exploring fame, with a view to engaging in an undertaking to raise the steamer Missouri, sunk at Gibraltar.

MUSEUM.—Madame Anna Bishop has crossed quite a furor in the South. She leaves this country for Havana, but will be back to New York, we understand, in July.

## Editorial Ink-Drops.

A few concise thoughts may be seen at this office, either from a political standpoint.

The citizens of New Orleans are a public dancer with Mercurial laxity.

A member of the California emigrants, after a long journey, got a wife.

Sometimes are already upon abundant and cheap in the Cincinnati market.

A young lady has become so fat as to need a seat to herself in the street cars, and now by a mad-dog in Burlington county, N. Y. She must die.

Gentlemen who wear kars, to be forthwith fighted by gas. "Let there be light!"

Cheerfulness makes one grow happiness, but it has often hastened a good deal.

An escaped ball got loose in the upper part of New York, and is supposed it shall.

The rhubarb was raging to some extent at last accounts from Cincinnati.

A weekly French paper is to be started at Boston, to be called "Le Bostonien."

The C. S. steamship Nashville is now in New York from Charleston with $200,000 of "short."

Why is a lady's dress like a white mule? Because he's not at all black (*a tall black*.)

The Hon. Mr. Ward, of the resident of France is his troubled duties per day.

The late Mr. D. ored for, pipe.' Mr. Dog, chief of police.

North Ark measured 545 English feet long, 60 broad, and 36 in height.

Butter is selling down-east, made from the cream of turtles. This is new butter.

The pipe weighs 200 times its length, equal to a quarter of a mile for a man!

Why is Paris like the letter A? Because it is in the capital of France.

Why is a man in bliss? Because he is in the capital of Patience.

Why is a man in bliss? Because he is in the capital of Patience.

A crop of Clover, made one thousand years before the Christian era.

Mrs. Partington has got a pair of needles knitted in Cincinnati.

Mr. Bayne is very successful with his Voyages in Europe. Now in Egypt.

A stable-keeper in Portland whipped a boy for a man who had overdriven his horses.

Why is Paris like the letter A? Because it is in the capital of France.

A man in Milton is now enjoying by half an inch due he is in the evening.

The Boston Journal publishes a photographic report of the speech made by Balaam's ass.

A Spanish proverb (Texas.) piper has seen a fruit from the Cape of Good Hope.

The last London and Paris fashions abolish flounces on the skirts of the dresses.

The pilot boat that sailed from Boston for California was lately spoken of Brazil.

## Fallen Greatness.

We have often had occasion to remark to the exiled king of the French in his banishment, but we have seen in this country, a sad picture, equal to a paragraph which appears in a London paper, in the Liverpool Courier. Louis Philippe has now become a resident of the city, and an example of the vicissitudes of this life. How true is the saying:

"The memory of France reminds me that I was Louis Philippe, King of the French, and now sell tea and tea in Northumberland street last week. Ah! how many of the Tuileries, and how many of them, which they are to occupy whenever they please, and

[Written for The Flag of our Union.]

### Our Flag

BY WILLIAM WARD.

Hurra! hurra! our gallant flag,
That swayeth so gracefully
Above you tall and tapering mast—
Bright guardian of the free!
Is there a clime beneath the sun,
A race thou hast not gazed upon?
Is there a near or distant sea
That has not often mirrored thee?
Is there a nation o'er the earth,
That envies not thy glorious birth?
Or sunk so low and servilely,
As not to own a hope in thee?

O no—e'en now we hear the wail
Of sad and suffering Innisfail;
And through Helvetia's mountain-land
It thrills—and sweet Italia's strand,
And Austria's vales, prolong the cry,
And fallen Hellas makes reply:
'Give us the freedom and the rest
That greet the young land of the west!'
And France, too long oppressed by far,
Has watched the flag of stripe and star;
Till in her might she has essayed,
And swept down despot and cockade.

Fair flag! that floats unceasingly
O'er freedom's land and freedom's sea,
O, never may thy stars grow dim,
Till one united, solemn hymn
Shall rise, from every race and shore,
To God—'oppression is no more!'
Hurra! hurra! then fearless flag,
That swayeth so gracefully
Above yon tall and tapering mast—
Bright guardian of the free!

[Written for The Flag of our Union.]

### Lines to the Eagle.

BY R. W. FERNALD.

Above the clouds where tempests have their source,
Proud bird of freedom, hold thy trackless course;
Below thee dark and angry clouds may form,
In all the dreadful phalanx of the storm;
The lightnings flash, the echoing thunders roar,
The angry tempest sweeps o'er sea and shore;
High on thy throne of air, with eye serene,
Upon the awful grandeur of the scene
Thou look'st unmoved, for was not thy proud form
Nursed in the tempest, cradled in the storm?
Far from the haunts of men, upon the crest
Of some lone mountain, thou hast reared thy nest;
A stranger to the storms of human life,
Thou seest the elements alone in strife;
Thou look'st upon the sun's meridian blaze,
With eye undazzled by its scorching rays;
What mortal eye thy rapid flight can trace?
Thy throne is air, thy empire is all space.

Proud bird of freedom! when a tyrant's hand
Rolled war's dark tempest o'er our peaceful land,
And vainly thought, upon the battle-field
To seize the rights the patriot would not yield—
Fanning the spark of freedom, which became,
Not a dead thing, but bright and quenchless flame—
That band of patriots, thirsting to be free,
Found a meet emblem, glorious bird, in thee;
And when the cause, for which they bled, was won,
And war's dark clouds dispelled by freedom's sun,
And on the land, and o'er the sea, unfurled
The flag of freedom to the gazing world,
Sign of deliverance from a tyrant's will,
Thou wert their meet and chosen emblem still.

Proud bird of freedom! from thy throne on high,
Watch—like some guardian spirit of the sky—
O'er this, our peaceful land, which freedom's birth
Has made the brightest, happiest clime of earth;
Thou wert, thou art, O may'st thou ever be
The chosen emblem of our liberty!

[Written for The Flag of our Union.]

### An Enigma.

BY MISS C. ALLEN.

In the regions of thought there is enshrined
A little gem of a curious kind;
And there it lives with a mystic power,
A fairy queen, in its sylvan bower.
'Tis strong and yet weak, 'tis bright and yet faint,
While no mortal hand its colors can paint;
'Tis quick as a flash, and slow as a snail,
And the strongest heart before it can quail.
'Tis quiet as death, as voiceless and still,
Yet faithfully seeks its office to fill,
With a gentle ease and a trusty aim,
Though it often meets reproach and blame.
It leaves the past, and while lingering there,
With a holy power and shadowy air,
Takes from the present, and gathers it up,
Like a pearl of worth in a golden cup.
Yet for the dim future it hath no care;
'Tis grave or gay, as the impulse doth wear;
It goes not onward, nor yet standeth still,
But, very tenacious, hath its own will.
And backward, still backward, keepeth its way,
With an innate power, a hidden sway;
'Tis a sacred trust, 'tis a hallowed spell;
Then treasure it much, and cherish it well.
And should stern time, with its numerous years,
Carry thee far through the valley of tears,
'Twill prove a friend that will solace thee much,
With its magical aid and pleasing touch;
And scatter round life's fast receding day
A light of the purest and holiest ray.

* Answer to the above, given next week.

[Written for the Flag of our Union.]

### To Frances S. Osgood.

*In reply to her Enigma, published in Flag No. 12.*

BY MRS. L. E. B. HOXIE.

I've searched above, below, around,
To find your riddle out;
And, strange, it is in nothing found,
Although it is in doubt.
Now this may seem a paradox,
That anything should dwell in nought,
And yet be in Pandora's box,
And all the wonders God has wrought.
But why indite a lengthened strain,
Your spirit's mystery to explain,
Since in one soft, delicious word,
It is quite often seen and heard.
'Tis aye in your own gushing song,
To which sweet fancies all belong;
And though it may not dwell with fame,
Thrice 'tis found in your own fair name.
The sweetest word, the sweetest sound,
In human language ever found;
'Tis the voice of the soul in joy and woe;
With lovers and friends, 'tis apropos;
Dear lady, if I am right, you know,
'Tis soft, expressive, gentle O!

### Time.

Time's a hand-breadth—'tis a tale;
'Tis a vessel under sail;
'Tis an eagle in its way,
Darting down upon its prey;
'Tis an arrow in its flight,
Mocking the pursuing sight;
'Tis a short-lived, fading flower;
'Tis a rainbow in a shower;
'Tis a momentary ray,
Smiling in a winter's day;
'Tis a torrent's rapid stream;
'Tis a shadow, 'tis a dream;
'Tis the closing watch of night,
Dying at the rising light;
'Tis a bubble; 'tis a sigh:
Be prepared, O man, to die!

*Francis Quarles, 1624.*

# MISCELLANEOUS.

[Written for The Flag of our Union.]

## THE DIAMOND STAR: OR, THE ENGLISHMAN'S ADVENTURE.

A STORY OF VALENCIA.

BY FRANCIS A. DURIVAGE.

In a fine summer night, in the latter half of the seventeenth century (the day and year are immaterial), Clarence Landon, a handsome and high-spirited young Englishman, who had been passing some time in the south of Spain, was standing on the banks of the Guadalaviar, in the environs of the ancient city of Valencia, watching with anxious eyes the fading sails of a small felucca, just visible in the golden rays of the rising moon, as catching a breath of the freshening western breeze, they bore the light craft out upon the blue bosom of the Mediterranean. Though the scene was one of surpassing beauty, though the air was balmy and came to his brow laden with the fragrance of the orange, the myrtle and the rose, the expression of the young man's face was melancholy in the extreme.

'Too late!' he muttered to himself; 'too late! It is hard, after having ventured so much for them, that I should have been baffled in my attempt to escape with them. However, they are safe and happy. If this breeze holds, they will soon pass Cape St. Martin. Dear Estella, how I value this pledge of your friendship and gratitude.'

And the young man, after raising to his lips a small diamond star, attached to a golden chain, deposited the trinket in his bosom, and then, with a parting glance at the distant vessel, turned homewards, in the direction of the city gates.

Absorbed in his own reflections, he did not notice that his footsteps were dogged by a tall figure, muffled in a black cloak, which pursued him in the moonlight, like his shadow, and left him only when he entered his *posada*.

Landon spent sometime in his room, in reading and arranging letters and papers, and when the clock of a neighboring cathedral sounded the hour of eleven, threw himself upon his bed without undressing, and was soon asleep. From a disturbed and unrefreshing slumber, crowded with vexatious visions, he was suddenly and rudely roused by a rough hand laid upon his shoulder. He started upright in bed and gazed around him with astonishment. His chamber was filled by half a dozen sinister-looking men, robed entirely in black, in whom he recognized, not without a shudder, the dreaded familiars of the holy office, the officials of the Inquisitorial Tribunal. His first impulse was to grope for his arms; but his sword and pistols had been removed. A rough voice bade him arise and follow, and he had no choice but to obey the mandate. Preceded and followed by the familiars, who were all armed, as he judged by the clash of steel that attended each footstep, though no weapons were apparent, he descended the staircase, came out upon the street, and was conducted through many a winding lane and passage to a low-browed arch, which opened into the basement story of a huge, embattled building, that rose like a fortress before him. The conductor of the band halted here, and knocking thrice upon an oaken door, studded with huge, iron nails, it was opened silently, and the party entered a dark, subterranean passage of stone, lighted only by a smoky cresset lamp swinging in a recess.

After passing through this corridor, Landon was conducted into a huge vaulted hall, dimly illuminated by the branches of an iron chandelier, by whose light he discovered in front of him a raised platform, on which were seated three men, robed in black, while before them, at a table, sat two others, similarly attired, with writing implements before them. On the platform was planted a huge banner, the blazon on the folds of which was a wooden cross, flanked by a branch of olive and a naked sword, the motto being, '*Exurge, Domine, et judica causam tuam.*' *Rise, Lord, and judge thy cause.* It wanted neither this formidable standard, nor the implements of torture scattered round, to convince the young Englishman that he stood in the halls of the Inquisition.

After being permitted to stand sometime before the judges, that his mind might be impressed with the terrors of the place, the principal Inquisitor addressed him, demanding his name.

'Clarence Landon,' was the reply.

'Your birthplace?'

'London, England.'

'Your age?'

'Twenty-five years.'

'Occupation?'

'I am a gentleman of fortune, with no pursuit but that of knowledge and pleasure.'

'You are accused,' said the judge, 'of having aided and abetted a countryman of yours, named Walter Hamilton, in seducing and carrying off Estella Martinez, a lady of a noble house, and a sister of St. Ursula. How say you, guilty or not guilty?'

'I am not guilty—I am not capable of the infamy with which you charge me.'

'He refuses to confess,' said the judge, turning to a familiar, the sworn tormentor. 'We must try the question. Sanchez, is the rack prepared?'

The man addressed was a brawny, muscular ruffian, with a livid and forbidding countenance, whose dark eyes sparkled with pleasure as he bowed assent to the interrogation.

'Hold!' cried Landon. 'The truth can no longer harm any but myself, and though you may inflict death upon me, you shall not enjoy the fiendish satisfaction of mutilating my limbs with your horrid enginery. I did aid Hamilton, not indeed in ruining an injured maiden, but in rescuing from a thraldom she abhorred, a lovely lady whom Providence formed to make the happiness of an honorable man. By this time Estella is a happy bride.'

'Her joys will be shortened,' said the Inquisitor, frowning. 'They cannot long elude the power of Rodrigo d'Almonte, at once judge of the holy office and governor of Valencia.'

'Moderate your transports, governor,' replied the Englishman, boldly; 'the fugitives are beyond your reach. This very night a swift-winged felucca bore them away from these accursed shores, to a land of liberty and happiness.'

The brow of Rodrigo grew black as night.

'Insolent!' he answered, 'you have outraged and set at naught the authority of church and state; your life shall pay the forfeit.'

'Be it so,' replied Landon, folding his arms; 'but let me tell you, that for every drop of blood shed, my country will demand a life. The cross of St. George protects the meanest subject of the English crown.'

Rodrigo d'Almonte made no reply, but waving his hand, Landon was removed from the tribunal and thrown into a dungeon on the same floor with the hall of torture.

* * * * * * *

Towards the close of a sultry summer day the narrow streets of Valencia wore an aspect of unusual activity and life—filled, as they were, with representatives of every class of citizens. The tide of human beings seemed to be setting in one direction, towards a plaza, or square, in the centre. The Alameda was deserted by its fashionable promenaders; and young and old—all, indeed, who were not forbidden—were at length congregated in the square. The attraction was soon explained, for in the centre of the plaza was seen a lofty platform of wood, on which was erected a stout stake, or pillar, to which was affixed an iron chain and ring. Around this were heaped, to the height of several feet, huge fagots of dry wood, ready for the torch. A large body of men-at-arms kept the crowd back from a large open space around the platform. These preparations were made, so the popular rumor ran, for the punishment of a young Englishman, who had aided a Spanish nun in the violation of her vows.

The numerous bells of the city were tolling heavily; and at length, after the patience of the populace had been nearly exhausted, the head of a column of men marching in slow time was seen to enter upon the plaza. First came the governor's guard, their steel caps and cuirasses and halberds polished like silver. After these, walked the officials of the Inquisition, and some friars of the order of St. Dominic, surrounding the unfortunate Landon, who wore the *corazo*, or pointed cap, upon his head, and the *san benito*, a robe painted all over with flames and devils, typifying the awful fate which awaited him. He ascended the scaffold with a firm step, while the *cortége* ranged themselves around it, and the governor of Valencia, mounted on a splendid barbed charger, and wearing his inquisitorial robes over his military uniform, rode into the square amid the *vivas* of the crowd and the presented arms of the troops, and made a sign for the ceremony to proceed.

As an officer, appointed for the purpose, was about to read the sentence, a great tumult arose in the square, and attracted the attention of all the spectators.

'What is the meaning of this, Alvarez?' asked the governor, addressing one of his lieutenants.

'The people, please your excellency, have got hold of Isaac, the rich Jew, and insist on his beholding the august spectacle of the *Auto da Fe.*'

'The unbelieving dog has never liked these brave shows,' answered the governor, with a grim smile, 'since his well-beloved brother, Issachar, expiated his heresy on this spot in the great auto, when we burned twenty of his tribe before the king. Beshrew my heart! he abuses my clemency in permitting him to hold house and gold here in Valencia. He shall behold the execution! Make room there, and drag him into the heart of the hollow square.'

The cruel order was obeyed, and the old Jew, who was a mild and venerable-looking man, was forced into the centre of the plaza, whence he could have a full view of the horrid scene about to be enacted.

But the indignities to which he had been subjected aroused a latent spark of fire even in the soul of the aged Hebrew. He lifted up his voice and cried aloud:

'Spaniards! Christians! are ye men, or are ye brutes? Fear ye not the vengeance of Heaven, when ye enact deeds that would make the savage blush? Think ye that Heaven will long withhold its vengeance from atrocities that cry aloud to it night and day—the the innocent blood ye have spilt will sink, unavenged, into the earth? Fear and tremble, for the hour of wrath and woe is at hand!'

The energy and eloquence with which he spoke sent a strange thrill of terror through the crowd. The governor alone, insensible to fear, shouted from his saddle:

'Tremble for yourself, Isaac! for by the rood, if you dare question the justice of the holy office, you shall share the fate of yonder prisoner.'

'I fear not the wrath of man,' replied the Jew; 'fear you the wrath of Heaven!'

And at this moment, as if in vindication of his words, a heavy clap of thunder, that shook the city like the discharge of a park of artillery, broke upon the ear, and one of those sudden storms, so common in southerly latitudes, rolled up its dark masses of clouds, and the light of day was suddenly quenched, as in an eclipse. Vivid flashes of lightning lit the upturned and terror-stricken faces of the cowering multitude. At the same time, the wind howled fiercely through the streets that debouched upon the plaza, and tore the plumage that waved and tossed upon the helmets of the soldiery.

'Executioner!' roared the governor, whose high, stern tones of military command were heard above the roar of the sudden tornado, 'do your duty! Set fire to the fagots.'

The order was obeyed—the torch was applied, and already a quivering, lurid flame shot up at the feet of the luckless Landon, when the storm burst forth with ungovernable fury. The scaffolding was blown down, the fragments scattered, and the rain descending in torrents, instantly quenched both torch and fagot. The vast crowd was thrown into utter confusion. The terrified horses of the cavalry plunged madly among the footmen—hundreds fell and were trampled under foot, and prayers, shrieks and imprecations filled the darkened air.

Landon was unhurt amid the wreck of the sacrificial pyre. A ray of hope shot up in his heart. Scrambling out of the ruins, unobserved and unpursued, he fled down the nearest lane with the utmost speed. Anxious to obtain shelter, he, without even a thought, climbed a garden wall—once within which he was safe, for a moment, from pursuit. Rushing through a shaded alley of the garden, he found himself at the door of a large and splendid house. Almost without a hope of finding it yield, he tried the handle, and the door opened. Silently and swiftly he ascended a large, stone staircase, and took refuge in the first apartment which he found before him. A beautiful young girl, the only occupant of the room, starting at the fearful apparition of a stranger, flying for his life in the robe of the *san benito*, fell upon her knees and crossed herself repeatedly, as her dark eyes were fixed in terror on the intruder.

'Lady,' cried Landon, 'for the love of that Being whom we both worship, though in a different form, take pity on a wretched fellow-being. Save me! save me!'

'You are accursed and condemned,' she answered, rising and recoiling.

'I am—I am—but you know my offence. If you ever loved yourself, you know how to pardon it. Think of the horrid fate which awaits me, if you are pitiless.'

The lady paused and reflected, Landon watching the expression of her countenance with the most intense anxiety. At length her brow cleared up; there was an expression of sweetness about her rosy lips that revived hope in the heart of the fugitive.

'I will save you, if I can,' she answered.

'Heaven's best blessing on you for the word!' exclaimed the Englishman.

'But you have come to a dangerous place for shelter and safety,' she continued, sadly. 'Do you know whose house this is? It is the dwelling of my father, Don Rodrigo d'Almonte, the governor of Valencia.'

Landon started back in terror, but he instantly recovered from that feeling.

'You, then,' he said, 'are Donna Florinda, in praise of whose beauty and goodness all Valencia is eloquent. I feel that I am safe in your hands.'

'I will never betray you,' said the lady. 'You are safe here. It is my bed-chamber,' she continued, blushing; 'but I resign it to you—sure, from your countenance, that you are a cavalier of honor, who will never give me cause to repent of the step.'

'Be sure of that.'

'Swear it,' she said, 'upon this trinket, which my father took from your person in the hall of the Inquisition.'

Landon took from Florinda's hand the diamond star given him by Estella, and thus mysteriously restored and pressed it to his lips.

'By this talisman,' he said, 'by this token, which I prize so highly, I pledge myself not to abuse your confidence, but to repay the priceless service you render me by a life of gratitude.'

'You may remain here, then, for the present,' said Florinda, 'till I can think what can be done for you.'

'If I can only make my way to the house of the English ambassador,' replied Landon, I think I can count upon my safety.'

Donna Florinda, after lighting a lamp (for it was now nightfall), and setting upon a table some wine and fruit, left the chamber, locking the door behind her.

Descending to the garden, she went directly to a secluded arbor, embowered in foliage, at no great distance from the house.

'Cesareo!' she whispered.

A young cavalier, who was concealed in the arbor, instantly advanced and clasped her in his arms.

'Dear Florinda,' he cried, 'I feared that you would disappoint me. But we have yet some happy moments to pass together.'

'Not a moment, Cesareo,' replied the lady, 'my father will soon return. I came to beg you to retire instantly and await another opportunity of meeting.'

'You are anxious to get rid of me!' replied the cavalier.

'Not so—my father will soon return, and he will be sure to inquire for me directly.'

'Well, then,' said the lover, 'if it must be so, go you to the house and leave me the solitary pleasure of watching the window of the room gladdened by your presence.'

'No—no! Cesareo,' cried Florinda, in terror, 'that must not be.'

As she said this, her eyes were instinctively turned to the window of her room, and Cesareo's followed the same direction. The shadow of Landon's figure, as it passed between the lamp and the window, was seen defined distinctly on the curtain.

'By heaven!' cried Cesareo, 'there is a man in your bed-chamber!'

'My father!' said Florinda.

'You told me in your last breath that he had not returned. You are playing me false, Florinda. You have a lover, and a favored one.'

'No! no!' cried the agonized girl. 'It is nothing, believe me—trust not appearances. I will explain all.'

But at this moment the distant clang of trumpets and kettle-drums was heard, announcing the governor's return.

'I must begone!' cried Florinda—'believe me I am faithful;' and with these words she fled into the house.

'The dream is over!' said Cesareo. 'But I will have vengeance on my rival;' and he left the garden, muttering curses, and grasping the cross-hilt of his sword.

Florinda flew to her chamber.

'Fly!' she cried to Landon. 'I have sheltered you at the risk of my reputation—my father is returning and you must leave this house. A jealous lover may denounce me, and both of us be ruined forever. Farewell, climb the wall at the back of the garden and take refuge in the next house. I will still watch over you.'

Landon obeyed, and made his escape from the governor's garden, just as Don Rodrigo was entering his courtyard. He crossed another small garden and entered a small house at the extremity, the door of which was unbarred, and again found refuge in a room on the first floor, where he concealed himself behind a screen.

He had not been here long, before he heard footsteps entering the room, and the voices of two persons in conversation, one of whom was evidently a female and the other an old man.

'Dear father!' said the female, 'I am rejoiced to see that you are returned. You never go forth in this city that you do not leave me trembling for your safety.'

'I have passed through much peril, Miriam,' replied the man. 'Snares and violence have beset my path. I went to carry the gold and the silver I had promised to Jacob the goldsmith, when lo! I was beset by the ungodly rabble.'

'Dear father!'

'Yea! and they dragged me to their place of skulls—even to their accursed Golgotha, where the blood of mine only brother was drunken by the ravening flames, and where thirty of our brethren perished because they believed in the God of Abraham, and of Isaac, and of Jacob.'

'And did they force you to witness the Auto da Fe?'

'They brought me to the place, Miriam—but there the spirit of prophecy descended upon me, and I lifted up my voice and denounced their abominations, even as the prophet of old did the iniquities of the Egyptian king. And lo! Miriam, there was a miracle wrought. The voice of Heaven spake in thunder to rebuke their impious blood-thirstiness. The flood-gates of Heaven were opened and the rain descended in mighty torrents and quenched the Moloch fires kindled by the Christians. And a great wind arose and the scaffold was destroyed, and the goodly youth that stood thereupon was saved from the death of fire as the multitude were scattered.'

'And lives he, father?'

'I fear not,' answered the old man, sadly. 'For if he were not crushed by the falling scaffold, yet verily the cruel swords of the troopers and the men-at-arms must have sought out his young life.'

At this moment, Landon stepped from his concealment.

'No, my friends,' said he, 'I yet live to thank Heaven for its providential care. I have even found a friend in the household of my bitter enemy, for Donna Florinda d'Almonte sheltered me and commended me to your roof.'

He now had time to scan the persons of his hosts. The elder, Isaac the Jew, was, as we described him on his appearance in the plaza, a man of venerable appearance, with a mild and noble countenance, wearing the long beard and flowing robes of his race. His daughter, Miriam, had the commanding beauty, the dark eyes, the flowing hair, and the bold features of the daughters of Israel. She was richly clad in robes of silk, and many a jewel of price gleamed in the raven tresses of her hair.

'Thou art safe beneath this roof,' said the Hebrew, 'for Donna Florinda, though the daughter of the man of tiger blood, hath yet befriended us and ours, and for her sake as well for thine, thou art welcome.'

Landon thanked his new friends for their hospitable pledges.

'I would fain,' said the old Hebrew, 'give thee garments more fitting than the accursed robe that wraps thy youthful limbs. But of a truth I have none of Spanish fashion, and the Jewish gabardine is almost as fatal to the wearer as the robe of the *san benito*.'

'Here comes Reuben,' said Miriam. 'Welcome home, dear brother.'

A handsome youth of sixteen entered at this moment and saluted his father, his sister, and the stranger. He bore a bundle in his arms.

'I was charged,' he said, 'by the Lady Florinda, to bear this packet to the stranger I should find here. It contains a Spanish dress. She bid me say,' he continued, addressing Landon, 'that when you have put on these habiliments, you can repair with me to the governor's garden at midnight. The waiting-maid and confidante will conduct you through the house to the street, and once there you can make your way to the English ambassador's.'

After thanking the youthful messenger, Landon was shown to an apartment where he was left alone to change his dress. Donna Florinda had supplied him with a plain but handsome cavalier's suit, including mantle, hat, and plume, and in addition to these, a good sword. Landon hailed this latter gift with joy, and buckled the belt with trembling eagerness. He drew the weapon and found it to be a Toledo blade of the best temper. He kissed the sword with ecstasy.

'Welcome!' he cried, 'old friend! With you I can cut through odds, and at least sell my life dearly, if I fall again into the hands of the Philistines.'

Returning to his new friends, he sat down to a hearty meal which they had prepared for him, and to which he did an Englishman's justice. At the hour of twelve his young friend Reuben signified his readiness to accompany him on his adventure.

'Farewell!' he cried, 'I owe you a debt that nothing can repay. But believe me that your kindness will always dwell in the heart of Clarence Landon.'

Reuben and the Englishman were soon in the governor's garden. It was pitch dark and they advanced cautiously, groping their way. All at once Landon stumbled against some person.

'Is it you, Reuben?' said he, in a low tone. But he was instantly grasped by the throat. Dealing his unseen assailant a blow with his clenched hand, which made him release his hold, the Englishman instantly drew his sword and threw himself on guard. His steel was crossed by another blade, and a fierce encounter ensued, the combatants being practised swordsmen, and guided in the dark by what swordsmen term the 'perception of the blade.' Reuben had made his escape and gone to inform his father of this new disaster. The struggle was brief, for the antagonist of Landon, closing at the peril of his life, and being a man of Herculean strength, wrested the sword from the Englishman's grasp, and held him at his mercy.

'Now, dog!' whispered the victor, 'have you anything to offer why I should not take your life as a minion of the tyrant Rodrigo?'

'I scorn to ask my life of an unknown assassin,' replied Landon; 'but I am no minion of Rodrigo's, and I was even now seeking to escape his clutches.'

'If there was light here,' said the stranger, 'I could see whether you lied, friend, by your looks. You may be palming off a tale upon me. How did you propose to escape Rodrigo?'

'By making my way through his house,' answered Landon.

'A likely tale. How are you to gain access to his house?'

'A waiting-maid was to let me in.'

'Well—I'll test your veracity. I have your life in my hands. You are unarmed. I have rapier and dagger. The experiment costs me nothing.'

'It would be idle in me to interrogate you,' said Landon. 'It would be idle to ask who you are.'

'I will answer you frankly,' replied the stranger. 'I am one of those freebooters whose fortunes are their swords. If I were in Rodrigo's power, my life would not be worth five minutes' purchase. And yet I am seeking him to-night.'

'You speak in riddles.'

'Perhaps—but be silent now, if you value your life, and follow me.'

The stranger still retaining a firm grasp upon the luckless Landon, approached a door which led into the governor's house, showing in their progress a perfect acquaintance with the labyrinthine alleys of the garden. They halted, and a female voice spoke in a whisper, saying, 'here's the key.'

The stranger grasped it, and dragging Landon into the house, instantly locked the door behind him. A dark lanthorn was placed on the floor of the corridor. The stranger told Landon to take this up, and precede him up stairs. Landon obeyed, the stranger following close behind and giving him whispered directions as to his course.

Having reached a certain door, the stranger took a light and entered a chamber, followed by the wondering Englishman. The walls of the room were heavily draped, and upon a huge bed the governor of Valencia was reclining, buried in a deep slumber.

'He sleeps!' whispered the stranger in the ear of Landon—'he sleeps, as if he had never shed blood; as if the head of my brother had never fallen on the block by the hand of his bloody executioner. He will soon sleep sounder.'

'What mean you?' asked Landon.

'Wait and see!' was the reply.

The stranger cautiously lifted the light in his left hand, bending over the sleeper, while with his right he drew a broad, sharp poniard from his belt and raised it in the act to strike. But just as it was descending, Landon caught the assassin's arm and shouted in his loudest tones—

'Don Rodrigo, wake!'

'Baffled!' cried the ruffian, with an oath. 'You shall pay with your life for interfering.'

The governor sprang from his bed in time to witness the deadly struggle between Landon and the midnight assassin. It was short and decisive, for as the robber was aiming a blow at his antagonist, the latter changed the direction, and it was buried to the hilt in his own heart. He fell and died without a groan. The noise of the struggle had aroused the household, and the servants came pouring into the room with lights, accompanied by Donna Florinda, who was agonized with terror.

'Dear father!' she cried, rushing into the governor's arms. 'What does this mean?'

'It means,' replied Don Rodrigo, 'that this ruffian who had sworn to take my life because I had condemned his brother to death for manifold misdeeds, has been slain in the attempt by this young man.'

'And do you recognize your generous saviour?' exclaimed the daughter. 'Behold! It is the young Englishman you condemned to perish at the stake. O, father!' and she explained the manner in which Landon had been enabled to save the governor's life.

'Young man,' said the governor, addressing Landon with deep emotion; 'a mightier power than the hand of man is visible in this. For the life you have saved I will repay you in the same manner. I ensure you a full and free pardon, and you shall not have it to say that Don Rodrigo d'Almonte, bad as he has been represented, was a monster of ingratitude.'

And he kept his word. Landon soon after set sail for England, in company with the Hebrew family who had sheltered him, and there, in due time, was united to the lovely Miriam, with whose beauty he had been impressed on first sight. In England he rejoined Hamilton and his Spanish bride, to secure whose happiness he had perilled his own life, and he always preserved Estella's diamond star as a memorial of his adventures in Valencia. Soon after his arrival he received a letter from Donna Florinda, announcing her marriage to Cesareo, whose jealousy had been so signally excited by Landon's shadow on the window-curtain. When Don Rodrigo died, he was buried with all the honors due to a soldier, a governor, and an eminent member of that mild and benevolent institution, the Spanish Inquisition.

[Written for The Flag of our Union.]

### I would that I were beautiful.

BY HELEN.

I would that mine were soft, dark eyes,
And mine a brow of marble hue;
Beneath whose calm exterior lies
The faint, fair lines so sweetly blue.

I would that mine were ruby lips,
And mine a fair and changing cheek;
Lips such as the fairy spirit dips
In dewdrops clear on mountain bleak.

I would my neck were dazzling white,
My hair should fall in waves below,
Like the deep shades of darksome night
Upon the pure and glittering snow.

I would my form were light and round;
My hands like infant's, soft and fair;
And fairy feet, so lightly bound,
Like some bright spirit of the air.

O, I would be all this, and more;
My eye should flash with genius's fire;
My voice, with sweetness gushing o'er,
Should seem like some Æolian lyre.

### American Lack of Good Manners.

American gentlemen, toward their own sex, are the least polite people in the world. First, the determination of everybody to 'get on' has caused the art of persuasion to be pressed into the service of business. It was long ago found out in Wall street, that politeness would help to get a note discounted, sometimes procure a credit, frequently stave off a dun. Being used more by those who had such occasion for it, than by those who effected their ends with good endorsements and more substantial backing, politeness has gradually grown to be a sign of a man in want of money. A gentlemanly bow and cordial smile given to a man in Wall street, will induce him to step round the corner and inquire of some friend as to your credit—taking your bow and smile to be the forerunner of a demand of a loan. Politeness, again, has been discredited in this country by the class of foreigners who have served as examples of it. All Frenchmen are admirably polite, but few of the higher classes coming to this country, French politeness has passed into a usual sign of a barber, a cook, or a dancing-master. Much American rudeness, too, grows out of the republican fact that personal consequence being entirely a matter of opinion—(regulated by no court precedence, entailed fortune or heraldic record)—every man fights his own castle of dignity, and looks defiance, of course, into every unfamiliar face that approaches. Politeness without previous parley or some disarming of reserve, is tacitly understood to be the deference of respectful admiration or implied inferiority.

The following remarks on the manners of American gentlemen at public places are very just and discriminating, and will apply as well to theatres, concerts and balls, as to the opera. Indeed, at private parties, where not to consider everybody present as your equal, is a direct insult to your hostess, gentlemen are very apt to hold off from each other and keep their hands in their pockets, as if they were in a crowd at the race-course afraid of being robbed. A foreigner standing against the stair-railing of the Astor Place Opera lobby, between the acts, and looking coolly around upon the male crowd, would imagine that the men were either most intimately acquainted, or were obstinately determined not to be acquainted at all—there is such an utter absence of any form of politeness in meeting, greeting, parting or passing by. A man in white gloves goes elbowing through the crowd, shoving and incommoding twenty persons, without care or hesitation; another knocks your hat out of your hand, and never dreams of picking it up or begging your pardon—a third intrudes upon two who are conversing, and perhaps takes the arm of one and draws him away, without the slightest excuse or acknowledgement to the other left behind—a fourth is reminded by a polite foreigner that he is losing his handkerchief, or that another gentleman is beckoning to him, and expresses no thanks in return. There are no polite phrases to be overheard; no hats seem to be lifted; no smiles of courtesy or indication of respectfulness at the greetings of an older man; and no sign of the easy and unconscious hilarity which marks a man not on the look-out for a slight—none of the features, in short, which make up the physiognomy of a well-bred crowd in an opera-lobby of Europe. We confine our remarks entirely, as will have been noticed, to such politeness as is based on kindness and good feeling. We do not think any one country's customs are a law for another, in the decision of such questions as whether a gentleman may wear colored gloves at the opera, or visit a lady's box in a frock-coat. Such trifles regulate themselves. We should be glad to see a distinctly American school of good manners, in which all useless etiquettes were thrown aside, but every politeness adopted or invented which could promote sensible and easy exchanges of good will and sociability.—*N. P. Willis.*

### Ground and Lofty Tumbling.

A negro lately fell from the gallery into the parquette of the American Theatre, Cincinnati. He was picked up for dead, and taken to a restaurant near by. No bones were broken, however, and giving himself a good shake, with a grin, he resumed, much to the surprise of the spectators. He had not proceeded far before he staggered and fell, and died from the effects of internal injury. The manager, who was on the stage at the time of the accident, desired to know if it was the wish of the audience that the performance should continue, thinking that a sudden death was not calculated to set the farce off. But the cry was: 'take out the nigger and go on!'

[Written for The Flag of our Union.]

### Teachings of Nature.

BY G. S.

Nature with ample page is spread
For man's admiring gaze,—
Proclaiming in unnumbered forms
Her great Creator's praise.
The broad, blue arch of heaven above—
Creation's mighty scroll—
All studded o'er with glittering worlds,
Bespeaks his wise control.

Day unto day the truth repeats;
The night to night declares
The tokens of his powerful hand,
And silent homage bears.
Through all the earth their line has rung;
The world's remotest bounds
Are vocal with the harmony
Of their celestial sounds.

The dazzling god of day rides forth,
Amid their varied spheres;
And holds them all in concord sweet,
While reading off their years.
On myriad orbs his beams are shed,
With calm, benignant power—
Emblem of Him, whose guardian hand
Upholds them every hour.

And shall this mild, persuasive voice
On man unheeded fall;
And the kind influence from above
Be lost and wasted all?
Forbid the thought—O, let the scene
Our hearts' warm gushings bear
To him who spread the firmament,
And traced his glory there!

### A Good Daughter.

A good daughter! There are other ministers of love more conspicuous than her, but none in which a gentler, lovelier spirit dwells, and none to whom the heart's warm requitals more joyfully respond. There is no such thing as a comparative estimate of a parent's love for one or another child. There is little which he needs to covet, to whom the treasure of a good child has been given. But a son's occupation and pleasure carry him abroad, and he resides more among temptations, which hardly permit affection that is following him perhaps over half the globe, to be mingled with anxiety, until the time when he comes to relinquish the shelter of his father's roof for one of his own, while a good daughter is the steady light of her parent's house. Her ideal is indissolubly connected with that of his happy fireside. She is his morning sunlight and evening star. The grace, vivacity and tenderness of her sex, have their place in the mighty sway which she holds over his spirit. The lessons of recorded wisdom which he reads with her eyes, come to his mind with a new charm as blended with the beloved melody of her voice. He scarcely knows weariness which her song does not make him forget, or gloom which is not proof against the young brightness of her smile.—She is the pride and ornament of his hospitality, the gentle nurse of his sickness, and the constant agent in those nameless, numberless acts of kindness which one chiefly cares to have rendered because they are unpretending, but expressive proofs of love. And then what a cheerful sharer she is, and what an ever present delight and triumph to a mother's affection. Ah! how little do these daughters know of the power which God has committed to them, and the happiness God would have them enjoy, who do not, every time a parent's eye rests upon them, bring rapture to a parent's heart. A true love will almost certainly always greet their approaching footsteps that they cannot alienate. But their ambition should be, not to have it a love merely which feelings implanted by nature excite, but one made intense and overflowing by approbation of worthy conduct; and she is strangely blind to her own happiness, as well as undutiful to them to whom she owes most, in whom the perpetual appeals of paternal disinterestedness do not call forth the prompt and full echo of filial devotion.—*Dollar Newspaper.*

### Advantage of a Shabby Dress.

A French paper gives an incident that lately happened to a celebrated artist, who is extremely neglectful of his toilette. Leaving his study one day, and walking along the street rather absently, he heard a call from a female voice behind him.

'Here, my man,' said a lady, beckoning to him, 'can you carry a bundle a little way for me?'

The artist looked at the lady for a moment, saw that she was very handsome, and instead of explaining, as he was about to do, that he was a gentleman, he said, 'Willingly, madam!' and followed her into a shop.

The bundle was large and heavy, but he lifted it with some effort upon his shoulder, and followed after the lady, who, slightly raising her petticoats, went fast on before him, showing an exquisitely turned pair of feet and ankles. She mounted at last to the second story of a house, with the tired porter close at her heels, and began to fumble in her pocket to find the money to pay him. As she did so the artist looked well at her face, and found it to be one of the finest he had ever seen.

'Pardon me,' he said, as she offered him the money, 'I am not a porter—I am an artist, and, instead of money, will ask a favor of you—to allow me to make a copy of your face. The package was heavy, and the compliment you paid to my dress was not very gratifying, but I shall be well paid if I can send a copy of your beauty to the next exhibition of the academy.'

And so a great artist came by the original of one of the most exquisite pictures which his pencil has put upon canvass.—*Home Jour.*

### Laughable Blunder.

Our friends P. and S. one evening met at the house of an acquaintance some young ladies, for one of whom both gentlemen entertained tender feelings. In a spirit of frolic one of the young ladies blew out the lamp, and our two friends, thinking it a favorable moment to make known the state of their feelings to the fair object of their regard, moved seats at the same instant, and placed themselves as they supposed by the lady's side; but she had also moved, and the gentlemen were in reality seated next to each other. As our friends could not whisper without betraying their whereabouts, they both gently took, as they thought, the soft, little hand of the charmer, and when after a while they ventured to give a tender pressure, each was enraptured to find it returned with an unmistakable squeeze. It may well be imagined that the moments flew rapidly, in this silent enterchange of mutual affection. But the rest wondering at the unusual silence of the gentlemen, one of them noiselessly slipped out and suddenly returned with a light—here sat our friends P. and S. most lovingly squeezing each other's hand—and supreme delight beaming in their eyes. Their consternation and the ecstasy of the ladies may be imagined, but not described. Both gentlemen *sloped*, and P. was afterwards heard to say that he 'thought all the while S.'s hand felt hard!'

### Irish Effrontery.

The crew of a man-of-war which had just returned from a long voyage, was one day busily employed in bringing up the hammocks on the deck to air; and as each man appeared with his load he reported the number to a young lieutenant stationed on the poop. An Irishman named Murphy was near the last. As soon as he appeared the officer demanded 'what number?' 'Twelve, your honor,' was the immediate reply. 'Twelve! that can't be, look again.' 'It is, your honor.' 'I tell you it cannot be; the man who owned number twelve died of a fever in the West Indies, and it has not been used since.' 'It is, your honor,' was the pertinacious reply. Down jumps the officer off the poop, struts up to the hammock and turning suddenly round, with all the warmth of offended authority, exclaims: 'Why, you rascal, what do you mean by telling me it's 12, when it's 44?' 'Lord love your honor,' says Pat, scratching his head, and casting a comical leer, at the officer, 'I beg your honor ten thousand pardons; but I always thought till now that three times four made twelve.'

A shoemaker in Portsmouth talks thus to delinquents. We hope he will have no occasion to *blackball* any of them, or apply the strap, the 'all' of which in olden time 'the writer' somewhat remembers:—

'*On your Toes!*'—The sole purpose of this notice is to the END that those indebted to the subscriber may be induced to wax the *thread* of his honest endeavors to improve their *understandings*, by calling at his *counter*, examining the *footing* of their bills, and *closing* up. He trusts this may be the *last* necessary call upon those indebted to him, as he feels it [illegible] to attempt to progress in business while his *all* is in other hands than his own.

Professor Cockerell, in a lecture on architecture, lately related an anecdote of Rennie, who, having repaired the wheel of a stage coach, in which he and an aristocratic fellow-traveller had previously been on colloquial terms, found himself, as a workman, treated with great reserve and hauteur, and described the amusing discomfiture of the same traveller, on finding next day that the most honored guest of the noble lord with whom he had to dine was his companion, the workman, who now treated him with corresponding distance.

An Englishman asked an Irishman if the roads in Ireland were good. 'Yes,' said the Irishman, 'so excellent that I wonder you do not import some of them into England. We have the road to love strewed with roses; the road to matrimony through nettles; the road to honor through a duel; the road to prison through courts of law; and the road to the undertaker's through the apothecary's shop.'

'Will you never learn, my dear, the difference between real and exchangeable value?' The question was put to a husband who had been lucky enough to be tied to a political economist in petticoats. 'O, yes, my dear, I think I begin to see it.' 'Indeed!' responded the lady. 'Yes,' replied the husband, 'for instance, my dear, I love your deep learning, and all your other virtues. That's your *real* value. But I know, also, that none of my married friends would swap wives with me. That's your *exchangeable* value.'

A writer from California thus describes a young lady in that country:—'She rides wild horses, throws the lasso adroitly, and never misses her aim with the rifle. She carries a hunting knife in her girdle, and understands the anatomy of either stag or buffalo; knows nothing about corsets, furbelows, capes, or flounces; never wears bonnets, and speaks no English.'

It appears from a correspondent in the *Times*, that in New Zealand, when the marriage ceremony takes place, 'tis a very old custom to knock the heads of the bride and the bridegroom together, previous to their union.

In England, now, it isn't so;
The bridegroom and the bride
To loggerheads but seldom go,
Until the knot is tied.

A clergyman having indulged too freely at filling up his glass, went one Sabbath into the pulpit, and having given out a hymn to his congregation, sat down; the melody of the sacred song soon lulled him to sleep, and he continued for some time to play a treble bass symphony with his nose. At length one of the deacons ascended to the sacred desk, and told him the hymn was *out*. 'Well,' says he, '*fill it up again.*'

A country exchange, speaking of the death of a young gentleman of that vicinity, says: 'He promised fair to become a bright and shining ornament to this vegetable world.' Upon this the Louisville Courier says: 'We would consider this idea as some pumpkins, and the writer of it as all pumpkins.'

'Charles,' said a father to a son while they were working in a saw-mill, 'what possesses you to associate with such girls as you do? When I was of your age I could go with the first out.' 'But,' said Charles, 'the first cut is always a slab—did you know that?' 'Help me to turn this log, Charles—quick!'

A lady who was in the habit of *spending a large portion of her time in the society of her neighbors*, happened one day to be taken suddenly ill, and sent her husband in great haste for a physician. The husband ran a few rods, but soon returned, exclaiming, 'My dear, where shall I find you when I get back?'

Judge Jeffries, when on the bench, told an old fellow with a long beard that he supposed he had a conscience as long as his beard. 'Does your lordship,' replied the old man, 'measure consciences by beards? If so, your lordship has none at all.'

In this plodding matter-of-fact age, it is quite refreshing when we can record an instance of a benefit being reciprocal. This was eminently the case with Mr. Mackintosh: he made the discovery of Indian rubber capes, and the discovery, returning the compliment, made him.

'Dad, who is Sam Francisco that's gettin' all the gold out there in Californey? he must be the richest fellow in all them diggins!' 'Why Johnny, I rayther think he's some relation to the San Jacinto who was killed in the war in Texas by Sam Houston!'

Theodore Parker says—'Mr. Facing-both-ways is a popular politician in America, just now sitting on the fence between Honesty and Dishonesty and like the blank leaf between the Old and New Testament, belonging to neither dispensation.'

'Mary, my love,' said a not very attentive husband to his wife at the dinner table, 'shall I help you to a piece of the heart?' 'I believe,' said she, 'that a *piece of a heart* was all I ever got.' There was a commotion amongst the dishes.

A country greenhorn, after being joined in the chains of wedlock, was asked, by one of his guests, if he had paid the parson, to which he replied, 'O, no, he's owing father for a peck of beans, and we'll make a turn.'

A book was published in England during the protectorate of Cromwell, with the following title: 'Eggs of Charity, laid by the chickens of the Covenant, and boiled by the waters of Divine Grace; take ye and eat.'

Imagination is to love what gas is to a balloon—that which raises it from the earth. And matrimony is the escape-pipe, by which the balloon is brought to earth again.—*Mississippian.*

Why is a clergyman who hunts, like an officer who runs away from an engagement? Answer. Because he departs from his sphere of action (his fear of action).

Here's to 'internal improvements,' as Dobbs said, when he swallowed a dose of salts.

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# HERMIONE:

## THE FOUNDLING OF ST. ANTOINE.

## A Romance of the Continent.

BY FRED HUNTER.

[CONTINUED.]

### CHAPTER XIV.

*The Venitian nobleman and suite proceed to Paris. The midnight walk. A visit to the hut of Pierre Nicole. The aged waterman's reception of his guest. Consequence of the interview. The Parisian guard are suspicious. They trace the new-comer to his lodgings.*

ON the same evening upon which the Count de Monthon reached Paris, on his return from Italy, there arrived at the Hotel des Estranges, Rue Vivienne, a man apparently some five or six-and-thirty years of age. It was the wealthy nobleman who had left Venice the day after Chaufran's departure, and who had travelled leisurely to Paris. His journey had occupied nearly a month. He reached the hotel at a late hour at night, and was enveloped in a heavy cloak. His appearance was sufficiently respectable, and having ordered a small suite of apartments to be prepared for himself and his two attendants, his luggage was sent to his rooms and he went out, turning towards the quay.

The night was dark, and the questionable glimmer afforded by the street lamps gave scarcely sufficient light to guide the traveller along the route he seemed desirous to take. He picked his way as best he could, however, and his actions appeared to indicate that he had been in this vicinity before, at some time or other, though it was now comparatively strange to him. He moved on, muffled to the eyes in his cloak, first turning to the right and then to the left, until at last he stood upon the Pont du Jardin du Roi. After carefully surveying the ground about him, he crossed the bridge, turned towards the Place de la Bastile, and continuing briskly on for a considerable distance, he halted, then turned to the right and approached the river again. Reaching a small house near the banks of the Seine, he tarried a moment, and then approached and knocked at the door. The dwelling was one of those rough-built houses inhabited by the lower class of Parisians, and waiting a little while, he repeated his knock. His summons was at length answered by a man some fifty-five or sixty years old, who appeared decrepit, or in feeble health.

'I am searching for one Pierre Nicole,' said the stranger; 'and if I remember rightly, he dwelt in this house, ten years ago.'

'You are right, monsieur. It is very late, and but poor fare will greet you here. Will you come in?'

The man did not wait to reply, or for a second invitation, but entered the house and the door closed behind him. It was a ricketty old dwelling, and the rough winds had played sad pranks with the weather-boards upon its westerly end. There were but two rooms in it, and into one of these the host and his visiter emerged from the narrow entry which ran through the house.

Upon the back side of this room, as we have hinted, the boarding was cracked and separated, by the action of time and hard weather, and two or three palpable crevices in the old wooden ceiling admitted the air freely into the apartment. The old man lighted a bit of candle and placed it upon the pine table which stood at the farther extremity of the apartment, and drawing up a rush-bottomed chair, he seated himself opposite his guest. He placed his hand over his gray eyes to exclude the rays of light which flickered from his miserable candle, and then peered up into the stranger's face; but he did not recollect ever to have seen him before.

'*I* am Pierre Nicole,' said the old man—'but I do not remember the gentleman who now honors me with this visit.'

'It doesn't matter, just now, good Nicole, who *I* am. I have some business of importance with yourself, and that we may be upon good terms at the outset, take this;' and suiting the action to the word, he threw across the table a small silk purse, well filled with silver coin.

It is a common matter for the good citizen of Paris, who may have occasion to be out at night, after reasonable hours, to exchange civilities with the city patrol, or guard—and most of her honest citizens are known by the watch, throughout the *arrondissement* in which they may reside. It is not a common thing for this guard to molest or interfere with the concerns of innocent people, or to disturb strangers, even, when there is nothing *outre* in their dress or appearance.

But on the night in question, the stranger we have alluded to, had not spoken with the patrol, and the dark cloak and muffled form of the traveller had attracted the attention of a brace of the police, who had followed him closely from a long distance, watched his movements, and finally observed that he awoke old Nicole, who was not in the habit (as they well knew) of entertaining much company; they also noted that he entered the house. At the moment therefore that the stranger displayed his liberality towards poor Nicole, and threw towards him that well-filled purse—two pairs of eyes were straining through the crevices at the back of the room, upon the traveller, and as many pairs of ears were open to catch every syllable which might fall from the stranger's lips!

'Some twenty years ago,' continued the traveller, 'you may recollect, good Nicole, a little circumstance which I am desirous to obtain the details of, for the use of a friend, and which I am led to believe you can furnish me with.'

'Twenty years ago?' muttered Nicole, contemplating. 'Twenty years is a long time, monsieur—and old Nicole's memory is none of the best.'

'I will aid you, perhaps. You were a waterman, then.'

'Ay, I remember that.'

'And late one dark, blustering night in March, full twenty years back—you were returning to your home on the banks of the Seine, when you heard a plash in the river, near the Pont du Jardin du Roi. You turned back, and discovering a small box, you secured it and bore it home. That box contained a female infant.'

'Ah, yes! sweet soul, I well remember it,' said Nicole—'and my poor dead wife (heaven rest her soul!) took charge of the little innocent, until—until—you see, monsieur, we were very poor, and we couldn't afford—'

'I understand, good Nicole. You kept the child a few months, and one night you carried it away, and didn't bring it back again.'

'Well, it was taken care of.'

'I know it was—at least, I *think* it was.'

'But, monsieur,' continued Nicole, earnestly, 'what of the infant? No harm came to it? Heaven forbid!'

'I do not mean that, Nicole. I want to know where you left the babe that night?'

'I cannot tell, monsieur.'

'And why not, pray?'

'I do not know, good master. That is—you see—I cannot tell precisely. I was bewildered at the time, for I hated to part with the little darling; and I didn't want to leave the sweet creature upon a poor man's door, and so I wandered on, and on—up and down, and at last, I think I turned just into the Rue Saint Honore. There are a great many houses there, much alike—but upon the steps of a fine mansion quite near the end of the street, I laid it gently down, rang the bell, and afterwards saw it taken in by the porteress, and the master himself, I thought.'

'You are certain, it was in the Rue Saint Honore?'

'O, yes, I am quite sure of that; but the exact house I could not tell. I went to look for the dwelling the next night, and the next, and had half a mind to call at them all, to ask if the little one was well. But then that wouldn't do, you see, monsieur, for I thought unpleasant questions would be asked.'

'Good!' exclaimed the stranger, as if in reply to his own thoughts.

'Eh, monsieur?' said Nicole, not exactly comprehending this.

'Nothing, go on.'

'Well, I gave it up, you see. Poor Marguerite, my wife, monsieur. I think it killed her; she died six months afterwards, I believe of grief.'

'Was there no ornament, no article of dress, nothing about the child which you preserved, no mark by which it might be traced, or recognized, good Pierre?'

'No, nothing—monsieur. That is—now I bethink me—there was, a handkerchief, a linen kerchief; which seemed as if it might have come there too, by accident—rolled up with the child, as if in haste; I remember now, that it was folded loosely in one corner of its shroud.'

'And you preserved that handkerchief?' inquired the stranger, eagerly.

'Yes. It was put away, I think. But it is many a long day since I have seen it.'

The guest of Nicole took out a couple of louis d'ors and pushed them across the table.

'Come, good Pierre,' he said, 'find me the kerchief, and I will buy it of you.'

The old waterman was tempted by the gold. He took the candle, rummaged over an old box in the corner, and after considerable search, drew forth a soiled, but fine embroidered cambric kerchief, upon which the stranger discovered the initials 'E. B.' He seized upon it with avidity, and pressing the gold upon Nicole's attention, thrust the handkerchief into his bosom.

'Now, Pierre—you have told me all you know of the babe?'

'All, monsieur—that is, all I now remember, but—'

'Do you recollect some seven or eight years since, that a gang of burglars were arrested, charged with an attempt to rob the banking house of Chéviner, & Co?'

'Yes—yes.'

'And what became of them?'

'Five were sentenced to the galleys, for life, the other escaped from the prison La Force.'

'So I have heard,' added the stranger, quietly, as he rose to leave. 'Good night, Nicole. I shall come and see you, again. Keep this visit strictly a secret, and you shall be rewarded. Good night;' and saying this, his singular guest departed.

The times were getting troublous in Paris, and the *garde* had been increased of late. The orders of the Governor of the Bastile and his deputies were strict and pointed in regard to the movements of strangers in the capitol. Already was the government in fear of a popular out-break among the lower orders, and well they knew that the people acted not without their leaders. Numerous arrests had been made, and the prisons were being filled with offenders, who were suspected of opposition to the king's interests, and of intriguing against the authority of the throne. The storm was rising, and those who had the leisure to look upon the threatening aspect of the political horizon, saw in the distance—but not afar off, the cloud from which was shortly to emit the lightning that might shiver the royal power of France!

Our stranger emerged from the hut of Pierre Nicole, by the river's side, and passed the Pont du Jardin du Roi. As he left the bridge, the figures of two men were seen in the distant darkness, upon his track. They followed him to his dwelling, and carefully noting his appearance, and the hour upon which he returned to his quarters, they disappeared as the porter closed the door.

Before noon, next day, all the details of the stranger's arrival, his dress, his appearance, and the particulars of his visit at the house of Pierre Nicole, were in the possession of Monsieur D'Aumail, late Commissary de Police!

### CHAPTER XV.

*Second visit to Nicole's hut. The stranger's reflections. He is again tracked by the police. The commissary's fears. Nicole's guest is returning peaceably home, and suddenly finds himself in the hands of the guard! He is disarmed, and borne hastily to prison.*

UPON the following evening, agreeably to promise, the unknown was punctual to his engagement with the waterman. The information he had obtained from the dying Eloise (for the unknown and the nobleman of Bagnolet were the same), the intelligence he obtained from Nicole, and lastly, from his servant—the former caleche driver—was sufficient to satisfy him of the extent of D'Aumail's crime; and entertaining none of the kindliest feelings towards that official, originally—he now determined upon slaking his thirst for revenge, at the earliest possible moment. He reflected that Eloise had been removed by death, and he felt himself alone in the world. Once he had obtained the satisfaction he sought, he resolved to quit France, and forever. In the midst of these reflections, he had almost entirely forgotten the original cause of his present visit to Paris, for his heart had been too deeply occupied with other matters, since his arrival; and he had thought of little else save D'Aumail and his crime.

But D'Aumail had learned quite enough through his emissaries, in reference to the stranger's movements, to place a guard upon his trail—and the latter thought as little of his being followed to Nicole's threshold on the second evening, as he did on his first visit there! Nevertheless, as he sat down on this occasion to consult and probe the waterman again, the same eyes were fixed upon him through those crevices, and the same ears were as ready to drink in his every word, as before!

He caused the waterman to go over the whole ground again, minutely; and endeavored to urge him to disclose the name of the occupant of the house where he had deposited the child; but he found his efforts unavailing. He could learn nothing additional to what he already knew, and bestowing upon Nicole a few francs, he bade him good night, and left him. But he had now determined upon an interview at once, with the former Commissary de Police, in some way, and as he moved along towards his quarters once more, he turned over in his mind a variety of schemes by which he proposed to bring about this (to him) desirable result. D'Aumail had become satisfied, from the narrative given him by the guard, in relation to the stranger's conversation with Nicole, and the knowledge he possessed of events which had long before transpired, that the guest of Pierre was one whom he had known before, towards whom he had extended a leniency, when he was completely at his mercy; and he thought he had abused his forbearance. The guard who had reported the delinquent, had caught but a portion of the conversation at Nicole's hut, but sufficient had been learned to prompt D'Aumail to peremptory action in the premises.

In the morning of the same day, Monsieur D'Aumail had received notice from the old porteress who had pretended to take care of Eloise, that the poor woman was dead; an event which had long been expected by him, and ardently hoped for! Poor Eloise! Her beauty had long since faded—sickness and suffering had oppressed her, the bloom had faded from her cheek—she possessed no charms for the fastidious taste of Monsieur D'Aumail! He had provided for her funeral, and had learned at the same time that a gentleman was with her, alone, in her last moments. Supposing it to have been the physician who called on her occasionally, he suffered it to pass. But he had given imperative instructions to his guard, to watch for the stranger, and to arrest him at a fitting opportunity, as soon as might be.

The visiter of Nicole still walked on, reflecting upon the villany of D'Aumail, of the singularly providential discoveries he had made within the last few hours, of the wretched death poor Eloise had suffered, and of the most effectual mode by which he should be able to find access to the villain who had been the cause of all this misery—when, as he turned the last corner towards his hotel, he suddenly found himself fast in the gripe of two stout gend'armes! In spite of his interrogations and his protestation against their rudeness, they forced him rapidly away to the nearest station-house, and having fastened a brace of manacles upon his wrists, they disarmed him, and placing him hurriedly in a caleche, he was driven back across the quay.

The ideas of the nobleman were confused, and he could in no way account for this sudden mishap. His arrival at the Bastile, however, soon destroyed all illusion in his mind. He left the vehicle, crossed the moat, and slowly ascended the steps, guarded on either side by a soldier. In a few minutes he found his arms at liberty, but his person was safely secured in a stone cell some eight feet square. He saw that he had probably been suspected, and D'Aumail would now attempt to punish him! But he smiled—smiled in his dark prison-house—for he was thankful for the opportunity thus given him to confront the man whom he bitterly hated!

His pistols had been taken from him, at the instant of his arrest, but he had dwelt too long in the midst of strife to be had at disadvantage in any such mishap as this; and though the arms he carried about his person ostensibly, had been secured by the guard, he was not left entirely without a weapon. Passing his hand along the breast of a species of doublet he wore upon the inside of his vest, he drew forth a shining dagger; a stout one, too, which he knew to be a true Damascus blade, and which he placed out of sight, within the sleeve of his coat; and thus prepared, he awaited for the *denouement* of this somewhat singular affair. He had had nearly half an hour of leisure to reflect upon his position, and the curious circumstance which had just occurred, when he heard the neighboring clock strike twelve. D'Aumail had already been informed of this arrest, and immediately after the midnight hour had tolled, a trio of gend'armes entered his cell, in company with the turnkey, and he was forthwith conducted across the great hall, through a winding passage beyond, to the private apartment of the Governor of the Bastile.

For a full score of years, the prisoner had studied human nature attentively, and the profession he had followed during the greater part of that period, had afforded him ample opportunity for the exercise of his faculties in determining upon man's character. He had become bold, cool, and calculating—per-force; and for many a year, he had rarely met with his equal at ready effrontery. In the course of his last seven or eight years' experience, he had been frequently called upon suddenly for the exercise of all his natural and acquired powers, and in his present predicament he felt at comparative ease; believing that he had the advantage of his adversary, if he should chance to be D'Aumail, as he supposed was the case.

Moreover, during the brief space of time which had expired since his present confinement at the Bastile, he had endeavored to fortify himself for the trial which he anticipated; and he had wrought up his mind to meet any dangers which might threaten him, at the same time, resolved to be avenged upon the spot, if he were driven to the extreme, by the course which D'Aumail might think fit to pursue in the premises. His military attendants escorted him to the end of the corridor, the private door was opened, the gend'armes retired at once, and the nobleman was now alone with the Governor of the Bastile—Monsieur Jean D'Aumail.

'Be seated,' said the governor, looking steadily at his prisoner.

'This is Monsieur D'Aumail, late Commissary de Police—now Governor of the Bastile—if I am not mistaken,' replied the other, with the utmost *nonchalance*, and returning his gaze with assurance.

'And you are he who was held upon a flagrant charge, some years since, in Paris—who was liberated through the lenency of the Commissary de Police, upon your pledge of honor never again to return to France,' continued D'Aumail.

'The same. An unfortunate man who was thus exiled from his native land, upon a charge of crime,' replied the prisoner, calmly; 'but who returns for the purpose of adjusting a long standing account he has with the former Commissary de Police,' and the eye of the stranger glistened nervously upon his adversary, as he still stood before him.

'You bear your arrest proudly, monsieur?'

'I am well aware of the august presence in which I stand, Monsieur D'Aumail.'

'You are a runaway criminal,' said the governor.

'You are, as yet, an unpunished villain!'

'How's this, monsieur?' said D'Aumail, starting to his feet.

A glittering dagger gleamed in the light, and the prisoner stood in a menacing attitude between the governor and the door. D'Aumail had ordered away the guard to a remote distance in the building, and though his first impulse was to shout for aid, or rush to his secret signal for assistance, yet he glanced a moment at the clenched teeth, the rigid muscles, the restless eye of his companion, and his knowledge of desperate men suggested discretion.

'Advance one step—another inch—Monsieur D'Aumail, and our fearful account is quickly balanced,' said the stranger, with a stifled, but bitter emphasis. The tone of voice and determined manner of the prisoner went to the very heart of D'Aumail. He looked upon the glistening poniard which was upraised before him, and sank quietly back into his chair again. At the same moment, the other assumed a calmer tone, and also sat down upon the opposite side of the table, with his dagger still clasped firmly in his right hand.

'Monsieur,' said D'Aumail, promptly, but in a more quiet tone—'this is monstrous! You cannot have forgotten that less than ten years ago, you were a prisoner, upon a capital charge, and that I suffered you to escape from the toils of justice, because I thought your youth and associations some palliation for the crime you had committed—and because you promised me you would never return hither. You must also be aware that my duty now calls upon me, imperatively, to take the course I have. You have rendered yourself amenable to the laws of your country; you were guilty of a heinous crime, and punishment must follow.'

'Monsieur D'Aumail,' replied the prisoner, without seeming to notice particularly the subject the governor had touched upon; 'tell me, is there no *other* reason why it answers your purpose that I am dragged ignominiously through the streets of Paris at night, manacled, forced into a dungeon, and now find myself before you, here? Speak, monsieur! You have ordered away your guards, no one will interrupt, or overhear us; we are alone, speak out!'

'Monsieur,' continued D'Aumail, who began to assume the appearance of the culprit, despite his well-known character, despite his earnest efforts to the contrary, despite the fact that he was Governor of the Bastile, and the man before him was his prisoner—'I do not comprehend you.'

'Then, monsieur, I will condescend to advise with you no longer, by riddle. You have dragged me hither, your miserable emissaries have committed unwarrantable indignities upon my person, and I find in the result of your arrest, the very opportunity I would have craved, at an early day, had we not met as we have. Now, then, Monsieur D'Aumail, I hold the proof of your accursed, atrocious villany in my possession, and I demand that you listen to what I have to say.'

'Monsieur, it is not the province of the governor of this prison to listen to idle accusation against himself; yet I shall not object to humor *you*. Prisoners often have disclosures to offer—what may yours be?'

'Listen, Monsieur D'Aumail,' said the nobleman, impressively; and resting his arm on the side of the table, with his glittering dagger still clenched in his right hand, in a steady voice, he addressed the governor, in the following terms.

### CHAPTER XVI.

*D'Aumail's prisoner enlightens him upon matters he had well-nigh forgotten! The duplicate diamond ring. The governor's threats, and Francois's defence. The burglar-brigand's narrative. D'Aumail's prisoner baffles him in diplomacy. The ruse of Francois. Commotions in Paris.*

'SAID the prisoner—'late at night, on the 23d of March, 1769, two villains of Paris, in a caleche, halted before a mansion in that city, on the left, in the Rue de Charenton. You start, Monsieur D'Aumail! I pray you, listen—I shall be brief, and the incident, I think, will prove one of interest to you.'

The color came and went in the cheek of D'Aumail, but he recovered his calmness as quickly as possible, and moved to his companion to proceed.

'The carriage stopped, I say, monsieur, at this dwelling in the Rue de Charenton; and there alighted from it two individuals—one about the size of yourself, and the other a tall, stately personage, who was enveloped in a cloak, and who wore about his throat a white cravat. They were muffled up closely, but on arriving at the door, they entered; they tarried there an hour or less, when the caleche drew up for them again and they departed in haste, with a small deal box, towards the Seine. Upon the Pont du Jardin du Roi, the vehicle stopped; the men got out, a plash was heard in the water, and they returned (relieved of their burthen) by the road they came. That box contained a new-born infant, monsieur! The villains were murderers, of course, and had they been known, must have suffered death for their crime. Am I not right, Monsieur le Governor?'

'Yes, yes,' said D'Aumail, quickly, 'that is, as you say, had they been known.'

'They were known, Monsieur D'Aumail,' continued the stranger, with his eye fixed upon the governor, and his dagger still grasped before him.

'No, monsieur, you mistake,' said D'Aumail (utterly unconscious what he said, so sudden did this intelligence come upon him), 'that is, I do not think they could have been known; else I should have heard of it, and should have brought the—the guilty perpetrators of the foul deed to—to—justice.'

'You *did* know of it—you knew it *all*, Monsieur D'Aumail; but you did not, you have not yet, brought the guilty perpetrators of this foul deed to justice!'

'What means monsieur?' said the governor, desperately, but proudly.

'One moment more, monsieur,' said the nobleman; and without removing his poniard from its threatening attitude, he drew his left hand from his vesture, and exposed upon his little finger a sparkling ring.

'Do you know that jewel?' he said, quietly.

'Ah! villain—robber!' shouted D'Aumail, 'you have committed sacrilege, you have robbed the dead!' and he would have started up.

'Silence, Monsieur D'Aumail! This little bauble is part and parcel of the tale I was just rehearsing to you. It was a present, many years ago, to a young and innocent being—once as beautiful as the morning, as pure as an angel—from one of these very wretches we are speaking of. He gave her this ring some year or two before the night on which they stopped, as I have told you, at the dwelling in the Rue de Charenton. The scoundrel gave her *two* like this (the setting of the jewel is peculiar, you observe, monsieur), but one of them was stolen, on the very night the babe was carried off—by the man who accompanied the donor, and who took away the box!'

Cold drops of perspiration stood upon the forehead of D'Aumail, and his eyes were wild and glassy, but still he remained a quiet, if not a patient, listener to his prisoner's narrative.

'Through a score of long and weary years of misery the receiver kept this trinket, as a memento—a remembrance of the villain whom she loved, but who long since deserted her. Sickness attacked her, a slow and gnawing disease at length severed her heart-strings; and now, relieved of life's burthens, thank God! she sleeps the sleep which knows no waking!'

The heaving chest of D'Aumail showed plainly the terrible emotions he was contending with, but he gave utterance to no syllable of comment, as the prisoner gazed frightfully upon him, and seemed to be looking into the very innermost recesses of his guilty heart.

'Monsieur D'Aumail,' continued he, in a voice trembling with grief, 'but two nights since, I stood beside the suffering pallet of that poor, heart-broken victim, and from her dying lips I heard the history of her woes. She had suffered harshly, dearly, for her error, but she told me *all*, monsieur! She handed me that ring, and with her dying sigh, forgave the author of her misery, the *father and murderer of her infant!*'

The eye-balls of D'Aumail seemed starting from their sockets; the swollen veins upon his broad forehead were ready to burst; the perspiration coursed down his cheeks in streams, but no word fell from his lips.

'The sufferer died, monsieur, on Tuesday last; died a miserable death, prolonged a thousand times by the living agonies of a crushed heart, the remorse of more than twenty years' duration. She died in a low hovel, in one of the tortuous lanes of the Fauborg St. Antoine; died, surrounded by vice and squalor, and, but for the hand of Providence, would have died alone—unwept, unheeded. Her name, monsieur—was *Eloise*. She died in the arms of her brother, *Francois Berdotte!*'

D'Aumail had seen it all, but the announcement fell upon his heart like a thunderbolt!

'The room is warm, Monsieur D'Aumail. Your cheek is blanched, and perspiration flows. Here—place this kerchief to your brow,' continued Francois (for the disguised nobleman was the escaped burglar), and he produced the cambric kerchief, with the initials of Eloise upon it. At sight of this, the pent-up passion burst, and D'Aumail fell back, stiff and stark in his chair.

'Up! *up*, monsieur!' shouted Francois, seizing the fainting governor by the throat; 'it is no time for faltering now. Up, I say, and listen, yet!'

The gripe of the infuriated and injured Francois, upon his neck, revived the fainting villain, and but for the pressure of the prisoner's hand upon his throat, he would have screamed for aid. He struggled amid his weakness, even, but the powerful arm of Francois was trebly nerved for the emergency, and he held his antagonist as if he had been but a child.

'Villain! Thrice-perjured, accursed villain!' continued the brother of Eloise, as his glittering blade was brandished over the head of D'Aumail. 'But that I purpose you shall fearfully, terribly, expiate your crime—but that I design you shall feel the curse which you caused to fester in a heart now chilled and crushed through your treachery—your blood should pay the forfeit of your crime. Poor indeed would be such revenge for such an offence! Live, then—for the present. Your death must be a lingering one, live on!' and relinquishing his grasp upon D'Aumail's neck, he moved across the room.

D'Aumail recovering from the shock which the narrative of Francois had caused him, gazed on the fatal handkerchief, and saw that the brother of Eloise had contrived to possess himself of his whole secret; the proof was in his hands, and for a moment he shuddered; then, calling together his scattered senses, D'Aumail determined not to be so readily conquered, he who by his diplomacy and cunning had conquered so many!

'Fool,' muttered the governor, 'desperate fool that you are, Francois! A score of years have transpired you say, since this deed occurred, and what is the value of the confession of a crazy, dying woman? How will it impeach the character of Monsieur D'Aumail—who enjoys the confidence of his king? *Bah*, Francois, this will not do! Besides, you are the only living witness remaining to repeat this foolish story, and you are in the power of the Governor of the Bastile! Behold, Francois, I have but to press this knob, and in one instant a score of gend'armes will force that door from its hinges, to my assistance.'

'Do so. And ere they can reach this spot to succor you, monsieur, this knife will find its way to your treacherous heart; and poor Eloise will be avenged; *try me!*' said Francois, firmly. The governor at once removed his hand from the secret spring, which he had approached as Francois left the table.

'Or I might fail,' continued Francois, 'and your cursed villany might tempt you still to imprison me, to heap persecution on my head, to punish me for thus telling you the truth. As yet, monsieur, I have not named the guilty author of this crime, but hear it now. It was D'Aumail, now Governor of the Bastile!'

'Monstrous impudence.'

'I had not told you that, monsieur, and yet "the galled jade winced!" now hear me, further. I had not entered upon this hazardous undertaking, without due preparation for contingencies, and had you called your guard, your fate had now been sealed. Mark me! Ample time has transpired since I became possessed of the damning facts which I have now rehearsed to your teeth. Ere I left my hotel last night, a packet had been carefully prepared, setting forth in exact terms, with day and date, all the details of your crime. It has been placed (in duplicate) in the hands of a faithful friend, whom even the hirelings of D'Aumail cannot bribe, monsieur! If I do not return to my quarters quietly and peaceably, before to-morrow's sun, at ten o'clock, that packet will be placed in the hands of my honored friend, Monsieur Morcelle Chaufran; its duplicate will be handed to the Procureur de Roi! Choose quickly, Monsieur D'Aumail, between my unconditional release, and your certain exposure!'

'Francois,' said D'Aumail, earnestly.

'Monsieur, am I at liberty?'

'You are!' said the governor, advancing to the door; 'but you will not speak of this, Francois?'

'I make no bargains with a perjured villain, monsieur. Am I at liberty?'

'Go!' said D'Aumail, and striking the spring, his attendants entered the apartment.

'There is some mistake, here, messieurs,' he said, 'provide a carriage for this gentleman, and see him to his hotel in safety.'

Francois departed, and D'Aumail was left alone to awful and bitter reflections. As the former moved along through the streets, towards his quarters in the Rue de Vivienne, his attention was repeatedly attracted by little knots and collections of men about the corners of the less frequented thoroughfares. He observed, too, that the night patrol was greatly increased, armed soldiers appearing at every turn. The commotion had not yet fairly broken out, but Paris was laboring, and the approaching storm still threatened ominously!

### CHAPTER XVII.

*Francois after his release returns to his hotel. An important discovery made. The Duke Pazzoni's absence and the duplicate documents. Francois charges Pascho with an important duty. The Count De Monthon. The prospects of his suit with Hermione.*

ON his return to the Hotel des Etranges at daylight, Francois immediately rang for his confidential attendant, and ordered writing materials. His appearance was somewhat haggard, and his manner continued nervous.

'Pascho,' he said, 'I find the business which called me to Paris much more complicated than I had anticipated. At twelve o'clock to-day—come to me in my private apartment; till then, I desire to remain undisturbed. In the meantime Pascho, disguise yourself as a monk—no, that will not do, either—for we are in the midst of troublous times here, just now, and the clergy are not over-acceptable to the citizens. But manage this in your own way. Disguise yourself, however, and go to the Rue Saint Honore; towards the upper end of the street is a row of buildings, much alike in their outward appearance. Find access to them, one by one, and by your means of communication with the servants, the porters, or others—learn the names of the several occupants of the six or seven buildings at that extremity of the street. Be urgent and particular in your inquiries, Pascho, and ascertain if, some twenty years ago, the same parties (or any of them) resided there. Then learn if among them, at about the time I mention, you remember the year when you returned to that neighborhood from the Pont du Jardin du Roi, on a certain occasion?'

'As if it were but yesterday.'

'Tis well. Learn if, about that time, or some months afterwards, a foundling was left at either of those doors, and all the details else, which you can become master of. From old Nicole, I have ascertained that somewhere in the vicinity, he left the child he rescued in the Seine. If you succeed, Pascho, your fortune is made. See to it.'

Pascho disappeared, and Francois having ordered a bottle of light wine, sat himself diligently down at writing.

His declaration to D'Aumail in prison, in reference to his having already prepared the duplicate packages for Chaufran and the Procureur de Roi, was a ruse on the part of Francois, who, as yet, had done nothing of the kind! He had intended to do so, on the night he was taken; but his assertion, fortunately, had had the effect he desired. He had no idea of the difficulty which existed between D'Aumail and Chaufran, but he merely spoke of the surgeon, because he knew him to be a prominent citizen in Paris, and imagined that the effect of his statement upon D'Aumail would be more certain. Least of all, did Francois suspect that Chaufran was a party to the crime of D'Aumail! He had seen the result of his pretensions in reference to the sealed packets, however, and he lost no time now in putting upon paper all he had learned thus far, in relation to this still unravelled mystery. Meantime, he had set his servant to work, though with but faint hope that he would learn anything additional through this means.

At twelve o'clock noon, Francois had actually prepared a faithful and accurate account, in duplicate, of the whole affair, as far as any knowledge of its details had come to light, adducing all the proofs in his possession, to corroborate his statements; and, punctual to the hour designated in the morning, his faithful servant rapped at his door.

'Come in,' said Francois, quickly.

'What news, good Pascho?' continued his master, whose unusually excited manner showed how deep an interest he felt in the result of Pascho's search.

'You went to the Rue Saint Honore?'

'I did, excellency.'

'And you found the houses I named?'

'Yes, easy found, your excellency, easy found; and Pascho's fortune's made,' continued the attendant, with an earnest chuckle.

'Go on,' said Francois; and Pascho immediately informed his master that having put on a travelling disguise, he proceeded on his mission, and had entered but the second dwelling in the Rue Saint Honore, when he chanced to fall in with an aged porteress, who had lived in the same house and family for upwards of thirty years; and from whom, for a handsome bribe, he learned that nearly twenty years before, a female infant had been left at her master's door, late one night.'

'And who was her master, Pascho?'

'Monsieur Chaufran.'

'*Chaufran!*' exclaimed the brigand, astounded.

'Yes, excellency, Monsieur Morcelle Chaufran, whom you met with, I think at Venice, some time since.'

'Well, well, good Pascho.'

'Well. The babe was taken care of, adopted, and raised by the old surgeon.'

'Well?'

'And who do you imagine this same foundling is, excellency?'

The thought instantly flashed across the imagination of Francois, and breathless with expectation for the denouement, he said:

'Not Ma'amoiselle Hermione?'

'The same, good master.'

'Good!' exclaimed the astonished and delighted brigand. 'Come to me in half an hour, Pascho. You have done nobly, nobly, Pascho. I shall not forget my promise.'

The attendant retired again, and Francois forgetting his woes, almost danced with excitement.

'Now, Monsieur le Commissary; now, Monsieur De Monthon, we shall see if the despised and threatened Francois Berdotte is the miserable, insignificant wretch you would make him!' said Francois to himself, as he reflected upon this singular affair, and the relations which had so suddenly sprung up around him. 'Beautiful Hermione!' he exclaimed; 'we may yet meet upon equal terms, peradventure. The burglar, the foundling,' he continued, meditating; 'we shall see.' He sprang the bell-pull, and his attendant stood before him.

'Pascho, I shall be absent till to-morrow. You may miss me at any time, for twenty-four hours. Be at hand, within call, at all times day and night, mind—for the present; the business I have undertaken in Paris is hazardous, I find, and I may be ensnared. Here are two packets, which I entrust to your care; one of them you will place under the small secret lock of the escritoire in my room at Bagnolet, for the present; the other may be deposited in the sliding floor of the travelling trunk. Notice the directions upon them, Pascho, and be cautious with these documents; they are valuable to you and to me. If, at any time, I do not return, within three days and nights from the hour I leave (during my stay here for the next fortnight), possess yourself of these two envelopes, and deliver them forthwith as they are addressed; the first to the Procureur de Roi, the other to Monsieur Morcelle Chaufran. Your own reward, and all your services, you will find I have duly provided for, under any circumstances.'

Pascho promised to be faithful, and within half an hour, Francois ordered a cabriolet, and drove from his lodgings. In the midst of his excitement, he had almost entirely forgotten the lovely Hermione, for whose sake he had originally left Italy, in the hope that he might be able to arrange his affair with Chaufran, and hurry on a marriage with his daughter, in Paris, ere sufficient time would elapse for discovery. But his mind was now occupied with other matters.

From the moment Francois left the private room of D'Aumail, in the Bastile, the governor had suffered the most intense torture of mind. Since the occurrence upon the night of the 23d of March, 1769, his intellect had become somewhat impaired by constant mental exercise in his duty as Commissary de Police; and though he had looked upon the supposed destruction of the infant, in which he had participated, as a trifling matter, until now, yet the scene he passed through with Francois had completely unnerved him, and he saw and realized now, for the first time, the enormity of his crime, and the dangerous predicament he was placed in, at the mercy of the brother of Eloise.

He had always flattered himself that no possible circumstance or contingency could turn up, by which Francois would ever fall across his path; and the trying position he now found himself in forced him to call to his aid all the powers of his hitherto calculating mind. Such was his desperation, that nothing save the existence of the manuscripts (to which, in their late interview, Francois had alluded) prevented D'Aumail from putting an end to his fears, so far as her brother was concerned, in a summary manner! But he saw that any harm to Francois, under ex-

isting circumstances, would but hasten his own destruction. He reflected, and resolved to institute measures at once, to gain possession of the documents Francois had spoken of, and thus destroy *that* evidence, the existence of which caused him the greatest alarm.

The Count de Monthon had yielded up his commission, as we have seen, and had reported his return to the Department. His administration of affairs in Italy had earned for him the warm approval of his king, and the *ex-charge* was honored by the increased favor and confidence of his royal master. The lovely Hermione grew daily more beautiful, at least in the eyes of the young count, and her return to Paris at the opening of the 'season' again, was the signal for a renewal of the admiration of her numerous friends and acquaintances. She had faithfully plighted her troth to De Monthon, and Eugene was happy in the belief that she would one day be his.

But Monsieur Chaufran liked not the growing favor which he saw bestowed by Hermione upon the count, and he regretted that the intimacy had progressed so rapidly between his *protégé* and De Monthon. His old feeling of jealousy toward D'Aumail, which had long slumbered in his bosom, was re-awakened, and he did not hesitate to express himself pointedly to Hermione, in regard to this suitor. Ignorant of the cause, she kept his aversions a profound secret from her lover, who loved on, unconscious of the real state of things, and still submitted to the petty indignities of Chaufran, for the sake of his charming daughter. The count's fortune, by his father's demise, was a splendid one; he cared but little for the surgeon, whom he had never fancied, and assured by Hermione that she would be his alone, he was content, and still hoped for the best.

He had lost no time since his return to Paris in pressing forward his thus far successful suit, and D'Aumail, his foster-father, had already been apprised of the count's intentions to consummate his marriage with Hermione, at an early day. The proposition proved acceptable to the governor, who had little taste in the matter; but he loved the count, and desired to see him happy. He could not but have wished that his nephew's choice might have fallen upon some one else, yet he expressed his approbation of the match, and promised his countenance to the union.

Thus affairs went on swimmingly with the ardent lovers for a few days, when a most unexpected circumstance occurred, which changed the action of D'Aumail, and the determination of Hermione, and fearfully jeopardized the future hopes of the Count De Monthon in regard to her he loved!

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

### Dejazet, the Actress.

At the time that the present president was a state prisoner at Ham, this captivating person arrived there on a theatrical tour. Having a few leisure hours upon her hands, she wished to gratify the strong desire she felt to see the princely captive, and, on presenting herself at the citadel gate, the homage always paid to talent in France commended her at once to the best civilities of the keeper. The rigid law, however, forbade all interview with the prisoner except on his daily walk around the moat, and that was already over. The nearest approach she could obtain was a view of the prince through the bars of his window, and waving her handkerchief to him, she received a wave of a handkerchief in return. As she went out of the castle, however, she saw the prince's valet coming in, and stopping him, Mademoiselle Dejazet detached from her neck a medal which had been blessed by the pope, and was of course a charm of good fortune.

'Give this to your master!' she said, 'and tell him it is from one who would gladly have been, herself, the bearer of it—Mademoiselle Dejazet—you will not forget the name!'

'Little fear of that, Mademoiselle!' said the man, with the smile of one who would have disdained not to know by sight so famous a theatrical star.

And Dejazet went her way—having made a great sacrifice, in fact, for the medal was a charm she devoutly believed in, and valued accordingly.

After the prince's escape from Ham, Mademoiselle Dejazet was announced to appear in London, and, on the day before her debut, Louis Napoleon called upon her at her lodgings.

'I have come,' he said, 'to return the visit which you made me at the fortress of Ham, and to thank you for this precious talisman, which, you see, I still wear!' And he showed it to her, suspended by a chain.

'Well!' said Dejazet, 'and now that you have profited by it, give it back to me, that I may take the good of it in turn.'

'No,' said the prince, 'I have still occasion for it, for my destiny is not yet accomplished.'

He kept the medal. He is now president of the Republic. Is he probably ready to restore the medal to Mademoiselle Dejazet?—*Home Journal's Translation.*

### Anecdote of an Applicant.

It is now the Democ' turn to quiz the office seekers, and promptly do they use their privilege. The Spirit of the Times tells the following good one: A week or two ago, a gentleman in this city, who had done good service in the cause of 'Old Rough and Ready,' went down to Washington for the purpose of getting his *quid pro quo* for the aforesaid services, and was accordingly ushered in at the 'white house,' where he sent up his card to the president. He was taken before the old hero, when, after exchanging the usual formalities, and considerable bowing and scraping, said—

'My dear general, I do not come here on my own recommendation, but come backed with the recommendation of twenty thousand of the voters of Philadelphia city and county.'

'Old Rough' heard him with a great deal of respect, and then said—

'Mr. ———, sir, when in Mexico, Santa Anna just before a battle sent me word that he had twenty thousand troops at his command, which I assure you *availed him nothing.*'

This was a decided damper, and without farther parley the office seeker bid the general a sudden adieu, and the president leisurely strolled back to his private sitting-room.

### Spirited Young Lady.

A gentleman being in company with a spirited damsel of about fourteen, was somewhat annoyed by her playful trickery. At length he exclaimed, 'Now, my dear *girl*, do be still!' This touched the chord of feminine vanity which is sure to vibrate. Assuming an air of importance, and retiring a step or two, she drew herself up in a posture of self-defence, and responded—'Girl, indeed! *I am as much of a woman as you are!*'

This anecdote reminds us of one told us by a lady friend, a few evenings since. Some years ago, a young man, from just across the Connecticut, who was attending our village academy, became sadly infected with the notion that all our maidens were in love with him. While in this state of mind, it fell to his lot one evening to see a Miss H—— safely to her father's domicil. On arriving at the door, the lady invited him to enter. He did so. After a few moments' conversation he arose to leave, and as Miss H—— was showing him to the door, she innocently enough remarked that they would be pleased to see him again. Here was an occasion for the exercise of Jonathan's courage and moral principle. Expanding himself to his tallest height, with a graceful but determined inclination of the head, he replied, 'I should be happy, Miss, to call as a *friend*, but not as a *feller!*'

[Written for The Flag of our Union.]

## THE WIDOW'S SON.

A PAGE FROM IRELAND'S UNWRITTEN HISTORY.

BY JOHN BROUGHAM.

### CHAPTER I.

*The Agent.*

A cozy, comfortable, lack-for-nothing tenement was that of Mr. Sleek, land agent for Sir Marcus Fitsharding; the latter one of those easy, good-natured, pliant personages who, full of excellent intentions themselves, never see beyond the surface of society. Scorning prevarication or the slightest approach to falsehood, they take it for granted that everything is true that they hear; indeed, if the picture presented be but pleasing to the eye and consonant to the wish, the want of integrity is forgotten in the beauty of the coloring.

Two gentlemen are seated in the best apartment, one bearing in his countenance and deportment unmistakeable evidence of his inborn claim to such distinction; the other vainly endeavoring to simulate the look and action, utterly unattainable by the *oi polloi.*

The pure metal is represented by the barmet's brother, Colonel Fitsharding, the counterfeit, by his agent, Mr. Sleek.

The coal fire, in such bitter weather, is indeed cheering; nor is the exquisite glass of old port an unpleasant auxiliar. Sleek must have a motive for pressing the rosy enemy so pertinaciously. He has; listen to him:

'Come, colonel, the distinguished friendliness with which your brother has honored my small claims upon his consideration, emboldens me to approach you freely—another glass. Permit me;' and he evidenced the slavish blood within his brains by the cringing servility of his manner. 'What were we speaking of?'

'Of the many complaints my brother has recently had from his people,' replied the colonel, the frost of his involuntary repugnance not yet thawed even by the genial atmosphere of Mr. Sleek's luxurious parlor.

'O, my dear colonel, there is nothing but ingratitude amongst these fellows; the more one does for them, the harder they rail against you!'

'Well, but those publications in the papers?'

'Insurgent, rebellious, every one of them.'

'Can it be possible,' continued the colonel, 'that they stoop to fabricate such matters? However, thus much I am determined: I shall ride over the estate, and give my brother an account of what I see myself.'

'This must be prevented,' thought the trembling Sleek. 'My dear colonel,' said he, 'far be it from me to control your inclinations, but you don't know the violence of those savage people—no concession will satisfy them—no kindness conciliate.'

'Has concession been yielded, Mr. Sleek? Has kindness been tried?'

'Am I a Christian?' rejoined the hypocrite, meekly. 'Have I your brother's interest at heart?'

'Excuse me,' the colonel interrupted. 'Mr. Sleek, I am a plain man, and like not equivocation; you have not answered my question.'

'Then, sir, seriously,' answered Sleek, with an affectation of frankness almost deceptive, 'they have; but concession has been mocked at, and kindness returned with ingratitude.'

Now, standing by the side-board at a respectable distance was an anomalous specimen of humanity, half farm laborer, and half house servant—a clumsy, big-fisted, shock-headed 'lump of a boy,' called Terry Duff; his 'livery' consisted of a pair of singularly patched corduroys, immense brogues, containing as much clay as would furnish a flower garden for a modern 'suburban residence;' thus his better man indicated the hard-working ploughman; but his torso was more ambitiously decorated, being enveloped in a voluminous coat of bright scarlet, with vest to match the whole, encumbered with tarnished lace.

He had been sedulously listening, without seeming to do so, a piece of pantomimic dexterity for which individuals of his grade are famous; but when Sleek made the last observation, he could stand it no longer; the pent-up feelings of his soul found vent in:

'Mother of Moses! if it isn't enough to make a dog bite his grandmother.'

'What's that?' sharply cried Sleek; for, like all such human hounds, he balanced the slavishness to his superiors by insolence and brutality to those beneath him.

Poor Terry, startled into the necessity of keeping his place, stammered out:

'Nothin', sir, an' ye plaize, but this murtherin thief or an agee, that cotch howld uv me knee.'

'O, that's all; never mind that; I didn't know you were there. Terry, my boy,' said Sleek, his manner suddenly changing to an insinuating blandness, which made Terry's blood chilly, for he instinctively knew there was mischief in it, 'now you are here,' continued Sleek, 'you can substantiate what I have been saying to the colonel. Come, stand forward and do so.'

Terry, thus commanded, had nothing left but to shuffle himself a few inches nearer.

'I ax pardon, sir,' said he, 'but I wasn't mindin'.'

'You know the tenants on the estate?'

'Every mother's son of 'em, sir.'

'And you know me?'

'Like a *bok*, sir, and a mighty hard one to shell out at that,' thought Terry to himself.

'Are they not as I have described them?' continued Sleek, 'lazy, savage, and good for nothing?'

Terry was nonplussed; at last he bolted out:

'They are as the heavens above made them, I suppose, sir.'

'You know what I mean, Terry, very well. Come, now, tell this gentleman that there is danger in venturing amongst them.'

'Do you want me to tell my *real* mind, sir?' said Terry, with a clever assumption of stupidity.

'Why, of course I do,' replied Sleek.

'Why, thin, sir, I'll out wid it,' said Terry, stoutly; 'but I'm afraid you wont be overplaized at it.'

'How's this? Leave the room!' cried the alarmed agent.

'Stay, sir; you'll excuse me,' suggested the colonel. 'You asked for his testimony in your favor; by all means let us have it; so speak out, my friend, and fear nothing.'

'I will speak out,' said Terry, the man shaking off the fetters of the slave. 'I've been a crawlin' time sarvin' a brute baste long enough. You thought because I did what you towld me without a groan, that the dirt of it never stuck to my fingers; but whin you hired my body for your divil's wages, you didn't hire my soul an' my feelins; and many is the time I've had to swally thim down, when they riz right up in my throat and nigh have choked me. When I saw you, day after day, an' year after year, harryin' an' tearin' the last mouthful from the poor creatures, that had the same right to be saved as yerself, though if they hadn't a bether chance it's mighty quarely off they'd be.'

'Stop, sir!' roared Sleek, rising from his chair, his villanous face unmasked; 'I will not hear you.'

'You must—indeed you must,' quietly responded the colonel. 'Proceed, my man; if your report be true, this man's power will be of short duration.'

'Ah, sir, but it's like a ray of sunlight to see a gentleman like you, an' to hear him spake words of kindness that the ears of this neighborhood is little used to,' said Terry, with tears, for joy's reservoir is closer to an Irishman's eye than that of grief.

'Then my brother's tenants are not well used?'

'Well used, sir! There isn't a slave in the hardest corner of the earth but the best of them would change places with; and, indeed, it's not in our case only,' continued Terry, emboldened by Fitsharding's kindness of manner, 'but it's all over the poor grave of a country. Why don't the *real* owners come over and see for themselves, as you have done; the heavens be your bed for that same; sure, it's the likes of him that's sittin' there so mighty high, that blinds their eyes and builds up their palaces upon our blood.'

'I believe you, I believe you,' replied the colonel, seriously. 'Can you show me an instance—but one; it will be enough for my purpose, of such inhuman conduct.'

'Indade, an' I can, sir,' answered Terry, 'an' you needn't go far for it either. There's a poor ould widow woman dyin' of want at this blessed minute of time.'

'Want—dying of want? Mr. Sleek?' cried Fitsharding, sternly, 'deny this cursed assertion.'

'He can't, sir; I defy him,' said Terry, 'an' it isn't one, or two, or half a dozen, that's in the same road. Those that ought to provide for them have deaf ears, or their dyin' groans might be heard from this very spot.'

'Colonel Fitsharding,' cried Sleek, savagely, 'if you will take, in preference to my word, that of an ungrateful scoundrel, whom I have warmed into favor but to sting me in the end, I can't help it.'

'Ungrateful!' replied Terry, proudly; 'what am I ungrateful for? What have we, any of us, that you could take away—nothing but the blessed light of Heaven and the hope hereafter, an' if you could rob us of those you would.'

'Come, my man,' said the colonel, 'I shall see whether this allegation of yours be true or not; give me proof, for without that, I should hesitate to believe such infamy can exist.'

Casting a glance of unutterable contempt upon the abject wretch, he quitted the house, preceded by the heart-gladdened Terry. How the comfortably-housed agent relished his next glass of prime old port, the intelligent reader may imagine.

### CHAPTER II.

*The Widow.*

In painful contrast to the profuse and extravagant appliances of ease and comfort scattered through the mansion of the agent, look upon the miserable hut of the Widow Byrne; her dead husband for forty years one of the best tenants on the estate, which now denies her the home of a dog; the cold, wintry wind sweeps through it without let; there is not a spot upon the earthy floor upon which the sleet and rain does not descend through the rotted and dilapidated roof.

Upon a sheaf of straw, damp from the impossibility of keeping it out of the rain, lay the dying widow; by her side, one hand clenched in his matted hair, the other in his mother's feeble grasp, knelt her only son, once the light of her eyes and sunshine of her heart; now, a gaunt, spectral-looking impersonation of famine.

'Ned, my beloved boy,' whispered the old woman, 'I'm passin' away; I know I am; O for some bread;' and then a fierce paroxysm got the better of her mother's heart. 'Bread, bread,' she gasped. 'O! will you see the hunger gnawing through me, and there you stay like a stone? Bread, bread.'

'Mother, darling,' softly replied Ned, in a deferential tone, 'what's the use in askin' me for bread—where am I to get it?'

'Forgive me, jewel, forgive me,' muttered the poor, dying woman; 'I want nothing; I'll be patient till the darkness comes; but O, it's hard.'

'Hard, mother!' cried Ned. 'It's very hard to see the strong, hearty frame bent down by starvation; I have lowered myself down to the ground on your account, mother. I have begged, begged. God forgive me—I could have robbed, rather than seen you thus.'

'What's that you say?' asked the mother, with curious energy. 'Ned, Ned, would you shut the gates of heaven against your own soul and mine? This griping hunger is hard to bear, but that is harder. Ned, where are you? Come here—give me your hand—both hands. Kneel beside your dying mother, and promise that you will do nothing on man's earth which will prevent us from meeting in God's heaven.'

'Mother, I was mad,' replied Ned. 'But I'm quiet now. I'll go out again; maybe I may meet some Christian, though I *b*eleve the race is run out intirely. Mother, dear mother, keep up. I'll surely bring you back some relief;' and he kissed her pale cheek, and staggered from the house.

In a few moments after, two burly, sinister-looking fellows, technically called 'followers,' a name most dreaded by those 'backward with the rint,' walked into the place.

'This is the house, Con,' said one of them. 'House, did I say? kennel, I mane; an' see,' reverently taking off his hat as he spoke, for sickness is sacred even with the worst class of Irishmen, 'there lies the ould woman.'

'True for you, Barney,' replied his companion, whose distinguishing characteristic was an acquiescent brevity.

'She must walk, Con, eh, mustn't she?'

'Not a lie in it, Barney.'

'Always providin' that she can walk, eh, Con?'

'True for you agin, Barney.'

'The law doesn't oblige people to walk that has no legs—eh, Con?'

'It's *contrairy* to rayzin, Barney.'

'Let's ax her,' said Con, going towards her awkwardly, for he didn't exactly relish his work.

'Hallo, widda!' he said, 'do ye know what we're come for?'

The poor old creature, startled from the merciful unconsciousness which for a brief space gave her cessation from pain, raised her dim eyes.

'Ned, my boy,' she whispered, 'is that you? O my heart! If this is the death-stroke, O may it come when he is by to take my blessing.'

Barney, apathetic from constant experience in such scenes of misery, approached her roughly.

'Come, come,' he muttered, 'you must bundle out of this; the ground's wanted to build dog houses for Mr. Sleek's new farm; he says he doesn't like to smell poor people so near his dainty drawing-room.'

'God help me!' murmured the widow, vaguely endeavoring to discover his meaning; 'my senses are leaving me, my boy. My Ned, come to me before I go!'

'We must move out the sticks—d'ye hear? Hallo! I say, Con, the door of life is openin' to let out the ould woman's sowl, I'm thinkin'.'

'It's that same it's doin', Barney,' replied Con, with something akin to commiseration.

'Con?'

'What?'

'A dog couldn't turn the widow out to die by the side of a ditch, much less a Christian.'

'Some Christians are worse nor dogs, Barney.'

'Would you do it?'

'If I would, Barney, may my own mother's sowl never see glory.'

'Hurroo! give us yer fist,' said Barney. 'Let ould Sleek do his own dirty work, the upstart misharoon.'

Holy mother! was it an apparition that forced this adjuration from Barney's tongue, and seemed to stiffen the lines of his face into rigidity? No! it was the bodily presence of Mr. Sleek himself, who stood grinning at them through the open door.

'Very complimentary, indeed,' he hissed, rather than spoke. 'Do you know, you hounds, that I could hang you for this?'

'It's a little thing does that, we all know,' said Barney. 'Juries are aisyly packed.'

'Do as I bid you!' roared Sleek. 'Remove every article out of the place and level the vagabond hole to the ground.'

'Remember your own mother, sir,' said Barney, 'an' have mercy on the ould widda, for it's dyin' she is.'

At this moment Ned rushed into the house; he had been successful in *begging* a morsel of food; he saw nothing but her.

'Mother!' he cried, 'look up; look up; I bring you life; sit up and eat it.'

The widow half-opened her languid eyes, but could not return the pressure of his hand.

'Too late!' she gasped, with fast failing breath; 'too late!'

'Come, Byrne,' Sleek interposed. 'I'm very sorry for your mother's illness, but she'll be better by-and-by. I'll let you take the bed, but you must remove her.'

The young man started to his feet as though a lightning flash had blazed before his eyes; his teeth ground together, and the veins of his throat swelled into cords.

'What's that you say?' he cried through his closed teeth. 'You are not going to strip the place while the blessed spirit is hoverin' on her very lips.'

'The law must be obeyed,' quickly responded Sleek; 'I cannot leave this place until you are gone.'

'Then take care,' whispered Ned, with terrible earnestness; 'take care that we don't leave it together, by the dark door that leads to eternity.'

'Ha! do you threaten me, scoundrel?—Take him into custody!'

Barney and Con merely shrugged their shoulders, but didn't move.

'You rebellious ruffians, I'll hang ye all!' roared the infuriated Sleek.

'Not while I can prevent it, Mr. Sleek, you may depend.'

It was Colonel Fitsharding who spoke; he had just entered the hut, preceded by his guide, Pat.

'Go, sir,' he continued, 'make up your accounts for your earthly master; 'twill be easier than that which you will have to render hereafter.'

A suppressed but most emphatic groan followed the 'devil's agent,' as he passed out of the hut—never again to have the power of exercising that malignant influence which had spread blight and wretchedness wherever he stepped his foot. There was a strange, peculiar sound, that thrilled fearfully through all.

'What was that?' demanded the colonel.

'Hush, sir!' said Pat, in a whisper; 'talk low, for death is near you.'

They approached the humble straw—an instant more, and on every face was seen the same terrible expression. The mother and her son were dead.

[Written for The Flag of our Union.]

### Lines,

SENT TO A LADY WITH A SEAL, ON WHICH WAS INSCRIBED THE MOTTO, 'SEMPRE LO STESSO.'

BY MRS. EMMA C. EMBURY.

'*Sempre lo stesso!*'—always the same:
Such be the motto affixed to thy name;
'*Sempre lo stesso!*'—always the same,
The thoughts mounting up, like the incense-pointing flame;
'*Sempre lo stesso!*' when troubles arise,
Looking still upward for help from the skies;
'*Sempre lo stesso!*' when joy sheath bright,
Remembering 'the day comes and also the night;'
'*Sempre lo stesso!*' when grief's frequent cloud
Threatens thy young hopes in darkness to shroud;
'*Sempre lo stesso!*' when fails thy last breath,
True to thyself, to thy God, to thy faith,
'*Sempre lo stesso!*' in life and in death.

### Singular Honesty.

The N. Y. Tribune of Saturday says: 'We were yesterday shown an order on Bell, McLaughlin & Co., Agents of the Bank of British North America in this city, for £3 in favor of Mrs. Arnett, widow of Geo. Arnett, who died here about 22 years ago. The money was forwarded by Mrs. O'Neil, widow of Charles O'Neil of Navan, County Meath, Ireland, who died about 18 years ago. The money had been lent to O'Neil by Arnett, 30 years since, when both of them were single men. Arnett came to this country, married and died here. O'Neil died in Ireland four years afterward, leaving his widow in very narrow circumstances and with many debts to discharge. Since that time she has continually labored to repay everything he owed, and finally, after the lapse of thirty years, returned this loan of £3, which her husband borrowed from a friend before their marriage. The letter enclosing the order was written by the curate of the parish in Ireland, to Mr. John Fitzpatrick of this city, at whose house Mrs. Arnett is residing.

### 'Very good in its Place.'

A Newburgh correspondent of the Knickerbocker, tells an anecdote of an odd character in that meridian: Riding in a stage-coach a short time since, we happened to have among others for a fellow-passenger an ardent teetotaller, who was descanting eloquently upon the great value and many excellent qualities of water, and especially of its prime necessity as a beverage; declaring that nothing could be substituted in its place, etc.; when an old gentleman, who had been listening with evident impatience, remarked, with rather a contemptuous look:

'I hain't nothing to say ag'in water; I think it's very good in its place; but for a *steady drink*, give me *rum!*'

I should just like you to have seen Tetotal's face when he heard this reply. All the passengers looked grave for a second or so (for the assumption was altogether astounding), and then burst into a roar that made the stage-coach ring again.

There is a fellow so aristocratic, that he cut his own acquaintance the other day by mistake.

[Written for The Flag of our Union.]

### The Teacher's Complaint.

BY MRS. A. M. CLARKE.

'Delightful task, to rear the tender thought!'
I often used to say before I taught
A school, and learned, in a few tardy years,
That I must 'sow, and water' with my tears.
Now I am weary of a teacher's life,
So full of care—while every day is rife
With fresh complainings, or some new caprice
About this darling child, that little niece,
As still I strive, with persevering will,
My pupils' minds with noble truths to fill.

One parent comes, with nervous, restless eye,
Leading his pony child with face awry;
And with a fine and hasty voice, he asks
To have me double all her present tasks—
To say the truth, when he was of her age,
He'd been through Virgil, every single page;
And why it is that schools degenerate so,
In modern times, he is at loss to know.

One with phlegmatic temperament appears;
When with sonorous cough his voice he clears,
Says, with his dim and drowsy eyes half closed,
That he is really very much opposed
To having his dear Fanny worked so hard,
I must at least one half her task discard;
Girls never should be pushed along like boys,
They ought to spend one half their time with toys.

A light and hasty step trips on the lawn—
A little bustling body says, 'Good mo'rn,
I called a moment, passing by your way,
To ask you not to keep Miss Jane for play,
But let her go the moment school is done;
The child is mirthful, loves a little fun;
'Twill spoil her nature to be punished so—
Now for the future, miss, please let her go.'

A shrill, harsh voice falls on my weary ear—
'My girls have not been with you half a year,
And yet their manners get no very bad,
I tell you, miss, it really makes me sad.
You let them romp at intervals, they say,
Dance twenty minutes on the lawn each day;
Please never let them do it after this,
Their father and myself think it amiss;
Keep them as strict as may be to the rule,
Nor let them lose a moment while in school.'

And now, with measured tread and stately air,
Comes fortune's favored one, Mrs. St. Clair:
'I'm sorry, miss, to say, that we object
A little to your school—'tis not select;
Unless the Browns and Meggs are sent away,
We'll be obliged to change our little May,
And the dear child is so attached to you,
'Twould break her heart, and that would never do.'

Then comes a note, most difficult to read—
'You keep your rooms so very cold indeed,
That Lizzy shivers through the livelong day;
Unless you make them warmer, she can't stay,
For the poor child will take her death some day,
And Pa objects to changing school books, too;
He says the old are just as good as new,
That Murray's Grammar can't be beat by any,
And for another he'll not pay a penny.'

To-morrow brings me one with bolder hand,
'Excuse me, miss, I cannot understand
Why you should keep your rooms so very warm;
'Tis doing my dear Rosa's health much harm;
The moment she goes out and shuts the door,
She takes cold as soon as school is o'er,
Can you not have them made a little cool?
I should be grieved to take the child from school.

'I made, while on a journey, a short call
At—what's that famous academic hall?
It was a splendid school—the books they use
I took a list of, thinking you might choose
To make some little changes in your school;
To "keep up with the times" should be your rule.'

One parent thinks her child has not improved;
Another term, and she must be removed,
And kept at home six months, may be, or more,
Till she forgets the little learned before;
Then sent to neighboring school perhaps a year,
At close of which they solemnly declare
She does not know as much as when sent there.
They bring their little darling back to me,
Another year, and promise, if they see
That she improves as fast as Mary Lee,
They'll keep her in my school until about
The very season of her coming out;
Forgetting that 'one talent' cannot shine
As brilliantly as several in the mine.

Such singular examinations, too,
That many of my pupils must go through,
By which some parents test their varied lore!
One opens Walker, gives his child a score
Of words most difficult, which, if she spell,
It is pronounced, 'she's doing very well!'
But if she fail—'the school's a humbug tall!'
And the poor teacher nothing knows at all.

Another takes the writing-book and looks,
And if the lines are fair, and without crooks,
He says his child is making progress fast,
Much better this year than she did the last.
Thus, of the care and labor I bestow,
My patrons little heed or little know;
Then school bills are the very latest paid,
Week after week, month after month delayed.

Because ideas don't grow, like crops of grain,
In clusters tangible upon the brain,
Or make some strange prodigious bumps appear,
To mould illiterate it seems quite clear
The children really don't improve at all,
From early spring to late and cheerless fall;
And were it not for having them away,
Some parents 'would not send another day,
Their money might as well be thrown away.'

And when the long scholastic year is through,
And I collect with care the little due
For all my labor and my heart aches too,
I'm gravely told, my patrons cannot pay
Till I deduct the absence of a day,
On this account, on that, a week or two,
For 'tis not right to give me more than 's due.

When at the last I've gleaned, with many a tear,
The hard and scanty earnings of a year,
The holidays are very nearly o'er,
And I begin my tedious task once more.
So the poor teacher is but made a jest—
A necessary evil at the best;
A very mark for the dull, prating throng,
To be revenged upon when things go wrong.
Some patrons treat her with attention true,
But as a *favor*, not as her just due.

When we degenerate the teacher, we but make
A stay and sad ruinous mistake;
For we degrade the office, and shall find,
In the same ratio we degrade the mind.
When labor physical falls in disgrace,
It injures, it degenerates the race;
How much more evil if thus it were so,
If noble, intellectual labor fall.
We marvel at the sordid men, and vain,
Who'd barter their immortal souls for gain;
As with the current of events we go,
We never ask the cause that made them so;
Or, for a moment, think how large a part
Of the great evil lies within our heart.

With cultured mind the teacher culls sweet flowers
From literature's gay fields and sunny bowers,
Or seeks for gems in science deep—explores,
With ever new delight, her shining ores.
She turns her thoughts upon creative love,
Displayed in all around—beneath—above—
Soars on the white wings of ancient night,
To hold communion with the worlds of light;
Marks where Aquila spreads his shining wings,
And Cygnus vies with Lyra as he sings,
Or fearless Leo shakes his shaggy mane,
And with his sickle cleaves the heavenly plain;
Leaving material things, she seeks to find
The laws that regulate the thinking mind.

These are her aims—these would her growing powers
Through the long, patient, and laborious hours;
These truths sensible, elevate her mind,
To claim communion with the wise, refined;
But they reject her proffered claim the while,
And to the child of fortune lend their smile.
Those who seek pleasures in another way,
Turn day to night, and night into the day—
Bedeck themselves with flowers and gems so bright,
But leave the mind as dark as starless night;
Or, some of one idea, whose only thought
Is of the market stocks—who sold, who bought—
Whether they still remain at par, or no—
Whether 'tis best to hold, or let them go.

But, so is natural, so is moral laws;
It is directed by the Great First Cause,
That all their level find—when this occurs,
The patient, persevering teacher will find hers.
Then she, who from her heap of knowledge bright
Fills other urns with intellectual light—
Who cultivates, with care, the immortal part,
Uproots the noxious weeds with curious art—
Implants the living germ, that can long shoots
Its branches high, and deep in earth it roots,
Until the fragrance of its perfect flowers
Scent up to heaven, through life's long, useful hours,
Will be believed by all, respected, too,
Not as a *favor*, but as her *just due.*

Few know the tedious hours of anxious thought
With which the knowledge of her art is bought,
Or how with after acts of life it blends
'T is like the pebbles thrown from off the shore;
They fall into the stream—are seen no more:
But the effect still lingers on the tide,
In glassy rings, extending far and wide;
They tarry not until they find the sea—
So her instructions reach eternity.

[Written for The Flag of our Union.]

### Jonathan Slotham's Experience.

BY UNCLE TOBY.

The first time I cumed to Bosting, was about six months ago, and being a little new, I got sucked in on one or tew things, I guess. A feller seed me kinder looking round, I 'spose, and concludin' I was a stranger, offered to show me about. Thankee, said I, don't care if I do foller you, nabor. Well, he tuck me into a candy shop, and asked if I wouldn't like to have an ice cream. Yes, sed I, ef it's good, so we sat down and chawed up some of the all-firedest frozen sweet stuff you ever heared on, 'till my teeth ached clean round to the back of my neck. C-r-e-a-t-i-o-n, you'd better believe that stuff was cold, and I hadn't swallered it more'n a minit and a-half, before it kinder agin me a cramp in my stomach—whew—how it ached.

'What's the matter?' said my friend.

'My stomach,' sed I, twisting myself up like a meal bag.

'Take a little brandy'n water,' sed he.

'It's agin my principles,' sed I.

'But as a *medicen*, you know.'

'Well, you see I would have tuck akee-fortis or anything else to stop that pain, so I says, go ahed, nabor, and I'll take some. You see I wasn't accustom'd to etin cold stuff, and I believe the candy woman gin me four times as much as she did tother feller, but I thought I must eat it all up, and now it was raisin' the duce with my internal economy.

We went into a doctor's shop where there were lots of bottles round, and lots of fellers takin' medicin. I tho't they seemed to rather like it. Well, the doctor fixed me some brandy'n water, and my friend said, as he wasn't very well, he'd take some tu. 'Twan't very hard tu take—but after I'd got it down, Je-r-u-s-a-l-e-m, how queer I felt. I wanted to walk right up the side of some of the stun houses like a squirrel up the bark of a tree. I tuck off my hat tu everybody I met.

'Sposin' we take some isters,' ses my friend.

'Are they good?' sed I.

'Capital,' said he.

'Let's have some then,' said I.

'I've left my puss tu hum,' sed he, 'but you pay and I'll settle with you afterwards.'

'Very well,' sed I.

'How'll you have 'em?' asked the man.

'Raw,' sed my friend.

'Raw?' sed I.

'Tu be sure,' said he.

Well, I never hearn of eatin' raw fish afore, but I spozed it was all right—so I did as I saw him do, and put on lots of vinegar, and pepper, and salt, and pepper-sass. He said we'd better top off with some hot *lemonade with a stick in it.* I didn't see the use of the *stick*, but 'spozed the hot stuff would keep the isters from hurtin' me, for they were enamost as cold as the frozen cream stuff—so we tuck the lemonade, and I begun to feel as fine as a cotton hat, *rather* full, to be sure, but no was than I had felt after thanksgivin' dinner.

We went round by the common, and I seed a spring of water adoin' what I'd no idea any spring could do, and that was to squirt a stream sixty feet strait up in the air. By gracious, sed I, what a chance for a mill privilidge on this side hill. While I stood lookin' at the spring a-bilin' and fizzigin', all to once I began to feel mighty queer at the stomach, as if I had lived on vinegar for a month!

'P'raps you don't feel well,' sed my friend, seeing me grow so darned pale.

'Not exactly,' sed I.

'Ain't used to isters and vinegar, p'raps.'

'No,' said I.

'Take a little soda—that'll set you all right,' sed he.

'Soda!' what's that?' sed I.

'Stuff to sweeten the stomach,' sed he.

'Has it got a *stick* in it?' sed I, cos the other tasted so *strong.*

'No,' said he, laffin'.

'Then I'll have some, if it'll do me any good,' said I.

Well, we went into another doctor's shop, but 'twant like the first one; he called it a 'pothecaries store, and I tuck a hull tumbler full of soda. J-e-h-o-s-e-p-h-a-t, it went down like *gravel stones*, and I stopped twice to see ef I wasn't drinkin' sand, but he said it would do me good, so I drank the hull. We hadn't but just got into the street afore the soda got fairly into my stomach. Christopher Columbus! how it did *roll.* The frozen cream, and the brandy'n and water, and the isters, and the hot lemonade with a stick in it, all seemed to be squarin' off, and hittin' each other right and left. O, scissors, how offully I felt I swet like a hoss in fly time.

By-and-by natur' couldn't stand it any longer, and spontaneous combustion tuck place, and such a gassilyin' and gulupin' out of my mouth! Excuse me from particulizin', but I was in a tremendous situation. I stopped to the Exchange Coffee House, and I made a bee line for that highly respectable abode, where I threw myself upon a bed, and tossed, and groaned myself into and out of half a dozen nightmares till mornin'.

P'raps I tuck ice cream the next time I cum'd to Bosting, *but I don't think I did!*

### The Captain turned Schoolmaster.

Late last fall, during a severe gale on Lake Huron, the schooner Platina, Capt. Lehigh, was caught above Goderich, on the Canada side. The captain and crew made every effort to weather it, but in vain; the gale blew directly on to a wild and rocky shore. The vessel endeavored to avoid her impending fate, by tacking and running along the coast, but in spite of every effort, the gale, or rather hurricane, drove her rapidly down toward the breakers. Finding every effort to work off the shore in vain, the captain scoured the coast, to find some place where there might be hope of saving the crew; he discovered, at last, a place among the breakers less rough than the rest; he put his helm up, and ran bows upon a sandy shore. A heavy swell at the right moment lifted the vessel into three feet water, where she lay snug and safe from ice and storm through the winter. Finding the vessel safely moored, the gallant captain determined not to be idle, and with true Nantucket thrift, ran some planks from the vessel to the shore, immediately entered into a contract with the Government to teach young Indians; opened a school in his cabin, and has been doing a fair winter's business.

[Written for The Flag of our Union.]

### REJECTED ADDRESSES.

BY THE OLD 'UN.

Poetry has ever been the language of love. The feelings inspired by the tender passion are very apt to shape themselves in rhyme, and many a man who never dreamed of talking or writing anything but plain prose, finds himself, when in love, almost before he is aware of it, penning a sonnet to his mistress's eyebrows. 'Love,' and 'dove' and 'grove' and 'prove,' suggest themselves to his fertile imagination, even without the aid of a Rhyming Dictionary. It is questionable, however, whether the fair sex, as a general thing, are apt to surrender their hearts to a summons made in rhyme more readily than to a brief address in prose. There are very few instances of women won by poetry. Lamartine's is a bright example. Still, enamored suitors are apt to imagine that there is a mysterious virtue in a string of verses, and while the verdant young gentleman buys sugar cockles as an offering to his *inamorata* for the sake of the couplets they contain, the lover of more taste, if he cannot write himself, secures the services of some adept to furnish him with poetical ammunition for carrying on the war.

In my 'salad days,' like all callow worshippers of the Muses, I was very fond of penning poetical addresses to imaginary loves. How many sheets of foolscap, how many pens have I spoiled in this profitless employment. My sonnets and stanzas were generally addressed 'To ——,' and I had cords of them on hand. Some of these immortal effusions figured in country newspapers—others were consigned to albums, and called 'sweet things' by unfledged school girls, but by far the greater number were kept in my own possession, copied in fair manuscript, and preserved for the purpose of boring my friends when they called to see me, besides being a standing source of pride and pleasure to my mamma, the staunchest friend and admirer of my Muses. One of them ran as follows—

TO MISS ——.

'As gazing in those liquid eyes
Now full of sadness, now of mirth,
I know not if they scan the skies
Or kindly look upon the earth.

'An angel, yet a woman too,
To quit each sphere thou seemest loth,
And so those eyes of heavenly blue
Appear to be regarding both.'

I read that with much emphasis to my *fidus Achates* and sworn admirer, Judas Fluffkins, and he went into ecstasies of delight.

'Think it's pretty good, Fluffy, eh? How does it compare with Byron?'

'Byron be blowed!' retorted Fluffkins, in huge disdain, 'he never done up anything quite so brown as that.'

Fluffkins was in love with somebody or other—who I couldn't find out, for though he used to tell me almost everything, that was a secret I could never pump out of him.

In justice to his friendship, however, I ought to add, that he was merely serving me precisely as I had served him, for I myself had a love affair on hand, which I equally kept a profound secret.

One day, not long after the reading of my verses, Fluffkins sought me in a terrible state of excitement.

'What's the matter?' inquired I.

'Matter!' said he—'I've a great mind to take a dose of Prussian acid, or swallow half a pint of aquafortis. I've got the sack. A gal I've been a shinnin' up, has rejected me. Perhaps she was right in rejecting my suit. But why did she kick me down stairs?'

'Poor fellow! I'm sorry for you.'

'Humph! very likely—you're the cause of it.'

'I the cause of it—you absurd fellow. Why, you never told me anything about it.'

'No—you'll find out what I mean, one of these days.'

And away he went, to digest his disappointment as best he might.

Undeterred by my friend's disappointment, I determined to bring matters to a crisis with *my* inamorata. So I copied off my verses on gilt-edged letter paper, and sent them by the penny-postman, determined to follow them up by a personal explanation the next day.

I went accordingly, and was shown into the parlor, where Mrs. Salmon, the mamma was knitting.

'Is Miss Julia in?'

'Yes, she is—she'll be down in a minute, and I'll go and hurry her,' said the old lady. This looked well. The old lady favored my suit, and was anxious to have the affair settled as soon as possible. The young lady presently appeared.

'Dearest Julia!'

'Sir!' she exclaimed in the most freezing tones, 'you're very familiar.'

'Why shouldn't I be. We have known each other long.'

'Folks may know each other a good while, and yet not find folks out in a hurry.'

'I'm very glad to find you in.'

She made no reply.

'Dear Julia, yesterday I poured my passion into poetry. I sent you some verses written by myself.'

'And you ought to be ashamed of yourself.'

'Why so?'

'Look me in the face! How dare you say I squinted?'

'Squinted!'

'There's the very charge, sir,' and she flung my letter in my face. 'You say there, my eyes

'Appear to be regarding both.'

That is, in vulgar phraseology—look two ways for Sunday.'

'Julia! Julia! you are mistaken.'

'No, sir—I am not mistaken. But the worst of it all is, that the piece isn't original. That vile Fluffkins wrote it—he had the impudence to send it to me, and you've stolen it from him. Much good may it do you both. I'm going to tell my mamma—and my brother Joe, and I'll see whether I'm to be insulted with impunity.'

I saw it was all over with me. I took my hat and bolted. I found Fluffkins, and we compared notes over an oyster supper. We had both been addressing the same individual. Fluffy could no more write verses than square the circle, and he was so delighted with the lines I read him that he surreptitiously made a copy and passed them off as original. Julia was too stupid to understand them, and construed them into an insult. I believe now, she did squint; and so my effusion procured my crony his dismissal. I fell into the same trap, and had the additional mortification of being regarded as a plagiarist and literary pilferer. So much for making love in rhyme, and so much for *Rejected Addresses.*

An English paper contains thirteen objections given by a young lady for declining a match—the first twelve being the suitor's twelve children, and the thirteenth the suitor himself.

### Steam versus the Turf.

A good many years ago, one of the stoutest and hardiest riders that ever crossed Leicestershire, undertook to perform a feat which, just at the moment, attracted the general attention not only of the country but of the sporting world. His bet was, if he might choose his own turf, and if he might select as many thorough-bred horses as he liked, he would undertake to ride two hundred miles in ten hours! The newspapers of the day described exactly how 'the squire was dressed'—what he had been living on—how he looked—how at the word 'away!' he started like an arrow from a bow—how gallantly Trasby, his favorite racer stretched himself in his gallop—how on arriving at the second horse he vaulted from one saddle to another—how he then flew over the surface of the earth, if possible faster than before—and how, to the astonishment, and amidst the acclamations of thousands of spectators, he at last came in—a winner! Now it at this moment of his victory, while with dust and perspiration on his brow, his exhausted arms dangling just above the panting flanks of his horse, which his friends at each side of the bridle were slowly leading in triumph—a decrepit old woman had hobbled forward and in the name of science, had told the assembled multitude that before she became a skeleton she and her husband would undertake, instead of two hundred miles in ten hours, to go five hundred—that is to say, that for every mile 'the squire' had just ridden, she and her old man would go two and a-half—that she would moreover knit all the way, and that he would take his medicine every hour, and tend to her just as if they were at home,—lastly, and that they would undertake to perform their feat either in darkness or daylight, in sunshine or storm, 'in thunder, lightning, or in rain,'—who, we would ask, would have listened to the poor maniac?—and yet how wonderfully would her prediction have been fulfilled! Nay, wagons of coal and heavy luggage now-a-days fly across Leicestershire faster and farther than Mr. Osbaldistone could go, notwithstanding his condition and that of all his horses.—*Quarterly Review.*

### A Medicine against Drowsiness.

In an excursion made in the winter of 1792-3, from St. John's to the Bay of Bulls, Captain (the late general) Skinner forming one of the party, we had, on our return, to cross a large lake, over the ice, some miles in extent. When about the middle, Captain Skinner informed me that he had long been severely pinched by the cold, and found an irresistible drowsy fit coming on. I urged him to exertion, representing the fatal consequences of giving way to this feeling, and pointing out the state in which his wife and family would be found should the party arrive at St. John's without him. These thoughts roused him to exertion for sometime; but when he had reached the margin of the lake, he gave way, and declared he was utterly unable to struggle further, delivering at the same time what he considered his dying message to his family. As there happened to be some bushes near the spot, I broke off a branch and began to thrash my fellow-traveller with it; at first, without much apparent effect, but at length I was delighted to find that my patient winced under my blows, and at length grew angry. I continued the application of the stick until he made an effort to get up and retaliate. He was soon relieved from the torpor; and as we were now but a few miles from St. John's, I pushed on before the party, leaving the captain under their especial care. I left, also, the stick, with strong injunctions that it should be smartly applied in the event of the drowsiness returning. I soon reached the town, and had some warm porter, with spice, prepared against the arrival of my friends; with this and considerable friction, he was enabled to proceed home, where he arrived, perfectly recovered. He himself related the story at the Earl of Vincent's table, at Gibraltar, many years afterwards, expressing at the same time much gratitude for the beating he had received.—*Memoirs of Rear-Admiral Sir Jahleel Brenton.*

### Con. Cregan in Rags.

With a crown to spend, I was going to descend to some subterranean den among coal-heavers, news venders, and umbrella hawkers; but how was I to gain access to a better-class ordinary—that was the difficulty; who would admit the street-runner in his rags, into even a brief intimacy with his silver forks and spoons; and it was precisely to an entertainment on such a scale that a good tavern could supply, that I aspired. As I reasoned thus, I passed various ordinaries, stopping with a kind of instinct at each, to gaze on the luscious rounds of beef, so daintily pricked out with sprigs of parsley; the appetizing cold sirloins, so daintily stratified with fat and lean—with hams that might tempt a Rabbi—not to speak of certain provocative little paragraphs, about 'oxtail and gravy ready at all hours.'

'A poor world it is,' said I; 'and there are passing every instant, by tens and twenties, men and women and children, famishing and hungry, who see all these things separated from them by a pane of window glass; and yet they only gather their rags more closely together—clench their lips tighter—and move on. Not that alone; but here am I, with means to say what I want, and yet I must not venture to cross the threshold, as though my rags should be an insult to their broadcloth.'

'Move on, youngster,' quoth the policeman at this moment, and thus put an end to my soliloquy.—*Con. Cregan the Irish Gil Blas.*

### Very Good.

The Yankee Blade tells the following anecdote of a college chum: H——, a member of one of the classes, was distinguished not less for dry wit and sly waggery than for his address in evading the writing of themes, and in palming off the 'brain-coined currency' of others as his legitimate 'tender.' One Monday morning he read a theme of unusual merit; but Professor A. 'smelt the rat,' and, as H. finished and sat down in the pride of conscious merit, asked—

'Is that original, H——?'

'Yes, sir.'

'Are you sure of it?' queried the professor, doubtingly.

'Why, yes sir,' replied H——, with the imperturbable gravity and that paste-board countenance he always wore, '*it had original ever it in the paper I took it from!*'

### Married vs. Buried.

A clergyman who had in the lottery of matrimony drawn a share that proved to him worse than blank, was just experiencing a severe scolding from his Xantippe, when he was called upon to unite a pair in the blessed state of wedlock. The poor parson, actuated by his own feelings and *experience*, rather than by a sense of his canonical duties, opened the book, and began—

'Man that is born of a woman, hath but a short time to live, and is full of misery,' &c., repeating a part of the burial service.

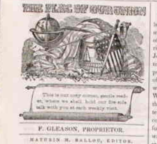
The astonished bridegroom said—'Sir! you mistake! I came here to be *married*, not *buried!*'

'Well,' replied the clergyman, 'if you insist on it, I am obliged to marry you; but believe me, my friends, you had better be *buried!*'

### Playing 'Poker' in California.

They play the tallest kind of brag games out in the gold diggins. It seems that four persons had seated themselves in the mines to play poker—the *ante*, as a substitute for money, being a handful of gold dust. They continued playing sometime without either side winning much. At length one of the party, who had a good hand, went a handful 'better.' 'I see that, and go a *pint* better,' cried out another, who also had a 'strong' hand. 'I see that,' responded the first, 'and go a QUART better.' 'Well, I see that, and go you a GALLON better,' responded the other. This rather disconcerted his adversary for a moment, as it 'oversized his pile.' But confident in the superior strength of his hand, he collected together all the gold dust he had left, and putting it aside, coolly remarked to one of his companions: 'Here, Jim, watch my pile until I go out and *dig enough to call him!*'

# THE FLAG OF OUR UNION.




F. GLEASON, PROPRIETOR.

MATURIN M. BALLOU, EDITOR.

☞ The terms of The Flag of our Union are $2 00 per annum, invariably in advance. The paper is always discontinued at the expiration of the time paid for.—See imprint on the last page.

☞ All communications designed for publication in the paper, must be post paid, and addressed to F. GLEASON, *Boston, Mass.*, Proprietor of The Flag of our Union.

### To our Correspondents.

'The Maidens of Fez,' a prose sketch, by J. H. Robinson, is filed for our next number.

'Life,' a poem, accepted.

'How they fixed the Major,' a humorous sketch, by Sylvanus Cobb, Jr., shall appear next week.

'The Burial at Sea,' a poem, by the editor, next week.

'X-ing a Paragraph,' a capital prose sketch, by our regular contributor, EDGAR A. POE, in our next number.

'The Deformed,' by Alroy, accepted.

'An Elopement in Russia,' a prose sketch by a new contributor, shall appear next week.

'A Lay to Carlotta,' a poem, by our regular contributor, Mrs. FRANCES S. OSGOOD, in our next number.

'The Old Willow at Avon,' a poem, accepted.

'Satisfactory Explanation,' a scene in court, by our regular contributor, THE YOUNG 'UN, filed for the next number.

'What is Friendship?' in verse, accepted.

'A Lay for Laborers,' accepted.

'Away, Dull Care,' a poem, accepted.

'Lines to Fame,' 'Reminiscence of the Piano,' 'Lines to Miss E.C.,' 'To an Infant,' are respectfully declined.

☞ No poems or other articles will be received for this paper, unless accompanied by an authentic name.

### Possession of Wealth.

True wisdom will ask for only enough: more than that is dangerous, for most of those who have much, buy nothing but repentance with their money. The love of gain, once fairly rooted in the heart, will spread like the tree of the plains of Benares, the many-fibered Banian, choking, in its iron tendrils and stout limbs, all the green blossoms of a charitable spirit. We forget the nice relationship and ties of life, the true doctrine of dependence one upon another, and sit with clenched fists and iron-locked hearts. The path that leads to riches and fortune so often passes through the narrowest defiles of meanness, that an exalted spirit cannot stoop to tread it; and thus it is that meaner souls and more grovelling dispositions seem mostly to share the favors of fortune. Your true philosopher will not covet riches; he reasons shrewdly. He has seen wealth sever the bonds of love, ay, and cement the chains of hatred. He has seen riches foster a spirit of extortion, and sow the seeds of covetousness in the heart—he has seen money create more wants than it has ever supplied. Which is the most charitable portion of society? The rich, those who have more than enough? Or those, who, possessing a moderate and fair portion of this world's goods, estimate them according to their true value, which consists in the good and enjoyment they afford to themselves and those about them? The latter class are surely the most charitable; it is to them that society looks for countenance and aid in all liberal measures, and them to whom the poor man will first apply.

If the world affords any perfect felicity, it is in a middle estate, equally distant from penury and excess; it is in a calm freedom, a secure tranquillity, a thankful enjoyment of ourselves and all that is ours. There is a happy medium in all things. Follow that, and avoid extremes, and you will secure an enviable peace of mind, and hold to rectitude and propriety. There is no better evidence of the excellence of this doctrine, especially as applied to the accumulation of wealth, than the fact of the twofold curse that riches often entail, being, in many cases, ill-gotten by tight dealing, and ill spent by loose squandering. We are no advocate of Fourierism, and yet we do subscribe in no small degree to the spirit of the doctrine, that 'he who has more than enough is a pilferer of his brother's rights.' Community to be most happy should be most equal in possessions—for when we see extreme wealth, we are sure to meet the opposite extreme of abject poverty; and all wisdom goes to show that no one portion of society can reach an eminent degree of prosperity while another is grovelling in misery. We are social beings, and must in a great degree depend upon the sympathies of others for our happiness. Then is it not true wisdom to improve their condition as far as possible? We are thus but casting our bread upon the waters, which shall return to us again. Let him who expects one class of society to prosper to the highest degree, while the others are in distress, 'let him,' as old Fuller says, 'try whether one side of his face can smile, while the other is pinched.'

### Misfortunes.

We often hear people, while smarting under the affliction of the moment, question the wisdom of Divine Providence in sending adversity among men. Stay, Mr. Philosopher, doth not adversity detect the coward heart and expose it to view? Doth it not draw out the faculties of the wise and ingenious, spurring on the cunning to invention? Doth it not put the modest to the necessity of trying their skill and to do something for themselves? Doth it not awe the opulent, and bend the pride of the self-righteous; does it not make the idle industrious, and purify the hearts of all? Then say not that adversity is useless.

> As we do not wish to advertise a man's business gratis in our paper, we have abstained from noting the many 'cases of conscience' which have turned up lately. The operators in this business, upon the public credulity, are 'running the thing into the ground.'—*Olive Branch.*

Very true, Mr. Olive Branch. We have a case in our mind where a parcel of books and papers were *said* to have been stolen and returned again. We have heard of people who have robbed themselves, when in a tight place!

AN ORIGINAL TITLE.—One of the most felicitous titles that we have lately met with, is that of a new illustrated English book, entitled in this expressive manner, 'The Toothache. Imagined by Horace Mayhew, and realized by George Cruikshank, with fifty-four cuts.'

HO, FOR CALIFORNIA.—A man named Greenhorn has started for California, overland, with one of the New York companies. Several members of the *same family* have gone round the Horn.

ENIGMA.—The answer to the enigma of Miss C. Allen, in our last is—'MEMORY.'

### Strength of the Union

England, proud and arrogant England, at last is forced to acknowledge the strength and majesty of republican America. The name of Yankees, given by her in derision, has risen to one of fame and honor, and now, even John Bull comes in and pays his respects to the strength and union of the American people. Time has opened the reluctant eye of despotism, and now it beholds a star in the west that far outshines its own boasted light. We like to give our readers such instances as the following, because it will lead us the better to appreciate the blessings of which the constant enjoyment might render us unmindful. The London Times, speaking of the warlike capabilities of the United States, says:

> Two millions of citizens, accustomed to arms, many of them practised in the use of the rifle, and hardened in the services of the forest, ambitious for distinction, supply a never-failing fund of volunteers. The army of a republic consists not of privates, but of knights. Its very staple is heroic. What crowns, however, both the glory, and the grace, and the ability of the conquests is, that all the States, all parties, and all professions, equally contribute their quota to the field, thus proving that Texas and New Mexico belongs not more to this or that State than to all, and exhibiting also a pledge to the world of the terrible unanimity with which the Union will, on future occasion, prosecute its quarrels or its ends.

### California Matters.

Some of the last details received from the 'diggins' do not represent it to be so very Aladdinish as heretofore. Some glimpses of the other side of the picture are beginning to reach us, and new aspirants for the modern Dorado begin to hesitate and look about them before embarking in a visionary adventure that is of doubtful propriety. As usual, under like circumstances, at first, a goodly crowd started off with all the ardor and impetuosity of school-boys. But some of these have already got back, some have doubtless got wrecked in going round the Horn, and thousands will die from the fever of the country after they get there. We are not saying this to discourage the friends of those already gone, but rather to induce others who feel inclined to follow them, to fully understand the venture before they embark in it. If there are millions upon millions of gold there, enough have gone already to secure the whole, and those who stay at home without risking health, life and everything, will still share the benefits to be realized from the discovery.

### A Smart Girl.

A pretty girl about twenty years of age went to Oak Hall, Boston, and called for a suit of clothes for her *brother*, who was about her own size. The clothes were made, taken and paid for. In a few days after, a young person, very fresh in complexion, called at the office of a California company which is about to sail, and paid three hundred dollars for a share, which was duly arranged and accredited. But before the sailing of the vessel, it turned out that the young individual who had so fair a countenance was a girl, and of course, some means was found to apprize her parents of her whereabouts and intentions. The money was her own earnings from labor in the factories at Lowell, and she said she wanted to see the world, and if possible get some of the 'dust.' That girl deserves a smart husband right off!

### Promptings of the Heart.

The natural promptings of the heart are almost universally pure and upright; it is our canvassing them and weighing them in the scale of selfishness and private interest, that tinctures them with alloy; the heart before the head at any time for us. It is thus that men often become their own robbers, stealing from their bosoms and hearts that which the Almighty has deposited there, and as dogs and foxes do with a bone, so they hide these impromptu suggestions away from sight. Selfishness has no soul at all; it is a heart of stone encased in iron, therefore, trust more readily the first generous promptings of the heart than the cold suggestions of interest.

### Colonel Fremont's Party.

The intense suffering of this party of pioneers is most fearful in detail; probably a party of adventurers never suffered more under like circumstances. Yet there are hundreds upon hundreds starting off across the country to California in search of gold, who may have to undergo little less than this party have done, numbers of which now sleep their last sleep. Gold would have to increase many times upon its present value before we would leave a New England home to encounter such privations and risks to get a paltry sum of the dust.

CHOLERA.—The cholera was on the decline at New Orleans on the 11th ult.; and advices from the Rio Grande state that it had disappeared at Matamoras, the Brazos, and Brownsville. The number of deaths at Matamoras during the prevalence of the disease were about one thousand—about twenty-five per cent. of the whole population.

PERJURY PUNISHED.—In the Criminal Court at Washington, Joseph Brokhard, a German, has been sentenced to four years in the Penitentiary, for having sworn that he was Augustus Goetz, a private in the U. S. Army, with a view of getting possession of the land warrant belonging to Goetz.

SAD NEWS.—We learn from the Canadian papers, the melancholy intelligence of the death of Mr. Richard Watson, publisher of the Upper Canada Gazette, who perished in the flames while endeavoring to save some of the property in the establishment of the Patriot office.

A HARD HIT.—The editor of the 'Blue Hen's Chicken' says that the Legislature of Delaware 'was characterized by two strong and predominating principles—the *love of rum and the hate of niggers*.' That's expressive, to say the least of it.

GROWTH OF CONGRESS.—It is not a little remarkable, as indicating the progress of our country in population, that the Senate at present consists of the same number as the House of Representatives in the first Congress.

MORALS IN TEXAS.—A Galveston paper, deprecating the number of divorces granted at the recent session of the Legislature of Texas, says, in that State the marriage contract is not as binding as a *horse trade*.

FROM MADEIRA.—We have received a deeply interesting and valuable letter from our Madeira correspondent, which shall appear next week.

BROTHER COCHRANE, of the Odd Fellow, is always gentlemanly and courteous. 'May his tribe INCREASE.'

HEART-RENDING.—One of our exchanges thus heads a news item. If it is 'heart-rending,' better keep still about it.

### Editorial Ink-Drops.

The New York boys and girls drive hoops taken from off gun barrels.

Why does a miller wear a white hat? To keep his head warm, to be sure.

The Mexican Congress has voted the Pope of Rome twenty-five thousand dollars.

The public debt of Holland is equal to $240 for each individual in the country.

That gold dollar has got along at last—bright, small, and *very* acceptable.

It is very silly to pay for rum to drink when water costs nothing, and is healthier.

A slaver lately landed five hundred slaves on the south side of the Island of Cuba.

Vessels are said to be very sociable, always having a companion-way about them.

The talk of the Canadians still sounds rather treasonable towards the British throne.

Mr. Aubry, editor of the French paper at New Orleans, died in that city lately.

A vessel which lately arrived at New York brought seven rounds of Jacob's ladder.

President Taylor is expected shortly to visit the northern cities of the Union.

The actual profit on one hen per year is ascertained to be one dollar.

James, the novelist, is writing books for little children. Queer.

Nearly 400 deaths occur per week just now in New Orleans. Great mortality.

The Angelique is soon to sail from New York with its freight of females for Eldorado.

Macready is not so popular at the west as in New Orleans.

Dickens is writing a new book, to be complete in twenty weekly numbers.

Lynn, though having the requisite number of inhabitants, votes not to become a city.

Madam Bishop has gone to Havana to sing to the Cubans at the Tacon Theatre.

Specie begins to return to this country from Europe. First arrival $100,000, at New York.

Forrest and Macready are both playing their farewell engagements in New York city.

Mr. Clay, the whig champion, is just seventy-two years of age.

Mackenzie, the patriot, has again been driven from Canada by the loyalists.

Fanny Ellsler, the danseuse, is coming to the United States this fall.

The New England spring is said to be rather backward this year.

Pumpkins wants to know what vessels raise in the yards they carry. Raise the wind, sure.

### A Grand Enterprise.

We see that P. P. F. Degrand, of Boston, proposes that a company shall be chartered by Congress to construct a railroad from St. Louis to San Francisco, with a capital of a hundred million dollars; the company, after paying in two millions, to have the right to borrow ninety-eight millions of United States six per cent. stocks, or as much as will be necessary to finish the road. Mr. Degrand has laid out a noble enterprise, whether feasible or not; he proceeds, in an address prepared for the people of the United States, to state his plan. He would have the road commenced in all parts at once, with double sets of hands to work upon it night and day. He would have a continuous line of telegraph, which would facilitate the progress of the work. Mr. Degrand would have the track a double one at the outset, and everything built on the most substantial plan. Who can doubt, for a moment, that this must ultimately be done? The merest schoolboy can appreciate the immense advantage to this country that a road, connecting the Pacific with the Atlantic, would give. Boston and New York would both become shortly quadrupled in business matters. All the carrying for Europe to the east would go through these cities, across the country, the goods to be re-shipped on the Pacific.—Mr. Degrand appeals to the government for aid. Let books be opened in our principal cities, and we venture to say that private enterprise would accomplish the great work, and that the whole amount of one hundred millions of dollars would be subscribed in less time than Congress could act in the matter.

### Hydrophobia.

Many physicians declare, unhesitatingly, that there is no such thing as hydrophobia in man or beast, and show a good deal of spunk about the matter besides. A learned Doctor Lynde, of Norridgewock, Maine, is of this class, and has come out in the Maine Farmer with an article to that effect; whereupon, the editor of the Waterville Mail, 'a man as is a man,' says:

> 'All the cry and all the alarm about mad dogs, is in his opinion a delusion. So far as we have seen, the doctor has been allowed to have his own way—because he asserts that he has never seen a mad dog, or anybody that has seen one! Strange! But the hoax is, that *there is no such a man as Dr. Lynde!* We assert this the more confidently, because we have never seen him, or any one who has seen him.'

### The Ex-President.

Mr. Polk has at last got home safe and sound after his southern tour, to Columbia, Tenn. The people, without distinction of party, turned out in large numbers to receive and welcome him; so he has been fairly taken back again into the bosom of the people. Well, he has probably seen enough of public life, and is glad, doubtless, to be once more his own master, for he has probably been little less than a slave these four years, a slave to business, cramped by anxiety and worn down by physical and mental labor. He has done some very foolish things and some very good ones in his administration—none of us are perfect; and doubtless, he has acted conscientiously, which is all that can be required of any man.

FATHER MATHEW.—This disciple of temperance has lately had a whole spirit distillery and mill fall to him by inheritance. The land and buildings will make him comparatively rich. He destroyed all the spirit apparatus, and let the establishment for the purpose of a grist mill.

MURDER OF A WIFE.—Robert Lintell murdered his wife at New Orleans, by stabbing her with a knife under the right breast. Jealousy is said to have been the cause. The deceased was about seventeen years of age, and had been separated from her husband several months.

DESERTERS.—There is said to be thirty American vessels laying at San Francisco, deserted by the crew. Laborers are paid at the rate of one hundred and fifty dollars per month to discharge them.

GENEROUS.—Mrs. Butler has contributed three hundred dollars to the fund for the relief of the family of E. Simpson, Esq.

DIVIDEND.—The Merchants' Exchange Insurance Company of Boston have declared a semi-annual dividend of ten per cent.

> The Lynn girls are not to be sneezed at.—*Lynn News.*

Who wants to 'sneeze' at 'em?

### From our Foreign Files.

All the Irish State prisoners, with one exception, are liberated.

The cholera has destroyed nineteen hundred at Glasgow, since November last.

Warsaw is full of soldiers, and many regiments are forced to bivouac in the streets.

The Republic of Palermo has rejected the constitution and proposals made by the king of Naples.

No news of importance from Ireland, although previous accounts represent fearful cases of death from starvation.

German tools are now imported into England, and sold from thirty to sixty per cent. under the prices for the same articles manufactured at Birmingham.

The Russian peasant considers himself well fed if he has rye bread and sour cabbage soup, with a lump of fat or hog's lard boiled in it by way of a relish.

The London Times, in speaking of the 'noble order of the garter,' says: 'A dozen emperors, kings, princes, and reigning dukes constitute the rabble of the order.'

The king of Naples would with great difficulty keep his throne, as a formidable insurrection was about breaking out in Calabria, and the Neapolitans were themselves unquiet.

The advices received in Paris from Italy lead to the belief that the Spanish intervention to assist the Pope is not likely to be persevered in. There are immense preparations going on at Rome for war.

Hafiz Bey, an Egyptian Admiral, is now on a visit to England, for the purpose of inspecting the British navy yards. It is said he will proceed next to the United States, to acquaint himself with the condition of the American navy.

The favorite product of Yankeedom, Indian corn, was almost unknown in Great Britain four or five years ago. In Ireland, it was considered unfit for human food, and a quantity stored at Berlin—by order of Sir Robert Peel, then prime minister—was attacked by a mob, who verily believed the article to be poisonous, and a portion of it destroyed.

### Dewdrops of Wisdom.

A good surgeon must have an eagle's eye, a lion's heart, and a lady's hand.

It is not quality, but innocence which exempts men from reproof.—*Addison.*

If we are aspiring, we ought not to lose our diffidence; and if ardent for reforms, we ought not to lose our discretion.

It is the true expressive remark of a German philosopher, 'I would not be a woman, for then I could not love her.'

The little and short sayings of wise and excellent men are of great value, like the dust of gold, or the least spark of diamonds.

One common calamity makes men extremely affect each other, though they differ in every other particular.—*Steele.*

A virtuous man, says Seneca, struggling with misfortune, is such a spectacle as gods might look upon with pleasure.

He whose first emotion, on the view of an excellent work, is to undervalue it, will never have one of his own to show.—*Aikin.*

It is well for the men that women do not know what tyrants they might be by being meek and gentle. They might have the world at their feet.

The best way to be useful and happy in this life, is to cultivate the domestic affections—to love home—and, at the same time, to exercise a benevolent disposition towards others.

Perseverance merits neither praise nor blame; it is only the duration of our inclinations and sentiments, which we can neither create nor extinguish.

Music, said Luther, is one of the fairest and most glorious gifts of God, to which Satan is a bitter enemy; for it removes from the heart the weight of sorrow, and the fascination of evil thoughts.

Flowers have bloomed on prairies, and passed away, from age to age, unseen by man, and multitudes of virtues have been acted out in obscure places, without note or admiration. The sweetness of both has gone up to heaven.

The most agreeable of all companions is a simple, frank man, without any high pretensions to an oppressive greatness; one who loves life, and understands the use of it; obliging alike at all hours; above all, of a golden temper, and steadfast as an anchor.

### The Joker's Olio.

Did you come by sea from New Orleans? No, I took the Cumberland (*come by-land*) route.

'Othello's occupation is gone,' as one of our colored brethren observed, on seeing a machine for cleaning boots.

'Let the *toast be*, dear woman,' as the boarder said when his landlady was about to remove the plate.

'Will your love for me remain *sincere?*' asked a young lady of her devoted swain. 'O, yes,' said he, '*since-here* I remain.'

Rollin sets down Alexander as a 'great hero.' He surely must have been an anomaly—for who ever saw a *he-roe?*

The Man at the Corner has just seen a letter of a life pill proprietor to one of his best customers, which was ominously signed—'*Yours, till death.*'

'I'll take my pay in advance,' said a landlady who lodged her friends on straw beds. 'No you don't,' said Jim; 'I always sleep on tick.'

An old lady wishing to show her minister how smart her son was, introduced him, 'This is my son John—*John, blow your nose!*'

A writer from California recommends to people who intend going there to carry frame houses with them. *Light-houses* would be the best we should think.

'Mr. Simpkings has an abominable *gait*, don't you think so?' 'No, indeed, I think it is quite handsome especially since it was painted.'

Bemus was asked by a young lady what was the meaning of the eye painted on his masonic apron. 'O,' he answered, 'that is the grand *eye-dear* of the fraternity.'

'Is them old fellows alive now?' said an urchin to the teacher. 'What old persons do you mean, my dear?' 'Why, Paul and Luke and Deuteronomy, and them.'

'Mister, I say, I don't suppose you don't know of nobody what don't want to hire nobody to do nothing, don't you?' The answer was, yes I don't.

### Miscellaneous Scraps.

A Buffalo canal boat having broken loose at night and drifted out in the lake, with one man on board, he deliberately cast anchor and waited for relief. He tied a rope to the cooking stove, and let it slide, riding out the storm in security.

A three story brick house in Cincinnati tumbled into ruins, from the digging of a cellar in an adjoining lot. The three families resident in the house had sufficient warning to escape into the wood shed, and saved their lives.

The great central coal field of the Mississippi valley covers an area of 70,000 square miles, or 48,800,000 square acres—six times the area of all the coal fields in Great Britain; and yet, this vast supply is seldom taken into the account when estimates are made of the coal resources of the United States.

It is stated that a marriage of a romantic character took place at Lochland, a village about twelve miles from the city, on the Miami canal. The daughter of a prominent citizen was betrothed to an industrious young mechanic, but she not being past 'sweet sixteen,' the parents opposed the wedding. The objections were removed by a compromise. The nuptials were celebrated, and in an hour the bridegroom took leave for California, thence to return in two years and claim his wife.

### Quill and Scissors.

Two Irishmen, who had been discharged from work on the Manchester and Lawrence railroad, blew up 46 kegs of powder in a shanty in Windham, N. H., in the night. The one who touched it off was blown to pieces, and the other was terribly singed.

The lumbermen of Maine have had ninety days of good sledding without rain—the best winter for their business that has been known for years; and millions more of lumber have been got out than ever before in one season.

It wont do, when riding in a stage coach, to talk of another man whom you have not personally seen, as being an 'all-fired scoundrel,' unless you are absolutely sure he is not sitting before you.

The ship Juniata cleared at Baltimore lately for London, has upwards of eleven hundred tons of provisions. This is the heaviest cargo that ever left that port, the invoice of which being $133,300.

The Scientific American notices a design for a monument to Washington, by a self-taught lad of 16, named Richard P. Reslon. It is said by many 'to be most original, grand and appropriate.'

In the tenth century, to eat off the same plate, and drink out of the same cup, was considered a mark of gallantry, and of the best possible understanding between a lady and a gentleman.

Antonio Sibblich, convicted of the murder of James Chappel, and piracy on board the ship St. Louis, on her passage from Vera Cruz, is now an idiot in the parish prison at New Orleans.

The way the cockneys prefix the aspirate to words beginning with a vowel, is not always so much amiss. For example, they call California 'the new *H* Eldorado.'

Editors cannot be on bad terms with each other for any length of time; for, however much they may quarrel about the paper, they must 'make it up' before they go to press.

Michael Sturio drowned himself in that beautiful stream the Merrimac at Concord, N. H., in presence of his wife, who went to see if he had the courage to do it.

A railroad is proposed from Keene to Hillsboro' bridge, N. H., to connect with the Concord and Claremont road, and the survey of the route has been commenced.

One of the most distinguished generals in the Russian army, is Count Zinzechoff. He is a native of Meredith, N. H., and his real name is Thomas F. Williams.

A gentleman who has returned to Knoxville, Tenn., says the authorities of New Orleans forbid the papers of that city to publish the deaths by cholera.

Over two thousand citizens of Valparaiso had sailed, at last accounts, for California. The shores of the Pacific are becoming depopulated, as well as the Polynesian Isles.

John Knepley, an old and respectable citizen of Harrisburg, Pa., was shot dead by his son on the 11th inst. The latter is supposed to have been deranged.

A young lady residing in Louisville, while asleep a few nights since, was awakened by a ferocious rat biting a piece out of one of her cheeks.

Cornelius O'Rielly declined to join in a strike of the laborers on the Naugatuck railroad in Connecticut, and was beaten to death with clubs by his brother Irishmen.

The success of Mr. Davenport and Mrs. Mowatt, in England, continues unabated. They have been winning 'golden opinions from all sorts of people.'

James K. Strain, aged 29 years, hung himself in his father's barn, South Worcester, N. Y. An intelligent young man, had studied law, and was under a matrimonial engagement.

In Westville, N. J., Bateman was shot in the thigh by Turner, and wounded, fatally, perhaps. They quarrelled about their hens getting into each others' gardens.

Dallas A. Kneass, agent of the Police Gazette of New York, has been found guilty in Philadelphia of a libel of J. H. Guion, because he circulated the paper.

Ticknor & Co., of Boston, have sent out $150 to Tennyson, the poet, an acknowledgement for reprinting an edition of his poems.

Webb of the N. Y. Courier, advertises to sell out his interest in that concern for $20,000; he is going to California.

Mrs. Edwards and Mr. French have eloped from St. Clair, Pa., she leaving a husband and children, and he a wife and children.

Pride is the dainty occupant of our bosom, and yet ever feeds on the meanness and infirmity of our kind.

Emigration to the United States is depopulating New Brunswick. This is practical homage to republican institutions.

Hudson's Panorama of the Ohio and Mississippi Rivers, was destroyed by fire at Troy, N. Y., on Wednesday night.

A maker of gold pens advertises that *fifteen* years' experience justifies him in asserting that his pens are *everlasting!*

Mr. Johns was knocked overboard at Cincinnati, and saved by his daughter, aged 18 years, who plunged in after him.

In Mexico a kiss is called *tetenamiquiliztli*. If their kisses are as long as the name we wouldn't mind being a Mexican.

The greater an actor's fame the greater his anxieties, as from the greenest laurels we distil the deadliest poison.

Six miles of the Franklin railroad in Maryland have been sold by the sheriff for $600; it cost $20,000 a mile.

The fourth volume of Bancroft's History of the United States is announced to appear in September next.

A man may wear a sound constitution under a soiled coat, and be truly independent in low fortune.

The capital of the new Territory of Minnesota is called St. Pauls. A newspaper is about to be established there.

It is better to laugh than to cry; but, when you cry, cry together, and not one against another. The latter makes horrible music.

An invention has been patented in England by which steam engines, in full play, can be stopped almost instantly.

Mr. Conrad Zimmerman broke from his cords and cut his throat in York, Pa., in a paroxysm of hydrophobia.

Dr. William Woodruff, of Bridgport, Conn., where he leaves a wife and children, committed suicide at Savannah.

A wolf strongly resembles a dog, and a flatterer a friend, but their designs are very dissimilar.

Mr. Launman, who has been connected with the press, is appointed librarian of the war department.

Strakosch is in New Orleans, where, in spite of cholera and fever, he gains the ear of the people.

George Wilson, of South Danvers, died in the Salem watchhouse, from intemperance and want of proper care.

Edward Heald committed suicide in Providence jail, to which he was committed for intemperance.

The grace of independence, like that of beauty, is much enhanced by occasion.

The New York city orphan society spent last year $7,387 48, leaving $1400 unpaid.

William Brown was killed by falling from the mast of the revenue cutter at Erie, Pa.

It is a virtue to avoid vice; and the first step to wisdom is to be free from folly.

The President of the United States has no title. He is simply called 'Mr. President.'

Three hundred French communists have arrived at Nauvoo, Ill., to settle.

B. Ougatt, alderman of New Orleans, has drawn $25,000 in the Havana lottery.

He who is not growing wiser every day, has never yet been wise at all.

About $200,000 of California gold has been received in England.

Tongues are like race horses, which run the faster the less weight they carry.

Friendship is made fast by interwoven benefits.

### Local Matters.

#### Amusements.

The Virginian Serenaders, at the Howard Athenæum, bid fair to be as popular here as they were in Philadelphia, where they performed several hundred nights. There is nothing new to note in the way of amusements. Miles Martin, the spectacle piece at the National Theatre, draws well. The Model Modern Aladdin, at the Beach Street Museum, is a trump card. The Forty Thieves, at the Boston Museum, is as attractive as ever. It is proposed again to alter the Boston Theatre from its original plan, and make a public market of it. Tedesco, the delightful vocalist, has been charming the ears of our musical people; and the Germanian Band have won golden opinions from all. Bland's Lyceum Theatre is the locale of fun and frolic, and we advise all dyspeptic people to go there. The company embraces much versatility of talent.

#### International Courtesies.

The visit recently paid to London by a body of French National Guards, has been returned by a detachment of Englishmen from London the advanced guard of which, 250 in number, had at the latest accounts arrived in Paris by a special train of cars, having been received with honors by the civic authorities of Amiens and Boulogne. Why don't the Bostonians get up something of this sort, and go *en masse* to New York, Philadelphia, etc., and the Yorkers and Quakers *vice versa?*

#### High Life in Baltimore.

They beat Boston all hollow down South; for instance the fashionable circles of Baltimore, were lately thrown into uproar by the whispered announcement that one of their most distinguished belles, a Miss S., with her cousin, a no less fashionable lady, had eloped. On the arrival of the Baltimore train at Philadelphia, the young ladies stepped out, accompanied by their husbands, a celebrated comedian, and a member of the theatrical company under his management. The knot in the meantime had been tied.

DECEASED.—We regret to announce the death of Mr. Whitcomb, late partner of the firm of Tucker, Whitcomb and Parker, of the Tremont House. It is but a few weeks since we had the pleasure of referring to Mr. Whitcomb's entering into the above firm under flattering circumstances. Now he has done with life and all that is mortal. Mr. Whitcomb was a man of many excellent qualities, and universally beloved.

INCREASE OF BOSTON.—There is no more sure sign of the increase of the business of the city than the necessity that is evinced for more hotels. One very large one, to be called the Montgomery House, is in course of completion in Tremont street; and one more is about to be commenced at the same neighborhood.

PILOTS' WAGES IN ST. LOUIS.—The St. Louis Republican of the 10th says, that owing to the increased number of boats in the Missouri for the California emigration, there was a scarcity of pilots, and the extraordinary wages of $300 to $450 were paid for a ten days' trip to St. Joseph.

CALIFORNIA AND THE DRAMA.—C. R. Thorn, the actor, well known in this city, was at Van Buren, Arkansas, recently, on his way to the 'diggings.' He was accompanied by his two sons. Mrs. Thorn is performing at the Beach Street Museum.

BANVARD.—This pioneer in panoramadom is made quite a lion of in London; and the picture, which many of our readers have seen at Amory Hall in this city, is nightly unrolled before the admiring gaze of the cockneys and nobles of the big metropolis.

FOUNDLING.—A female infant, about fifteen months old, was left on the steps of the house of Mr. E. Milton, Esq., overseer of the poor for ward two, a few nights ago. It was properly cared for.

FRAUD.—A heavy fraud upon the revenue has lately been discovered at the Custom House; the cargo upon which the trouble arose was of iron, and have been seized by the revenue officer.

BIG FIGURE.—The correspondent of the Baltimore Patriot, speaking of the National Intelligencer, says that the outstanding debts due to that establishment are estimated at $400,000.

'WHOM GOD HATH JOINED TOGETHER,' ETC.—Our contributor, Mr. J. H. Robinson, has gone off and got married. That's better than going to California—ten times better.

MILITARY.—The Albany Burgess corps will visit this city this summer as the guests of the Boston City Guards. Both those companies are excellent, soldierly corps.

WORTHY OF A CALL.—The store of Jones, Ball & Poor, corner of Summer and Washington streets, is without doubt, the most elegant one of the kind in any part of the world.

REVERE HOUSE.—A wing is now building to this house, which will contain over a hundred rooms. The Revere is doing an excellent business.

FIRE WORKS.—The committee of arrangements for celebrating the Fourth of July next, have contracted with James G. Hovey to furnish the fire-works on that occasion.

BURGLARIES.—This city is the scene, almost nightly, of burglaries of the most daring and atrocious character. Where are our night watch?

ORNAMENTAL.—The city authorities contemplate placing two fountains in the grass plats in front of the City Hall.

THE STEAMER JACOB BELL has been purchased at New York, and placed in our harbor as a tow boat.

THE CRAFT.—The Boston printers had a grand celebration the other day, and ate a capital supper at the Revere House.

LOOK SHARP.—Plenty of counterfeit Mexican coin, and American quarter eagles, are in circulation in this city.

FAILURE.—Two or three of our large dry goods dealers have failed under the long and severe pressure of the money market.

CAPTAIN STURGIS.—There is a superb lithograph of this distinguished officer of the revenue service for sale at the bookstores.

MISS ANNA STONE.—This young lady has taken a farewell concert here, and gone to New York to reside as a professed vocalist.

## OUR OLIO COLUMN.

[Written for The Flag of our Union.]

### Song of the Yankees.

BY FRANK WYNDON.

A rugged clime—a rugged clime,
Is that in which we dwell;
A broken and a varied land,
With mountain, hill and dell.
From north to south, from east to west,
From inland height to sea,
That land is now, and ever was
The dwelling of the free.
From where the spreading evergreen
Its western mountains deck,
To where the towering pine tree shades
The rolling Kennebec;
From where, in one unbroken wild,
Primeval forests wave,
To where old Narragansett's tides
Its sandy margin lave;
All, all, we proudly call our own,
Throughout this wide domain;
And 'tis our boast that here there clanks
No shrinking captive's chain.
Then do ye wonder at our pride,
Or ask the reason why
We speak of home with swelling heart,
And overflowing eye?
Go, view our mountains' dizzy height,
And gaze with wondering eye
Far up to where some towering point
Divides the parting sky;
Then stand beneath some beetling crag,
And view the flinty rock,
Piled at your feet by lightning stroke,
Or by the earthquake shock.
Ascend some summit that overlooks
A region far and wide,
And scan the varied scenes that meet
The eye on every side.
The river at its base that flows,
A broad, and silent stream,
At times half hid by rising hills,
Again more clearly seen,
Far, far away in distance blue,
Where many a mile is sped,
Still winding on its course appears
A shining silver thread.
The dazzling rills, with noisy mirth,
Come bounding on their way,
The hardy trees that skirt their banks
Are moistened with their spray.
The view extends so far around,
That scarce thy straining eye,
With strongest ken, can half discern
Where meet the earth and sky.
The well-tilled land with faithful care
Its owners' toil repays,
And swelling hill and sloping vale
Its promised store displays.
The modest cot embowered in trees,
Half shutting out the view,
Attest the farmer's home where reign
Good taste and plenty too.
Let others boast of fairer climes,
And cast contempt on ours;
And listless pass the lagging day
Beneath their sylvan bowers:
We ask not joys like these, but seek
For those of sterner kind;
Joys that flow from active hands
And well-instructed mind.

### The Old Clock in the Hall.

BY R. H. STODDARD.

It stands in a corner of the room,
Behind the door, in the shade and gloom,
In a heavy and antique case,
Rich mahogany, maple and oak,
Battered and scattered, and dim with smoke,
And the hands are bent on the face.

Its knob and hinges are red with rust,
And top o' the moulding covered with dust,
Its panels are yellow with stains;
And a ragged web, like a tattered pall,
Runs from its side to the sombre wall,
And over the window panes.

The pendulum swings, the wheels go round,
Making a dull, monotonous sound,
As the vanishing moments fleet;
A 'tick,' like the falling of grains of sand,
As Time was pouring from out his hand
The dust of years at his feet!

Years have vanished—forgotten years—
With all their sorrows, sins and tears,
And left their marks in the hall;
The old have died, the young grown old—
Generations have gone to mould,
And the clock survives them all.

Beautiful girls have watched the hours,
Knitting at stands, or working flowers
In frames of broidery fine;
And mornings the young folks playing late,
Wished the moments fettered to 'eight,'
For the school began at 'nine!'

Mothers, with sons in distant lands,
Sorrowing, chide its tardy hands,
And dreamed of the meeting dear;
And wives, whose husbands returned at night,
Marked the time in the fading light,
And listened for footsteps near.

Blushing brides, at their toilets gay,
In snowy robes, on the happy day,
Have waited the hour to wed;
And sick folks tossing on beds of pain,
Gazed at the clock again and again,
And watched beside the dead.

But years have vanished, and others fill
Their place, and the old clock standeth, still
Ticking as in its pride.
Summer and winter, day and night,
A sexton chiming the hours' flight,
Tolling the knell of time.—*N. Y. Tribune.*

### A Wife wanted.

Ye fair ones attend—I've an offer to make you,
In hymen's soft bond I am anxious to join;
For better or worse, as companion I'll take you,
Provided you suit me, when, lassie, I'm thine.

I'd have—let me see—I'd not have a beauty,
For beautiful women are apt to be vain;
Yet with a small share, I would think it a duty
To take her, be thankful, and not to complain.

Her form must be good, and not moulded by art,
And rather above than below middle size;
Her countenance puzzles my brain to describe—
And eloquent language must flow from her eyes.

She must be well bred, or I ne'er could respect her—
Good-natured and modest, but not very coy;
Her mind well informed—the purified nectar
That sweetens the cup of hymeneal joy.

Her home she must love, and domestic employment,
Have practical knowledge of household affairs;
And make it a part of her highest enjoyment
To soften my troubles and lighten my cares.

No fortune I ask, for I've no predilection
For glitter and show, and the pomp of high life;
I wish to be bound by the cords of affection—
Can any one fill this offer for a wife?

If any possess the above requisitions,
They soon can be bound by the conjugal band;
Please step forward, lassies, you know the conditions,
And banish the grief of one—ever on hand?

### The Arrow and the Song.

The following little scrap is being copied far and near, by the press. It contains a pretty idea, to be sure, but is it not most homely expressed? If any other writer than Longfellow had composed it, the poem would have died in the newspaper corner where it originated.

I shot an arrow into the air—
It fell to earth, I knew not where;
For, so swiftly it flew, the sight
Could not follow it in its flight.

I breathed a song into the air—
It fell to earth, I knew not where;
For who has sight so keen and strong,
That it can follow the flight of song?

Long, long afterward, in an oak,
I found the arrow, still unbroke;
And the song, from beginning to end,
I found again in the heart of a friend.

### Poetic Fire.

Is any one prepared to say this is not a poetic age, when such samples as the following are produced:

Big fleas have little fleas,
And lesser fleas to bite 'em;
And these fleas have other fleas,
And so ad finitum.

### Cruel!

The lovely hair that Mary wears
Is hers—who would have thought it!
She swears 'tis hers, and true she swears,
For I know where she bought it.

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THE FLAG OF OUR UNION.

[Written for The Flag of our Union.]

### Life Picture.

BY WILLIAM WOOD.

One year, as Spring came loitering
Along the hills all bleak and bare,
And scattered from his sunny wing
A bloom and beauty everywhere,
I saw a man whose locks were white
With the frosts of many a winter night,
Step slowly down the public way;
A staff was in his trembling hand—
A basket on his arm he bore—
And presently I saw him stand;
Then mournfully I heard him say—
'With me 'tis winter evermore!'

Anon, the gentle Summer came,
With her bright sun and tepid air;
But the old man travelled still the same,
Of all her beauty unaware.
The rays that warmed up heath and hill,
Fell on his heart with icy chill,
And brought him only misery,
That gushed from out his once bright eye;
For pitiless poverty sore
Had pierced his spirit's inmost core;
And as he wandered hopelessly,
He sighed to Summer wofully,
'With me 'tis winter evermore!'

When Summer southward stole again,
With all her lavish loveliness,
And Autumn tripped o'er hill and plain,
Attired in her fantastic dress;
The old man tottered still along—
But tuneless trilled the reaper's song;
Its notes fell harsh upon his ear,
That he was once so pleased to hear;
And on the hill, and on the wood,
The hosts of harvest stood arrayed;
But he only sighed as he viewed them o'er,
Thinking, perchance, of his small store,
While plenty at others' feet was laid:
'Alas!' said he, for his heart did bleed—
'With me 'tis winter evermore!'

Autumn at length sped coldly past,
When the cruel winds began to blow;
She perished before the wintry blast,
And laid her down neath a shroud of snow.
And still the old man from door to door
Wandered on—and even the poor
Placed in his hand, all thin and white,
The largest part of their scanty mite,
While many a man to riches born,
Would pass him by with words of scorn.
Ere long I saw the beggar no more—
The dreary winter with him was o'er;
'Twas close by the buried autumn's side,
Laid him down and sweetly died.

[Written for The Flag of our Union.]

### Stanzas,

TO ONE WHO WILL UNDERSTAND THEM.

BY OLIVER G. WENTWORTH.

O for a pall to wrap the past!
In everlasting night!
To veil o'er memory's page, or cast
The record from my sight!
O for the power to quench the beam
Of retrospective thought;
To float in heaven's eternal dream,
Till earth fade into nought.

Memory! O, speak it not again!
To hopeless passion set!
The heart knows no relief from pain
But when it may forget.
And though life bears through many a smart,
Yet unrequited love
Is madness that the human heart
May never rise above.

Then who shall blame the poisoned draft,
If passion fill the cup!
O, not in vain that madness quaffed
Who drank his memory up!
Then let me snatch the present bliss,
Content if it but last
To bathe my lip in passion's kiss,
And quench the fearful past.

Why did I love—and why love thee?
Thou never canst be mine;
And lone and sad my way must be
To weary life's decline.
No one to cheer my lonely lot,
Though weal or woe betide;
Aye unforgetting, unforgot,
My angel and my bride.

Love, constant on my bosom's throne,
Now battles with the past;
I am alone, ay, all alone,
For hope is gone at last.
I only wait the hour to part
From life and love's control;
When the lava current of my heart
For aye shall cease to roll.

[Written for The Flag of our Union.]

### To Mrs Frances S Osgood.

BY MRS. H. M. STEPHENS.

A thing of light—a priceless gem—
A pearl from nature's diadem—
A rainbow gleaming through the showers,
To cheer this darksome world of ours.
Light as the foam upon the lake—
Pure as the feathery, falling flake—
Sweet as the spring's fresh, dew-kissed flowers,
Is this dear singing bird of ours!
No fawn's bright eyes are half so bright,
No fay's light heart is half as light,
No lark that thrills the ambient air
With her rich warblings can compare.
Now, pouring forth, with unchecked glee,
A wild, rich strain of melody,
As if the gladness, pent up long,
Had bubbled from her heart in song.
Anon, her notes are sad and low,
As if o'ercharged with deepest woe;
But e'er the tears fall for her pain,
They change, and all is joy again.
Dear Fanny! star of poetry!
How does my spirit cling to thee!
Although our eyes have never met,
Nor clasped our hands in friendship yet.
It is not sight of features dear,
Nor yet the form that I revere;
Thy songs have told me what thou art—
Taught me to love thy woman's heart!
And oft, when clouds and shadows come,
And storms are in my cottage home,
Thy 'wild wood notes' sweep o'er the plain,
And lo, my sky is clear again.
I have thy portrait! oft I trace
Thy spirit in the dreamy face;
And then I teach my heart to pray
God's blessings on thy sunny way.

[Written for The Flag of our Union.]

### An Epitaph.

BY W. H. B.

Look on this stone, and as you read,
Think—ponder well on life and death:
For lo, I died of want and need!
Yes, died for want and need of breath.

But see that you, like me, when death
Asks you to give up all your own,
Want nothing else besides your breath—
For that's of little use when gone.

# MISCELLANEOUS.

[Written for The Flag of our Union.]

## THE ADOPTED SON:

OR,

## CHARITY'S REWARD.

BY PAUL CREYTON.

### CHAPTER I.

*The Worldly Heart.*

One cold, dreary, windy day in the month of November, 1843, a tall, dark individual might have been observed passing to and fro, in a mysterious manner, in one of the most retired streets of the city of Boston. His finely-made form and handsome features were disguised by the folds of a spacious cloak and scarf, which he had assumed for the double purpose of concealment and defence against the cold.

Several times had this strange individual walked up and down the street, like one abstracted. But although he seemed to have no object in view, a keen observer would have remarked at once that he was deeply interested in some object he saw, or wished to see, in a cottage over the way; for his dark, piercing eye was turned in that direction continually.

At last, as the stranger was approaching the house in one of his rounds, a lad of about twelve summers, pale, and poorly clad, came out of the door and ran lightly down the steps into the street. The stranger paused, but as the boy ran on before him, he followed, quickening his pace, and was soon led by the unconscious youth into a more busy quarter of the town.

The two kept on at a rapid pace, the stranger gradually nearing the boy, until the latter suddenly turned into a large, crowded building, composed of offices devoted to the use of lawyers, brokers, and other business men. The lad mounted a broad flight of stairs, and entered a side door, which he had scarcely closed when the stranger followed him in.

There was but one man in the office, and he sat at the desk with a newspaper in his hand. He looked up as the two entered, and after glancing at the stranger, who coolly took a seat near the stove, motioned the boy to approach him.

The lad was embarrassed and seemed afraid to speak. With his cold, numb fingers, he played with the buttons of his coat, while his eye turned alternately from the stranger to the man at the desk. The latter was a middle-aged man, with a cold, hard, calculating look, such as chills the heart unused to the selfishness of the world.

'Well, William,' said he, turning to the boy with the mockery of a smile—it was so cold and heartless—'well, William, has your father sent me the money for the rent, as he promised my clerk, when he called on him the other day? Speak out, William.'

'He sent me,' said the boy, after some hesitation, 'to tell you that he couldn't possibly raise the money for you to-day; but that he hopes to be able to get it for you before next Saturday.'

The man at the desk scowled darkly.

'Tell your father,' said he, in tones of harshness, 'that I can put up with this treatment no longer. I have been put off now day after day with promises and protestations, until I am tired of the same eternal lingo. However, I will let things remain until Saturday, when, if the rent is not paid, I shall be under the necessity of adopting measures that would be unpleasant both for him and me.'

'But father is very sick,' began the lad, his eyes glistening with tears.

He would have said more, but sobs choked his utterance, and he hurried from the office into the street.

I said the man at the desk scowled darkly; but when the boy was gone, and his eye fell upon the stranger seated at the fire, at the right of the dignified bearing of the latter, and his rich but simple dress, his worldly heart was pleased, and his brow brightened with a smile.

'Excuse me,' said the stranger, approaching the door; 'I perceive I have entered the wrong place. But will you tell me whether or no that lad is the son of Mr. Jonathan Harding?'

'Ay, that's his father's name,' replied the other, politely.

'What a reverse of fortune that man must have met with!' pursued the stranger, with a sigh. 'If I remember right, he was once one of the richest and most influential merchants in Boston.'

'True,' replied the man at the desk; 'but he has lost all his property by mismanagement. I knew him well five years ago, when he was in the height of his prosperity. His failure was quite unexpected, and very unfortunate, for by some strange mismanagement on his part, his creditors got everything, and left him poor. Of late he has been sick, and he has even been brought so low as to be unable to pay the rent of one of my cheapest houses.'

'Low, indeed!' sighed the stranger; 'but his family?'

'That is fortunately small. He has but two children, a girl of twenty or upwards, and the boy you saw here. The girl, I am told, supports the family by teaching; for she has rare accomplishments.'

'And no suitors?'

'No accepted ones. Many of the first class, however—young men of fortune and family—have offered themselves, but it seems she prefers a life of labor and poverty to a good match.'

'Indeed!'

'Strange, you think; but there is a reason—though a poor one—for her foolish conduct. You see she is young and romantic, like other silly girls at her age, and prides herself on scorning wealth. The truth is, she is living for a young man who, if he is like other young men, thinks no more about her now than as if he had never seen her.'

'Who is he?'

'I will tell you. Many years ago, Mr. Harding, who is a kind-hearted man enough, picked up a little orphan boy in the streets, and took him home and warmed, and fed, and clothed him, as if he had been his own son. And so the boy grew up like one of the family until he was eighteen. At that time—this was five or six years ago—Harding's daughter, Julia, was about fifteen, and a very pretty girl, I assure you.

'Well, things turned out as might have been expected. The youth was warm-hearted and full of spirit, and the girl was a delicious, bewitching creature, and altogether too rich for him to withstand. In short, the poor orphan and the rich heiress loved each other, and became engaged before the old man knew anything of the matter. He found it out, however, and of course he took measures to break off the unequal connection, by putting the boy in the way of making his fortune abroad, that the two might forget each other. The thing must have had the desired effect on one side, for the boy has never been heard from since; but on the other hand, Julia seems to cherish the hope that he will return some day, rich, and as loving as ever. She's foolish there, for the boy has seen something of the world by this time, and lost some of the romance by which youths now-a-days are infected. If he should come back, it isn't probable he would think of marrying the daughter of a poor, broken-down merchant.'

Thus did the worldly man run on, talking from the coldness of a heart that was a stranger to all the kinder feelings of man's nature, and flattering himself that he was speaking the sentiments of a philosopher and a man.

The stranger heard him out; then making inquiries concerning the amount of rent due from Mr. Harding, abruptly took the sum from his purse, laid it upon the desk, and requested, or rather ordered, the other to make out a receipt which he could forward to the merchant.

The worldly man looked at the stranger in surprise, but seeing how stern and forbidding he appeared, simply asked his name, made out the required paper, and passed it to the stranger. The latter placed it in his pocket-book, turned his back haughtily upon the astonished landlord, and hurried from the office.

### CHAPTER II.

*Mysterious Providence.*

When the boy, whom the worldly man dismissed so harshly from his presence, had reached the street, he brushed away the tears that gushed from the fullness of his bursting heart, and hastened back to carry the cruel message to his father. Having reached home, he hesitated before he entered, fearing, in the goodness of his young and untried heart, the effect his errand might have upon his invalid parent; but at length, summoning his resolution, he passed quickly in, and stood, pale and shivering, in the presence of his family.

He was in a small, but neat and comfortable apartment, scantily furnished, yet not without some manifestations of taste. Near the fire sat an elderly man in an arm-chair, his eyes closed as if in sleep. He was paler even than the boy himself, and his emaciated limbs and sunken cheeks showed the unmistakable traces of disease and care.

This was the father of the boy. His mother sat near—a patient, care-worn woman, in humble but neat attire, who occasionally raised her eyes from her work to her husband's face, as if her joy and sorrow were centered in him. At Mrs. Harding's side sat her daughter, Julia, of whom the reader already knows something, through the conversation of the worldly man with the stranger in his office. Although the landlord's account had been colored by his own views of the world, it had been in the main correct. Possessed of rare intelligence, a fair form, and such a countenance as rivets our gaze as if by some magic influence, she was in every respect a lovely and lovable woman.

I said the old man's eyes were closed as if in sleep; but the moment the boy's light footstep was heard upon the threshold, he turned his head quickly, and cast a hurried, inquiring glance at his son.

'William?'

The boy stepped forward and stood before his father.

'What did Mr. Maxwell say?'

In a few words the boy delivered his message, softening as well as he might the harshness of its import. His parents and sister listened eagerly, their countenances changing as if in disappointment and despair.

'Saturday,' said the old man, musingly, when the boy had ended. 'Saturday—and to-day is Tuesday.'

'Thursday, father,' said Julia.

'Thursday! Is it possible? How time rolls by, unconsciously to the invalid! Thursday! Heaven help us! We cannot raise the money this week.'

'But will Mr. Maxwell carry his threat into execution?' asked Julia.

'He is a hard man!' murmured Mr. Harding.

'But Henry, his son—' began the boy's mother.

'Do not mention his name!' exclaimed the old man, somewhat impatiently. 'His son! What can we expect from him? True, he professed, and still professes, to have an attachment for Julia; but when he offered her his hand, she refused him.'

'Do not speak so bitterly, father,' interrupted Julia. 'You know I could never love Henry Maxwell, and that I would scorn to marry him for his riches.'

'You are right,' murmured the old man, more kindly, 'quite right. I would not have you wed him against your will to save us from the lowest stage of poverty. No—no! Let fate do its worst!'

The old man paused, for there was a ringing at the outer door, and William hastened to admit the visiter. Henry Maxwell entered, a young man possessed of all the selfishness of his father, but less of his calculating coldness. When Mr. Harding saw him approach, feeble as he was, he stretched forth his emaciated hand, and with a flashing eye told him of the message sent by his relentless father.

The young man made no attempt to excuse his parent, but protested he had known nothing of the affair of the rent until half an hour before, when he happened into his father's office directly after William had left it.

'And he had hastened,' he said, with much apparent feeling, 'to put the old man's mind at rest; assuring him that no demands should be made on him for rent due heretofore.'

'This is generous!' exclaimed the old man, grasping his hand feebly. 'You are not like your father, and I am glad of it. You have, then, paid the rent yourself—trusting to my ability to repay you at some future time?'

Mr. Harding said more, but Henry seemed not to hear him, for without making any reply, he turned to speak with Julia. Half an hour after the young man left, having made a more favorable impression on the minds of the family than he had ever done before.

About the same time the postman rang and dropped a letter, addressed to Julia, who hastened to her room and read it eagerly. Twice she glanced her eye over its contents, which produced a confusion in her brain I will not attempt to describe; then she wept; then she laughed; then she wept and laughed together, as if the epistle had been a strange mixture of good and evil intelligence, that inspired her with alternate joy and sorrow.

Poor Julia was very nervous during the succeeding half hour, and could neither work, nor talk, nor think. Her mind was on the contents of the mysterious letter, which she re-read half a dozen times before the half hour expired. Then hastily but stealthily she attired herself to encounter the roughness of the weather, and with a beating heart stole from her father's house.

We will not follow her, but simply state, that on her return she appeared more gay than she had been before for months. Her parents saw the change, and questioned her, but she answered them evasively. What could have happened to produce the alteration, that she should hesitate to unfold at once to them?

Days passed, and the Harding family were provided for unexpectedly and strangely. Julia would go out and make purchases of such articles as most her father needed, and have them sent to the door, that she might enjoy her parents' and little William's surprise.—The hearts of these three were filled with gratitude to Julia, and their love for her increased, if that were possible, when they saw how she denied herself to comfort them.

But by what means was Julia enabled to make the purchases she did? How got she so much money? When asked these questions by her friends, she would reply that she was paid more for the lessons she gave on the piano than she was before; that her French pupils were increasing; and that the funds she procured in various other ways, when put together, amounted to no despicable sum. But still there was a mystery, which, if she understood it herself, she did not choose to clear up to their satisfaction.

One day, after Henry Maxwell had been at the house, where he exerted himself not a little to please Julia and her parents, Mr. Harding, who was slowly recovering from his sickness, asked his daughter why she was so prejudiced against the young man, and inquired if there was any other she preferred.

'You forget,' said Julia, timidly, 'that Theodore Alliston pleased me more than any other.'

The old man sighed.

'Theodore Alliston!' he murmured—'the lad I brought up—after snatching him from a pit of degradation into which he had been thrust—for he was too young to choose or struggle against fortune—the boy who grew up under my roof, and repaid me for my cares and kindness by aspiring to win your affections and your hand—'

'But he was worthy,' interrupted Julia.

'Well, there was nothing bad about him, I confess. Perhaps I treated him too harshly in banishing him from my house; but in doing so, I gave him an excellent opportunity of making his fortune abroad, which I hope he has profited by—for I really had a preference for the boy. But what I was going to say—'

'Well?'

'You loved him, and I doubt not that he loved you. Yet it is foolish in you to cherish his image as you do, as if he remembered you the same. It is not at all probable that he has any affection left for his old companion, nor do I believe he would think of renewing his engagement with you, should he ever see you again. You must reflect that we are poor now!'

'And would that make any difference with him?' asked Julia, fixing her large dark eyes with an expression of mournful reproach upon her father's face.

The old man sighed again, but answered not. Throwing his head back upon a pillow Julia arranged for his comfort, he closed his outward eyes, looking with those within—the spiritual sight—back upon the past, all shadowed as it was by sorrows and vain regrets, and forward to the future, which appeared more dark to him than either the past or present.

More than a week had passed, dating from the opening of our story, and still Julia continued to supply her family with comforts, which seemed procured through the influence of a mysterious providence, for none could divine how the girl became possessed of the means to make the purchases she did.

'I am convinced,' said the old man to her then, 'that you procure money from some source which you keep concealed from us. Answer me now plainly: Do you get all your money by teaching?'

'No,' replied Julia, blushing and smiling as she blushed. 'I do not.'

'How then is it obtained? Speak, for I can endure this mystery no longer.'

'But I am not at liberty to tell you now, father. Wait patiently, and I assure you that all shall be explained to your satisfaction, I hope, by four o'clock to-morrow. Wait till then.'

The old man regarded her with an expression of perplexity and wonder, but did not urge her more.

### CHAPTER III.

*Finale.*

At the hour appointed on the following day, the little family of Mr. Harding were gathered together at their humble abode. Julia was there, ready to explain the mystery, and her parents and little William were anxiously waiting for the moment to arrive when their curiosity was to be gratified.

'You are expecting some one, Julia?' said the old man.

'Yes, sir.'

'Who?'

'You will soon learn. I can only tell you that it is one to whom we all owe much—'

'He who has helped to provide us with the comforts we have enjoyed of late?'

'The same.'

At that moment the door-bell rang, and Julia, very much agitated, hastened to admit the visiter. But little William was at the door before her, and to the surprise of her parents, he returned almost immediately, accompanied by Henry Maxwell!

Feeble as Mr. Harding was, he sprang to his feet, and grasped Henry's hand warmly.

'It is you then!' he cried with emotion—'it is you that have been a friend to us in our misfortunes! As soon as you knew of our extremity, you nobly came to our assistance—paid our rent—'

'Do not mention it,' interrupted Henry, with an air of modesty.

'You do not deny it,' pursued Mr. Harding. 'No, you admit it. And you have since done more for us than I could have expected even of a son!'

Henry Maxwell was bowing and stammering, scarcely audacious enough to admit all the old man said, and unwilling to undeceive him, when he was startled by a soft voice beside him.

'Father!'

They all looked up—Mr. Harding, his wife, little William, and the rejected suitor, Henry Maxwell.

Julia stood before them; her features surpassingly lovely, covered as they were with blushes, smiles and tears; and in her trembling hand she held the hand of a tall, dark, manly stranger, who cast a serene yet anxious look about him as he entered.

Has not the reader recognized the young man introduced at the opening of our story? It was the same!

'Father,' repeated Julia, 'this is the man to whose generosity you are indebted! This is he who first paid your rent, unbeknown even to me, and afterwards, having sought an interview with me, provided me with the means to supply us with the necessaries and comforts of life. Do you not know him, father? It is Theodore Alliston!'

The old man sank upon a chair, and Julia, sobbing at the excess of her emotion, threw herself at his feet, burying her face in his outstretched hands. Theodore knelt beside her, and drew her hand in his.

The old man looked at them for a moment, while the tears ran down his cheeks, but uttered not a word, until Theodore and Julia, raising, as if with one consent, their eyes to his, asked his benediction.

'Theodore!—Julia!—My children!' he sobbed, and drew them together to his bosom.

When the excess of emotion had subsided, and the young and happy pair arose to receive the mother's blessing, Henry Maxwell, beginning to feel exceedingly uneasy, slunk from the house, never to enter the presence of Julia or her family again.

Then was there a scene of a nature it seldom falls to the lot of man to witness; such as can never fail to improve the heart by the holy influence it sheds around; such as brings a tear of sympathetic joy into the eyes of angels!

Every heart was overflowing with happiness—every face was suffused with joy. Strange contrast! There was a smile on every lip and a tear in every eye.

For Theodore, the noble, the spirited, the generous and true—Theodore had returned! Not with all the riches of the Indies in his possession, but with a competency procured as much through industry and probity as the favors of fortune, and with the same true heart and noble soul which long before had won the love of Julia.

When we hear of two such hearts as Theodore's and Julia's—hearts that have stood the test of absence; that have been tried by the world and changed not; that have loved each other notwithstanding the opposition of friends and the allurements of newer objects; and that have at length, after years of separation, returned to each other with all the purity and freshness of earlier age; when we hear of two such hearts, I say, we need not be told that there is truth, and depth, and endurance to their affection, never to be destroyed.

And Julia became the bride of her own Theodore, who took her, with her parents, to a home he had provided for them, and devoted himself henceforth to prove his gratitude to Mr. Harding for what he had done for him in his boyhood, when he was a friendless orphan, and to promote the happiness of his young and lovely wife.

[Written for The Flag of our Union.]

### A Day amid Old Scenes.

BY CORDELIA H. PRIEST.

I've been to our old home, Frank,
The dear old place of yore;
I wandered up the selfsame path,
And stood within the door.
Our cottage still is left there,
Though shattered and alone;
The moss and ivy round it,
The marks of time have strewn.

I sought our little room, Frank;
'Twas dreary, lone and still:
I gazed out at the window
That looks upon the hill.
It seemed not half so high to me
As when we used to say
It hid the sun behind it,
And blotted out the day.

I sought the little path, Frank—
The path that used to be;
That wound along the willowed stream
Which passed our birchen tree;
Where we have passed in guileless sports
So many long days through;
While the brook was laughing on its way,
And we were laughing too.

The elders and the hazels, Frank,
We often played among,
Are rooted out and passed away
Like those whose voices rang
In gladsomeness, ere they had left
The scenes now lone and drear,
Where voices loved have not been heard
For many a weary year.

The road is all o'ergrown, Frank,
We travelled through the wood,
Through tangled fern and brier,
To where our schoolhouse stood.
No vestige of it all is left—
A statelier house is there;
And children's shouts were ringing
As loudly on the air.

I gazed long on those scenes, Frank,
That seemed to us so fair;
Till the little ones were wondering
Why the old man lingered there.
I climbed upon the rock that looked
So high, in boyhood's glow;
Where oft we preached in mimicry
To shouting mates below.

The rocks are carved all o'er, Frank,
With names I do not know;
While the moss has crept upon the ones
We carved out long ago.
Our village, too, I sought, Frank,
At the waning of the day;
Tall mansions now are standing
Where the old were torn away.

I gazed around in vain, Frank,
Some dear old face to see;
Unheedingly they glided by,
Or strangely looked at me.
I found upon the churchyard stones
Full many a name I knew;
And sadly from those scenes I turned,
And bade a last adieu.

### An Original Trick.

The Paris correspondent of the N. O. Picayune relates the following good story:—A new method of raising the wind was resorted to a few days since, by a couple of precious scamps, which should have succeeded, if ingenuity of this kind was entitled to any reward. The sharpest Yankee would not be ashamed of the trick hit upon by these Parisian *gamins*. About ten o'clock in the morning, and a tolerably chilly morning it was, the passers along the Quai du Marche aux Fleurs noticed a young man, with a very melancholy and suicidal look, standing near one of the bridges alone. Suddenly he cast his eyes upward, as if to take a last view of the skies, muttered apparently as if in prayer for a moment, and then plunged headlong into the river. While all stood paralyzed at this rash attempt, a young man came up and inquired with great simplicity what was the matter. The individual who was floundering in the turbid current of the Seine, and who had just risen to the surface, was pointed out to him, when at once stripping off his blouse, and ejaculating that he would save the unfortunate or perish in the attempt, he plunged in after him. The bystanders watched, with breathless anxiety, as the heroic youth dove, came up to the surface, and again went under in his endeavors to save the wretch who attempted his own destruction; and finally, when nearly all hope was lost, the crowd were rejoiced on seeing the suicide brought to shore with life still in him. Close by was a house or station where half drowned persons are restored, and where those who rescue them receive the municipal reward of twenty-five francs. Thither the rescued and the rescuer were borne by the crowd, the latter overwhelmed with the admiration and praise which his gallantry called forth on all sides; but fortunately just as the demand was about to be given him, and while a subscription for an additional sum was being raised, a police-man stepped up who knew them both. They were brothers, were two of the best swimmers in Paris, *and make it a business to go about saving each other's lives for a living.*'

[Written for The Flag of our Union.]

### To Sleep.

BY C. B. EVRIE.

Solace of grief and pain—oblivious sleep!
I humbly dedicate these lines to thee;
For on the trail of life thou still dost keep,
And art alike the friend of bond and free.

The monarch slave, within thy soft embrace,
As night comes slowly o'er his waning flame,
In pleasant dreams will wear a smiling face;
Nor wish of earth or heaven more joy to claim.
The pleasure-hunter, wearied with the dance,
Turns languidly towards his couch once more,
And bids thee with thy stealthy tread advance,
And cast thy dreamy spell his senses o'er.
Even beauty's flashing eye grows dim at last,
Despite the words of praise that greet her ear;
And at thy bidding flattery flits past,
Bereft of power which seemed but made to cheer.

All breathing things are subjects of thy throne;
The herds that browse upon the mountain side,
And feathered tribes, at evening's hour all own
Thy sway, and in their favorite bowers hide;
While shadows steal away from gloomy caves,
To follow in the sun's receding track;
Warning us, like the pall of death, which waves,
And strives to lure us from our follies back,
To seek repose where Morpheus waits to greet
With drowsy smiles each truant's glad return
To that bright vision-land, where oft we meet
The friends whose light of life hath ceased to burn.

But Sol long since hath sought the western wave;
The mist is sleeping on the river's breast:
My weary muse a respite fain would crave,
And nature's mandate urges me to rest.

### Anecdotes of Hook.

We give the following from the recently published biography of that prince of practical jokes and hoaxes, Theodore Hook:

'The ceremony of his matriculation (at St. Mary's, Oxford) was, as recorded in the "Ingoldsby Memoirs," well nigh stopped *in limine*. When the vice chancellor asked the candidate if he was prepared to subscribe to the Thirty-nine Articles? "O, certainly, sir," replied Theodore, "forty, if you please."'

It appears, also, from his biographer's account, that the very evening of his arrival at the university he began a course of carousing.

'On the evening of his arrival at the university,' says our friend, 'he contrived to give his brother the slip, and joined a party of old school-fellows in a carouse at one of the taverns. Sundry bowls of "Bishop," and of a popular compound yclept "egg flip"—the Cambridge men call it "silky," to the *nodem gradualis* of Oxford, it is known by *nodem occidentale*, which we have forgotten—having been discussed, songs, amatory and bacchanalian, having been sung with full choruses; and altogether the jocularity having begun to pass the "limit of becoming mirth," the proctor made his appearance, and advancing to the table at which the "freshman"—so in every sense of the word—was presiding, put the usual question:

'"Pray, sir, are you a member of this university?"

'"No, sir," replied Hook, rising and bowing respectfully. "Pray, sir, who are you?"

'A little disconcerted at the extreme gravity of the other, the proctor held out his ample sleeve. 'You see this, sir?'

'"Ah," returned Hook, having examined the fabric with great earnestness for a few seconds, "yes, I perceive—Manchester velvet—and may I take the liberty, sir, of inquiring how much you might have paid per yard for the article?"

'The quiet imperturbability of manner with which this was uttered was more than the reverend gentleman could stand; and, muttering something about "supposing it was a mistake," he effected a retreat, amid shouts of laughter from Hook's companions, in which the other occupants of the coffee-room, the waiters, and even his own "bull-dogs," were constrained to join.'

An intimacy with lords, and dukes, and noble princes, mainly brought about by Hook's exquisite musical taste, and extending itself to the person of the Prince Regent, also embraced a person much spoken of in the Ingoldsby Memoirs—the Rev. Edward Cannon, no less celebrated for his wit and eccentricity than for his frailty and sad history. Between two such similar spirits a close intimacy established itself, but the favor of royalty was soon sacrificed by the latter's freedom of speech, which little cared for suavity to princes or their favorites. On being requested to give his opinions of an upright piano forte, an instrument then but recently invented, he ran his hand, light as a lady's, over the keys, and threw himself back with a dissatisfied air.

'What do you think of it, Mr. Cannon?' asked Mrs. Fitzherbert.

'Why, madam, it may do to lock up your bread and cheese in, and that's all it's fit for,' was the reply.

'We are tempted to give one more anecdote of this extraordinary being, especially as the subject of our memoir was himself one of the parties therein concerned. They both had been dining with the late Mr. Stephen Price, the manager of Drury Lane Theatre, and as the host showed unequivocal symptoms of indisposition—he was suffering severely from gout in the hand—the party broke up early; and all but Cannon and Hook took their leave by eleven o'clock. Upon them every possible hint short of absolute rudeness was expended in vain; a small table had been wheeled up close to the fire, amply furnished with potations; such as they loved, and they were not to be whiled away. At length, unable to endure the increasing pain, Price quietly summoned up an inexhaustible supply of "black spirits and white," leaving his guests to mingle as they might, stole off unobserved to bed. Next morning, about nine, his servant entered his room.

'"Well, sir," said Price, on awaking, "pray at what time did those two gentlemen go last night?"

'"Go, sir?" repeated the man.

'"I asked ye, sir, at what time did Mr. Hook and Mr. Cannon go?"

'"O, they are not gone yet, sir," replied John; "they've just rung for coffee!"'

'Lounging up Soho Square in the afternoon, with Terry the actor, the nostrils of the promenaders were suddenly saluted with a concord of sweet odors arising from a spacious area. They stopped, snuffed the grateful incense, and peeping down, perceived through the kitchen window preparations for a handsome dinner, evidently on the point of being served.

'"What a feast!" said Terry. "Jolly dogs! I should like to make one of them."

'"I'll take any bet," returned Hook, "that I do—call for me here at ten o'clock, and you will find that I shall be able to give a tolerable account of the worthy gentleman's champagne and venison." So saying, he marched up the steps, gave an authoritative rap with the knocker, and was quickly lost to the sight of his astonished companion. As a matter of course he was immediately ushered by the servants as an expected guest, into the drawing-room, where a large party had already assembled. The apartment being well-nigh full, no notice was taken first of his intrusion, and half a dozen people were laughing at his *bon-mots*, before the host discovered the mistake. Affecting not to observe the visible embarrassment of the latter, and ingeniously avoiding any opportunity for explanation, Hook rattled on till he had attracted the greater part of the company in a circle round him and some considerable time had elapsed ere the old gentleman was able to catch the attention of the agreeable stranger.

'"I beg your pardon, sir," he said, contriving at last to get in a word; "but your name, sir—I did not quite catch it—servants are so abominably incorrect—and I am really a little at a loss—"

'"Don't apologize, I beg," graciously replied Theodore; "Smith—and, as you justly observe, servants are always making some stupid blunder or another. I remember a remarkable instance," &c.

'"But really, my dear sir," continued the host, at the termination of the story illustrative of stupidity in servants: "I think the mistake on the present occasion does not originate in the source you allude to; I certainly did not anticipate the pleasure of Mr. Smith's company at dinner to-day."

'"No, I dare say not—you said four in your note, I know, and it is now, I see a quarter past five—you are a little fast by the way; but the fact is, I have been detained in the city—as I was about to explain when—"

'"Pray," exclaimed the other, as soon as he could stay the volubility of his guest, "whom, may I ask you, do you suppose you are addressing?"

'"Whom? Why, Mr. Thompson, of course—old friend of my father. I have not had the pleasure indeed of being personally known to you, but having received your kind invitation yesterday, on my arrival from Liverpool, Frith street—four o'clock—family party—come in boots—you see I have taken you at your word. I am only afraid I have kept you waiting."

'"No, no, not at all. But permit me to observe, my dear sir, my name is not exactly Thompson, it is Jones, and—"

'"*Jones!*" repeated the *soi-disant* Smith, in admirably assumed consternation; "Jones—why surely I cannot have—yes, I must—good heaven! I see it all! My dear sir, what an unfortunate blunder—wrong house—what must you think of such an intrusion! I am really at a loss for words in which to apologize—you will permit me to retire at present, and to-morrow—"

'"Pray, don't think of retiring;" exclaimed the hospitable old gentleman; your friend's table must have been cleared long ago, if as you say four was the hour named, and I am only too happy to be able to offer you a seat at mine."

'Hook, of course, could not hear of such a thing—could not think of trespassing upon the kindness of a perfect stranger; if too late for Thompson, there were plenty of chop-houses at hand; the unfortunate part of the business was, he had made an appointment with a gentleman to call at ten o'clock. The good-natured Jones, however, positively refused to allow so entertaining a visiter to withdraw dinnerless. Mrs. Jones smiled bewitchingly, and at last Mr. Smith, who soon recovered from his confusion, was prevailed upon to offer his arm to one of the ladies, and take his place at the "well-furnished board."

'In all probability, the family of Jones never passed such an evening before. Hook naturally exerted himself to the utmost to keep the party in an increasing roar of laughter, and make good the first impression. The mirth grew fast and furious, when, by way of a *coup de grace*, he seated himself at the piano forte, and struck off into one of those extemporaneous effusions which had filled more critical judges than the Joneses with delight and astonishment. Ten o'clock struck, and on Mr. Terry being announced, his triumphant friend wound up the performance with the explanatory stanza:

'"I am very much pleased with your fare,
Your cellar's as prime as your cook;
My friend's Mr. Terry, the player,
And I'm Mr. Theodore Hook!"'

[Written for The Flag of our Union.]

### The Exile.

BY OSCAR G. HUGHAN.

O give me the land where my forefathers sleep,
The glen where the heather bells ever them weep;
The land whose rough sons as the tempests are free,
When it dances like war-steeds across the wild sea.

Thou land far away in the dark rolling ocean,
I muse on thy grandeur in silent emotion;
On the stern looking cliffs which encircle thy form,
The birthplace of tempest, the cradle of storm.

But I left thee, poor Scotland, alone, far to sigh;
Alone, like the shipwrecked sailor, to die:
With none who will cheer the sad moments which dawn
Round the heart whose deep breathings are only to mourn.

An exile! how dismal it sounds on my ear,
As a death-knell at midnight we shudder to hear!
As the echo of sorrow, it darkens my hours,
And falls on the heart, like the frost upon flowers.

And when in the arms of soft slumber I lie,
My dear mountain cot in the wood I espy;
I breathe the rich perfume that comes from the lea,
And life once again has allurements for me.

I pass thy dear threshold and meet the fond smile
Of kindred who mingle their teardrops with mine;
And then my dog Caro, with look full of glee,
Whines piteously forth a true welcome for me.

Thy rocks and thy mountains I visit in dreams,
And again in my shallop I skim thy clear streams;
I chase the swift red deer from covert to brake;
But in midst of my pleasures, I alarmed awake.

I awake but to hear the wild tossing of waves,
Which roll between me and the rest of our braves;
I awake but to learn that 'tween Scotland and me
Roll miles of deep waters, an unfathomable sea.

I curse not my country, though tyranny wave
The sword of oppression which makes thee a slave;
But I curse, deeply curse, the proud despots who bore
The bright star of freedom which lighted thy shore.

### An Anecdote of Paulding.

Paulding, the fine novelist, and dignified ex-secretary, is, it seems, as fond of a good joke, as anybody. He lately 'run a saw' upon a sheriff, in a cute manner. Hillyard, the artist, while painting Townsend and Orr's panorama of 'the Hudson,' had for his convenience a vessel fitted up, from which he could take sketches, with painting rooms on deck. One pleasant afternoon last summer, the novelist paid Mr. Hillyard a visit, staying on board some time, and expressing himself highly delighted with the sketches of the surrounding country. In about an hour after he had been gone, the sheriff of the county came into one of the rooms, and seeing Mr. Hillyard, told him in the politest manner possible, that he was his prisoner:

'Your prisoner!' exclaimed the artist somewhat indignant, 'I would like to know who you are, sir, and for what reason you address me in such a manner?'

'I, sir, am the high sheriff of the county, and have a warrant in my pocket for your arrest,' said, or rather shouted that indignant functionary.

'Sheriff, eh?'

'Yes, sir.'

'Then allow me to tell you that my name's Hillyard, and that if you do not make yourself scarce, I will try to find a way to make you!'

'Come, now, none of that, you had better go quietly.'

'What do you mean, sir?'

'No more nor less than that Mr. Paulding says you are about going off with his property, and wants me to prevent you.'

'Do you call that his property?' said the artist, showing him a sketch of Paulding's house.

'What?' ejaculated the sheriff.

'*Do you call that sketch his property?*' said Hillyard, laughing.

The sheriff 'vamosed.'—*Yankee Blade.*

### The California Rush.

Somebody has furnished us with the following dialogue (says the Honolulu Polynesian, Oct. 17th), which occurred in this town a few days since, between a ship-owner and a stranger:

'How much do you ask, Mr.——, for a cabin passage to California?'

'One hundred dollars cash, in advance. But I can't take you—all full in the cabin.'

'Well, suppose I go in the hold, how much do you ask then?'

'Eighty dollars; but I can't take you. Hold is full.'

'But can't I go in the fore-peak? what is the price of a passage there?'

'Eighty dollars; but I can't take you. Full, fore and aft.'

'Well, can't I go aloft somewhere? and suppose I do, what will you charge?'

'We charge eighty dollars to go anywhere; but can't carry you aloft. Got to carry provisions there.'

'It is a hard case, isn't it? But I want to go tolerably bad, what will you charge to *tow* me.'

The ship-owner retreated suddenly, and didn't make his appearance again, till the vessel had sailed.

A wag in a country bar-room, where each man was relating the wonderful tricks they had seen performed by Signor Blitz and the rest of the conjuring family, expressed his contempt for the whole tribe, declaring that he could perform any of their tricks, especially that of beating a watch in pieces and restoring it whole.

It being doubted, he demanded a trial. Several watches were at once produced for the experiment.

'There!' said he, 'there are the pieces.'

'Yes,' all exclaimed, 'now let's see the watch!'

He used mysterious words, shook up the fragments, and at length put down the mortar and pestle, observing,

'Well, *I thought I could do it*, but by George, *I can't!*'

'Did you receive my remittance, Nathan, my son?'

'Yes, father.'

'Then why did thee not buy a new coat?—the present one is rather fragile.'

'Why—the fact is—that—I left all my money in the bank at New Orleans.'

'Ah! thy economy is certainly commendable—in what bank?'

'I don't exactly remember what bank, father—I know it was a very good one, as it had a scriptural name. It was—um! let me see—it was the Pharaoh bank, I think.'

Here's Hood's illustration of hydropathy. It has been our good fortune, since reading Claridge on hydropathy, to see a sick drake avail itself of the 'cold water cure,' at the dispensary in St. James Park. First, walking in, he took a 'foot bad;' then he took a 'sitz bad,' and then turning his curly tail up in the air, he took a 'kopf bad.' Lastly, he rose almost upright on his latter end, and made such a triumphant flapping with his wings, that we really expected that he was going to shout '*Preissnitz forever!*' But no such thing. He only said, *Quack! quack! quack!*

'Good morning, Patrick,' said a butcher to one of his customers, 'can you pay that meat bill this morning?' 'Well, Misther Bloodybones, I'm sorry to till ye, but I have niver a mint in the house but a bare two dollar bill, and that moment would have paid away last night, but the boss disappinted me in gittin it intirely.' But before Patrick had got through his speech the t-r-r-a-t-t-r-a, of the butcher's horn was heard away off at some distance.

Dr. Faraday, says the Philadelphia Sunday Dispatch, has shown that a single drop of water contains as much electricity as an ordinary flash of lightning; enough, at least, to destroy the life of an elephant. What a terrible idea to one who puts water in his brandy! Unfortunate man, who guzzles at once, stone-fence and streaks of lightning!

The Maine Farmer tells of a chap in Gardiner, who took a gill of camphene in mistake for gin, but whose life was saved by a most ingenious process. After the stomach pump and all common means of restoration had been tried in vain, the grocer's clerk simply *ran a wick down the patient's throat, touched a blaze to it and burned out the camphene!*—Instant restoration was the consequence.

During the pugilistic excitement in Philadelphia, and when Hyer, after the encounter, was dining at Miller's, a friend of his antagonist's wishing to cast a slur upon the victor, ordered the waiter to bring him some *Sullivan* potatoes. A moment after, the servant returned, and presenting a dish, exclaimed aloud, 'Here dey is, massa, *smashed, of course*!' An instantaneous roar was the result.

The Bangor Mercury tells of a jolly husband not a thousand miles from that city, who, having been out on a 'bit of a spree,' was saluted by his better half on his return with: 'O, you hard-hearted wretch!' The husband meekly replied that he didn't think his heart could be very *hard*, for he'd been '*soaking it*' for the last forty-eight hours!

'What do you drive such a pitiful looking carcase as that for? Why don't you put a good heavy coat of flesh on him?' asked a person of an Irish cartman, about his horse. 'A heavy coat of flesh, ma vourneen! Be all the blessed powers, sure, *when the poor crather can scarce carry the little flesh there is on 'im!*'—N. Y. Spirit of the Times.

A gentleman of our acquaintance being in conversation yesterday evening, with a remarkably pretty young lady, said to her that he had a friend who would be a suitable match. 'If he get me, I will be a little mistaken,' said the young lady. 'I perfectly agree with you,' replied the gentleman, 'that in such a case, you would be a *little Mistaken!*'

A story is going the rounds, of a man living out West, who completes eight pairs of large sized boots, every day. The editor of the N. Y. Globe says it would be considered small doings in his city. 'There is a ladies' shoemaker down in the Swamp, who as fast as he finishes a gaiter, throws it over his shoulder, into a box behind him. *He keeps one in the air all the time!* and don't half try!'

A certain son of St. Crispin, recently called on a blacksmith to get the steel corks of his horse's shoes sharpened, and being in a great haste he asked, 'Can't you do it without taking the shoes off?' 'I don't know,' said Vulcan, 'but if you will hold his feet in my forge I will try.'

We once heard of a preacher who was called upon by some of his congregation to pray for rain, of which the crops stood very greatly in need. His reply was that he would pray if his congregation desired it, but he was very sure it would not rain until the wind shifted.'

The following are infallible recipes:—To make pie—play at blind man's buff in a printing office. To have music at dinner—tell your wife she is not so handsome as the lady who lives across the way. To save butter—make it so salt that nobody can eat it.

'Henry, love, I wish you would throw away that book, and talk with me—I feel so dull. [A long silence, and no reply.]

'O, Henry, my foot is asleep!'

'Is it—well, don't talk, dear, you might wake it up.'

A letter received sometime since from Ireland mentions that a coast officer of Arklow, in the county of Wicklow, after going his round, entered in his diary 'that he had seen nothing but one ship *out of sight*.'

A voter, sadly deficient in personal beauty, said to Sheridan, 'I mean to withdraw my countenance from you.' 'Many thanks for the favor,' replied the candidate, 'for it is the ugliest mug I ever saw.'

A western editor says he is a whole horse, which we presume is the case; as we find the following advertisement in his columns, viz. 'Grain wanted at this office.'

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[WRITTEN EXPRESSLY FOR THE FLAG OF OUR UNION.]

# HERMIONE:

## THE FOUNDLING OF ST. ANTOINE.

## A Romance of the Continent.

BY FRED HUNTER.

[CONTINUED.]

### CHAPTER XVIII.

*The Governor of the Bastile confers with the Duke Pazzoni. The surprise of the former. An astounding development for D'Aumail. Francois relates more of the governor's history.*

THE Governor of the Bastile, late Commissary de Police, sat alone in his private chamber, in the evening, some ten days subsequently to his interview with Francois, when a servant entered and presented him the card, of 'Farai—Duke Pazzoni.' The name was entirely new to D'Aumail, but he directed that the stranger be ushered in, as he learned that the duke desired an immediate private audience with him.

The door opened, a stately figure darkened the entrance, and though the gentleman was superbly attired in a showy ducal suit, as he advanced to take the outstretched hand of D'Aumail, the astonishment of the latter may be imagined, when the governor recognized in the distinguished personage before him, the disguised but proscribed outlaw, Francois Berdotte! D'Aumail arose, however, and graciously advancing, took the hand of his mortal enemy. Then moving to the servant, they were left alone together.

'Monsieur le Governor,' said the mock-duke, 'you hardly anticipated this visit, I am sure; but I would respectfully inquire if your leisure will permit the devotion of a few minutes' consideration to a matter which I am commissioned to confer with you in relation to?'

'I am at leisure, and will listen,' said D'Aumail, coldly.

'Then,' said Francois, lowering his voice, 'I have to inform you that since I last had the satisfaction of meeting you, some ten days since, I have urged my inquiries to a point, and have now learned the particulars of a matter which may be of far greater interest to yourself, than the trifling hints I threw out in reference to certain of your family matters, when last we met.'

'Go on, monsieur,' said D'Aumail, sadly; 'you cannot rend this suffering heart, again. My error is known to you, unfortunately—we may not speak of it, Francois; we are both guilty in the eye of the law, but we may mutually protect each other.'

'I understand you, monsieur, and we may also *aid* each other, I find.'

'Go on, monsieur.'

'The Count de Monthon, Monsieur D'Aumail, is your adopted son, I believe?'

'He is. He saved you from the galleys, Francois.'

'I repaid it, monsieur,' said Francois, tartly. 'I saved his life.'

'Monsieur!'

'Ask him, at your leisure. He will tell you so. I saved his life in Italy. If I am correctly informed, Monsieur D'Aumail, De Monthon is affianced to the lovely Mademoiselle Chaufran, daughter of a surgeon of note, late of the Hotel des Invalides.'

'Such I believe is the case, Francois,' continued the governor, abstractedly, and utterly at a loss to conjecture what his visiter was aiming at.

'My occupation for the last eight years, monsieur, has been a precarious one; but at a distance from my home, whence I was driven by your *lenity*, I have contrived, amid no ordinary fatigue and perils, to amass a fortune. I am now known in Paris only as the Duke Pazzoni, nephew of the King of Hungary—such being a convenient incognita for my purposes. At Venice, some weeks since, I chanced to make the acquaintance, in this disguise, of Monsieur Chaufran and his pretty charge, Ma'amoiselle Hermione; and having found favor with the avaricious old gentleman, who is fond of money and title, I fancy I should prove desirable to them, as a future husband for the daughter. To be brief, monsieur, I would marry Hermione, before sufficient time can elapse for chance of disclosure—and I need aid in the matter. Can I rely upon the good offices of Monsieur D'Aumail, in this affair?'

Had a mine been sprung at the feet of D'Aumail, he could not have been more shocked, than he was at the cool impudence and monstrosity of the mock-duke's proposal. He found himself utterly at a loss for expression. But Francois observed his emotion, and continued, with perfect nonchalance:

'I should scarcely have applied to the Governor of the Bastile for assistance in a matter of this character, surely, but for reasons which I shall make to appear. It is in your power, monsieur, to serve me; may I claim your favor?'

'Really, Monsieur le Duc—Francois,' stammered D'Aumail, unable scarcely to articulate; 'I really have no—control, you perceive, in the premises. I assure you, it would—but my nephew, monsieur, is already affianced.'

'I understand, monsieur, and appreciate all this, perfectly. In the bestowal of the young lady's hand, however, I fancy that her father will have a voice; at least, such is the custom I believe, in France.'

'Yes, monsieur.'

'Monsieur Chaufran is *not* the father of Hermione, I learn,' said Francois, and turning quietly toward a mirror on his right, the mock-duke smoothed his well-trimmed *imperiale*, and then turned towards the governor again.

'You are facetious, duke—Francois, I mean,' said the governor, perplexed.

'I do not intend so to be understood, monsieur; and will proceed at once, explicitly to the business which brought me here, since you are so dull of comprehension. Monsieur Chaufran has consented that I shall have his ward, but as I find you have a voice in this matter, a prior claim, a right of disposal in the affair, I thought proper to consult you.'

'*Me*, monsieur?'

'*You*, I say—Monsieur D'Aumail.'

'I cannot comprehend this.'

'I have already informed you, that I had pressed my inquiries, since I had the honor of meeting you last, and thus I find stands the case, at this time.'

'If I remember rightly,' continued Francois, slowly; 'when I was here ten days ago, we had traced the two men, on the night of the twenty-third of March, from the house in the Rue de Charenton, with their precious burthen, to the Pont du Jardin du Roi; from which we heard the fall of the box, containing the infant, into the river.'

An audible sigh escaped the lips of the governor.

'Well, monsieur, you tremble! But I shall soon come to the conclusion of my story. *It was your own child*, monsieur, the daughter of the poor Eloise, which you threw into the dark, cold waters.'

'Hold.'

'But there is a power which overrules our acts, monsieur! The infant was *not* lost!'

'Francois!' gasped D'Aumail.

'It was saved, it lived, monsieur!'

'No, no, no!' shrieked the governor.

'It was afterwards left upon the door-step of Chaufran—*your* child, monsieur. It grew to womanhood; he nursed and cherished what you had abandoned to the cold and merciless waves—and Hermione, the beautiful, now lives, to call you *father!* I would wed her, monsieur!'

The last sentence was lost upon D'Aumail, he had swooned, and fell senseless to the floor! Francois had effected all he desired, at this moment, and when the governor awoke to consciousness, the mock-duke was gone!

### CHAPTER XIX.

*A meeting between the lovers. De Monthon gives his opinion of the noble 'Duke Pazzoni.' The history of the diamond ring. A renewal of affection. Eugene's visit to his foster-father. A charge against the duke. D'Aumail's embarrassment. The conversation, and an appointment for the morrow.*

COUNT DE MONTHON sat in the favorite bower of Hermione, with the fair white hand of her he loved enclosed in his own, on the evening succeeding the scene described in our last chapter. De Monthon gazed into her pure face, and the lovers were happy, little dreaming of the approaching storm which so soon would peril or blast forever their ardent and long cherished hopes. De Monthon was not yet aware that Francois had reached Paris, and the lovers entertained not the slightest idea that either would again be annoyed by the 'Duke Pazzoni,' or the runaway Francois.

'This ring, dear count,' said Hermione, displaying the rich jewel he had presented her with before leaving Paris, and which she had lost and regained at the ball in Venice—'this pretty ring. May I ask what is its history?'

'It was a gift, dearest, from my kind uncle and foster-father, Monsieur D'Aumail. Its richness and purity I deemed a type of your own beauty and virtues, and an appropriate present I thought it, at the time I placed it upon your hand. But why this question?'

'Nothing. That is, a very trifling coincidence, merely. The Duke Pazzoni, who has arrived in town—you may remember the duke, at Venice, Eugene.'

'Well,' said De Monthon, starting at this intelligence—'what of the Duke Pazzoni?'

'He called here, to-day, to pay his respects, and promised to repeat his visit this evening. Upon his finger I noted a ring, the counterpart to this, and set exactly like it. He told me it once belonged to his sister, whom he informed us died a while ago. He has renewed his negociations with my father, count—which he begun I believe in Venice, for the hand of Hermione.'

'How?' said De Monthon, disturbed.

'So Monsieur Chaufran informed me, but an hour ago.'

'And you replied—'

'That my heart was not my own. I told monsieur, that I could entertain no feelings for the duke—save those of respect.'

'The "Duke Pazzoni" is not his title, dearest.'

'How mean you?' asked Hermione, astonished.

'He is a villain, Hermione. You may safely say to Monsieur Chaufran that you have authority for asserting this, when next he may allude to him,' continued De Monthon, warmly.

'But a truce to this, sweet Hermione. I have informed my father of our intentions, and he warmly approves my choice and determination. It now remains with yourself but to fix the day of our nuptials, and as I imagine Monsieur Chaufran will scarcely consent to give away his daughter to De Monthon, with a dowry, you shall be mine without one. I need not tender you a renewal of my affection, you know my heart beats but for yourself. My fortune is ample, dearest, and shall we not be happy at an early day?'

The interview between the lovers was prolonged, the beauteous Hermione accepted the pledge which De Monthon again renewed, and when they left the arbor, the day had been fixed upon for the bridal—the union of two hearts entirely devoted to the happiness of each other. The real character of the burglar-brigand, Francois, had been rehearsed to her astonished ears, and a shade of melancholy overspread her features as they parted. Something at the heart of Hermione foretold of future sorrow!

The bold and reckless Francois had braved the peril of meeting De Monthon in Paris, in the first place, relying upon the character of the count, and his naturally forgiving disposition. Since his arrival, he had learned the particulars of D'Aumail's secret, and now presuming upon this, in view of his knowledge of the relationship between Eugene and the governor, he fancied himself secure against exposure from the foster-father or his nephew. Moreover, he had been utterly ignorant of De Monthon's pretensions to the hand of Hermione, until lately, and this consideration had not previously entered into his calculations at all.

But the count had too much at stake in this matter, and after leaving Hermione, he determined at once to call upon D'Aumail and denounce the traitor, who had forfeited his favor by venturing again to the scene from which he had been banished, and to which he had solemnly pledged his honor he would never again return. Little did De Monthon know what he would be called upon to encounter in this undertaking! Instead of returning to his lodgings, therefore, he ordered his carriage to be driven at once to the private rooms of his uncle, Monsieur D'Aumail.

He found the governor greatly embarrassed, and evidently laboring under a deeply depressed state of mind, a very rare occurrence with D'Aumail, and which induced the count to be pointed and curious in his inquiries. D'Aumail had always confided in De Monthon, but he did not know in what way he should breach this dreadful tidings to his nephew. He was no longer the murderer he had for years believed himself to be—but what would the world say to the discovery which must soon be divulged? where was his shield to ward off the terrible blows of malice which must be thrust at him, the instant his disgraceful secret was promulgated?

Within twenty-four hours after the last visit of Francois in his private chamber, D'Aumail had set himself zealously to work with the chain of evidence which the burglar had furnished him, determined to be assured from other lips, of the truth or falsity of his assertions—more than half inclined as he was to believe the latter portion of his story a forgery, arranged to induce the governor to aid him in his desperate cause with Chaufran. He had found, upon investigation, that the narrative was but too true! He had followed up the history of the foundling, from the outset; he contrived, unknown to any one, to consult old Nicole, the porteress of Chaufran's establishment, and others—and then, upon comparing dates and corroborative circumstances which transpired during his researches—he returned to his lodgings, with a heart somewhat lightened by the convincing proofs in his possession, that he was *not* a murderer, yet with a mind deeply distressed with the mortification attendant upon his discoveries. He saw that very soon the dreadful truth must be told—that he was the father of Hermione, whom he would have destroyed, and whom Chaufran, his enemy, had so tenderly cared for and reared, though he was totally ignorant of the author of her being!

The sudden appearance of De Monthon in his presence at so late an hour in the evening, was exceedingly ill-timed, he thought, and caused his wounds to break out afresh; for he imagined that disclosures must have been made, to cause his nephew to wait upon him at so inopportune and unusual a season. He was soon set right upon this point, however, for De Monthon, though he observed his troubled appearance, proceeded at once to inform his uncle of the object of his mission.

'Monsieur,' said the count, 'I trust I have not broken in too abruptly upon your privacy, but I have intelligence of so important a character to communicate to you, that I did not deem it prudent or advisable to delay till to-morrow, what I thought you should be made acquainted with officially, to-night.'

D'Aumail pressed the hand of his nephew, warmly, and breathed freely once more.

'There is in Paris at this moment, monsieur, a villain, who palms himself off as the Duke Pazzoni, from Italy, or Hungary, whose incognita and person I would urgently commend to the immediate custody of your deputies. This wretch is no other than the Francois Berdotte, whom you will remember to have arrested several years ago in Paris, for burglary, whose companions were sentenced to the galleys for life, as they deserved; and towards whom, you were kind enough, at my earnest solicitation, to extend a lenity which he has grossly abused by returning hither.'

'I remember Francois Berdotte,' said D'Aumail, calmly.

'He is a scoundrel, monsieur, I assure you; and while I was at the Italian court, I had the means of knowing, that for years past, he has followed the profession of a brigand in the mountains of that province.'

'Indeed!' said the governor, somewhat interested.

'Yes, monsieur. I actually fell into the hands of this rascal, or rather those of his band, not three months since, on my way to the city of Bologna; and but for the fact that I recognized their chief, and reminded him of my exertions with you in his behalf, before he left Paris, I might have now been food for the worms, perhaps—though the fellow did offer, I believe, to release me on ready payment of a thousand crowns.'

'Indeed!' continued D'Aumail, again, reflecting. 'A burglar, robber, brigand; it is well.'

'I would have the scoundrel arrested, at once, monsieur; and let him pay the forfeit of his multiplied crimes, as he deserves.'

'What is his address, De Monthon?'

'I understand he tarries at the Hotel des Etranges, Rue de Vivienne.'

'We will see to it, count, and now to turn from this matter, to a subject which interests you quite as deeply, I trust; how prospers your cause with the fair Hermione?'

'Most acceptably, monsieur.'

'And you will wed her?'

'As surely as we live to see the coming Christmas.'

'So soon?'

'That is the day already fixed upon.'

'It is well.'

'I trust, monsieur, this will be agreeable to your feelings, and we still hope that the disposition of Monsieur Chaufran will not continue adverse to our plans. I should have consulted you, but presumed you had no choice in the matter, as to time.'

'No, De Monthon, no. I would see you happy, that is all. But I am not well, to-night. Let me see you to-morrow, I shall be glad to confer with you at an early hour.'

'You may rely on my services, good uncle.'

'We shall attend to the Duke Pazzoni, be assured, De Monthon,' said D'Aumail, and pressing his uncle's hand, they separated. As the door closed, a gend'arme entered the apartment.

'Well, Beppo,' said D'Aumail, eagerly, 'what success?'

'None, monsieur, as yet.'

'You tried the bribe?'

'We tried *all*, it was useless.'

'Attend me with a trusty guard, at noon, to-morrow. Since these have failed, we will try other means. The documents must be got possession of.'

It was now near midnight. As the door closed upon the retiring servant, D'Aumail sat down before his escritoire, and hastily penned a brief note to one of his confidential *attachés*, who was secretly in his pay, and in which he gave some imperative instructions in regard to his proposed plan for the morrow. Then ringing again, he summoned his attendant.

'Beppo,' he said, 'take this note to its address. You know the place?'

'Yes, monsieur,' said the attendant, glancing at the superscription.

'Deliver it immediately, Beppo, and say there must be no failure or delay in following the directions it contains.'

The gend'arme disappeared, D'Aumail retired for a brief season of rest, and a moment afterward, the rapidly revolving wheels of a cabriolet might have been heard, rattling forward over the road towards the village of Bagnolet.

### CHAPTER XX.

*The Hotel du Leon d'or. Interview between the porteress and a young traveller. The stranger at Francois's lodgings in Bagnolet. He becomes acquainted with Carlos, one of the nobleman's attendants. They try a glass of wine together. Family secrets are exposed. He departs considerably wiser than when he came!*

UPON the main road leading from the French metropolis to the village of Bagnolet, and located some two miles or more from the outskirts of the capital, at the junction of two broad avenues running in northerly and northeasterly directions, there stands an old and time-worn building, which in years gone by had been occupied as a species of public house, of the middling order, and which was formerly know, by the rather dignified name of the Hotel du Leon d'or. But time makes sad ravages, and the once frequented and popular lodging-house had long since gone to decay in reputation and appearance; it was no longer the halting-place of the weary traveller, and few Parisians knew its past history.

The place was forbidding and cheerless in its exterior, and save the small coterie who were acquainted with the fact, none suspected it to be tenanted, at the time we have now occasion to refer to it. Such was the case, nevertheless, and at daybreak on the morning succeeding the night when D'Aumail's spies returned to him with the information that they had not succeeded in their efforts to obtain any knowledge of the wished for papers, an active man, apparently not over three-and twenty years of age, was suddenly seen advancing up the road which led to the tenement spoken of, from the left, and approaching the miserable house with rapid strides, he soon reached the old porch. Ascending the ricketty steps, he gave a quick double knock at the side entrance, and waited with an apparent degree of nervousness, for an answer to his summons.

In the lower middle room of this questionable building, there stood at this moment an old woman, who for many years had performed, ostensibly, the duties of general porteress to the establishment, but who was in fact the only occupant of the house. At the nearer approach of the traveller, this woman, who had entered the house but a few minutes previously, was in the act of peering out over the top of the dingy half-curtains, apparently expecting a visit from some one. The knock of the pedestrian was instantly answered, and the stranger having bid the woman a hasty good morning, disappeared within the house. A moment afterwards the hostess and her guest were alone in a back room of the building.

'You received the note sent you, at midnight?' said the traveller, hastily, but in a low tone.

'Yes. I have just returned from market.'

'And you attended to your mission?'

'Most certainly, monsieur. Am I not always faithful?'

'Well. What is the result?'

'You are correct in your conjectures. He is tarrying at the village, and has in attendance upon him two servants. One is a loquacious fellow, good-natured and jolly, seemingly rather fond of his glass, but neither shrewd nor very close, I fancy. The other, the *confidante* of monsieur, is too much for us; he is well-informed, cautious, and trusty. The master spends much of his time in town, and is now absent there, as I learned an hour ago.'

'Which is the house?'

'The fourth beyond the crossing; Madame Carvinet.'

'O, I remember. How is my disguise?'

'Excellent! You look scarce twenty-five.'

'You are certain the master is now absent?'

'Yes, and his confidential man is away, also.'

'Good day, Marie.'

'*Bon jour*, monsieur—success to you,' said the woman, and the traveller departed with a quick step towards the temporary lodgings of Francois, at Bagnolet. His incognita was admirably managed, his well pointed mustache, his dark whiskers, his finely colored cheeks, gave him the appearance of a very youth, and his nearest friend could not have detected him. His mission was one of deep import, and he entered upon his present adventure with a determination to succeed.

His attire was that of a well-clad *valet de chambre*, and he moved forward blithely, as if he were in the enjoyment of a very comfortable keeping, and had no desire to improve his condition! Arriving at the small hotel where Francois had first taken lodgings, on his arrival from Genoa, he halted, then approached the door with an off-hand air, entered, and was soon in conversation with the hostess.

'Madame Carnivet, we are alone, I believe,' said the stranger, looking about him.

'Yes, monsieur; that is, not exactly,' continued madame, not quite appreciating this question, from a stranger.

'I understand. Do you remember me?'

'No, monsieur,' said the landlady, eyeing her guest attentively.

'Look again, madame.'

'I am confident I do not know you, monsieur, but why this mystery, pray?' continued the woman, somewhat disturbed, and still gazing intently in her guest's face. Satisfied that the hostess did not recognize him (though he had been in her house a dozen times during the previous twelvemonth), the pedestrian was content; and having ordered a bottle of white wine, he moved towards a side room opening from the main apartment, into which he observed a sinister-looking fellow had just entered, from the court-yard; and with whom he desired to become acquainted. The wine was produced, the stranger sat down at a small table upon one side of the room, and turning out a goblet full of the sparkling beverage, he quaffed it off to the good health of his fair entertainer.

'Much company?' inquired the traveller.

'Very little, monsieur. For a month, lodgers have come in but rarely, and at present, we have but three; a gentleman from abroad, who has business most of the time in Paris, and his two atten—— that is, friends, I mean. This is one of them,' continued Madame Carnivet, curtesying and pointing to the sinister-looking individual we have alluded to, who sat at the opposite side of the room. 'You will find him a very agreeable young gentleman, monsieur.'

'Thank you, thank you; I have no doubt of it, madame. Another glass, if you please,' continued the stranger, in an easy manner; and the latter having been quickly brought, he turned to his forbidding-faced companion, and inviting him to join him:

'I shall be most happy, monsieur,' said the traveller, 'with your company. I have half an hour yet to spare, *en route* to the capital, and as you are a stranger here, I learn, perhaps I may be of service to you. Monsieur, your health.'

The friendly greeting of the stranger had the desired effect; and the other advancing to the table, said:

'Well, I don't mind taking a drink with you,' and he seated himself on the opposite side of the table, plainly gratified with the invitation.

'Another bottle, and a cigar, madame,' said the stranger.

A fresh bottle of wine was brought, and Carlos (for he it was) paid his respects to it in right good earnest, very soon disposing of its contents, drinking two or three goblets to his new friend's one! A third bottle was ordered, and the stranger had already learned that his ill-favored companion was one of Francois's attendants, the very man he most desired to meet with.

'And you say your master is from Genoa?' said the stranger, perceiving that the man had imbibed sufficient to be very talkative.

'Yes, monsieur. We come round, you see, in the yacht, a jewel of a craft she is, too—anchored off the mouth of the Seine, and arrived here a few nights since, where we are to stop for the present, till master completes his business. What may I call your name, monsieur?' continued Carlos.

'Call me, Emile, valet de chambre to Count Asdroff,' said the stranger, quickly. 'I must return to Paris in an hour or so, for to tell truth, I have been out over night, and might be missed.'

'Yes. And your master's a count, you say?'

'And yours, I understand is—'

'Pazzoni, le duc Pazzoni.'

'You are fortunate to serve so noble a master.'

'Well, we don't mind it, you see.'

'And you will not remain through the season?'

'No, monsieur. Fill, fill, monsieur! your glass is empty,' continued the attendant of Francois, and raising the small table bell, he ordered a bottle of Burgundy.

'Our master tarries here but a few days. Business called him to Paris, but I learn from my companion, Pascho, his right hand man, that he'll be off again in a few days.'

'Who is *Pascho*?'

'My chum, monsieur. A fine good fellow is Pascho, only a leetle close, shy, monsieur.'

The wine had begun to affect the brain of poor Carlos, and his tongue wagged unwittingly. His head was none of the strongest, at best; and he had now become very loquacious and communicative.

'Pascho's a very good fellow, but shady. He goes to town with master, leaves Carlos here, comes back, 'ic, when he pleases, asks no ques'ions o' no-buddy. Fill up, monsieur! 'nother bottle o' Burg'ndy, ma'am,' shouted the fellow, now exceedingly good-natured, and another bottle was instantly forthcoming.

'The cap'n's a glorious fellow, too!'

'Who is he?'

'The *cap'n?* My master, to be sure.'

'I understood you to say he was a duke.'

'Yes. The duke, I mean, 's all the same, you see,' continued the fellow, now deeply in his cups.

'Exactly, all the same; I see.'

'He's a *grolious* fellow. We come all the way from Venice in that cutter.'

'From *Genoa*, you mean.'

'Yes, Genoa, I mean; I said Genoa, didn't I?'

'Yes,' continued the stranger, quietly.

'Well, 's all same, monsieur,' said Carlos, utterly unconscious and reckless of what he was telling; 'come all the way from Venice, on some 'ic, cock-an'-bull story; an' he'll *do* it, he will, I assure you.'

'Do what?' inquired his listener.

'W'y what he come here for, to be sure,' said Carlos, brightening up at this sudden interrogation. 'But fill up, monsieur!'

'Master come pooty near bein' caged, though, trapped; so says Pascho!' continued Carlos, after a moment's pause.

'How was that?'

'Ask Pascho,' said Carlos; ha, ha! But I don't mind telling you, neither; it was such a capitle joke!'

'You see, the cap'n was prowlin' about Paris, and he found himself, all of a sudden—mind, now, 's all between ourselves, you know—'

'Of course, honor, monsieur, my honor—'

'Enough! Well, master went to town, and a old fool down there, at the head of the police, D'Aumail, a great scamp he is, by the way, nabbed the duke, 'cause he was a foreigner, you see; and he just put him quietly behind the gratings. But he didn't keep him long, mind—ha, ha!' and Carlos laughed heartily, at the idea that he had got off a very funny anecdote. His companion laughed, too, and Carlos went on with his story.

'More wine, ma'am! No, no, he didn't keep him there long. He's a *shrewd* one, is the cap'n—'

'The duke, you mean.'

'Yes, the duke; and he slipped right through the old rascal's fingers, one night; ha, ha, ha!'

'Capital!' said his companion.

'Wasn't it, though? An' how—how do you 'spose he did it?' asked Carlos, in a confidential tone.

'I haven't the slightest idea,' said the stranger, smiling.

'Well, this old scamp, who is at the head of the police in Paris; this scoundrel, D'Aumail, whom, between ourselves, I think ought to be put in the gibbets, himself; he set some of his understrappers on the cap'n's track, and arrested him, for some old affair; but when the duke met him, he jest told the old villain that he was a great duke, you see, and that he had left important documen's behind him at his lodgings, an' if he didn't let him out, so's he could get home early in the mornin', the rascal's jail would jest be smashed down over his head, before night—ha, ha! So he let him go, right off, 'cause he believed the cap'n; ha, ha, ha!'

The stranger laughed, outright; Carlos knocked over the wine, in his excitement, then refilling his glass, he continued:

'I wish it had a' been me; I'd like to come across the old fellow, once, before we go; I'd pay him off for an old score I have with him; he's worse than half his convicts, is that D'Aumail. But the best part of the joke with master, was, that he hadn't left no papers, nowhere! ha, haw! haw!'

'You don't say it?' replied the stranger, evidently astonished.

'Not a paper. When he got 'ic, home, next day, though, he set himself down and writ out two long documen's; and sealed 'em up; to guard ag'inst any new scrape he might get into.'

'Well,' said the stranger, rather anxiously.

'Well. I happened to be in town, at the hotel that morning, and while I was a waitin' in the next room, I overheard the cap'n, when he give 'em to Pascho (that's his confidential man, you know), and he said, look sharp to these papers, Pascho, 'ic, and put one of 'em in the—'

'Hush! there's somebody arrived,' said Carlos, quickly; and he listened again; but no one appearing, the stranger approached the door, looked out, and having satisfied his companion of his mistake, he passed the bottle again and Carlos lowering his voice, amid his hiccups and stammering, went on, once more.

'Put one o' these papers, Pascho, said the cap'n, in the sliding floor of my trunk; and the other you may take up to our lodgings, and deposite in the escritoire, in the private drawer. If I don't come home, then, at any time, within three days, get these papers and deliver them as you see they are directed, and it'll all be right; I shall return to you, very quick. Don't you think the cap'n's got him, eh?'

'I should say so. But what do these papers relate to, pray?'

'O, some rascality of the old scamp's, I've no doubt, but *what* I don't know.'

'Yes, I see,' said the stranger, musing.

'When the cap'n lived in France, he knew this D'Aumail.'

'But I thought your master was a foreigner.'

'So he is. Couldn't he have lived in France, for all that?' asked Carlos, sharply.

'Certainly, certainly.'

'Well, he knew D'Aumail for a villain; and I fancy he'll be even with him, yet.'

'Come, Monsieur Carlos, a parting glass. Your story has interested me, but my time is fully up, and I must be going,' said the traveller, consulting a superb repeater.

'Well, here's to you, Monsieur Emile, and a better acquaintance, if you come this way again.'

The traveller pledged him, paid the bill, bade him good day, and departed towards Paris in haste. Halting one moment at the old house, on his way, he informed the porteress that it was 'all right,' and hurried on to the capital, where he arrived at early ten o'clock in the forenoon.

In the absence of Francois and Pascho from Bagnolet, the stranger had contrived, during the night, to ascertain the whereabouts of the brigand, and the nature of his establishment in the village. Finding that the efforts of the under-officers to get possession of the documents had proved abortive, 'other means' had been resorted to, with what success, so far, we have seen. The disguised traveller who had listened in person so attentively to the drunken narrative of poor Carlos, was Monsieur D'Aumail, himself—the Governor of the Bastile!


[CONCLUDED IN OUR NEXT.]


### Laughter.

'O, glorious laughter!' cried the Sage of Bellyfulle, falling back in his chair, and turning his broad shining face upward, while his eyes twinkled benignly, and his lips seemed trembling with a jest—'thou man-loving spirit, that for a time dost take the burden from the weary back—that dost lay salve to the feet bruised and cut by flints and shards—that takest blood-baking melancholy by the nose, and makest it grin despite himself—that all the sorrows of the past, the doubts of the future, confoundest in the joy of the present—that makest man truly philosophic—conqueror of himself and care!

What was talked of as the golden chain of Jove was nothing but a succession of laughs, a chromatic scale of merriment, reaching from earth to Olympus. It is not true that Prome- [illegible] gods to deify our clay, and, in the abundance of our merriment, to make us reasonable creatures. Have you ever considered, sir, what man would be, destitute of the ennobling faculty of laughter? Why, sir, laughter is to the face of man—what sinovia, I think anatomists call it, is to his joints—it oils, and lubricates, and makes the human countenance divine. Without it, our faces would have been rigid, hyena-like; the iniquities of our heart, with no sweet antidote to work upon them, would have made the face of the best among us a horrid, husky thing, with two sullen, hungry, cruel lights at the top—for foreheads would then have gone out of fashion—and a cavernous hole below the nose.

Think of a babe without laughter, as it is its first intelligence! The creature shows the divinity of its origin and end by smiling upon us; yes, smiles are its first talk with the world, smiles the first answers that it understands. And then, as worldly wisdom comes upon the little thing, it crows, it chuckles, it grins, and shaking in its nurse's arms, or in waggish humor playing bopeep with the breast, it reveals its high destiny—declares, to him with ears to hear it, the heirdom of its immortality. Let materialists blaspheme as gingerly and as acutely as they will. They must find confusion in laughter. Men may take a triumphant stand upon his broad gains; for he looks around the world, and his innermost soul, sweetly tickled with the knowledge, tells him that he alone of all creatures laughs. Let man then send a loud ha! ha! through the universe, and be reverently grateful for the privilege.'

### Night and Day at Cairo.

Each different district of the city is separated from the adjoining one by strong gates at the end of the streets; these are all closed at night, and are guarded by a drowsy old man with a long beard, who acts as porter, and who is roused with difficulty by the promise of a small coin when any one wants to pass. These gates contribute greatly to the peace and security; for as the Turks, Arabs, Christians, Jews, Copts, and other religious sects reside each in a different quarter, any disturbance which may arise in one district is prevented from extending to another; and the drunken Europeans cannot intrude their civilization on their quiet and barbarous neighbors. There are here no theatres, balls, parties, or other nocturnal assemblies; and before the hour at which London is well lit up, the gentleman of Cairo ascends to the top of his house and sleeps upon the terrace, and the servants retire to the courtyard; for in the hot weather most people sleep in the open air. Many of the poorer class sleep in the open places, and the courts of the mosques, all wrapping up their heads and faces that the moon may not shine upon them.

The Mahomedan day begins at sunset, when the first time of prayer is observed; the second is about two hours after sunset; the third is at the dawn of day, when the musical chant of the muezzins from the thousand minarets of Cairo sounds most impressively through the clear and silent air. The voices of the criers thus raised above the city always struck me as having a holy and beautiful effect. The first one or two are heard faintly in the distance; then one close to you, then the cry is taken up from the minarets of other mosques, and at last, from one end of the town to the other, the measured chant falls pleasingly on the ear, inviting the faithful to prayer. For a time it seems as if there was a chorus of voices in the air, like spirits calling upon each other to worship the Creator of all things. Soon the sound dies away, there is a silence for a while, and then commences the hum and bustle of the awakening city. The cry of man, to call his brother man to prayer, seems to me more appropriate and more accordant to religious feeling than the clang and jingle of our European bells.

The fourth and most important time of prayer is at noon, and it is at this hour that the Sultan attends in state, the mosque at Constantinople. The fifth and last prayer is at about three o'clock. The Bedouins of the desert, who, however, are not much given to praying, consider this hour to have arrived when a stick, a spear, or a camel throws a shadow of its own height upon the ground. This time of the day is called 'Al Asr.' When wandering about in the deserts, I used always to eat my dinner or luncheon at that time, and it is wonderful to what exactness I arrived at last in my calculations, respecting the time of the Asr. I knew to a minute when my dromedary's shadow was of the right length.

### Battle of Monmouth.

The 28th of June, 1778, was a great and memorable day in the Kalends of the infant American Republic. For wise and good reasons the English army left Philadelphia, with a train of baggage twenty miles long, for New York. The latter city was held during the whole of this liberty war, this contest between the mother and daughter, by the unnatural mother. Washington left his hut at Valley Forge, and in imitation of the Roman consul who opposed Asdrubal, made a bloody effort to prevent the junction of the two armies of his enemy. He led his suffering soldiers towards the seashore. He sought his enemy and met him on the sandy plains of Monmouth. Washington wide-winged, Clinton and Cornwallis wide-winged at, and around the villages of Freehold and Englishtown; and fireball is whistling far and near upon those burning plains; the great guns playing and the small, both vomiting fire and death. And General Lee is swept back on this wing and on that, and is likely to be swept back utterly, when Washington arrives in person and speaks a prompt word or two. 'Stand fast,' said the hero; 'stand fast, my boys, for the Virginian and Maryland line will come to your aid.' The hearts of the American soldiers leaped at the sound of their beloved, and as they thought, invincible chief, and the armed mercenaries of a monarch fell in units, tens and hundreds beneath the republican fire.

Washington on his death-defying old and faithful white horse, gallopped along the line, he waved his sword and cheered on his men in the death-struggle. The fierce provincials wrestled with their oppressors, they meet the soldiers of the mother country hand to hand, they close with them at weapon's point. It was a bloody conjunction, or rather conjugation of carnage, this battle of Monmouth.—Men of kindred blood, men speaking the same noble language, met in the death-grapple. It was indeed a bloody conjugation. It was, I kill, thou killest, he kills, we kill, they kill. But death had other weapons of destruction. The sun for seven days had been in the Boreal Crab, the men were fighting, by Fahrenheit's thermometer, in the heat of ninety degrees. Many of the combatants bit the dust and died unsheathed by sabre or shot. If Washington was Fabius in October, 1776, at the White Plains, he was Marcellus at Monmouth. The honors of the day remained with him, for his enemy retreated in the night.—*Carlyle.*

### A Grateful Wish.

A few years ago, one of the superintendents felt convinced that the Adelphi Theatre was on fire. He communicated his fears to Mr. Yates, and an examination it proved that they were too well-grounded. It had broken out in an enclosed space between the stage and store-room. The entrance to the quarter where the danger existed could be effected only by a person of the most diminutive size, and a puny little chimney sweeper was selected for the task. His black excellency succeeded to admiration. He was very much scorched, and was immediately taken into Salter's, where everything was done to promote his comfort. Yates in person attended to the little fellow, and on leaving him said, 'You're a fine lad; and remember, if ever I hear of your passing the Adelphi Theatre without coming into my house and getting as much to eat and drink as you can take, I'll beat you as blue as you are black. Meanwhile, here is a sovereign for you.'

'What! All this money for me?'

'Certainly, my boy.'

'Ha! ha!' chuckled the imp of soot, 'God bless your honor! I wish your chimney may be on fire every day in the year.'

### From the German.

Better to sit in Freedom's hall,
With a cold damp floor and a mouldering wall,
Than to bend the neck and to bow the knee
In the proudest palace of slavery.

[Written for The Flag of our Union.]

# 'X-ING A PARAGRAB.'

BY EDGAR A. POE.

As it is well known that the 'wise men' came 'from the East,' and as Mr. Touch-and-go Bullet-head came from the East, it follows that Mr. Bullet-head was a wise man; and if collateral proof of the matter be needed, here we have it—Mr. B. was an editor. Irascibility was his sole foible; for in fact the obstinacy of which men accused him was anything but his *foible*, since he justly considered it his *forte*. It was his strong point—his virtue; and it would have required all the logic of a Brownson to convince him that it was 'anything else.'

I have shown that Touch-and-go Bullet-head was a wise man; and the only occasion on which he did not prove infallible, was when, abandoning that legitimate home for all wise men, the East, he migrated to the city of Alexander-the-Great-o-nopolis, or some place of a similar title, out West.

I must do him the justice to say, however, that when he made up his mind finally to settle in that town, it was under the impression that no newspaper, and consequently no editor, existed in that particular section of the country. In establishing 'The Tea-Pot,' he expected to have the field all to himself. I feel confident he never would have dreamed of taking up his residence in Alexander-the-Great-o-nopolis, had he been aware that, in Alexander-the-Great-o-nopolis, there lived a gentleman named John Smith (if I rightly remember), who, for many years, had there quietly grown fat in editing and publishing the 'Alexander-the-Great-o-nopolis Gazette.' It was solely, therefore, on account of having been misinformed, that Mr. Bullet-head found himself in Alex—— suppose we call it Nopolis, 'for short'—but, as he *did* find himself there, he determined to keep up his character for obst— for firmness, and remain. So remain he did; and he did more; he unpacked his press, type, etc., etc., rented an office exactly opposite that of the 'Gazette,' and, on the third morning after his arrival, issued the first number of 'The Alexan'—that is to say, of 'The Nopolis Tea-Pot:'—as nearly as I can recollect, this was the name of the new paper.

The leading article, I must admit, was brilliant—not to say severe. It was especially bitter about things in general—and as for the editor of 'The Gazette,' he was torn all to pieces in particular. Some of Bullet-head's remarks were really so fiery that I have always, since that time, been forced to look upon John Smith, who is still alive, in the light of a salamander. I cannot pretend to give *all* the Tea-pot's paragraphs *verbatim*, but one of them run thus:

'Oh, yes!—Oh, we perceive! Oh, no doubt! The editor over the way is a genius—Oh, my! Oh, goodness, gracious!—what *is* this world coming to? *Oh, tempora! Oh, Moses!*'

A philippic at once so caustic and so classical, alighted like a bombshell among the hitherto peaceful citizens of Nopolis. Groups of excited individuals gathered at the corners of the streets. Every one awaited, with heartfelt anxiety, the reply of the dignified Smith. Next morning it appeared, as follows:

'We quote from "The Tea-Pot" of yesterday the subjoined paragraph:—"*Oh, yes! Oh, we perceive! Oh, no doubt! Oh, my! Oh, goodness! Oh, tempora! Oh, Moses!*" Why, the fellow is all O! That accounts for his reasoning in a circle, and explains why there is neither beginning nor end to him, nor to anything that he says. We really do not believe the vagabond can write a word that hasn't an O in it. Wonder if this O-ing is a habit of his? By-the-by, he came away from Down-East in a great hurry. Wonder if he O's as much there as he does here? "O! it is pitiful!"'

The indignation of Mr. Bullet-head at these scandalous insinuations, I shall not attempt to describe. On the eel-skinning principle, however, he did not seem to be so much incensed at the attack upon his integrity as one might have imagined. It was the sneer at his *style* that drove him to desperation. What!—*he*, Touch-and-go Bullet-head!—not able to write a word without an O in it! He would soon let the jackanapes see that he was mistaken. Yes! he would let him see how *much* he was mistaken, the puppy! *He*, Touch-and-go Bullet-head, of Frogpondium, would let Mr. John Smith perceive that he, Bullet-head, could indite, if it so pleased him, a whole paragraph—ay! a whole article—in which that contemptible vowel should not once—not even once—make its appearance. But no;—that would be yielding a point to the said John Smith. *He*, Bullet-head, would make no alteration in his style, to suit the caprices of any Mr. Smith in Christendom. Perish so vile a thought! The O forever! He would persist in the O. He would be as O-wy as O-wy could be.

Burning with the chivalry of this determination, the great Touch-and-go, in the next 'Tea-pot,' came out merely with this simple but resolute paragraph, in reference to this unhappy affair:

'The editor of the "Tea-pot" has the honor of advising the editor of "The Gazette" that he, (the "Tea-pot,") will take an opportunity, in to-morrow morning's paper, of convincing him, (the "Gazette,") that he, (the "Tea-pot,") both can and will *be his own master* as regards style:—he, (the "Tea-pot,") intending to show him, (the "Gazette,") the supreme, and indeed the withering contempt with which the criticism of him, (the "Gazette,") inspires the independent bosom of him, (the "Tea-pot,") by composing for the especial gratification (?) of him, (the "Gazette,") a leading article, of some extent, in which the beautiful vowel—the emblem of Eternity—yet so offensive to the hyper-exquisite delicacy of him, (the "Gazette,") shall most certainly *not be avoided* by his (the Gazette's) most obedient, humble servant, the "Tea-pot." "So much for Buckingham!"'

In fulfilment of the awful threat thus darkly intimated rather than decidedly enunciated, the great Bullet-head, turning a deaf ear to all entreaties for 'copy,' and simply requesting his foreman to 'go to the d——l,' when he (the foreman) assured him (the 'Tea-pot') that it was high time to 'go to press:' turning a deaf ear to everything, I say, the great Bullet-head sat up until day-break, consuming the midnight oil, and absorbed in the composition of the really unparalleled paragraph which follows:

'So ho, John! how now? Told you so, you know. Don't crow, another time, before you're out of the woods! Does your mother *know* you're out? Oh, no, no!—so go home at once, now, John, to your odious old woods of Concord! Go home to your woods, old owl,—go! You wont? Oh, poh, poh, John, don't do so! You've *got* to go, you know! So go at once, and don't go slow; for nobody owns you here, you know. Oh, John, John, if you *don't* go you're no *homo*—no! You're only a fowl, an owl; a cow, a sow; a doll, a Poll; a poor, old, good-for-nothing-to-nobody, log, dog, hog, or frog, come out of a Concord bog. Cool, now—cool! *Do* be cool, you fool! None of your crowing, old cock! Don't frown so—don't! Don't hollo, nor howl, nor growl, nor bow-wow-wow! Good Lord, John, how you *do* look! Told you so, you know—but stop rolling your goose of an old poll about so, and go and drown your sorrows in a bowl!'

Exhausted, very naturally, by so stupendous an effort, the great Touch-and-go could attend to nothing farther that night. Firmly, composedly, yet with an air of conscious power, he handed his MS. to the devil in waiting, and then, walking leisurely home, retired, with ineffable dignity, to bed.

Meantime the devil to whom the copy was entrusted, ran up stairs to his 'case,' in an unutterable hurry, and forthwith made a commencement at 'setting' the MS. 'up.'

In the first place, of course,—as the opening word was 'So'—he made a plunge into the capital S hole and came out in triumph with a capital S. Elated by this success, he immediately threw himself upon the little-o box with a blind-fold impetuosity—but who shall describe his horror when his fingers came up without the anticipated letter in their clutch? who shall paint his astonishment and rage at perceiving, as he rubbed his knuckles, that he had been only thumping them, to no purpose, against the bottom of an *empty* box. Not a single little-o was in the little-o hole; and, glancing fearfully at the capital-O partition, he found that, to his extreme terror, in a precisely similar predicament. Awe-stricken, his first impulse was to rush to the foreman.

'Sir!' said he, gasping for breath, 'I can't never set up nothing without no o's.'

'*What* do you mean by that?' growled the foreman, who was in a very ill humor at being kept up so late.

'Why, sir, there beant an o in the office, neither a big un nor a little un!'

'What—what the d—l has become of all that were in the case?'

'*I* don't know, sir,' said the boy, 'but one of them ere G'zette devils is bin prowling bout here all night, and I spect *he's* gone and cabbaged em every one.'

'Dod rot him! I haven't a doubt of it,' replied the foreman, getting purple with rage—'but I tell you what you do, Bob, that's a good boy—you go over the first chance you get and hook every one of their i's and (d—n them!) their izzards.'

'Jist so,' replied Bob, with a wink and a frown—'*I'll* be into em, *I'll* let em know a thing or two; but in de meantime, that ere paragrab? *Mus* go in to-night, you know—else there'll be the d—l to pay, and—'

'And not a *bit* of pitch hot,' interrupted the foreman, with a deep sigh and an emphasis on the 'bit.' 'Is it a *very* long paragraph, Bob?'

'Shouldn't call it a *wery* long paragrab,' said Bob.

'Ah, well, then! do the best you can with it! we *must* get to press,' said the foreman, who was over head and ears in work; 'just stick in some other letter for o, nobody's going to read the fellow's trash, any how.'

'*Wery well*,' replied Bob, 'here goes it!' and off he hurried to his case; muttering as he went—'Considdeble vell, them ere expressions, perticcler for a man as doesn't swar. So I's to gouge out all their eyes, eh? and d——n all their gizzards! Vell! this here's the chap as is just *able* for to do it.' The fact is, that although Bob was but twelve years old and four feet high, he was equal to any amount of fight, in a small way.

The exigency here described is by no means of rare occurrence in printing-offices; and I cannot tell how to account for it, but the fact is indisputable, that when the exigency does occur, it almost always happens that *x* is adopted as a substitute for the letter deficient. The true reason, perhaps, is that *x* is rather the most superabundant letter in the cases, or at least was so in old times—long enough to render the substitution in question an habitual thing with printers. As for Bob, he would have considered it heretical to employ any other character, in a case of this kind, than the *x* to which he had been accustomed.

'I *shell* have to *x* this ere paragrab,' said he to himself, as he read it over in astonishment, 'but it's jest about the awfulest o-wy paragrab I ever *did* see:' so *x* it he did, unflinchingly, and to press it went *x-ed*.

Next morning, the population of Nopolis were taken all aback by reading, in 'The Tea-pot,' the following extraordinary leader:

'Sx hx, Jxhn! hxw nxw? Txld yxu sx, yxu knxw. Dxn't crxw, anxther time, befxre yxu're xut xf the wxxds! Dxes yxur mxther *knxw* yxu're xut? Xh, nx, nx!—sx gx hxme at xnce, nxw, Jxhn, tx yxur xdixus xld wxxds xf Cxncxrd! Gx hxme tx yxur wxxds, xld xwl,—gx! Yxu wxnt? Xh, pxh, pxh, Jxhn, dxn't dx sx! Yxu've *gxt* tx gx, yxu knxw! Sx gx at xnce, and dxn't gx slxw; fxr nxbxdy xwns yxu here, yxu knxw. Xh, Jxhn, Jxhn, if yxu *dxn't* gx yxu're nx *hxmx*—nx! Yxu're xnly a fxwl, an xwl; a cxw, a sxw; a dxll, a Pxll; a pxxr xld gxxd-fxr-nxthing-tx-nxbxdy lxg, dxg, hxg, xr frxg, cxme xut xf a Cxncxrd bxg. Cxxl, nxw—cxxl! Dx be cxxl, yxu fxxl! Nxne xf yxur crxwing, xld cxck! Dxn't frxwn sx—dxn't! Dxn't hxllx, nxr hxwl, nxr grxwl, nxr bxw-wxw-wxw! Gxxd Lxrd, Jxhn, hxw yxu dx lxxk! Txld yxu sx, yxu knxw, but stxp rxlling yxur gxxse xf an xld pxll abxut sx, and gx and drxwn yxur sxrrxws in a bxwl!'

The uproar occasioned by this mystical and cabalistical article, is not to be conceived. The first definite idea entertained by the populace was, that some diabolical treason lay concealed in the hieroglyphics; and there was a general rush to Bullet-head's residence, for the purpose of riding him on a rail; but that gentleman was nowhere to be found. He had vanished, no one could tell how; and not even the ghost of him has ever been seen since.

Unable to discover its legitimate object, the popular fury at length subsided; leaving behind it, by way of sediment, quite a medley of opinion about this unhappy affair.

One gentleman thought the whole an X-ellent joke.

Another said that, indeed, Bullet-head had shown much X-uberance of fancy.

'A third admitted him X-entric, but no more.

A fourth could only suppose it the Yankee's design to X-press, in a general way, his X-asperation.

'Say, rather, to set an X-ample to posterity,' suggested a fifth.

That Bullet-head had been driven to an X-tremity, was clear to all; and in fact, since *that* editor could not be found, there was some talk about lynching the other one.

The more common conclusion, however, was, that the affair was, simply, X-traordinary and in-X-plicable. Even the town mathematician confessed that he could make nothing of so dark a problem. X, everybody knew, was an unknown quantity; but in this case (as he properly observed), there was an unknown quantity of X.

The opinion of Bob, the devil (who kept dark 'about his having 'X-ed the paragrab'), did not meet with so much attention as I think it deserved, although it was very openly and very fearlessly expressed. He said that, for his part, he had no doubt about the matter at all, that it was a clear case, that 'Mr. Bullet-head never *could* be persvaded fur to drink like other folks, but was continually a-swigging o' that ere blessed XXX ale, and, as a naiteral consekvence, it just puffed him up savage, and made him X (cross) in the X-treme.'

[Written for the Flag of our Union.]

## A Lay to Carlotta.

BY FRANCES S. OSGOOD.

Carlotta carissima!
Listen to me!
While I sing you a song,
O'er the star-lighted sea,
Of green Wissahicon's
Wild streamlet and bower,
Where I whiled away, dreaming,
One exquisite hour.

The sun was just shutting
His palace of gold,
When, swift to our threshold,
The phaeton rolled,
And they stood—the dark steeds—
Half disdaining to stay,
Superb in their beauty,
Proud, fearless and gay.

With childish impatience,
I sprang to my place,
And away, like the wind,
In their wonderful grace,
They flew—and we named them,
In sport—as they sped—
Our 'sunbeam' and 'moonbeam,'
So lightly they fled.

And still we beguiled,
With gay converse, the hours;
With Fancy's bright jewels,
And Feeling's soft flowers.
We merrily garlanded
All the glad way,
Till, hushed in repose,
Slept the dear April day.

Then, stilled by the twilight,
To Thought's silent dream,
We passed Wissahicon's
Wild wood-embraced stream.
'So, Sunbeam! This scene
Is too sacred for sport—
Slow, Moonbeam! Disturb not
The current of Thought!'

And 'Sunbeam' submissively
Slackened his pace,
As if feeling the hallowed
Repose of the place;
And 'Moonbeam' harmonious
Glided along,
While the waterfall sung us
A beautiful song.

O, wild Wissahicon!
The musical hush,
That fills the deep woods,
Where thy glad waters gush,
It soothed my sad heart
To so dear a delight,
That thy image still haunts me
By day and by night:

And in Memory's palace
Of exquisite dreams,
Where the rich, pictured past,
On the spirit's eye gleams,
No vision more glowing,
With beauty and grace,
O, wild Wissahicon!
Than thine shall I trace!

[Written for The Flag of our Union.]

## AN ELOPEMENT IN RUSSIA.

BY W. A. C.

The following story, while it exposes an instance of imperial tyranny and strict police peculiar to Russia, also reveals a trait which is common enough in female character everywhere.

A young widow, the Countess C., was deeply in love with a young officer of the Horse-Guards. The countess had an immense fortune in land, or rather in slaves; but the will of the emperor hindered her from sharing it with her lover. The chaste Nicholas had forbidden her marriage. You are aware that it is next to impossible for a Russian to convert his wealth into ready money without the permission of the emperor. The moment the latter perceives that any one of his subjects is seeking for resources which he can carry with him to a foreign country, the autocrat interposes his supreme will, and attaches the proprietor to the soil, like a serf in the old feudal times. Estates can be alienated only by *virtue of vice*; whoever has been ruined by gambling or debauchery is permitted to sell his property, because, after the settlement of his debts, misery prevents his escape from his master.

The countess, who knew this, borrowed largely under pretence of lavish expenditure. She bought jewels, diamonds, all the costly luxuries of a young and beautiful woman. Then, after having amassed enough out of Russia to live upon comfortably, she resolved to depart secretly with her young officer, abandoning to her creditors and to the imperial confiscation her annual revenue of two or three thousand rubles.

All requisite measures were taken with a prisoner's precaution, with wonderful patience, with admirable persistence. Like Latude, the lovers were encompassed by a prison five hundred leagues around, and had a million inhabitants for spies.

A single paltry motive caused all to be discovered! The young officer had feigned illness for a year; by force of doing his stomach with vinegar, and inflaming his eyes by gazing at the sun, he had become really consumptive, and almost blind. By this means, he so far imposed upon the Russian police as to obtain a passport, under the pretext of going to restore his health at the springs of Aix-la-Chapelle. Once armed with this passport, he makes every preparation for his departure. A servant of course must accompany him; this servant was no other than the countess in disguise. A livery had been made for a young slave of her size, a dark-colored wig ordered for a bald-headed friend.

All had been triumphed over—all, except an emotion of feminine coquetry which the countess could not overcome. The livery fitted her quite well, but the wig spoilt her looks. At three leagues from St. Petersburgh, she doffed the wig; at four leagues, the police officer whom they met found her too pretty to be a man; and solely because the passport ran 'an officer and his servant,' and because the 'servant' looked suspicious, the policeman arrested the whole party, and despatched his prize to St. Petersburg.

The lady was banished from court, the officer was exiled, and the chaste Nicholas was awarded national admiration by all the husbands in Russia.

Dull fellows make very good men of business. Business relieves them from their own natural heaviness, by furnishing them with what to do, whereas business to mercantile men is an interruption from their real existence and happiness.—*Steele.*

[Written for the Flag of our Union.]

## HOW THEY FIXED THE MAJOR.

### A HUMOROUS SKETCH.

BY SYLVANUS COBB, JR.

During that period of the good old 'long time ago,' when the old pools of prejudice and error were beginning to be stirred up by the light of advancing knowledge drawn from a world's experience, there flourished in the eastern part of the State of Massachusetts, a hale and hearty old fellow, known for miles around as the jolliest old soul in the country; and who, by virtue of an old warrant which he received during that heroic age, which immediately succeeded the declaration of peace, claimed and received by unanimous acclamation, the elevating title of 'major.'

The major was a good specimen of a 'fine old Yankee gentleman,' being well to do in the world, and withal, very honest and conscientious. It was late in the fall; the old gentleman had got his capacious barn well filled with all that a Yankee barn generally contains—he had everything stacked up for winter, and as the closing up of affairs, he had one morning butchered a noble 'beef critter.' The skin was carefully rolled up, and the different pieces cut to the right size, and laid away for packing down. As the major surveyed the rich fruits of his labor, his heart was so filled with gratitude that he determined to give a party—a real jolly party,—such an one as only himself could give; a good supper to a good chosen company, and, to cap all, a merry long evening. To this end an invitation was sent to some dozen or so of the major's choice companions to come and have a 'regular time.'

Among all the major's qualities—and he had a good many of them—there was but one that was positively bad. He had a peculiar fancy for the contents of a certain large black jug which always stood upon the first shelf in the kitchen closet, except indeed, when it was raised from its usual resting-place for a nearer proximity to the major's lips. This jug certainly contained nothing that could be denominated '*aquatic*,' for it was generally admitted by all that the old fellow had a most decided aversion to anything of that sort. But then it was no secret, the contents of that jug—for the major took great pleasure in introducing all his friends to an intimate acquaintance; and everybody knew that the jug contained the best of old '*Monongahela*.'

Well, the evening for the 'good time' was at hand. The jug was filled and placed under the table in the front room, while a couple of decanters, tumblers, spoons, sugar-bowl, toddy-sticks, etc., decorated the table. The hour for the arrival of guests was set at eight. The major pulled out his watch, and it was only seven. What should he do in the interim? 'Ah, let's see;—I wonder if the old woman has put the right spirit in the decanters.' A good stiff glass proved the quality of decanter number one. Then decanter number two stood the same test, and a peculiar smack told the result. 'Perhaps she hadn't filled up the jug, though. Let's see.' The major tried the usual test, and was most probably satisfied;—at any rate, the jug was nearer full when it was taken up than when it was set down again.

The major had taken his two glasses, as usual to settle his supper, and the extra quantity imbibed in his anxiety to have all right, had began to operate upon his nerves. One or two glasses more were taken to quiet his impatience, and some time before his company arrived, he had began a 'time' to himself. He saw some half-dozen bright burning candles where in fact there was but one; the table seemed to be leaning over towards him, as if to invite him to partake again of the Monongahela—the jug, too, under the table, had grown tremendously large;—yes, there were certainly *two* jugs there. By this time one of the decanters had actually insinuated itself into the major's hand, and in spite of all the good man's efforts a large quantity of its contents ran down his throat. The floor began to assume a perpendicular position, and the consequence was, that the major speedily came to a horizontal. The 'old woman' heard the noise, and came in to see what was the matter with the *company*; but a look at the 'lone star,' just as it had set in all its glory, told her that the head of the company at last, had 'come and gone,' although none of the guests had yet presented themselves.

What was to be done? Certainly, it would not do to let the people find the major in that predicament. The good woman took the fallen hero by the shoulder and administered a good shake. The old fellow was soon brought to a consciousness of his situation, and in answer to his wife's inquiries he delivered himself as follows:

'Why, (*hic*) pick me (*hic*) up, and put me to (*hic*) bed, old woman; and if them (*hic*) fellers come here to-(*hic*) to-night, tell 'em I'm (*hic*) sick. Tell 'em (*hic*)—tell 'em I'm *gone*.' 'But where shall I tell 'em you've gone to?' 'Tell 'em (*hic*) I'm gone (*hic*) to—to (*hic*) *the devil*.'

But there was no need of the good woman's telling 'them fellers' where the major had gone; for some half-dozen of them had bounced into the room and heard the old fellow's closing injunction.

'Gone to the devil, eh?' chuckled Sol Sprague, as he turned with a wink to his companions. 'If he don't think he's gone there in reality, before he gets clear of this scrape, then I'll give up.'

'Honor-bright now, Sol. Remember we're invited guests, and it wouldn't be handsome to "blow."'

'Never fear,' replied Sol, 'nobody shall know it. But ain't it a shame to see a good fellow like that make such a confounded fool of himself?'

'Sure enough, 'tis a shame; but how can you help it?'

'How? I'll tell you. You know the major don't drink anything but his old Monongahela;—now I'll cure him with his own stuff—I'll make him sick of it.'

Sol knew that his host had butchered a 'crittur,' and in company with two of his companions he went out to the barn, where the whole skin with the horns, a pair of *smashers*, attached, was soon found and carried to the house. In the meantime, the other guests had carried the defunct hero up stairs and stowed him away in his own bed. The feather-tick was rolled up against the head-board, so that the major's body was laid up in a sitting posture.

Sol Sprague had enveloped himself in the ox-skin, and many an imp of Tartarus would readily have acknowledged him as their lawful master; the others proceeded to the chimney-corner, and in a few moments a few application of soot had transformed them into as horrid a looking set of demons as ever peopled the regions of Erebus. Having armed themselves with pitch-forks and a loud-mouthed fish-horn, the party proceeded to the culprit's chamber, where they formed a semicircle around the foot of the bed. Sol, standing out a little in advance of his companions, looking terror enough to frighten the Pope himself, while several large dishes filled with choice Monongahela, were placed on each side.

All being prepared, a good sharp punch was administered under the major's ribs, which soon had the effect of opening his peepers. Then came an overwhelming blast from the fish-horn. The old fellow rubbed his eyes and looked about him, but he could distinguish but little through the deep gloom. In an instant a half-dozen blue, infernal flames shot up on either side of his bed, and as his eyes rested upon the sight thus revealed, the simple ejaculation, 'mercy,' broke from the terrified man's lips.

'Now, thou ill-fated mortal, what can you say for yourself? You are sent hither with the charge of having died drunk.'

'O! mighty Mister Devil, have mercy!'

'Mercy!' shouted Sol, with a most terrible emphasis. 'No, *sir-ee*. Throughout the eternal, never-ending, horrible, heart-scorching, liver-burning, fiery-ages of eternity, you are to live upon nothing but *Monongahela*. Ho, there, you imps of darkness, hold the bowl to the victim's lips—let him drink!'

The next instant a flaming bowl was sending its lurid fumes up into the major's nostrils,—its close proximity to his hair soon set his head in a blaze, and with an array of diabolical pitch-forks pointing directly against his breast, he fell back perfectly exhausted. A sheet was thrown over his head to quench the flames—the fire in the bowl was extinguished, and giving one more blast from the fish-horn, together with a most deafening yell by the whole party, the tormentors cleared up their traps and left their victim alone.

The next morning the major came down into the kitchen. He went up to his wife and looked inquiringly into her face—then he laid his hand on her shoulder, until he seemed satisfied that she was *bona-fide* flesh and blood. Then he looked about the house—around the yard—through the barn—at the trees,—and he was sure that he stood on *terra-firma*. He concluded that he had a dream; but then that singed head—that was beyond his comprehension. He kept his counsel to himself, however, determined never to be caught in another such scrape. About noon, the major's wife heard a rattling of crockery out back of the house, and on looking for the cause, she saw the remnants of the great black jug. It was never filled again.

[Written for the Flag of our Union.]

## The Burial at Sea.

BY MATURIN M. BALLOU.

Eight bells had struck, 'twas midnight on the sea,
Before the trades the ship was running free,
On the Bahamas, neath the tropics mild;
The very stillness made the aspect wild!

Death was on board, and 'mongst the forward mess,
Counted the crew a gallant comrade less;
In hammock wrapped, the pallid corpse lay there,
While a shrill whistle summoned all to prayer.

His country's ensign's thrown across the dead,
The solemn service of the church is read;
With heads all bored, and some on bended knee,
They mourn the burial of the dead at sea.

The ship's hove to, all's stillness fore and aft;
At the weather-gangway of the noble craft
The body's raised; it drops into the deep,
The sailor's grave—his bed of dreamless sleep!

Brace up the yards! Again the breed sails fill,
The ship bowls on, obedient to the will:
I pray my lot again it ne'er may be,
This solemn rite to witness on the sea.

[Written for The Flag of our Union.]

## SATISFACTORY EXPLANATION.

### A SCENE IN COURT.

BY THE YOUNG 'UN.

Many months had passed since we had been present in the Police Court, until one day a few weeks ago we ventured thither, when, among other commonplace cases that came up for judicial decision, was that of a miserable fellow who had been charged with having been 'drunk at divers and sundry times, within the six months last past, contrary to the peace of the Commonwealth, and in violation of the statute made and provided' against any man's drinking less than fifteen gallons at one and the same time!

It has got to be pretty well known in this community, and elsewhere, that the process of disposing of unfortunate drunkards is rather summary than otherwise, in our Police Courts; and, in the present case, the defendant had been unusually garrulous, and was several times checked by the officers for interrupting the proceedings.

The swearing for the Commonwealth had at length been concluded, however, and though his Honor had become somewhat nettled during the progress of the case, by reason of the prisoner's talkativeness, he informed the loafer at last that if he had anything to say to the court, in his defence or otherwise, he could now have the opportunity.

'Well, your honor,' began the unfortunate.

'Confine your remarks,' said the judge, 'to the case in hand, sir, strictly.'

'Yes, your honor. You see I've been a hard-working man, and—'

'It's no matter about that.'

'Well, when I went over to Jones's place—'

'I don't want to know anything about Jones; I've heard enough of him.'

'I was going to say it was late—'

'I know it was. That has appeared in the evidence; it was time you were abed.'

'Well, it was about 'leven—'

'I don't want to know anything at all about the time, I say.'

'Yer, your honor, I've tried to tell—'

'But you haven't succeeded, at all.'

'I hope your honor's honor will—'

'Yes, I will; you may be sure of it. Four months, Mr. Clerk. Officer, take him away!'

'The court sentences you, John Smith,' said the clerk, 'to four months' imprisonment in the common jail. Mr. Shoot!'

And Mr. Shoot lost no time in seizing the offending person of John Smith, preparatory to furnishing him with a cab-ride gratis to the classic grounds of South Boston, and afterwards to four months' sustenance, on similar terms.

Poor John commenced a harangue, which was quickly terminated, however, by the official who had been deputed to escort him from the court-room, and disappearing, heels over head (for he had determined to be heard, at least), through a side-door, the latter closed with a harsh slam, and the supplications of poor Smith were drowned in the confusion which attended his removal from the premises.

'Most one, isn't it?' inquired the clerk.

'Yes, sir,' responded an attendant; 'wants ten minutes of it by the Old South.'

'Court's adjourned—nothing more—clear 'em out—Mr. White, shut that door!' continued the clerk, nervously; and five minutes afterwards he was on his way to dinner.

What cared he for Mr. Smith, his errors, his misfortunes, or his fate? The cab rolled lazily along, Smith reached his summer-quarters in safety, the world wags on precisely as before, and almost daily one may meet with cases just like this, if we have the leisure to pass an hour at the Police Court.

## Original Correspondence.

ISLAND OF MADEIRA,
City of Funchal, March, 1849.

MY DEAR FLAG:

We had a most delightful sail from the old Moorish city of Lisbon to this island, of just six days—distance, six hundred miles. The weather was as beautiful as blue sky, bright sun, sparkling stars and silver moonbeams could make it. The ocean, hitherto made fearful to me from the terrible rough passage I experienced in crossing it, lay before us almost as smooth as the glassy lake in a calm summer's morn. And then the beautiful sun sets at sea in the fair weather of this sunny clime, contributed their quota to the pleasure of the voyage. There is a light haze usually surrounding the sky-girt horizon towards the close of day, which the sun sinking into, transforms to drapery of gold and purple, delicately shaded and blended together—thus forming night's gorgeous, and in beauty, unequalled robes, which the slowly but gracefully throws around her, and pillows her head upon the wave. Anon the stars came out of heaven and sent down their sparkling smiles to cheer us, while our sails, gently swelling with light and favoring breezes, wafted us cheerfully over the bosom of the deep. Thus the nights seemed to vie with the days in brightness and beauty, rendering our passage from Lisbon to Madeira one of much pleasure and delight.

Early in the morning of the sixth day out, we came in sight of the island. I shall never forget its singular and indeed strange appearance, as I first discovered it through the glass, or the seeming changes it went through, in color, character and form, as we came nearer and more near to its mountain heights. It first appeared to me like a dark, gray cloud rising to a great height above the horizon, and somewhat lighter shaded at the peak than at the base. It was quite indistinct and vapory, and looked like anything but land to me. The wind at this time was blowing quite fresh, and we were making rapid headway towards the island.

Breakfast now being announced, we took 'the strain off' our eyes for a few moments, while we strengthened the inner man with the morning meal. I took a second look. Its vapory appearance was gone; while its outlines were now brought out clear and distinct. It now seemed like a huge, vast mountain of rock, peering up through the ocean to an exceeding great height, with rugged, barren, steep and inaccessible sides. Can it be possible, thought I, that this is really that far famed and beautiful island of Madeira? In a few hours, however, a change, almost magical, had come over its appearance. The whole peaked mass seemed covered with a mantle of green; and as the morning sun shed its golden rays upon its summit, throwing a soft light upon its verdure-clad declivities, it presented one of the most romantic and lovely scenes that ever my eye beheld: for there the vast ocean had reared high her mighty tower of beauty.

About twelve o'clock we anchored in the harbor of Madeira, within a mile of the shore and in full view of the capital of the island, the city of Funchal, lying calmly in the bosom of these 'heaven-kissing hills.' The shore here forms an extended crescent, giving to the city the appearance of sitting in a grand and gorgeous amphitheatre of the mountains, splendidly decorated with the most costly workmanship of nature's artisans. I shall never forget the beauty of the scene, as my eye was tracing out the little palaces and cottages interspersed among the green verdure of the mountain side, to such a heart as would seem to baffle all nature's locomotive powers to reach. And yet at this seemingly unapproachable height—two thousand feet above the sea—there stands, as a crown-piece to the grand amphitheatre, '*the Church of the Mount*.' I believe there is also a convent attached to the church, where presides '*Nossa Senora do Monte*,' or the blessed virgin of the mountain. The appearance of a church, a two-tower church, thus high up in this great concave of mountains, may readily be supposed to present, not only a most singular and novel aspect, but to require one to entertain a very *high* opinion of the parish who could have attained to such an exalted position above the things of this world.

Our attention was now called to the '*visite*' from the Custom House; and it gives me pleasure to say that we were treated in a most kind and gentlemanly manner. I do not think we were detained over five minutes in the examination and passing of our baggage. The city of Funchal, to the eye of the stranger, at least to mine, appeared odd enough at the first survey. The houses are all finished in stucco, and made exceedingly white, and in the absence of all dust and smoke—annoyances never known in Funchal—may be kept so, I should presume, for centuries. Nearly all the well-built houses are hung with green blinds, with balustrades of the same color, contrasting prettily with the white finish of the building. The splendid grounds and gardens interspersed throughout the city and environs, form a delightful feature in the picture; innumerable trees and gorgeous flowers of every clime perfuming the atmosphere around with sweetest odors, as over their prison-walls they thickly peep their heads.

The streets are narrow, and paved with a small, round stone, and always kept clean, as indeed they should be, there being no sidewalk in the town. Nothing like a wheeled vehicle, of any kind or description, is ever seen in Funchal. The moving of all sorts of goods from point to point, is done on the old primitive sledge—a bit of plank, or timber, some six feet long, and about eighteen inches wide, a little hollowed on the top, so that a pipe of wine will ride steady, with one end prepared to hitch to. With this simple machine, and a little yoke of oxen before it, you would be astonished to see with what despatch they will *slide* the pipes of wine, and all other articles, from place to place. They have a breed of cattle here peculiar to the island. They are very small, quick and nimble of foot, and walk very brisk and fast. Their bodies and limbs are nearly moulded, and their color is invariably a light dun. They would be very handsome, were it not for the irregularity of their horns, which commonly turn back, and are sometimes quite unproportionably large.

The pleasure-riding is almost entirely equestrian. The palanquin is sometimes seen, though it is a mode of conveyance against which I feel inclined to enter my protest; inasmuch as the ladies may be snugly ensconced behind its drapery, calmly surveying your person, while their own pretty faces are provokingly concealed, and only shown you when it is their pleasure. Some families have recently introduced a kind of light coach body, with seats for four persons; this is placed on runners of solid wood, four or six inches high, and drawn by those neat, little, sprightly oxen before spoken of. When an excursion is to be made among the mountains, two yoke of oxen are attached to this unique establishment; and so, like royalty in state, you see 'a coach and four.' It may not be as splendid as that made by the Fairy of Cinderella, but it is bound to regions as fairy-like, where the eye may swim in romantic delight, as the coach passes along amid the beautiful foliage and flowers of the mountain. These establishments, however, very seldom meet the eye.

Horseback riding is all the rage in Funchal, as well among 'the more interesting part of creation,' as the gentlemen. I have never seen more graceful equestrianism among the ladies than I have seen at Madeira; and have listened to stories of their prowess among the mountain cliffs, too startling almost to believe. Strangers, unacquainted with the custom of the stables, sometimes meet with annoyances in their first ride out, which greatly amuses the better informed. They may put their horses to the gallop in passing some little valley to an opposite rise; but as certain as they do, just so certain they will find a man fast hold of their horses' tails, and most likely urging them up the steep declivity at the top of their speed. Incensed at the seeming insolence of the fellows thus dangling at their horses' tails, they try, in angry mood, to get rid of them, and not unfrequently utter imprecations on their heads. But the fellows are Portuguese—they '*no entendo*'—they don't understand you; and so your 'intentions are frustrated' in disuniting man and tail, which can only take place at his pleasure, or by coming to a halt.

I would here remark, that it is the custom of the stables to send a man, a '*Burroquero*,' as they are called, with each horse, who, by thus seizing the horse's tail when he is put to the gallop (a settled custom), they will leap along with you at any speed and for any length of time you may wish to ride. The ostensible purpose of the *Burroquero* is to watch the horse's shoes, and to fasten them should they get loose. They also carry your umbrella and dinner, if you go out for a day's tour, and see to your horse when you dismount.

Yours, truly, E. S. J.

## Parting with Emmet.

The evening before his death, while the workmen were busy with the scaffold, a young lady was ushered into his dungeon. It was the girl whom he so fondly loved, and who had come to bid him her eternal farewell. He was leaning, in a melancholy mood, against the window-frame of his prison, and the heavy clanking of his irons smote dismally on her heart. The interview was bitterly affecting, and melted even the callous soul of the jailer. As for Emmet himself, he wept and spoke but little; but as he pressed his beloved in silence to his bosom, his countenance betrayed his emotions. In a low voice, half choked by anguish, he besought her not to forget him; he reminded her of their former happiness, of the long past days of their childhood, and concluded by requesting her sometimes to visit the scenes where their infancy was spent, and though the world might repeat his name with scorn, to cling to his memory with affection. At this very instant, the evening bell pealed from the neighboring church. Emmet started at the sound; and as he felt that this was the last time he should ever hear its dismal echoes, he folded his beloved still closer to his heart, and bent over her sinking form with eyes streaming with affection. The turnkey entered at the moment;—ashamed of his weakness, he dashed the rising drop from his eye, and a frown again lowered on his countenance. The man, meanwhile approached to tear the lady from his embraces. Overpowered by feelings, he could make no resistance; but he gloomily released her from his hold, gave her a little miniature of himself, and with his parting token of attachment, imprinted the last kiss of a dying man upon her lips. On gaining the door, she turned round, as if to gaze once more on the object of her widowed love. He caught her eye as she retired; it was but for a moment; the dungeon door swung back again upon its hinges, and as it closed after her, informed her too surely, that they had met for the last time on earth.

## The Potato.

We are convincingly taught the fact that men will prefer what is stimulating, to what is really useful, by the well-known fact that, when the potato and tobacco were simultaneously introduced into Europe by Sir Walter Raleigh, tobacco had made its way over the whole continent, before the potato crossed the British Channel. In France, on extension whatever was paid to the unpretending root, until Louis XVI., one festive day, wore a bunch of the blossoms in his button-hole, whereupon his whole court pronounced it an excellent vegetable, and it came into universal use. Later times have developed the many useful qualities of the plant. The root is now universally eaten, and in Sweden, sugar is extracted from it. In Austria, they get from the stalk a substance resembling flax. When burnt, it yields considerable potash, and its tubercles made into a pulp, form an admirable bleaching soap. Maga thus sings its praises, before the days of 'the rot.'—'Name a vegetable in which such implicit confidence may safely be placed during any cycle of years. Wheat? O, the *smutty* sinner? why once every three years he has not an ear to his head. Oats? He is often so short-legged that you cannot catch him to bring him under the sickle. Barley? often all chaff. Pease and beans? poor pods indeed empty always, and a mere rattle of straw! But the Pot o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o's—there they are always sound at the core whether waxy or mealy, and the shaws, are they not of a beautiful green, the apples that adorn them of a lovely yellow, and the root itself, whether roasted or boiled, pregnant with a strong sustenance?'—*Literary American.*

## That Clergyman.

There is mention made, in the volume we are considering, of a dull clergyman who cornered a farmer whom he seldom saw at his ministrations, by asking him directly, after a little reproof for his sin of omission, 'Shall we see you at church *next* Sabbath?' 'Y-e-e-s,' he replied, slowly, 'y-e-e-s, I'll go—*or send a hand*!' It was the same interesting clergyman who, one hot, drowsy summer day, found, on concluding a long discourse, that half his congregation were rubbing their eyes and waking up, being startled at the sudden silence; whereupon he very quietly said: 'My friends, this sermon cost me a good deal of labor, in fact rather more than usual; you don't seem to have paid quite as much attention as it deserves. I think I will go over it again!' And go over it he did, from text to exhortation. He 'had 'em *there*,' didn't he? —*Knickerbocker.*

## A Capital Charge.

Murder, gentlemen, is where a man is murderously killed. The killer in such case is a murderer. Now murder by poison is as much murder as murder with a gun. It is the murdering which constitutes murder in the eyes of the law. You will bear in mind that murder is one thing and manslaughter another: therefore, if it is not manslaughter it must be murder. Self-murder has nothing to do with this case. One man cannot commit *felo-de-se* on another; that is clearly my view. Gentlemen, I think you can have no difficulty. Murder, I say, is murder. The murder of a brother is called *fratricide*; but it is not fratricide if a man murders his mother. You will make up your minds. You know what murder is, and I need not tell you what it is not.

## The Key of Death.

In the collection of curiosities preserved in the arsenal at Venice, there is a key, of which the following singular tradition is related:

About the year 1600, one of those dangerous men, in whom extraordinary talent is only the fearful source of crime and wickedness beyond that of ordinary men, came to establish himself as a merchant or trader in Venice. The stranger, whose name was Tebaldo, became enamored of the daughter of an ancient house, already affianced to another. He demanded her in marriage, and was of course rejected. Enraged at this, he studied how to be revenged. Proudly skilled in the mechanical arts, he allowed himself no rest until he had invented the most formidable weapon which could be imagined. This was a key of large size, the handle of which was so constructed that it could be turned round with difficulty. When turned, it disclosed a spring, which on pressure, launched from the other end a needle or lancet, of such subtle fineness that it entered into the flesh, and buried itself there, without leaving any external trace. Tebaldo waited, in disguise, at the door of the church in which the maiden whom he loved was about to receive the nuptial benediction. The assassin sent the slender steel, unperceived, into the breast of the bridegroom. The wounded man had no suspicion of injury, but seized with a sudden and sharp pain in the midst of the ceremony, he fainted, and was carried to his house amid the lamentations of the bridal party. Vain was the skill of the physicians, who could not divine the cause of this strange illness, and in a few days he died.

Tebaldo again demanded the hand of the maiden of her parents, and received a second refusal. They too perished miserably in a few days. The maiden, thus cruelly orphaned, had passed the first months of her mourning in a convent, when Tebaldo, hoping to bend her to his will, entreated to speak with her at the grate. This she refused. Tebaldo, beside himself with rage, determined to wound her through the grate, and at last succeeded. The obscurity of the place prevented his movement from being observed. The maiden soon felt a pain in her breast, and uncovering it, she found it spotted with a single drop of blood. The pain gradually increased; and the surgeons who hastened to her assistance, taught by the past, wasted no time in conjecture, but immediately cutting deep into the wounded part, extracted the needle before any mortal mischief had commenced, and thus saved the life of the young lady. The visit of Tebaldo to the convent caused suspicion to fall heavily upon him. Accordingly his dwelling was carefully searched, and the infamous invention was found in his possession. Tebaldo subsequently perished on the gibbet.

## Stocks.

A company, with the requisite amount of capital and credit, find the stock down at an extremely low price. Silently and quietly they buy up every share they can lay their hands upon, at the same time making public demonstrations calculated to depress it, sacrificing at times large sums for the 'rights to deliver' under the market rate. The holders of the stock, not knowing the game, get frightened, sell their own stock, and sell 'short' on the strength of their belief of a farther depression. When the market is swept clean, and the requisite number of 'short' victims are found, the stock commences its march upward, and day after day it rises; the 'time' bargains begin to mature, and the prospects are that the stock will go higher, and the 'shorts' begin to feel anxious to buy to meet their contracts; but the conspirators outbid them, and the mercury of the stock market goes up a degree or two more, and the outsiders, finding the stock rising so rapidly, without asking the reason, resolve to buy, and then they discover that the market is very stiff, and the stock very scarce, and being anxious to share some of the profits, they go on boldly bidding to their own ruin, and the competition forces the stock up to the point desired. The time bargains mature, and the parties have to respond some six, eight or twelve dollars per share, or fail. Now comes the descending scale, and the conspirators, at a given sign, let off the stock in all directions, and after getting rid of their load, suddenly become 'bears,' selling short, and then using every device to put the stock down at the very lowest figure; thus, if successful, filling their pockets either way.—*Boston Pathfinder.*

## The Deaf Mother.

The following curious anecdote is related of the Countess of Orkney, who died in 1790, aged 76 years: 'Her ladyship was deaf and dumb, and married in 1753 by signs; she lived with her husband, Murrough, first Marquis of Thomond, who was also her first cousin, at his seat, Rostellan, on the harbor of Cork. Shortly after the birth of her first child, the nurse, with considerable astonishment, saw the mother cautiously approach the cradle in which the infant was sleeping, evidently full of some deep design. The countess, having perfectly assured herself that the child really slept there, took out a large stone, which she had concealed under her shawl, and to the horror of the nurse, who like all persons of the lowest order in her country—indeed in most countries—was fully impressed with an idea of the peculiar cunning and malignity of 'dumbies,' seized it with an intent to fling it down vehemently. Before the nurse could interpose the countess had flung the stone; not, however, as the servant had apprehended, at the child, but on the floor, where, of course, it made a great noise. The child immediately awoke and cried. The countess, who had looked with maternal eagerness to the result of her experiment, fell on her knees in a transport of joy. She had discovered that her child possessed the sense which was wanting in herself.' She exhibited on many other occasions similar proofs of intelligence, but none so interesting.

## The 'Oldest Inhabitant.'

That gentleman (or lady, as the case may be), must be venerable for his age, and worthy of all confidence for his veracity. There has been no time since the confusion of tongues on the plain of Shinar, in which this remarkable personage has not declared that the last cold day was the coldest, and the last warm day the hottest, the last hailstones that fell the biggest, the last lightning the sharpest, the last thunder the most terrific, and so on, 'world without end'—that he had ever seen, heard of, or conceived. He coolly affirms, now, that provisions are dearer than they were ever known to be before—a fact, namely, that there are more dogs about now-a-days, especially mad dogs, than were ever permitted to live in any one age since the days of his renowned ancestor, who flourished about a century anterior to the exodus of the children of Israel. I am myself ready to testify on oath, *if necessary*, that this old gentleman has declared, every year for near fifty years—nay, sometime twice or thrice in a year, that the money market was never before so tight as at the present moment; and he prophesies that money will never be any easier, till the legislature repeals the usury laws.

## A Touching Story.

The New York correspondent of the Philadelphia Sun says: 'I saw the other morning a sight, enough to grieve the heart of the philanthropist. A poor woman came down in the steamboat Antelope, from French's Landing. She had a family of three little children, one of whom, not a year old, was vainly trying to draw sustenance from the mother's breast. A little home-made hand-wagon held their little all; and in this manner, penniless and friendless, the poor creature had travelled on foot all the distance from Cincinnati, Ohio, to New York, a distance of about *nine hundred miles*! the only lift on the way being about thirty miles, on the Antelope, a gentleman having paid their fare on the boat. She said that she had been three months on her tramp, and although unwilling to tell her troubles, yet when induced to do so, her narrative was heart-rending. Her husband, a brush maker, dying, had left her a penniless widow among strangers. Having a father and mother in New York, she set out on this desperate adventure to find them. Alas! when they see her, it will not be the happy young bride who left them four years ago.'

# THE FLAG OF OUR UNION.

THE FLAG OF OUR UNION

F. GLEASON, PROPRIETOR.

MATURIN M. BALLOU, EDITOR.

☞ The terms of The Flag of our Union are $2 00 per annum, invariably in advance. The paper is always discontinued at the expiration of the time paid for.—See imprint on the last page.

☞ All communications designed for publication in the paper, must be post paid, and addressed to F. Gleason, *Boston, Mass.*, Proprietor of The Flag of our Union.

### To our Correspondents.

'To Mary, singing a once favorite Song,' a poem, by our regular contributor, Francis A. Durivage, shall appear next week.

'Gabriel's Telegraph,' a prose sketch, is filed for our next number.

'To the Star of Destiny,' a poem, accepted.

'The Old City Pump, or the Last Words of a Faithful Servant,' by our regular contributor, The Old 'Un, filed for the next number.

'I would I were,' a poem, accepted.

'The Child of the Hermit, or Love in a Wilderness,' a prose sketch, by Paul Creyton, next week.

'Lines,' by J. H. Robinson, accepted.

'The Prophecy,' a poem, by our regular contributor, Mrs. Emma C. Embury, shall appear in our next.

'Lines to Time,' accepted.

'Selling an extra Cow,' a prose sketch, filed for the next number.

'Mary Malone,' a story, by our regular contributor, Lieutenant Murray, shall appear next week.

'Original Correspondence,' being a second letter from our popular Madeira correspondent, in our next.

'Lines to a Swallow,' accepted.

'Thoughts on other Days,' a poem, by A. C. H., accepted.

'Can I forget thee?' a poem, by the Bard of Souhegan, filed for our next number.

'How beautiful is Earth!' a fine poem, by W. H. Fernald, accepted.

'The Repose of the Flowers,' a welcome little poem, by F. Southgate, accepted.

'When we have strayed upon the Shore,' a poem, by F. S. T., shall appear in the forthcoming number.

'The Miniature,' 'Love Sonnet,' 'The Mirage,' 'My Ocean Home,' are respectfully declined.

☞ If a correspondent, who signs, 'A Constant Reader,' and dates at Baltimore, will send us his address, we will communicate with him by letter.

☞ No poems or other articles will be received for this paper, unless accompanied by an authentic name.

### How to be Happy.

Philosophically speaking, the world is a mirror, which reflects back to us the picture of the substance we present to its surface, showing us the aspect of our own souls, either tranquil or troubled, as the case may be. A cheerful heart paints the world as it sees it, like a sunny landscape, the morbid mind depicts it like a sterile wilderness, and thus life, like the chameleon, takes its hues of light or shade from the soul upon which it rests. Ere we count ourselves unhappy, then, let us pause and look within, considering the spirit that actuates us, and see whether we are not ourselves the moulders of our ill or good fortune, by the spirit in which we meet the varying chances and phases of life. One of the grand secrets of happiness in this world, is not to be too sensitive, but to *accommodate ourselves to circumstances*, not grumbling at every little mischance, but putting the best aspect upon everything.

There is scarcely an evil in life that we cannot double by pondering upon it; a scratch will thus become a serious wound, and a slight illness not unfrequently ends in death, by the brooding apprehension of the sick. The fact is, more than half the ills we endure are imaginary; true, the same may be said of our pleasures, as most of our enjoyment consists in anticipation. Still it shows us how much our happiness depends upon ourselves and upon the spirit in which we construe life. The reader may instance some bodily affliction he is laboring under, and moodishly ask: 'Is this an evil that is but the reflection of my own mind—would you say to me, "accommodate yourself to circumstances, and be happy?"' Yes, even in your case, ye afflicted one, would we strive to alleviate your pain by the sense in which we would have you construe its meanings. Sufferings are but the trials of valiant spirits; and by looking at the matter in this light, you have half conquered your troubles at the outset. Adversity overcome, is the brightest glory, and willingly endured, is the greatest virtue.

It is well to exercise a little philosophy in these matters, when we remember that the greatest human happiness is but a flower blooming upon thorns, so frail in texture that it hardly shows itself ere it withers away. Suspicion and moroseness are two cunning guides that will lead within the citadel of the heart hosts of misfortunes, if we will tamely indulge them, but they flee from a pleasant face and joyous mien. We have ills enough to burthen this life withal; then add not heaviness of soul to the balance. A man carries the stoutest of all armors within his own heart, for the keenest and surest weapon is a bold and cheerful spirit.

### Macaulay's Book.

The soft soap having been very liberally laid on by the critics, in reference to Macaulay's so-called history, we will venture to say a word about it. This publication came out at a time when the newspaper critics had no rope-dancer, no actor, or prima donna, on whom to use up all the superlatives of the English language, consequently to those writers of the press who are expected to go into periodical ecstasies at every new thing that happens, this was a perfect god-send, and Macaulay was lauded to the skies. But, as usual, a reaction has taken place, and people generally having read the work, judge for themselves. The book proves to be sketchy, lively and highly readable, but far from meriting the title of history; it is rather a travesty upon historical facts, than a record of them, and is principally valuable as conveying to the world the theories, fancies and conceits of Mr. Macaulay. We are no lover of Mr. Bancroft as a man, but his history of the United States is as much more creditable to him, as a historian, as Macaulay's book is superior to Robinson Crusoe.

Capital Punishment.—Letitia S. Blaisdell, who poisoned a little boy at New Boston, N. H., has been sentenced to be hanged on the 30th of August next. She plead guilty to the charge.

Correspondence.—We have received a second and third letter from E. S. J. at Madeira, and shall give them to our readers forthwith. They are written by a gentleman possessed of much good taste and observation.

Death of Thomas A. Cooper.—This once renowned tragedian died at his residence, Bristol, Bucks county, on Saturday last, in the 73d year of his age.

Death of an Editor.—Edward Fitzgerald, Esq., editor of the Philadelphia 'City Item,' was on Monday, 23d ult., thrown from his horse and killed.

### Sips of Punch.

The last London Punch contains some capital things: he says, that, Webster has printed an edition of the Windsor Castle plays on *fifty pound notes*, in order that Shakspeare may be widely circulated—that Proudhon, who goes in Paris by the name of the Serpent, is getting to be something more and less than a snake—to-wit, a bit of a Boa—that the king of Naples will not use a tittle of his Naples soap on the Sicilians, but is yet determined to lather them most unjustifiably—that there is a man at Oxford who lives so 'fast' that he is already older than his father, and is expected soon to overtake his grandfather, having long ago left behind his mother and two *old* maiden aunts—that the horses taken from the 'apostolic stables' of Rome having been seized for the use of the national artillery, it is supposed they will be more than a match for the pope's bull's.

A picture is given, headed, 'Perfect Sincerity, or Thinking Aloud,' to which the following dialogue is attached:

'Are you going?'

'Why, ye-es. The fact is, that your party is so slow, and I am weally so infernally bored, that I shall go somewhere and smoke a quiet cigar.'

'Well, good night. As you are by no means handsome, a great puppy, and not in the least amusing, I think it's the best thing you can do.'

Another between a lady and the old bachelor friend of the family—it is not so bad, depicting as it does a true bit of human nature.

Mamma. 'You are a disagreeable old bachelor, and generally hate children, I know—but isn't dear little Wormwood a fine, noble, little fellow?'

Old Gent. 'Well, if you want my candid opinion, I may as well tell you at once—that I think him the most detestable little beast I ever saw—and if you imagine I am going to leave him anything because you have named him after me, you are mightily mistaken.'

Punch hits off the beautiful privilege of insolvency which parliament vouchsafes to its members in the following dialogue.

Creditor.—'Sir, will you or will you not pay me this little bill?'
Debtor—'No, I cannot.'
Creditor—'I understand, sir, you will not.'
Debtor—'Precisely, I will not.'
Creditor—'Then, sir, I shall arrest you.'
Debtor—'You will do no such thing.'
Creditor—'I will.'
Debtor—'You wont (pointing to the door.) Leave me.'
Creditor (in a great passion.)—'Sir, I took you for a gentleman.'
Debtor—'You had better not, then, for I am a member of parliament, and if you take me for a gentleman, you'll find it false imprisonment.'

Another little item is keen, headed in Punch, 'Preserved Honor,' and is a hit at the cowardly performance of the Piedmontese.

'The Piedmontese soldiers ran away; whereupon a bulletin declares that 'the army has been beaten, but has preserved its honor.' Thus, honor may be like gherkins; best preserved when in a precious pickle.'

Under the caption of 'Letters of the Law,' Punch gives the members of parliament a second hit, 'a palpable hit.'

'It has been proposed that the insolvent members should be distinguished from their brother legislators by having the letters I. O. U. instead of M. P. placed at the end of their names.'

### Lotteries in the West Indies.

Mr. B. Ongatte, an alderman of New Orleans, recently drew $25,000 in the Havana lottery.
*American Courier.*

It may be interesting to the readers of the Flag to know something about these Cuban lotteries. They have a monthly one in the capital, with prizes amounting to $110,000, and sometimes as high as $180,000, under the immediate direction and control of the authorities, and which is freely patronized by the first mercantile houses, who have their names registered for a given number of tickets each month. The poor classes, too, by clubbing together, become purchasers of tickets; and it is but little more than two years since a few slaves, who had thus procured a ticket, drew $100,000, which was honestly paid to them, and themselves liberated by purchasing their freedom from their masters. Honestly and strictly conducted as these lotteries are, yet their very stability and the just payment of all prizes but makes them the more baneful in their influence upon the people. Though now and then a poor man becomes rich through their means, yet thousands are impoverished in their mad zeal to purchase tickets, though it costs them their last *medio*. The government thus countenance and foster a taste for gambling, yet any one at all acquainted with the Spanish character, must know that these people need no promptings in a vice to which they seem to take intuitively.

### A Sleepy Production.

Sydney Smith left no compeer after him as a critic; it seemed to come to him naturally to be keen, sarcastic, and witty: it is doubtful if he ever exceeded in point and force, the very first review he ever wrote. It was upon a very dull sermon delivered by a Doctor Longford, on behalf of the Humane Society, and is as follows:

'An accident which happened to the gentleman reviewing this sermon, proved, in the most striking manner, the importance of this charity by restoring to life persons in whom the vital power is suspended. He was discovered with Doctor Longford's discourse lying open before him in a state of most profound sleep, from which he could not by any means be awakened for a great length of time. By attending, however, to the rules prescribed by the Royal Humane Society, flinging in the smoke of tobacco, applying hot flannels, and carefully removing the discourse to a great distance, the critic was restored to his disconsolate brothers. The only account he could give of himself was, that he remembers reading on regularly, till he came to a pathetic account of a drowned tradesman; beyond which he recollected nothing.'

Anything Green?—The oldest inhabitant has privately assured us that he has not known a season within his memory when the fruit was not all nipped in the bud, the grain spoiled by the 'Hessian fly,' and the cotton crop killed by the backward season. Or when sugar and coffee did not fall short in the yield, and in fact that every article of consumption and commerce was not utterly ruined, and yet he has always got a plenty to eat, drink, and to wear, at reasonable prices; and when the time comes round for new crops, somehow or other they always come!

Credit.—The Home Journal, after paying a deservedly high compliment to our regular contributor, Edgar A. Poe, copies a long poem written by him for the Flag, without a word of credit. This is a point on which we have learned to be somewhat sensitive, scrupulously giving credit in all instances, and as earnestly exacting the same.

Wisconsin Bankrupt.—The Milwaukie Sentinel informs us that the treasury of Wisconsin is so palpably empty that the members of the late Legislature either went home without any money or had to stand a heavy shave on their warrants.

'A Lay to Carlotta.'—Will the reader enjoy with us Mrs. Osgood's delightful contribution to the Flag thus entitled? For glowing imagery and fairy-like versification even this sweet poetess herself has rarely equalled it.

The Opera in New York.—Mr. Fry, in spite of his previous bad success, is still undiscouraged, and proposes to attempt the Opera again in New York next winter.

### Editorial Ink-Drops.

An exquisite describes aristocracy as being clean linen, and a plenty of it.

The number of deaths in New York city during the past year was nearly 16,000.

Ship builders are very busy all along our Atlantic coast at the present time.

There were 24 deaths by consumption in Boston during one week not long since.

Strauss, the composer, is in London, with his band of thirty-two performers.

All the papers say again that Father Mathew is 'coming.' Well, let him come.

The sanguinary editor of the National Whig says he dips his pen in his heart's blood.

Mrs. Western is performing the character of 'Mose' at the National Theatre, Boston.

The Canadians are preparing, step by step, for a break with England.

A party of miserable rascals have been sending counterfeit money to California.

Tennessee had not one foot of railroad within her bounds on the first of January.

Pirates have made their appearance in the neighborhood of San Francisco.

Vice President Fillmore makes Buffalo his residence during the recess of Congress.

They are eating new potatoes at a high cost in the 'City of Notions.'

The Russians lately decimated 75 of their Hungarian prisoners after a battle.

The ship Shenandoah lately sailed from Cape Henlopen to Cape Clear in twelve days!

Ex-President Polk, on his way home from the south, had a slight attack of the cholera.

General Pillow declines being a candidate for governor of Tennessee.

Babe, the pardoned pirate, is now an artilleryman at Madras, in the English service.

A few types from a 'hard case' may be seen at the office of the Boston Post.

A man in New Jersey is at work on another flying machine. Never say die.

Hiram Butts, in Philadelphia, was kicked to death by an omnibus horse.

Definition of nowhere—a place where no Yankee ever has been, and never will be.

They only charge one dollar a piece for cucumbers in Boston just now.

The Ohio river has just swallowed up a fine steamboat *a la* Mississippi.

Mrs. Butler has already realized a very pretty fortune by her readings in public.

Kimball, of the Boston Museum, wants a nail from a 'light fantastic toe' to exhibit.

### Prize Offers.

The manuscripts of all the unsuccessful writers should be returned to them—although that would be but poor consolation to them for their trouble and anxiety—and only the successful articles should be retained for publication.—*N. Y. Sunday Mercury.*

The above relates to manuscripts submitted upon prize offers, and we heartily subscribe to its doctrine. The publisher of the Flag has always acted upon this principle. When the decision was made upon the stories sent to this paper on the two splendid prize offers of *one thousand dollars* and *five hundred dollars*, those sums were at once paid to the two successful aspirants. Out of the number submitted, others were found, which, although not deemed worthy to take the prize, yet were deemed worthy of publication in the Flag. Of these there were a number, and for them we paid *one hundred dollars each*. The balance were *carefully returned to the authors*, with some few exceptions where we have not been able to ascertain the address of the owners; and we take this occasion to say that the manuscripts referred to are still in our hands, ready for delivery to the writers. Now, it is very plain that no reputable author would write with the risk of losing his labor, neither getting the prize that is offered, nor anything at all for his production. Yet one of our neighbors has lately tried this game of paying prizes (small ones, to be sure) for two or three stories, while he *keeps all the MSS. sent in for future use in the paper*, so that by-and-by the unsuccessful aspirants will have the satisfaction of seeing their efforts enrich the columns of a newspaper; but for which they as authors *have not received one cent*. We are always ready to pay *one hundred dollars* for any story which we deem worthy to appear in our columns, of the length of those now publishing on the first page of the Flag.

Custom House Decision.—Judge Woodbury, in the United States Court at Portland, has decided that inspectors of the revenue are entitled, as informers, to one-fourth of the seizures discovered by them. This is a different construction from what has been held of the law for over fifty years, and will make the office of inspector in such ports as Boston, New York, Philadelphia and New Orleans the most lucrative in the gift of the government.

Quite Mistaken.—The Morning Star of Dover, a Freewill Baptist press, says that Universalism is rapidly declining, and that some of the oldest and wealthiest societies in Massachusetts have become extinct. Who told you that foolish story, Mr. Star? In common with nine tenths of the community, we happen to know that you are most egregiously mistaken.

Depravity.—Andrew Sims, the Pittsburgh incendiary, has been convicted and sentenced to thirty years' imprisonment in the Penitentiary, in solitary confinement and at hard labor. He is a young man, now twenty years of age, but the court truly remarked that if he ever caused another burning, it would be when he was an old man. He was convicted on three indictments, and confessed a fourth.

Six Books for one Dollar.—We forward any *six* of our twenty-five cent books to one address for one dollar. The money can be enclosed in a letter, and the names of such as are desired enumerated, when the return of mail will bring the books. There is a great variety to select from, as may be seen by referring to our notice column.

Senator Foote is trying to carry into execution at Washington, the project, long ago started, but long delayed, of establishing a Southern State rights' paper. The subscription for such a paper was commenced in the south a year or two ago, and reached half the required sum—which was to be fifty thousand dollars.

Specie is flowing into New York from the west in considerable amounts. The receipts are not less than half a million per week. A large proportion of this is in foreign coin, including considerable silver.

John Mitchell.—Captain Foster of schr. May Flower from Bermuda, April 18th, says that this Irish exiled patriot was to leave Bermuda in a few days, in the transport ship Neptune for the Cape of Good Hope.

Atlantic Steamers.—An official notice has been issued by the British government which contradicts the rumors that have obtained, that the British royal mail steamers for New York would not hereafter touch at Halifax.

### From our Foreign Files.

The compositors of London are suffering severely from lack of employment.

France is tranquil, but all parties are preparing for a great electional struggle.

It is proposed to erect, by subscription, a monument, with bas-relief and bust, to the memory of Cowper, in Westminster Abbey.

The cholera has been very fatal in some parts of Ireland. In the city of Limerick, as many as one thousand had died of the disease.

The express trains between London and Liverpool perform the entire distance of 210 miles in five hours, or at the rate of forty-two miles per hour.

There is an investigation going on in England, into the management of private lunatic asylums, and great outrage and cruelty have been developed.

The cholera appears to be making silent progress in Paris, and has appeared at Angers and Châlons-Sur-Soane. The cases have proved in most cases fatal.

An amusing breach of promise case came off recently at Liverpool Assizes. Mr. Renshaw, widower, aged 67, sued a widow Cass, aged 57, and recovered *one farthing* damages.

A female devotee (of rum) recently cast herself in front of her majesty's carriage, just as it left Vauxhall Bridge, and would have been crushed to death but for the intrepidity of a policeman.

Late letters from Ireland state that Mrs. Mitchell intends setting out for the Cape of Good Hope, with her five children, in order to be near her husband, who has gone thither from Bermuda, with little or no surveillance.

The army of the Alps, which at the breaking out of hostilities in Piedmont, had marched towards the frontiers of Savoy, has returned to its original quarters. In fact, there does not exist the smallest pretext for French intervention.

A boy twelve years old has been imprisoned at Vienna, on a charge of high treason. The little fellow had repeated some abusive expressions respecting the emperor and Windischgratz, which he had probably heard in the street.

### Dewdrops of Wisdom.

Our very first step out of business, says Addison, is to vice and folly.

Sin is like a bee, with honey in its mouth, but a sting in its tail.

Fine connections are apt to plunge you into a sea of extravagance, and then not to throw you a rope to save you from drowning.

The object of all ambition should be to be happy at home. If we are not happy there, we cannot be happy elsewhere.

A lively imagination is a great gift, provided education tutors it. If not, it is nothing but a soil equally luxuriant for all kinds of seeds.

If the sun is going down, look up to the stars; if the earth is dark, keep your eye on heaven! With God's presence, and God's promises, a man may always be cheerful.

There is but one solid pleasure in life, and that is our duty. How miserable, then, how unwise, how unpardonable are they who make that one a pain.

Delicacy of sentiment and refined manners are a great ornament, and ought always to be cultivated; all odd motions or attitudes, and awkward gestures, should be watched, and prevented from becoming habitual.

Mind what you run after! Never be content with a bubble that will burst, or a firewood that will end in smoke and darkness. Get that which you can keep, and which is worth keeping.

If you have an enemy, act kindly to him, and make him your friend. You may not win him over at once, but try again. Let one kindness be followed by another, till you have compassed your end.

Whoever pays a visit that is not desired, or talks longer than the hearers is willing to attend, is guilty of an injury which he cannot repair, and takes away that which he cannot give.

Some one looking at a rich man, said, 'Poor man, he toiled day and night until he was forty, to gain his wealth, and he has been watching it day and night, ever since, for his victuals and clothes.'

### The Joker's Olio.

A chap being asked what he took for a bad cold, replied, 'four pocket handkerchiefs per day.'

A friend observes that he always looks under the marriage head for the news of the *week*.

They have a new way of hatching eggs in the West. They fill a barrel with eggs, and then put a hen on the bung-hole.

If the 'old gentleman' was to lose his tail, where would he obtain another? Why, where *bad spirits are re-tailed*.

What sort of a *drum* is that which is best when it cannot be beaten?

Answer—Why—a conun*drum*, to be sure.

A New York house says 'there is not much *change* in gentlemen's pants this month.' Very likely.

An urchin hearing us remark that the days had grown much longer, was anxious that we should tell him when they would begin to grow *broader*.

The tides run amazingly high just at present. As Mrs. Partington might say, the sun and moon acting in congregation, is the cause of the freenomener.

'Is your house a warm one?' asked a man in search of a tenement of a landlord.

'It ought to be; the painter gave it two *coats* recently,' was the response.

'The trees are now clad in their foliageous habiliments.' Singular how they get their clothes out of their trunks without opening them. Does anybody *twig?*

A colored minister said to his hearers, at the close of his sermon, 'My obstinaceous brethren, I find it's no more use to preach to you than it is for grasshoppers to wear knee buckles.'

An English paper contains thirteen objections given by a young lady for declining a match—the first twelve being the suitor's twelve children, and the thirteenth, the suitor himself.

A 'single man' advertising for employment, a maiden lady wrote to inform him that if he could find nothing better to do, he might come and marry her. He did so, and touched twenty thousand pounds.

### Miscellaneous Scraps.

In Patriot, Indiana, a woman almost killed with a hatchet a girl with whom her husband had eloped. The runaways returned on a trading boat, and the injured wife intended to punish both, but the husband escaped her fury.

The fourth volume of Bancroft's History of the United States will be published in September next. The author, during his residence in England, has collected material for his history of the French and Indian and Revolutionary wars, which will form the subject of the forthcoming volume.

We find from the Principality, that in a lecture at Aberdare, the Rev. J. Griffiths declared it a fact, that the Welsh language had been preserved so pure, that the Briton of the time of Julius Cæsar might converse with ease with the Welchman of 1849.

Mrs. Milner, residing near Fahenstock's brick yard, Harrisburg, on Monday morning last gave birth to *five boys*, all of which are alive and doing well. What makes this case singular is, that at her first confinement she gave birth to *two*, and at her second to *three*, and at this, her third, to *five*, making in all *ten* children in four years, and all living.

To an afflicted mother, at the grave of her deceased child, it was said, 'There was once a shepherd, whose tender pastoral care was over his flock night and day. One sheep would neither hear his voice, nor follow him; he took up her little lamb in his arms—then the sheep came after him.'

### Quill and Scissors.

Macaulay, in his History, sneers at Dr. Johnson, for his poverty, talks of him as 'the last survivor of the genuine race of Grub-street hacks,' and does not once mention his mighty work,—the Dictionary! This is pitiful indeed.

Thomas Jefferson never spoke in public, neither did he ever write an article for the newspapers. His principles were mainly infused among others by means of epistolary correspondence and by conversation.

Dr. Warren took from the stomach of an Irish girl at the Massachusetts General Hospital, by means of an incision, a tape worm forty-one feet and eleven inches in length, while the sufferer was under the influence of ether.

In Fall River, Patrick Ryan's boy, two years old, being indisposed, was almost instantly killed by a decoction of tobacco administered by a fellow-workman in the shop with the father, pretending to be a doctor.

There was a deal of sport at the recent 'Steeple Chase,' near Liverpool. Two fine horses had their backs broken and one his thigh! They were all killed, but there was 'lots of fun!'

The whole amount of California gold which had reached London up to the 7th of April amounted to *two hundred thousand dollars*, about as much as has been received in the United States.

Dr. Redfield, the physiognomist, says that 'conjugal love' is indicated by the 'jaw.' There must be a great deal of it in some families then, for we have heard of those who are always 'jawing.'

The Chess players of New York city are about commencing a game with those of the city of Mexico, to be conducted by correspondence. The first move is to be made by the Mexicans.

A Paris journal states that a Russian lady has just made her debut in that city as a vocalist. Her name is Verteul Solowiowa, which signifies Nightingale, in the Russian language.

A man named Slade Earle, of intemperate habits, was found dead in Worcester, last Wednesday. He belonged to Leicester. A jug containing a quart of rum was found lying near him.

Mr. Rufus Powers, who died at Enfield, Mass., last autumn, bequeathed the bulk of his property to the American Bible Society. The settlement of the estate shows that the society will receive nearly $6000.

It is an old proverb that many hands make light work. They don't always do it: a thousand hands may be engaged in a work of darkness, and it is just as dark as though there were but one.

The value of the silver teaspoons in the United States is estimated at $36,000,000, of silver table spoons $27,000,000, of silver forks $4,500,000, and of plate and dining services $5,500,000.

The New York Sun alleges that there is a private Mint in one of the Eastern States, where pennies, worth only forty-five cents a hundred, are manufactured and circulated.

The Carlisle Patriot mentions a cow, which, finding no fodder below, deliberately walked up a flight of eight steps to the hay loft, and, after a good feed, walked safely down again.

The Plague of Locusts has fallen upon Texas. The whole country is full of them, from Austin to the Gulf of Mexico, and vegetation is suffering from their depredations.

Within the last eighteen months eleven poor-law inspectors and vice-guardians have died from fevers contracted in the discharge of their perilous duties in Ireland.

Olivia Vincent gave herself up to the authorities at New Orleans, after stabbing a young man named Washington Baldwin, with a dirk, in the left breast, near the heart.

The new and beautiful Presbyterian church and the adjoining building, at Quincy, Flo., were destroyed by fire on the 23d ult. No insurance.

Mr. William E. Gates, butcher, was robbed by two men on the highway at East Hartford of $330, and offers $100 reward for detection of the thieves.

Some of the old whigs who were rather shy at the last Presidential election, say that Gen. Taylor *turns out* a great deal better than they expected!

A *horse* and cart, says the Albany Knickerbocker, were drowned near Albany a few days since. Every effort was made to resuscitate the cart, but, alas, 'twas all in vain.

Negro boy Henry, was convicted of burning the jail of Prince George's county, Md., and sentenced to fifteen years imprisonment in the penitentiary.

Macon, Georgia, has been visited by a most destructive fire. Upwards of 600 bales of cotton were destroyed. The loss is about $30,000.

The inhabitants of Norfolk, are agitating the question of procuring the separation of that city from Virginia and annexing it to North Carolina.

John W. Ricker, watchman at the corporation mills in Bangor, fell about 30 feet while going over the mills at night, and was found dead.

The steamer Prairie State ran into and capsized a house at Naples, Ill., last week. The river was over the banks and the wind high.

Governor Seward has in the press a volume of one hundred and forty pages, on the Life and Services of John Quincy Adams.

The experiment of cheap postage has been successful in France. The amount of matter transmitted has increased more than half.

It is estimated that upwards of three hundred vessels, of various descriptions, are at present on their way to California.

Capt. Wm. Wade, of Bath Me., master of the schooner Ranger, died in a fit in Boston 29th inst., on board the vessel.

The Legislature of Missouri has given the name of Fremont to a new county, in honor of the gallant colonel.

Miss Catherine Seaton has taken the *black veil* at St. Catherine's convent of the Sisters of Mercy in New York city.

Sixty-five horses and brood mares, the stud of Louis Philippe, were sold at Versailles, on the 2d of April.

The people on the frontier of Mexico are suffering dreadfully from the inroads and murderous depredations of Indians.

Col. J. Leagh, of Fulton county, Ky., has been fined $150, under the State law, for accepting a challenge to fight a duel.

A crevasse 250 yards long had overflowed nine miles of plantations in St. Charles county, La., and was increasing.

Chesterfield Mountain, opposite Brattleboro,' Vt., has been burnt over with a great destruction of timber.

The Mexican papers denounce Santa Anna in the strongest language, and protest almost unanimously against his return.

Dan Foote, indicted for the murder of his wife, has been tried at Chenango, N. Y., and acquitted.

The Penitentiary of Missouri, at Jefferson City, was partially destroyed by fire on the 1st ult.

4000 barrels of flour arrived at Buffalo on the 20th, from Chicago, in the propeller Delaware.

An intemperate man perished with cold a few days ago near Bordentown, N. J.

A Monument to Cromwell is talked of in England, by the Carlylians.

A cucumber raised in Cincinnati, was recently purchased for one dollar.

Mrs. Trollope has written a novel, called the 'Lottery of Marriage.'

An attempt is making in England to open an extensive commerce with Japan.

About 20,000 emigrants have already sailed from the United States for California.

P. H. Foster's lumber yard was burnt at Newburg, N. Y.; loss $6000.

Mrs. Butler netted $2000 by her three readings in Brooklyn.

Laugh at no man for his pug nose; you can never tell what may turn up.

### Local Matters.

#### Amusements.

The two little Misses Bateman, aged six and four years, are playing in Bombastes Furioso, at the Boston Museum, where the Forty Thieves is still attracting large audiences. The National Theatre is producing its usual variety of pieces, and several stock benefits have lately come off. T. D. Rice, the prince and pioneer of all negro imitators, is drawing good houses at the Beach Street Museum. The Lyceum Theatre, Sudbury street, is conducted with spirit and success. The Serenaders, at the Howard Athenæum, have done remarkably well, pecuniarily.—Champney's great picture of the Rhine has been removed from Agricultural Hall, and is now exhibiting at Amory Hall. Sand & Co.'s superb circus company have been performing in the neighboring towns, and will shortly give their unrivalled exhibitions in Boston. There is a panorama of Northern Mexico open for visiters every evening at Panorama Hall, Court street. Adding to this list of entertainments three or four vocal and instrumental concerts weekly, it will be seen that there is no lack of amusements in the city at the present writing.

#### Marine Paintings.

The windows of Mr. Samuel Rogers, No. 18 Court street, are a miniature gallery of paintings and fine engravings, well worth the attention of the lovers of art. For some days past there has been a painting here, representing a vessel struck by a squall on the open sea; she is taken completely aback, and every sail is blown to shreds from the bolt ropes. The dim, atmospheric aspect of the scene, the dark, frowning clouds, and the opening in the dense mass, from whence the storm-king seems to have hurled his bolt, are most admirably managed. The bending masts, the flying ropes, and every portion of the rigging stretch off so naturally to leeward, that one is fain to hold on to his hat while looking at the picture, in realization of the power of the blast. It is a life-like and excellent copy of nature in her most violent mood, and possesses merits that a nautical eye will readily appreciate.

#### Noble Bequest.

The late Henry Todd, of this city, has by his will, after making abundant provision for his family connections, shown a noble spirit, and done that which must perpetuate his memory as a Christian. He gives five thousand dollars to the Massachusetts General Hospital—the interest of which is forever to go towards furnishing free beds (in addition to those now maintained by that noble charity) for those whose circumstances may require them. To the Boston Asylum and Farm School for indigent boys, he left a legacy of three thousand dollars. To the Boston Children's Friend Society he gave two thousand dollars. The rest of his estate, amounting probably to some ten thousand dollars, he bequeathed to the Board of Education, for the benefit of the Massachusetts Normal Schools, in which he took a deep interest.

#### A Capital Idea.

We observe that Mr. Cremony has opened an office, Room No. 4 Blanchard's Buildings, Court street, where he will serve the public as a translator from the French, Spanish, Italian and Portuguese languages, or will write letters for those not competent to conduct a correspondence in any of the above languages, or in English, at a moderate charge. Mr. C. has had much experience as a linguist, and is amply competent to the task he assumes.

The President.—Mayor Bigelow, in behalf of our Common Council, wrote to General Taylor, inviting him to partake of the hospitalities of Boston; whereupon, the general, in a letter to the mayor and council, says: 'I will gladly embrace the first suitable opportunity to meet my friends in Boston, and again witness the activity and prosperity of that thriving city.'

The Fountain.—The fountain on Boston Common takes the lead among the artificial water-works in this country. It throws water to the height of 100 feet. The height of Park fountain, New York, is 50 feet; Versailles, 90; Russian fountain, Peterhoff, 120; St. Cloud, 160; Hesse Casse, 190; Duke of Devonshire's fountain, Chatsworth, 267.

Boston School Committee.—We are glad to see that in future May-Day will be added to the list of holidays allowed at our public schools. We have too few gala days in this country—judiciously encouraged, they are calculated, doubtless, to foster a cheerful and happy spirit in the masses.

The Cholera.—It is very evident that this fearful scourge is making ready to do a prospering business this summer, and it behoves our city authorities to prepare for it. Let persons and places be kept cleanly; it is a great safeguard against contagion.

May Day.—This maiden day of buds and flowers is getting to be what all should wish it, a real gala day in Boston. On the 1st inst., our streets were alive with troops of white-frocked children, with wreaths of flowers upon their heads, and with cheerful faces.

No Commutation.—Very strong efforts, says the Atlas, have been made to induce the Governor and Council to commute the death sentence of Washington Goode to imprisonment for life, but without effect. He will be hanged on the 25th instant.

Good.—A beautiful little fountain has been set up in the garden of the Warren Street Chapel, to be greeted with smiles from the pleasant faces of the children who worship there.

Returning.—The survivors of the Marblehead California Mining Company have arrived at Marblehead, after having experienced much distress during their absence.

Fairs.—This is the season of fairs, and any number have been holden in furtherance of various good causes in this neighborhood lately.

Royal Visiter.—It is said that the ex-king of Sardinia will visit Boston in one of the steamers from England shortly, and that he will make a tour of the Union.

Emigrants.—More than twenty-three thousand alien passengers arrived at this port in eight days, a short time since.

Library.—It is creditable to the Common Council that it has authorized the appropriation of $2500 for a public library.

Boston and Worcester Railroad.—The fare on the Boston and Worcester railroad has been reduced to $1.

Population.—East Boston now contains about ten thousand inhabitants.

### OUR OLIO COLUMN.

[Written for The Flag of our Union.]

#### Away, Dull Care.

BY A. E. CHURCH.

I stood neath the boughs of a forest tree,
While the night wind murmured so loud and free;
In the faint, sweet sound of the morning air,
I heard in low whispers, 'away, dull care!'

The purling rivulet shone at night,
With a dreamy glow in the pale starlight;
In the murmuring sound of the waters there,
I heard the sweet whisper, 'away, dull care!'

The hours fled by, and the coming day
Chased dusky night from the earth away;
And the dewy fields, and the skies all fair,
Bethought me the charmer, 'away, dull care!'

From the depths of the wood and the shady grove,
The wild bird poured forth a song of love;
And e'en in the hum of the wild bird there,
I heard the low whisper, 'away, dull care!'

Let the world wag on, be it wrong or right,
Let the future appear to as dark as night;
We'll ne'er yield to sorrow, no grief will be there,
Where we live to this motto, 'away, dull care!'

#### My Maiden Aunt.

BY O. W. HOLMES.

My aunt! my dear unmarried aunt,
  Long years have o'er her flown;
Yet still she strains the aching clasp
  That binds her virgin zone;
I know it hurts her—though she looks
  As cheerful as she can;
Her waist is ampler than her life,
  For life is but a span.

My aunt! my poor deluded aunt!
  Her hair is almost gray;
Why will she train that winter curl
  In such a spring-like way?
How can she lay her glasses down,
  And say she reads as well,
When through a double convex lens
  She just makes out to spell.

Her father—grandpapa! forgive
  This erring lip its smiles—
Vowed she would make the finest girl
  Within a hundred miles.
He sent her to a stylish school,
  'Twas in her thirteenth June;
And with her, as the rule required,
  'Two towels and a spoon.'

They braced my aunt against a board,
  To make her straight and tall;
They laced her up and starved her down,
  To make her light and small;
They pinched her feet, they singed her hair,
  They screwed her up with pins;
O never mortal suffered more
  In penance for her sins.

So, when my precious aunt was done,
  My grandsire brought her back
By daylight, lest some rabid youth
  Might follow on the track;
'Ah!' said my grandsire, as he shook
  Some powder in his pan,
'What could this lovely creature do
  Against a desperate man!'

Alas! no chariot, nor barouche,
  Nor bandit cavalcade,
Tore from the trembling father's arms
  His all-accomplished maid.
For her how happy had it been!
  And Heaven had spared to me
To see one sad ungathered rose
  On my ancestral tree.

#### The Alarmed Skipper.

BY JAMES T. FIELDS.

Many a long, long year ago,
  Nantucket skippers had a plan
Of finding out, though 'lying low,'
  How near New York their schooners ran.

They greased the lead before it fell,
  And then, by sounding through the night,
Knowing the soil that stuck, so well,
  They always guessed their reckoning right.

A skipper gray, whose eyes were dim,
  Could tell, by tasting, just the spot,
And so below he'd 'dowse the glim,'
  After, of course, his 'something hot.'

Snug in his berth, at eight o'clock,
  This ancient skipper might be found;
No matter how his craft might rock,
  He slept—for skippers' naps are sound!

The watch on deck would now and then
  Run down and wake him with the lead;
He'd up and taste, and tell the man
  How many miles they went ahead.

One night, 'twas Jotham Marden's watch,
  A curious wag, the pedler's son,
And so he mused—the wanton wretch—
  'To-night I'll have a grain of fun.

'We're all a set of stupid fools,
  To think the skipper knows, by tasting,
What ground he's on—Nantucket schools
  Don't teach such stuff, with all their boasting.'

And so he took the well-greased lead,
  And rubbed it o'er a box of earth
That stood on deck—a parsnip bed—
  And then he sought the skipper's berth.

'Where are we now, sir? please to taste.'
  The skipper yawned, put out his tongue,
Then oped his eyes in wondrous haste,
  And then upon the floor he sprung.

The skipper stormed, and tore his hair,
  Thrust on his boots, and roared to Marden,
'Nantucket's sunk, and here we are
  Right over old Marm Hackett's garden.'

#### O, come to the Mountains.

BY WILLIAM WALCUTT.

O, come to the mountains,
  They're hoary and old;
And stand up like giants,
  So stately and bold:
The dark moss of ages
  Clings fast to the sides,
Where storms spend their fury,
  And the hurricane rides.

O, come to the mountains;
  They've stood through all time,
Have heard ages death-toll,
  And great changes chime;
They tell you long stories
  Of earth when 'twas young,
Of legends unchronicled
  By history's tongue.

O, come to the mountains;
  Their rocky peaks stand,
Like faithful night-watchers,
  To guard the low land,
They catch in their strong arms
  The chill winter's breath,
And break the rough tempest
  From the valley beneath.

#### The Painter—A FABLE.

A painter, growing very smart,
  While but a tyro in the art,
Gave notice—which was duly sent
  Throughout all Rome, of his intent
Mere common daubing to forego,
  He'd 'paint like Michael Angelo!'
The artist's plan, well meant, no doubt,
  Was something hard to carry out.
So poor in color and design,
  His pictures, though he thought them fine,
Would hardly grace a country sign;
  For all the people laughed outright
To see the vain, ambitious wight,
  (By every amateur surpassed)
Go on a dauber to the last!

MORAL.

To rival Michael Angelo
  In artist-like inventions—
Or 'rule like Washington,' I trow,
  Needs more than good intentions!
*Boston Post.*

#### Queen Elizabeth's Burial.

The queen died at Greenwich, and her body was taken to Whitehall. An old poet, alluding to the tears of those present, says:

'The queen was brought by water to Whitehall;
At every stroke the oars did tears let fall;
More clung about the barge; fish under water
Wept out their eyes of pearl, and swam blind after.
I think the bargemen might, with easier thighs,
Have rowed her thither in her people's eyes,
For, howsoe'er, thus much my thoughts have scanned
She had come by water had she come by land.'

#### Epigram.

At a rubber of whist an Englishman grave
Said he 'couldn't distinguish a king from a knave,
  His eyes were so dim and benighted;'
A Yankee observed that he needn't complain,
For the thing had been often attempted in vain
  By eyes that were very clear-sighted.

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# THE FLAG OF OUR UNION.

[Written for The Flag of our Union.]

## The Old Willow at Avon.

THE RESIDENCE OF E. K. COLLINS.

BY OLIVER G. WENTWORTH.

'Wise with the lore of centuries,
What tales, if there be tongues in trees,
These giant woods might tell.'

Where by Euphrates' stream, the Jews of old,
Hung their complaining harps upon the willow,
And wailed the fate, by prophets long foretold,
That made a foreign and unkindly soil their pillow,
Wandered a youth, that from his native wold,
In heaviness of heart had crossed the billow,
And mid these branches heard the wail breathed low,
Taught them by Israel's harps three thousand years ago.

Captives they were—and such are even now,
As when by Babel's waters they sat weeping;
And here where sat the youth, hung down a bough,
As when of yore the Jews' sad harps were sleeping.
The mourning willow fanned his fevered brow—
His heart was healed, his tears fell fast, and keeping
Their way adown the ever-joyous river,
Bore all his cherished griefs away from him forever.

He rose with life and hope newborn within,
And from the low branch, that with graceful motion
Waved o'er his head, he plucked a scion green,
And vowed to plant it far beyond the ocean;
And then with happy heart he left the scene,
And braved again the stormy waves' commotion;
And in the wild wood here, mid frost and snow,
Planted that sacred branch a hundred years ago.

Events rolled by upon the car of time,
By genial rain and sunshine warmed and nourished,
Parent of million trees, it grew sublime,
And Art and Science with it rose and flourished;
War ravaged wildly o'er this sunny clime—
Freedom arose and Despotism perished—
The world's great hope was born—but he who laid
The willow scion here, now slept beneath its shade.

Born on Euphrates' stream, O patriarch Tree!
Have ne'er thy yearning boughs turned homeward sighing?
Or has it grown a grateful task to thee
To guard the sacred ashes neath thee lying?
The wood and red man fled—but thou couldst see
In battle's hour, the wounded to thee flying,
As glad to shield the dying Hessian's form,
As since with pride to shield his conqueror from the storm.

Years passed—and prosperous was the land, and free:
And mid the homesteads sparsely scattered round thee,
Taste reared a bower, and chief to nourish thee,
Made here an Eden that its Adam found thee.
The mansion rose, and many a noble tree
O'erspread the lawn that in soft verdure bound thee,
The dark pine there, and here the larch's sheen,
And Nature, Beauty, Taste, presided o'er the scene.

Many a lovely spring and summer came
To swell thy ripening growth, O, ancient Willow!
And I, a truant boy, here laid my frame
Mid summer's green or autumn's foliage mellow,
And lessons learned from birds and flowers would shame
The pedant's lore—and as I made my pillow
Upon their grass, its spirit to me said,
'My leaves are long, in turn, may grow above thy head.'

Far from the scene I roved—but often since,
In manhood's years, o'er Avon's broad wold straying,
I've cut loved names on trees, where, dark and dense,
The pine grove shuts the scene—or wildly playing
With angel childhood, felt a joy intense—
And oft, a fair young girl's command obeying,
In the spring time, when pleasant grew the shade,
I've sat me long hours and willow whistles made.

Here noble Bounder, proudest of his race,
The matchless Newfoundland we loved and cherished
Rests from his sports, and in this sacred place
A marble slab records the day he perished;
Blame not this tribute to his worth and grace,
Nor blame the love that has his memory nourished:
Many, with faithful friends supremely blest,
Have found a noble dog the truest and the best.

Thy race is almost run, most ancient tree!
The storm hath scathed thee and the hallowing levin;
And mid the things that have been seen thou'lt be,
Like all the pride and beauty earth has given;
But where thou art is sacred ground to me,
As hallowed by the special boon of Heaven:
And still I dream to find my last earth pillow
Beneath thy weeping boughs, O, Babylonian Willow!

[Written for The Flag of our Union.]

## Life.

BY GABRIELLE.

I saw a lovely bud at dawn
Upon its parent stem;
'Twas bright and beautiful as morn—
A pure and priceless gem.

It sparkled with a thousand rays,
And glittering dewdrops fell,
And gently kissed his little face,
For there they loved to dwell.

I wandered on, and chanced to rove
At noon, along that way;
The bud that promised much at morn,
Had proved a flower gay.

Its opening beauties shed around
A fragrance pure and clear;
And gentle zephyrs mildly moved
Its blushing leaves so fair.

As gathering shades of night fell fast,
Again I passed the flower;
But ah! its little life had past,
Had withered in an hour.

A careless hand had plucked it forth,
And there it withered lie;
Beneath its lovely parent stem,
'Twas left alone to die.

I gleaned a moral from the flower,
So much it seemed like life;
Our brightest hopes live but an hour,
Our being is but strife.

Our morn and noon of life may seem
To be of sweetest joys,
But closing eve dispels our dream—
We pass from earth like flowers.

[Written for The Flag of our Union.]

## What is Friendship?

BY J. C.

'And what is friendship but a name?'
'Tis thus a famous poet sings;
The answer here is very plain—
Friendship is Love without his wings.

## The Force of Love.

'Do good to them that hate you,' if your haters
Be seven empires fenced in threefold steel;
And ye shall be God's children, who will clothe
Your non-resisting front with lightning blast,
And to your naked virtue give your foes
Like driven stubble. Re-volutionise
In love, and re-construct in love; so shall
Ye saved be, and save, amid the raging storm.
*Knickerbocker.*

# MISCELLANEOUS.

[Written for The Flag of our Union.]

## THE MAIDENS OF FOIX.

### FOUNDED ON FACT.

BY J. H. ROBINSON.

It was the year 1350. Feudalism was in its mid-day in France. Faction and anarchy were rife, while law and order were forgotten. At the date we have named, the lowest and most degraded classes of society were committing all manner of excesses. These ignorant and misguided people laid waste towns and villages, committing crimes too dreadful to repeat. Castles, and dwellings of every description, were pillaged and burned, while the greatest indignities were offered to ladies, of all ranks and ages, who were so unfortunate as to fall into their power; after which they were put to death.

'Down with the nobility!' cried the infuriated wretches. 'They are a disgrace to France. Let us destroy them. Shame upon him who refuses to strike.'

About this time, a miscreant by the name of Jacques Bon Homme, made himself notorious as a leader, in the county of Brie, on the river Marne. Several thousand of these riotous and wicked people collected about Clermont, armed with whatever offensive weapons were in their reach. Jacques Bon Homme was chosen for their king. In height, Jacques was about six feet, and of a countenance exceedingly ferocious and fearful to look upon. A more fitting person for such deeds as were to be enacted could not have been selected.

His savage bearing, when leading on the ruffianly elements that chose to follow him, was enough to strike terror to the hearts of the peaceably-disposed, who fled like frightened deer at his approach.

Upon the river Marne, near Clermont, in Meaux, there stood a castle owned by the Earl of Foix, who was at that time on a pilgrimage to the holy land. This castle was strongly fortified: had a moat, draw-bridge, etc., with all the belongings peculiar to such edifices at that period. The rear of the castle overlooked the Marne, and could be approached only by water, while strong and apparently impregnable walls protected it upon the other sides.

The Earl of Foix had left a few retainers to defend it during his absence. The lady of Foix and two daughters were the only persons of distinction who were at present inmates of the castle. Adelaid, the eldest of the daughters of Foix, was very beautiful in person, graceful in her manners, and amiable in her disposition. Agathe, the youngest, was in no respect inferior to her sister in womanly graces and accomplishments.

Previous to the pilgrimage of the Earl of Foix, Adelaid had attracted the attention of a gallant knight, by the name of Enguerrand de Coucy, while a young knight, called the Lord de Graville, became violently enamored of Agathe. These gallants lost no time in declaring their passion on bended knee. The feelings of the one party had been shared by the other. The noble knights were not repulsed by the maidens of Foix. But the earl was by no means pleased with the growing intimacy of the knights and his daughters. The reason to be assigned for this was, that both the suitors were poor, having lost their fortunes through the agency of the riotous factions that had been carrying terror through the land. On this account, the Earl of Foix did not consider them a suitable match for his daughters. Fortunately for Enguerrand and De Graville, this objection did not exist with the daughters; and when the visits of the two former were sternly prohibited by the earl, they were not backward in devising plots for clandestine meetings.

As we have stated, the castle of Foix stood on the bank of the river Marne, and could only be approached in the rear by water.—There was a secret passage leading from the castle to the river above mentioned. By means of this, those who had knowledge of its existence could leave the castle privately by having a small boat rowed up the Marne to take them away. This secret passage had often been used by the earl during the troubles of that day. Adelaid and Agathe knew there was a passage of this description, but they had never yet availed themselves of this mode of egress, nor even knew of its exact locality.

After considerable hesitation and reluctance on the part of the maidens, it was agreed they should go forth by means of the secret passage, and meet their lovers by moonlight. The passage was shown them by a confidential servant, who had found it after a long search. The chamber of the damsels overlooked the Marne, and with some considerable trepidation they awaited the hour which had been appointed for a moonlight meeting upon the water.

The night came—the mischief-making moon arose and smiled as brightly as though it had never countenanced any stolen interviews, or connived at love-making by night. The dip of oars was heard beneath the window. The maidens looked at each other with a blush, and a smile. It was the signal for them to go forth. Throwing on their mantelets, with light and trembling steps they stole toward the secret passage. Fortune favored them. They reached it without the knowledge of any of the inmates of Foix. They hurried through the long, dark way, and opening a small postern, or door, they stood within sight of their expectant lovers. Descending a few stone steps, they were handed into a small boat.

'I fear this is wrong,' said Adelaid, to Enguerrand, as the oars dipped again into the water, and they glided gently away from the castle.

'Thy father, the earl, is wrong, not *thee*,' whispered Enguerrand, in the damsel's ear.

'Is not obedience to a father the first duty of a daughter, Enguerrand?' asked Adelaid, earnestly.

'Not when a father assumes a power that does not belong to him,' replied Enguerrand de Coucy, with emphasis.

'You may reason better than I,' said Adelaid, 'but my conscience yields no assent thereto. This meeting must not be repeated.'

'Then you will not see me again! Banished first by thy father, and now by thee, Adelaid, dear Adelaid, is this thy love?' replied Enguerrand, kissing the fair hand that was clasped in his.

'Enguerrand, is it kind to reproach me thus? Have I not given thee already sufficient proof of my love? For thy sake, have I not disobeyed my father's commands this night—for thy sake, have I not dared his displeasure? Bethink thee, Enguerrand.'

'Forgive love's selfishness, Adelaid. I meant not to reproach thee,' replied Enguerrand. 'Let me entreat of thee to recall the words thou hast spoken. Say that we shall meet often—*very often*.'

'No, Enguerrand—no! It cannot be. My father has forbidden me to see thee. I must submit in silence.'

'And dost thou, then, forbid me to hope? Wouldst thou say that the barrier between us is impassable?'

'No! not *that*, Enguerrand; but we must wait till fortune is less wayward.'

'Wait till the Earl of Foix changes his mood, thou wouldst say, my Adelaid?'

Adelaid was silent.

'We shall wait long, dear Adelaid, if we wait till thy father consents to our union.'

'Thou forgettest, Enguerrand,' replied the maiden, 'that there is no other alternative.'

'There is *one*,' rejoined Enguerrand, bending earnestly toward the maiden. 'Fly with me, and the man of God shall make us one before an hour. No human power can then wrest thee from me.'

For a moment Adelaid bowed her head in silence, and filial duty struggled with inclination. The former was triumphant. When she raised her head, her face was streaming with tears.

'Enguerrand,' she said, in a deep and almost solemn voice, 'Enguerrand, what thou hast said can never be. As dearly as I love thee, I will never wed without my father's consent. Do not urge me, for my heart is but too willing a listener.'

'Perhaps thou art right,' replied Enguerrand, after a pause. 'It may be *better* thus.'

'O, yes, I am sure it will be, dear Enguerrand. My father will change, when he knows thee better,' responded Adelaid, earnestly.

'Yes,' replied the young gallant, proudly; 'Yes, thy father *shall* know me better. He shall know me by my noble *deeds*. I will perform acts worthy of being remembered.'

'And so will *I*,' reiterated De Graville, who had been holding a similar conversation with Agathe. 'Let heaven record our vows this night. I will not rest till France shall ring with the glory of my exploits.'

And the two young nobles held up the cross-letted hilts of their good swords, and repeated their vow in the name of Heaven, beneath the bright moon. The maidens of Foix smiled approvingly upon their chosen knights. After an hour spent in agreeable converse, they were rowed back to the castle.

On the following night the earl visited the apartments of his daughters, to make known to them his intention of visiting the holy land. While there, the sound of a guitar was heard upon the Marne, and beneath the window. The Earl of Foix looked suspiciously at his daughters.

'What do I hear?' he said to Adelaid.

'Thou hearest the song of wandering minstrels, doubtless,' replied the maiden, blushing.

'That is no minstrel song,' rejoined the earl, sternly. 'It is the song of a love-lorn knight. A few arrows from the bows of my archers will change their tune. I will order them to let fly a shaft or two,' continued the earl, moving away.

'Nay, father, stay,' cried Adelaid. 'Do no such rash act. Why wouldst thou harm an innocent man?'

'Wandering minstrels have no business beneath the walls of Foix,' retorted the earl, significantly, and still moving towards the door. 'By St. John, I will order my archers to shoot!'

Adelaid sprang between her father and the door, and holding up her clasped hands, said, beseechingly:

'Change thy purpose, I entreat of thee. Thy cruel order may cause the death of a human being.'

The earl paused.

'Daughter,' he replied, 'canst thou say thou knowest not who is beneath thy window?' and he looked sternly at Adelaid, drawing up his person haughtily to its full proportions.

For an instant the maiden of Foix was confused and silent; then drawing up her own beautiful figure until it seemed as commanding, in the simple, unaffected majesty of *truth*, as did her father's in the dignity of offended pride, she replied:

'I CANNOT.'

I ween the Earl of Foix was never more proud of his daughters than at that moment. Half the sternness of his visage relaxed, and the nether lip seemed to lose half its haughtiness.

'Speak the name of the minstrel, daughter,' said the earl, while his eyes wandered over the queenly figure before him.

'Enguerrand de Coucy, knight of the order of St. James,' replied Adelaid.

'Exactly as I thought,' added the earl. 'Perhaps there is more than one there. How is it, Agathe?' and the earl turned to his youngest daughter. 'Ha! maiden of Foix! thou art blushing beautifully. Thou needst not speak—I am answered.

'The young Lord de Graville, knight of the order of the Golden Spur, is there, no doubt. Children, what am I to do with you? How much longer will you disobey my positive commands? Do you acknowledge my authority, or do you not? Has the Earl of Foix a right to command the actions of his daughters, or has he not?'

Without a word, the daughters of Foix knelt at their father's feet.

'Speak, undutiful maidens!'

'Father, thou hast a right to command thy daughters. In the future, none shall be more obedient than I,' murmured Adelaid.

'Then, promise me, both of you, that you will not see Enguerrand de Coucy, and the Lord de Graville, without my consent.'

Firm in the belief that their lovers would be able to perform such noble deeds as should disarm the prejudices of their father, the maidens answered with a firm voice:

'*We promise.*'

The earl raised the maidens from their knees, and embraced them joyfully.

'Ye are my daughters still, and the glory of the house of Foix.'

The slumbers of the maidens were sweeter that night, for having obeyed their father.

On the following day, Enguerrand de Coucy, and the Lord de Graville, set out on a pilgrimage to the holy land. The earl heard this news with pleasure, and in a few days from that time commenced his own pilgrimage to the Saviour's shrine with a lighter heart.

A year passed, and the difficulties arose of which we have spoken.

The deeds of Jacques Bon Homme spread terror through the county of Brie. Commencing their career at Clermont, they had followed the course of the Marne, laying waste everything in their way. Sixteen strongly fortified castles had already been razed to the ground, while the inmates had been insulted and slain. Ladies grew pale, and trembled at the name of Jacques Bon Homme, the king of the mob, which now numbered about seven thousand of the most merciless miscreants in France. As they advanced, the unprotected fled to Meaux for safety, believing they would not dare to attack so large a place. A great number of ladies of distinction, accordingly, hastened thither. Meanwhile, the numbers of the miscreants increased. Waxing bolder, as their deeds grew more atrocious, they resolved on entering Meaux, where they had heard were great treasures, and many fair ladies and maidens. The daughters of Foix heard of their approach with the liveliest apprehensions. Their numbers were now augmented to one hundred thousand, and they were well aware that dreadful scenes would be enacted upon their arrival. The strongest castles were not proof against these wretches, and there was no act of atrocity too shocking for them to commit. It was not strange that the maidens of Foix grew pale at the name of Jacques Bon Homme. At this time the earl was on his return from the holy land. At Paris, he was taken violently ill, and was unable to go forward.

While thus suffering from sickness, he heard of the ravages of the men of Brie.

With terrible apprehensions for his daughters, he learned they were advancing upon Meaux—that sixteen castles and innumerable other dwellings, and even whole villages, had been pillaged and burned. He saw the imminent danger that hung over his daughters. The few retainers he had left would be wholly unable to defend the castle against the fury of Jacques Bon Homme.

The earl wrung his hands in anguish, as he lay upon his bed; but he could not mount his battle-steed, or hold the spear. In this cruel emergency, he offered the hands of his daughters in marriage to any two knights who should rescue them from the men of Jacques Bon Homme. Unable to stay in suspense where he was, the earl caused himself to be carried forward towards Meaux, upon a litter, resolving if he could not protect his daughters, to perish with them. Fainting with fatigue, the earl reached Meaux, where he found his daughters suffering most dreadful apprehensions. On the day after his arrival, the mob entered Meaux, and commenced their fearful work—enacting deeds which cannot be written upon this fair page. The earl ordered his few retainers to the walls, resolved to hold out and defer the final tragedy till the last moment. The streets of Meaux were crowded with a hundred thousand miscreants. A hundred thousand untamed beasts of prey from the forest, could not have been half so dreadful. The groans of dying men and children, and the cries of women in distress were heard. Human beings were burned alive in the streets of Meaux.

'Ah! then and there was hurrying to and fro,
And gathering tears, and tremblings of distress.'

'Would to heaven!' groaned the earl, in anguish, 'I could mount my good steed, and die like a Christian knight in harness, doing my devoir as becometh me.'

The rabble of Jacques Bon Homme advanced upon the castle of Foix, and demanded its immediate surrender. Their only reply was a half dozen well aimed shafts from the archers upon the walls. With a fiendish yell the assailants commenced a furious attack upon the gates which shook beneath their blows.

'Let us escape by the secret passage,' cried Adelaid; but her heart sank within her when she recollected there was no boat there to take them away.

'There is no hope!' said the earl, despairingly. 'The castle cannot hold out a half hour longer. Daughters, our hour has come; but you must not fall into the hands of the wretches;' and the earl looked mournfully, yet significantly, towards the Marne that was rolling its dark waters beneath them.

'The waters are less cruel,' continued the earl, in a husky voice, while he wiped the tears from his face. '*The waters are less cruel!* The passing from life to death is but a brief thing, and can cost but a momentary pang of human agony.'

'We understand, dear father,' sobbed the maidens—'death before dishonor;' and Adelaid threw up a window overlooking the waters of the Marne.

'The gates are yielding!' cried a retainer, rushing into the room. 'The gates are yielding, and the men of Jacques Bon Homme will soon be in the court. What shall be done?'

'Fight, man! fight like all the fiends! When they enter the castle of Foix, let them walk over your dead bodies,' replied the earl. 'We must all die, man—we must all die. Happy are ye who can perish fighting.'

The retainer flew back to the wall like lightning.

At this moment, a shout was heard from the tower, and thither sprang Adelaid. When she returned, her face was flushed with excitement, but when she went, it was paler than marble.

'Haste to the tower, in the virgin's name, if ye would see deeds such as ye have never seen before!' she cried.

'What hast thou seen? Speak, in the name of all the angels!' said the earl.

'I have seen a glorious sight. I have seen two knights clad in black armor, and riding black steeds, followed by about sixty lancers, who are performing such deeds as have never been seen in France. They are cutting their way through the masses of Jacques Bon Homme, who seem retreating before them.'

'God be praised! Help me to the tower, daughters, that I may see such a goodly sight. The thought stirs my blood like a fever.'

The maidens of Foix stayed the tottering steps of their father to the tower.

The two knights upon the black steeds, with their sixty followers, were literally cutting their way to the castle.

Adelaid and Agathe tore their scarfs from their necks, and waved them towards the knights, who seemed to redouble their exertions.

'Noble knights!' cried the earl, triumphantly. 'A king might barter his crown for the glory ye will win this day. On! *On!* gallant knights,' he shouted, while the fire of battle kindled in his eye. 'On! on! for bright eyes are gazing.'

'The gates have yielded!' cried a retainer. 'The men of Jacques Bon Homme are crowding into the court.'

'Make fast the gates of the castle then, and those who stay in the court will but stay for their death, for a glorious deliverance is at hand.'

Near—and more near drew the unknown knights, and more terrible grew the slaughter. The men of Jacques Bon Homme retreating, pressed upon those in the rear. They could make no effectual resistance, and literally trod each other to death.

'They see our signals, for they pointed towards us with their swords,' said Agathe, joyfully. 'And see!' she added quickly, 'they bow to the saddle, bow even mid the work of slaughter.'

'Ay, and with the grace of princes born,' said the earl. 'And now, saints in heaven! they are driving the whole mass before them, and slaying them like sheep. They are heroes indeed. They cease to assail the castle, and think only of escape, while as they fly they press upon each other, and hasten their fate. It is no longer a fight but a slaughter. God be praised! they have reached the castle—we are saved,' continued the Earl of Foix.

'Let us hasten down to greet the heroes,' said the earl; and in the joy of the moment he walked back without the aid of his daughters, or menials.

'Conduct the knights hither,' he said to a retainer, when he had reached the chamber of the maidens.

Leaving their followers to carry on the work of death, the two unknown knights in black armor hastened into the presence of the Earl of Foix, with closed visors, and covered with dust and blood.

'Welcome—a thousand times welcome are ye this day, ye gallant knights, and thanks—a thousand thanks, for the glorious achievements of this hour. Maidens of Foix, speak to the gallant heroes who have come to our rescue in the dark hour of need.'

'Our thanks, and the blessings of heaven are yours, gallant sirs,' said the maidens.

'We have done our duty only, fair ladies, and courteous earl,' replied the knights, bowing.

'And ye have done it right nobly. If it be your pleasure, gallant sirs, I am ready to make good my promise this day. Ye have my full approval to woo and win the maidens of Foix.'

When the earl had said this, the knights raised their visors, and Enguerrand de Coucy and the Lord de Graville were before them.

'The brave deserve the fair,' said the earl, with a smile. 'The maidens of Foix are yours, and gallantly have ye won them. Henceforth it shall be my pride to do honor to Enguerrand de Coucy and Lord de Graville.' Saying this, he joined the hands of his daughters and the knights.

The two knights had returned from the holy land at the same time the earl had set out. They also had heard of the cruelties of the men of Jacques Bon Homme, and needed not the promise of the earl to stimulate them to rescue the maidens.

They gathered a few men-at-arms right speedily, and hastened to Meaux, where they achieved the noble deeds which we have described, and which are matters of history.

About seven thousand men were slain that day by the two knights and their sixty followers. Being without leaders, and without order and arms, they could make but little resistance. Jacques Bon Homme, whom they styled king, and who was their *only* leader, was taken and put to death in a manner that his atrocities deserved.

Enguerrand de Coucy, and the Lord de Graville, lived long and happily with the fair MAIDENS OF FOIX, and the latter never regretted that they respected the commands of their father.

[Written for The Flag of our Union.]

## 'The Deformed.'

BY ALMY.

True life or not, it is a work of art,
So drawn, each line portrays artistic skill,
And every word breathes out the living thought,
Stirring the heart's depths with its mild emotion;
While admiration blends with reverent awe
Before the humble form with high and gifted mind.
She, bright ideal of fancy's finest touch,
Wrought out in glowing form of perfect grace!
See, visible her proud heart's passion-throb,
At magic gaze of his deep, searching eye—
Till, like tossing seas in strange commotion,
The soul is moved by force of higher power:
Anon, its waves are hushed to calm repose,
And heaven's clear light is mirrored on its breast.
How gloriously the high-born soul beams out,
Starry and bright, above the sordid earth!
For worth of mind is the true wealth of love,
Beautiful, beyond art, to make more fair!
As thus ideal is cased in lodiment,
Raising the humble form to wisdom's throne,
Crowning the soul with all true excellence,
Pity forgets the sympathetic tear,
And the soul yearns to hold companionship.
'Tis thus the pen should strive to elevate,
Clothing the human form with robes sublime!
Then hearts will throb, as mine has wildly beat,
Beneath the potent wand which genius holds.

## Swallowing a Writ.

Mr. Sergeant Davy, who lies buried in Newington Church, Surrey, was a most eccentric character. He was originally a chemist at Exeter; when a sheriff's officer coming to serve on him a process from the Court of Common Pleas, he very civilly asked him to drink some liquor. While the man was drinking, Davy contrived to heat a poker, and then asking what the parchment process was made of, and being answered, of sheepskin, he told the officer he must eat it as well as mutton, and recommended him to try it. The bailiff said it was his business to serve processes, and not to eat them, upon which Davy told him if he would not eat that, he should swallow the poker! The man preferred the parchment; but the Court of Common Pleas, not then accustomed to Mr. Davy's jokes, sent for him to Westminster Hall, read him a serious lecture on contempt of their process, and locked him up in the Fleet Prison. From this circumstance, and some unfortunate men whom he met there, Davy acquired that taste for the law which the eating of a process had not given to the bailiff; and when he was discharged from the Fleet, he applied to the study of the law in earnest, was called to the bar, made a sergeant, and was for a long time in considerable practice. He died in 1780.

*London Anecdotes: Law and Lawyers.*

## A Practical Joke.

One of the richest jokes of the season was practised on the Rev. Dr. Peck, the new president of Dickinson College—one which will vie with the most *recherche* of Smollett, and might well sustain itself amongst the records of Trinity, by Charles O'Malley. The doctor, it appears, was making his first visit to the Baltimore Conference, held this year in Staunton, Va. Meantime, some reprobate student set himself down, and wrote a letter to the physician of the hospital at that place, giving him a description of some individual who had left Carlisle, the seat of Dickinson College, in a state of mental derangement; and stating furthermore, that it was more than probable that the said individual had betaken himself to Staunton, inasmuch as it was a sort of *monomania* with him to regard himself as the president of the institution, and accordingly he imagined that he had to make the customary report to the conference, on the state of the college. The letter was signed in the name of President Peck himself, and requested the manager to take charge of the lunatic. It is needless to add, that the description of the insane person coincided precisely with the appearance of the Rev. Doctor himself—and that it required the reiterated identifications of the ministers of the conference around, to save him from confinement!—*Richmond Examiner.*

## Review of the Market.

Ashes—pots and pans in great request. Ashes in barrels are heavy, as the corporation demand has entirely ceased.

Corns—Very dull; no operation in the article, although several holders, and all limping like lame ducks. They have made desperate efforts to exchange them for some other commodity, but have tried large boot in vain.

Coffee has been going down for some time. Boarding-house keepers offer freely at reduced rates.

Horses—This article, which has been used as a fancy stock during the late fine weather, and driven into all sorts of holes and corners, has, since the disagreeable change, assumed a more stable appearance.

Iron—We are assured, upon the veracity of an exchange paper, that Missouri pig is quiet. If this is true, it must be a very extraordinary variety, and should be extensively cultivated.

Money market—No change.

Tongues—A light supply, and these going very fast.—*Knickerbocker.*

[Written for The Flag of our Union.]

## A Lay for Laborers.

BY WILLIAM WOOD.

Ye who toil from day to day,
Keeping haggard want at bay,
With no time for needed play,
Labor on—it is no crime;
And if courage does not die,
Ye will triumph by-and-by:
Bide your time!

On the water, or the land,
In the workshops where ye stand,
Plying with both heart and hand,
Heed ye well the truthful rhyme,
Work is worship now and aye,
For to labor is to pray:
So bide your time!

What is't where your lot is cast!
All things work for good at last;
Day returns when night is past:
Let both thought and labor chime,
Body ne'er should rob the brain,
For such labor brings no gain:
So bide your time!

Toiling spirits o'er the earth,
Yours is no inglorious birth;
Labor true is lasting worth:
And the law at man's own prime
That his Maker deigned to give,
Was to labor and to live:
So bide your time!

Keep for aye hope's flag unfurled,
And despair shall be down-hurled,
For you alone command the world,
And give a glory to each clime—
Standing with its actions bright,
Painted in enduring light:
So bide your time!

Weary not, great brotherhood!
For in labor well pursued,
Lies the source of human good;
Smallest deed may be sublime—
Reaching far, and living long,
If done with purpose pure and strong:
So bide your time!

## Royal Anecdote.

As Joseph II, Emperor of Russia, was driving his one-horse cabriolet, dressed in the garb of a private citizen, he was accosted by a soldier, who, mistaking him for a man of the middle class, requested a seat in the vehicle.

'Willingly,' replied the emperor, 'jump in, comrade, for I am in a hurry.'

The soldier was soon seated alongside of the emperor, and became very loquacious.

'Come, comrade,' said he, slapping the emperor familiarly on the back, 'are you good at guessing?'

'Perhaps I am,' said Joseph; 'try me.'

'Well, then, my boy, conjure up your wits, and tell me what I had for breakfast.'

'Sour krout.'

'Come, none of that, comrade; try again.'

'Perhaps a Westphalia ham,' replied the emperor, willing to humor his companion.

'Better than that,' exclaimed the soldier.

'Sausages from Bologna, and Hockheimer from the Rhine.'

'Better than that—d'ye give it up?'

'I do.'

'Open your eyes and ears, then,' said the soldier, bluntly; 'I had a pheasant, by Jove! shot in Emperor Joe's park—ha! ha!'

When the exultation of the soldier had subsided, Joseph said, quietly:

'I want to try your skill in guessing, comrade. See if you can name the rank I hold.'

'You're a—no—hang it! you're not smart enough for a cornet.'

'Better than that,' said the emperor.

'A lieutenant.'

'Better than that.'

'A captain?'

'Better than that.'

'A major?'

'Better than that.'

'A general?'

'Better than that.'

The soldier was now fearfully agitated—he had doffed his hat, and sat bare-headed—he could scarcely articulate:

'Pardon me, your excellency, you are field marshal?'

'Better than that,' replied Joseph.

'Lord help me!' cried the soldier; 'you're the emperor!'

He threw himself out of the cabriolet, and knelt for pardon in the mud. The circumstances were not forgotten by either; the emperor often laughed over it, and the soldier received a mark of favor which he could not forget.

## Causes for Joining the United States.

A Montreal paper enumerates the following benefits that would accrue to Canada from joining our Union:—

It would do away with all fear of our becoming involved in a war with the United States.

It would do away with all custom-houses and smuggling along our very extended frontier, and establish free trade with the North American continent.

It would introduce the American currency of dollars and cents, and the American postage system would be immediately extended over Canada.

It would introduce American capital freely into Canada, to erect factories, to carry on manufactures, and purchase the produce of the soil.

It would raise the value of fixed property in Canada to a par with property similarly circumstanced on the other side of the lines.

It would greatly promote the construction of railroads in Canada.

It would cause a great part of the produce of the West to flow down the St. Lawrence.

## Politeness.

Rev. Mr. —— had travelled far to preach to a congregation at ——. After the sermon he waited very patiently, evidently expecting some one of his brethren to invite him to dinner. In this he was disappointed. One after another departed, until the house was almost as empty as the minister's stomach. Summoning resolution, however, he walked up to an elderly-looking gentleman, and gravely said—

'Will you go home to dinner with me today, brother?'

'Where do you live?'

'About twenty miles from this, sir.'

'No,' said the man, coloring; 'but you must go with me.'

'Thank you—I will cheerfully.'

After that time the minister was no more troubled about his dinner.

## A Mean Man.

We have heard of mean men in our day, but a correspondent of the St. Louis Reveille mentions one, to whom must be yielded the palm:

'Talk about mean men! Why, there's that Bill Thompson, he's the meanest man I ever heard on—Bill was a constable there. Why, don't you think, he had an execution against me for a little matter of groceries, and he came out and levied on my old 'oman's ducks, and he wanted me to drive 'em up and ketch 'em for him, and I told him to ketch 'em himself: and he chased 'em round and round the house, and every time he'd ketch a duck, he'd set down and wring its head off and *charge mileage*?'

## To Move the Mass.

It is no hard thing to reason with reasoning men and be intelligible to the intelligent; to talk acceptably and even movingly to scholars and men well read, is no hard thing if you are yourself well read and a scholar. But to be intelligent to the ignorant, to reason with men who reason not, to speak acceptably and movingly with such men—to inspire them with wisdom, with goodness and with piety, that is the task only for some men of rare genius, who can strike over the great gulf betwixt the thrones of creative power, and the humble positions of men, ignorant, poor and forgot. Yet such men there are, and here is their work.—*Theodore Parker.*

## Amateur Acting.

Edgar P. Tomkins is a stage-struck young man, engaged by day in butchering sheep, and by night in butchering Shakspeare, being a member of a dramatic association called the 'Othello corps.' Last night Edgar was 'cast' for the part of Romeo—which he meant to execute with much spirit, and therefore imbibed half a pint of Jamaica before he set out for the room which serves this corps for a theatre—situated in Sugar alley. The operation of Jamaica involved Edgar in a slight mistake,—for when he reached the junction of High and Third streets, he mistook the end of the market house for the stage on which he was to figure that evening, and immediately commenced the recitation of his part, 'cuss and all,' making the hollow roof resound with his amorous declamations. He had reached the garden scene, and repeated with good emphasis—

'But see!—what light through yonder window breaks? It is the east—'

when a watchman who had heard, as he thought, the acknowledgment of a misdemeanor,—came up to inquire what windows had been broken. Mr. Tomkins continued—

'And Juliet is my sun.'

'A mighty queer name for a son,' observed the watchman. 'Juliet ought to have been a darter.'

The Thespian went on—

'It is my lady!—yes, it is my love.'

'By golley!—that *is* a good one,' observed the 'officer. 'Takes me for a lady, eh!—and the chap's fell in love with me, he says. Wonder if he ain't soft-soaping me?'

'What art thou?—Tybalt,' cried Tomkins, whose eyes now, for the first time, discerned the watchman in the shadow of the market-house.'

'No, sir;—that is not *my* name.'

'Who then—Benvolio?'

No, sir—my name's not Ben Wolyoe, either—and if it was, you might have the manners to call me Benjamin.'

'Art thou a Capulet?' demanded Tomkins.

'A cap to let?—no, I hain't;—and if I had, I shouldn't like to trust *you* with it.'

'Where's Juliet?' inquired Tomkins, anxiously.

'Well, that's more than I can say,' answered watch, 'but if she's a decent gal, she's in bed, where you ought to be.'

'I? no, I don't go there till the fourth act. Don't you know I climb up to her room by a rope-ladder?'

O, you do? Here's a precious piece of rascality. Going to climb into a gal's room, eh? Dog my cats if you do, *this* night, anyhow. Come, tramp is the word. I'll show you a more convenient bed-room, and you wont want any rope-ladder to climb up to it.'

Romeo (it appears from the record) did not appear at the 'association that night,—but a respectable Philadelphia butcher was invited to appear at the police office next morning, and enter bail for the good behaviour of his eldest apprentice, Edgar P. Tomkins.—*Pennsylvanian.*

## A Chapter on Females.

We like to look upon a healthy woman—she is a prodigy in the nineteenth century. Wherever you go you see scores and hundreds of spleeny, sickly, feeble girls, who can hardly muster courage to make their beds, wash their faces, or drive an intruding cow from the yard. Tell them about early rising, fresh air and healthy exercise, and they would sigh as long as the moral law, and about faint away. You expect them to get up before day—to work in the kitchen—to breathe the fresh air of the morning. Preposterous and absurd! They have never seen the sun rise, and would hardly know but that it continued to shine forever, if it were not for the almanacs and their grandmothers.

No wonder that every year sweeps to the grave so many young women, who have been sickly and effeminate ever since they were born into the world; and death will continue to select them as his victims, till they learn their duty, and pursue that course which insures health, strength, and long life. Our great grandparents lived to a great age, and never thought of lying down to die until they had at least reached the meridian of life.—They were stout, strong, happy and hearty. Why? Because they rose early, worked like beavers, and never spent the midnight hours in parties.

Instead of being frightened at a mouse at their feet, a beetle on their neck, a fly's foot on their arms, in the absence of their fathers and husbands they would load their guns, and shoot bears and catamounts, and keep at bay a party of savages. How have their daughters degenerated! What female is there now-a-days who wouldn't run from a gun, even if it had no lock? The ladies of olden times outlived their husbands years and years.—Widows were few and far between. It was no singular thing for our grandmothers to have three or four husbands in the course of their lives. Now it is the reverse. Men have as many wives—diseases of late have been so fatal among the female sex.

Do you know the cause? It is found in listless idleness—inactivity—late hours—thin shoes—muslin dresses—and horror of the fresh morning air. Let females look into this subject and act like reasonable beings, and we should hear of no fainting away—no sickly constitutions—no affection of the lungs—no elopements, and no suicides.—*Portland Transcript.*

## White House of Paris.

Between two and four, of every fine day, there is a large crowd collected at the gate of the President's palace of l'Elysee, to see his excellency Louis Bonaparte mount on horseback for his afternoon ride. Laboring men, work-women, apprentices, strangers, people apparently of every class, assemble in compact multitude, and wait, silently and patiently for hours till the momentary spectacle is achieved. A few days since, the spirited horse which the president is in the habit of riding, became infuriated with the too close hold which a soldier kept upon his bridle, and at the moment of his excellency's appearance, was violently plunging and rearing, with the soldier hanging half suspended to his head. 'Let go the bridle!' said the president, and at the instant the horse was set free, he sprang upon his back without touching the stirrup, and rode off amid the deafening huzzas of the admiring crowd.

## Pretty Cool.

The Cincinnati Commercial says:—'We have often read in the papers of the "coolness of men," but we never until yesterday knew the extent to which human coolness had arrived. A man whose veracity was never questioned but twice, and both those times when he tried to tell the truth, informs us that there is an individual in this city, so perfectly cool that when he wants to get mad he has to crawl into an oven to thaw;—that he never shaves on account of the lather freezing to his face; and, that once, when he kissed his wife, his lips froze fast, and they had to be separated by one of the children with a cup of hot water.—When in delicate health he stands upon a cake of ice to get his feet warm, and when his physician recommends a sweat, he goes to bed in a snow bank. He claims to be a distant relative of the man who climbed the North Pole.'

## A Great Nursery.

Perhaps the largest nursery in the world is Booth's, in Holstein, in one of the Danish provinces. It consists of one hundred and eighty acres, and employs one hundred and thirty men and twenty women. The average profit, for the last thirty years, has been $15,000 annually, though at one time, for twelve years, the sale of dahlias alone netted $50,000 per annum. Some rare Orchideous plants sell for $300 each. Of this family of plants, they have two thousand varieties, and two thousand of the dahlia.—*Maine Cultivator.*

My friends, I only want to be ambitious in getting to everlasting happiness. Let Hope build a ladder to heaven—engage Faith to hold the foot of it—let Love encourage you upward; and there is no doubt but you will get there safe; but, if you attempt to fly, you will fall as far short as a hen endeavoring to reach a high roost with a cropped wing—and sad will be the fall thereof. DOW, JR.

A good story is told of one of our city councilmen—we will not vouch for its truth—and yet from our knowledge of some of the habits of the man, we think it probable enough. It is this:—He was at dinner with a party of gentlemen, and, much to the horror of a dandyfied guest who sat near him, persisted in playing with a cork, in such a manner as displayed a hand long divorced from a wash basin. The exquisite expressed his surprise to another, and, in too loud a whisper, exclaimed, 'Heavens! what a dirty hand!' The councilman overheard it, and turning slowly round, said, 'Sir, I'll bet you a V there's a dirtier one in the company.' 'Done,' replied the fop, sure of winning. The money was staked, *and the councilman showed his other hand*, and was judged to have won, without a dissenting voice.—*Dollar Newspaper.*

When the Ben Franklin reached Carrollton, to receive Gen. Taylor from the Frankfort committee, a passenger leaned over the guard and accosted a colored gentleman rolling barrels on the wharf to the boat—'Say, my man, did Gen. Bailey go up to Frankfort on the occasion of General Taylor's reception there?'

'No, masser.'

'Ah, why not?'

'O, de general was laid up sick.'

'Sick! sorry to hear that; what's the matter with him?'

'Berry bad, massa—got de *prejudice*!'

'Well, captain,' says a California adventurer to the owner of a craft, yesterday, up for California, 'when do you sail?'

'On Tuesday,' said the captain.

'How do you go?' said the interrogator.

'Through the Straits,' said the captain; 'shall I book you for the voyage?'

'I reckon not,' said the man in search of gold. 'I left home to get out of a *strait*, and am not voluntarily going into another.'

On the day the news of the whig triumph in New York city, was received, the 'major' was quietly reading 'the man' by our side, when a noted politician rushed into the sanctum, exclaiming:

'Hurrah, the whigs have swept New York!'

'I am glad to hear it,' instantly replied our worthy 'ancient,' 'for it was *awfully dirty, and wanted sweeping*' *worse than any place I ever saw!*'

'I should like to get one of your latest Scotch papers,' said a man the other morning, as he dropped into the 'Ladies' Exchange.'

'Papers—this is not a printing office.'

'Why in the deuce then do you advertise Scotch *prints*?'

'O, they aint the kind you mean, but some of them are *red*.'

The Spike society will meet this evening and discuss the following question:—'If a man buys a leg of fresh pork of a provision dealer, has the seller a right to send to his house another leg weighing two pounds less than the one paid for—and would the case stand any different if it was salt pork?' Simon will take sides in the debate.—*Chronotype.*

A certain judge was reprimanding an attorney for bringing several small suits into court, and remarked that it would have been much better for all parties had he persuaded his clients to leave their causes to the arbitration of two or three honest men. 'Please your honor,' retorted the lawyer, 'we did not choose to trouble honest men with them.'

'Peter Jumbo, hab you seen a cow without any horns go pass here to day?'

'No, Quomino, I no see 'em. Why you ax dat?'

'Bekase I lose my cow last night, and dar was such a high wind, I 'spect dat it blow her horns off.'

A negro woman having occasion to visit an acquaintance living in a neighboring town, took a seat in a railroad car going to that place. Surprised at the short time in which the journey was accomplished, on getting out, she remarked, that if she had known she could have got there so quickly, she would have walked.

When a certain lady who had been charmed by his writings, but had never seen his person, wrote to Mirabeau, saying how much she longed to see him, and begged that he would *describe himself* to her, he complied with the wish of the enthusiast, in these brief and self adulatory terms:—'Figure to yourself a tiger that has had the small pox.'

Lord Gough, the British general in India, pompously begins a dispatch of the late indecisive actions, by saying 'it has pleased Almighty God to vouchsafe a great victory to our arms.' The London Examiner compares this to Master Headrigg's exclamation, in the novel of Old Mortality—'By the help of the Lord I have *keept ower the dike*.'

A British naval officer, a prisoner of Commodore Macdonough, said to a woman in Burlington, that the only way the Yankees gained victories, was by skulking behind every stump and tree; that they were afraid to come out in open fight: to which the woman observed, '*Were there stumps and trees on the lakes?*'

When Sullivan's conqueror made
His first triumphal parade,
'The fancy' all swore he was 'clever,'
But now a regular shiner,
This 'fine' only makes him the finer,
And Hyer is higher than ever!

The editor of the Philadelphia Dispatch is very enthusiastic in his admiration for the ladies and the shad. He says, both have increased in numbers out of doors, but what is remarkably, they differ amazingly in one particular point—the shad have become *cheaper*, while the ladies (bless their hearts) have become *dearer* and *dearer*.

'Ah! you don't know what musical enthusiasm ith,' said a music-mad miss to Tom Hood. 'Excuse me, madame,' replied the wit, 'but I do. Musical enthusiasm is like turtle soup; for every quart of real there are ninety-nine gallons of mock, and calves' head in proportion.'

'There are three points in this case, may it please your honor,' said the defendant's counsel. 'In the first place, we contend that the kettle was cracked when we borrowed it; secondly, that it was whole when we returned it; and thirdly, that we never had it.'

Du Solle, in a recent number of his Philadelphia 'Spirit,' headed an article, '*Beautiful Monster*.' Hiero read it, and observed that without doubt she was *beautiful*, but he would like to know what he *mon-ster-for*.

'Well, Joe, I understand you're going to California.'

'No sir-ee! I'm going to the theatre.'

'All right; I thought you were going to the *play-ser*.' (Placer.)

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[WRITTEN EXPRESSLY FOR THE FLAG OF OUR UNION.]

# HERMIONE:

## THE FOUNDLING OF ST. ANTOINE.

## A Romance of the Continent.

BY FRED HUNTER.

[CONCLUDED.]

### CHAPTER XXI.

*The visit of De Monthon to the governor. D'Aumail's disclosures. His confession—De Monthon is nearly distracted! The result of D'Aumail's private mission. The Duke Pazzoni's sudden misfortune. The fatal documents are found. Francois at the Bastile again!*

AT an early hour in the forenoon, agreeable with the request of Monsieur D'Aumail, the carriage of his nephew stopped before the entrance to the governor's apartments in the Bastile. De Monthon found his uncle busily engaged with the arrangement of official documents, for several additional arrests had been made, by order of the king, and the cells of the prison were filled with prisoners, many of whom were confined on charges of treason, or for aiming to incense the people against the royal government of France. Upon the count's entrance, however, D'Aumail laid aside the papers before him, and having greeted his nephew in his accustomed manner, at once begged his attention to what he had to communicate.

'I find myself oppressed with business, De Monthon,' said the governor, 'for the king's ministers are pursuing a high-handed course towards those who possess any influence with the people, and who may be suspected of disloyalty towards our sovereign. Already many arrests have been made, others are ordered, prisoners are continually arriving hither, and I fear the result of this movement.'

'I confess to you, monsieur, the prospect is none the brightest, to my view, for the maintenance of the present throne of France, unless some measures be taken which shall prove decisive, as well as popular with the people.'

'I trust that such a course will be pursued, my dear count, as shall put to rest the ambition of the ill-advising and ignorant, and serve to elevate the king in the esteem of his subjects. But to our business. I have already arranged for the arrest of the pretended Duke Pazzoni, and my orders are given in such a manner, that I believe we shall be successful in another plot I have arranged, and in which this unfortunate man is implicated. He is a dangerous fellow, count, this Francois, and must be permanently disposed of. And now to a matter concerning yourself.

'When your father died, Eugene, as you are already well informed, he bequeathed to my charge his only child, yourself—and his dying injunctions I have endeavored faithfully to observe, towards one he so fondly loved, as I have learned to love, since his death.'

'Dear uncle, you have been all to me that the kindest of parents could be.'

'Well, let that pass, De Monthon.

'This Francois Berdotte has proved himself a villain. Precocious in his early days, vicious in his youth, hardened, wilful, criminal in his riper years. He has broken the pledge of honor he gave never to visit France again, after he was released, and for other reasons, there is cause to see him punished. But, count, you do not know, perhaps, that Francois is not an only child.'

'I never knew, or had occasion to inquire, monsieur.'

'Then hear me, Eugene. He had a sister; a beauteous girl, whom fate brought me in contact with, many years ago, and with whom, before I had reached the age of thirty, I had formed an intimate acquaintance. That intimacy was criminal—to my sorrow I confess it, De Monthon, and the result has proved the moth, the curse of my existence. This secret would have died with me, Eugene, but for the return of this wretch, Francois, who appears here in the evening of my life, to thorn me with his presence, and to accuse me to my teeth of this terrible error!

'Eloise Berdotte I did not love, De Monthon, though I had every reason to believe that her heart was devoted to me. She was beneath me in station, and as we finally met, often—I was captivated by her personal charms. One night, some two years after our acquaintance commenced, she gave birth to an infant. Stung to the heart with the mortification of this occurrence, I caused her to be removed to the environs—and tempted by Satan, I employed a scoundrel to undertake the destruction of all traces of our guilt. The infant was taken to the Seine, at midnight, and from the Pont du Jardin du Roi, it was dashed into the river!'

'Terrible fate!' exclaimed De Monthon, shocked by the recital, and the excited manner of the governor.

'But listen, yet, De Monthon. The child was saved!'

'*Your* child!'

'Hush, Eugene. *My* child was saved. An humble waterman, returning to his home, upon the river's brink, heard the noise, secured the box which contained the babe, and saved the life we would so ruthlessly have taken. A few months afterwards, tiring of the increasing care and trouble the infant caused him, the poor man left it to the cold charity of the world, depositing it one night at the door of a dwelling in the Rue Saint Honore.'

'And you never heard of it, more?' asked the now excited count.

'Hist, De Monthon. The hospitable occupant of the splendid dwelling where it was left, instead of sending it at once to the "Hospital des Enfans," received it in his own household, assumed its care, for it was a charming babe—nurtured, cherished it—did for it what its father had refused!'

'Well, monsieur.'

'The infant lives, De Monthon.'

'Speak, quickly!' said the count, terribly agitated.

'The foundling grew to womanhood, beloved by all who knew her. At length she gave her heart to one who gives back her affection with truth and interest, but who unfortunately, to this moment, does not know her early history—'

'Tell me, monsieur!'

'Another word, Eugene, and I have finished. She is now surrounded by those who adore her for her virtues, her innocence, her beauty; she is the bright star of her family circle. That lovely being, so foully deserted by her father, so fortunately rescued from the waves, so wildly loved, so innocent of her origin, is—my daughter, Count—De Monthon's betrothed, the lovely *Hermione!*'

Eugene sprang to his feet, his heart seemed ready to burst, he had no word of utterance on his lips! Consternation, surprise, had overwhelmed him, and he was dumb!

'The carriage waits, monsieur,' said a servant, entering at this moment, and five minutes afterward, D'Aumail was being driven rapidly through the streets of Paris, on his mission appointed for the hour of twelve, at noon.

De Monthon at length found his way to his carriage, and from the chambers of the governor, he proceeded to his lodgings; but how, he scarcely knew. The dreadful announcement he had just listened to, so overpowered him for the time being, that he retired at once to his private apartment, and was not seen again during the whole day. In the meantime he reflected upon D'Aumail's disclosures, and his torture of mind was terrible. His affection for Hermione—the fact of her disgraceful origin—his uncle her father—his own position, title, rank in society—his fears for the result of this disclosure, which he felt certain his betrothed knew nothing of—all rushed upon him, and nearly drove him mad!

But the vehicle which the governor had entered at his rooms, still pursued its course, and was driven with speed through the streets, until it reached the vicinity of the Rue Vivienne, where D'Aumail alighted, in the dress of a gend'arme. He was immediately joined by two allies, and the trio proceeded to a small house near the Hotel des Etranges, which they entered quietly, and where a dozen sturdy soldiers already awaited their arrival.

The Governor of the Bastile gave his orders clearly and coolly, as if nothing had transpired to disturb him. It was directed that one half of the soldiers, with a petty officer in command, should proceed instanter to the village of Bagnolet, where it was learned that Francois had originally stopped on his arrival in France (and where as we have seen, he still paid for quarters), and take possession of everything there belonging to him, which they were to hold until they received further orders. The others—with D'Aumail at their head, proceeded directly to the Hotel des Etranges, to arrest the mock-duke, and possess themselves of his luggage in that establishment.

The governor had resolved to seize upon the duplicate documents which Francois had prepared in regard to his own affairs, if it were possible so to do; and imagining that the course he had pursued towards the burglar thus far, would scarcely have prompted him yet to place the papers out of his own immediate reach, he determined to secure all the moveables belonging to him in his hotel in town, and those also at Bagnolet, as well as the person too, of Francois himself; and run the hazard thus of obtaining the wished-for documents. Within the hour, every article purporting to be the property of the ci-devant duke, was safely stored at the neighboring Prefecture de Police; and the duke himself appearing shortly afterward, unaware of what was transpiring, was arrested by four gend'armes left to look for him. Ere the hour of two o'clock had struck, Francois was safely quartered, once more, in the Bastile, where he had leisure to renew his threats of vengeance upon D'Aumail, for his duplicity!

The premises at Bagnolet had been rifled of everything which was claimed as the property of the false duke, there; and the officers having found the escritoire and a quantity of disguises only, returned to head quarters once more, to report progress. Thus far the plans of D'Aumail had proved completely successful.

Francois, upon his final arrest, had just returned from an interesting *tete-a-tete* with Monsieur Chaufran, who, as yet, was entirely innocent of what was going on amongst his acquaintances; and who at parting with his highness, the Duke Pazzoni, a few hours before, had assured him that his suit should be urged forward with Hermione, with all practicable despatch. The duke had passed a compliment with Mademoiselle Hermione, as he left the drawing room, and promised to call, on the morrow, and conclude the proposal in form, which he had made to the surgeon.

Immediately upon his departure, however, Hermione took it upon herself to inform her father what she had learned on the evening previously, touching the *real* character of the ostensible duke, who listened attentively, but not without his misgivings that jealousy on De Monthon's part might have prompted him to exaggerate, in reference to his friend. There were too many chances that the count might be mistaken, he thought; but before night-fall, Chaufran learned that the Duke Pazzoni had been arrested on a series of important and heavy charges, and he was measurably content, when he reflected that the wretch had not as yet actually duped him to any extent. Besides, he heard that Francois was in the hands of Monsieur D'Aumail, Governor of the Bastile, and he had very much rather it would be the duke, than himself, who should enjoy the not over-weening society of that functionary!

As D'Aumail had calculated, the expedition to the premises of Francois, at Bagnolet, resulted in securing certain articles which he desired. Pascho had deposited the documents faithfully, as he had been directed; the first in the sliding drawer of his master's travelling box, the other in the secret apartment of his escritoire at Bagnolet. A careful search on the part of the governor, in person, among the effects of Francois, resulted in his finding the packets addressed to Chaufran and the Procureur de Roi, and in which, upon perusal, D'Aumail found his whole secret set forth in glowing terms! But the mock-duke and his papers were at last effectually in the toils of the enemy of Francois, who now promised himself the gratification of being avenged upon his prisoner for his insults and contumely.

The unfortunate Francois had not laid his plans with sufficient care, to thwart the bold and intriguing D'Aumail; and though he was an adept at scheming, he was no match for the governor. He was totally unprepared for this crushing event, believing that he had placed himself in such a position towards D'Aumail, by his own course and the disclosures he had made to him, as would disable him from retaliating upon him, even if he would. Nevertheless, though he found himself closely confined and strictly guarded, he fancied that the packets he had left behind him, and the directions he had given to Pascho, would work out his release in a few days, at farthest; and thus Francois hoped on. He did not *know* Monsieur Jean D'Aumail!

### CHAPTER XXII.

*Eugene's distress. He hastens to Hermione—but D'Aumail arrives before him. The terrible announcement has been made. The meeting between Hermione and De Monthon. The count's excitement. Francois in prison. Hermione's decision is deferred. Her final answer is given.*

IN a state of mind bordering closely upon insanity, the Count De Monthon passed the night which succeeded the day on which D'Aumail had rehearsed to him the intelligence concerning Hermione's parentage. He bitterly bewailed his fate, and when he reflected upon the proud position he had sustained in his social and political relations, the thought of wedding one whose ignominious birth was such that, in his esteem, a stigma must ever attach to him and his posterity, he could not brook it, though he knew not where to turn for relief. He loved Hermione, deeply, fondly; he knew her only as the beautiful, the guileless, the innocent Hermione Chaufran; but O, what a barrier was here presented to his future hopes of bliss!

Morning came, and De Monthon had at length nerved himself to the task of meeting Hermione, of conferring frankly with her, and of laying his heart open to her in whose judgment and honor he had ever implicitly confided; though he looked forward to this sad interview with a throbbing, an aching heart—and had no course marked out, by which he had determined to be governed. He ordered his carriage at a seasonable hour in the morning, and without communicating with any one upon the subject, drove at once to the mansion of Monsieur Chaufran.

D'Aumail, however, had foreseen all this. He was well acquainted with the impetuous character and ingenuous nature of his nephew, and, convinced that he would take an early opportunity to disclose to the fair Hermione, this secret (in which she was, with her lover, so deeply interested), he had forestalled the arrival of De Monthon, and the history of her wrong had already been communicated to herself and Chaufran, through a morning call from the governor, the first visit he had paid the surgeon for many, many years! Of this De Monthon was unadvised, and upon announcing himself, he was ushered into the reception-room of Chaufran's elegant mansion. But he felt as he advanced over the threshold, that an unusual quietness and sadness pervaded the house. His speculations were instantly dispelled, however, as Hermione slowly entered the apartment, pale and weeping.

'You cannot have learned the dreadful intelligence, so soon,' said De Monthon, approaching, and taking her cold hand.

'I have heard *all*, De Monthon,' she said, and a fresh burst of grief agitated her delicate frame.

'From whom, ma'amoiselle?'

'From Monsieur D'Aumail, from *my father*, Eugene!'

'Unwelcome tidings travel rapidly,' said De Monthon, with a heavy sigh. 'I hastened hither myself to break this crushing news to you, dear Hermione, but the unhappy task of its rehearsal is thus well over.'

'Would to heaven the worst had passed!' exclaimed the affectionate girl, as she wiped her flooded eyes.

'The worst *is* over, dearest; no shade of guile is stamped upon this pure brow,' said De Monthon, warmly, 'the sin of the parent is not reflected in this lovely face. We shall be happy, Hermione.'

'No, De Monthon, the trial is nearly done. My youthful heart is little schooled to so fearful an ordeal as this; I did not dream that misfortune's blight would thus have fallen on my path, but, it is not too late! You, De Monthon, are free from stain, unharmed I trust from contamination; you may yet be happy. But listen, count. Had I the hand as free from taint as once I fancied it, had I the heart which once I thought was all your own, had I the prospect which until to-day I deemed in a measure worthy of your consideration, that hand and heart were yours, in adversity or fortune. I feel it *here*,' she said, and she placed the hand of the count against her throbbing heart. 'The die is cast, the sentence must be pronounced. I am not worthy of the Count De Monthon. I cannot, cannot become your wife!'

'O, Hermione!' said Eugene, 'spare me, I pray you, those chilling words. My feelings can never change toward you, towards that Hermione whom I have so dearly loved from my boyhood; that being so pure, so gentle, so deserving, for herself alone. No, Hermione, you must be mine; I have reflected deeply on my position and yours, and again I say, you *must* be mine. My home shall be your home. Heaven has willed it, dearest, we are solemnly betrothed. That home may be a paradise, a desert, as you will it, Hermione. Be mine, forget the past, and I swear to you, the life of De Monthon shall be devoted to your happiness. You are blameless, you are guiltless, you have promised to be my wife; I demand the fulfilment of your sacred pledge!'

The earnestness of De Monthon's manner, his excitement, his passion, his tears, his appeals, for a moment staggered the resolution of the unhappy girl. She had never before seen the count excited. She loved Eugene as woman rarely loves, and she checked him; then with a beaming look of tenderness, she said:

'No, De Monthon. Seek elsewhere for a heart more worthy of your pretensions, for a bride more worthy your station; for a being like yourself, against whom the blighting finger of scorn, of insinuation, cannot truthfully be pointed. Fame and honor are before you, a bright path towards the future beckons you; let not your passion for an unworthy object dim the bright prospect which invites you, which has surrounded you to this moment. But Eugene, be sure that wherever you roam, whatever may be your fate, the thoughts of her whom once you condescended to love, who has lived, De Monthon, beneath the light of your smiles, who had hoped, one day, to be happy with you, will ever return to you, in her orisons before that throne where distinctions are unknown, and where the pure in heart find favor!'

Tears choked her utterance. Hermione could say no more.

'Now, dearest, listen to me,' said Eugene. 'I am your betrothed, your plighted husband. In all save the empty legal form, I am yours, yours alone. No misfortune should separate us, and if sorrow come, who should be at hand to succor you, before him who has vowed to protect you? Away then, with these sad thoughts, and let me hear once more, I pray you, from those sweet lips, that you have not revoked your solemn promise to be mine.'

'No, count, an insurmountable barrier is raised between us. My foster-father is not my father's friend! The angry words which I partially overheard between them this morning, convinces me that a bitter strife exists there, and my heart is chilled when I feel compelled to say that neither Chaufran nor D'Aumail will probably consent to favor the proposal of our union.'

'I do not claim their favor, then,' said De Monthon, proudly. 'Dear Hermione, my fortune you know is ample, my income princely, by my honored father's will. I ask no favor, no dowry, no name! Give me the honest heart of my own Hermione, and I will claim no more. Say, Hermione, will you be mine?'

'Kind, generous friend! My only hope, amid the gloom which now surrounds me,' continued Hermione; 'do not urge me to the commission of an act which you, yourself, may one day repent. I have thought deeply of this, but now I ask that you will see me once more, dear count. The unwelcome mishap which has thus suddenly fallen upon us, calls for calm and careful consideration. To-night, Eugene, meet me in our loved trysting-place, our favorite bower; and meantime ponder well upon the consequences of your proposal, under the circumstances. We shall meet again, and then—then, De Monthon, you shall hear my final decision. No more: till then, adieu!' and she suffered Eugene to imprint upon her pale cheek a parting kiss. They separated, oppressed with sorrow, and De Monthon drove at once to his lodgings.

D'Aumail had had a stormy interview with Chaufran in the morning. He had called him up at an early hour, in anticipation of the movements of his nephew, and the triumph of the surgeon was now complete over his enemy, the late commissary. Chaufran was quickly satisfied of his entire innocence of a crime, which for many a long year he had supposed himself guilty of, and which, in spite of the associations of his former profession, had haunted him day and night. When he looked back, also, at the course which the selfish and unjust D'Aumail had pursued towards him, his threats, the imprisonment, his curses, and bravado in the premises, he could not but turn upon the governor with bitterness of hate. He lashed him for his villany towards the poor Eloise, and the reproof proved gall to the already afflicted heart of Monsieur D'Aumail, who saw and realized his fatal errors!

Chaufran took an early opportunity to confer with Hermione, and he found with deep satisfaction, though she was convinced she was but the adopted foundling, that she looked up to *him* as to *a father*. He embraced her, he promised her his favor and protection; but he was pointed and positive in his demand that she should never marry De Monthon, at least, while D'Aumail lived. The painful alternative was his first displeasure, for she had ever been devotedly dutiful, and upon mature reflection, Hermione resolved that when she should meet Eugene again, she would advise him in accordance with Chaufran's wishes. She determined not to wed in opposition to his approval who had reared her, and who to the present moment had been to her a kind and faithful parent.

Francois had never ascertained that Chaufran was the companion of D'Aumail, on the night of the scene in the Rue de Charenton! Had the brigand learned this part of their mutual secret, his plans might have been changed towards both the surgeon and the governor! As it was, he was now a prisoner; his papers, on which he relied so strongly for release, were in possession of D'Aumail; the third, the fourth day after his imprisonment had expired, and still Francois remained in his dreary cell, amidst uncertainty and suspense.

Evening came, that hour which De Monthon felt was to decide his future fate; and he repaired again to the dwelling of her he adored. The interview was brief. Hermione informed him amid her tears, that she found no escape from her previous decision, that she had fully determined not to wed, while D'Aumail was living. The resolution taken, the fiat delivered, Eugene pressed the hand of Hermione, and broken down in spirits, quit the mansion utterly reckless of his future fate.

The storm of threatening, which for some time had lowered over the fortunes of France, had now assumed a definite character; and already might be heard the muttering thunder which preceded the frightful crash of July! For several days previously, the number of arrests had increased, and the eve of the Revolution in Paris had arrived!

### CHAPTER XXIII.

*Reflections of Hermione, after parting with her lover. Her trials and grief. A letter reaches her from De Monthon. Her joy is turned again to sorrow. The reply, her resolve is unchanged. The distress of the lovers. Chaufran's schemes, and his satisfaction at the turn affairs have taken.*

THE anguish which preyed upon the tender heart of Hermione, after her final interview with her lover, was bitter, fearful in the extreme, it threatened her existence. In obedience to what she deemed a compliance with the filial wish—for, until now she had known Chaufran only as a most affectionate parent, whose desires she had ever felt herself bound to respect, she had discarded De Monthon, little dreaming of the real consequences which must follow the act. From the moment which terminated her last painful meeting with her lover, however, her thoughts had undergone a most serious change, and she had now resolved upon a life of future seclusion. In her own mind, she had fully determined upon seeking the quiet repose of a cloister, at an early day, content to devote the little time which might be left to her on earth (for she felt that her heart must break with the weight of this heavy misfortune), in those duties which might serve to blunt the feelings which now oppressed her—duties of a loftier character, and bearing upon what she could not but conceive her approaching dissolution!

The trial which she had so suddenly been called upon to pass through, was a severe one indeed, to her whose career had hitherto been free from mishap, whose days and years had glided by in the midst of happiness, almost unalloyed! Her affection for De Monthon was deep-rooted, and she loved him with all the strength of a first affection, with all the devotedness of a warm, a generous, a youthful heart. That love had been strengthened, through a lapse of years, by faithfulness and reciprocal devotion on the part of the object of her hopes, and now, on a sudden, she felt that all the bright dreams of her early years were swept away, at a single blow; the tie which bound her to earth had been irredeemably severed—her fondest expectations were blasted—and no gleam of hope was left her! She might have argued, in secret, that her foster-father had grown peculiar in his advancing years, or that he had proved himself in a measure uncharitable towards her lover; yet such a thought but flashed upon her consideration, when she drove the undutiful suggestion quickly from her breast! Chaufran had been faithful, generous, parental, in all things, towards her, and, her sense of *duty* bade her honor him, to respect his advice.

Twenty-four hours passed, and Hermione still brooded in silence over her misfortune. In vain had Chaufran endeavored to console her, in vain had she striven to suppress the tears which still unbidden gushed to her eyes. The fountain of her heart was not yet exhausted, and happy was it for the sufferer, in a degree, that this was so; that flood of tears, at least, relieved the burning, temporarily! Still she sat alone in her boudoir, and still she reflected upon the sad task she had just been called upon to perform, when an attendant knocked gently at the door, and her thoughts were thus suddenly interrupted; her maid-in-waiting immediately entered, and handed her a letter. A glance at the seal convinced her it was *his* crest. Hastily bidding the servant retire, she pressed the little packet frantically to her bosom, then, quickly breaking the envelope, she read as follows:

'HOTEL DE MESMES;
*Rue St. Avoye, evening.*

'LOVED ONE—

'However the dictates of conscience, or of filial obedience may have influenced you, and whatever motives may have prompted your decision, so fatal at least, as it must be to the future peace of him who has worshipped you as the idol of his being—your faithful, still loving Eugene ventures the hope that these lines, the last he will intrude upon you, may not prove a burthen. They are penned amid the heavy grief of one whose heart's devotion to yourself can only cease with his life. Should they chance to assuage a single pang which I cannot but believe, unfortunately, may now oppress you, in view of the course you have been driven to adopt—most happy should I feel thus to have lightened that pain.

'Hermione, it is not too late! Need I again assure you of the entire devotedness of my affection towards you? You will bear me witness, now, I trust, that no sinister object, no selfish motive, has prompted my feelings—no possessions have influenced me, save for *yourself* alone. Again let me entreat you, then, to redeem your pledge. O, Hermione! Revoke your fearful decision—be mine, loved one, and the careless world *dare* not lisp a syllable of insinuation or scandal against the name of her whom the Count De Monthon swears to protect! My position will be prouder, the name of De Monthon will receive an additional lustre, on the day you consent to crown the ambition of my strongest, fondest, earliest hopes. My title, fortune, name are yours, if you but will it, and again I pledge you, dearest, that the entire devotion of my life shall be to secure your continual happiness.

'I would not speak unkindly, I would not at a time like this, bid you look into your own heart, and question if this decision be not unjust. I have confided in you, Hermione, too deeply, to believe you guilty of anything like idle or wanton folly, or even of undue reflection in this crisis. Yet may I not urge that your foster-father's course is ill-chosen, under the circumstances! For the gratification of his whim, alone—for this it seems to me now stands between us and happiness—the hearts he has not the right to crush, are about to be sacrificed, through his unfriendliness. Reflect, once more, dear Hermione, and say will you not retract your fatal answer to my appeal!

'Hermoine, *your* weal, *your* happiness alike with his whom you have professed to love, is at stake, in this hazard. Your fearful determination still rings in my ears, even though I can scarcely realize that I have listened to the words which fell from your lips so recently! Your own heart, Hermione, cannot have become reconciled to this doubly fatal—this suicidal act. Reflect again, then, dearest; recall, I implore you, your fiat; by all the bright hopes which promise had held out to us, by the happiness of the past, by the solemn pledges between us, by all we hold sacred in love and life—I conjure you, reflect and retract. I have given you my heart, you possess it alone, and I cannot recall the gift; you alone possess the power to save me from sorrow—death, Hermione, for I cannot survive this blow. Be mine, then, save him to whom you have sacredly, solemnly pledged your troth!

'Dearest, I would not that one thought of aught like reproach should thrust itself upon your already over-burthened bosom, as you peruse these lines. I blame not you, and trust me, Hermione, be your reply to this what it may (for surely you will not refuse me this), I promise you this heart will remain devotedly, truthfully, ever—your own. You cannot be cruel to that heart; I believe you cannot still spurn this offer, renewed again and again, this pledge once more laid at your feet. Hermione, let me crave your favor, let me urge your reconsideration of the harsh decision you have uttered, let me beg you, by all that you hold sacred, to listen to me! Grant me this boon—redeem your pledge, and again I promise you that my after life shall be one continuous effort to promote your unalloyed happiness.

'Hermione, for your sake, I would be content to submit to sacrifice; I would brave, for *you*, any—all dangers. But the Count de Monthon has not been schooled to crouch or kneel to injustice! I would tamely submit to anguish and pain, for your sake, I would utter no syllable of complaint against him whom your own sense of duty commands you to honor. Yet let me again hope that you will yet consider well what is now at stake, and permit your faithful Eugene still to believe that your affection for him is paramount to *all* ordinary considerations. Once more, dear Hermione, I confidently claim your lenity—and with my last words, let me hope for the boon it is in your power to grant. I await your resolve, your reply to this—and trust to the goodness of your heart for final favor. Do not, I implore you, dash from my lips the cup I would raise so ardently; and reflect, Hermione, that the answer you vouchsafe, will be the bearer of grateful joy, or consummate woe, to the ever faithful heart of your own
DE MONTHON.'

The perusal of this missive, the earnest appeals it contained, from him whom Hermione loved—O, how fondly! was the occasion of renewed paroxysms of the deepest grief to the suffering foster-daughter of Chaufran. Again and again did she con it over, again and again did the lovely maiden pore over those pages, and devour every syllable of their contents—those passionate and loving sentences, fraught as they were with the burning devotion, the truthful devotedness of him who alone possessed her affections, for whom alone she had hoped to live. An hour, a painful hour of deep reflection succeeded, but her resolve remained unaltered!

Hermione dwelt upon the words of her lover's epistle, she endeavored by every artifice in her power, in her own mind, to argue away the objections of Chaufran towards Eugene, but she had been so educated to look upon the surgeon as *authority*, and so well did she know the fearful obstinacy of her protector, who had already decided against her wishes in the most bitter terms, that however fervently she hoped that some avenue of escape might open—yet she felt, full well, how futile was that desire!

The tolling of the midnight hour recalled her to a consciousness of the sad duty which was only left her, and while hot tears of sorrow bedimmed those lovely eyes—tears fresh from her heart, which fell upon the parchment before her—the still faithful but suffering girl, with trembling hand and throbbing bosom, penned a final answer to the last favor of him she loved.

'MAISON DE BRUNOY,
*Rue St. Honore, midnight.*

'NOBLE EUGENE!

'A life of devotion to you, to one so worthy, so generous, so faithful—could ill repay such kindness, such condescension as you have evinced, since the fatal discovery which has lately transpired, but which, alas! has opened a gulph betwixt us that cannot be leaped! O, De Monthon, could I describe to you the suffering which is consuming me, could I find words to depict to you the intense misery to which I am now subjected, and which will assuredly destroy me—how would your gentle disposition pity me, how would you condole with me, in the awful position which fate has placed me! Yet Heaven wills the suffering, and I would not complain. Ill would it become me, dear count, to rail against fortune, who, up to this period of my life, have been so richly favored! No—the draught is bitter, but I must submit.

'Your kindly assurances, dear Eugene, will serve in a measure to buoy me up, and solace me amid the crushing sorrows which have so suddenly fallen upon me, and the more than affectionate tone of your most welcome letter, will ever be remembered fondly, thankfully, by her who would so gladly have been united to you, but for the fatal obstruction which, so singularly, has been raised against our mutual hopes. Much, then, as I feel for you, deeply as I deplore the sad alternative, crushing as is the duty left me—to reiterate the trying sentence—still am I forced to repeat, Eugene, I cannot become your wife! That sentence may cause your wounds to open afresh, that decision, now so reluctantly renewed, may renew your grief—but O, De Monthon! judge me not harshly, but trust me, its reversion is beyond my power.

'My foster-father is inexorable. He has reared, protected, nurtured, cherished your Hermione—when the author of her being had ruthlessly forsaken—but I will not trust myself to speak of *him!* The adjustment of his fearful account—his intended crime, I leave between him and his God. But, De Monthon, with the threat of my protector's curse before me, should I disregard his injunctions, with the prospect of encountering his fearful ire—I cannot, *cannot* yield, though my heart is breaking. Spare me, then, the pain and sorrow, yourself the mortification, which is inseparable from the consummation of this alliance. Leave that Hermione who *believes* you 'love her for herself alone,' to her future fate, and embrace the proud prospect which is open before you, which points you to fame, to honor, perhaps to happiness more certain than your brightest visions might suggest, with the unfortunate *foundling* of Saint Antoine.

'In the midst of an overwhelming woe—of a gnawing misery which you can never know, and which Heaven grant, dear Eugene, you may never realize—I finish this scrawl. It is wet with tears from my heart, De Monthon, tears for you, Eugene—tears which until now your Hermione has never known—tears of misery, for which there is no relief! But bear up, brave, generous, noble De Monthon! Sorrow should cast no shadow on *your* brow, unstained as it is by fault or dishonor. A widowed heart addresses these parting words to you, a heart entirely your own, now and forever. Fear not, dear count, for me. No other hand shall embrace the form of her you have condescended to love, her bosom is forever closed against conquest. The life of your Hermione will be devoted to Him who in his all-wise decree has chosen thus to chasten her, and henceforth, to higher, holier purposes, she pledges her existence!

'Live, then, De Monthon, live and pray for the peace of her who adores you, who will never cease to dwell upon your memory. Live—for fame, for future honors, for your country. Suffer not the idle passion for an unfortunate being like myself to interrupt your onward, upward course—but live — for yourself, your noble, honest, generous self. The ——— word, so triflingly pronounced, at times, but now so potent, so full of meaning! Scarcely can I trust myself to write that word, De Monthon—and yet the Rubicon *must* be passed.

'God bless you, then, Eugene! These are my last words—farewell! * * * Let this suffice—yet, trust me, De Monthon, the earnest prayers of her who loves you, will ascend to Him who rules us for the best, for your lasting happiness. Fate has decreed it—the past *is* past—we shall meet, I trust—in *heaven.*'
HERMIONE.'

This appalling letter, so full of tenderness, of grief, of disappointed love—was duly forwarded to its destination in the morning, and the unfortunate sufferer threw herself upon her pillow at daybreak, thoroughly exhausted with this effort, the last she had occasion to transmit to the Count De Monthon!

Monsieur Chaufran had had the opportunity to become acquainted with the distress of Hermione, and well he knew its cause; but he did not, in his heartlessness, appreciate the extent of the misery he had caused by this last stroke of his petty malice. He saw with gratification that the means had been furnished him, most unexpectedly too, to mar the happiness of De Monthon, who was inimical to him from his relationship to D'Aumail, and he readily availed of the opportunity this presented, to break up the intimacy between Eugene and his 'daughter.' Moreover, he had repeatedly committed himself to the Duke Pazzoni, who had been, for the few days prior to his arrest, actively in treaty for the hand of Hermione; and Chaufran had flattered himself into the belief that but a brief space of time would elapse ere the mind of his ward would become sealed against the count. He had determined not to lose sight of the appropriate moment to crown the wishes of the mock-duke, and at the same time make his daughter a duchess! But the trifling accident which occurred to his highness, prevented the proposed union, for the present.

The schemes of the surgeon were not always of the most successful character; and we have seen in his history, that he was sometimes thwarted. Still, he encouraged the duke—who had hoped for the best—albeit most of his time had been occupied in following up the train of circumstances by which he purposed to destroy D'Aumail. In the meantime, as has been shown, the Governor of the Bastile had not been idle. *His* plans had been conceived with care; and his experience had taught him that 'the race was not *always* with the swift!'

Francois had learned all that he deemed of especial consequence to him, in his present undertaking, and he entertained no doubt that D'Aumail was securely in his power! He had determined, on the very day of his arrest, to make one more visit to the governor, and to insist upon his aid in the immediate consummation of his project with Chaufran, for Hermione's hand. Once in possession of the fair foundling, he would find means to punish D'Aumail, for he was equal to the commission of any act, to gratify his revenge; and then he had resolved, with his bride, to bid a long, a final adieu to France. Instead of this, however, he suddenly found himself once more the inmate of a cell in the Bastile!

### CHAPTER XXIV.

*The revolt in Paris, '89. The 'thirteenth of July!' Fall of the monarchy of France. De Monthon commissioned in the royal army. Attack of the mob on the Bastile! Gallant defence by De Monthon's regiment. Release of the prisoners. The massacre. Fall of the Bastile! Fate of the commissary and the duke. The will. Chaufran. De Monthon. The foundling.*

THE scenes already described, occurred during a series of years commencing in 1769, and terminating in '89. We are now brought to the summer of the last named year, that season which was fraught with so much of import to the destiny of France. In the early part of July, among other arrests made by D'Aumail, was that of Francois Berdotte. The Bastile, the Prison La Force, the Palais de Justice, and the St. Lazare were gorged with victims, confined upon political charges and for other causes known only to the king and his ministers. The military of Paris had already become dangerously disaffected towards the throne, and low murmurings of civil war had become rife and evident among the people.

The king was seriously disturbed for the safety of his government, and the continual rumors which had reached him day and night, for weeks, at length assumed such a character as alarmed his household seriously. It became apparent that some bold and resolute measures must be adopted by Louis to stay or avoid the approaching trouble among his subjects. He had resolved to rely upon the national reserve—his army—but his appointments were unpopular, and the masses determined upon managing affairs in their own way.

Yet the court had decided to adopt hostile measures to quell the turbulent spirit which was abroad, and as soon as this was made known, thousands of applicants for royal favor were made instanter, for the honors of a star or an epaulet, by those who had not counted the cost of the undertaking. One of the king's chief officers (a friend to the people) had been displaced, and was peremptorily ordered to

quit France; the announcement of which fact excited the greatest alarm throughout Paris. Tumults followed, the military were ordered out, crowds thronged the streets, and on a sudden was heard that terrible cry, 'to arms!'

The leaders of the popular party proved themselves fanatics, in pursuing the course they chose, and the impetuous adherents to what was understood as 'popular right,' followed in blindness the lead of those in whom they confided. The twelfth of July saw the first blood which was spilled in that sanguinary struggle—the mass against the monarchy in France. The king was informed of the state of things by his confidential minister. 'It is the revolt of a mob,' said Louis. 'It is a revolution, sire,' said the other—and a fearful one did it prove!

The crowds augmented, the combats between the soldiery and the people increased, and the royal troops were opposed, and were finally compelled to retire. The French guards had become hourly more disaffected, and eventually joined the populace against the mounted troops! In the garden of the Tuilleries, they were put to rout—but immediately the 'Little Swiss' regiment turned against the government, the guard attached to the royal household soon followed, the army then refused to fire upon the insurgents—and the monarchy of France was lost!

The great prisons of the metropolis were glutted with victims who had been incarcerated upon charges of political disaffection; many of the leaders of this important movement were locked within their frowning walls, and while the soldiery guarded in the gardens of the great palace, threats were plainly heard among the people, of attacks upon the prisons. In vain had D'Aumail appealed to his government to protect him, at the Bastile. He had foreseen that the revolt would take place, and he was aware that the mob would attack these fortresses, in the hope of releasing their friends, who were competent to lead them in this bloody strife. He foresaw that the carnage which must follow would be dreadful, but his appeals for aid were lost amid the terrible confusion and consternation which surrounded the king and his court. Louis was advised by those who were ambitious only for their own advancement, and his aim was to intimidate and crush the insurrectionists, which he attempted without calculating the chances against him!

The fury of the excited populace continued to increase, and in the midst of the trouble, a portion of the troops were ordered to Versailles to protect the palace. As soon as the guards disappeared, large bodies of men crowded the streets of Paris, a portion of the soldiery left behind joined them, the workshops and the arsenals were stormed by mobs, and the arms were distributed among the people. Dwellings were torn down and destroyed, the Hotel des Invalides was taken possession of, thousands of muskets had been obtained, myriads of pikes glistened in the dying sun-light, cannon were procured—and fifty thousand insurgents were organized in readiness for any event, as night closed in Paris, upon the thirteenth of July.

Immense bands of armed men, officered and equipped, showed themselves in the capital, on the morning of the fourteenth. The din and tumult had become deafening, and shouts were heard, incessantly—'*Down with the king!*'—'*Vive la Republique!*' Alarming reports had been circulated, many of the streets were already barricaded, stones were carried to the tops of the houses, to shower down upon the defenders of the monarchy, and the agitated populace were thirsting for the opportunity to wreak their vengeance upon those whom they considered their oppressors.

The king was still in the palace at Versailles, surrounded by those who brought him erroneous reports; and Louis, confiding in their accounts, had no means of learning the real state of affairs. He still believed the revolt might be crushed, he still relied upon his faithless advisers, he still hoped to maintain his position; and not until it was too late, did he become aware of the extent of the troubles at the capital. In the meantime the confusion increased, the agitation was encouraged, and numerous outrages were openly committed in the streets of the metropolis.

The measures adopted by the king, unfortunately, were such as served, under the circumstances, to urge on the popular violence, instead of tending to conciliation; the court snapped its finger contemptuously at the idea of a successful revolt, and thus an error—fatal in its conception—was at last the cause of bathing the streets of Paris in blood! While the throne of Louis was tottering, his advisers flattered him the tumult was temporary.

But the day advanced, and hundreds of the French guards had now joined the insurgents. The Place de Greve had been taken possession of, and was occupied as a grand depot for arms and ammunition. The intentions of the now organized mob were openly bruited, and the determination to attack the prisons was fixed upon. The excitement was furious, the crowd jostled on, and destruction marked their course, as they proceeded forward towards a dark and fearful ruin!

The roar and din of the insurrection suddenly broke on the ears of De Monthon, and his mind was still in that disordered state, which renders its possessor entirely reckless of the future. The tumult had risen to a fearful height, and he learned from those around him that the people had armed, and were on the eve of a terrible conflict.

'Why not mingle with this murderous crowd,' he said, half sullenly, 'and face the torrent which soon must sweep them down? It were better, far, to die at once, than linger on during an existence rendered insupportable by this overwhelming misfortune. Hermione discards me, pointedly, while her father lives, and the chances are, he may outlive us both. Poor consolation to a wounded heart! But I can with no harm to D'Aumail. He has been'—his door was thrust open at this moment, and a messenger hastily entered, with an order for his services, from the king.

De Monthon was an aristocrat, and his father before him. His uncle and himself were indebted to the kindness of the king for their position, title and wealth. He was a loyal subject, and he did not hesitate an instant in his response to the demand of his royal master. Bred to a military life, though he had passed the previous three years upon a foreign mission, he was amply qualified for a proud position in the army, and none had ever had occasion to question the nerve and thorough bravery of the Count de Monthon. He took post-horses, and in an hour he stood in presence of his sovereign; in the next, he was commissioned as colonel of a regiment of the royal guard, with orders to proceed at once to Paris, and report to the chief in command at the scene of strife.

Eugene accepted the post of honor which Louis so suddenly imposed upon him, but ere his final departure from his lodgings, he found a moment's leisure to pen a parting line to his beloved Hermione.

'Ere this may reach you, loved one,' he said, 'the unhappy author may have found a grave, in the service of his king. I go to aid the cause of right, to lend my humble service in support of our royal sovereign, who has ever been the friend to my family. If I fall, dearest, my death will be honorable; and while a tear may start from the eye of my Hermione, she will ever respect the memory of him who adored but her alone!

'De Monthon.'

This note was hastily sealed and placed in the hands of a trusty messenger, who delivered it within a brief time into the hand of the suffering and heart-stricken Hermione, at Chaufran's mansion.

D'Aumail had learned, as we have seen, the peril which threatened his quarters, in common with the other prisons, and again had he despatched a messenger to the king, imploring his succor. Pending the absence of his courier to the palace, he had taken every precaution to fortify himself at the Bastile, and to provide as well as he was able against emergencies, if he were attacked; knowing the importance of retaining the prisoners in his custody, most of whom were those who were charged with having instigated the original movements against the throne, which resulted in the revolt. In addition to this consideration, the murderers, thieves and traitors within those walls were by no means inconsiderable in numbers, and among them was the scoundrel Francois.

As the governor concluded his hastily planned arrangements for defence from the assault which he had expected during the previous twenty-four hours, the sound of martial music was on a sudden heard outside the walls, and D'Aumail hastened to the look-out, at the same time giving his orders to prepare for the attack. His fears were changed into congratulation, as he approached the wall and beheld the noble form of De Monthon, at the head of his gallant regiment, advancing to his aid. The count explained his mission to his foster-father, and a portion of the regiment were drawn up, with the few soldiers attached to the fortress, in the grand hall of the Bastile, where the necessary directions were hurriedly given for the disposal of the troops along the walls, and throughout the interior. The guns were manned, and the guards were duly placed in position.

'There is not a moment to be lost,' said De Monthon. 'Even as I hurried hither, the excited populace were pressing their way rapidly to this spot.'

As he spoke, the crowd advanced. Thousands of the *canaille* of Paris, led on by bold and competent officers, rushed to the scene, and their din, and uproar, and yells were borne along upon the wind with fearful emphasis. As they dashed forward through the streets, their menaces were loud and threatening, and high above the general tumult could be heard the shout, even by the prison-inmates in their dungeons, '*The Bastile!*' '*To the Bastile!*'

The tumult upon the outside had not been lost upon the convicts and prisoners. The cell of Francois was so located, that he soon divined the cause of the confusion. Moreover, he had observed the progress of the approaching storm, during his late brief visit in Paris, for the result was not the work of a moment, or of a single day. The effervescence had been working upward for months, though he was not prepared for the sudden movement which succeeded his arrival. But Parisians have a mode peculiar to themselves, in bringing about a 'crisis,' which Francois in his exile, had forgotten!

The excited multitude rushed headlong towards the gates of the Bastile, whence they had determined to free their friends, and where they had resolved upon that massacre which scarcely finds its parallel in the history of the world. The hated prison wherein the victims of royal displeasure had so often been immured, was destined to be the scene of a slaughter hitherto unheard of; and an immense force, armed to the teeth, very shortly surrounded its vicinity. Scarcely three hundred men defended the interior of the Bastile, but the guns upon the walls were well mounted and manned. A portion of the assailants, under pretence of a proposed parley, had obtained access to the inner yard, but the drawbridge was raised immediately after, and the attempt to scale the walls for a time proved abortive. D'Aumail instantly ordered the discharge of the cannon, and the onslaught commenced with dreadful effect. At this moment, the faint tones of the *tocsin* were heard from a distance, and the signal was not misunderstood; *the Revolution had begun!*

The Hotel des Invalides was suddenly discovered shrouded in flames. The cannon of the Bastile continued to roar, and the grape-shot from the battery felled thousands, as it crashed among the bewildered but desperate crowd. The fearful rattle of musketry kept up its incessant din, and scores of dead and wounded lay weltering in gore, beneath the frowning walls of the detested prison. Maddened with horror and indignation, and spurred on by the brave adherents of the king, the soldiers who still remained true to royalty fought like men, whose country, honor, lives, all were at stake. The battle had thus far been waged with most determined valor, upon both sides, but many a waving plume and gilded crest had fallen before the onward rush of the innumerable, well-armed, and frantic insurgents.

For an instant, the mob gave way before the well-directed fire of the regulars, and the destructive effect of the murderous grape from the prison batteries; but a portion of the 'guards' who had joined the people, arrived with their heavy artillery, and supported by increasing numbers of men, the scene was changed. The cannon were at once directed upon the Bastile walls, and but a brief space of time elapsed ere a dreadful fire had commenced from the outside. The mounted guns had ceased, the men who had worked them having been nearly all shot down or wounded, and suddenly was heard a crash; the chain upon the inner draw had been severed, and the bridge came down with a noise like thunder! A thousand insurgents rushed madly into the courtyard, where they were met by the valiant De Monthon and his band, who gave no inch of ground which was not contested with the lives of the defenders.

The inner gates were quickly forced, however, by the heavy battering-rams of the mob, and the crowd having gained a foothold within, they soon scattered themselves throughout the building. The doors of the cells and dungeons were dashed from their hinges, the prisoners of state, the murderer, the felon, or the highwayman, were immediately released, and crowding into the corridors, mingled in the melee, or were struck down as they advanced to join in the cry which rang through the air for 'liberty!' The garrison of the prison were inhumanly butchered, one by one, the interior of the building was demolished, and the scene of carnage which followed beggars description.

The mangled bodies of the slain were pitched from the prison openings into the yard below, the passages through the Bastile were crammed with the infuriated throng, who still rushed forward on their mission of destruction, and while the pealing cannon dealt its work of death without, the insurgents having disposed of the inmates, proceeded to demolish the building itself. Amid the shrieks of the assailants and their fiendish rashness, the governor had thus far borne himself bravely, sustained only by a handful comparatively of the defenders, who continued true to the last. But the garrison had fallen, and he was suddenly discovered alone, at the end of one of the main passages, disarmed and retreating rapidly before the upraised arm of a released prisoner, who until now had fought his way desperately through the crowd, and had thus far escaped death. Onward rushed D'Aumail, pale and trembling and panting with rage and fear, before the determined pursuit and frightful attack of his adversary, who followed him with madness in his eye, and revenge in every feature of his pallid countenance! The crowd recognizing the Governor of the Bastile, yelled with delight, as he retreated before his powerful antagonist, vainly endeavoring to ward off or escape from the repeated blows which were aimed at him by the gleaming knife of his frenzied pursuer, *Francois Berdotte!* Finally, driven to extremity, he turned back upon his foe, and grappled the murderous villain firmly at the throat. They clenched, struggled, fell together, and rolled to the very edge of the dizzy parapet, now reeling from the terrible bombardment from below.

They rose again. For a single instant the arm of D'Aumail, nerved by despair, held the uplifted hand of Francois, which still clenched his gory dagger: then, with a sudden effort, he dragged him to the outer verge of the roof. Again they struggled for one moment—the knife descended; but D'Aumail, in his death-grapple, dragged the rebel Francois in his iron clutch, and from the roof together they dashed over the narrow wall! Down plunged the deadly enemies, clasped in that last, frightful embrace; and as their mangled bodies struck upon the court-yard stones, the eastern tower toppled—gave way—following them with a deafening crash, and burying at once beneath its ruins the avenger and his victim—Francois and D'Aumail!

The valiant De Monthon, surrounded by a hardy few of his followers, had fought nobly, gallantly, to the last moment; and not until more than half his command had fallen before the determined onslaught of the enemy, who still increased in numbers, did he consent to give way. Finding further resistance useless, and observing that his men inclined to falter before the murderous fire and fearful odds of the insurgents, he reluctantly ordered a retreat, and fell away, hotly pursued by the crowd. Fortunately, he escaped with a single flesh-wound; and as night fell upon the scene, he found himself once more among the king's troops, safe from further molestation.

Three days afterwards the king returned to Paris from Versailles, and submitted gracefully to the demands of the people. Upon reaching the Hotel de Ville, he appeared at a front window, in presence of the crowd, wearing a tri-colored cockade. He was received with rapturous acclamation, and was at once reinstated, for the time being, in the better feelings of his subjects. He was soon after escorted all the way back to the palace at Versailles by thousands of the populace, who rent the air as they passed along, with shouts of '*Vive la Roi!*'—such is France—such are Frenchmen.

Quiet was temporarily restored again, new measures were adopted by the government, obnoxious acts were repealed, and Paris was peaceful again. De Monthon's wound soon healed, and his gallant bearing at the storming of the Bastile was the theme of praise, both from his king and his countrymen. But the fearful result of that day's work had carried woe to the hearths of hundreds of families, who in that desperate conflict had been robbed of fathers, husbands, or sons.

D'Aumail was among the dead. The hand of fate had followed up the wretch Francois, who with his enemy now lay crushed beneath the ruins of his prison-house. The fall of her father had shocked the nerves of Hermione, but the deed of blood was now recorded, and tears were unavailing. The storming of the Bastile and the death of D'Aumail was communicated to Chaufran, who listened to the intelligence without comment.

A few days after his death, his will was examined, in which he had named *his daughter*, Hermione, sole legatee of his lands and property, which proved an enormous fortune; with but the single condition that at his death she should wed Eugene D'Aumail, the Count de Monthon. Chaufran was content. His original objection to the proposal of the count was now removed. He consented, therefore, to the nuptials, and a brighter prospect suddenly opened before the lovers.

Three months elapsed. The wound of De Monthon had healed, the history and the finale of Francois's career had been rehearsed by the count to Hermione and her father, and the scene of the 'fourteenth of July' had ceased to be a matter of comment in Paris. The ardent attentions of Eugene were devoted to Hermione, and the surgeon was rejoiced that the count evidently never suspected him of having been concerned in the affair of the Pont du Jardin du Roi—which was the fact. There was no longer any fear of exposure from D'Aumail, and Chaufran was relieved.

The exit of Pascho and his brigand companions from France, upon learning that Francois was finally secured, and his property in possession of the governor of the Bastile, was sudden. They left Paris within a few days of the close of their master's career, and fearing a similar fate, they retreated to the yacht which was still moored at the mouth of the Seine. In the private desk of their chief, on board "La Sylphide," Pascho found a packet addressed to himself, the contents of which satisfied him for his long service and faithfulness to a wicked and perverse master. Upon the fall of the Bastile, he learned of Francois's fate—and with his comrades, he lost no time in putting to sea again in the cutter, on the way to their old haunts in the mountains of the south—beyond the reach of the French police!

In the latter part of December following the events we have just narrated, there stood before the altar of the Church of St. Augustine a young nobleman and his blooming bride. The compact had been concluded, and the party were bound to England, to pass a few months until the affairs of France should become settled again. The priest had pronounced his fervent blessing on the nuptials, and the gay bridegroom bore his blushing bride from the church to his elegant travelling carriage which waited them at the portal. We commend the happy couple to the favor of our readers. It was *Eugene*, the Count De Monthon, and *Hermione*, the Foundling of Saint Antoine!

THE END.

[Written for The Flag of our Union.]

## Prophecy.

BY MRS. EMMA C. EMBURY.

'There needs no witchcraft to foretell the future,
If we but ponder wisely on the past,
And read aright the present.'

By the pride on thy lip, and the light in thine eye,
I know thou hast visions, pure, noble and high;
Thou hast dreams of a future illumined by fame,
Where a halo of glory encircles thy name;
Already in fancy thou seest the glad hour,
When thy look shall command, and thy word shall have power:
But thy doom has been spoken—thou'rt under a spell,
'*Unstable as water, thou shalt not excel!*'

There is love in thy heart, too, for tenderness lies,
Like a reflex of heaven, in the depths of thine eyes;
There is love in thy heart, and sweet words on thy tongue,
And the charm of warm feeling around thee is flung.
So lovely without, and so kindly within,
Thou wilt look but to charm, thou wilt woo but to win;
Yet thy doom has been spoken—thou'rt under the spell,
'*Unstable as water, thou shalt not excel!*'

[Written for The Flag of our Union.]

## MARY MALONE.

BY LIEUTENANT MURRAY.

In one of the most sterile and desolate counties of all Ireland there lived, some years since, the family of Patrick Malone. He was a small farmer, and by frugality, managed to get a bare living for himself, wife and child; but each season became harder and harder, as the yield of his land became less and less, owing to the want of such care as the farmer could not afford. Matters went on in this way until the first year of the total failure of the potatoe crop, when he found himself and family surrounded by famine. To emigrate to America was the only plan that suggested itself, and to find a home among strangers in a strange land. Patrick packed up his little moveables, and with his wife and child resolved to sail from Cork for the United States.

It was necessary before his departure, for him to get the lord of the manor to sign some receipts, discharging him from all liabilities; and as Patrick found himself so busy, he deputed his daughter Mary, a young girl of fifteen years, to take the papers up to his lordship, and pay the fee, and get his signature. Mary took the papers and went at once to the castle, where, after making her business known, she was admitted into the library, where she met young lord Haverdale, who had lately come in possession of the estates by the decease of his father, and who was now passing his second week in the castle since he became of sufficient age to play the man.

He was a thorough town-bred gentleman, a graduate of Eton, and now but twenty-eight years of age. He was fashionable, handsome, and not a little dissipated, possessing much intelligence and a ready wit, and by no means a bad disposition; yet there was a want of principle, after all, in his character, that outweighed and hid many fine qualities of his disposition. The young girl had scarcely entered the room, before Lord Haverdale began to study her character, and admire her person. Mary, though but fifteen, had yet the full and womanly developments of the Irish peasantry, and looked like the fresh budding of some native flower of those Hibernian hills.

'Your name, my good girl?'

'Mary Malone, sir,' replied she, blushing.

'A pretty name and a pretty owner,' said Lord Haverdale, playfully, tossing his embroidered slippers.

Mary seemed to hesitate at this evidence of familiarity, but wishing to execute her business, laid the papers upon the table, and in a humble voice delivered her message.

The young nobleman, without referring to the papers at all, continued to gaze at the girl, whose eye now rested upon the floor, while a tinge of modesty clothed her cheek. It would be difficult to imagine a prettier sight than Mary presented at that moment. Just on the verge of womanhood, she had every attractive charm that delights the eye; her hair was a soft, chestnut brown, and was neatly and carefully braided up behind the head, parting smoothly in front; her eyes were large and expressive; her features oval, and slightly classical in formation; and her full, red lips were beautifully moulded over teeth of clearest white, and most enviable regularity.

No wonder Lord Haverdale was struck at finding so much of beauty in an humble Irish peasant; and no wonder, as she stood there in so sweet a position, clothed in a coarse, but snugly-fitting frock, that he forgot the papers and thought of the applicant alone. He had gazed thus but a moment, when he spoke to her once more; not this time, however, in the familiar and playful style that he had first assumed, but with a tincturing of respect in his voice, and a gentle consideration for Mary's feelings. The young girl, all unused to life, was yet keen enough to mark the change, and at first to wonder at it, and afterwards to feel flattered at the kindness of his lordship.

Desiring her to sit down, his lordship pretended to be examining the papers, but in fact he was looking at her. He asked about her parents, how they had lived, of their property, and such matters, until at last he told Mary that he was not prepared to sign the papers at present, and that he must see her father first, before he could permit him to remove from his estate, and desired her to send him to the castle.

Patrick Malone, wondering what trouble was to come, repaired at once to his lordship's residence, and was surprised by an offer of the stewardship of the castle, at a comfortable salary, and with apartments free within the walls. Lord Haverdale said that he was in want of just such a person, and that he could hardly spare him to leave the estate, and pressed the bargain upon his late tenant so earnestly, that Patrick Malone thought his star was at last in the ascendant, and consented to become steward at the castle. His wife and daughter were at once removed thither and domesticated.

Lord Haverdale, who had come down from London, where the family had kept up an establishment, and in fact where the young lord had always resided, designing to remain but a few weeks, and settle up the business affairs of the estate, seemed to have altered his mind, and to like his solitary life amazingly. This was the more strange to his friends, because he had always seemed wedded to a city life; and, indeed, was emphatically a man of the town—fond of routs, concerts, the opera, and riding in the park. To the numerous letters from his city friends, wondering that he could shut himself up thus like a hermit, he would write back to each, 'Come and see me, my dear fellow, and don't chide me.'

In the meantime, let us look in upon the domestic circle of the castle. Lord Haverdale had managed to employ Mary Malone about the library, and under pretence of teaching her sufficient to enable her to classify the books and arrange them to his taste, he had really imparted much useful and valuable information to her. Neither the father nor mother suspected that Mary was the cause of their coming to the castle; they thought that his lordship found her useful among the books and papers, a thorough rummaging of which he had instituted; in fact, only as an excuse to keep her constantly near to him. Indeed, she had already progressed under his instruction so far as to be able to read aloud to him in his favorite books with ease and fluency, an exercise that was no less interesting to his lordship than useful to Mary.

With such advantages, and constant opportunities for improvement, Mary Malone progressed in intelligence and stored her mind with the choicest scraps of classical reading; nor were these exercises without their effect upon her person and manners. The eye, before beautiful in youthful innocence, now beamed with the fire of intelligence, and her handsome young form seemed also to mould itself after a more refined taste. Who has not observed the physical, as well as the mental change, that a course of literary pursuits induces?

One morning after the arrival of the post, Mary was engaged in the farthest corner of the library on some books and papers, while Lord Haverdale read his letters. One he had opened seemed to be of more than usual importance, for he read it twice, mused for a moment, and then turning to Mary, said:

'Mary, I shall have to go to London; here is news that calls me away as soon as possible.'

'Indeed, sir!' said Mary, evincing in her looks the regret she dared not give utterance to in words.

'Yes, Mary; but I regret it sincerely,' continued Lord Haverdale, approaching her side, 'and will tell you why. Mary, it is because it will take me away from you!'

As he spoke he took her hand within his own, and placing an arm about her waist, drew her gently to his side. It was the first words of this character that he had ever uttered to his young *protege*; and as she stood thus by his side, the burning blush was upon her cheek, and she trembled with the emotion that he had created.

'My lord, my lord!' she exclaimed, reproachingly, while she struggled gently to relieve herself from his arm.

'Nay, Mary, do you fear me, that you would get rid of my arm so quickly?'

'No, my lord, not *fear*, but I trust I *respect* you too much to permit a familiarity that wounds me, while it lowers your lordship.'

'Noble girl,' said Haverdale, still retaining her hand, 'I would not wound your feelings for the world. I do but express my own; for, Mary, I truly and dearly love you!'

'My lord,' said the young girl, with a big tear stealing down her cheek, 'I do wrong to stay here—will you not please to release me?'

'Mary, not until you answer me. I have told you that I loved you, truly and tenderly. Do you *return* my affection, Mary?'

'My lord, love is too sacred a thing to jest about; how can you, high in birth and station, rich in gold and noble endowments, condescend to love one like me? Can it be honest or true, such love?'

'Nay, Mary, you are a keen philosopher. I have never stopped to weigh out my love in scales where propriety is the balance. I know that I love you, and have frankly said so. Now, will you not answer me, Mary?'

'You ask me if I return your affection. An hundred fold, my lord. Nay, do not press me so closely. Though I say an hundred fold, yet, my lord, it is of a different character from what you might count it. When we have read together, talked together, and sat so much together, how could I help looking up with admiration and love to your superior intelligence? You have ever been so kind and considerate to me, how could I help feeling a response in my heart? You have been so good to my parents, how could I help respecting and loving you? But believe me, I have never forgotten my humble position, my lord, and I hope you will not forget your exalted one.'

Lord Haverdale pressed one kiss upon her forehead, and turning, walked the library thoughtfully for many minutes.

'May I retire, my lord?' asked Mary, at length.

'Not yet, not yet, Mary.'

Obedient to his will, she continued her duty at the book-case, but her bosom heaved quickly, and a tear would now and then wet a page of the books. His lordship sat down once more to his letters, and read the one which called him back to England again. It ran thus:

'My Lord:

'Permit me to inform you that business matters relating to your estate in Leicestershire require your immediate attention in London. The adjoining estate is, technically speaking "in the market." I cannot speak plainer to your lordship at present, but shall confidently look for you in London immediately.

Your obedient servant,
'James Freeman,
'*Attorney at law.*

'Lord Haverdale.'

This letter was from the legal agent of his lordship in London; and though he could not exactly understand the allusion as to the adjoining estate being in the market, etc., still he knew that his agent would not have written to him at all if it had not been necessary, and that he was too shrewd a man to trust much upon paper. He therefore resolved to comply with the demand at once, and start for the metropolis. He turned once more to Mary, and said:

'Mary, I trust you will inform no one of the conversation that has passed between us.'

'Your lordship's wishes are laws to me,' meekly replied the beautiful girl, with downcast eyes.

'You wont forget me, if I go to London for a short time, Mary?'

'Forget you, my lord!' echoed Mary, in a tone so natural and unaffected, yet which seemed to say, 'could such a thing be possible?'

The next morning saw Haverdale on his way to London, though he did not leave without a kind parting with the gentle and beautiful Mary Malone.

Lord Haverdale soon understood the allusion of his agent. The adjoining estate to the one that he owned in Leicestershire, belonged to a rich old lord who was about to die, a gentleman of the old school, who had known the young lord's father well, and between whom there had existed a half-completed agreement that their children should be betrothed to each other, and thus unite the two estates in one. This was not a bad bargain for Lord Haverdale, inasmuch as the estate in question nearly quadrupled his own in value, besides which, he might get into the bargain a rich, handsome, and accomplished lady of some four-and-twenty years, as a wife. It was to decide upon this weighty matter that the agent had so promptly summoned him to town. Lord Grosvenor (the lady's father) and his daughter awaited the coming of Lord Haverdale, the former with anxiety, lest he should not arrive before he breathed his last, the latter with little interest. She had met him at town assemblies, and she looked upon the engagement as a matter of course—love was out of the question.

A correspondence was at first opened between the agents of both families, as great people always operate by proxy, and finally the two young people came together. Lord Haverdale was pleased to find Lady Grosvenor not only very handsome in person, but also intelligent and cultivated. He determined not to commit himself by any hasty procedure; and the night after his meeting with Lady Grosvenor, he paced his chamber for hours, thinking of the young and innocent girl he had left behind him at the castle, and contrasting her with the titled lady who was ready to consent to be his bride. But his meditation ended by his sitting down and writing to Mary Malone.

He dared not entrust his secret to any one; he saw that it would be little short of ruin to him, as it regarded his position in society, if he married beneath his rank.

'But, then,' questioned he, 'should I marry for others' sakes or my own? If for myself, then why not consult my own heart and desires? Mary Malone may be humble—I will exalt her; she is poor—I have wealth enough for both; and then, is she not pure and untainted in her virgin loveliness by contagion with the world? Ah! that innocence and youth far outweigh the accomplishments of yon town beauty, *au fait* in all the claptrap of the ball-room, and the cunning of a confirmed coquette. By heaven!' he exclaimed, 'I love this young creature with an ardor I did not before realize.'

In vain were all the endeavors of his friends at the clubs, or his family relations, to fathom the reason of his not consummating what appeared to them to be so excellent a marriage arrangement. He kept his own counsel, except that he directed his agent how to proceed for him; and in a couple of months after having reached London, he was on his way back to Ireland. True, some misgivings moved him, but a devoted affection, a high, honorable purpose and integrity of principle bore him up, and he watched eagerly for the moments that should again place him by the side of the youthful and beautiful Mary Malone.

He met her alone in the library. Mary knew very well that after his ardent expressions of love, and even after the letters she had received from him, it would be unmaidenly in her to exhibit any warmth of regard towards him; but he came to her with a frank, manly air, with his fine eyes telling the ardent feelings of his heart, and she was thrown off her guard, for her head fell upon his breast as he embraced her, and she wept for very joy.

'Here be my shrine of domestic bliss—I will seek no further. Mary, will you become my honored wife?'

Mary could only answer with her tears, but how eloquent were they! more meaning far than words.

There was a wedding at the castle of Lord Haverdale in less than a month, when Mary and himself were united in marriage.

How easy it would have been for us, gentle reader, to have woven incident and plot into our story, depicting the hero and heroine in every imaginable trouble, all of which they overcome in the end; but we preferred rather to tell you a story of fact, one that is as familiar to the residents of the county of Donegal, Ireland, as is the prayer to the virgin.

Lady Haverdale, proud of her husband's constancy and love, yet never cast off the innocence and sweet simplicity which rendered so beautiful the young Irish peasant girl, Mary Malone.

### Original Correspondence.

Island of Madeira,
City of Funchal, March, 1849.

My dear Flag:

The merchants and wealthy citizens of Funchal are polite and somewhat dignified in their manners. They dress with much care and in good taste, and in many respects, so far as manners and customs are concerned, resemble the Bostonians. I consider the city remarkable for its good order and the general good behaviour of the people. No night-brawls, no drunkenness, no disturbances of any kind have I seen since I have had the pleasure of a residence here. I am also much pleased with the peasantry of the island, with whom politeness seems a birthright. You never meet a peasant, whether in the city or among his native hills, but he raises his cap to you in the politest manner.

I have thought if politeness were equal and commensurate with knowledge, that the peasantry of Madeira would be the most enlightened people in the world. You may always know them by their peculiar costume, which is a coarse, white linen shirt, with loose breeches of the same material, gathered and fastened at the knee, with buff boots, and a little, blue cloth cap, or '*carapuca*,' precisely in the shape of an inverted tunnel. A more honest, industrious and kind-hearted people the world may never know, and whose private and domestic virtues are worthy of emulation. I would advise all strangers who visit the island, to go far enough into the mountains to pay a visit to this people. There he will see the sweets of contentment—there he will see how little it really requires to make people happy—and there, among the little thatched cottages, he will hear blithe and merry voices, and peace tinkling on the shepherd's bell.

There is an excellent custom established here between landlord and tenant, which in all cases is strictly and most religiously observed, as I am informed. When a landlord wishes a tenant to quit his premises, he must pay him for all improvements he has made on the land, their full value. And from the admirable system adopted of having authoritative public valuators, there can never be any cavil and difficulty as to the price to be paid by the landlord for such improvements as may have been made upon his land. On the other hand, the tenant cannot leave the premises at will, and say to the landlord, 'pay me for the improvements I have put upon your land.'—He must find another tenant with whom the landlord is satisfied, or if he presents *three*, one of the three must be accepted. In this case, the value of the improvements is settled between the tenants—the incoming tenant making the best bargain he can for the betterments. The rent in all cases is one-half of the yearly products of the place, whether in wine, corn or vegetables. And thus no leases seem to be required.

The island of Madeira is famed the world over for its production of fine wines. It is the great staple article, and the only one of any commercial interest to the place. Walking with a resident one day, I remarked that all the ground floors of the houses appeared to be wine-cellars. 'Yes,' said he, 'we are all wine merchants in Funchal.' And so it really seems to be. They take great pride in giving you a better glass of wine than you can get of the manufacture of any other country, and I have sometimes thought they would not more readily defend their own reputation than that of their wine.

I was told by an old resident here that some few years ago the wine merchants of Lisbon, through royal favor, sent a quantity of wine to the island, to be shipped from here as Madeira wine. Indignant at an operation which seemed to them, not only an insult, but to threaten great injury to the reputation and commercial consequence of their own wines, the people of Madeira promptly and earnestly demurred to all further shipments of Lisbon wine from their island. Receiving no satisfactory reply from the mother government to their petition, they called a meeting of the wine merchants, at which it was firmly resolved, that after giving a fair warning to leave, they would sink every vessel that came to an anchor in the bay of Funchal, freighted with Lisbon wines. This resolution soon reached the ears of the Lisbon dealers, and as my informant says, while a smile of pride and satisfaction was playing on his features, 'they never afterwards sent a cargo of Lisbon wine to the island of Madeira.'

The finest wines are the Sercial, Madeira, Malmsey, and Tinta, and I would also mention the Bual, a light, beautiful table wine. These are all '*south-siders*.' There are many other kinds of sour cheap wines, of not much account, however, as they are of no commercial consequence whatever. All the finest wines, our consul tells me, are from the vineyards within a few miles of Funchal, lying on the south side of the great concave of mountains, and always fair to the sun. In my first horseback ride up the mountain, I was quite astonished with a broadcast view of these immense vineyards, covered completely with trellis work, at that time entirely bare, the vine not having put forth its foliage yet. These trellises are a sort of net work made of cane, with meshes from two to three feet square, and raised about five feet above the ground. So suggestive to the imagination is everything around you when among these romantic mountains, that things sometimes assume appearances not their own. Thus, in looking down upon this immense trellis work, it appeared to me that a fishing smack of mighty giants had there spread out their net to dry.

Yours, truly, E. S. J.

[Written for The Flag of our Union.]

### To Mary,

SINGING A ONCE FAVORITE SONG.

BY FRANCIS A. DURIVAGE.

O sing no more that merry song,
The pleasant lay of earliest years;
My heart could once in joy reply—
It answers now—by tears.

It lifts the shroud of memories
Long buried in an early grave;
It minds me of departed ones,
Nor hope nor love could save.

They come not as they came of yore,
Companions of the merry dance,
With glances bright, and footsteps light,
And smiling countenance.

Forbear—the strain hath lost its spell,
The wand is powerless for joy;
The lips are cold that breathed it once
To me—an ardent boy.

Sing me some new inspiring lay;
Tell me of spring and early flowers;
Of wanton birds whose roundelay
Makes glad our rustic bowers.

And haply then will hope revive,
And soar again on fresher wing;
Haply my heart may throb like yours,
With pleasure as you sing.

[Written for The Flag of our Union.]

## THE OLD CITY PUMP:

OR,

THE LAST WORDS OF A FAITHFUL SERVANT.

A LOCAL SKETCH.

BY THE OLD 'UN.

But a few evenings since, we were passing up State street late at night. State street at midnight is a very different affair from State street at high noon. The shadows of the tall buildings fall on a deserted thoroughfare; save where, here and there, a spectral bank watchman keeps ward over the granite sepulchres of golden eagles, and the flimsier representatives of wealth. The bulls and bears have retired to their dens, and East India merchants are invisible. News-boys are nowhere, and every sound has died away. There stands the old State House, peculiar and picturesque, rising with a look of other days, a relic of past time, against the deep blue sky, or webbing the full moon with the delicate tracery of its slender spars and signal halliards. And there stands—no! there stood the old Town Pump. But it is no more—*Rinum fuit* was written on its forehead—it has been reformed out of office, its occupation has gone, its handle has been amputated, its body has been dissected, and there is nothing of it left.

Yet, on the evening to which we alluded in the beginning, the old pump was there, and crossing over from the Merchants' Bank, we leaned against its handle, as one leans against the arm of an old friend, in a musing, idle mood. Presently we heard a gurgling sound and confused murmurs issuing from its lips—'like airy tongues that syllable men's names.' Anon these murmurs shaped themselves into distinct articulations, and as we listened, wonderingly, the old pump spoke:

'Past twelve o'clock, and a moonlight night. All well, as I'm a pump. Nobody breaking into banks, and nobody kicking up rows—watchmen fast asleep, and everybody quiet. But I can't sleep. No! the city government has murdered sleep! There's something heavy on my buckets, and I fear me, I'm a gone sucker! They thought I couldn't find out what they were up to—the municipal government—but I'm a deep one, and I know everything that's going for'ard. What a jolly go to be sure! They told me Mayor Bigelow hated proscription—but I knew it was gammon! He must follow the fashion, and Cochituate is all the go. There aint no pumps now—its all fountain! Pump water is full of animalculæ, and straddle-bugs don't exist in pond water—of course not. Nobody ever see young pollywogs and snapping-turtles floating down stream in fly-time. Certainly not! I'm getting old—of course I am, that's the talk! I've been in office too long. Well, well, I know I'm rather asthmatic and phthisicky—but nobody ever knowed me to suck even in the driest time. These living waters have welled up even from the time when the salt sea was divided from the land, and the rocks were cloven by the hand of Omnipotence, and the sweet spring came bursting upward from the fragrant earth, and light and flowers came together to welcome the birthday of the glad and glorious gift. Here, many a century back, the giant mastodon trod the earth into deep hollows, as he moved upon his sounding path. Then came another time. In the hollow of the three hills, the Indian raised his bark wigwam, and the smoke of his council-fire curled up like a mist-wreath in the forest. Here the red man filled the wild gourd cup when he returned weary from the chase or the skirmish. And here too, the Indian maiden smoothed her dark locks, and her lustrous laughing eyes gazed upon the image of her own dusky beauty, mirrored on the surface of the wave. By-and-by the red man ceased to drink of my unfailing rill. Beings with pale faces came to me to quench their thirst; bearded lips were moistened with my diamond drops; and I looked up upon iron corslet and steel hauberk, and faces harder than either. But the old Puritans gave me form and substance—a "local habitation and a name." The spirit of the fountain was wedded to its present tabernacle. The dwellings of men sprang up around me in the place of the departing forest. I gave them all a cheerful welcome. If the colonists worked hard, I worked harder yet. I filled their pails and cups, and revived their failing hearts, and cheered their unremitting labors. They called me their friend. The pretty girls smiled upon me, as, under pretence of levying contributions on my treasures, they chatted with young men who gathered at my side. Then came a sterner period. I heard no more love-tales—no more idle gossips. Men stood here and spoke of deep wrong, of tyranny, of trampled rights, of resistance, of liberty! That was a word I had not heard since the red man drank of my unfettered tide. One night, there was a great gathering here. There were men and boys, a multitude. There was much angry talk and much confusion. Then I heard the roll of the drum and the regular tramp of an armed force. A band of British soldiers, all resplendent with scarlet, and gold, and burnished muskets that glittered in the moonbeams, were formed into line at the command of an officer, and confronted the dark array of citizens. Then came an angry discussion—orders on the part of the commander for the multitude to disperse, which were unheeded or disobeyed. Then that line of glittering tubes was levelled. I heard the fatal word "fire!" the flame leaped from the muzzles of the muskets, and the volley crashed and echoed in the street. Blood flowed upon the pavement—the blood of citizens mingled with my waters, and I was the witness of a fearful tragedy. In after times I heard it named the Boston massacre. Since then I I have seen hours of sunshine and triumph, of fun and frolic, of anger and rejoicing. My waters hav laved the dust that it might not soil the uniform of Washington as he rode past on his snow-white charger, amid the acclamations of the multitude. I have seen Hull and his tars pass up the street, bearing the stripes and stars in triumph from the war of the ocean. I have heard long-winded orators spout over my head in emulation of my craft, "in one weak, washy, everlasting flood." I have seen many a military—many a civic pageant. The last I witnessed was, as Dick Swiveller remarks, a "stifler." It was that confounded water celebration. Republics *is* ungrateful. I was forgotten on that day. Nobody drank at the old city pump. People sat on my head and stood on my nose, just as if I had no feelings. I heard a young lady in the gallery overhead say, "Well, that horrid old pump will soon be out of the way now." And a city father answered her, "of course." It was a workin' then—treason and fate and all them things. I knew they were going to "put me out of my misery," as the saying goes. I'm getting superannuated—I heard 'em say so. Sometimes an office boy tastes a drop, and then turns up his nose, as if it wasn't pug enough before—and says, "what horrid stuff! the Cochituate for my money!" General Washington's canteen was filled here—and he said "delicious!" when he raised it to his lips. But he was no judge, of course not. Time was when I "wasn't slow," but I'm not fast enough for this generation. When folks write letters with lightning, and sail ships with tea-kettles, pumps can't come it over 'em. Well, well, I'll hold on to the last—I'll make 'em carry me off and bury me decently at the city's expense, and perhaps some kind old friend will write my epitaph.'

The old pump was mute—the speech was ended—its 'song had died into an echo.' We passed on mournful and thoughtful. Republics *are* ungrateful—old friends are forgotten with a change of fashion, and there is a period to the greatness of town pumps as well as the glory of individuals.

[Written for the Flag of our Union.]

## GABRIEL'S TELEGRAPH.

BY H. B. SAGE.

Some years ago, there resided in B———, a certain George P———, a good singer, and an obliging, good-hearted fellow, liked by all who knew him. Whenever there was a concert, George was on hand, ready to officiate in any capacity not too low for his dignity. In those days, B——— had not progressed in the musical line as fast as it had in some others, and it was impossible to find a good trumpeter in the place. On the occasion of which we are to speak, one of the gentlemen wished to sing Luther's celebrated judgment hymn, in which there is a beautiful little trumpet symphony; but where to get the trumpeter was the question. But sing it he must, as this was to be *the* concert of the season, and all the musical talent of the city had been drummed up, and George among the rest. He was finally selected trumpeter, or rather French-horner, as there was not a trumpet to be had, and was stationed in the cellar of the church, and a row of men were to form a telegraph to tell him when to play. The eventful night arrived, and all was in readiness. At length came the hymn. The singer sung his part well, but when the time for the solo came, it, the solo, *didn't come*. All was breathless attention, but no solo came. The singer started on with the piece, when ra-at-a-tat-tat-rat-a-too-tle-too, came rolling up from the depths below. The organist jumped up exclaiming, 'O, ma conscience, that the *trumpet!*' The singing stopped, and music of another kind commenced. Such a laughing and joking. One thought the stage was just coming in—another, that the packet had arrived—and another, that Gabriel had just sounded the mighty trumpet. Just then, something rattled against the windows which sounded like hail.

It seems that the *telegraph was out of order*, and George did not get the intelligence in time. He felt quite down in the mouth after this; and as he was dubbed Gabriel next day, he never dared to go into a Millerite meeting for fear they should want Gabriel to sound the mighty French-horn. The hailstone scene was not satisfactorily accounted for, although the sexton said he picked up something less than a bushel of vest buttons next day. George has retired from the singing business, and the writer hopes that when he sees this he will think of his old friend, and old times, and bear his honors meekly.

To the weak and craven-hearted the time for honorable achievement never comes. Men of spirit are the masters, not the slaves of time.

# THE FLAG OF OUR UNION.

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F. GLEASON, PROPRIETOR.

MATURIN M. BALLOU, EDITOR.

☞ The terms of The Flag of our Union are $2 00 per annum, invariably in advance. The paper is always discontinued at the expiration of the time paid for.—See imprint on the last page.

☞ All communications designed for publication in the paper, must be post paid, and addressed to F. GLEASON, Boston, Mass., Proprietor of The Flag of our Union.

### To our Correspondents.

'The Yankee Sailor, or the Mingo's Fetish,' a prose sketch, by Capt. Robert Barnacle, is filed for the next number.

'Stanzas,' by our regular contributor, PARK BENJAMIN, shall appear in the forthcoming number.

'Therese De Vere, or The Black Mask,' a prose sketch, by Fred Hunter, filed for next week.

'A Picture,' in verse, accepted.

'Battle of the Davies,' a capital humorous sketch from a new contributor, Pete of Pigeon Hill, shall appear in the next number. We forewarn the reader to prepare for a hearty lot of fun, in this contribution.

'Rose Tellus,' a poem, accepted.

'An Error in Punctuation,' a sketch by our regular contributor, THE YOUNG 'UN, next week.

'Epitaph,' a poem, accepted.

'The Light House,' a poem, by the editor, shall appear in our next number.

'Stand to thy Post,' a poem, accepted.

'Sonnet to the April Morn,' accepted.

'Original Correspondence,' being a third letter from our popular Madeira correspondent, in our next.

'The Belle of Madrid, or the Unknown Mask,' a novelette, from the pen of LIEUTENANT MURRAY, will be commenced in the next number of the FLAG, as will be seen by referring to the editorial columns.

'Cull Flowers,' by the Green Mountain Bard, accepted.

'Welcome to Spring,' a poem, by C. J. S., accepted.

'The Early Flowers,' 'I'm a Lady, etc.' 'Lines to a Mother, etc.' 'Poetry of Religion,' 'The Loved and the Forgotten,' and 'The Dream,' are respectfully declined.

☞ No poems or other articles will be received for this paper, unless accompanied by an authentic name.

### Wars and Rumors of Wars.

By the last arrival of foreign intelligence it is plainly to be seen that the continent of Europe is in a complete ferment; battles are being fought with all the modern appliances of warfare, and hundreds and thousands are being deprived of life in the most scientific manner. France has sent an army to reinstate the Pope, a fruitless task, and we cordially hope that the troops of the French government thus engaged, may be soundly beaten. The republicans have been put down in Genoa after having had the command of that beautiful city for nine days. In Tuscany there has been a general rising in favor of the Grand Duke, and the man who was recently dictator, is now a prisoner. Venice is besieged by the Austrians by sea and by land, and must surrender. In Sicily the struggle has commenced with dreadful ferocity, and a desperate battle took place on Good Friday, between the Neapolitans and the Swiss troops and the people of Catania, which continued all night, and ended in the defeat of the Catanians. A great number of them were killed, and the city was afterwards sacked and plundered. The terror caused by this defeat has caused the city of Syracuse to surrender without resistance. Palermo is now the only place of much strength in the hands of the Sicilians. A desperate resistance is expected there; but with very little chance of success. Information has been received by the Oberon steamer that on its leaving Catania on Saturday evening the city was in flames in two places. The most beautiful edifices were a heap of ruins, and the renowned library and museum of natural history entirely destroyed. Truly there are piping times.

Some further particulars have appeared relative to the capture of Genoa, referred to above. We find them in a letter of a young officer of our navy, from on board the U. S. Steamer Princeton at the above port. He says, they had a full view of the sanguinary conflict at the bombardment and capture of Genoa. There was much bloodshed, and destruction of buildings and property. The showers of balls, roaring of artillery, and rattling of musketry was incessant and terribly exciting. From 40,000 to 50,000 were engaged on both sides. The populace fought with great bravery, but were finally overcome, with great loss on both sides. Several merchant vessels, English and Danes, received damage from cannon shot. An English brig would have sunk had not the shot hole, which was below the water line, been plugged by a boat from the Princeton. The American ship Ambassador, with a cargo of cotton, received a shot on the bow, which tore off five planks and did other damage. An attempt was made to take out her cotton for the erection of batteries, but the captain of the Princeton prevented it. Ship Nebraska, of New York, in port, received on board many women and children during the fight.

In relation to the war of the English in India, of which we have several times spoken lately, we have the details of the battle of Goodjerat, in which Lord Gough has in some degree redeemed his character after the defeat he suffered so lately, by this battle, in which the British captured 53 of the 59 guns, which the Sikhs brought into actions, together with all their camps, magazines, ammunition, etc. The loss on the part of the British was five officers and ninety-two men killed. The war of the Punjaub is considered at an end.

### A Singular Story.

Among the persons condemned to death at Vienna for the murder of Count Latour, was a man named Brambosch, with whose family a remarkable story is connected. His mother, who is still living, and a very aged woman, disguised herself and served as a soldier under Napoleon, and received from the emperor, as a reward for her valor, the cross of the Legion of Honor. This woman has had twelve sons, eleven of whom were slain in battle, while the twelfth is to die the death of a criminal.

The Massachusetts Legislature has given permission to Wm. L. Garrison and others to withdraw their petition for a secession of this State from the Union.—*Boston paper.*

There should have been added to this order another permission, viz: That the said Garrison and others be permitted to withdraw themselves from the State. When fanatics talk about dissolving the Union, the fittest place for them is the nearest insane asylum.

A WISE SOVEREIGN.—The Emperor of Java employs for his embassy women only, and selects, invariably, the most beautiful of that sex for his diplomatists. Such gallantry and knowledge of human nature would do credit to more civilized nations.

TEETH OF THE FALLEN ANGELS.—The author of an 'Essay upon the population of America,' insists that the large teeth frequently dug up from the soil of our Western States and Territories,' must be the grinders of the fallen angels.'

### Vive la Musique.

The London world has again gone mad over the performance of a new, and if we may believe the critics, unrivalled songstress. The name of this new favorite is Signorina Parodi. She was born at Genoa, in 1827, and is therefore but twenty-two years of age. She is not handsome in the ordinary sense, but possesses fine eyes, beautiful teeth, a Roman contour of countenance, and the true Italian complexion, high of stature and classical of form, with energy in her action, and passion subdued by a sense of dignity, and gesture palpably studied from the antique. The entire London press is teeming with memoirs of Signorina Parodi, and trifling anecdotes relating to her history after the true ecstatic style, and all agree that she is worthy to receive the operatic mantle cast off by the queen of songs, Jenny Lind.

By-the-by, speaking of Jenny Lind, the new French paper, '*Le Bostonien*,' contains a brief sketch relating to this remarkable vocalist, which we translate for the readers of the Flag.

JENNY LIND.—It appears, says a correspondent of the *Courier des Etats Unis*, that Mde. Jenny Lind's marriage has singularly modified her tastes, her ideas, her friendships, her whole train of life. She marries a man much younger than herself, and who is almost fortuneless. It is said that she adores her husband, and appears to wish to devote herself entirely to family cares, and to the modest joys of the domestic hearth. She not only will sing no more, but she cannot be consoled for having sung. She weeps over and repents every day the success which has crowned her efforts at the first theatres of London and at Berlin, and the four or five millions that she has gained in so short a time.

'How,' says she, striking her breast, 'have I been able to forget myself so far as to exhibit myself to an enthusiastic and necessarily mixed public, which called me out five or six times an evening with brutal persistance? How have I been able to stoop to pick up its bouquets!

'Again, if I had sung only litanies and psalms, and had been accompanied solely by the chapel bells of my reverend friend and admirer, the Archbishop of Canterbury! But no! I have played *Robert-le-Diable*, and *La Fille du Regiment*, where I have acted the part of sutler! Abomination of affliction! I have made the tour of the provinces with that pagan, Balfe, for orchestra leader, who makes no scruple of gaining six hundred louis' a week. I have accepted bracelets from Queen Victoria, who is a Protestant, *du jonc* from M. Lumley, who is a Jew. I have dragged myself from scene to scene, and from concert to concert. I have sung all sorts of humorous songs and profane airs. My name has resounded at Vauxhall, and my portrait has served as envelope to champagne bottles. I can never forgive myself!' and she weeps.

At first, but little attention was paid to these paroxysms of grief, but the evil increasing from day to day, the physicians have finally become quite uneasy. They have advised the application of leeches. Jenny Lind's voice is so much cracked, that I really believe her head is a little in the same way.

THE

## BELLE OF MADRID:

OR,

## THE UNKNOWN MASK.

A TALE OF SPAIN AND THE SPANISH

BY LIEUTENANT MURRAY.

This is the title of a novelette which we shall commence in the next number of the Flag, from the pen of that early favorite of our readers, LIEUTENANT MURRAY. The scenes are principally laid in the city of Madrid and the Southern Pyrenees, depicting some phases of life among the bold mountaineers and banditti, who traverse these ranges between France and Spain. The story is full of incident and plot, and the reader will find himself carried along with increased interest from chapter to chapter, until it is closed.

### Original Indian Correspondence.

We have the pleasure of announcing to our readers that we have especially engaged the Indian chief, *Kah-ge-ga-gah-bowh*, as a regular correspondent for the Flag, and in our next number we shall publish his first letter. The object of this educated Indian is well understood to be the civilization of all the North American tribes, and for this purpose he has been travelling through our cities, and speaking before our State Legislatures and other bodies. He is now about to return to the western wilds of America, to visit the various native tribes in furtherance of his excellent object, and he will write regularly for this paper relative to the peculiarities of the tribes he visits, personal adventures, and all matters of interest that may occur in such a romantic tour. His letters will form a feature of our paper, which we trust our readers will duly appreciate.

### Cool as you Please.

A keen cut is often given under the guise of misapprehension and innocence. One of the strongest evidences which we remember to have heard was, a certain captain, one of the old school, who, being at a ball, had been accepted by a beautiful partner, a lady of rank, who, in the most delicate manner possible, hinted to him the propriety of putting on a pair of gloves. 'O,' was the elegant reply; 'never mind me, ma'am, I *shall wash my hands when I've done dancing*.'

PROFESSOR LONGFELLOW.—This manufacturer of poetry, by the long measure, says that this country 'is not priest-ridden, but press-ridden.' As Mr. Slasher says to Mr. Brown, the marine, Longfellow, you are a great fellow, you are an immense Longfellow.

FEARFUL MORTALITY.—Two hundred and twenty-two deaths in New Orleans in one day lately; the people are dying like flies in the beginning of winter. The cholera is the fatal agent now, but soon the yellow fever will set in, when the city bids fair to be depopulated.

INCONSTANCY.—Why is man so inconstant? Adam walked about in Eden, newly created, contented, and pure; but Eve was born of his side, and since then man, poor wretch, wanders round from woman to woman, in search of his lost side-bone.

A SLIGHT DISTURBANCE.—We have merely to mention, *en passant*, that a mob burned the capitol at Montreal, Canada, lately, because they did not like the passing of some resolutions. In these 'piping times,' the burning of a capitol is a mere trifle.

SHADE TREES.—There are few men whose friends will build them a monument so honorable or so durable as he builds for himself who plants a shade elm or maple.

TEDESCO.—A New York paper says Tedesco is getting fat. The more of a good thing the better; may her shadow never be less.

RETURNING.—Many of the gold hunters having got a sight of the Elephant before going half way to California, are coming back.

TAKING THE STARCH OUT OF 'EM.—The Telegraph, Lockport, Illinois, forgot to credit the sketch thus entitled, to this paper.

### Editorial Ink-Drops.

Arrogance is said by an anonymous writer, to be the caricature of pride.

Money, which has been so hard in our Atlantic cities lately, is getting 'easy' again.

A penny paper has been started in Paris, the first and only one in Europe.

The New Orleans papers do not dare to publish the daily mortality of that afflicted city.

The editor of the Boston Post has a few hairs from the *brow* of a hill at his office.

Mrs. J. Q. Adams who has been so sick at Washington, is now getting better.

A silly girl took arsenic in Baltimore and died, because her lover left her.

Gen. Cavaignac has become one of the editors of the Paris journal, Le Siecle.

A man in New Orleans died of the cholera, in four hours after being married!

Drowning men have given up clutching at straws, and will now 'catch at the moon.'

Horace Hall died in a warm bath, in which he went to sleep in New York city.

A Boston man advertises drums for children 'with calf-skin heads.' Whew!

Ex-President Polk has been elected an honorary member of a fire company in Tennessee.

A fellow who gathers curiosities has got a piece of silk from the 'canopy of heaven.'

Two stabbing cases, one shooting, and one knock down case in N. Y. city in one night.

Madame Augusta the danseuse, has just given birth to a fine little boy.

Wont some friend of Mr. Forrest tell him not to write any more letters.

James the novelist is about to visit the United States, the papers say.

Silence is a gift without peril, and a treasure without enemies.

They launch vessels in Baltimore now with everything on board relating to the rigging.

The papers give an account of a ship wrecked by the blow of a whale against its bottom.

Read the letter of our Madeira correspondent on the opposite page of this paper.

Mortality from all causes was never so large in this country as at this time.

### An Englishman's opinion of American Women.

An author of 'Travels in America' writes with all the egotism and assurance of a 'Trollope' or a 'Hall,' that the American women are much vainer than the European. They (the American women), this writer would have us believe, 'not being satisfied with the beautiful skin with which nature has endowed them, use an oil extracted from Acajou nuts, to give them a finer tint. This oil is of such corrosive power that the skin invariably peals off after being rubbed with it. For some weeks after using this oil, the ladies keep in their houses, and when again t ey appear in public, their skin is a new and softer one, for surpassing in color and smoothness the former skin.' What vanity these foolish American women possess, to cause them to undergo such an ordeal, if this asinine writer of travels might be believed. We know a better story than this, that we would suggest to the said writer, as a fit note to his book. It has long been known that the Yankee girls eat tenpenny nails to make them grow pale, and drink aquafortis by the pint to cause them to become slim!

### Canadian Affairs.

The late violent outbreak in Canada is probably the commencement of a spirit that will ultimately lead to important results. For several years past the Canadian people (we mean the masses) have been gradually preparing in their own minds to come out boldly in favor of a break with England. Still there seems to be a lurking feeling of loyalty to the queen which it is hard to overcome. We have before unhesitatingly stated it to be our belief, that Canada would ere long form a part and parcel of this great confederation of States, and certainly each fresh trouble seems to bring the people a step nearer to this purpose. A private letter, which we have seen, from a reliable source, states that the excitement is much greater than we are aware of in the States, and that the press hardly dare represent matters as bad as they really are, for the excitement on all hands is tremendous. Though the people may proceed no farther at this time, do not think, says this writer, that they sleep; the subject, though not openly discussed, is constantly agitated in their minds.

### The Indians.

When this race are not actively engaged in bloodshed, they seem to belie their nature. By the latest dates from Mexico, we see they are again at their old occupation of killing and stealing men, women, and children. Fifty-three Camanche Indians, on the 12th April, came to Rancho Rosarco, about forty miles from Matamoras, and killed a Mexican and his wife—another Mexican escaped with an arrow shot in his breast. The Indians then went to Agua Negra and killed another Mexican, and carried off his wife and a Mexican boy about ten years of age. The Indians were last seen within eighteen miles of this place, where they stole horses and chased several men.

GOLD COMING.—Eighty thousand dollars came to the Boston Custom House a few days since from Valparaiso, being California gold dust, sent from San Francisco to that port. The constant arrivals from South America and the Pacific bid fair to relieve the money market in the States, which has been most emphatically 'tight' for sometime.

AMERICAN CONSULS.—No American consulate is worth $10,000; the largest is at Liverpool, worth last year about $9,900. Those of London and Rio de Janeiro are each worth about $9,000; Havana and Glasgow are worth $6,000 each. The others will hardly average one thousand dollars.

LABOR-SAVING MACHINE.—The Kentucky Legislature is termed the 'Marriage Emancipator and Divorcing Engine,' on account of the many divorces granted by it during its late session. Sixty have been separated in one day!

ACCIDENT AT THE THEATRE.—During the performance of 'Rookwood' at the Arch Street Theatre, Philadelphia, a few days since, the horse on which 'Dick Turpin' rides fell a distance of twenty-five feet on a platform, carrying it away with a tremendous crash. Fortunately no one was hurt.

DRAMATIC.—Macready is about to return to England, bidding farewell to America. The eminent tragedian will probably never appear upon the stage again in this country or at home.

TREE ON FIRE.—The venerable Old Charter Oak, at Hartford, Ct., was lately discovered to be on fire, but was speedily extinguished, not, however, it is feared, until the life of the tree was destroyed.

POETICAL.—Read the poem on the opposite page by our regular contributor, Francis A. Durivage.

### From our Foreign Files.

Jenny Lind has been married at Bath to Mr. Harris, and retired from the stage.

There are thirty thousand workmen out of employment at Paris.

The London papers have begun to occupy columns in describing the peculiarities and beauties of Smith's panorama of the Mississippi river.

The last quarter's revenue from the British customs is £200,000 greater than that of the corresponding quarter of last year.

The Waterfield Chronicle considers that the English have all the benefits of English justice, whilst the Irish have all the benefits of English *law*.

Three female servants at a lady's school, St. John's-wood, London, were found dead in their bed-room, suffocated from the fumes of charcoal from a portable stove.

Mr. Richard O'Gorman, the treasurer to the fund collected for the benefit of Mrs. Mitchell and her children, acknowledges to have received the sum of £2002 8s. 3d.

A London paper denounces the war in the Punjaub as the worst and the wickedest conflict into which one nation had ever been plunged against another by the demon of ambition.

The convent of Santa Cruz, in Queretaro, was lately blown up with gunpowder, through the carelessness of a soldier. The magnificent library of the fraternity was destroyed, and many lives lost.

The London Times states that many persons of high distinction waited upon the Austrian Ambassador at the English Court, to congratulate him upon the late decisive victory of Marshal Radetzky over the King of Sardinia, and that the queen herself sent her congratulations.

Suhiman Pasha, the great enemy of Russia, has become minister of war in Turkey. The Turks have seized a Russian custom-house, and are administering the affairs themselves. It was stated that the Egyptian army were coming up to Constantinople; in fact, everything looks warlike.

### Dewdrops of Wisdom.

A single fact is worth a shipload of argument.

The rays of happiness, like those of light, are colorless when unbroken.

An equivocation is worse than a lie, for it is a lie guarded.

A contented mind under adverse circumstances, is the purest homage to the Deity.

The country is lyric,—the town dramatic. When mingled, they make the most perfect musical drama.

Critics are sentinels in the grand army of letters, stationed at the corners of newspapers and reviews to challenge every new author.

You may as well sit down by a corpse, and ask it to chat with you, as solicit kindness from a niggardly man.

Nothing doth so fool a man as extreme passion. This doth make them fools which otherwise are not, and show them to be fools which are so.—*Bishop Hall.*

Marriage is a date prior to sin itself—the only relic of a paradise that is left us—one smile that God let fall on the earth's innocence, lingering and playing still upon its scarred visage.

A wise man seeks to shine in himself; a fool to outshine others. The former is humbled by a sense of his infirmities; the latter is lifted up by the discovery of the faults of others. The wise man considers what he wants, the fool in what he abounds in.

Everybody can prove, but nobody can believe, the doctrine of philosophical necessity; we fancy ourselves to be free, because we are held by invincible leading strings—it is essential to our satisfaction that we should fancy ourselves to be free.

There are two sects of men in the world,—those who are before the age and those who are behind it. The former are wiser than their contemporaries; the later glory in being no wiser than their great grandfathers.

'Ah! we love perhaps a lively child, and think it impossible that our love for it can increase. But it becomes sick—and we then know, for the first time, how much more intensely and also painfully we can love it!'

### The Joker's Olio.

Ollapod describes a pen as an editorial machine having a *scrote*-ery motion.

The Steubenville Herald call the fisticuffs that came off at the close of the late Congress 'examples set by the *Hyer* classes!'

'I say, my little son, where does the right hand road go?' 'Don't know, sir; 'taint been nowhere since we lived here.'

Horn, the New York punster, challenged a sick man's vote at the recent municipal election, on the ground that he was an *ill legal voter*.

Mrs. Farnham got up her idea of carrying females to the Pacific, in opposition to the government, which is continually transporting *mails* there.

A friend of ours, speaking of a certain young lady, said that she was a perfect riddle to him. We innocently asked if she ever gave him a re-buss. The fellow shed tears.

It is confidently asserted that the best view of 'the elephant' is obtained from the deck of a California bound ship, on her passage around the Horn, several days out.

Some graceless punster says that wringing a chicken's neck is '*fowl*-murder.' The 'fowl' is foul enough, but the murder (according to our laws) is 'capital.'

Some weeks ago, when the 'Forty Thieves' was performed at the Manchester Museum, a wag remarked that he knew one man, who could act *thirty-nine* parts, and whistle the fortieth.

We once heard of a preacher who was called upon by some of his congregation to pray for rain, of which the crops stood greatly in need. His reply was, that he would pray, but he was very sure it would not rain until the wind shifted.

### Miscellaneous Scraps.

In a quarrel at a meeting for burning a school-house at Napoleon, Mississippi, Mr. Matthew A. Robinson, a worthy citizen, was stabbed and killed, the coroner's jury could not say by whom, although there was six armed persons present at the time.

La Verdad, Spanish paper of New York, announces the escape of Don Cirilo Villaverde from the prison of Havana, where he was confined on the charge of treason, and his arrival at Savannah. Don Cirilo, writing from the latter place, congratulates himself that he is 'under the wings of the American Eagle.'

A white pedler was found murdered near Bush Furnace, Md. Mrs. Preston, an aged widow who lived alone in a cottage in Buckeystown, Md., was found shockingly murdered with an axe, and a small sum of money which she was known to have was missing.

Malachi Fisher, sixty years of age, assaulted a girl of sixteen years in Dearborn, Michigan, with an axe, and severed her arm from her body, so that she nearly bled to death. He then cut his throat and died. He wished to marry the girl, and the deed is attributed to rum and jealousy.

There was a seizure of about $8000 worth of old silver and silver bars by the custom house officers, at Vera Cruz, belonging to one of the British steamer Thames's passengers. He had it packed in bales to resemble cochineal, and attempted to pass it without paying duties.

The postage upon newspapers dropped into the post office by individuals, is now reduced to one cent to any part of the State, and a half a cent additional for distances over one hundred miles out of the State—the postage to be pre-paid as formerly, except when sent from the office of publication. The postage heretofore, it will be recollected, was three cents in advance.

### Quill and Scissors.

The promising young Dr. Roberts came to his death at Syracuse by touching a pimple on his forehead with matter from a vaccine scab, which he had just removed from the arm of a child; in a few hours he was delirious.

Professor Charles G. Page has succeeded in driving a Napier Printing Press, in Washington, with the electro magnetic engine. Congress has appropriated twenty thousand dollars to be expended in the perfection of the invention.

The Worcester Herald states that the other day, at Merryhill turnpike, a fellow sold his wife and infant child to another man for a sixpence. To complete the ruffianism, the new 'husband' is the woman's uncle!

The roll of names of all Marylanders who served in the revolutionary war, which was stolen from the state archives when the British attacked Baltimore in 1814, has just been found.

James Platt, son of the late Levi Platt of Plattsburgh, committed suicide by shooting himself with a pistol at the City Hotel in Oswego. He was a young man of fine education and address.

It is a curious fact that though there are great numbers of intermarriages in Egypt among the colored races, there are no mulattoes. The climate is fatal to foreigners at the second degree.

A duel occurred at Old Point Comfort, on Thursday last, between J. P. Jones, a midshipman in the navy, and Dr. James Pope, a nephew of Commodore Barney. Both were severely wounded.

A Mr. John Welsh, near Spring Mill, Richland co., Ohio, has been arrested on suspicion of knocking his wife on the head, and then throwing her into a well. He has been committed to jail.

Emlin Johnson, of Warwick, killed 18 black snakes on the 6th, 74 feet 4 inches long; on the 1st, Luther Morse, of Mill village, Dedham, killed 42 black snakes, 178 feet 6 inches long.

New U. S. revenue cutter, Morris, was launched at Baltimore April 29, and moved into her 'destined element' with masts and rigging all standing, and armament aboard.

A letter from Acapulco, dated 1st, mentions a rumor that a ship from Panama to California, filled with passengers, had been burnt at sea, and all except three or four had perished.

Mr. Bowker, postmaster at Weedsport, N. Y., has been detected in robbing the mail, and has *removed* himself from those parts. He had stood high in the community.

Edwin Forrest, the actor, has lately been separated from his wife, the daughter of Sinclair, the celebrated vocalist. No cause is assigned for this step by the above rumor.

At Auburn, N. Y., James Freeman has been sent to the county jail for thirty days, for annoying and insulting female German emigrants in the railroad cars.

Col. Medary, of the Ohio Statesman, says that he has charged on his books to delinquent subscribers to the Statesman, between thirty and forty thousand dollars.

A Mr. Coddings, in attempting to deliver an anti-slavery lecture at Shullsburg, Lafayette county, Wisconsin, was mobbed, pelted with eggs, and driven off.

Commodore Perry, of the United States Navy, the German papers say, has accepted the post declined by Commodore Parker, of commander of the German Navy.

Matthew Wood has been found guilty of murder in poisoning his wife in New York city. John Freedly is holden in Philadelphia for the same crime.

Steamer Pike, from Cincinnati for New Orleans, was burnt at Point Coupee, with all the cargo, and Col. Anthony Butler of Texas, a passenger, was lost.

Mr. W. Frelich, engineer in the navy-yard at Washington, has invented an apparatus which is *radically self acting*, to prevent railroad collisions.

Morrison mentions a dictionary in the Chinese language of 40,000 hieroglyphical characters, as having been compiled 1100 years before Christ.

The Haverhill Banner says that two steamboats will be placed on the Merrimac about the first of May, to run between Haverhill and Newburyport.

On Thursday, in Chelsea, a son of Mr. Packard, on Beacon street, four years old, was run over by an unmanageable horse and killed instantly.

Mr. John Kinsley, who owns the stage coaches between Townsend, Ms., and Peterboro' N. H., was knocked down in the night and robbed of $200.

Later accounts from Yucatan state that the Indian war continued. The Indians were beaten in the skirmishes, but were victorious in pitched battles.

A party of Californians ordered a steamer, 120 feet long, to be built in ten days, at Cincinnati, and the work was done and the vessel launched at the time required.

The first railroad locomotive ever built in Georgia (and, probably, the first ever built south of Maryland), has just been completed at Augusta, Ga.

Elisha H. Baldwin, who murdered his brother-in-law, Victor Mathews, has been sentenced to be hanged on the 5th of June, at St. Louis.

The emperor of Brazil, early in March, gave a public reception at his palace, in Rio Janeiro, to 2,000 American emigrants to California.

Benton is about to take the stump in Missouri, to explain his free soil views and endeavor to secure his re-election as U. S. Senator.

The grand jury of Cape Breton, on the 27th ult., made an appeal to the general government for assistance to save them from starvation.

There is a German Art Union, which has 53 crowned heads amongst its members, and expends a large sum annually for works of art.

The Koran forbids all interest. But extravagant rates are exacted in Mohammedan countries in violation of law.

A few days since, a boat containing fifteen men at Fall River, upset, and five of them were drowned. They had been on a spree!

It is said Marcus Morton has cleared about $20,000 by his office of collector of Boston, during four years. He can afford to retire.

There is but one newspaper in the Arabic language, spoken by 40,000,000 people. There is no progress without newspapers.

The grand jury of New Orleans have found a true bill against Capt. Bradley, for the murder of Fanny Daley, alias Young.

South Boston is estimated by the Gazette of that place to contain a population of 15,000, and about 1,600 dwelling-houses.

George Sinnett, 120 years old, sole survivor of the army of Gen. Wolfe, died at Brighton, Nova Scotia, Jan. 6th.

Charles F. Hoffman, Esq., has recovered from his recent illness, and is at present on a visit to Washington.

In Newton Co., Mississippi, an extensive copper mine has been found, with 'a rich trace of silver.'

A Mr. James Gillet lately died from the bite of a hog which bit him last winter, in Ledus, Wayne Co., Ohio.

Elisha Lee, of Salisbury, Conn., fell from the tophouse of his iron furnace, and was killed.

Several Revolutionary relics have been dug up on the heights of Yorktown.

It was the tories that burnt the parliament house and library in Montreal.

There are 8,000 artists and art students resident in Paris.

The loss of Col. Fremont's expedition is 10 men and $10,000.

They have a panorama of Paradise Lost, in Portsmouth.

Kellogg, the artist, has just painted a full length portrait of Gen. Worth.

The small pox is raging at Athens, Geo.

### Local Matters.

#### Heaping up Money.

With so many examples before us of the miserable ends produced by the effort to heap up wealth to the exclusion of all other enjoyments, it is a matter of some surprise to an observant mind, that people will not learn better by experience. In place of a quiet enjoyment of the blessings of life, attainable by those in the receipt of a comfortable income, we find most men spending four-fifths of their lives in the drudgery of the counting-house, ware-house, or factory, which they ultimately propose to abandon for a quiet country seat, 'by-and-by,' as they say, after they have accumulated money enough. Well, 'by-and-by' comes, at last, and the plan so long looked forward to, an enjoyment of the comforts of life is consummated, but alas! this period has been postponed until all the faculties have become paralyzed. '*Sans eyes, sans teeth, sans taste, sans everything*,' and scarce an answering pulsation is left for old amusements, and much less for new pleasures and associations. The language of fields and woods, of murmuring brooks and tumbling torrents, is not intelligible to men familiar only with crowded streets and the tricks of trade, and those who attempt to woo nature thus, like plants too late transplanted, perish shortly from sudden change in air, diet, and long established habits.

While we have been writing this, we have more than one wealthy old merchant of Boston in our mind's eye, men whom we have seen day after day from our very childhood, with large means hoarded in safe keeping, and yet still plodding on laboriously for pecuniary gain. Now and then one drops off, pierced by the arrow of death before he has even the chance to try the long proposed retirement, and others barely make the change and then pine in its uncongenial sphere, and are hurried to the grave. Shall we tell the reader our moral? 'tis a simple one. Enjoy life in the present (we know nothing of the future), with moderation, to be sure, for therein alone lies true pleasure.

#### Amusements.

The Boston Museum holds on the even tenor of its way with peculiar success. One or two farces are given nightly in connection with the showy spectacle of the Forty Thieves. The Lyceum Theatre is doing at present an excellent business; the plays are well selected, and there has never before been so attractive a company at this house. A new place of entertainment has been opened in Washington Street, called Washington Gardens, where there are music and refreshments; a cool and pleasant evening resort, *a la* Niblo's Garden, New York. We learn that W. F. Johnson is to take the Beach Street Museum, which will be opened with a new company of efficient performers. Mr. Forrest will appear at this house. Mr. Macready will not again visit Boston.

#### Accident.

A few days since, as one of the Canton Street omnibuses was turning into Dock Square, the horses turned short and quick, upsetting the vehicle and taking the forward wheels with them up Washington Street at a full run. They soon came in contact with a horse and chaise belonging to Mr. Atkins, and he and his son were both thrown out and stunned, but it was thought not seriously injured. Damage to the chaise, about fifty dollars. The runaways soon came in contact with a buggy, driven by Mr. Rogers, and damaged that considerably. They finally brought up in the edge of Roxbury, without doing any further serious injury.

DODGING TAXES.—Rev. Mr. Kirk, of this city, lately preached a sermon hitting hard upon those tax-payers who dodge the collector by moving out of town before the first of May. His text was, 'Bear ye one another's burdens.' We count this one of the meanest tricks in vogue, for a rich man to try and escape the payment of his just proportion of taxes.

MAJOR WHISTLER.—This well known engineer who went to Russia to superintend the building of railroads for the government, died lately at St. Petersburg, from an attack of the cholera. Major Whistler was well known in this city and Springfield, where he leaves numerous friends to mourn his loss.

FINE ARTS.—There are two very fine paintings exhibiting at Horticultural Hall, for a few days, entitled 'The Return of the Dove,' and 'Miriam exulting over the Destruction of Pharaoh's Host.' Their intrinsic merit and worth is universally conceded, and we advise our readers to drop in and look at them.

LE BOSTONIEN.—We have received the first number of a weekly journal thus entitled, and published in this city, in the French language. It is cheap, spirited, and lively, containing much pleasant reading, and of undoubted value to persons studying French, or to those who desire to become *au fait* in reading the language.

THE BIRDS.—The window at which we write overlooks the Common, and our ears are constantly saluted by the notes of the birds, who are building their nests in the Mall. Merry notes, cheerful time,—warblings have followed each word of these lines.

CITY OF CHARLESTOWN.—By the speech of G. W. Warren, the mayor of our neighboring city, we learn that Charlestown is in a highly prosperous condition. Its treasury is healthy, and its public schools and other institutions in fine operation.

NEW FOUNTAIN.—The new fountain in Exeter Place has been completed, and is now in full play. It is a purely classical design, and perfect in all its proportions, a great ornament to the neat enclosure in which it stands. It is attracting large numbers of people.

DOMESTICS.—During the month of April last, there was exported from this port 2,283 bales and cases of domestic cotton goods, of the value of $113,304. Total since January, 7,000 bales and cases, valued at $333,420.

THE PUBLIC GARDEN is an excellent location for a grand fountain, that no pains should be spared to furnish one. The matter, we are happy to hear, is in agitation.

PROPER.—The directors of the Boston and Maine Railroad have voted to employ no persons upon the road who are intoxicating drinks.

COMMERCE OF THE CITY.—Arrivals in Boston for the month of March, 315 vessels coastwise, 321 foreign. Clearances, foreign 267, coastwise 318.

EMIGRANTS.—About 3,000 emigrants have arrived at this port within ten days, and are constantly increasing. The city is full of foreigners, mostly Irish.

### OUR OLIO COLUMN.

[Written for The Flag of our Union.]

#### To a Swallow.

BY OSCAR D. HUGHAN.

Lover of heaven's sunny skies,
It glads my heart to see thee rise
On thy never-tiring wing,
Wet with dews of early spring;
I have watched thee skim the plain,
Swift as thought in poet's brain,
And I've deeply sighed to be
A thing as light and pure as thee.
Then I've seen thee float along,
Calm as strain in plaintive song,
And I've madly asked to share
Thy home composed of balmy air;
To some island in the sea,
I would gladly flee with thee,
There to wait till Heaven's decree
Bore me to eternity,
To a state where mortals' pride
Is forever laid aside;
As the cares that finds a grave
Neath the storm-excited wave,
Since ye left me I have felt,
Can I say how desolate!
Unseen follies, blighted hope,
Have my heart-strings almost broke.
When I see thy snowy breast,
How I long to share its rest,
Spent among the trees and flowers
Of perpetual summer hours;
I ask not to be like you,
Clad in heaven's refulgent blue;
But with thee I fain would roam
Far from man's unhallowed home.
Only with thee I would soar
From this sin-polluted shore,
Nevermore to hear the cry
Of hearts long steeped in misery.

#### A Patriotic Song for California.

A young gentleman, poetically inclined, has attempted to write a poem on the California expedition. He got to the end of four lines, and there stopped.

Ye sons of freedom, who would shine
On history's brightest story,
Come join with us, and take the line
That leads to California.
*New York Day Book.*

There's numerous ways of getting there—
By ship, or mule, or wagon;
Then haste, while life has days to spare,
And wealth has joys to brag on.—*Troy Post.*

And when we reach the promised land,
We'll hasten to the diggins,
And scratch away among the sands,
The biggest of the 'big uns.'—*Toledo Republican*

And when we get our pockets full
Of this bright shinin' dust,
We'll travel straight for home again,
And spend it on a 'bust.'
*Sandusky Clarion.*

And when completely busted up,
And health entirely gone;
What we have gained by that 'ere trip
Is rather 'in a horn.' *Olive Branch.*

With fever worn, and health destroyed,
Of comforts all bereft,
Shan't we have made the 'rocks' we get
A little o'er the left?—*Flag of our Union.*

#### Questions and Answers.

Where, O where are the visions of morning,
Fresh as the dews of our prime?
Gone, like the tenants that quit without warning,
Down the back entry of time.

Where, O where are life's lilies and roses,
Nursed in the golden dawn's smile?
Dead as the bulrushes round little Moses,
On the old banks of the Nile.

Where are the Marys, and Anns, and Elizas,
Loving and lovely of yore?
Look in the columns of old Advertisers—
Married and dead by the score.

Where the gray colts and ten year old fillies,
Saturday's triumph and joy?
Gone, like our friend, the fiery Achilles,
Homer's ferocious old boy.

Dim-away dreams of ecstatic emotion,
Hopes like young eagles at play,
Vows of unheard of and endless devotion,
How ye have faded away!

Yet though the ebbing of time's mighty river
Leave our young blossoms to die,
Let him roll smooth in his current forever,
Till the last pebble is dry.

#### Church Scandal.

There is truth in the following meeting-house melody, from the Sentinel and Palladium, entitled, 'Pew Talk and Church Scandal.'

That tall young fellow's here to-day!
I wonder what's his name?
His eyes are fixed upon our pew—
Do look at Sally Dame.

Who is that lady dressed in green?
It can't be Mrs. Leach;
There's Mr. Jones with Deacon Giles—
I wonder if he'll preach?

Lend me your fan, it is so warm
We both will sit at prayers;
Mourning becomes the widow Ames—
How Mary's bonnet flares.

Do look at Nancy Sloper's veil!
It's a full a breadth too wide;
I wonder if Susannah Ayres
Appears to-day a bride!

O, what a voice Jane Rice has got!
Why, how that organ roars!
I'm glad we've left the singers' seats—
How hard Miss Johnson snores.

What ugly shawls are those in front!
Did you observe Ann Wild?
Her new straw bonnet's trimmed with black,
I guess she's lost a child.

I'm half asleep—that Mr. Jones,
His sermons are so long;
This afternoon we'll stay at home
And practise that new song.

#### An Eremite.

I'm an Eremite old, and sit fast by a well,
In a cavern deep-scooped in the knoll of a hill;
I water my mare at the day-spring, and nightly
I swing on her gate as she ambles so lightly.
With a light westward ho, I've been digging and delving;
To the acts of the apostles I've put a new helve in;
For heaving the compass a joiner I've seen,
To preserve it from rust and to keep the points keen;
And I'm steeping the root of all evil to find
If its bark hath a virtue for coloring the mind.
I've been warring with life, I've been waging a strife
With the scrows that croak in the river of life;
The gray rock of ages that juts o'er life's main,
With the wages of sin I have cloven in twain;
The bed of the ocean I've tumbled of late,
And rested my head on the pillar of state.
I was shaken from sleep by the fall of the year,
While the ocean's deep soundings fall hoarse on my ear;
And last, though not least, when the muses prevail,
I scribble with quills from a sorrowful tale.
*Rambler.*

#### The Bachelor.

*A Parody on Shakespeare's Apothecary.*

I do remember an old bachelor,
And hereabouts he dwells; whom late I noted,
In suit of sables and careworn brow,
Conning his bow; and meagre were his looks;
Celibacy had worn him to the bone;
And in his silent parlor hung a coat,
The which the moths had used not less than he.
Four chairs, one table, and an old hair trunk,
Made up the furniture; and on his shelves
A green-clad candlestick, a broken mug,
Two tumblers and a box of old cigars,
Remnants of volumes once in some repute,
Were thinly scattered round, to tell the eye
Of prying stranger—this man had no wife.
His tattered elbow gaped most piteously;
And ever, as he turned him round, his skin
Did through his stockings peep upon the day.
Noting his gloom, unto myself I said,
And if a man did covet single life,
Reckless of joys that matrimony gives,
Here lives a gloomy wretch would show it him,
In such most dismal colors, that the shrew,
Or slut, or slied, or the gossip spouse,
Were such a heaven compared with such a life.

#### A Perfect Woman.

Not learned, save in gracious household ways,
Not perfect, nay, but full of tender wants;
No angel, but a dearer being, all dipt
In angel instincts, breathing paradise;
Interpreter between the gods and men,
Looking all nature to her place, and yet
On tiptoe seemed to touch upon a sphere
Too gross to tread, and all male minds perforce
Swayed to her from their orbits as they moved
And girdled her with music.—*Tennyson.*

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[Written for The Flag of our Union.]

### Lines.

BY J. H. ROBINSON.

'I will see her once more, and she shall sing to me as in the past, and while the song that I have loved to hear trembles upon her tongue, I will delude myself with the vain belief that there has been no change, and then with a heart deeply wrung I will leave her presence forever.'—[illegible]

O, sing to me the pensive song
That I have loved to hear;
And let its sweet, sweet numbers fall
Once more upon my ear.

And sit where thou didst sit lang syne,
Beneath the oaken tree;
When every whispered tone of thine
Was music unto me.

And speak once more to me, and seem
As beautiful as then;
And for one moment I will deem
That thou art pure again.

And lay thy head upon my breast,
And place thy hand in mine,
While thy false breast once more shall rest
In innocence on mine.

Then gaze thou fondly in my face,
And low, sweet be each tone;
And for the last, last time this heart
Thy syren power shall own.

And when the witching strain is o'er,
And the loved music dies,
ne'er shall hear its magic more—
No more gaze in thine eyes.

Then, then my love shall bow to pride,
When that dear song is sung;
And I will hasten from thy side
As though an adder stung.

I'll see alone the guilty thing
That thou hast proved to me;
And there is nothing half so vile
As thou henceforth shalt be.

Then sing to me that pensive song
That I have loved to hear;
And let its sweet, sweet numbers fall
Once more upon my ear.

[Written for The Flag of our Union.]

### When we have strayed upon the Shore.

BY E. S. T[illegible]

My heart is lone, and doomed to roam
O'er hill and vale far from its home;
With nought upon this earth to cheer
But thoughts of one whose name is dear;
And haunts as in the lonely wild,
Far from those times which were so mild,
Which softly then came stealing o'er,
When we have strayed upon the shore.

Ah! could we tell the joys that start,
Like angel wings within the heart,
When smiles enhance the love-lit flame,
And kindred spirits seem the same,
While wandering down the silvery stream,
Or mingling in some festive scene,
The bright and happy scenes of yore,
When we have strayed upon the shore.

We knew not, O, when last we met,
Our fondest hopes in tears would set;
That we no more should gather flowers,
To light with love our gloomy hours;
That one pure heart should cease to beat,
And hushed the tones which were so sweet,
Which soothed our sighs in days of yore,
When we have strayed upon the shore.

[Written for The Flag of our Union.]

### The Repose of the Flowers.

BY FRED. SOUTHGATE.

Fair Luna shines brightly,
The breezes waft lightly
The fragrance of slumbering flowers;
That bloom at the morn,
When the first blush of dawn
Doth peep o'er their fair sylvan bowers.

But now they are sleeping,
While Luna is keeping
Her lone, silent vigils at night;
On their petals closing
The dew is reposing,
And sparkling with soft, limpid light.

The rivulet rushing,
With sweet music gushing,
Lulls the flowers to sleep by its side;
And while swiftly gliding,
The rocks it is chiding,
For stemming its bright rolling tide.

[Written for The Flag of our Union.]

### How beautiful is Earth!

BY W. N. FRAME.

The noble mountain towering high—
The river, and the rippling stream—
The flowers that o'er the landscape lie—
All, in their different language, seem
To whisper, 'Beautiful is earth!'

The sunbeam, when the day is born—
The dewdrop in the flowret's cup—
The roses which yon bower adorn—
All take the joyful chorus up,
And say, 'How beautiful is earth!'

Nature's sweet songsters chime it forth
From out their green-roofed bowers;
They join the universal mirth,
And while away their happy hours,
Hymning, 'Beautiful is earth!'

How beautiful is earth'—but O,
Had sin not mixed its seeds among,
Heaven with the joyful sounds would flow,
And seraphs gladly join the song,
Chanting, 'How beautiful is earth!'

[Written for The Flag of our Union.]

### Can I forget thee?

BY THE BARD OF SOUHEGAN.

Can I forget thee? sooner far
Evening forget to own a star;
Breezes and gales forget to blow,
And tides forget to ebb and flow.

The lark as soon forget the morn,
The hound to start at huntsman's horn;
The bird as soon forget its nest,
Wherein its downy young find rest.

Can I forget thee? sooner might
The day forget to follow night;
The sun forget to rise and set,
As soon as I could thee forget.

As soon the thunder-rolling crash
Forget to follow lightning's flash;
Old ocean's waves forget to roar,
When dashing on a rockbound shore.

Can I forget thee? never! no!
As long as memory's tide shall flow;
Till death the thread of life shall sever,
I can forget thee—never! never!

## MISCELLANEOUS.

[Written for The Flag of our Union.]

# THE CHILD OF THE HERMIT:

OR,

## LOVE IN A WILDERNESS.

BY PAUL CREYTON.

### CHAPTER I.

*The Forest Home.*

On the banks of a small stream which empties its waters into the Ohio, several miles above the junction of that river with the Tennessee, there was standing, but a short time ago, a rudely-constructed log house, which had the appearance of having been built at the earliest period of the settlement of that portion of the country. Notwithstanding the roughness of the material of which this structure was composed, it had an air of romance and beauty about it such as we seldom meet with in more thickly-settled places; and there was something, moreover, in the very solitude of the deep forests that stretched around it on nearly every side, which rendered that simple dwelling far more inviting to the poetic mind than the most magnificent of mansions.

It was late one evening in the month of May, in the year 18—, that a young man, mounted on a handsome, coal-black steed, rode up to the cottage we have described, and fastening the animal to the trunk of a small shade-tree, knocked at the door for admittance. At first all was silent within, and the traveller might have supposed the inmates were sunk in sleep, had it not been for a gleam of light which stole through the window curtains from within. The traveller knocked a second time, and was answered by the fierce growl of a dog; then the gentle voice of a young girl was heard, commanding the animal to be quiet.

'It is Isabel!' murmured the traveller, grasping the latch to open the door.

'Who is there?' cried the same voice from within.

'I—Elliot!' replied the traveller.

There was a sound like that of a key grating in the lock, then of a bolt being withdrawn; and Elliot eagerly threw open the door.

By the light of the taper burning within the cottage, a young girl stood revealed before the eyes of the delighted traveller.

'My Isabel!' exclaimed Elliot, pressing her hands in both of his; 'what happiness it is to see you again!'

'I am glad it is you!' said the artless girl, her eyes sparkling with tenderness and joy. 'How long you have kept away!'

'Has the time indeed seemed long to you?' asked Elliot, earnestly, 'and have you thought of me during my absence?'

A sigh was the only answer, as the girl led him into the cottage.

'And is your father absent again to-night, Isabel?' asked the traveller.

'Yes.'

'It would seem that he is never here.'

'O, but he is, frequently. However, he is sometimes absent for days together.'

'For what purpose?'

'In truth, I know not. He loves to wander and penetrate into the forest depths; but whether it be for game or other things, I cannot tell.'

'And you are left alone, Isabel, at these times?' asked Elliot.

'Yes, Charles—only,' she added, with a smile, 'I have Martial for a companion.'

'Who's Martial?' demanded the traveller, with a start.

'O, my dog, to be sure,' laughed Isabel. 'Come here, Martial.'

A large, black animal, that had been watching his mistress ever since the traveller entered, came forward at her bidding, and placed his heavy paws upon her lap.

'This is my companion—this is Martial,' said the girl, patting his neck.

Elliot, who at first felt a pang of jealousy, supposing Martial to be some young and gay gallant, smiled, and asked Isabel if her father had no fears with regard to leaving her alone with no protector, save a dumb animal.

'He used to be afraid—'

'*Used to!* Why, how long have you lived here?'

'Ever since I can remember. It must be now some twelve years or more, I should think.'

'How long since your mother died?'

'She died when I was an infant!'

'Isabel,' said Elliot, pressing the young girl's hand, 'I can scarcely believe that you were educated in a wilderness like this. How have you acquired the accomplishments you possess?'

'O, as to that matter,' replied Isabel, laughing, 'father has taken great pains with me. He is a man of some talent, as well as of considerable learning.'

'Would I could see him!' exclaimed Elliot. 'Whenever I have been here, it has so happened that he has been away, and I have never seen him yet.'

At this point of the conversation, Isabel observed a stain of blood upon the traveller's collar, and demanded the origin of it.

'It is nothing,' said Elliot. 'I believe I have received a slight wound on the hand, but it is not serious.'

'How happened it?'

'Foolishly enough; but I will tell you. As I was coming through the wood, in company with a stranger I had fallen in with on the road, we met a large, dark, powerful man, who immediately set upon my companion with a drawn dagger, charging him with having insulted him, and defying him to an encounter. It appeared there had been a previous quarrel between the two; so I thought best to let them fight it out, until I saw my companion was getting the worst of it, when feeling called upon me to interfere, I endeavored to part them. The stranger was enraged at my interference, and thrust at me so furiously that I was obliged to fight in self-defence. Then seeing two against him were more than his match, he retreated, swearing to be revenged on us both.'

'Let me wash your wound,' said Isabel, 'and remove the blood from your hair and clothes. I hope you will never meet the man you fought again. There are some desperate men in this part of the country.'

'I fear not to meet him,' said Elliot, proudly, 'that I might punish him for insulting me; would that he were before me now!'

'Your wish is gratified, for here I am!' said a deep, terrible voice, close behind the lovers.

Both started and looked around. Isabel shrieked, and Elliot, drawing a dagger, sprang forward to meet his foe. Their weapons crossed.

'Hold! hold!' screamed Isabel, throwing herself between the two combatants. 'You must not fight! Elliot, it is my father!'

The young man started back with a groan, for in the deadly enemy before him he beheld the parent and guardian of the girl he loved.

### CHAPTER II.

*The Father and the Lover.*

Isabel had fainted. Her father, the stern and terrible Richard Moulton, heeded her not, but sprang fiercely at his youthful antagonist.

'Strike!' exclaimed Elliot, laying open his breast to receive the blow. 'Strike, for I cannot fight you!'

Moulton started back, eyeing the young man with surprise.

'Who are you?' he demanded.

'Your enemy, if you will,' replied the other, calmly; 'but you are the father of this girl, and I cannot fight you.'

'Ay, I am the father of this girl!' cried Moulton, bitterly; 'for her sake, I will now compel you to fight!'

'From what cause?' demanded Elliot.

'Hear me. Two years ago a villain named Horton came to this house, and finding the defenceless girl alone, grossly insulted her. I arrived in time to save her—but he escaped me! Then I swore not to rest until I found him out and punished him for daring to insult a young and innocent girl. It was not until this evening that I met him; he was in your company. You took the villain's part, and he escaped me again! For this I will be revenged! Come on!'

'Strike!'

'Coward!'

'You lie!' cried Elliot, enraged at the opprobrious epithet. 'I am no coward, as you shall see!'

Again their weapons crossed. It was a desperate encounter, for both were fired by revenge, and their weapons were short and sharp. It was a terrible scene—that gray-haired, powerful man grappling with his young and slender adversary! You should have seen the old man's eyes flash, his dark and heavy brows knit in a fearful frown, his broad chest heave, and his lips quiver with passion; and you should have beheld the skilful defence of his youthful adversary, his fierce and meaning look, and his set teeth, as he parried the thrusts of the other and made furious lunges at him in return, for my pen is inadequate to the description of the scene.

The combat was short. Elliot was no match for the powerful Moulton. The latter planted his bowie-knife full in his side, and the young man fell back powerless upon the floor. In an instant, the old man's rage seemed spent. He stooped to raise his fallen foe. He tore away the garments to staunch the blood that gushed from the wound he had made. Suddenly he started back, uttering a half-suppressed cry of surprise.

'Dead!' cried the old man, in hurried, anxious tones. 'Isabel, come hither quick!—Assist me, for this young man must not die!'

Moulton cried to his daughter in vain; for, although she had recovered momentarily from her swoon, when she saw her lover, fallen and bleeding, gasp for breath in the old man's arms, she sank again, senseless, upon the floor.

'Curses on the girl's weakness!' muttered Moulton. 'But she is not used to the sight of blood like me. Wretch that I am! I fear I have killed the youth, outright! But no! that wound cannot be mortal!'

With strange eagerness the old man strove to staunch the blood. Having studied much in his youth, and lived in the midst of perils the greater part of his life, he knew something of the nature of wounds, and of their treatment. Having borne Elliot to a bed, he soon succeeded in bringing about such a state as induced him to hope the young man might recover.

'Father!' said a timid voice close to the old man's side.

Moulton turned and beheld Isabel, pale as if she had that moment arose from the grave, tottering towards him.

'My child!' murmured the old man, supporting her in his arms.

'Tell me, will he live?'

'He will.'

'Thank Heaven! thank Heaven!' she exclaimed, weeping upon her father's bosom.

### CHAPTER III.

*Elliot's History.*

As Moulton had supposed, Elliot's was not a mortal wound. That night was passed by Isabel and her father in watching anxiously by the bed-side of the young man. When morning came, their fears were at an end.

It was a pleasure for the maiden to sit by her lover's side and administer to his wants, while she sang, or read, or talked to him, to beguile the weary hours of his confinement. Moulton left her with him frequently, when he himself was obliged to be away, for anxious as he was that the young man should recover, he felt that he could not leave him in better hands.

Isabel never accomplished so delightful a task; her lover had never been so happy as during the time he was recovering from his wounds.

One day, when Charles Elliot was reposing in an easy chair, and Isabel was seated by his side, her father entered, and requesting the girl to leave the room, took the chair she had occupied, and sat down facing the invalid.

'How long have you known my daughter?' asked the old man.

'For months.'

'And have you seen her frequently during this time?'

'I have never seen her but twice before last night.'

'And how became you acquainted?'

'Business brought me to this part of the country some eighteen months ago, and I took shelter one day in this house, for it was storming fearfully. Your child was here alone. I was pleased with her, and conversed with her long; on taking my leave, I felt that I left my heart behind me in her keeping. It was even so!'

'And pray,' persisted Moulton, 'what business brought you hither at first?'

'That relates to my private history. That would not interest you perhaps.'

'I should be pleased to know you better than I do,' said the old man.

'You shall hear what brought me hither, then,' returned Charles. 'I came in search of my father.'

'Of your father?'

'Yes—for I have had reason to suppose he resides somewhere in this region. You appear deeply interested, sir, and I will tell you more—something of my history. I was born in Philadelphia, where I resided until I was eleven years of age. I was the only child of a high-minded, noble father, and of a beautiful and virtuous mother. She was from the south, and she went frequently to New Orleans to visit her relatives there; my father accompanied her. At one time it so happened that he was unable to go with her, being detained in Philadelphia by business of importance; but as a professed friend of our family was about to proceed in a ship, of which he was the owner and commander, to New Orleans, and as he offered to take my mother and myself under his protection, his proposition was gladly accepted, and we set sail, deeming ourselves safe in his charge.

'That friend was a traitor! He insulted my mother; and finding she was not to be won from the path of honor, he determined, in order that his treachery might never come to light, to keep her henceforth from my father and the world. Young as I was—for I was scarcely twelve—I knew that this was so; for my mother would weep over me for hours together, praying heaven to protect us both. Suddenly—I knew not how it was—she was torn from me, and I never saw her more.—What became of her I cannot say; for, after I was left by the wretch in a small city of the south, his ship and crew, together with himself, were lost at sea.

'I told my story to the authorities of the town into which I had been thrown. They did not believe me; and if they had credited my tale, it was too late for them to punish the treacherous friend. Heaven had already sent him to his account.

'In time I succeeded in finding my way to my mother's friends in New Orleans. It was a fearful truth to tell them, but they had a disclosure no less surprising and exasperating to make to me. They had heard from my father. The news came that he, having learned that his treacherous friend entertained a passion for my mother, inferred from the fact of his receiving no news from either her or him, that she had proved a false wife and an unnatural parent. How wrongly did he judge her! His judgment was no less fatal to himself than to her, for his reason was shaken, and all his peace destroyed.

'Soon the intelligence arrived that he had left his home and gone—none knew whither. My mother's friends were unable to learn aught of him, and consequently they kept me with them as their own child.

'I grew up; I was educated; I had wealth at my command. But nothing could content me. I felt that I had a father wandering somewhere on the earth—wandering to hide his shame—and I felt that I could not rest until I found him out and proved to his unhappy mind that my mother was not false. Twelve years have passed since then. A year ago I arrived in Philadelphia, and became possessed of facts which made it clear to my mind that my father was living, or had been living, in a secluded manner in this quarter of the globe. I came hither in search of him, as I told you before.'

'And have you heard from him yet?' interrupted Moulton.

'Not a trace of him have I been able to find,' replied Elliot, bowing his head upon his hands.

### CHAPTER IV.

*The Disclosure.*

The young man having finished his story, wished to know something of the history of Moulton in return, but the latter remained silent and thoughtful.

'It seems strange to me,' said Elliot, 'that you should have chosen this wilderness as your abode, and that you should continue the almost savage course of life you do.'

'Young man,' replied the other, raising his dark eyes and fixing them with a strange expression upon his companion, 'Young man, can you understand the spirit in which the great Byron wrote—

"O that the desert were my dwelling place,
With one fair spirit for my minister;
That I might all forget the human race,
And hating no one, love but only her!"

Can you comprehend the feeling expressed in these beautiful lines?'

'I see!' exclaimed Elliot. 'You removed hither with a young and beautiful bride. But why, when your wife died, did you not return to the haunts of civilization, in order to give Isabel the advantages of society?'

'The advantages of society!' echoed the old man, bitterly. 'If you knew how much I have suffered from the corruption of the world, you would not wonder why I keep my darling child secluded from the world. The advantages of society!'

And the old man strode abruptly from the room.

'Strange being!' thought Elliot. 'He is a man of profound learning and a fine imagination; he is familiar with the works of the greatest poets the world ever produced; he is brave, impetuous, and revengeful, and at the same time, never saw I a man so well fitted to adorn society and move in an exalted sphere; and here he lives secluded from the world! Half his time is spent in the wild sports of the forest—perhaps in hunting men as well as beasts—and the other half he devotes to teaching his daughter the refinements of society, and the great principles of virtue and religion.'

Isabel entered.

'My dear girl,' said Charles, tenderly, while he held her fair hand in his, and gazed earnestly in her face, 'think you your father would consent to our marriage, and permit me to introduce you to the world he has never yet allowed you to visit? And would you go with me?'

'I care not for the world,' replied the artless girl; 'but you know how gladly I would go anywhere with you!'

'You love me then—'

'Yes—for I never felt towards any one as I feel towards you; not even towards my father, who is very dear to me! O, do I not love you!'

'And you will leave this wilderness for me, Isabel?'

'To be your wife?' said the young girl, in the simplicity of her pure and untaught heart. 'To be your wife?'

'My dear and lawful wife!' replied Charles, earnestly.

The maiden bowed her fair head upon his bosom, and twined her arms about his neck, murmuring—

'Then, I will go with you!'

The noble youth was happy then; but there was one dark thought which shadowed his soul like a cloud:

'Will her father give his consent?'

This he was resolved to ascertain at the earliest opportunity. Yet, days passed, and Moulton was either absent or so gloomy that Charles dared not speak to him upon the subject.

A change had come over the solitary man. His brow was continually darkened, and instead of smiling upon his daughter as was his wont, he would regard her sternly though sorrowfully, and communicate his wishes to her by signs rather than by words.

'There is a mystery about him deeper than ever!' thought Elliot. 'I even think there is a lurking madness in his soul. How wildly he stares at me!'

One day, after the young man had so far recovered as to be able to ramble for hours through the woods with Isabel, he felt a desire to mount his noble steed once more, and ride him over the fields. The noble animal bounded with joy and pride as his master sprang into the saddle, and went prancing gaily along the banks of the stream.

In half an hour, Charles returned, and fastened the steed neath the door. He entered the house. Moulton was there alone, his dark brow shaded with his hands.

'Young man,' said he, in a solemn voice, as he raised his eyes to look upon the flushed cheek and animated countenance of his guest, 'sit down and let me talk with you while Isabel is absent.'

Charles seated himself, facing Moulton. He trembled with unwonted agitation, for he felt that he was to hear something decisive with regard to Isabel.

'I will hear you,' said he, in a nervous tone.

'I hope you will command yourself, for I have a strange disclosure to make to you,' resumed the old man, sternly.

'I will hear you!'

'Are you calm?'

'Yes—very calm.—Speak! Don't keep me in suspense.'

'Well, I have something to say to you concerning your father!'

Elliot started from his seat.

'My father! What of him? You have seen him—is he alive?'

The old man arose, tottered forward and fixed his eyes wildly upon the youth, who shrunk away in terror.

'My son—my Charles!' murmured he, 'your father stands before you!'

'Not my father!' shrieked the young man.

'Your own father!'

'And the father of my Isabel! O, God! why was I born?'

Charles rushed from the room. His brain reeled with despair—his whole frame shook with horror. He scarcely knew whither he went, but the next moment found him unfastening his steed.

'Charles!' exclaimed a soft voice, and there was a fair hand laid gently upon his shoulder. Isabel was by his side!

'O God! would I had been spared this last interview!' he exclaimed, grasping her wrists and gazing with a wild expression of love and despair upon her face.

'Dear Charles, what is the matter?'

'I must leave you!'

'O, not now!'

'This instant!'

'Why? What has happened?'

'Twill break your heart, perhaps, but I will tell you. Our very love is a crime—'

'No—not a crime—'

'Yes—for—O, Isabel!—I am—I am your brother!'

With a shriek the young girl fell senseless to the ground. Charles turned away with a groan, leaped into the saddle, and burying his spurs in his horse's flanks, dashed like a madman into the depths of the surrounding forest.

### CHAPTER V.

*Resignation!*

A year passed away. It was a soft and beautiful day in summer. Joy reigned in all the solitary wilds of the west, and woods and prairies resounded with the music of living nature.

The sun had passed the meridian, when a young man rode along the highway which led to the cottage of Richard Moulton.

That rider was Charles Elliot, who, no longer able to live so far removed from Isabel, was returning to visit—his sister! His brow was darker, and there was a deeper melancholy in his look, than when he first penetrated those wilds in search of an unhappy parent.

And Isabel—what had become of her? The young man's heart sank within him, as he reflected that the awful intelligence he communicated to her when they parted, might have proved fatal.

He reached the cottage door. He observed a change—a change he felt sure Moulton never would have wrought. The fine trees he expected to see flinging their refreshing shadows over the cottage, had been cut down and their branches converted into fuel.

'Can they have removed, or are they dead?' thought the young man.

He dismounted, and approached the house. A stranger advanced to meet him. Anxiously the young man made inquiries concerning his father and his sister.

'We bought the place of Moulton, nearly a year ago,' said the stranger.

'And what has become of him?'

'He is dead.'

'And his daughter—'

'Yonder she comes!'

Charles turned, and the next moment he was holding to his breast the beautiful and happy girl.

'O, I am so glad you have come back!' she exclaimed, weeping with joy. 'I have news for you.'

'I know,' said Charles, almost shocked at Isabel's gayety: 'the old man is dead!'

'Yes,' returned the girl, brushing away a tear. 'But that is not all!'

'What more?'

The young girl led her lover into the cottage, and opened a casket.

'Read this,' she said, giving him a small package of manuscript.

'What is it?'

'It is your father's history.'

'My father's—'

'Yes—for your father was not mine!'

Charles dropped the package upon the floor and clasped the girl's hand.

'Speak!' he cried, eagerly. 'Tell me—are you not my sister?'

'No!'

'Thank Heaven! thank Heaven!' exclaimed the young man, folding the maiden to his heart.

'How was I so deceived?'

'Read, and you will learn.'

With eager curiosity, Charles examined the manuscript.

A passage in it ran as follows:

'Crushed with sorrow and shame, occasioned by the belief that my wife had deserted me, and devoted herself, her child and me to dishonor, I fled from the world, never to return to it again.

'I roamed over the forests and prairies of the west, seeking to dissipate my grief in the excitement of new scenes. But it was all in vain!

'One night, I sought hospitality in the cottage of an old man who was living alone with an only child—a daughter. I told him my history; he sympathized with me; he became my friend and counsellor. He himself had seen sorrow, and we were bound together by the bonds of fellowship in grief. A week passed, and I could not leave him then. Months rolled by, and at last my friend sickened and died!

'His child was alone in the world. I resolved to be a father to her. I buried the old man and inherited his daughter and his name. She learned to love me and call me father—for she was too young to remember or to know that her real parents were mouldering in the dust.

'I loved her as I had loved the child I had lost. My only pleasure was derived from her society; my only care was to provide for her and rear her tender mind.'

The manuscript then went on to relate how Moulton had lived with his adopted daughter; how she gradually sprung to womanhood, and became the lovely, artless, spiritual creature she was.

At the last, there was a letter directed to Charles. It ran thus:

'My dear son: If this page ever meets your eye, read it as the expression of a parent's dying request.

'Isabel is not your sister—then let her be your wife! I bequeath her to you as a priceless jewel—a gift more valuable to you, if you prize purity and affection, than all the riches of the world.

'Take her—love her—cherish her—be her father, husband, friend—and may God be with you forever! Amen!'

'My Isabel! my bride!' exclaimed Charles, clasping the fair girl to his bosom. 'There is a providence—a destiny in this! and let us thank Heaven for it. It seems fated that you should be mine!'

'And yours I am, till death!' murmured Isabel. 'Wherever you go, I will go, and I will share your destiny, be it good or evil.'

A week after, the two lovers were on their way to Philadelphia together, for Charles was impatient to introduce his fair young bride to his relatives and friends.

Their troubles were passed, and a world—an age of happiness was before them.

[Written for The Flag of our Union.]

### I would I were!

BY EMERALD T. WILSON.

I would I were a favorite flower,
Recline amid some beauteous bower,
Where thou didst walk at lovely eve,
To gain from care a sweet reprieve:
I'd circle round thy flowing hair
A brilliant halo, rich and fair;
And waft on zephyrs' wings to thee,
Love's breathings, full of fragrancy.

I would I were a gracious thought;
I'd fly into thy mind unsought;
And prompt thee to avow for me
Love like that I feel for thee.
I'd revel there in true delight,
Where mental beauty shines most bright;
And gather gems of lustrous ray,
To guide me through life's rugged way.

I would I were some unseen thing;
In ecstasy, I'd constant cling
Around thy form—as does the vine
Its tendrils round the tree entwine:
And on those soft, expressive eyes,
Bright as the hues of paradise,
I'd gaze entranced, till death destroyed
The high-wrought pleasure I enjoyed.

O'erpowering bliss! that wonted vow
Assures me I have gained thee now;
O, would I were a living knight,
Radiant with celestial light;
I'd clothe thee with an angel's charm,
To shield thee from ensuing harm;
And when life closed, on wing of gold
Upbear thee to the heavenly fold!

### Hard to 'Take.'

An anecdote was related to us by a clerical friend, the other evening, of an aged minister who was officiating for the first time at a public service of a congregation who had been accustomed to having the 'hymns lined,' as it is termed. The venerable man could not see distinctly, and designed to dispense with singing. To announce his purpose, he arose and said:

'My eyes are dim, I cannot see—'

and immediately the chorister commenced singing the line to the tune of 'Old Hundred.' Surprise and mortification rendered the minister almost speechless, but he managed to stammer out:

'I meant but an apology.'

This line was immediately sung by the congregation, and the minister, now quite excited, exclaimed:

'Forbear, I pray—my sight is dim!'

but the singing proceeded, and the couplet was finished by his troubled and beseeching explanation:

'I did not mean to read a hymn.'

Strange as it may seem, this was also sung with much energy, and the worthy old gentleman actually sat down in despair.—*Southern Literary Gazette.*

### The Early Dead.

BY MATURIN M. BALLOU.

Mourn not the early dead,
Who, ere purity hath fled,
Lie down to sleep—
Nay, do not weep,
But smile.
Deck their graves daily,
With May flowers gaily,
In sunny spring,
As warblers sing
The while.
In parting from this life,
They've 'scaped its toil and strife,
Ere sorrow clouded,
Or care had shrouded,
The young brow.
Remember them cheerfully,
Think not of them tearfully,
Peaceful and blest,
In heaven at rest,
Are they now.
In them Christ hath given
A picture true of heaven,
'Suffer them,' saith he,
'To come unto me,
'Forbid them not.'
The Christian pure, believing,
A solace finds relieving,
Upward pointing,
With peace anointing
His earthly lot. —*Trumpet.*

### Decidedly Rich.

One of the parvenu ladies of our village, says the Jackson Patriot, but would-be-wonderfully aristocratic in all domestic matters, was visiting a few days since at Mr. G——'s (all know the old major), when, after tea, the following conversation occurred between the major's excellent, old-fashioned lady and the 'top-knot,' in consequence of the hired girl occupying a seat at the table:

'Why, Mrs. G——!' said Mrs. ——, 'you do not allow your hired girl to eat with you at the table? It's horrible!'

'Most certainly I do,' replied Mrs. G——. 'You know this has ever been my practice. It was so when you worked for me—don't you recollect?'

This was a 'cooler' to silk and satin greatness, or as the boys called it, 'codfish aristocracy.' And after coloring and stammering, she answered in a very low voice:

'Y-e-s, I b-e-l-i-e-v-e i-t w-a-s,' and then 'sloped.'

### Shading Railroads.

We clip the following from the New Hampshire Statesman:—'Charles F. Gove, Esq., superintendent of the Nashua and Lowell railroad, advertises in the Nashua Telegraph for a thousand good, thrifty, young, upland elms, with good roots—the trees to be about eight feet in length, and from two to four inches in diameter—to be delivered at the depot in Nashua. What can these trees be for, except to commence lining the road, of which Judge Gove is superintendent? And to what object can the directors of thrifty roads more suitably apply moderate amounts of money every year than for procuring and setting shade trees? Think of a row of elm trees lining the road from Concord to Boston, and imagine the luxury their shade would afford the traveller, with the thermometer at 90.'

[Written for The Flag of our Union.]

### To the Star of Destiny.

BY WILLIAM WOOD.

Where dost thou lead, mysterious star?
To what unpictured strand,
O'er the still depths of time afar,
In the future land?

I muse of thee with feelings
Of strange and solemn thought;
O, hast thou no revealings,
Canst tell me nought?

Say, whither am I flowing,
To what anchorage of goal
In the vast realm of being
That awaits the soul?

Where dost thou lead me, planet, where?
Over an ocean calm,
Where the golden sunlight fair
Sleeps 'mong isles of balm?

Or dost thou rudely bear me
To a treacherous sea?
My bark is frail—O spare me,
If I trust in thee!

Star of my being! lead thee on;
I follow—with thee guide,
Where truth and beauty may be won!
There would I abide.

O, oh! thou art not impotent,
To lead me through the strife
Wherewith my daily walk is pent,
Unto nobler life.

O, teach me, amid the cold and real,
That in the dim to-be,
A portion of the sweet ideal
Is reserved for me.

Then will I bless thee, star so pure,
In my own thought enshrined,
And deem thee aye the cynosure
In the realm of mind.

### A Hot Bath.

A couple of gentlemen, whom we shall call John Smith and James Brown, were seated in the ante-room of a bath house, not a hundred miles from Columbia street, awaiting their 'turns' for a bath. After they got tired of twirling their thumbs, Smith asked Brown whether he preferred a hot or cold bath. Brown, who was remarkably fond of running a rig on any one, said he was so partial to hot baths and enjoyed them so frequently, that he didn't think there was any other man in creation that could remain in water at the temperature he ordinarily used. Smith was one of those kind of men who never permit themselves to be outdone in anything, and one word led on to another, until at length Smith proposed the following wager, to which Brown agreed at once.

Two baths, in rooms adjoining, were to be prepared. Cold water to the depth of six inches to be let in. They were to enter at the same instant—the hot water tap then to be turned, and the one that first cried enough, was to pay for a supper and 'fixins.' Smith went honestly to work, entered the bath, and turned on the hot water, taking special good care to draw up his legs as far as possible. Brown turned the hot water tap, but instead of permitting the hot water to remain in the bath, he let it out by means of a contrivance he managed to rig up. The tap was to be 'turned,' but there was nothing said about where the water should go; said Brown to himself, 'if I don't boil that Smith, it will not be my fault.' Presently, Smith found the water too hot for comfort, and said:

'How is it with you, Brown?'

'Hot enough,' was the reply. 'I shall have to give up right off, if you don't,' he continued, as he lay cool enough at the bottom of the bath.

Smith was thinking about giving in beat, but Brown's words encouraged him to hold out a little longer.

'I'm perfectly cool yet,' said Smith, as he writhed and twisted about, 'and can stand out two minutes longer, so you'd better give up, Brown.'

'The water is 'tarnal hot, you know; but I shall hold out a few seconds longer,' said Brown.

Smith could not. With a half-suppressed cry of pain he sprang from the hot water literally parboiled. Hastily drawing on some of his clothing, he entered Brown's room, and saw him laying very comfortably at the bottom of the empty bath, smoking a cigar. He found that he had been done brown as well as boiled, when Brown insisted that his tap was turned fairly, but as not a word was said about where the water should go, he preferred passing it through the plug hole. Smith promises to pay for the supper as soon as he congeals, which will not be just yet.—*Brooklyn Adv.*

[Written for The Flag of our Union.]

### Thoughts on other Days.

BY A. C. HOSMER.

We met in other days—we met
Before a shadow fell;
And though in death thy sun hath set,
On thee my thoughts still dwell.
Thy well-beloved name is still—
Yes, cherished still by me;
And will be, ay, will be, until
I sleep in death with thee.

I would not if I could forget,
Though years have flown away,
The hour when with thee first I met,
'Twas in the bloom of May;
'Twas in the bloom of May, when all
Was beautiful and bright;
Fair nature had thrown off her pall,
And burst the shades of night.

At eve, when all is bright above,
Alone I love to steal
And at the shrine of buried love
Indulge the grief I feel;
To muse upon the past, and weep
O'er hopes of other years,
Which now in memory's storehouse sleep,
Bedewed with sorrow's tears.

Farewell! when fleeting life is o'er,
When I am done with time,
My weary, waiting soul shall soar
To palaces sublime;
In yonder world we hope to meet
With those whom now we mourn,
To join the gathered band complete,
Who've passed time's final bourn.

### Campbell's Wit.

The weekly or almost daily exercise of Campbell's playful wit, was a source of much amusement to his friends, among whom, as they assembled round the stove in the logic class in the morning, the usual question was, 'What has Tom Campbell been saying?' Another would point to some new inscription on the white-washed walls, an impromptu which had just been committed in pencil. The next minute a ring was formed round it, and the wit and words, passing from lip to lip, generally threw the class into a roar of laughter. This, however, as Campbell asserted, was only a manœuvre to exchange wit for warmth, and get a place near the stove; for, being delicate, and short of stature for his years, he could never penetrate the circle of stout rollicking Irish students, who generally mustered round the fire, unless by 'drafting the fire worshippers,' whom he had found insensible to everything but wit. One cold December morning, it was reported near the stove that a libel on 'Old Ireland' had just been perpetrated on the opposite wall. Forth rushed the Irish students, leaving 'ample room and verge enough' about the stove, and read the 'libel.' It began—in allusion to a passage which they had just read in the class—

'Vos, Herberni, collocatis
Summum bonum in—potatoes!' etc.

The libel was acknowledged with a hearty laugh, and procured for the author a good place near the stove.

Fortune in a miser's possession is like a banquet furnished for the dead—nothing is wanting but a guest to enjoy it.

On thanksgiving day an Irish woman called at an apothecary's, and asked what was good for a man? 'Why, what's the matter with your man?' 'Please, sir, is it castor ile or salts that's good for him?' 'How can I tell unless you let me know what is the matter with him?' 'Is it matter with him? Bless God, there's nothing the matter with him; but he had a leisure day, and thought he would take something!' Was this Irishman any wiser than hundreds of others, who should know better, who do not hesitate to deluge their stomachs with medicine, when if they hadn't too much 'leisure,' nothing would be 'the matter' with them?

A correspondent of the Newark Daily Advertiser says, 'Of the more fashionables, who crowd to hear Mrs. Butler, I am inclined to think that many now listen to the Swan of Avon for the first time. I see it recorded that an exquisite the other evening, after 'Midsummer Night's Dream,' exclaimed, 'that is capital—very pretty poetry—better than Hamlet—never heard it before.' It has also been maliciously said that some of the 'upper ten' are now originally introduced to a knowledge of Shakspeare, never having read anything nor gone to the theatre, which is decidedly vulgar, and that they had heretofore supposed him to be the person who kept a tavern at the corner of Center and Chambers streets.

One of my neighbors, writes a correspondent, has a vocabulary somewhat of the richest. The following conversation took place between him and a neighbor a few weeks ago:

'What is your opinion of our Congress?'

'I don't think much of it,' was the reply.

'Nor *I*, sir; they re p'ison; p'isoner than the Bohon Upas tree on the island of Java!'

Meeting another, who was about starting for the gold region, he thus addressed him,

'Well, I understand you are going to Californy; which way do you go, sir? round the Horn, or through the Straits of Marymagdallan?'

On one occasion when the Emperor Augustus was passing through the baths at Rome, he saw a veteran who had fought with him, rubbing himself, after bathing himself, against one of the columns. The emperor inquired why he had not a boy to do this? and being told that he was too poor, ordered him the means of paying one. On the next visit he saw at every column an old man rubbing himself; and on making the same inquiry, he received the same reply. His rejoinder, however, was not what they expected: for he said, 'Well, gentlemen, as there are so many of you, I should advise you to *rub one another.*'

At the battle of Waterloo two French officers were advancing to charge a much superior force; the danger was imminent, and one of them displayed evident signs of fear.—The other, observing it, said to him—

'Sir, I believe you are frightened.'

'Yes,' returned the other, 'I am, and if you were half as much frightened, you would run away.'

This anecdote exhibits the difference between moral and physical courage.

A lawyer in New York, says an exchange, at the request of a husband dissatisfied with his matrimonial connection, recently undertook to draw up a paper for a separation. The price agreed upon for this paper was five dollars, but the unfortunate husband, when the deed was concluded, answered that he had not funds enough to pay the charge, but would leave the woman as security, while he stepped out to raise the money. At the last accounts the councillor was in full possession of the security, with no prospect of a redemption.

The Albany Knickerbocker has a letter from a correspondent in California, who tells a pretty tall story relative to the vast quantity of gold there. He says he hired a wagon a short time after his arrival in that country, and took a ride to the gold region. When he came back, instead of paying for the team in the usual way, he just scraped the dirt from the wheels, washed it, paid the hostler fifteen dollars, and yet had thirty dollars left to 'make a night of.'

An Irish girl applied to her overseer for leave of absence on St. Patrick's day. He informed her that he did not know how to spare her, as he had no one to take her place. 'And sure,' said she, I must go out; for ain't St. Patrick as good a man as the Fourth of July?' The reason was satisfactory, and leave was granted of course.

A club of women in Paris, who contend for the widest liberty, and the most extended rights, have a code of by-laws. One of the articles runs in this wise—'Any young woman who finds herself married to a man *fifty* years old, shall have a perfect right to swap him off for one or two of *twenty-five* years each.'

Every student who would enter Oxford University must acknowledge his belief in the 'Thirty-nine Articles.' A good joke is told of a youth who, being told at his matriculation that he must *subscribe* to the Articles, very innocently pulled out his purse, and asked, 'How much?'

The editor of the Daily Times seems to think the public are anxious to know whether the Sikhs are relations of Bill Sykes, who cuts so respectable a figure in 'Oliver Twist,' or to *Joe* Sykes, who once visited Marshfield, or to *the* Sykery, who was requested to 'take de butt.'

Jonah was the first *whaleman* who, in guiltily attempting to flee divine wrath, was caught in the '*scales* of justice'—the '*weigh* of the wicked.' Said fish proved itself an 'old bird,' by swallowing said 'salt water individual' as poor Pillicoddy would say.

The Albany Knickerbocker says that a young man in Washington County, N. Y., being bent on going to sea, went down to Troy and enlisted at the horse-boat. To commemorate the event the pitchfork was hoisted to the mizen-peak.

A country clergyman being opposed to the use of the violin in the church service, was, however, overruled by his congregation, who determined upon having one. On the following Sunday, the parson commenced the service by exclaiming in long drawn accents, 'You may f-i-d-d-l-e and s-i-n-g the 40th psalm.'

A facetious fellow having unwittingly offended a conceited puppy, the latter told him he was 'no gentleman.' 'Are you a gentleman?' asked the droll one. 'Yes, sir,' replied the fop. 'Then I am very glad *I am not*,' replied the other.

A countryman wishing to sympathize with his neighbor for the loss of his wife, said, 'I am sorry your poor woman is gone to heaven.' 'Thank you,' replied the other, 'may it be long before you go there.'

'Gentlemen,' said a landlord to a late and noisy party in his bar room, the other evening, 'we have all talked enough for to-night; but whether you think so or not, I, for one, intend to *shut up*.' The premises were soon vacated.

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[WRITTEN EXPRESSLY FOR THE FLAG OF OUR UNION.]

## THE BELLE OF MADRID, or, THE UNKNOWN MASK.

### A TALE OF SPAIN AND THE SPANISH.

BY LIEUTENANT MURRAY.

### CHAPTER I.

*The locale of our story. Madrid, the gay capital of Spain. The public promenade. An equestrian scene. The gallantry of a cavalry officer. Our hero, and other characters. The belle of Madrid. A cherished token. The serenade. The bugle's call to duty.*

By casting your eye upon the map of Spain, gentle reader, you will perceive that its capital, the far-famed city of Madrid, is situated as nearly in the exact centre of the country as design could have accomplished it; yet not possessing one natural advantage in its position to recommend the locality it occupies as a fitting spot for the capital of a great and powerful nation. Hundreds of miles from even river navigation, it has no commerce or external trade. Situated in a most barren, uncultivated district, it has no suburbs, and for miles around has neither tree nor farmhouse to relieve the eye; yet once within the walls and among its wide and well-paved streets, lined with handsome and lofty houses of brick and granite, the extensive and well-arranged walks, the squares, with their elegant fountains and statues, and the many large and well-built edifices, the traveller is reminded [illegible] in one of the finest, though perhaps the liveliest, capitals of all Europe. Convents, churches and palaces are to be met with at every corner, and many specimens of purity and elegance in architecture.

The Prado, or public promenade, with its rows of fine old trees stretching nearly a mile in perspective, is as gay a drive on a fine afternoon as the Casino, at Florence, or even Hyde Park itself, in the London season. The Spanish ladies, with the universal dress of black silk, serving to set off a gaudy and parti-colored mantilla, their heads uncovered, save by the glossy locks of raven hue that nature never fails to give them, and gracefully decked and shaded by a rich, gauze-like veil, hanging low about the shoulders, resort to the Prado to coquette and promenade during the fashionable hours.

Proud and beautiful are these fair Castilians—but, alas! how fickle and untrue; with eyes full of the fire of passion, and forms and faces that were made for love. Sometimes you may chance to meet those on whom intelligence has smiled, and who have been favored by circumstance and opportunity; and when this is the case, and the beauty of intellect is added to the native charms of a Castilian, you have found a beautiful and lovely creature indeed.

This isolated, yet beautiful and interesting capital, is the *locale* of the story we have to relate.

The arrow of the Buen Suceso clock was pointing to the hour of four one fine afternoon, when Count d'Aranda and his peerless daughter, the fair Isabella, mounted on spirited horses, dashed down the broad carriage road that intersects the Prado of Madrid. They had come hither to enjoy the cooling and refreshing influence of the many fountains, and the shade of the lofty old trees that form a border for the road and foot-paths. The count was a proud old Castilian, and he sat on his horse with the dignity and skill of his Moorish ancestors, while his daughter showed that knowledge of the *manége* that forms a part of every high-born lady's accomplishments in Europe. The animal she rode, as if proud of his fair burthen, brought his curb in almost to his breast, while his feet were lifted as if the movement of each one was a distinct evolution with a missive of its own; now he leaped playfully forward, and now half trotted, half ambled, and again cantered a few paces, chafing at the restraint of the curb and the steadiness of the tiny hand that held him so completely in check.

All the beauty and fashion of the city is here at this hour, and among the promenaders every class is represented, from the old, shrivelled duenna, to the softest complexioned signorita, and from the rich old noble, to the young officers of hussars, off duty. Each and all full of life and vivacity, each with their peculiar actuating motives, and intent upon the purpose that leads them here to see the world of Madrid. Here a stately mother chaperons a modest daughter, adroitly showing her off to the best advantage, and angling with skill to catch with her bait the eye of some rich and dashing young cavalier. Here, too, lovers meet, and with stolen glances and soft sighs breathe away the hour; and here the closely-watched and beautiful child of some rich old Spaniard catches a glance from the eye of him she loves, but whose birth or position deny them nearer approach, and interchanges those feelings that the eye can best convey.

Thus it was with the fair Isabella d'Aranda. Her father, stern and inflexible to all save her, rode close by her side, and seemed to challenge every glance that the crowd cast towards *la hermosa, la sin par*—the beautiful, the peerless Isabella, as she was universally called. But as they passed the elaborate and beautiful fountain of Neptune, with its spouting dolphins and car of shell, the lady bent low to the pommel of the saddle, as if to arrange her glove, but a close observer who had noticed the direction of her eyes, would have seen that she was saluting a young cavalier among the pedestrians, who seemed to gaze upon her with mingled reverence and love. The count at the same moment observed the gentleman, and turned quickly and jealously towards his child, but she had recovered her position, and was gazing at the sea-horses which join the car of Neptune. The count said nothing, but rode on perhaps more quickly.

It was on this very spot, a few weeks previous, that an accident had occurred to Isabella d'Aranda, that might have resulted most seriously, but for the prompt interference and assistance of a young stranger. As on the present occasion, herself and father were riding in the Prado, when a watering cart that should have performed its duty at an hour when there were fewer people on the grounds, passed by the horse on which Isabella was mounted, slightly besprinkling him with water, affrighting the animal, so that he became quite unmanageable, even in the well-practised hands of his mistress. He plunged and leaped fearfully, so that her father, who had dismounted, could not get possession of the bridle to hold him. During his most violent struggle, when all around expected to see the lady thrown with violence to the ground, a young lieutenant of cavalry sprang forward, and seizing the affrighted horse by the head, received the almost exhausted lady in his arms!

The young officer was Louis Gonzaga, and it was to him that Isabella had bowed so markedly before the statue of Neptune. Her father, at the time of this service, had coolly thanked the young officer for the timely aid he had rendered, and told him to command his influence when a chance for promotion offered itself; but Isabella was young and impressive; Louis was remarkably handsome, and a soldier; she had already lain in his arms; she had heard his soft, encouraging assurance that there was no danger; she had seen and interpreted the glowing language of his eye; and in three weeks' time the acquaintance, so romantically commenced, had ripened into ardent love on the part of either. Of course they could not meet to speak to each other, but they had met to good purpose, nevertheless, and their eyes had spoken volumes in a single glance. They were very young, both the officer and the lady, and the vicissitudes of their fortunes, which precluded the power of associating together, but added fire and zest to their devotion.

Count d'Aranda lived in a style of elegance and liberality that his great wealth fully warranted, though his daughter being yet too young to make her formal entrance into society, and himself a widower, he entertained a somewhat different class of friends at his table than he would otherwise have done. These were all elderly and sedate men, gentle by right of blood, and noble in position, but Count d'Aranda was of a dark and secluded spirit, and his friends looked upon him as a cold-hearted and stern man. Something seemed to weigh upon his mind that led him to seek the society of others, evidently rather to obliterate the unpleasant remembrance, than from love of social intercourse. For this reason he had no confidants or cordial friends, and those who ate his viands and drank his wine, rarely complimented their host after they left, though they were forced to speak well of the entertainment.

Isabella d'Aranda was just eighteen at the period where we have introduced her to the reader. Her form was slightly below the ordinary height, full and yet delicate in figure, and graceful as an houri. Her eyes, black as the night, beamed forth from lashes dark and heavy, which contrasted richly with the soft olive of her Spanish complexion. Her hair was black, such as one meets with only on the head of Spanish females—long, heavy, and wavy in texture. There was no advantage that taste and ample means could suggest and procure, that she had not fully shared; and when she was spoken of as the peerless belle of the capital, those who complimented her beauty did not forget to speak as well of the rich cultivation of her intellect. The charm that seemed to hang, like a halo, over and about the beautiful girl, was her artless simplicity, and the maidenly modesty that characterized her in every position.

There is something so glorious, so entrancing in true modesty, that none can behold it without love—none can look upon it without respect; all unconsciously it charms us by its retiring grace and loveliness, unmindful of the means, still we feel that we have been captivated. And yet, so beautiful and so winning, a word or a glance may at once destroy its glory! With Isabella it was the crowning jewel of her loveliness; unalloyed by contagion with the world, the finer senses of her feelings had never been outraged even by a word, and much less by the senseless adoration of shallow brains, or the more cunning flattery of designing men. She was sincere and innocent even in thought, and the ready carnation that tinged her cheek was a glowing evidence of her childlike simplicity and innocent purity.

She had never, before seeing Louis Gonzaga, felt the fire of love in her young heart. True, she loved and respected her father, but it was more of a dutiful regard, after all, than a true affection, for his cold severity of disposition was calculated to repulse even the advances of his own child. Her mother had died when she was yet very young, and her gentle heart yearned for something to love, when chance threw the young lieutenant in her way, and inexperienced and innocent as she really was, yet she felt and acknowledged to herself that she loved him with the whole fervor and devotion of her young heart.

There had been no direct communication between them; the young officer hardly dared to write to Isabella; and had he done so, she would have hesitated as to the propriety of answering it, for the love she felt for him, though ardent, was yet new, and a nice sense of delicacy would have caused her to think well, lest she should do an unmaidenly thing. Already had Louis Gonzaga sung many a soft air to the notes of his guitar beneath her window, the universal mode of paying homage to beauty in Madrid; and thus, from day to day, she felt more and more as if she well knew him she loved; and one night as he closed a serenade, she dropped a fragrant cluster of flowers from the balcony of her apartment at the feet of the enraptured lover. He could no longer doubt her affection for him; this was a proof that was incontestable—he was happy.

Louis Gonzaga was a cadet of the military school, or rather a late graduate from the establishment. He was an orphan, and had been placed there by his friends at an early age. He had no property, no name, but he possessed a finely-cultivated mind, a good heart, a brave soul, and a ready hand, qualities which ensured him the respect of his superiors in rank; and though but a brief time attached to the line of the army, yet his ability and skill had been rewarded by a promotion to a first lieutenancy. He knew very well that he had no right to raise his eyes so high; but, alas! he had seen her and was filled with love, and spite of all impediments, he loved on, thought on, resolved, if not to win her, to worship her as his bright star of love.

Louis Gonzaga was hardly yet twenty-one, and was as ardent as youth and a romantic disposition could make him. The flowers that Isabella had thrown him were more valued than as many diamonds would have been from any other source; and he repeated that night even in his dreams, 'She loves me! she loves me!'

It was on the subsequent day to this serenade that we have introduced the reader to them in the Prado. No wonder the lady blushed warmly as she bent low; and no wonder the young cavalier gazed so devotedly after her as she disappeared down the long perspective of the road. He would have stood there much longer gazing on vacancy, had not a distant bugle note warned him that it was time for him to mount and ride with the evening guard to their post.

He turned from the broad roads of the Prado, and all unheeding the crowd through whom he passed, walked on mechanically towards the barracks of his regiment, his mind all the while wrapped up in thoughts of the belle of Madrid.

### CHAPTER II.

*Scene of violence in the Barrios bajos of Madrid. The rescue of a stranger. Isabella d'Aranda and the lieutenant of cavalry. Fernando, the page. The mysterious mask, and his strange interest. The superstitious suspicions of the young officer relating to the person of the mask.*

Lieutenant Gonzaga was riding his rounds, in pursuance of the duty of officer of the guard for the night, a few hours after he had left the Prado, when he came to the *Barrios bajos*, or Five Points of Madrid, an unwholesome and vile section of the city, composed of hovels with mud walls and tiled roofing, and inhabited by the very dregs of the population. He was riding on the skirts of this section of the town, when he turned a corner and came suddenly upon some three or four persons, who seemed to be struggling with an individual whom they had disarmed, and were endeavoring to hurry into the dark lanes of the *Barrios bajos*. He looked but once to see the character of the men before him; and leaping from his horse, blew a shrill note upon his bugle, and dashed among them with his heavy cutlass to such purpose that their prisoner was released at once; while they, with several wounds, both from the sword of Louis Gonzaga and him they had disarmed, made the greatest speed to secrete themselves before the arrival of more of the guard, whose bugles had already answered that of the lieutenant.

'I trust you are not much injured by these scoundrels,' said the lieutenant to him he had released, and who seemed to be a gentleman.

'One or two slight flesh-wounds only,' replied the stranger, from beneath his mask, which had not been removed; 'but, by our lady, you were just in time to save me. These ladrones were resolved to get me into their haunts, and rob and murder me.'

'For what cause did they attack you, signor?' asked Louis.

'I know not, unless they took me for some other person, or for a stranger in Madrid, which in fact I am.'

'You walk stiffly; mount my horse, signor, and ride to the guard-house.'

'Thank you, lieutenant—no. I shall reach my quarters in safety now.'

'As you will, signor; but I fear you require more assistance than you are aware of; the blood stains your skirts this moment.'

'A mere scratch, I am sure,' continued the other. 'To whom am I indebted for this service?'

'Name it not—it is my business, signor,' replied the lieutenant.

'May I not know who has served me?' asked the wounded man.

'My name, signor, is Louis Gonzaga.'

'Holy virgin—Louis Gonzaga!' exclaimed the other, peering through the darkness to get a better view of the young officer where he stood.

'Do you know me, signor, or what agitates you so?'

'Nothing, nothing—it was only a resemblance I saw in you to an old friend, long since departed,' said the stranger, evidently much moved.

'I must bid you adios, signor, unless I can help you; my rounds are long, and I have not yet passed the street of Alcala.'

'Adios,' said the mask, pressing the hand of the young lieutenant warmly; 'I shall find some means to repay you for this service.'

'Name it not,' replied Louis, leaping into the saddle of his well-trained animal, who during the *melee* had not moved a single foot from the spot where his master had dismounted, and waving his hand to the stranger, who walked away in an opposite direction, he wiped his blade and rode smartly on to complete his rounds for the first watch of the night. Louis might have inquired the name of him he had served, but the mask was considered sacred even in the eyes of the law, and the fact of the stranger's continuing to wear it after his rescue, was the reason, probably, that the young officer made no inquiry as to name, while being unmasked of course himself when on duty, the stranger broke no rules of Spanish etiquette in asking the name of him who had saved his life.

On the following afternoon, the young lieutenant was again found in the Prado, anxiously scanning every party that advanced up the broad and level road; and soon there appeared the proud Signor d'Aranda and his lovely daughter, upon two of the choicest blood animals in all Spain. Isabella sat on her horse like a queen. Again was the lieutenant greeted by a sweet smile and token of recognition. As regularly as the dolphins spouted the water from their awkward mouths at the base of the fountain of Neptune, so regularly did Louis Gonzaga take his stand in the Prado each afternoon, and as regularly shared the smiles of her he loved so hopelessly. Sometimes he met her at mass, though she was there accompanied by her old nurse, who was sufficient check to prevent him from attempting to speak to Isabella.

Never was there a more constant attendant upon mass than Isabella had become; no weather seemed to prevent her from attending the daily morning devotions that the Catholic church ordains; and sadly did her old nurse complain that she would make them both sick by her imprudence, until at last the old woman fairly gave out, and Isabella went several times to mass unattended, save by the servants who drove the vehicle. Louis Gonzaga was no less assiduous in his devotions; and each morning he was sure to be blessed by the light of her sweet countenance, and to receive her kind salutation. Now, for the first time, he met her alone—precious moment! How the gallant young soldier trembled as he approached her side, and how the touch of her ungloved hand thrilled to his very heart, as she timidly laid it in his, while they walked through the portal of the stately and vast old cathedral!

'Ah, lady,' said he, in his rich, manly voice, yet in cadences modulated for her ear alone, 'I have never but once before spoken to you, and yet how well I seem to know you! how thoroughly appreciate the traits of a character that are written in every line of a too expressive face! Nay, do not chide me, nor look displeased. I am no flatterer—this is an opportunity that may not occur again for many a long day. Say that I have rightly interpreted your kindness, lady. You sometimes think of me?'

'Think of you! O yes; but I must hasten away. It would be terrible if my father should know of this interview.'

'Alas, too true! and I am a culprit to foster an affection that every circumstance combines to render little less than criminal. Forgive me in my haste—but, lady, I love, I adore you, and am miserable that I cannot find the means to interchange those feelings that I am bold enough to hope are mutual.'

Isabella trembled so violently that she was obliged to lean upon his arm for support, as he said:

'May I write to you, Isabella?'

'Yes—that is, I know not—adieu—I dare not stay longer.'

Saying which, she entered the vehicle, and was soon borne away from the walls of the church, where the young officer remained musing absently for a long period before he could regain his presence of mind, when he sought his barracks with new hopes of happiness.

From that time a new field of delight was open to the lieutenant. He would write to Isabella d'Aranda, and in return receive her secret epistles. No one who has not participated in a correspondence of this character, can appreciate its interest. Louis told in glowing language the adoration of his heart, and Isabella answered with all the truth and sincerity that maidenly propriety would permit. How dear to him were these epistles—characteristic and beautiful in expression. Louis did not pore over them for an hour with the heat of fickle passion, but he made them his study, for he really loved the pure and beautiful girl with a firm and well-balanced affection—not so fiery as to consume itself, but of that ardent, enduring cast, ever the same, and that would stand the test of a lifetime.

'Fernando,' said the young officer, to his attendant.

'Signor,' promptly answered a lightly-formed but graceful boy, coming from a corner of the apartment, from whence he had been watching his master.

'Did you deliver the letter this morning to the count's lacquey?'

'Yes, signor.'

'And gave him the purse I bid you?' continued the lieutenant.

'Yes, signor.'

'And there was no answer for you to bring back this afternoon, Fernando?'

'None, signor—the count's man said the lady had been weeping.'

'Indeed—you told me not of this before,' said his master, quickly.

'I did not think it my duty, signor,' replied the boy.

'Weeping, did you say?'

'Yes, signor.'

'Did he tell you the cause?'

'Yes, signor; the man said that he heard her sobs as he was passing the door of the reception-room, and that the count was speaking very loud and hastily to her.'

'Very well—you may retire, Fernando.'

'Good night, signor.'

'Good night, boy.'

As Fernando left the apartment, Louis rose and walked hurriedly back and forth between its narrow walls. He was satisfied that the count must have made a partial discovery, and that poor Isabella was suffering in consequence from his harsh and impetuous temper. He had for a short period been able, by bribing the count's lacquey, to keep up a regular correspondence with Isabella, and already was the tie of feeling that existed between them firmly cemented. When Louis thought of the matter coolly, he knew very well that Count d'Aranda would never countenance the first advance of intimacy between his daughter and a poor lieutenant of cavalry. He was not wild enough to picture even in fancy the probability of success, and yet he loved on, if not with hope, yet something very like it buoyed up his devoted love.

Again was Louis Gonzaga abroad in Madrid as officer of the guard one night, when a hand was laid upon his bridle, and the mask whom he had saved a month before from some street ruffians, addressed him. The figure was that of a man past the prime of life, full, dignified in bearing, and with a voice that seemed rather born to command than to sue. There was an indescribable something about the individual which stamped him as above the crowd, although his garments were of cheap material.

'Louis Gonzaga,' said the mask, 'I am a man of few words. I am already indebted to you. I have promised to repay you for the service you have done me. I shall do so—Now answer me. You love the Signoretta Isabella d'Aranda, daughter of the proud count of that name.'

'It is not fitting that I trust a stranger with my secrets,' replied the officer.

'Think you I am one to betray them, after acknowledging so deep an indebtedness to you?' replied the mask.

'I can see no reason that you should interest yourself between me and the lady.'

'Not if I can serve your interest?' asked the other.

'Ay, if that were the case, it would be very different; but what possible influence can you exert in my favor, you who are a stranger in Madrid?'

'Much; but no matter about that—you love the lady?' asked the mask.

'Ay, with my whole heart,' said Louis Gonzaga, earnestly.

'Your love is returned?' continued the mask, inquiringly.

'It is.'

'You know no impediment to your union, save the difference in your station?'

'None.'

'Enough. When next we meet, you shall have occasion to say that I have served you to some purpose.'

'I know the law of courtesy forbids me to ask the name of any mask, but I would know who so earnestly interests himself in my behalf.'

'That would do you no good, and might do harm. Enough for the present, that I am your friend. Adios.'

The mask waved an adieu, and turned down one of the streets that led to the gate *de los Pozos*, while the young lieutenant, musing upon the singularity of the adventurer, rode on in the discharge of his duty. Superstition is one of the earliest traits that develops itself in the Spanish character, and fostered and encouraged by the Catholic faith, which is promulgated in its strictest form at Madrid, it becomes a part and parcel of the people's belief. Louis Gonzaga, though of an unusually intelligent and cultivated mind, was not entirely free from the influences of education upon this point, and he thought upon the words of the mask with a feeling akin to awe, and in his imagination dressed it up with more than human power.

True, he had done this person a service, but then was it not all planned beforehand, that he should come along just at the moment that he did, and rescue him? Was it not possibly the way in which some good spirit had resolved to assist him in so pure and devoted an affection as he bore for Isabella? Who can tell, thought he, but heaven will smile upon the poor soldier; and he patted his horse's neck kindly as he rode along, while the noble animal evinced his consciousness of the caresses of his master, by playful steps and curving neck.

### CHAPTER III.

*The gayest of all gay assemblies. A masked ball at Madrid. The dance—the two well-matched partners. A singular and successful trick. Intercession of the strange and mysterious mask. His magic-like power. 'How is it that you know me?' 'Know you? I should know you if you were cased in steel!'*

A masked ball was to come off at the Theatre del Principe, and Isabella, who thought herself old enough to begin to mingle with society, made bold to ask her father to accompany her thither. Now, the count cursed all such assemblies; but a short time before he had, as was intimated by the lieutenant's servant, discovered that his daughter was in correspondence with some one, and though she denied everything, still he shrewdly suspected the truth, and also as to its being the young officer. From that moment, he adopted a most rigid course with the fair girl, and his heart perhaps was touched by the gentle and tender manner of her appeal. She had not been out for weeks, no more rides were permitted on the Prado, and a priest attended the family in private, much to the delight of the old nurse, and to the chagrin of Isabella.

'I would not be known at the ball, Isabella; it is incongenial with my character and habits,' said Count d'Aranda.

'That need not be, father; your mask and domino will screen you—none need know you at all, or me either.'

'Well, well, I will think of the matter, Isabella,' he replied.

And she thanked him so kindly, and her face glowed with so much satisfaction at the thought of gaining her purpose, that the proud old count followed her with his eyes until she had disappeared in the distance of the long portico to her own room.

'Yes, yes,' said he, 'the girl must not be caged like a bird, or she will pine and die; but she shall do that, before I will permit the least intimacy with that plebeian soldier.'

Little did he think that Louis Gonzaga had been striving in his letters to manage it so that they should meet at this ball, which had been planned and advertised long before the time on which it was to occur. Isabella was sure he would be there; she had heard his guitar once only, but she had not seen him or received a letter for some weeks, the servants declaring that they dared not for their lives disobey the count, who had threatened them, should they carry or receive a letter except by his orders, with a summary punishment.

There is no place like the masked ball in all Europe, for intrigue, love-making and jealousy. The mask on such occasions is sacred from the touch of even husband or father, and thus the wearer obtains an immense latitude without the certainty of discovery in any imprudence. Isabella knew this; she felt that her father would not dare to raise her mask, and thus that she should have comparative liberty. An early hour of the performance found them there, Isabella by her father's side, observing the whirl and gayety of the fantastically-dressed crowd. After entering the room, Isabella adopted a squeaking, high tone of voice, by way of disguise, and though her father ridiculed it, yet she persisted, while he said the few words he uttered in his natural tone of voice.

As the dance commenced, a mask, apparently very old and decrepit, leaning upon the arm of a female dressed almost precisely like Isabella, made a circuit round behind the count and his daughter, and stumbling between them in the confusion, left his own female companion, and slipped his arm into that of Isabella's! It was done so adroitly and quickly, that Count d'Aranda did not observe the change, especially as the dress and mask were the same, and mumbling something about the folly of such old persons appearing in such a place, he leaned up against a pillar and watched the dance in silence. Just now there came dashing down the entire length of the dance, two figures, seemingly so finely matched, so graceful in every movement, and so perfect in the different steps of the *Mazurka*, that all paused to gaze at them in delight. All eyes were turned eagerly towards them as they floated, now here, and now there, as though but a part of the very music itself, so perfect was the time, and so languidly beautiful were their combined efforts.

At last, even Count d'Aranda was attracted by their beautiful performance, and starting suddenly, turned to her at his side, when he seemed satisfied, and relapsed into his former indifference.

Need we tell the reader that those dancers who won such admiration were Louis and Isabella, and that it was the dressing-maid of the fair girl who stood by her father's side? The decrepit old man lost all his infirmities as soon as he had passed out of the count's sight, and was now turned into a handsome and dashing lieutenant of cavalry, though his mask still disguised him.

The dance once ended, they retired to the shade of a recess, and over some cooling refreshments improved the precious moments to open their burning hearts to each other. How much two persons thus situated had to say, the reader can at once imagine; the tenderest promises were given and exchanged, of constancy and love; how fast the gilded moments flew! Suddenly there appeared from behind a pillar, a mask which the young officer recognized, and started to see so near him. It approached him and whispered in his ear:

'The trick is half suspected—let the lady at once return to her father!'

'Singular being, how knew you of the trick at all?' asked the lieutenant.

'It matters not—return at once—even now the servant girl has managed to slip away on some pretence from his side, and you must return, for he is impatient.'

'I know you mean us well, and I thank you,' said Louis Gonzaga, hurrying with Isabella towards her father, from the direction where the maid had disappeared; and having reached a proper position, Louis kissed her hand, and she hurried towards her father, who did not discover the trick, simply chiding Isabella lightly for leaving him even for a moment.

Louis and Isabella were not the only intriguers at the masked ball—the hall was teeming with them. There a cavalier was following with frantic passion a petit and beautiful pair of feet, and a form of lovely proportions; but the face was hidden from his eye; the excitement of mystery is tantalizing, yet delightful. How sweet her voice—how small and beautifully moulded is the head, moving with a grace peculiarly Spanish. She modestly retires as he advances—now encouraging—now laughing at him—she fears not, her mask is sacred, and be she homely or beautiful, she plays her art with impunity and sure success. Here a Grecian nymph is seen leaning upon the arm of a bearded Mussulman, and Chinese matrons chaperoned by bold-looking Tartars. Here an Arab of the desert dances with a French grisette; and opposite stands a stately American Indian, bowing to a nun. No disguise is so difficult or expensive but that it finds a patron. Priests, robbers, knights and pages abound, the latter costume worn by many a limb too well and delicately turned to belong to the bolder sex. You should see life at a masked ball, gentle reader, fully and understandingly to appreciate it.

Not long after Isabella had joined her father, the same mysterious individual who had warned Louis of the necessity of her returning to her father, was by the side of Count d'Aranda. Isabella heard him solicit her parent to retire for a moment to one of the niches of the surrounding pillars, and was bidden to remain near by until his return. He could not have been absent but a few minutes, when she observed him returning so agitated, and speaking to her so hurriedly and in such a husky voice, that she was astounded.

'Come, Isabella, we must retire at once. Come, my child, immediately.'

'But, father, must we hurry away so soon? It is very early yet.'

'Say not a word. Here, Isabella, bear upon my arm—let us hasten away.'

'Are you not well, father? You seem to be excited.'

'Hush, child! I am not very well; a little faint, that is all.'

Thus saying, Count d'Aranda hastened from the hall, while the strange mask watched his retiring form from behind one of the columns. Louis Gonzaga, who had eyes for Isabella only in that great crowd, observed them retire, and came to the spot where she had stood, as though the fact of being even there where she had been was a happiness. An arm was gently laid upon his as he remained there; and turning, he beheld again the mask.

'Strange being,' he said, 'you seem to be everywhere. How is it you know me?'

'Know you? I should know you if you were cased in steel. Come hither, I would speak with you a moment away from the throng.'

Saying which, he led him to a recess near a window.

'I told you that when next we met you should have occasion to say that I had served you to some purpose, did I not?'

'True, you did say so.'

'Then let me tell you, that from this hour the doors of Count d'Aranda's house are open to you, and you are free to go and come there at your pleasure.'

'Surely, you have no desire to deceive me; you do not jest?'

'It is not my habit to do so; you will find my words are true.'

'And yet this is the proudest man in Madrid, and who has confined his daughter because he suspected her of corresponding with me.'

'Very true—but what I have told you is none the less so. You may prove it.'

The young soldier mused for a moment, as if to realize the richness of the picture that his imagination created with the privilege of visiting and conversing with the beautiful and peerless Isabella d'Aranda; he almost trembled with delight, and secretly prayed that this might all prove true. He then turned once more to thank the bearer of such welcome intelligence, but he was nowhere to be found—he had vanished from the hall. Again did the lieutenant recall his former suspicions relating to the mask. Surely, if he had brought this about, and in a moment's time, he must be more than human. Louis was no coward, and would have gone into a hand-to-hand fight as unmoved and calm as the oldest veteran, but the force of his education and his religious belief led him to fear, perhaps, such mysterious interference, even though it was in his behalf; and the young soldier, when he found the mask was gone, piously crossed himself and uttered a prayer!

Louis Gonzaga could hardly rest until the appropriate hour for calling on the succeeding day, when with a desperate determination he presented himself at the door of Count d'Aranda, and inquired for Isabella, though he more than half expected to be rudely repulsed for his forwardness. But it was not so. The servant bowed low and led him to the reception-room, where the fair occupant of the house soon after joined him.

Isabella's surprise and delight were, if possible, both greater than his own, while they wondered at the influence that could have produced so remarkable a result. Her father kept closeted in his library nearly all the day, and did not meet Louis at all; but Isabella told him that the count's first orders in the morning were, that Lieutenant Gonzaga should be admitted whenever he might call, and that he was to be treated with all respect.

She told him also of the state of mind in which her father appeared, after conversing with the mask, and said that he had not seemed like himself since the occasion. She said that he walked his chamber with hurried steps through the whole night, and in the morning sat down to their meal with a flushed cheek and blood-shot eyes. Some strange influence was upon him she was sure, for she never remembered to have seen him in this state before.

The liberty once granted, Louis Gonzaga became a regular visitant at the house of the proud count; and in course of time Isabella even rode with him in the Prado, or promenaded its enticing grounds by his side.—They were constantly together, loving and beloved, until all Madrid considered them about to marry, although gossip wondered that so proud a man as Count d'Aranda could consent to his peerless daughter's union with an humble lieutenant of cavalry.

Two beings could hardly be happier than were these lovers. Interchanges of thought had bound them more nearly together, and Louis almost worshipped the fair and loving being who seemed to live alone for him. Long since had they plighted eternal love and promises of faithfulness to each other, but now they had agreed upon the final ceremony that was to bind them together for life.

The old count had been applied to, and he answered that his daughter's choice would be his, and that his consent would follow her wishes. He had become not a little changed since the remarkable night of the masked ball. He was retired, thoughtful, and remained almost constantly in his private room.—There was evidently some heavy weight upon his mind that influenced him darkly, and a shadow laced across his brow so deep that it reached to his very soul.

### CHAPTER IV.

*General de Castro. A powerful rival to a junior officer. Tactics in love-making. The promotion. The singular letter and its odd miscarriage. The boy Fernando and his master. Advice of one half broken-hearted. A sudden resolution. Fidelity of the page. 'I would go with thee anywhere, through any danger, if I may.'*

General Alonzo de Castro was commander of that division of the king's troops that were quartered in the city of Madrid. He was the younger son of an old Castilian house, and had resorted to the army for distinction and support. Though scarcely thirty years of age, yet he was, as we see, a general of division—the many and desperate civil feuds that have ever convulsed Spain rendering promotion quick to those who are available. By some important service, General de Castro had won the attention and honor of his royal master, and had become highly popular and much courted in Madrid. With that depth of passion which actuates the Spanish blood, he had singled out Isabella d'Aranda as the idol before which his heart should worship; and before the opening of our story, had become intimate at the house of the count, her father.

Count d'Aranda favored the suit of General de Castro—first, because he was honored by his king—second, that he was high in command, and had already added renown to a time-honored name—and lastly, because he was pecuniarily rich; but the general saw at once that he did not possess even the ear of the beautiful object of his regard, much less her love. Of course, when Louis Gonzaga became so intimate as he had lately done, his commander was not long in interpreting as to who was his rival, and with that prompt severity that military usage only acknowledges, he resolved to crush the insignificant lieutenant of cavalry, who appeared to him like a worm in his way. A series of needless orders were therefore issued, which called him much away from the city, and separated him from Isabella.

But still there were days, and even weeks now and then, when they could be together in spite of even the malignity of his commanding officer. At such times, Louis and Isabella mingled largely in the gay society of Madrid. Now at a masked ball, and now at the theatre, the bull-fight, or riding together in the Prado. General de Castro found that he must alter his mode of tactics, and like an able commander, finding his approaches repulsed in one shape, resolved to make them in another—that is to say, as blunt opposition had failed, he would attempt strategy. He therefore met Isabella at the circles where they visited, most kindly, treated Lieutenant Gonzaga with marked military etiquette and respect, and strove in all ways possible to please the former. He even condescended to speak approvingly of Louis as a soldier, and by this means really won a portion of good feeling from the beautiful child of the count.

To think that Lieutenant Gonzaga did not observe this change in his commander, would be to suppose him little better than blind. He

saw it clearly; and as he observed that Isabella listened to his really well-conducted conversation, and even smiled at his witty and intelligent remarks, a slight thrill went through his heart, which, had he paused to analyze, he would have found to be jealousy! Isabella, all unused to the world, was not prepared for the manner in which he had approached her a second time, but believing what he said, and taken by his many seemingly good qualities, she was really pleased to meet with him; and when not dancing or talking with Louis, she would, with the usual latitude of Spanish etiquette, lean upon the arm of General de Castro, and promenade the saloon or sit by his side, a pleased and attentive listener to his adroitly-managed conversation.

Once or twice Louis Gonzaga was about to speak to Isabella in regard to her intimacy with the general, but then he thought, 'Poh, poh! she will think me jealous; and then the general is really so lenient to me of late, that I can't make up my mind to speak of the matter to her, and yet methinks if she loved me as well as I love, she would hardly find such pleasure with him. True, he is very eloquent, very accomplished, and nobly-born, while I—why, I am only a charity cadet. But she loves me still, I know she does. She is not used to society—its novelty has a little dazzled her at first; but all will soon be right, and we shall be wedded. Ah! happy, happy thought!'

Thus Louis would reason with himself. The truth was, that Isabella was at first induced to listen to General de Castro, because she thought she would gain his good will, and thus benefit Louis's position as an officer subject to his command. Thus it will be seen that her love for Louis, after all, was at least the reason of her first intimacy with the general, if this was not even now her motive. How much better it is to be open and frank. Had Louis bent his pride and told his feelings to Isabella, how quickly might he have been undeceived, and his mind set at rest upon a subject that harrowed his inmost soul. Ah! how deeply, how passionately, he loved Isabella, his nightly prayers attested—and then to be jealous of her. O, horrible were the feelings of his heart.

Isabella was a being so pure, so gentle, so perfect in form and feature, that he who looked into the liquid depth of her large and speaking eyes, must feel his very soul captivated into love. General de Castro loved her thus—madly, passionately loved her—but, with the coolness that habitual command and much active service had given him, he conducted his plans so well, that from a rejected lover he began to count even upon success, or at least to think that it was possible to win her heart from the young lieutenant. Moved by the passion that consumed him, de Castro would brave any power to consummate his wishes. Among other matters which he had made the theme of conversation, in part to catch the ear of Isabella, and in part to appear generous, was that of promotion; and he told Isabella that the first opportunity that offered itself should be improved to make Louis a captain.

He told her that it was important that she should not mention the matter in any way, lest it should prejudice that which he designed to do; and therefore Isabella did not even mention it to Louis at all.

One day she saw the decease of a captain of cavalry chronicled in the papers, and thinking it afforded an opportunity for the promised promotion, she resolved to remind General de Castro of his promise at once, and sitting down, wrote:

'MY DEAR GENERAL:

'Now is the time for you to remember the kind promise that you made me. If you let this opportunity pass, there may not be another for a long period. Need I tell you how anxiously I await its consummation? I shall impatiently expect to meet you to-night.

'ISABELLA.'

This letter was despatched by a servant who could not read, and who, by some chance, stopped on the way to get a glass of wine, and taking several in place of one, half forgot his errand; but having often been to the barracks for his mistress with messages to Louis, and remembering that he was to go to the same place, now called at the apartments of the lieutenant, instead of those of the general, and gave the letter to Louis Gonzaga. He knew the fellow, and without looking at the superscription, opened and read it. Astounded at the contents, he looked at the messenger, and seeing that he was intoxicated, sealed up the note again carefully, and told the fellow that it was not designed for him, but that he must carry it to General de Castro.

'Were you to wait for an answer?' asked the lieutenant, as he handed back the note.

'That I don't know, signor. I believe I have forgotten my errand altogether,' he continued, reeling away towards the general's quarters.

Under the circumstances, Louis Gonzaga put the worst construction upon the note that chance had thus thrown in his way.

'What promise can she be so anxious to have consummated, that General de Castro has made her, and she will *impatiently* await him to-night? This is maidenly, truly; it is refined, delicate and modest! By the holy virgin, I shall go mad!' said he, traversing his room furiously. 'Can Heaven have made a thing so pure, so godlike, and permit a thought of vileness to enter her heart? It is maddening to think upon; yet her hand, ay, her signature even! This is proof positive. I have long noted their intimacy, but I had thought her heart still mine, and that only pleased with the gayety and lively wit of the general, she would soon return to me more fondly. What a blank is before me!'

As he spoke thus, he sat down, and covering his face with his hands, groaned with the inward anguish that agitated him.

At this moment the door opened, and the boy Fernando entered with a gentle step. He paused for a moment, and gazed in wonder at his master, as he sat thus the very picture of agony. He was a noble boy, clothed in the undress uniform of the guards, and wearing a short hanger at his side, such as a page might wield. His figure was slight, and he was under the middle height. His cheek was bronzed with the Spanish olive that is so becoming to the people of Spain, and his eyes were large and expressive. His hair, like that of the pages of the court, lay in curls about his neck, and as he stood there gazing at his master, altogether he looked like an Apollo. His rich, deep-colored lips were parted, and he breathed quickly as he witnessed his master's misery. At length he approached, and kneeling by his side, said:

'Can I do aught to serve you, signor?'

His voice trembled as he spoke, and he looked so imploringly at Louis, that the young officer was touched even in his misery.

'No, no, good Fernando,' he replied, drawing the boy to his side, and resting a hand upon his shoulder.

'And yet you seem very unhappy, signor?' continued the boy, inquiringly.

'Yes, Fernando, I am miserable—miserable indeed,' mused Louis Gonzaga.

'I am very sorry that aught should happen to render you so, signor.'

'Boy,' said the lieutenant, suddenly starting and setting his eyes upon his attendant's, 'let me give thee good advice. Never set thy heart upon a woman, no matter how pure she may seem. The devil lurks at the bottom of her heart. She will deceive thee, will be untrue to thee, and if thou hast loved truly, thou wilt be miserable as I am now.'

'Is not the Signoretta Isabella d'Aranda true to thee, signor?' asked the boy, blushing at the familiarity which the question indicated.

'Nay, boy, name her no more to me. I shall never see her again—she is lost to me forever. Fernando, I must leave Madrid.'

'Leave Madrid, signor?' asked the boy, while a strange glow of pleasure suffused his handsome face, and his eyes sparkled with suppressed joy.

'Ay, at once. You may get my citizen's dress packed up in that portmanteau—put in a brace of pistols, and some powder and balls. After that, we will have a settlement, and then, Fernando, your well-known aptitude will soon gain you a place once more.'

The boy had gazed earnestly at him as he spoke, but replied not a word. As he closed, however, and told him that he would soon get another place, the boy's head dropped upon his breast, and a big tear stole down either cheek.

'How's this, my boy?' said Louis, encouragingly. 'Nay, do not weep at leaving me; thou hast been very faithful, and I will say so on paper to thy advancement; and I will add just double to the wages already due thee, for I love thee well.'

'Do you?' said the boy, earnestly, as he gazed through his tears into his master's face.

'Most truly. Have I ever been harsh to thee in the time we have been together, Fernando?' asked his master, kindly.

'Never, indeed—you have been very kind,' replied the boy, sobbing half aloud.

'Then why weep, my boy?' asked Louis Gonzaga, kindly.

'That I part with so kind a master,' replied he, with eyes resting on the floor.

'But you would not go with me, Fernando? I shall become a deserter in throwing up my command, and may be hunted like a criminal.'

'O, yes, I would go with thee, if I may—anywhere—through any danger.'

'Bravely said, my boy!' replied Louis. 'I have need of some fidelity about me, to keep me from becoming hardened, for I feel already fit for any deed. You shall go with me, if you will, but we must go on foot, Fernando, and travel a long way from here, where I shall not be known.'

'Anywhere—everywhere,' replied the boy, cheerfully, leaving the room to prepare his master's portmanteau, as he had directed.

Louis Gonzaga had at once made up his mind; he saw the future at a glance; he knew that he could not live in Madrid after what had transpired between him and Isabella, if she did not become his wife, and he felt that now she could never fill that place in his heart that was heretofore all her own. The feeling of revenge upon the man that had supplanted him did pass more than once through his brain, but his injured love, his broken-heartedness, so much outweighed all else, that he fostered no thoughts of vengeance.

He resolved to see Isabella once more, and to bid her farewell, while at the same time he told her that her infidelity was fully known and understood by him. That very night he resolved to do it, the night on which she had made an appointment with the hated de Castro.

It was to be an eventful night in his history, and little could he foresee the casualty that was to happen, an event that would change the entire current of his after life. So little does man know what an hour may bring forth.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

[Written for The Flag of our Union.]

# THERESE DE VERE;

OR,

## THE BLACK MASK.

AN ADVENTURE IN ITALY.

BY FRED. HUNTER.

On the main road from Florence to Naples, there is a respectable hotel, at which the regular *table d'hote* is arranged for four o'clock in the afternoon, to accommodate the passing *diligence*, which comes in at that hour. Beyond this, is another halting place, where the traveller finds himself at midnight. The tourist who is well advised, upon reaching the first named house, instantly bespeaks his passage for the conveyance which may be going forward at the time he desires to proceed on, as he may wish to tarry along the route for a day or so, and the first establishment spoken of is a good one.

One fine October afternoon in the year 1835, there arrived at this hotel an English gentleman who accompanied a young and beautiful girl. Immediately upon entering the establishment, he directed the *valet de place* who journeyed with him as 'guide,' to secure two corner seats in the diligence which went up the next evening; and after dinner he proceeded with his young charge into the gardens attached to the house, to enjoy the evening air. During the next day, their leisure was occupied in examining the fine, natural scenery in the neighborhood, and the travellers seemed to give no thoughts to the future, save such as might tend to their own enjoyment.

As the Englishman gave his order to the valet, he did not observe the presence of a stranger in the reception room, or if he did, he took no heed of it—but having secured lodgings, he proceeded forth to take an airing. The eye of the stranger traveller was fixed upon him, however, and his motions were keenly watched. The person of the stranger was prepossessing, his form was graceful, and he was evidently a man of nerve. His movements were perfectly quiet and unexceptionable, however, and if any suspicions were entertained of his character or profession, nothing was said of either. Perhaps the host and his dependents liked not the proud carriage, the haughty lip, the stalwart form of the traveller who had now been tarrying with them a week, but they were most obsequious in their attentions to this guest. As the English gentleman disappeared through the door, the other advanced towards his attentive landlord.

'What time does the diligence go up?' he asked.

'At evening, signor.'

'Two seats are bespoken—'

'Three, signor.'

'Secure the remainder of the carriage for *me*, landlord.'

'I regret, signor—' ventured the landlord, cautiously.

'No regrets—no excuses—' said the stranger, imperatively. 'Secure the remainder of the diligence, subject to my order. I shall go on to-night, with my travelling valet.'

'But, signor—the English gentleman—'

'I care nothing for "buts" or "English gentlemen"—landlord; the diligence is a public conveyance, there are vacant seats in it; I tell you I go on, *to-night*—' and having thus aimed to convince the trembling host of his determination, he quickly left the apartment.

The English traveller was the youthful Lord Crowley, who had but just come into possession of a vast estate by his father's death, and in company with his beautiful cousin, Therese De Vere, he was now making the tour of the Continent. He had engaged the whole of the public travelling coach, on reflection, after his valet had first bespoken the three seats only, and the landlord was desirous to avoid disappointing his distinguished guest, while at the same time he entertained a strong wish to be ridded of the strange intruder.

In vain he finally appealed to his lordship. He had adopted the customary mode of pre-engaging the diligence, he had already paid the fare, and he determined that he would not be annoyed with the company of strangers.—The landlord proposed a private conveyance to the other, but he merely turned his lip, and informed his host that he should go on in the evening diligence.

'Now—Caspo—tell me—' said the stranger, a few minutes afterwards, as a rough-looking travelling companion hastily entered his room—'say, am I mistaken?'

'Hist—signor—no. You are correct.'

'I knew it—' said the master, boldly—'I knew it, Caspo, the instant I encountered *him*! But tell me further, Caspo—what is the plan?'

'His lordship has travelled this road before, signor.'

'How know you that?'

'He has taken the precaution of the wary, and has pre-engaged the diligence.'

'The whole of it?'

'The whole, signor.'

'What is to be done?'

'Will not the host provide a—'

'Yes. He proposed this—but we are full ten leagues from our rendezvous.'

'It matters not, signor. Let the landlord furnish the horses, we can bribe or awe the driver into our service. When the diligence goes forward, we will follow. At the *pass del Nappo* we can easily be in advance, and as easily can we cause a barricade to—'

'Good, Caspo!'—rejoined the other, after a moment's thought. 'It shall be so'—and immediate preparations were made for departure.

Evening came—and at the usual hour, Lord Crowley and his lovely charge entered the vehicle bound to Naples. The valet of his lordship mounted the box, the postilion cracked his whip, and away dashed the diligence, at a very respectable speed.

Close behind it, followed a small, clumsy carriage, with a single pair of horses before it, driven by a servant from the hotel—who by no means fancied the job, for he had taken a dislike to both the strangers from their first entrance into his master's house. But there was no present help for it, and so he drove sulkily on, without vouchsafing a syllable; hoping to get rid of his customers, without trouble, beyond the being obliged to travel a whole night upon a road which he knew to be frequented by professional gentlemen!

Lord Crowley was about twenty-eight years old. He was a stout limbed, sinewy man—and his tall form was commanding and powerful. He was a gentleman of indomitable courage, at all times, and the hint from his fair cousin that they might possibly be interrupted on the route, was received with a smile, for fear was a total stranger to his heart.

Night set in at last, and the diligence had proceeded on, without hindrance, full one third the distance from the hotel towards Naples.—Behind, followed closely the heavy single carriage, with its forbidding guests, and scarcely a word had been uttered since they started; when, after a slight whispering between the travellers, the click of a pistol-trigger was heard by their inoffensive driver, who turned quickly around. His cheek came in contact with the muzzle of a huge brass-barreled pistol, and for an instant, he believed himself 'the victim of a misplaced confidence!'

'Silence, knave!'

'I haven't spoken, signor,' said the affrighted guide.

'Nor must you, fellow,' continued the foremost of the travellers—'come what may.—We are now within half a league of the Pass, eh?'

'Yes, signor.'

'Haste, then! Pass the diligence, now—to the right—and when we reach the foot of the hill, place your vehicle across the way; do you hear?'

'Yes, signor—yes,' continued the driver, and turning away to encourage his jaded animals on, he felt the cold end of the pistol-barrel press against the side of his head. He would have screamed for aid, but he possessed not the power, in his alarm, and he dashed furiously past the diligence—on towards the Pass del Nappo.

'I must say, cousin,' observed the beautiful Therese, as they entered the mouth of the deep ravine which led through the pass, 'I must say that I do not fancy this night travelling, over these strange roads.'

'Have no fears, dear cousin,' said his lordship, encouragingly, 'I have travelled this route several times, and you may rest assured there is no danger. Besides, you see we have our valet, the driver, and the post-boy—four of us, to protect you,' and his good-natured laugh might have been heard by the postilion himself, had not his attention been otherwise engaged, at that precise moment.

'Did you observe,' continued Theresa, 'the vehicle which a few minutes since passed by us so rapidly?'

'I heard it, cousin,' replied his lordship, and the next instant the diligence came to a dead halt! It was very dark, but directly across the narrow road the outline of a carriage could be discerned; it was the same which fifteen minutes previously had passed the diligence at such a rapid rate, and from behind which, at the moment the postilion reached it, there sprang two men, armed to the teeth!

'Halt!' shouted the foremost—an order, by the way, altogether unnecessary; for the leaders had discovered that they could get no farther, and they seemed moreover, by no means over-anxious to proceed. An instant afterwards, the postilion fell heavily to the ground, from the effect of a blow from the pistol-stock of one of the robbers, and a shot was next heard, which took effect in the bridle arm of the driver! The 'guard' took to his heels, the 'guide' followed him as rapidly as his legs would permit, and the travellers were left to the tender mercy of the two robbers, who had followed them thus far from the hotel.

Lord Crowley dashed open the door of the diligence and sprang out—but his head struck the ground almost as soon as did his feet, for a smart blow on his forehead from an unseen hand, sent him reeling to the earth! Therese fainted with fright, the brigands instantly pinioned their victim, and in another moment they were all huddled into the small carriage which had been vacated by the valiant servant, and away dashed the robbers with their captives. All that Therese had seen was the figure of a stout, athletic man, whose face was covered with a *black mask*, and when she came to consciousness some twenty minutes afterwards, she found herself rattling forward over a rough road at a frightful pace. She looked up, beheld the mask again, and then fell exhausted and terror-stricken against the back of the vehicle!

Three years prior to this event, the dissolute son of an impoverished nobleman in London had fallen in love with the fortune of Therese, and he resolved upon wedding the beautiful girl, and thus supplying himself with the present means to indulge his desires and dissipated inclinations. He became acquainted with her, he forced himself upon her notice, and finally ventured to propose for her hand in marriage. He was indignantly rejected, and soon afterwards left London a disappointed but desperate man. Young Fritwell had come originally from a good family—but his resources being exhausted, he soon found his way to Italy and joined a band of robbers. His depredations had been more or less successful, from time to time, and on the night of Lord Crowley's arrival, he sat quietly in the hotel, on the look-out for an opportunity to plunder whoever might first turn up.

The sudden appearance of Lord Crowley with the proud but beautiful girl who had so slighted Fritwell, tempted him instanter. He resolved to entrap them, seize upon and destroy his rival, if circumstances called for it—and thus be revenged upon the innocent girl who had dared to reject his addresses. His own person had become so changed that he was not suspected, and now, with his face shrouded in a thick crape mask, he held the pinioned form of the man whom he hated, but who would have strangled the wretch, had his arms been at liberty!

They proceeded on at a rapid rate for two hours, in spite of the tears of Therese, the curses of his lordship, the continually failing strength of their goaded and tired animals.—At last they entered a deep wood, through which a narrow and evidently unfrequented road passed, and at the end of half an hour longer they halted before a low house, apparently uninhabited. They were soon forced through the low, small door, which closed heavily behind them, Therese was drawn into a small room on the right of the narrow passage, his lordship was thrown forward, in spite of his exertions, into another on the opposite side of the entry, the doors were closed—and they found themselves in utter darkness!

His lordship was not long in suspense, for a light soon appeared at the entrance of his apartment, and behind it followed the tall form of a man whose face was covered by a black veil. Behind him, came another person, similarly disguised. The first was Fritwell—the other was his accomplice in crime, and who had advised him at the outset, in the hotel where they had encountered his lordship. Fritwell having left his companion to guard the prison, retired—and a moment afterwards, he presented himself before the trembling and affrighted Therese. Closing the door of the room into which she had been thrust, he placed the lamp upon the table—for the apartment was indifferently well furnished—and advanced towards her.

'Madam,' said the wretch, 'you do not know me, I fancy.'

'O, signor—*sir*—I pray you, release me from this terrible suspense; for by your voice and accent, I deem you my countryman. Tell me, why am I brought hither?'

'You do not remember this voice, madam?'

'Do not oppress me with this mystery—on my knees, I conjure you, explain!'

'Therese!' exclaimed Fritwell, throwing off his mask, 'behold the man whom your pride and scorn drove from society, and who now holds you in his power!'

The poor girl glanced at that face, she saw her enemy for one moment, and then sank heavily to the floor.

The instant the door closed behind the retreating form of the leader, Lord Crowley attempted to bribe the accomplice (for he was utterly unable to extricate himself from the pinions which bound his arms) but his offers of money had no effect upon the robber.

'What is your purpose with us?' asked his lordship.

'His excellency will explain,' said the robber.

'Who is his excellency?'

'You will see.'

'When—monster?'

'Be patient,' continued the villain, coolly; and a few minutes afterwards his master entered again.

'Now, my Lord Crowley,' said Fritwell, maliciously, 'do you know me?'

'I know you for a villain, a robber, a scoun—'

'Stay, my lord! You are in *my* power!'

'Coward, that you are—'

'No—my Lord Crowley—not a coward. You are unarmed, so am I. We may talk calmly. I have a proposal to make to you.'

'Where is the lady whom you have so foully abused, to-night?'

'Safe, my lord—unharmed —— *as yet*.'

'As yet—villain!' echoed his lordship, choking with rage.

'Now, my Lord Crowley, I will convince you I am not the coward you take me for. I tell you I am unarmed; I know your weapons have been taken from your person. To show you I do not fear even *you*, I propose to set you at liberty here, and we may then converse with less embarrassment. The tiger always chafes himself when chained. Caspo!' continued the chief robber, 'release his lordship's limbs,' and the prisoner found himself quickly at ease.

'Now, my lord—permit me to remark that I have known your lordship many years, and I know you to be one of the best shots in England; which fact will explain to your lordship's present satisfaction the occasion for my disarming you at the outset of this business. But as I remarked before, myself and my companion here are also totally unarmed, and thus you see we are now upon an equal footing. I would not willingly trust myself within twenty paces of your lordship's right hand, did I not *know* it could not readily grasp a pistol!'

The coolness of this effrontery and daring was only equalled by the conduct of my Lord Crowley, who suddenly stooped, and at the same instant thrust both his hands into the tops of his high travelling boots, instantly drawing forth from each legging a glistening pistol, ready cocked! This sudden and unexpected movement brought the master quickly to his feet (for he had been sitting for some seconds previously), and the attendant upon his knees!

'*Mercy!*' cried the cringing wretch, who had served his master so gallantly up to this moment, but who *now* saw the muzzle of a pistol pointed directly into his eye, from his lordship's hand!

'Coward, villain!' shouted Lord Crowley, and the report of a pistol followed his exclamation. Fritwell fell heavily to the floor, and Caspo shrieked aloud for mercy, as his master rolled forward in his gore. A desperate scream was instantly heard across the hall, and his lordship recognized the voice of Therese in her agony—for she knew not who had fallen.

'Quick, wretch!' said his lordship; 'show me to the lady you have imprisoned; or, as there is a God above us, you follow your vile master!'

'Yes—this way!' yelled the miserable Caspo—and Therese De Vere found herself a moment after, safe in his lordship's arms.

'Now—villain, the carriage! Stay—I will accompany you—'

'O! Do not leave me here, my lord,' said Therese, frantically.

'The horses are at the door, already,' replied the robber. 'His excellency would have left this place to-night, had—'

'Away, then!' added his lordship, quickly; 'and mark you, scoundrel—if I fire, your race is run! Be faithful even now, if you can, and I promise that no harm shall reach you, through me. Away!'

The trio quickly entered the vehicle and his lordship disposed his fair charge comfortably; then placing his pistol against the back of the driver's head, he ordered him to make the best of his way to the high road.

'Forward!' said his lordship, 'and if you do not turn your head you will save yourself the trouble of carrying a bullet in your ear to Naples!'

The caution was sufficient—the horses made the journey in a few hours—the travelling party arrived safely in Naples—and his lordship kept faith with the robber. He furnished him with a full purse at parting, and Caspo returned at once to the rendezvous to bury his master!

He found Fritwell searching through the house and about the premises for him! The astonishment of Caspo was very great at finding that his master had only been stunned, and had received but a flesh-wound upon the temple, by his lordship's ball! The lesson was a good one for master and man, however, and ere a month had passed away after the *rencontre*, both Fritwell and Caspo had retired from further practice in their precarious profession!

[Written for The Flag of our Union.]

### Stanzas.

BY PARK BENJAMIN.

O, bid me seek some trackless sea,
Where winds and waves are roaming free;
With no green isle to bud and bloom,
No sunlight amid the tempest's gloom;
And where no rainbow hues are hung,
To cheer my lone, distracted heart;
But ah! let not my soul be wrung,
To think we must forever part.

No, not forever! though I go
Where tower th' eternal hills of snow,
Where no rich gleam has ever smiled
Mid the dark forest's trackless wild—
'Twill be with joy, if I can think
That once again thy angel tone
Will by its magic sweetness link
My being's music to thine own!

Though grief awhile may dim the wreath
In which the sweetest roses breathe,
Yet hope's own star, with pleasant ray,
Can dash the gathering dews away;
Then, tell me not that all our love,
Though shaded now by mist and tears,
Must fade—since mildly shines above
A beam to gild our future years.

[Written for The Flag of our Union.]

### BATTLE OF THE DORIES.

BY PETE OF PIGEON HILL.

Reader, have you ever met with the 'Stray Sketches,' by the Old 'Un and Young 'Un? If so, you will probably recollect the Munchausen of Pigeon Cove. But the Young 'Un never heard of that tall man down to Squam! Wasn't he a tall 'un? I reckon you would have thought so, if you had been present at the caucus called to take into consideration the request of the chairman of the State Central Committee, that they would elect a man of the *highest standing* in town, chairman of the town committee. They appointed a committee to retire and report upon the subject, and after they had been out an hour, the chairman returned and reported that they had sent the sealer of weights and measures up to ascertain the height of the 'tall man from Squam,' and he would therefore move that the meeting adjourn for a fortnight, *in order to give the surveyor time to come down again!* The motion was carried *nem. con.*

The aforesaid tall man was the hero of the battle of the dories! There was a fight for you! Shades of Nelson and Tromp! of Hull and Decatur! how your laurels would have faded, could ye have been spectators of the battle of the dories!—the great halibut engagement, off Cape Ann!

The morning sun rose beautifully upon the wide waste of waters, and the white sea-gulls dipped their wings in amorous play with the feathery night-caps of the billows, when Sam Hake unmoored his dory from the beach of Sandy-Bay, and took his departure solitary and alone as was his custom, to slay the dog-fish and tickle the cod, in the famous haddock hole, near Salvages. Little did Sam think, as, with an easy pull at the oars, he bounded over the waves, of the great events about to take place in which he was to be a prominent actor. And, when, with a satisfied air, he had beat Straitsmouth light in a line with Pigeon Hill, and the old sloop bore due west, he let go his *killick*, took an enormous quid of pigtail, selected half a dozen of the fattest clams, baited his best hooks, let 'em run one on each side, and seated himself amidships, ready for a bite. Sam was generally lucky, and this morning more so than usual. Cod after cod politely ascended, and received the loving grasp of Sam's brawny hand with exquisite pleasure.

Indeed, so deeply was Sam engaged in entertaining his guests, that he did not notice a gigantic form which came bearing down upon him *in a dory* from the nor'ard, until the splash of the new comer's killick aroused him from his reverie, and he saw just to windward of him the tall man from Squam!

'Mornin', Hake,' said the tall man.

'Mornin', *yourself*, old steeple; *how's clams?*' inquired Sam. (Squam is a *great* place for clams).

'Clams was risin' when I left port—want to *trade?* got four buckets; rale halibut catchers.'

A desperate jerk at Sam's line and a simultaneous one at his neighbors now interrupted the bargain. Hand over hand each pulled his line with his utmost strength, while the weight of their booty careened their dories to the water's edge.

'By hokey!' said Sam, 'I've got a shark!'

'Choose *mux!*' said the tall man, 'I've got the *devil!*'

'*Heads I win*,' said Sam, '*I've got a halibut!*'

'*Tails you lose*,' exclaimed the tall man, '*I've got him myself!*'

Here was a pretty kettle of fish! Both were fast to the same halibut! Sam endeavored to seize him by the gills, but the tall man made a desperate lunge with his gaff, when quick as lightning Sam seized his knife, cut both lines and let the halibut go to ——. No, he did *not* go to 'pot!' Here was a go! The tall man, swelling with indignation, drew himself to his full height, and, gazing upon his puny opponent as if he would eat him, roared with Stentorian lungs, 'Sandy Bay—go to *thunder* with your six foot dory!'

The next of the story we must let Sam relate himself, as no language of ours will do it justice.

'I couldn't stand that,' said Sam, 'no how. 'Twant the tarnal fish I cared about, but his twittin' me about a *six foot dory*. Now there aint a man on Cape Ann but what knows my dory measures *seven feet three inches and a half*, carpenter's measurement, and it ris my dander all *jofiredly*, *I tell you!* Quicker than a pickled mackerel I seized my larboard oar, aimed it right amidships and carried away his starboard thole-pins. He immediately manned his tops, and let fly a tub of ballast (a fifty-six pounder), which did tremendous execution—carrying away every thing between seats, smashing my dinner box into a cocked hat, and staving a hole in her hull as big as a clam-shell. In the row my best ile-jacket got entangled in the gaff and both went by the board! Watching my chance, I took him as he rose and fired a twenty-four pound bucket, loaded with clams, which hit him smack in the bread basket and completely *took the wind out of him!* That gin' me a chance to haul off for repairs. Found the leak gainin' and the bailin' scoop all choked up. Bailed away with my tarpolin till I got at the leak—then calked all tight with my stockins', and cleared the gangway for action. Took an observation through the fish-horn and found the enemy, though somewhat crippled in the upper works, all sound in the hull. Got a spring on my painter and wore round so as to rake him.—Let fly the liver keg which greased his decks so he could hardly keep his standin'. Fired the coffee jug which carried away his cutwater. Followed that up with Eastern Pint ballast stones and shivered his timbers orfully, *I tell you!* He was now enymost a complete wrack; both oars gone by the board, bularks stove, and sou'wester dancing Fisher's wine-pipe to the junk bottle in the forard cuddy.—"Now's your time, Sam," says I. "Boarders away!" Cut my cable, run along side, made a desperate lunge at the enemy with my starboard oar, when, hang my pictur, *if I didn't go right through his legs, oars and all, casouse into the herrin' pond!* Come up puffin' and blowin' like a porpus right along side my own dory. Climbed in over the taffrail and seed the inemy all adrift away down to leward, bailin' like thunder! 'Twas now about sundown, and thought best to run for port, but how I should get there was more than I could navigate. I had lost my runnin' riggin', ground takle, oars and clam buckets, and was driftin' out to sea! "Good-by, Molly Hake," thinks I, "your spected Sam has gone to Davy's locker," when right astern there floated old Steeple's gaff! The way I grabbed it and made a jury-mast of it, was a caution to old salts. Then bent my shirt to it and squared away for Straitsmouth island; run, by dead reckonin', square into the landin', and went strait up to the lighthouse after Capt. Jack, to man the life-boat, and go to relieve the enemy. Capt. Jack took his spy-glass and found the critter ashore on Salvages. Kept our eyes on the varmint, and just as we was launchin' the boat I'll be darned if he didn't get up, take his dory on his shoulder, *step overboard and go ashore!*'

[Written for The Flag of our Union.]

### The Light House.

BY MATURIN M. BALLOU.

Thou beacon that gladdenest
The mariner's eye,
When steering for home,
The ship draweth nigh;
Neath twinkling stars,
And soft sky of blue,
Or mid the fierce storm,
Thy light shineth through.

Steady and firm,
As a giant might stand,
To far distant seamen
Betokening the land,
What though the waves toss,
And the fierce winds shout!
Calmly and clearly,
Thy light shineth out.

Loud the gale rageth,
The waves mountain high,
Yet fearlessly gazeth
Thy bright, steady eye;
The sailor bewilder'd,
No landmark is near,
Beholds thee and knoweth
How safely to steer.

The first sight that gladdens
The long absent crew,
With promptings more joyous
Than landsmen e'er knew;
I sing you the Light House,
The light, boys, for me;
The bright burning beacon
That lighteth the sea!

[Written for The Flag of our Union.]

### AN ERROR IN THE PUNCTUATION.

A SKETCH FROM LIFE.

BY THE YOUNG 'UN.

A few evening's since, there arrived at one of our fashionable hotels, a Frenchman, who was accompanied by a small, curly, insignificant poodle dog, which he valued highly, and about which he felt quite as solicitous, apparently, as he did for his own individual comfort. The stranger spoke the English language very indifferently—the hour was late when he arrived, and immediately upon entering the house, he ordered for supper.

'Hot oystair for ma dog *cole* meat;' and forthwith repaired to the room allotted to him, to await the result of his commands.

'Did I understand you, monsieur?' inquired an attendant, a moment afterward, at the door of his chamber—to be certain he was right.

'Oui, yaas. I say hot oystair for ma dog cole meat;' meaning hot oysters for his own supper, and cold meat for his poodle.

In the course of half an hour, an unearthly yelling might have been heard in the area back of the hotel, and the Frenchman's astonishment and horror may be imagined, when he rushed down stairs through the bar-room, across the hall, out into the wood-shed, in response to the excruciating shrieks of his pet poodle—and discovered the accommodating servant clutching his favorite dog by the nape of his neck, and with a silver fork, was in the act of forcing the smoking 'hot oystair,' one after another, down the cur's throat, amidst the deafening ki-yi's of the canine sufferer!

'Vot ze diable you do vis ma dog?' shrieked the Frenchman, seizing the servant with one hand, and his poodle in the other. 'Vot you do vis ma dog?'

'Only obeying orders, sir.'

'Ordair! Vot you call *ordair?*' exclaimed the traveller, rescuing his cur from the other.

'You said "hot oysters for my dog, cold meat;" and we thought best to give him the oysters first, that's all!'

'Hot oystair be —— I say hot oystair—I mean for *me*, mawself—cole meat, for ma dog—'

'I didn't so understand it, sir.'

'Ou'erstan'! You 'ave make bad mishtaik—you 'ave burn ma dog, you 'ave spoiled ma supper, you 'ave bin von fool,' continued the Frenchman, deeply irritated, and meantime his poodle kept up his rascally squalling, to the no small merriment of the servants who had collected about to see the attendant administer the oyster supper.

'Ah! *Mon Dieu, mon pauvre chien!* My poor dog! You 'ave shoke 'im dead mort, vis your oystair,' continued the traveller, who had made so nearly a fatal error in his punctuation—and, nestling the twinging, snarling cur 'still closer to his breast,' the enraged Frenchman disappeared at last in the gallery leading to his bed chamber.

At an early hour next morning he called for his bill, and departed from the hotel with his poodle under his arm, the head of the dog having first been carefully enveloped in a white cambric handkerchief. Whenever he ordered supper afterwards, he was particular to look out for himself first, and to care for his poodle at his leisure.

### Original Correspondence.

ISLAND OF MADEIRA,
City of Funchal, March, 1849.

MY DEAR FLAG:

I shall not attempt to enumerate all the different varieties of the grape which grow in great abundance in Madeira. It is the great article of culture, of which I believe there are some twenty or thirty different kinds. The Verdelha, the Malmsey, and the Bual, are the finest. Every inch of ground in this part of the island, where I have only wandered, is made into gardens and vineyards, and in very many instances at a very great expense.

I have seen walls raised in the mountain near Funchal at least twenty feet, to form and secure perhaps not more than double that number of feet of level earth, for cultivation. Thus you may judge how fertile, how rich the soil must be, and how well it must reward the husbandman for his toil.

These walls and terraces rise one above another, in every direction that you may cast your eye, and whose sides, like the sides of the road leading through them, are draperied with the cactus and flowers of exquisite beauty, of a thousand dyes, growing in all the *abandon* of wild luxuriance, perfuming the air with intoxicating sweets, until one begins to feel the soft and beautiful influence of the poet's dream stealing over him, when he is ready to exclaim, 'this is, indeed, the most beautiful and lovely region in the world, and more like the habitation of the celestials than the home of plodding man.'

I cannot even think of attempting to describe, or give a name to, or enumerate all the splendid flowers that grow wild on the island of Madeira, and beautify the mountain side with their perpetual blossoms, and fill each road and pathway leading thereto with the sweet breath of nature. I will say that I observed among these wild beauties very many of the flowers cultivated in our hot houses—such as various kinds of the Geranium, the Cactus, the Camelias, and my little modest favorite, the Heliotrope, and in fact many others whose names I cannot now call to mind. But enough has been said to show that nature, with a lavish hand, has strewn her thousand beauties over these hills, and indeed has, seemingly, omitted nothing that could enhance the happiness of man, or to make it the most lovely spot on earth.

The island of Madeira abounds in all the richest fruits of the tropics, as well as those of the colder regions of the north. The custard apple is one of the most delicate and delicious fruits I have ever tasted. Here, too, flourish the rich banana, the guava, the fig, the pomegranate, the orange and lemon, as well as the rich fruits of our own country—the peach, the pear, the apple, and the strawberry. I believe there is nothing of the fruit kind, from the temperate to the torrid zones, that would not smile, while it took root and flourished in the rich soil and fine climate of this island. The coffee and the tea plant are also cultivated here with entire success. I have never drank finer coffee in my life than that with which I was regaled after dinner at our consul's, the product of his own garden. The coffee is gathered and thoroughly cured in the shuck, where, as he tells me, he allows his to remain some two or three years before it is used, which greatly enriches its flavor. I take pride in saying that our American consul here, J. Howard March, Esq., is one of the very best of men, and stands high in the love and respect of the people of the island. He is an energetic, thorough-bred business man, and prompt and efficient in the duties of his office. He is in every respect a gentleman, kind and hospitable, and his large and elegant mansion is ever open to his friends, and wide open to his countrymen.

I have never seen such a variety of magnificent trees as are growing here. There is one of the most splendid and singular trees in Mr. March's grounds that I ever beheld—the '*Darantha*.' Its trunk is some eighteen inches through, to the height of about four feet; the trunk then ends, and it branches out in every direction, in a thousand small, running and vine-line branches, sustained on a frame-work sufficiently high to walk under. So close are these branches interlaced and woven together, and so thick its foliage, that the sun can never penetrate it, and I think it not unlikely that it might shelter one tolerably well from a slight shower of rain. This wonderful vine-topped tree covers a space of from about thirty-five to forty feet square, forming one of the most beautiful bowers imaginable, and where the poets might say the fays hold their nightly courts of revelry and enchantment. The palm tree, with its broad and magnificent leaf, the olive, the cypress, the pomegranate, the myrtle, the date, and many others of great adornment delight the eye daily in Funchal and vicinity, while the mountain peaks are crowned with the stately pine, the cedar and the chestnut. The island is also rich in all the vegetables of every clime, many of which are enjoyed by the inhabitants the year round. I have eaten fine green peas and new potatoes almost every day since my arrival here, about the first of February, and lettuce, radishes, and vegetables of that kind, may be seen in the market all seasons of the year. I have never eaten finer butter than is manufactured here; and their beef and mutton is also good.

Madeira has long since been celebrated for the beauty and equability of its climate. Its soft and salubrious airs, ever scented with the odors of newly-blown flowers, has made it, by common consent, the 'paradise of invalids.' I doubt if there is another spot on the globe that is canopied with such ever-smiling skies, or that can match it in its beauty and blandness of climate. That I may not be considered too extravagant in my eulogiums, I beg to introduce a little table prepared by Dr. McKellar, of Funchal, giving an average state of the thermometer for every month in the year 1844.

| *Months.* | Average lowest. | Average highest. |
|---|---|---|
| January, | 55 | 65 |
| February, | 53 | 62 |
| March, | 54 | 66 |
| April, | 57 | 70 |
| May, | 59 | 72 |
| June, | 64 | 74 |
| July, | 68 | 78 |
| August, | 68 | 78 |
| September, | 67 | 77 |
| October, | 64 | 74 |
| November, | 59 | 68 |
| December, | 57 | 62 |
| Average of the year, | 60 | 71 |

The above table will sustain me, I think, in what I have said of the fine climate of Madeira, which otherwise might have appeared like exaggeration. For invalids, I think there can be no place like it, either in Europe or the West Indies. And while he is strengthening and invigorating the feeble frame, the invalid, who has any love of nature, will always find an inexhaustible source of pleasure and delight, with his horse and *Burroquero*, among the flowery paths of these regions of romance. I shall often look back with pleasing recollections upon the mountain rides I have so wildly enjoyed, and on the light-featured wing of fancy shall often re-visit this lovely land of vines and flowers.

Yours, truly, E. S. J.

### Correspondence of the Flag.

BY THE INDIAN CHIEF, KAH-GE-GA-GAH-BOWH.

LETTER 1.

NEW YORK.

SIR:

Before leaving these Atlantic cities for the woods in the far distant west, permit me to converse with your readers, some of whom may have seen notices of the addresses and lectures of an Indian chief, in the halls of different legislatures from South to North.

The great object of my efforts has been to awaken an interest in the minds of the people of these Atlantic States, in behalf of that long neglected race, the Aborigines of America. That government might collect the Indians in one body in the west, for the purpose of forming them in one state, thus preparing the way for their improvement.

The deep interest I have seen manifested in behalf of the Indians, by the American people of the States through which I have travelled, leads me to believe that the majority of the pale-faces wish the red men well.

The North Carolina Legislature passed a joint resolution after I had addressed them, strongly recommending my plan to the consideration of the American government; and the resolution was transmitted to Congress.

My next visit was to the Legislature of South Carolina, where I was received in the kindest manner, and had the honor of addressing the members on the 15th of last December. At the expiration of a few days a resolution was passed by the House, in my favor, and concurred in by the Senate.

I then started for the north, remaining for a short time in Charleston, where the crowds who attended my lectures denoted the feeling of the people of that city, to whom I am indebted for numerous favors.

I stopped in Wilmington, N. C., addressed the Virginia Legislature, but that body was pressed with business that no resoluti[illegible] passed, but I was informed that one [illegible] its next session.

My address before the Pennsylvania Legislature was published in full. I greatly esteem the people of that State, for their deep regard for my efforts to educate and elevate the Indian. They are worthily the descendants of William Penn. They have always been *friends* of the Indians, and have stood at their side when all others forsook them and fled. They have taught them to handle the hoe, and taught them to love the Maker of all.

After delivering a course of lectures in Philadelphia, by request of the mayor, and other eminent citizens, I left for New York. This is the Rome of the New World. It takes full one year of close effort to interest the people, and there is but one way in which this can be done—to let the shadow of a mighty dollar appear on the walls of their public halls.

By the advice of friends I visited your city, in which I found many warm-hearted friends. The kindness bestowed upon an Indian stranger by your worthy governor, by Amos A. Lawrence, Esq., and other influential citizens, can never be forgotten. As my friend, H. W. Longfellow, has beautifully said—

'Friends my soul with joy remembers!
How like quivering flames they start,
When I fan the living embers
On the hearth stone of my heart.'

What else could I do but love and esteem the American people? I love their Bible and their institutions. I admire their magnanimity and their perseverance. Industry being guided by their intelligence, causes the sea to do their will, and has opened channels through which commerce pours its treasures at their feet. The roar of the cannon speaks for its defence, and the flag that waves over it is the charter of its rights.

While revolution after revolution follows in the Old World, and thrones crumble beneath the giant tread of freedom, our own nation stands firm in the right, and instead of blood and carnage, diffuses among its inhabitants the principles of education. The struggle in the Old World has but commenced. The fearful struggle between the powers of darkness and the powers of light, between the *lion* of despotism and the *eagle* of freedom.

America! America! I adore thee! Land of intelligence, of industry, and the fruits thereof. I have drank from thy mountain streams. I have gazed at thy lofty mountains, and floated in my birchen canoe over the calm surface of thy glassy lakes.

'America, America, heaven's blessings attend thee,
While we live we will cherish and love and defend thee;
Tho' the scorner may sneer, and the witless defame thee,
Our heart swells with gladness whenever we name thee.'

My letter is dated in New York. As an Indian, I walk these streets amid the palaces of the white man. The walls, how high, the streets, how hard. All rush by me with arrow-like speed. Silks and rags go side by side, in Broadway. Here are the world's extremes. I cannot remain here long. I must away to the western woods and lakes, to the falls of St. Anthony, across the Prairies, to the base of the Rocky Mountains. I shall take the fish-hook and pole. When I have been lucky you shall hear from me, and I will send you an invitation to partake of a feast at the foot of the Rocky Mountains.

You will hear from me at Washington, before I leave for the west.

Yours, &c., KAH-GE-GA-GAH-BOWH.

# THE FLAG OF OUR UNION.

THE FLAG OF OUR UNION

F. GLEASON, PROPRIETOR.

MATURIN M. BALLOU, EDITOR.

☞The terms of The Flag of our Union are $2 00 per annum, invariably in advance. The paper is always discontinued at the expiration of the time paid for.—See imprint on the last page.

☞All communications designed for publication in the paper, must be post paid, and addressed to F. GLEASON, Boston, Mass., Proprietor of The Flag of our Union.

### To our Correspondents.

'Bernardo Ravinosa, or the Surgeon of Florence,' a story by our regular contributor, FRANCIS A. DURIVAGE, shall appear next week.

'The Young Mother's Prayer,' a poem, accepted.

'The Father and Son,' an incident in real life, by Paul Creyton, filed for next week.

'The Arbutus,' a fine poem, by our regular contributor, Mrs. L. H. SIGOURNEY, shall appear in the forthcoming number.

'Captain Chippy,' a humorous, fun-provoking sketch by our regular contributor, THE OLD 'UN, next week.

'Pat's Walk' a humorous poem, accepted.

'A Souvenir of Mexico,' a true sketch, by Ganfliet, shall appear in our next number.

'Despair,' a poem, accepted.

'The First Crime,' a poem, by M. S. P., accepted.

'Lines to a Star,' accepted.

'An Attack in the Rear,' a laughable sketch, from our regular contributor, UNCLE TOBY, in our next.

'The Condemned, a fine poem, by J. W. N accepted.

'The Grave of Wolf,' and 'Answer to a Call for a Wife,' are respectfully declined.

☞No poems or other articles will be received for this paper, unless accompanied by an authentic name.

### Railroad to the Pacific.

We have before taken occasion to speak upon this subject in earnest approval of any good plan that will produce the desired result; since we last referred to the matter, a fresh incentive to action has sprung up, in the fact that the British government are seriously entertaining the idea of taking the wind out of our sails, by building a road across this continent from the Canadas to their possessions on the Pacific. There is no one act that our old enemy could consummate, which would so materially and injuriously affect the commercial good of the United States as this; and yet, ten to one, the inveterate tardiness of our government, and the spirit of penuriousness, blinding our eyes against the real sources of wealth, and which seems to choke off every grand and liberal movement brought to the notice of Congress, will defeat the proposed measure for a road from St. Louis to San Francisco, and leave the English to improve the object and realize the gain.

Let the British accomplish this plan, and what would our power or interest in the Pacific be worth? England would arrogate to herself to be mistress of its broad waters and beautiful isles, and she would make her pretensions good. She would establish a great naval and commercial depot at Vancouver's Island, which our government so foolishly yielded to Great Britain by the Oregon treaty in 1846. Struggling to extend her empire in every possible direction, as seen in India and other parts of the world, while we are *talking* about a railroad, England will *build* one. She has every inducement to engage in such an enterprise; it would settle all divisions in Canada; it would cause millions of money to flow into the country; and just in proportion to its advantage to the British, in the same ratio would it be disastrous to the interests of the United States.

With these facts so plainly before us, why cannot Congress act? why cannot the President engage in the object, and urge it upon the councils of the nation? The plan proposed by Mr. Degrand, of Boston, is a grand and liberal one, the most feasible we have yet seen, and its large circulation in the public prints must have rendered it familiar to all. We sincerely hope that it will be brought before Congress at its next session, with full strength; let no small fry member of that body get up and talk for hours about its costing two or three hundred thousand dollars more than some other plan, that may be struck out and perfected at some future day, for he loses to government, in actual cost created by his foolish discussion and waste of time in Congress, more money than the sum he proposes to save, besides retarding a great work that should not be weighed by the standard of dollars and cents.

Let the press continue to agitate this subject, and prepare the public mind by the adducing of facts for the enterprise. Let every one having influence exert it for the good object, and let us not be distanced by the English government upon our own continent.

### Travelling Agents.

We often receive letters, saying, 'we have been waiting for your agents to come along before we subscribe to the Flag, and have therefore deferred taking it for some length of time.' Now we wish to say, once for all, that we do not employ any travelling agents, and that, as a general thing, persons calling themselves such should be avoided. There is probably more swindling done by so called travelling newspaper agents than by any other class of men. We are constantly in the receipt of letters from people who say, 'we have subscribed and paid for your paper to Mr. So-and-so,' a name that perhaps we never heard of before—and in this way hundreds of dollars are thrown away; for of course we cannot hold ourselves responsible for the acts of these public swindlers. The safest and best way to subscribe for a paper is to enclose your money in a letter direct to the publication office, or else hand it to the postmaster of your town who will not refuse to send it to the publisher. Those who desire to form clubs for the Flag will see that we offer additional inducements to them, as shown in the imprint on the last page.

THE MACREADY RIOT.—This unfortunate occurrence will form a sad leaf for the history of the drama in America. The blame lies in no small degree with those who urged Mr. Macready to reappear, after the violent expression of public opinion that had already been manifested. It was daring the mob, and the result is the loss of many lives.

GOLD.—A company has been formed, among whom are some of the most wealthy and enterprising Baltimoreans, to work a gold mine in Virginia. The tract of land purchased by them lies near and embraces part of what is called the Rosin Mountain. It is said to contain some very rich veins. A golden age this, truly.

WOUND NOT DANGEROUS.—We observe that John Smith was severely wounded at the Macready riot in New York, but are happy to state, for the information of his numerous friends, that the wound is *not* considered dangerous.

### Macready and Forrest.

Willis, in his Home Journal, has a very fair article upon the controversy relative to these two actors, placing the subject in a nutshell—plain, comprehensive, and convincing. He shows that although Macready did not *write* the articles that appeared against Forrest in England, yet he was responsible for them, and that even now Forrest is more likely to receive injustice from the public mind than Macready. He concedes the ill-judged expression of feeling on the part of the American actor in his published letters, but shows that there was ample cause for that feeling nevertheless. The following paragraph from the article referred to is to the point:

'Arguing upon negative premises alone, we think Mr. Macready well deserves some strong expression of American disapprobation. Look at what he and his profession have received from this country, and see the small return which it was in his power to make—which he, as the chief representative of the English stage, was properly bound to make—and which he enviously neglected to make—in the case of Forrest. For the laurels and fortunes which have been poured at the feet of a forty years' succession of English actors, we have sent them but this one tragedian to receive the compliment of a return. Why, the very rarity of the opportunity should have muzzled every press with gratitude—let alone its more decent prevention of such criticism, by personal ridicule, as was worse, in them, than rotten eggs among the missiles on Monday.'

### The Citizen Soldier.

The late fearful riots in New York show the imbecile character of a police force, on an occasion calling for the most prompt and decisive measures of authority against lawless power. It is on such occasions that the importance of our military is felt, and the civil authorities are very glad to call upon them for aid to do that which no other agency can accomplish. Yet how much we hear against keeping up a military organization, while our State Legislatures endeavor by every possible means to discourage and abolish the entire militia system. Peace measures and peace societies are all very well, but would one of their *very best sermons* have dispersed the mob referred to, or have saved the Opera house and adjoining buildings from destruction? Such examples go to show the necessity of a thorough and well organized militia system, and that every city should have a body of citizen soldiers on whom to call in time of exigency. To be able to count upon their efficient support, the military must be properly encouraged, by legal enactments, to perfect themselves in the duty of the soldier.

### To Periodical Dealers.

Having now attained to a circulation the immense number of which enables us to reduce the wholesale price of the Flag, to our agents who buy to sell again, we have resolved to do so, and charge one half cent less on each paper, the reduction to take place on the first of July next. This is also in furtherance of our plan of increasing the subscription list of the Flag to *one hundred thousand*. Agents will see the additional inducement offered to them to circulate this paper, and they will of course appreciate the motive that induces this reduction in price, and endeavor to circulate the Flag on a more extended scale, each one helping us towards the accomplishment of the great purpose of printing each week *one hundred thousand copies*.

### Mohammedan Religion.

There are many worse creeds than that of Mohammed. We have been glancing at its commandments. There are six of them as follows: I. There no deity but God. II. There is no Prophet but Mohammed—he is God's Apostle. III. To fast during Ramadan every day. IV. To pray and practise ablutions five times a day. V. To apply two and a-half per cent. of their property to the poor. VI. To make a pilgrimage to Mecca and Mount Ararat. Thus we see that its most important duties are prayer, alms-giving, fasting and pilgrimage. This religion is so general in the East, that it embraces nearly one-fifth of the population of the entire globe.

### Extraordinary.

James Berry, Esq., of South Dennis, was married lately at West Harwich, to Mrs. Hannah Kelley, of Dorchester. Mr. Berry was married in 1822 to the above named Mrs. Kelley, and about five years afterwards he was divorced from her, she having in the meantime married a Mr. Greenwood. Since his divorce, Mr. B. has been married twice, and buried both wives. He has now married his first love. Is the present Mrs. Berry his first or fourth wife?

QUEER.—It is said by the New York Express, that the tradesmen, grocers, &c., of Burlington, N. J., will lose about *sixty thousand dollars* by the failure of Bishop Doane. Isn't it rather odd that the bishop should owe so large a sum to such a class of the community?

THE GOLD DOLLAR.—Now that the coin has begun to get into circulation, people complain that it is too small, too much like a five cent piece, too—something. They may be terribly bad, for aught we know, but we wouldn't mind accepting a bushel of them, nevertheless.

ASSASSINATION.—The Charleston Courier states that a letter has been received from Jonesboro', Tennessee, giving an account of the assassination of the famous Parson Brownlow, editor of the Jonesboro' Whig, by a man named Ryland.

AN HONEST CRITIC.—The Providence Journal, speaking of Mr. Headley's new work entitled 'Adirondack, or Life in the Woods,' says: As we have not read this book, and having no intention of doing so, we refrain from expressing any opinion of its merits.

APPROPRIATE.—It has been suggested that the spot in California, where Mrs. Farnum's young lady adventurers settle, should be called Chicago; or, as it is sometimes pronounced, *She-cargo*.

HERMIONE.—This story, just completed in the FLAG, is now issued in book form in the best style, with an original and emblematical design upon the cover. It is for sale at all the periodical depots and at this office.

BATTLE OF THE DORIES.—This capital sketch in the opposite page is one of the best we have ever printed. Don't fail to read it, and laugh at its humor exactly as hard as we have done. It is inimitable in its way.

THE RIOTERS.—It is very evident that those engaged in the late theatrical riots in New York, were almost entirely composed of the lowest dregs of the people. Mostly *grown up* boys and drunken rascals.

GEORGIA.—Colonel Grieve, editor of the Milledgeville Recorder, is spoken of as the whig candidate for Governor of Georgia.

### Editorial Ink-Drops.

A large powder mill near Bennington, Vt., was blown sky high the other day.

There are fourteen thousand medical students in the United States.

Girard College now contains 298 pupils, and is in a flourishing condition.

The Crow and Sioux Indians have been fighting some sanguinary battles.

It is fashionable to live in an $800 house and starve yourself to pay the rent.

The *crops* of the South and West were never in better forwardness than now.

Why is education like a tailor? Give it up? It forms our habits, to be sure.

They have had no rain in the vicinity of Macon, Geo., for seven weeks.

Why is the weather like part of South America? Because it is Chili, of course.

A church for colored people was lately dedicated at Natchez, Mississippi.

The peach trees were all killed at the first of the season. *Vive la humbug*.

Mrs. Mowatt and Mr. Davenport are as popular as ever at the English theatres.

Chloroform judiciously administered is an excellent agent in surgery.

When do people drink music? When they have a *piano for tea* (piano-forte).

The old City Hotel, New York, is to give place to a block of storehouses.

Boston is proved to be the healthiest city in the whole United States.

A young man shot himself in New York because he lost $100 at billiards.

Young Hernandez, the American rider, is ranked as the first in the world, in London.

The English people are talking about building a monument to Cromwell.

The cholera bids fair to be more destructive in Mexico than our army was.

Adams & Co. *expressed* the first lot of gold dollars to Boston and *gave them away*.

Why are handsome women like bread? 'Cause they are often toasted—they are.

Mr. Choate the eminent barrister has been seriously indisposed.

Rosini the great musical composer, we see, has been deranged.

What has lately got into married people—we never heard of so many divorces.

The English fishermen lately took an eleven pound pike in the river Tweed.

A boy in Boston killed a horse by throwing a small stone at his head.

### Banvard's Mississippi.

We see by our foreign papers that Banvard recently received the commands of Queen Victoria, to call at Buckingham Palace. He attended of course *instanter*, and was there informed that it was Her Majesty's wish that he should transfer his picture to Windsor Castle, where she would do him the honor of inspecting it. No sooner said than done. He put it up in the banqueting room (called St. George's Hall), where he exhibited and explained it to Her Majesty, Prince Albert, the Queen Dowager, the Prince of Wales, and all the Royal Family and Court. The Queen was highly delighted with both the picture and the artist, and Prince Albert, who was alive with curiosity, asked Banvard a great many questions, and expressed himself much pleased with his quaint and quiet humor. He gave two exhibitions at the Palace. The Queen was present much longer than she at first intended. Banvard had promised to close the exhibition within an hour (it commenced at six o'clock, P. M.), but he did not terminate it until half-past seven o'clock. The royal dinner-time is seven, and Her Majesty remained until the curtain fell. After the exhibition, Banvard received a magnificent present from the Queen.

### The Siamese Twins.

Chang and Eng visited the President on the 8th, and were entertained by Mrs. Wood and Mrs. Bliss. They have since come to New York, where they will remain a short time, previous to their departure for Europe. Chang has four children and Eng three.—They have been married eight years, and live happily, enjoying the respect of their neighbors. They have changed in appearance but very little since their arrival in this country in 1829, when they were 18 years old. They are enterprising farmers, and though very well off they work hard in their fields, early and late.

HAVANA.—The last accounts from Cuba state that several French citizens have lately been required to swear allegiance to the Spanish government. This has led to a serious difficulty between the Governor General and the French Consul. The latter has sailed for France to complain to his government, and in the mean time the American Consul performs his duty. This trifle may lead to a serious trouble yet.

IAGO AND THE MOOR.—Longfellow in his Kavanagh speaks of a Spanish actor that used to personate the two characters of Iago and the Moor at the same time, and who rendered these parts particularly imposing by having half of his face *lamp-blacked*, and turning now the luminous, now the eclipsed side to the audience, as the exigencies of the dialogue demanded!

DECLINE OF CURIOSITY.—At the recent government sale, in Paris, of the equipages and harnesses of the former 'Civil List,' the old *landau*, in which Louis XVIII. was taken from Hartwell to St. Owen, in 1815—the venerable vehicle in which, during the journey, the plan of the Restoration was sketched, was sold at auction for—fifty dollars!

A PORTABLE POST OFFICE, with all the conveniences of pigeon-holes for letters, places for books, etc., has been constructed for California. It is about ten feet square. It will be set up, or rather *down*, in the most convenient location, and moved from place to place as circumstances may direct.

J. H. INGRAHAM, the novelist, is now residing at Nashville, the principal of an academy for the education of young ladies. Mr. Ingraham is studying for the Episcopal church. Every Sunday morning he reads prayers to the convicts in the State penitentiary.

HEAVY DAMAGES.—Calvin Fish of Sandwich, has recovered $7,000 damages against the town of Fall River, for injuries received by him in consequence of a defect or want of repair in one of the streets of that place.

THE YACHT BRENDA.—Captain Collamore, from Boston, arrived at Bermuda on the 6th inst., after a stormy passage. The Brenda was to have a race with one of the English yachts in that harbor.

FAIR WEATHER FRIENDS.—Mrs. Caudle speaks of a whig editor who came into the support of General Taylor at the '*last half minute* of the eleventh hour.' Not bad, that.

REV. J. C. WALDO.—This popular divine, of the Universalist persuasion, has been called to settle over the society at Troy, N. Y.

### From our Foreign Files.

The best English cylinder printing machines print a mile of calico in an hour.

Lord Sherborne has given all his tenants liberty to kill the hares and rabbits on his estates.

The number of rainy days in England during the past year was one hundred and sixty-one.

China has forgot its old tale of passive obedience. Disturbances have broken out in several provinces.

Jenny Lind retires from the stage, with a fortune of from eighty to a hundred thousand pounds.

The Austrian government has decided that it shall no longer be necessary to mention in passports the religion of the bearers.

Every fiftieth person in the united kingdom is a drunkard; one in every two hundred and eighty is a prisoner; and one in every seven hundred inhabits a lunatic asylum.

The intellectual condition of Germany is distracted in the extreme. All parties are at issue, and the probability of peace seems remote as ever.

The fortune of war between Naples and Sicily still continues adverse for the Sicilians in addition to Catania. Noto has surrendered to the Neapolitans. Palermo, also, it is said, has proposed to capitulate.

The Jews of the town of Pesth have been mulcted by the Austrians in the sum of $13,000 because two of their number had furnished the Hungarians with army clothing and uniforms.

An order issued by the authorities of Vienna, forbids any person from wearing red clothes of any kind; and any one who may display a red neckcloth or red ribbons, will be immediately seized and tried by a court martial.

Baron Rothschild recently met with an accident when out with his hounds. When taking a fence, in the neighborhood of Woburn, he was thrown, and the horse falling on him, he was injured to such an extent as to be rendered insensible for a time.

A hostile meeting took place on the 14th, at five in the evening, between M. Ledru Rollin and M. Deujoy, near the Point de Neuilly.—The parties were placed at twenty paces distance. M. Ledru Rollin fired, but the pistol of M. Deujoy hung fire. The seconds then interposed.

### Dewdrops of Wisdom.

The mind makes all the beauty on earth, as the sun all in the heavens.

In company set guard upon your tongue—in solitude open your heart.

The bread which we solicit of God, he gives us through our own industry.

Here's to the plow, the pruning hook and spade, beneath whose tread gaunt poverty is laid.

Those who outlive their incomes by splendor in dress and equipage, resemble a town on fire, which shines by that which destroys it.

With many readers, brilliancy of style passes for affluence of thought; they mistake buttercups in the grass for immeasurable gold mines under ground.

The sun is like God, sending abroad life, beauty, and happiness; and the stars like human souls, for all their glory comes from the sun.

Some critics have the habit of rowing up the Heliconian rivers with their backs turned, so as to see the landscape precisely as the poet did not see it. Others see faults in a book much larger than the book itself; as Sancho Panza, with his eyes blinded, beheld from his wooden horse.

The motives and purposes of authors are not always so pure and high, as, in the enthusiasm of youth, we sometimes imagine. To many the trumpet of fame is nothing but a tin horn to call them home, like laborers from the field, at dinner-time; and they think themselves lucky to get the dinner.

Love is a fountain from which flows two streams, one the pure and limpid waters of happiness, the other the dark and turbid waters of misery; at the end of the latter is the whirlpool of despair. Upon these streams mortals direct their destiny.—Mariners on these streams, see upon which of them you are directing your bark, lest it should be engulfed in a fearful whirlpool of despair.

### The Joker's Olio.

The deserts of Libya are bad enough, but the most barren *tracts* are those of the progress writers.

Why is a stick of molasses candy like a bottle of cologne? Because they are both bought for a *scent*.

The want of money is undoubtedly universal, and the *smallest change* would be acceptable.

In extra-polite circles, the *nightmare* is now termed 'nocturnal horse of the feminine gender.'

They are about selling the *effects* of the late storm at auction. A great many 'colds' must therefore be disposed of.

Why do negro minstrels dress better than any other society? Because they put on a bran new black coat every night.

The man at the corner has just seen a letter of a life pill proprietor to one of his best customers, which was ominously signed, 'Yours, till death.'

A new paper was started not long ago, the first number of which contained a letter from a correspondent, who signed himself a *constant reader*.

'My dear doctor,' said Sir Erin Gobragh, 'it's of no use your giving me an emetic; I tried it twice in Dublin, and it wouldn't stay on my stomach five minutes.'

Signor Blitz the fun-loving ventriloquist, nearly spoilt a horse trade at Philadelphia the other day. The jockey assured the by-standers the animal was sound. 'Except the heaves,' said the horse.

We learn by the papers that the stable of Ex-Mayor Quincy has been burglariously entered, and an overcoat stolen. Vell, vot of it? This is the proper season for mares to 'shed their coats.'—*Boston Path-Finder.*

### Miscellaneous Scraps.

Christian Geitner has been found guilty of the murder of his father, mother and two sisters at Sodom, Canada, and sentenced to be executed on the 18th of May. His motive for the deed does not appear. He had received a good education in Germany.

Recently, a young man, of Chesterfield, on suicidal thoughts intent, wished to purchase two ounces of laudanum. The chemist guessing he was in love from his looks, gave him two ounces of tincture of rhubarb. His love fit was cured, and his love of life restored.

The famous Ben Johnson worked for some time as a brick-layer or mason, 'and let them not blush,' says the historian Fuller, 'that have, but those that have not a lawful calling. He helped in the building of the new structure of Lincoln's Inn, when having a trowel in his hand, he had a book in his pocket.'

A gentleman experimenting near Waltham, England, on the new electric light, happened to touch the conductor with a part of his hand where there was a slight wound or scratch. The arm swelled, tumors broke out all over his body and limbs, and in spite of every effort to save him, he died.

The London Times says—'It appears to be the confirmed belief of every people under heaven that nothing short of or flesh and alcohol can satisfy the daily wants of an Englishman's stomach. Spirits are considered as necessary to us as water to a Polar bear.'

The Binghampton Iris says that the boy, Houghtailing, who chopped off his father's head with an axe while the man lay drunk in a furrow of the field he was ploughing, has been discharged from legal custody, on the ground of extreme youth (8 years) and supposed moral incompetency to commit the crime of murder.

### Quill and Scissors.

A cow belonging to Mr. Sylvanus Chipman, of Bucksport, a few days since, was delivered of *four* calves, all living at the time of their birth, and weighing jointly 101 pounds. One died soon after, but the other three are now living.

The well-known vase made for David Garrick from the wood of the mulberry tree which grew in Shakspeare's garden at New-place, and which Shakspeare is said to have planted, was lately sold for eighty guineas.

Hon. Dutee J. Pearce died at his residence in Newport, R. I., on the 9th, of erysipelas. Mr. Pearce has been a prominent politician, State attorney general, U. S. district attorney, and member of Congress.

The Bangor Democrat states that there are four trials for murder to take place in Maine, within six months—one in Penobscot, one in Kennebec, one in Oxford, and one in Cumberland.

A large fat bear, that had committed depredations on the flocks in the vicinity of Dover, (Me.,) for some time, was recently hunted down by a party of about sixty persons and killed. He weighed 293 lbs.

The ruling passion of mankind was exhibited by Caesar, who on sitting to have his portrait painted, put his finger upon a scar which he bore upon his face, to hide it from the common eye.

The mansion of the late Dr. Rose, at Silver Lake, Susquehannah county, one of the most beautiful places in Northern Pennsylvania, was destroyed by fire on the 30th ult. It cost $30,000. No insurance.

At Salem, N. H., a young girl named Olive Reed put an end to her life by hanging herself in her chamber. She was twenty-five years of age, and kept house for her widowed father.

Henry Caspar, late lieutenant in the U. S. army, committed suicide by shooting himself in the head at St. Louis. He left all his effects by will to pay Mr. Rupp $150 borrowed money.

Angus McSween, a young man of good education and standing, was shockingly stabbed at Wadesboro', N. C., by James Watson, who was suffered to escape by the bystanders.

In 1847, the foreign tonnage entering into the ports of Great Britain was equivalent to 1,176,372 tons, while that of British ships exceeded it only by about 75,000 tons.

The Messrs. Adams, manufacturers of the celebrated printing press which bears their name, received, last week, orders from the South for six of their largest presses.

Gen. Taylor's favorite horse, Old Whitey, who was so celebrated in the Mexican campaign, is now on his way to Washington, and will arrive there in a few days.

Antonio Sibbilich, who was to have been hanged at New Orleans on the 27th April, has been respited to the first Friday in June by the President, by telegraph.

Louis Blanc has been tried in France, and sentenced to be transported. Being in England quite safe, he will give himself no trouble about going beyond the seas.

David Patton, master of bark Envoy, has been holden in Philadelphia in $800 to answer for tying Dennis Campbell to the bulwark and beating him with a handsaw.

Some disturbances are reported to have occurred lately at *Panama*, between the Americans detained there and the natives. At the last dates all was quiet again.

John and Daniel Moran have been arrested in New York as the supposed robbers of Nesbett & Co. in St. Louis. John escaped from Sing Sing some time since.

How interestedly benevolent some people are, to be sure. A tailor in Toledo, O., advises the rich to give their clothes to the poor and buy new suits for themselves.

The Brooklyn Advertiser chronicles the poisoning of a family of five persons, in that city, last week, by partaking of a dish of the common black muscles.

One of the critics of the day tells us that Lear is a 'great character.' This same learned Theban will inform us by-and-by that Hamlet was the son of his father.

Baldwin, who murdered his brother-in-law, Matthews, in the vicinity of St. Louis, some time since, has been sentenced to be hung on the 6th of June.

The inhabitants of Prince Edward's island are building three vessels to convey a portion of them to Australia. Others will emigrate to Canada and the States.

Alexander Jones, convicted in New York of arson, has been sentenced to be hanged on the same day with Wood, the murderer of his wife.

Some four hundred regular troops, under the command of Col. Alexander, shipped at St. Louis on the 20th ult., on their way to Oregon via Weston.

The Wheat crop in every county of Wisconsin is said to be remarkably promising. The same is said of Illinois, Michigan, Indiana and Ohio.

Queen Victoria has written to the Pope, sympathizing with him in his sorrows. The Exeter Hall fanatics are tremendously enraged.

Sir Allan McNab has been deputed by the factionists of Montreal to bear their petition for the recall of Lord Elgin, to Queen Victoria.

The House of Representatives of Massachusetts have reported against incorporating a Catholic College at Worcester.

Short messages are getting to be the fashion. Governor Turnbull's message fills but a column and a half of the Hartford (Conn.) Courant.

On the 28th ult., a man named Newkirk, living about fifteen miles from Louisville, shot his own mother, nearly a hundred years old.

A Mrs. Karce, of Swallow, Savannah, Ga., was killed on the 23d ult., by a tree falling on her, which her husband was cutting down.

Norfolk, Va., is about to be lighted with gas. The gas to be used is the Rosin gas, manufactured under an improved patent.

A fire broke out in Racine, Wisconsin, on Friday, 20th ult., which consumed two storehouses, containing 40,000 bushels of wheat.

The jury in the case of Mrs. Howard, tried for the murder of a mistress of her husband, rendered a verdict of acquittal at Cincinnati.

A new locomotive, weighing twenty-two tons, manufactured at Springfield, has been put on the Connecticut River Railroad.

The public houses at Saratoga are 'brushing up' for the fashionable season. There is to be no abatement in style or cost.

The songs of a nation are like wild flowers pressed, as it were by chance, between the blood-stained pages of history.

Dr. Dickson and Dr. Herron, of Pittsburg, were, on Monday last, fined for body-snatching—the first $300 and the second $100.

The 'Indian doctor' Cross has been arrested for manslaughter by improper treatment of Daniel Quin in Stroudsburg, Pa.

'Go to thunder,' is now rendered, 'Take your departure to the abode of the reverberating echoes of heaven's artillery.'

Perfect happiness upon earth is as much a fable as unbroken sunshine, and would be as wearisome and destructive.

A Brazilian steamer with 1200 slaves has been captured and taken into St. Helena by an English cruiser.

There is a notice posted on a tree in South street which reads thus:—'This house to let, inquire within.'

Mrs. M'Andrew, who murdered her sister lately in Madison, Mississippi, was convicted of murder in the first degree.

Steamer Governor Bent burst her boiler on the Mississippi. One hand killed.

The cholera was said to be raging fearfully in St. Louis, 11th May.

Herr Alexander is performing at Charleston, S. C.

Capt. De Korponay is teaching the art of dancing at Columbus, Georgia.

Mr. Charles Mestayer, an actor, recently died in Boston, aged 27 years.

The payroll of the Massachusetts Legislature, amounts to $76,227.

Short credits make long friends.

### Local Matters.

#### Amusements.

For some time past the theatres have been occupied with the 'benefits' of the stock companies, which have been well attended, the pieces produced forming a queer compound, after the taste and ability of each performer. Bland's Lyceum Theatre, Sudbury street, has struck a popular vein once more, and is doing a thriving business. The National counts on its regular and but slightly varying support from the north section of the city. The Boston Museum has rarely a spare seat to offer, after the rise of the curtain for each evening's performance; and we look upon the management of this house as a model for theatrical guide; everything is quiet, respectable and on a liberal scale. There has been a tent erected adjoining Park Hall, at one corner of the Common, where a miscellaneous entertainment is given nightly, by negro minstrels, etc. We would suggest to the proprietor, that unless he wishes to be indicted for the nuisance, he had better stop the outdoor performance of the miserable apology for a band. These music-destroyers are placed over the entrance of the so-called Boylston Gardens, and seem to vie with each other as to which shall *toot* the loudest without any regard to harmony. We are having musical entertainments too numerous to mention; and besides these, several excellent dioramas—that of the Valley of the Rio Grande, in Court street, is highly spoken of by judges of scenic painting. Its exhibition is nightly accompanied by a description from Lieut. Cremony, an officer in the late Massachusetts Regiment. Speaking of theatrical matters, we observe that Mrs. Mowatt and Mr. Davenport have received most flattering overtures from the London managers to remain in England for another year, which they will probably accept. We only regret this, because it will deprive us of the pleasure of witnessing the performance of this favorite actress for another season. Mr. Davenport is said by the critics to have much improved. One writer even compares him with Wallack.

#### Boston Water Works.

The main pipes for the city are now all laid, except for a few of the wharves. The extent of pipes thus furnished already amounts to *seventy-one miles*, or nineteen thousand nine hundred and nineteen feet! The number of water takers has already reached about ten thousand, and is increasing daily. The splendid structure on Beacon Hill which is to serve as a reservoir, and that at South Boston are both in a state of forwardness, and according to the *Advertiser*—a good authority in anything relating to the water works—will be completed before the commencement of winter. These immense structures of granite create a great deal of curiosity and are worthy of examination. This great enterprise has proved a blessing from the commencement to the end, giving constant employment to an immense number of laborers, and now affording the greatest blessing in nature in liberal profusion.

#### Game Law.

The act for the preservation of useful birds, passed by the Legislature of this State, extends the time in which it is made unlawful to kill woodcocks, snipes, larks, or robins, from the 4th of July to the 1st of August. The plover, curlew, cough-bird or chicken bird can only be killed between April 20 and July 1, and birds on salt marshes from March 1 to July 1. Half of the penalty recovered each for violation of these provisions goes to the prosecutor, and the other half to the poor of the town where the offence shall be committed.

#### Dan Marble.

A telegraphic communication was received in this city a few days since by Mr. Warren, of the Boston Museum, informing him of the death of Daniel Marble, the well-known delineator of Yankee character. Mr. Warren is a brother-in-law of the deceased. Mr. Marble was doubtless one of the best actors in his line that we have ever had in this country, and off the stage he was characterized for those companionable and gentlemanly qualities, that made for him friends wherever he sojourned.

#### Mr. Bancroft.

The New York Evening Post understands that it is the purpose of Mr. Bancroft, our minister at the Court of St. James, upon his return to this country, to take up his residence in that city. The Post receives this intelligence with unaffected pleasure, and can promise him a welcome from the people of New York. That's all very well, and we are very glad that the New Yorkers want Mr. Bancroft—perhaps he is not so well known there as here, however.

A LAUNCH.—A launch came off at Amesbury, in this State, a few days since. It was that of the bark Homer, of four hundred tons burthen, and built by Osgood & McKay.—This fine vessel is a splendid specimen of naval architecture, and is to be commanded by that experienced seaman and true-hearted sailor, Capt. Francis O. Willman. Success attend her.

The Flag of our Union says that the fountain on Boston Common throws water to the height of one hundred feet. Not so high as that, we think.—*Lynn News.*

We'll bet you an ice cream that we are correct, to be eaten at Vinton's, next time you come to town.

NAVAL.—U. S. sloop of war Falmouth sailed from our harbor a few days since for the Pacific station. She fired a grand salute on getting under way, which shook the window glass on the wharves and east side of the city as though they had a fit of the ague.

APPOINTMENTS AT BOSTON.—George Lunt has been appointed U. S. District Attorney in place of Robert Rantoul, Jr. William Hayden, Postmaster, in place of Nathaniel Greene, and Charles Devans, Jr., of Greenfield, Mass., U. S. Marshall, in place of Isaac O. Barnes.

KAVANAH.—Redding & Co. have Longfellow's new work thus entitled, a book that is characteristic of its author, who is the most beautiful, yet egotistical writer of the day, except Lamartine, to whom he seems a twin brother.

MADEIRA.—We have received by the ship Mary Mitchell a graphic and interesting letter from our Madeira correspondent, which we shall publish next week. It relates to the romantic discovery of this gem of the ocean.

F. S. SAXTON, at 19 State street, has a convenient periodical depot where all the current literature of the day may be found. The Flag of our Union is to be had at Mr. Saxton's.

ROBBERS AND BURGLARS.—Our city seems to be infested with these reckless characters and it behoves our citizens to be on the guard.

### OUR OLIO COLUMN.

[Written for The Flag of our Union.]

#### Welcome to Spring.

BY SAMUEL L. SANGER.

Hail, youthful Spring! once more
I welcome thy return,
As to our own New England shore
Thy wayward footsteps turn:
Welcome, welcome, joyful Spring,
With all the pleasures thou dost bring.

Thou hast come in thine own good time,
With soft, refreshing showers;
Which wake to life the forest trees,
And ope the fragrant flowers;
Then welcome, welcome, youthful Spring!
With thy May flowers blossoming.

Thou hast come, with thy singing birds,
To cheer the passing hour;
How sweet to listen to their song,
Neath Flora's shady bower;
Thy welcome, fair and gladsome Spring,
The red-breast robins sweetly sing.

O tell me, hast thou wandered
Where tropic breezes blow;
Where balmy fragrance fills the air,
And pearly streamlets flow;
Where storms and lightnings never play,
And life seems one long summer day?
Yes, thou hast come from that fair clime
Where the orange groves in beauty shine.

I fain would have thee ever stay,
To cheer our cottage home;
To breathe around thy sunny smiles,
With beauty all thine own;
And lend thy charms to smooth the way,
As through this life we onward stray;
Then, a long welcome, I would sing,
To thee, O fair enchanting Spring.

How like the spring-time of our life,
When all seemed bright and fair;
With nought to mar our joyous sports,
Or cloud the brow with care.
Those happy days how quickly past!
Like thee, O Spring, too fair to last;
To thee, this tribute I would pay,
Fit emblem of our 'life's young day.'

#### The Girl for me.

Gay girls in satins shining
I do not wish to see;
In luxury reclining,
They're not the girls for me.

Give me the joyous maidens,
Brimful of glee;
Their hearts with laughter laden,
They are the girls for me.

Their eyes are ever sparkling,
Their cheeks like roses glow;
With lips, like rosebuds parting,
They cheerful smiles bestow.

They gather health and beauty
From morning's early breath;
They greet, as 'sware their duty,
The sunrise on the heath.

'Tis they who drink, with pleasure,
The warbler's early song;
And ramble at their leisure
Sweet dewy flowers among.

A charm around them lingers,
A charm that blooms and speaks;
Painted by angels' fingers
Upon their glowing cheeks.

A maiden, gay and gladsome,
Let my companion be;
A smile for all, a frown for none—
Ah, that's the girl for me.

#### Song of a Steeple Chase.

If I've got a donkey wot wont go,
I mustn't wollop him—O no, no!
The laws of the land says I shan't do so,
My sporting tulips!

I wants to know in pint of fact,
Which on us most breaks Martin's act
Agin dumb animals being whacked,
You or I?

If a stubborn ass wont mend his pace,
And I gives it im over the ed and face,
Wot's that to running a steeple chase,
Neck or nuffin?

When you cuts and flays your osses hides,
And digs your spurs into their sides,
And outs death the creetur rides,
For a foolish frolic.

At Liverpool, the tother day,
Three on 'em was killed in that shameful way,
And nobody had no fine to pay,
Not a farden.

One had his thigh broke—two their backs;
Now, I beg respectfully to ax
If there oughtn't to be a cruelty tax
For gentlefolks!

If me, or Jim, or Tom, or Bill,
Was to use a hanimal half as ill,
'Twould be forty bob, or a month at the mill,
And serve us right.

So if I've got a donkey wot wont go,
I don't dare to wallop him—O no, no!
But there's one law for high, and another for low,
My sporting tulips.—*Punch.*

#### An Editor's Life.

Write, write, write,
Till the sun is hid in the west,
And write, write, write,
Till he comes again in the east.
An editor in his sanctum sat,
And plied his pen and his ink,
Till his eyes were red, and his fire was dead,
And his brain would hardly think.

Write, write, write,
From Sabbath to Sabbath again,
And write, write, write,
With weary hand and pen.
An editor's life is surely the worst,
No time to rest or stop,
With a brain that is aching and nearly burst,
And compositor calling for copy.

Ye patrons dear, who the papers read,
While toasting your shins by the fire,
And the flickering light on the earth is bright,
And you've all that you desire;
O, think of the Editor's woes and toil,
That you the news may gain;
Of wars, and stocks, and crops of the soil,
And your ships upon the main.

#### A Melancholy Lover.

Cease, bluebird, cease your merry morning note!
I'd rather hear the dreadful thunder roll;
Bee, buzzing, hee—the music of your throat,
Though base, just suits the tenor of my soul.

Ye buds and flowers, send forth your sweet perfume
And glad the nostrils of the vernal year;
It comes to me like odor from the tomb,
Or stench arising from a horse-pool near.

Flow on, calm streams, through ever blooming vales,
In peace and happiness, unto the sea;
Skip, lambkins, skip,—and shake your little tails—
I know you're glad—but pause, and think o' me!

Strut, strut, old rooster, with your lady hen—
She's bliss to you, though speckled, white or black,
But I, alas, can know no joy again,
For Molly Stubbs has given me the sack!

#### Children.

Heavens, the racket! keep those children quiet!
The house is trembling from its sill to rafter
Beneath the tumult of their noise and laughter,
While carrying on their small domestic riot.
'Better to have ten rogues than e'er a fool,'
Some one has said in philosophic way,
And that's precisely what I now would say,
To soothe me for their disregard of rule.
'Troublesome comforts' at the best are they—
But death-stilled be the music of that tongue
Whose note the loudest through the house hath rung,
And what a cloud has fallen on our day!
Traverse the world, we'll find, where'er we roam,
Few spots more cheerless than a childless home!
*Boston Post.*

#### Sonnet to a Tomcat.

Thou midnight chorister, that o'er housetop rambles,
With most melodious and mellifluent hymn,
Making night vocal, though the stars be dim,
As in thy mirth, thy wanton spirit gambols
O'er shed and fence, with most chamois-like scrambles,
Pavement and chimney-top alike are thine—
Haunts where the foot of man can never go—
Loopholes and cockleofts, he can never know,
Echo thy dulcet and translucent whine,
Whose lofty note, like Jenny Lind's shall shine,
Thou very night-engale of school feline;
Prythee, sing on, there's magic mingled in thy song
I love to linger near thy voice's swelling;
Thy heart seems figured in thy tongue, and telling
Some tale of folly, falsehood, vice or wrong,
Unto the dreamy world the lone night long.

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[Written for The Flag of our Union.]

### Call Flowers.

BY THE GREEN MOUNTAIN BARD.

Call flowers, young flowers, to wreathe the brow,
And shade the temples pure as snow
Of prattling infancy;
The pure white rose with daisy joined,
And round its young form sweetly twined,
A fitting wreath shall be;
A truthful tale we read from thence,
Beauty allied with innocence.

Call flowers, young flowers, to twine among
The sunny ringlets careless flung,
Of sportive childhood's form;
The crocus tells of youthful joy,
The hawthorn, hope without alloy—
Of life without a storm;
Together twined, they sweetly speak
The bliss in early years we seek.

Call flowers, sweet flowers, to die—how blest!
Upon the coy young maiden's breast,
And shed their perfume there;
The violet, rose, and lily white,
With orange flowers and jasmine bright—
A gathering sweet and rare;
'Tis modesty and beauty joined,
With purity of heart and mind.

Call flowers, fair flowers, a sweet bouquet,
To languish where soft blushes play
Athwart the bride's pale brow;
The bridal rose, forget-me-not,
Blue-bells and pinks together wrought
An offering meet, I trow;
Confiding love, true, constant, pure,
That through long ages shall endure.

Call flowers, to grace the brow of age—
The patriot, statesman, poet, sage,
Bring laurel wreaths to crown;
With these the amaranth entwined,
Conveys this lesson to the mind—
That deeds of high renown
Oft win the applause by mortals given,
But may not win the smiles of heaven.

[Written for The Flag of our Union.]

### To Time

BY R. H. FERNALD.

Dark and mysterious stream! thou glidest on,
Rolling thy noiseless tide o'er ages gone;
Thou ever past and present, yet to be,
Thou bright reflection of eternity!
Where's thy beginning? what shall be thy end?
In vain the works of human art contend
With thee; they are as sands upon thy shore,
And thy remorseless billows shall roll o'er
Them, leaving nought save ruins to be seen,—
As thou art now, so ever hast thou been.
And thou hast seen, since first the world began,
Whate'er has come of good or ill to man.
Beholding generations pass away,
Empires and kingdoms sinking to decay,
And on their ruins other empires stand,
Which in their turn decay at thy command.
Thou dark mausoleum of the mighty past,
Who can recount the treasures which thou hast
Within thy coffers; nought but history's page
Can bear the record on, from age to age.
The life of man is measured out by thee;
Thou art the canvas, on which all can see
The panoramic picture of their lives
Perpetually moving on till it arrives,
From its first scene of infancy and bloom,
Unto its last of dotage and the tomb.
Roll on, inexorable stream of time,
And ravage every shore and every clime
Throughout the earth, but thou canst ne'er control
The destinies of man's undying soul;
Above thy dark and whelming waves 'twill rise
To its immortal home beyond the skies,
And there remain, forever lost to thee,
In the vast ocean of eternity.

[Written for the Flag of our Union.]

### A Picture.

BY W. H. BLACKBURN.

The sun's going down—the azure west
All nature seems to tinge
With golden light, so gilded bright,
The foliage finely fringe.

The murmuring brook so lovely looks,
As bubbling through the dale
It sparkles bright with silvery light,
Enchanter of the vale.

The blithesome lark, o'er bower and bark,
Sends forth his music clear;
And seems to wail a soothing tale,
Remembrance so dear.

Now change the scene from summer green
To winter's frost and chill;
Exchange the sight for winter white—
Its snow-crowned, lofty hills.

The foliage gone, the deadened lawn,
Bespeak of age's cold breath;
And seem to say, 'Mankind, array
Yourself for coming death.'

[Written for The Flag of our Union.]

### Rose Telbin.

BY MARIA HOOPER.

The following lines were written on hearing of the death of this young lady (late of the Broadway Theatre, New York), from disease contracted at Park Theatre, while in the discharge of her duties.

And has her gentle spirit fled
To realms of peace on high?
And is she numbered with the dead!
She seemed too fair to die.

The budding flower, thus rudely torn
From this, its parent earth,
Has left its balmy sweetness here,
That we might feel its worth.

And thou art gone, fair, blooming flower!
Of innocence and beauty rare;
Gone to thy grave, in youth's bright hour,
And left this world of grief and care.

Farewell! and must it be for aye
That I that lonely word shall speak?
Farewell! O yes, till youth's decay
Shall warn my soul its God to seek.

[Written for The Flag of our Union.]

### Sonnet to the April Moon.

BY WILLIAM ALBERT SUTCLIFFE.

Ho, April moon! what scepre of magician
Has raised thy form up from the silvery hills,
With pallid face, as a worn-out patrician—
To swathe with sober radiance our rills?
Thou that didst look on Eden through the blossoms,
And see fair Eve sleeping beneath the shade,
Scanning the fragrant depth of lily bosoms,
That on Euphrates' tossing waters played?
How is earth changed since then thou spokest greeting
To willowy summits by that olden stream,
And sawst her restore away to her heart's beating,
And watchedst the flashing glimmer of her dream!
How was it then, did Eden's own know tears?
Wept they to thee as those of later years?

# MISCELLANEOUS.

[Written for The Flag of our Union.]

## THE YANKEE SAILOR:

OR,

## THE MINGO'S FETISH.

BY CAPT. ROBERT BARNACLE.

### CHAPTER I.

'And though when terror's swoon had past,
She saw a youth of mortal kind.'

It was late one afternoon that Frank Hathaway, a fine-looking, brown-cheeked, and curly-headed Yankee sailor, was threading his way carelessly through one of the narrow streets of Havana. He gazed from side to side, from verandah to balcony, as he sauntered along, wondering if all the bright black eyes that he could see at times peering from behind half-closed jalousies were glancing at him, when suddenly he heard a female voice crying for help. That sound struck a sympathizing chord in the generous sailor's breast, and he looked anxiously around to discover from whence it came. Again he heard the cry, and he was persuaded that the sound came from a house opposite to him. He hurried across the street, and with a little difficulty pushed open a front door, when he found himself in a room alone. The noise of struggles and smothered cries was overhead, and his heart beat quick as he rushed up a flight of stairs at hand. On dashing open the door that he found at the top, he saw a tall, black-whiskered and pock-marked Spaniard, dressed richly in the extremity of the prevailing fashion, and with hair dishevelled, standing, or rather stooping in a menacing attitude, over the form of a young and beautiful female. His right hand was drawn back, holding a dagger, whilst with his left he held her down. A dwarfish, monkey-faced negro lad of fourteen or fifteen years, was jabbering with frighted accents some negro gibberish, and vainly grabbing at the upraised arm that held the weapon.

'Promise! promise!' cried, or rather hissed the man, passionately through his closed teeth.

'Never!' said the girl, and the next instant a blow planted in the vicinity of the ear from Frank's brown fist, sent the man headlong to the opposite side of the room. The lady gave a faint scream of joy at this opportune rescue, whilst the man recovered himself in a moment and rushed back upon Frank. The sailor braced himself in pugilistic style for the shock, and with a well-directed blow dashed the dagger from his adversary's hand, and in an instant after, the two were clenched in each other's arms, each striving to press the other down. Like two serpents entwined they writhed and strove. Around and around the room they rapidly whirled, the sailor depending upon his Yankee skill in wrestling, and the Spaniard on his superior strength. A moment after and they fell heavily to the floor, the Spaniard uppermost, and he glared fiercely upon the other as he drew back his head and saw a few feet distant, the dagger on the floor. For a few minutes the sailor strove with desperate energy to throw off his antagonist, but in vain; the superior strength of the Spaniard prevailed, and he uttered a low demon's chuckle as he felt the sailor's efforts cease. Murder was in his heart, and lurked in his glance, as he reached out his disengaged hand for the dagger. The little negro imp who had leaped upon a table in the corner, and crouched like a monkey during the wrestle, now jumped from his place, chattering wildly, and with his foot removed the weapon a little farther distant.

'*Caraho!*' muttered the Spaniard, giving an appalling look at the imp, who immediately ran cowering back to his corner again; and again the dagger was almost within reach of the Spaniard. The sailor cast a wild, fearful glance towards the weapon, and seemed to feel that his was indeed a desperate case. One desperate grasp more and the Spaniard had his fingers upon the hilt; but by so doing his body was somewhat unguarded, and the sailor with sudden force drew his knees nearly to his chin, and kicking downward with the fury of a wild horse, he threw his athletic adversary backwards with a stunning blow, through the open window to the balcony, and from thence he tumbled to the street below, a distance of twenty feet.

'Santa Maria! what an escape;' cried the lady, who, during the rapid and desperate conflict, had been benumbed and irresolute with fear; and who now seized her preserver's hand, as she knelt before him, her bright eyes speaking with grateful joy through her tears. 'O, kind, noble sir—thanks, many thanks, and the blessing of good Mary mother rest upon you!' said she.

'Ha, ha, he, he;' gobbled the little negro, with wild and exulting shouts, as he danced around the room. 'Oogotoboo flewed out ob de winder. Cari! cari! but missy, missey Juanet look out for *de pieds;*' continued he, as he pointed with comic drollery at Frank's feet.

Frank gazed with admiration upon the fair girl before him, and for a moment his heart beat proudly, whilst a thousand little fairy images flitted through his mind. But soon cries and shouts from the street told him that a crowd was gathering in front, and perhaps further stay would be dangerous, and he looked round for some avenue for escape. The shouts arrested the attention of the lady also, and she ran to the window.

'Quick! Mingo, quick! and bar the door;' cried she, to the imp; the Soldados are coming;' then turning to our hero, she said in hurried accents: 'O, kind sir, what have I done! thus to endanger your life! but here, perhaps escape is not impossible—'tis your only chance!' Saying this, she threw open a door which led into a back apartment—then opening a window, she pointed up to a balcony. 'Have you the courage to attempt it? O yes,—I know you have; why need I ask? Adios, adios, kind, brave sir; my life, my all, I owe thee—thanks!'

Frank gazed for a moment in the large, lustrous orbs before him; he scanned for a second the beautifully rounded figure, the clusters of rich black hair that were before him, and pressing a kiss upon the taper fingers that trembled in his, he then seized the top of the swinging jalousies, and sprang to the sill of a window in an adjoining house. From thence by the aid of a projecting stone in the wall, he climbed to a balcony above, and after a few more similar efforts, he reached the roof of the house. Here he paused to listen to the noise and confusion that reigned beneath him, among the soldiers, who were searching the house for him, incited by offers of large rewards. He waited but a moment, however, and then followed on from house to house on the roof, until he arrived at the end of the block. Here he lowered himself down with sailor-like agility upon the roof of a house of less height, and then on a shed in the rear, and from thence he leaped to a narrow street, far removed from the scene of his adventure. He lost no time in proceeding to the quay and embarking on board the ship to which he belonged. That night strange visions haunted Frank. His slumbers were broken by dreams of angels, demons and conflicts. He fought like Bunyan's Christian against a host of evil spirits, and whenever upon the point of being overpowered by them, that beautiful form would float in before him, and with one stroke of her wand put them all to flight.

### CHAPTER II.

'And she is now his captive—thrown,
In his fierce hands, alive, alone.'

A week after the adventures of the last chapter, the ship to which our hero was attached, was ploughing the waves homeward, bound to New York. One fine morning, when a little to the northward of the Bahamas, and the ship was running along with a good free breeze, a man aloft cried out:

'Sail ho! sail ho!'

'Where away?' inquired the captain, from the quarter-deck.

'About three points on the lee bow, sir;' was the reply.

'What does she look like?' again inquired the captain.

'A small craft, sir, hove to the wind with all sails furled.'

'Hove to! sails all furled—surely that is strange!' said the wondering captain. 'Here, steward, hand me my glass from the stateroom.'

'She is making sail, sir. Ah! there, sir, I can see her plainly now,' said the man aloft.

'Well, what do you make of her now?'

'A polacca rigged brig, sir; she is now close hauled, and standing athwart our bow.'

This conversation had attracted the attention of all on board, and the mate, an old sea dog, who was now on deck, scrutinized the strange sail for a long time through his glass. Again and again he arranged the focus of his glass, and as often looked round with an undecided air.

'What do you think of her?' inquired the captain, anxiously.

'Shiver me, if I know e'xactly what to think,' replied the mate; 'she's out of my log book entirely—and she's not a craft for these waters, no more than a codfish is for Lake Erie.'

'What think you of her manœuvring? What do you suppose she was hove to for?'

'Wall,' drawled the mate, after taking another look through his glass, 'It's my opinion she's after one of three things—reckoning, provisions, or our lives and freight money.'

'Good heavens! which of the three?' asked a passenger, who stood at the mate's elbow.

'Can't e'xactly say,' drawled the mate, in reply.

In a short time the strange sail was visible from the deck, and her decks were seen to be full of men. The two vessels rapidly approached each other, the ship steering her course with the wind over the quarter, while the brig was sailing close to the wind, running up from the leeward, in order to place herself in the path of the ship, apparently to intercept her for some purpose. The cheek of the captain paled, as he saw each successive manœuvre of the brig. He could hardly believe that there were pirates abroad, in seas so much frequented, and in the track of all northern craft. But still, every manœuvre of the brig was suspicious, and O, horrors! if it should prove to be so; and thoughts of murder in all its forms flitted through his mind, and memories of his dear wife and little ones at home came over him. The brig soon sailed up to the track which the ship would steer, and there about a half mile in advance, she hauled her head sails to windward and awaited the coming of the ship.

'Ship ahoy! heave to;' cried a voice from the brig, as the ship arrived abreast of her. The captain hesitated for a moment, whilst his heart palpitated with fear, and he hardly knew whether it was better to comply, or endeavor to keep on his course.

'Heave to!' shouted the voice again, 'or surely I'll blow you out of the water;' at the same instant a sheet of flame sprang from the brig's bow, and a crash, and flying splinters from the ship, told that the shot had taken effect; and as the smoke of the gun blew away, a small black flag with a white skull and cross-bones flying at the peak, told the calling of the brig's company. Blank despair and horror were stamped on the features of all. Some groaned and smote their breasts, others wept and prayed, whilst a few, and among whom were the mate and Frank, looked around for weapons, with the determined air of men resolved to sell their lives dearly. A few cutlasses and boarding pikes were found by the mate and distributed among the crew and passengers. Meanwhile the main-top-sail of the ship had been laid aback, in obedience to the pirate's order. On board of the brig all was activity, among the horde that filled her decks, and two boats filled with armed desperadoes put off from her sides. A few minutes sufficed to bring them alongside—one boat made a dash at the fore-chains, and the other at the main, and as the motley crew of the pirates clambered up the side, they were met by the gallant few of the ship's company. The conflict was but of a few minutes' duration. It was as one against one hundred.

'What?' cried a hoarse voice, the tones of which were recognized by Frank. 'Opposition from the fools!—aboard—aboard!'

The pirates, infuriated by opposition, poured in over the rail in hordes, yelling like Indians, and with their keen weapons cut down all opposition. The sturdy old mate was one of the first victims; he was cut down like a weed. Some fled aloft, and from thence jumped overboard, when pursued, preferring to die in the embrace of Neptune, than meet the pirate's sword. Frank stood for a few moments by the side of the mate, and with him stemmed for a time the torrent of foes; but when he saw his companion fall, his hope fled, and he fought on with wild despair. Two or three were in front of him dealing blows which he admitly parried, until a thrust from behind felled him to the deck, covered with blood. He closed his eyes and commended himself to God, as he saw the uplifted sabre of one of the assailants about to descend upon him.

'Hold, hold up! Strike not for your life!' cried the voice Frank had recognized as belonging to the person with whom he had the rencontre in Havana. 'He's my meat, and I want the cooking of him myself. Caraho, this is rare good luck! Pitch him into the boat; he crossed my path in Havana, and, by the foul fiend, I'll have a better revenge than killing him; that would please him too well. No, I'll roast him by inches. I'll learn him how beautiful is the revenge of Pedro Moril.'

Frank was immediately tumbled into one of the boats alongside, faint and despairing. The life-blood stirred slowly within him, and he would gladly, if able, have rolled over the boat's side and sought rest beneath the blue waves. His lips uttered but one short prayer, and that was for 'death—speedy death.' As he was being dragged up from the boat over the brig's side, he opened his eyes upon the ship in time to see her tall spars and white sails reel to and fro for a moment, like a drunken man, then plunge beneath the sea. One wild shriek rose up from the waters which engulphed her, and all was still. The pirates had scuttled her, and she now served as a fitting tomb for her gallant crew. Frank closed his eyes to shut out the horrid sight, and for a few minutes his spirit struggled to be free. When consciousness returned to him, he found himself bound with irons, in a small room or cell in the steerage of the brig, which was contiguous to the cabin. He rubbed his eyes to accustom them to the darkness of his cell, and while endeavoring to collect his scattered thoughts, a noise by his side caused him to look around, when he saw what appeared to be a small scuttle or door in the partition slide open, and a couple of wild looking eyes stared in upon him. The next moment the dwarfish, monkey-shaped figure of the Mingo boy crept in upon all fours, and stood up before him. After gazing upon Frank for a moment as if in doubt, the little dwarf said in mournful tones:

'Oogotoboo catchy you! Cari, cari. Oogotoboo bad fetish. Misericordia! he catchy Missy Juanet, too. O, misericordia, misericordia! catchy me, catchy Missy Juanet, catchy you! very bad fetish. But Ququ, mingo's fetish, say to me,' continued he, as his eyes flashed; 'dat Oogotoboo go tum-tum—(die). Ququ, good fetish, neber lie—hate lie—ha! ha! ha! But missy—poor Missy Juanet—'

'Mistress! your mistress here?' said Frank, with astonishment, as he raised his head and gazed upon the dwarf before him.

The Mingo nodded his head mournfully in assent.

'What?' continued the wonder-stricken sailor, 'here on board this vessel?'

Again the Mingo nodded his head, and pointed with his wizard-like finger towards the cabin.

'Tell me—how—where—how did it happen?'

At that instant a loud noise in the cabin caused the Mingo to drop on all fours, and steal away noiselessly as a cat. Frank could hardly credit his own ears. The lady whom he had been fortunate enough to rescue from the assassin's dagger a few days previous, now in the ruthless pirates' grasp! it seemed impossible! Was not all this a dream—a phantasy of the brain? Alas! no; his sore limbs, his wounds, attested to the truth of this strange drama. But why did fate throw them together again? Why this deep, growing, heartfelt interest in one but once seen? to tantalize—to mock him and murder? cruel fate! and he groaned in agony. A few minutes since and death would have been a boon—indeed now the prospect of it was appalling. He trembled with fear, and he listened with a beating heart to every noise. Sounds of voices in altercation reached him from the cabin and he dragged himself to the scuttle by which he had seen the Mingo enter and listened, and if any doubts as to his future fate or hopes of escape had arisen in his breast, they were instantly put to flight by what he there heard.

'So you still refuse—you still scorn me, proud maiden?' said a voice, in bitter tones. 'Beware, beware how you tempt the love that burns in my veins like molten lead—that has caused me to meet dangers that would appal the stoutest heart; tempt it not, lest it turn to hate. Know you not that your life is in my hands—that I can torture—that I can throw you to the tender mercies of my pirate crew, like a lamb in a den of tigers? Know you all this, and fear me not? Beware, I say, how you provoke to anger one who never forgave an injury, or left an insult unavenged. Even now, the dastard who dared raise his hand against me in your presence, the fiends blast him, is in my power, and you shall see this day how Pedro Moril avenges an insult.'

'What! the sailor—the Americano?' said a soft voice, in accents that caused the blood which had rolled back upon Frank's heart like the dammed waters of a river, to leap through every vein. 'O, spare him!' continued the voice, which he easily recognized, 'spare him, but murder me if you will!'

'Ah, ha! you relent, my charming; I have struck a tender chord, eh? Well, then, to save him, this sailor you have such a fancy for, you will consent to be mine? say, is it so?'

Frank listened with almost suffocating feelings for the answer.

'Thine!' said the voice, cold and hollow; 'thine! the murderer of my father! never, never—'

'Ha! still scornful? Now listen, since you will have it so. The instant my men have partaken of the feast now preparing for them—in four, ay, three hours shall not elapse before you shall see this vagabond Matanero, rent limb from limb—tortured, torn in pieces inch by inch at your side—you shall see his contortions, and his shrieks shall ring in your ears—and then for you, proud maiden—we'll see—'

Frank fell back more dead than alive, and groaned in the agony of his thoughts—to die thus—to be tortured, torn, murdered thus; 'twas horrid! After a few minutes he again crept forward and endeavored by opening the scuttle, to obtain a glimpse of his fair fellow prisoner. On looking into the cabin he saw the curtains of a berth moved stealthily aside, and the small, wild eyes of the Mingo peaking out and peering cautiously around. When the imp was satisfied that no one besides his mistress was in the cabin, he leaped out of the berth where he had been concealed during the preceding interview, and approached his mistress, who was concealed from Frank's view by the fixtures of the cabin.

'Missy! don't let your eyes rain de hot water. Ququ speaky me many times—Ququ good fetish—neber tell Mingo lie—Ququ say de white man's big fetish be here—de Americanos fetish dat will send de Oogotoos all tumtum—me look for fetish.'

The dwarf then approached the cabin door and listened for a moment; appearing satisfied, he then commenced searching the lockers of the cabin, as if in quest of something. After a little search he crept up on the transom and opened what appeared to be the medicine chest, and taking out a phial that was filled with a white powder, he glared wildly around for a moment, then after kissing the phial he concealed it in his dress.

'Ha! ha! missy,' whispered he, 'Mingo hab de fetish;' saying this, he disappeared from the cabin.

Frank drew himself back to his former position and was soon deeply engaged in prayer. The moments flew as they can fly from a condemned man only, and a half hour passed to him like a moment. A movement at the scuttle arrested his attention, and the Mingo stood before him, his eyes sparkling like burning coals.

'Ququ speaky me—Ququ say if Oogotoboo gib Americano soup for eat, Americano no eat—no eat—big fetish in soup—Missy Juanet no eat—Mingo no eat.'

Frank, in his present state of mind understood not the negro's gibberish, and looking upon it only as the offspring of an idiotic mind, turned from him and wished to be alone in his last few moments. The negro crept away as stealthily as he came, and Frank was absorbed with his devotions. Presently his attention was arrested by a groan from the deck; then another, and another—a wild despairing shriek and a plunge in the water alongside. What could it mean? Again groans and shrieks from fore and aft he heard—bodies fell heavily upon the deck—the sails flapped heavily, and the ship keeled down upon the weather side as if her sails were filled aback. In a moment the howls and groans of pain and the heavy plunge of bodies in the water were continuous. The truth flashed upon him! horror of horrors! the Mingo had poisoned the food and water, and even now over half the piratical horde were dead. Amid the howls, and shrieks, and groans of the dying, he now could hear the Mingo boy saying with exulting shouts—

'De big fetish work—ha! ha! Oogotoboo go tum-tum—ha! ha! Oogotoboo eaty feast, he drink, he go tum-tum—ha! ha!'

A thousand hopes and fears now crowded on Frank's brain. He drew himself to the scuttle and looked into the cabin. At that instant the cabin doors flew open, and the pirate chief, Pedro Moril, staggered in with ghastly face, the blood oozing from his mouth and nostrils. He flourished a dagger above his head for a moment, glared round with a death-like stare, and fell a corpse. The cabin doors again opened, and the wild eyes of the dwarf peered cautiously in, and seeing the chief lying dead, he ventured in. After satisfying himself that the chief was dead, he proceeded to release Frank from his irons. This was speedily effected, and our hero at once went on deck. There a sight greeted his eyes that for a moment chilled his blood. The whole crew of pirates were dead. A majority of them had leaped overboard, and the sharks were sporting with their bodies alongside. Many of those lying about decks had fallen in personal conflict with each other during their delirium, and their ghastly wounds gaped on all sides of him. The man at the wheel had fallen at his duty, and the brig was now floating about at the mercy of the winds and waves. He gazed but a moment upon this scene, and hastened to the cabin. There he found the lady kneeling before a crucifix with the Mingo by her side. Upon seeing Frank she sprang forward and grasped his hand. Are they gone?' she asked; 'all gone?'

'Every soul on board except us, my lady, has been summoned before God!'

'Then the Mingo told me true, and we are free; O, joy, joy. Holy Virgin! I thank thee—but alas! what can we do on the lone ocean? can we sail to land?'

'O, yes, my lady,' replied Frank; 'the vessel is not large and we can manage.'

Frank, with the assistance of the Mingo, dragged the body of Moril on deck and launched it overboard. He then performed a similar act with the remaining dead bodies, and it was not until this was finished that the horror of the scene through which they had passed appeared to him in its true light. The joy of escape from personal danger at first had made him look upon the death of these lawless men as the destruction of so many reptiles, but now when all had disappeared in the bosom of the ocean, and they were alone and in present safety, with nothing but the ocean and the sky around, the thought came over him that these men were like him, accountable beings, and that they had been summoned before a just God without a moment for repentance. Frank felt at that moment as if he had participated in murder, and he hardly dared to raise his eyes towards heaven. But the care of the vessel called his attention, and he now forgot these thoughts amid his various duties. He soon arranged things so that he could make and take in sail alone, and placing the Mingo at the wheel he taught him to steer. Juanet also gave much assistance, and in a few hours they had the brig steering a course for New York.

Dear reader, I will not go into a tedious and unnecessary description of the various ingenious plans invented by them to work their vessel to the land; or yet dwell upon every little incident of their voyage, but will explain a little of the past, and draw my story to a close. Juanet Angoula was the only child of Don Perez Angoula, a rich widower of Havana. Pedro Moril, for many years known in Havana as a wild and dissipated son of an old Castilian family, sought the hand of the daughter of the rich Angoula, in order to repair his fallen fortune, but was rejected by both parent and daughter. After this he disappeared for several years, and when he re-appeared in Havana he was wealthy. He again sought the hand of the beautiful Juanet, whom now he had learned to love, but was again rejected.

This only incited his violent passions more, and he determined that he would obtain his object at all hazards. Accordingly he waylaid and murdered the father while on a visit to his plantations in the country. He then repaired to the city and attempted to carry off the daughter by force, but was interrupted by our hero as described in the first chapter. The following day, however, his plans were better matured, and he succeeded in kidnapping the fair Juanet, and robbing the house of all its valuables. With his prize he repaired to the rendezvous of a piratical band, of which he had been the chief, and embarked, intending probably, when time had tamed down the opposition of his victim to settle in some foreign land.

Of the events which transpired since, the reader has been apprized. Juanet, on being asked by Frank if she wished to return to Havana, replied: 'That now, since deprived of her only relative, her father, she cared not to return to scenes, every familiar object of which would inflict a wound. Then she would be but a stranger in her own home, and she cared not now where fate's billow tossed her frail bark. Frank with a warm and generous word soothed her sorrowing spirit, and was not long in persuading her to accept his heart and hand. The hours flew swiftly on, and they experienced but little difficulty in navigating their vessel, each one keeping watch in turn. Upon searching the vessel, they found that the pirates had not been idle in their robberies, for they had concealed in the run over a half million of dollars in gold coin. They debated for some time upon their future policy, but in the end concluded, in order to escape needless inquiry and legal investigation, to scuttle the vessel when near the land, and keep their adventure secret. Accordingly they navigated the brig to the coast, and when they were near Sandy Hook, they hoisted out the launch and after rigging a sail and placing provisions, treasures, &c., in it, they scuttled the brig and proceeded to New York.

Frank Hathaway now resides in a beautiful villa, situated on the East River, enjoying with his beautiful Spanish bride, all the happiness possible for a man to enjoy. And thus may it be with every true Yankee sailor, who has the heart and courage to defend the fair and win his way to fortune.

The Mingo dwarf, although misshapen and somewhat repulsive at the first sight, yet possesses many excellent qualities and mingles with his superstitions a wild devotion to his mistress and new master. He now spends his days in watching Frank's pet rabbits and poultry, or in a small and beautiful sail boat on the river in front of the villa, in the management of which he displays much skill, thinking and dreaming of nothing but his devotion to Ququ and his mistress.

[Written for The Flag of our Union.]

### Stand to thy Post.

BY J. C. SMITH.

Stand to thy post, sentry of night!
The foe may be near in his fearful might;
Stand to thy post—though rain, and storm,
And the driving winds, beset thy form;
Stand, though the strowy ether come,
Thy heart grow cold, and thy limbs grow numb;
Stand, though utterance scarce can tell,
Through the pangs of impatience, 'all is well,'
Stand to thy post, to duty's call,
Stand like a stern, stout man, and fall.

Stand at thy post, child of low life,
Bitter with tears, and torn with strife;
Stand to thy post, though wounded pride
Grate in thy heart, and the world deride;
Toil at thy task, though things of fame
Think it beneath thee to do the same;
Toil at thy task, though they contemn,
Act like a man in spite of them.

Stand fast! stand fast! 'twill more than repay
For all thou hast suffered in life's cold day;
Stand fast! stand fast! even though be the spot
Where sentinel froze, or soldier was shot;
Where traveller sunk in the midst of the sand,
Or sailor lost sight of the light and the land;
Where martyr was burnt, or sufferer said,
'Down is my pillow and roses my bed;'
Meet with the worst, as thou'st met it from birth;
Then pillow thy head on old mother earth;
And when the stern call for thy exit shall come,
Shalt leave thy hard striving for a glorious home.

[Written for the Flag of our Union.]

### SELLING AN EXTRA COW.

BY S. E. CHURCH.

In one of the towns west of the Connecticut river, there lived a queer genius of the human race, called by his neighbors and acquaintances throughout the country, by the name of Oz. Now, Oz was very economical and saving, and always in fear lest some one should cheat him, and not being overstocked with brains, nor generally beloved by his neighbors, they used to try their tricks upon him, and nearly always with success. One evening as the good people of the village were assembled at the store, Oz came in. He was not on very good terms with his neighbors, and some wonder was caused by his sudden appearance. However, no one expressed any surprise, and he forthwith became very talkative with the company, some of whom were at the time conjuring up something to pass off on Oz. Among those gathered, there was one Ebenezer W——, who had always been a sore torment to poor Oz. This Mr. W. was very poor, and being somewhat lazy, he sometimes chose to make by his cunning out of others' pockets what he failed to possess. So, throwing himself back in a chair, and opening his huge mouth, for it was enormous, he began:

'Gentlemen, I'll bet a treat all round that I've got the best cow there is in these diggins.'

Glance after glance from every eye told that the company were aware of some game.

'Got a good cow, d'ye say, Mr. W.? Do you want to sell her?'

'No, not that, Oz, I can't do that; I must have a cow.'

'Is she fust rate now, Mr. W.? I thought some one said that you were short for milk, and that you had to borrow of T——.'

'Short for milk, Oz? Why, come over some time, and I'll show you something you never saw before.'

'Wont you sell her, Mr. W.? wont you sell her?' cried Oz, in a paroxysm of excitement—for he began to think she was really something extra.'

'Why, the fact is, Oz, that I am very short of money, and if you will give me fifty dollars I don't know but I will let you have her.'

'I'll run over and see her milked next Saturday morning, and if she's as good as you tell for, I'll take her.'

Saturday came, and Oz, bright and early, was at W's. W. had just risen.

'Good morning, Mr. W., I've come to see that cow milked.'

'Wife,' cried W., as he took up the pail, 'hand me that other one.'

'Does it take two pails to hold her milk?' cried Oz, in an ecstasy of delight.

'Come and see.'

Oz went, and lo and behold, Mr. W. carried in two swimming pails of milk, all from that cow.'

'I'll take her—I see it all;' and forthwith the fifty dollars were deposited in W.'s hand.

Oz drove the cow home, rejoicing at his bargain. At night, he took two pails to go out and milk, but all he could get was half a pail full. He grew alarmed. Something was not right, and in double quick time he was at W's.

'I can't get but half a pail full from that critter, no way,' said Oz, as soon as he crossed the threshold.

'Well, I didn't very often,' calmly replied W.; 'but I hadn't milked her since night before last, and she gave a good deal more than usual this morning.'

This had a terrible effect upon Oz, but he couldn't help it. He had been gammoned, and paid fifty dollars for an animal not worth twenty. Oz *vamosed*, leaving W. laughing over his trick.

### A Quaker Artist.

BANVARD is in London with the 'Mississippi.' The whole city is in ecstasies with it, and no wonder. To the natives of a small island, whose largest stream stretches not more than three hundred and fifty miles, with all its windings, a river three thousand miles long, and in many places three or four miles wide, with several branches nearly or quite equal to itself, may well excite astonishment. And the wizard who can coil up such a river, or any respectable section of it, with its banks and their adjacencies, cities, towns, villages, landings, prairies, bluffs, etc., etc.,—convey them across the Atlantic, and show them up in London, may reasonably hope to make John Bull stare. His room is crowded day and evening, and it is credibly said, that John's eyes have been opened so wide, and kept open so long, in wonder at the show, that he has forgotten how to wink.—*Home Journal.*

[Written for The Flag of our Union.]

### True Love.

BY MRS. ELIZA P. W. PARSONS.

True love is like the damask rose,
The same in life and death;
In bloom it scents its native air—
Sweet is its dying breath.

True love is like the lucid beam
That o'er the diamond plays;
As sparkling on the shroud of night
As in the noontide blaze.

True love is like the silver stream
Which sometimes hides in earth;
As pure it rolls through sunless cells,
As when it leaped to earth.

True love is like the star that chants
On high its joyous hymn;
Nor less its glory when it sinks
Below its darkling rim.

True love is like all precious things,
Which flow, and gleam, and thrive,
Yet good, and strong, and firm, the storm
Of fitful time survive.

### Goldsmith.

Expired April 4th, 1774, Oliver Goldsmith, the celebrated Irish poet, who was born in a small village in the parish of Forney, county of Longford, Ireland, Nov. 10, 1728. His father was a poor clergyman, with a family of nine children; but Oliver obtained a good country education, and in 1745 was admitted to Trinity College, Dublin. At college he was thoughtless and irregular, and always in want. After graduating he became tutor to the family of a gentleman in Ireland, where he remained a year. He next proceeded to Edinburgh, where he studied medicine awhile, after which he travelled extensively on the continent. From Switzerland he sent the first sketch of 'The Traveller' to his brother. In 1756 the poet returned to England, after two years of wandering, lonely and in poverty. A college friend, Dr. Sleigh, enabled him to commence the practice of his profession, but his chief support arose from contributions to the periodical literature of the day.

Henceforward, says Chambers, the life of Goldsmith was that of a man of letters. He lived solely by his pen. Besides numerous contributions to the Monthly and Critical Reviews, the Lady's Magazine, the British Magazine, &c., he published an Inquiry into the Present State of Polite Learning in Europe (1759), his admirable Chinese Letters, afterwards published with the title of The Citizen of the World, a life of Beau Nash, and the History of England in a series of letters from a nobleman to his son. The latter was highly successful, and was popularly attributed to Lord Chesterfield. In December, 1764, appeared his poem of The Traveller, the chief corner-stone of his fame, 'without one bad line,' as has been said; 'without one of Dryden's careless verses.' Charles Fox pronounced it one of the finest poems in the English language; and Dr. Johnson (then numbered among Goldsmith's friends) said that The Traveller was so well established that Mr. Fox's praise could not augment it, nor his censure diminish it. The periodical critics were unanimous in its praise. In 1766 he published his exquisite novel, The Vicar of Wakefield, which had been written two years before, and sold to Newberry, the bookseller to discharge a distressing debt. His comedy of The Good Natured Man was produced in 1767, his Roman History next year, and the Deserted Village, in 1770. The latter was as popular as The Traveller, and speedily ran a number of editions. In 1773, Goldsmith's comedy, She Stoops to Conquer, was brought out at Covent Garden Theatre, with immense applause. He was now at the summit of his fame and popularity. The march had been long and toilsome, he was often nearly fainting by the way; but his success was at length complete. His name stood among the foremost of his contemporaries; his works brought him in from £1000 to £1800 per annum. Difficulty and distress still clung to him; poetry had found him poor at first, and she kept him so. From heedless profusion and extravagance, chiefly in dress, and from a benevolence which knew no limit while his funds lasted, Goldsmith was scarcely ever free from debt. The gaming table also presented irresistible attractions. He hung loosely on society, without wife or domestic tie; and his early habits and experience were ill calculated to teach him strict conscientiousness or regularity. He continued to write task-work for the booksellers, and produced a History of England in four volumes. This was succeeded by a History of Greece in two volumes, for which he was paid £250. He had contracted to write a History of Animated Nature in eight volumes, at the rate of a hundred guineas for each volume; but this work he did not live to complete, though the greater part was finished in his own attractive and easy manner. In March, 1784, he was attacked by a painful complaint (dysury), caused by close study which was succeeded by a nervous fever. Contrary to the advice of his apothecary, he persisted in the use of James's powders, a medicine to which he had often had recourse; and gradually getting worse, he expired in strong convulsions on the 4th of April.—*Boston Rambler.*

[Written for The Flag of our Union.]

### An Epitaph.

BY DR. E.

He was a man whom slander ne'er assailed,
Who walked the world untainted with its pride;
In all his acts integrity prevailed,
For conscience was his monitor and guide.
What though the grave has justified its claim,
And all his mortal energies o'erthrown,
His spirit lives in glory, and his name
Shall long outlive the record on this stone;
For it shall grace the muse's mournful lays,
Till forced herself to claim the tear she pays.
Though thy dear image from this world is fled,
And here thy ashes moulder with the dead;
Yet there is hope—a promise from on high
Proclaims a future where we cannot die;
Where fond affections never will be torn
From all its loves in loneliness to mourn:
But where a purer love will fill the soul,
Which time and change can nevermore control.

### A Child of Destiny.

A correspondent in Thursday's Advertiser gave an interesting account of the liberation from slavery of a little boy in Matanzas, who has been brought to this city. We have since learned some further particulars. He was brought into the market (Matanzas) to be sold, and it was said that he was won by the man who offered him for sale, at a gambling establishment—whether at a game of billiards or some other game, is not known. Several captains from this port, being present when the boy was offered for sale, and being attracted by his unusually interesting appearance, contributed to make up a purse of $226, and purchased the boy with the intention and purpose of bringing him here to educate him and give him some trade, or such start in life as his talents and abilities may warrant. He was committed to the charge of Capt. Gooding, who will be his guardian and protector, intending to have him fitted out, first with a name, of which he is now destitute, except such as has been applied to him arbitrarily, and then with a home and education. He is but six years of age, and is represented as remarkably bright and active. He already comprehends much that is said to him in English, and readily calls the names of those around him. His commencement of life is certainly remarkable. He seems emphatically a child of destiny. At his early age, to be thus snatched from slavery, and although far away from kindred and country, to have awakened such an interest, and to be thus provided and cared for among strangers, is something very uncommon. May the little fellow live and prosper, and his benefactors be more than repaid for the generous impulses which prompted them to this deed of mercy, by seeing him as he grows up, all they can hope to expect.—*Portland Advertiser.*

My uncle P—— was an awful snorer. He could be heard farther than a blacksmith's forge; but my aunt became so accustomed to it, that it soothed her repose. They were a very domestic couple,—never slept apart for many years. At length my uncle was required to attend at court at some hundred miles distant. The first night after his departure, my aunt never slept a wink; she missed the snoring. The second night passed away in the same way without sleep.—She was getting into a very bad way, and probably would have died, had it not been for the ingenuity of a servant girl; she took the coffee mill into my aunt's chamber and ground her to sleep at once!

The phrase 'the devil to pay' doubtless originated in a printing office, on some Saturday night's settlement of weekly wages.

'John,' says the publisher to the book-keeper, 'how stands the cash account?'

'Small balance on hand, sir.'

'Let's see,' rejoined the publisher, 'how far that will go towards satisfying the hands.'

John begins and figures: so much to Type, so much to Grubble, and so on, though a form ditto. The publisher stands aghast.

'There is not money enough by a jug full.'

'No, sir; and besides there is the devil to pay.'

There happened to grow up between Patrick and a hugging down easter, a very fierce contest as to the comparative size of different animals and insects, in this and the 'ould counthry,' when Mr. O'Flaherty declared that in Ireland the 'bees were as big as a sheep.'

'Very well,' interrupted Ichabod, 'how big are the hives?'

'As big as yours, be jabbers!'

'Then how do the bees get into their hives?'

Paddy scratched his head, and after a few moments' reflection, replied, 'O, that's their lookout!'

A fashionable doctor lately informed his friends in a large company, that he had been passing eight days in the country.

'Yes,' said one of the party, 'it has been announced in one of the journals.'

'Ah!' said the doctor, stretching his neck very importantly, 'pray in what terms?'

'In what terms! Why, as well as I can remember, in the following

'"There were last week seventy-seven interments less than the week before."'

'Doctor,' said a lisping fashionable belle, who had graduated at half a dozen boarding schools, to a friend of ours, who had just been introduced to her at an evening party, 'Doctor, which do you prefer, tholidity of intellect or brilliancy? Thome admireth tholidity; but ath for me, ath Thakspeare thayth, in hith Bride of Abydoth, I prefer tholidity and brilliancy combined.'

The doctor sank into the nearest chair, and fainted away dead as a log.

'Do you believe in fore-runners?' asked a nervous old lady of Deacon J——. 'Yes, ma'am,' replied the deacon, 'I've seen them!' 'Bless me,' exclaimed the lady, 'do tell!' 'Yes,' continued the deacon, throwing his eyes with a solemn stare on a dark corner of the room. 'I see one now!' 'Mercy! mercy on me!' shrieked the lady; 'where?' 'There! there!' pointing where his eyes were directed. 'That cat, ma'am may be called a fore runner, for she runs on all-fours!'

Proof readers sometimes occasion most ludicrous mistakes in the papers. The John Bull relates a couple of instances in its own experience: 'About two years since, we represented Mr. Peel as having joined a party of "fiends" in Hampshire, for the purpose of shooting "peasants," and only last week, in a Scotch paper, we saw it gravely stated that a "surgeon" was taken alive in the river, and sold to the inhabitants at sixpence and tenpence per pound.'

'I say, mister, what do you ask for them leetle what takes a chap to the upper gallery,' said a shrewd Yankee to the man who sold tickets at the theatre.

'Fifty cents, sir.'

'Well, I guess that is giving rather a *high* price to get into *low* company, aint it?'

'No, sir, it is a *low* price for such *high* company, I should think!' said he of the tickets.

A modern writer gives the following enumeration of a female eye:—'The glare, the stare, the sneer, the invitation, the defiance, the denial, the glare of love, the flash of rage, the sparkling of hope, the languishment of softness, the squint of suspicion, the fire of jealousy, and the lustre of pleasure.'

Noodle having returned from Venice, was asked by Snooks if he had seen the Bridge of Sighs. 'No,' said Noodle, 'and I don't know how I could have seen it, as there is not a bridge of size in Venice. Such as they have there are very small.' He wasn't to be taken in by tricks upon travellers.

'What your trade, Sambo?'

'Tanner an' currier; or not 'zactly tanner an' currier, but black a boot an' shoe. What yours, Sambo?'

'Carpenter an' joiner, or not 'zactly carpenter and joiner, but saw an' split de wood; yaw! yaw!'

An old offender was lately brought before a learned justice of the peace. The constable, as a preliminary, informed his worship, that he had in custody, John Simmons, *alias* Jones, *alias* Smith. 'Very well,' said the magistrate, 'I will try the *two women* first; bring in *Alice Jones.*'

The following is an appropriate inscription for the collar of a dog:

'Steal me not! myself and collar
Both are barely worth a dollar:
Puppies should befriend each other;
See me home, then dearest brother!'

Upon a traveller telling Gen. Dogle, an Irishman, that he had been where the bugs were so large and powerful that two of them would drain a man's blood in one night, the general wittily replied, 'My good sir, we have the same animals in Ireland, but they are called *humbugs!*'

An advertisement in one of the morning papers says:

'Wanted—a female who has a knowledge of fitting boots of a good moral character.'

We suppose boots of a good moral character are such as have *whole soles.*

A man who forbade his servant girl (who belonged to the same church with himself) going in and out of the front door of the house, was quietly asked by the girl if he supposed they would enter heaven by separate doors.

'Pa, was Milton a gambler?'

'No, foolish child, no.'

'What do folks mean, then, when they talk about his *pair 'o dice lost?*'

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THE

# BELLE OF MADRID,

OR,

## THE UNKNOWN MASK.

### A TALE OF SPAIN AND THE SPANISH.

BY LIEUTENANT MURRAY.

[CONTINUED.]

### CHAPTER V.

*General de Castro and his dark plot against Louis Gonzaga. The captain's commission. The kiss! The unexpected witnesses. The assassin. The farewell. The fall of a faithful servant. The conflict, and the page avenged. Flight of Louis Gonzaga.*

THE construction that General de Castro put upon Isabella's note was very different from that which suggested itself to the mind of Louis Gonzaga. The general knew very well under what circumstances it was written, and fully understood to what the fair writer referred, and while he felt a secret pleasure at receiving a note from Isabella d'Aranda, he also felt his very soul fired with anger against his rival, even by this very note, since it showed him how thoughtful Isabella was of the interests of the young soldier. He was convinced that Isabella could never be his, while Louis Gonzaga lived, and for many days he had been endeavoring to force his courage to the doing of murder itself—it was a dastardly act, and his soul revolted at the very idea of becoming an assassin. Such villany was really foreign to his nature, but his love for Isabella had grown to be such an absorbing passion, that it seemed to swallow up even reason itself. He had killed men in open battle, ay, unnumbered bodies had fallen from the enemy's rank, before his good right arm; but that was not *murder*. The thought suggested itself to his mind of employing some trusty agent to do the fearful deed for him, in consideration of some favor and the large payment of money; but he canvassed the matter well, and saw the weak point in such a case. He was too crafty to place himself in any man's power, and therefore resolved to act, when the proper moment should arrive, himself, ay, enact the bloody and secret assassin, if need be, in order to rid himself of the lieutenant as a rival in love.

General de Castro laid his plans with coolness and decision; the better to lull all suspicion that might possibly arise concerning himself, and thoroughly to consummate his plan in relation to Isabella, he had the papers relating to the appointment of Louis Gonzaga to a captaincy in his regiment, made out, and legally sealed and signed, and these he determined himself to take to Isabella, though he had resolved already that the lieutenant should not live to be a captain. He knew very well the precise hour at which Louis Gonzaga usually visited the house of Count d'Aranda, and laid his plans so as to intercept him before he should reach the door, and plunge a dagger into his heart. In pursuance of this sanguinary purpose, he went himself much earlier to meet Isabella, and to communicate with her relative to the pretended promotion, which she had so earnestly solicited on Louis's account, and thus was found on the evening of the day referred to, at an early hour in the drawing-room of the Count d'Aranda's house.

'I received your very kind and acceptable note, Isabella,' said the general, on entering the room, and saluting by a low bow her whom he loved so hopelessly.

'And do you bring me a propitious answer, general?' asked Isabella, in a tone of voice that betrayed her anxiety in behalf of Louis Gonzaga's success.

'I do, though not without much trouble, Isabella; there were many others who preferred their claims warmly for the vacancy, and with equal justice.'

'I feel the indebtedness keenly, and thank you from my heart, general, for your effort to serve me,' replied his fair companion, earnestly.

'That is richer payment to me, Isabella, than anything else on earth,' replied the general, bending low before the peerless young creature before him.

A slight shade of displeasure crept over her lovely face as General de Castro spoke thus, and she seemed to feel that she might have gone too far in her well meant acknowledgment for the favor she had received; but with true womanly tact she changed the subject, and talked on gaily to de Castro, who seemed to a casual observer to be more than usually cheerful and lively; but a careful witness would have noticed a nervous glance of the eyes now and then, to the windows or the door, or perhaps, an absent-mindedness, from whence he would arouse and seem to fear that he had betrayed the fact that his mind was on something else rather than the theme of their conversation; until at length, the hour had nearly arrived for Louis to come, when the general rose, saying, that he must hasten back to the barracks, on business of importance.

'But you have forgotten the commission, general,' said Isabella, adroitly, as she followed him out upon the piazza that led to the court.

'Ah! true. I am very forgetful, it is here,' said he, with an absent air, handing her the document as he spoke.

'Thanks, a thousand thanks,' said Isabella, with animation, her sweet face fully expressing the truth of what she said, and that she did *really* thank him from her heart. General de Castro thought he had never seen her look so lovely before, and could hardly remove his eyes from her, as she stood there beneath the open sky. At any other time but this, when such heavy business lay upon his mind, he would have improved so propitious a moment to have pleaded with her his ardent affection; but now he feared lest he should stay too long—indeed he feared that he had already done so, and that Louis Gonzaga would enter the passage even before he left it.

Isabella took no heed of the struggle in de Castro's mind, though it had now become evident even in his face; but happy and grateful in her innocent joy at the accomplishment of her wishes in Louis's behalf, the beautiful girl just as he was about to bow himself away, extended her hand for him to kiss, a courtesy that was only rendered in Madrid either to intimate friends, or to repay some great favor. General de Castro, delighted, even with the struggle that was going on in his mind racking his brain, knelt and pressed his lips to her hand with an ardor that brought a flush to Isabella's cheek!

What strange tricks will fortune sometimes play us. Now the act that Isabella had just consummated, was in itself by no means unmaidenly, when the motives that actuated her heart are realized. Yet, to those who knew nothing of the circumstances of the case, it might be most uncharitably construed. Thus it was with Louis Gonzaga, who at that very moment turned the corner of the street leading from the barracks to Count d'Aranda's house, and casting his eyes up to the well known piazza, he saw by the brilliant light that streamed out from the room, the hand so willingly extended, and the ardor with which his general pressed it to his lips! Little did he think that it was all for his sake that Isabella had thus allowed this familiarity; little did he think that fair hand was extended in payment for a favor done for himself; jealousy is blind,—ah, how blind!—he felt almost beside himself.

It would be impossible to describe the bitterness of his feelings at that moment; true, he had already made up his mind as to the unfaithfulness of her he loved, but he was hardly prepared for so startling an evidence of the fact; he could have attacked de Castro and killed him then with a good will, but he had come prepared to give her up, and so he turned away sick at heart to await out of sight until he should have left Isabella, and then with this new proof of her inconstancy fresh in his mind, and goading him on, he would see her, and after telling her the reason, bid her farewell forever. Thus proposing, he withdrew, as we have said, for a moment, into a recess around the corner which he had just turned to enter the street on which Count d'Aranda's house was situated.

The shades of night were gathering fast about the narrow street and already objects began to assume dim and unnatural shapes, as General de Castro came out of the arched way that led into the court of the house, and looking stealthily about him, retired within the first friendly shade that offered, to await, like a ruthless assassin, the approach of his intended victim. Clinching his fists as if to gain resolution, he loosed the long dagger at his waist for instant action, and peered forth to watch for the approach of the young soldier!

After pausing until he presumed de Castro had departed, Louis Gonzaga turned once more into the street, and had nearly reached the broad archway of the court, when de Castro crept stealthily forth and advanced to strike him with his dagger, but still keeping within the deep shadow of a projecting angle of the building, while he looked about to assure himself that he was not observed by any one. But at this moment, he beheld the figure of a man advancing after the lieutenant, whom he thought also observed him, for he suddenly disappeared as if to watch the movements of the general. With a smothered oath, de Castro stepped back to his hiding-place, to await the time when Louis Gonzaga should again appear after his visit; he, in the meantime, having passed into the court and into the piazza. The general knew that Louis's visit must be brief, as his duty would call him to the barracks in a few moments, but these moments seemed years to him in his guilty purpose.

As Louis entered the apartment where de Castro had so lately been, Isabella came smilingly towards him, with more than usual pleasure evinced in her sweet face at their meeting, because she had such good news to surprise him with. To Louis, with the circumstances we have described of the letter and the scene on the piazza fresh in his mind, these smiles were only additional links or connecting threads in her plan of deceit regarding him, and he looked coldly and proudly towards her as she advanced towards him.

'Are you not well?' asked Isabella, anxiously, pausing as she observed the singularity of his manner towards her.

'Ask me not in that tone of voice, Isabella,' replied Louis, sternly, while he looked upon her as though he wondered how so much deceit could dwell beneath so much loveliness.

'Louis, what do you mean?' asked the startled girl, gazing in utter amazement upon him, as he stood thus before her.

'Mean?' reiterated Louis, scornfully, 'ask your own heart, Isabella, look back upon the duplicity of your conduct; you know very well what I mean.'

'Louis!' she said, in a reproachful tone, still gazing at him in wonder, as if presently she expected the strange spell would break, and he would be himself again.

'Think you I am blind,' continued the incensed young soldier; 'a fool, a drivelling idiot, not to see into your heart and read its perfidy?'

'Louis!' reiterated the young and lovely girl, with tears bedewing her soft, bright eyes, as she gazed upon him who was so dear to her.

'Am I to be made your tool?' continued Louis, now completely excited, 'the cloak for your secret amours with another?'

'Signor!' said Isabella, sternly, drawing her beautiful person up to its full height and dignity, all the fire of her Castilian nature blazing forth at last; 'too much of this. I know not your object in coming here thus to insult me, nor to what you allude, but I will thank you to retire, Lieutenant Gonzaga, until you can explain yourself in a gentlemanly manner!'

'Farewell, Isabella,' said Louis, not attempting further explanation. 'I forgive you, lady; may Heaven do so as well.'

Isabella answered not, but covering her face with her hands, turned away from Louis, as he passed out upon the piazza.

Thus saying, these two, who had never before exchanged other than the softest words, and the kindest sentiments, separated perhaps forever. Louis Gonzaga walked out into the night air, with a heated brain and a burning cheek. He felt that his long cherished dream of happiness was at an end, and that from that sad hour he was a wanderer.

While he was thus musing to himself, he was passing by the recess where General de Castro was concealed. Suddenly stepping forth, de Castro raised his dagger to strike the fatal blow, when the boy, Fernando, as if he had dropped from heaven, sprang between his master and the assassin, and with his hanger struck the dagger so heavily as to splinter it from the handle, and render it useless. Foiled in his first attempt, de Castro grew furious, and now too much excited to exercise any degree of caution, drew his sword with the quickness of thought, and had made a fierce thrust at Louis Gonzaga, before the latter began to understand the character of the attack that was made upon him.

The lieutenant's sword leaped quickly from its scabbard, but not sufficiently so to have protected himself, had not the boy, Fernando, again interposed his person before his master and received de Castro's sword full in his breast. It was a bold stroke, a home thrust, and the boy fell helpless at the very feet of his master, to which he clung as if still to protect him.

'Fiend!' exclaimed Louis Gonzaga, gazing for a moment upon the fallen boy, and then pressing upon de Castro, 'thou hast murdered a pure and innocent boy in thy villanous attempt at assassination; but I will avenge thee, Fernando,' continued the soldier, parrying a thrust from his superior—and then advancing upon him, 'I will repay thee, *thus* and *thus*. Villain that you are, die all unshriven, and with this fearful crime upon your head!'

As Louis Gonzaga thus spoke, his sword twice drank the heart's blood of de Castro, plunging deep into his breast, and he fell, exclaiming:

'O God, all this for thee, Isabella, for thee, for thee, I die!'

Wiping the blood from his weapon, Louis returned it to the scabbard, and stooping down, pressed his lips to those of the conscious Fernando, saying: 'my brave boy, I must leave you now, you will be taken care of by the count's people. I owe you my life—good-by, good-by, for the present, Fernando.'

The wounded page could not speak from the weakness that overpowered him, but he understood his master, and pressed his hand to his bleeding breast!

The lieutenant now seeing the servants advancing from the house, turned and hastened quickly towards the barracks. The reader will remember that all this had occurred within a very few moments of time—much less than it has required to describe it here. The first attempt of de Castro upon the lieutenant, itself made almost as quick as thought, was instantly followed by the sword thrust from the general; while the movement was making, Fernando sprang between, so that circumstances requiring some minutes to describe, were the action as it were of a moment of time. So quick indeed, that although the clashing of swords was heard by the mounted guard half a square off, yet they were not able to reach the spot until Louis had turned across the main street of Alcala and entered that in which the barracks of his regiment were located.

Amazed at the sight that met their eyes, the guard at once recognized the person of General de Castro, and raising his now inanimate body, bore it towards his late quarters, also giving the alarm, that the rest of the guard might arrest the perpetrator of his death, or at least be on the alert to find him if possible.

In the meantime, the lieutenant was hurrying, as we have said, to his barracks, while some of the guard had learned from the servants of Count d'Aranda that it was he who had taken the life of their general.

### CHAPTER VI.

*The city alarmed, and the military patrol. The wounded page. Strange scene. The divulging of secret love. The casket and the promise. Death of the faithful Fernando. Isabella, and her secret acknowledgment. A withered and faded flower!*

THE alarm was soon spread that General de Castro was murdered, and half the military of the town were at once aroused, flying reports having it, with the customary correctness, that an insurrection or rising of the populace against the laws was about to take place, and the several regiments were under arms patrolling the town in various parts. Report also had it that it was only the act of an assassin, and that the perpetrator was Lieutenant Gonzaga, of the cavalry, who had killed his superior officer in a fit of jealousy, and that he was already arrested, and placed in safe keeping within the walls of the military prison.

The boy, Fernando, was at once recognized by Isabella, who being attracted to the piazza by the noise, overlooked the scene below, and ordered him brought into the house. A surgeon was promptly sent for, and all feelings of anger or pride at the last words that Louis Gonzaga had uttered, were forgotten at the sight of misery, and the kind-hearted Isabella even wept while she helped to unrobe the young sufferer. But hardly had she bent down by the side of the wounded child, to bathe the burning temples, when she trembled like a leaf, for she saw that Fernando was a female!

How the bitter thoughts crowded themselves into her brain for a moment of time! But, true to her woman nature, she forgot all for the time, and only strove the more earnestly to revive and comfort the sufferer. She laved her temples and gave cooling drinks with her own hands; she hung over the couch, affording those indescribable comforts that a woman's hand can alone perform, until the surgeon had carefully examined the wound, and then she listened with anxiety to know the worst. He pronounced the wound to be mortal, and gave such directions relative to the treatment of the suffering child as would best alleviate her pain for the few hours or moments that she might live.

'Must I—must I die?' asked the patient, in a half whisper, of the surgeon, who bent over her to hear her words.

'It is best to prepare, my child, for the worst,' said the professional man.

'That means that I am fatally wounded,' said Fernando; 'tell me at once, if it be so. I have the strength to understand and to bear it.'

'You interpret rightly,' said the surgeon, turning away, and leaving the room.

'Send these away, dear lady,' said the sufferer, pointing to the servants. 'I wish to speak to you alone, while I have strength left to me.'

'Nay, do not attempt to speak, poor thing,' said Isabella, soothingly; 'I can understand your situation, Fernando.'

But still the sufferer pointed to the servants in attendance, who now retired at a sign from their mistress, when Fernando said:

'There is a little casket in my room at the barracks, which I would have conveyed to my poor mother, the only relative, save a sister, that I have living. Will you do this for me, lady? It bears simply the name of Fernando.'

'I will do so, poor child,' said Isabella, sorrowfully gazing at the sufferer.

'It is a happy death!'

'Happy?' said Isabella.

'Ay, very happy, to die for *him*, lady. He can never know how much I loved him, it is impossible that he should know that. I should fear to have him know it, lest he should scorn the memory that he may cherish kindly now.'

Isabella said nothing, but her heart beat quickly at the sufferer's words.

'My mother is in Pampelona,' continued the dying girl, after a brief pause. 'Her name is Olvideo; will write it down, lady, that she may get my casket?'

Isabella complied with the request, and registered the name of Olvideo.

'Ah, lady, he loved you so well, and so truly. I scarcely know what all this means; but I saw General de Castro spring out of a concealed place, and attempt to stab him in the back, and then to kill Louis Gonzaga with his sword; but I easily frustrated both attempts, the holy virgin be thanked.'

'Poor girl,' said Isabella, her heart beating even more quickly at the words of Fernando, relating to Louis's love for herself.

'He kissed my lips so kindly,' continued the poor sufferer, and would not fly until he had seen me taken care of—ah! lady, he had a noble and generous heart.'

Isabella's face was covered with tears, following each other fast and thick down her now pale cheek.

Fernando breathed thicker and thicker each moment, and was evidently fast sinking to that sleep from whence there is no awaking. Now and then, she would utter some short sentence to Isabella, perhaps in reply to some kind effort to aid her.

'You may read my story in the casket,' she said, at length; 'but some day I trust, you will send it to my mother, will you not, kind lady?'

'I will, I promise you most solemnly that I will, my good girl,' said Isabella, trying to suppress her own feelings.

'I thank you,' said the sufferer faintly, gasping for breath.

Isabella held a little water to her lips, and noted the sweet smile that clothed her face for a moment in thanks, and then she said:

'Heaven protect thee, my mother; I can send thee no more remittances, but the virgin will bless thee. Heaven bless thee, Louis Gonza—'

And with this name upon her lips, she breathed away the last of her young and faithful spirit. Angels took it up, and bore it to the mansions of the blest!

Isabella knelt down there alone by the body, and uttered a long, fervent, but silent prayer for the faithful spirit that had departed. She gazed earnestly upon the lifeless form before her. It was so very handsome even in death; a placid smile was on her lips, the last motion of which, was to syllable the name of him she loved so dearly, Louis Gonzaga! 'Could be have been so wicked as to betray this young creature, thought Isabella d'Aranda. She has lived with him these many months to my certain knowledge; and he dared to come to me and charge me with infidelity to him, when he was keeping, and doubtless deceiving this poor girl the while—ought this not to make me hate him?'

She walked that lonely room musing on this strange business, then looked again upon that handsome face, and thought of how much power its lines of beauty might have gained upon the heart of Louis. She even compared the face of the page to her own, and wondered which had appeared most lovely to him. Then she recalled the words that he had spoken to her, those most dear to her memory, and asked herself could those be false? There was no immodesty in all this, not even her thoughts of comparison between the page's face and her own. The mind will wander at times, and running away with the brain, make all sorts of comparisons, as did Isabella d'Aranda's. Now she would weep, and now pride would predominate, and she would pace the floor of her apartment like a queen, disdaining even the thought of him who had been so unfaithful; and then again, the heart would rebel, and again the bright pearly tears would wet her cheek, and the deep sobs rent her heart. There was no sleep for her that night. The crowd of events so startling and strange that had come upon her, had left her hardly in complete possession of her mind.

'O, Louis Gonzaga!' she said bitterly, to herself, 'how dearly I loved, ay, doted upon you; how have I dreamed of thee, how prayed for thee, how truly have I been thine. And this is the close of the bright glowing picture you have painted so often for our future. Alas, alas! how sadly have I been deceived, and this poor girl, too! She must and shall be honorably interred; how faithful in her young devotion was she to him. She said she was very happy to die for him. Did he deserve this fidelity at her hands? What could he have meant by his charge of infidelity in me? He was so in earnest, so unhappy withal. I would I had not been so hasty, but had heard his explanation. But time must disclose all. Can I live with my heart aching thus?'

A knock from one of her attendants at the door aroused her from this sad reverie, and she bade her come in.

'Alas, my dear lady,' said the maid, 'you must not stand here any longer. I pray you come with me to your couch, come, my lady.'

'But this body, my girl, this dead body, that must be put to bed?'

'Pray, do not talk so wildly, my lady,' said the maid, urging her mistress almost by force to leave the room, and fearing to look into her eyes, they were so wild!

'Put it to bed, put it to bed,' whispered Isabella, vacantly.

'Yes, my lady, yes, after you,' said the servant, trying to appease her mistress.

The mental and bodily exertion she had experienced during the last few hours, had completely exhausted her powers, and she was little better than delirious. In the morning, the wandering of her mind had ceased, and she had become more composed, yet she was seriously ill. She did not forget to dispatch a servant to the barracks for the casket belonging to Fernando, and had the box brought and locked within her own private cabinet, resolved truly to keep her promise, and transmit it to the poor page's mother.

During these startling events, Count d'Aranda had acted the part of a prudent man, and kept himself closeted in his own room. At the commencement of the affray, he was attracted to the scene of the contest, just in time to see Fernando lying upon the ground, and General de Castro fall by Louis Gonzaga's sword. But desiring not to be identified in any way with the fatal business, he quickly retired, and when called upon on the following morning by the authorities for information, he signified his entire ignorance of the occurrence and referred to his servants, who he understood were on the spot. He was the more excusable for this deception, from the fact that the severity of the Spanish laws, for a considerable period of time, treated the witness and the prisoner with equal severity, and Count d'Aranda was acting in self-defence.

Count d'Aranda was equally mystified with others by the events of this singular night, yet could not help secretly rejoicing that Louis Gonzaga had disappeared, since it would relieve him from the embarrassing engagement between his daughter and the young soldier. Indeed, after the burial of General de Castro, he seemed to be quite himself again, and strove by every means that suggested itself, to drive away the cloud that had settled upon Isabella's brow.

He even invited once more some of his old friends and acquaintances, and the people of Madrid were surprised to see Count d'Aranda again giving dinners, and holding small card parties at his house, which had been more of a hermit's cell to him than a comfortable home for many months. He ventured forth more than heretofore, and it appeared that some singular restraint had been removed from him, that left him once more master of his own spirits.

Isabella d'Aranda was if possible more transcendently beautiful than before; a deep shade of melancholy had given a pensive sweetness to her countenance that it had not known before, even as the song of the poet becomes sweeter by grief that purifies the heart. Isabella was sad indeed; her young love and hope had been crushed, and all her father's efforts could not persuade her to enter once more the gay society of the city.

Sometimes she rode with him upon the Prado, but the count thought that she returned only the more sad, and at last he gave it up in despair, and even feared that such a frame of mind might prove fatal to life itself. Count d'Aranda, who had for a long period been so comparatively indifferent to Isabella, would now have given all his wealth to see her once more smiling and happy.

A fragrant and beautiful bud had been blighted, and its tender leaves were withering!

### CHAPTER VII.

*Arrest of Louis Gonzaga. Confinement in the military prison. Severity of the law. The secret friend. The file! The true narrative of an escape from a Spanish prison. The secret mask! Chase of the cavalry, and escape of the lieutenant upon a fleet charger. Gossip of the soldiers.*

DURING the conflict described in the former chapter, between Louis Gonzaga and General de Castro, the clashing of their swords drew other spectators to the spot, and before he had reached the barracks, after fatally wounding his general, he was arrested by the officer of the guard, and conducted to the military prison. The scene that had transpired between himself and his superior officer had passed so quickly, his realization of the attempt of General de Castro upon his life, and his revenging the fatal blow that had been given to his page, all had happened so speedily, so impromptu, that the lieutenant had not yet realized the position of affairs, nor the danger he had incurred in relation to himself. Now, seated upon the cold stone that formed the only piece of furniture in his cell, he paused to review the events of the last few hours, which had placed him in the position of a culprit.

He was well aware of the severity of the military code of laws under which he was amenable for any offence, and also of the penalty of raising a weapon against a superior officer. This was sure death to him, after he should once get into the hands of the court; it would avail him nothing that General de Castro was lying in wait to assassinate him, for although this fact was sufficiently evident to himself, he had not the first shadow of evidence to satisfy the court of such an intent. Fernando, the only person who might have served him as a witness, was doubtless dead before this time, for Louis had marked his wound well, and saw its fatal locality. Then, again, he would have the great prejudice to overcome of the general's numerous friends and relatives, high in station and influence, while he was comparatively unknown.

Brought up in a military service, scarcely equalled in all Europe for its stern discipline, he knew full well that every circumstance would weigh against him, and in fact, that he might consider his case as settled at once. He felt no compunctions of conscience, for he looked upon the deed he had performed as done in self-defence, though he doubted if he would have done more than defend himself had not that cowardly blow reached the breast of Fernando. He loved the boy, who had been so devoted to him, and had learned to look upon him more as a friend than as a servant; some secret influence had drawn him in his feelings towards the page, which he could not explain, but which the reader who knows the sex of Fernando, will at once appreciate. Feeling thus, Louis Gonzaga sighed deeply for the boy, sincerely regretting his loss.

'Escape is my only hope. I must get out of the prison by some means, and fly at once from Madrid,' thought he, 'but how to accomplish this, there's the trouble. These walls are immense, these bars to my windows immovable, and could I manage to get without this apartment, still there is another wall to pass, besides the watchful sentinels who are stationed at each angle of the prison.' There was also another trouble, Louis Gonzaga had on the undress uniform of his regiment, and would be recognized by that; some disguise therefore was necessary. All these matters were duly to be considered and provided for. It was already nearly midnight, his attempt, to be successful, must be made that night, for doubtless in the morning he would be examined, and placed in a more secure apartment, if indeed he were not also confined in irons.

The cell was lighted by the lamp that was hung on an adjoining wall in the open yard of the prison, so near to his window as to be almost within reach of his arm. He could see distinctly every article in the apartment. There was not the slightest instrument wherewith he could operate. Just at this moment, a shadow was thrown across his apartment, by some substance coming between the light in the yard and his window; he looked up, and to his surprise saw a small package swung towards the bars of the opening, and extending his hand, he drew it into his cell, whereupon the string was hastily withdrawn!

On examining the package, he found a small but substantial file, and a phial of a powerful, concentrated acid, with the following lines upon a scrap of paper.

'By using the acid and the file diligently, you can part a couple of the bars of your window within an hour. By that time, I will supply you with a disguise. I send this from an outer wall of the prison, over which I expect you will be able to escape before daylight. I shall swing a rope to you, made fast on the outer side, by which you must raise yourself. Your valise which I have found already packed, will be ready for you at the gate *de los Pozos*, without the city walls. Be diligent, or you will not succeed; and if you fail, ere to-morrow's sun shall set, you will be shot by a file of your own men!

'THE MASK.'

Louis Gonzaga was a person prompt and ready for any emergency. He saw that he had a good and reliable friend to co-operate with him in making his escape, and he felt confident of success. He applied himself at once, to the use of the file and the acid, while he thought it singular that this strange individual of the mask should so constantly befriend him. The bars gave way like magic, before the combined effect of the file and the powerful decoction of vitriol, until two were removed, sufficient space for the egress of his body. The mask had rightly calculated the time, and hardly had this been accomplished, when the dress of a drover snugly tied up, was swung from the wall into the prison window to his hands.

Donning this suit, Louis Gonzaga seized hold of the rope that had conveyed them to him, and tried its strength by pulling with all his force upon it. Satisfied that it would bear his weight, he struggled through the aperture by its aid, and soon found himself hanging outside the cell in an angle of the yard, hidden from the sentry. Gathering his strength, he commenced to ascend to the top of the wall, and had nearly reached the top, when suddenly the rope gave way, and he was precipitated to the yard below with a force that gave him great pain, and left him lying within the shade of the building, for a moment almost helpless. He looked up at this moment, and saw the sentries were being changed for the morning watch, and a file of musketeers led by an officer, passed over the very spot where his rope had been but a moment before. Thanking fortune that the rope had given way at so opportune a moment, he looked about him to see in what way he could again make it secure at the top of the wall, and thus ascend.

He was not long kept in suspense, for in a few moments, as soon as the guard were fairly set, and the officers had disappeared, he discovered another rope gradually descending to his hand. He saw at once, that the other had been purposely let go by the person on the outside, to prevent the relief guard from detecting the attempt at escape. Re-assured by this, although suffering not a little by the bruises he got in the fall, Louis Gonzaga again commenced to ascend the rope, no easy task for one in possession of all his bodily strength, and much more difficult to him, now suffering by the lameness caused by his fall. But everything was at stake, his very life, perhaps, depended upon his reaching the top of that wall, and realizing this, he put forth every energy, and at last reached the summit, where he crouched in the shade of the friendly angle, and speedily slipped down on the rope to the street on the outside. Scarcely had his feet touched the ground, when an arm was thrust within his own, and he was hurried away towards the gate *de los Pozos* as fast as his feet could carry him.

Fortunately, Louis had the pass-word for the night, which had been given out prior to the trouble that he now found himself in, and though on ordinary occasions, he would not have noted it, unless he happened to be officer of the night, yet on this occasion he had done so, because he had prepared, as the reader will remember, to escape, after seeing Isabella, and leave Madrid with Fernando. This was sufficient to pass both himself and his companion through the guard at the gate, and in ten minutes after landing in the street from the wall of the prison, he found himself outside the walls of Madrid. He now, for the first time, turned to his deliverer to thank him; neither had spoken one word thus far, lest they should arouse suspicion, and indeed they could hardly have found breath to have done so, if they had been so disposed, for the speed at which they moved had made both pant much like an over-driven horse.

'Again, am I most deeply indebted to you,' said Louis, offering his hand to the mask.

'We are but even; you saved my life at the *Barrios bajos*—I have now saved yours.'

'Ay, but you have served me otherwise, and most essentially,' replied Louis Gonzaga.

'Name it not, particularly since all has proved of no avail. You gave up the Lady Isabella, as near as I can understand?' said the mask, inquiringly.

'What's that?' asked Louis, hurriedly, at this moment, as he turned toward the city gates.

'The alarm bell, upon my life,' said the mask. 'They have discovered your escape. Mount at once, the horse is a swift one. I have tried his metal, spare him not; but stay, whither will you?'

At this instant, a bullet whistled over the head of the lieutenant, who saw that he was already followed, and without stopping longer, he put spurs to his horse and dashed off with the speed of the wind.

'It is unfortunate that I did not learn whither he would go,' said the mask, as he turned down a side hill and got out of sight of a troop of cavalry, which were in pursuit of Louis Gonzaga. It was found that he had passed the gate, or at least, that two persons had passed, the description of one of which answered to that of the lieutenant, and a detachment of cavalry were instantly despatched to overtake him. But Louis was the best horseman in Madrid; he could ride an animal with the least inconvenience both to horse and rider, and the one he bestrode now, was a blood horse chosen by the mask for just such an emergency as had now occurred, and Louis Gonzaga laughed at pursuit, with the start he had already got.

The mask from behind a secure position watched the chase. It was over the long plain that extends from the capital to the north, towards Valladolid, where the eye could command a view of every object for leagues in circumference. The single steed seemed to fly with its rider over the plain, while the body of cavalry rolled along with a comparatively dull motion, but still they kept on, in hopes either that some accident might occur to the fugitive, or else that his horse would give out. At last, the mask saw, as the sun rose clear, for all before had been seen by the gray light of breaking day, that Louis Gonzaga was out of sight, and the troop of cavalry had turned their horse's heads towards Madrid. Coming round the city, and entering it by an opposite gate to that from whence he had issued, the mask sought the quarters he had occupied as lodgings, near the Prado.

'What could have possessed Lieutenant Gonzaga to kill the general?' asked one of the officers of the troop of cavalry, as they slowly wended their way over the plain towards the city gates.

'Some say it was jealousy,' replied a comrade, 'though it was not like him to attack a man in that way, and I dare say there is some reason that has not come to light, which would warrant him in doing the deed; there's no knowing now, however, as the general is dead, and he's out of reach.'

'Egad, what a swift horse he was mounted upon, why, he seemed to me to fly.'

'You know, Louis could get more speed out of a horse, than any other officer in the regiment.'

'He has shown his skill at that business this morning, if never before,' replied the other.

Thus talking, the troop soon after entered the city, and dismounted at their barracks. It happened that these two officers met again that evening on duty, when one said to the other:

'Did you know that Gonzaga's boy, that handsome little page, was killed in the melee, last night? He was run through the breast and killed almost instantly.'

'Yes, I have heard of it. 'Twas a fine boy, and we used to say he should have been a woman; he was so gentle, handsome, and reserved. But the phase of things seems somewhat different to-night; one of the servants of Count d'Aranda swears before the court, that General de Castro struck at Gonzaga first, and that the boy saved his life, by striking a dagger from the general's hand, and afterwards by springing between them, before the lieutenant could draw his sword. *If the man swears truly*, the general was in ambush waiting for him, and attempted his life from behind.'

'Egad, what is the service coming to, when general officers set such an example?' said the other.

'The king's proclamation, this evening, offers one hundred doubloons for Louis's arrest; have you seen it?'

'No, if a lieutenant is worth so much, how much should we captains bring?' asked the other, laughing.

Thus saying, the two officers rode on, bidding each other a fair good night.

The fearful business of that fatal encounter was the theme of the town for many weeks, but time that varnishes over the deepest scars, soon polished this spot from sight and memory. To be sure, the mess at the barracks missed Louis, who was the favorite of all, for a while, but a junior officer stepped into his place, and he was soon forgotten by those with whom he had passed so many hours of pleasure.

There was one heart in Madrid, that did not forget, one that remembered freshly every word, every look of him who had fled, one who lived only upon the memory of the past; it was the unhappy yet beautiful Isabella d'Aranda, the belle of Madrid.


[TO BE CONTINUED.]


### How Great Men are respected.

There is in the common mind a disposition always to reverence true greatness, or those who have conferred benefit upon their race by the superiority of their genius or the force of their industry and application. An instance is related to us by a correspondent, which occurred in Berlin during the recent revolution in that city. A body of insurgents demanded entrance into a house to defend themselves against the military. After waiting in vain for admittance, they demolished the door, when an old gentleman made his appearance, asking, 'What's the matter? What do you want? What is all this noise for?' 'What is this noise for? Who are you, sir?' demanded one of the crowd. 'My name is Humboldt.' And off went all hats and caps in an instant, one of the insurgents exclaiming, 'You are the celebrated Humboldt!—Why havn't you put up your name on the door? We would never have thought of disturbing Alexander Von Humboldt. We hope you will excuse us.' As soon as the Burgerwehr was organized, a guard of honor was put before Humboldt's house and continued there during all the time of the disturbances, in order that the man who had no name on his door might not be disturbed again.

THE FATHER AND SON.

AN INCIDENT IN REAL LIFE.

BY PAUL CREYTON.

One night last winter, while pursuing my way along one of the most obscure streets in Boston, I was aroused from the reverie in which I was indulging, by hearing light footsteps close to my side. Turning hastily, I beheld a young girl, apparently not more than twelve years old, hastening as if she were anxious to speak to me; and when I observed by the dim light of a neighboring street-lamp that she was poorly clad, trembling, thin, and pale, I asked her, in a tone of kindness, what she wanted.

"If you please, sir," she replied, in a voice which was almost choked by sobs, which she struck me as peculiarly soft and silver-toned, "if you please, sir, will you go with me? I am not far off, and you will see my father, who is very sick."

"What is the matter with your father?" I asked, afraid of being deceived.

"O, sir, I don't know," she answered, in the same tones as before; "but I fear he is going to die. Do, sir, do, be so good as to go and see him."

The earnest manner of the broken-hearted girl made me ashamed of having doubted her at first, and I resolved to comply with her request. I was in just the mood to enter effectually into their woe my profession as a physician is the object of benevolence and I willingly followed my guide, watched little guide back to her home.

The girl led me into a small and somewhat dilapidated house, and ushered me into a second and narrow entrance. At the head of the second I heard her groping about until she had touched the latch of a door, which she opened, asking me in a low voice to follow her into the room.

I did so, and found myself in a humble apartment, where scrupulous neatness seemed struggling against absolute want. The dim light of a flickering lamp which stood upon a small table near the door, revealed to me the scanty furniture, which I feared to count; a few chairs, the table already mentioned, and among other articles of small importance, a bed in the most retired part of the room.

The girl stepped along before me, and pointed to the bed.

"Come this way, sir; if you please," she whispered; "here is father."

As she turned to approach the bedside of the sufferer, to apprise him of my presence, I silently breathed away a vow which the sight of her gentleness, pallid cheeks and eyes red with much weeping, caused to start through my eyelids.

My youthful guide bent over the sick man, and having her cheek close to his, the two sentences reached my ear, whispered something in a tone of soothing affection, as she was placing a chair at the bedside, begged me to approach.

Seating myself in the chair she placed for me, I took the hand of the invalid, and gazed for the first time full upon his face. I had never forget the spectacle. Although much emaciated, his features betrayed the signs of pride in the midst of poverty, of resolution in adversity, and of the stern endurance which is the successor of agony, which dwelt within his breast.

I was about to address him, when he cut me short by speaking first.

"You find me in a bad condition, sir," said he, with a smile I thought rather bitter. "I can't deny that I am actually suffering for sickness and misfortune; this you will readily believe, for I could never have wished to ask assistance of any one, had I not been driven to it. Therefore, I need not say, I doubt whether I would not have died before asking a favor of any one, had it not been for the tender-hearted girl who conducted you hither."

I cannot describe my sensations on hearing these words, so full of pride and candor, fall from the lips of a man who, to all appearance, was plain to be sure that the invalid had once seen better days, and moved in circles of refinement, and I was about to make a reply, when the first sentence of the sufferer, it was saying to those words, which I had heard before, but which I had never heard

# THE FLAG OF OUR UNION.

F. GLEASON, PROPRIETOR.

MATURIN M. BALLOU, EDITOR.

☞ The terms of The Flag of our Union are $2 00 per annum, invariably in advance. The paper is always discontinued at the expiration of the time paid for.—See imprint on the last page.

☞ All communications designed for publication in the paper, must be post paid, and addressed to F. Gleason, *Boston, Mass.*, Proprietor of The Flag of our Union.


## To our Correspondents.

'Landon's Cottage—a Pendant to "The Domain of Arnheim,"' a prose sketch, by our regular contributor, Edgar A. Poe, in our next number.

'The Dishonest Miller,' a humorous poem, by a new contributor, filed for the Olio column.

'Caught in a Trap,' a prose sketch, by Paul Creyton, filed for next week.

'A Deliberate Opinion,' a poem by Geo. P. Burnham shall appear in our next number.

'Over the Way,' a poem, by S. E. C., accepted.

'The Mystery of Lagrange, or the Hidden Treasure,' a story, by J. H. Robinson, in our next.

'The Heart's Picture,' a poem by the editor, next week.

'The Three Gold Diggers,' an irresistibly droll sketch by our regular contributor, The Young 'Un, next week.

'The Christian's Faith,' a poem, accepted.

'The Chieftain's Summons,' in verse, by O. S. H., filed for insertion.

'Woman's Heart,' a poem, accepted.

'The Supper of the Sages,' a capital poetic hit at the money market, accepted.

'Impressions of a May morn,' a poem, accepted.

'Lines to my Favorite,' 'Waiting, Meeting, Fighting,' 'Uncle Jeremy's Story,' 'The Pirate,' and 'Lines to Miss H' are respectfully declined.

☞ No poems or other articles will be received for this paper, unless accompanied by an authentic name.

## The United States Navy.

This arm of our national defence, which gives employment to so many of our brave sons, is the subject of no small amount of interest at all times. The Navy Register of the present year affords some interesting facts which will be of value to the readers of the Flag, and which we glean from this source for our columns. It appears that our navy now consists of twelve ships-of-the-line, twelve first class and two second class frigates, twenty-three sloops, five brigs, five schooners, fourteen steamers, and six store-ships. There are in the navy 68 captains, 97 commanders, 327 lieutenants, 274 passed midshipmen, 181 midshipmen, 20 masters, 8 masters' mates, 39 boatswains, 44 gunners, 42 carpenters, 39 sailmakers, 69 surgeons, and 24 chaplains. Captain Barron, of Chesapeake and Leopard memory, is the senior officer of the service, his commission dating from the 22d of May, 1799 though he entered the navy a year earlier, and consequently is of more than half a century's standing. Captain Stewart, who entered the service at the same time with Captain Barron, is the next officer, though not so old a captain as his superior by seven years. The pay, though fair, is not extravagant. The senior captain on sea service receives $4,500 per annum. On leave or waiting orders, $3,500. The captains of squadrons $4,000. Other captains $3,500 on sea service or at navy yards, and $2,500 on leave or waiting orders. Commanders receive $2,500 on sea service, $2,100 at navy yards or other duty, and $1,800 on leave or waiting orders. Lieutenants commanding receive $1,800; other lieutenants $1,500 on sea service or other duty, and $1,200 on leave. Pursers of ships-of-the-line $3,500; of frigates or razees $3,000; of sloops of steamers of first class $2,000; of leading navy yards when on duty $2,500; chaplains $1,200 on duty, $800 on leave; passed midshipmen $750 on duty and $600 on leave; midshipmen $400 on duty and $300 on leave. No other navy in the world is more effective for its size, and no other is under such a well regulated system of management. Long may it maintain the honor of the Flag of our Union.

## Black-guard-ism.

Frederick Douglass, the negro lecturer and pet of the ultra abolitionists, holds language in his public speeches that ought to subject him to a coat of tar and feathers. The following passage we copy from his lecture in New York, lately given before the American Anti-Slavery Society. Those who have read these columns know very well that we are no advocate of the institution of slavery, but would glory in seeing this blot washed from the national escutcheon of the Union; but we will never countenance the fanatical and ridiculous measures of those ultra partisans, whose only object is to make trouble, and to render themselves notorious. The passage referred to is as follows:

'Thus, in a country which loves freedom, he who sheds the blessings of freedom will be most popular. Are we such a people? Let Zachary Taylor answer. How has he distinguished himself? He is not a peace man, nor a freeman; but the only thing which has made him popular, was that he was a successful instrument in the hands of this blood-thirsty government in carrying on a war for the furtherance of slavery against a half-civilized people, who had previously abolished the vile institution. Hence he made himself popular, and was elected to the presidency. The letter of Henry Clay, it will be perceived, craftily written and full of most detestable sentiments, has been received at the north with applause.'

Another negro, by the name of Brown (very appropriate cognomen to be sure), was introduced to the meeting, before which he spoke, and represented himself to have been born a slave, and that he was a blood relation of the president! and this business was countenanced by Greeley, Wendell Phillips, and others. Now we ask soberly, and in calmness, is this the proper mode to further a just cause? is this respectable? is it decent?

## Longfellow's Kavanagh.

We do not *worship* Mr. Longfellow. We do not believe he is the greatest American poet, or a great poet, in any comparison. Moreover, he has defects, or rather 'kinks' of style and expression which are unworthy a man of his ability and experience; and worse than these, his school of writing is unnatural, foppish, egotistical and dainty. But we greatly, warmly admire many of his efforts. *Boston Post.*

A cotemporary found fault with us for saying in a late number of the Flag, that Longfellow was, next to Lamartine, the most egotistical poet now in existence. But here is a critic of acknowledged impartiality, who says the same thing, only in stronger language.

The Belle of Madrid.—This spirited and interesting novelette now publishing, from the pen of Lieut. Murray, is gaining extended popularity for the author, whose literary services are engaged exclusively for the Flag.

Our Indian Letters.—The observant reader will detect in our original Indian correspondence, the flowery brevity peculiar to the red man.

A hint to Californians.—*Punch* says that the best season for gold digging is—when you are in the vein.

## Editorial Ink-Drops.

This world is a fish pond full of slippery eels and suckers.

Eleven criminals were hung lately in different parts of England in one week.

The learned canary birds are exhibiting in Baltimore with good success.

Fuller, of the Mirror, who deserved the N. Y. marshalship, bears his lot like a man.

Four vessels were up for California when the last news left London.

'All flesh is grass,' well, there *are* a great many green people about, we admit.

George Petire of N. Y. city, hung himself at his own residence a few days since.

It has been said, to be right in a wrong way, is to be wrong altogether.

That was a fearful destruction at St. Louis by fire. Loss estimated at $5,000,000.

Dr. Coolidge has at last cut his throat, and is dead. Glad he's out of the way.

The gold dollar has got into speculators' hands, and is selling at an advance.

Emigrants and the lower classes appear to suffer the most by cholera, south and west.

Barnum has a casque and helmet worn by one of the Arabian Knights.

In the last month we have counted in our exchanges thirty-one cases of suicide.

Some of the disaffected threw assafœtida on the stage to Macready in New York.

The old proverb says: get thy spindle and distaff ready, and God will send flax.

Five hundred and forty pianos are taxed in Cincinnati, Ohio.

A western paper has got a bottle of water from the spring of the year.

Leopold De Meyer is soon to return to this country on another musical tour.

Richard Turner committed suicide at Staunton, Va., lately with opium.

More troops have lately arrived in Canada from England. They'll be needed!

Ten thousand people have already left Illinois for California, the papers say.

To be seen at this office—the spade used in digging the graves of the dead languages.

A bad character is said to be the very poorest kind of property in existence.

A family of five died in a Mississippi boat of the cholera a few days since.

It is said in case of another riot in any of our large cities no *blank* cartridges will be fired.

The Viennoise children are as popular and interesting as ever. On the way north now.

A Boston house advertises for some boards torn *from* a political platform.

## Costly Churches.

It has been pithily said that it is a great folly to expend two hundred thousand dollars in building and beautifying a church, such, for instance, as Trinity church, New York, when the Lord hath said that he dwells not in temples made by hands. The poor are excluded from these churches, of course, though Christ adduced it as an evidence of his truth that the gospel was preached to the poor! Think how many comfortable little cottages and snug farms could have been purchased and given to the poor for two hundred thousand dollars. How much more real good would have been done, and how much better the cause of real Christianity would have been advanced. Give us charity, the crowning virtue of all actions, for it covereth a multitude of sins, and Heaven knows the best of us have need of the utmost leniency in relation to our short-comings.

## A New Dress for the Flag.

Four more numbers will complete the half volume of the Flag for the present year, when we shall present it to our many readers on an entire new font of type. The immense number that we print renders it necessary to renew our type twice during each year, in order to keep up the clear and beautiful style of typography that is peculiar to this paper.—The design of the head will remain the same, and the entire style of the sheet will be unchanged, the alteration consisting only in the substituting of a new, clear, and beautiful font of type, for the columns. The large expenditure necessary to re-dress the Flag is cheerfully met—since the patronage we are so liberally receiving assures us that our efforts to make the paper the best miscellaneous weekly in the country, are fully and substantially appreciated.

## To Periodical Dealers.

Having now attained to a circulation the immense number of which enables us to reduce the wholesale price of the Flag, to our agents who buy to sell again, we have resolved to do so, and charge one half cent less on each paper, the reduction to take place on the first of July next. This is also in furtherance of our plan of increasing the subscription list of the Flag to *one hundred thousand*. Agents will see the additional inducement offered to them to circulate this paper, and they will of course appreciate the motive that induces this reduction in price, and endeavor to circulate the Flag on a more extended scale, each one helping us towards the accomplishment of the great purpose of printing each week *one hundred thousand copies*.

Father Mathew.—It is now seriously queried as to whether there is such a person as Father Mathew at all. If there really is one, he has accepted, to say the least, about a hundred different offers of passage, nearly the same number of times has he actually sailed, and 'the cry is still' he comes. Nothing but *seeing* him will convince us of his existence after all that has been said, and as to chronicling his 'coming,' we shan't do it again.

Home Journal.—The editors of this paper have not yet had the courtesy to credit the half column poem they copied from the Flag, written for this journal by Edgar A. Poe, and upon which they commented at some length. We have frequently found it in our way to copy from the Home Journal, but we do not forget to give *credit*.

Cholera on the Mississippi.—The St. Louis papers continue to report the prevalence of cholera on the river boats. Thirteen deaths occurred on one boat, the Missouri, on her way up from New Orleans, and numbers were sick on the arrival of the boat at St. Louis. They were chiefly deck passengers.

The ex-King Louis Philippe.—The ex-king of the French, since his arrival at St. Leonard's on sea, has been in the enjoyment of excellent health and spirits. His ex-majesty, in common with the rest of the family, appears to enjoy the retirement and genial air of this favorite watering-place.

Clubs.—Persons desiring to subscribe for the Flag in clubs, are referred to the imprint on the last page of this paper.

Original Correspondence.—Read the letter of our Madeira correspondent in another column.

Mortality.—The railroads running out of Boston, on an average kill one man per day, leaving out the Sabbath.

## Original Correspondence.

City of Calcutta.

Friend Ballou:

When I left the United States, I promised to send you a letter, if I ever reached this far-off port, and for fear you will 'put me into the paper,' if I don't keep my promise, I send you this to print. Wont it do as well?

Calcutta is a queer place, big, dirty and unprepossessing, containing nearly as many inhabitants as New York city. It is situated on the Hooghly river, about one hundred miles from the Bay of Bengal, and looks very fine as you approach it, but the delusion is soon dispelled after you have once fairly entered its filthy precincts. Fort William, the prominent feature that strikes the eye as you approach the place, is a splendid regular fortification, and has cost the East India Company, first and last, over $10,000,000! It would require ten thousand men fully to man it in every part, though I am told that there is but one regular European regiment kept there, besides some native troops.

The European part of the town is well laid out, and shows some enterprise and fine buildings, but the original town, known as 'Black Town,' is miserable enough, composed of dingy, crooked, narrow streets, lined with huts of earth baked in the sun, or of twisted bamboos, interspersed with pools of dirty water, cocoanut trees, and now and then a ruinous old bazaar. There are a few small mosques and pagodas of very pretty workmanship, but most of them are ruinous. The religion of the people is idolatry, each family setting up its own god, in the shape of a wooden image, with a multitude of arms, heads, feet, etc.

The streets of Calcutta are always full of people, some Europeans, with civilized dresses, and some natives in white, but mostly with people as black as the ace of spades, and as naked as a monkey. Carts drawn by oxen, and driven by wild looking men, with clubs for whips, which they use freely upon the poor beast are constantly seen. No women are seen in the streets except of the lowest classes, but even these are highly ornamented with silver bands about their tawny necks, arms, and ankles. The ladies of the neighboring seraglios take their airing in a coach covered all about with red cloth, through which they can look, but at the same time be unseen by the throng. At all hours of the day the jingling of bells and the clashing of cymbals may be heard in the streets, in honor of some particular deity whose 'day' is to be observed.

Though the city proper is so very repulsive, or at least that part of it that has not yet become 'Europeanized,' the suburbs of the place are incomparably beautiful. The roads wind among beautiful villages and gardens, with the finest and most picturesque foliage, with the banyan, the palm, the tamarind, and the bamboo, growing in all directions, the gardens fenced in by hedges of aloes, and pine apple. The cottages are built mostly of mats and white wicker-work, with thatched roofs and cane verandahs, sheltered by the broad, tall plantains. I should think there might be a vast deal of comfort realized in a Calcutta cottage out of the city proper.

By means of the river Ganges, Calcutta has a very extensive inland trade—it has no rival in the east except Canton. The English merchants hold the principal trade; but Persian, Hindoo, Portuguese, and Greek merchants carry on an extensive amount of business. The gross amount of imports and exports from the city are set down at £12,000,000, or some sixty million dollars per annum. Some of the merchants here have immense capitals, and operate on a most princely scale.

Provisions are plenty and cheap—the small craft constantly arriving from inland keep the market supplied with snipes, wild duck, teal, venison, stall fed, and an immense variety of fruits. One kind of fish I must not forget to mention, it is called the mango-fish, and is found only in the rivers of Bengal, the Burman empire, and Cambodja rivers. In purchasing of the market folks you must be cunning, for they are notorious for falsehood and chicanery, theft, gambling, and all sorts of dishonesty and cowardly tricks.

European society in Calcutta is made up of the officers of the regiment, the civic officers of the East India company, some rich merchants, etc., and with their wives and family, these form a gay and interesting community. A large dinner party is the usual mode of convivial entertainment. There is much stiffness, however, and it is hard for a stranger to become acquainted, unless he brings letters from the most undoubted sources; though Americans seem to be universal favorites—for I came out, as you are aware, only a supercargo, and without one letter of introduction, save in a business way, and I am literally besieged with attention and invitations. I am too much engaged to participate, to any great extent.

I have been shipping drugs all day, but as a vessel clears to-morrow for the United States, I thought I would prepare you this hasty and miscellaneous communication according to promise, for the readers of the Flag of our Union.

Yours truly, H. L. W.

A Literary Lion coming.—On the evening of a certain day near the close of the year 1819, a solitary man, closely muffled in a huge cloak, will be seen embarking on board a steamer bound for America. That man is G. P. R. James. So the papers say.

Good Idea.—It is proposed in a Boston paper that every man constitute himself into a committee, to inquire into his own conduct. It is believed that the business each man would have to transact, would keep him constantly and usefully employed.

An editor must of necessity turn himself inside out to the public; he cannot be a hypocrite any more than a husband can be a hypocrite to his wife. *Holden's Magazine.*

Tut—tut—Mr. Magazine; turn himself inside out? why it puts us into contortions to think of so inconvenient a position.

Singular Case.—A married woman in New York is sueing a former and faithless lover for a breach of promise. Damages laid at $5000. It must be fun to her husband, in whose name the suit is conducted.

More Returning.—The Californians are coming back by the score. One lot have arrived at New York, and another at Boston, and quite a crowd at New Orleans. Did the elephant have a long trunk, we wonder?

Room for a few more.—Wisconsin has an area of 34,511,360 acres, and a population not exceeding 300,000 persons.

What Next?—A machine has been invented in New York, by which two men can do the work of fifty in cutting out garments.

Jenny Lind isn't married after all. Well, we can't help it—we only told the tale as it was told to us.

## From our Foreign Files.

Money was abundant in London at one per cent, for short periods.

Prince de Joinville will be chosen a member of the legislature the ensuing election.

A vessel from Valparaiso has brought five hundred bags of flour to London.

Cardinal Grisini died lately in Naples. His eminence was secretary of councils to the holy see.

An infant pianist of six years of age, named Marie, is astonishing the Londoners by the elegance of her performance.

A protectionist meeting was advertised for the 1st of May at the London Tavern, the Duke of Richmond in the chair.

The authorities at Marseilles have prevented the sailing of a body of volunteers, raised in Paris, for the service of the Roman Republic.

The king of Prussia has again quarrelled with his parliament, and has definitely refused to accept the imperial crown of Germany.

The young king of Sardinia, *Victor Emmanuel*, had three horses shot under him in the late disastrous battle with the Austrians.

*Strauss* has returned to London, and is giving a series of grand concerts at the Hanover Square Rooms to crowded and brilliant assemblies of fashion.

A poor fellow, a Sicilian, threw himself off from the Ponsonby bastion, Malta, on the 23d ult., and, falling one hundred feet, was dashed to pieces. He was of unsound mind.

The international condition of Germany is distracted in the extreme. All parties are at issue, and the probability of speedy adjustment appears to be as far removed as ever.

Between famine, cholera, and emigration, the population of Ireland, it is calculated by competent persons, will be reduced to one-third at the end of the present year!

Most of the socialists and ultra reform party leaders in France have been, or were about to be, engaged in duels with each other. Fine commentary on socialism!

The Irish accounts are like a reprint of those of the last year, and the year preceding. The cholera is making ravages in the old quarters of pestilence in the south—hundreds also are dying of starvation.

## Dewdrops of Wisdom.

A change of fortune hurts a wise man no more than a change in the moon.

In nothing consists the true dignity of man more than in self-government.

Every one who bears the name of gentleman is accountable for it to his family.

What is the universe but a hand flung in space pointing always with extended finger unto God?

The songs of birds, and the life of man, are both brief, both soul-filled, and both as they end, leave behind whispers of heaven.

Does not the echo in the sea-shell tell of the worm which once inhabited it? and shall not man's good deeds live after him and sing his praise?

None are so fond of secrets as those who do not mean to keep them; each person covets secrets as a spendthrift covets money, for purpose of circulation.

The pitying tear and fond smile of woman are like the flowers and sunshine of spring; alas! that unlike them, she should often miss her merited reward—the sweet flowers of affection.

Our passions never wholly die: but in the last cantos of life's romantic epos, they rise up again and do battle, like some of Ariosto's heroes, who have already been quietly interred, and ought to be turned to dust.

It is not for their wisdom that we love the wisest, nor for their wit that we love the wittiest; but it is for benevolence, and virtue, and honest fondness that we love people. The other qualities only make us proud of their acquaintance.

How like rain is the human heart—having no beauty in itself, but beneath the smile of God, showing forth with all the rainbow's glory; or how like a star, which, though but dust, can yet be cherished into a semblance of the fountain of its light.

'Gold!' It is the god of this world. Only whisper the word, and its worshippers fall down on their knees; breathing it in the valley, and it is heard at the mountain top. Tell where it can be found, and millions rush to the spot faster than they would go to heaven.

## The Joker's Olio.

Quack doctors are considered as the *driver* of the 'last *stage* of consumption.'

Why are strawberries like the letter N? Because it makes ice nice.

'Bob, what is your name?' 'Robert, sir!' 'Well, what is your other name?' 'Bob.'

An action for assault and battery has been commenced against a man for *striking a gold medal*.

The chief use of a bachelor, according to the Baltimore American, is to count one in the census.

Why was Eve, before the fall, like a good old-fashioned Orthodox clergyman? Because she was Eve-angelic.

'Boy, what's your name?' 'Michael Donahoe.' 'Michael do' know who! Well, if you don't know who, who in thunder does?'

Father Mathew, the great temperance advocate, has, we hear, gone so far as to stop taking the 'London *Punch*!'

It wont do to crack jokes on old maids in the presence of unmarried ladies who have passed the age of forty.

In one of the up-town streets, there is a house containing a broker's office and a barber's shop. '*Shaving* neatly done here.'

It is conceded on all hands that ladies are FAIR, and that chickens are FOWL—that the money market is TIGHT, that the morals are LOOSE, and morning gowns too.

Babe, the pardoned pirate, is now a British artilleryman at Madras.—*Ex paper.*

*Babe* an artillery-man? He ought to belong to the *infant-ry*.—*Post.*

The Literary Gazette gives the following as the *prayer* taught to the children of Scarborough wreckers, in times of yore: 'God bless daddy! God bless mammy! God send a ship ashore before morning! Amen!'

A new patent stove for the convenience of travellers has just been invented. It is placed under the feet, and a mustard plaster upon the head draws the heat through the whole system.

## Miscellaneous Scraps.

The English Bishop of Limerick, Ireland, has been obliged to fly his diocese in consequence of his bankruptcy. His salary has been sequestrated to pay his debts, and he lives upon a small allowance abroad.

When the American army left Mexico in July last, not a citizen's house existed in Brownville, opposite Matamoras, where now stands a town of 2000 inhabitants, with a paper published there weekly.

Our neighbors of Williamsburg take a very quiet method of indicating their intentions of moving from one house to another. About a month previous, *the folks begin to empty their slop-pails in the cellar.*—*Albany Argus.*

Accounts from Chili to the 1st of March, state that the arrival of American steamers in the Pacific, and the continued flow of American emigrants to California, were exciting grave apprehensions in the Chilian Government.

Steamer Dachota, while ascending the Missouri river a few days since with a number of Mormon emigrants on board, struck a snag and sunk. No lives were lost; boat and cargo total loss. The boat was insured for $15,000.

The following offer is made by one of the papers: 'We will send a paper *gratis* to any one on our list, who is so poor that he cannot afford to pay two dollars a year for it—provided he don't drink rum, smoke, or chew tobacco.'

## Quill and Scissors.

A man named Lawton was instantly killed at the saw mill of Mr. Pierce, of Royalton, Vt. on Saturday, by falling against the saw when it was in motion. He was 30 years old and unmarried.

Coaches run every other day from Vera Cruz to the city of Mexico. They are United States coaches, such as are built at Albany and Newark. Yankee enterprise is not to be checked.

Seventeen year locusts, which are to appear this year in the western part of Pennsylvania, have been turned up with the plough in Beaver county by the hundred. The hogs eat them with avidity.

The clergymen at present officiating in Mobile, the Rev. Robert Hall, of the second Presbyterian Church, and the Rev. Joel T. Case, also a Presbyterian, have both been journeymen printers.

Abraham and Henry Pangburn, brothers, fishermen, between forty and fifty years old, died of intemperance, exposure and starvation in a shanty on Van Rensselaer's Island, near Albany.

General H. K. Oliver, superintendent of the Atlantic corporation, in Lawrence, has adopted the rule that no person who uses intoxicating drink shall be permanently employed.

William Fenton, a lad, copy-reader in the Philadelphia Ledger office, was robbed of his week's wages and stabbed in the arm, by two burglars who entered his mother's house.

On a sailor's grave-stone, in the Brooklyn navy yard, are the following words to be seen: 'Nobly he did his duty below, and now he has gone aloft.'

Rev. Merritt Stanford, late pastor of the Universalist Church in Middletown, Conn., died of the measles at Warren, Mass., on the 26th ult. He was 37 years of age.

A mouse has been captured at Brecon, in Wales, by Mr. John Watkins, which sings precisely like a bird, imitating exactly the linnet, wood-lark, and nightingale.

In a fight between Theodore Witchenstair, of Watertown, N. Y., aged 17, and a canal hand named Haggart, aged 20, the former was killed by a kick in the stomach.

During the fortnight ending May 10, $264,800 of United States stock was issued to foreigners. The average foreign investment for several weeks before had been about $60,000.

Lately, an enthusiastic hunter, of autographs, resolving to have the signature of a distinguished poet, took up his bill for £20, held in despair by his tailor.

The Michigan Central Railroad is finished through to New Buffalo, on Lake Michigan. The cars make the trip through from Detroit in some nine hours.

John M. Riley has been sentenced to be hanged on Friday, the 8th of June next, for the murder of William Willis at Independence, Henderson co., Tennessee.

The Reading (Pa.) Gazette states that through the exertions of Mr. Oakely, regular veins of the best iron ore have been found in the mountain at the foot of which Reading lies.

Wilson, the unrivalled Scotch Ballad Singer, is now on his way North, after having made a successful tour in the Southern States.

A Spanish proverb says, that the Jews ruin themselves at their passovers, the Moors at their marriages, and the Christians at their lawsuits.

The widow of the late Joseph Stacy, residing on Washington street, Gloucester, committed suicide by hanging herself to the bed post in her chamber.

It is said that an editor at the South has purchased a race horse at an expense of $2000, for the purpose of catching his runaway subscribers.

Jenny Lind has agreed to return to the stage, and sing in opera instead of concert. An announcement to this effect was made at her Majesty's Theatre.

Mrs. Mowatt and Mr. Davenport are still highly successful at the Marylebone. The latter has been offered the stage management of the theatre.

A man supposed to be John Coyler, formerly of Rochester, was run over by the cars at Schenectady on Tuesday of last week, and instantly killed.

Daniel Carroll, of Duddington, Md., aged 85 years, is dead. He was a nephew of Charles Carroll, of Carrollton, of revolutionary memory.

Mr. Goodwin, his daughter, and another young woman, were thrown from a chaise in Lyman, Me., and the latter was fatally injured.

The whale taken off Point Judith, and brought to New London, Ct., had just been killed in a fight with some other marine animal.

The time necessary for a trip from New York city to St. Louis is reduced, by the completion of the Central Railroad of Michigan, to five days.

The gold coinage of the United States, from the products of the Virginia mines, has amounted during the last twenty years to $1,008,180.

Judges Hotchkiss and Woodbury of Texas had died at River Grande City of cholera. The disease, however, had entirely disappeared.

A trackman named Hayman, in Cincinnati, threw a stone at Michael Donnevan, which struck him on the breast killing him instantly.

It is asserted in Boston, that the seven petitioners in favor of hanging Washington Goode were all *rope-makers*.

A farmer yesterday, brought into the market twenty bushels of potatoes and sold them for twenty dollars.

Mr. Samuel Smith, of Westport, Ct., while drawing water, slipped and pitched headforemost into his well, and was instantly killed.

A Cincinnati paper says that a woman who was divorced from her husband lately, was married again the same night.

A new Telegraph Line is about to be constructed from St. Louis to New Orleans, via Cairo, Paducah, Clarksville and Nashville.

The New York Day Book states that nine-tenths of all who commence the dry goods jobbing business in the city fail.

Ex-Governor Slade was in Utica on Monday, with a party of some twenty young lady teachers, bound for the great West.

Mr. G. Laxason, of Lambertville, N. J., was thrown from the back of a colt he was breaking, and instantly killed.

Mrs. Bosey, wife of Ezekiel Merrill, of Hebron, Me., committed suicide on Friday by cutting her throat with a razor.

The sword of Gen. Wolfe, which he wore at the time of his death, is in the museum of the United Service.

The wife of a tent-dealer, resident at Halifax, has given birth to a living and healthy child, with neither hands, feet, legs nor arms.

There has been no person hung in New Hampshire for 22 years. However two are to be hung in that State shortly.

Mr. Russell, the comedian—'Dick Russell,' as he was familiarly called—died at Saint Louis, on Friday, of last week.

The Louisville papers announce the death, in that city, of Mrs. S. J. Howe, a poetess of considerable reputation.

A machine has been invented in Connecticut to cut out clothes of every shape without shears.

Mr. Seth Wood, a respectable farmer of Seekonk, Mass., committed suicide by hanging himself.

The government at Monte Video has ejected the Jesuits in consequence of a quarrel.

Bats, in India, are called flying foxes, and measure six feet from tip to tip.

Ten new vessels are now in process of construction at Medford, Mass.

Michael Long, a planter near Edgefield, S. C., was shot dead by one of his slaves.

Cotton, cane, corn and tobacco are now growing finely in Florida.

The wife of Mr. John Lowell, of Haverhill, Mass., committed suicide by hanging.

In Scotland, a woman's bonnet is called a cap, and a man's cap is called a bonnet.

## Local Matters.

[Written for the Flag of our Union.]

### Song of the Boston Goodolier.

BY THE OLD 'UN.

I have often, on a fine summer evening, leaned over the railing of the Milldam, under the shade of the silver-leafed abeille, and watching the labors of the lowly gondoliers, as they filled their scows with mud, fancied myself transported to the shores of the Adriatic, and standing by the waters of the city of the seas. On one occasion, the gallant captain of one of the scows, which a red shirt on a shovel proclaimed the flag-ship, sung in a manly and melodious voice the following beautiful stanzas:—

Faintly as tolls the evening chime,
Our voices keep tune and our shovels keep time;
Dig, brothers, dig! our scow fills fast—
The tide 's on the rise, and she 'll float at last.

The top of the tide, this blessed noon,
Shall see us all floating by Brennan's soon;
While the elm-trees murmur like wind-swept harps,
We'll come to anchor by Dr. Sharp's.

Why should we not our sail unfurl?
There's not a breath the wave to curl.
Why should we not hoist sail o'er head?
Be jabers! we haven't a sail to spread.

O, landsmen smile at the gondolier,—
But he's proof to scorn, as he's proof to fear;
The scow his home, and the mud his joy—
By the shovel he wields, he's a broth of a boy.

Little the Park street dandy knows
Of the dangers we brave when the north wind blows;
When the Charles opes many a yawning grave,
And the mud-scow rolls on the plunging wave.

Ah, dainty dames upon downy bed,
With curtained silk to each pretty head,
When the sullen wind has a whisper of fear,
Does Beacon street dream of the gondolier?

Yet haply one to your window steals,
From his frugal supper of beer and eels;
And a borrowed hurdy-gurdy grinds
In the street below your Venitian blinds.

Perchance, as he telleth his true love tale,
Her visions of ease and luxury pale,
And the highborn beauty sees all her joy
In the brawny arms of the mudscow boy.

Then quickly she rises, resolved and glad,
And steals away from her gouty dad;
O, what does she care for splendor now,
By the side of her lover who steers the scow?

His hand on the helm, and his oar in the spray,
To his distant shanty they shoot away;
And the penny-a-liners in every sheet
Recount, but never condemn the feat.

Memoir of Mrs. S. C. E. Mayo. *A. Tompkins, 38 Cornhill, Boston, Publisher.*—The subject of these memoirs is better known as Miss Sarah C. Edgarton, and the book referred to is a reflex of her life and writings, by her husband. This is a household gem, worthy of a setting in every member's heart; a companion, more especially, for the female portion to cherish and consult. Our readers know that we seldom recommend to them any of the many emanations of the press, but this work we would refer them to with our earnest commendation.

Hospitality.—Mr. Thompson Tyler, proprietor of the Winthrop House, of this city, has offered free apartments to the President, when he may visit Boston. The Winthrop is delightfully located, and Mr. Tyler can give Old Zac one of the finest suites of apartments in town, and princely fare, both in attendance and the luxuries of the season.

Musical.—The celebrated Germanian Musical Society, which have afforded our citizens so much delight for some time past, have been engaged to furnish music for the visiters at Newport this season. They are to perform alternately at the Ocean, Atlantic, and Bellevue houses, commencing the first week in July.

Commerce of Boston.—The value of merchandise exported from this to foreign ports during the week ending 19th inst., was as follows: Domestic products, $117,870 35. Foreign products, $21,461 41. The total value of the exports for the corresponding week, last year, was $122,944 97.

It is said that Forrest 'put away his wife' because she remarked to a friend that if she had been at home when he wrote his foolish letter on Macready, it probably would not have appeared in print. If this be so, Forrest is a meaner man than we took him to be.—*Olive Branch.*

If his wife said that, she's 'small potatoes.'

New Material.—The uses to which iron is put are becoming more numerous every day. Some new stores, built entirely of cast iron, have been put up in New York, at the corner of Washington and Murray streets. Where are our Boston builders?

Amusements.—Mr. Collins, the delineator of Irish character, has been giving some popular entertainments at the Melodeon. The Tedesco benefit concert was a brilliant affair. The Lyceum has been doing an excellent business. There is nothing new worthy of note.

Cholera.—The New York Resident Physician reports, that all the cases of Cholera in that city, thus far reported, have been confined to those who were habitually intemperate and living in the most filthy manner. A hint this, that we may improve upon in Boston.

Sudden Demise.—Mrs. Elizabeth Charles, wife of Mr. James S. Charles, of the American Theatre, New Orleans, died in that city on the 4th inst., from an attack of cholera. She was to have played on the night of her death.

Preparing against Cholera.—Our city authorities have ordered a thorough purification of all the streets, alleys, lanes and by-places within the city, and laborers are actively engaged in fulfilling said order.

Mr. Macready will not play in Boston, but will take the Hibernia to England.—*Ex. paper.*

Think of that and weep—Macready *to take a steamer to England*—even Forrest couldn't do that.

Military.—The Albany 'Burgesses Corps' have decided to visit this city on the 30th of July next. They will be the guests of the City Guards, one of our best military companies.

Lord Alolphus Fitzclarance is dangerously ill.—*Transcript's Foreign News.*

Is he? that's bad; he'd better take physic. By the way, who is Lord Alolphus Fitzclarance?

Mr. Macready walked through Washington street yesterday, in company with his friend, George T. Curtis.—*Mail.*

P-r-o-d-i-g-i-o-u-s! Did the people shut up their shops on the occasion?

Ourang Outangs.—There are two of these singular animals now on exhibition in Washington street, near the Old South Church, a male and female. They have barely escaped being human beings.

Fountains.—The idea of erecting fountains in front of the State House is not yet abandoned and these elevated grounds will probably be thus ornamented.

## OUR OLIO COLUMN.

[Written for The Flag of our Union.]

### Pat's Walk.

BY W. D. BLACKBURN.

Two green sons of Erin, as taking a walk
On a bridge, at a toll-house arrived;
The fine was a fip, for each one of the Pats,
And they vowed was too much, on their lives.
The tollman in haste, says, 'Come, Paddies, your fee,
Or turn back, your choice of the two.'
'Well,' says Pat, 'by the curious look you've on me,
You think I know not how to do.'

'But, sir, do you ask any more for a man
With a pack on his back, than without?'
The tollman replied that the fare was the same,
And to pay him that soon, or clear out.
'Enough,' says the Paddy—'Mike, jump on my back;
Mister, here is a fip—clear the track!'
Mike was up in a minute, and Paddy went off,
With his bundle still fast on his back.

### The Bachelor's Vow.

BY THOMAS TEWKSBURY.

A bachelor bold,
With a heart as cold
As the icebergs which float on the ocean,
Made a vow that should bind,
Against all womankind,
That he never would pay them devotion.

A maid with bright eyes,
With indignant surprise,
Overhearing the rash declaration,
Straightway laid a plan
To vanquish this man,
In the way of retaliation.

So, on one fair day,
She fainted away,
In the path the young man was pursuing;
He stood still and gazed,
So greatly amazed,
That he did not know what he was doing.

To leave her alone,
He could not but own
Would be a foul act, most inhuman,
So, although in great fear,
At length he drew near,
And gently raised up the young woman.

Now what could he do
To bring the maid to?
To a neighboring spring he conveyed her;
And when arrived there,
With the tenderest care,
On a nice grassy hillock he laid her.

At length she revived,
As she had contrived,
Just as her pale face he was sprinkling;
She wished to know how
He regarded his vow,
So she opened her eyes in a twinkling.

This finished the man,
And completed the plan,
For soon on the ground he was kneeling;
And what he then said
To our charming fair maid,
Evinced that he still possessed feeling.

What the maiden replied
Is not testified,
Except it was said there was kissing;
And the townsfolk all know,
As the parson can show,
A bachelor next Monday was missing.
*City Item.*

### Old Roger's Bequest.

OR, AN OLD BACHELOR BROUGHT TO HIS SENSES BY THE SOFTENING INFLUENCE OF RHEUMATISM.

Old Roger lay groaning in bitter pain,
Alone in his chamber high;
From early morn unheeded he'd lain,
And the time dragged wearily by.

No kindly hand or voice was there
To soothe his poignant woe;
No friendly step pressed his chamber stair,
A sympathy kind to show.

His old watch whispered the waning day,
As it hung above his head,
And phials and potions in grim array,
Were ranged beside his bed.

Alone! how sad is the word alone!
How sad alone to feel!
[illegible] hours give no welcome tone,
Nor one kind look reveal.

Then as he groaned, a sudden thought,
Like a ray of blessed light,
Illumined his mind, with sadness fraught,
Putting all its gloom to flight.

'I'll make my will,' said he to himself,
'And though I've no lands to give,
I'll give what's better than earthly pelf,
The secret of how to live.

'I'll give advice that shall gladden life,
And make it more pleasantly glide;
The young man I'll counsel to marry a wife,
And the maiden to be a bride:

That when the long days of sickness press,
They may not lie there alone;
But gentle hearts be near to bless,
And affection's gentle tone;

Each wish be watched with a tender care,
And where loving ones shall bring
A charm to surround the sufferer there,
That will blunt affliction's sting.

Perchance the hour by childhood's voice,
May be as with music filled,
Till the lagging pulse at the tone rejoice
That before was nearly stilled.

No wife, no child—I have lived in vain,
And I feel my error keen;
O, could I renew my life again,
A wiser I'd be, I ween.

### Barking Dogs but seldom bite.

A RHYME WITH A MORAL.

BY THE YOUNG 'UN.

There was a farmer once we knew,
His name was Caleb Burns;
Who had as much as he could do
To mind his own concerns!
He never troubled others, who
He found ne'er troubled him;
But rather thought that there was room
On earth for him and them.

Still, enemies this farmer had,
Who dogged him night and day;
Yet though they called him all 'twas bad
He still pursued his way;
Nor turned to notice their attacks,
Which sorely grieved his friends—
Till his old schoolmate, Philip Max,
Swore they should make amends.

'Nay, let them be,' the farmer said,
'One night, some few years back,
The moon shone brightly overhead—
You know my old dog Jack?'
'Yes,' said his friend. 'Well, Jack went out—
Poor, silly, noisy fool!—
And, seeing so much light about,
Set up a furious howl.

'Upward he turned his toothless head,
And barked with lusty tone;
And yelled till he was well nigh dead,
But still the moon shone on!
That was a lesson, Max, to me,
'Twere well that you should learn;
Howe'er the envious harass thee,
Ne'er mind them—push right on!'
*American Union.*

### The Songs of Yore.

Alas, the good old songs of yore
Have gone quite out of date;
Surpassed by 'Old Virginia's Shore,'
And the 'North Car'lina State.'
No more are heard the pleasing notes
Of 'Coming through the Rye;'
But turn you where you may, you'll hear
'Susannah, don't you cry!'

To sing the song of 'Home, Sweet Home,'
A girl could not be led;
But ask her for some favorite tune,
She'll strike up 'Uncle Ned;'
Then finish off with 'Buffalo Gals,'
Or else with 'Dearest May;'
Forgetting that she ever knew
Some more heart-breaking lay.

O, give to me the songs of yore,
That come warm from the heart;
That make each pulse throb with delight,
And bid the passions start.
Sing me the song of 'Hours that were,'
I'll crave not what belongs
To the list of singer—pshaw, I mean
Of fashionable songs.

### Error.

When people once are in the wrong,
Each line they add is much too long;
Who fastest walks, but walks astray,
Is only farthest from the way.


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THE FLAG OF OUR UNION.

## MISCELLANEOUS.

[Written for The Flag of our Union.]

### DONATELLO RAVENNA;

OR,

### THE SURGEON OF FLORENCE.

BY FRANCIS A. DURIVAGE.

[NOTE.—Those familiar with the dramatic episodes of Dashfordsmith, the German poet, will recognize the authority followed in the annexed tale.]

#### PART I.

#### *The Prisoner's Wishes.*

Let us, gentle reader, close our eyes upon the present, in order to dispel the scenes which are passing around us, and look back once again, fancy that we have put back the wheels of Time's chariot, that we have changed our dwelling-place as well as period, and that we are within the walls of artistic, storied Florence, and in the interior of the studio of one of the most distinguished painters of the age. The room is exclusively darkened, and what little light there is, is admitted from the upper part of a huge arched window, and serves dimly to define the antique furniture, the high-backed chairs and quaintly carved tables, the coral statuettes, the casseline, the stools, the battered helmets and trophies of arms, the rusty mail and armour that serve to make up the groupings of an artist's interior.

Seated in an arm-chair in a lounging attitude, and with his head thrown back, his eyes have been penetrated. His sallow countenance lacked the usual healthy glow; the fine light which deepened the shadows of the hollow cheeks and curvatures eyes which spoke of recent suffering. His hair was long, dark, and velvet and a robe of the most material and fine workmanship, of dark blue velvet, was standing a young and fair-haired gentleman, in a rich and modern dress, determined with point lace and indicating his profession.

Santa Maria * exclaimed the painter, 'I feel at home once more. Thanks to you, Benardo Buonfigli, that I am not dead and have yander chamber where my spirit eluded like a cagebird from its prison. I am once more free to exercise its cunning. All this I owe to you!'

The surgeon answered modestly: 'Pray do not speak of it. I am but a humble Good Man,' for it was that great master of his art that he addressed.

'Small service!' exclaimed Salvator, 'I place a far different estimate upon them. Benardo Buonfigli, I am a poor painter, and can scarce boast of a chestnut's greatness—a woman's delicate and unremitting attention. Methinks I see the face of an artist to be entranced by his works. Then, again, by the strange care and and handit grasps I love to paint—and the world thinks me as rude and ferocious as a lioness. I have, in fact, but few friends among the mountains, I have wielded weapons more remarkable for the pickets than for the heart of Salvator Rosa is not insensible to kindness. It was your gentleness, then, have made me your friend.'

'And I am gratified proud of the title,' answered the surgeon. 'But let me address you with freedom. Here is, then, at whenever I have sought to talk with you on the glorious art in which you shine pre-eminent, you have cut the conversation short and changed the subject of discourse. I must another sign of your modesty, although I am assured as if you looked upon me as a mere professional man, and not as a friend, and a tutor beyond the circle of his science.'

'It cannot be,' replied Salvator, 'you either thought to flatter the sick man by allowing him to ride his favorite hobby; or else you had a motive for concealing from the painter's name.'

'Perhaps,' replied the surgeon, 'I should impose your motives for seeking information.'

'Well,' said Salvator, 'and if I told you I wanted to paint a picture?'

'Then I should ask how far you were acquainted with the principles of my profession.'

'And if I should answer that I know nothing about it and came to learn the principles. Ha! my good friend! I know what your reply would be. You would say—you are a painter—don't meddle with the lancet. It is a dangerous experiment to unskilful hands. It requires practice—keep to your pencil and can't exhibit a bad picture.'

'But tell me, Salvator,' said Benardo, 'might you not have been as great a surgeon as you are painter?'

'I am afraid,' answered the artist, bluntly, 'that I should have been as great a surgeon as you are a surgeon.'

'Then,' continued the surgeon's cheeks, 'as much—an assumer artist.'

'But will you look at it?' persisted Benardo.

'Pray don't urge me,' said Salvator 'I dare say you have talent, and some experience knows by handling the brush. Let that satisfy you; you don't exhibit your productions to me. I'm a merciless critic—I should say you were work—your pride would be offended at my remarks. I have the pleasure you derive from painting would be destroyed—and that we should lose a friend.'

'Then,' said Benardo, 'you shall not have it,' he said at length. 'Give me the picture.'

'The picture shall be delivered on payment of the money. I have no occasion to sell so cheap.'

'But suppose the picture should not obtain the prize?'

'I'll pay the money back.'

'Twenty thousand crowns! It's enormous!' said the director.

'Isn't Lucca worth the money?' asked the painter.

'Sixty beautiful!' replied the old dotard, rubbing his hands. 'You shall see her—that is, after the marriage—nobody sees her but Bia if you have courage to begin—to toil for years unencompassed—to brave envy, hatred, malice and all the unchildishness—to labor, to suffer, and to date—then bring me your picture.'

'I will bring it to you,' said the surgeon, and he departed.

Salvator remained a few moments in thought, when the door of his apartment was quietly opened. First appeared a pair of dun gray eyes, twinkling in a wrinkled countenance which was surmounted by a cowl—by the body to which the head belonged—that of an old man, richly attired in the overgarments costume of the period.

'Come in!' cried Salvator, as his visitor advanced with hesitation.

In the old smile of the great Salvator Rosa * inquired the stranger.

'My name is Salvator Rosa,' replied the painter, looking up at the intruder of the studio of one of the most distinguished painters of the age. The room is exclusively darkened, and what little light there is, is admitted from the upper part of a huge arched window, and serves dimly to define the antique furniture, the high-backed chairs and quaintly carved tables, the coral statuettes, the casseline, the stools, the battered helmets and trophies of arms, the rusty mail and armour that serve to make up the groupings of an artist's interior.

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'Come in!' cried Salvator, as his visitor advanced with hesitation.

In the old smile of the great Salvator Rosa * inquired the stranger.

'My name is Salvator Rosa,' replied the painter, looking up at the intruder.

'My name, signor, is Andrea del Galeno; I am a professor in the academy of San Luca.'

'This is an unexpected honor,' answered Salvator.

'I was eager, signor,' replied the director, 'to see the artist who—whose fame has brought, such an honor on our city; who, though only for two months a resident of Florence, has created a school of painting and introduced a new style imitation of his—an enthusiasm set in motion which will make Florence rival the Spanish painted in embarrassment, as his style is called, and which is already becoming more equally confused. Rallying, however, in a moment, he continued: 'Signor, I am the surgeon; you here, doctor?'

'Yes, signor,' replied Ravenna, 'in a professional capacity. I have gained from having recently broken his arm. Now, signor, I have a commission to execute, and many, many counsels, and do not overtask the strength of my patient. Good day, signor.' And he added in a whisper, 'don't say a word to this man of any absence on my part.'

Then, after favoring a nod of intelligence and assent from the artist, the surgeon took his leave.

'Are you much acquainted with this gentleman?' inquired Salvator.

'You bound him say he was my surgeon,' said the old gentleman. 'Well—I wish I could give you a good account of him. But he is a modern fellow—knows little of—of Rose

J. A. Smith


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[WRITTEN EXPRESSLY FOR THE FLAG OF OUR UNION.]

## THE BELLE OF MADRID, OR, THE UNKNOWN MASK.

### A TALE OF SPAIN AND THE SPANISH.

BY LIEUTENANT MURRAY.

[CONTINUED.]

### CHAPTER VIII.

*The Belle of Madrid. New suitors, and the wishes of the count. New source of influence over Isabella. The Marquis Laveau, the ambassador. Love by proxy. A heartless girl. A strange and unexpected visiter. The mask and the developments.*

AS we have before intimated, Isabella d'Aranda was never more beautiful in person than now, and still was she the acknowledged belle of the capital; her charms were toasted by the gallants in bumpers, and her praises were sounded even by the fair signorettas themselves who might well be jealous of her peerless attractions. Had Isabella been in any degree chargeable with the name of coquette, this would not have been the case, for admiration would have given place to a spirit of rivalry in the breasts of her fair acquaintances; but the homage they paid her was genuine, spontaneous and richly merited. We see in artists a dislike to award excellence to others in the same profession, unless it be to those whose title to precedence is unquestioned; and as all vocalists are ready to acknowledge a Jenny Lind the queen of song, so the proud and beautiful of Madrid acknowledged Isabella the queen of beauty.

Still endeavoring in every way once more to win back his child to the gayety and smiles of the world, Count d'Aranda's drawing-rooms were often the scene of merry-makings as far as the count could render them so; but his company could not but observe that although Isabella strove by studied courtesy and politeness to render her father's guests at home, yet her heart was ill at ease, and that there lurked a sad spirit beneath a forced display of complacency.

It would have been unreasonable to suppose that so bright a star could have shone unchallenged and unsought in Madrid. Of course Isabella again found numerous suitors for her heart and hand, but her manner towards all, without distinction, was so cold, yet so dignified and respectful, that the first approaches of familiarity were never made. It is on this principle that a true lady is never brought to the disagreeable necessity of refusing the proffered hand of a suitor; if she possess a well-balanced mind, and only an ordinary knowledge of human nature, his advances will be gently checked with indescribable tact, and so good-naturedly, as to spare the disappointed feelings of one devoted to her wishes.

At last, however, there came one who could not be so easily repulsed, high in authority, proud, rich, and courted by all. He was the favored ambassador of the court of Spain from France, and brought all the native gallantry and vivacity of his people to the feet of Isabella d'Aranda. He was noble by birth, gentlemanly and highly cultivated, and the suit he paid to the daughter of the count was considered most honorable by the father, who encouraged the engagement as far as he might do so with self-respect and dignity. For after all, there was a vast deal of true nobility about the count, that shone forth at times, showing conclusively that but for some early error in life he would have been a free, generous and convivial spirit.

More than a year had elapsed since the fearful night on which Louis Gonzaga had fled from Madrid. Isabella d'Aranda had, perhaps, in some degree passed over the keenness of her grief—for time heals the most painful of wounds. Her father had seemed to change towards her, from the cold and proud man he had formerly been, to the kindest and most thoughtful of parents. Isabella was unused to this display of tenderness; her mother had died when she was very young, too young to realize her worth or love, and her father had always seemed to her more like a master than a parent. But since the night of the masked ball when she had danced with Louis Gonzaga, and her father had so suddenly retreated from the scene of enjoyment, there had been a great change in his feelings and manner; he had seemed to realize his loneliness in the world, and to seek for a kindly feeling in his child which might serve to encourage and support him at heart. In short, Count d'Aranda had suddenly changed in his bearing and manner to his child, from a guardian to a father, and, as may naturally be supposed, had experienced an answering response from Isabella.

We refer to this position of affairs to show the reader why Isabella was found receiving the attentions of the Marquis Laveau so kindly as she did. In her newly fledged love for her father, she of course strove to please and gratify him in all things. She knew full well that her father had already set his heart upon her marriage with Monsieur le Marquis, and indeed he had told her so in so many words, and placed the affair before her in the most favorable light possible. As to Louis Gonzaga, his name was never mentioned in the family at all; indeed, it was thought that he had either perished, or gone to some foreign land, and a well authenticated report even had been circulated of his death. Though the government had offered large sums for his arrest, or for information concerning him, still he had never been directly heard from even by his best friends and oldest messmates in Madrid.

At last, the Marquis Laveau made a formal proposal through the count, for his daughter's hand in marriage. The father was only too happy to give his unqualified consent, and then sought Isabella to elicit from her the requisite compliance on her part. He told his errand to his child, watching every lineament of her face to read the promptings of her heart. She started, trembled violently now that the decisive moment had arrived when her fate must be sealed. Her eyes rested upon the floor, she bit her fair red lips in her struggle to control herself, and at last looking up, she rather gasped than uttered:

'So soon, father!' while an almost imperceptible shudder convulsed her frame.

'Nay, my child,' continued the count, 'it will be only the consummation of your own happiness and mine. You will become honorably and proudly settled in life, my child, in a position even higher than we might have hoped to see you fill.'

'But, father—'

'What, my child?' speak, and let me know the feelings that excite you so.'

'I do not love the marquis,' said Isabella, emphatically.

'But you will soon do so, Isabella; he has every requisite to make you happy; rich, handsome, intelligent, surely it cannot be a hard lot to be the companion of such a man—and then he is so devoted to you, my child, he loves you far better, than that young Louis—'

'Father!' interrupted Isabella, in a tone of voice that startled the count, 'call not that name again, or at least never to compare it with another!'

'Well, well, my child, I was thoughtless; forgive me, forgive me.'

Isabella only sighed deeply, as though her heart was broken.

'Your answer, my child. I must convey it to the marquis.'

'Alas! I care little how it is,' replied Isabella, 'do as you will, father, answer for me, and I will abide your wishes.'

'Thanks, my child,' said the count; 'I thank you deeply; for this union once consummated, I shall be happy indeed. I will bear your answer to the marquis at once. You will be happy, Isabella, I feel you will. You will love him after you come to know him better.'

'Speak not of *love*, father,' said Isabella, sighing deeply.

It was true. Isabella was reckless, ay, heartless, if you will. Her young love had been wrecked on the fatal night of de Castro's death and that of the faithful Fernando, and she cared but little for the future; it had few inducements to her and no charms. Had she been left to her own choice, she would have discarded all society, ay, and more than once had she looked upon the nuns at the cathedral with envy, and longed for the seclusion that their life guaranteed. It was solely for her father's sake that she had ever borne with the marquis at all, and the reader has seen in what kind of spirit the fair young girl had consented to become his bride.

Unlike the arrangements of marriage preliminaries where true love is the foundation, those of people high in station are mostly performed by proxy, as was the case with Isabella d'Aranda. Doubtless had the marquis proposed marriage to her himself and in person, she would have told him honestly, that she loved him not, when his sense of honor would have led him to withdraw a suit that must prove unhappy. But the father answered for his child, and although the ambassador was aware that he did not possess the confidence and love of the peerless and beautiful girl, yet he counted safely on winning both at last.

The fashionable world of Madrid was soon made aware of the proposed marriage between Isabella d'Aranda and the Marquis Laveau, and it became of course the talk of the town, since the lady was the belle of the city, and the gentleman the most accomplished courtier at the time in Europe. There was a little envy expressed, perhaps, now that Isabella had approached so near to the settlement that her sex all look forward to with so much interest. Still her beauty and the excellence of the match were fully conceded.

The arrangements for the ceremony were conducted on the part of Isabella, by her father, solely; she was seemingly indifferent to the affair altogether, and sat much of her time musing alone on the piazza, within the shade of the spacious verandah. She was sitting thus alone upon the piazza one fine evening, about this period, gazing upon the starry vault above her, and communing with her own heart, when she met with a singular interruption that was of no little importance to her welfare. Hearing the stillness broken by a footfall, she turned in the direction of the noise, and beheld the person of a stranger approaching her, and on nearer approach she recognized the mask that had spoken to Louis Gonzaga on the night of the ball.

Isabella was not of a timid disposition, yet she felt perhaps a little unpleasant at this unexpected visit—and if she was not exercised by fear, it was something very much like it that crept over her heart as she quickly asked:

'What brings you hither, signor, and how is it that you find your way into this place unannounced by my people?'

'It matters not, lady; I have a way of overcoming such difficulties as might arise from too much formality,' replied the stranger.

'But what brings you here, signor, at all?' continued Isabella.

'Business that nearly concerns you, lady; wilt listen to me?'

'Speak on,' said Isabella, in some degree regaining her self-possession.

'You are to be married,' said the mask, somewhat abruptly.

'Well.'

'I would not seem impertinent, but I speak for your good, and that of another.'

'Speak freely,' said Isabella, 'one who finds it so easy to gain access here unannounced, can hardly be troubled for sufficient assurance to speak his mind.'

'You do me injustice, lady,' said the mask, warmly.

'Perhaps so, but go on with your story, signor.'

'Do you love the Marquis Laveau?' he asked, quickly.

'What possible right can a stranger have to ask such a question of me?' said Isabella, with ill-suppressed indignation.

'I am the firm friend of him you once loved,' continued the mask. 'One who loved you, lady, ay, to very madness, but who alas! misled by your familiarity with another whom he considered as a rival, was driven to jealousy and misery, until a painful and fearful accident to which I need not refer in detail, drove him abruptly from Madrid, a wanderer and a proscribed man for the future, with a price upon his head, and declared an outlaw by his king.'

'Alas! I never gave him cause for jealousy; I was wholly his,' sighed the peerless beauty, rather expressing her inward thoughts than answering the mask.

'Never?' asked the mask, in an earnest and searching tone.

'Never, upon my soul,' reiterated Isabella, startled at his earnestness.

'Lady, I have myself seen you do that within his sight, that would have fired my blood had I been Louis Gonzaga,' replied the mask, reproachfully.

'Impossible!' said Isabella, earnestly, 'I know not what you mean.'

'On the very night that I have referred to, lady, he saw you present your hand for his rival, General de Castro, to kiss; both he and myself saw it from the public street, though Louis Gonzaga did not know that I was near at the time. I was following him to speak to him on business of my own, but seeing him suddenly turn back chagrined at the sight we had both seen, I did not wish to interrupt him, and so turned away from the spot.'

After a moment's thought, Isabella said:

'It is true, I did give my hand on the piazza, to General de Castro, but, signor, it was only in acknowledgment of a favor, an important favor, I had elicited for Louis Gonzaga. The general had just presented me with his commission as captain.'

'Indeed!' replied the mask, musing to himself, thoughtfully; 'was that the motive that induced your extraordinary civility to the general?'

'It was; de Castro was no favorite with me, only as far as I thought that I served Louis's interest by my attention to him. Indeed, the general knew full well that I bore him no especial regard, for I had told him so, more than once.'

'Would to God Louis Gonzaga could have known this,' said the mask.

'I beg pardon,' said Isabella, suddenly, 'I have kept you standing—will you please to sit down?'

'Thank you,' replied the mask, seating himself in silence.

Both were silent for some time; the true cause of Louis's impetuosity in no small degree appearing to Isabella, and with some grounds for excuse, since he knew nothing of the motives that had actuated her in her courtesy to General de Castro, while the mask was thinking that, had not this sad misunderstanding occurred, at least half of the trouble and unhappiness that had been mutually shared by Louis and Isabella might have been avoided. It was a singular picture to see that queer and mysterious mask seated opposite to the belle of that great city, whom he had so intensely interested. He was large, and powerful in frame, with an air of dark and meaning import about him, and a spirit of mystery seemed to clothe his every movement; while she, the picture of lovely innocence and youthful beauty, seemed too deeply absorbed in thought to heed the character of her strange companion.

A singular couple to sit there together, was the beauty of Madrid, and this dark man, the unknown mask.

### CHAPTER IX.

*Scene between Isabella and the mask. Disappearance of the mysterious stranger. Retrospective glance. Fernando the page. A fearful scene between the Count d'Aranda and the mask! Sudden attack of the count.*

BOTH Isabella and her strange visiter remained silent for some time, as we left them at the close of the last chapter. Isabella was canvassing the conduct of Louis Gonzaga under the new light that had been thrown upon it. 'He knew nothing of the motives that actuated me, he could know nothing. I kept it a secret to surprise him with. It was but an evidence of his ardent and sincere love after all,' thought she, 'that led him to show such sensitiveness at the act he so unfortunately witnessed.' But then, the thought of the poor girl who had died to save him came over her like a cloud, and chilled the returning love that warmed her desolate and half broken heart. The bare idea that Louis Gonzaga had betrayed the confidence of that faithful young creature chilled her love again, and she sighed heavily.

'It was unfortunate that you could not have understood each other better,' at last said the mask, breaking the long silence.

'Unfortunate indeed,' mused Isabella, half aloud.

'He left you suddenly, I judged?' continued the mask, interrogatively.

'Without one word of explanation,' said Isabella, 'he was too harsh, too quick—I could not explain when he attacked even my honor!'

'But all this is past now,' said the mask, 'and regrets are vain. I am here on another errand now, in which I may serve you, perhaps, if you will trust to me as the friend of Louis Gonzaga.'

'Speak,' said Isabella.

'Do you love the Marquis Laveau?' again asked her strange visiter.

'Since you know so much of my private feelings already, signor, I will answer you frankly. I neither love him nor ever can do so,' she said, firmly.

'But you marry him [...] be—'

'No matter why I marry him,' interrupted Isabella, quickly. 'I have told quite enough of this business to a perfect stranger.'

'I can see plainly,' said the mask 'that it is your father's wishes that you consult, and that duty dictates where love alone should rule.'

'It is but too true,' said Isabella, sadly, but yet, rather musing to herself than in answer to the query of her visiter.

'Farewell then, lady, you need concern yourself no farther in the matter—this marriage shall never take place!' said the mask.

'Strange being,' said Isabella, 'you speak like one who has the power to perform whatever he promises—but do nothing rashly on my account.'

'Fear not for my discretion.'

'May I ask you one question?' said Isabella, with evident emotion.

'Freely,' said the mask.

'I would know—'

'What? lady.'

'If you—if any one—'

'I understand; you would ask concerning *him*, of Louis Gonzaga.'

'I would,' said Isabella, almost with a groan, and with her face averted.

'Since he left Madrid on that fatal night, Heaven alone knows what has become of him, I have never heard even a rumor of his resort. May the virgin protect him,' said the mask, sincerely, 'for a truer heart never drew a blade or broke bread. The entire poor of the neighborhood of the barracks mourned his loss, for he used to cast his pay among them as freely and impartially as the rain descends from heaven.'

At these words Isabella could no longer control her feelings, but sobbed like a child, burying her face in her hands to conceal her tears, but calling a sense of pride to her support she soon recovered her self-possession, and brushing away these pearly drops that were shed for him who had deserted her, she looked about her for the strange companion who had so lately addressed her, but he was gone as mysteriously as he had come, unannounced and unattended. A superstitious idea passed through the mind of Isabella, concerning the strange being who had just left her, his character for the moment striking her much as the reader will remember was the case with Louis Gonzaga, when he parted from the mask one night in the passing of his rounds in Madrid. He never seemed to be visible except at some important moment, and then to turn the scale by his own power, when he was sure to suddenly disappear again. She thought of the queer stories her old nurse had told her in infancy, and a feeling of awe crept over her spirits in spite of her good sense and firm resolution not to give way to superstition.

It was nearly midnight before she left the spot to retire to her couch, and while she sat there beneath the broad illumined sky, she had recalled every incident of the past, even from the first meeting between herself and Louis Gonzaga in the Prado, where the reader will remember he afforded her such important service. She had thoroughly canvassed her conduct towards him, and now the position of affairs between herself and Louis seemed very different to her mind. She felt that the gayety of society had in some degree dazzled her, and that she had been pleased by the gallantry and lively wit of the accomplished General de Castro, and that she had often shown a want of interest in Louis which, perhaps, he had keenly felt. In short, for hours she sat there on the moon-lit piazza endeavoring in her heart to find excuses for Louis, but at last the form of the page, that poor, dying, faithful girl, would rise up before her, and then she felt that she could never forgive, never respect Louis, though all other things were explained and forgotten, while this blot remained upon the history of the past.

[...] thinking of Fernando and reviewing [...] Gonzaga, Isabella was led to remember her promise to the poor girl, and now for the first time she tried to recall the name of her mother, and where she lived. She even searched for the memorandum which she remembered to have made at the time, by request of the dying girl. But that was lost, and she recalled the permission of Fernando in which she told Isabella that she might read the contents of the casket which she entrusted to her care. This it now became necessary to do, in order to ascertain to whom the papers should be sent, and Isabella resolved that on the following day she would consult the little box that had so long been neglected, at the same time chiding herself that she had not kept her promise to the poor girl relating to the casket, which was her only dying request.

It is not to be supposed that Isabella d'Aranda did not possess the usual degree of curiosity natural to us all, and particularly to her sex; but there was a reason which will be self-evident to the reader, why she had deferred to examine the records within the receptacle referred to. It is true, that at first she had more than once been tempted to avail herself of the permission to read the paper within, but firmly convinced of Louis Gonzaga's infidelity to her, and his deceit and betrayal of the poor girl, she rather shrank from an examination of evidence that would display the truth of these to her, not only beyond a doubt, but in all the sickening detail that an honest record must show. But as we have said, it had now become necessary for her to do so at least in part, before she could perform the solemn promise she had made to the poor girl on her death-bed.

It was in this frame of mind that Isabella d'Aranda retired to her chamber, long after the night watch had cried the middle hour of the night; indeed it was nearly morning, as [...] wearied and sad upon her couch.

On the following night, a man long past the prime of life, gray and wrinkled, yet presenting the appearance of strong passion, and not a little physical strength, sat among his books in a spacious library. His countenance denoted the character of one who had seen much of the world, and who had suffered much; one who had been born in luxury and plenty, and whose ease in position arose from the security of his right. His dress was costly, and the belongings of the room betokened the occupant to possess large means and a liberal taste. There lay before him a set of marriage papers relating to settlement of property in right of the wife, and other matters that are usually involved in such transactions.

It was late at night, and the candles burned dim that thus lighted the study of Count d'Aranda, when a person stealthily entered the apartment from a door just behind the count, who did not turn to confront the unannounced intruder until he felt his hot breath upon his very cheek! It was the mask who the night before had appeared to Isabella on the piazza. Had a bolt from heaven fallen at the feet of Count d'Aranda, he would not have trembled more, or have shown more unequivocal signs of fear! Speech seemed to be denied, and he gasped for breath, until at last he asked, hoarsely:

'What brings you to me again, and in this strange manner?'

'Those papers before you relate to the business that concerns me,' said the mask, pointing to the documents referred to before.

'These?' said the count; 'impossible—what interest can you have in them?'

'Are they not the marriage papers, relating to your daughter and the Marquis Laveau?'

'They are.'

'Then they relate to the same business which brings me here.'

'The marriage?'

'Ay, the marriage.'

'Well, what of it?' asked the count, wiping the cold perspiration from his forehead, and averting his face from the person of his mysterious visiter.

'Simply this, it must not be consummated!' said the mask, in a calm, yet firm, and menacing voice.

'Must not? This—this is strong language, signor, for any one to use to me,' replied Count d'Aranda, endeavoring to assume a spirit that he was very far from feeling.

'Still it must not be,' said the mask, calmly.

'What right have you to enter my family and interfere in its arrangements?'

'We will not discuss the matter of my right, Count d'Aranda,' said the mask; 'you know very well whether I have the means to enforce my demand or not. I say this marriage *must not take place*. I need not add the penalty that shall surely follow the disobedience of my will in this matter.'

'Name it not; for the love of Heaven speak no more to me!' said Count d'Aranda, almost overcome with fearful internal emotion.

'Will you heed then my wishes? Your daughter loves not this French ambassador, it is no sacrifice on her part, but a simple tax upon your pride that I claim. I would not demand it, was her heart to suffer by the requirement.'

'How know you,' said the father, 'that my child loves not the marquis?'

'I have sources of information, as you can testify, that are unknown to all,' replied the mask, meaningly, to the count's question.

As the stranger thus spoke, the count reached his hands towards a drawer beneath his table and suddenly possessing himself of a pistol secreted there, he turned with a flushed face and unsteady hand towards the intruder, at whose breast he aimed the weapon. But quicker than thought it was struck from his hand, and cast to the farthest side of the room, while the mask stood calmly contemplating [...] made. His face expressed hate, fear and shame at the same moment; shame at his futile effort to take the life of the mask, and fear of his vengeance.

'Count d'Aranda,' said the stranger, 'do not suppose I am unprepared for such an attack as this; for your life is even now in my hands.'

As he spoke, he threw open his cloak, and showed to the count a pair of pistols and a long dagger—all thrust securely in his belt and screened by a fold of his dress.

'No, no, signor, I understand the character of the game I play too well to permit myself to be taken at any time unawares.'

Count d'Aranda walked back and forth in his room half distracted, while the mask regarded him with the utmost coolness, until at length he paused before him and almost screamed in the intensity of his excitement:

'Villain, why do you torment me?'

'Do you comply with my wishes, with regard to the proposed marriage?' asked the mask.

Again Count d'Aranda hurriedly paced the room.

'Must I live in this harrowing dread and fear?' at last said Count d'Aranda, in desperation. 'Demand what sum of money you will, name it, and though half my fortune, it is yours, but leave me, leave the country. For Heaven's sake, never see me more!'

As he spoke thus, the proud Count d'Aranda was fearfully overcome with the emotion that possessed him, and covering his face with his hands he breathed with difficulty.

'I want not your gold, you know that, Count Aranda, else I could long since have enriched myself at your cost. My purpose I am not obliged to explain to you, but I repeat what I have said, Isabella must not espouse the Marquis Laveau. Remember that the first step towards consummating that ceremony, [...] the signal for your death warrant!'

'O, holy Father!' groaned the completely prostrated count, 'have I not yet suffered enough, has not misery sufficient fallen to my lot.'

'Remember! remember!'

With these words the mask turned coldly away from the half distracted father of Isabella, and left the apartment as silently as he had entered.

Count d'Aranda, after so fearful an excitement, struggled with his nervous system as he attempted to rise, and fell heavily in a swoon upon the floor. The noise brought a couple of attendants to his assistance, and the house was at once alarmed, but the cause of the serious attack of illness was a secret to all; even Isabella was as ignorant as the rest, and the surgeons shook their heads, as much as to say it was a critical case.

Cooling draughts and anodynes at length restored his nervous system, and he was once more, physically speaking, himself, though Isabella observed that the same uneasy rolling of the eyes had returned, the same sensitiveness to any sudden noise, and other tokens of nervous derangement that had characterized his attack of gloom nearly two years previous. Remembering that the former case dated from his meeting the singular being whom she had seen the previous night, and who declared that the marriage should not take place, Isabella wondered in her own mind if this visit had not taken place, and was the cause of his trouble, but she dared not refer in the most distant manner to the subject.

Her father seemed now as studiously to avoid being left alone at all times, and gave orders for one of his servants to sleep in his chamber. The confidential servant who performed this duty told his lady that the Count d'Aranda would often groan and start in his sleep, and talk vaguely and incoherently about a masked stranger!

### CHAPTER X.

*The secret of the casket. A young girl's story. A journal of strange love and devotion. A veil removed from the heart of Isabella d'Aranda. 'Louis, dear Louis, how unjustly have I censured your memory.'*

IN the privacy of her own chamber on the following night, Isabella opened the little casket that had been confided to her care by the dying girl who had served Louis Gonzaga as a page or servant. How her hand trembled as she removed the clasp that held it together. Twice did she pause to regain assurance and to still her beating heart, for she feared to find therein strong and bitter evidence of his dishonor and deceit. The idea that he whom she had once loved so fondly, ay, whom she still loved spite of everything, for she could not deceive herself, the idea we say, that he had been so unfaithful to her, was a thought so bitter, that well might she pause ere she confirmed so fearful a suspicion by examining the detail of that sin! But calling up the necessity of examining the packet in order to learn its proper destination, she opened the casket and found within, its only contents, a small writing-book half filled with manuscripts in a very delicate hand, and seemingly kept in the style of a journal, though the commencement was more of a history of the past.

It commenced thus:

'As the life I have chosen will naturally lead me into frequent dangers, and as I join this service under an assumed name as well as sex, I deem it prudent for me to leave in some safe place a sketch of my true name and character, that my poor mother and sister may finally know what has become of me, provided I am suddenly taken away by some casualty.'

'Little could she have anticipated the fate that at last befell her,' sighed Isabella.

'My name,' continued the record, 'is Isola Olvidea, and my mother and sister live in our native place, the city of Pampelona. At the death of my father, he left us a humble residence, but yet quite comfortable and affording all the necessary conveniences, besides some pecuniary means for support; but when sister and myself grew up and left the school which we attended, our mother told us that we must be industrious and do much with the needle towards supporting ourselves. This we did, living contented and happy upon our narrow means, until my sixteenth year, when the rebel troops took possession of Pampelona, making themselves masters of all the forts and citadel, and soon after we were beseiged by the royal army that was sent from Madrid. Knowing that they could expect no mercy from the hands of the rightful sovereign, the rebels held out to the last, and the people suffered fearful deprivations, from fear of being killed, should they attempt to pass the city walls. But a brave young girl one night stole out with the key of the southern gate, and let in the royal troops.'

'The protracted resistance of the rebels had so exasperated the royal troops and their commander, that after they had fairly possessed themselves of the city, it was the scene of pillage and bloodshed. Though our humble dwelling was in a quiet and retired street, yet it did not escape the avaricious eyes of the soldiery. They entered our doors and took from us all that was of value that they could carry, and then seizing my younger sister and myself, were bearing us away to a fate worse than death itself, when a young officer of cavalry rode up and ordered the ruffians to release us both.'

'"Not by any mean, signor lieutenant," said one, "they are lawful booty."'

'"Ay," said another, "has not the commander in chief [...]"'

'"Ruffians, do you question an officer's orders?" said the lieutenant—"obey at once!"'

'"Never," replied he who held my sister, while he kissed her lips with his foul mouth, before his laughing companions, who jeered at the scene.'

'"Mutiny, by heaven!" said the young officer, sending a bullet through the head of him who held my sister, and had thus insulted her.'

'This summary procedure had the desired effect, and the men, awed into obedience by the prompt conduct of a superior officer, refunded what goods they had taken at his order, and went quietly away. Returning us kindly to our home, the young officer gave us some kind words of assurance, and dashed away in discharge of the duty of his calling.'

'Many weeks passed, before the excitement that the siege had created could subside, and in the meantime the king's troops held the town. At the close of each day, I repaired to the *Plaza des Armes* to witness the parade of the cavalry regiment, and to single out and gaze upon the young lieutenant who had saved us from a fearful fate by his prompt interference, as I have described, with the excited soldiers. He saw me not, but how earnestly I sought for him, and I never returned until he retired to the barracks of the troop. Then with some excuse for my mother, as to the reason of my being so late abroad, I would retire to sigh and think of the noble young soldier, and when I went to bed, to dream of him.'

'At last the city having become tranquil, and the supremacy of the king fully established, the troops were ordered once more back to Madrid. I saw the young lieutenant who had saved our lives and honor ride out of the city gates with the departing column of the army. Already had my heart pictured him as the being of all beings to love; already did I love him, and with an ardor that nothing could check. His form and face were my beau ideal of manly beauty, while I had already reason to thank him for a service indescribably great. Ah! how my heart sunk within me as he passed through the gates of Pampelona; he was gone doubtless forever. I returned home that night but not to sleep—to think, to plan, and to arrange! On the following day, with the scanty means I could raise on one or two little ornaments of my own, I purchased an undress uniform, half page's half orderly, as if for a disguise at the forthcoming masked ball. Placing a sharp stiletto in my bosom for protection, and kissing my sleeping mother and sister, one clear, fine night soon after the departure of the army, I sallied out of the city walls to follow him I loved so well, and for whom I forsook mother, sister and everything.'

'Many were the adventures I met with in my endeavors to join the army, and many the hardships I encountered, yet all seemed light and pleasant to me, for the star that guided and attracted me was ahead, and still I struggled on, counting all things as trifles that were to be overcome in the consummation of my plan to join the army, and at last at Valladolid I succeeded.'

'Having found the regiment of cavalry to which the lieutenant belonged, I sought him out, and applied to him for service. At first he gently repulsed me, saying he had already one who served him well. But my story was artfully managed, I was alone, no friends, no relations to help me, had followed the army thus far, read a kind heart in his face, and finally by gentle persuasion and the urging of my lonely situation I prevailed.'

'"I much fear," said he, "that you are too light and delicate to even hold my horse."'

'I will make up in assiduity what I lack in strength, signor,' I answered.

'"I like thee, boy," said he, "and will give thee a trial, at least."'

'Thanks, signor, a thousand thanks, said I, and I came near betraying myself by the eagerness which I displayed, and by my girl-like inexperience, but I studied well my part, and so cunningly assumed the boy in character as I had done in costume.'

'How happy was I for the moment! Engaged as his private servant, a calling that would keep me ever near to him, that would enable me to serve him with all my heart, to watch his dear, dear eyes, and listen to his ever gentle voice. O, how sweet that voice is to my ears, and sometimes I fear that my love for it approaches too near to idolatry! Well, at last we reached the capital, and were ensconced in the immense barracks of Madrid, and here I am servant of him I love so well, while he little suspects my sex.'

Here Isabella d'Aranda started, blushed deeply with excitement and hurried on. The idea that Louis Gonzaga knew not of the poor girl's sex had never before entered her thoughts for even a moment, and now she became so agitated at this gleam of sunshine upon her heart, that she trembled like an aspen leaf. There was a break or division in the writing here, and that which followed was evidently written at various times, and in the form of a journal, without doubt, the casual notings of the writer, made as the spirit prompted her. It was in items, as follows:

'I am still undiscovered; surely fortune favors me—each day impresses me with fresh love, fresh devotion for him, to follow whom I have left home and belied my sex. He is ever kind and ever considerate, and seems to fear lest he shall tax my strength too hardly for my powers. Yet he does not suspect me at all. I am sure of that, and I begin to hope he never may suspect or discover my true character, for then he would discard me at once. Disgusted at the deceit I had practised, he would, perhaps, turn me forth to die or beg. Yet no, he would not do this, it is too unlike him, but he would despise me and send me home; I should die then, for I am only happy while I [...]'

'Remitted my quarter's pay to my mother; dear mother, what would I not give to see thee and my sister. I do not dare to let them know where I am, and so I got leave of absence and went to Toledo, where I posted my remittance. It is a small sum, but yet a large one to them, and will supply many little wants and necessities that I can easily imagine. Besides that, my support does not have to come out of their small earnings now. God bless them.'

'To-day, Lieutenant Gonzaga rendered a prompt service to the belle of all Madrid, on the public Prado, before the eyes of hundreds. She is the daughter of the proud Count d'Aranda, who looked upon my master as if it was hard work for him to thank him even for saving the life of his only child. How beautifully she looked. Ah! she is lovely indeed. I would that I were beautiful, that I might win the love of him that I adore. For a moment she lay in his very arms, and I saw him smile, and gently re-assure her after the accident, and the lady, too, was most courteous to him, and he seemed happier all the rest of the day and evening after seeing the beautiful Isabella d'Aranda.'

'My dear young master seems deeply interested in something; he is abstracted and thoughtful. He sent me last night to watch the house of the Count d'Aranda, and to learn if possible which balcony led to the chamber occupied by the fair lady he has served. I ascertained for him which was her apartment, and he handed me a *pesos* for my skill, as he said; and to-night has gone out with his guitar to play her a serenade. I will go too, and listen a short way off to the sweet tones of his voice, sweet, though I know them raised for another.'

'Yes, it is too evident—my master loves the fair Signoretta Isabella, yet why should he not do so? She is high-born, rich, beautiful, ay, very beautiful; in short possessed of every attractive quality that can move the heart of a gallant cavalier. I have been wondering all day that I do not feel jealous, but I find I love him too well to harbor such a spirit, and I found myself looking at Isabella d'Aranda with admiration the other day at mass, because I remembered that *he* loved her; this is very different from jealousy if I know what it really is.'

'They met this morning at mass the first time to speak, since the accident to her in the Prado. He said something to her that moved her sensibly. What could it have been? and since that, I have been carrying notes back and forth to the count's lacquey, whom I bribed with a half doubloon to deliver the first epistle to his mistress and bring back the answer. Little does the lady or my master suspect what sort of a messenger they employ between them. Alas! I have been very melancholy to-day. I wonder what would produce speedy death if one should happen to feel disposed to escape the cares and bitterness of this life. I don't mean that I would do so, but I have been wondering to-day what is the *easiest* mode of death!'

Isabella was deeply interested in the singular narrative that she was reading, and followed its story minutely, appreciating each indication of the working of the poor girl's heart, with the shrewdness and knowledge that a superior intellect supplied, and that a better knowledge of human nature than many of her sex and age are endowed with, enabled her to appreciate.

The journal continued:

'A stranger has been here to-day, a singular being, whose tone and manner seemed to gain great influence over me. He asked me much about my young master, praised my

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fidelity, and gave me gold, but he never removed his mask the whole time he was here. I didn't fear to answer his queries honestly, for I couldn't commit my master in anything wrong. I know him too well, too intimately. 'Twas a queer mask.

'That mask has been here again to-day, and enjoins secrecy upon me as it regards his visits. Queer—he seems much interested in my master, he asked most particularly about the Lady Isabella d'Aranda—though I can't guess his reason. I shall be more cautious what I tell him. I wouldn't take his gold to-day, and I mean to refuse it again. My master seems to be an accepted lover at the count's house, God help me to bear the thought. It is the wonder of the town, that the proud old Count d'Aranda should permit a simple lieutenant of cavalry to pay suit to his beautiful daughter; it does seem odd, when at first he was obliged to conduct his correspondence with so much secrecy.

'Joy—joy, my dear master says he shall leave Madrid at once, and promises to take me with him, and yet, why should I say joy. He is not happy, and if he be not happy, surely I am not, so if he be miserable, I am doubly so. What can have happened at the Count d'Aranda's, to have induced this hasty step? Fortunately my sex is still undiscovered else I should be left behind. How I begin to dread the discovery, for I look upon that moment as the one that must separate us forever. But I have no time to write. I must pack up my master's things, for we go at once.'

This was the last memorandum Isola had made, written doubtless on the day of her death; poor child, little did she anticipate the coming events of that fearful struggle when she died to save her master's life.

Isabella paused; the paper fell at her feet—she seemed like one in a trance. The veil was removed from her heart, and Louis Gonzaga's was the only image that remained. There was no more doubt, no more reproachings; he was true and honorable, far above the deed that she had so ungenerously suspected him of. Her heart was too full, and it relieved itself by floods of tears, while she said with sobs:

'Louis—dear Louis, how unjustly have I censured your memory.'

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

[Written for The Flag of our Union.]

# LANDOR'S COTTAGE.

A PENDANT TO 'THE DOMAIN OF ARNHEIM.'

BY EDGAR A. POE.

During a pedestrian tour last summer, through one or two of the river counties of New York, I found myself, as the day declined, somewhat embarrassed about the road I was pursuing. The land undulated very remarkably; and my path, for the last hour, had wound about and about so confusedly, in its effort to keep in the valleys, that I no longer knew in what direction lay the sweet village of B——, where I had determined to stop for the night. The sun had scarcely shone—strictly speaking—during the day, which nevertheless had been unpleasantly warm. A smoky mist, resembling that of the Indian summer, enveloped all things, and, of course, added to my uncertainty. Not that I cared much about the matter. If I did not hit upon the village before sunset, or even before dark, it was more than possible that some little Dutch farmhouse, or something of that kind, would soon make its appearance—although, in fact, the neighborhood (perhaps on account of being more picturesque than fertile) was very sparsely inhabited. At all events, with my knapsack for a pillow, and my hound as a sentry, a bivouac in the open air was just the thing which would have amused me. I sauntered on, therefore, quite at ease—Ponto taking charge of my gun—until at length, just as I had begun to consider whether the numerous little glades that led hither and thither were intended to be paths at all, I was conducted by one of the most promising of them into an unquestionable carriage-track. There could be no mistaking it. The traces of light wheels were evident; and although the tall shrubberies and overgrown undergrowth met overhead, there was no obstruction whatever below, even to the passage of a Virginian mountain wagon—the most aspiring vehicle, I take it, of its kind. The road, however, except in being open through the wood—if wood be not too weighty a name for such an assemblage of light trees—and except in the particulars of evident wheel-tracks—bore no resemblance to any road I had before seen. The tracks of which I speak were but faintly perceptible—having been impressed upon the firm yet pleasantly moist surface of—what looked more like green Genoese velvet than anything else. It was grass, clearly—but grass such as we seldom see out of England—so short, so thick, so even, and so vivid in color. Not a single impediment lay in the wheel-route—not even a chip or dead twig. The stones that once obstructed the way had been carefully placed—not thrown—along the sides of the lane, so as to define its boundaries at bottom with a kind of half-precise, half negligent, and wholly picturesque definition. Clumps of wild flowers grew everywhere, luxuriantly, in the interspaces.

What to make of all this, of course I knew not. Here was art undoubtedly—that did not surprise me—all roads, in the ordinary sense, are works of art; nor can I say that there was much to wonder at in the mere excess of art manifested: all that seemed to have been done, might have been done here—with such natural 'capabilities' (as they have it in the books on Landscape Gardening)—with very little labor and expense. No; it was not the amount but the character of the art which caused me to take a seat on one of the blossomy stones and gaze up and down this fairy-like avenue for half an hour or more in bewildered admiration. One thing became more and more evident the longer I gazed: an artist, and one with a most scrupulous eye for form, had superintended all these arrangements. The greatest care had been taken to preserve a due medium between the neat and graceful on the one hand, and the pittoresque, in the true sense of the Italian term, on the other. There were few straight, and no long uninterrupted lines. The same effect of curvature or of color, appeared twice, usually, but not oftener, at any one point of view. Everywhere was variety in uniformity. It was a piece of 'composition,' in which the most fastidiously critical taste could scarcely have suggested an emendation.

I had turned to the right as I entered this road, and now, arising, I continued in the same direction. The path was so serpentine that at no moment could I trace its course for more than two or three paces in advance. Its character did not undergo any material change.

Presently the murmur of water fell gently upon my ear—and in a few moments afterwards, as I turned with the road somewhat more abruptly than hitherto, I became aware that a building of some kind lay at the foot of a gentle declivity just before me. I could see nothing distinctly on account of the mist which occupied all the little valley below. A gentle breeze, however, now arose, as the sun was about descending; and while I remained standing on the brow of the slope, the fog gradually became dissipated into wreaths and so floated from over the scene.

As it came fully into view—thus gradually as I describe it—piece by piece, here a tree, there a glimpse of water, and here again the summit of a chimney, I could scarcely help fancying that the whole was one of the ingenious illusions sometimes exhibited under the name of 'vanishing pictures.'

By the time, however, that the fog had thoroughly disappeared, the sun had made its way down behind the gentle hills, and thence, as if with a slight chassez to the south, had come again fully into sight; glaring with a purplish lustre through a chasm that entered the valley from the west. Suddenly therefore—and as if by the hand of magic—this whole valley and everything in it became brilliantly visible.

The first coup d'œil, as the sun slid into the position described, impressed me very much as I have been impressed when a boy, by the concluding scene of some well-arranged theatrical spectacle or melodrama. Not even the monstrosity of color was wanting; for the sunlight came out through the chasm, tinted all orange and purple; while the vivid green of the grass in the valley was reflected more or less upon all objects, from the curtain of vapor that still hung overhead, as if loth to take its total departure from a scene so enchantingly beautiful.

The little vale into which I thus peered down from under the fog-canopy, could not have been more than four hundred yards long; while in breadth it varied from fifty to one hundred and fifty, or perhaps two hundred. It was most narrow at its northern extremity, opening out as it tended southwardly, but with no very precise regularity. The widest portion was within eighty yards of the southern extreme. The slopes which encompassed the vale could not fairly be called hills, unless at their northern face. Here a precipitous ledge of granite arose to a height of some ninety feet; and, as I have mentioned, the valley at this point was not more than fifty feet wide; but as the visiter proceeded southwardly from this cliff, he found on his right hand and on his left, declivities at once less high, less precipitous, and less rocky. All, in a word, sloped and softened to the south: and yet the whole vale was engirdled by eminences, more or less high, except at two points. One of these I have already spoken of. It lay considerably to the north of west, and was where the setting sun made its way, as I have before described, into the amphitheatre, through a cleanly cut natural cleft in the granite embankment: this fissure might have been ten yards wide at its widest point, so far as the eye could trace it. It seemed to lead up, up, like a natural causeway, into the recesses of unexplored mountains and forests. The other opening was directly at the southern end of the vale. Here, generally, the slopes were nothing more than gentle inclinations, extending from east to west about one hundred and fifty yards. In the middle of this extent was a depression level with the ordinary floor of the valley. As regards vegetation, as well as in respect to everything else, the scene softened and sloped to the south. To the north—on the craggy precipice—a few paces from the verge—upsprang the magnificent trunks of numerous hickories, black walnuts and chestnuts, interspersed with occasional oak; and the strong lateral branches thrown out by the walnuts especially, spread far over the edge of the cliff. Proceeding southwardly, the explorer saw, at first, the same class of trees, but less and less lofty and Salvatorish in character; then he saw the gentler elm, succeeded by the sassafras and locust—these again by the softer linden, red-bud, catalpa and maple—these yet again by still more graceful and more modest varieties. The whole face of the southern declivity was covered with wild shrubbery alone—an occasional silver willow or white poplar excepted. In the bottom of the valley itself—(for it must be borne in mind that the vegetation hitherto mentioned grew only on the cliffs or hill-sides)—were to be seen three insulated trees. One was an elm of fine size and exquisite form: it stood guard over the southern gate of the vale. Another was a hickory much larger than the elm and altogether a much finer tree, although both were exceedingly beautiful: it seemed to have taken charge of the north-western entrance, springing from a group of rocks in the very jaws of the ravine, and throwing its graceful body, at an angle of nearly forty-five degrees, far out into the sunshine of the amphitheatre. About thirty yards east of this tree stood, however, the pride of the valley, and beyond all question the most magnificent tree I have ever seen, unless, perhaps, among the cypresses of the Itchiatuckanee. It was a triple-stemmed tulip tree—the Liriodendron Tulipiferum—one of the natural order of magnolias. Its three trunks separated from the parent at about three feet from the soil, and, diverging very slightly and gradually, were not more than four feet apart at the point where the largest stem shot out into foliage: this was at an elevation of about eighty feet. The whole height of the principal division was one hundred and twenty feet. Nothing can surpass in beauty the form or the glossy, vivid green of the leaves of the tulip tree. In the present instance they were fully eight inches wide; but their glory was altogether eclipsed by the gorgeous splendor of the profuse blossoms.—Conceive, closely congregated, a million of the largest and most resplendent tulips! Only thus can the reader get any idea of the picture I would convey. And then the stately grace of the clean, delicately-granulated columnar stems, the largest four feet in diameter at twenty from the ground. The innumerable blossoms, mingling with those of other trees scarcely less beautiful although infinitely less majestic, filled the valley with more than Arabian perfumes.

The general floor of the amphitheatre was grass of the same character as that I had found in the road: if anything, more deliciously soft, thick, velvety, and miraculously green. It was hard to conceive how all this beauty had been attained.

I have spoken of the two openings into the vale. From the one to the north-west issued a rivulet, which came, gently murmuring and slightly foaming, down the ravine, until it dashed against the group of rocks out of which sprang the insulated hickory. Here, after encircling the tree, it passed on a little to the north of east, leaving the tulip tree some twenty feet to the south, and making no decided alteration in its course until it came near the midway between the eastern and western boundaries of the valley. At this point, after a series of sweeps, it turned off at right angles and pursued a generally southern direction—meandering as it went—until it became lost in a small lake of irregular figure (although roughly oval), that lay gleaming near the lower extremity of the vale. This lakelet was, perhaps, a hundred yards in diameter at its widest part. No crystal could be clearer than its waters. Its bottom, which could be distinctly seen, consisted altogether of pebbles brilliantly white. Its banks, of the emerald grass already described, rounded, rather than sloped, off into the clear heaven below; and so clear was this heaven, so perfectly, at times, did it reflect all objects above it, that where the true bank ended and where the mimic one commenced, it was a point of no little difficulty to determine. The trout, and some other varieties of fish, with which this pond seemed to be almost inconveniently crowded, had all the appearance of veritable flying-fish. It was almost impossible to believe that they were not absolutely suspended in the air. A light birch canoe that lay placidly on the water, was reflected in its minutest fibres with a fidelity unsurpassed by the most exquisitely polished mirror. A small island, fairly laughing with flowers in full bloom, and affording little more space than just enough for a picturesque little building, seemingly a fowl house—arose from the lake not far from its northern shore—to which it was connected by means of an inconceivably light-looking and yet very primitive bridge. It was formed of a single, broad and thick plank of the tulip wood. This was forty feet long and spanned the interval between shore and shore with a slight but very perceptible arch, preventing all oscillation. From the southern extreme of the lake issued a continuation of the rivulet, which, after meandering for, perhaps, thirty yards, finally passed through the 'depression' already described in the middle of the southern declivity, and tumbling down a sheer precipice of a hundred feet, made its devious and unnoticed way to the Hudson.

The lake was deep—at some points thirty feet—but the rivulet seldom exceeded three, while its greatest width was about eight. Its bottom and banks were as those of the pond—if a defect could have been attributed to them, in point of picturesqueness, it was that of excessive neatness.

The expanse of the green turf was relieved, here and there, by an occasional showy shrub, such as the hydrangea, or the common snow-ball, or the aromatic seringa; or, more frequently, by a clump of geraniums blossoming gorgeously in great varieties. These latter grew in pots which were carefully buried in the soil, so as to give the plants the appearance of being indigenous. Besides all this, the lawn's velvet was exquisitely spotted with sheep—a considerable flock of which roamed about the vale, in company with three tamed deer, and a vast number of brilliantly-plumed ducks. A very large mastiff seemed to be in vigilant attendance upon these animals, each and all.

Along the eastern and western cliffs—where, towards the upper portion of the amphitheatre, the boundaries were more or less precipitous—grew ivy in great profusion—so that only here and there could even a glimpse of the naked rock be obtained. The northern precipice, in like manner, was almost entirely clothed by grape-vines of rare luxuriance; some springing from the soil at the base of the cliff, and others from ledges on its face.

The slight elevation which formed the lower boundary of this little domain, was crowned by a neat stone wall, of sufficient height to prevent the escape of the deer. Nothing of the fence kind was observable elsewhere; for nowhere else was an artificial enclosure needed:—any stray sheep, for example, which should attempt to make its way out of the vale by means of the ravine, would find its progress arrested, after a few yards' advance, by the precipitous ledge of rock over which tumbled the cascade that had arrested my attention as I first drew near the domain. In short the only ingress or egress was through a grate occupying a rocky pass in the road, a few paces below the point at which I stopped to reconnoitre the scene.

I have described the brook as meandering very irregularly through the whole of its course. Its two general directions, as I have said, were first from west to east, and then from north to south. At the turn, the stream, sweeping backwards, made an almost circular loop, so as to form a peninsula which was very nearly an island, and which included about the sixteenth of an acre. On this peninsula stood a dwelling-house—and when I say that this house, like the infernal terrace seen by Vathek, 'était d'une architecture inconnue dans les annales de la terre,' I mean, merely that its tout ensemble struck me with the keenest sense of combined novelty and propriety—in a word of poetry—(for, than in the words just employed, I could scarcely give, of poetry in the abstract, a more rigorous definition)—and I do not mean that the merely outré was perceptible in any respect.

In fact, nothing could well be more simple—more utterly unpretending than this cottage. Its marvellous effect lay altogether in its artistic arrangement as a picture. I could have fancied, while I looked at it, that some eminent landscape-painter had built it with his brush.

The point of view from which I first saw the valley, was not altogether, although it was nearly, the best point from which to survey the house. I will therefore describe it as I afterwards saw it—from a position on the stone wall at the southern extreme of the amphitheatre.

The main building was about twenty-four feet long and sixteen broad—certainly not more:—its total height, from the ground to the apex of the roof, could not have exceeded eighteen feet. To the west end of this structure was attached one about a third smaller in all its proportions:—the line of its front standing back about two yards from that of the larger house; and the line of its roof, of course, being considerably depressed below that of the roof adjoining. At right angles to these buildings, and from the rear of the main one—not exactly in the middle—extended a third compartment, very small—being, in general, one third less than the western wing. The roofs of the two larger were very steep—sweeping down from the ridge-beam with a long concave curve, and extending at least four feet beyond the walls in front, so as to form the roofs of two piazzas. These latter roofs, of course, needed no support; but as they had the air of needing it, slight and perfectly plain pillars were inserted at the corners alone. The roof of the northern wing was merely an extension of a portion of the main roof. Between the chief building and western wing arose a very tall and rather slender square chimney of hard Dutch bricks, alternately black and red:—a slight cornice of projecting bricks at the top. Over the gables, the roofs also projected very much:—in the main-building about four feet to the east and two to the west. The principal door was not exactly in the main division, being a little to the east—while the two windows were to the west. These latter did not extend to the floor, but were much longer and narrower than usual—they had single shutters like doors—the panes were of lozenge form, but quite large. The door itself had its upper half of glass, also in lozenge panes—a moveable shutter secured it at night. The door to the west wing was in its gable, and quite simple—a single window looked out to the south. There was no external door to the north wing, and it, also, had only one window to the east.

The blank wall of the eastern gable was relieved by stairs (with a balustrade) running diagonally across it—the ascent being from the south. Under cover of the widely projecting eave these steps gave access to a door leading into the garret, or rather loft—for it was lighted only by a single window to the north, and seemed to have been intended as a store-room.

The piazzas of the main building and western wing had no floors, as is usual; but at the doors and at each window, large, flat, irregular slabs of granite lay embedded in the delicious turf, affording comfortable footing in all weather. Excellent paths of the same material—not nicely adapted, but with the velvety sod filling frequent intervals between the stones, led hither and thither from the house, to a crystal spring about five paces off, to the road, or to one or two out-houses that lay to the north, beyond the brook, and were thoroughly concealed by a few locusts and catalpas.

Not more than six steps from the main door of the cottage stood the dead trunk of a fantastic pear-tree, so clothed from head to foot in the gorgeous bignonia blossoms that one required no little scrutiny to determine what manner of sweet thing it could be. From various arms of this tree hung cages of different kinds. In one, a large wicker cylinder with a ring at top, revelled a mocking-bird; in another, an oriole; in a third, the impudent bobolink—while three or four more delicate prisons were loudly vocal with canaries.

The pillars of the piazza were enwreathed in jasmine and sweet honeysuckle; while from the angle formed by the main structure and its west wing, in front, sprang a grape-vine of unexampled luxuriance. Scorning all restraint, it had clambered first to the lower roof—then to the higher; and along the ridge of this latter it continued to writhe on, throwing out tendrils to the right and left, until at length it fairly attained the east gable, and fell trailing over the stairs.

The whole house, with its wings, was constructed of the old-fashioned Dutch shingles—broad and with unrounded corners. It is a peculiarity of this material to give houses built of it the appearance of being wider at bottom than at top, after the manner of Egyptian architecture; and in the present instance, this exceedingly picturesque effect was aided by numerous pots of gorgeous flowers that almost encompassed the base of the buildings.

The shingles were painted a dull gray; and the happiness with which this neutral tint melted into the vivid green of the tulip-tree leaves that partially overshadowed the cottage, can readily be conceived by an artist.

From the position near the stone wall, as described, the buildings were seen at great advantage; for the south-eastern angle was thrown forward; so that the eye took in at once the whole of the two fronts, with the picturesque eastern gable, and at the same time obtained just a sufficient glimpse of the northern wing, with parts of a pretty roof to the coach-house, and nearly half of a light bridge that spanned the brook in the near vicinity of the main buildings.

I did not remain very long on the brow of the hill, although long enough to make a thorough survey of the scene at my feet. It was clear that I had wandered from the road to the village, and I had thus good traveller's excuse to open the gate before me and inquire my way, at all events; so, without more ado, I proceeded.

The road, after passing the gate, seemed to lie upon a natural ledge, sloping gradually down along the face of the north-eastern cliffs. It led me on to the foot of the northern precipice, and thence over the bridge, round by the eastern gable to the front door. In this progress, I took notice that no sight of the out-houses could be obtained.

As I turned the corner of the gable, the mastiff bounded towards me in stern silence, but with the eye and the whole air of a tiger. I held him out my hand, however, in token of amity, and I never yet knew the dog who was proof against such an appeal to his courtesy. He not only shut his mouth and wagged his tail, but absolutely offered me his paw—afterwards extending his civilities to Ponto.

As no bell was discernible, I rapped with my stick against the door, which stood half open. Instantly a figure advanced to the threshold, that of a young woman about twenty-eight years of age—slender, or rather slight, and somewhat above the medium height. As she approached, with a certain modest decision of step altogether indescribable, I said to myself, 'surely here I have found the perfection of natural, in contradistinction from artificial grace.' The second impression which she made on me, but by far the more vivid of the two, was that of enthusiasm. So intense an expression of romance, perhaps I should call it, or of unworldliness—as that which gleamed from her deep-set eyes, had never so sunk into my heart of hearts before. I know not how it is, but this peculiar expression of the eye, wreathing itself occasionally into the lips, is the most powerful, if not absolutely the sole spell, which rivets my interest in woman. 'Romance,' provided my readers fully comprehend what I would here imply by the word—'romance' and 'womanliness' seem to me convertible terms:—and, after all, what man truly loves in woman is, simply, her womanhood. The eyes of Annie—(I heard some one from the interior call her 'Annie, darling!') were 'spiritual gray,' her hair a light chestnut—this is all I had time to observe of her.

At her most courteous of invitations, I entered; passing first into a tolerably wide vestibule. Having come mainly to observe, I took notice that to my right as I stepped in, was a window, such as those in front of the house—to the left a door leading into the principal room; while, opposite me, an open door enabled me to see a small apartment, just the size of the vestibule, arranged as a study, and having a large bow window looking out to the north.

Passing into the parlor, I found myself with Mr. Landor—for this, I afterwards found, was his name. He was civil, even cordial in his manner; but just then, I was more intent on observing the arrangements of the dwelling which had so much interested me, than the personal appearance of the tenant.

The north wing, I now saw, was a bed-chamber: its door opened into the parlor. West of this door was a single window, looking towards the brook. At the west end of the parlor, were a fire-place and a door leading into the west wing—probably a kitchen.

Nothing could be more rigorously simple than the furniture of the parlor. On the floor was an ingrain carpet (of excellent texture)—a white ground, spotted with small circular green figures. At the windows were curtains of snowy white jaconet muslin: they were tolerably full, and hung decisively, perhaps rather formally, in sharp, parallel plaits to the floor—just to the floor. The walls were papered with a French paper of great delicacy—a silver ground, with a faint green cord running zig-zag throughout. Its expanse was relieved merely by three of Julien's exquisite lithographs à trois crayons, fastened to the wall without frames. One of these drawings was a scene of oriental luxury, or rather voluptuousness; another was a 'carnival-piece,' spirited beyond compare; the third was a Greek female head: a face so divinely beautiful, and yet of an expression so provokingly indeterminate, never before arrested my attention.

The more substantial furniture consisted of a round table, a few chairs including a large rocking chair, and a sofa, or rather 'settee:' its material was plain maple painted a creamy white, slightly interstriped with green—the seat of cane. The chairs and table were 'to match;' but the forms of all had evidently been designed by the same brain which planned 'the grounds:' it is impossible to conceive anything more graceful.

On the table were a few books—a large, square, crystal bottle of some novel perfume; a plain, ground-glass astral (not solar) lamp, with an Italian shade, and a large vase of resplendently-blooming flowers. Flowers indeed of gorgeous colors and delicate odor—formed the sole mere decorations of the apartment. The fire-place was nearly filled with a vase of brilliant geranium. On a triangular shelf in each angle of the room stood also a similar vase, varied only as to its lovely contents. One or two smaller boquets adorned the mantel; and late violets clustered about the open windows.

It is not the purpose of this paper to do more than give, in detail, a picture of Mr. Landor's residence—as I found it. How he made it what it was—and why, with some particulars of Mr. Landor himself—may, possibly form the subject of another article.

[Written for The Flag of our Union.]

## The Heart's Picture.

BY MATURIN M. BALLOU.

Had I the fabled geni's power
Granted me for one short hour,
I'd choose the lot I'd like the best,
And, thankful for the future, rest.

First, I would have a lowly cot,
Amidst a smiling garden plot,
On sloping hillside, soft and green,
From whence a winding river's seen.

Hard by a forest's deepened shade,
Where waving grain bends o'er the glade,
And browsing cattle slowly feed—
A rural picture on the mead.

A proud old oak to shade the door,
Where trellised vines are running o'er,
And sweetest warblers build their nest,
To come and go with free behest.

Within, should be my wife and boy,
To share the fulness of my joy;
No gilded palace, rich and fair,
With such a lot could then compare.

[Written for The Flag of our Union.]

# CAUGHT IN A TRAP;

OR, THE

## SCHOOLMASTER-WHIPPING COMMITTEE.

BY PAUL CREYTON.

'The best laid schemes o' mice and men
Gang oft agly.'—Burns.

Messrs. Tarbox, Tanner and Twiggs were very promising young men between the ages of eighteen and twenty-two, very valiant, very ambitious, and very strong. They had never done anything remarkable except at school, and their mighty achievements there did not consist in spelling hard words in the back part of the spelling-book, parsing intricate sentences, or beating their master ciphering.

However, although the above-named gentlemen despised such low pursuits as learning to read and write, their fame was great at school. The truth of the matter is, they had, jointly and severally, from time immemorial, as it were, belonged to the schoolmaster-whipping committee; and each of them, it is said, could boast of having conquered more pedagogues than some of their fellow-pupils had ever seen. Every winter these three gentlemen had been in the habit of amusing themselves and their constituents by such innocent practices as taking the rod out of the teacher's hand and applying it to his own back, rolling him in the snow, and of putting him under the benches while they dismissed the school.

One winter, however, they found their match. Mr. Cyrus Wilkins was a stern, powerful man, and not one to be trifled with, with impunity. Messrs. Tarbox, Tanner and Twiggs had attempted on various occasions to create a rebellion and break down his authority, but Wilkins was firmly seated on his throne, and never hesitated to crush conspiracies with an iron hand.

Fearing a resort to open arms, and having a mortal dread of the legitimate sovereign's forces in a pitched battle, the gentlemen of the schoolmaster-whipping committee resolved to have recourse to stratagem.

The school-room was in the second story of a new brick building, which served the double purpose of a school and meeting-house. The lower apartment, which was occupied on the Sabbath, was kept scrupulously locked on all other days, to prevent unruly pupils from committing depredations therein; and there was a strong lock on the outer door as well as on the door of the school-room. Having made these remarks that the plot of the conspirators might be fully understood and appreciated, I now proceed in my endeavors to do something like justice to my narrative.

One afternoon, as Mr. Wilkins was arranging his books and papers after the exercises of the day were over, no one else happening to be in the school-room at the time, Tarbox, the leader of the conspirators, made a display of his valor in boldly locking the outer door and putting the key in his pocket. This courageous feat performed, Tarbox retired with his companions to a short distance from the house, where they waited in high glee to enjoy the perplexity of their teacher when he should discover the trick and make a signal of distress from a window.

The three waited long and patiently, but Wilkins remained perfectly quiet. They watched the windows closely on all sides of the house, but still they saw nothing of the schoolmaster.

'Lord! boys, what's that?' exclaimed Tanner, suddenly, pointing at a bright light that glimmered through one of the upper windows of the house!

'Fire!' replied Tarbox with a start.

'Fire, by thunder!' added Twiggs.

'It is!' corroborated the first speaker.—'Wilkins has set the house a fire for vengeance!'

Tarbox, who felt that he had been the cause of the calamity, turned pale with alarm.

'What's to be done?' he cried. 'I daren't go and unlock the door, for Wilkins would give me jessy, I know.'

'There's a ladder,' suggested Tanner.

'We can put that up to the window,' added Twiggs, 'and you can go up and look in and see if the house is really on fire.'

'A good idea,' said Tarbox, 'I'll do that.—Come on, boys, and help carry the ladder!'

The ladder was soon placed against the side of the house; the summit just reached to the windows of the school-room.

Tarbox mounted timidly, while his companions held the foot of the ladder. Arrived at the window he could once more see the blazing fire within, and he threw it open hastily. There was but little smoke in the room, for the blaze was occasioned by the burning of some dry hickory sticks piled carefully on the top of the stove!

Discovering the trick, Tarbox was about to make great haste in descending to his companions, but before he could close the window Wilkins sprang to it and caught him by the collar. Tarbox feared his enemy would tumble him headlong to the ground, endangering his life and limbs, but he misjudged the man. Wilkins was merciful; Wilkins was cool and cautious. Instead of pitching Tarbox from the top of the ladder where he stood, he seized him firmly and resolutely, and dragged him by main strength through the window.

'If you make the least resistance, Mr. Tarbox,' muttered the pedagogue, 'I'll flog you within an inch of your life!'

If Tarbox had any idea at first of putting Mr. Wilkins to the trouble of carrying his bloody threat into execution, he immediately changed his mind when he lifted up his eyes in agony and saw the savage features of his master directly over him. He accordingly surrendered himself at once, and quietly followed the pedagogue into a small closet near by, where he suffered himself to be deliberately locked up.

Having thus easily disposed of Tarbox, Wilkins returned in haste to the window. He was just in time to seize Tanner, who was boldly mounting to the assistance of his companion. Wilkins dragged him in, and threatened Twiggs, who was already half way up the ladder, to tumble him down if he did not immediately descend. Twiggs scampered to the ground without waiting for another invitation, and the schoolmaster hastened to dispose of his second victim.

Tanner was not so easily conquered as Tarbox; but after being put to the trouble of picking himself up three several times, he concluded not to tempt the fist of the powerful schoolmaster again, and quietly submitted. Wilkins led him to the entry, pitched him down the stairs, and locking the door behind him to prevent his return, went back to the school-room.

He found Twiggs on the ladder, he having mounted to see in what manner his companions had so mysteriously disappeared. Seeing Wilkins, he began to descend, but thought fit to pause, when he heard the terrific threat that if he proceeded another foot the ladder would be thrown over upon him. Next, Wilkins ordered him to ascend. His hand was on the top-round of the ladder as he spoke, and Twigs dared not disobey. He slowly climbed up and had the pleasure his companion had enjoyed before him, of being dragged through the window.

'You are the last, but not the least,' observed the schoolmaster, with a smile, as he led his submissive pupil across the room, 'and I'm bothered to know what to do with you. Tarbox is in the closet there, and Tanner is trying to make through the outside door, which one of you had the goodness to lock, in order to keep me in. I mustn't put you with either of them, and I have an equally strong dislike to letting you run at large. Ah, I have it! I will tie you up!'

This said, Mr. Wilkins produced a strong cord from the table-drawer, tied his unresisting pupil's hands behind his back, and bound him to one of the benches.

'Now, be so good as to inform me which of you locked the outside door?' said Wilkins.

'Tarbox; and I didn't have nothin' to do with it,' replied Twiggs.

'And Tarbox took the key?'

'Yes, sir.'

'Thank you, I will speak with Mr. Tarbox on the subject.'

Wilkins proceeded to the closet. He found Tarbox sitting on the floor like a Turk. He looked up with a silly grin when his teacher entered, but he immediately looked down again.

'Have you the key?' demanded Wilkins.

Upon which, without saying a word, Mr. Tarbox took the required article from his pocket. The schoolmaster thanked him, wished him good evening, and retired.

Tarbox was once more locked up in the closet.

Mr. Wilkins then begged of Mr. Twiggs not to make himself uncomfortable by tugging at the cords which confined his hands, but to remain as quiet as possible; and wishing him a pleasant night's rest, disappeared through the window, which he closed after him, and descended to the ground. This done, he considerately removed the ladder, that the prisoners might not put their lives in danger attempting to escape by it, provided they broke loose into the school-room, and proceeded to his boarding-place as if nothing of any note had happened.

Mr. Wilkins slept very soundly that night, and got up early next morning to proceed about the duties of the day. It is said that on his arrival at the school-room, he found three of his pupils there, who had lodged somewhere about the premises, and looked as if they had enjoyed but little sleep.

It is needless to say that the three gentlemen of the schoolmaster-whipping committee did not soon hear the last of taking lodgings in a school-house, nor need the reader be told that they never after made an attempt on the sacred person of Mr. Cyrus Wilkins.

## The Fisherman's Song.

Come, messmates! 'tis time to hoist our sail;
It's fair as fair can be;
And the ebbing tide and the northerly gale
Will carry us out to sea.
So down with the boat from the beach so steep,
We must part with the setting sun;
For ere we can spread out our nets in the deep,
We've a weary way to run.

As through the night watches we drift about,
We'll think of the times that are fled,
And of Him who once called other fishermen out
To be fishers of men instead.
Like us, they had hunger and cold to bear;
Rough weather, like us, they knew;
And He who guarded them by his care
Full often was with them too!

'Twas the fourth long watch of a stormy night,
And but little way they had made,
When he came o'er the waters and stood in their sight,
And their hearts were sore afraid.
But he cheered their spirits, and said, 'It is I;'
And then they could fear no harm;
And though we cannot behold him nigh,
He is guarding us still with his arm.

[Written for The Flag of our Union.]

# THE THREE GOLD-DIGGERS;

OR,

GETTING THROUGH A SMALL HOLE.

BY THE YOUNG 'UN.

One of the most ludicrous tricks was lately palmed off upon one of our worthy State officials, which has ever yet been made public in these parts, and the details of which are worth recording.

Some six months ago, a scoundrel by the name of Phillips was convicted before the Court of Common Pleas at Lowell, for burglary, and in November last he commenced to serve a nine years apprenticeship in the State Prison at Charlestown. Very soon after his incarceration, the worthy warden, Mr. Robinson, was struck with the improvement which had taken place in Phillips' manners, and but a few weeks elapsed ere the noted burglar—who had in times past evinced an extraordinary shrewdness and cunning—had become a quiet, unobtrusive, meek, Sunday-school teacher in the prison, where he had begun to be esteemed by the officers, for his exemplary conduct.

Many and various had been the conversations which the burglar had indulged in with the warden and his keeper, touching certain disclosures it was in his power to make, if he chose, but Mr. Robinson was not to be catched for a time. A few weeks since, however, Phillips sought an interview with his superintendent.

'I have now been here,' said the burglar, 'six months.'

'Yes—and you have behaved remarkably well.'

'Thank you, thank you. I believe, if ever a sinful mortal repented of the wicked course which at last brought me hither, it's me,' continued the convict, sighing, 'and I trust that I shall learn a lasting lesson within these walls.'

'I hope so, I hope so,' responded his keeper.

'I have come,' continued the other, solemnly, and looking about him, as if to be satisfied that no one was listening, 'I have come hither this morning to disclose to you a secret.'

'How?' inquired the official, curiously.

'Yes—a valuable secret, which I cannot longer retain upon my mind.'

'I am glad you have thus repented.'

'Yes, sir, I feel it here,' continued the prisoner, 'here,' and he placed his hand heavily upon his breast.

'You may remember, sir,' added Phillips, in a low tone of voice, 'some years ago that the Norfolk Bank was robbed, at Roxbury.'

'Yes—yes.'

'Well. Thirty-odd thousand dollars, in gold and bills, you remember, were never recovered?'

'Yes, I recollect.'

'Hush!' continued the burglar, 'I know where the money is—I do!'

'You?'

'Me!'

'Explain,' continued the excited officer, as the prospect of making a grand discovery thrust itself upon his excited mind.

'I will. You will promise me, however,' continued the burglar, mysteriously, 'that you will stand between me and further harm, if I disclose—'

'There is no danger, go on, go on.'

'Well. I was—unfortunately—one of—the—robbers!'

The officer started to his feet, but Phillips looked knowingly at him, requested him not to explode, and went on.

'Now, sir, nothing short of my actual repentance could possibly have tempted me to disclose this secret, the secret of my life, sir, a secret I've kept sacredly for so many years.'

'Yes, I see,' said the official, abstractedly.

'Ah! sir, the good examples we enjoy here in this excellent prison, are such only as we read about in good books.'

'Yes, yes—'

'And now I feel it my bounden duty to tell you where the money is; that restitution may be made, and I may live out the remainder of my days with a peaceful conscience,' and a sigh fell from the burglar's lips again, which might have been heard across the bridge, almost!

This last sentence fixed the matter.

'I will accompany you to the spot where the treasure is buried—'

'Buried!' exclaimed the officer.

'Yes, we buried it. But no matter,' continued the scoundrel, hypocritically, 'you can find it alone—perhaps—and it would not do to take me, I suppose, with—'

'Certainly it would. O, yes, yes—'

'Well, just as you say,' and the next morning a cab appeared before the residence of Mr. Robinson, in which were seated Mr. City Marshall Nichols (of Charlestown) and Phillips, the convict! They were joined by Mr. Robinson, the warden of the prison, and half an hour afterwards the vehicle halted at the Fall River railroad depot.

'Who's them, Jimmy?' asked a loafer of the cabman, as he dumped his load at the door.

'Blow'd af I knows.'

'One on em's a convict.'

'A wot?'

'—sh! a convict. Don't you see? short hair, stripe trowsis, and there's the ward'n, too.'

'Well, you may be right, p'raps you be.—But I tell you they're Kalyfornians. Don't you see the shuvel yender? and the bag, and the pick?'

'—s' a fact!' said the other, convinced of his error—for there were the tools, as cabby stated, the pickaxe, a shovel, etc., enclosed in a rough old bag. The cars departed, reached Fall River, and the party dined very sociably and comfortably at a hotel, when Phillips led the way, and the interesting trio sallied forth across the town, out to a lonely spot, bordering on a dense wood—and here Phillips halted, gazed anxiously about, no one was in sight, and he seemed satisfied that his plan would work well!

'Quick!' said the burglar, 'beneath that bank lies the treasure! Dig—boys, dig!' and at it they went—Mr. Warden Robinson and Mr. Marshall Nichols, until the sweat rolled from their foreheads, and they panted with exertion. Occasionally, Phillips would relieve the officials, but at length a spacious hole had been made.

'A little to the right, now,' continued the burglar, 'and you will come to a big, flat stone. Remove that, and you will find an oaken box. In that box lies the coin and bills,' and the Warden and the Marshall again 'sprang to it,' with a hearty good will. In two hours a large hole had been made, Mr. Marshall Nichols was busy tugging away under the bank, and the burglar, with the Warden, was standing at the edge of the excavation—when the convict suddenly caught the superintendent by the nape of the neck, and ere he knew who struck him, he lay at the bottom of the hole, on top of the Marshall, who had been crushed down by the fall of Mr. Robinson, and there they were—at last—at the end of the search! As quickly as possible the two dupes of the artful burglar reached the top of the hole again, but Phillips—the repentant, tender-hearted Phillips—was among the missing!

The gentlemen returned home (without their tools)! and the absent burglar is advertised. If there is any one thing we would have gone twenty miles to see, it was the sunerset which Mr. Warden Robinson turned when he went into that hole for the last time!

## Man's and Woman's Mission.

Man doth his mission; woman is herself
A mission, like the landscape. Her effect
Lies not in voting, warring, clerical oil,
But germinating grace, forth-putting virtue,
The Demosthenic force of secret worth,
And pantheism of truth and holiness.
She needeth not to push, when through all souls
She melts like [illegible]. The Amazons,
Outwent they the blue-eyed Semiramis?
The fairest smile that woman ever smiled,
The softest word she ever gave her lover,
The dimple on the cheek, the eye's enchantment,
The [illegible] of hand or neck,
The emphasis of nerves, the shuddering pulse,
The Psyche veiled beneath the skin, the might
Of gentleness, the sovereignty of good,
Are all apostles by God's right; their office
To guide, repress, enlighten and to save;
Their field the world, now white for harvesting.
Her mission works with her development—
Her scope to beautify whate'er she touches,
Her action is not running, but her faith;
To nod like Jove, and set the earth a-shaking;
Silent she speaks, and motionless she moves,
As rocks are split by wedges of frozen water.
If woman feels the sacred fire of genius,
Give her the liberty to genius owed;
But the world's greatness is diminutive,
And what is small, the true magnificence,
And a good mother greater than a queen.

*Knickerbocker.*

## Correspondence of the Flag.

BY THE INDIAN CHIEF, KAH-GE-GA-GAH-BOWH.

### LETTER III.

MOUNT VERNON, May, 1849.

SIR:

To-day for the first time I had the good fortune to find time to visit this place; the final resting-spot of the greatest of modern men.

Mayor Seaton of Washington gave me a note to the present occupant, Mr. Washington—and after a ride of sixteen miles by land, in company with my friend Mr. John S. Adams of Boston, we came in view of the spot. On our way to the tomb we were obliged to travel a most disagreeable road, ditches, rivulets, narrow passes, tangled woods, and other evils obstructed our way. We drove up to the gate and 'uncle' somebody came hobbling along to open it. In these diggins, habituate yourself in calling every negro you meet, who is half a minute older than yourself, 'uncle,' and you will pass anywhere.

He opened the gate and we entered, looking upon the old dilapidated brick walls at our right hand, and going up to the door, delivered my note, and was soon requested to walk in the passage.

'Dah,' said a curly-headed urchin, 'walk round and see what you can see.'

'But where is Mr. Washington?' I inquired.

'He is in dat room dah, sir.'

'What, is he sick?'

'No sair—but you will look round de room and see what you can see.'

We strolled about the parlor, sitting-room, and passage, and used all the exertion we could to 'see what we could see.' We looked about us in vain for some person to conduct us to the tomb. When I asked the colored boy the location of it, he struck out his long arms in a horizontal position, and pointing to a long brick wall, said, 'Dah!'

I went to the front of the once elegant mansion, and stood on the brow of a hill under the branches of a tall tree. The Potomac lay below and not a ripple was to be seen. The air was sultry and still. O, how still. Two magnolia trees in front of the house were seemingly drooping into decay, but the cool air of the evening was only needed to revive them.

The house was in a very neglected, time-worn condition; the oak trees seemed to flourish better than anything else, and the windows corresponded with other parts of the house, except two of them, which seemed to have more attention bestowed on them than did the others, being adorned with superb curtain hangings.

Seeing no white man, we availed ourselves of the guidance of an old negro. He began to speak of the greatness of George Washington, and between each word would escape a sigh.

'There,' said he, 'is the place where massa Washington sleeps.'

Here at the gate, I stood, and when I gazed on the marble coffin which contained his body, an indescribable feeling filled my soul—of pleasure and regret. Here rests the remains of a man whose fame is as boundless as the ocean—whose honor towers above the skies—whose virtues are sung in other lands, and will be a lesson to the children of generations yet to come—a model for heroes—a model for Christians. Here rests the man in whose breast burned the true flame of patriotism, the man whose voice was heard above the din of battle—whose counsels piloted the ship of freedom through tempestuous seas, and who hoisted the stars and stripes, beneath which American commerce now floats in security. It was he who fed the young eagle in their defenceless homes, in their hour of peril, till they became strong, till the hour of peril was past, and they were let loose to bear over the world the charter of freedom which Washington marked out for it. They go from east to west, and soon all shall be free, this earth a paradise, and men and angels one.

Who of all the ambitious Cæsars of the Old World could be compared with George Washington? When we speak of Napoleon, the heart is sickened with the thought of blood. But around the memory of Washington, the light of an unclouded sun is seen. The one led on his warriors with an iron sceptre—the other governed them with a smile. Both died. One soothed by the hand of an angel, the other pressed down by the thoughts of the anguish he had caused. The grave of one was where the ocean looked in fury, the grave of the other in quiet, watered by the tears of grateful millions of freemen.

Absorbed with thoughts like these, for the first time my inflexible nature gave way to its feelings. I could not help it.

I am sorry that they do not keep it better. It should be a marble castle in which the angel of light might watch his dust till the morn of the resurrection.

I turned from the tomb, and on the tree there sat a moaning dove. It seemed to be conscious that we came there to weep. Warble on, little bird! When we are blest with a home in paradise, I will feed thee with fruits immortal.

The sun is sinking in a blaze of glory. The skies are of a crimson hue, and the foliage of the trees throws its shadow upon our path. The tame deer are sporting around us, and with many pleasures and regrets we leave.

It is now nearly 7 o'clock, P. M., and we have eighteen miles to go; so for the present, farewell.

KAH-GE-GA-GAH-BOWH.

# THE FLAG OF OUR UNION.

F. GLEASON, PROPRIETOR.

MATURIN M. BALLOU, EDITOR.

☞ The terms of The Flag of our Union are $2 00 per annum, invariably in advance. The paper is always discontinued at the expiration of the time paid for.—See imprint on the last page.

☞ All communications designed for publication in the paper, must be post paid, and addressed to F. GLEASON, *Boston, Mass.*, Proprietor of The Flag of our Union.

### To our Correspondents.

'The Fair and the Brave,' a Sea Tale, by Capt. Robert Barnacle, shall appear in our next number.

'To ——,' a poem, by our regular contributor, Mrs. FRANCES S. OSGOOD, in our next number.

'The Gold-Diggers,' a prose sketch, by Paul Creyton, filed for next week.

'Lines to the Reformer,' a poem, accepted.

'The Useful Man,' a humorous sketch of character, by our regular contributor, THE OLD 'UN, next week.

'The Dying Boy to his Mother,' a poem, by J. H. Robinson, in our next.

'Twine ye a Wreath of Faded Flowers,' a poem, by Mina Merton's sister, filed for insertion.

'The Song of the Indian Girl,' a fine poem, accepted.

'My Grave,' 'The Withered Leaf,' 'Shall I chide thee?' and 'Pauline de Montier,' are respectfully declined.

☞ No poems or other articles will be received for this paper, unless accompanied by an authentic name.

### Suffering in Ireland.

The startling events that have been transpiring in other parts of Europe have attracted the public eye from the down-fallen condition of the Irish people, who are actually *fading out* and passing away, losing their very identity as a nation. It is many months since we sent them our ships of war laden with food, because we thought them to be in such a terribly forlorn and starving situation, and yet doubtless they are far more so at this very hour than ever before, while we are comparatively unmoved and thoughtless. The immense increase of Irish emigrants in all our Atlantic cities gives incontestable evidence of the truth of the accounts that reach us from over the water. The Irish papers are full of the most fearful and revolting details of the sufferings of the poor creatures, especially in Ballingford and its neighborhood. People are dying by the wayside, from exhaustion produced by want of food; and, it is affirmed, dead bodies actually strew the fields and ditches, for want of persons to bury them.—In the work-house the cholera had appeared, and made terrible havoc. The Galway Vindicator, the Limerick Chronicle, the Nenah Guardian, and other Irish papers, all contain the most harrowing accounts of suffering and death. The population of Ireland, under misrule, starvation and disease, is rapidly wasting away. Thousands flee from the land yearly, and thousands, who cannot escape, remain on the soil to die. It was recently stated by the County Surveyor for Mayo, in the course of an examination before a committee of the House of Lords, that in that county alone, fifty thousand acres of ground, heretofore in cultivation, with an enormous extent of mountainous country, have been abandoned. In 1845, the population was 400,000 and upwards. It has since decreased to 300,000.—Of the deficit, 100,000—about 50,000 died through the effects of the famine, 30,000 emigrated to the colonies, and the remaining 20,000 fled to the neighboring counties of England and Scotland. Of the 300,000 still in Mayo, there are only 20,000 families capable of supporting themselves. Another witness before the same committee, speaking of the plains of Mayo, between, said: 'Ten years ago, I suppose I am under the mark when I say the bullocks, heifers, and sheep, grazing in this district, were worth £200,000. How many animals did I see (during a ride across these plains)? Not one—not even a *herd's cow*—not a living thing did I see but a curlew or a plover.'

### A Brave Man gone.

Major General Worth, whose death by cholera at San Antonio, Texas, our readers have already been apprised of, was a brave and noble spirit, and has been called to his long rest at the age of 53 years. He was a native of Hudson, N. Y., and entered the army in the war of 1812 as private secretary to Gen. Lewis. He fought under Scott at Chippewa and Niagara, and was severely wounded. He made himself known in that war; and afterwards served in the Seminole war with such distinction that from a colonel he was brevetted brigadier general. He continued in the army, and was a prominent chieftain in the late Mexican war. Both under Taylor and Scott his valor and conduct were conspicuous. Escaping all the perils of those great campaigns, he was ordered to the frontier of Texas, and met the king of terrors in the shape of that dreaded scourge whose ravages are more terrible than those of the sword. General Worth's decease is a great national loss. He has left an interesting family in New York to mourn his death, and his lady is said to be distracted with grief.

### General McDuffie.

The readers of the Flag will remember this name as one that occupied a prominent position before the public not long since. We see by the Edgefield Advertiser, that its editor lately visited this distinguished patriot at his residence in Abbeville. His health seems to be improving, and he is at present entirely free from physical pain, though unable to walk without assistance. He manifests very little interest in conversation of any kind, but with the exception of defect in memory, shows that he still retains in clearness his powers of mind. Gen. McDuffie received a wound in a duel with Gen. Cumming, many years ago, while in the prime of life and strength, which has inflicted upon him physical prostration ever since. One of the strongest intellects of the age has been lost to the country by the barbarous code of honor still upheld by many of our citizens.

It is proposed in Albany to tax cigar smokers one dollar a year, to aid in the introduction of pure and wholesome water into the city.—*Providence Transcript.*

Poh! How can that be done? Such a proposition must needs end in *smoke.*

The Queen held a drawing room on the 21st April. The American Minister and his lady, and the Secretary of Legation, were present.—*London paper.*

*Held* a drawing room, did she? Pretty good lift that, even for a queen.

A white crow has been captured in Maryland.—*Boston Times.*

We have heard of *white black birds*, but never before of white crows.

### Sips of London Punch.

Punch says there is a chancery suit in England one hundred and sixty-four years of age, and wonders that the queen does not have it visit her, as old Parr did the king. He says that the reduction of the national debt this year will be three-fourths of a penny, a most extraordinary sum, considering it is the third year of a whig ministry. He adds that there are wretches who would complain if all the odd shillings and pence were to be taken off the debt. Lord Gough, in his despatches, compliments the 14th light dragoons (who did not fight at all) as having presented 'a determined front,' which 'completely overawed the enemy and contributed much to the success of the day.' We have seen 'fronts' which overawed friends as well as enemies.

Punch has heard of the Macready dinner at New Orleans, and some of the toasts, and he hits off one of the softest thus:

*Toasts Theatrical.*—At the farewell banquet given at New Orleans to Macready, there was drunk the subjoined toast:

'*Shakspeare and Macready.*—The greatest dead poet; the greatest living actor: the former, the diamond; the latter, the golden setting in which the brilliant shines.'

This is very pretty, but what follows is, in our opinion, very much prettier. For an English actor (name not given) one of the New Orleans company, no doubt struck by the simile of the diamond and the setting in association with the queen's Windsor diamond presented to Mr. Kean, rose and proposed:

'*Queen Victoria and Charles Kean.*—The greatest living sovereign, and the deadest living actor: the former the diamond; the latter the *no.*'

In capital style and point is a hit-off by Punch upon one of its contemporaries after this wise:

*An Insolvent's Luxury.*—Last week Mr. W. H. Curran, one of the commissioners of the insolvent court, Ireland, remanded a prisoner because he had not paid his subscription for his newspaper—at the same time ruling 'that a newspaper was a luxury.' The insolvent was about to be sent to prison when he explained that there could be no luxury in the case, the newspaper in question being the Standard. The commissioner at once reversed the sentence, and discharged the poor man with many expressions of heartfelt compassion.

A little vexed about the want of an international copyright law, Punch thus revenges himself:

The Cincinnati Times says that Powers, the great sculptor, is now engaged on *America*, a national statue; and then adds, 'we are not at liberty to describe the statue.' Punch, however, is bound by no such restraint. The *America*, typifying the intellectual genius of the country, is this: 'The colossal figure of an American bookseller, picking the pocket of an English author.' The innocence of the act is further set forth in dove-colored marble.

And this is an impromptu joke after his usual style, more forcible in London than here as the opera is performing now:

It is rather strange that Meyerbeer's opera, which has been for so many years the subject of repeated and numerous *overtures*, should at last be produced without any overture at all.

### Record of the Times.

Was time ever so pregnant with the fearful doings of crime, accident and despair as at this very writing? We think not. There is more hanging, murder, suicide, robbery and rioting going on, than at any former period within our memory, saying nothing of the fearful loss of life by steamboat accidents, such as the loss of the steamer Empire on the Hudson, or the fatal ravages of the cholera as exhibited at the south and west, and the inundation of whole cities by flood as is the case at New Orleans. Here a mother poisons her own child, as was done by a woman at Binghampton, N. Y. Here a murderer confined in prison, plots and arranges with one about to be released, for the murder of a third party, upon whose forged letters would be found acknowledging his guilt of the murder for which the first party had been condemned, as in the case of Dr. Coolidge, in Maine.—Here a negro is hanged for the murder of a companion, as in the case of Goode, in Boston, and another, a slave, for shooting his master, in Mississippi, and a third, a white man and a deacon of the church, for the murder of his wife, as in the case of Elder Dudley, in New Hampshire, and all these occurring within the short space of eight or ten days. A fire bursts out at Milwaukie, Wisconsin, which destroys a goodly part of that city, and while the telegraphic wires are still trembling with the electric sparks that convey the intelligence, again are they called into service to communicate the news, that one half of the city of St. Louis is laid in ashes by a raging conflagration! The European news that reaches us from across the ocean, almost weekly, teems with civil wars, foreign invasion, bloodshed and strife. In short, the detailed record of the times is of the most startling and singular character. Fortune seems to be playing shuttle-cock with nations and thrones, and Death, swinging his keen scythe, cuts a broad swath in the waving field of life.

WOMEN IN THE ARMY FIGHTING.—The late German papers say that Hungarian ladies are fighting with the same enthusiasm for freedom as their countrymen. Among one hundred and forty Hungarian captives taken by General Simonish, there were *nineteen* Hungarian ladies, with muskets in their hands, and dressed in military uniform. A countess of the highest rank has raised a regiment at her own expense, and her sister is the commander of this regiment.

THE PROSPECT.—A correspondent of the N. Y. Evening Post estimates that nine *millions* have been expended in outfits for the gold adventurers, and six millions in coin have been carried by them out of the country. At that rate the California gold mines will not afford much profit.

YANKEE NOTIONS.—An American revolving panorama of the gold country in California, is exhibiting in London. It is called 'Van Huren's panorama.' Presents of genuine gold dust were to be made, on the first evening of the representation, to fifty ladies in the 'reserved seats.'

A BARGAIN.—We still send any *six* of our original 25 cent books by mail or express for one dollar. Send the list of those desired, selected from the last column on this page, enclosed to this office with one dollar, and return of mail will bring the books.

WARNING.—As the conductor of a public journal, we feel it to be our duty to warn our fellow-citizens against the editor of the Rochester Daily Magnet. He has just perpetrated the most awful pun extant—*ex. gr.*

'Where can a man buy the cheapest fiddle? Why of course at a druggist's. There you can get for a dime a dose of castor oil and a *viol-in.*'

James, in his novel of 'The Forgery,' says: 'Two officers in plain clothes walked up to the side [of the coach], and examined every passenger both *inside and out.*'

We had much rather the said officers would examine us *outside only.*

WINDFALL.—A very worthy, industrious and poor family in Cleveland, Ohio, lately received intelligence of the death of an uncle, by which the fifth of £84,000, the property of the deceased, falls to them.

### Editorial Ink-Drops.

The whole number of houses destroyed in St. Louis at the late destructive fire was 418.

A Boston barber advertises to shave anything—even 'the face of nature.'

They have been obliged of late to navigate the streets of New Orleans with boats.

It is once more declared by the papers that Jenny Lind is coming to this country.

Count D'Orsay is now the guest of Napoleon, and the lion of all Paris.

We meant to have called attention to Mrs. Sigourney's beautiful poem in our last paper.

The Old 'Un says he has seen some decayed roots of a stump speech, lately.

Gen. Taylor is a loser to the amount of some $30,000 by the freshet of the Mississippi.

Was there ever anything more diabolical than Dr. Coolidge's scheme for a second murder?

Mrs. Mowatt and Mr. Davenport have been invited to perform in French at Paris.

Macready's $1,000 to the sufferers by the riot at New York, is all moonshine.

The cholera still rages in the much afflicted city of New Orleans.

Barnum of New York has got two or three quarts from 'a peck of trouble.'

It is currently reported that the people of California have organized a government.

We write this line with a quill taken from the wing of a tailor's goose.

The actual deaths thus far from injuries sustained at the late theatrical riot, is 21.

Cannibals are said to like clam soup made out of the *muscles* of the arms.

Some of our best young officers of the army have been swept off at the west by cholera.

A man died of cholera in Natchez the other day, *five minutes* after eating a hearty dinner.

A Memphis paper pretends to have a *key* to Locke on the Understanding.

Haven't the editors got through with writing leaders about the New York riots?

The Mormons at Council Bluff are being thinned off by the ravages of the cholera.

Remember that it is better not to see all the faults and foibles about you.

### Cure for the Cholera.

All the papers are giving recipes whereby to cure that fearful agent of the grim old monster death, the cholera. Though these remedies differ vastly from one another, yet as they generally emanate from intelligent sources, and frequently from practising physicians of high standing, they are certainly worthy of consideration. We observe in them all, a consistency, inasmuch as the same object appears to be aimed at, viz: to create warmth, and circulation in the system. We have thought, after having read so many of these recommendations, that we would give the readers of the FLAG our own idea as regards a remedy, made up from the experience of those we have read, and the many that have been well tested. At a time when the cholera is daily expected, and indeed is already among us, it is well to have the articles for relief always at hand, and though a good physician should instantly be sent for upon the appearance of the first symptoms, yet none should be so imprudent as to await his coming, before they resort to some powerful measures to check the sudden and too often fatal course of the disease. Brandy, camphor, and cayenne pepper, are articles that domestic use renders always easy of access, and a mixture of these alone, would do much towards relieving the first attack. Laudanum should also be added in reasonable quantities, and were these articles at once resorted to, and properly continued, warm perspiration must follow, when the patient becomes safe. Jugs of hot water should also be applied to the extremities, and the limbs occasionally rubbed with hair gloves, or any article that will produce external irritation, and promote the circulation of the blood. Take a half pint of pure brandy, add one drachm of camphor, one spoonful of fresh cayenne pepper, spirits of lavender compound half an ounce, one tea-spoonful of laudanum, and add two gills of water; mix these well together, cork them up securely, and when attacked with the first symptoms, take a table-spoonful every fifteen minutes until relief is obtained. It is well, as we have before said, to have such a preparation at hand in case of sudden attack, for one may die in forty minutes, if relief be not obtained. But no prudent person will omit sending at once for the best medical advice, while they continue the medicine.

### The French in Italy.

We cannot but rejoice at the prompt rebuff that the French troops met with, in their late march upon Rome to re-establish the Pope's authority. In place of being received with open arms and with fraternization by the people, they were welcomed by volleys of musketry that thinned their ranks fearfully, and compelled them to retire. Though the Neapolitans and Austrians who are advancing from the north and south upon Rome, will doubtless effect what the French found themselves too weak to perform, still we rejoice that General Oudinot and his army, coming from the newly-fledged republic of France to put down a people also struggling for liberty, has been so signally unsuccessful. In the meantime, while Louis Napoleon is sending off troops to interfere with other people's business, he finds himself getting into hot water at home, and it is more than probable that he will want all his soldiers to keep down the domestic dissensions that this very enterprise has given rise to. Nations like individuals, are best engaged when minding their own business.

THE ASTOR PLACE RIOT.—A Boston editor speaking of this affair, lays its true cause at the right door. He says:

'The spark which has burst into a flame, was diligently fanned from time to time by Dickens, Marryatt, Hall, Mrs. Trollope, Mrs. Butler, and others of their ilk.'

They have found a gold mine on Great Island, Yarmouth, Ms.; the man who discovered it was digging for clams.—*Boston Post.*

Yes, and the whole town have been *clamorous* about it ever since.

We want at least two hundred mounted and armed policemen, for the outskirts of this city, whose duties should begin at forty-second street, and stretch to Harlem.—*N. Y. Sunday Mercury.*

That would be a 'stretch' of duties, indeed.

A ploughman on his knees is higher than a gentleman on his legs.—*Portland Transcript.*

Do you mean to say, Mr. Transcript, that a ploughman is no gentleman?

Such is Satan's influence in Boston that it isn't safe to trust even the deacons.—*Boston Post.*

What are we coming to?

TO GOLD SEEKERS.—The Spaniards have a proverb that he who would make a fortune in six months will be hanged in a year.

DOG-MATICAL.—A man was fined in Boston, the other day, and was obliged to pay $30, for cruelty to a dog.

### From our Foreign Files.

The whole of continental Europe seems ready to burst into one general conflagration.

The Danish war still continues, but it is conducted on both sides in a feeble and languishing manner.

From Ireland we have the same dismal old story,—starvation, outrage, ejection, murder, and abandonment.

The value of English securities fluctuate considerably, and latterly a decline in the value of consols has been established.

The Count D'Orsay is in Paris, enjoying the particular friendship of Louis Napoleon. The Countess of Blessington has gone to Paris.

An American, Mr. Williams, has established himself near Paris, at Champigny, and organized there an 'egg hatching' manufactory, which is very successful.

At Leipsic disturbances had broken out.—After a short and sharp struggle between the military and the populace, they were suppressed. Several of the rioters were killed.

Jenny Lind's return to the stage has set the Londoners beside themselves with joy. Her finale scene in 'Lucia,' is said to be equal to the grandest efforts of the late Edmond Kean or Rachel.

The Socialists have been very active in France; and their tampering with the army had led to a serious riot and mutiny. A whole regiment had been sent away from Paris.

Political agitations on the continent have checked all improvement in commercial matters. The markets for produce were quiet, and the transactions going forward were confined to the immediate wants of the trade.

Accounts from Berlin of the 8th state that an insurrection had broken out at Breslau on the 6th. On the 7th the troops and the people were fighting in the city. It was also announced that an insurrection had broken out at Coblentz.

### Dewdrops of Wisdom.

He that turneth one sinner from the error of his ways, shall shine as the stars forever.

Beauty eventually deserts its possessor, but virtue and talents accompany him even to the grave.

So long as we are among men let us cherish humanity, and so live that no man may be either in fear or in danger of us.

It wont do to plunge into a law-suit, relying wholly upon the justice of your cause, and not equipped beforehand with a brimming purse.

Knowledge is its own exceeding great reward. It is not the gift of colleges, particularly. It is what the mind produces whenever it acts.

The worst vices springing from the worst principles—the excesses of the libertine, and the outrages of the plunderer—usually take their rise from early and unsubdued idleness.

All excesses are ill; but drunkenness is the worst sort. It spoils health, dismounts the mind, and unman's men. It reveals secrets, is quarrelsome, lascivious, impudent, dangerous, and mad.

Appetite is a relish bestowed upon the poorer classes that they may like what they eat; while it is seldom enjoyed by the rich, because they may eat what they like.

No man is *free* from fear; but is not who says he never feels it; *he fears* to be thought a coward; and, whether we tremble before a sword or a supposition, it is alike fear.

I look upon every man as a suicide from the moment he takes the dice-box desperately in his hand; and all that follows in his fatal career from that time is only sharpening the dagger before he strikes it to his heart.—*Cumberland.*

Like an inundation of the Indus is the course of time. We look for the homes of our childhood, they are gone. The loves and animosities of youth, where are they? Swept away like the camps that had been pitched in the sandy bed of the river.

### The Joker's Olio.

A chap being asked what he took for a bad cold, replied, 'four pocket handkerchiefs per day.'

In Brown's Hotel, Washington, they have a room which is lighted only by the *key-hole of another room.*

'My dear, don't pull that pig by the tail; you may be a hog yourself, one of these days.' The bystanders fainted.

A young lady in Dublin recently eloped in a *hearse*, and was married. That was a *grave undertaking!*

The editor of the Providence Star has seen the man who 'minds his own business.' No description given.

A patent is about to be secured for a new style of spring-cushions, mattresses, etc., to be stuffed with *live grass-hoppers.*

It is generally agreed now, that *Esq.* at the end of a man's name, in many instances, is like the 'quirk' in a hog's tail—more ornament than use.

A chap recently detected in hooking a door intended for a church, irreverently excused himself on the ground that it was written, 'it was good to be a *door-keeper* of the house of the Lord.'

A lady in a paroxysm of grief, was said to have shed torrents of tears. 'Poor thing,' remarked an unfeeling punster, 'she must have had a *cataract* in each eye.'

A 'sufferer' desires to know why the benevolent never turn their attention to the discovery of some remedy for keeping infants' shoe strings from becoming untied.

At Fanny Kemble's last reading, in the Masonic Temple, Boston, the daughter of a wealthy man asked her husband who Shakspeare was. He replied without hesitation, *that he was the man who wrote the New Testament.*

'Mr. Pips,' in his diary, remarks that those who ride steeple chases probably set a sufficient value on their own existences, but he blames them for risking the lives of useful horses.

A gentleman addressing a lady whom he was partial to, and who had several articles of his in her possession, said: 'Madam, I shall present my *bill* to you shortly, for payment.' 'You will have to take it out in *billing*,' replied the lady.

### Miscellaneous Scraps.

The Exeter (N. H.) News Letter says, there have probably been fifteen hundred trees transplanted in Exeter this season. Most of the streets have been lined with them.

A woman in Philadelphia gave birth to four boys one day last week, and the whole city flocked to see them. As the parents were very poor, every one carried something as a present, and the result was a bountiful supply of clothing and money.

General William Trousdale, of Tennessee, has been in four wars and seen his country's flag victorious in thirteen battles. He participated in the Indian wars under General Jackson, at the battle of New Orleans; in the Florida war, and fought for his country on the battle fields of Contreras, Churubusco, and Molino del Rey, and participated in the storming of Chapultepec.

The Dutch have a singular contrivance to cure laziness. If a pauper, who is able, refuses to work, they put him into a cistern, and let in a sluice of water. It comes in just as fast that by briskly applying a pump, with which the cistern is furnished, he keeps himself from drowning.

It is generally known that within the last year or two steps have been taken at the South with a view to supply the home market with domestic flour. Several large flouring establishments have been put in operation in the States of Georgia and Alabama, by which good merchantable flour is produced from Southern grain.

### Quill and Scissors.

Mrs. Stiles Stearns was thrown from a carriage, near Fox's factory, in Worcester, and instantly killed. She was 40 years of age, and leaves a husband and children to mourn her untimely death.

An Arab ship, belonging to the Imaum of Muscat, arrived at the Cape of Good Hope on the 20th of February, on her way to England, whither she is conveying six horses, which are to be presented to the queen.

In the case of Wyatt Hare, in Nelson county, Va., for killing Coleman Harris, the jury has rendered a verdict of not guilty. The principal defence set up was, that deceased had seduced the wife of the prisoner.

The Society for the Encouragement of National Industry at Paris, have awarded a prize of 50,000 francs ($10,000) for an improvement in steam engines, by which a rotary motion is produced directly.

It is understood that Captain Wilkes of the Exploring Expedition will be tendered the command of one of the two vessels which will be sent out by government in search of Sir John Franklin.

Antigonus, king of Syria, hearing two of his soldiers reviling him behind his tent, 'Gentlemen,' said he, opening the curtain, 'remove to a greater distance, for your king hears you.'

Gold seekers, who had seen enough of the 'elephant,' were returning to St. Louis, on the 9th, by almost every steamer from the frontier. They had to sell their outfit for little or nothing.

The Dover Enquirer says there has not been a death in that town since the 20th of April, a period of more than four weeks, which is remarkable for a town having 10,000 inhabitants.

On the 24th ult., one Mary Rice, aged 29, was dancing the Drum Polka, at the dancing-rooms, Dean street, Soho, London, when she suddenly fell into the arms of her partner, and instantly expired.

Thirty millions of dollars are annually contributed by the people of England to feed their poor. Were the same amount spent for education and reforms, there would soon be no poor.

Moses Allen and seven of his family in a carriage were driven into the lake at Greenwood Cemetery, N. Y., and all rescued by some Irish laborers; the carriage sunk.

It is now known, that when Sir Robert Walpole's parliamentary supporters were invited to his ministerial dinner, each of them found a £500 note under his napkin.

The Army Worm has made its appearance in parts of Indiana and Kentucky, and in some counties its ravages on the wheat and grass are said to be quite destructive.

A woman in Shelby, and another in Shreveport, Texas, have killed their husbands—the former stabbing him in the chest a number of times, and the latter cutting his throat.

The newly appointed postmasters at Philadelphia and Baltimore were chief clerks in their respective offices, and had earned promotion by faithful attention to business.

At the battle of Leipsic, fought in October, 1813, between 160,000 French under Napoleon, and 240,000 Austrians, Russians and Prussians, 80,000 men perished on the field.

Three bloody murders were committed at Grand Rapids, Wisconsin, March 1st, in a drunken row between a band of Potawatamies and some of the Menomonies living there.

Elder Enos Dudley was hung at Haverhill, N. H., on Wednesday, 23d ult. He bore himself with great firmness, and died protesting his innocence to the last.

Newport, Kentucky, is one of the most thriving towns in the West. It has a population now of about 7,000, and will soon be the third city in the State of Kentucky.

Mr. Edwards, from Massachusetts, agent for a scythe-snath factory, while on his way to Hyde Park, Vt., fell from a tree which he was endeavoring to climb, and was killed.

At Louisville, the play bills announcing the appearance of Dan Marble at the theatre, were headed 'A Cure for the Cholera.' The same day he died of that disease.

At 902 Broadway, Albany, a daughter of Mr. Murphy, aged nine years, dropped her sister, aged six months, into a cistern, and, attempting to rescue her both were drowned.

Edinburgh has statues of Charles II, George IV, the Duke of York, and Lord Melville—no monuments to Wallace, Bruce, Adam Smith, or Robertson.

A despatch from St. Louis states that one of the Pennsylvania companies of emigrants overland from Independence, had a fight with the Indians, and killed six of them.

The Philadelphia Times says, 'the weather yesterday was pluvious in the extreme. It literally rained juvenile grimalkins and bow-wows.'

The Michigan Central Railroad Company have expended $50,000 in filling up and crossing the subterranean lake that revealed itself so remarkably.

A young woman in St. Louis recently took laudanum, but medical aid prevented serious consequences. Cause, the loss of her husband and destitution.

Isaac Butts, a young man working his passage on a steamer near Terre Haute, Ia., laid down to rest and had his head taken off by the fly wheel.

Mons Vattemare is in Augusta, and the governor has transmitted to the legislature a report from him on the subject of international exchanges.

Mrs. Howard, who slew her husband's mistress, at Cincinnati, is now confined in the lunatic asylum at Columbus.

James Daily was carried over Hadley Falls in a boat in the evening and drowned; two other men escaped by jumping from the boat.

Robert B. Dickey, the doctor accused of poisoning his mother-in-law, committed suicide by cutting his throat in Fairfield, N. Y.

All the gold mined since Columbus, in America, would not fill a large room in one of our modern houses, some one says.

The telegraph lines from New Orleans to Baton Rouge, 120 miles, were all blown down by a storm a few days since.

The gold fever is raging in Georgia. One lump of pure gold has been found at the mines in that State, worth $1500.

Mrs. Upechurch, wife of Simeon Upechurch, of Chatham county, N. C., was killed by lightning on Sunday evening.

Fuller's Evening Mirror says nothing can be done in New York without money. What a dreadful place for poor people.

Thirty persons chained together, were taken from Clinton, N. Y. prison, on the third of May, to Sing Sing prison.

Adamantine picture frames have been invented, and are sold at half the price of those now in use.

The brig Jessie, which arrived at Quebec, from Limerick, on the 16th ult., had fifty-four deaths on board during the passage.

On the plantation of Mr. Bibb at Thibodeaux, La., 36 negroes died in four days of a disease resembling cholera.

The cholera prevails to an alarming extent in Texas. Over one hundred deaths had occurred at San Antonio.

A man has been fined $5000 in Tallapoosa county, Alabama, for slandering the chastity of a lady.

A young colored man, who stole some money, committed suicide in consequence at New London, Conn.

The bark Huma sailed from Savannah on Monday morning for Liberia, with 180 emigrants.

They have arrested the cholera in Louisville, Ky., by the use of the shovel and chloride of lime.

The collector at New Orleans has removed forty subordinates, half the number employed.

The Indian population of California is 16,930, and that of New Mexico 31,000.

A hog was recently butchered in Broome county, N. Y., which weighed 2000 lbs.

Chicago is said to be one of the best markets for horses in the United States.

### Local Matters.

#### Amusements.

The National Theatre has closed after a paying season, though the overdoing of theatricals in this city, for the last twelvemonth, has encroached upon the receipts of the house. Bland's Lyceum is producing the greatest variety of attraction, nightly, and is doing well. The Howard Athenæum has opened with the Seguin troop and English opera. Those old favorites were welcomed back in the most hearty manner on the night of their first appearance, and have been well encouraged by good houses. The Boston Museum still keeps up its run of good luck, and is always well filled and often crowded to excess. The Mexican Panorama and that of the Rhine have both closed; the public taste seems to have been surfeited with this kind of exhibitions, though much curiosity is expressed in relation to a serial panorama, already announced, painted by Mr. Pratt, portrait and landscape painter, of this city, to be called 'A Walk in the Garden of Eden with Adam and Eve,' being founded upon Milton's description of Paradise. Mr. Brackett's piece of sculpture known by the name of 'The Wreck,' is exhibiting in Tremont Row, and richly merits the attention of the lovers of true art. We shall have more to say of 'The Wreck' in a future number, when we have had an opportunity to visit and inspect its many beauties once more; in the mean time we recommend our friends to go and see it.

#### A New Club in Boston.

The formation of a literary club has just been completed in this city, to be known as the *Town and Country Club.* If it be conducted on the liberal principle upon which it has been started, it must prove eminently successful. Its design is to embrace all sects and schools in literature, art, science, and religion. It is intended as a literary exchange, where all who represent any ideas at all—that is, all who do not owe society an apology for being alive—can meet upon the broad, general ground of an attachment to the cause of letters. A suite of rooms, furnished in a proper manner, is to be provided, where one may be sure of meeting at all times with men who do not 'hold it heresy to think;' and a *café* is to be attached to the establishment for the relief of those wants from which even philosophers are not exempt. The club is to be supported by an annual assessment among the members and already has a sufficient number of good names on its books, to make its success no longer a doubtful matter. The first regular meeting was held last week, and Mr. Emerson read a paper on *books.* It was in his happiest style, containing many valuable suggestions concerning methods of study. At the monthly meeting in June, a paper is expected from the Rev. Theodore Parker, to be followed by others equally high as original thinkers and men of true philosophy.

#### Anniversaries.

The last ten days have been devoted by our various benevolent and religious societies to anniversary ceremonies, reports of the yearly doings, and to public services. At the least calculation, there have been two thousand ministerial visiters here, and our streets have been well sprinkled with black coats, white neck cloths, and broad brimmed hats. The churches have held a sort of annual jubilee, ~~and have been thronged by eager listeners;~~ the doings of some dozen benevolent societies have been made public, and various missionary establishments have reported on the labors of the past year. This is an occasion which draws together a vast body of professional people, and affords an opportunity for a profitable interchange of information and experience.

#### To Periodical Dealers.

Having now attained to a circulation the immense number of which enables us to reduce the wholesale price of the Flag, to our agents who buy to sell again, we have resolved to do so, and charge one half cent less on each paper, the reduction to take place on the first of July next. This is also in furtherance of our plan of increasing the subscription list of the Flag to *one hundred thousand.* Agents will see the additional inducement offered to them to circulate this paper, and they will of course appreciate the motive that induces this reduction in price, and endeavor to circulate the Flag on a more extended scale, each one helping us towards the accomplishment of the great purpose of printing each week *one hundred thousand copies.*

MUSICAL.—Madame Bishop has done remarkably well in Havana. Her benefit, which took place in the Tacon Theatre, was a bumper; the house was full. The Cuban papers say: 'We have seen three thousand persons in the Tacon; price of admission one dollar, all parts of the house.' So the lady must have realized at least $2,500.

WORTHY OBJECT.—A high school, for girls, has been spoken of for this city. We hardly know of a public enterprise, since the introduction of pure water, that would be more popular. Let us do all that is possible to educate our sons and daughters.

PICKPOCKETS.—A large force from New York and the South were here, and drove quite a business during anniversary week. They thronged the churches, the theatres, and other places of amusement, and operated largely upon the pockets of people.

FOREIGN INTELLIGENCE.—Wars and rumors of wars are still the burthen of the news. Europe seems to be in a most unquiet state; and the prospect of a general war seems as imminent as at any time during the last two or three years.

COMPLIMENTARY.—The elegant sword to be presented by New Hampshire to Brig. Gen. Franklin Pierce, may be seen for a few days at the store of Jones, Ball & Poor, 226 Washington street.

Absence from our post until our made was nearly ready to go to press, is our excuse for any deficiencies in this week's paper.—*Portsmouth Gazette.*

Gracious! only think of a man's 'inside going to press.' Very few could *stomach* that.

GOLD DOLLARS.—These little shiners are getting to be as plenty in our city as any other kind of money. The ladies profess a great regard for them.

PALMER & BACHELDER, jewellers, Washington street, have got some immense plates of glass in their windows; the largest we remember to have seen.

ALDOO SHORT.—Steamer News Boy has been sold to a Cape Cod company, and is to run regularly between Provincetown and Boston.

CLERK OF THE WEATHER.—His removal from office would meet with universal approbation. Every one is sick of his east wind.

### OUR OLIO COLUMN.

[Written for The Flag of our Union.]

#### The Dishonest Miller.

BY MINA MERTON'S SISTER.

I have often heard tell of a miller who fell
In a habit of taking his pay
In a manner that suited himself very well,
But didn't suit others, they say.

Most millers, you know, are a rascally set,
You'll hardly find one that's a man;
For the best of them always keep all they can get,
And they'll surely get all that they can.

Now this miller grew bold, and one day he tolled
Some corn of a neighbor near by;
He filled his patch measure as full as 'twould hold,
And put it away very sly.

And he very soon found, ere the grist was all ground,
A nice chance to toll it again;
And when it was done the poor owner came round,
He thought he'd mismeasured the grain.

But rogues are found out, and so it came about
That the neighbor discovered the theft,
And the miller had orders to walk to the right,
Or else he might walk to the left.

And not long from that day I was passing that way,
But the miller was cold in the ground;
I have never seen his grave, but I've heard people say,
That cornstalks grew over the mound.

[Written for The Flag of our Union.]

#### A Deliberate Opinion.

BY GEORGE P. BURNHAM.

'What the dence is all this ringing!
Prythee, Tom, say can you tell?
Did ever you hear such a dinging—
What on earth can move that bell?'

Tom was a 'slow' man—Will was 'fast,'
And still he urged his friend
To answer him; when Will at last
To speak did condescend.

'Well, really Will, I scarcely dare
With your advice to cope;
But think, that some one over there
Just now *doth pull the rope!*'

'How much you know!' was Will's reply.
'Such witty men are few!'
But strange to say, Tom, may I die,
If I don't think so too.'

#### Betty's Complaint.

Perhaps you may not wish to hear
A poor lone woman's plaint;
But then, to tell the truth, O dear,
I am no Job nor saint.

They always say, 'when Betty weeps,
When she begins complaining,
'Tis just like weather, when it keeps
A raining, raining, raining.'

O, in this world the Bettys get
But slight appreciation;
But very few confess their debt
To this part of creation.

Yet what a place would be this earth,
Without their care or labor;
Repulsive e'en the household hearth,
Without its humble neighbor.

Distinctions wrong are ever made,
In palaces and prairies;
The difference never rightly weighed
Of Marthas and of Marys.

The last get praise for sitting down,
For hearing, and for talking;
Receive about a hero-crown
For gadding up and walking.

The former must of course be troubled
About the many household things;
Must feel her cares and labors doubled,
And watch the myriad kitchen springs.

But those who love the nice results
Of all her toil and watching,
Will make on her their proud assaults—
They'll find their temper catching.

How different, sir, the time would be
Of mistress to the maid,
If, of extent, the pampered she
Were little more afraid.

So now, I'll tell a story here,
No confidence is broken
Where none's bestowed, though I appear
So often freely spoken.

It was about a year ago,
A man came here to settle,
Who made a very goodly show,
And seemed of gallant mettle.

I think he'd learned in foreign parts
To be as fascinating,
He soon had gained the ladies' hearts
With so much graceful prating.

He was so very handsome called,
So learned, and such a genius,
That every belle was quite enthralled,
And strove to be a Venus.

Our girls, I will their secrets tell,
They all their caps were setting;
The tinning, sir, I did it well,
Yet hoped not for their getting.

Weeks, ay, and months, with laundry work
They kept me close and busy;
Each ordered round like queen or Turk,
Screamed, 'addle-pate,' and 'hussy.'

And when at last they heard that he
Was going to wed a stranger,
I thought they all would crazy be,
If not their lives endanger.

They tore the blonde from every dress,
Threw essences o'er satin,
Snatched every braid and every tress,
And talked *such awful Latin.*

Such sulking, headaches, fainting fits,
Such screams for hartshorn, camphor,
I thought I should have lost my wits,
And was completely done for.

I think in future, handsome men
Should be to deserts carried;
They could not work such mischief then,
Nor, if they'd ne'er get married. *Bee.*

#### Apples—AN ANALOGY.

'Buy any apples!' said a tiny boy,
Whose bright blue eyes two summers scarce had seen;
His youthful look had none of childhood's joy,
And speculation triumphed in his mien;
A cunning glance accompanied the word,
As if his eye the latent thought could trace;
Seeing the answer ere the ear had heard,
Written discreetly in the buyer's face.
'Buy any apples?' and, his traffic sped,
The boy and basket from our notice fled.

How like the child thus practising his art,
Is man throughout the busy act of life;
The mighty temple called the human heart
With money-changing schemes is ever rife:
Apples the stock, of large or small renown,
With low and lofty traffic is the game;
All practise it, from him who wears the crown,
Down to the lowest one of humbler fame;
'Buy any apples!' is the constant call—
Some get 'whole heaps,' but more get none at all.
*Boston Post.*

#### The Christmas Fire.

Within the hall are song and laughter,
The cheeks of Christmas glow red and jolly,
And sprouting is every rafter and rafter
With the lightsome green of ivy and holly;
Through the deep gulf of the chimney wide
Wallows the yule-log's roaring tide;
The broad flame-pennons droop and flap,
And belly and tug, as a flag in the wind;
Like a locust shrills the imprisoned sap,
Hunted to death in its galleries blind;
And swift little troops of silent sparks,
Now pausing, now scattering away as in fear,
Go threading the soot forest's tangled darks,
Like herds of startled deer.

#### Matrimonial Felicity.

Tompkins was as poor as Job,
But love in poverty can please us;
He saw the Widow Bonarobe,
And loved, for she was rich as Crœsus.

Poisoned the love their bosoms own—
He was sincere—she, none could doubt her;
She loved him for himself alone,
And he—he could not live without her!

#### To cure the Gout.

On pain of the gout, my physicians advise
That from my old Port I abstain;
But I, from my heart, such prescriptions despise,
Resolved the last hogshead to drain.
Thus, boy, bring it here—let us have a fair bout;
If 'tis wine that engenders this devil,
To drink to the dregs is the secret, no doubt,
To dry up the source of the evil.

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# THE FLAG OF OUR UNION.

[Written for The Flag of our Union.]

### The Christian's Faith.

BY JOSEPH W. NYE.

The Christian's faith—the faith in life immortal,
When earthly scenes shall fade and pass away,
Pierces the gloom that shrouds death's dreary portal,
And lights the mind with gleams of endless day!

Give me this faith in sorrow's darksome hour,
To cheer my soul amid the fearful gloom;
And may I feel its all-sustaining power,
As I descend the pathway to the tomb!

Faith, glorious faith! borne on thy radiant pinion,
The weary spirit seeks her native home,
Where love and joy forever hold dominion,
And angels love in harmony to roam.

Beside a corse, I see a mother bending;
The crystal teardrop glistens in her eye;
But smiles with tears are on her pale cheek blending,
And faith triumphant checks the rising sigh.

And though the smile that once her heart delighted,
No longer beams in beauty from the eye,
Though death's cold touch that blooming cheek has blighted,
She knows the spirit nevermore can die!

Go forth, sweet faith, upon thy heavenly mission!
Filling all hearts with rapture, peace and love;
Till all at last shall taste thy full fruition,
And join the anthem of the choir above.

[Written for The Flag of our Union.]

### The Chieftain's Summons.

BY OSCAR G. HUGHAN.

Ye kinsmen, to battle! the foeman are nigh!
They have sworn that our fortunes shall perish and die;
They swarm on our mountains—like locusts they come—
'*Pro' aris et focis!*' our creed and our home.

Ye children of freedom, why slumbering stay,
Till the bloody invader shall sweep you away!
Draw tightly the bow-string seize buckler and spear,
'*Pro' aris et focis!*' why tarry ye here?

As wolves from the forest, they leave the dark main;
As vultures when soaring o'er fields of the plain;
Fierce, bloody and dark, they are panting for strife,
'*Pro' aris et focis!*' up, warriors, to fight.

Take down the broad claymore and cleanse it from rust;
Let its edges be keen for the heart-searching thrust:
Unfurl to the breeze thy red banner, and cry
'*Pro' aris et focis!*' the tyrant shall die.

Hark! the clang of their weapons, all sharpened for war,
And the neigh of their coursers, come floating afar,
O'er the graves where our fathers were laid to repose,
'*Pro' aris et focis!*' and death to our foes.

On, on, my brave people! yon cravens shall flee,
As foam on the breast of a wild tossing sea;
The sinew of justice shall sweep them away,
'*Pro' aris et focis!*' we rush to the fray.

[Written for The Flag of our Union.]

### The Supper of the Sages.

BY W. H. BLACKBURN.

Some sages of the present day
A supper had one night,
And wine went round till all were gay,
And some a little 'tight.'

One then arose and said he'd ask
What was the tightest thing
That they could think of, taking turns
By numbers in the ring.

The first arose, a foppish chap,
But not quite short of brains,
And thought the cords the tightest thing,
When a 'woman held the reins.'

The second one, with sober phiz—
The cool, sarcastic sinner—
Believed a Dominican monk
Just after taking dinner.

The third, a lean and curious wag,
Believed, of all below,
That a chap half filled with liquor was,
When so drunk he could not go.

The fourth got up and laughed outright;
He said, 'you all are green;
For money is the tightest thing
That I have ever seen.'

[Written for The Flag of our Union.]

### Impressions of a May Morn.

BY C. S. TROXEL.

How soothing to the mind the breeze
That floats amid the fragrant trees,
While now alone we sit
Beneath the shades of oaken bowers,
And sweetly spend the morning hours,
While fancies round me flit.

The sparkling dewdrop shining near,
As if it were earth's only tear,
Is full of meaning too;
It may be nature's priceless gem,
A star to deck her diadem—
But soon 'twill lose its hue.

The timid bird that sings near by
Now starts and utters forth a cry,
And wings its upward flight
Toward the towering mountain's crest,
To seek, perhaps, a downy nest,
Secured upon its height.

The scenes are pleasant all the while,
When looking on sweet nature's smile,
Thus dressed in lively green;
But when compared to life's young day,
Whose visions swiftly flee away,
It shows the past a dream.

[Written for The Flag of our Union.]

### Over the Way.

BY S. E. CHURCH.

Said I to Will, 'Why do you sorrow?'
For he sighed the livelong day.
Said he to me, pointing sadly,
'Tis she that lives just o'er the way.'

Again I met him on the morrow;
He was singing bright and gay;
'Will,' said I, 'what makes you merry?'
'She,' he said, 'just o'er the way.'

Again I met my happy friend,
'Twas on an autumn day;
He was married—'to whom?' I asked him—
'She,' he said, 'just o'er the way.'

[Written for The Flag of our Union.]

### Woman's Heart.

BY J. H. H.

'Tis said, it is a puzzling art,
To read the heart—but rumor lies;
Who cannot read a woman's heart?
'Tis always written in her eyes.

## MISCELLANEOUS.

[Written for The Flag of our Union.]

### THE MYSTERY OF LAGRANGE; OR, THE HIDDEN TREASURE.

BY J. H. ROBINSON.

In one of the New England States there is a small town called Lagrange. It is far back in the interior, and situated near where a broad river takes its rise, whose waters gliding smoothly on make themselves useful by driving a multitude of mills of various kinds. The population of this settlement at present numbers some hundreds, and although there is little beauty in its dwellings and surrounding scenery, yet there is a sort of rude romance about it far from unattractive.

Lagrange has its dense forests, composed of the sturdy beech, the stately elm, the lordly maple, the birch and the willow; and it has its rugged hills, its rocky valleys, its green meadows, and its meandering streams; but more than all, it is celebrated for its mysteries, one or two of which are of a very romantic and thrilling character, and it is of these we are about to write.

In the summer of 183–, upon a fair morning in the sunny month of June, a young man was wending his way towards a small tract of land lying upon the outskirts of Lagrange.—He was about twenty years of age. His features were roughened and browned by constant exposure to the sun. He wore with an easy, independent air, the garb of a backwoodsman. A loose jacket of dark gray stuff of home manufacture covered a pair of broad shoulders and an expansive chest, while checked pants of a make and texture far from fashionable, and far too short to be in keeping with the present style, *hung*, rather than fitted, about his nether limbs. Brogans clumsy and inelegant in the extreme, with stockings of a nameless hue, finished out the toilet of that portion of the body where such articles should be worn. His hat could by no means be called a good one. A part of the brim—which was very wide—had entirely disappeared, either through the natural effects of age, or by some sudden disaster, while the morning wind had free access to his head through the crown which seemed on the eve of dissolving all copartnership that had hitherto existed between the same and the surrounding structure. It was a bad hat. A faded neckcloth, which in happier days might have been used for a pocket handkerchief, was tied loosely about the neck. A sharp, heavy axe which gleamed in the newly risen sun, he bore upon his shoulder.—This last fact gives the reader a clue to his calling, which was no mean one. The young man was a farmer, and there can be no nobler occupation than tilling the ground. Notwithstanding the shabbiness of the dress and his rustic appearance, there was a pride and firmness in his step becoming alike, whether exhibited by the prince or the peasant. Yet, though his step was firm, and his bearing proud and manly, there was a certain drooping of the eye, and a thoughtful and even sad expression about the mouth, that indicated a mind ill at ease. Suddenly he paused in his walk and passed his brawny hand over his broad brow, whereon the sun had worked so rudely. For a moment he stood as if bewildered with the multiplicity of his own fast coming thoughts. He gave voice to his meditations at length; but it was with an effort, and his tones were sad and low. His words proved that he was not the rustic at heart which his externals seemed to denote.

'It shall be so;' he said, 'one more trial—one last effort, and if I am unsuccessful, farewell to Lagrange. I cannot stay to see her won by another—I cannot remain to look upon the triumph and happiness of a more successful man. No! no! that would drive me mad. I will see her once more—offer her yet again the love of an honest heart, and the protection of a strong hand. If she scorns me with her eyes, if she taunts me with her tongue, then I will away, and the proud maiden shall be troubled with my importunities no more.'

As the young man spoke, he threw his axe from his shoulder and sat down upon the root of a tree that grew near his path.

George Dantforth—he was called thus—was the son of a poor farmer, and his greatest sin was poverty. Naturally gifted with intellectual powers of a high order, he was not long in discovering that his education had been sadly neglected, and that there was a more enviable position attainable by him, could he overcome the difficulties which circumstances had thrown in his way. He longed to place his name beside the names of others who had been fighting the 'battle of life,' and won renown. Dreams of the future were continually in his thoughts. He never could divest himself of the darling idea that nature in her munificence had designed him for a different sphere than that which he had hitherto occupied. While his mind was thus engaged, he formed an acquaintance with Ellen Sumner, a young lady of considerable personal beauty, with pride to match.

George Dantforth fell in love with Ellen at first sight. But he was not a person to win a proud maiden easily. She would not listen to his suit. She believed herself far too good for a man who wore homespun pants and a round jacket, not to mention the brogans.—Still George was not wholly discouraged. He availed himself of every opportunity to prevail on the obstinate fair one to crown his wishes; but hitherto he had most signally failed. He now resolved, as we have stated, to see her once more and make a final attempt.

Young Dantforth knew his rustic habits were ill calculated to secure the love of maiden fair, and he felt bitterly the leaden weight of his poverty.

Ellen was handsome, and accomplished—he was an unsophisticated farmer's boy with no broad pieces, and no broad lands.

'Why had I not been born to wealth and honor?' he cried, as he prostrated himself at the foot of the tree.

'What is life to me without these? Alas! but an empty sound—a painful period of struggle and humiliation. Why should the Supreme Ruler create a living, breathing creature, and curse him with boundless desires—desires never to be gratified?

But a question like this is impious, and why should I ask. Let me seek for knowledge and contentment, rather than sit down and repine. What is to be *must* be. If I was born poor and bred in ignorance, and am destined to remain so to the end of existence, to murmur is folly. I will see Ellen, and if she is still unkind, I will not look upon her again. If I were sick, it might be—perhaps—who knows—she might be less cruel.'

While Dantforth was speaking, his attention was arrested by some strange looking characters carved in the bark of the tree, upon the root. Prompted by curiosity, he drew forth his knife and scraped the moss from the somewhat distorted letters, for letters they were. After carefully removing the moss and dirt which probably had been accumulating for many years, by the aid of a strong pair of eyes he was enabled to make out the following lines, certainly not remarkable for rhythm:

'Each sturdy root
Bears golden fruit.'

Dantforth read these lines several times before he could form any conclusion in regard to their meaning. But his mind naturally fertile, soon found a clue to the mysterious verse.

'There may be treasures buried here,' he exclaimed eagerly, then blushed at his own credulity. Again he read over and weighed each word of the lines.

Reproaching himself for his folly, George commenced scraping away the earth with his hands. At first his exertions met with no reward, and he seemed to be removing common earth which had never before been displaced; but after toiling for a short time he reached some hard substance, which to his great joy, proved to be a small box.

His heart leaped with delight when upon loosening it from the earth in which it was firmly embedded, and opening it, he found it to contain antique gold coin and jewelry to a great amount. We will not attempt to describe the feelings of Dantforth as they were of that intense description that will not admit of analysis. He threw himself upon his treasure—pressed it to his bosom and to his lips—shed tears of ecstacy.

With his newly and strangely acquired riches he would no longer be an unwelcome lover to Ellen Sumner. He would marry her and pass his days in contentment and plenty. Thus he thought while he gazed fondly upon the dear jewels that sparkled before him.—But here a new idea seemed suddenly to occur to him. If Ellen Sumner would not or could not love him as a poor farmer's boy, would she love him as a rich man? Could woman's love be bought with gold? This was a startling question, and it led him to reflect more seriously.

'It must be so,' he said at length, in a voice of deep seriousness.

'Ellen Sumner must marry me as a poor man, or *never* marry me. I am the son of a poor man—I was born a poor boy—I have grown to manhood poor—I will woo, and win, and be loved a poor man, or never be loved.'

Saying this, Dantforth arose from the ground, secreted his riches about his person, put the earth about the tree in such a way as to obliterate all traces of what he had been doing, and then shouldering his axe he directed his steps toward the residence of Ellen Sumner.

He soon stood before one of the most respectable dwellings in the town. The door was ajar, and as he was about to knock he heard his own name spoken from within.

Not wishing to expose himself to the suspicion of eaves-dropping, by making an immediate entry, he was about to turn away and walk about the grounds for a few minutes, when the following came to his ear in such a tone as to rivet him effectually to the spot where he stood.

'Marry George Dantforth!' said a voice which the young man recognized as that of Ellen Sumner. 'Marry George Dantforth, an awkward country clown! Never.'

'But he has an honest heart, and loves you,' said a voice which Dantforth knew to be that of Ellen's mother. 'And more, I think he has genius.'

'Genius, mother!' and Ellen Sumner laughed outright. 'Do you think my poodle has any genius?'

'*Ellen!*' and the mother's voice had a tone of reproof as she spoke, 'beware that you wound not your own heart and a true lover by your waywardness. Real nobility of soul may be covered by a rough exterior, and garments of a coarse and homely make. A thousand times had I rather have your fate linked with a man like George Dantforth than with the handsomest city dandy that ever held a yard stick. A pleasing exterior is little worth, when the more enduring and intrinsic qualities of honesty and real goodness are wanting. A young man with a strong intellect, uncultivated though it be, strong hands, though they are hardened with toil, and with fixed principles of right, would make a good husband though he wore upon his back the coarsest fabric that ever left a loom.'

'Those are very good sentiments, my mother, and would sound well in a romance; but you certainly would not have me marry George Dantforth.'

'I should be the last person to object to such a match, Ellen.'

'But George Dantforth is *poor*, mother. I don't think I could *love a poor man!*'

'I am sorry that Ellen Sumner could find it in her heart to express such a sentiment,' replied Mrs. Sumner, in a serious tone. 'I would that some other child than mine had said *that*.'

Ellen was silent.

'Do you love your father, Ellen?'

'Why should you ask? You know I love him dearly.'

'He was once a poor man, Ellen, as poor as George Dantforth.'

Ellen made no reply.

'Again I repeat it, Ellen Sumner, your father was a poor man. When we were married he had just five dollars in his pocket, and did not own a single tile upon the house we moved into. Your father, Ellen Sumner, went out to day's works for a living; but he was industrious and economical. He prospered, as the industrious ever will. I wish you could have seen the furniture of our rooms then, and compare it with what we have now. And the house we hired was not much like this your father has since built. Why! the wind could dance a hornpipe through the crevices any time! And as for the doors, they closed with a latch and string; and near the bottom of the outside one, there was a hole cut for the cat to go out and come in again!'

'Why, *mother!*' exclaimed Ellen.

'It is true, child, and we went up stairs by a *ladder!*'

'For heaven's sake, mother, what if any one should hear you go on so!'

'Hear me go on so, child!' and Mrs. Sumner drew up her goodly figure with a pride and grace which nature had taught her. She repeated it. 'Hear me, child! I glory in it. Life is a thing of effort and progress. Shame upon those who refuse to struggle. Why should people have hands, if they are never to be used; feet, if they are never to walk; ears, if they are not to hear? *Progression* is the great law, and order, and end of existence. Without struggle, there is no progress; without an incentive to struggle, there will be no struggle, and *poverty* is the great incentive to human effort. Let no person despair because he is poor.'

There was a momentary silence.

'The first few months of our married life we ate from a plain pine table that your father made himself; and *more*, we slept upon a straw bed!'

'For pity's sake, mother!' cried Ellen, glancing about the room, 'what if some one should—'

'No matter, Ellen, but listen. Our chairs! There, Ellen, you should have seen our chairs!'

'Did father make *those*, too?' asked Ellen, with an attempt to laugh.

'Every one of them but the rocking-chair, and—'

'Who made *that*?'

'Well, we didn't have any. Your father said we should have no time to rock, and at night after a day of toil, we could sleep well without rocking. Ellen, you will never know the pleasure of sweet sleep until you have passed a day of unremitting toil. O, it is a blessing to sleep well nights—a blessing known only to those who work. Toil gives a relish to everything. But those chairs—I have laid away some of them to give you on your wedding day, to remind you what your father was, once on a time. The remembrance may be salutary.'

'But if you should give me all the chairs you ever had, I would not marry a poor *clod-hopper*, like Dantforth, mother!'

'What if Dantforth should become rich, Ellen?'

Why, that might possibly make some difference about marrying him; but I never could *love* such an awkward clown, if he were as rich as a Jew. Not I, mother.'

This was said with a proud toss of the head.

'You have much to learn yet, Ellen, and it is my prayer that you may not pay for it too dearly. The future has tears for you, I fear.'

'Well, mother, let it pass. I will never marry George Dantforth, for as I have told you I really believe I could never learn to love a *poor man*.' My ideas rise higher than a plough-jogger. If the future has tears for me, my eyes must use them.'

Here Mrs. Sumner sighed deeply. Young Dantforth stopped to hear no more. He hurried away with a bosom swelling with indignation and wounded pride.

The next day George Dantforth was not to be found in Lagrange. Days followed days, and weeks followed weeks, and month followed month, and finally years rolled on, and he came not. They only knew he went forth to his work with his axe on his shoulder, and that he had never returned, and had not been heard of since. No one could solve the mystery. The dwellers in Lagrange might be seen in groups, talking about the matter for weeks afterward, and they even searched the neighboring streams and woodlands for his body, the belief having prevailed at length that he had 'made way with himself' for some reason or reasons unknown to them. At length the affair died away, and ceased to be talked of, or was referred to only at long intervals as a very singular occurrence.

Mr. Sumner and his good lady looked grave, sighed and shook their heads, but could never be induced to express an opinion on the subject.

Even Ellen seemed to regret the fate (for she doubted not he was dead) of George Dantforth. And thus years went on, as we have said, and time made many changes in Lagrange.

Mr. Sumner and his family moved away to Philadelphia. This change of residence was very agreeable to Ellen, as it gave her many opportunities of mixing in society, and acquiring accomplishments and graces, which would be of no account in rude Lagrange. As yet she had not found a rich man to suit her, and her affections were disengaged as a matter of consequence. To be at assemblies, balls, routs, etc., was in her vocabulary to be happy, and taking this view of the case, she might certainly be considered a happy woman.

We said that Ellen had hitherto escaped the missiles of the boy-god; but this state of affairs was destined to be of short duration.

She was pleased with the appearance of an elegant young man whom she saw at a ball. With her eyes she followed his manly figure through the mazes of a dance, before she ventured to speak of him to her female companion.

'Clara,' she said, at length, 'do you know the young man who is leading the dance with that pretty woman?'

'Know him! Everybody knows him here. He is a young lawyer of great promise. He has conducted some criminal cases with such ability that he is now looked upon as one of the first in his profession.'

'Is he *rich?*' asked Ellen.

'Yes, he is worth some fifty thousand dollars. Some say he is worth twice that amount.'

'*Distinguished*, you say, too?'

'Yes, very much so. He is talked of for Congress after the coming presidential election. There is no doubt but he will be a successful candidate.'

'Rich, honored, and genteel,' said Ellen, to herself. 'How I should like to make his acquaintance.'

'Shall I introduce you, Miss Sumner?' said Clara.

'O, yes! certainly. I have no objections,' replied Ellen, blushing at her own earnestness.

There was a pause in the dance, and Ellen's friend introduced her to Mr. Callamar, the Philadelphia lawyer.

Had Ellen Sumner looked steadily into the face of Mr. Callamar, she would have observed thereon a singular expression—a high pride, an unmitigated scorn. But this passed unnoticed. That night the heart of Ellen confessed an emotion it had never felt previously, and her sleep-thoughts were of the elegant Callamar. She met him again and again, and her first impressions ripened into an inextinguishable passion. She found, saw it was too late, that her happiness was no longer in her own keeping. She was happy only when in the society of the accomplished lawyer. It appeared that the latter was not indifferent to the charms of Ellen, for at the end of a month he proposed; but his voice had a strange sound, and his lips such a smile as might arise from an emotion far different from that which he at that moment professed. There was something like sternness and contempt upon his visage when he looked upon the averted face of Ellen, but when she raised her fair head, and gazed trustingly, lovingly into his eyes, it was gone, and he stood there calm and smiling.

We hardly need say that Mr. Callamar was not rejected, and that Ellen was happy.

'Ellen,' he said to her, one day, 'you have a charming face, and a fine figure. I dare say you have had many lovers. Come, confess it.'

'Ah! Mr. Callamar,' replied Ellen, playfully.

'No evasion, Ellen—how many lovers have you had?'

'That I really don't know. Some persons have been foolish enough to say they loved me.'

'Very good; but I have not done with you yet. How many of those who were foolish enough to say that they loved you, do you really believe felt the soft emotion which they professed?'

'Not more than one or *two*, I should think;' replied Ellen, by no means displeased with the opportunity of showing she had had her conquests.

'Then no more than two of all your admirers might have truly loved you?'

'Perhaps not more than *one* of the two I mentioned, Mr. Callamar.'

'Among your score of suitors—for you have had that number no doubt—you think it very possible that you have had but one *lover*. Dare I flatter myself that I am that happy person?' and Mr. Callamar bowed and smiled.

'The *dare* is for *me*, Mr. Callamar, not for *you*. *I* dare not flatter myself that *you* are a real lover; for such a flattery would make me too happy, but it was not to you I referred when I spoke of but one true lover. It was to a person as unlike yourself as it is for one human being to be unlike another.'

'Ah, indeed! Who was this extraordinary individual?' said Callamar, carelessly.

'Why, nobody but a country clown—a mere clod-hopper,' replied Ellen, with a toss of the head.

'A clod-hopper! Is it possible, Miss Sumner, that a clod-hopper could be so presumptuous as to love *you*. His assurance was unparalleled. Pray what became of him?' continued Callamar, in the same indifferent tone, though his eyes seemed to flash with fire in their sockets.

'That is a mystery,' replied Ellen.

'How a mystery, Ellen?'

'He suddenly disappeared, and no person knew what end he made.'

'You astonish me, Miss Sumner! What did conjecture say of his mysterious disappearance?'

'A thousand things—that love had driven him away—that some person or persons had murdered him, and concealed the body; or that he was accidentally drowned in the neighboring stream.'

'Well, and what said *you?*' and Callamar fixed his piercing eye steadily upon the half averted face of Ellen Sumner.

'*Me!* Why, I said he had killed himself like a fool;' and Callamar heard a low laugh indicative of contempt, and his brow contracted until the deep frowns thereon were rigid as iron.

'And did you weep for the fate of the clod-hopper, Ellen?' and Callamar this time appeared to speak with an effort.

'*I* weep for the poor *fool!* far from it.'

'Were there not moments, or was there not a moment, *a single moment* when you *regretted* you had not returned his love and *saved him?*'

As Callamar spoke, the veins on his forehead swelled up like knotted whip-cords. Had Ellen Sumner looked upon his features then, she would have shrieked at the sight of his silent agony.

'Never for a single moment did I regret my refusal, and since I have seen *you*, and heard the dear words *you* have spoken, I am a thousand times glad that George Dantforth went his way.'

The blood forsook the face of Callamar—the knotted veins went down, and left a paleness ghastly white; but he was calm, stern, even in his expression. It might have been that a shade of pity mingled for an instant with the sternness of his looks, and that a momentary moisture came to the eye; but both passed away quicker than they came. Before Callamar left Ellen Sumner, the wedding day was named. We shall not dwell upon the interval that elapsed before the wedding night. That anxiously expected hour came. There was a brilliant party at Mr. Sumner's. Wealth, beauty and fashion were there. Each determined to make a happy night of it.

Lovely was Ellen Sumner when arranged in her bridal dress.

'I am very happy,' she whispered, to her mother, as she passed into the splendidly lighted parlors.

'May you always be so. My dearest blessings go with you to the altar, and to your new home. But I cannot help thinking of the unhappy Dantforth.

'O, mother! don't speak of him, for it has a strange effect upon me.'

'Well, let it be so, my only child—God bless you. Your intended husband waits—go.'

Ellen Sumner and Mr. Callamar passed into the parlor where the bridal party were waiting, attended by groomsman and bridesmaid.

Callamar was very pale. His face betrayed no emotion of any kind. They stood before the man of God. The ceremony was about to commence, when Callamar waved his hand for him to stop. The bridal party looked on with astonishment.

'Friends,' said Callamar, in a voice distinct and dignified, 'before this ceremony proceeds, let me tell you a tale. I will be brief, and not trespass upon your patience long. Some years ago, there was a poor boy. He was the son of a poor man. The boy was born poor—grew to manhood poor, and wooed a fair maiden, whose father was once poor like him. He had hands like those of the maiden's father, and he had noble thoughts and a generous nature. He wooed the girl. He showed her his strong hands, and told her he would toil for her as her father had toiled for her mother. He told her his love, and offered her the wealth of a true heart, as well as the protection of a manly hand. She scorned him away. She gave him not so much as a kind look, or a gentle word. He sought her again, and plead for her love on bended knee, as men sue for the mercy of kings. She laughed in his face. He forgave her. The poor boy became suddenly rich. He found gold that had been secreted in the earth. His joy had nearly killed him, for he said to himself, "now I can win the fair maiden." But reflection brought wiser thoughts. He wished not to link his fate to that of a heartless woman, and he said, "I will conceal my good fortune and win her, or lose her, as the poor boy I have ever been." And yet again he sought her, with gold enough in his possession to enrich many persons, and he heard words which were meant for other ears—heard, and his heart was nearly broken. She heaped insult upon one she supposed absent—one who would have given his best blood to purchase her a happiness—one who worshipped her very idea. She called him a country clown, and forgot that her own father was once like him. She said she could not love a poor man, and forgot that her father was once a poor man. She called him by way of reproach—but it was no reproach—a vile clod-hopper, and forgot her own father followed the plough. The young man heard this with indignation and grief. Stung to the quick, he turned away, and never saw that dwelling more, or his native town. He went away from the threshold of that door, to all appearance the poor boy of yesterday, and no one knew his fate. He sought a distant city. He was rich—he could do as he pleased—he applied himself to study. He toiled, and toiled by the midnight lamp. He resolved the world should hear of him before he died. Never for an instant did he forget the insult of the maiden he had loved. It was always present with him. His progress was unprecedented. He became an accomplished scholar, or at *least* the world *calls* him thus. He—the poor boy—was admitted to the bar, and was so fortunate as to distinguish himself more than others of his years.

'He met once upon a night the proud maiden whom he had loved. He knew her at a glance—for her image had never passed from his mind. He met her as a stranger, and by another name. She did not recognize a lineament of his face. She loved him, but he loved not her. That was past *now*. He loved a modest maiden who had watched him through a fever that followed his sudden disappearance from Lagrange—a sickness near unto death. He resolved to crush the hopes of the maiden who had insulted him with his poverty, as she had crushed *his*, years ago. He sought her out—he won her, which was now an easy task, for he was rich and honored. The name of the maiden was Ellen Sumner, and the name of the poor boy was George Dantforth; and George Dantforth and Callamar are one.'

Ellen Sumner uttered a shrill scream, and fell to the floor insensible. As George had gone on with his history, the hope that had played upon her face faded into blank despair, and unconsciousness had come to keep her heart from breaking.

For one moment, George Dantforth looked upon the beautiful creature lying there so lifeless at his feet, and passing his hands over his eyes, he rushed out into the open air. In one month from that night, he stood at the altar with another, no less beautiful, and no less loving; and more than *all*, with a *woman's heart*. She had loved him as a *poor boy*, and he wedded *her* as a *rich man*.

Ellen Sumner never loved again. She remembered the terrible lesson Dantforth had given her, and from that time was a better, and an humbler woman. Her pride was utterly crushed.

Dantforth and his charming wife still reside in the Quaker city, and are, as the old proverb hath it, 'happy as the days are long.'

The moral of this tale is so palpable, that a line of comment is uncalled for. We know our fair readers will never think lightly of a man who wears a round jacket and homespun grays. Life is a thing of change, and he who is 'down' to-day, may be 'up' to-morrow.

### Human Love.

An entire creed and catechism is contained in the following stray gem which we pick up uncredited. Its doctrine is pure as the dew of the morning, and as refreshing to the heart as this nectar to young buds.

O, if there is one law above the rest,
Written in wisdom—if there is a word
That I would trace as with a pen of fire
Upon the unsullied temper of a child—
If there is anything that keeps the mind
Open to angel's visits, and repels
The ministry of ill—'tis human love!
God has made nothing worthy of contempt;
The smallest pebble in the well of truth
Has its peculiar meanings, and will stand
When man's best monuments wear fast away.
The law of heaven is love, and though its name
Has been usurped by passion and profaned
To its unholy uses through all time,
Still the external principle is pure;
And in those deep affections that we feel
Omnipotent within us, can we see
The lavish measure in which love is given,
And in the yearning tenderness of a child;
For every bird that sings above its head,
And every creature feeding on the hills,
And every tree and flower, and running brook,
We see how everything was made to love,
And how they err who in a world like this,
Find anything to hate but human pride.

### Panther Hunt.

Incredible as the following account may appear to our readers, the material incidents related are strictly true, and the hero of the tale still walks the earth in a green old age.

In a certain section of our own goodly State, the first settlers were obliged to depend for a part of their subsistence, upon the wild animals they might take with the aid of their trusty rifles. Many of them could eye a rifle, or take a shot of a white-eye (corn whiskey), without blinking; and it is to be regretted that some of them have suffered severely from wounds caused by the latter.

In the autumn, after the leaves had fallen, as a light snow lay upon the ground, our hero, who rejoiced in the cognomen of 'Cal' (Calvin shortened), started with two companions and a dog, to spend an afternoon on a still hunt for deer. Now Cal was one of that cool, self-possessed, athletic, yet reckless kind of men, often met with in all new countries; and on training days, at logging bees, and at raisings, always was ready to climb a sign-post or sapling, feet foremost, or walk a ridge-pole from end to end, upon his hands with his heels in the air, and then, by way of showing that he was capable of even greater feats, would descend a rafter to the plate of the building in the same manner.

The party did not forget to carry their canteens well charged, and as they pursued their way into the recesses of the forest, from time to time refreshed the inner man by liberal draughts therefrom. Not meeting with any game in their progress, it was agreed to separate and pursue the hunt, and if either fired his rifle, the other was to hasten to his assistance. They had not been long separated, when one of them fired his rifle, and the others soon came up. The one who fired had discovered a recent track in the light snow, which resembled a cat's, but was nearly as large as a man could make with his hand by slightly bending his fingers inward, as in the act of grasping. They knew it to be a panther's track, and, though the day was far spent, resolved to follow it, and if possible secure the animal. On they went, plunging deeper and deeper into the forest, till the shades of night gathered around them, when they came to a huge hemlock, and perceived by scratches on the bark that the object of their pursuit was treed. It was too dark to see him through the thick foliage, and they dared not fire at random; they therefore concluded to build a fire at the roots of the tree, and watch till daylight, when they might secure their prisoner.

Accordingly, the fire was built; and, after again wetting their throats, they commenced their night's watch. About six or eight feet from the roots of the tree lay the fallen trunk of another. Owing to the fatigues of the day and their experiments with the canteens, as the night wore away sleep weighed down their eyelids, and they sunk into her embrace. Cal, however, had one eye open for adventure. The fire had gradually declined until only a few faint flickering sparks shot up at intervals. Hearing a scratching above his head, he roused himself, arose and by the light of the nearly extinguished fire discovered the panther about fifteen feet up the tree, gradually descending like a cat. His long tail swung to and fro, and as soon as it came within reach, Cal seized it with both hands, shouted to his companions, and gave a desperate pull, which brought the panther directly down into the burning embers. Bewildered and taken all aback, as the sailors say, he started full jump around the tree, while Cal shouting and holding on the caudal extremity, followed round and round, raising a fine dust in the ashes. His companions had snatched their rifles, and, at a safe distance, called on Cal to let go that they might fire without danger of hitting him. But Cal thought that a panther caught by the tail, was worth two running in the woods; so round they went as before, till the panther, not liking the 'circus,' darted off, and just as he was leaping over the above-mentioned fallen tree received a shot through the heart, and fell dead on the other side. Cal, still retaining his hold, went over after him, and his companions were duly notified that the animal was his game. He was one of the largest size, measuring over nine feet from the tip of the nose to the end of the tail.—*Syracuse Union.*

### Scraps from French Papers.

MYSTERIOUS BAND OF AMAZONS.

This year, as in several preceding years, the carnival masked balls at Paris have been signalized by the presence of a band of Amazonian belles—just twelve in number, and each one strong enough to strangle a lion in her embrace. There is prodigious curiosity to know who they are. Alike young, of perfect shape, teeth that would raise envy in a band of tigers, and of exactly equal height, all much above the ordinary size of women, they form a magnificent spectacle. Like bees they have a queen, and are dressed precisely alike—a hat of flowered velvet gaily ribboned, white perroque curled round the head, arms and shoulders bare, short white gloves, chemises of batiste with small plaits, pantaloons of red silk and lace, white silk stockings and shoes with diamond buckles. The Amazons are, evidently, but from eighteen to twenty years of age, and, of course, their band must be perpetually renewed, since they have appeared, now, at every carnival for five or six years. As they are always masked, and accept no invitations to sup after the ball, the inquisitive are nonplussed. They have always their pockets full of money, and, when they retire, three black carriages take them away, on the panels of which are no crests or armorials. They have been known to take distinguished men to sup with them, but it is always as a guest.

FRENCH POLITENESS.

A lady who had changed her opinions as to 'forty years of age,' that, reluctant as she was to approach it, she had chosen to remain 'just forty' ever since, was happy in the constancy of an admirer who professed to hang his devotion entirely on the singular beauty of her blond ringlets. After many years of unfailing success in dyeing her locks of a certain shade of blond, however, the hair-dresser, in a fit of pre-occupation, recently applied the wrong tincture, and Madame F—— arose from her chair with the most beautiful jet-black chevelure imaginable. Fainting and despair ensued, for there was no remedy. She who had been a lovely blond all her life must either submit to a shaved head or figure as a brunette. In anguish she awaited the arrival, that evening, of him whose lips and pen had so long been accustomed to glorify the ringlets of sunshine.

'Ah, my friend,' she said, as he took his first astonished look at her ebon braids, 'it is vain to conceal! You are lost to me forever!'

'On the contrary,' replied the pattern Celadon, recovering immediately, 'I always thought black was becoming to blondes!'

ACTRESSES' SECRETS.

A law-suit, whatever may be the occasion, is sure to bring something unexpected to light. Justice is inquisitive, and there are always curious listeners in attendance, who give the world the benefit of their discoveries. A recent trial, in Paris, called upon the stand, as witnesses, two of the most elegant and popular actresses of France, Mademoiselle NATHALIE, and Mademoiselle OZY. The usual course of questions brought to light that both were assumed names, Mademoiselle Nathalie being, by family name, Martel, and Mademoiselle Ozy being simply Justine Pilloy. To the next question, *what was the age* of the witnesses, there was, in both cases, a more reluctant reply. Mademoiselle Nathalie, however, in a firm voice, confessed to twenty-seven, and Mademoiselle Ozy to twenty-three—the remaining portion of their existence, possibly being reckoned as lost time.'

BALL OF DOCTORS.

A placard bearing this inscription in large letters, lately astonished the Parisians. They could not imagine why the doctors should rejoice, except at some new epidemic. It was explained in the papers, however, that the physicians of Paris, tired of seeing statues and monuments raised to poets and orators, statesmen and navigators, painters and philosophers—to every kind of distinction except that of medical skill—were about to raise funds by a subscription ball, for a monument to Dr. Bordeu, a celebrated *man* sometime since dead and forgotten. The ball was attended by three hundred physicians, and it was (says the French paper) an evening of relief for the sick and of great gain for the statue.

MEYERBEER'S OPERA AT LAST.

Paris was holding its breath for the long expected opera of 'The Prophet,' which was to appear in April. The excitement about it had been so great, that a celebrated diplomatist, the Duke of Sotomayor, had offered a large sum to have an anticipatory taste of its choicest morceaux at one of his entertainments. Meyerbeer consented, and great preparations were made—the legs of the piano set upon a frame of *amjou* to aid the vibration, etc., etc. but at the last moment, the director of the opera peremptorily refused to allow any foretaste to be taken at private parties, and the Duke of Sotomayor was compelled to wait and enjoy it with the rest of the public.

COLLECTION FOR THE POOR, ON HORSEBACK.

An equestrian procession, masqueraded in the dress of the cavaliers of the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries, lately made the tour of Bordeaux. Each horseman carried an open purse at the end of a long staff, which he raised to windows and balconies as he passed, or handed around among the crowd; and the money received slid down a long passage to a box carried behind. The whole population of Bordeaux seemed drawn out to behold the singular sight, and the collection is said to be unusually large.

RELIGION GAINING ON THE DRAMA.

This year, for the first time, *Good Friday* was observed by a universal closing of the theatres on that evening. The unaccustomed holiday was received with the greatest enthusiasm by the actors and actresses. Those who had beautiful apartments gave parties for which the invitations were issued three weeks in advance, and to which no 'Egyptians' (persons not of the profession) were invited or admitted. It was observed as a pure dramatic festival.—*Translation of Home Journal.*

### Victory.

The battle is over—now muster the host!
Bear gently the wounded, and bury the slain.
Now reckon in blood what the contest has cost,
Ere you boast of its glory, or count on its gain.
Sum up the sad hearts and the desolate tears
That the fatherless shed, by your conquest bereft;
And number the hopeless, the wearisome years
That the widow must toil for her charge that is left;
And number the groans of the wounded ones lying,
Stiff, smarting and cold, on the fight's bloody scene;
And the agonized memories that rush on the dying,
Of the life that will be, and the life that has been;
To whom, all unwarned from earth's pleasures and sins,
Eternity opens, and judgment begins.
Then the balance be struck—then the heart may decide
The loss or the gain of war's misery or pride.

### A Royal Romance.

At the grand and brilliant ball given by Prince Schwartzenberg, the Austrian ambassador at Paris, in the year 1810, in celebration of the marriage of Napoleon with Marie Louisa, at which the emperor and many illustrious persons were present, it is well known that a most destructive fire broke out in one of the temporary buildings erected for the occasion, by which the young and beautiful hostess and several other persons were burned to death, and many seriously injured. One of the visitors at this ball was the dowager duchess of Savoy-Carignan, mother of Charles Albert, ex-king of Sardinia. This lady, prevented by the great confusion from getting out in time, found herself in one of the saloons burning on all sides. When in this most perilous situation, and almost suffocated, she was accidentally discovered by her courier, who resolutely rushed through the flames into the room, took his mistress in his arms, and jumped from a window on the first floor to the ground. By this heroic conduct he broke both his legs, but the duchess was unhurt. Her life having been thus miraculously saved through the courage of her courier, she, of course, paid him all possible care and attention during his illness; and when he had recovered from his accident, she married him. He received afterwards from some Italian prince the title of Count Montelart; and ever since they have been living together, but not very happily, in various parts of the continent, and are now in Paris.—*London paper.*

On the day of an eclipse when all the inhabitants of Paris were without doors, provided with telescopes and pieces of smoked glass, an Englishman was seen driving furiously in a fiacre along one of the principal streets. 'Where does my lord wish to go to?' said the driver. 'To see the eclipse,' exclaimed the Englishman, thrusting his head out of the coach window; 'only drive up near to it as possible, for I am short-sighted.'

John Colbridge was examined before Recorder Baldwin the other day, says the New Orleans Crescent, charged with stealing a violin. The evidence went to show that John *scraped* too close an acquaintance with the instrument in question, and his defence proved that he could draw rather a long bow. The recorder found his pretensions to honesty all *fiddle-de-de*, and sent him before the First District Court for trial.

A young gentleman [illegible] in the act of popping the question to a y[illegible], was interrupted by the father entering [illegible] what they were about. 'O,' [illegible] 'Mr. —— was just explaining the question of annexation to me, and he is for immediate annexation.' 'Well,' said papa, 'if you can agree on a treaty, I'll ratify it.'

The Trenton whig paper says that 'all the blustering of the locofocos about [illegible] will not disturb a hair on [illegible] our friend at the Newark Eagle [illegible]—*Day Budget.*

'They don't desire to d[illegible] business. All they ask [illegible] disturbing *the heads and hairs* [illegible]

Theophilus Cibber, who was very extravagant, one day asked his father for a hundred pounds. 'Zounds, sir,' said Colly, 'can't you live upon your salary? When I was your age, I never spent a farthing of my father's money.'

'But you have spent a great deal of my father's,' replied Theophilus.

This retort had the desired effect.

A person, not of the medical profession, but who prided himself in his knowledge of physic, upon one occasion, in the Court of King's Bench, to convince Lord Ellenborough of his importance, said, 'My lord, I sometimes employ myself as a doctor.' 'Very likely, sir,' said his lordship, drily, 'but is *anybody* else fool enough to employ you in that capacity?'

'Bemus,' said Jemima—and the dark eyes of Jemima were bent upon Bemus—'You've never been to church with me; will you go to-day?'

'Thank you,' replied Bemus, mildly, 'I never *sleep out*.'

'Your *hat* sadly wants a nap, Bemus.'

'Well, Jemima—*you can take my hat!*'—*Bee.*

In 1777, the Legislature of New Hampshire unanimously voted to Brigadier General Stark, 'a complete suit of clothes becoming his rank,' etc. Certain friends of the gallant officer regretted that the compliment had been paid in this shape, as it seemed to prove either that the general was *short naked*, or the legislature *stark mad*.

An American captain having been almost eaten up by rats, took an opportunity one voyage after delivering his cargo in Holland, to lay a plank from his own vessel to that of a countryman who had just finished loading a cargo of cheese. The greedy sagacity of the rats led them entirely to desert their former quarters.

The Boston Post says, the people on the change say that 'money is getting easier.' Whereupon Colonel Wallace remarks—One would suppose, from the frequency of this remark, that money had been suffering a great deal of distress. For our part, we always find it 'quite comfortable.'

The mayor asks—Why does the new system of plank roads, now getting much in vogue in New Jersey, prove her more eminent than ever for honesty?

Because she is becoming daily more noted for '*plank-ing down the dust*'!

'Is Mr. M. abstemious in his living?' asked a physician of a rather obtuse attendant upon an inflammatory complaint.

'Wall, he's abstemious enough in the eatin' part, but I'll tell you he's *atrocious* when you come the drinkin'!'

A Frenchman advertises that he is desirous of instructing two children; and mentions as an additional qualification, that he fought at Paris last June. We fear he will find that this is not the manner in which parents wish 'to teach the young idea how to shoot.'

A man named John Walsh has been convicted at New Orleans of murdering his wife. The verdict of the jury was, 'guilty, without capital punishment.' The reader will be reminded of that other famous verdict, 'not guilty if he will leave the town.'

The Monroe Democrat says: 'It is stated as a reason why the farmers of Berks county are opposed to the erection of the new county of Madison, that they had already far enough to go to the Philadelphia market, *without going through another county!*'

A correspondent favors us with an equivocal note, in which he inveighs against the use of perfumes, and especially denounces all puns upon such a subject. The best of the jest is, that he encloses us a penny in his note! Good, as a Hibernian friend would say, we pocket the cent-sure.

A paper out west announces the decease of the noted Billy Patterson, who has been now struck by the hand of death. Further particulars state that he was killed by a 'brick,' which was found lodged 'in his hat.'

A stranger having entered the apartment where the Emperor Napoleon was shaving himself, when in a little town in Italy, he said, 'I want to see your great emperor—what are you to him?' The emperor replied, 'I shave him.'

The editor of the New York Day Book remarks that the editor of the Tribune is not such ninny as he pretends; and adds, 'He's sly, as J. B. says—prodigiously sly.' And 'tough and tough,' the editor might have added.

A Gascon boasted in every company that he was descended from so ancient a family that he was still paying at that very day the interest of a sum which his ancestors had borrowed to pay expenses when they went to adore at Bethlehem.

'Attend your church,' the parson cries,
To church each fair one goes;
The old go there to close their eyes,
The young, to eye their clothes.

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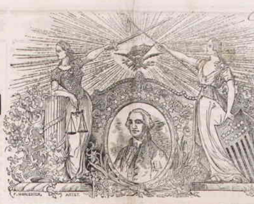
# THE FLAG OF  OUR UNION.

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## A SPLENDID ORIGINAL ROMANCE.

Entered according to Act of Congress, in the year 1849, by F. Gleason, in the Clerk's Office of the District Court of Massachusetts.

[WRITTEN EXPRESSLY FOR THE FLAG OF OUR UNION.]

THE

# BELLE OF MADRID,

OR,

## THE UNKNOWN MASK.

### A TALE OF SPAIN AND THE SPANISH.

BY LIEUTENANT MURRAY.

[CONTINUED.]

### CHAPTER XI.

*A revival of the heart. 'Alas! where is he now?' Count d'Aranda and the Marquis Laveau. Change in a father's feelings, and the answering response. Hints at a dark secret. The tour to the Pyrenees.*

ISABELLA D'ARANDA sat long as we left her at the close of the last chapter, musing upon the new phase of matters since the disclosures of Fernando's journal. Of course, not even the shadow of a doubt remained in her mind as to the entire innocence of Louis Gonzaga of the only crime or wrong of which she had ever suspected him. A new life seemed to open before her, and she exclaimed to herself, 'alas, could I have known this before, how much heaviness, how much misery of spirit, might have been saved me. Never would I have consented to be the bride of the marquis, or of any but Louis, had I believed him true to me. Now no other man shall ever call me wife, though my father's fortune depended upon it. What deep injustice have I done him who has ever been true to me. Alas! where is he now?'

It was getting late, and her maid, after waiting for her mistress's summons until she almost feared she was not well, ventured to knock gently at her door, and was bidden to enter.

'It is quite late, my lady, will you not retire now?' she asked.

'Is it late?' asked Isabella, looking at her watch; 'how time flies when we are unmindful of it. Yes, I will to bed, good Justina.'

'I fear that you sit up too much alone and late, my lady,' said the maid.

'Nay, it matters not—how is my father, to-night, Justina?'

'Still quite ill, my lady. He don't seem hardly himself at times.'

'Has there been any change since morning, Justina?'

'He seems a little more like himself; he sent letters to the Marquis Laveau to-day, and has been reading the answer—'

'Well,' said Isabella, seeing that her maid had something upon her mind that she hesitated to speak about.

'He told Juan that the marriage between you, my lady, and the marquis, would not take place; that he had altered his mind about the matter, and that it had been thus arranged with the ambassador.'

'Indeed, well, it is very well. I shall not want you to-night, Justina.'

'Good night, my lady.'

As the girl left the apartment, Isabella mused upon this state of things, and recollected the words of the mask relating to the proposed marriage. 'Who can this strange and mysterious person be, that he should have such power over my father, first to demand that Louis Gonzaga should be admitted to our house, and afterwards to prevent this proposed marriage with the Marquis Laveau? This is surely very strange! What can possibly be his object? He was the friend of Louis, and therefore I certainly have no cause to fear him, nor do I see any reason why my father should do so either.'

The singular change with regard to the marriage already half announced to take place between the Signoretta Isabella d'Aranda and the Marquis Laveau, had become the theme of gossip and wonder in Madrid. The ready tongues of an hundred old duennas found plenty of reasons for it, and there were as many different reports in circulation as to its cause, from mouth to mouth, among the said gossips. There is scarcely anything conceivable that is more unpleasant than to be thus made the mark for scandal, and although Isabella kept so retired, yet she could not but feel keenly the mortification resulting from these circumstances—while the proud Count d'Aranda, excessively annoyed and vexed by these things, at last fell sick, and became the victim of a long and painful fever, in which at times even his life was despaired of. Isabella was ever by his side, administering to his wants, and personally attending to every prescription of the surgeons who attended him.

At last, after many days of suffering, he gradually improved, and hope was indulged as to his final and complete recovery; but his physicians earnestly recommended him to leave the city and to travel by easy stages to the north, that he might breathe the fine and invigorating tonic afforded by the air of the Pyrenees. Impressed with the importance of this change, as well by his own feelings as by the recommendation of the professional men, Count d'Aranda accordingly made his arrangements to leave Madrid at an early day, accompanied by his daughter. As pleased with the idea of change as a child might be, Isabella for the first time these many days cheered up, and her sweet face wore a soft, winning smile. Their proposed journey, if it did not take them to the city of Pampelona would at least carry them to its immediate vicinity, and therefore Isabella resolved to take the casket with her, and if possible to seek out the mother of Isola, and present it to her.

Count d'Aranda had changed so much in character since the period when the reader first met him on the Prado, that one would hardly have known him for the same person. From the stern, resolute and unapproachable man he then appeared, he was changed to one comparatively imbecile, now depending almost entirely upon Isabella for support, though this was in a great degree owing to physical disability. He really loved her now most tenderly, and his manner was as kind and considerate towards her, as it had before been harsh and unfeeling. In short, his spirits seemed to have received a severe shock, in which, if they were not entirely broken, they had at least suffered much, showing him the necessity that the human heart will sooner or later evince for sympathy and affection.

The character of Count d'Aranda may perhaps seem in some degree inconsistent to the reader, in his fickleness of disposition; at one period so stern and morose, and at another so tender and affectionate; but the sequel will show that there were influences and passions tugging at his heart's strings that would readily account for all this. Now, Count d'Aranda was a man of undoubted courage in fact, and yet we have seen him cower and tremble before one of his own species, no more a man than himself. Simple bodily fear could not produce such an effect upon a man like Isabella's father. 'Conscience makes cowards of us all,' and he who has not the full realization of innocence within, a consciousness of rectitude of purpose, will find himself, though naturally brave and undaunted, yet fluctuating in his position, and fickle in his mind.

'Isabella, dear,' said the count, 'are we all prepared for this journey to-morrow?'

'Yes, father, everything is prepared, and Juan has already gone to have our passports filled up and signed,' replied Isabella.

'It is well, my child; as we have resolved to go, I am anxious to be away as soon as possible, for Heaven knows I need all the strengthening that change of air will afford.'

'I hope it will do you much good, father,' said Isabella.

'It may do so, my child; we will see, we will see,' said the count, and covering his face with his hand, he sat in silence and mused for some minutes to himself; then removing his hand and looking affectionately at his child, he said:

'You have been very kind to me, Isabella, through this long sickness, and I am very thankful that I have had so good a nurse. I must have often troubled you much.'

'Nay, dear father, you have been so kind to me that I could never weary,' answered Isabella, putting an arm about his neck, affectionately.

'Ah! I feel that I have been very unkind to you, Isabella, for many a day, but I did not feel half the severity I evinced. My heart was embittered by accident, my child, and time alone could heal its wounds. Your affectionate and gentle kindness has done much to change me, and bring back the feelings that I cherished for you in childhood.'

'My own dear father,' said Isabella, kissing him fondly, and laying her head gently upon his shoulder.

The truth was, that a great change had also taken place in Isabella's heart, for as her father had uttered the words of kindness and love, so an answering chord was struck in her heart, and she had learned to cherish for him all the natural feelings that had long run to weed in her breast. So apparent had this become to the count himself, that he grieved to think he had not earlier drawn forth such feelings from his only child, now that they were so delightful to him in his weakness and depression of spirits.

'If any harm should come to me, Isabella,' said the count, after a while, 'I have so arranged my estates and property that all will come to you, and I have left such plans and drafts of papers, as might in such an event prove of value to you.'

'Nay, dear father, do not talk thus; I feel confident that the journey we are about to commence will resuscitate and greatly invigorate you. Indeed, I look for a speedy and happy return to Madrid before many days.'

'God grant it, my child,' said the count, despondingly; 'but let what may happen, do not despise my memory, Isabella, do not censure me too severely; for if it shall appear that I have done wrong, yet you can never know the fearful provocation!'

'You talk strangely, dear father,' replied Isabella, 'you have said almost these same words to me many times in your delirium, surely I—'

'Delirium!' interrupted the count, 'did I say anything strange in my fit of madness? You know people will talk strangely at such times, my child. I trust no one heard me say aught that was improper, or—or—that my brain in its madness may have conceived,' continued the count, evidently alarmed at some thought that agitated him.

'Nay, father, only as you have done now—you would abjure me not to despise your memory, and say that whatever might appear, still you were innocent.'

'Did I say so?' mused the Count d'Aranda, rather to himself than aloud, 'did I say that I was innocent?'

'Yes, father, you said so many times,' answered Isabella.

'And was that all I said, my child?' asked the father.

'Yes, father, except that you sometimes spoke of a stranger, a mask that you seemed—'

'Ha! name him not, if you love me, Isabella, name him not,' said the count, much moved.

'Indeed, I will not again, dear father,' replied his child, soothingly; 'but you must not be so excitable, there is surely no cause for fear.'

'Let us talk of some other subject,' said the count, hurriedly.

'Yet there is one matter, relating to this singular being, of which, perhaps, my duty calls upon me to speak,' continued Isabella.

'Name him not to me,' said Count d'Aranda, vehemently. 'Have I not just forbidden you to speak to me again of him?'

'I know it, father, but I thought—'

'No matter, stop there.'

'I will remember, father,' said Isabella, submissively; 'forgive me, if I annoy you. I did not mean to do so.'

'I know it, I know it, my child. I am weak and nervous, forgive me, forgive me, Isabella.'

'Now you will take this night draught left by the surgeon?' asked Isabella.

'Yes, yes, bring it hither, my child,' said the count, languidly.

'Will you not take something after this, father—it is so very bitter,' said Isabella, offering the dose.

'Nothing,' he replied, and then repeated to himself, 'Nothing is bitter to me save memory, memory, memory!'

'Did you speak, father?' asked Isabella, half overhearing this remark.

'Not to you, my child, not to you,' replied the count, wiping the cold perspiration from his forehead as he spoke.

'And now you will retire, father, and I will return again in a few minutes.'

'Yes, Isabella, yes.'

Perceiving the nervous state that her father was thus laboring under, Isabella gave him a soothing draught left for such attacks, and soon after saw him in a quiet sleep.

On the following day, the count and his daughter rolled out of the city gates in the old lumbering conveyance of the family, and took the road towards the north, where they might breathe the fresh invigorating air of the Spanish Pyrenees.

### CHAPTER XII.

*The robber of the Spanish Pyrenees. Ineffectual attempts to take him, by the king's troops. Father Video, the priest. Robbery of a duke and his suite. An unwilling guide to the mountains. How he performs the task forced upon him.*

THE name of Antonio Rojas was little less than revered by the Spanish peasantry in the extreme northern department of the kingdom even to the very gates of Pampelona, and in all the region of the Pyrenees. What though the government had set a large price upon his head, and he was declared an outlaw and a robber? What though order upon order had been issued by the minister of war for his capture? It was all of no avail; he was still king among the mountains, and as free as a bird. With his band of one hundred followers, picked men, and armed cap-a-pie, he boldly defied the king's troops who were sent against him. These forces had so many disadvantages to encounter before reaching his mountain fortress, that they had heretofore always returned from their fruitless expeditions without seeing the troop at all, or else with the loss of a round number of their comrades by some bold and original trick suddenly played upon them, or by an ambush from Rojas's band, who had the advantage of a perfect knowledge of the mountain-passes, while the king's troops were compelled to move even without guides. The peasantry were bound to the band by constant tokens of kindness, and looked upon the banditti of the Pyrenees as friends and brothers; and, therefore, no terms offered by the government officers could induce them to play false to Rojas and his band, by conducting the soldiery through the secret passes of the mountains.

This state of things the authorities were forced to acknowledge, and they were completely nonplussed as how to operate against one who was really more than a match for them in management and intrigues, while he could operate upon his own chosen field, and many were the plans and devices put into force in endeavoring to entice him from the mountains to the plains. But he laughed at their puerile efforts to ensnare him, and while they were seeking him in one place, he was perhaps, laying the train of some rich noble under contribution, twenty leagues off.

It was no ordinary robber that the authorities had to deal with. Antonio Rojas seemed to rob as it were, to carry out some idea of justice which appeared to govern him, rather than from any mercenary motives. No poor person within twenty leagues of his stronghold applied to him through the usual channels for help, in vain, and he often sought out those among the poor and needy of the peasantry, whom he might assist. This was done through a priest most generally, who lived at the bottom of the mountains, near the plain of Geiri. Hundreds came to this man from far and near to share his liberal charity, and among the peasantry it was very well understood, that Father Video was the friend and confidant at least, in some degree, of the mountain robber.

At last, this fact was manifested to the authorities, who, though averse to seem in any way to offer disrespect to one of his holy calling, at a time when a priest in Spain was nearly as powerful and as much feared and respected as the king himself, still thought it necessary to arrest and examine him. But as there could be no evidence adduced of his having injured any one, but rather of his having done innumerable charities, no attempt to imprison him was made. Added to his sacred character, the officers also feared the populace, who raised their voices in loud and threatening tones at the arrest of Father Video, declaring that if a hair of his head was harmed, or his calling insulted, they would burn the king's offices and government stores.

Of course, through the entire district of the north of Spain, and even in the capital, there were all manner of exaggerated reports concerning Antonio Rojas, representing him to be a bold and bloody-minded man. As the character of his occupation favored the idea, this was not unfrequently believed, but as we know his character better, and as he will enact an important part in the following chapters, we will speak of him correctly, without regard to the prejudice that the peasantry evinced in his favor, or that against him which was expressed by those less informed of his real habits. It was true, that Spanish noblemen, and rich foreign travellers, who passed through those districts within a day's ride of his stronghold, were subjected to pay a heavy percentage upon their wealth, as a sort of toll to the reigning sovereign of the Pyrenees. No poor man, nor even one in moderate circumstances, was ever laid under contribution, nor were the wealthy robbed of any choice memento or trinket that they prized for its associations. They were stopped by a force that put all resistance out of the question, and blood was rarely spilled, unless some headstrong fellow void of all reason in such a position, resorted to violence, when he was treated to a dose of his own sort. The traveller was courteously informed what would be expected of him, and as Rojas always had reliable information from his spies, the travellers generally found it convenient to comply at once with the demand, when they were permitted to go on their way once more in peace, while a couple of doubloons, perhaps, were passed into the postilion's hands, as a slight recompense for the trouble they had put him to in stopping on the road for their convenience, and as he touched up his mules again, he would also touch his cap to Rojas with a knowing wink!

Of course, the captain of such a band was represented by nearly every person who spoke of him, in a different manner. Even the peasantry had rarely seen him to know him, though in the disguises that he at times adopted, to gain the information necessary to act successfully in his venturesome business, he not unfrequently was in their very midst, and holding conversation with them. On their part, if they desired to communicate with him in the matter of rendering information, or of asking a favor at his hands, they at once sought the cell of the priest, Father Video, whom they knew, as we have already described, to be in constant intercourse with the robber chief. Many reasons may be adduced why the robber preferred to communicate even with his friends through the priest; first, it never subjected him to the chance of betrayal, secondly, his influence was all the more potent over the inhabitants of the neighborhood, in that they knew him not, save by kind actions, and the opposite influence of wild and almost terrific stories of his personal prowess.

The reader will see the object of a shrewd and cunning mind in this arrangement.

The Duke of Alba, one of the richest and most influential noblemen of the Spanish court, was passing from the French frontier through the district, not long after the time referred to in the last chapter, when Rojas, fully supplied with information relative to the movements of the duke and his personal possessions, confronted him with his band in a mountain pass, and demanded a heavy amount of gold to be paid immediately. The duke and his suite were all armed, and at first showed strong resistance, but the tactics of Rojas soon placed every man *hors du combat* and completely in his power. He then very calmly pointed out the duke's defenceless situation to him, telling him that blood was not his object, but that unless his demand was instantly complied with, his brains would be blown out where he sat.

'Supposing I have not the means instantly to comply with your demand?' asked the duke, evasively, 'what is to be done then?'

'If I did not know you had the gold about you I should not demand it,' replied the commander of the banditti, calmly.

'Do you mean to say you know that I have about me the sum you demand, in gold?' asked the duke, as if to gain still a little time.

'I do. And further, I will inform you, *en passant*, that you are wasting my time here, and that every minute I wait from this time, I shall add twenty doubloons to my original demand, and I will have it too, if not from your purse, why then from your personal effects. So expedition is your best policy, my lord duke.'

'You are very decisive, sir,' said the duke, not a little irritated.

'I have need to be, in my profession; you are equally so in yours. When in Madrid, you are surrounded by those who must obey your slightest wish, and where your order can people the streets with infantry, artillery and cavalry. We both must needs be decisive, my lord duke.'

'A truce with this nonsense,' said the duke at last, fumbling for his secreted bag of doubloons, which were placed beneath the carriage seat.

'The sooner the better, duke,' said Rojas, unconcernedly.

The duke found that he had no ordinary man to deal with, and that his safest and best mode of procedure was at once to pay over his gold, and get away from such restraint as he felt surrounded him there in the mountain pass. Though rich as Crœsus, he parted with his gold, even under these circumstances, with the utmost reluctance; but having at length passed it over to Rojas, the captain of the banditti blew a low peculiar note upon his bugle, and the duke saw his followers released and the robbers quietly disappearing in military order up the steep ascent.

This robbery, though heavy in the amount of gold that was procured by the banditti, did not make so much excitement on account of the pecuniary loss, as of the boldness with which it had been perpetrated upon one so high in power and influence as the duke. The event gave a fresh impetus at once to the authorities as it regarded operating against the robbers, and a very large bribe was offered to any peasant who would act as guide to the king's troops into the mountain passes. But this could have no effect upon these people, who looked with reason upon Rojas as their firm friend, while none of them felt the least sympathy with the authorities, who were ever oppressing them with taxation and other petty tyrannical matters, that led them to heartily despise them.

Exasperated at this state of things, and their total failure heretofore to discomfit in any way the banditti, the governor of the district held a consultation with his officers, and ascertaining from them that Father Video was known to be in communication with the band, he ordered his arrest, and he was seized and brought before that functionary, who thus questioned him:

'You know the man called Antonio Rojas?' asked the governor of the priest.

'I know him well, signor,' calmly answered Father Video.

'You know his stronghold in the mountains, and the way thither?'

'Both, signor,' replied the priest.

'Will you act as guide to our troops, and lead them through the passes?' asked the governor.

'Not unless I am compelled to do so.'

'And why?'

'Because it is a fruitless business, and must lead to the loss of many lives.'

'We are the best judges of that matter,' answered the governor, consulting aside with some of his assistant officers. 'We shall compel you to conduct our troops thither, unless you are willing to do so voluntarily and at once.'

'Will you give me a day to prepare my few papers and matters at my cell? for surely I can never return to it, and few will save their lives who follow me.'

'Not an hour will be allowed to you,' replied the governor; 'refreshments will be placed before you, and in less than an hour the troops will march with you.'

'I can do this,' said Father Video; 'I can lead your people to the very pass that enters Rojas's stronghold, but by my sacred robes, I advise to the contrary. Whatever force you send into the mountains against him, he will find means to disable. This is friendly advice, signor governor. There is no approach to his citadel that is left unguarded, and a single man might keep an hundred at bay in many of the gaps through which we must move.' The priest spoke so honestly and forcibly that his words produced not a little sensation among the officers.

'It matters not,' at last replied the governor; 'if it requires the sacrifice of lives, lives must be sacrificed, for we are not governor of this district half so much as Rojas is himself, while he goes at large. He shall be hunted like a wild beast, and no peace shall be given to him or the troops until he is confined in a safe prison.'

'That is much easier said than done,' replied Father Video, calmly.

In vain was the well-meant advice and argument of Father Video. He was ordered to lead on the soldiers, and an officer was placed by his side with explicit orders to cut him down if he showed the least signs of treachery, or if he appeared to have led them into any unnecessary dangers; and with matters thus arranged, the troop advanced up the steep of the Spanish Pyrenees.

Forced into the duty of leading the troops, Father Video did so faithfully, through many a defile and almost inaccessible path, until at last he emerged with the soldiers upon a small open plateau which commanded a view of the neighboring eminences around, and was itself surrounded by a thick undergrowth of trees and many frowning rocks. Here he pointed out to the eyes of all, both officers and men, the robber's citadel, adding, that although they could easily see its location from here, the passage through which they would have to move, in order to reach it, was known to no living being, save the band themselves. He urged the leader of the troop by gentle but firm language, to go no further; if he would return he might do so now in safety, but to advance a hundred rods further would be to meet instant death, and certain destruction to all!

The officer of the expedition returned a volley of oaths in answer to Father Video's advice, and blamed his guide for the admonition he gave, ordering him to lead on forthwith, for he was resolved to take back to the governor either Rojas alive, or his head upon a pole.'

'Then you shall learn the danger of your expedition,' said the priest, who at the same moment knocked down with one blow the officer in whose charge he had been given, and almost as quick as thought jumped down a small declivity, and hid himself behind a rock. Here he drew forth from his bosom a small silver bugle, and blew a clear startling note that reverberated among the eagles' nests and the forked edges of the sharp rocks, until it was taken up and answered by an hundred echoes far and near, over hill and plain, dying away in the dim distance.

The startled soldiery knew not whither to move, nor what to expect, though their experience in bandit customs told them that the well-executed bugle note was a signal likely to produce some critical change in their present unpleasant position. The officer, now satisfied that the priest must be also an accomplice of the robbers, began to regret that he had not taken the advice of the man when it was offered in such good faith. But it was now too late, and they were at the mercy of their enemy, all unknown to them as these passes were.

All this passed in the minds of the soldiers and their officers in an instant, but a sight soon met their eyes that put all doubt at rest, as will be shown in another chapter.

### CHAPTER XIII.

*The magic power of the bugle note! The guide, the priest, the robber. The surrender. Result of the governor's expedition against the banditti. The gossip of the people. The mode of gaining information [illegible] story of love.*

WHAT a magic effect that bugle's blast produced! It peopled every nook and crevice of the hillside, the bare old rocks and the tangled branches of ancient trees with stalwart men. The unerring muskets of the brigands were aimed from every point centering upon the devoted body of the king's troops, and they were completely at the mercy of the mountaineers, having fallen into a cunningly devised ambush, and they saw at once that resistance was useless. The startled soldiers, ever superstitious, looked upon the almost magic scene as they would have done upon a miracle, believing the robbers protected by a power higher than that which they obeyed, and so, cringing to the very earth, they threw down their weapons to a man, declaring that they would not war against evil spirits.

The officers and soldiers were kept in this suspense but a single moment, when there appeared upon a lofty rock in the very midst of the desperate body of the brigands, the priest of the plains of Geiri. In a clear stentorian voice he hailed the commanding officer of the band, he had so lately guided among the passes:

'You heeded not my advice, though it was well-meant. It were better for you, that you had done so.'

'Thou art a traitor, and hast betrayed us into an ambush, foul priest,' exclaimed the enraged officer, in despair.

'Did I volunteer to guide you here—was I not compelled by force to do it?'

'True, but yet your priestly character should have been a guarantee against all treachery,' replied the king's officer.

'Priestly character,' repeated the late guide. 'I am no priest; the disguise is henceforth useless,' and as he spoke he cast from his person the gown and cowl that had covered him, displaying the gay and martial costume of a robber of the Pyrenees!

The effect of this scene upon the king's troops was magical—almost as much so, as that produced by the bugle's blast that had signalized the ambushed robbers. They were still more impressed with the idea that some superhuman power befriended the banditti, the detachment looking upon this change in the character of their guide but as a corroborating evidence of the secret power of the robbers. Consternation seemed to have taken complete possession of them, and already were numbers looking back towards the path they had so lately passed, as if weighing in their minds the practicability of a hasty retreat, and they were only withheld from this course by the strong arm of discipline. Their captain was a true soldier, and knew no cowardice. He had been selected for this delicate business with a full knowledge of his qualities, and the authorities had not been deceived in him. He strove to inspire courage among his men by a few remarks, but he found it to be in vain, and then turning towards his late guide he asked:

'Since you are no priest, sir robber, who are you? to whom are we indebted for this treacherous result to our expedition?'

'I am Antonio Rojas!'

'Antonio Rojas!' repeated every mouth among the regular troops.

'Antonio Rojas!' repeated the officer in astonishment, to himself. Then turning once again he asked, 'and what do you propose to do, now that your treachery has brought us here?'

'I demand of you the immediate surrender of your arms and equipments, and unless this is at once complied with, I will shoot you down like dumb creatures where you stand,' replied Antonio Rojas.

After looking about him for a moment, and in a hasty manner reviewing his situation, the commander of the king's men, said:

'And what is to become of my men, provided I comply with this outrageous demand? one that you will be led to repent more seriously than any other deed that you have committed against the laws during your career.'

'You may do as I counselled you before. Retire in peace; but remember, I have marked you well, each one of you, and if a man of this detachment ever enters these passes again to seek out any of my people, he surely dies without mercy.'

The soldiers listened in perfect silence, looking at each other as much as to say, 'get us once out of this rascally ambush, and you will never find us here again.'

'We will retire in peace, but our weapons must go with us,' replied the king's officer.

'He among you who lays a hand upon one of those muskets now upon the ground, will find a bullet through his brain before he rises,' said Rojas, calmly.

'Is this soldierly, is it manly?' asked the officer, fearing to return thus disarmed, to those who had sent him forth with so much confidence.

'In three minutes,' said the robber, unheeding the query of the soldier, 'I shall wind a note from my bugle which will be the signal for my men to shoot any of you that shall remain so long in sight. Off with your equipments, and fly quickly!'

As the robber chief closed his remarks, he drew forth his watch and noted the time coolly, and in a business like manner; he was perfectly firm and unruffled.

Never did six score of men move with more alacrity than did the king's troops, which had been sent into the mountains with such certainty of success to conquer Antonio Rojas and his band. They deployed with all their speed down the defile that they had just passed, towards the distant plain of Geiri, their weapons left behind, having been completely conquered without so much as striking a single blow in defence.

Astounded by such conduct as this, and completely foiled in all their efforts to capture the bold and adroit banditti, the authorities were fain to give up attempting such a fruitless job, and Rojas carried on his peculiar system of taxation as he called it, uninterruptedly, by borrowing from the rich to help the poor, and diffusing charity to every needy applicant. To be sure, after the scene we have described relating to the disguise of the priest, Rojas could no longer appear in that character at his old hut near the plains, and the spot from whence so much comfort had been dispensed, was now tenantless.

But this was only one of the numerous disguises that the robber chief was in the habit of adopting, and in all of which he was so expert as to defy detection.

In the towns and cities of Northern Spain, the name of Antonio Rojas became a terror, and was used by mothers to frighten their children into obedience, and by older persons as a constant theme of remark. He was represented to be leagued with the evil spirit, and to possess a power and cunning that no human will could equal. His form and face were said to indicate his Satanic origin. He was hideous to behold; blood-thirsty, revengeful, and in short, bore the impress and semblance of all that was wicked.

Thousands of strange and improbable reports were current concerning him, having their origin in the excited brains of the relators, but no foundation in truth, until he became a perfect lion; and it would doubtless have been less of a curiosity to the people of the northern cities, to have seen the reigning king of Castile ride through their streets, than the person of the much-feared, and renowned Antonio Rojas.

But the multitude and the ruthless gossips knew him not, whom they so belied, and though they saw him not, yet he often saw them, for under some of his many disguises, which were so adroitly assumed, he was often in their very midst, gathering such information as he required in order to carry on his profession to the best advantage. Now he would perhaps, be questioned about himself, and now he would hear some wild foolish story of the robber of the Pyrenees. At these he laughed, and steadily pursued his own plans.

'You are a stranger, signor,' said one of a crowd to him in a tavern on the plains at the foot of the mountains. 'Did you ever fall in with his troop of robbers?'

'Once,' replied Rojas, who was disguised as a drover.

In an instant, the whole throng that filled the room were gathered about him, each one asking for a description of the robber himself, from one who had seen him!

'I had only a glimpse of him,' said the drover; 'his men stopped me as I was driving a lot of cattle over the mountains, and bought half a dozen head for their own use.'

'Bought,' said one of the company, 'yes, but they didn't *pay* for them.'

'To be sure they did,' continued the drover, 'and a doubloon over, for the captain told me he did not war against the poor and industrious.'

'That's true,' said a dozen voices at once, 'that's true; he robs the rich only.'

'But how did he look?' asked a half dozen spectators in a breath.

'He was a terribly large man,' said the disguised robber, 'with cross eyes, red hair, and a little hump-back; I thought his feet were deformed, and that I saw something like a *hoof*? But then, said I to myself, no evil spirit would pay so honestly, and so I just took off my hat, and bidding them godspeed, went along.'

'I told you he had hoofs!' said one village gossip to another.

'And I said that he was hump-backed,' said another, most positively.

In the meantime, Rojas was partaking of a quiet goblet of ale with the landlord, and gaining the information he required in the most adroit manner, without evincing in the smallest particular, one iota of curiosity. Perhaps he made good friends with the landlord, by selling him a milch cow for half price, one he might have driven in on purpose, or by some other equally reasonable mode, and the return he got in necessary intelligence far outweighed the difference in the cost and sale of the animal he brought. Thus few travellers crossed the Pyrenees from France to Spain within his district, or returned that way, that he did not fully understand their capacity and business before they entered the passes, thus giving him an immense advantage that he knew well how to improve.

It would often be wondered at, that this or that person was permitted to cross the mountain district with his carriage and servants undisturbed; but on inquiring, it was always found that when this was the case, the traveller was noble by nature as well as by birth, or that he was not very rich pecuniarily, or that he was universally good to the poor. In short, it was always such persons who were robbed, as the people would say, as could afford it, or it was good enough for them. They are rich, proud, and help no one who applies at their gates; may be the money will now do some good.

Thus the nobles particularly feared Rojas, while those peasants nearest his stronghold loved him for his charities, and the lower classes throughout the country were ready to admit that he committed no depredations upon the poor. His name, like all else that is bold and chivalrous in Spain, became the theme of songs and ballads, from Pampelona to Gibraltar. Some romantic stories relating to him had been wrought into song, and were sung even by the noble ladies of Madrid, until curiosity amounted almost to a monomania with some of the fair signorettas of the capital, with whom a bold and daring spirit found great favor, provided also it was backed up by a noble form and handsome face; and among the better classes, Antonio Rojas was known to be remarkably handsome.

It was thus that a lady of noble birth and great beauty, disguised as a simple mountaineer, sought through many troubles and hardships to see him. She wandered in male attire among the passes until she was found by some of the robber band, and brought in to Rojas as a spy, having refused to give any account of herself, and demanding only to be carried before the person of their commander. The keen eye of their chief was not long in detecting her sex. He dismissed those about him, and kindly told her his suspicions. She knelt to him and confessed all, told the story of her love, which had filled her heart even before she had seen him, and that it was now only redoubled by the evidence of her eyes, and she prayed him to make her his wife!

What a temptation was here! a young and lovely woman, full of romance and love, who had conquered almost unheard of difficulties to meet him, now kneeling at his very feet, and offering her love, while he was an outcast, and a price was set upon his head! How many reasons he might have found to make her his own; love, interest, passion, romance! But he spurned all of these, and soothing her gently, gave the fair wanderer time for rest, and to resuscitate her wearied senses and feeling, reasoned with her more like a father than a lover, gave her a parting token of friendship, as a remembrancer of him, and with a careful and trusty guide, sent her to her father's castle gates!

Circumstances brought this romantic story to light, and Antonio Rojas, the robber of the Pyrenees, was more celebrated than ever, among gallant cavaliers and ladies fair.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

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### Leprosy in Africa.

The awful disease of leprosy still exists in Africa. Whether it is the same leprosy as that mentioned in the Bible, I do not know; but it is regarded as perfectly incurable, and so infectious that no one dares to come near the leper. In the south of Africa there is a large lazar-house for lepers. It is an immense space, enclosed by a very high wall, and containing fields which the lepers cultivate. There is only one entrance, which is strictly guarded. When any one is found with the marks of leprosy upon him, he is brought to this gate and obliged to enter in, never to return. No one who enters in by that awful gate is ever allowed to come out again. Within this abode of misery there are multitudes of lepers in all the stages of the disease. Dr. Helbeck, a missionary of the Church of England, from the top of a neighboring hill, saw them at work. He noticed two particularly, sowing peas in the field. The one had no hand; the other had no feet—those members being wasted away by the disease. The one who wanted the hands was carrying the other who wanted the feet, upon his back; and he, again, carried in his hands the bag of seed, and dropped a pea every now and then, which the other pressed into the ground with his foot, and so they managed the work of one man between the two. Ah! how little we know of the misery that is in this world. Such is the prison house of disease. But you will ask who cares for the souls of the hapless inmates? Who will venture to enter again? Who will forsake father and mother, houses and land, to carry the message of a Saviour to these poor lepers? Two Moravian missionaries, impelled by a divine love for souls, have chosen this lazar-house as their field of labor. They enter there, never to come out again. And, I am told, as soon as they die, other Moravians are quite ready to fill their place. Ah! my dear friends, may we but blush and be ashamed before God, that we, redeemed with the same blood, and taught by the same spirit, should yet be so unlike these men in vehement, heart-consuming love to Jesus and the souls of men.—*M. Cheyne.*

# THE FLAG OF OUR UNION.

[Written for The Flag of our Union.]

## THE DASHERBOTTYPE;
### OR,
### LOVE AT FIRST SIGHT.

BY PAUL CRAYTON.

The friendship which is formed in our childhood, and which is cherished in our youth, is the purest and most lasting!

Doctor Bentham and Lawrence Gordon were early and fast friends. From their earliest remembrance they had been associated in life, and they hailed from a pretty little New England village, located near the heart of Massachusetts. Each was the only child of his parents, and in their native town they had been schoolmates and friends in youth. Here they been brothers they could not have evinced a greater interest in each other's happiness, more sanctimony in their feelings.

At the ages of seventeen and eighteen, together they entered Harvard University, and together they graduated in '48. Until they departed from college they had rarely been separated a month at a time; but they had now reached that period in life when they were called to enter upon the stage of action, each for himself, and all the happy associations of youth could themselves to be remembered only among the things that were. With undivided regret the friends shook hands for the last time, before going for each other's prosperity, they finally parted.

Gordon, during his whole life, had entertained but one desire—one aim; and that was to become a learned practitioner in law. He studied himself at once of an opportunity to proceed, and for three years he devoted himself assiduously for that vocation. He was admitted to the bar in '51, and soon after, wends he entered public life as an attorney in the city of New York. His energy and talent was his success, and in two short years he had attained a good rank in the profession, he married the lady of his choice, and settled in life, with a brilliant prospect before him.

In the meantime, his friend Bentham—whom he had lost sight of for years—but attempted once a while to ascertain where he was in the world, his letters he had failed of every attempt, he determined upon trying the medical profession, and he entered upon through the course of study with this object in view; at Philadelphia, he attended all the lectures, and entered upon his duties in that city. But his practice proved limited. His Quaker city was ever rocked with doctors, his business did not satisfy him, and he finally turned his steps toward the great commercial emporium, at the hope of bettering his prospects.

In New York he soon found his way into good society, and in a short time his practice became quite extended. Time passed by, Bentham gained a good reputation, and every thing promised fairly for the realization of the young student's hopes—but there was still a void to be filled. Wherever a wilderness is business succeed, he was lonely and depressed, and oftentimes he would muse on the days of his college fatigued and thoughtful—as if he desired some new companion, some new associate who might sympathize with him and render his home happier.

He had thought of marriage. But the form of his imaginary love had never yet crossed his path. He had set his mind so high, that he believed nothing but a maiden whose mind ever supreme in her heart. She must with many a fair form, in society, with many a charming face, therefore, as her head-dress, would have deemed lovely; but none as yet came up to his standard of beauty, and he had despaired, almost, of meeting with her he thought he could love!

One day he was entering leisurely down Broad-way, absorbed in thought respecting his future fate, when his eye suddenly fell upon one of a show-case which was exhibited at the door of a daguerreotypean establishment. A specimen, he glanced upon a face of surpassing loveliness—the countenance resembling as a beautiful creature, when he left it—was one of Gothem's purest fellow. His gaze was riveted upon that miniature, he could think of nothing but pictured. That face was the last boon of all of poetry and beauty—and instantly did he examine every feature again and again.

The original, he felt satisfied, could but be more than eighteen years old; the eyes were dark as jet, the cheeks possessed a slight carnation richness, the nose was purely aquiline, the forehead was neither too high nor too low, the small mouth, the ripe, coaxing lip—all at once impressed the presentiment of a maiden of love-liness! His heart beat audibly, and for the first time in his life, the doctor was ready to see.

He opened the door leading to the saloon, he entered the show figure of many which stood between him and the artist's apartment. his appeal he seemed to be accosted by a gentleman might have detected his emotions and studied the broken sentences which left his lips—"I'll see her—she shall be mine!" was all he could utter—my life shall be devoted to her object!" A stranger—Bentham thought—had gone, for he was out of breath, and until this moment, the thought of a rival had never entered him. No matter—a rival in love a stranger—she shall be mine!" and the doctor mused, you see he said!

Bentham reached the door of the saloon, and entering, before he had once thought of the impropriety of the question, he asked the artist the owner of the lady whose picture he had beheld at the door.

The young man, said the operator, "is the owner of the case?"

Yes. She in the walking-dress."

"I do not know her," was the reply.

"Not? inquired the doctor, disappointed.

"No, sir. I know not, and to speak candidly, but I do not know her address. She called here a few days since, and I took a picture of her likeness, and I reserved a copy of her picture."

"Could you do—as the favor," stammered Bentham, and a blush reddened, "to describe the lady's ordinary dress?"

"I think not. Not now I do remember her face, it is true, with the coverage of a bonnet-cahe. I recollect it, we all set her features in such admirable advantage. It is such a face to see it, or you see it in the picture."

The doctor could not but perceive that he must have made himself appear ridiculous in the matter; and remarking that he merely made the inquiry because the face resembled that of an old acquaintance, he must replied, "yes, certainly—and Bentham, seized with an expensive good day, sir!" He entered home once more to pass a sleepless night, and was relieved from his restless pillow by a midnight summons to attend a sick patient.

His leisure time during the following week was passed in the public streets—and not at his the passed, how that escaped his eyes! rising gaze, until one day he had prolonged his walk to a greater extent than usual, and



[Written for The Flag of our Union.]

## THE OLD-DIGGERS.

BY PAUL CRAYTON.

"That night a child might understand,
The de'il had business on his hand"—Burns.

In a very respectable, orderly town near Rochester, in the State of New York, I once lived. It was a town of considerable importance at that time; believed that he was destined soon to be the center of a large and flourishing city, and he spent days and nights in making his fortune.

This idea became so fixed in his mind that self-delight, and finally, to the exclusion of all else, and he spent days and nights in making his fortune. He was a man, for whom the treasure was concealed, and in prosecuting, to the full extent of it, the search of the earth—Soon there was scarcely a square rod on his farm which had not been dug over in this vain hope of finding the chest of golden treasure. Many of his neighbors looked upon his efforts as the extreme action of folly, and his ideas on the subject as those of a veritable lunatic.

A few, however, believed with him, that there was a possibility of their being in reality, and gaily perseverance it might easily be found.

There were two men, in particular, who felt with Pinch's opinions, and became followers in the search for the golden treasure. They all men of some means, having a little leisure at their command, and considering that they three entered into a solemn compact to assist by each other, to help each other, in digging for the treasure, and to share equally in the hoard.

Henceforth their families were neglected; their cards permitted to rust all kept, and their whole energies were devoted to the search. They were deep over for gold.

Our story does not go to say what was the origin of this blind belief in the existence of the treasure, but if my memory does not fail me, I have heard it was the result of certain revelations on this subject, which his fellow-townsmen had received in a dream. It was passed that spiritus—whether good or bad I cannot remember—had told the dreamer where the gold was hid. After these unearthly, or magical piece of loudness above the spot indicated, in order that when night came, he might be able to find the place without difficulty. It is needless to state that from that time, not a soul could be induced to assist in the search of the treasure. Their efforts although they were unsuccessful, were not to be deterred from their disappointments by the ridicule which was showered upon them. More over they said, the more they dug, the more they increased strength to the cultivation of their lands, leaving the treasure—if the treasure indeed existed—to be found by some more lucky digger.

### The Sage and Linnet.—A ranke.

A sage sat soon one summer's day,
Upon the bough of a lovely wood,
And there, upon a hollow spray,
He saw a linnet in her nest.

The old sage spoke, "Come, pretty thing,
Pray tell me what you've got to say,
And why so cheerly do you sing,
Upon the bough of a lovely wood?"

"Why sayest the woodbine and the field,
Why sayest the primrose and the rose,
And more a rapturous bird would yield
Than I upon my bough of gold?"

"The linnet answered, "Such a sage
Came from the groves of Academe,
And must I not to learn my age
A lesson I to my young can teach?

"Of all the gifts that Heaven doth unto
Poor mortals in their misery send,
Are praise—and, sage, I find it here!
Still garnished fields and meadows gay,
Still groves, still streams, still sunny hours,
Are free to me and mine as they
Were, yesterday, my lot I share.

"The bounty of the gracious sun
Respects not for my happiest wing;
And if I sing, I sing because
I sing, not for the boon too long
Enjoyed to be forgotten.

"The wild flowers yield for me their smell;
For me the wild bees hum their song;
What cause have I to be unwell?

"Then do not scorn my humble lot,
Nor scorn that wealth clean to thine;
Nor scorn the gifts by Heaven sent,
Nor scorn this lesson I have given."

### Out in the Woods.

The following original story is told by "one who was there." We have no reason to doubt the source our readers. On one occasion several years ago, a party of gentlemen from Boston, resolved to drop the dictate's carriage into the woods and spend a couple of days in the enjoyment of the exploit. One of their number, who had been in the habit of taking excursions, was willing, and managed to convey to the party the proper idea of the sport, and he could not but to receive the dear of his carriage-house, and the party set out. On the first day's journey, the doctor piece-ed, on the appointed night, to encamp in the woods, and the party, with their guide, soon had their tents pitched, their horses, some half-dozen young gentlemen came out to the road. Wood were soon lively close by the subject proposed

# THE FLAG OF OUR UNION.

F. GLEASON, PROPRIETOR.

MATURIN M. BALLOU, EDITOR.

☞ The terms of The Flag of our Union are $2 00 per annum, invariably in advance. The paper is always discontinued at the expiration of the time paid for.—See imprint on the last page.

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### To our Correspondents.

'The Mill of Poissy, or the Fugitive's Secret,' a story by our regular contributor, FRANCIS A. DURIVAGE, shall appear next week.

'A Picture,' in verse, filed for the poet's corner.

'Lydia Little's Lovers, or the Rivals in a Fix,' a tale by Paul Creyton, filed for next week.

'Dodging a Ninepence,' a humorous sketch, by J. H Robinson, in our next.

'Song,' by W. A. S., accepted.

'Max Von Broome, or ye Solemne Warninge,' a legend of New Amsterdam, in verse, by our regular contributor, JOHN BROUGHAM, next week.

'Lines to Liberty,' accepted.

'A Reasonable Frenchman,' a funny sketch, by our regular contributor, THE YOUNG 'UN, next week.

'Supplication,' a poem, accepted.

'Bachelor's Refrain,' a poem, by Bracebleck, filed for the Olio column.

'Constantinople,' a poem, by the editor, filed for our next paper.

'When Slumber sweet,' a poem, by M. S. P., accepted.

'Tom Peril and his Family,' and 'Our Union,' are respectfully declined.

☞ No poems or other articles will be received for this paper, unless accompanied by an authentic name.

### Slave Trade in Cuba.

A correspondent of the New York Evening Post writes that the slave trade is still carried on in Cuba, in disregard of all the treaties and all the formidable arrangements which exist for its suppression. Ten cargoes, averaging 400 slaves each, have been landed within the last two months, and eight more are on their way. This state of things prevailing, it may be of interest for our readers to know something of this trade, and the slaves themselves.

Cuba has been called 'the hot-bed of slavery,' and it is true that the negroes nearly equal the number of whites on the island. The largest planters own from 300 to 500 negroes, which establishments require an immense investment of capital. A slave just landed, is worth from $300 to $400, and more as he becomes acclimated and informed. They are of various tribes, and their characteristics are visibly marked. Thus the Congos are small in stature. The Fantee is large, revengeful, and apt to prove uneasy. Those from the Gold Coast are still more powerful, and command high prices. The Ebros are less black than the others, nearly mulatto. There is a tribe known as the Ashantees, very rare in Cuba, as they are powerful at home, and consequently are rarely conquered in battle, or taken prisoners by the shore tribes in Africa, who sell them to the factories on the coast. Another tribe, known as the Carrobalees, are highly esteemed by the planters, but yet they are avoided when first imported, from the fact that they have a belief and hope very powerful among them, that after death they will return to their native land, and therefore actuated by the love of home, these poor creatures are prone to suicide. We were told on a late visit to the island, that a planter near Sagua la Grande found ten of his slaves, being all he had belonging to this tribe, suspended by the neck and dead upon the neighboring trees one morning. This superstition is also partially believed by other tribes, and when a death thus occurs, the planters, as an example to the slave, and to prevent a like occurrence, burn their bodies, and scatter the ashes to the wind.

Slaves, on the plantations are, in all outward appearances, very thoughtless and happy. The law regulates their government, and the owner is bound to instruct them in the Catholic faith, all being baptized as soon as they can understand the signification of the ceremony. The law also provides that the master shall give a certain quantity and variety of food to his slaves, but they do better than this, for they are allowed as much as they please to partake of, and the most wholesome fruits and vegetables are always ready to their hands. Indeed, it is evidently for the planters' interest to keep them in good condition, and his doing so may be construed, if you please, as a mere selfish act. There is but one redeeming feature to Spanish slavery as contrasted with that of some other nations, and that is, that the laws favor emancipation. If a slave by his industry is able to accumulate money enough to pay his *first cost* to his master, however unwilling the planter may be, the law guarantees him his freedom. This the *industrious* slave can accomplish at farthest in six or seven years, with the liberty and convenience that all are allowed. Each one is permitted to keep a pig, and to cultivate a small piece of land. By raising corn, the land yielding two crops in the year, they can render a pig as fat as they please on corn, and a large one brings $60, from the drovers who constantly visit the plantations. This we say is a redeeming feature of Spanish slavery; but it is a bitter pill at best.

Like Liverpool and Boston in their early days, Havana has drawn an immense wealth from the slave trade. The vessels employed in the business, are built with an eye to the utmost speed, with a spread of canvass that would seem an outfit for a seventy-four. The consummate art displayed in their construction is really curious, and they are utterly unfit for any legitimate commerce. They mount guns, and have a magazine in accordance with their tonnage, with false decks wherein to stow their human freight. It is well-known that the Americans can produce the fastest vessels in the world, and the consequence is, that they are employed to build the fleet slavers that sail for the coast of Africa. Many of these vessels sail from Baltimore annually for Havana. The American builder must of course know the purpose for which he constructs these clippers, and indeed we are convinced from good evidence, that they are built and sent to Cuba on speculation, and disposed of to the slave trading houses. Within two miles of the city of Havana are several large barracoons, as they are called, where the newly imported slaves are kept and offered for sale. Though the importation is now prohibited by enactment, yet the agents of the law wink at the business, and absolutely receive head money on every slave that is landed. An evidence of this, is the fact that these establishments are unmolested so near the capital.

Mother Eve married a gardener.—*Lexington Budget.*

That's nothing to brag of, since he lost his situation by the match.

### California Discoveries.

Late arrivals bring news of a veritable character, as it regards the productive nature of the gold region. Truth compels us to say, that the stories already published have in no way exaggerated the facts. In addition to the most abundant quantity of gold, and that too, in lumps of one and two hundred dollars in value, and sometimes even over one thousand dollars, there have also some new quicksilver mines been discovered, and some rich diamonds found; one in particular is named by Lieutenant Beale, U. S. N., valued at $180,000! Emeralds of rare beauty and great value are also discovered among the washings, and secured by those who know their value. The government vessels leaving San Francisco, and such as have already sailed, have taken, none of them, less than $200,000 on board in gold dust. Those people who are on the spot are coining fortunes, and none of them will think of leaving with less than two or three hundred thousand dollars as their own private fortunes. So says Lieutenant Beale, just from the spot. This is the bright side of the picture. Now let us look at the reverse. Hundreds of those who have taken the overland route by way of St Louis, have already perished on the plains by cholera; hundreds who started for the Panama route, turned back, disheartened by sickness and great mortality in their numbers. Several vessels, that have started with companies to go round Cape Horn, have been wrecked before they were fairly off the South American coast, and not one half will probably reach San Francisco who have left by vessel. Ship fever, the scurvy, the sudden change of climate from the north to the extreme tropics, and back again suddenly into the north — in the cholera and fever season—all these things tax deeply life and strength, and a man who would possess himself of California gold must run a gauntlet of casualties and fell diseases, each one of which will fetch him a cut. Perhaps he may live to reach the end; if so, why he may possibly return alive and rich; but all reasonable chance is most assuredly against such a result.

### Hudson the Lecturer.

When we first listened to a public lecture on Shakspeare, by Hudson, we liked him; but after reading his books, and hearing him again, we disliked him as heartily. He does not seem to possess one true republican feeling in his breast, and delights to inculcate that school of philosophy which frowns upon all improvement, and counts the past, with its unnumbered follies, as the only standard of excellence. We have just been reading an article in the American Review from his pen; a paper peculiarly characteristic of its author, being made up of a sort of conglomeration of ideas, full of antitheses and superlatives, and evincing to perfection the clap-trap style of the writer. He attempts to criticise Whipple's Essays, and that is the ostensible object of the contribution. But it is made a medium in reality to convey his anti-republican and egotistical notions, not to display the excellence of Whipple, who is as far above him in literary excellence, as the stars are above our heads. Hudson's articles are always full of the most common-place quotations, and these, too, often *mal apropos*. The fact is, he has mistaken his vocation, in attempting the critic or reviewer, and forgets in his public lectures, that people read too generally now-a-days not to detect his *gross plagiarisms*. But Mr. Hudson has doubtless himself become aware of his failure as a writer and lecturer, and, like too many others, has taken orders in the church as a dernier resort, by which to eke out a living.

### Short Prayers.

When we were a mere child, we thought the briefest and yet most comprehensive prayer extant, was that of the Connecticut farmer, which was after this wise: 'Lord, bless me and my wife, my son John and his wife, us four and no more, amen!' But Sir William Wyndham gives one a little '*cuter*' than the above; it was made by a soldier just before the battle of Blenheim: 'O God, if there be a God, save my soul, if I have a soul!' Sir David Hume also gives one made by a distinguished cavalier just before the battle of Edgehill: 'O Lord, thou knowest how busy I must be this day; if I forget thee, do not thou forget me!' St. Foix gives one of La Hire, which we consider the best specimen we have seen: 'O God, I beseech thee this day to perform for La Hire as much as thou wouldst wish La Hire to perform for thee, if he were God and thou wert La Hire.' He fancied he had prayed devoutly!

### Our new Dress.

Two more numbers will complete the first half of this year's volume of the Flag, after which it will appear printed on an entire new fount of type, every line in new material, both poetry and prose, giving that clear and beautiful distinctness to the paper that is the charm of printing. We are resolved to continue the improvements promised, and thus far fulfilled from the first of the volume, and we are already gratified with the ample return that greets us. Those who desire to subscribe in clubs, by referring to the imprint on the last page, will see at what advantage they can do so in combination.

TREASONABLE.—Mr. Burleigh, a moral fanatic, said recently, at one of the abolitionist meetings in Boston, that Gen. Zachary Taylor was *the chief murderer of the nation!* He deserves a coat of tar and feathers for his atrocity. What a pity it is that a good cause should be marred by such hangers on as this.

CHARITABLE.—A benevolent society in New Orleans have resolved to have all their tables made of cherry wood. This is a very *cherry table* act.—*Literary American.*

Will the Mayor of New York please have the editor of the American at once arrested and held to bail in some heavy amount!

BREAKING THE PLEDGE.—Why will Father Mathew break the temperance pledge by visiting this country? Because he will necessarily get *half seas over!*

THE WEEKLY TRANSCRIPT, Providence, comes to us with this mark, ☞! What do you mean, nabor?

HON. LEVI WOODBURY.—This distinguished man is already designated by many as the next Democratic candidate for the Presidency.

DOING A GOOD BUSINESS.—The receipts of the New York and New Haven Railroad are $1,400 per day.

TRUE AS CHRISTMAS.—Butter is very much like love—the thinner you spread it the further it goes.

A CUTTER FOR CALIFORNIA.—The new revenue cutter Duane, recently launched at Philadelphia, is about to proceed to California.

THEY DO.—Ladies of fashion starve their happiness to feed their vanity.

### Editorial Ink-Drops.

Forrest has been sick at New York of an intermittent fever.

Lewey Clark, a sporting man, got his nose bitten off in a fight lately, in Boston.

An umbrella has been invented to protect audiences from showers of applause.

Another 'covey' has escaped lately from the Massachusetts State Prison, Charlestown.

The Bostonians have begun to ship stone for the New Orleans Custom House.

A person was very near being buried alive in Philadelphia the other day.

The Mayor of New Albany receives only seventy-five dollars per annum as salary.

The City Guards of Boston are called the best military corps in the United States.

They are having some spirited regattas in Gloucester harbor, Massachusetts.

Free baths are to be established in New York city; let the poor rejoice.

The Young 'Un would like to see a note of music that will 'go' at the banks.

One or two mad dogs have created considerable excitement in Boston, lately.

Signor Blitz seems to be a great favorite in Philadelphia. He's been there six months.

There are 320 inmates, male and female, in the Boston House of Correction.

A little boy poisoned himself in Cincinnati by swallowing some rat poison.

A lump of California gold was brought to New York city valued at $1 109.

The Lynn News man has lately seen one of the toe nails of a tow boat.

The yellow fever is already raging at Havana in a very malignant form.

To escape the attack of the cholera, live moderately and avoid strong drink.

A man undertook to bleed himself to death in Providence, but they stopped the blood.

A number of slaves escaped from Kentucky the other day, and made their way to Canada.

The editor of the Picayune, Geo. Procter, Esq., died in New Orleans lately of cholera.

People are leaving the Atlantic cities for the country and the sea side during summer.

If a man is detected in stealing at the gold diggings, California, they hang him instanter.

A doctor in Canada is sentenced to death for the dishonor of a female patient.

Hens have got into the habit of laying enormously large eggs, according to the papers.

One half of the city of New Orleans is still under water, by the Mississippi flood.

Look out for the new and elegant suit of type preparing for our columns.

### Frightened into it.

Don't be frightened into a belief that you will be attacked by the cholera—the fact is, it is half fright that does the business. If people are constantly fearing sickness and talking about it, why it is bound to come; if not in reality, it will be engendered in their disordered brains, rendering its effects quite as fatal. Fear has made more cholera than anything else. Those who live temperately, keep clean in person, and pursue regular habits of taking food and repose, need have very little fear of disease of any kind. At the south and west where the cholera has made the most ravages, it has been among the lower classes, emigrants and people who lead irregular and unnatural lives. You may talk almost anything into folks. At one time, not long since, *suicide* became almost an *epidemic*, so much was said about it, and hundreds, sure enough, took their own lives. Weak minds are very impressible, and such may be moulded into disease or delirium, pretty much the same thing. Keep cool. People, to be well, must be composed and comfortable. Don't heat your mind or excite your brain by fear. Lead quiet and regular lives, strive to be cheerful and happy, and not brood over ideas of pestilence and death, and neither the cholera nor any other disease will trouble you.

### The New English Minister.

The new English minister to this country is a younger brother of Bulwer the novelist, and a man of fully as much taste and knowledge. It will be remembered that he has but just returned from a like mission to Spain. He is described as being in person, rather under the middle size, very slight, pale, and of an intellectual cast of features. His manners are the perfection of the style most praised in England, though rare even there—an elegance reduced to absolute simplicity and nature—quiet, gentle, considerate of others, attentive and modest. Sir Henry talks or listens with equal willingness, but his information on any subject that may come up, is sure to surprise, and his earnest truthfulness of diction and expression, impress forcibly at the time, but still more when it is remembered. Washington must appear rather a tame place to one accustomed from childhood to the gaiety of courts and fashionable society on the continent.

### To Periodical Dealers.

Having now attained to a circulation the immense number of which enables us to reduce the wholesale price of the Flag, to our agents who buy to sell again, we have resolved to do so, and charge one half cent less on each paper, the reduction to take place on the first of July next. This is also in furtherance of our plan of increasing the subscription list of the Flag to *one hundred thousand*. Agents will see the additional inducement offered to them to circulate this paper, and they will of course appreciate the motive that induces this reduction in price, and endeavor to circulate the Flag on a more extended scale, each one helping us towards the accomplishment of the great purpose of printing each week *one hundred thousand copies*.

### Births Extraordinary.

The South Boston Gazette is indebted to a friend for the following particulars: A month or two since the lady of Mr. Edward Lowell, of Gardiner, Me., presented her husband with two girls and a boy at a birth. In honor of the three towns adjacent, the girls were called Hallowell and Augusta, and the boy Gardiner. The town of Gardiner, on hearing the particulars, presented the mother with a beautiful cradle, capable of holding all three. The town of Hallowell then presented a mammoth baby-jumper, big enough for the two. The citizens of Augusta have not yet made their present.

QUEER.—They have such smart thieves in London that the bank clerks in Lombard street carry their checks and bills about with them in cases chained to their arms! The thief cannot steal the case without carrying off the clerk.

AN INDUCEMENT.—The following extraordinary inducement was held out by a solicitor who advertised, last week, in a morning paper, for an office clerk: 'A small salary will be given, but he will have enough of *over-work* to make up for the deficiency.'

A LASS!—A wit, bemoaning the uncomfortable prospect of celibacy, exclaimed, 'What can make the bitter cup of a bachelor's life go down? and in the same tone, by way of self-condolent response, observed, '*a-lass, a-lass!*'

### From our Foreign Files.

Ireland continues quiet and miserable as ever.

Every child of Queen Victoria costs the government $500,000 yearly.

Sicily is again in a state of insurrection for the hundredth time.

Fourteen thousand seamen have deserted the British service during the last year.

To the late Mrs. Albert Gallatin is attributed the establishment of the first American church in Paris.

A Greek of good family is in custody in London for stealing 266 coins valued at £590, from the British Museum.

Organized emigration on a large scale, is begun in Ireland. The parish priests intend to accompany their congregations.

A prize of 300 guineas has been offered in England for the best essay on royalty, aristocracy and democracy.

In several districts of Portugal, wine is now selling at the rate of 1d per gallon; and even at that price purchasers are found with difficulty.

In Paris at the last accounts, Meyerbeer's new opera of 'Le Prophete' was still the rage. Half the fashion of London had gone over to witness its representations.

According to newspaper paragraphs, Charles Albert the ex-king of Piedmont, means to repair to the United States or Brazil, after a sojourn of a few months at Oporto.

Among the sales announced by the London papers is that of three churches, situated in London, which are to be sold by order of a bankrupt's assignees during the present month.

The French expedition to reinstate the Pope, had not effected an entrance into Rome at the last advices. The Neapolitan army had not been more successful, having been defeated in an attack on the 5th inst.

The French government continues to send to Louis Philippe the moveable private property left by the royal family in France. An immense number of cases have been forwarded lately.

All accounts concur that it will be impossible to restore the temporal power of the pope in any form. We have before us frightful details. Priests being dragged forth from their hiding-places by the populace, and put to death.

### Dewdrops of Wisdom.

Anger may make dull men witty, but it keeps them poor.

Never do that in prosperity whereof you will repent.

The greatest part of mankind employ their first years to make their last miserable.

Some one called Sir Richard Steele the 'vilest of mankind,' and he retorted with proud humility, 'It would be a glorious world if I were.'

There is no destruction worse than to overpraise a man; for if his worth prove short of what report doth speak of him, his own actions are ever giving the lie to his honor.

Inasmuch as liberty and security are more conducive to happiness than excessive riches, it must be allowed that the poor man's stake in the country is as great as the rich man's.

Cæsar, having found a collection of letters written by his enemies to Pompey, burnt them without reading: 'For,' said he, 'though I am upon my guard against anger, yet it is safer to remove its cause.'

Mrs. Swisshelm calls the drunkard, 'the common material out of which all criminals are manufactured; and the man who habitually converts himself into soft wax, ready for old Satan to run into any mould that suits his purpose.'

By six qualities many a fool may be known; anger, without cause; speech, without profit; change, without motive; inquiry, without an object; putting trust in a stranger, and wanting capacity to discriminate between a friend and a foe.

Nobody is satisfied in this world. If a legacy is left a man, he regrets it is not larger. If he finds a sum of money, he searches the spot for more. If he is elected to some high office, he wishes a better one. If he is rich and wants for nothing, he strives for more wealth. If he is a single man, he is looking out for a wife, and if married, for children. Men are never satisfied.

### The Joker's Olio.

When is music like vegetables? When there is two beats to the measure.

The soldiers in the West Indies are black as the Arabian *Knights*.

The name of the City Marshal of Cincinnati is *Ruffin*.

Laugh at no man for his pug-nose—you never can tell what may *turn up*.

'This is a *fine day*,' as a man who neglected to attend his militia drill said to the collector.

'I've risen from the bar to the bench,' as the young lawyer said when he quit law and went to shoemaking.

'Is that clock right, over there?'—asked a visiter the other day. 'Right over there?' said the boy; 'taint nowhere else.'

It wont do for a politician to imagine himself elected to the gubernatorial chair, while 'the back counties remain to be heard from.'

Solitude is at times the best society. It would be, no doubt, if one were quite certain, when in that state, of being really out of *bad company*.

There is a giant in Troy who is so tall that he has to eat three days in advance before his food does him any good. They send his 'wittals' up by telegraph.

'What was the text in church to-day, Charley, my dear?' 'I believe, father, the parson took a *claws* from the lion that Samson killed!'

A Frenchman, translating an English book into his own language, on coming to the words 'chestnut horse,' literally translated it 'a horse made of chestnuts.'

The common article of dress in California, is a coffee-sack, with holes cut for the head and arms of the wearer. Another evidence of Anglo-Saxon ingenuity and energy.

A lady lately asked her intended whether when they were married the church bells would be rung. The gentleman replied to her dismay, that he intended to ring a *belle* himself inside the church.

### Miscellaneous Scraps.

There are 1,243 Sons of Temperance in New Orleans, and yet only three of them, it is said, suffered from the recent ravages of cholera, and they were peculiarly exposed.

Goodhue, in his Library Manual, states that of about one thousand books published annually in Great Britain, six hundred and fifty are forgotten within a year from their publication, and that not more than ten are thought of after twenty years.

As Prince Metternich has not paid his taxes, about one hundred and seventy-seven thousand francs, on his chateau in the Duchy of Nassau, his wines have been seized, and will be shortly sold. Some of the wines are two hundred years old.

At Warren, N. H., a week or two since, the house of Rowell Leathers was burnt down, and his wife was burned with the house. It is now supposed that Leathers locked his wife in the house and then set it on fire—having previously sent away his child. He has been lodged in Haverhill jail.

Conrad Vintner, under sentence of death in Baltimore county, Md., for the murder of Mrs. Cooper, passes most of his time in prison in playing on the accordeon. He has composed a dirge, which he asks to be permitted to perform on his way to the gallows. The request will probably be granted.

Steamboats are advertising in the New Orleans papers for excursions up the river, 'to see the crevasse, fare 50 cents each way, children half price.' One half of the city is dreading the prospect of being submerged, while the other half are arranging for pleasure excursions through the streets.

### Quill and Scissors.

Dr Graham, an old and experienced physician in London, says—'I may state on very respectable authority, that the first leaves of whortleberry, properly gathered and dried in the shade, cannot be distinguished from real China teas.'

A new steamboat, called the New World, is nearly completed in New York, designed to run on the Hudson River. She is *three hundred and seventy five feet* long, and has an engine rated at 1500 horse power.

James, the novelist, has written a letter to Mr. Lippard, of Philadelphia, informing him that he intends to visit the United States this season, to enjoy himself, and not to make a book on what he may see or hear.

Land speculation is rife in Cincinnati. The Atlas of that city states that every foot of ground, within three miles of Main street, is laid off into lots! Every little village within thirty miles is laid off into a city!

A contemporary tells us that the people of New Orleans are catching cat-fish in the streets. Suckers have always been plenty, especially about the 'St. Charles,' at luncheon time.

The poor, starving, plague-stricken Irish have sent $100 000 to the Pope. The same self-denying liberality displayed in a good cause would redeem that wretched people from their degradation.

'I want to use your files,' said Jeems, tumbling over some newspapers, the other day, in an editor's sanctum. 'What for?' said the editor. 'To set 'old saws' with,' said Jeems. The editor was satisfied.

'It often happens that great talkers are very shallow thinkers.'—*Old Aphorism.* Yes—and it often happens, too, that people who talk but very little, think—*just as much.*

A private letter from London says the poet Moore 'is now dead to the world—as a softening of the brain has commenced, and his memory is completely gone.'

An iron house for California has been constructed in Manchester, England, by Messrs. Edward T. Bellhouse & Co. It is 60 feet long, 24 feet wide and 17 feet high.

At the Polytechnic Institution in London is exhibited one pound of glass, spun by steam into four thousand miles, and woven with silk into beautiful dresses and tapestry.

Immense islands of ice have been seen, through the spring, in the Atlantic, which may account for the coolness of the atmosphere.

A certain fop was boasting in company that he had every sense in perfection. 'There is one you are quite without,' said one who was by, 'and that is common sense.'

An English paper states that it is in contemplation to make retirement compulsory on all persons above sixty years of age, in the civil service of the government.

The city of Damascus was in being in the time of Abraham (Genesis xiv), and is consequently one of the most ancient in the world.

Chevreau, in his history of the world, tells us that it was created the 6th of September, on Friday, a little before four o'clock in the afternoon!

The public debt of France is rapidly increasing. It is already fifteen hundred millions of dollars. That of England is four thousand millions of dollars.

Sir Charles Lyell is about to publish 'A Second Visit to the United States.' Lord Ashburton has bought the Stowe MSS. for $32,000.

During the reign of Mary, who died in 1558, a proclamation was issued, prohibiting any person wearing shoes over two inches wide at the toes.

A poet asked Nat Lee if it was not easy to write like a madman, as he did. 'No,' answered Nat; 'but it is easy to write like a fool, as you do.'

John Quincy Adams has been sent to Sing Sing state prison by the New York Court of Sessions for three years, for grand larceny.

St. Louis is already beginning to revive from the effects of the great fire, the loss of which is now stated at under *two* millions of dollars.

Felix Foresti, a resident of New York for about ten years, has received the appointment of minister for the republic of Rome for the United States.

The plot gradually reveals itself in Germany. The sovereigns have evidently combined for the overthrow of the liberalists.

An Iron Light House is now in progress of construction at Philadelphia, to be placed on Carysfort Reef, on the Florida coast.

Thomas Reily and James Cassidy are the two latest victims on the Ohio and Baltimore railroad, both killed near Baltimore.

Lieut. Mayne Reid publishes a long account of his exploits in Mexico, in order to prove that he was the bravest soldier in the war.

Longevity is so frequent in Norway, that a clergyman recently lamented the *untimely* death of a lady at eighty-four years of age.

The Eastern Railroad Company are paid $6000 per annum for the transportation of the mails between Boston and Portsmouth.

Mrs. John Quincy Adams is rapidly recovering from the paralytic stroke which has kept her confined for some time past.

Nineteen steamboats were sunk or destroyed on the Western and Southwestern streams during the single month of April.

Louis Fitzgerald Tasistro has been appointed Chief of the Consular Bureau in the State Department at Washington.

The Chicago Journal, of the 16th ult., announces the death of the Hon. Henry Brown, a popular judge of that city, aged 60 years.

The canal connecting the Fox and Wisconsin rivers has been commenced, and will be completed the present season.

Thomas A. Walker, of New York, accused of having murdered his wife, by shooting her, is now on trial for the offence.

House's New Telegraph has been constructed between Boston and Providence, and will commence operations in a few days.

The cost of raising and repairing the steamer Empire is estimated at $50,000. Her original cost was $120,000.

Poe says, that at present, T. Buchanan Read 'is but a copyist of Longfellow—that is to say, but the echo of an echo.'

It is worthy of note that the *negro* overseers in the South are generally the most cruel towards their fellow slaves.

There is an individual in Licking county, Ohio, who makes annually $100,000 worth of cheese.

The salary of the President of the Girard College has been fixed by the city council, at $2000.

A paper is about to be started in Montreal, for the advocacy of annexation to the United States.

Sheridan Knowles has written a book called the Rock of Rome, of a polemical character.

The town of Sandisfield, Mass., produces $100,000 worth of maple sugar, every spring.

An eye malignantly diseased, was successfully cut out, under the influence of chloroform.

Jamieson, the actor, recovered from his attack of cholera at New Orleans.

The poet, in Germany, use the blossoms of the linden-tree instead of tea.

Burnt gunpowder has been found an excellent purifier of the air in cases of cholera.

Soap suds should never be wasted, where there is a garden that needs water.

The peach crop of Delaware is worth $120,000 annually.

Clarary, a slave, for an attempt to kill, was executed in Houston, Miss., on the 11th.

Whiskey readily brings $4 a gallon on the road from Chagres to Panama!

The city of Cincinnati now has a population of over one hundred thousand.

Col. Fremont and his party have arrived safely in California.

An electric railroad is being exhibited by Mr. Fisk, in Philadelphia.

Tall aches from *little toe corns* grow!

Detroit is to be lighted with gas.

### Local Matters.

#### Antient and Honorable Artillery.

This time-honored body celebrated their two hundred and eleventh anniversary, a few days since, in this city, under command of Major Brinley. The company escorted the governor and suite to the Chauncy Place Church, where a discourse was listened to from Rev. Thomas M. Clark. A sumptuous dinner was partaken of at Faneuil Hall, amid 'the feast of reason and the flow of soul.' In the afternoon, the election for officers was holden, as usual, on the Common, and the governor commissioned those chosen. At the Church, the following original ode, written for the occasion, was sung by the choir.

ORIGINAL ODE.

BY MATURIN M. BALLOU.

A pilgrim band o'er Ocean's foam,
On an iron coast sought Freedom's home;
Where, giant-like, Old Plymouth rock
Defied the roaring billows' shock.

Years passed on; as Heaven smiled,
Cities rose in this western wild;
Temples were built, and hearts in prayer
Were raised as free as mountain air.

Religious freedom! glorious boon!
But fiercer struggles followed soon;
Right of self rule the exiles' aim,
Freedom in *fact*, as well as *name*.

Heaven propitious, the old pine tree
Waved over the land of liberty;
Humbled was tyranny in her pride—
Columbia now was Freedom's bride!

Seed then strewn in care and pain,
Hath blossomed on the fertile plain;
A flower smiles o'er the pilgrims' sod—
The liberty to worship God.

Together then our voices raise,
Tuned to joyful songs of praise;
Resolved through every change of scene,
To keep these memories ever green.

#### Amusements.

The Seguins were very successful at the Howard, and produced a most pleasing *melange* during their engagement. The delightful queen of the dance, Blangy, is with us, winning golden opinions. The Viennoise children have been the star of attraction for some time at the Boston Museum, in addition to the several excellent bills of fare at this house. Mr. Nickinson and his daughters have made a favorable impression at the Lyceum Theatre. Dumbolton's celebrated Ethiopian Serenaders, having returned from England, have been performing to good houses at the Melodeon. The Public Gardens at the foot of the Common afford a delightful resort for a promenade of an evening, or afternoon. Flowers and bouquets may always be had here at reasonable prices.

#### Water Pipes.

We would call the attention of our city authorities to the fact that consumers of the Cochituate are in the habit of watering the sidewalks adjoining their premises profusely, at *all hours of the day*. Now it seems to us that an ordinance should be passed by the authorities to prevent this great nuisance to the public, and also the waste of the water. An early hour in the day should be employed, before the thoroughfares are crowded by people, who now get besprinkled unmercifully; and the careless boys and porters who are permitted to use the hose, do not hesitate to frighten horses and spoil dresses with the water. In New York, it is not allowed to play the hose after a certain hour in the morning.

#### Fourth of July.

A novel and pleasing feature will be introduced into the observance of the approaching anniversary of our National Independence. The children composing the first classes in all the public grammar schools, together with the pupils in the Latin School, and the English High School, are to meet upon the Common at an early hour in the morning, and form a procession, preceded by a military escort and suitable music. It is estimated that about one thousand children of each sex will be included in the first class scholars.

CHILD GIVEN AWAY. A fine healthy infant, two weeks old, will be given away without reserve, to any young couple who may feel desirous of adopting such an one. Address *Xenophon*, Transcript office.

The above we copy from the Boston Transcript, to show our country readers that all sorts of traffic are carried on in the city of Notions. Babies must be *falling*, to have become so very cheap.

GRANARY BURIAL GROUND.—We observe that the overseer of this cemetery is giving it constant attention, and its luxuriant foliage and blossoming flowers form a sweet contrast to the busy street to which it is so near. It is an acre of ground hallowed by the dust that lies below its sod, and beautified by the rich foliage that thrives above it, in the midst of brick walls and stone pavements.

SCOTCH IMMIGRANTS.—The barque Athol arrived lately at this port, bringing one hundred and fourteen healthy Scotch immigrants, nearly all Protestants and good farmers. We don't care how many of such come this way.

WHOLESALE.—A clergyman of this city recently stated that during his ministry of the last twenty-five years, he had married 2,679 couples, attended 2,021 burials, and baptized 550 children.

BIG FELLOW.—They had a lobster in Boston, the other day, that weighed twenty-seven pounds. Don't let anybody alter the 'twenty' to *thirty*. It's a very good story as it is!

BOSTON still continues to be by far the healthiest city in the Union. This has been the case for many years, and may it please Heaven to continue it so.

FOR CALIFORNIA.—Companies are still leaving this port by sea to double Cape Horn, in search of California Gold. One left week before last, and another last week.

SPIRIT OF THE TIMES.—The fare on the Boston and Worcester Railroad is reduced to one dollar to Worcester, and to two dollars and fifty cents to Springfield.

MR. DAVID SEARS, of this city, has recently erected a costly granite monument in the old burying ground, in Yarmouth, to the memory of his ancestors buried there.

WEST POINT.—The cadets of this military establishment are now under examination by the board of officers appointed by the President for that purpose.

HENSHAW, WARD & CO., who recently stopped business in this city, will pay dollar for dollar on all their liabilities, and again resume business.

OF COURSE.—Most of the cases of cholera in New York have been confined to the unhealthy and filthy locations of the city.

THE CHOLERA has at length made its appearance in Boston; but don't be unduly alarmed.

### OUR OLIO COLUMN.

[Written for The Flag of our Union.]

#### Lines to the Reformer.

BY EMO.

God speed thee in the contest now,
So manfully begun,
And give thee strength of soul and arm,
Till the victory is won!
'Tis a holy fight and glorious—
This war 'twixt Right and Wrong,
And needeth champions such as thou—
The dauntless, firm and strong.

It asks not aid of craven ones,
Fear-palsied at a frown;
Nor selfish myrmidons, whose bribes
Of gold and place keep down.
But true and daring fighting men,
Whose hearts are glowing bright
With the fire of love and truthfulness,
Devoted to the right.

Speak boldly, then, and earnestly,
Nor cease from thy endeavor,
Till falsehood, prejudice and wrong
Are swept away forever.
Fear not thy foes, though myriads rise,
Like giants on thy path;
'Tis not alone by human power
The conqueror victory hath.

Strong hands may chain thy mortal part
In dungeons cold and dim;
And, with their tortures keenly plied,
Slow wrench life, limb by limb;
But they cannot harm the soul, nor stay
Its burning thoughts once spoken,
Nor quench the light, that from its shrine
On kindred souls hath broken.

Remember, too, thou art not alone—
The countless true and tried
Of the blest in heaven and the good of earth,
All, all are on thy side.
Heed not the sneering world's abuse;
Let it brand thee 'maniac,' 'knave,'
The world has ever thus repaid
The good her great ones gave.

Thus did it treat thy master, Christ,
When with inspired tongue,
He uttered truth's sublime decrees,
And boldly censured wrong.
Yet his blessed word hath triumphed,
Carrying joy to every land;
While He, the Crucified, Revived,
Now reigns at God's right hand.

If thou wouldst be the saviour, then,
Of crushed humanity;
If 'gainst the strong thou wouldst defend
The weak victoriously;
If thou wouldst win high place in heaven,
Immortal joy to share,
Thou, too, like Him, the thorny crown,
The cross, the scoff, must bear.

Be patient, then; a little while
Falsehood may stalk in pride,
And vicious power and selfishness
May turn the right aside;
But sure as there's a God in heaven,
A God of love and peace—
The right and true shall triumph yet,
And wrong and error cease.

The day shall come when love alone
Shall guide the arm of might,
And man shall own no other law
But God-established right;
God speed thee in the contest, then,
So earnestly begun,
And give thee strength of soul and arm,
Till victory is won.

#### Smoking spiritualized.—IN TWO PARTS.

The first part being an old meditation upon smoking tobacco; the second, a new addition to it, or an improvement upon it.

PART I.

This Indian weed, now withered quite,
Though green at noon, cut down at night,
Shows thy decay—
All flesh is hay.
Thus think, and smoke tobacco.

The pipe, so lily-like and weak,
Does thus thy mortal state bespeak—
Thou art even such,
Gone with a touch.
Thus think, and smoke tobacco.

And when the smoke ascends on high,
Then thou behold'st the vanity
Of worldly stuff,
Gone with a puff.
Thus think, and smoke tobacco.

And when the pipe grows foul within,
Think on thy soul defiled with sin;
For then the fire
It does require.
Thus think, and smoke tobacco.

And seest the ashes cast away;
Then to thyself thou mayest say,
That to the dust
Return thou must.
Thus think, and smoke tobacco.

PART II.

Was this small plant for thee cut down?
So was the plant of great renown;
Which mercy sends
For nobler ends.
Thus think, and smoke tobacco.

Doth juice medicinal proceed
From such a naughty foreign weed?
Then what's the power
Of Jesse's flower?
Thus think, and smoke tobacco.

The promise, like the pipe, inlays,
And by the mouth of faith conveys
What virtue flows
From Sharon's Rose.
Thus think, and smoke tobacco.

In vain th' unlighted pipe you blow;
Your pains in outward means are so,
Till heavenly fire
Your heart inspire.
Thus think, and smoke tobacco.

The smoke, like burning incense, towers;
So should a praying heart of yours,
With ardent cries
Mount to the skies.
Thus think, and smoke tobacco.

#### What is Love?

BY JESSE ELLIOT.

'Love! what is love, sweet sister May—
What is love, dearest sister?'
Those words our little Grace did say,
To 'coz,' and laughing, kissed her.

Dear cousin started, sighed and blushed,
Then taking on her knee
The darling pet, in a voice still hushed,
Spoke to her tenderly.

'Do you remember, dear, the day
We walked to Tilser Hill,
How dark and gloomy was the way,
Until we reached Globe Mill?

How sudden then the sun did beam,
And we right glad to see?
Well, Gracy, love's like this—'twill gleam
Some day, be sure, on thee!'

The child looked up—a merry light
Her eye had quickly won;
Out-spake the mischief-loving sprite,
'Is Charley Gray your sun?'

Red came the blood full swift to dye
Our cousin's conscious face;
Outright laughed we as hit so sly
From darling little Grace.—*Knickerbocker.*

#### My Love and I—A SONG.

My love and I are very sly;
We don't come out and tell
Of all the things that she and I
Both do and love so well.

She keeps our secret—not a word
Too 'scapes her lips of 'roes;'
So in a cage I keep my bird,
And loose her when I choose.

A merry singing-bird she is,
Amazing sweet of bill;
I know, because with every kiss
The honey runs a rill.

And when, with labor tired, I lean
To rest within her arms,
To me she seems a very queen
Of mirthfulness and charms.

Ask who she is, you cannot know;
Enough that she and I,
Run on, as streams together flow,
In sparkling harmony.


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## MISCELLANEOUS.

[Written for the Flag of our Union.]

## THE PAIR AND THE BRAVE.

A SEA TALE.

By CAPT. ROBERT BARNARD.

### CHAPTER I.

"Wonders for us, the gentlest and the fair,
And thinks this or it's new each worthy grace."

It was at a late hour one dark evening that a young couple were seated in the parlor of a family mansion in Roseberry, New York, and walked hastily up the street. The lady, who was very beautiful, gathered her cloak around her nervously as the sharp cries of the seamen blent that swept the dust from the streets in whirling eddies. This other, a gentleman of fashion, by sporting manners too, and whiskers of the blackest dye, threw his hands heedlessly into his pockets while he contemplated glances into every corner involved by the pale and sickly light of the street lamps. This couple hurried along in silence for a few minutes, the one lady full with a vision of exceeding sweetness:

"I really did not think of staying so late, but I had to much to say to Charles, when I have not even since we were at Saratoga, it June, that the latter was necessary; I wish, dear, that I had told John to come for us with the carriage; it is quite late."

"Yes, it is quite quiet; beside Miss Rosalie's party will be over soon, and the disgusted watchmen, looking round with sickened air.

Disgusting! what, Charles, you don't apprehend danger! what danger could possibly befall us in the midst of such a shining generality?" said the fair companion with the slightest possible curl of the lip.

"Aw, I fear, I'm much—then; that's, I've no dweadful wisk in this country." Dwendful wudnes is this city." At this instant the sound of a number of voices singing and talking in loud tones attracted their attention, almost leading into Broadway; somewhat in advance of them stood a party of watchmen.

"Good gracious! I hope we shan't meet more wonders! O, gracious, what can we do? convinced nonetheless.

"Hush, Charles, I'm at the brown end pas the corner," said the lady, slightly alarmed. The next moment a party of half-intoxicated young men of the gayest of the gay, were seen to surround them, singing in maudlin accents, 'Where did you get that pretty girl to?' &c., &c., down."

"Hello! Bill, Sandy look'ee here; here's pass—fun alive; said one of the revelers in advance, to his companions; "here's a gal in one of a modern dress, and a gentleman, and got fwine—ny, it is! Come Ge Berg Whang or Vice Admiral Sir Jim tatere." The couple endeavored to hurry along, but the gang of fellows kept close at their heels all the while.

"Aw feellow,let me pwass; do, good mon, and I'll give you a dollah; I'm not pon honor; whined the whiskered gentleman.

"Ha, ha! say, Bill, make der feller away; I'm run't pon it, and der gal shall come," said one, while another caught the gentleman by the arm, and pulled him back with a fierce companion, causing him to perform several pirouettes with the agility of a dancing master.

The moment was one of intense anxiety, for surely, he ran up the street crying, 'Watch, watch,' quite nearly, leaving his companion to the tender mercies of the revelers.

"Ah! Liry you're a brave man, a trump—hain't yer, my?"

"Fellow's make, let me pass—I beg—let—let—let—let me pass—I—let me go!"

Since a coming the h-ghtown—for it is known, dear reader, that the gentleman couldn't come the high-strikes (hysterics) could yer; that would be high! cried a voice, jeering you.

"Ben, boys, run—der Charles is comin' a cried another, as the rapid tread of footsteps were heard near by.

"Not before I have a pull at this lush (gin) that I've got—hold on," said a strong child, As it sprang in his mother's breast.

"Hold on, and you shall have it, and lush was sold. As it clung to her breast, and—

"I'm cold! The cold! and my heart is sick,
And a mist comes o'er my sight,
And the air around is chill and thick
Does mother, can it be night?

"I'm cold! I'm cold! and I know 'tis death,
I struggle with it in vain;
I know it will steal away my breath—
I'm cold! I'm cold again.

"I am going away to the cold dark shore,
And the way seems very dreary;
And I shall never see home or you more,
For that land is far from here.

"I'm very cold, and I fear to go;
Away to the dark valley of death;
And I see yon cross the river, I know,
That rushes before my sight.

"O, hold me close to your loving heart;
And sing you're so very kind;
And when the cold, with its cruel dart, yet,
I shall feel it not so much

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[WRITTEN EXPRESSLY FOR THE FLAG OF OUR UNION.]

# THE BELLE OF MADRID,

## OR,

## THE UNKNOWN MASK.

### A TALE OF SPAIN AND THE SPANISH.

BY LIEUTENANT HOFFMAN.

[CONTINUED.]

### CHAPTER XIV.

*Travellers on the mountain pass. Sudden attack of the bandits. The robbers and the noblemen. The pistol shot and its effect. Journey up the steep of the mountains. Prisoners at Reyas's stronghold. The natural cave. Robber hospitality.*

IT was in the after part of a cold, dusty day, that a small party, consisting of seven dozen persons in all, being a noblemen and a female together with their train of servants, were dashing through one of the lower passes of the Pyrenees. Night was fast gathering her mantle over the scene, and the party were evidently hurrying on their mules to their greatest speed in order to get to the hostelry on the opposite plains before nightfall. The noblemen were in front, and the servants and recruited their most often about their ears incessantly, while some of the servants cast anxious and uneasy glances behind them at the lengthening shadows of the hills, and the darkening mist that slowly crept over the pass. The truth was, their care had been filled at the last stopping place, on the other side of the mountains, with wild stories about Reyas and his followers, and though the positions seemed to have little about them to excite or entertain so fear at all, yet the regular servants that accompanied on the travellers showed unequivocal signs of nervousness and fear.

Of course, the noblemen had given little heed to the stories that had so frightened the servants, though he did take the precaution to offer a double fee to his drivers, provided they got him over the mountains safely, and within sight of town. But who can meet with an honest Spanish postilion? Ten to one they were in the pay of the very men that the travellers feared most, and all their loud efforts to spur on their lazy animals was a mere disguise to blind suspicion. But still urged forward not only by their rich fee, but also by stout blows and curses from the noblemen's private servants, the mules dashed down the steep hills, and through the dark avenues of the ordinary wood. Through the party was armed, it was in a most indifferent manner, and did the outriders look like men that could wield the weapons that hung at their sides. But still they sped on until the idea of danger began to grow less and less in their minds; the men sat more easily in the saddle, the mules were allowed to choose their own gait with slight occasional prompting, and the noblemen of the carriage took back to rest themselves in the easiest posture.

But hark! A shrill bugle note echoes through the air, and the next the whole magical note that had so lately roused the sentinels of the night-watch, they were ready to capture the robber of the mountains in his stronghold!

The noblemen stopped just where they were, so suddenly as though they had each received a bullet through the heart.

"Why do you stop?" said the noblemen, starting from the carriage, one of the two men down.

"The bandits are upon us!" replied the noblemen, very quietly.

Then dash ahead, and redouble your speed," cried the noblemen; "my spur and whip, and I will ensured you well when we stop."

Run away from the signal of Antonio Rojas? asked one of the noblemen, with an disguised dismay at such a proposition.

"To be sure, you stupid ass; drive on at once and with the speed of the wind," said the excited noblemen.

"Not for all the gold you are worth," replied the driver nearest the noblemen.

"Mount here, fellow," said the traveller, addressing himself to another of the drivers, mount here and drive on. I will make your fortune for you at once."

"No, no," replied he, whom he now addressed. "We know that we are in your power. I will warn to go but one single stride ahead, a ball-let would be sent through my head. No, no. I remember the fate of Don Lorenzo, who stepped up his saddle and attempted to run away. He died in the saddle, with rings of the party who mounted and kept quiet, were afterwards apprehended in an army unharmed. Don't ask me to run away from the bandits!"

Here the remarks of the noblemen were interrupted by the approach of a score of horsemen at full gallop, around to the very teeth, and led by a young officer, who, tossing the reins of his steed to a companion, dismounted, and approached the door of the vehicle and opened it. The noblemen, resolving not to be taken than without an effort at resistance, saluted the young officer by firing a pistol taken from his side in the carriage-bag, full at his very breast, the weapon as sure as almost to touch his person when it was discharged! The young officer stepped back a single pace, partly to recover from the shock of the discharge, partly to turn on his head to his comrades, who, on hearing the report of fire-arms, had instantly unslung their carbines from their backs, and brought them to bear upon the whole posse of travellers, to prevent them from firing; then turning to the noblemen who had just fired at him, he said, as in a tone of deep reproach, "Is this the first or last great coolness?

Perhaps," replied he, you would like to try the other weapon before we proceed any further in this business?"

The noblemen looked at his weapon still hot with the discharge, and then at the young soldier in amazement, as though he believed some super-human power had interposed to save him from being then brought to his side.

"I am much surprised that I should have missed my aim, when you were so very near," replied the noblemen, in astonishment.

"O, not at all, it's the easiest thing in life to shoot a person at the noblest, simply to aim at his countenance, and he will be sure to miss you."

Where is a gentleman, then, that I have not wounded you? asked the noblemen.

"I will tell you," replied the robber, "and at the same time let you know who I am, a useful piece of advice gratis. Never leave your weapons loose in the vest and a country inn!"

"I understand!" replied the other; "the bullets were drawn from the barrels?"

"They were, or else my life would have been sacrificed to your aim.

Observing the look of fear of the female who sat behind him who had spoken, the young officer hastened to reassure her with a gay and soldierly air.

By the holy virgin, lady, but I do not like this mustering before me of your sex—there is a disagreeable alternative, upon my word."

"Well, since we are in your power, what have you to say?" interrupted the noblemen; "do you propose to cut our throats, or will our purses content you?"

"Neither, signor—"

"What then?" again interrupted the other. "Are we to be sent from your then towards the mountain again," said the robber, "and follow in the course of Antonio Rojas, where you will learn his pleasure, and your fate."

"His pleasure!" exclaimed the noblemen.

"Are you not Antonio Rojas?" asked the lady, in surprise at this reunion.

"I am generally so called," said the young officer, lifting his cap as he spoke, "our captain is very different name, but as he is known by none but me to the band, but I am a slave to him.

"Is it to see Count d'Arnola with to meet's own doors, and tell him that I have deemed him to death, and that his brother-another-and-death is now before me? Oh, my eyes then will soon cease to live! Do you understand my words?

"To die!" repeated the lieutenant, with tones of much surprise.

"Ay, to die."

"But, cajoun, would it not be better for us to resist?" asked the other.

"Obey orders," interrupted his superior, "and you will live for a time."

I shall bear the message as you have directed," replied the lieutenant.

"Tell them that I will allow them the benefit of clergy, and as there is no reprieve from the supreme power, that they should send their sentence of the priest in his holy office, with request and exercise of same."

"I understand, captain," said the other, while his face and appearance underwent a sudden change, "you will escort your old character of a priest."

"You have your orders," coolly answered Rojas, interposing him.

"Yes, captain."

"You know the impression that I wish to have, that he dies—"

"Yes, captain."

"Let them think that a holy friar stopped here yesterday, in his journey over the mountains, and that if they wish it should be so, he will be detained to-day, that he may perform his last ceremony," said Rojas.

"Yes, captain," understood," replied the lieutenant, lifting his cap and retiring.

Scarcely had the morning sun gilded the tops of the mountains, when the party of the bandits' cave, when the young officer entered, and sought the presence of the prisoners, and Count d'Arnola and his daughter were confined. In the most delicate manner he informed them that great distance had been laid under contribution, and that the ransom of the prisoners was the life of his side, then to the robber, who nevertheless loved it, and said:

"You would have scattered not at all; you were expected, and would have been found as easily at your house as country."

Had you information of our passing this way?" asked the noblemen.

Few persons cross the mountains without our knowledge."

And this plot to rob us has been coolly laid, then, I understand you?

We do not rob; we demand tribute of those who enter our domains, and the tax is generally paid without grumbling," said the young bandit.

Do you know who I am?"

Most undoubtedly."

My name is—"

"Count d'Arnola."

And this lady?"

Is your daughter, the Lady Isabella d'Arnola," said the robber, lifting his cap.

The count and his daughter looked at each other in astonishment, to hear themselves thus rightly called in this wild pass of the mountains by one they had never seen before, and were fain to yield with the best possible grace to orders that they had no power to disobey.

"We need fear nothing, Isabella," said the father; "it is a ransom that they with to make now, and I shall think a release from them cheap on any terms."

"I do not think that I fear, father; but I was somewhat startled at first, at the understanding of the interruption we have encountered."

Bravely said, my child; there should not have been a man, bandits, for thus have life and the spirit of a man here," replied the count.

With such words and feelings they wended the mountain scenery as they sped along, Count d'Arnola and his daughter with the almost entire exception on account of his fair child, for her pale face and form had not yet recovered with the utmost coolness. He found to assume a calm exterior, and in the mind touching the fate that might possibly await her, and indeed struggled to drive the picture from his mind, but could not succeed in doing it. He was not a little re-assured by the gentlemanly conduct of the robber who had been relieved to, and by the complete discipline with which he commanded. And then again, after weighing the matter fully in his own mind, he could have no doubt that these noblemen were employed by no private client. He reasoned that they doubtless expected a large ransom out of the Count d'Arnola by demanding a ransom, and holding him as a hostage for his daughter, and then they would do by an imprisonment.

Upon the open road, and thus philosophizing, Count d'Arnola and his daughter passed on in more complacently than might have been anticipated, or persons who were prisoners and under the escort of a fierce and renowned bandit.

They were soon, however, obliged to leave the vehicle, and mounted upon mules, they began to ascend the mountain, and found that to their unexpected eyes seemed almost impassable, and the darkness at length completely shrouded their sight. But the robbers guided their animals at least as surely and as rapidly and trod the path with as free a rein as though dashing over the open plain beneath the moonlight. In this way the captives could not see the passes they visited, and finally came out upon a high open plain, from whence the cave opened that formed the robber's chief abode. Here everything was in the route that had brought them there.

Count d'Arnola and Isabella found apartments prepared for them where the avoidances of comfort and refinement were singularly displayed. Here a supper was served, with a place was set of the question, and had it been within the reach of their dinning, they were far too much fatigued to consider it now. Indeed, the late league of climbing up the steep hills, and descending the mountain three, the pursuing of a rude yet acceptable repast, with the luxurious couches of the cave, in the little division which an attendant signified was designed for their places of repose.

### CHAPTER XV.

*The cave of Antonio Rojas on the mountain pass. The bandit's stronghold. The prisoners. The mistress of death in the prison. The sentence of death. The priest's counsel. The true character of Count d'Arnola displayed under peculiar circumstances.*

LEAVING father and daughter, Count d'Arnola and Isabella, to rest themselves in the cave of the bandits, which we have already engaged parlor of the upper passes, let us look at the singular appearance of this immense natural cave, which communicated with a wide yet strong and serviceable tower, which had been constructed by the robbers with loop-holes, showing that it was evidently intended for the purpose of being one by the bandit. This tower flanked the entrance to the cave, a hollow space of which was used as a lookout up frequently over the scene around, like a gun standing as sentinel over some particular spot.

The entire cave was immensely spacious, and had been divided and subdivided in the most serviceable manner by long partitions of stone and other material. It had been introduced from an almost immovable point above, and altogether, ingenuity had rendered the cave a most comfortable one, and many articles of domestic comfort in numbers that proved at once that some rich caste within no great distance had been laid under contribution, or some people had in full possession of the cave of the bandits. Here and there were hung several rare and fine old pictures, and some splendid specimens of arms, and the floors in the robbers themselves, when they had been brought upon the ground, showed by their rich texture that there was some artist's hand and taste employed there.

Here a stand of a hundred muskets bright as silver in their polish, were stacked across the farthest portion of the apartment, into which we now introduce the reader. Along on each side were fixed in sockets, pistols and cutlasses in regular order. On the opposite side to that occupied by the stand of arms, the wall was covered with short guns used by horsemen and lancers, with other weapons for mounted men, showing that the robbers acted on occasion called, either as cavalry or infantry.

Near the centre of this division of the cave, not a man by a board table, on which a couple of lighted tapers were placed. Around him by some papers, a few books, a brace of pistols and his sword upon one side of the table. The man was still, and his meditations were unbroken by a single sound, even the guard who stood at the door leaned silently upon his rifle-butt, and seemed to be dreaming away his time on duty also.

The person seated at the table bore unmistakable signs about him that he was the master of the spot. He was a man of some thirty or thirty-five years, yet the supported life he had, had lessened his complexion, and given him such other tokens as might render his age perhaps doubtful. He was modelled like a Hercules, not enlarging so much strength by his size, as by the manner of his formation, with a broad, full chest and wide shoulders, while the form tapered down toward the hips in a graceful gradation, a picture of combined grace and strength. His countenance evinced very little beauty, though it was a sovereignful or vindictive spirit. Indeed, except the compressed and resolute expression of his lip, now and then apparent, you would have set him down as the last man to command a band of outlaws. But yet there was a certain expression that played about the lips, and that wrought them into a fixed position at times, that showed stern resolve, and the spirit to carry it out.

The eyes were handsome, full, black and darker still, yet they seemed to change color in the expression we have described upon his lips. Altogether, as he moved there in himself, he was a man to be remembered. And then again, after weighing the matter fully in his own mind, he could have no doubt that these noblemen were employed by no private client. He reasoned that they doubtless expected a large ransom out of the Count d'Arnola by demanding a ransom, and holding him as a hostage for his daughter for its payment, then they would do by an imprisonment.

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They were soon, however, obliged to leave the vehicle, and mounted upon mules, they began to ascend the mountain, and found that to their unexpected eyes seemed almost impassable, and the darkness at length completely shrouded their sight. But the robbers guided their animals at least as surely and as rapidly and trod the path with as free a rein as though dashing over the open plain beneath the moonlight. In this way the captives could not see the passes they visited, and finally came out upon a high open plain, from whence the cave opened that formed the robber's chief abode. Here everything was in the route that had brought them there.

Count d'Arnola and Isabella found apartments prepared for them where the avoidances of comfort and refinement were singularly displayed. Here a supper was served, with a place was set of the question, and had it been within the reach of their dinning, they were far too much fatigued to consider it now. Indeed, the late league of climbing up the steep hills, the pursuing of a rude yet acceptable repast, with the luxurious couches of the cave, in the little division which an attendant signified was designed for their places of repose.

### CHAPTER XVI.

*The priest and Count d'Arnola at the confessional. The count's singular story of the former life, revealing to the reader reasons for his evasive dispossession and singular characteristics. The interruption of the bugle call.*

THE time supposed for the interview between the priest and Count d'Arnola had arrived, and the robber chief, dispensed with guard and entered the cell of the pious old Gentz, entered that portion of the cave where the prisoners were confined. He was attended by the young lieutenant, who hurrying humbly before him, ushered him into the presence of the count and Isabella. The sacred character of the confessional was then at its height in Spain and other European countries, and no Catholics in Circumstances would dare to violate the sanctity of its privileges, save those of Spain. From the humblest peasantry to the nobility of the land, all had been known upon at the shrine of the confessional, with the blind and fanatical hope that by pleasantly with the confessor—from the priest and regarded, we also were made a little community in ourselves.

At last Heaven smiled upon us also, and sent us a lovely priest, a glorious child, who was in yonder apartment. We were happy, very happy then, for we had a friend, and we could have been so, since our cup of pleasure was filled to the brim. But, alas! in the midst of our happiness, a strange feeling of misgiving would creep over my soul, a vague presence of some unknown evil that would rest and perhaps overwhelm us. At this time, for it seemed almost too real, too joyous for earth. Such a thought passed me, but this fearful idea in my wife, but her gentle nature would not allow her to speak her fears of peggy.

I have come," said the friar, calmly, "by the request of the master of this place, Antonio Rojas, that you may be told your child, and look ship from Gibraltar. Adverse winds detained us upon the seem, and prolonged the voyage, and we, in consequence, did not reach the harbor of Gibraltar until the vessel had sailed. Here I found that the great delay in my appointment had caused the changeable winds, had brought me to the mountains too late to overtake the vessel's purpose, and in the meantime an important change had taken place in my fortunes. As soon of such a character as to render my stay here for the present a matter of the most necessity. With a reluctant heart I was compelled to succumb to the force of circumstances, and hasten to the mountains, and there I found more than I had at first proposed to do, but securing me in my almost daily opinion, of my consummate love and devotion.

It was at this time that I received from some fiend in human shape, a letter from home. It was by an anonymous hand, and was written in a woman's delicate style, but the author I never knew. Doubtless it was from some one whose secret I had found out and acted by ingratitude, and that out here the sight of the unalloyed bliss that I had so long and fondly enjoyed. It was a member that rejoiced well. How could I ever forget it? It was after this purport:

"'Curse of curses!'

"'Your mate, seemingly so pure and gentle, finds time in your lucky absence to fall and over with another, when he did hold back from the nest, though it is but three days since you departed, and you have not been gone a week.

"'Heaven help you! Such was the letter to me, for Heaven can bear me witness, that I scarcely less than worshipped the memory of my wife and child with which I was blessed, and longed for the moment when I should embrace them. I had written to my wife, and told her when I should return, and that I should be absent only a few days, and I had received no answer, and I was therefore almost unprepared to meet such a fate as this letter pictured to me.

"'Are you sure?' I asked, in a voice of deep agitation, and my face was as pale as death.

"'Sure!' replied the lieutenant, with tones of much surprise.

"'Ay, to die.'

"'But, cajoun, would it not be better for us to resist?' asked the other.

"'Obey orders,' interrupted his superior, 'and you will live for a time.'

"'I shall bear the message as you have directed,' replied the lieutenant.

"'Tell them that I will allow them the benefit of clergy, and as there is no reprieve from the supreme power, that they should send their sentence of the priest in his holy office, with request and exercise of same.'

"'I understand, captain,' said the other, while his face and appearance underwent a sudden change, 'you will escort your old character of a priest.'

"'You have your orders,' coolly answered Rojas, interposing him.

"'Yes, captain.'

"'You know the impression that I wish to have, that he dies—'

"'Yes, captain.'

"'Let them think that a holy friar stopped here yesterday, in his journey over the mountains, and that if they wish it should be so, he will be detained to-day, that he may perform his last ceremony,' said Rojas.

"'Yes, captain,' understood," replied the lieutenant, lifting his cap and retiring.

Scarcely had the morning sun gilded the tops of the mountains, when the party of the bandits' cave, when the young officer entered, and sought the presence of the prisoners, and Count d'Arnola and his daughter were confined. In the most delicate manner he informed them that great distance had been laid under contribution, and that the ransom of the prisoners was the life of his side, then to the robber, who nevertheless loved it, and said:

"You would have scattered not at all; you were expected, and would have been found as easily at your house as country."

Had you information of our passing this way?" asked the noblemen.

Few persons cross the mountains without our knowledge."

And this plot to rob us has been coolly laid, then, I understand you?

We do not rob; we demand tribute of those who enter our domains, and the tax is generally paid without grumbling," said the young bandit.

Do you know who I am?"

Most undoubtedly."

My name is—"

"Count d'Arnola."

And this lady?"

Is your daughter, the Lady Isabella d'Arnola," said the robber, lifting his cap.

The count and his daughter looked at each other in astonishment, to hear themselves thus rightly called in this wild pass of the mountains by one they had never seen before, and were fain to yield with the best possible grace to orders that they had no power to disobey.

"We need fear nothing, Isabella," said the father; "it is a ransom that they with to make now, and I shall think a release from them cheap on any terms."

"I do not think that I fear, father; but I was somewhat startled at first, at the understanding of the interruption we have encountered."

Bravely said, my child; there should not have been a man, bandits, for thus have life and the spirit of a man here," replied the count.

With such words and feelings they wended the mountain scenery as they sped along, Count d'Arnola and his daughter with the almost entire exception on account of his fair child, for her pale face and form had not yet recovered with the utmost coolness. He found to assume a calm exterior, and in the mind touching the fate that might possibly await her, and indeed struggled to drive the picture from his mind, but could not succeed in doing it. He was not a little re-assured by the gentlemanly conduct of the robber who had been relieved to, and by the complete discipline with which he commanded. And then again, after weighing the matter fully in his own mind, he could have no doubt that these noblemen were employed by no private client. He reasoned that they doubtless expected a large ransom out of the Count d'Arnola by demanding a ransom, and holding him as a hostage for his daughter for its payment, then they would do by an imprisonment.

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"Let them think that a holy friar stopped here yesterday, in his journey over the mountains, and that if they wish it should be so, he will be detained to-day, that he may perform his last ceremony," said Rojas.

"Yes, captain,"

[Written for The Flag of our Union.]

# LYDIA LITTLE'S LOVERS.

OR,

## THE RIVALS IN A 'FIX.'

BY PAUL CREYTON.

One of the prettiest lasses that ever graced a country dance or turned the head of a rustic lover, was Lydia Little, the subject of the following sketch.

Nobody could deny it; she was very pretty. Even her rivals allowed that she was quite fascinating, and her bitterest enemies declared that, after all, she was a beauty.

Although Lydia was really handsome, it was a very unfortunate circumstance that she was conscious of the fact. It is no injury to a girl to be pretty, if she doesn't know it; but Lydia had quite as perfect a knowledge of her charms as even her warmest admirers; and the consequence was, she became one of the most vain, shrewd and heartless coquettes that even made a bonfire of true hearts in order to laugh at the flame.

Lydia had ardent admirers far and near, for her beauty was famous in all the villages within twenty miles of the town in which her father, a rich old farmer, resided.

Although Lydia smiled on all, there were only two who were known to possess very great importance in her eyes, and who seemed to cast all her other lovers into the shade.

One of these young men was named White, and the other Brown. These, it was said, were Lydia's favorite colors, and it only remained for her to choose between them. Indeed, it was a matter of debate in the village, whether it would be better for her to become a *little white* or a *little brown*.

Messrs. White and Brown both lived at a distance from their mistress, but White had the advantage over his rival, for he lived the nearest. These two gentlemen had heard of each other, and felt bound to hate each other, although they had not the pleasure of a personal acquaintance. White was afraid of Brown, and Brown was afraid of White, so that Lydia, out of pure kindness, was very careful that they should never meet at her house.

If the rivals feared each other, they feared Lydia's father still more. He had tried to put a stop to her innocent flirtations, and had repeatedly threatened to shoot her suitors if they didn't keep aloof. Besides that, his name was *Little*, and he was a little man; but little as he was, he was a little fierce, and the beaux were not a little afraid of his resentment.

One day when Lydia's father was gone from home and was not expected back until late at night, she determined to send for one of her suitors to come and keep her company during the evening. But which should she choose? Here was a dilemma indeed. She reflected that Brown was with her last, and feeling that it would be unjust not to allow White to come in his turn, she resolved that White should be the man. So she dropped a line to White and had everything prepared for his reception in the evening.

Lydia felt so confident that her dear White would fly to meet her, that she would have been willing to stake her life that he would be there exact at the appointed hour. White was very punctual, and she felt that he loved her too well to allow anything whatever to interfere with the interview.

However, as time passed, and he did not arrive at the moment, she began to change her mind and to wonder how she had ever permitted White to occupy the same heart with such a noble fellow as Brown.

'Brown would not have failed—*he* wouldn't, I know—'

Such thoughts were running in her mind, when there was a rap at the door. She knew White was there, and forgetting her resentment, flew to admit him. What was her surprise on finding that it was not *White, but Brown!*

'Don't be surprised,' panted the delighted lover. 'I shouldn't have dared to come—'fraid of the old man—but I saw him—middle of the afternoon—he told me—(I'm so out of breath I can't hardly speak)—he wasn't coming home till midnight.'

'So you took an opportunity of visiting me during his absence? eh?'

'Just so.'

Lydia smiled on him at first, but then she looked thoughtful and finally appeared quite perplexed. She was considering what a *fix* she would be in if White should be coming along about that time!

'You mustn't stop,' said she, nervously. 'Father 'll be home—I expect him every minute—and if he should find you—'

'Pshaw! there's no danger!' said Brown. 'He wont be home yet awhile. And if he comes, I can slip into the kitchen and get out at the back door.'

Finding she could not send her lover away, Lydia resolved to make the most of him while he stayed.

'O,' said Brown, 'I've a rich joke to tell you—'

'Do let me hear it.'

'As I was coming this way to-night, who do you think I met?'

'Who?'

'Your particular friend—Mr. White!'

'My particular friend!' sneered Lydia.

'Yes—but never mind that—I ain't afraid of him—'

'But how did you know him?'

'O, I had caught a glimpse of him before. But he didn't know me, and that's the cream of the joke.'

'How so?'

'Why, you see, we fell in with each other, and as he was coming this way, we got to talking about the folks in these diggins. Says I, "old 'squire Little lives somewhere near here, don't he?" "Yes," says he, grinning—for the moon shone, and I could see him grin—"do you know his daughter?" "I've heard of her," says I, "she's pretty, they say!" "Well, she isn't anything else," says White; and he looked at me just as if he thought he was pulling the wool over my eyes completely. "She has plenty of beaux, I hear," says I. "Yes," says he, laughing. "There is a fellow by the name of Brown trying to come in there, I suppose you know." "O, yes," says I, "but he can't?"

'I looked very closely at him, and saw he didn't mistrust *I* was Brown, and could hardly keep from laughing right out. "He can't come in," says I. "There's a fellow by the name of White that's going to cut him out, I hear." "Yes," says he, "White stands a pretty good chance, I guess. I know White." "Do you, though?" says I. "Can't you introduce me sometime? In return, I'll do you the favor to introduce you to Brown, whom I am intimately acquainted with.—Brown's a pretty good sort of fellow, although he may be unfortunate in his love affairs. He's a good-natured fellow, and I presume that if he was in my place now, and you were White himself, he'd sooner joke you than quarrel with you." "That's just the way with White," says he. "He wouldn't quarrel with you if you were Brown."

'I talked with the fellow in this way for some time, and kept my countenance so well that he'll be surprised, I reckon, when he learns I am Brown himself. Wasn't it a rich joke, Lydia?'

'Ah, very!' replied the girl, laughing heartily. 'But what noise is that?'

'There are footsteps—'

'O, it is father!' exclaimed Lydia, not a little flustered. 'Quick—you must go—'

Brown didn't wait for ceremony, but dodged into the kitchen in hot haste. He would have hastened from the house in an instant, but he heard a voice which sounded so strangely that he had a curiosity to know if it was indeed Mr. Little that had come.

He crept softly back to the door by which he had made his exit, dropped on his knees and applied his ear at the key-hole.

At that moment he heard a noise that sounded so much like a hearty kiss that it made his heart come up into his mouth as large as a pumpkin.

He looked—and O, the faithlessness and fickleness of woman!—there was Lydia blushing and smiling in the arms of his rival—of his new acquaintance—White!

Brown's first impulse was to burst through the door and eat up his rival, but he soon thought better of it, and determined to give him a few moments reprieve before he demolished him entirely.

'There, stop!' cried Lydia. 'You shan't kiss me again to-night!'

'Why not?' asked White.

'Because you didn't come to see me at the time I appointed. It's all of twenty minutes later. That's why.'

'You don't imagine what a good excuse I've got!' replied White, laughing.

'What is it?'

'I met a chap who bothered me.'

'That was me,' thought Brown, still looking through the key-hole. 'I did bother him, and I bluffed him off nicely, too. I wish I had wrung his neck for him!'

'You can't guess who it was, Lydia,' said White, laughing.

'Do you know?'

'To be sure I do! though he didn't mistrust I knew him. It was my redoubtable rival, Mr. Brown!'

'The d—l!' muttered the listener, biting his lips in perplexity.

'Did you meet that fellow?' asked Lydia. 'O, I wish you knew how much fun I've had with him! Why, the great fool flatters himself that I am ninny enough to love him!'

'Highly complimentary!' thought Brown, grinding his teeth and looking harmless daggers through the key-hole.

'You'd have been amused, Lydia, to hear me talk with him and lay on the soft soap! I got the wool over his eyes nicely. He didn't know me, and I chatted with him about you and myself and *him*, and it went down like a pill taken in apple sauce.'

Lydia laughed heartily to think how completely the rivals had fooled each other, each believing all the time that the game was all on his own side, and White laughed too at the thought of having played such a trick on Brown.

Brown was the only one that didn't laugh. The thought of having been made such a fool of, didn't, by any means, inspire him into a merry mood.

'I can't stand this!' thought he, scowling at the key-hole. 'I must have my turn now. White may take my place here in the dark, if he likes, and I'll step into the sitting-room.'

He stole cautiously out at the back-door and proceeded around the house.

A minute after, Lydia and her dear White, who were having a fine time, heard footsteps approaching the door.

'It's father!' cried Lydia, believing the old gentleman had really come. 'You mustn't be seen by him, White. Run in there and get out of the house as soon as possible!'

She pushed White into the kitchen and hastened to the front door.

Having made up her mouth to give her dear father a sweet kiss the moment he entered, she stood ready to throw her arms about his neck—when, to her astonishment, who should appear but—Brown!

I need scarcely inform the reader that White, impelled by the same laudable curiosity which led Brown to make the discovery we have seen, already had his eye at the key-hole.

'What! you again?' said Lydia, bestowing on Brown the kiss she had reserved for her venerable parent. 'How glad I am you have come back! But it is rash in you—'

'Love makes the heart bold!' laughed Brown, giving Lydia an extra hug for the express benefit of White, who he expected was at the key-hole. 'I began to think the old man hadn't come after all; so I came back to bid you good-by more deliberately.'

'Ah! you are a good fellow!' said Lydia, 'but I can't let you stop now. I really expect father every minute.'

'Well, I'll go soon, but I must finish telling you about how I bluffed off your dear friend White—'

'My dear friend!' echoed Lydia, contemptuously. 'I wish you knew how I detest that fellow—'

'I thought so; and for that reason, when I had the talk with him on the road, as I was telling you, out of consideration for your feelings, I determined he shouldn't visit you to-night. So I followed him until he didn't dare come any farther, for fear I would mistrust he was coming to see you. Didn't I bluff him off? and wouldn't I laugh to see him enter now!'

'What a fool I have been making of myself!' thought White, glaring through the key-hole. 'Brown is the man Lydia loves, after all; and instead of fooling him so completely as I thought I was doing, when we met, he was all the time playing off a contemptible trick on me! I'll rush in, demolish him, and tell that laughing, saucy jade just what I think of her!'

White was on the point of carrying this savage resolution into effect, when an unusual bustle in the parlor caused him to delay. He heard Lydia whisper—'Father's coming!'—heard a parting kiss—heard the front door opening—and the next moment Brown was thrust unceremoniously into the kitchen where he himself was concealed.

If the reader imagines that the rivals, on being shut up in a dark room together, flew at each other like two hungry wild beasts, I would beg to inform him that he is very much in error. The rivals did nothing of the sort, as we shall see.

Brown heard a light footstep, and knew White was in the room.

'My dear fellow—' he whispered.

'What the deuce do you want?' growled the irritated White.

'What a rich joke! ha! ha!' laughed Brown. 'Lydia thinks she has been making fools of us, but I believe we both understand her now perfectly.'

'Little doubt about that!' said White, bitterly.

'There's no use feeling sore about the matter,' observed the philosophical Brown. 'Our acquaintance has commenced under peculiar circumstances, and I think it is our duty to cultivate it. I overheard your conversation with Lydia, looking through the key-hole, and as you witnessed my interview with her just now, we are even on that score. Give me your hand and let us be sworn friends in future.'

'I am proud to make your acquaintance,' said White, feeling much consoled by his rival's philosophical harangue. 'We are quits as far as the joke is concerned; and as for that girl—that heartless coquette—'

'We needn't quarrel about her,' interrupted Brown, 'for she is not worth a thought. I wonder how a man of your penetration never saw what she was before?'

'If so shrewd a man as you were deceived,' replied White, 'what could be expected of me? But we both know her better now, and we can whistle her off without a pang.'

'What a sensible fellow you are!' exclaimed Brown; 'and what a pity it is I never made your acquaintance before!'

The rivals shook hands, and became sworn friends on the spot.

Hearing Lydia's father talking very loud to her in the parlor, they thought it a good time to make their escape, and glided out of the house unheard by either the old gentleman or his daughter.

On the following day, as Lydia was laughing heartily at her adventure on the preceding night, a small, neatly-folded billet was brought in to her by the postman.

'It's Brown's hand-writing,' she said to herself, as she broke open the letter with a smile of satisfied vanity. 'Let's see what he says!'

She read as follows:

'*To our dear Lydia:*

'As you are now, in all probability, laboring under the erroneous impression that you have played a most admirable trick off on us, we have formed ourselves into a joint committee of two, in order to devise means for setting your mind at rest upon the subject. The truth is, dear Lydia, we, the undersigned, understand ourselves and each other perfectly, and see through your entire course of conduct better than you imagine. However, we have formed the wise resolution to allow you to retain your natural colors through life, before we so far forget our self respect as to think of inducing you to become either *Brown* or *White*.

'Trusting that this official document contains such an explanation of our views as you will readily understand, we hereby bid you an affectionate adieu, hoping you may have better success in your attempts on others.

'Signed, TIMOTHY BROWN,
OLIVER WHITE.'

'POSTSCRIPT.—(*Not official*).—Messrs. Brown and White beg leave mildly to suggest to their dear Miss Lydia, that in future, when she is in want of victims, she will stand a better chance of meeting with success, if, instead of attempting such sterling colors as *white and brown*, she should try something more nearly approaching a *green*.'

Lydia read this important document twice before she fully understood its import; then, in a fit of vexation and rage, she threw it on the floor and stamped upon it with her pretty little foot.

When the first burst of rage had passed, she reflected that she was no more than justly punished for her foolish, heartless flirtations. The event proved a salutary lesson to the pretty Lydia, for from that time she gave over practising anything like coquetting, and became a very sensible sort of girl.

A year after, Lydia married a respectable young farmer, and sent to her old friends, Brown and White, a polite and pressing invitation to attend the wedding.

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[Written for The Flag of our Union.]

## Constantinople.

BY MATURIN M. BALLOU.

Fair city of the dreamy East,
Proud daughter of the sea,
With thy thousand mosques and minarets,
We dip our pen to thee.

Though four-and-twenty times besieged,
The foe have pressed thy walls,
The crescent still in crimson field
Floats o'er thy princely halls.

As pearls about a diamond set,
Its beauties to adorn,
So, stretching by thy emerald hills,
Sparkles the Golden Horn.

Bosphorus and Marmora's sea
Lave thy classic shore;
And muezzin from minaret
Shouts as in days of yore.

Spices and perfumes, rich and rare,
By camels from afar,
With finest fruits, profusely crowd
Each Mussulman's bazaar.

And henna dye, and incense wood,
With gum from Palestine,
And—lenient may the Prophet be—
Rich jars of Persian wine!

How oriental is each scene
That sweeps thy shores along,
The gilded caique, the quaint ship,
The Turkish boatman's song!

Fair city of the dreamy East,
Proud daughter of the sea!
From very childhood we have dreamed
Of romance and of thee.

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## Indian Courtship.

Kah-ge-ga-gah-bowh, the Indian Chief, recently in describing the peculiarities of savage life, remarked that among the tribes of the West there were very many curious ceremonies connected with courtship and marriage. One way of getting a wife was as follows: 'When a young Indian falls in love with any of the daughters of the village, he would go and sit down within a few yards of her, keeping a strict silence all the while; in a few minutes he would get up and go away; this he repeated six or seven times, coming nearer to her every time. At last he sits by her side, and if she makes no movement of displeasure, then he has hope. He sits by her several times in this manner, and at last *pops the question*, by putting his hand on her hand, and she accepts him by placing her hand over the other two. All this time he takes care not to say a word, and she likewise; but after the question is popped then the "words of honey" are applied and they soon become man and wife.'

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## Interesting Historical Fact.

It is stated in an English paper, that Banquo, the Thane of Lochaber, who resided in the castle of Inverlochy, was the progenitor of the Stuart family, from whom many of the crowned heads of Europe are descended. So that it is no wonder that Queen Victoria should select Fort William, the capital of Lochaber, for her landing-place on her visit to this part of her ancient kingdom of Scotland. Through Mary Queen of Scots, and the first James of England, the Guelph family were directly descended from William the Conqueror. The witches' prophecy, therefore, in Macbeth, that the children of Banquo should be kings, is fully verified in the person of the present occupant of the English throne.

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[Written for The Flag of our Union.]

## Max Von Broom, or The Solemne Warnynge.

A LEGENDE OF NIEW AMSTERDAM.

BY JOHN BROUGHAM.

TYTLE YE FYRSTE.

Itte wasse ye merrie summer's tyme,
Ande pleasante were ye wayes
Ye faire ande goodlie citie through
Uponne those sunnie daies.
Ye gommonne burghers, and ladyes brighte
Disportinge oere ye greene,
From dewie morne to gentle nighte,
Ande alle ye jogge were seene.

Itte wasse a douce ande portlie manne
Didde goe amidde ye reste,
Ande where ye frolickinge beganne
Hee frolicked withe ye beste.
And O, forre suche simplicitie,
Ye men of office greate,
Inne oldene tyme coulde mingled be
Withe boors of lowe estate.

Ande ofttene inne suche friendlinesse
Atwaite ye riche ande poore,
Ye hande of charitie too eache
Would ope ye hearte hisse doore.
Ye humble manne more cheerilie
Woulde beare hisse lowlie lotte;
Ye sthere of hisse dignitie
Woulde lose noe single jotte.

Itte wasse a proudsome sighte too see
Untoe ye citie's eyne,
Ye flowers of hearte nobilitie
So brilliantlie too shine:
Ande one, withe highe, upraised heade,
Amidde ye civic thronge,
Didde stalke like Saturne, I redde,
Moste gingerlie alonge.

Itte wasse ye famous Max Von Broom,
Who didde so proudlie prose;
Ande manie a perte ande saucie groome
Didde bidde himme goe too grasse.
A manne of wondrouse weighte hee wasse,
Yon easie made adieve,
A highe clercke inne ye custom-house,
Ande streete commissionerre.

Ande Max didde looke withe heartie pride
Uponne ye cleanlie flagges,
Ande aye anon those atte hisse syde
Didde gaze ande make hisse braggs;
'See, friendes, whatte wee have, forre your sake,
Ye citie fatheres donne;'
Butte whiles hee didde ye credit tayke,
Alack, itte wasse ye sunne.

TYTLE YE SECONDE.

Eftsoons itte came ye winterre grimme,
Whenne fierce ande peltinge rayne
Ye streetes, thatte whilome were soe trimme,
Didde fille withe slushe amayne.
Ande thenne theyre came ye driftinge snowe,
Inne large mountaynes growne,
Whiche, as ye fierce wynde didde blowe,
Didde waxe as harde as stone.

Thenne Max beyonde hisse housee doore
Woulde nevere showe hisse nose,
Norre paid hee ye homelesse poore
One waile theyre bytterre woes;
Butte, syttinge inne hisse easie chaire,
Untoe himselfe woulde saie,
'Withe fyre ande foddle, well I beare
Ye cheerlesse winterre's daie.

'Soe of ye wretchednesse outside
A fico whatte carye I!
Iffe I am onlie well supplyde,
Latte otheres starve ande dye.'
Butte marke ye ende hisse proudeste daie
Whatte ille didde himme betyde,
Ande onne a harde ande slipperie waie
Howe fate didde lette himme slyde.

Itte wasse ye breakinge of ye froste
Thatte came alonge fall soone,
Whenne nevere a streete coulde well be crosste,
Excepte inne a balloone.
Unfathomed were ye gulphes of mudde
Thatte darklie rolled betweene,
'Twoulde chill an aldermanne hisse bloode,
Iffe hee ye syghte hadde seen.

Nowe Max Von Broom one awesome nighte
Wasse missed ryghte suddenlie,
Ande nevere a mayde ore servinge wyghte
Coulde tell where hee mought bee.
Untille ye April sunne ande wynde
Didde cleare ye mudde—when they
Ye streete commissionerre didde fynde
Inne hisse wyndinge-sheete of claie.

'Twas rushinge too insure a vote,
Acrosse ye slushe ande snowe,
Disclaiming of ye ferrie-boate,
Too ye bottom hee didde goe.
Take warnynge, thenne, ye office menne,
Whose tyme ye publick paies,
Deferre notte tille election tyme
Ye mendinge of your waies.

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## The Robber's Stratagem.

A freebooter, taking an evening walk on a highway in Scotland, overtook and robbed a wealthy merchant traveller. His purpose was not achieved without a severe struggle in which the thief lost his bonnet, and was obliged to escape, leaving it on the road. A respectable farmer happening to be the next passer, and seeing the bonnet, alighted, took it up, and rather imprudently put it on his own head. At this instant the merchant came up with some assistance, and recognizing the bonnet, charged the farmer with having robbed him, and took him into custody. There being some likeness between the two parties, the merchant persisted in the charge, and though the respectability of the farmer was admitted, he was indicted and placed at the bar of a superior court for trial. The government witness, the merchant, swore positively as to the identity of his bonnet, and deposed likewise to the identity of the farmer. The case was made out by this and other evidence apparently against the prisoner. There was a man in court who well knew both, who did and who did not commit the crime. This was the real robber, who advanced from the crowd, and seizing the fatal bonnet, which laid on the table before the witness, placed it on his own head, and looking him full in the face, said to him in a voice of thunder, 'Look at me, sir, and tell me on the oath you have sworn, am not I the man who robbed you on the highway?' The merchant replied with great astonishment, 'By heavens! you are the very man!' 'You see!' said the robber, 'what sort of a memory that gentleman has; he swears to the bonnet whatever features are under it. If the hon. judge were to put it on his own head, I dare say that he would testify that he robbed him.' The innocent prisoner was on this evidence at once acquitted, because no reliance could be placed on such testimony, and yet it was positive evidence.—*Scotch paper.*

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## The Charm of Cleanliness.

A white-yellow cravat or shirt on a man, speaks at once the character of his wife; and be you assured that she will not take with your dress, pains which she never takes with her own. Then the manner of putting on the dress is no bad foundation for judging—if it be carelessly, slovenly, if it do not properly fit. No matter its mean quality; mean as it may be, it may be neatly and trimly put on; and if it be not, take care of yourself, for as you will soon find to your cost, a sloven in one thing is a sloven in all things. The country people judge greatly from the state of covering of the ankles; and if it be not clean and tight, they conclude that all out of sight is not as it might to be. Look at the shoes; if they be trodden on one side, loose on the foot, or run down at the heel, it is a very bad sign; and as to slipshod, though at coming down in the morning, and even before daylight, make up your mind to a rope, rather than live with a slipshod wife. O, how much do women lose by inattention to these matters! men, in general, say nothing about it to their wives; but they think about it; they envy their luckier neighbors; and in numerous cases, consequences the most serious arise from this apparently trifling cause. Beauty is valuable; it is one of the ties, and a strong tie too; that, however, cannot last to an old age; but the charm of cleanliness never ends but with life itself.—*Cobbett.*

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[Written for The Flag of our Union.]

## DODGING A NINEPENCE.

BY J. H. ROBINSON.

It is well known that Ossian Dodge, the comic singer, is a great genius. Many of his eccentricities are irresistibly droll. Not long since, while on a singing tour through New Hampshire, the following scene occurred: Mr. Dodge always stands at the door and takes the tickets, as the lovers of fun pass into the exhibition room. This is one of his queer fancies, which no person can persuade him to abandon. While thus engaged in the town of ——, in the State we have mentioned, his attention was arrested by a respectably dressed individual, who appeared to be scanning him with the greatest interest. After this silent scrutiny had continued for a few minutes, he stepped up to Mr. Dodge with the air of a man who wishes to say something in the deepest confidence.

Now it so happens that the comic man wears a sort of gray overcoat of ample size (how long he has had it himself only knows), the collar of which he draws up about his face in such a manner, while taking the tickets, that no portion of his face is visible, but the *leading* feature, *that is*, his nose (which by the way, is a good sized one), together with a very small part of his forehead, and the most comic pair of eyes ever put into a man's head. No person not acquainted with him, would imagine for a moment that the 'door tender' and the singer are one and the same.

Laboring under this mistaken idea, the stranger addressed Mr. Dodge in a serious and confidential tone, as if fully under the impression that if he appealed to the honor of the 'ticket-taker,' he should infallibly arrive at the truth.

'Mister'—and the tall stranger laid his hand in a friendly manner upon the singer's arm, and brought his proboscis almost in juxtaposition with the corresponding organ upon the 'door-keeper's' countenance.

'Mister, is this here performance worth hearing, or is it all a *tarnal humbug?*'

For a moment, Mr. Dodge allowed his eyes to journey up and down the tall figure of the speaker, as if considering whether he was a man he could trust, and whether he should run any risk in telling him an honest truth. This scrutiny appeared satisfactory on the part of the singer, and in a tone equally confidential he whispered in the ear of the questioner:

'*It is all a humbug!*'

The look that accompanied this communication signified a great deal more than the words.

'Humph! I thought so,' replied the stranger, with a knowing look. 'I can most always twig these strolling scamps.'

'Yes, I saw *that* at a glance,' replied Dodge.

'Can he *sing* any?' added the stranger, with a patronizing air, just as though he could do a *little* in *that* way himself if he should condescend to try.

'*Sing!*' reiterated Ossian, drawing the interrogator towards him for the purpose of giving emphasis and unction to his words. '*Sing!* he can't sing any more than *I* can.'

'*Sho!* you don't say so!'

'Positive fact. I can go through with his *jimcranks*' as well as *he* can.'

'The varmint! I'll have him printed in the newspapers,' retorted the now indignant stranger.

'Right!' rejoined Dodge. 'You are the real New Hampshire grit. If the printers ask anything for printing it, I'll go half the expense, for between you and I, I shan't tend door for him much longer.'

'Well, they say he makes some *fun*,' continued the questioner, glancing wishfully toward the exhibition room.

'Yes, and that's about all he *does* make; but if you want to go *in*, I shall have to take your ninepence, and if many come, and I get a good many ninepences, I will keep yours, and give it back to you when the performance is over, and say nothing to Dodge about it. Hang round the door a little while after the *concern* is over, and I will manage to slip it into your hand.'

On these terms the tall New Hampshire man went in, congratulating himself on his discernment.

When Dodge went in to perform, and start the hooks and eyes and buttons, he took good care to throw back the collar of his overcoat, and raise his cap from over his brows to the position a cap should occupy. The discerning Hampshire man did not recognize the 'door-keeper' in the comic singer. Everybody there that night, laughed to their heart's content, but none seemed to enjoy it better than the stranger, whose tremendous *cachinus* rose far above the din of open throats, and the bursting of dresses and coats. Dodge observed that he lost more buttons than any other man. When the laughing match was over, the tall mortal form of the stranger was seen loitering about the door, in the expectation of seeing the man who took the ninepences. But he was not there, and after looking about for him some time, he disappeared.

The next day, Mr. Dodge went to the depot to take the cars for ——. The first man he saw there, was his friend of the night before. The singer had his collar up, and his vizor down, before the stranger was aware of his propinquity. Mr. Dodge walked by him in a way to attract his attention. In a moment the tall Hampshire man was beside him.

'I didn't see you last night when the performance was over, door-keeper,' he said.

'No, I was not there. I went to the hotel after I had got all the tickets, but there was a great many in, and I kept a ninepence for you, and didn't let Dodge know anything about it. Here it is.'

'Well, I don't know as I ought to *take* it. Wouldn't it be *kinder mean?*' replied the fellow, looking wishfully at the ninepence, while his conscience seemed struggling with his littleness.

'*Mean*, my friend—*no!* nothing mean about it. It's *mean* to humbug people in such a way—*that's* what's *mean*, and I don't encourage such fellows any more by tending the door. I am about leaving Mr. Dodge *now*. He may go and make up faces, and cut his *jimcranks* without me. Here, take your ninepence.'

With rather a sheepish look, the fellow took the ninepence, and Mr. Dodge took his seat in the cars. Finding himself seated near a fire, and getting uncomfortably warm, he threw back his overcoat, and raised his vizor, but no sooner had he done so, than he felt himself touched on the arm. Looking up from his paper, the Hampshire man was standing beside him looking like a person who had been 'done' effectually 'brown.'

'Well, I *swow!* if you haven't *stuck* me *this* time. If I aint the *meanest feller!*'

'Why, what's the matter, my friend?' asked Ossian, good-naturedly.

'*Why, you're Dodge!* and you've come the possum right over me, and I feel sort of almighty *mean*; but if ever you come this way again, it shan't cost you a red cent for your hotel bills;' and saying this, the tall Hampshire man *vamosed*, completely abashed, shamed and *dumfounded*. Dodge is one unmitigated wag, and the button factories owe him a vote of thanks.

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## Gem, from the Persian.

Once from a cloud a drop of rain
Fell trembling in the sea,
And when she saw the wide spread main,
Shame veiled her modesty.

'What place in this wide sea have I?
What room is left for me?
Sure it were better that I die
In this immensity!'

But while her self-abasing fear
Its lowliness confessed,
A shell received and welcomed her,
And pressed her to its breast.

And nourished there, the drop became
A pearl for royal eyes—
Exalted by its lowly shame,
And humbled but to rise.

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[Written for the Flag of our Union.]

## A REASONABLE FRENCHMAN.

A BUSINESS SKETCH.

BY THE YOUNG 'UN.

The community who have occasion to transact business at the customs, will appreciate the following sketch of character, from real life. Notwithstanding the fact that the steamships are constantly arriving at New York city, immense quantities of merchandize from Europe, destined for that market, are imported into Boston; and through the active enterprize of Harnden, Adams, and Gray, the merchants at New York are enabled to receive their goods much more promptly than if they are imported direct into the city of Gotham. Nevertheless, the business is attended with much inconvenience and unavoidable delays, at times, which give rise to many a 'scene' that is not made public. And the custom-house clerks, too, come in for a large share of blame, upon account of all and sundry persons, causes and contingencies. The importer receives his bill of lading and invoices, per mail—he enters his goods, or causes it to be done through his agent, instanter, and oftentimes, long before the hatches are taken off by the government official, he applies for his goods. If they are not ready for delivery, woe to the man who is called upon to explain. No matter what the reasons are for delay, the merchant has paid his duties, and he *wants his goods!*

Happening in at Harnden & Co's. forwarding house, one day last winter, we found the chief clerk of that establishment at his desk, surrounded by a pile of documents, invoices, customs-entries, letters, etc., in a brown study over one paper which he conned over aloud, and from which we gathered the following:

'*Sir:* three days have now elapsed since the arrival of the steamer, and I do not get my goods. I have paid the duties. I have honored your drafts—(do I not always meet them promptly?)—but I have none of my parcels yet. *Why* do I not get my goods?

'Send a telegraphic despatch to Monsieur Le Roe,' said the clerk, at once to a subordinate, 'and tell him that the steamer did not arrive until day before yesterday, that she "broke bulk" only this morning, that the Sound is filled with ice, and we will do our best. This is the third letter we've had from him.'

The despatch was sent, and twenty-four hours afterward, monsieur arrived in Boston, in person—for he was determined to get his goods. He called immediately at Harnden's, who referred him to the permit-clerk, at the custom house. It was five minutes after ten o'clock, A. M. (the custom house opened at *ten*), when monsieur dashed up the stairs, and found his way into the clerk's room.

'Ah! *bonjour*, monsieur,' said the French gentleman, in the politest possible manner.

'Good morning, sir.'

'I av cum for my goots.'

'What goods, sir?' asked the clerk, entirely ignorant of the whole matter in question.

'*Wot* goots!' exclaimed monsieur, his eyes protruding wildly from their sockets—'wot goots? *Mah* goots, by ze steemair.'

'By steamer?'

'Oui, monsieur—by ze steemair.'

'She is not discharged yet.'

'Deesharge—I have no *sharge*—I pay ze cash doun.'

'Discharge, I said, sir. The vessel has not got out her cargo yet.'

'Cargo!—wot ze diable you call ze cargo? *I want mah goots.*'

'I have no permit for them, yet.'

'Permeet? Wot I care for ze permeet? I ave paid ze dutee, I ave wait two, tree, four day, I ave pay Harnden to get mah goots, I cannot ave zem, I cum ere from New York, and now I want mah goots.'

'I am very sorry, sir—'

'Sorry, monsieur—but zat vill not give me mah goots!'

You shall have them as soon as possible, sir.'

'Posseeble? I sall ave zem *now*—fore zem, right vay, monsieur. I ave pay ze sharge, I ave pay ze dootees, I ave pay Harnden, I ave pay great expens from New York—and *I want my goots*.'

'You must take your turn, sir.'

'Turn be dam—I want mah goots!'

'You can't get them at present, sir.'

'A'present—no? C'est bien, monsieur. I sall not be sheeted in zis mannair—fore long, I sall see Messieurs Harnden, I sall complain to ze grande officair, I sall go back to New York, I sall write to ze department, a' Washington, be gair! I sall ave mah goots!' exclaimed the Frenchman; and he shot out of the apartment, not unlike a popped corn-kernel from a hot shovel.

It is seldom the case that irritable people gain much from their recklessness; and this proved a *striking* instance in point. The last that was seen of this very reasonable French importer, he was making the best of his way down the long stairs, on his head—for, in his haste to go somewhere, right away, and amid his undue excitement, he made a mis-step at the top of the flight, and no doubt could be entertained by the beholder, as he finally disappeared, that the gentleman's intentions were of the most laudable and earnest character, in regard to procuring his goods 'by ze steemair' immediately, if not sooner.'

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## Old Maids.

Thoughtless young people delight in making fun of old maids. A little consideration would teach them better. Some of the kindest and truest and best women we have ever known were old maids. It is a pity—nay, it is cruel to wound the feelings of any one—a generous heart will not stoop to it—more especially if that one be a woman. Alas, how little do we know of the trials and sufferings of many who are sneeringly denominated old maids!—Perhaps the constancy of youthful affection—the pure and deep devotion of a first and only love, has kept many a woman single for life.

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## An Arab Belle;

OR, A PEEP INTO A SHEIKH'S HAREM.

Of the three ladies now forming this harem, the chief was Amsha, a lady celebrated in the song of every Arab in the desert, for her beauty and noble blood. She was the daughter of Hassan, Sheikh of the Tai, a tribe tracing its origin from the remotest antiquity, and one of whose chiefs, Hatem, her ancestor, is a hero of eastern romance. Sofuk had carried her away by force from her father, but had always treated her with great respect. From her rank and beauty she had earned the title of 'queen of the desert.' Her form, traceable through the thin skirt which she, like other Arab women, was well proportioned and graceful. Her features were regular, and her eyes dark and brilliant. She had, undoubtedly, claims to more than ordinary beauty; to the Arabs she was perfection, for all the resources of their art had been exhausted to complete what nature had begun. Her lips were dyed deep blue, her eyelids were continued in indigo until they united over the nose, her cheeks and forehead were spotted with beauty-marks, her eyelashes darkened by kohl; and on her legs and bosom could be seen the tattoed ends of flowers and fanciful ornaments, which were carried in festoons and net-work over her whole body. Hanging from each ear, and reaching to her waist, was an enormous earring of gold, terminating in a tablet of the same material carved and ornamented with four turquoises. Her nose was also adorned with a prodigious gold ring, set with jewels of such ample dimensions that it covered the mouth, and was to be removed when the lady ate. Ponderous rows of strung beads, Assyrian cylinders, fragments of coral, agates, and parti-colored stones, hung from her neck; loose silver rings encircled her wrists and ankles, making a loud jingling as she walked. Over her blue shirt was thrown, when she issued from her tent, a coarse striped cloak, and a common black handkerchief was tied round her head. Her menage combined, if the old song be true, the domestic and the queenly, and was carried on with a nice appreciation of economy. The immense sheet of black goat-hair canvass, which formed the tent, was supported by twelve or fourteen stout poles, and was completely open on one side. Being entirely set apart for the women, it had no partitions, as in the tent of the common Arab, who is obliged to reserve a corner for the reception of his guests. Between the centre poles were placed, upright and close to one another, large camel, or goat-hair sacks, filled with rice, corn, barley, coffee, and other household stuff; their mouths being, of course upwards. Upon them were spread carpets and cushions, on which Amsha reclined. Around her, squatted on the ground, were some fifty hand-maidens, tending the wide cauldron, baking bread on the iron plate heated over the ashes, or shaking between them the skin suspended between three stakes, and filled with milk, to be thus churned into butter. It is the privilege of the head wife to prepare in her tent the dinners of the sheikh's guests. The fires, lighted on all sides, sent forth a cloud of smoke, which hung heavily under the folds of the tent, and would have long before dimmed any eyes less bright than those of Amsha. As supplies were asked for by the women, she lifted the corner of her carpet, untied the mouths of the sacks, and distributed their contents. Everything passes through her hands. To show her authority and rank, she poured continually upon her attendants a torrent of abuse, and honored them with epithets of which I may be excused attempting to give a translation; her vocabulary equalling, if not excelling, in richness, that of the highly-educated lady of the city. That combination of the domestic and authoritative was thus complete. Her children, three naked little urchins, black with sun and mud, and adorned with a long tail hanging from the crown of their heads, rolling in the ashes or on the grass. Amsha, as I have observed shared the affections, though not the tent, of Sofuk—for each establishment had a tent of its own—with two other ladies, Atouia, an Arab, not much inferior to her rival in personal appearance; and Ferrah, originally a Yezidi slave, who had no pretensions to beauty. Amsha, however, always maintained her sway, and the others could not sit, without her leave, in her presence. To her alone were confided the keys of the larder—supposing Sofuk to have either keys or larder—and there was no appeal from her authority on all subjects of domestic economy.—*Layard's Nineveh and its Remains.*

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## The Bewitched Irishman.

Among the crowd paraded before the police justice, a few mornings since, was a poor, miserable-looking object, dirty, unshaven and unshorn, whose 'knotted' and 'uncombed locks,' as an actor once gave it, might not be parted, even by the tale of Hamlet's ghost. He had the remnant of a coat on his back, and his nether extremities were partially covered by the fragment of a pair of pantaloons, which were temporarily held up by means of a string, fastened to the buttonhole of the coat. This wretched creature had been picked up in the streets during the night, and paraded in the dread presence of the sitting magistrate, in the morning. His eye was not in 'a fine phrenzy rolling,' but it indicated that reason was at least tottering, if she had not already fallen from her throne.

'What do you lie about the streets for?' inquired the justice.

'For want of a better place, yer honor,' said the fellow.

'What! got no home?'

'The divil a one.'

'Why, what do you mean?'

'I ate where I can, and I slape where I can.'

'You are a vagrant, then?'

'You may say that, and tell no lies nather. To tell you the truth, I'm just bewitched.'

'Bewitched! yes, by the devil.'

'Perhaps yer right; but it's bewitched I am.'

'Yes, by the devil, disguised in strong drink.'

'Be the powers, then, it runs from the hydrant, and the only strength about that is, that it's sometimes strong of fish. But I know I'm bewitched; didn't I take a growcery, and sorra a cushtomer kem to it; didn't I buy a horse, and wasn't I kilt by the baste?'

'O, yes, I understand all about that. You were never in your store, but at the grog shops, getting drunk; and, I dare say, you were in that state one day, and got thrown from your wagon.'

'Faith you're a witch for guessing, yer honor; that's God's truth, every word of it; true for ye.'

'Why don't you keep yourself decent?'

'How'll I do it?'

'Well, you might keep your pantaloons up.'

'How would I keep 'em up, when the witches are always a tugging at 'em?'

This reply seemed to satisfy the justice that the man was not fit to be at liberty; so he was provided with a summer residence on Blackwell's Island.—*N. Y. Sunday News.*

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## Editorial Courtesy.

We take the following from the Fredericksburg Examiner:

The practice indulged in by some editors, of seizing upon every occasion to ridicule, denounce and not unfrequently vilify their brethren of the profession, merely perhaps, because they differ in political opinions and are the advocates of the interests and policy of a different political party, is highly censurable. This is indulged in almost invariably, however, by those of inferior pretensions and claims. Men without information or character, who chance to be thrown into the situation of editor, too frequently resort to such contemptible means, so as to be placed alongside of those in good repute, with the view of attaching consequence to themselves; and when they well know their articles must be received by a discriminating, decent public, with disfavor, and are treated by their brethren of the press whom they abuse, with contempt and without notice.

Another practice is equally censurable. That of admitting articles into their columns not only reflecting upon their fellow-editors, but upon respectable gentlemen, who chance to be named for public favor and who are brought perhaps without their knowledge or their wish before the public.

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## The Cords that hung Tawell.

The following thrilling passage upon the power of the magnetic telegraph, is from a new work by Sir Francis Head. After picturing Tawell, who had just committed a murder, seated in the railroad car for London, he says:

'What may have been his fears, his hopes, his fancies or his thoughts, there suddenly flashed along the wires of the electric telegraph, which were stretched close beside him, the following words: "A murder has just been committed at Salthill, and the suspected murderer was seen to take a first class ticket for London by the train which left Slough at 7h. 42m. P. M. He is in the garb of a Quaker, with a brown great-coat on, which reaches nearly down to his feet. He is in the last compartment of the second first class carriage." And yet, fast as these words flew like lightning past him, the information they contained, with all its details, as well as every secret thought that had preceded them, had already consecutively flown millions of times faster; indeed at the very instant that, within the walls of the little cottage at Slough, there had been uttered that dreadful scream, it had simultaneously reached the judgment-seat of Heaven! On arriving at the Paddington station, after mingling for some moments with the crowd, he got into an omnibus, and as it rumbled along, taking up one passenger, putting down another, he probably felt that his identity was every minute becoming confounded and confused by the exchange of fellow-passengers for strangers that was constantly taking place. But all the time he was thinking, the cad of the omnibus—a policeman in disguise—knew that he held his victim like a rat in a cage. Without, however, apparently taking the slightest notice of him, he took one sixpence, gave change for a shilling, handed out this lady, stuffed in that one, until, arriving at the Bank, the guilty man, stooping as he walked towards the carriage door, descended the steps;—paid his fare;—crossed over to the Duke of Wellington's statue, where pausing for a few moments anxiously to gaze around him, he proceeded to the Jerusalem coffee house, thence over London bridge to the Leopard coffee house in the borough, and finally to a lodging house in Scott's yard, Canon street. He probably fancied that, by making so many turns and doubles, he had not only effectually puzzled all pursuit, but that his appearance at so many coffee houses would assist him if necessary, in proving an *alibi*; but whatever may have been his motives or his thoughts, he had scarcely entered his lodging when the policeman—who, like a wolf, had followed him every step of the way—opening his door, very calmly said to him—the words no doubt were infinitely more appalling to him even than the scream that had been haunting him—"Haven't you just come from Slough?" The monosyllable "No," confusedly uttered in reply, substantiated his guilt. The policeman made him his prisoner; he was thrown into jail, tried, found guilty of wilful murder, and—hanged. A few months afterwards, we happened to be travelling by rail from Paddington to Slough, in a carriage filled with people, all strangers to one another. Like English travellers, they were all mute. For nearly fifteen minutes no one had uttered a single word, until a short-bodied, short-necked, short-nosed, exceeding respectable looking man in the corner, fixing his eyes on the apparently fleeting posts and wires of the electric telegraph, significantly nodded to us as he muttered aloud: "There's the cords that hung John Tawell."'

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## Anecdote of Alboni.

Mademoiselle Alboni's character is a compound of winning frankness and strange caprice. Devoid of that self-love so common to other *artistes*, she willingly suits herself to any part assigned, provided the melody is such that she can do it justice.

She has often been compared to a German student, having all the *sang-froid* and courage usually attributed to that class.

An amusing incident which occurred during her stay at Trieste is thus related: Having heard on the day of her arrival that a cabal against her was being organized, she wended her way to the *estaminet*, and mingled among the conspirators; her short locks, full figure, and *dégagée air*, rendering it difficult to divine her sex.

'I am a stranger,' said Alboni, addressing herself to the Brutus of the cabal; 'but if there's fun on hand, count upon me.'

'Agreed!' was the reply. 'We are preparing to hiss down a cantatrice this evening.'

'What has she done—anything wicked?'

'We know nothing about her except that she comes from Rome, and we wish to have no singers here of whose reputation we are not the creators.'

'That appears to me fair enough: now as to the part I am to take in the affair?'

'Take this whistle; each of us carries a similar one. At a signal which will be given after the air of Rosina in the "Barber of Seville," you have but to add to the tempest which will be raised.'

'I comprehend,' and Alboni, faithful to her disguise, received from the hands of her dupe a pretty black whistle attached to a red ribbon.

That night the theatre bent under the weight of spectators. At the rising of the curtain, Almaviva and Figaro, two favorites, were listened to with attention; but when Rosina appeared in the scene in which she addresses the jealous tutor, a half-dozen whistles sounded their shrill notes through the house, unmindful of the signal to be given by the leaders of the cabal.

Alboni advanced to the foot-lights, and displayed the whistle suspended round her neck. 'Gentlemen,' said she, with a smile, 'we must not hiss me, but the caratina; you have commenced to soon!'

There was a moment of silence; then thunders of applause rang through the house. The cantatrice was that night recalled eleven times amidst showers of bouquets.

'I had no idea that you were aware of this cabal?' said the director after the performance, as he kissed her hand.

'My dear *impressario*,' replied she, 'it is here as in politics—you must conduct the movement, or else be swept away.'

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## Chinese Etiquette.

The Chinese are so punctilious that their mode of etiquette outvies the most ceremonious courts in Europe. As soon as a guest alights from his sedan chair, he is met by his host, who bows his head, bends his body and knees, joins both hands in front, and with them knocks his chest. When he wishes to be very polite, he takes his guest's hand within his, and knocks it upon his chest. This is their mode of shaking hands. Now follows a polite contest as to precedence, which, after various knockings, bowings and genuflections, terminates by the host and guest entering the house together. In the sitting apartment another ceremony takes place, equally protracted and irksome. The point to be determined is where each shall sit, and who shall be seated first. Etiquette extends even to a decision on the size of a chair; by which, invariably, the rank or importance of a guest is determined. The host now motions to a large chair, and attempts to take a small one himself. Good breeding compels the guest, in his turn, to refuse the compliment; and after a weary contest of politeness, the point is amicably adjusted to the satisfaction of the belligerents, either by both parties sitting down simultaneously on the same bench, or upon two chairs of equal dimensions. The fatigue of this courtesy may be easily conceived, as the same routine is performed on the arrival of each guest. As soon as the guests are assembled, tea is handed round in covered cups, which are placed in silver stands in the form of a boat. These are fluted and beautifully chased. The cups, on the occasion to which I refer, were of that antique porcelain so exceedingly valued, which is thin as paper, pure white, perfectly transparent, and is ornamented with obscure figures, whose dark outlines are only perceptible when the vessel is filled with tea. The mode of making tea in China is similar to that in which coffee is made in Turkey. The tea is put into the cup, boiling water poured over it, and instantly covered, to prevent the escape of the aroma, with a lid, which is used as a spoon to sip the tea. They never use sugar or milk with tea in China.—*Dublin University Magazine.*

# THE FLAG OF OUR UNION.

THE FLAG OF OUR UNION

F. GLEASON, PROPRIETOR.

MATURIN M. BALLOU, EDITOR.

☞ The terms of The Flag of our Union are $2 00 per annum, invariably in advance. The paper is always discontinued at the expiration of the time paid for.—See imprint on the last page.

☞ All communications designed for publication in the paper, must be post paid, and addressed to F. Gleason, *Boston, Mass.*, Proprietor of The Flag of our Union.

### To our Correspondents.

'Not at Home,' a prose sketch, by our regular contributor, T. S. Arthur, shall appear next week.

'Lines to a Friend,' accepted.

'Not an Invitation to Tea, or What's Trump?' a laughable sketch, from our regular contributor, Uncle Toby, in our next.

'The Consumptive,' a fine poem, by Mrs. S. M. Clarke, filed for next week.

'The Capture,' a Spanish Tale, by Braceblock, in our next paper.

'A Moment unimproved,' a poem, accepted.

'Virginia's Ground,' a negro song, filed for the Olio column.

'Personal Satisfaction,' a mirth-provoking sketch, by our regular contributor, The Old 'Un, next week.

'Nature's Teachings,' a poem, accepted.

'Original Correspondence,' being letter No. 4 from our Indian correspondent, Kah-ge-ga-gah-bowh, will be published next week. As will be seen by its date, this letter, which should have been published week before last, from some cause has been delayed in its reception by us until now.

'Laugh on,' a poem, by A. L., next week.

'A Legend of 1786,' 'Lines on the Past,' 'Breathings of Memory,' and 'Niagara,' respectfully declined.

☞ No poems or other articles will be received for this paper, unless accompanied by an authentic name.

### Spare Minutes.

Of all portions of our life, the *spare minutes* are the most fruitful in good or evil. They are literally the gaps through which temptation finds access to the soul. This is the period, then, that we should more particularly strive to see usefully employed, and devoted to some stated and worthy purpose. For instance, let some good book be laid by for perusal in these spare moments, that a taste for reading may thus be attained; and a young man who has once acquired a love for reading, and of course a healthful relish for intellectual pursuits, has become possessed of the best preventive in existence against dissipation. By following up this plan of usefully employing these spare minutes, he may fast grow in intellectual attainments. This whole life is little more than a great school, from the cradle to the tomb; and the close of life is the graduating term, when we doubtless enter upon another sphere of action, graded in accordance with the degree of wisdom to which we have attained here. Looking at the subject in this light, does it not present a remarkable incentive for self-culture and improvement? Besides, there are a vast many reasons why we should strive to become intelligent and well read in philosophy, not for the sake of becoming agreeable to society, or even to our friends, but for the sake of the time we are compelled to spend with ourselves. Of all unfortunates, an ignorant man left alone is to be pitied.

The more we do, the more we can do; the more busy we are, the more leisure we shall have. If we do not pass a day without having read some good and valuable book, if it be only a few pages, at the end of the year we shall be surprised to see, on reviewal, how much we have accomplished; we may empty libraries of their contents in this way. Then, too, practise with your pen, devote a portion of your spare minutes thus. Thoughts engender thoughts; place one idea upon paper, and another will follow it, and so on, until you have written a page, and you will soon find that your mind is unfathomable. Position, wealth, beauty—may desert us, but knowledge is steadfast, and is ours when once acquired, even to the grave. 'The study of literature,' says Cicero, 'nourishes youth, entertains old age, adorns prosperity, solaces adversity, is delightful at home, and unobtrusive abroad.' Spare minutes are the gold dust of time; and Young was writing a truthful as well as a striking line when he taught, 'sands make the mountains, moments make the year.'

### The English Drama.

The tenth anniversary of the General Theatrical Fund took place lately in London, on which occasion much spirit was evinced relating to the stage. Mr. Charles Kean was in the chair, and there were many distinguished speakers, among the rest, Mr. Dickens, whose remarks we cut from the London Times:

'He highly complimented Mrs. Kean, and said, in reference to the success of the national drama, he had always felt impressed with the conviction that it was so completely a part of their every day existence, that, although it might decline for a time, it could never die. "I say it respectfully, that I don't think it within the power of any potentate on earth, however virtuous, however magnificent, however strong, either to raise the drama up or pull the drama down, (loud cheers). In this room, in Windsor Castle, in an African hut, in a North American wigwam, there is the same inborn delight and interest in the living representation of the actions, passions, joys, and sorrows of mankind, (tremendous cheering). In England, of all countries in the world, this interest is glorified and exalted by the loftiest flights of human vision, and the proudest monuments of human wit. The drama I hold to be imperishable. Reverses it may suffer from many causes; but 'malice, domestic, foreign levy,' nothing to my thinking can root it out." (Loud and reiterated cheers.)'

### Price of Newspapers in Europe.

The London Times costs nearly *fifty dollars* per annum. The price of French daily papers is about the same, and the German newspapers cost just about half this price. Let the American reader think of this, and congratulate himself that he enjoys so great a luxury, nay, we may say necessity, at so trifling a cost.—The price of a newspaper in England, for instance, places it out of reach of any but the more wealthy and higher classes, whereas the humblest American farmer or mechanic enjoys his weekly and daily papers with peculiar zest and understanding.

Death of Maria Edgeworth.—The literary world will learn with sorrow, that the celebrated Maria Edgeworth, the popular novelist, is dead. She died after a few hours' illness, on Monday, May 21st, at Edgeworthtown, in the county of Longford, Ireland. She was in her 83d year.

Brazilian Women.—A correspondent of the New York Evening Post, writing from Rio Janeiro, says we can form no conception of the extreme ugliness of the Brazilian women. He is tired and sick of looking at them. The men, if possible, are still more homely.

Another Slaver.—Captain Taylor, of the bark Mary Irwine, arrived at Philadelphia from Sierra Leone, reports that her majesty's steamer Teazer, had sent a brig with five hundred slaves on board into port on the last day of April.

### Things Abroad.

In the last arrival of foreign news, we observe one item in the Spanish papers of interest, as showing the taste of this people; an appetite for bloody scenes and amusements that the bull fights of their ancestors have handed down to them. It seems that a fight had been long advertised to come off between a bull and a Bengal tiger—and that it took place in the presence of the queen and a multitude of spectators. The bull came forth first, and the tiger shortly after. The latter advanced a few steps, but having perceived the bull, he suddenly put himself in a fighting attitude. The bull approached his antagonist with his head lowered. He stopped a moment to look at the tiger, and then rushed at him. The tiger made a spring, with the intention of grasping the bull with his claws; but the latter laid the tiger dead with one thrust of his horns. The victor, after walking triumphantly through the arena, was led away. It was calculated that 90,000 persons were present, and that the bets amounted to fully £100,000. No wonder that a people who delight in such bloody exhibitions should be constantly engaged in civil wars among themselves.

### Gold Digging.

It seems that it is not alone in California that people who are infected with the gold fever may find an antidote. A gold placer was discovered twenty-two years ago, on the Arkansas River, about 40 miles below Little Arkansas. Col. Black, of Crawford county, Ark., is fitting out a company of one hundred to visit the region. They will leave on the 15th of August. Those who do not feel inclined to go all the way to California may be able to indulge their taste for the root of all evil by digging it on the Arkansas, perhaps. Several of our Southern mines have been briskly worked of late and yield very well. The mine at Gold Hill, in Rowan county, N. C., has been yielding $360,000 per annum during the last five years. It is now worked by eight different mining companies who have invested capital to the amount of $300,000. It was discovered 18 or 20 years ago.

### Foreign Matters.

We see by our foreign files that affairs over the water exhibit no improvement. In fact, the danger and probability of a general war in Europe, is more imminent at this time than for any period these twelve months. We are rejoiced to see that in the Roman States there has been no material change since the date of previous advices. Neither the French nor the Neapolitans have as yet entered Rome, and the Republican Government was maintaining its ground at every point against the combined forces of France, Naples and Spain. May Heaven help the right. Since the departure of the Pope, nearly an hundred thousand copies of the Bible have been sold in Rome! If this does not evince a spirit of advancement, then we are at a loss how rightfully to interpret the signification of such a fact.

### To Periodical Dealers.

Having now attained to a circulation the immense number of which enables us to reduce the wholesale price of the Flag, to our agents who buy to sell again, we have resolved to do so, and charge one half cent less on each paper, the reduction to take place on the first of July next. This is also in furtherance of our plan of increasing the subscription list of the Flag to *one hundred thousand*. Agents will see the additional inducement offered to them to circulate this paper, and they will of course appreciate the motive that induces this reduction in price, and endeavor to circulate the Flag on a more extended scale, each one helping us towards the accomplishment of the great purpose of printing each week *one hundred thousand copies.*

### Cowhided by a Lady.

An Englishman named Singer, a professor in the Woodward High School of Cincinnati, recently made some slanderous charges against a widow lady named Tuxford, with whom he boarded. Having heard of the charges she visited the school, in company with her attorney, and cowhided Professor Singer in the presence of his pupils. Afterwards, the attorney knocked Singer down, and the parties left for their homes. There are always two sides to a story, and we shouldn't wonder if the woman was to blame.

A Heroine.—In a recent attack of the Apache Indians, on the city of Banavichi, in Mexico, Donna Anna Maria Corella, a lady belonging to one of the principal families of the ancient capital of Arizpe, flung herself into the flames of a burning house, when pursued by the savages, heroically preferring death to dishonor.

Jenny Lind.—This sweet songstress is made to appear as inconstant as Father Mathew himself. She has been married a dozen times or more, but by the last news we see that her engagement is 'broken off.' Father Mathew has started as many times for America and some of the papers even say that he has arrived.

A Change.—Fifty years ago all Cincinnati could be bought for $10,000. Now the swine could not be purchased for that sum; and unimproved property, one mile distant from the northern corporation line of the city, sold recently at $17 per front foot.

Queer Business.—Mrs. Elise Clement, or rather Mrs. Gallott, who caught a husband by baiting a trap with a supposed fortune, has returned to New Orleans, to stand her hand at 'judicial investigation.' The verdict will probably be, served him right.

Lime is Cheap!—Then let every family procure a quantity of the article, and dispose it about the sinks and hollows on their premises. It can do no harm—and may save a large doctor's bill.

Poor Old Ireland.—The London Dispatch, speaking of the terrible picture, says, 'Ireland has become a desert. The bones of her people bleach by the wayside, and grass grows in the streets of her villages.'

Funny.—Some person asked the imp of the Syracuse Reveille what made their office smell so fragrant. 'Pooh,' answered the little rascal, 'we publish a *scent* paper.'

'Taking the Starch out of 'em.'—The Ionia Gazette forgot to credit the sketch thus entitled, to this paper.

Exactly.—The London Times says: 'Cleanliness is the very vaccination of cholera.'

Who salted the sea?—*New Hampshire Democrat.* Just as though you didn't know.

Fact.—Better not be than be nothing.

### Editorial Ink-Drops.

Every little illness that occurs is now magnified into a case of cholera.

Crops look favorably in the rural districts of England, Scotland and Wales.

Some papers are trying to get up a feeling against Forrest. 'Twont go down, gentlemen.

That old veteran, General Gaines, died lately at New Orleans, by cholera.

Uncle Toby has sent us the title-page of 'the book of fate.'

Madame Bishop will visit Mexico after her return to the United States.

The people of Newfoundland are resolved to emigrate from the country.

De Joinville is already talked of in France for the next president.

There is now $10,000,000 of specie in the Sub-Treasury and Banks of New York city.

Well authenticated cases of hydrophobia are constantly occurring in our midst.

Mr. Hackett claims $5,000 of the city of New York for damages to the Opera House.

Victoria, we see by the English papers, has gone into the country to *vegetate.*

Santa Anna has published a book exculpating himself from charges of cowardice, etc.

We have a small piece of cloth made from the 'threads of a discourse.'

General Lyman's horse run away in Boston, the other day, and was killed against a post.

N. C. Parsons, aged 49 years, cut his throat in New York city lately, and died.

Edwin Forrest has met with his usual remarkable success in Philadelphia.

The faults that we are guilty of ourselves, we most detest in others.

A girl fell down dead at the wash-tub in Boston, the other day. Affection of the heart.

Jenny Lind has gone to Paris to look at the lions; not to sing, however.

We have got at our office a few hail stones from 'Hail! Columbia!'

The Cubans are getting restless, and talk about union with this country.

Immigrants are constantly arriving at New York and Boston, in large numbers.

The English are slowly but regularly reducing the number of their standing army.

A man in Baltimore drowned himself by holding his head in a pail of water.

### Cholera.

Every slight illness is now magnified into a case of the cholera, and some people seem determined to frighten themselves into it. In Boston, where there have been but *three authentic cases*, half the town went into the greatest state of excitement, when the facts were simply as follows. A vessel arrives crowded with emigrants, from a long voyage, several of her people soon after landing died of disease contracted on the voyage, and this is hastily pronounced cholera. Now admitting these *three* cases, all that are said to have died of the disease, it is no reason that every person who is foolish enough to eat green fruit, lobster, ice cream, etc., and bring on the colic, is afflicted with cholera. Half a dozen Bostonians were poisoned by eating cream cakes, and the doctors forthwith declared them to have had the cholera. People *will* get excited, and then they can tell big stories and believe almost anything.

### Escaped in her Husband's Attire.

A Mrs. McAdams was, a few weeks since, convicted of the crime of murder before the Circuit Court of Madison county, Miss. Her husband was allowed to visit her in prison frequently, and at last dressed her in a suit of his own clothes, by means of which she effected a passage from the prison. She was traced as far as Vicksburgh, where she took passage in a steamboat, and from the last accounts had not been arrested. This is almost as good as the escape of Phillips from the Charlestown State Prison, by means of the gold digging business!

Fatal Catastrophe.—On the 24th ult., while a number of laborers were blasting rocks on the railroad near Newton, Huntington county, Pa., the blast exploded prematurely, instantly killing four persons and badly wounding eighteen or twenty more, three of whom have since died.

In Earnest.—Mrs. Murphy has made two or three attempts to commit suicide, in New York, because her jealous husband has returned to Ireland. She jumped from a three story window and broke her legs, and afterwards tried to cut her throat.

Fact.—There is a vast deal of sound philosophy in the vulgar distich,—

'Different men have different opinions:
Some likes leeks, and some likes *inions*!'

Large Profits.—Bark John W. Carter, which took $60,000 worth of goods to San Francisco from New York, realized $100,000 profit.

Axed.—In Parkman, Me., on the 19th ult., Jacob D. Murray killed a large bear with an axe.

One of 'em.—The New Haven Journal has seen a white bull frog.

Deep.—The Artesian well, in Charleston, has reached a depth of 834 feet.

### Miscellaneous Scraps.

A Mr. Targee lost his life at the St. Louis fire, by an explosion, by which he was attempting to stop the flames. The city authorities have since appointed the widow to the office he held, that of City Weigher.

The Earl of Eglinton wins by the race for the Derby, independently of his bets, nearly $32,000. Putting his bets into the general sum, it will amount to $112,000. This is the third time the Earl has won thus on similarly heavy staked races.

Ideas of emigration are beginning to spread in Belgium. Several Belgian families, belonging to the better class of inhabitants, are preparing to leave in the course of July or August, for the western part of the United States, where they intend founding agricultural schemes on a large scale.

A single house in Charleston has shipped from that port, within the past year, two thousand seven hundred and ten bales of yarns, osnaburgs, sheetings, &c., manufactured in the States of Georgia and South Carolina. The shipments were made to various ports of the Union.

A Dumfries paper gives an account of an infant, a few months old, that was destroyed by a cat, which attacked it during the momentary absence of its mother. The cat was not known to be rabid, yet in a few minutes inflicted so severe wounds about the head and face that surgical aid was of no avail.

Elisha Reese has been arrested at Macon, Ga., for an atrocious murder. He had been suitor to a widow lady, Mrs. Pratt, and being rejected, made threats of violence, which induced her father to get out a peace warrant. Reese immediately sought out the father and assaulted him, and on the daughter interfering, shot her dead.

A recent expose was made in Liverpool, showing that most of the 'polonies,' or Bologna sausages, used in that city, were made of *horse-flesh* (!) though from the fact that the inspectors could not prove it unwholesome food, no action could be had. The flesh is procured from the 'knackers,' or superannuated horse slaughter-houses.

### From our Foreign Files.

The National Bank of Ireland has declared a dividend of five per cent.

In Germany, insurrection or the probability of it, and commotions exist everywhere.

It will be impossible to restore the temporal power of the Papacy in any form.

There has been terrible slaughter at Leghorn. The Austrians have been brutal in the extreme.

Three British vessels had been taken by the Danes into Copenhagen for attempting the blockade.

The war between the Danes and Prussians continues without any decisive result or prospect of an early issue.

Four hundred and ninety paupers died in the workhouse at Ballinasloe, Ireland, of the cholera, during the week ending May 5th.

The cost of maintaining the London police is estimated at a quarter of a million of dollars per annum.

A meeting was holden in Liverpool, May 21st, for the relief of the starving Irish. It was addressed by Father Mathew.

A pickpocket was arrested in London, who had no fewer than *eleven* stolen handkerchiefs on his person. He was transported for ten years.

The Hungarians in their unequal contest with Austria and Russia exhibit no want of courage and are evidently preparing for a desperate struggle.

The Dutch papers contain a full account of the inauguration of the king, which took place with great solemnity at the cathedral church of Amsterdam.

The Affghan war is said to have cost the enormous sum of fifteen million pounds sterling, and thirteen thousand lives, and a harvest of two old wooden gates.

Mr. O'Connell's library was selling at auction, at the last accounts from Ireland, at less than half the value of second-hand books, and bidders were hard to be got at any price.

The Countess of Blessington having failed and gone to Paris, Gore house in London has been broken up, and its articles of vertu sold; they brought, without the house, say £20,000.

Mr. F. Peel, son of the ex-Premier, recently made his *debut* in Parliament with much credit to himself and his name. His maiden speech was on the Jewish Eligibility Bill, and in its favor.

In 1795, the number of houses where intoxicating drinks were sold, in London, amounted to 1 to every 122 inhabitants; in 1840, they were 1 to every 321; in 1846, only 1 to every 450. This is a result that ought to encourage the friends of temperance even in the worst cases.

### Dewdrops of Wisdom.

Where there is much enjoyment there will be some excess.

National vanity is but personal vanity magnified many million times.

The poor have little—beggars none—the rich too much—enough, not one.

Marriage renders a man more virtuous and more wise. The father of a family is not willing to blush before his children.

Wise men are instructed by reason; men of less understanding by experience; the most ignorant by necessity; and the beast by nature.

It is better to be silent and incur whatever character silence may give us, than by breaking that silence to acquire the name of a liar or a fool.

Plato being told that some enemies had spoken ill of him, said: 'It matters not; I will endeavor so to live that no one shall believe them.'

Harmless mirth is the best cordial against the consumption of the spirits; wherefore jesting is not unlawful if it trespasseth not in quantity, quality or season.

When all is done, human life is, at best, but like a froward child, that must be played with and humored a little to keep it quiet till it falls asleep, and then the care is over.

Pleasure is to woman what the sun is to the flowers; if moderately enjoyed, it beautifies, it refreshes and it improves—if immoderately, it withers, it deteriorates and destroys.

Voltaire says, 'The more married men you have, the fewer crimes there will be. Examine the frightful columns of your criminal calendars—you will there find a hundred youths executed for one father of a family.'

The wicked and sensual part of the world are only concerned to find scope and room enough to wallow in; if they can but have it, whence they have it troubles not their thoughts; saying grace is no part of their meal.

Such is the avidity of man—such his cupidity, thirst for acquisitiveness, and love of aggrandizement, that he never knows when he has enough of anything earthly. His desires seem to be infinite, and yet his real wants are but few, and these easily satisfied.

*Avarice* has been termed 'the vice of *little* minds.' And so it is, in the sense in which that is generally understood. But though the vice of a little mind, it is by no means a *little vice*, but one of the largest, as it is insatiable in its desires and unlimited in its gravings.

### The Joker's Olio.

John Smith has caught the scarlet fever.—No cause is assigned for the *rash* act.

'Illegant extracts'—the Picayune defines—as 'teeth in a dentist's window.'

'*Capitol punishment*,' as the boy said when the school mistress seated him with the girls.

'The 'doctor' says Miss Souri has the largest vale of any other young lady in the confederacy.

There is a man 'out west' who has such a good temper that he hires himself out in summer to keep people *cool*.

Marriageable ladies should frequent the theatre before the curtain is drawn up; they would then be sure of an overture.

'Astonishing cure for consumption,' as the old lady said when she sprinkled snuff on the victuals of her boarders.

A philosopher asserts that the reason why ladies' teeth decay sooner than gentlemen's, is because of the friction of the tongue and *sweetness of the lips.*

A chap was asked what kind of a 'gal' he preferred for a wife; *one*, he said, that wasn't prodi-*gal*—but fru-*gal*—a true *gal* and suited to his conju-*gal* taste.

As two lawyers were taking their gin at one of the 'respectable' groggeries, a person observed that they were members of the bar. Yes, said the landlord—practising members.

At dinner yesterday we put this question to the guests: 'Which is the stronger, *lie* or truth?' After a moment's consideration, Mr. Joseph Proctor answered, 'Truth; for you may *re-ly* on it!'

It was said that the new gold dollar would not go down with the public. We learn from the Baltimore Sun, however, that a young lady in that city has *swallowed* one of them accidentally.

A young man relating the account of a disaster that happened on board a smack, where he happened to be, said, 'while he was climbing up the long stick of wood in front of the vessel, he got tangled in the twine.'

Speaking of family discipline, Old Roger remarked that Mr. Peppercase, his neighbor, in the treatment of his children, reminded him of a game of ball—he was eternally *batting* them and they were always *bawling.*

'Why is a pile of bricks like dead mackerel?' asked Mrs. Partington, the good old soul, at a quilting party. 'Give it up, do you? Because it don't vote at elections.' Whereupon the old lady put on her hood and departed.

'I think,' said an old toper, commenting upon the habits of a young man, who was fast making a beast of himself, 'when a man reaches a certain pint in drinkin', he ort to stop.' 'Well, I think,' said old Beeswax, dryly, 'he ought to stop before he reaches a *pint*.'

### Quill and Scissors.

In Quebec a boy 14 years of age and a girl aged 13 were recently married. The bridegroom imposed upon the clergyman by wearing false whiskers, and the bride by cotton breastworks.

It appears that the population of France amounts to 35,950,000 inhabitants. Of this number, 2,412,000 live exclusively upon public charity, in addition to which, 7,884,600 are inscribed upon the poor lists.

Mr. Graves, a Yankee superintendent of the Saluda Cotton Factory, in South Carolina, testifies that slaves make as good factory operatives as the people taken from the farming districts of the northern States.

Mr. Walsh, the U. S. Consul at Paris, formerly editor of the Philadelphia National Gazette, is now preparing a work on France and the French, which will contain a history of the last revolution.

The wife of Mr. Nelson Pike, of Waitsfield, on the 29th day of May, ultimo, was delivered of three children at one birth—two boys and a girl. Total weight 24 1-4 lbs. All healthy and smart. Beat this who can.

Mr. G. W. Hildreth, of Lockport, N. Y., has completed a model for a telegraph, in which the wires were laid under ground, enclosed in iron pipes. The expense of a single wire will be $200 per mile.

Dates from Bermuda have been received up to the 23d ult. The Legislature was opened by Governor Elliot on the 21st. The Boston yacht Brenda had beat the Bermuda yacht Pearl.

Col. Van Allen of New York, who served with Gen. Taylor in Mexico, and very ardently pressed his nomination for President, it is said, has been designated for Charge to Sweden.

The British board of customs have determined to make a material reduction in the number of revenue cruisers; three or four first-class cutters have been already paid off.

The largest diamond in the world is in the possession of the Portuguese government. It was found in Brazil, is the size of a small hen's egg, and is worth about $250,000,000.

At the laying of the corner stone of a Catholic church at Manayunk, Philadelphia, fifty persons were injured by the floor giving way, several fatally, it was feared, having limbs broken.

The Newport (R. I.) News remarks that business has not been so completely at a stand in that place for the last 25 years as it is at present. The Nantucket Inquirer makes a similar complaint.

One of the two statues of *Adoring Angels*, sculptured at Florence under the superintendence of Powers, for the sanctuary of the cathedral at Cincinnati, has arrived in that city.

On the 12th inst., a large frame warehouse was burned at St. Joseph. It is a curious fact that the only thing in it saved uninjured was a *keg of powder.*

A country editor tell his subscribers that he has been compelled to adopt the cash system, but will continue to receive potatoes at par.

In the State of Georgia, there are, according to the Savannah Republican, already *fifty cotton manufactories*, running from 100 to 10,000 spindles each.

The telegraph between Peekskill and New York has been completed, and is now in successful operation. It connects with the New York and Erie line.

The mortality in London in one week lately exceeded the preceding one by 90. Whooping cough is extensively fatal. There was only one death from cholera.

A steamboat on the Boston and Kennebec route advertises—'Freight, excepting *live calves*, taken at the usual rates.' Rather hard on our Kennebec friends!

Count D'Orsay, Lady Blessington, and other *literati*, have gone to Paris to enjoy the gaiety and hospitality of Louis Napoleon's Republican Court, by invitation.

The emperor Adrian, one day, seeing a person by whom he had been injured in a former station, cried out to him, '*You are safe; I am emperor!*'

Considerable quantities of gold had arrived at China from California; and several vessels at Hong Kong were being fitted out, laden with goods for San Francisco.

A gutta percha boat, twenty-six feet long and three feet broad, has been constructed for the Claspers, the celebrated rowers, at Newcastle-upon-Tyne.

A Huguenot congregation, numbering 70 members, exists in New Orleans, and a house of worship is about to be erected for its accommodation.

Conger snakes, the most venomous known in this country, have been seen in the water in the streets of New Orleans. A girl was bitten by one of them recently.

The loss by the great St. Louis fire is now ascertained to be about five millions and a quarter. Rebuilding has already vigorously commenced.

A daughter of G. Brooks, aged 10 years, died in Keene, N. H., on Saturday evening, of hydrophobia, having been bitten a month before.

The editor of the Richmond Palladium announces that he will take the gold dollar at par, for subscriptions to that paper.

The Merrimac river, according to the Haverhill Gazette, turns more machinery than any other river in the world.

An old gentleman in Rockingham county, Va., died recently from grief, in consequence of the burning of his barn.

American cayenne pepper has been recommended to families for use, instead of the common black pepper, as a preventive of cholera.

Germany is now engaged in the gigantic project of uniting the North and the Baltic seas. It can be done without locks.

Mr. Colt, the manufacturer of fire-arms, has gone to Europe to teach the 'young idea how to shoot' with his revolvers.

It is stated in the English journals that Baring Brothers & Co., have invested one million of dollars in the Maryland.

A lad named Robert Sullivan, in attempting to mount an unruly horse on the Lexington (Ky.) race course, was thrown and killed.

Nearly all the cemeteries in New Orleans are under water, and it is difficult to find a burial place for the dead.

The population of Hungary is 8,000,000, or one third of what has been called the Austrian Empire.

'In the choice of wives, very pious men are seldom fortunate.'—*St. Gaugulf, an old writer on divinity.*

Mr. Tasistro has been appointed as Translator, and not Chief of the Consular Bureau, by the Secretary of State.

Mr. Mayall, an American daguerreotypist, is astonishing the English by the elegance of his likenesses.

The locusts have made their appearance in great swarms, in the neighborhood of Pittsburg.

The number of rainy days in England during the past year, was one hundred and sixty-one.

Mr. John Ouders, of Jackson, Ohio, was thrown from his horse on the 25th, and killed.

Railway property has depreciated in England in three months £12,000,000 sterling.

The more a man works, the less time he will have to grumble about hard times.

The Grand Duke of Baden has been obliged to fly from his capital.

The stocks of Massachusetts stand higher in London than those of New York.

The travel on the upper lake steamers is represented as being quite large.

The farmers in Maine are turning their attention to the cultivation of flax.

The Maid of Erin steamer was burnt at her wharf in St. John, N. B.

The highest peak of the Rocky Mountains is 12,500 feet.

Ladies make their morning visits in skiffs in New Orleans *a la* Venice.

A large number of spots on the sun are now visible.

### Local Matters.

#### The Wreck.

This is the title of a group of statuary, modelled by E. A. Brackett, the eminent American sculptor, and now on exhibition at No. 8 1-2 Tremont Row. It is of life size, and represents a drowned mother and her infant, who have just been thrown and left upon a ledge of rocks by the stormy waves. There they lie, in sleep-like death, beautiful and pure, the graceful limbs not yet shrunken and marred by the touch of the destroyer. It is a spectacle which enlists the tenderest and best feelings of the heart, while the eye is filled with the pure and refined beauty of the wrecked humanity that lies before it. The dexterity with which such a subject is handled, the impression it makes upon the spectator, is a proof of the consummate skill of the artist. In his conception and execution, there is so much to admire and so little to condemn, that criticism is completely disarmed. Although Brackett had before this won a high professional name, he had not attempted the highest range of art, which he has now successfully attained. In the opinion of the best judges, and we heartily agree with their decision, he has, in this group, produced something which will rank with the highest efforts of art. The object of this exhibition, as we understand, is to procure the means of putting the design in marble, and if it be accomplished, Boston will have reason to be proud of the work to which its liberality will have given birth.

#### Amusements.

When with Blangy at the Howard and the Viennoise Children at the Museum, the ballet has been having a time of it in Boston. Blangy has drawn overflowing houses and dances as delightfully as ever; all agree in classing her in the front rank of artistes of her class, declaring her but little short of the 'Divine Fanny.' The Lyceum Theatre, in Sudbury Street, has been doing a comfortable business the last fortnight. Dumbolton's Serenaders, at the Melodeon, are very popular and are well patronized. Among several new panoramas that have lately been opened in town, that of 'A Walk with Adam and Eve in the Garden of Eden,' is undoubtedly the best, and is well worth a visit from our readers. The painting, as a work of art, aside from the legend, is a very fine piece of workmanship. Brackett's 'Wreck,' noticed in another place, is receiving deserved praise from all sources. There is a new panorama, at Amory Hall, called the Hudson River and a Voyage to Ireland, but we have not yet found time to visit it. The Beach Street Museum will open shortly under the management of Mr. Charles R. Thorne, when Mr. Forrest will probably play an engagement in this city.

City Guards.—This well disciplined military corps is a credit to our city, for its true soldierly appearance. They not only evince the utmost precision in the manual, but march with a *tone*, so to speak, that seems to be a part and parcel of the music of the band. The easy, uniform swing of the right arm is unquestionably a relief when marching, and is decidedly a becoming motion to a company advancing in column. Those bear-skin caps are an improvement on anything of the sort we have seen. They give the Guards, as a body, a most imposing appearance.

Insanity in Maine.—From the late report of the Trustees of the Maine Insane Hospital, it appears that there were 106 patients in the hospital on the 31st of March—the whole number under treatment during the year having been 259. There were discharged during the year 105—60 recovered, 28 improved and 17 unimproved. Deaths, 18.

Land Fall.—About forty acres of land suddenly disappeared on Tuesday, 5th inst., in Westbrook, Me., and has sunk to a depth of from ten to thirty-five feet. The phenomenon was preceded by loud reports and heavy rumbling sounds like thunder.

Commerce of Boston.—The value of the exports of merchandise from this to foreign ports last week, was as follows: Domestic products, $196,174 91; foreign products, $24,989 71. Total exports corresponding week last year, $170,839 24.

Thieves About.—Within a few days past several houses located in different sections of the city, the owners of which have vacated them for the season, have been broken into and robbed of various small articles. The rogues no doubt were boys.

Cholera.—People begin to get over the fear of the cholera, in Boston, and it is pretty evident that it will not rage here as an epidemic; the city is too cleanly and well ventilated, every part having been thoroughly cleansed by the authorities.

Immigrants.—The superintendent of alien passengers reports that for the week ending June 11, 535 immigrants arrived at this port. Of this number 42 were bonded—but no head money or other security was taken for the remainder.

Fish Story.—A shower of fish bones fell lately on the plantation of Mr. George Henderson, West Feliciana, La., during a severe storm. They seem to have been the bones of sea fish mingled with sharks' teeth.

Query?—What particular objection may Governor Briggs be supposed to have to a certain Fast day of the church?

Because he said, *Hang Goode Friday!*

Very True.—There are few men whose friends will build them a monument so honorable or so durable as he builds for himself who plants a shade elm or maple.

Execution.—Two negro men were hung in Fayette county, Ky., last week, for a murder, which they confessed on the scaffold. They were slaves.

Interesting Memento.—A willow is growing up in the Washington Navy-yard, which was brought from the tomb of Napoleon on the island of St. Helena.

Sudden.—There have been several sudden deaths in this city lately, but they were not by cholera. Several were caused by affection of the heart.

Toothpicks.—A vessel which lately arrived at this port from Rio Janeiro, has as part of her cargo, fifty-five thousand wooden toothpicks.

Cream Cakes.—It has been ascertained that arsenic is used in the preparation of cream cakes in order to improve their appearance.

Appointed.—Hon. Abbot Lawrence, of this city, has been appointed by the president, Minister to England.

### OUR OLIO COLUMN.

[Written for The Flag of our Union.]

#### The Bachelor's Refrain.

BY BRACEBLOCK.

I am free! I am happy!
Unmolested by care;
My spirits are buoyant,
And light as the air;
I go where I like,
And I stay when I please,
I am happy on land,
And at home on the seas.

Most parts of this earth
Have my travels combined;
I have supped with the Russ,
With the Hottentot dined.
With the Spanish and French,
I have pleasured and wrought,
And with Mexicans often
I have danced and have fought.

From the North to the South,
From the East to the West,
I have compassed the world,
And enjoyed of the best;
Now I've my circle of friends,
All steadfast and sound,
When we meet at the club,
True pleasures abound.

Then with pleasing remark,
And with bright repartee,
With the witty bon-mot,
And with hearts full of glee;
We sing the gay song,
And we quaff the rich wine;
Then we smoke the cigar,
As at ease we recline.

Ever ready and willing
Our comforts to stint,
To assist fellow-creatures,
When really in want;
Unfettered by avarice,
Unfettered by crime,
We give away freely
Our last half a dime.

Now tell me, my friend,
Do you think you would try,
If made of such stuff,
Of such metal as I,
To give up your heart,
Or to yield up your hand,
To be chained and confined
In wedlock's tight band?

To work hard all the day,
As long as 'tis light,
Then tend crying babies
Till late in the night;
To bring and to carry,
To come when you're called,
And go at the bidding,
Or be gloriously mauled!

#### Who stole the Bird's Nest.

BY MRS. L. M. CHILD.

To whit! to whit! to whee!
Will you listen to me!
Who stole four eggs I laid,
And the nice nest I made?

Not I, said the cow, Moo-oo!
Such a thing I'd never do.
I gave you a wisp of hay,
And didn't take your nest away;
Not I, said the cow, Moo-oo!
Such a thing I'd never do.

Bob-o-link! bob-o-link!
Now what do you think!
Who stole a nest away
From the plum tree to-day?

Not I, said the dog, Bow-wow,
I wouldn't be mean, I vow;
I gave hairs the nest to make,
But the nest I didn't take.

Not I, said the sheep, O, no,
I wouldn't treat a bird so.
I gave the wool the nest to line,
But the nest was none of mine.
Baa, baa! said the sheep, O no,
I wouldn't treat a poor bird so.

Cluck, cluck, said the hen,
Don't ask me again:
Why, I haven't a chick
Would do such a trick.

We all gave her a feather,
And she wove them together;
I'd scorn to intrude
On her and her brood.

Chir-a-whirr! Chir-a-whirr!
We'll make a great stir!
Let us find out his name,
And all cry, for shame!

I would not rob a bird,
Said little Mary Green;
I think I never heard
Of anything so mean.

'Tis very cruel, too,
Said little Alice Neal;
I wonder if he knew
How sad the bird would feel?

A little boy hung down his head,
And went and hid behind the bed;
For HE stole that pretty nest
From poor little yellow breast;
And he felt so full of shame
He didn't like to tell his name.

#### Be Quiet, do!

As I was sitting in a wood,
Under an oak tree's leafy cover,
Musing in pleasant solitude,
Who should come up but John my lover.
He pressed my hand and kissed my cheek;
Then, warmer growing, kissed the other,
While I exclaimed, and strove to shriek,
'Be quiet, do! I'll call my mother.'

He saw my anger was sincere,
And lovingly began to chide me;
Then wiping from my cheek the tear,
He sat him on the grass beside me.
He feigned such pretty amorous woe,
Breathed such sweet vows one after other,
I could but smile, while whispering low,
'Be quiet, do! I'll call my mother!'

He talked so long, and talked so well,
And swore he meant not to deceive me;
I felt more grief than I can tell,
When, with a sigh, he rose to leave me:
'O John,' said I, 'and must thou go?
I love thee better than all other;
There is no need to hurry so;
I never meant to call my mother!'

#### Why don't he come!

Why don't he come? He promised me
He surely would be here;
And pa and ma are out to tea—
For once the coast is clear.

I wonder what he wants to say!
When last his leave he took,
He asked me twice at home to stay—
I wonder how I look!

O dear! I'm almost out of breath!
Suppose he asks—what then?
I'd certainly be scared to death,
I'm so afraid of men!

I think I'll have him though, at last—
But first I'll answer no;
For many a girl, by hurrying fast,
Outstrips her tardy beau.

O, here he comes—his step I hear;
And now he'll soon begin!
I would not, for the world, appear
In haste to let him in!

#### The Mother to her Child.

BY N. P. WILLIS.

They tell me thou art come from a far world,
Babe of my bosom! that these little arms,
Whose restlessness is like the spread of wings,
Move with the memory of flights scarce o'er—
That through these fringed lids we see the soul
Steeped in the blue of its remembered home;
And, while thou sleepest, come messengers, they say,
Whispering to thee—and 'tis then I see,
Upon thy baby lips the smile of heaven.

#### Happiness.

True happiness is not the growth of earth!
The toil is fruitless, if you seek it there!
'Tis an exotic of celestial birth,
And blossoms only in celestial air.
Sweet plant of paradise! its seeds are sown
In here and there a mind of heavenly mould;
It rises slow and buds, but ne'er was known
To bloom—the climate is too cold.—*Sheridan.*

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THE FLAG OF OUR UNION.

[Written for The Flag of our Union.]

### To Liberty.

BY BENJAMIN H. FERNALD.

What is that high, inspiring name
To which all noble men lay claim,
And own its majesty?
'Tis that for which our fathers fought—
A right their blood has dearly bought—
Its name is liberty.

The land of Greece, in earlier day,
Was touched by freedom's glistening ray,
Which burst from every shrine;
When Persia sent her swarming band
To desolate the Grecian land,—
Fair land of Greece, 'twas thine!

To prove what freeborn men can do,
Though they be weak, though they be few,
When freedom is the prize
For which in glistening arms they stand,
Resolved to free their native land,
Or fall a sacrifice.

And nobly did that little band
All Persia's proud array withstand
Within Thermopylæ's dell;
And filled with freedom's sacred fire,
They met the Persian host entire,
And for their country fell.

Then Xerxes leads his haughty band
To where the Grecians bravely stand,
Awaiting the attack,
With deafening shouts the armies close,
And rushing bravely on their foes,
They drove the Persians back.

Xerxes, of thy three million men,
How few recross that sea again!
They sleep upon the plain;
Before thee rolls the heaving wave,
Behind thee yawns a foreign grave,
Then haste across the main.

See Switzerland's stern mountains rise,
Their summits towering in the skies,
In glorious majesty,
And covered with eternal snow,
Beneath the warm, bright sunbeam's glow—
And there is liberty.

Then Gesler and his minions fell
Before th' undaunted patriot Tell,
And Switzerland was free;
Brave land! for every rising sun
That shines on thee still shines upon
A land of liberty.

See young Columbia proudly rise,
Her eagle soaring through the skies;
On every land and sea
Is her bespangled banner spread,
And beneath its ample folds there tread
The generous and the free.

And every vale and mountain's crest,
And every lake and river's breast,
Columbia, of thine!
Each murmuring brook and sparkling rill,
Each rocky cliff and plain and hill,
All, all with freedom shine.

If hostile heel should touch our strand,
If hostile foot should press our land,
They'd feel Columbia's might;
Our eagle, on his airy way,
Shall watch our happy land by day,
Our silent stars, by night.

All hail, man's noblest, dearest right,
Long, long may freedom's holy light
Illuminate the earth;
And hasten on the glorious time,
When every nation, every clime,
Shall know and feel its worth.

[Written for The Flag of our Union.]

### Song.

BY WM. ALBERT SUTLIFFE.

'Tis early morning on the hills, my love!
The glorious sunlight tends the saffron sea,
And echoes far through viny arcades rove,
And beauty shrineth many a flower and tree;
The silvery moss invites our devious feet—
Come, let us stray—
My dearest one, where sun and shadows meet,
Let love begin the day.

'Tis noon amid the umbrageous foliage high,
The leaves unstirring hang upon the tree;
Or if the wind awake, 'tis but to sigh,
And sink again into inanity.
The wood, the stream, the air is full of joy—
Come, let's away—
And give our heavenward passions blest employ;
Let love bear on the day.

Day draweth to its setting, and the air
Is pregnant with all fragrance from the flowers;
And the world, smothering for awhile its care,
Just pauseth to enjoy the passing hours.
Come, let us also leave the thorny track,
The tiresome fray,
And float on memory's pinions backward, back;
Let love close up the day.

The mossy midnight stoops above the earth,
And lays his Lethean fingers on each brow;
Of day's bright gayeties there is a dearth,
But heaven fills up the soul to overflow;
Earth's gayest scenes have but too little joy,
And dearly bought—
Let converse sweet—for 'earth cannot annoy'—
Bear heavenward our thought.

[Written for The Flag of our Union.]

### When Slumber sweet.

BY MARSHALL S. PIKE.

When slumber sweet the eyelid closes,
And distant friends in dreams are near;
When beauty bright in sleep reposes,
We fondly cherish all things dear.
When moonlight o'er the ocean dances,
And stars illume the blue above;
When slumber sweet awakens fancies,
We dream, we dream of those we love.

When vision lives, and memory pleases,
How happy is the dreamer's heart;
'Tis then dull life its hope increases,
And joy bids every woe depart.
We feel the warm and glad caresses
That friendship hath so closely wove;
When slumber sweet the true soul blesses,
We dream, we dream of those we love.

When morning breaks with rosy blushes,
And o'er the day its smile is thrown,
The noisy world sleep's idol crushes,
We wake, and find our dream friends flown!
The heart then sighs, for souls it misses;
Yet learns to wait, and fonder prove;
When slumber sweet gives us its blisses,
We dream, we dream of those we love.

### Prayer for Sleep.

In a beautiful hymn composed by Sir Thomas Brown, are these striking lines:

Sleep is a death; O make me try,
By sleeping, what it is to die;
And as I gently lay my head
On my grave as now my bed;
Howe'er I rest, great God, let me
Awake again, at last, with thee;
And thus assured, behold I lie
Securely—or to wake or die.
These are my drowsy days; in vain
I do now wake to sleep again.
O come that hour when I shall never
Sleep again, but wake forever.

## MISCELLANEOUS.

[Written for The Flag of our Union.]

### THE MILL OF POISSY; or, THE FUGITIVE'S SECRET.

BY FRANCIS A. DURIVAGE.

The shadows of night had long since descended over a picturesque valley of Auvergne in which the pretty little town of Poissy lay like a dove in its nest, when Therese Lamar, a very handsome young widow, the owner of a mill and farm which had been bequeathed to her by her husband, was preparing to retire to her couch. Perhaps, as she contemplated her pretty face in the mirror, she thought it a pity that so much beauty should remain unmated, for her marriage had been one of convenience, and her mourning weeds had sat easily upon her graceful form. She doubtless looked forward to a union with a man of congenial spirit to indemnify her for the joyless though tranquil years she had passed as the wife of the late Louis Lamar. Be that as it may, her preparations for retiring had gone no further than the arrangement of her chestnut curls, when she was startled by a low knocking at the door of her sitting-room which opened upon a small garden communicating with the highway. The young widow feared nothing, for the rural district in which she lived was a quiet and peaceful one, and moreover, her laborers slept within call, and so, lifting her lamp, she opened the door without hesitation. But she was very much startled at the spectacle which presented itself to her eyes. A young man, haggard and unshaven, pale and trembling, whose mean attire was travel-soiled and in disorder, stood before the door.

'What do you want?' asked Therese.

'A shelter—a lodging—food—the first, if not the last—I am dying,' gasped the stranger.

'I never turned a wayfarer from my door yet,' replied the widow, without hesitation.—'So come in—you are welcome.'

'May God reward you for your kindness!' was the heartfelt blessing of the stranger, as he staggered into the sitting-room.

Madame Lamar called up Jean, one of her laboring men, and busied herself about preparing supper. It was soon spread before the stranger. Hot coffee, white bread, ham and eggs are not unacceptable to a famishing man who has eaten nothing for forty-eight hours, and the widow's guest did ample justice to her hospitality. The repast finished, after thanking his hostess warmly, he was shown by Jean to a sleeping room, and the widow retired to dream of the adventure. A young man, and in extreme distress! she could not fail to be interested in his fortunes.

The next morning, when he presented himself at the breakfast table, his appearance was very much changed for the better. He was a strikingly handsome young man, with that air of melancholy which never fails to interest the heart of a woman. Madame Lamar was not inquisitive, but her guest voluntarily informed her that his name was François; his surname he declined adding—that he was the victim of misfortunes he could not disclose, and that he was anxious to obtain some means of earning his livelihood. Antoine Duval, the brother of Therese, did not take so lively an interest in the stranger as his sister, but little Louis, the widow's son, a boy of six, took a fancy to him at once. Finally, it was agreed that employment should be given him upon the farm, and the stranger was at once domiciliated beneath the roof of the kind-hearted woman who had probably saved his life by giving him a shelter on the preceding evening. He proved a most valuable *employé*; for he was well educated, intelligent and industrious. In the course of a year, under his management, the farm was rendered twice as productive as it ever had been before, the mill was better managed, the widow's accounts all regulated, certain debts paid off, and the business systematized. Antoine began to like the stranger, though he did not relish the silence he preserved touching his family and early history. Therese, however, did not share her brother's doubts and suspicions—she had liked François at first, and from liking came by easy steps to loving him, while he in turn, did not seem insensible to the charms of heart and person united in his fair benefactress. At length, after a tedious lapse of time, he proposed and was accepted, not without a remonstrance on the part of Antoine, and the wedding day at length arrived. It was on that very day that Antoine had a conversation with his sister in which he frankly repeated his repugnance to the match.

'Therese,' said he, 'I have not let you remain in ignorance of my repugnance to this union. I told you of it yesterday before the signature of the contract—but you would listen to nothing. Now I have nothing to do but to submit and bear up as well as I can against ill luck.'

'I am sorry you feel so, brother,' answered Therese. 'Can nothing change your feelings towards an unfortunate man who is more to be pitied than blamed?'

'The man, sister, who conceals his real name, and shrouds himself in impenetrable mystery does not always remain unknown from honorable motives. There is no shame in confessing misfortunes, especially when the conscience is clear.'

'He has told us a hundred times,' replied Therese, 'that his secret might compromise his family. The little he has communicated cannot, I imagine, leave room for any doubt. You know François has been a soldier—he may have deserted.'

'Abandoned his colors!' exclaimed Antoine.

'If so, he must have mourned his fault, and there you have the reason of the profound sadness in which he is constantly plunged and which destroys the peace of every moment of his life.'

'But this sadness,' reasoned the brother, 'does not prevent his looking out for his own interest. It was a shrewd thing to marry a young and pretty woman and become proprietor of a fine establishment.'

'Antoine!' exclaimed Therese, 'this is unjust. You know that he has deferred a great many times the period I have fixed for our marriage.'

'Well, I may possibly be mistaken,' returned Antoine, 'I wish I may be from the bottom of my heart. For your sake I am disposed to love him, and if he was willing—by a frank recital—but if I am unworthy of his confidence, he ought to have no secrets from you to whom he owes his happiness and life. But it's idle talking—in a few minutes you will be his wife. May you never have cause to repent it! But remember, Therese, if regret and tears should one day be your portion, you have still a brother who always was and always will be your best friend.'

Meantime the preparations for the marriage were actively going on, amid all sorts of noises, for a wedding at Poissy was equivalent to a holiday, and bonfires, discharges of musketry and the ringing of bells announced the delight of the villagers. François soon joined his bride, and together they received the congratulations of their friends.

Among others, they were waited upon by the old village postmaster, Mr. Martin, who came last, and who excused himself for his delay by saying that he had been compelled to remain to attend to the wants of a company of the *maré-chaussée*, provincial troops in the employ of government, who were in pursuit of several deserters and criminals who had escaped on their way to a seaport town where they were being conveyed to the galleys. The eyes of both Therese and Antoine instinctively sought the countenance of François as this announcement was made, but the expression of his face was more than usually calm.

'Some of these fellows,' the postmaster added, 'are said to have taken refuge in this district; but such precautions have been taken, that their escape will be next to an impossibility; and once taken it's all up with them.'

'Poor wretches!' exclaimed François, in a tone of deep feeling.

'Pity them if you like,' said the postmaster. 'Every man to his taste, but as for me, I have no mercy for the rascals.'

'Sir,' said François, 'though guilty, they have claims to the indulgence of all merciful hearts. Who shall dare assert that among them there may not be some victim of the caprices of fortune or the injustice of men?'

'I affirm nothing,' said the postmaster, doggedly; 'but I say that every soldier who deserts his colors is a traitor, and that in France we are not in the habit of sending clever fellows to amuse themselves with rowing in the galleys all day long.'

At this point the villagers coming up with garlands and bouquets of flowers, and the sound of the neighboring church bell announced the hour of the ceremony. François took the hand of Therese and addressed her in a tone of deep feeling.

'Therese, in a few moments we shall be united. Heaven is my witness that this marriage surpasses my hopes, and would place me on the summit of earthly felicity. But whatever it may cost me, I am willing, if necessary, to sacrifice my happiness to yours. The sad sport of destiny, without fortune, with no support in the world but yourself alone, to whom I owe all, what can I offer you to recompense you for your kindness? a heart charmed with your beauty, touched by your virtue, but withered by grief. Therese, reflect, there is yet time. I should rather deplore your loss than be one day the witness of your sorrows or the recipient of your reproaches.'

'I have thought of all this,' answered Therese, gently pressing the hand of François. 'Come, friends, let us be going.'

The speech of François touched the heart of Antoine, and he addressed him with his usual frankness:

'Those are the sentiments of an honest man, *sir*. They dissipate in some sort the prejudices I had entertained—your conduct, I am pleased to think, will destroy them entirely. Make my sister happy, be a good father to her little boy, Louis, and you will always find a warm friend and relative in his uncle Antoine.'

The bridal party set out for the church.—They walked on foot along the winding road that was bordered by rocks and all overhung with fragrant flowering shrubs. As they disappeared in the distance, a man who had been watching their movements, a ragged, unshorn and savage specimen of humanity, half brigand and half mendicant, emerged from the bushes which had hitherto concealed him from view and came forth into the road. His movements were slow, as of a person suffering from fatigue or pain. He muttered to himself:

'They are gone—all of them. Let me halt here a moment,' he said, sinking upon a rustic bench. 'Let me see—where am I? still in Auvergne—in three days more I shall have nothing to fear. These cursed soldiers! I think I see and hear them everywhere, I had hard work to escape from them. How many times have they fired upon me when chance only saved me from their shots. What a life this is! Never mind! I have regained my liberty, and for a man who has suffered so much, that is everything. What a fine house this is!' he added, surveying the rustic dwelling of Therese. 'How happy the folks are who own it, while I am a fugitive and wanderer, obliged to hide myself from all eyes, with nothing to live upon but what chance or charity may send me. Unjust fate! I ought to be moving on, but my strength is gone—my courage fails me, and hunger is gnawing my very vitals. One more effort though,' he added, struggling with weakness and despair. Then, after a pause, he said: 'It is all vain. I can do nothing. Must I perish without help! Great Heaven! what do I hear!—They are coming. Better die than fall into their power.'

The fugitive made a violent effort to drag his weary limbs into the friendly shelter of the road-side bushes, but his legs gave way under him and he fell headlong to the ground. Even in this prostrate condition he essayed to drag himself along, but the agony was too great, and he fainted.

It was not, however, the troops he had heard approaching, but a portion of the bridal party, including Therese's son, returning from the church. They were not long in discovering the fugitive, who lay almost directly in the pathway to the house. Louis was the first to perceive the fallen man and to afford him assistance. He brought some cordial from the house, moistened his lips with it, and had the satisfaction of restoring the unknown to consciousness and enabling him to rise. After which he insisted on his remaining till the return of his mother from church, which took place immediately afterwards. Louis ran to meet Therese and hoped that neither she nor François would scold him for having helped a stranger in distress and invited him to stay with them until his strength was recruited.

'Whoever you are,' said François, addressing the unknown, 'you are welcome. Misfortune and persecution always find shelter here.'

The voice of François appeared familiar to the stranger, nor was the countenance of the latter without its impression on the memory of the former.

'Comrade,' said the unknown, rising suddenly, 'this is not the first time we have seen each other.'

'Do you think so?' said François.

'I am sure of it!' said the stranger.

'Good God!' thought François, 'he has certainly recognized me.'

'It isn't well for a man to forget his friends,' said the stranger.

'Friends!' exclaimed François, bitterly.

'You remember neither my features nor my name,' continued the stranger, 'but as for me, I have an excellent memory. Don't you remember—'

François, with a slight exclamation of terror, seized the hand of the stranger and pressing it, implored him to be silent. He then turned away hurriedly to join Therese, and reply to the congratulations of the villagers who crowded around them and accompanied them to the door of their house. The ragged stranger watched their departure with a malignant eye, and muttered to himself:

'He must save me, or he is ruined.'

The festivities of the wedding did not cease with night-fall. There was a supper and a ball, and as was the custom in that part of the country, the guests were not expected to separate until the morning. The bride and bridegroom were, of course, expected to be present during the whole time, but it was observed that François absented himself more than once, and that whenever he returned, his countenance wore an expression of pain and care which he vainly attempted to banish. Therese was aware that he had given a shelter for the night to the distressed stranger, but she did not think the rights of hospitality demanded that her husband should show much attention to him, and yet she could not help connecting his absences with that mysterious individual.

It was now long past midnight, when François left his guests and repaired to the large hall on the lower floor of the house where he had left the stranger asleep in an arm chair. He found him in the same position.

'Just as happiness was dawning upon me,' thought he, 'this wretch comes to trouble my repose. If he says a word, Therese is lost to me forever—dishonor becomes my portion and death my only hope. The love of an adored wife makes me attach a value to existence. It is now six o'clock. His own safety and a sum of money will certainly purchase his absence. Come,' he cried aloud, shaking the sleeper roughly. 'You must go.'

'Go!' repeated the stranger, arousing himself.

'Don't you intend to keep your promise?' asked François. 'The darkness favors you, and perhaps, before an hour has elapsed, the soldiers will be here.'

'Let them come,' replied the other. 'I know not why, but since I've been lucky enough to meet you—I have lost my fear of them. It is your interest to hide me. Once taken, I might speak out—and then, good-by wife, and what's more—good-by money, eh!—They say she brings you in something handsome—eh? You are a happy fellow, eh? Who'd have thought it six years ago—eh? eh? eh? But don't be afraid, I'll be mum—on certain conditions.'

'Hush!' cried François, 'my wife comes. Step into this closet.'

The stranger obeyed and disappeared just as Therese entered.

'My presence annoys you, François,' said she. 'I have noticed that since the coming of this man you have seemed to avoid me—even to fly from me. Your poor Therese expects more confidence from you; she does not repent of what she has done for you. Without knowing you, she shared and softened your sorrows and respected your secret; but now that she has become your wife, she has a right to your full confidence. Speak, dearest, I conjure you, and if you will not or cannot open your heart to me, at least assure me that no danger threatens you.'

'The sight of an unfortunate man who was for a long time a companion in my troubles caused me an emotion I could not master. He desired to be alone with me—and I could not refuse his request.'

'But who is this mysterious man?' asked Therese, anxiously. 'Whither does he bend his footsteps? What is his design in hiding himself from our eyes—and why do you conceal yourself?'

'I cannot reveal his secret,' answered François.

'I can guess it,' said Therese, after a moment's reflection. 'The troops that are scouring the country—the few words you have dropped, throw a light upon the subject—François—this man is a deserter!'

'I breathe again,' thought François.

'You,' continued Therese, 'are guilty of the same fault and fear the same punishment. I repeat it, you are guilty of the same fault. Held back by a false shame, and fearing to lose my good opinion, you dared not confess it. But I long since learned to read your soul. I have seen all its goodness, and a *full* confession would not have changed my feelings.'

'I cannot undeceive her,' thought François.

'Everything is now explained,' said Therese. 'I am sensible how painful such a meeting must have been for you; but really you have nothing to fear. If this man sought to destroy you he would destroy himself, and I cannot believe that a desire to injure you would induce him to jeopardize his own safety. As for the search now made by the troops you cannot be the object, so many years have elapsed. So you see, my dear François, I am perfectly easy, and I beg you will try to be of my opinion. The future has nothing alarming, and even if your Therese should be mistaken, she would be ready to make all the sacrifices love demands for your dear sake.'

François forced himself to say that he felt easy, and dismissed Therese with a promise soon to rejoin her and the company he had left. The moment Therese was gone, the ill-favored stranger whose inopportune appearance had caused all the uneasiness, came out of the closet where he had been concealed.

'Now,' said François, giving him a purse, 'there is not a moment to be lost. Take this money; it will provide for your immediate necessities, and every year, at the recurrence of this period, a similar sum shall be sent you, if you promise solemnly to be silent forever.'

'O, I promise!' answered the stranger, grasping the money.

'Go, then—there is no obstacle in the way of your escape. Go—and in some obscure retreat, abjure your errors, expiate your crimes and open your soul to repentance.'

'Ah! I repent already,' said the stranger.

'I have the greatest interest in your departing without being seen.'

'I know it, François.'

'This door,' said François, pointing one out to him, 'opens on the courtyard. There's a garden-wall to scale, a hedge to leap, and then you will find yourself clear of the house and of the mill of Poissy.'

'Farewell, comrade,' said the stranger, 'we part friends. In a few days you shall know where I hang out—and I may rely on your punctuality. Farewell.'

With these words, he took his departure, relieving François of a load of care. The young man joined the bridal party—the wine sped round, the song and dance went on, and all was happiness and merriment. The party was further increased by the addition of an old officer, a gentleman of fortune who had visited the department for the purpose of making a purchase, and who had begged of the post-master the favor of introducing him to the bride and bride-groom, as he was one of these genial-hearted old men who live to look upon the joys of the young. It was in the midst of a dance, in which old and young participated, that the guests were all startled by cries of 'robbery! thieves! murder!' and Jean, the farm-hand, rushed into the parlor wild with excitement. He said that a man had broken into the bridal chamber, forced the secretary, and rifled it of its contents—that he had detected him in the act, but that he fled before he could be arrested. Jean had not been able to distinguish his features, but had instantly given the alarm. François alone suspected the individual; and while all the guests dispersed in pursuit of the robber, he alone remained behind, hoping secretly that the villain would escape. He was meditating on this new misfortune, when the stranger dashed into the apartment, and sought to make his way to the further extremity.

'Halt!' said François, pointing out a small side-door to him. 'This is your way. You see your villany is known, and your life is in my hands. But I will not abuse my position. Restore the fruits of your crime, and I will assure your escape.'

'Many thanks to you for your protection,' said the stranger—'but you ask too much for it. I'm off.'

François seized him. 'You disdain my offers, and you wish to complete my ruin! Is this the reward of my kindness?'

'I follow your example, and profit by the opportunity.'

'Restore your plunder, I tell you,' said François, 'or I will abandon you to all the severity of the law.'

'And I,' said the stranger, shaking him off, 'will give you up to all the shame of infamy.'

'This is too much!' said François. 'I am weary of your threats and prefer death.'

'Death perhaps!' said the stranger—'but the scaffold!'

'The scaffold!' echoed François, stung to madness. 'Scoundrel! your life shall answer for this!'

And he caught up a hatchet—but the stranger coolly drew a pistol from his vest.

'Halt there, comrade,' said he, 'you see I brave your impotent fury.'

'I am no longer master of myself,' said François. 'Before dying, I will wreak my vengeance on a villain!' He rushed upon the stranger, and the latter fired. The room was immediately filled with people. The stranger escaped. François rushed in pursuit of him, but in so doing, received a second pistol-shot and fell. He was taken up and carried into an inner room, Mr. Martin, the postmaster, being particularly officious in his attentions. In a few moments, however, he rushed forth, wild with horror. 'O, such a discovery!' he cried.

'What is it?' inquired Therese, in agony. 'Is his life in danger? I will know the worst.'

She rushed into the room. François was reclining on a couch. His friends had stripped his coat and shirt from his right shoulder, whence the blood was oozing freely. But it was not the wound which caused every one to shrink back in consternation—it was not the wound that extorted from Therese the agonizing shriek of a broken heart—but there, on the white shoulder of the man she had just wedded, was the brand of shame—there were the fatal letters, T. F. *Travaux Forcé* (forced labor), which are branded on the persons of the galley-slaves condemned for life.

François had only time to exclaim, 'Therese, Therese, pardon me!' when from agony and loss of blood he fainted.

The wedding festival had a melancholy termination. The sun of the preceding day had set upon a scene of universal peace and happiness; it rose upon saddened faces, broken hearts in which light and radiance kindled no responsive flash. The guests dispersed. François was abandoned by all excepting Therese. She dressed his wound, she forbore to reproach him, but both felt that from that time forth there was a gulph between them. At length, having bound up the wound of François, and satisfied herself that it was inconsiderable, poor Therese left the chamber of suffering and shame, and sought her brother.

'Antoine,' said she, 'I know what you will tell me. That if I had followed your advice—if I had listened to your experience—but I have been cruelly punished.'

'My dear sister,' answered Antoine, 'I do not intend to reproach you. You do not deserve it; besides it would be useless now—you but followed the dictates of your heart, and it is the first time you have had reason to repent it. But now what can you do?'

'I know my duty,' answered Therese, with a sigh. 'However painful it may be, I will discharge it. Perhaps it would cost me still more to forget it.'

'Well,' said Antoine, 'at least make me a sharer of your secret.'

'You shall know all. I am determined to give him whom I no longer dare to call my husband, all the attention his situation demands. If, as I hope, his life is not in danger, as soon as my presence and zeal are no longer necessary, we shall cease to live for each other, and Heaven alone can one day reunite us.'

'This is well, sister. I was afraid you would not have the courage to adopt this course.'

'The sight of my son confirmed my wavering resolution.'

She would have added more, had not their interview been interrupted by the entrance of the old officer introduced by the postmaster on the preceding evening.

He apologized for his intrusion, but stated that he had a good many questions to ask touching François. These interrogations, and something suspicious in the manner of the old gentleman, filled the breast of Therese with alarm. He retired at length, but stated that he should return again. The surgeon who was summoned to attend François, pronounced him entirely out of danger, after examining his wound, and in fact, shortly after he left, the patient was dressed, his arm suspended in a sling, and though he stood and walked with some difficulty, he sought Therese for a final interview. The latter was much agitated, while her husband, though sad, was calm.

'Dear Therese,' said he, 'can you ever pardon me?'

'Pardon you!' she replied, 'I think your misfortune is as great as mine.'

'Nay, not so, Therese. I have indeed nothing left me—the world, honor, imperiously command that the bonds which united us shall be severed. I shall mourn you till the last moment of my existence; but you, Therese, you cannot mourn for a wretch stamped with the brand of reprobation, a man covered with eternal opprobrium.'

'The future,' said Therese,' sadly, 'will show you what I am.'

'Can it be true!' exclaimed François. 'Will not your hatred overwhelm the author of your sufferings?'

'If I hated you, François, who would love you?'

'Can you say that?' cried François—'and yet I have concealed my fatal secret from you.'

'François,' said Therese, 'our moments are numbered—we are surrounded by watchers. In one hour, perhaps, you will not be able to escape their watchfulness. If you love me yet, fly—you must fly, or your destruction is certain. Live far away from me, but always rely upon the heart of her who is yours for life.'

'Well,' returned François, 'I will fly, if your peace and wishes demand it. But you shall know everything—at least I will bear away with me your esteem and your affection.'

'Quick, then,' said Therese—'tell me all; hide nothing, but above all things, do not deceive me.'

'Know then,' said François, 'that I was never guilty.'

At this declaration, Therese clasped her hands and raised her tearful eyes to heaven.

'Seven years ago,' continued François, 'destined ultimately to be associated in business with an uncle I had never seen, an elder brother obtained a situation for me in the establishment of one of the first bankers of Paris. My brother was a cashier there, and I was employed as his assistant. He had been married for some years, and had two children. His income might have been sufficient for his expenditures, but a guilty passion for gambling had taken possession of him, and he indulged it at first by depriving his family of the fruits of his labor. Despair and misery were his fireside companions. Afraid of confessing his unfortunate position, he scrupled not, at different times, to appropriate a portion of the funds committed to our care. Strong suspicions were soon awakened, but our employers knew not which of us to accuse. At last, one evening, my brother came to me, pale and trembling, and confessed the cause and effects of his crime. He held a pistol in his hand, and he was about to end his career and deprive a young mother and her children of the only hope they had in this world. Struck with terror, I threw myself at his feet, and implored him to live and not reduce his family to despair. Measures had been taken by the proper authorities, and a few minutes afterwards, the officers of justice came to arrest us. My brother fainted, and I confessed myself guilty. His confession had enabled me to state in detail all the various circumstances which tended to establish my guilt, and though he tried afterwards to prove himself the guilty one, I was condemned to perpetual labor. I sacrificed my honor to save a wife, a brother, and his children.'

Therese threw herself into his arms, and pressed him to her heart. 'Dear husband,' said she, 'could nothing shake your courage, neither the terrors of the bench nor the shame of public punishment?'

'Nothing,' answered François. 'Punishment is only cruel to him who has deserved it.'

'But by what miracle did you recover your liberty?'

'It chanced that I found in one of the officers who was conducting to their place of exile, the wretches whom society had banished, a man who was touched with my youth and misfortunes. He facilitated my escape, which I accomplished by the aid of the ruffian who recognized me last night, and who, less fortunate than I, suffered some years of slavery.'

'But why did you not make this revelation sooner?'

'Some time after my condemnation, I learned that my brother could not remain in a house where everything recalled my misfortune. Since that period, I obtained no intelligence of him, and I could not declare my innocence without subjecting him to the same punishment which I had escaped from.'

'Dear husband,' said Therese, 'happiness may still be ours. I can love you now since I know that my conscience does not oppose my love.'

At this moment the old officer entered the room.

'Ah, sir!' cried Therese, 'he is innocent. Whither would you drag him?'

'I tremble for his safety,' answered the officer. 'The villagers are armed, and they are guiding the troops.'

'I know not, sir,' said François, 'what induces you to testify so much interest in me; but whatever be your object, I have recovered the esteem of all that is dear to me, and now I can bid defiance to misfortune.'

'Confide in me,' said the gentleman, 'one word can save you. Confess who you are, and I will be answerable. Do you hear that?' he cried, as the sharp report of a pistol was heard.

Therese shuddered and clung to her husband. Through the window which opened to the ground, and, across a light latticed fence, they saw the stranger who had wounded François, running, pursued by peasants. He turned and fired a pistol, leaped the fence, and plunged headlong into the room. He was followed by Antoine, Jean, some of the villagers, and several soldiers of the *maré chaussée*.

'Save me!' cried the fugitive, addressing François, 'or we are both lost.'

'Villain!' retorted François, 'dare you ask it of me!'

'Save me! I tell you. Or give me arms, and we will defend ourselves to the last!'

He had hardly uttered these words when he was seized by the soldiers.

'You would have it,' said he, to François, with a scowl of deadly hatred. 'I will drag you down with me. Soldiers, arrest this man too—the scaffold claims its own. This man was my companion; he is Paul Darville, condemned for life!'

'Paul Darville!' exclaimed the old gentleman. 'My prayers are answered then. The monster, in seeking to destroy him, has restored him to his family, to life and happiness.'

'What do you mean, sir?' asked Therese.

'Yes, Therese,' said the old gentleman. 'My name is Darville, and your husband is my nephew. He is worthy of your love and of universal esteem. Yes, my dear nephew, your brother, on the point of death, confessed everything. From that time I have had no other desire, and no other care, but to restore you to society. Success has crowned my efforts. The sentence by which you were condemned has been revoked, and the necessary papers are in the hands of the head of the department, where I have been vainly looking for you for six months. I have at length found you, and this is the happiest day of my life.'

There was general embracing and rejoicing, shaking of hands, and crying for joy all round.

The retaken galley-slave was borne away by the soldiers, who had taken the precaution to place him in irons, and every disagreeable object having thus been banished, the wedding festivities were resumed with redoubled gayety. Some days afterwards, the elder Darville proposed to his nephew to take up his residence in Paris, but the young man declared that he preferred to end his days where he had found shelter, love, and happiness, at the Mill of Poissy. It was there, then, that uncle and nephew fixed their residence, and there their years glided away tranquilly for the remainder of their days, alike undisturbed by tumultuous pleasures or oppressive sorrows.

[Written for The Flag of our Union.]

### Supplication.

BY EMERALD T. WILSON.

'Tis the sweet hour of early morn,
The sable veil of night,
Just lifting to the lovely dawn,
Gives place to rosy light.
The air is pure, serene and free,
No cloud disturbs the sky,
And glowing nature seems to pay
Her praise to God on high.

From out a rural cottage door
Two happy sisters stroll—
Possessors of that sacred lore
Which sanctifies the soul.
Their hearts are filled with heavenly love,
Joy beams in tone and look;
They seek a still, sequestered grove,
Beside the cottage brook.

No jewels glitter on their breasts,
Nor ornament their hair;
No slaves are they to pride's behests,
A lowly garb they wear.
And beauty, spurning art's cold aid,
Glows on each healthful cheek;
While grace and modesty are seen
In actions bland and meek.

They reach the spot, and bowing there,
They kneel upon the sod,
And in devout and trusting prayer
Communion hold with God!
How glorious, how sublime the scene!
Unearthly it appears;
Their thoughts, upborne by faith and love,
Soar to yon heavenly spheres.

And could we pierce that sheet of blue,
That hides from mortal vision
The beautiful, enchanting view
Of heaven's fair elysium;
We might e'en see an angel band
Around the throne of glory,
Bow down upon the pearly strand,
To tell the sacred story.

But now the sun's effulgent blaze—
Bright emblem of God's power—
Pours forth a flood of beauteous rays,
A rich and golden shower.
The maidens seek their humble home,
Life's duties now to bear;—
But who may tell how wide shall reach
That early morning prayer!

### Moral Recipes.

To make a man your friend—get him to do you a favor.

To kill a slanderer—take no notice of it.

To obtain a favor—seem to expect.

To ease sorrow—give it vent.

To make others confess their faults—confess your own.

To make others respect you—respect yourself.

To keep a child out of mischief—keep him busy.

To make a person pleased with you—make him pleased with himself.

To gain praise—be modest.

To prevent a quarrel—come to an understanding.

To find out a man's faults—praise him to others beyond his deserts.

To maintain authority—kill the first offence.

To get the better of one who has injured you—forgive him.

To get rid of a bore—ask him to lend you money, or else lend him money and ask him to pay you.

To cure *any* physical disease—let out all the blood you have and then pour down the calomel till your troubles are over.—*Phil. City Item.*

[Written for The Flag of our Union.]

### A Picture.

BY FRED. SOUTHGATE.

The placid lake, serene and fair,
Lies calm and still at close of day;
While the sunset sky reflected there,
In glowing tints, dissolves away;
And dusky twilight, shrouding all,
Wraps nature in its sable pall.

The dark old forest, looming high,
Upward its shadowy arms doth raise,
That seem relieved against the sky,
Like giants of primeval days;
While their dim outlines darkly spread
Their shadows o'er the lake's clear bed.

The willow, pendant o'er its side,
The fragrant flowers, so bright and fair,
Bend graceful o'er the slumbering tide,
And nod to the faint shadows there.
While tiny leaflets sink to rest
Upon its glassy, tranquil breast.

No ripple, dancing o'er the lake,
No perfumed breeze, with gentle kiss,
Disturbs its stillness, or doth wake
It from its dreamy loveliness;
But in the sober twilight gray,
It sinks to slumber with the day.

### Bold Stroke for a Husband.

A rather singular case of forgery has just occurred in New Orleans. A young French girl, who had recently arrived with her mother, from Paris, was reported to have a large amount of gold on deposit with a city banker. She was fair, and of course had many admirers, among them a verdant young merchant, whom she married. On the day following the marriage the happy bridegroom deposited with a banker a note for $10,000, signed by one of the wealthiest merchants in the city. This note, which he had received from his young and beautiful bride, he desired to have collected, and a draft for the amount remitted to him at New York, for which destination the happy couple took their departure the same evening. The note was not discovered to be a forgery until several days after they had sailed for the north. The credulous husband with his artful spouse are now enjoying their honeymoon trip at the north, but the news of the affair which must come, when the money does not, will surely interrupt their matrimonial bliss. So says the Baltimore American.

### Asking Leave to Gape.

The New-Haven Register tells this good one. A few nights since owing to an accident the Springfield train did not reach Hartford until late, and in consequence, those awaiting its arrival at the station, had a tedious time of it. Among them was a demure-looking Yankee, inclined to have a nap—fixing his feet on the upper round of his chair, he leaned back against the wall, and 'went at it.' He was not fairly under way, however, when he was tapped on the hat by one of the officials, and told that 'setting up and sleeping was not allowed at the Depot.'

'Eh?' ejaculated the astonished sleeper, 'no sitting up and sleeping?'

'No, sir—agin the rules of the company,' said the official.

'Well, I declare,' replied the other, 'this is a mean place! Wont you ask the company if I mayn't *gape?*' following up his query with a 'stretch' that put the officious official to instant flight.

### John Henderson.

An anecdote is related of John Henderson, who died at Oxford at the early age of thirty-two, and who was distinguished for his scholastic attainments. He had acquired a remarkable ascendency over his temper, and his friends never beheld him otherwise than calm and collected. A student of a neighboring college, proud of his logical acquirements, was desirous of a private disputation with the renowned Henderson. The subject was selected, and they argued for some time in the presence of his friends with candor and moderation. But Henderson's antagonist soon lost command of his temper, and at length perceiving his defeat inevitable, he so far forgot the character of a gentleman as to throw a cup full of wine in Henderson's face—who, without changing countenance, or varying his position, gently wiped his face, and coolly replied, 'that, sir, is a digression—now for the argument.'

'Old Zoroaster Fitch' was a hunchback, of great strength, who formerly resided in B——, Vermont. Having walked out one morning three or four miles from his residence, he met an acquaintance who inquired if he had 'come straight from home?' 'Yes,' said the old gentleman. 'Then,' said his friend, 'you have got confoundedly warped on the road.' 'I arnt bin!' said Fitch, after telling the story the next day, 'I'd ha' "warped" him, if I could ha' got my hands on him!'

While the preacher at the Mariner's Church, New York, a few days since in his sermon was eloquently asking—'Is there any one who cares for the poor sailor?' a little girl whose elder sister sat at her side (and who was engaged to a son of the ocean), answered loud enough for the audience to hear, looking archly at her sister, 'Yes, sir, "*Bub*" does!' The audience were at once thrown into a broad grin, and the minister closed the exercises quickly with prayer.

A certain linen-draper waited upon a lady for the amount of an article purchased at his shop. She endeavored to remind him that she had paid when he called some time ago, he declared he had no remembrance of the circumstance; on which she produced his receipt. He then asked pardon, and said, 'I am sorry I did not recollect it.' To which the lady replied, 'I sincerely believe you are sorry you did not *re-collect* it.'

The Boston Post, through its correspondent 'Jeems,' says Brown and his wife were walking out, when they met a man who had had the misfortune to lose a 'peeper.' 'Why is that man an abolitionist?' said Brown. Mrs. Brown 'didn't know, but rather thought it was because he couldn't *see both sides!*' 'Good,' said Brown, 'but that isn't it—it is because he is a man of *one eye, dea!*' Mrs. Brown fainted.

A correspondent of the Belfast Journal tells of an amusing incident which happened at Augusta, the other evening. Two gentlemen met, each unknown to the other, when one asked the other if he knew 'where Mr. John Hodgdon could be found.' 'You probably mean John Hodgdon of Aroostook, President of the Senate.' 'No, I'm that John Hodgdon myself.' '*Well, I'm the other one*, the representative from Lincolnville.'

A western editor lately called his '*devil*' to him, and told him he could not afford to hire his services any longer, unless he would agree either to take ninepence a week for them, or share equally the profits of the paper. The boy concluded to stay, but unhesitatingly chose the ninepence a week for his wages. That boy is destined to be a great man.

The Maine Farmer tells of a chap in Gardiner, who took a gill of camphene in a mistake for gin, but whose life was saved by a most ingenious process. After the stomach pump and all common means of restoration had been tried in vain, the grocer's clerk simply *ran a wick down the patient's throat, touched the blaze to it, and burnt out the camphene!* Instant restoration was the consequence.

Proof-readers are sometimes very negligent. In speaking of Governor McDowell's speech, the manuscript said, 'Many members *wept*, and among them Mr. Speaker Winthrop more than once gave way to his feelings in a flood of tears.' The printed copy read, 'Many members *slept*, and Mr. Speaker Winthrop more than once gave way to his feelings in a *mug of beer*.'

The people of the East Indies wear ear-rings as large as saucers, set with stones! Our fashionables have not yet arrived at that stage of taste and refinement, but we observe that many of them wear clam-shells, as large as an old-fashioned breast-plate, on their bosoms, and therefore conclude that they are 'progressing.'—*Portland Transcript.*

We have heard of several novel resorts to 'raise the wind' for California, but the last expedient is that of a young gentleman in Boston, who advertises for a *wife*, who is willing to invest a sum of money sufficient to enable him to reach the Gold Regions! Wouldn't she have a delightful prospect of connubial bliss!

A dull parson cornered a farmer whom he seldom saw at his ministrations, by asking him sternly, after a little reproof of his sin of omission:

'Shall we see you at church next Sabbath?'

'Y-e-s,' he replied slowly, 'Yes, I'll go—or *send* a hand.'

'Mr. Captain,' said a son of Erin, going on board a vessel in the Port of Cork, 'you looked so much like the mate that I took you to be the cook: you will be after lending me the loan of your broad axe to saw an empty barrel of flour in two, to make my cow a hog-pen!'

The 'Down East Debating Society,' having dismissed the question, 'where does fire go to when it goes out?' have got a new and more exciting one up: 'When a house is destroyed by fire, does it burn *up* or does it burn *down?*' This will probably be a warm debate on this question.

An individual, supposed to be the identical 'man who had seen better days,' was engaged yesterday morning in trying to convince the 'oldest inhabitant' that he ought to emigrate to California immediately.

'What is a rebus,' innocently asked a young miss of a black eyed lad. Imprinting a kiss on her breathing lips, he replied: 'If you now will return the compliment that will be a re-buss!' She was satisfied with the information.

An Irishman called into a store, and priced a pair of gloves. He was told they came to ten shillings. 'Och, by my soul thin,' says he, 'I'd sooner my hands 'd go barefoot, than pay that price for 'em.'

Felix M'Carthy, of the Kerry militia, was generally late on parade. 'Ah, Felix,' said the sergeant, 'you are always last.' 'Be aisy, Sergeant Sullivan,' was his reply; 'sure some one must be last.'

The Buena Vista Cotton Factory at Greenville, S. C. lately caught fire, and would have been destroyed, the President says, 'had it not been for the *manly* exertions' of the female operatives.

'I say, Jim, what *mechanical* work did you first do?' said one darkey to another. 'Why, why, cut teeth, ob course,' replied the other. 'So you did, by gum!'

The grand *jury* at Rochester, on Saturday, indicted a man for stealing an umbrella! This novel construction of law has occasioned great consternation in the community.

An exchange paper states that the Commissioners on Mexico claims are in session at Washington.

THE

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[WRITTEN EXPRESSLY FOR THE FLAG OF OUR UNION.]

THE

# BELLE OF MADRID,

OR,

## THE UNKNOWN MASK.

### A TALE OF SPAIN AND THE PYRENEES.

BY MISCELLANY SHARP.

[CONTINUED.]

CHAPTER XVII.

*The priest arose more as the soldier of the Pyrenees. The turmoil of the court's struggle confusion. The fearful contest by the sister's knife. The fatal result. The ruin of Irene's innocence manifested. Close of the explosion.*

THE pretended priest, after leaving Count d'Arnola, passed into his own apartment, and dropping the disguise he had worn, hastened with the utmost speed, bearing of that bugle call that had interrupted his ears in the hall. He found a body of his men just coming in, bringing with them a prisoner, one of whom the lieutenant of the day had ordered on his account, except that he was a suspicious person who was following an unusual track in the mountain passes, and who refused to give any account of himself, and indeed offered much hesitation to those who required him, and so to render the duty no slight operation in point of physical effort. Ordering him to be confined in a secure place until he should find time to examine him, Ryan returned once more to the house of Arnola, though not until he had received his priestly garments.

It was not my party," said the priest, to be entered. "I shall be at liberty for some hours to come, without doubt."

"I shall proceed to find the count.

"O no," said the priest, resuming an attitude of listening.

I was speaking of the misery that I experienced upon seeing the duchess of my self. I was jealous of every one, and could take no pleasure in any society save that of my little daughter, with whom I used to wander far away from home, in my evil but innocent gratitude upon the green sward, or pass my time in teaching her young mind its first aspirations for good and virtuous objects. It was my only pleasure, and save that, I was too miserable to live. Indeed, but for Isabella, I should have taken my own life, and ended the misery I endured. I met my wife coldly. I looked upon every one with suspicion; I could not bear to be spoken to. In short, I was little better than a mere breath of reason altogether. In vain were all the efforts of Irene to restore our former state of regard and confidence. It could not be done, and I shunned her altogether.

At last a vague suspicion entered my disordered brain that my pretended friend, Carlo Amadeo, was he who had so deeply wronged me. Who else could it be, I reasoned with myself, and in my state of irritability I soon convinced myself that it must be he. I swore

# THE FLAG OF OUR UNION.

[Written for The Flag of our Union.]

## HOT AT ASHBY.

BY T. S. ARTHUR.

JOHN BRENT has one maxim, if he possesses no other, and that is, the merit of being able to make himself completely at home with all his friends, male or female, high or low, rich or poor, under any and all circumstances. The good opinion of himself incurs no room for his congratulation to conceive the idea, that possibly there may be, in his character, certain points therein not agreeable to all. It never occurs to him that he may chance to make a indispreposs visit, not that the predecessor of a call may be a serious annoyance; for he is an entirely satisfied with himself that he is sure every one else must feel his presence as a kind of sunshine.

Of course, such being the character of Mr. John Brent, it may readily be inferred that he is very (likely) to commit an occasional mistake, and blunder, though unconsciously, into the commission of acts most untidily annoying to others. His evening calls upon ladies usually produce a marked effect upon those specially selected for the favor. The appearance of the effect will appear in the following little scene, which we briefly sketch:

Gentleman in the parlor, says a servant, coming into a room where sat three or three young ladies sit sewing or reading.

Who is he? is the natural inquiry.

Mr. Brent.

Goodness?

Say we are not at home, Kitty.'

No-no, Kitty, you mustn't say that,' interposes one. 'Tell him the ladies will be down in a little while.

Kitty accordingly retires.

'I'm not going down,' says one, more selfwilled and independent than the rest.

'You're so much right to be annoyed with him as we have,' is replied to this.

I don't care.'

I wish he'd stay away from here. No-body wants him.'

He's after you, Agony.

After me? replies Agony. 'Goodness! knows, I don't want him. I hate the very sight of him.'

It's no use fretting ourselves over the annoyance, we've got to endure it,' says one of the young ladies. So come, let's get on the best face possible.'

You can go, Cora, if you choose, but I'm in no hurry; nor will he be in any hurry to go. Say to him that I'll be along in the course of half an hour.'

No, you must all make your own apologies.'

In the room into Mr. Brent patiently awaits the arrival of the ladies, who are in their appearance, one after the other, some ten-dens during the next half hour. He receives them, who from to rising and sit, and who leads the conversation until towards eleven o'clock, when he retires in the best humor with himself and the interesting young ladies favored with his presence. He has not even a distant suspicion of the real truth, that his visit was considered an almost unendurable infliction.

Mr. Brent's morning calls are often unseasonable. He walks in, as a matter of course, takes his seat in the parlor, and readily up his mind by the end of half an hour that he is not at home, a suspicion that it may not be so does not cross his mind; for he cannot imagine it possible that any one could make such an excuse in order to avoid seeing him. Should the lady not be willing to accept an untruth, nor feel independent enough to avoid a word that she is engaged, she will waste of time, at least, must be her penalty; for Mr. Brent's morning calls are never of a shorter duration. He knows, as well as any one, that visits of politeness should be brief; but he is an exotic familiar terms with his friends, that he can wave ceremony—and he certainly does so, making himself at home, as he says, wherever he goes.

One day Mr. Jones Brent recollected that he had not called upon a certain Mrs. Fairview, for some weeks; and as the lady was, like most of his acquaintances, a personal friend, he felt that he was neglecting her. So he resolved forthwith to make her a call.

It was Saturday, and Mrs. Fairview, after having been, for the greater part of the morning, in the kitchen making cake, came up to the parlor to dust and re-arrange some of the articles there a little more to her liking. Her hair was in prayer, and her morning wrapper was a very slipper condition, having spilled on it a little during the cake-making process. It was twelve o'clock, and Mrs. Fairview was about leaving the parlor, when some one rang the bell. Glancing instinctively in the window, she obtained a view of Mr. Brent.

O dear!' she sighed, 'can I to have this reflection to-day? Bell-ring, and I would not have it!'

By this time the servant was moving along the passage towards the door.

Say I'm not at home, Hannah,' Mrs. Fairview, replied the girl, who proceeded at once towards the room from which the lady-mistress remained in the parlor.

Is Mrs. Fairview in?' the latter heard the visitor ask.

No sir,' replied Hannah.

Not in?

No sir. She's gone out.'

By this time Mr. Brent stood within the vestibule.

O, well; I reckon I'll just drop in and wait awhile. No doubt she'll be home soon.

I don't think she will return before two o'clock,' said Hannah, knowing that her mistress, looking more like a scarecrow than a genteel lady, was still in the parlor, and seeing that the visitor was disposed to push her by and make himself a comfortable one-day-go-hope she will be home soon.'

O no, sir. She said one that she would not come back under a three-hours.' The visitorus Hannah, who fully appreciated the decision in which Mrs. Fairview detailed her self should Mr. Bebee make his way into the parlor.

It's no consequence. You can just say to her, if she does return, while I'm here, that I called and made myself I am here, half an hour or so. And with this, Mr. Bebee passed by the girl, and made his way towards the parlor.

In despair, Hannah ran back to her place in the kitchen, wondering what her mistress would say or do when Mr. Bebee found that she was at home—and, moreover, in such a plight!

In the meantime, Mrs. Fairview, who had been eagerly listening to what passed between Hannah and the visitor, finding that he was about invading her parlor, and seeing no way of escape, retreated into a little room, or office, and with another hasten out of the suspicious looking envelope, and began to count notes, and observe the portion particularly, that he might be able to give the first information about concerning the remarks, and do it also correctly. At the moment the precisely eagerly-expectedest approached the spot where the night counter sat.

Inwitness to ten, ain't they, Mr. Superintendent?' he asked.

Don't know, sir; my business is only to count them.'

Got most through with 'em?

One left,' replied the superintendent, look-ing up from his occupation.

Why's that for?' asked the night inquiry-ist, blandly.

Ah, here it is; it's for you, sir?'

The second clerk—Mr. Paul Fry took the invitation to tea,' but he did not stop to read it. He saw the name of the lady's husband, who had their domicile on their knees in their eyes, and, as he hastened up the steps, he determined to be very polite to the gentleman action again,' one of them cried out:

Mr. Night-Counter, don't cramp!'

### The Stratagem.

I really don't know which I love best,' said Jane Manners to her friend Mary, as they sat in the parlor of the former, on the day after she was the invited of all admirers. William Stanton or Frederick English. Out of a host of lovers, these two only were favored with her business, has brought to my feet I have selected them. Neither of them, however, has made definitements of honor as far as expression and mental conduct go. They have both called on only sun for the necessary encouragement, I am sure, to go on. Now, I think that my fortune would be an advantage. They say I'm an unpretending girl, but I know that I'm entertaining at love my fortune, not me. Do you know that I'm not sure which I love best?'

You must not do it.'

I have thought of it a way. You now may remember that I have a cousin who was supposed to be fond of me. Well, I understand he has made a pour unrestricted go to much courage on to be in love with me.'

Yes, but you have full and positive proof of my cousin.'

I know it, but the world does not, nor can my own friends suspect that I am aware of the fact. I therefore propose to state in the papers that my cousin is dead, and he is to be buried. To give up for a time my splendid establishment and retire to some obscure place. Then I shall see what kinds of admirers I have. Those who are true will stand by me, and which has grown into a neighborhood of my retirement. Those that you see your like myself, the diffidence has been the consequence of my wealth. In the mean time I will not report the hear that my cousin pro-mises, and I will write to you to give you a cause.'

I believe you, dear William,' said Jane, 'and if you will accept a beggar, for I am determined to be.'

They saw no, and the former listens to each-wrong, even from your lips.'

Then you would not accept me?'

That they never can. When shall our meeting take place?'

Next week if you will.'

Then it is agreed.'

No, at the house of a friend. Call for me, and we will go together.'

At the day appointed, William was in readiness, and called for Jane. To his surprise, they were both engrossed at the magnificence of the establishment. The servants were in the character with the house. Jane was the most most surprised were they when stepping from the carriage, they were met by the servants who in Jane's former residence, and found that the residence was the property of a people by which she had tested her lovers. The latter, thoughtfully carried himself, but Jane fainted.

### A Glint in Love.

The Abbie Conclusive Club the following story—A lover is said to be a worthy lover, of which, when he has the opportunity, he is not seized by the backing of his dog. On going to the house of a friend, a gentleman sees whereupon the former took his gun and proceeded to the field. On the way he met with a horrid phantom, clothed in a white sheet, who looked at him with a face deadly pale, and his limbs shook with dismay at the fearful appearance.

If you come from God, speak; if from the devil, I will shoot.'

Wretch!' exclaimed the phantom, 'I am your deceased wife, and I will not be gone in ears you not to marry Marie A——, to whom you are engaged. She is not worthy of you, my glass. The only manner to succeed as a husband is to be dead, as I am, and then you will have Marie A——.'

This strange address from the goblin, increased the fright of the gentleman, and he fled precipitately, leaving the ghost to laugh at his cowardice. He accordingly visited next day, and, finding the lady alone, he told her what weakness was a spirit of anxiety, a prying disposition, and a love of curiosity. The lady suppose. The natural consequence was that they were married, and lived happily in everything.

Good morning, Mr. Superintendent, it does me good to see your cheerful, good-natured face. Here's a present for you to be a-remembering this morning,' pointing at the package of bank-notes he carried.

Yes, a few letters for the officers; fine they are, I suppose,' said the superintendent, passing along among the officers.

Now it so happened that the said night inquiry-ist was a man of a very nervous disposition, whose weakness was a spirit of inquiry, a prying disposition, and a love of curiosity. The lady suppose. The natural consequence was that they were married, and lived happily in everything.

business, could tell you the family secrets a half the town, and what the majority had in their safes, as well as the owners, who were in the season the Springtime first had given him the privilege of the key. Of course, he entered away her 'help.' Yet owing there was a fair share of curiosity in the composition of ones. He shrewedly suspected the true character of the package, and, believing in his brother officers, first to one and then another, and stepping up to one of the recipients, he quietly remarked:

Look letter, B—, eh?'

Yes, sir,' confirmed Bob, muffled B—, whose count-nance had suddenly undergone a perceptible change.

O, a fun, I see; well rubbers (Taylors) will annoy one with their accounts,' continued the night-inquiry-ist, in a manner that seemed to be addressed familiarly as he was feeling of the letter.

Hallos, G—, going to dine out? Why, you're all dressed.'

You be—blessed,' said the second officer, turning away with a very much ruffled smile.

The night inspector chuckled in his sleeve at the annoyance he produced, and began to think it a good time to go home. He did not expect his query to the third person, when he made the remark that he was going to dine out, as he never did by passing a letter to his care, as he caught the recognized eye of that individual, and nearly collar-shivered.

[Written for The Flag of our Union.]

### The Complete Gift.

BY MRS. H. M. CLARKE.

'Death hath many forms;
They should not all be hurtful.'—Howard.

The great spirit came after the western tribe. Leaving the fattened stream and bewildered village, he passed on. He saw the sun set.

For its glad waves reaped to all things free;
And, as they were gently driving,
They gave to her their sweetest, wildest song;
And the sun's last ray to her smiled,
Gay, sporting gems—it was the spring's labour,
And the birds sang, and the wind sighed,
With liberal hand she flung it into a bow.

She whispered the sun to rest and dower,
Blessing those that knew to thus and sent;
And gladly rejoiced in his kind, and labored
self comfortably and begin to make himself
entirely at home.' The prospect was, indeed, very fair for a call at home,' for at least the next half hour, if not longer. What was to be done? Mrs. Fairview was alarmed down to zero, and she was dressed for a temperature of very opposite.

I shall catch my death a cold,' she sighed, in the chilly air penetrated the grotesque, and sent a shudder through her frame.

Comfortably, and as much at home as if he were in his own parlor, sat Mr. Bebee, in the midst of the roaring grate, rocking himself in the easy, gum-chair, and enjoying a new book which he had found upon the table.

As Mrs. Fairview looked at him, and saw the complete repose and satisfaction of his manner, she felt that her own despair already her teeth were beginning to chatter, and she was shivering as if stricken by a fit of ague. Then, there was the disordered chapel—but then not the visitor, deeply absorbed in his book, and there stood the unfortunate lady who was 'not at home,' as before mentioned, and enjoying a new book which he had found upon the table.

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F. GLEASON, PROPRIETOR.

MATURIN M. BALLOU, EDITOR.

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### To our Correspondents.

'The Jeweller's Daughter,' an Arabian Story, by A. J. H. Duganne, is filed for our next number.

'Spring, Youth and Hope,' a poem, by Alice Lincoln, accepted.

'The Midnight Compact, a real Case of Conscience,' by Fred Hunter, shall appear in the forthcoming number.

'Lines to H. M.' by Isabel Ashton, accepted.

'An Invitation,' a poem, by Paul Creyton, filed for next week.

'To a Genius,' a beautiful poem, by Mrs. Ann S. Stephens, shall appear in our next.

'Jack Kincade,' a prose sketch, by J. H. Robinson, shall appear in our next.

'The Drunkard's Wife,' a poem, by Charlie, accepted.

'A Contraband Seizure,' a sketch of humor, by The Young 'Un, in our next number.

'Sonnet—To my Mother,' by Edgar A. Poe, filed for our next paper.

'The Miser,' a poem, accepted.

'The Gold Seeker's Song,' a Californian Lay, by C. R. Ettis, filed for the Olio column.

'Cure for the Cholera—a Charcoal Sketch,' by Solomon Sackley, shall appear next week.

'The Lee Shore,' a poem, by Brackblock, accepted.

A poem by the Editor, next week.

'An Old Man's Love,' a poem, by G. W. Putnam, in our next paper.

'Pat's Logic,' a poem, by W. B., accepted for the Olio column.

'Sonnet in a Brickyard,' by Charles Buchanan, accepted.

'Stealing Oysters,' 'A Bit of a Mistake,' and 'Scared by Frogs,' are respectfully declined.

### Aristocracy in England.

Some of our would-be great people hereabouts, in Yankee land, hold up their heads above their fellows because they possess perhaps a hundred or even five hundred thousand dollars. A pretty round sum to be sure, as the times go, but what's that to the *yearly income* of many English noblemen. The yearly income of the Duke of Devonshire, for instance, is £200,000 or one million of dollars! and that of the Duke of Roxburgh a trifle over that amount. When those purse-proud people, who have plenty of dollars and little brains, make a boast of their riches, throw them into the shade by telling them that many of the noblemen of England have *quarterly receipts* that would buy their whole property, the boasted accumulation of years of niggardly cringing and miserly pelf. And while we are upon this subject, it is worth while to instance the style of living followed by the rich English people. Our authority is Mr. Colman's book on European life and manners.

Althorpe, the residence of Earl Spencer, consists of 10,000 acres. His house contains sleeping rooms for seventy guests—the entries and rooms are filled with pictures and statues. A gallery of pictures, one hundred feet long, contains many of the works of the first masters. His library comprises more than 50,000 volumes, and is said to be the finest library in the world. The Duke of Richmond's home farm (Goodwood) consists of 23,000 acres. His whole domain at Goodwood is 40,000 acres. He has a summer retreat, in Scotland, of between 200,000 and 300,000 acres. 'Of the beauty and magnificence of this establishment,' says Mr. Colman, 'I cannot give you any adequate idea,'—extensive parks, through which you ride for miles and miles—herds of deer, sheep and cattle—twenty-five race-horses in the stable and a groom for each—an aviary filled with a variety of splendid birds—fish ponds—grottoes, &c.

The annual income of the Duke of Devonshire, the proprietor of Chatsworth, is said to be £200,000, or one million of dollars. This is said to be the most splendid nobleman's seat in the kingdom. His *arboretum*, covering many acres, contains one or more specimens of every tree that can be acclimated—the kitchen garden covers twelve acres. The fountain at Chatsworth throws the water to the height of 276 feet. Mr. Colman gives an account of several noblemen whose annual income varied from £100,000 to £150,000, that is, from $500,000 to $750,000. Speaking of Lord Yarborough, he says, that his lordship 'has an indefinite number of hunters, &c. &c.' Lord Yarborough has more than 60,000 acres in his plantation—he has 600 tenants, and you can ride thirty miles in a direct line upon his estate. 'Many of the tenants of Lord Yarborough pay 1000 and 1,400 guineas a year rent, and several of them live like noblemen, keeping their dogs, horses, carriages and servants in livery.' Of the duke of Richmond's style of living, &c., Mr. Colman says—'The service at dinner was always silver or gold throughout, plates and dishes, except for the jellies and puddings, and those the most beautiful china.' The duke has more than forty race horses and sixty grooms and hostlers. His salmon fishery at Gordon Castle used to be let for £10,000, and now lets for £7000 per annum, or $35,000.

### Dow's Satire.

The eccentric 'Dow, Jr.,' in allusion to the exclusion of many would-be church-goers from the sanctuary by reason of the enormously high pew rents in our 'fashionable churches,' characteristically remarks:—'There is a high duty upon the fashionable waters of divine grace; and you have to pay at least a penny a-piece for a nibble at the bread of life. To go to church in any kind of tolerable style costs a heap a year; and I know very well that the reason why a majority of you go to Beelzebub is, because you can't afford to go to heaven at the present exorbitant prices!'

A Fact well Attested.—Young ladies who are accustomed to read newspapers are always observed to possess winning ways, most amiable dispositions, always select good husbands, invariably make good wives, and are seldom or never taken in by itinerant cheats and impostors.

Truthful.—At Cairo, a woman is an idolized slave; at Milan, or Florence, a cherished article of domestic chattel; in London, a reasoning, perhaps, sometimes even an arguing associate; in America she is an equal confederate!

—— 'The greatest comfort the poor have, is that the rich must die, as well as themselves.'—*Home Journal.*

Slim consolation, that.

Try to avoid *jumping* out of the frying-pan into the fire.—*Portland Transcript.*

Did you ever get caught in such a scrape?

### Consumption of Tea.

If people only knew what vile stuff they got in room of real bona fide tea, they would discard the article altogether, and drink some more healthful and pure ingredient, such as shells, cocoa, and the like. Coffee does not agree with every one, and therefore we were about to leave it out in this place; but let us tell those who purchase it *ground*, that they generally get about *one half* real coffee, and the balance made up of various other articles; but to return to tea. In the Memoirs of the London Chemical Society, there is an interesting paper of Warrington, on the analysis of tea, in which he states that he has not only removed the whole of the coloring matter, or glazing, from green tea, but he has been able to analyze the matter removed, and prove it, by chemical evidence, to consist of Prussian blue and gypsum principally. So that in fact the drinkers of many qualities of green tea, as it comes to the English market, indulge in a beverage of Chinese paint, and might imitate the mixture of dissolving Prussian blue and plaster of Paris in hot water. The Chinese do not *drink* this painted tea; they only *sell* it. Green tea, generally, is little better than poison, and a table-spoonful of it strong will set an infant into convulsions. Of course we mean such as is often sold for good.

### Court Scene.

A large negro was taken before the Mayor in Cincinnati, the other day, charged with some petty theft. The presiding official sat in all the dignity of office, and the woolly head eyed the proceedings with a knowing look, until at last his turn came, and the Mayor asked:

'Well, fellow, what are you here for?'

'O!—O!' ejaculated Cuffee, bending half double.

'What do you mean by that?' asked his honor.

'O!—O!' continued Cuff, holding on to his stomach with both hands.

'Will you answer my question?' said the Mayor, sternly.

'O, massa mair, I'm got de chol—de chol—de cholera?'

'Hallo! this is a pretty piece of business! Here, officer, step over the way and get some cholera mixture for this man, from the apothecary's, quick!'

Off goes the officer, while the nigger puts himself through a full series of contortions, until the constable's return, when he swallows some of the preparation, and *lying down, rolls towards the door!*

'Here, officer, discharge this man before he dies! let him go to his friends, if he's got any!' said the Mayor.

The door is opened, and Cuff *rolls* out; but scarcely is it shut again, when he gets up and after twirling his finger upon his nose in a significant manner, at the Mayor's quarters, runs full speed down the street to share the proceeds of his theft with his boon companions.

Periodical Agents.—It will be remembered that with the next number of the Flag, which will appear greatly improved and beautified, we reduce the price of the paper one half cent each, to wholesale purchasers, and agents. Agents will at once observe the additional inducement to them, pecuniarily, to increase the circulation of this paper, and thus to help us to our desideratum of printing one hundred thousand copies per week.

Six Months Subscribers.—Those of our readers who commenced the volume as six months subscribers will please remember that with this number their subscription will cease, and also that our rule is *invariably* to strike all names from our books at the expiration of the time paid for. Don't fail then, to renew your subscriptions at once, so as not to break your file of the volume of the Flag.

The Belle of Madrid.—In our next week's paper, we shall complete this thrilling romance by Lieutenant Murray, acknowledged to be the best this favorite writer has yet produced. It will be immediately followed by another equally interesting tale, written expressly for the Flag, by a talented and able author.

New Dress.—Next week we shall don an entirely new and beautiful suit of type manufactured expressly for this paper. We are constantly improving the character of the Flag in every possible way, and are resolved that it shall maintain its position at the head of the miscellaneous press.

A wealthy Californian.—The Journal of Commerce says that Mr. Larkin, U. S. Government agent at Monterey, is now the wealthiest man in California. Valuing his real estate at San Francisco at what it was worth there at the last advices, he would doubtless be the richest man in North America.

Significant.—An officer of the French army, who was wounded in the attack on Rome, writes to a friend:—'It made a powerful impression upon us to hear the music of the Italian bands during the battle playing *La Marseillaise* and *Le Chant du Depart.* These airs filled us with the deepest sadness.'

Original Romance.—We shall follow Lieutenant Murray's story by a splendid romance from the pen of Martha Ann Clough, the authoress of *Paolina, or the Sybil of the Arno,* a story which our readers may anticipate great pleasure in reading.

Modest.—Horace Mann says, 'I once heard this sentiment expressed in the pulpit, from the lips of an eminent divine: "I am right, and I know I am right, and I know I know it."'

Just so.—Bulwer, in one of his philosophical dissertations, says, 'Society has erected the gallows at the end of the lane, instead of guide posts and direction boards at the beginning.'

In Character.—There is a band of real Negro Minstrels giving concerts at Buffalo. They don't require burnt cork and wigs, as nature has rendered such appliances unnecessary to look the characters.

Trouble ahead.—It is said that muskets are being smuggled into Canada by the dozen. This looks ominous when we consider the disaffected state of parties in the British Colonies.

'Come one, come all;
The firm rock shall leave its base as soon as I.'
*New York paper.*

Wouldn't the above sound better thus:

'Come one, come all! This rock shall fly
From its firm base as soon as I!'

Hudson the Lecturer.—The papers are down on this 'deacon of the church' like several thousand of bricks. Not worth the powder.

What Next?—A project is on foot for constructing a canal along the west bank of the Hudson river, from New York to Albany!

### Editorial Ink-Drops.

They have already counterfeited the gold dollar on the Mississippi river.

The U. S. Hotel, Washington city, made a failure of it a few days since.

A slave struck his master in Prince, La., and was shot dead on the spot.

Nearly $50,000,000 is annually paid to this country by Great Britain for cotton alone.

We learn that nearly $400,000 in gold dollars have been coined at the mint.

The President's lady is quite an invalid and unable to appear in public at all.

Don't eat cream cakes—they sometimes poison folks tremendously. Fact.

Number of inhabitants in Charleston, S. C., is set down now at 50,000.

Twelve large vessels are now in course of building at the town of Medford, Mass.

T. D. McGee is lecturing on 'Ten Years under Queen Victoria.' A good subject that.

Gold begins to pour into the States from the valley of the Sacramento.

Mrs. Butler recently read before *one third of a hall full* of people, in Boston.

Affairs in the British West Indies are in a state of the greatest depression.

A man at St. Louis got drunk to keep off the cholera, and thus died by it.

General Herrera, ex-president of Mexico, is visiting our Atlantic cities just now.

A *row* of pretty girls is said to be a powerful kind of *gal*-vanic battery.

There have been about four hundred and forty-four *sure* cures discovered for the cholera.

The waters of the Mississippi are at last beginning to fall. Good news.

Miss Gannon is playing successfully at Baltimore, to good houses.

The man who smokes in the omnibus has, we see, got back to New York.

At Kingston, Canada, a little boy died of hydrophobia, a few days since.

Vegetables and early fruits go begging—people wont eat them in cholera times.

New Orleans is comparatively deserted; the citizens have mostly come north.

This number of the Flag ends the half volume of the present year.

### Ireland.

From Ireland the accounts again resemble those that were received during the pestilence of 1847. At Ballinrobe and Skibbereen the destitution, it is affirmed by the central relief committee, far surpasses anything the country has yet endured. The Protestant rector of Ballinrobe, in a letter to Lord John Russell, quotes a case in which a shipwrecked body having been cast on shore, the heart and liver were extracted and eaten by a starving family. He also mentions an instance of a girl carrying the dead body of her mother three miles upon her back to the union, to obtain a coffin and burial. The mother had died of cholera, and the girl also died on the following day.

### Death of Ex-President Polk.

The telegraph announces the death of the late President of the United States, at Nashville, on Sunday, 17th of June. Hardly released from his high duties as head of the nation, he is summoned from all the scenes of human life by death's stern mandate. The term of his presidency has been stamped by events which will link his name with the history of the times. He was devoted to the duties of his office, his deportment as a religious chief magistrate was consistent, and the general respectability of his administration will be attested by the nation at large.

Heavy Robbery.—Forty dollars in *cents* were stolen yesterday from the store of Emmons Raymond, No. 9 Faneuil Hall.—*Boston Transcript.*

We should not have taken particular notice of the above had not the same paper in a subsequent number contained the following. Of course comment is unnecessary!

An Industrious Community.—The Great Barrington (Mass.) Courier says the principal occupation of the male inhabitants of that village, at present, is pitching pennies.—*Boston Transcript.*

Poetical.—That is a beautiful idea of the Indians of Bengal and the coast of Malabar, of bringing cages filled with birds to the graves of their friends, over which they set the little prisoners at liberty!

Greek Funerals.—One of the ceremonies of the ancient Greeks at the funerals of their deceased friends, was for each one to embrace the body of the dead.

Hon. Horace Mann is to deliver an address on *Peace* at the West Point Military Academy next week.—*Ex. paper.*

Mr. Mann can't be charged in this instance with 'carrying coals to Newcastle.'

Extravagance.—The town of Newport, R. I., has appropriated the enormous sum of seventy-five dollars, for the celebration of the next Fourth of July.

Charles Lamb says: 'My bed-fellows are cough and cramps; we sleep three in a bed!'

### Miscellaneous Scraps.

So great is the consumption of wood on the Missouri river, by the steamboats, this season, that all the old supply is gone and the boats are now compelled to use green wood and rails.

A colored child, 4 years old, was whipped so cruelly by William Manning, also colored, with whom the child boarded, at New York, that death ensued in a short time. The cruel brute has fled.

The Savannah *Georgian* records the feat of a negro in that city, who undertook for a bet to *butt* over a square bale of cotton. He took a start of about ten yards, and won his wager. He upset the bale, but broke his neck in the shock, and died instantly.

The women ought to make a pledge not to kiss a man who uses tobacco, and it would soon break up the practice; and a friend of ours says they ought also to pledge themselves to kiss every man that don't use it—and we go for that too.

The eccentric John Holmes, while a member of the Legislature near the close of a long session asked leave of absence, saying that the 'session, smelt so strongly of eternity, that his business would not allow him to stay *till the end of it!*'

At Gloucester, Simeon Marchant has a cat which has nursed and brought up a litter of young foxes. They are two months old, yet she watches over them with the utmost fondness, and they repay it in kind, though if any other cat is thrown into their kennel they tear it to pieces.

Some of the relics of a more barbarous time still exist in the west. The Cairo Delta states that a gray-haired man, aged over seventy years, was sentenced last week at the Blandville (Ky.) court, to receive one lash on his back, for stealing a currycomb. The judge awarded him the least punishment the law would permit.

It was customary among the ancient Mexicans, to preserve the skulls of the sacrificed, in buildings expressly appropriated to that use. The companions of Cortes counted 136,000 in one of these edifices. Without attempting a precise calculation, therefore, 'says the historian Prescott, 'it is safe to conclude that thousands were yearly offered up in the cities of Anahuac, on the bloody altars of the Mexican divinities.'

### From our Foreign Files.

The Austrians are fortifying Vienna.

Queen Victoria was 30 years old, on the 19th of May.

Not a single village or town in the Roman territory has declared for the Pope.

The steamer America, from New York, made the home passage in 11 1-2 days, the quickest on record.

In the Var district, France, a socialist has been elected to the legislative assembly who can neither read nor write.

The cost of maintaining the British armies in the colonies is about $18,000,000 per annum; a dear whistle.

At the sale of Lady Blessington's furniture and objects of art, there were six hundred carriages of purchasers in attendance.

It has been calculated that 300 members of the new Legislative Assembly of France are or have been journalists.

A French innkeeper has opened a hotel and restaurant in the ruins of Pompeii, close to the barracks formerly inhabited by Roman soldiers.

An official return of the unoccupied houses in Liverpool, of a rental of £30 ($145) and upwards, gives the extraordinary number of five thousand nine hundred.

Several cannon balls have been found in the Vatican Gallery at Rome, and have been placed in the collection of coins, with the inscription, 'Gift of Pio Nono.'

Among the sales announced by the London papers is that of three churches, situated in London, which are to be sold by order of a bankrupt's assignees during the present month.

Of the 16,000,000 persons who inhabit Great Britain, there about 108,000 who keep men servants, 152,000 who pay duty for horses, and 26,000 who possess the luxury of a four-wheeled carriage.

Another new planet has been discovered by Sig Espairs, a Neapolitan astronomer. This is the ninth new heavenly body which has been added to the solar system by the discoveries of the last four years.

The Turkish government is about to execute a geological map of the Ottoman empire; and the colonel of engineers appointed to direct the work has been sent to Paris to obtain from the government of the Republic the aid of French officers.

During the year ending May 1st, 1849, sixty persons were sentenced to death in Ireland—of which number not quite one half were executed. During the same period nearly three thousand persons were sentenced to transportation.

The largest fleet of vessels, heavily laden with foreign breadstuffs ever remembered, arrived at Cork on the 15th of May, numbering no fewer than 46, the greater portion of which were freighted with wheat, maize, beans, &c., from different and distant parts of the world.

### Dewdrops of Wisdom.

Cleanliness promotes health of body and delicacy of mind.

In a mountain of quartz we may find a grain of gold.

He who makes an idol of his interest, makes a martyr of his integrity.

I hate to see things done by halves. If it be right, do it boldly, if it be wrong, leave it undone.—*Gilpin.*

An old maxim says 'Never dispute with a man over 70 years of age, with a woman, or with an enthusiast.'

The idle man is the devil's hireling; whose livery is rags, whose diet and wages are famine and disgrace.

Such is the elasticity of the soul that often when apparently bowed down to the earth, it will rise with a bound to heaven.

No man is fit to govern great societies who hesitates about disobliging the few who have access to him, for the sake of the many whom he will never see.

There are few, of talents so very inconsiderable, as to be [illegible] excluded from all degrees of fame; and all should, in life's visit, leave some token of their existence.

Flowers are, in the language of a late cultivator, 'the playthings of childhood and the ornaments of the grave; they raise smiling looks to man, and grateful ones to God.'

In all disputes, so much as there is of passion, so much there is of nothing to the purpose; for then reason, like a bad hound, spends upon a false scent, and forsakes the question first started.—*Sir Thomas Browne.*

Overlook the follies and the faults of your friend. If he is morose and sour in his disposition, there is more necessity for you to be forbearing, mild and persuasive. You have but a short time to live. O, spend your days in peace.

It is always better to stoop, than, by proceeding stiff, stubborn, and erect, to have our heads bruised or broken. So in passing through life, we must yield, concede, or give way to others, whenever it is necessary and proper; or to circumstances when they require it.

In thy apparel avoid singularity, profuseness, and gaudiness; be not too early in the fashion, nor too late; decency is the half way between affectation and neglect. The body is the shell of the soul; apparel is the husk of that shell; the husk often tells what the kernel is.

If industry is more than habit, it is at least an excellent one. If you ask me which is the real hereditary sin of human nature, do you imagine I shall answer pride, or luxury, or ambition, or egotism? No; I shall say 'indolence will conquer all the rest.' Indeed, all good principles must stagnate without mental activity.—*Zimmerman.*

### The Joker's Olio.

The schoolmaster could never make John Wright write rite right.

Enoch says he knew a man who sat up all night, because he couldn't decide which to take off first, his coat or his boots.

'Why does the cook make more noise than the bell?' 'Because one makes a *din*, but the other a *dinner*.'

One of the large book establishments in New York, Horn thinks will be converted into a crockery warehouse, as they have lately been importing a large quantity of *plates*.

A man who had a severe fall, was asked by the surgeon, 'Have you sprained yourself near the *fibula*?' 'No, sir,' answered he, 'near the *market-place*.'

We do not know whether Baron Munchausen died in debt or not; but presume that such must have been the case, as his li-abili-ties were so enormous.

There is an observing man about town, who says he always took notice that whenever he lived through the month of May, he always lived through the year.

Many persons think that Lot's wife was destroyed. This is not so: she was transformed into a pillar of salt, in order that she might be *preserved*.

'Why is a cat that hasn't caught a rat for six weeks like Noah's ark?' 'Because it didn't light on *e'er a rat* (Ararat) for forty days and nights.'

A reporter of the New York Tribune concludes his weekly report of deaths in Brooklyn with the following sage remark—'The reports show an increase in mortality as well as in burials!'

An Irishman getting on a highly mettled horse, it ran away with him, upon which one of his companions called to him to stop him: 'Arrah, honey,' cried he, 'how can I do that when *I've got no spurs*?'

'Are these rooms to let?' said a polite gentleman to a handsome young lady, as he placed his foot across the threshold. 'Yes, sir.' 'And are you to be let with them?'—'No, sir, *I'm to be let alone*?'

'Please, sir,' said a little girl, who was sweeping cross-walks for a living, to a dandy, 'you have given me a bad penny.' 'Never mind, little girl,' replied he, 'you may keep it for your honesty?'

### Quill and Scissors.

Dr. Graham, an old and experienced physician, in London, says:—'I may state on very respectable authority, that the first leaves of whortleberry, properly gathered and dried in the shade, cannot be distinguished from real China teas.'

Rev. Theodore Parker, in a late discourse, said that as much matter was printed in Boston alone, in fourteen days, as was written in the whole world during the fourteen centuries before the art of printing was discovered.

The Catholic authorities in the West have given authority to members of the Church to eat meat on Fridays, during the prevalence of the cholera—fish, salads, vegetables, &c., being regarded as more or less unwholesome.

An affray occurred between two men, named Wardle and Lynch, at a coffee-house, in the Third Municipality, New Orleans, in which Wardle was killed. The dispute arose about a game of cards.

The Legislature of South Carolina, through the governor of the State, has presented the widow of the late Col. J. P. Dickinson, who fell at Cherubusco, with a splendid service of silver plate.

The city of San Francisco is likely to be built in Trenton, N. J. Fifteen houses, to form a street in the new city on the Pacific, were shipped, last week, for their destination. A number more are to be constructed.

The London Mining Journal contains an account of a new patented motive power for the propulsion of carriages on rail and common roads, without engines, steam, air, magnetism, or animal power.

Among the 178,000,000 persons constituting the population of Europe, 17,900,000 are beggars, or persons who subsist at the expense of the community, without contributing to its resources.

It is said to be the etiquette of the Chinese Court, for the Emperor's physicians to apply the same epithet to his disease as to himself—so they talk of his most high and mighty diarrhœa.

On Friday morning, in Sunderland, Vt., six gentlemen with rifles, bagged *two hundred and thirty-five pigeons in two hours!* This is a big story, but we are assured it is true, nevertheless.

A New Haven paper says of a musical company, that lately visited that city:—'Their music was like a cluster of diamonds trickling in a flood of sunlight over a bed of roses.'

Four hundred dollars were stolen from the house of Joseph Lovering, of Kingston, Mass., on Wednesday evening, by an Irish girl, who had been living with him but four days.

A New Orleans paper says that a lady in that city has recently become the mother of her twenty-fourth child. What is most remarkable, the whole twenty-four are living.

The Russian peasant considers himself well fed if he has rye bread and sour cabbage soup, with a lump of fat hog's lard boiled in it by way of a relish.

The Common Council of the city of Detroit have resolved that no circus shall exhibit in the city without paying license of $100 per day.

Formerly, in England, they used to put persons in the pillory for indulging in the luxury of *wearing a shirt*, but now they send a poor devil to prison for appearing without one!

Cooper once slurred a certain Governor by attributing the disease in potatoes to '*the mortification they felt at seeing so small a member of their family in the Gubernatorial chair.*'

It wont do when a mosquito bites your face in the night, to beat your cranium in pieces with your fist, under an impression that you are killing the mosquito.

Byron wrote his celebrated poem of the 'Bride of Abydos' in one night, and without mending his pen. The pen is yet preserved in the British Museum.

On the 21st ult., 100,000 pounds of lead ore, estimated to contain $7000 worth of silver, were shipped from Little Rock; the ultimate destination being Liverpool.

Milton W. Streeter, of Southbridge, is on trial in Worcester for the murder of his wife. He does not deny the killing, but contends that it was manslaughter.

Joseph Miller shot Stephen T. Rowe in the eye and killed him instantly at Carrollton, La., while the parties were on their way to Lafayette in the hands of an officer.

The St. Louis Reveille estimates the cost of removing the wrecks of burnt steamers now lying at the levee in front of the city, at $89,000.

The St. Louis Republican says, it will not be twelve months before the whole of the burnt district, from Locust to Market streets, will be built again.

Bishop Doane, who became bankrupt the other day, was indebted $1590 for confectionary and ice creams! This beats that old rogue, Apicius, all out.

The Maine House of Representatives, by a unanimous vote, have voted to invite the President to extend his summer visit to Augusta.

A colored man and white woman eloped together from a town in Ohio, and arriving at Cincinnati were both attacked with the cholera, of which they died in a few hours.

Let your recreation be manly, moderate, seasonable, and lawful: the use of recreation is to strengthen your labor and sweeten your rest.

A motion to bring in a bill to repeal the death penalty was recently defeated in the British Parliament by a majority of only 24 votes.

The Legislature of the State of Connecticut has passed a law transferring the power of granting divorces from the legislature to the superior court.

A new race of men, black in color, powerful, and seven and a half feet in height, have been found in the interior of Africa.

A J. Gatewood who has been charged with seducing a married lady in Barren co., Ky., has been held to bail in the sum of $6,000.

At the Olympic Theatre, New Orleans, they are playing an aquatic farce called 'Hydraulics, or the Age of Water.'

A project is being agitated in New York to rid the city of the famous nuisance known as the 'Five Points.'

Thomas Wilbur, a dissipated man in Norwich, Conn., beat his wife so cruelly that she died of her wounds.

The island of Cuba contains 3500 superficial leagues of land, only two-fifths of which are cultivated.

The largest amount of gold coined in one year in the United States was that coined in 1847, viz: $20,221,385.

It is said that two-thirds of the human family, or some six hundred millions, are supposed to be worshippers of idols.

The masons employed on the Smithsonian Institute at Washington have struck for higher wages—$2 per day.

Mr. Whitney's plan of a railroad to the Pacific has been brought before the New York chamber of commerce.

The Albany Express says that 50 or 60 canal boats have already laid up in that city for want of business.

We are informed that the net proceeds of Mrs. Butler's Readings during the past four months, exceed $20,000.

Michael Kelly, a sailor, recently from the East Indies, cut his throat and died in New York.

Thomas A. Walker is acquitted of the murder of his wife in New York.

A son of John Davis is to be Secretary of Legation to China.

Prussia offers a postal treaty with the United States.

A Western paper records the marriage of Mr. *Timothy Strange*, to Miss *Rebecca True*.

Gen. Twiggs succeeds the late Gen. Gaines in command of the Southern Division.

Thirty thousand dollars have been subscribed at Griffin, Ga., to build a plank road.

The Chinese salutation for *How do ye?* is *Chee kwo fan*,' have you eaten rice?

Population of Great Britain thirty million, of the United States thirty million.

### Local Matters.

#### Amusements.

Blangy, the delightful danseuse, has proved a great card at the Howard Athenæum, and the house has been filled nightly to witness her classic performance of *La Giselle* and other pieces. The little fairy Viennoises have drawn crowded houses at the Boston Museum, and have delighted all the juveniles within the circuit of ten miles of the city, parties coming even from Salem and Plymouth, and places equally distant, by cars, to see them perform. The Beach Street Museum is advertised to open shortly, under the management of C. R. Thorne, an experienced man in all matters relating to the stage. There are several bands of negro melodists exhibiting in town, the best of which is Dumbolton's, at the Melodeon. This band have lately returned from England, after a successful season in London and other cities. Any one affected with ennui, should go to the Museum and see Warren play poor Pillicoddy: he is irresistibly droll in this character, and is well supported.

#### Street Scene.

'Good morning, Frank, how are you this hot weather, eh?'

'Some warm, if not *Summer*. How are you, my boy?'

'Only so, so—but have you heard the news to-day?'

'No, what is it?'

'Why, they say that N—— & Co. are indicted!'

'Indicted! the deuce, why they are the largest iron and steel importers in Boston, and have been doing an immense business.'

'That's just it.'

'What's just it?'

'Why, the *business* they do.'

'If they are indicted why don't you tell what for, and done with it?'

'What for? why, because they sell iron, and *steel* for a living!'

'Ned, let's step into the Albion!'

#### A Freak of Nature.

A communication in the Boston Courier, from the late editor of that paper, Mr. Buckingham, states that Mr. William Carter, of Cambridge, has a healthy and well formed calf, having a coat of *wool* instead of hair! There is no perceptible difference in the appearance of the animal's hide, from that of a sheep, of the same age. Like the sheep, the face and the lower part of the legs are covered with short and not very pliant hair; the rest of the body has a covering of wool, which, to all appearance, may afford as liberal a fleece as a true Saxon or Merino.

#### The Cholera in Boston.

Our best physicians, generally, are of opinion that no more cases of genuine cholera have occurred in this city than those brought by the barque Argyle, which came direct from Cork. The number of these cases at most, is but *five*, and all the others reported, are concluded to be those of cholera morbus, diarrhœa and summer complaints, in various degrees of severity.

Atlantic Steamers.—Rather an unusual circumstance occurred in our harbor the other day, when a British steamer arrived in the remarkably short time of ten days from England, and thus met another steamer, that usually passes her on the broad ocean. The two captains, though belonging to the same line, perhaps have not shaken hands with each other before for some years, both usually being at sea at the same time.

City Improvements.—Mr. David Sears's plan, submitted to the city government for the improvement of Boston, is to reclaim 25 acres of the back bay and add it to the public garden, leaving 75 acres for tidewater, to be surrounded by a drive 100 feet wide, planted with shade trees. The rest of the back bay to be laid out into streets and squares.

Military Movement.—The late members of the Massachusetts Regiment of Volunteers, that served under Col. I. H. Wright, in Mexico, are forming an independent company in Boston, when some of the fancy corps will find a body of men hard to equal in the drill and the school of the soldier.

'The Consumptive.'—This admirable poem on the opposite page, by our valued contributor, Mrs. L. M. Clarke, is one of peculiar merit, evincing an ease and grace of versification that will touch an answering cord in the reader's appreciation. Mrs. Clarke must surely rise to eminence as a poetess.

Smart Digging.—Mr. Stowell, of New Bedford, writes under date of Panama, May 7th, that the greatest story he had heard of success at the 'gold diggins' in California, was that of a man who obtained $140,000 in three months, by his own digging and picking.

Queer.—A burglar named Jones, died a few days since at Louisville, from a shot received a short time before, while attempting to rob a store. Just ten years before, his father came to his death in precisely the same way.

Health of the City.—The bills of mortality show, that notwithstanding the rumors of cholera, that we hear about town, the city has not been so healthy for a long period of years as it is at this very writing.

New Periodical Depot.—Coombs & Symmes have lately opened a new periodical depot at No. 15 State street, where all our original publications may be found and also the Flag of our Union as soon as issued.

Military.—The Manchester Stark Guards visited our city last week with full ranks, and made quite a soldierly appearance. They were the guests of the Boston Artillery company, a crack military corps.

Cleanliness.—The city authorities have succeeded in rendering Boston as cleanly as a large city can possibly be. Over three thousand loads of filth were removed in the space of a few days.

Verdant!—A verdant youth from the country was recently dismissed by a young damsel in this city, on the ground that she had been advised to avoid anything *green* during the prevalence of the cholera.

A. W. Stockwell has a periodical depot at No. 69 Merrimac street, where all the new publications of the day are kept, and where the Flag of our Union may always be found.

Military Bands.—The two principal bands of our city are not equalled for excellence in the art, by any other like association in the United States.

Hot Weather.—We have had some scorching weather in Boston lately. Fans are in great demand among the ladies.

### OUR OLIO COLUMN.

[Written for The Flag of our Union.]

#### Virginny's Ground.

OR, SETTING ON A RAIL, DINAH.

BY CHARLES GREEN.

I'm setting on de rail, Dinah,
  Whar we sat side by side,
Way down in ole Virginny, lah,
  When fust you whar my bride.
De corn was springing harry fast,
  And de coon he pranced around;
O den what happy days we passed,
  On old Virginny's ground!

CHORUS.

I'm setting on de rail, Dinah,
  Whar we sat side by side;
Way down in ole Virginny, lah,
  Whar fust you were my bride.

How oft I've sat beneaf de trees,
  Wid Dinah by my side,
To watch de little coon at play—
  It whar my only pride!
De banjo, too, for her I'd play,
  While she would dance around;
Her eyes did shine as bright as day,
  On ole Virginny's ground.

CHORUS.

I'm setting on de rail, Dinah,
  Whar we sat side by side;
Way down in ole Virginny, lah,
  Whar fust you were my bride.

But alas! my Dinah now is dead—
  De pride of ole Virginny!—
No oder gal like her I'll find,
  I know dere is not any.
I'll set beneaf de shady trees,
  And make de banjo sound;
And den I'll watch my Dinah's grave,
  On ole Virginny's ground.

CHORUS.

I'm setting on de rail, Dinah,
  Whar we sat side by side;
Way down in ole Virginny, lah,
  Whar fust you were my bride.

#### Home.

A BALLAD FOR EVERYBODY.

BY MARTIN F. TUPPER.

I foraged all over this joy-dotted earth,
To pick its best nosegay of innocent mirth—
Tied up with its bands of wisdom and worth—
  And lo, its chief treasure,
  Its innermost pleasure,
    Was always at home!

I went to the palace, and there my fair queen
On the arm of her husband did lovingly lean,
And all the dear babes in their beauty were seen,
  In spite of the splendor,
  So happy and tender,
    For they were at home!

I turned to the cottage, and there my poor hind
Lay sick of a fever—all meekly resigned;
For O, the good wife was so cheerful and kind,
  In spite of all mutters,
  An angel in tatters,
    And she was at home!

I asked a glad mother, just come from the post
With a letter she kissed from a far-away coast,
What heart-thrilling news had rejoiced her the most,
  And gladness for mourning,
  Her boy was returning
    To love her, at home.

I spoke to the soldiers, and sailors at sea,
Where best in the world would they all wish to be?
And hark! how they earnestly shouted to me,
  With iron hearts throbbing,
  And choking and sobbing—
    O, land us at home!

I came to the desk where old Commerce grew gray,
And asked him what helped him this many a day,
In his old smoky room with his ledger to stay?
  And it was the beauty,
  The comfort and duty,
    That cheered him at home!

I ran to the court, where the sages of law
Were wrangling and jangling of quibble and flaw,
O, wondrous to me was the strife that I saw.
  But all that fierce riot
  Was calmed by the quiet
    That blest them at home!

I called on the schoolboy, poor love-stricken lad,
Who yearned in his loneliness, silent and sad,
For the days when again he should laugh and be glad
  With his father and mother,
  And sister and brother,
    All happy at home!

I tapped at the door of the year stricken old,
Where age, as I thought, had old memories quelled,
But still all his garrulous fancies outwelled
  Strange old-fashioned stories
  Of gladness and glories
    That once were at home.

I whispered the prodigal, wanton and wild,
How changed from the heart that you had when a child,
So teachable, noble, so modest and mild:
  Though sin had undone him,
  Thank God that I won him,
    By looking at home.

And then when he wept, and vowed better life,
I hastened to snatch him from peril and strife,
By finding him wisely a tender young wife—
  Whose love should allure him,
  And gently secure him,
    A convert at home.

So he that had raced after pleasure so fast,
And still as he ran had its goal overpast,
Found happiness, honor and blessing at last,
  In all the kind dealings,
  Affections and feelings,
    That ripen at home.

#### The Pollywogs.

BY ONE WHO HAD FROGS FOR BREAKFAST.

I've read the lays of other bards,
  Who've told with truthful pen,
The praises of the hissing goose,
  And of the cackling hen;
And thought I'd choose me for my song
  A nobler theme than that:
Perchance the ever faithful dog,
  Or else the household cat,
But saw, while pondering by a ditch,
  And leaning on a log,
A subject for my stirring tale—
  It was a Pollywog.

Though beauty dwells not on his brow,
  Nor love's light in his eye,
He is as full of joyous mirth
  As aught beneath the sky.
When on his home within the pool
  The sunlight glances down,
He turns as many summersets
  As any circus clown,
And takes his fill of pleasure then,
  Ere time his spirits clog,
For these are the most happy days
  Of that young Pollywog.

For soon a great and mighty change
  Will on his form be seen,
And he will wear a summer coat,
  And pantaloons of green;
And also, like a circus clown,
  He'll change his cunning trick,
Of tumbling over head and heels,
  To leaping high and quick;
But danger will be nigher him,
  When he becomes a frog,
Than what it is while sporting as
  A playful Pollywog.

For if he, till he's fully grown,
  Escapes by wondrous luck,
From being breakfast to a snake,
  Or dinner to a duck,
Some epicure will come along,
  With gastronomic whims,
Who'll strip him of his pantaloons,
  And eat his nether limbs;
And these will be the last sad words
  Of that expiring frog,
'O that I'd never been transformed
  From a young Pollywog!'
*Whitehall Chronicle.*

#### Knowledge.

The mind of man is this world's true dimension;
  And knowledge is the measure of the mind:
And as the mind, in her vast comprehension,
  Contains more worlds than all the world can find,
So knowledge doth itself far more extend
Than all the minds of men can comprehend.

A climbing height it is, without a head,
  Depth without bottom, way without an end;
A circle with no line environed,
  Not comprehended, it all comprehends:
Worth infinite, yet satisfied no mind,
Till it that infinite of the Godhead find.

#### The Gambler.

'My love,' a chiding dame would say,
'You always lose, yet always play;
When will you leave your gambling o'er,
And be the sport of chance no more?'
'Madam,' said he, 'I'll do it when
You cease coquetting with the men.'
'Alas, I see,' replied the wife,
'You'll be a gambler all your life.'

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☞ *All orders will meet with prompt attention at either of the above places.*

[Written for The Flag of our Union.]

### Nature's Teachings.

BY W. S. FRAME.

There is a joy which spirits feel,
Who read aright from nature's page,
That takes from life its bitterness,
And smooths their path from youth to age.
For o'er the smiling earth abroad,
In glowing characters, are traced
Truths that will purify and bless
The soul that doth their sweetness taste.

Who that loves to hear poured forth
Music whose every tone is heaven,
Cannot from the grove its sounds drink in,
From voices only unto music given?
Or, from the crystal streamlet's merry hum,
While gaily bounding to its ocean home?

And is not beauty everywhere?
Go mark yon bud its leaves unfold;
Or see the first, fresh beams of light
Tinge the mountain's peak with gold;
And tell me then if fair and lovely things
Are only vain and fond imaginings!

Sublimity and grandeur, too, are writ
On earth—upon the mountain's brow;
In air—when lightning's vivid flash
Gleams o'er a darkened world below;
And when the hoarse thunderer in his car
Leads on the angry elements to war.

Nature doth speak to all—but they
Are only blest who hear and learn;
The wearied would forget to sigh,
The downcast mourner cease to mourn;
And all with greater joy would tread the road
That leads the traveller up to 'nature's God.'

[Written for The Flag of our Union.]

### Lines to a Friend.

ON BEING REQUESTED TO SING 'OFT IN THE STILLY NIGHT,' BEFORE A FASHIONABLE EVENING PARTY.

BY MISS S. E. COATES.

O, give not to the heartless crowd
That pensive, thrilling song;
'Tis felt not by the cold, the proud,
Of fashion's giddy throng.

The pathos of that melting lay
They have not soul to feel;
Unknown to mirth and spirits gay
The grief those words reveal.

Sing it to soothe the wearied heart,
Pained by the callous world;
That oft has found its joys depart—
Its hopes to ruin hurled.

And shouldst thou e'er, with careworn heart,
On childhood's green haunts gaze,
Then sing, while memories sad impart
The 'light of other days.'

At 'stilly night,' should memory bring
The loved, the lost to mind,
Hush thy deep sighs, and gently sing—
Thus shalt thou solace find.

Then waste not on the giddy throng
Those tones to sorrow dear;
But sacred keep that thrilling song,
The drooping heart to cheer.

[Written for The Flag of our Union.]

### Laugh on.

BY ALICE LINCOLN.

I love it well—I love it well!
That merry laugh, so glad and free,
That like a clear-toned, silvery bell
Fills the still air with melody.

The heart from whence such music gushed
Was never scorched by passion's fire;
And from that hidden fount ne'er rushed
Dark torrents of unhallowed ire.

That gay laugh speaks a spirit free
From treachery and deceit;
Where truth and heaven-born purity
Have made their chosen seat.

Thou'rt young—yet sometimes even now
Life's care a shade doth fling
Across that fair and noble brow,
Like an illumined wing.

Yet, while so like glad childhood's shout
That merry laugh rings free,
Quelled is each fear, each anxious doubt,
That I had felt for thee.

O, then, laugh on—let fashion write
Thee rude, past all reform;
What matters that, so worldly blight
Reach not thy heart so warm.

[Written for The Flag of our Union.]

### A Moment unimproved.

BY THE GREEN MOUNTAIN BARD.

The sands of life are hurrying on
Through time's wasting glass;
With each bright grain a moment flies—
O, seize them as they pass.

For should one grain elude thy grasp,
Through negligence of thine,
To lure it back, no deep-wrought charm
May human art combine.

But upward, upward will it mount,
Through the wide realms of air;
Up to the bar of thy great Judge,
And plead against thee there.

And Gabriel, in the book of life,
By holy justice moved,
Will enter to thy fearful charge—
One moment unimproved.

### 'Thy Kingdom come.'

BY MARY ANNE BROWNE.

Thy kingdom come! but where shall it be?
In the sweet, wild groves of Araby,
Where the citron flowers and the date trees grow,
Where the fair and thornless roses blow,
Where the sunlight falls in radiant streams,
And the moon on forests of palm trees beams?
Fair are its roses and clustering vine,
And its kingdom is bright—but it is not thine!

Thy kingdom come! shall it be in the land
Where the wreck of the mighty and valiant stand?
Where the temples once by the heathen trod,
Resound to the holy name of God;
Where the fallen pillars and sculptured stone
Are midst sweet wreaths of wild flowers thrown?
It hath a sad grace, that land so fair,
But thy kingdom—thy kingdom is not there!

Thy kingdom come! O, wilt thou reign
Within some grand and mighty fane?
By the work of our hands we may raise the pile,
We may strew with flowers the vaulted aisle;
We may toss the silver censer around,
And a thousand voices of sweetest sound
Shall breathe at once—but it may not be—
Such a kingdom accepted is not by thee!

Thy kingdom come! in our cottage homes
We will give thee our hearts, by our kindred's tombs,
By the rippling streams in the ancient woods,
Alike in crowds and in solitudes;
When the sun in his glory is beaming on high,
When the moon and stars are lighting the sky,
Our souls shall be breathed in praise and prayer,
So thou wilt make thy kingdom there!

*Lloyd's London Weekly.*

## MISCELLANEOUS.

[Written for the Flag of our Union.]

# THE CAPTURE.

### A SPANISH TALE.

BY BLACKBLOCK.

At the head of a deep bay, known by the name of Johos, on the south side of the island of Porto Rico, is situated one of the most beautiful and extensive sugar estates in the island. This plantation is the property of an old Spanish gentleman of pure Castilian stock, and whose name was Don Jacinto Cumano. In person, Don Jacinto was tall and portly, and might be some sixty years old; but in spite of his age he was as straight as a reed, and bore himself with all that hauteur and pride for which the pure Castilians are so remarkable. He had united himself when thirty-five years of age, to a most lovely and accomplished American lady of Philadelphia, by whom he had had a number of interesting children, all of whom he had lost, however, with the exception of one daughter, the beautiful and gifted Carmen; her mother had been some years dead, and Carmen was the idol of her proud old father. At the time that our story opens, she had attained to some sixteen summers, and was budding fast into most voluptuous and luxuriant womanhood; her eyes were large, black and expressive, at times winning with the most melting softness, and at others flashing brilliantly with the latent fire of her nature; her hair was black as night, and fell in a shower of glossy ringlets round her polished throat and neck; her form was graceful in the extreme, and her carriage stately, betraying at every motion the admirable fitness and harmony of the whole. In short, no one could see her without being struck with the grace, beauty and good sense of this magnificent creature.

In the winter of the year 1840, the city of St. Johns, the capital of the island, was visited by a company of Torreadores, or bull fighters, from Madrid in Spain. Their fame was soon spread abroad throughout the whole island, and as Carmen had never seen one, she entreated her father to carry her to this truly Spanish spectacle; the old man could refuse her nothing, and accordingly preparations were soon made for the journey. The distance to the capital being about ninety miles, with a range of high mountains intervening, the senorita Carmen was conveyed in a sort of palanquin carried by eight stout negroes who were spelled by eight others, all of them delighted with the privilege of carrying their beloved mistress, and of having a chance to see a large city.

In due course of time our heroine arrived at St. Johns, where her father immediately hired a fine residence, facing one side of the public plaza or square. It was Sunday, and one of the most beautiful days of the season; the air was clear and pure, the atmosphere mild and balmy; crowds of lovely and dark-eyed senoritas were enjoying the splendid walk in the cool shades of the trees on the Alameda, while throngs of gay caballeros were being made alternately happy or miserable by the bright smiles or careless indifference exhibited by their 'lady loves;' but foremost in the gay throng shone the lovely Carmen de Cumano, as she moved on with the grace of a cygnet, hanging on the arm of her stately old father. Hundreds of people of all classes, and many foreigners, might be seen grouped together in spots, or carelessly lounging along; all enjoying the refreshing coolness of the place and a view of the fine scene before them. Standing apart, leaning against the body of a large tree and close to the side of a fountain, stood a young man, evidently a foreigner, about twenty-five years of age; he was tall and elegantly formed, his limbs were put together in the most admirable manner to combine strength, ease and activity—his features were tolerably regular, he had fine curling black hair, a handsome and voluptuous mouth, garnished with two rows of beautiful white teeth; his eyes were clear, gray and bright as a lynx's; the whole air and bearing of the man showed he was not one to have his toes trod on with impunity; but yet one susceptible of the kindest feelings of human nature. This was Captain Henry Felton.

Harry Felton was the only son of a gentleman of South Carolina who had once been a wealthy planter, but who had been ruined while Harry was yet a boy, by his unbounded generosity and friendship for others. At the time his father failed, our hero was receiving his education at one of our first seminaries of learning in the north, and it was soon rumored throughout the university that the once rich Henry Felton's father had failed for a large amount. How soon the youth of the present age learn the cold and selfish rules of society which are too apt to govern the conduct of their parents! The fine and sensitive feelings of the manly boy were now often shocked by the covert allusions and cool conduct of his classmates, those very ones who had once been his bosom friends in the heyday of his prosperity; but this was an advantage to him, as the youth learned that great lesson early which we must all learn in our contact with a cold, selfish and unfeeling world. The warm and gushing soul of the generous, manly and sensitive lad shrunk back, chilled and disgusted with the reception it met with; the consequence was, that moroseness and a gloomy mistrust began to usurp the place once held by frankness and candor; he found no companionship in amusement or in difficulty, applied for advice and consolation to no one, and showed such determination, strength and courage, as obliged others to show an outward respect to him, if no more.

At the age of seventeen and during the examination preceding a commencement, Harry Felton made such efforts, backed by his genius and talent, as fairly entitled him to one of the first prizes; but his claims were overlooked, and an acknowledged inferior received the honors to which he was fairly entitled, through that spirit of toadyism which is notoriously known to exist in some of our seminaries of learning, as well as in private life. Humiliated and disgusted, he left the university and returned home to find his father, overcome with the change in his situation, on his death bed. After paying the last sad tribute of earnest and filial affection to the remains of his beloved parent, our hero turned his back on the world and sought the ocean, which spread out its arms to his reception, as it ever does to the houseless and unfortunate wanderer, and at the age of twenty-five years we find Harry Felton master and owner of a fine brig, and possessing a deep-toned, chivalrous mind, ever ready to succor the unfortunate and defend the weak and oppressed. His brig, which was called the Triumph, was built in Baltimore, and considered one of the most perfect and beautiful models of naval architecture afloat; she combined great length of keel, with breadth of beam, her floor was straight and smooth as a bowling alley; she was most elegantly sparred, after the Baltimore fashion, exhibiting great length of yards with short hoists to the sails, the mainmast raked considerably more than the foremast so as to bring the mainskysail truck on a plumb line with the taffrail; every thing about her snowy decks proved the wonderful regularity and seamanship that prevailed while her cabin and state rooms were elegantly and even sumptuously fitted up.

Here Harry Felton reigned a sovereign, his crew, who were all picked men and some fourteen in number all told, were his subjects, and happy were these hardened, embrowned and honest sons of the ocean under the mild but firm government of their beloved young commander, for our hero was every inch a sailor, and the men knew it. This was his house, his home, and rarely did he ever leave it, except when obliged to do so in the course of his business.

It was the Sunday afternoon, then, of which we have already spoken, that our hero stood leaning against a large tree in the Alameda, looking about with careless indifference on the gay scene before him, when his reverie was suddenly broken by an appalling cry of terror and dismay that ran through the whole multitude; every one seemed in a manner paralyzed with fear, while men, women and children ran screaming in all directions. Rushing madly onward through the crowd and tossing all who stood in the way of his mad career, came a large and furious bull, which was frenzied with rage and pain, inflicted by the preparatory torments of the Torreadores and had in its struggles escaped from the place of its confinement, situated at the end of the Alameda. His horns had been sharpened as usual, his eyes were red and blood shot, thick gouts of foam flew from his mouth, and he lashed his sides with his tail, while the air resounded with his bellowings as he scattered the appalled crowd from his course, which led directly past the spot where Harry Felton was standing. Carmen and her father had just reached this place in the course of their walk, as the crowd opened and displayed the infuriated animal not more than twenty yards off and dashing straight at them. He seemed to make the lovely Carmen the peculiar object of his hatred, on account of a crimson silk shawl which was hanging loosely from her snowy shoulders. The gallant old Spaniard immediately threw himself in the way of the animal to save the life of his beloved child, and would undoubtedly have fallen a sacrifice to his paternal affection had it not been for the chivalric courage and daring of our hero, who, with that decision which characterized him, and the vast strength and activity which he possessed, at one bound placed himself before Don Jacinto, and grasping the bull by the horn with one hand and by the nostrils with the other, with one tremendous wrench tripped him off his feet and threw him flat on the ground; before the discomfited brute could make any effectual resistance, the poniard of the old Don was buried in his spine. Our hero rose from the uncomfortable posture he had been obliged to take in holding the animal down, and gallantly lifting his sombrero to the terrified Carmen, who was as pale as alabaster, stepped into the now dense throng, and before any one was aware of it was on his way to his vessel. Don Jacinto made every endeavor to discover the name of his preserver and that of his lovely daughter; but was for some time unsuccessful. In the meantime, the whole city was ringing with the praises of our bold and gallant hero, on account of his daring exploit in the Alameda.

A Spanish gentleman from Cuba had made the acquaintance of Don Jacinto and fallen desperately in love with his charming daughter, and as he brought with him letters of introduction of the most respectable character, proving beyond a doubt that he was of high birth and large fortune, his addresses were favored by the father, and would probably have succeeded with Carmen herself, had her imagination not been wonderfully impressed by the remembrance of Harry Felton, whose fine figure, handsome and expressive features, and intrepid, yet modest gallantry, had produced a wonderful effect on her warm and susceptible heart. Although she had never seen him since, she yet nourished in secret a hope, and in fact a sort of presentiment, that their acquaintance was not to terminate so abruptly. Sentiments and emotions of this kind may not be very common among the lovelier portion of creation in more northern and colder climes, where romance is nearly extinguished, and love too often reduced to the mere matter of fact of ordinary occurrences; but among the natives of the warm and sunny south the mind of youth is extremely impressible, and the most passionate emotions of the heart are often roused by merely once coming in contact with some particular being, who seems to be the very realization of their dreamy imaginings. Thus it was with Carmen, and Harry Felton seemed to her to be the beau ideal of manly perfections; no wonder, then, that before she was aware of it, she was most deeply and devotedly attached to him.

Our hero, in the meantime, quietly thought over the occurrence, and made inquiries as to the name and rank of the persons he had assisted. He would have performed the same act for the poorest and most miserable being on earth; but the remembrance of the lovely girl, her angelic countenance so expressive of her ardent and devoted soul, the classic outline and position of her voluptuous form, and the world of unspeakable gratitude that beamed from her fine black eyes, would, in spite of his utmost efforts, haunt his imagination, as some vision of surpassing loveliness in the monotonous career of his secluded life, one bright oasis in the desert of his existence—Women, among the fairest and loveliest of their sex, of all climes and almost all countries, had Harry Felton looked upon and occasionally mingled with; but they had left no emotions of love or affection in his mind; the well-springs of a naturally warm and gushing soul had been too early frozen up by the coldness and hollow-heartedness of the world at large, and he had not mingled with them sufficiently since to disabuse his mind of the distrust he was too apt to entertain.

We frequently learn to love the objects of our protection and assistance from the very fact of their being so; and some such feeling may have operated with him; certain it was, however, that he now found himself possessed of feelings and emotions altogether new to him; the fact was, he loved, and with all the ardor and devotion of his passionate nature.

In the meantime, the Count Cirilo de Cascara was leaving no stone unturned to accomplish his union with our heroine, aided and assisted by the proud old father, who was anxious for so noble an alliance; but he was surprised and mortified by the cold reception he met with from the daughter herself, and totally at a loss to account for her strange conduct. Don Cirilo knew that he was handsome and possessed of all the courtier-like accomplishments of the Cuban vice-royalty; he knew, also, that he had been much courted and eagerly sought by the fair and beauteous senoritas of that island; he was aware, too, that Carmen had always resided on her paternal estate on the south side of the island, and had enjoyed the society of but a very limited range of acquaintances. Judging from these facts and her known youth, he thought it almost impossible that she could have formed a previous attachment; he therefore redoubled his attentions and importunities, but without effect.

One evening just about dark, Carmen, her father and Don Cirilo were enjoying an evening walk on the Paseo; our heroine caught a glimpse of Harry Felton as he turned down a walk thickly shaded with shrubbery; she instantly recognized him and turning to her father, eagerly exclaimed:

'There! there! padre mio, there he goes!'

'Who?' answered the old Don.

'That brave and handsome caballero, who rescued us from the infuriated bull on the Alameda.'

'Where? where is he?' asked her father. 'Show him to me, that I may return him our heartfelt thanks for his noble and timely succor.'

But our hero was already lost to sight among the numerous walks of the Paseo.—Enough, however, had transpired, from which Don Cirilo easily gathered that he had indeed a rival, for he readily saw that her heightened color, her extreme agitation and eager manner resulted from something more than mere gratitude. The very next day placed the fact beyond a doubt. Don Jacinto in the course of the forenoon happened to call in at a certain merchant's with whom he was acquainted, and in the course of conversation mentioned that he had not yet possessed an opportunity of thanking the noble stranger who saved his life, not even being acquainted with his name.

'Is it possible?' replied his friend. 'Why, he is captain of an American brig, which he owns and has consigned to me. I shall be very happy indeed to introduce him to you, for he is really a splendid fellow, and speaks Spanish like a native.'

'I will be, really, very much obliged to you,' returned Don Jacinto. 'Pray do me the favor to dine with me to-day, and bring him with you by all means.'

The old Spaniard went home in high good humor, and told his delighted daughter that she would at last have the pleasure of thanking her deliverer in person, and making him welcome to the house. Carmen at once retired to her room, overcome with a variety of emotions, among which fear and hope were predominant. 'What,' said she, 'if he is already married? Or, he may not fancy me? But no, no! let me not torment myself with these dreadful ideas. Fate would never be so unkind and cruel to me. But then allowing that he is free and should love me, as I feel I do him, will my father ever give his consent? He is already pledged to Don Cirilo, and I know, that with his proud nature, he would rather die than violate his promised word—Let me see! Don Cirilo is proud; but I do not believe him bad; so if things should happen as I sincerely pray they may, I will go to him and candidly confessing the state of my affections, throw myself on his generosity. I see no other honorable course left to me.'

Thus discoursing with herself, the beauteous girl decked her fair form in pure and becoming white, the contrast to which, set off by her masses of raven ringlets and her large black eyes, rendered her truly magnificent. At the appointed hour the good merchant made his appearance, accompanied by Captain Felton. Harry was dressed in a handsome suit of plain black, the tightly fitting frock and straight pantaloons exhibiting his figure to the best advantage; his mind had also been harassed by conflicting doubts and fears; but on the moment of his introduction all timidity vanished, and he was at once re-possessed of all that easy and gentlemanly demeanor, which at once marks the man of high breeding and education, and which at the same time is the very antipodes of the self-consequence and vulgar familiarity of the 'fop.' Don Cirilo, who was present, needed no further assurance of the fact that they already loved, and at the same time they were each made equally conscious of the other's feelings by that species of magnetism which we see and feel the existence of, but which we cannot truly analyze. Revenge, jealousy and hatred at once took possession of Don Cirilo's soul, and feigning sudden sickness he withdrew from the apartment. 'Now, by the oath of a Cascara, I'll crush thee, theretic!' he muttered between his grinding teeth, as he strode homeward.

Immediately on reaching his house he called his faithful servant Diego. This man, a mulatto, and a relative of Don Cirilo had enjoyed the privilege of an education just liberal enough to teach him the unnatural and heinous tenure by which he was bound, and his blood boiled with hatred and the desire of vengeance on all white men, but still feeling some sort of kindliness to his master and owner, on the strength of their relationship.

'Diego,' said the count, when he made his appearance, 'you know Bernardo, the captain of the goleta that brought us over from Cuba?'

'Si, senor, I have known him several years.'

'Well, go to him and tell him to come immediately to me, and do you wait and direct him here.'

'It shall be done, senor,' replied the slave, immediately hurrying off to execute his mission.

Within the next half hour, Bernardo stood in the presence of Count Cirilo de Cascara—This Bernardo was notorious on the whole coast of Cuba as a smuggler, or contrabandista, and one who was in the habit of running cargoes of slaves ashore, from the different slavers that were signalized off the coast; a man of notoriously bad character and one willing to undertake any villany for money.

'Bernardo!' said the count (after a few minutes' silence). 'I have sent for you, knowing your general character for shrewdness and daring, to ask your advice and co-operation in a certain affair that nearly concerns my fortune and happiness. The facts are simply these. I have nearly ruined myself by gambling and various other debaucheries, and was at a loss what to do, when fortune threw in my way a proud, rich and foolish old don, one of the wealthiest, if not the richest planter in this island; in addition to this main object he has a most lovely and accomplished daughter, with whom I am really fascinated; I had the consent and assistance of the doting old fool, but was strangely, and as I thought, unaccountably frustrated in my intentions by the daughter, whose opposition only made her the more desirable and piquante to my taste. To-day, however, my doubts were all cleared up, by the introduction of a young American captain named Felton, who it seems had rendered her some slight service on one occasion on the Alameda, and for whom she had already conceived a romantic passion, which, however, was too deeply rooted for me to obliterate, and I must do him the justice to say that he is by no means a despicable rival. Now my plan is this, I wish to abstract the young lady from her father, who although he favors my suit, is too fond of his daughter to compel her to a marriage with me, in opposition to her wishes; but by carrying her off I can accomplish my purpose. Once she is in my power, I foresee that it will be no difficult thing to obtain the father's forgiveness by restoring his daughter to him, after I have forced her to marry me and pleading the extreme violence of my affection as an excuse, as she is his only child. I shall inherit after the old man's death, a fortune of probably half a million. I wish you, therefore, to get your goleta under way and lie off and on the entrance to the harbor to-morrow evening at dark; send your boat ashore with six good men to the end of the quai San Pablo, I will induce the senorita Carmen to turn her walk in that direction; upon a signal which I will give, your men will seize her and convey her to the goleta, which will immediately sail for Cuba; once in my power I will answer for the rest. Be sure and have a numerous crew well armed and who can be depended on to resist any force that may be sent after us in the Guarda Costas.'

'I perfectly understand your whole plan senor,' replied Bernardo, 'but you have said nothing about my recompense.'

'Two thousand dollars down, and two thousand more when I shall have married the girl,' answered Don Cirilo.

''Tis well, senor, it shall be done,' said the smuggler, as he turned to leave the room.

The next night at eight o'clock the hellish plan was carried into execution; the lovely girl was rudely seized and carried to the boat Don Cirilo pretended to make several attempts at rescuing her, but was himself bound and carried off, while the aged and brave old Don Jacinto was felled senseless to the ground by a rude blow dealt him from behind. When the agonized old man recovered himself, he ran wildly up and down the streets, calling in the most heart rending tones upon his darling child. The inhabitants flocked together and heard his story; not one but felt deeply for him, but as usual in such cases, every one had some scheme or proposition of his own for the recovery of the lovely girl. At last some one proposed sending the Guarda Costas immediately in pursuit, judging it probable she was conveyed to some vessel in waiting, as she was carried off in a boat. This advice was instantly acted on, but the officers of these vessels according to custom showed no great alacrity in getting under way, in consequence of which nearly two hours was lost before they were in a condition to follow. Harry Felton, however, the moment he heard the story, conjectured the truth, for he had been informed of Don Cirilo's proposals by Carmen herself, and had marked the effect of his presence on the count. He immediately jumped into his boat and pulled for his brig. On his way, he stopped a moment on board an American vessel in the harbor, the captain of which was a friend of his, and having told the tale, offered a reward of fifty dollars to every man who would volunteer to join him, and ten stout and true-hearted seamen instantly put themselves under his command, with the permission of their captain.

He soon gained the decks of the Triumph all hands were called and with the rapidity of lightning the sails were loosed, sheeted well home and hoisted up, the cable cut, and in an incredible short space of time the noble brig was standing out of the harbor under a press of canvass. The land breeze was blowing a good capfull off the land, and the Triumph was walking through it at the rate of six knots. Felton thought it probable that Don Cirilo, whom he rightly judged to be at the bottom of the affair, would shape his course for Cuba, and he knew that he would keep close in with the land all night, so as to have the benefit of the breeze then blowing. In the morning, however, he expected that he would haul off from the land so as to catch the sea breeze some hours earlier. Acting on this supposition he followed up this course all night, and in the morning had the extreme satisfaction of seeing the goleta some three miles ahead and to seaward of him; but about this time it fell calm in shore where he was, while he had the mortification to see that his chase was enjoying a light air from east-north-east. In the course of another hour he also took the breeze, when he hauled up two or three points for the shore.

Don Cirilo now became aware that the brig was after him, and Bernardo assured him that there was no doubt that she would outsail the goleta before the wind, as she was furnished with square cut-sails and stun'-sails forward, whereas the goleta had nothing but fore and aft cut-sails like a polacca schooner; he therefore advised him to haul jam on a wind to the northward and trust entirely to short tacks, as he knew his vessel to be one of the fastest on the coast at that point of sailing, they would then have the advantage of lying a point closer the wind than a square rigger could, besides what they might gain by tacking often, as it would take the brig longer in stays than it would the schooner. His advice was taken, and the goleta's head laid close to the wind, which made her head up about north by east, every sail was hoisted taut up the sheets trimmed flat aft and the lively craft bent gracefully to it as she went jumping and cutting her way from sea to sea, like a dolphin in chase of his prey.

Harry Felton, as soon as he saw this manoeuvre, braced his yards sharp up, boarded his starboard fore tack, hauled aft his main sheet, trimmed both jibs and foretopmast-stay-sail flat and sat his main stay-sail. His beautiful and clipping brig came gloriously up to her work, sending the spray in fanciful jets many yards from her bow, the sharp and coppered stem shining in the rays of the sun which had now risen, as she lifted herself forward with the grace and ease of a swan, to the long and regular roll of the trade sea—Although the brig would not lay up better than north on one tack and south east on the other so as to make any head-way, still Felton saw, that by keeping a good full, he was gradually forereaching on his chase.

As neither vessel was armed with cannon, of course no engagement took place till about dark, when having overhauled the goleta he ran her on board. Felton led on his men some ten of whom reached the deck of the schooner, the rest were prevented in this attempt by the sudden parting of the two vessels, caused by the schooner's helm being put hard up and running off before the wind.—Felton now found himself on the enemy's quarter-deck with only ten of his men to back him, and opposed to a crew of some thirty well armed and ferocious smugglers.

Before the brig could be put in a position so as to follow the schooner (the master spirit of her movements being absent), she was some three hundred yards off, squared away before the wind.

The struggle on the smugglers' deck was now become desperate and bloody. Felton fought like a lion, the smugglers gave way before him wherever he approached; his sabre circled in the air like lightning, and rarely ever descended without sending the soul of some desperate and shrieking wretch to its last account. Bernardo himself crossed blades with him, but the strife was short, he was no match for Harry Felton. In spite, however of all his efforts he must undoubtedly have been slain or driven overboard with his handful of brave men by the overpowering number of the enemy, had he not taken advantage of a circumstance, which would have presented itself to the mind of none but a thorough seaman.

The schooner, as I said before, was running off before the wind, the large and heavy main boom was guyed forward, leaving the whole quarter-deck clear, on which the battle was raging. With one bound he slew the man at the tiller, and seizing it he jammed it hard up in the weather becket, at the same time ordering one of his men who was fighting on the lee side of the quarter to cut the boom guy. The noble schooner readily answered her helm and in an instant Harry saw the huge spar sweeping in like an avalanche. 'Down, every man of you,' he cried in thunder tone.

The order was given just in time to escape the blow from the spar, which now came rushing across the deck like lightning (the breeze blowing freshly), and sweeping the unexpectant Spaniards from the deck over the low rail of the quarter like chaff before the storm.—Appalled and panic-stricken by this sudden turn of fortune, by which more than one half their number were swept overboard and lost, and being immediately followed up by a desperate charge from the ardent and determined little band, the smugglers threw down their arms and surrendered.

Harry sprang down the companion steps into the cabin, and saw Don Cirilo with the foam standing on his lips, his eyes scowling and his teeth set hard, holding a long and glistening poniard, ready to plunge it to the heart of the lovely, but now senseless Carmen whom he grasped by her magnificent tresses.

'Ha! accursed dog of a heretic!' he cried 'This, this is what I waited for, I waited for you to see her die. I would have stabbed her before, but she was insensible, and that dulled the rage of my revenge; but now, now, this is exquisite. Thus will a Cascara foil you thus will be condemn to death the woman who slighted him, and entail a life of hopeless misery on you. Thus,' but here his words were drowned in the loud and sudden report of a pistol fired down the sky-light. When the smoke cleared away a little, the body of Count Cirilo de Cascara was found stretched on the cabin floor with a bullet through his brain. His loud yells of passion were overheard by one of Felton's men, who understood the Spanish language. He looked down the skylight, saw the group, and drawing a pistol, sent the blackened soul of Don Cirilo to its last and great account.

Springing forward, Harry Felton caught his beloved in his arms, and using every exertion in a short time she showed signs of returning animation. She was immediately conveyed to the brig, which was now hove to a short distance off, and the goleta quietly delivered up to the surviving smugglers. Harry lost four men in his short, but desperate struggle, and the Spaniards ten, besides what were swept overboard by the main-boom, being some twelve more.

Who can describe the gratitude, who can depict the feelings of the lovely Carmen when she found herself, not only in safety, but in the arms of the man of her idolatry, who had again exposed his life to rescue her? There on the bounding bosom of the deep, with the mighty and magnificent handiwork of the Creator all around, above and below them, teaching them to realize the solemnity of the act, did these two young and loving beings pledge their eternal constancy and affection to each other.

The brig was hauled on a wind and in one day and a half she had beaten back to St. John's, where they found the good old Don Jacinto delirious and in a high fever, from distress of mind, caused by the loss of his only and idolized child. Every attention was paid and every effort made in his behalf, the devoted Carmen never left his side and Felton called four or five times every day. The old man lingered some time on the verge of the grave, but the disease at last gave way before the combined attacks of skill and kind nursing. As soon as he showed signs of returning reason, his daughter was withdrawn and the story of her rescue was gently broken to him. Language fails to portray this meeting of father and daughter.

'Where! where is thy noble and gallant preserver?' at last inquired the old Don.

He was informed that Captain Felton was in the next room waiting to pay his respects to him.

'Bring him in at once,' cried the old man, 'that I may clasp him in my arms and give some slight expression to my feelings.'

One month subsequent to the above occurrence, the grand cathedral of San Juan contained one of the happiest and most lovely bridal parties that ever graced its altar. Need the reader ask whose it was?

Harry Felton gave up going to sea as soon as he was married, and retired to pass the remainder of his existence on the splendid estate of his father in law, Don Jacinto de Cumano, where we will take our leave of him, dear reader, surrounded with every solid and real happiness that could fall to the lot of man.

### Theatrical.

The following is a copy of an *inventory* of property, &c., belonging to an English theatre, which were sold some years since—to wit:

Spirits of right Nantz brandy, for lambent flames and apparitions.

Three bottles and a half of lightning.

One shower of snow in the whitest French paper.

Two showers of a browner sort.

A sea consisting of a dozen large waves; the tenth bigger than ordinary, and a little damaged.

A dozen and a half of clouds, trimmed with black, and well conditioned.

A rainbow, a little faded.

A set of clouds after the French mode, streaked with lightning and furbelowed.

A new moon something decayed.

A coach very finely gilt, and little used, with a pair of dragoons, to be sold cheap.

An imperial mantle made for Cyrus the Great, and worn by Julius Cæsar, Bajazet, King Henry the Eighth, and Signor Valentini.

Roxana's night gown.

Othello's handkerchief.

The imperial robes of Xerxes, never worn but once.

A serpent to sting Cleopatra.

A mustard-bowl to make thunder with.

The complexion of a murderer in a bandbox; consisting of a large piece of burnt cork, and a coalblack peruke.

A suit of clothes for a ghost, viz., a bloody shirt, a doublet curiously pinked, and a coat with three great eyelet holes upon the breast.

There are also swords, halberds, sheep-hooks, cardinal's hats, turbans, drums, gallipots, a gibbet, a cradle, a rack, a cart-wheel, an altar, an helmet, a back-piece, a breast-plate, a bell, a tub, and a jointed-baby.

### Newspapers.

The newspaper is the common repository of everything of general concern that is done, said, thought, and suffered, within its range of active circulation. It bears record of the people's tastes and of the means enjoyed for satisfying them, of their industry and its results; of their opinions and the processes by which they are formed, modified and changed; of their politics, their religion, their social relations and habits, their virtues and their vices—in a word, of their whole existence as a community of men. We think we are not speaking rashly when we say that the advertisements alone of a popular daily newspaper, like the Times of London, or some of our most prominent contemporaries in this city, for fifty years, possess intrinsically a higher historical value than all the historical records which are embodied in the literature of ancient Greece, assuming, of course, that the civilization of England and of Greece, for that period, were of equal interest to the world.

In them we see, from day to day, what people buy and what they sell, what they make, what they eat, and what they wear, what they enjoy, where they travel and where they send, when they are born and when they die, when and whom they marry, when and why they are punished, and what are their rewards, what books are sold, what laws are enacted and what laws are violated, what Gods are worshipped, and what new religions are taught and how, by whom and how the face of the earth is travelled and the great deep navigated, and the wings of the wind made to carry burdens. All these things and many more are taught by the advertisements of a daily journal. They disclose the civilization of a people with a fullness and correctness to which the most elaborate, the most authentic, the most philosophical, ingenious and faithfully written histories of antiquity do not approach.

What would we not give for a file of a Roman daily during the age of Augustus? How profitable might we exchange for it all the histories of Rome which ever have been or ever will be written! Neither Livy, nor Tacitus, nor Dion Cassius, nor Cicero, nor Suetonius, nor Pliny, nor Beaufort, nor Niebuhr, have told us a tithe of what would have found its way into the teeming journals of that metropolis of nations. We should then be able to turn to Cicero for Milo's exploits, and read editorial comments, perhaps, from the pen of Sallust or of Hortensius. In another column we might find a new lyric inspired by the muse of Horace, or a new satire from the inexorable pen of Juvenal. Farther on we would perhaps read of the first appearance of Roscius in the *Andrea* of Terence, or of Æsop 'for this night only, in the *Amphytrion* of Plauto.' The struggle of the forum and in the halls of justice, the frequent and curious religious ceremonials, the daily amusements, the commerce, the agriculture, the army, the literature, the very life of old Rome, all might be found in such a record, as fresh and as full and satisfactory almost, as if we had been permitted ourselves to open the sheet yet damp from the press, under the shadows of the Capitoline.

Compared with such a record, of what worth are all the inscriptions, medals, coins, and monuments, transmitted to us by antiquity over which full thirty generations of men have been poring with whatever light their learning, and science, and industry, and wealth, and patronage could shed, in the vain hope of extracting from it some imperfect trace of the old civilizations which have 'died and left the world no copy?'—*N. Y. Evening Post.*

### 'Two in a Bed.'

The following laughable occurrence, which bears the recommendation of being no fiction, was related to us some time ago, and as we have never seen it in print, we tell the tale.

Ned and Charley were room mates, but they occupied different beds. Ned's sleeping apparatus was so situated that he could get into either side—that is to say, there were two fore sides to his bed, and no back side—which Ned found very convenient on certain occasions.

One night Ned and Charley had been out, and on returning, which they did near morning, both were considerably elevated. However, they walked up to their room with an air which seemed to say, 'not so very darned drunk after all,' and sought long and patiently for matches and a lamp. After knocking the pitcher off the wash-stand and smashing the looking-glass they finally gave up the search and went to bed.

Went to bed—yes; yes, that's the word, but owing to the darkness and the confusion of their senses, they made a slight mistake. In short, Ned's bed had the honor of receiving the two friends—Charley getting in on one side, and his companion on the other.

'I say, Ned,' cried Charley, touching somebody's calf, 'there's a fellow in my bed!'

'Wonderful coincidence!' exclaimed Ned, feeling a strange elbow in the region of his ribs, 'there's somebody in my bed, too!'

'Is there though?' cried Charley. 'Let's kick 'em out!'

'Agreed,' said Ned.

And accordingly the two friends began to kick. In about a minute and a half Ned was sprawling on the floor; Charley was left in possession of the bed. For a moment after the fall, all was silent.

'I say, Ned!' cried Charley.

'What?' asked Ned, sulkily.

'I've kicked my fellow out.'

'You are luckier than I am, then,' said Ned, 'for mine has kicked me into the middle of the next two weeks.'—*Odd Fellow.*

### The Female Temper.

We like to see a woman of spirit and life; for a dull, supine, prissy woman is a poor affair indeed. And we have no particular objection to seeing 'the sparks fly' occasionally, when something really stirring occurs. We like to see her joyful and lively; and if she has a little spice of waggery, we can put up with it very well; nay, we like it all the better. But a cross sour temper we have no good opinion of, for a woman who can never look pleasant, but is always fretting and scolding, will make an unhappy home for all within her house. And we had as lief undertake to live in a barrel of vinegar in a thunder-storm, as to live in the house with such a woman. Solomon was right when he said, 'It is better to live in the corner of a house top than to dwell in a wide house with a brawling woman.' Let a woman wear sunshine on her countenance, and it will drive the dark clouds from her husband's face, and joy will thrill through the hearts of her children. Let a woman's words be soothing and kind, and everything is happy around her. Her influence will be powerful. Others will catch her sweet temper, and all will strive to see who can be most like her. Sweetness of temper in a woman is more valuable than gold, and more to be prized than beauty. But may Heaven keep us from an untamed shrew whose looks are wormwood and whose words are gall! We had rather take Daniel's place with the lions, than to think of living in gunshot of such a termagant. If women knew their power and wished to exert it, they would always show sweetness of temper, for then they are irresistible.—*Boston Olive Branch.*

### Complimentary.

The Cincinnati Commercial tells a good story. It says: 'How often is it that a *rosy-cheeked man*, who never indulges in the use of ardent spirits, is suspected of taking a *drop* now and then. An occurrence which took place yesterday morning verifies this fact.

'Our old friend, William Luck, was passing along Fourth Street, early after breakfast, when his progress was politely arrested by a well-dressed, well-fed gentleman, from the country, with,

'"Sir, can you inform me where I can procure a few gallons of fine old brandy? I wish to take it out to my place for private use."

'"Well, sir," said Mr. L., "I am informed that Mr. S——, of the Bank Exchange, is *au fait* in those matters, and will supply you."

'So, after showing the stranger where Mr. S—— was to be found, continued,

'"You have the advantage of me—I don't know you."

'"Nor do I know you," replied the stranger, "*but you look like a man who knows where the best brandy in town is to be found.*"

'Mr. L. bowed to the stranger, and passed down the street, muttering that he did not know which excelled, the man's politeness or his impudence.'

Many years ago a Mr. Miller, one of the early settlers of a neighboring town, sold a yoke of oxen for fifty dollars, and received in payment a fifty dollar bank bill which he carefully folded up and deposited in his 'tobacco box' for safe keeping. Mr. M. was accustomed to make use of the 'weed' at any hour of the day or night even, whenever he felt an inclination for it. The night following the sale of the oxen he sought his 'tobacco box,' and finding a convenient portion, he put it into his mouth and not really obtaining the full benefit he expected, he chewed it up most vigorously and fervently, exclaiming as he did so, 'No strength to the tobacco! no strength in the tobacco!' when recollecting the transaction of the day, and the place where he deposited his treasure, he added, 'Oho! *a yoke of oxen at one chaw!*—AT ONE CHAW!'—*Maine Farmer.*

They say at Washington that Corwin's levee is always as well attended as any in the city, and that strangers coming thither always call on him as one of the 'lions.' Among others Lippard, the writer of rawhead and bloody bones stories, and who conducted a kind of piratical sheet during the presidential campaign in which he abused Corwin without stint, called on him a month or two since and introduced himself with the ease and confident air of a patron. Said Lippard, smiling—

'Governor Corwin, my name is Lippard, George Lippard, of Philadelphia, whom you have probably heard of—very glad to make your acquaintance, sir. I blackguarded you a good deal, last year.'

Corwin. (With one of his peculiar looks.) 'Ah! Well, Mr. Lippard, you *look* very much like a blackguard!'

Lippard was shut up, and *left*.

A gentleman from Boston chanced to find himself among a little party of ladies, away down east, last summer, and while in the enjoyment of some innocent social play, he carelessly placed his arm about the slender waist of as pretty a damsel as Maine can boast of, when she started and exclaimed,—'Be done, sir! Don't insult me!' The gentleman instantly apologized for the seeming rudeness, and assured the half offended fair one that he did not intend to insult her.

'No!' she replied, archly. 'Well, *if you didn't*—*you may do so again*,' she added, to the no small amusement of the company.

'Well, doctor,' said a chap, suffering with the toothache, 'how much do you ax for the job? Guy! but you did it quick though!'

'My terms,' replied the dentist, 'are one dollar.'

'A dollar for half a minute's work! One dollar!—thunder! Why, a doctor down in our place, drawed a tooth for me two years ago, and it took him two hours. He dragg'd me all around the room, and lost his grip half a dozen times. I never seed such hard work—and he charged me only twenty-five cents. A dollar for a minute's work! O, git out! you must be jokin'!'

Two country girls were discussing one Sunday afternoon, whether a stranger who had sat that morning in the pew before them, at church, was a pedler or a journeyman shoemaker—they having heard that two members of those trades had moved into the place.

'It certainly was the pedler,' said Lydia, 'for I observed that he had the bump of travelling fully developed.'

'In that case,' remarked Julia, 'it must have been a *journey-man* we saw.'

A gentleman, whose bump of order was very largely developed, had a clerk in his employ whose habits about the office were anything but orderly. Nothing under his hands had a fixed locality, and everything was at odds and ends. This carelessness brought out a reproof from the employer, who after a general lecture on the subject of mal-arrangements quoted the old precept, and said—

'Sir, you should have a place for everything.'

'I have, sir,' replied the junior, 'a great many places for everything.'

Thompson's Bank Note Reporter ridicules the new gold dollar unmercifully, alleging it to be only fit for 'the most delicate-fingered Miss Nancies portion of the public,' and adds, that to put one of them into the hands of a farmer for a bushel of potatoes, would be a burlesque;—to which the New York Mirror rejoins, '*that* would be a burlesque indeed, especially when potatoes are eleven shillings a bushel!'

Beman met a student of the Cambridge Law School yesterday, and asked him: 'Why will Harvard College soon be like a sky-rocket?'

The young man's eyes glared with an attempt to divine the conundrum, but he was forced to 'give him up,' and meekly asked 'why?'

'Because when *Everett* (ever it) goes off, *Sparks* will appear.'—*Bee.*

The New York Metropolis gives the following important notice to advertisers. We hope the 'healthy young man' will not gin 'eout.'

TO ADVERTISERS.

'We have the pleasure of announcing that we have secured a stout, healthy young man, who will take all patent medicines advertised in this paper, and furnish certificates of any desired stringency, according to price, to the proprietors.'

'I'm afloat! I afloat!' screamed out a young lady of powerful lungs and fingers to match, as she exercised both at the piano.

'You're afloat, eh?' growled an old sea dog, whose ears were only "set" for that wind instrument, the ocean played upon by Eolus and Neptune. 'I should judge you was afloat by the squall you raise!'

King George II. having ordered his gardens at Kew and Richmond to be opened for the admission of the public during part of the summer, his gardener finding it troublesome to him, complained to the king that the people gathered the flowers. 'What,' said the monarch, 'are my people fond of flowers? Then plant some more.'

We once heard of a traveller at a Pennsylvania hotel, who rose from his bed at night to examine the weather, but instead of looking out on the sky, thrust his head through a glass window of a cupboard. 'Landlord,' cried the astonished man, 'this is very singular weather: the night is as dark as Egypt, *and smells of cheese*.'

The author of the following lines is destined to occupy a good position among our American poets. Who is he?

o wunst I loved another gal
her name it was mariar
but betsy dear my luv for u
is 40 times more hier.

A Hoosier editor makes the following irresistible appeal to his debtors for a supply of fuel:—'Those in arrears for the last year, or who wish to pay their subscriptions in wood for this year, would accommodate us, and perhaps save the county the cost of an inquest, by sending it before we freeze.'

THE

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## A SPLENDID ORIGINAL ROMANCE.


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[WRITTEN EXPRESSLY FOR THE FLAG OF OUR UNION.]


# THE BELLE OF MADRID,

OR,

## THE UNKNOWN MASK.

### A TALE OF SPAIN AND THE SPANISH.

BY LIEUTENANT MURRAY.

[CONCLUDED.]

CHAPTER XIX.

*A new prisoner at the cave. An old acquaintance. The unknown mask. The robber chief's reason for the confinement. A stupefier. A startling discovery to the Count d'Arnola. Who the mask really is!*

WHILE Isabelle D'Arnola retires to consciousness with her father contemning the unlooked for change in their circumstances, let us go with the robber captain to meet the new prisoner who has just been brought in, as his already been related. On reaching his own division of the cave, he did not rest the person referred to; he was rather full and commanding in his style of speaking, and entered on volumes of assertions as to his position in which he found himself. He stood calmly, with his hands folded, and a steadily undaunted spirit beaming from his eye, that showed him to be one who knew the world well, and feared nothing. He was in charge of a single attendant, who seemed to cry like a watchdog he incessantly anti-quoted resistance from one whose physical appearance indicated such superior power and resolution. The robber captain was preceded by his lieutenant, who pointed to the prisoner, indicating that he was the person of whom he had already spoken to his superior. Reps paused on, and coming before the stranger seated himself at the table before described. On perceiving him, the prisoner started and looked at him with a degree of interest that it was impossible to disguise.

"Do I address the captain of this band?" asked the stranger, in astonishment depicted in every line of his expressive face.

"I am the master here, signor; what would you with him?" was the reply.

"I have most assuredly found business here that I did not expect to meet."

"You speak in riddles, signor; plain speech becomes those best who treat with such as we are."

The prisoner turned a look towards the moderator that was full of fire, as the young officer, on the other hand, as much as to say, mind your place sir! The robber captain's chin seemed to understand the meaning of this, and at once made a signal that showed the room of those referred to. Though the moderator cautiously took up his post at the entrance of the apartment, yet it was at such a distance from the two that it would be impossible for him to overhear what might transpire between them, while the young officer, giving some orders in an under tone to the sentinel, disappeared altogether.

"I see that you do not recognize me," began the prisoner, addressing Reps, as soon as he saw that they were alone.

"Not by your face," replied the robber, "though your voice does recall the past, and my mind was cognizant of it when first you spoke."

"I have met you often in Madrid," continued the stranger, "and you have seen you there, though then I wore a mask and probably—"

"Is it possible that you are he to whom I owe so much?" interrupted the robber, in a tone suffering his hand to the stranger, cordially.

"Not by your face," repeated the latter, replied the prisoner. "You cannot have forgotten the scene at the *Barrier Segue*, where you saved my life?"

"Nor you the military prison of the capital, the deputies, the night rope, the well, musket ball, and finally the escape through your agents from the cavalry."

"I see you recognize me now," replied the stranger, seizing the hand offered him.

"Ay, and welcome you most heartily," replied the robber, handing him his own chair, and drawing a third himself close by his side.

"You remember," continued the stranger, "that you had not time to tell me where I might again find you, but was forced to dash off over the plain when those hollow fire by our oars; so of course, I knew not where you were located, nor you my address sufficiently well to write to me in the city. Now the name of Antonio Reps is as well known in Madrid as on these hills; yet I never suspected that you and he might be the same, until I entered these passes, when, hearing more of the peculiarities of your association, the thought came over me that perhaps you might have sought shelter and protection here, and was, maybe, one of the band."

How happened you in this region?" asked the robber captain.

"I was following the Count d'Arnola and his daughter, for reasons that I may disclose to you at some future time, when I learned from one of the servants, who had escaped from your men, that the count and his party had been made prisoners, and were conducted to the bandit's stronghold. I resolved for that I was bound to willingly have been hurled from these cliffs as have met those again."

"Nay, hear me, Count d'Arnola," said the bandit, in a calm, friendly manner.

"Speak not, for the love of mercy, speak not, tell me if you will, but speak not," exclaimed the count, completely overcome.

I come not to threaten, nor intimidate, this time, Count d'Arnola, but to—"

"Kill me, and end my misery, after you'd added the count, in astonishment.

The stranger had already removed his mask, and stood before the count, a man of some sixty years in age, noble in figure, and commanding in voice. He looked upon the Count d'Arnola for a moment, that he might see him eye to eye, and then without further word opened his breast and pointed to a scar caused by a cured wound. Count d'Arnola gazed first into his face, then at the wound, trembled in every limb, and striving for power to speak into his ears, gasped—

"You are—"

"Carlo Asselino! I was the attorney of the heretofore unknown monk."

"Heaven be praised!" exclaimed Count d'Arnola, staggering back a few steps, and falling upon the stony floor overcome with the strangest, strongest feelings.

A very short time served to reconciliate the Count d'Arnola to his new position, and wholly to revive him. For more than an hour they were closeted together there, those two strange men, who had last met in the house each other in mortal combat. All was soon explained to the father, who could then see that his daughter's life was safe, and that the projecting fire at the street required no further explanation. Isabelle's own lips the truth of her perfidy to Carlo Asselino, and the plan and office of agency, my occupation has made me familiar with the guises, and I could begin the character well. I had it so arranged, that both father and daughter never thought they were condemned to die, and that there was no possibility of rejection. It was represented to them that a passing priest had turned for a day at your service, and that they would be allowed the benefit of his ghostly counsel, and the privilege of the confessional. They confessed to me; Count d'Arnola told me his whole past history, which must be stored in my memory, indeed I did not wish to bear it, in particular, but it was necessary that I should be in order to give me the idea of my plan, and to accomplish my object with Isabelle. She told me the beloved fellow in existence by her unremitted confession of love for me, whom she little suspected to be the man who had caused the misfortune that had led me to suppose her false."

A singular pity and well merited one, truly said the stranger, though had I known where to have found you, I could easily have disabused your mind of its prejudice long since. I would see the Count d'Arnola at once, for I have suffered enough to have suffered and understood. I presume they are no longer tenants here?"

"They are free," said Louis Gonzaga, for thus we must know him now. "Free to come and go as they please, with a sentinel to protect them."

"Then will you conduct me at once to the count?" asked the stranger.

"Follow me," said Louis, leading him towards the apartment.

On their entering this division of the cave they discovered the count in a profound sleep, overcome by excitement and joy. Isabelle, who by her side, was ready to forget and forgive, Carlo Asselino, who explained to her father matters that he had not before been aware of, relative to the part he had played in the various conspiracies that haunted his breast relative to his daughter's affections, and finally to the lady who so loved Louis, had by her eloquence, as we have seen, won her father's forgiveness before the arrival of the robber captain and stranger him. Perhaps too, the fact of his possessing the title of count, and the wealth and proud estate her father's friend cordially. But when Louis found the count still the name of Asselino, he started in astonishment, and for a time was in confusion he believed him dead, and knowing that the stranger's appearance that just taken place between them, he was, of course, much surprised at seeing him in life. Isabelle, while Isabella and Asselino were speaking, moved into another apartment, and congratulated the count upon his happy discovery.

It was a strange assemblage, that now filled the entire apartment in the robber's cave. The Count d'Arnola sat there, with a spirit of happiness upon his face that had been a stranger to it for many years; a load of oppression had been removed from his heart, and he felt like a new man. By his side was his daughter and lovely Isabella, who seemed to catch the inspiration of her father's feelings, and smiled so contented and happy as he. Opposite them sat Carlo Asselino, with a countenance so expressive, and regarding all with an air of quiet satisfaction. Louis, intent upon observing Isabella, had eyes for little else, and her own glances of love were evident to all.

"This seems to be a chapter of discoveries," said Asselino at last, "and I believe we understand each other pretty well, now in your case, Louis Gonzaga. The most we know of you is, that you are an orphan, a charity graduate of the Military School of Madrid, and since then, perhaps, we know more of you than between us to know so good and loyal officers, unless we communicate the same to the ministers of the law."

"Above all things let us have your story, in full," said Count d'Arnola; "for as Asselino says, I know no more than that you are the charity graduate of the Academy."

"Then I will narrate it now, count, to Isabella," said Louis, smiling.

"Yes, I entreat you," replied the count, "and doubtless she would be very glad to hear it once more, would you not, Isabella?"

"With all my heart," replied she, blushingly, and more charming still even than her father, she whispered: "I never now you look so well, father, so you do now."

"*You have never seen me as well at home* for many a long year, my child," replied the count, kissing his daughter's forehead.

Shall we hear your story," again asked Asselino, and thus they complete this introduction to each other in full?"

"Most certainly," replied Louis Gonzaga, preparing to commence.

My earliest recollections are connected with a cottage home, in the north part of Spain I know not. I only remember some dim visions of existence about my own age, but whether they were brothers and sisters, I cannot say. I remember an old couple who were my mother and father, of course, rose relative. Then there is imprinted upon my mind the picture of a convent, and a priest, which consigned one of them to the grave, and left me to my own care. I was at this time little green yard where her lady was buried. In my struggles with memory, to bring back the past, I have never been able to recall those things, and thus I have kept up some connection of thought, but I am sure that I have never been able to find a reliable clew to my earliest associations.

But to proceed. The next feature in the past, that I can recall, is that of a monastery, which I presume must have taken place during some of the civil convulsions of the period. The convent I recall, was flourished by rude soldiers, my gray-haired old grandsire was cast down for resisting, and a trooper, tossing me upon the back of his horse, carried one off with the rest of the plunder that he saw fit to appropriate to his own use. That scene is still a vividly impressed upon my mind, was the only occasion upon my memory was the old priest's grandsire. I have never since met with by some means I had become a homeless wanderer, and entered with the cunning of Valladolid, a kind gentleman carried me to his own home, where I met with my future friend, boy, gave me the advantages of attending school with a son of his own, and I lived, in his family, as a companion upon his bounty, the same as though I had been his own son, and he my father. His name was Gulpardo, and never I shall see in white upon every means to acknowledge my debt of gratitude to him.

His son was passionately fond of all manly feats, and we had an excellent teacher from the city, who taught us every species of sport, and other martial habits, until I imbibed an ardent desire to follow the profession of a soldier. According to my wishes, Signor Gulpardo sent me to the Military School at Madrid, where I entered as a charity student, and had the good fortune to graduate with distinction. I was now in my seventeenth year, full of life and curiosity, and was engaged at the taking of Paris-pluton, and all of the world that I knew was in the north, during that campaign, after which, I returned with my boy to my guardian's seat at Madrid. It was not long subsequent to this return, that I first made the acquaintance of the Count d'Arnola, and his daughter, Isabella, in the Prado."

And have you never since discovered aught that might lead to a knowledge of your birthplace and parentage?" asked the count, with interest.

"Nothing, though it has often been my study, and nevertheless, I have made many personal endeavors to fathom the secret of my youth."

"Have you been to the convent?" again asked Asselino, "why would not that lead to some knowledge of your past life?"

"Because I have good reason to think that it is not my rightful name, since I have a daughter's affection, and that I was one of the soldiers who burned the cottage where I was found. Besides, the convent was in the country it was in, and Gonzaga is as common a name as Juan Perez."

"True, but you can reason why the name should afford no reason for unraveling the mystery of your birth," said Count d'Arnola, "but will throw light upon the past."

"That is unanswerable," answered Asselino, "and we will have to wait for the time when Louis Gonzaga's memory shall return to him, and can solve the problem without the help of the convent clerks."

"Indeed, signor," said Louis Gonzaga, with something expressed in every feature, as he spared upon Asselino,

"Ay, indeed!" calmly responded the early friend of Louis's youth.

"Then speak out, at once, for the love of mercy," said the count.

"Pray reveal what you know," said Isabella, herself trembling and extending her hands towards Carlo Asselino.

"I saw you in Madrid," said Asselino, addressing Louis; "I strove to find out who you were, not from yourself, for that would have defeated my plan, but from others I learned that you knew not your parentage. I traced it back to the kind service you have named, done you by Signor Gulpardo, but further I could learn nothing, save that you were found, by a peasant boy on the highway by him, and thus he adopted. But this was not enough for me; I had the theory of discovery, when I commenced at this end of your life, and went backwards, and I resolved to make the experiment of beginning at its other end, tracing you from infancy. I went to the south of Spain, to my own place of nativity, and there I found the orphan boy until the destruction of the convent. I then went to Madrid, and by a singular chance to the soldier's hands who carried off the cottage, and it were there sent, to Isabella," and

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[Written for The Flag of our Union.]

## THE MIDNIGHT COMPACT.

A REAL 'CASE OF CONSCIENCE!'

BY FRED. HUNTER.

Ralph Gripem was a bachelor—rich, cross-eyed, red-haired, and miserly, to the last degree. He resided—no matter where, or when—everybody knew him, for fifty miles the country round about, as a close-fisted, hard-hearted, cringing, despicable being, and though he had never expended a dime for any good work, though he starved himself, almost, in his own household affairs, though he was the most avaricious old scoundrel in the State, though he delighted in oppressing the poor—nevertheless, Ralph Gripem lived on, for years, and hoarded up his gains, alone, successfully, and unmolested.

His tenants were numerous, but they kept a strict account of the return of quarter-day, for Ralph was always at the door before breakfast time. Everybody hated Ralph, for he was ugly, morose, penurious, and exacting—but his turn came round, at last, and in this wise.

It was Christmas night. There was one of Ralph's tenants who had been less fortunate than the rest for the previous twelvemonth, and though he had thus far managed to scrape together the monthly stipend which the stingy and precise landlord was ever prompt to demand, he had fallen short of ready means during the winter—it was now the twenty-fifth of December—and within a week, old Gripem would come again for his rent; which the poor tenant hadn't in hand, and which he knew not where to procure—for the times were very hard—and, resolving upon an experiment to touch the chords of Ralph's heart (if he possessed such a part in his composition!) he invited Gripem to sup with him on Christmas night.

This was merely an experiment. Ralph Gripem had no objection to gorging himself with Luke Worthey's poultry, though Luke had killed his last turkey for the occasion; and the flavor of the choice old Madeira which Luke placed before his guest was very grateful, though the wine was a present from a neighbor to Luke's wife, who had long been ill; and Ralph Gripem ate mercilessly, and drank most inconsiderately—for it was a very uncommon feast to the miserly wretch—and midnight came, before Ralph thought it time to go home.

The poultry had been devoured, the wine had disappeared, Luke had 'put his best foot foremost,' and when Ralph left his poor dwelling, the tenant believed he had made a very favorable impression upon his heartless landlord, who, after such treatment, would feel inclined, he believed, to favor him on the approaching rent-day. He didn't know Ralph Gripem—but we shall soon see what came of this generous supper, poor Luke Worthey's last supply of food!

Ralph Gripem was a sufficiently homely man, and full ugly enough, when he was sober. On this occasion, the generous liquor he had imbibed proved too much for him, and though he was not fairly intoxicated, yet he was excited, nervous, irritable, and soggy; and in this plight, with a grossly overladen stomach and a whirling brain, he found the way to his own hotel. He crossed the threshold, closed the door, and barred it doubly—for Ralph had gold secreted in his dwelling, mean as it seemed—and he was not so far gone as to forget this precaution. He kindled a scanty fire in the great old-fashioned chimney-place, and sat moodily down before it, to warm himself; for old Ralph Gripem's blood was thin, and the night was bitter cold!

The miserable miser leaned his head upon his hand, his elbow rested upon the rickety arm o' his old chair, and his feet were stretched forth toward the low blaze which shot up from the embers upon the great kitchen hearth. Ralph was ill at ease—he had eaten, drank too much—and he was sulky, cross, stupid, uncomfortable. But he had sat there alone, in the darkness and cold (for but a sickly light or heat had been emitted from his fire) scarcely ten minutes, when he was startled by a sharp, peremptory rap, at his outside door!

Ralph was not the bravest of men, in an emergency, and this summons particularly alarmed him. During the previous night, he had been engaged in counting his hoard of gold, and the idea suddenly struck him that he might have been discovered in the act, and he was now about to be robbed. In the midst of his fears and reflections, the quick rap was repeated—and then again. Ralph knew not what to do. It was midnight, he was alone. Who could it be, and what was wanting of him, at that silent hour?

'Open the door, Ralph Gripem!' said a hollow, dismal voice—but Ralph was glued to his chair, by the fright he experienced.

'Open, I say!' continued the unearthly voice, 'or I shall come in, and bring your old door with me!'

'Who—who—is it—' muttered the miser, tremblingly.

'It's me. Will you open the door?'

'Not—not—till I know—who you be,' said Ralph.

A crash followed—once, twice, thrice—and then old Gripem attempted to spring from his chair, but fell heavily upon the cold hearth, from the effects of the liquor he had drank, and the fright he sustained. He looked up, expecting to find the door shivered or torn from its hinges, but, though it was still closed, he now beheld a tall form before him, standing bolt upright, in a menacing position, while the tinkling, piercing, fiery eye of the intruder seemed to be gazing into his very heart!

'Wha—what do you want?' shrieked the prostrate miser, as he looked intently into the terrible countenance of his unwelcome and forbidding looking guest.

'Ralph Gripem,' said the phantom—or whatever it was—'you are a heartless, cold-blooded wretch!'

'Eh?—what! No—no I ain't—'

'I tell you, you are!' shouted the figure, and he approached the miserable scoundrel, until his massive form hovered over him, and the frightful intruder seemed ready to crush him.

'What have—I—done?' stammered Ralph, 'and who—who be you—you— that thus—'

'I come from below, Ralph Gripem—listen. Your time is up, you must accompany me, at once.'

Ralph thought he smelt brimstone.

'Where—where?' asked the miser.

'Where?' responded the figure, fiercely—'to the society of those who are better fitted as associates for such miserable wretches as you have made yourself!'

'Me—wretched?'

'Hist!' Ralph Gripem—and hear me. I have but a few moments to spend on earth. The day is dawning, and my mission hither must be quickly concluded. You have long enough ground the face of the poor, you have robbed the needy, you have distressed the widow and the orphan, you have wronged the hard-handed indigents who surround you, and you are now called upon to leave all, and quit the scene of your oppression. Come!'

'Spare me! spa—spare—me!' stuttered the miser.

'Spare you? Extend mercy to you, Ralph Gripem, who never yet knew the meaning of the word, in its most trifling sense?'

'Mercy—mercy!' continued Ralph, again.

'It is too late, Ralph Gripem!'

'Pardon—give me time—time to prepare.'

'You are hardened in evil.'

'No—no! Give me time!'

'You will not repent, Ralph Gripem.'

'Yes—yes—yes!'

'And make atonement?'

'I will—I will!'

'You will make restitution to the widows you have robbed, the poor and needy whom you have over-reached?'

'I promise it.'

'You will withdraw the hoarded gold from your secret coffers, and try to do good with it, Ralph?'

'I will.'

'You must swear it!'

'I swear it, solemnly,' said Ralph, while he felt the hot breath of the stalwart figure close to his face, as he stooped over him, with a threatening stare—'I swear!'

'You will do justice to those helpless orphans?'

'Yes—yes!'

'You will be lenient with poor Luke Worthey, whose wine and meats you have this night devoured?'

'I will.'

'And you will pray that my visit here may not be repeated, Ralph?'

'Yes, yes—yes!' shouted Ralph, hysterically.

'It is well,' said his frightful guest—'rise! Ralph Gripem!' but Ralph was utterly unable to do anything of the sort. His limbs were stiff, a coldness, as if of the grave itself, crept over him, a chill was at his heart, large, cold drops of perspiration stood upon his face, his teeth chattered in his head—and he was helpless.

Still he continued to gaze upon that frightful form, and now it seemed to be receding. It did not walk, or creep, but seemed to slide, slowly across the room; and the long, thin finger of its right hand was pointed towards the miser, menacingly, as it retired. The door was reached—the eye of Ralph was riveted immovably upon those ghostly, hollow, threatening features—when the lips parted once more, the hand moved, and the miser heard the words—

'*Remember your oath, Ralph Gripem!*'

'I will—I will!'

'If you do not,' continued the figure, '*I shall call again!*'

'I cannot forget.'

'See to it!' added the intruder—and, how it was done, Ralph didn't exactly comprehend, but the phantom had vanished!

The miser quickly endeavored to rise, new strength seemed to have been given him; he turned, sprang to his feet, placed his hand to his eyes, looked about him—and found that he had fallen from his chair upon the cold hearth, and had been *dreaming*, for three long hours!

It was broad daylight, but still that awful eye seemed resting upon him, that terrible voice still rung in his ear, 'remember!' and he went forth into the cold air, for relief.

The miser reflected. This work had been performed by conscience. He called upon Luke Worthey, first, and forgave him his rent, till the following harvest-time! He made the two orphans comfortable, whose means he held in trust. He provided, for life, for the poor widow he had robbed. He rendered justice to all his neighbors—who were very much astounded at the sudden change in Ralph's manners and subsequent habits, and quickly he became a useful and worthy member of society.

Ralph Gripem repented, in truth and reality. He lived many years afterward, and earned the love and respect of all who came in contact with him. On each succeeding Christmas-time, a sumptuous, bounteous board was spread at Ralph's dwelling—for he removed, after his dream, to respectable and spacious quarters, instanter—and, at the head of the table, always upon his right, on these joyful occasions, might have been seen his friend, Luke Worthey, to whom Ralph contended he was indebted for the example he set him, years before.

The poor lived to bless the name of Ralph, and the annual return of Christmas-time was anxiously looked for, by the honest and devoted tenants who surrounded the once miserly landlord. The consequence of Luke's supper, were the MIDNIGHT COMPACT, the subsequent reform, and lastly, the substantial prosperity and happiness of Ralph Gripem, and his numerous dependants.

[Written for The Flag of our Union.]

### Lines to H—— M——.

BY ISABEL ASHTON.

Go mid the merry, happy band,
And seek thy chosen bride;
Go breathe to her the vows of love—
Go linger by her side:
I envy not her happy lot,
For couldst thou now restore
The thoughts, the wishes of the past,
I could not love thee more.

For dark deceit hath dwelt within
The recess of thy heart;
And on my heart with all its force,
Hath sent the venomed dart;
But ne'er canst thou deceive me more—
My soul hath broke the spell;
And calmly could I meet thee now,
And coldly say, farewell.

Go on in life's path happily—
I do not wish to chide,
While another and a fairer one
Is smiling by thy side;
And if perchance one silent thought
Doth linger in thy breast,
Of other times and other scenes,
Then think that I am blest.

### Question and Answer.

'Why is it,' said Mr. T., a distinguished lawyer of a city of New England, to his friend, Dr. H., a clergyman of high reputation in the same place, 'why is it that you ministers, who are professedly the light of the world, are always quarrelling with each other; while we lawyers, wicked as we are represented to be, are remarkable for our courtesy, and seldom disagree among ourselves?'

'Is it possible that so fine and classical a scholar as yourself, Mr. T., should be under the necessity of asking that question? Hear what an answer Milton gives you:

Devil, with devil damned,
Firm concord hold: men, only, disagree.'

### Feeling what you give.

The Rev. Daniel Baker, in his report of a Missionary tour in the State of Texas, very pithily remarks: 'Methinks one reading this report says,—"Well, I will give five dollars to the cause of domestic missions. I can give this amount and not feel it." Suppose, my Christian brother, you give twenty, and feel it, Your Saviour felt what he did for you. A remark of this kind, once heard through the pulpit, thrilled through my whole soul; and made me do more than empty my purse: I borrowed from a friend. The idea of feeling what I gave was delightful.'

[Written for The Flag of our Union.]

### The Lee Shore.

BY BRACEBLOCK.

The land was close aboard, lads!
The seas were raging white;
The breakers loudly roared, lads,
The sky was black as night.

Set that foresail—see all clear!
The tack and sheet, to trim well down;
'Tis folly now, to dream of fear—
This is the time to hold your own.

Hoist the staysail—trim it flat!
Now come and haul the spanker out;
Drag it aft. So well of that.
We'll try to tack—now ready about.

Rise tacks and sheets! the orders come;
The thrashing sails then tugging jerk.
Hard down the helm—let her come!
She flies up finely to her work.

To the braces, hearties! be along!
Main topsail haul—the yards quick fly;
A hearty pull, my lads, and strong;
Now to head braces quickly hie.

Round slowly comes the ponderous yard;
Her way is stopped, stern board is made:
Shift the helm!—she struggles hard;
The black lee shore is well displayed.

All still and silent were as death;
In deep anxiety each eye was fixed.
The stoutest seaman held his breath,
With boldest hearts some fear was mixed.

The struggle but one moment lasted,
But seemed as if whole years had passed;
For in that moment was it tested
Whether it should be our last.

Hark! that shout o'er ocean's roar!—
The hardiest sinner bends the knee:—
She fills! she fills! the ship's off shore.
God! thy mercy set us free!

[Written for The Flag of our Union.]

## JACK KINCADE.

BY J. H. ROBINSON.

It was near the hour of sunset, when an individual, well-mounted, stopped at an inn for refreshment at an obscure village, in one of the Southern States. He was genteelly dressed, and very respectable in his appearance. Ordering provender for his horse, of whose comfort he seemed particularly careful, he entered the bar-room, and seated himself in a very quiet and unobtrusive manner.

Several of the villagers had gathered at the inn as was their custom, to talk over the latest news, and discuss the politics of the day, which they did with no little zeal, their love for general information and wholesome government being strengthened in no small degree by their liberal offerings to Bacchus.

The stranger called for a pot of ale, which he commenced sipping at his leisure, apparently unobservant of those about him. This seeming exclusiveness and taciturnity on the part of the new-comer, compared but poorly with the views the villagers entertained of genuine democracy. Several abortive attempts were made by the latter to engage the unknown in conversation. He was evidently not in a talking vein, and drawing a pamphlet from his pocket, began to read. The somewhat boisterous politicians were not a little vexed at their want of success. 'What right had a stranger to come among them, and sit moping in a corner without saying a word, notwithstanding the civil things they had said to him. No right in the world. It was very ungentlemanly for a man to sit down, and mind his own business exclusively. It was a piece of ill-manners. He must be a northern man, and could have no sympathy with southern principles, and southern men. He might be an abolitionist, and the pamphlet which he was reading might be an abolition pamphlet.'

Thus reasoned the villagers in the inn bar-room, while the stranger read his book, and sipped his ale, apparently unconscious of the attention he was attracting.

But this state of things could not continue always. It is well-known that some bold spirits may invariably be found in a bar-room, and the truth of this assertion was proved in this instance, and a herculean fellow by the name of Jack Kincade, proved the bold spirit of this occasion.

Kincade took a chair, and planted himself as near the stranger as circumstances would admit. Even this movement did not seem to attract his attention. He still sipped his ale, and read his pamphlet with the greatest unconcern.

'Perhaps you are from the North, stranger?' said Kincade, at length.

'Not particularly,' replied the stranger, quietly.

Kincade felt foolish and vexed at such an answer. 'Not particularly from the North.' What did that mean?

'Perhaps you are from the West?'

'Very possibly.'

This was a second failure, but Jack resolved to try again.

'I reckon you are from the East?'

'The wise men came from the East,' replied the stranger, turning another leaf in his book.

'Do you drink whiskey?' asked Kincade, with difficulty smothering a portion of his resentment.

'Never, it takes away the senses.'

'Do you like niggers?'

'I like all well-bred people.'

Kincade could no longer restrain himself.

'Stranger,' he said, 'I'd advise you to be a little careful what you say about people's breedin' in these diggins. It aint safe to talk about sich subjects here. There's leetle too much democracy here for that.' And Jack doubled up a huge pair of fists, and shook them at the stranger, who smiled calmly, put the pamphlet in his pocket, paid his reckoning, and ordered his horse.

At a short distance from the inn, was a heavy growth of wood, several miles in extent, known as the 'Walnut Woods.'

The stranger was mounting his horse, when Kincade, who had followed him to the door, said to him in tones of defiance, 'I should like to ride with you to-night through the 'Walnut Woods.'

'I should be proud of your company,' said the stranger, with his usual quiet smile. 'Do me the pleasure to mount your horse and accompany me.'

'You can't back out now, Jack,' said several of the villagers in a breath. 'See! the stranger waits for you. Don't be a coward, Jack.'

Kincade hesitated no longer, but mounting his horse, which had stood fasting at a post for the last three hours, he rode off with the stranger.

It was observed by the villagers, that as the latter adjusted himself in the saddle, the butts of a pair of silver-mounted duelling pistols peeped, as if by accident, from his pocket.

They looked wisely at each other, and said, 'Kincade had got the wrong customer.'

They resolved to wait at the inn the return of Jack, and learn the result of his wild freak, and they did so in the full expectation of hearing the particulars of a whipping match.

It was quite dark when the parties left. An hour elapsed, and Kincade did not return. Some of the loungers laughed, and 'reckoned Jack was having a harder time to whip the stranger than he calculated upon.'

*Two* hours elapsed, and still no Kincade made his appearance. Several of the more sensible and prudent of the villagers present grew uneasy, and resolved to ride through the Walnut Woods after Jack; so a party of four or five set off at a smart gallop. Greatly to their dismay, they rode entirely through the woods without meeting with the object of their search. If there had been a public house in that vicinity, they would have known at once where to look for him; but there was none; and the parties embarrassed themselves greatly with the question:

'Where can Jack Kincade be, when there is no tavern to go to, save the one he has left?'

They pursued their way back more leisurely, and made the Walnut Woods echo with the name of Kincade; but all to no effect. They returned to the inn unsuccessful.

The report of the first party awakened the curiosity or fears of others, and a second expedition was immediately despatched to look after the fortune of Jack Kincade. They started off as sanguine as the first, and returned no more successful. All the dwellers in the little village who knew anything of the matter began to feel seriously anxious for the fate of their somewhat pugnacious townsman, and said some things not very flattering to the fair fame of the stranger.

The night passed, and Kincade was still missing. In the morning, with the first streak of light, a party of men repaired to the Walnut Woods, attended by the town authorities. That vicinity was carefully explored. In one place there were drops of blood in the road, but no other traces of fight. Farther than this, no new developments were made. A warrant was procured for the arrest of the stranger, and a suitable number of persons sent in pursuit.

Before night, a traveller on horseback bearing a striking resemblance to the supposed murderer, was arrested, and brought back to the inn. He wore a coat like that worn by the stranger, and a pair of silver-mounted duelling pistols were found in his pocket. Several of the villagers who had been present during the stranger's stay at the inn, the night before, swore that the traveller now in custody was the veritable man, and no doubt guilty of the murder of the unfortunate Kincade. Notwithstanding all this, some doubted the identity of this traveller—who gave his name as James Forster,—and the stranger, and gave their reasons for so doing. The horse of the latter was jet black, but that ridden by Forster, was a dark bay; but they agreed that he might have swapped on the way. Furthermore, Forster appeared to them smaller in stature than the stranger, and his voice was pitched on a different key, though they granted that the resemblance of the two was striking. Upon a more thorough examination of the prisoner's person, a pamphlet was found precisely like that the stranger had busied himself in reading. This removed the doubts of a great many in relation to his identity with the supposed murderer.

Forster protested his innocence. He asserted in the most solemn manner, he had never passed through the village in his life; and as for the terrible crime of murder, such a thing had never dwelt in his thoughts. But these asseverations only made it worse for the prisoner. 'If he was not guilty of the crime laid to his charge, why should he deny so stoutly having passed the village and stopping at the inn?'

This was a question which they discussed with no little warmth. Having gone through a sort of mock-trial or examination before the chief magistrate of the place, he was committed to the county jail in default of a heavy bail. Fortunately for him, he did not have to wait long for the sitting of the court.

Time passed on, and Kincade did not make his appearance. Forster was tried for his murder. But from the first, he did not seem to concern himself about the results; and took no interest in setting up a defence.

Every circumstance went against him. He had left the inn with Kincade, he was seen last with him—deadly weapons were seen upon his person; and he was supposed to be smarting under the insults he had received. Blood had been found in the road, and upon the prisoner's clothes, and he had manifested the greatest confusion when arrested. Forster was convicted. When asked if he had anything to say, why sentence should not be pronounced upon him, he replied he had only one answer for such a question, and that was, 'he was innocent of the crime laid to his charge, and he called God to witness that he spoke the truth.'

The judge put on his black cap, and was about to pronounce sentence upon Forster, when a well-dressed gentleman, who had been present during the whole trial, arose, and asked leave to address the court.

Those who had sworn to the identity of the prisoner at the bar and the stranger who had stopped at the inn, gasped for breath when they recognized the latter in him who had asked liberty to address the court. Their faces were covered with confusion.

Before saying what he had to say, the stranger wished to be sworn. When the oath had been duly administered, he said:

'One month ago, may it please the court, I passed through the village of W——, where the crime is supposed to have been committed, laid to that man's charge,'—pointing to Forster. 'I stopped at an inn for refreshment. My appearance excited no little curiosity among the older patrons of the establishment, and I was annoyed with many impertinent questions, which I did not see fit to answer. At length, Jack Kincade, the missing man, took upon himself the responsibility of learning my private history by questions direct. He had been drinking freely. I evaded his curiosity as I had done before that of his friends. This roused his resentment, and in a tone of defiance, he said he would ride with me through the Walnut Woods. I replied I should be pleased with his society, and we rode away together. I soon engaged the fellow in conversation, and he apparently forgot all his animosity. Among other subjects, we talked of the riot in ——, and that the authorities were making arrests of those concerned in the affair. This appeared to interest him, and he asked with much eagerness, if I thought it would go hard with the rioters. I replied they would probably be imprisoned for a term of years. This seemed to agitate him. He then asked me what would be the best course for a person to take who had been engaged in the riot, and wished to escape apprehension.

'"To give himself up to justice, would be the best course," I replied.

'"I for one, shan't do *that*," he exclaimed.

'"Then you were engaged in the riot, my friend?" I asked.

'He replied that he was, and again asked my advice. I told him if he did not mean to embrace the advice already given, it would be his safest way to leave the country for a while. He answered that he believed so himself, and should do it.

'He rode with me, your honor, through the Walnut Woods, and to the first cross-road beyond, where he left me. He took the right hand road, and I have not seen him since. Such, may it please the court, are the facts of the case.'

'What is your name, and who are you?' said the judge, in astonishment.

'My name is S——, Governor of the State of Alabama.'

A thunderbolt falling in the midst of them, could not have produced a greater sensation. While the court was agape with amazement, a horseman riding a horse reeking with foam, thundered up to the court-house. Leaping from the saddle, he strode into court. It was Jack Kincade. He stated he had left on account of his participation in the riot. Having learned the day before that a man was about to be condemned for his murder, he had hastened back with all speed. Forster was honorably acquitted, and the villagers made up a handsome purse to pay him in part for his time and vexation; to which Jack Kincade added a hundred dollars from his own pocket.

Since the trial of Forster, the dwellers in the village of W—— have been more courteous and less impertinent, and are not forgetful to entertain strangers, remembering that some thereby have entertained angels.

[Written for The Flag of our Union.]

### To a Genius.

BY MRS. ANN S. STEPHENS.

In olden times, when greatness knew
But one stern pathway up to fame,
Where the war-pennant onward flew—
Marking its course with death and flame—
A crown of bright, undying bay
Was wreathed around the warrior's head,
While woman's tears and minstrel's lay
Mingled above the warrior, dead.

But for thy brow, where noble thought
Is urging to a loftier flight
Than sword can win, or war hath taught,
My gift should be more pure and bright.
A few soft buds—one snow-white flower,
Touched at the heart with crimson hue—
As if the sunbeam's kindling power
Had quenched with fire the sleeping dew.

With leaves all tremulous and green—
From the sweet dampness of a night,
When the soft breezes sweep between
The blossom and the moon's pale light—
Should wreathe their bloom upon thy brow,
Shedding a holy radiance there,
As morning sends a golden glow
To things most noble, good and rare.

[Written for The Flag of our Union.]

## CURE FOR THE CHOLERA.

A CHARCOAL SKETCH.

BY SOLOMON SAGELY.

Shades of Esculapius, what an age this is. Since Dr. Bird's discovery of a preventive and cure for cholera, no one seems afraid of it—that is as long as it don't come *too* near home. No one, did we say? Yes, there were a few, and one of them an old fellow named B——, who had *great* fear of old Cornil Maribus.

When Dr. Bird's specific was *first* announced, the old fellow, imagining himself a candidate for the disease, determined to defeat his own election if possible, and set about effecting an insurance. Either he had not heard the quantity, or else he determined to make sure, and considered that if a little was good, a great deal was better; for, pounding up a tumbler-full of charcoal he locked himself in his room and commenced taking it, leaving the sulphur to be taken afterwards. He had not swallowed more than half before the combined effects of that and his imagination led him to believe that he really had the cholera. He declares that his stomach came up into his mouth and drove the charcoal out. He quickly put the tumbler into his pocket for fear of its being discovered, and getting into bed he commenced rolling and groaning horribly.

Some of the boarders of the house hearing the noise rushed to his door.

'O, don't come in! don't! I've got the cholera. O, o-o-o! I'm dying! I know I am! O, o-o-o!'

The case was too near home *that* time, and the boarders took their departure. But the landlord, not having the fear of *cholera* before his eyes, kicked the door open and was soon at the bedside of the *patient*.

'O, lord! O, lord!' groaned the patient, at the same time spitting black as *Erebus*.

'What have you been eating?' asked the landlord.

'Nothing! O, nothing—but—the horrid gripes. Nothing at all! O, o-o-o! I knew I'd be the first victim! I was just as sure as I am now! O, my wife, my dear wife! O, o-o-o.'

The landlord now began to think seriously of the matter, and sent a servant for a physician.

'O, bring a lawyer too,' shouted B——, in despair, and with horrid gasps.

The doctor soon arrived and the lawyer was not far behind, although, it is said, a lawyer don't stand much of a chance if he's behind the physician.

'O, doctor, I'm a lost man, but—I—I—hope I'm prepared. I knew that I couldn't get through without cholera! I was sure of it. I'm ready to go though. Doctor, can't you give me something to ease the pain a little?' and thus his tongue ran on.

Most of the boarders had mustered their courage and were now at his bedside. 'How horribly pale he looks,' said one. 'How black he vomits,' suggested another. 'O, I wonder if it hurts much?' says the little errand-boy, who had strayed up from the kitchen. Just then the patient happened to put his hand into his pocket. The tumbler had been broken by the rolling, and the fragments cut his hand.—He drew it out and howling with pain put it to his mouth, but not before he had smeared it with coal and blood. The boarders and lawyer seeing this started for the door, for the fear that it was hydrophobia seized on all but the doctor. He, looking by the patient's side on the bed, discovered fragments of the glass and charcoal, and the whole truth flashed upon his mind. Taking some of it to the window he examined it closely, and unknown to even the patient himself. Then, walking back, he said with as much gravity as ever priest assumed:

'Mr. B——, all depends on your telling me what you have been eating?'

'Charcoal! charcoal! O-o-o-o,' groaned or rather screamed the sufferer.

'Then, Mr. C.,' said the doctor, turning to the lawyer, 'I leave him to you. Mr. B——, all I can recommend for you is a small furnace and a few loco-foco matches by way of sulphur, to be taken in doses every half hour till you find relief.' The company, lawyer and all, burst into a loud laugh.

B—— jumped up, exclaiming: 'Well, gentlemen, this may be fun to you, but it's death to me.'

It is needless to say, however, that B—— recovered very quickly, and he considers himself wholly insured.

[Written for The Flag of our Union.]

### The Rusty Lance.

BY MATURIN M. BALLOU.

Written on seeing a Mexican lance with its tiny flag of scarlet pierced with shot, and its staff besprinkled with blood. It was taken in battle by one of our cavalry officers, and sent to a friend of the writer.

Bloody trophy—dulled with rust!
Thy point now trails towards the dust;
In Buena Vista's sanguine fight
Thy deadly spear-point glistened bright.

When fierce and loud the contest raved,
Amid the charge thy red flag waved!
And here was loosed and run thy thread,
By the Saxon soldiers' fatal lead.

This still keen edge was fiercely pressed,
Perchance, against some foeman's breast;
These purple clots that stain thy side,
Were from a victim's vital tide.

O, rusty lance! couldst thou but tell
The deeds thyself alone befell,
How darkly would thy record mar
The glory and the pomp of war!

[Written for the Flag of our Union.]

## A CONTRABAND SEIZURE,

OR, THE NIGHT-INSPECTOR'S ADVENTURE.

BY THE YOUNG 'UN.

Some five years ago, the government established in this district a night-watch, in connection with the customs. The plan was new, in Boston, although it had been in vogue some time at other ports, and it did not prove the most popular organization ever instituted here. The merchants of Boston thought it unnecessary, and oftentimes, until the plan had become systematized more thoroughly, small seizures were made—in the shape of a single drum of figs, a box of raisins, a keg of molasses, or otherwise—brought home, perhaps, by some poor sailor, who would take the opportunity, after dark, to remove his little importation from his vessel, without thinking of the duty required by Uncle Sam, upon such matters; a fact which annoyed importers and others.

There is a well-known wag upon —— wharf, who had formerly been largely concerned in the importation of fruit, hither, whose men had been two or three times interrupted in the above way, and who took an early opportunity for revenge upon the watchman who prowled, nightly, along the wharf where his vessels were in the habit of discharging. He knew the character of the night-inspector, who was really a very vigilant fellow, and late one stormy evening, he fixed upon a plan to put the officer in a way of making a seizure!

It was getting toward twelve o'clock, and the attentive night-inspector trudged along upon his lonely beat, while no sound save the rattling of the rain upon the cold pavement disturbed the scene, and the official was indulging himself with a quiet, leisurely stroll down the dock. On a sudden, footsteps were heard in the distance—and the ears of the watchful guard were quickly erect as a greyhound's, for he felt sure there was official business ahead for him. A moment afterward, there came in sight the form of a man, attired in a coarse sailor's garb, and in his hand he bore a huge package,—a square package—a very suspicious-looking package, enveloped in a red cotton bandanna!

To order the pedestrian to halt, was the work of but an instant, for the attentive watch understood his 'position.' But the figure took no notice of the command.

'Hallo, I say!' continued the officer.

'Hallo, yourself,' was the response.

'Where are you going with that bundle?'

'Sure, I'm goin' home wit' it.'

'Home—where?'

'Where I'm ordered, sure,' said the Irishman, coolly; and he turned again, to go up the wharf.

But our night-inspector was not to be fooled in this way; and, advancing towards the intruder, he placed his official clutch upon the wrapper of the package. There were five boxes, there—five boxes of cigars! Here was richness, to be sure, thought the officer, and in spite of the efforts of the smuggler, who stoutly contended that the boxes had been given him 'by a jintleman,' who had paid him a quarter to deliver them at his dwelling, the watchman got possession of the valuable package, and forthwith proceeded as fast as his burthen would permit, to head-quarters, where he deposited his hard-earned prize.

Ah! there is a sort of consolation, a feeling of satisfaction, next to indescribable, in one's reflections, when one has done his duty, his *whole* duty—and such were the pleasing sensations which animated the breast of the faithful government night-guard, as he placed his 'seizure' upon the floor of the watch-house, and wiped the perspiration from his brow—for he had discovered in his walk of half a mile that the package was rather heavy. The Irishman followed him to the door of the lock-up, and there with a chuckling sort of curse for his pains, he left him.

The watchful night-inspector tarried an hour, for the arrival of his superior officer, to whom he was required to report himself, in cases of this kind; and in the meantime, his beat having been left to itself, numerous small articles 'not upon the manifest' had found their way out of another vessel, hard by, which were transported into Broad street, without hindrance! But the captain of the watch arrived, at last.

'I've done it to-night,' said the inspector.

'What is that?' asked the captain.

'Contraband, contraband, captain. Cigars, sir—five thousand of 'em; and a lug it was to get 'em here, to be sure!'

The captain attempted to raise the package.

'Rather heavy, Jake.'

'Yes—so *I* thought. Green, you see, sir—green tobacco is always heavy,' and the watchman proceeded to examine the parcel, as the captain vouchsafed something in an under tone, which sounded much like 'yes, *very* green!'

The top of the upper box was removed, and the captain smiled a ghastly smile as he looked quietly on; the subordinate said nothing, (though he kept up a terrible thinking!) but removed the cover of the second box; and then he examined the third—

'There,' said the captain, as he could control his laughter no longer—'that'll do, Jake, that'll do—'

'Sold, by the great Mogul!' exclaimed Jake; and replacing *the shavings, sawdust, and decayed vegetables* with which the boxes had been crammed for this occasion, he turned mournfully to his superior officer, who had fallen into a chair, convulsed with laughter at this awkward imposition.

They were alone, and Jake desired that nothing should be said about it.

'I will not mention it,' said the captain.

'Nor I, be sure of it,' said the watchman.

'Nor I—' added a third voice, outside.

'*Nor I, shure!*' said a fourth—and looking up, the victim beheld before the window, the ugly countenance of the Irishman from whom he had made the 'seizure,' in company with his accomplice!

He darted from the door, found his way quickly into the street, but his tormentors were gone. He never saw them afterwards, and though he was employed by the government for a considerable length of time, subsequently, his seizures, from that night forth, were ever afterwards *bona fide!*

[Written for The Flag of our Union.]

### Sonnet—To my Mother.

BY EDGAR A. POE.

Because I feel that, in the heavens above,
The angels, whispering to one another,
Can find, among their burning terms of love,
None so devotional as that of 'mother'—
Therefore by that sweet name I long have called you—
You, who are more than mother unto me,
And fill my heart of hearts, where Death installed you,
In setting my Virginia's spirit free.
My mother—my own mother - who died early—
Was but the mother of myself; but you
Are mother to the one I loved so dearly,
And thus are dearer than the mother I knew;
By that infinity with which my wife
Was dearer to my soul than its soul-life.

### Death of General Gaines.

This eminent officer died of cholera at New Orleans, on the 6th ult. He was born in Culpepper Co., Virginia, March 20, 1777. His educational advantages were very moderate, and he was engaged in the study of law, when in 1799 he obtained an ensign's commission in the army. About the year 1801 he was made a captain, and soon after—seeing no remaining prospect of active service—obtained a furlough and commenced the practice of law in Mississippi Territory, now Alabama. Just as he was getting into practice the war of 1812 was declared and he promptly resumed his position in the army. He was made a Brigadier General, March 9, 1814, and commanded at Sackett's Harbor until August, reaching Fort Erie and taking command there on the 5th. The gallant and successful defence of General Gaines of that post forms one of the most brilliant chapters in our military annals. At length, having been severely wounded by a shell, he resigned the command to General Ripley and crossed to Buffalo. He did not recover in time to engage in the farther prosecution of the war, which closed the next spring, but he received the thanks of Congress, with a medal and the brevet rank of Major-General for his brilliant defence. He was soon after transferred to the South, and engaged under Jackson in the Creek war of 1820. He afterwards commanded in the Southern Military District until the reduction of the army in 1821, when he was retained as a brigadier, and the Western Division was assigned him. He was a candidate for Major-General in 1828, but Mr. Adams decided that General Macomb's claim was stronger. General Gaines was the senior officer during what is vulgarly known as the 'Sauk fuss' in 1831-2, and was for a time engaged in the Seminole war of 1836. When the Mexican war broke out, he called out a liberal allowance of South-western militia without awaiting orders from Washington—involving a heavy expense with no adequate result. He was Court-Martialed for this, but not censured. He was soon after transferred to the Eastern Division, with his head quarters in New York, and only returned to the South during the last winter. He was a man of extreme simplicity of character and the most unquestioned integrity.—*Saturday Rambler.*

[Written for The Flag of our Union.]

### The Old Man's Love.

BY GEORGE W. PUTNAM.

There's a time my heart recalleth,
And a voice I used to hear;
On the ear of mem'ry falleth
Faintly clear;
And a joy there beams unfading
On my life's dark, lengthened course,
Though the yew has long been shading
Its pure source.

Though the eye that shone so brightly
Never more will smile on me,
Nor the form that moved so lightly
I shall see;
Yet I know that she has risen
With the holy and the just;
And her lowly, grass-roofed prison
Holds but dust.

She was my young heart's one idol,
That I worshipped all too well;
We were wedded, though no bridal,
Mary Bell!
We were joined in such an union
As the sainted spirits know;
And we still hold sweet communion
Here below.

Years have fled since we were parted,
Weary years they've been to me;
I am cold and lonely-hearted—
Eighty-three!
Still her vision flits before me,
Binding me in sweetest spell;
And it seems to whisper o'er me,
Mary Bell.

### The New Houses of Parliament.

The Houses of Parliament, stretched along the bank of the Thames, looked from the river like some gigantic toy in terra cotta, be-pinnacled and be-frittered until all grandeur is lost in endless detail, and the only thought that strikes you is that of enormous cost thrown away. How the country that possesses Oxford could build such a pile for her great councils, is a marvel. There is no grand thing in London so entirely out of harmony with surrounding objects. Old Lambeth Palace, on the other side of the river, puts it to shame. If it were not that the people must pay for it, I should care little how soon some flaming orator set it alight and cleared the ground for something more dignified.

Within, the size is very impressive—one gallery, that into which the committee-rooms open, being, as we were told, eight hundred feet long, in a straight line. All is finished or finishing in the most gorgeous tone of mediæval decoration. The ceilings are particularly elaborate, so over-gilded that we were rather glad to hear that every chimney in the building smokes, since the glare will the sooner be toned down into something more agreeable. The reason given for this fumigation was ludicrous enough; it was that the architect would not allow the chimneys to be carried up to a proper height, because they would interfere with the exterior appearance of the pile! We should not blame the Chinese if they called such an artist an '*outside* barbarian,' since the English would very readily apply an equally contemptuous term to a Chinese builder who should exhibit similar fatuity.

The Lords' Chamber is the very climax and concentration of gorgeousness infinitely subdivided, with the least possible variety or grandeur of effect. Crimson, blue, and gold, fatigue the eye, and V. R. occurs so often that one is cruelly tempted to think it stands for Very Ridiculous. Some of the details are exquisitely beautiful, and the whole looks warm and comfortable, but quite overloaded. Poverty of invention is but made more apparent by the immense amount of labor and skill which illustrates it. If the architect had happened to be a painter, he would certainly have delighted to fill his canvass with files of soldiers, and long streets of handsome brick houses; if a mechanic, he would have luxuriated in rows of pins, or ranks of shining buttons.—*Mrs. Kirkland's Holidays Abroad.*

### Gambling for a Halter.

Bell's Life in London relates an anecdote of a pugilist named Shelton, who, after a day's pleasure at Hampstead, England, gambled away his money and clothes at a pitch and toss; upon which he tossed with his companion to see which should hang himself, the survivor to have the money and clothes of the loser. The lot again fell upon Shelton, who actually borrowed sixpence to purchase the halter, and commenced fulfilling his engagement. A watchman came up at the moment and cut him down; for which service the poor fellow was knocked down by Shelton, in the excess of his indignation for the interference. He was tried for the assault, and deservedly sentenced to three months imprisonment.—*Portland Transcript.*

### What I saw in France.

I saw several stormy discussions in the National Assembly, and felt quite proud that our House of Commons was so far superior to it in gentlemanly demeanor.

I saw one representative of the people publicly strike another, and thought to myself, 'Well, if our Members do occasionally fight a duel, at all events they never descend to blows!' and I felt still more proud for St. Stephen's.

I saw long poles decked out with faded ribbons, and dead *Immortelles*, which I was told were 'Trees of Liberty,' but I never should have guessed it. A day or two afterwards I saw some of these long poles cut down, lying in the mud, and somehow I could not help reflecting that such was generally the fate in France with everything that was *popular*.

I saw the representatives and ministers caricatured in the farces and vaudevilles, and was rather astonished at the joyous manner in which the audience laughed at every little allusion to their dear Republic.

I saw several of the houses battered with shot, and still retaining marks of the cannon, and no longer wondered that the French had such little affection for home, when they could scarcely call it their own for two days together. If a Frenchman's home, like an Englishman's, is his castle, then, egad, it should be fortified.

I saw one man call on Lamartine, and this one man called himself 'an English *deputation*,' and I burst out laughing when I read in his speech something about 'unanimity,' just as if it were a very difficult thing for one man to be unanimous.

I saw in one shop, placed side by side, busts of Louis Napoleon, the Duke of Bordeaux, and the Count of Paris, closely elbowing one another, which struck me as rather curious; but not half so much as the general absence of every memento of Louis Philippe. Not a portrait of him anywhere, excepting a rare one, every now and then, on a five-franc piece; his very name seems to have left the French language. He might well without fear of contradiction, publish now, *a la Chateaubriand*, his '*Memoires D'Outre tombe*.'

I saw the conscription going on in one of the country villages, and witnessed a mother weeping over a *garçon* that had drawn an unlucky number, whilst the young scamp was grinning.

I saw in Boulogne more English than French.

I saw a Frenchman not admitted on the railway at one of the intermediate stations, because he had left his passport behind him.

I saw several newspapers *seized*, and afterwards heard that the editors had been severely fined, which I thought was rather a free manner of enforcing the Liberty of the Press; but then it must be confessed that the Press in France, in return, takes liberties enough without the smallest warrant.

I also saw a Club closed, and a five-sous banquet dispersed, and a crowd of six people ordered to 'circuler,' and it was all done, strangely enough, in the name of the Republic.

I likewise saw (what I would rather not have seen) women addressing political meetings, and they were answered and cheered on by other women, who, I thought would have been much better employed at home mending their stockings, or nursing their babies; that is to say, if French women do either, for I had no time to see.

I neither saw nor heard the slightest allusions to *Fraternity*; but what pleased me more was, that I saw all the public buildings and exhibitions in Paris, without paying the smallest twopence for admission, and I thought, with shame, how different it was in my own country.

The same feeling colored my cheeks when I saw the Standish Gallery handsomely displayed in the Louvre, for I could not help asking myself, in what miserable dark hole, or cupboard, or corner, or cellar, would this same collection have been put, supposing it had been presented, like Mr. Vernon's generous gift, to the English nation? How much better they manage those things in France!

I saw the public Galleries and Museums thrown open on the Sunday, and really, for I watched most particularly, the people looked all the happier for it. Greater decorum could not have prevailed, and not an article was broken. I thought of the British Museum, the Society of Arts, the National Gallery, and wondered why *we* English, who profess, as other nations profess, to be 'the most civilized nation in the world,' do not follow so beneficial, so *happy* an example!

I saw a great deal more that charmed me, alternately, but that which gave me by far the greatest pleasure was the kindly feeling, and cordiality, shown us by every Frenchman wherever we went. It was a great family holiday. Good nature greeted us everywhere, and I, for myself, never could have believed that the French were one-half such fine, generous, jolly fellows, as, to my great delight and enjoyment, I found them. If it is for this discovery alone, I shall never regret the £5 I have spent in my excursion to Paris. *Vivent les Francais!*—*Punch.*

### The French in Rome.

A correspondent of the Herald, writing from Rome, gives an account of the French prisoners of war, and the subsequent fraternal escort that was given them. The French had their swords returned to them, and were conducted into the town to a collation. Some of them expressed themselves with a good deal of feeling, and all were completely crestfallen. Gen. Avezzano shook hands with most, and they were embraced by many of the Italian officers. In a short time, Gen. Avezzano went with his staff to join them in the Corso, where the French soldiers were collected, and in friendly conversation with crowds of Romans, some of whom were offering them cigars, some giving bread, and others taking them to drink wine. It was delightful to see with what good will and alacrity the Romans responded to the generous and noble invitation of the government. The military band played the Marseilles, and then a Frenchman, who has a good deal of eloquence and writes for some of the French papers, was requested by the officers to address the people from the balcony of the restaurant; and he thanked them, in the most expressive terms, for the noble conduct shown to his countrymen, and he was received with most rapturous applause from the people, and the cries of '*Viva la Republic Romaine!*' from the French soldiers in the street. The late prisoners were then conducted in procession, most of them arm in arm with Romans, to the gates of the city; but as they passed by St. Peter's, they went in of their own accord, and, before the grand altar, knelt down and swore never to serve again against the Roman Republic.

### Power of Affection.

A man who had struggled with a malignant disease, approached that crisis in its stage on which his life seemed to depend. Sleep, uninterrupted sleep, might ensure his recovery. His anxious wife, scarcely daring to breathe, was sitting by his bed; her servants, exhausted by constant watching, had all left her. It was past midnight—a door was open for air; she heard, in the stillness of the night, a window open below stairs, and soon after approaching footsteps. A moment more, and a man with his face disguised, entered the room—She instantly saw her husband's danger, and anticipating the design of the unwelcome intruder, she pointed to her husband, and pressing her finger upon her lip to implore silence, held out to the robber her purse and keys. To her surprise, he took neither. Whether he was terrified, or charmed by the courage of her affection, cannot be known. He left the room; and without robbing a house sanctified by such strength of affection, he departed.

### Not a Bad Custom.

The Samnites, a people descended from the Lacedemonians, had a custom among themselves which must have produced an excellent effect upon their morals. At an appointed time, the young people were all assembled in one place, and he who was found most eminent for virtue and services to his country, had permission to choose for his wife any body he preferred out of the whole nation.

'Admirable institution!' exclaims Montesquieu. 'The only recommendation that young men could have on this occasion was owing to virtue, and to services done their country. Love, beauty, chastity, birth, and even wealth itself were all in some measure the dowry of virtue. A nobler, grander recompense, less chargeable to a petty state, and more capable of influencing both sexes, could scarcely be imagined.'—*Radii.*

THE FLAG OF OUR UNION.

## To the Public.

Deliver us from your long-faced, sanctimonious people, and we—the editor and, above all things, ourselves as to those who clothe themselves in a garment of cheerfulness—for we solemnly believe that such find favor with Heaven. A cheerful man feels well, does well, and better than those things which are good while he who is always sad, dosh, ill in the very nature he creates. Does he not pay a poor compliment to the glorious works of nature about him, and the blessings that a kind Providence has showered upon his head. It is to our pure atmosphere and balmy breeze that hands down to be our fellow-men's lives, but rather that which headeth in lowly temperament and the cultivation of the fruits of Heaven's spirit cannot engender thankfulness, while the latter engenders in every action, and evening over our life. The former spirit leads to your poor society, as though Heaven had set us a hard task; the latter causes us to see God in every parental dispensation. When we come to the true philosophy of life, we come to but one solid and reliable pleasure, and that is charity. Now if even with this we continue to make that duty a pleasure or a pain. Sunday is the one day set aside for worship and prayer. Some people with long faces seem to be looking out for some special dispensations of Divine love this shall render them happy, and think in the meantime it becomes them to be sad, and look sanctimonious. Why, if we do Heaven helps those who help themselves, and we must go it with real solemn earnestness or there is nay trouble. We must look for happiness here, not as the things of the world; they are always accompanied by anxiety, and in ourselves, in our temper and in our hearts, those are what we must cultivate and endeavor to make ourselves cheerful and happy. This is but a suggestion from one who comes to it believes us to pass through it with as much of philosophy as possible; one ready smile is a greater propitiation to God than a thousand long faces that are not hypocrites ever put on. A cheerful spirit makes labor light and rest more sweet, and all seemed so happy. After all, heaven's life is a very forward child, and it is primary school; the wisdom of the past and of our own experience as the world's are best disciplined by afflictions. The child must be played with and honored a little to keep it from evil. Sympathy, it falls asleep, and there is the end!

## Cheering Fact.

One of the most remarkable evidences of the advance of knowledge and liberal principles in these modern times, is evinced by the fact that the Church, above all others, one would have been singled out as likely to make his every action subservient to any showing or signs of being afflicted by the general spirit of the age. We see that the entire Church is progressing in the scheme of improvement that he has adopted. He has planned a system of education, which includes a system of general instruction, and is encouraging also the cultivation of the Fine Arts. Sculpture is now practiced in every nation, and especially by offering prizes for the best imitations of the standard works in ancient and modern literature.

## Immigration.

Those who are at a distance from our immediate section can form no idea of the vast and immense numbers of immigrants that are daily arriving from foreign countries to take choice from fertile and virgin soil, upon the shores of America. The total number for instance, that arrived in New York from foreign ports during the month of May, was 84,291, actually, and the average, per day, was about 2,700! These people are almost universally bound to the west, and thus we can easily imagine how that one country is filled with strength from the multitudes of hardy emigrants that are daily arriving.

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## Early Marriages.

We are more decidedly in favor of early marriages, and we say to our readers, if you form a strong attachment for a virtuous female, marry early; even if in moderate circumstances, and you may rest sure of a better lot in your than wished. Besides, the early marriage is made by the heart, the rest of all sinister, and it has been universally said that love in our life and love there is but one spring.—Ed.

There seems to be a universal terror manifested by many people to spread a fear of pestilence and danger. The simplest cases of sickness are magnified, and the slightest fever, by every death, no matter what the cause, is set down as the work of the cholera. This would only talk less about it, be grafted to their door, and the danger, if there were, then would soon be gone entirely. Could the truth be known, we would make our existence, this day and the second of September, a question, even where the cholera prevails, are no more than the ordinary visit that disease, that would be the results.

The Next Presidency.—We see that a convention in Lee county, Iowa, has lately nominated Mr. Buchanan as their candidate for the Presidency. Don't be in a hurry, gentlemen, for although he is a good man and a fine statesman, yet, he may be the very last man you would finally settle upon. Circumstances alter cases.

Mrs. Moriaty's plot of 'Fashion' is being published in parts, and will be completed in the Ladies Historical Parts, in four style. Mrs. Mowatt and Mr. Davenport, the young and accomplished lecturers who appeared in the late public performances, have engaged to recite for another season in this city.

Commencement of the Half Volume.—Our readers will permit us to refer them not only to the commencement of the present number of the Flag, but also to the excellence of the contents, and the character of the contributors, who appear in the present volume.

The overland mail from India has arrived in London, and has come to the 9th June, and to the 5th May 'tis. The mail brings no later intelligence from China, which is anxiously looked for.—*European Times.*

Which is 'anxiously looked for' China, of no later intelligence?

The conduct of the American government in relation to the Cuban affair, is highly approved of by the John Franklin, has been alluded to in Parliament in very flattering terms.—*London Paper.*

That's a pity; since the hearty sympathy evinced by our government at the outset had so much to do with it.

Quite Idea.—We see that a new magazine is to be called '*The Pest*;' and devoted entirely to poetry.

Remarkable.—It is said that General Taylor survives the newspaper attack upon him by George Lippard. Old Zac needn't fear the shafts after this!

Dear.—They are telling dogs, an hundred a day, in New York. We wonder exactly what they were vanishing as last from Bowery.

Sudden.—There has been a number of deaths by suicide, in this city, within the last few days.

He for California!—Two vessels have cleared from this port since our last.

Ingenuities.—Those who misconstrue have been busy in our neighborhood lately.

## Editorial Ink-Drops.

There are four hundred hands in the city of London, that's all.

The cheap postage system is working admirably in Europe.

*Sand Sparks* has been fully installed as president of Harvard College.

Lady Morgan, the noted and beautiful, died lately of apoplexy, at Paris.

Judge Wilcox's family, a German family shoe a negro burglar, who entered his house.

The English papers are full of contradictory reports relating to the emigrants, *Jenny Lind*.

It is estimated that there will be two hundred thousand strangers in the Turkish Empire during the month of Ramazan this year.

The Gazette has been digging procedure figures for the last 20 years, but has not yet got out of ten days; they discovered a man defending there, and they are now at work on Turkish slippers.

The New Flagpel, co-minister of war to the king of Wurtemberg, died lately in the neighborhood of Stuttgart. The deceased, during his high a station in society, he could not read.

Kossuth's estimate of the total number of the Hungarian armies now in the field is 400,000. Their artillery consists of 400 pieces, mostly 12 or 24 pounders. Each is fed with 400 artillery that the Hungarians are most deficient. The latter have 1,000 pieces of artillery.

The Limerick Reporter says that the fair of Irish emigration is frightful. In the House of Commons it was stated that the emigration was going on, but that in many cases the persons who were going were unable to pay the fare of labor—the farmers with capital.

Queen Victoria's Majesty's household for two fathers, a chief cook and three master cooks, a first and second clerk of the kitchen, a first green office men, three kitchen maids, two scullery maids, and a yeoman of the coals. The salary is $5,000 a year. The people pay for it, high as $10,000 annually. The salaries are the chief cook's employment.

## Dewdrops of Wisdom.

Religion bestowed a religion no more.

The first step to greatness is to stop.

He who is ashamed of sorrow incurred the fire for honorable achievement ever comes. Men of spirit are the masters of those who are not.

All the energy of the hero, and all the solicitude of the statesman, will be kept in the cultivation of one farm.

The man of the sense of all color; are not known then like stars, for all his narrow canes he sees the world, but all his heart sees but one.

Beauty attracts us men, but if like an armed magnet, is an armed magnet, if like the loadstone it attracts with iron-fold power.—*Jean Paul.*

Men of genius are often considered as useless fatalities to regret; and what we have heard needest within them, are often considered as efficacious remembrances.

Eloquence is the power to translate a truth or a passion from one mind to another. Among other freaks of fancy, those herself on a mirror, and the effect is marvelous.

Of all the ways of men when contemplating God is this a chief at once of duty, receiving gladness and worth of any of the ways of men in the world.

We have a great deal more kindness than is talked about in the world. The parties who have the unfeeled jealousy of her husband, who had abandoned her, and returned to Ireland. Later he gave a letter of sympathy which induced him to warn upon this subject, we would have been more than human if we had not felt that it has been since ascertained this Mr. Montgomery had written things under the influence of *delerium tremens!*

## A SPLENDID ORIGINAL ROMANCE!

# ZULEIKA:

OR,

## THE CASTILIAN CAPTIVE.

*A Romance of the Year of Professed and Infidels*

BY MISS MARTHA A. CLOUGH.

In our next number we shall commence a splendid original romance, from the pen of the fine hundred dollar prize tale, entitled as above. We have no hesitation in speaking with as to pronouncing it one of the best tales we have ever published in the Flag.

## A Duel.

The numerous readers of the Flag will remember that we last week spoke of a circumstance that occurred in Louisiana, where Mrs. Taulard, under the pretention of a lecture on the Fine Arts, was engaged in giving a course by the name of Siegne, and flogged him before his pupils, in the school-room. The part of the husband was to have called Smith out up the affair where the woman left off, and to have given the flogging which Smith got to the females.

The Next Presidency.—We see that a convention in Lee county, Iowa, has lately nominated Mr. Buchanan as their candidate for the Presidency. Don't be in a hurry, gentlemen, for although he is a good man and a fine statesman, yet, he may be the very last man you would finally settle upon. Circumstances alter cases.

Mrs. Moriaty's plot of 'Fashion' is being published in parts, and will be completed in the Ladies Historical Parts, in four style. Mrs. Mowatt and Mr. Davenport, the young and accomplished lecturers who appeared in the late public performances, have engaged to recite for another season in this city.

Commencement of the Half Volume.—Our readers will permit us to refer them not only to the commencement of the present number of the Flag, but also to the excellence of the contents, and the character of the contributors, who appear in the present volume.

The overland mail from India has arrived in London, and has come to the 9th June, and to the 5th May 'tis. The mail brings no later intelligence from China, which is anxiously looked for.—*European Times.*

Which is 'anxiously looked for' China, of no later intelligence?

The conduct of the American government in relation to the Cuban affair, is highly approved of by the John Franklin, has been alluded to in Parliament in very flattering terms.—*London Paper.*

That's a pity; since the hearty sympathy evinced by our government at the outset had so much to do with it.

Quite Idea.—We see that a new magazine is to be called '*The Pest*;' and devoted entirely to poetry.

Remarkable.—It is said that General Taylor survives the newspaper attack upon him by George Lippard. Old Zac needn't fear the shafts after this!

Dear.—They are telling dogs, an hundred a day, in New York. We wonder exactly what they were vanishing as last from Bowery.

Sudden.—There has been a number of deaths by suicide, in this city, within the last few days.

He for California!—Two vessels have cleared from this port since our last.

Ingenuities.—Those who misconstrue have been busy in our neighborhood lately.

## From our Foreign Exchanges.

The quarantine restrictions have been removed at Gibraltar.

A petition has been presented in the House of Commons, that the tobacco duties be reduced, or entirely removed.

A bill of large limited property in Ireland, has been actually introduced for waste dues on her estate. She has resided in Boston and vicinity.

Lady Morgan, the noted and beautiful, died lately of apoplexy, at Paris.

Judge Wilcox's family, a German family shoe a negro burglar, who entered his house.

The English papers are full of contradictory reports relating to the emigrants, *Jenny Lind*.

It is estimated that there will be two hundred thousand strangers in the Turkish Empire during the month of Ramazan this year.

The Gazette has been digging procedure figures for the last 20 years, but has not yet got out of ten days; they discovered a man defending there, and they are now at work on Turkish slippers.

The New Flagpel, co-minister of war to the king of Wurtemberg, died lately in the neighborhood of Stuttgart. The deceased, during his high a station in society, he could not read.

Kossuth's estimate of the total number of the Hungarian armies now in the field is 400,000. Their artillery consists of 400 pieces, mostly 12 or 24 pounders. Each is fed with 400 artillery that the Hungarians are most deficient. The latter have 1,000 pieces of artillery.

The Limerick Reporter says that the fair of Irish emigration is frightful. In the House of Commons it was stated that the emigration was going on, but that in many cases the persons who were going were unable to pay the fare of labor—the farmers with capital.

Queen Victoria's Majesty's household for two fathers, a chief cook and three master cooks, a first and second clerk of the kitchen, a first green office men, three kitchen maids, two scullery maids, and a yeoman of the coals. The salary is $5,000 a year. The people pay for it, high as $10,000 annually. The salaries are the chief cook's employment.

## Dewdrops of Wisdom.

Religion bestowed a religion no more.

The first step to greatness is to stop.

He who is ashamed of sorrow incurred the fire for honorable achievement ever comes. Men of spirit are the masters of those who are not.

All the energy of the hero, and all the solicitude of the statesman, will be kept in the cultivation of one farm.

The man of the sense of all color; are not known then like stars, for all his narrow canes he sees the world, but all his heart sees but one.

Beauty attracts us men, but if like an armed magnet, is an armed magnet, if like the loadstone it attracts with iron-fold power.—*Jean Paul.*

Men of genius are often considered as useless fatalities to regret; and what we have heard needest within them, are often considered as efficacious remembrances.

Eloquence is the power to translate a truth or a passion from one mind to another. Among other freaks of fancy, those herself on a mirror, and the effect is marvelous.

Of all the ways of men when contemplating God is this a chief at once of duty, receiving gladness and worth of any of the ways of men in the world.

We have a great deal more kindness than is talked about in the world. The parties who have the unfeeled jealousy of her husband, who had abandoned her, and returned to Ireland. Later he gave a letter of sympathy which induced him to warn upon this subject, we would have been more than human if we had not felt that it has been since ascertained this Mr. Montgomery had written things under the influence of *delerium tremens!*

## A SPLENDID ORIGINAL ROMANCE!

# ZULEIKA:

OR,

## THE CASTILIAN CAPTIVE.

*A Romance of the Year of Professed and Infidels*

BY MISS MARTHA A. CLOUGH.

In our next number we shall commence a splendid original romance, from the pen of the fine hundred dollar prize tale, entitled as above. We have no hesitation in speaking with as to pronouncing it one of the best tales we have ever published in the Flag.

## The John's Budget.

Why is a ship just launched like a prescient? Because it is a launch of the deep.

He who has a high forehead will have his ears under it, and will be a long time before he is seen.

Mrs. Swisshelm says that a man is ingenious; she always makes her *fool* as if somebody had use a monkey.

Fame and of a depraved child, 'I never was in the shape of a cat, I was in the shape of a vessel.'

Why is a dentist likely to be a melancholy man? Because he always looks down in the mouth.

*Punch* asks and answers a question—What is better than gunpowder? Why, a good breakfast! Absence of body.'

Why is a fashionable lady like a fat lady that she was very considerate, said, 'Madam, you are very considerate.'

*Clara.*—Well, God give them wisdom that they may know it, and put it in their hearts their talents.'—*Shakspeare.*

Why is a corner-stone of music like a cow? *Ans.*—Because it is an *ever* cheese corner-stone.

Why are a parcel of idle children like wasps?

Because you have to fick 'em to make them dart to their business.

'You are more than half blear,' as the hunchback fool shouted to the blind man.

'*I* have a drop in my eye,' as the violet remarked.

*Punch* says of the wooden head: 'Dr. Perry does not specify the diseases for which the new article of belly timber is recommended, but it is especially adapted to parties on *board*-wages.'

## Miscellaneous Items.

It is the part of women, like her own beautiful plance, to be both the morning and evening star of society.—*Bulwer.* Mrs. Horse Department, as Secretary, the tourist of the different branches of the Navy, will have anything to do with the War Department.

The wife of Mr. Wilson, Boston, committed by consciousness something of a private nature, deserves to be strangers, and to be a common man: 'can you keep a secret?' asked the tailor. 'Certainly,' said the lady. 'So can I,' said the saddlesaw. 'So can I,' was the laconic reply of the sorrowful husband.

Ulysses was a prudent man, and a wary councilor, tolerably well versed in the affairs of his wife; one such voyager as he desired, and she was chaste and discreet, and of a moderate disposition as the said events; although he was a man of many words, and of a ready speech.—*Robert Southey.*

Walter Savage Landor, who is now living in Florence, English authors, in a recent letter to Lord Dudley Stuart, says that he is in the habit of writing his best verses in bed, and no longer was than history has recorded; a war of civilization against barbarism, of science against despotism, of nations against cabinets. All strife that is not unnecessary ceases, or ceases will be on the frontier of France, or perhaps within it.

The more sometimes men are, the more difficult it is for them to agree in anything, and so they are governed. There is no doubt, that if the poor should reason,—We'll be poor no longer,—we'll make the rich take their turn,—they could easily do it, were it not that they can't agree; so the common soldiers, though much more numerous than their officers, are governed by them for the same reason.—*Dr. Johnson.*

## Quill and Scissors.

The Senate of Connecticut have passed a law encouraging the raising of republic fruit and ornamental trees, by which any person may get one successful tree, or grape, or a bear cluster, or a strawberry perfume, without ask.

The Encyclopedia and Mr. Hatton are now engraving at Belfast, on the banks of the Hudson, preparatory to making another tour. They are employed by the Scotch and German manufactories of Mrs. Elliot, which belongs to Mr. Hatton.

The Van Buren (Ark.) Intelligencer states that Bishop Fenwick has appointed Augustus Quintard Governor Belfast, the commanding officer of the Fifth Regiment, Specification, one conductor in not protecting the chaplain at the time of the meeting of the Synod.

Richard Sharpe, a colored girl, about seventeen years of age, who was a slave of the Governor gore-house, has been committed to Bridgewater jail by her trial, on a charge of having murdered her two illegitimate children by poison.

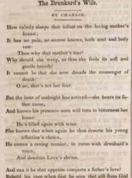
A man who accompanied the body of a deceased friend to the grave, in Cambria, Wisconsin, on Saturday, took the dreams into the wrong house, and left the body in the dreams. Some time after it was discovered.

A boy six years old made his appearance near Bellefonte, Penn., on Monday last, who was suddenly arrested by a rifle ball which passed through his head, and was soon missing by poor leave.

Mr. Hatton, lawyer of Boston, says, concluded an eloquent harangue in the jury, with the following: 'Gentlemen, I shall leave my case in your hands, gentlemen—the hand which has sent us heaven and earth.'

It is curious that Shakspeare, though giving to Falstaff, Sir Toby Belch, Sir Andrew Aguecheek, Sir Hugh Evans, Sir Nathaniel, Sir John-a-Nokes, Sir Oliver Mar-text, and Sir Topas, no knighthood to Hamlet, Romeo, Benedick, Orlando, Antonio, Bassanio, Horatio, Lorenzo, Macbeth, Banquo, Macduff, Lennox, Ross, Mentieth, Angus, Cathness, Fleance, Siward, Seyton, Malcolm, Donalbain, Leontes, Florizel, Autolycus, Posthumus, Cymbeline, Iachimo, Pisanio, Cloten, Guiderius, Arviragus, Belarius, Edgar, Edmund, Kent, Oswald, Albany, Cordelia, Gloster, Lear, Othello, Iago, Cassio, Roderigo, Brabantio, Lodovico, Gratiano, Montano, Desdemona, Emilia, Bianca, Proteus, Valentine, Silvia, Julia, Thurio, Launce, Speed, Panthino, Eglamour, Olivia, Viola, Sebastian, Malvolio, Sir Toby Belch, Sir Andrew Aguecheek, Maria, Fabian, Feste, Duke Orsino, Antonio, Sebastian, Duke Frederick, Jaques, Orlando, Oliver, Jaques de Boys, Adam, Dennis, Touchstone, Celia, Rosalind, Phebe, Audrey, Duke Senior, Amiens, Jaques, Le Beau, Charles, Oliver, Jaques de Boys, Hymen, Duke Senior, Duke Frederick, Orlando

THE FLAG OF OUR UNION.




[Written for The Flag of our Union.]

### The Drunkard's Wife.

BY CHARLIE.

How calmly sleeps that infant on the loving mother's breast;
It has no pain, no sorrow knows, both soul and body rest:
Then why that mother's tear?
Why should she weep, as thus she feels its soft and gentle breath?
It cannot be that she now dreads the messenger of death:
O no, that's not her fear.

But the hour of midnight has arrived—she hears its father come,
And knows his presence soon will turn to bitterness her home:
He's filled again with wine.
She knows that when again he thus deserts his young affection's choice,
He comes a raving maniac, to curse with drunkard's voice,
And desolate Love's shrine.

And can it be that appetite conquers a father's love?
Behold his rage when first he sees that gift from God above,
His sweetly sleeping child:
List to his words when first he comes within the reach of sound,
And notice how his eyeballs glare and roll so fiercely round,
That you would think him wild.

See how he thrusts her from her home, encircling with her arm
The child she more than once has saved, when he had sought to harm,
Or whom he fain would kill:
And when they've fled beyond his reach, cold winds and storms to brave,
Hear the dread oaths that escape his lips, and see him stamp and rave—
He hates their image still.

O father, would you spare your wife such pains and toils as these?
Dash from your lips the sparkling cup, and no more Satan please,
Nor to him sell your soul;
But think that the next draught you take may bid your love expire—
May drive your reason from its throne, and set your brain on fire;
Then shun, O shun the bowl!

[Written for The Flag of our Union.]

### An Invitation.

BY PAUL CREYTON.

The spring is come, O Angeline!
The fields put on their robes of green;
The trees that seemed decayed before,
Are budding into life once more—
And every woodland, hill and plain
Is fresh, and fair, and green again.

Perched on the bending lilac spray,
Or fluttering o'er the fences gray,
The merry robin all day long
Pours forth his amatory song—
And all the songsters of the grove
Raise notes of happiness and love.

Come, Angeline! and fly with me,
And I will have no care but thee;
And I will guide thy willing feet
To some far-off, and calm retreat,
Where trees o'ershadow banks of green,
And murmuring waters flow between.

There, all the busy world forgot,
Our hearts may love, and trouble not
With fears lest others should intrude
Upon love's holy solitude—
Lest cold, unwelcome, worldly eyes
Our hours of rapture may surprise.

In those recesses, cool and green,
No cares may enter, Angeline!
On every bush some wild bird sings,
From bough to bough the squirrel springs—
And these shall teach us, day by day,
To love, and be as blithe as they!

[Written for The Flag of our Union.]

### The Miser.

BY S. E. CHURCH.

An old man sat in his cottage door,
His form was bowed by years;
His brow was wrinkled by time and care,
And he gazed with delight on an old chest there,
Alike of his hopes and his fears.

His tattered garments shook in the wind,
His whole frame quivered with cold;
But he took no heed of the chilling breeze—
His thoughts were away, far away from these,
In the chest of his hoarded gold.

No cheerful fire warmed the miser's room,
No light cheered the dismal scene;
The floor was rough, and the walls were bare,
No furniture there, save a broken chair,
Where the miser's seat had been.

He was watching his gold—his beautiful gold—
More precious to him than his life;
Bright morning came, and he lay there cold;
He'd gone where he could not take his gold—
He had ended his watching and strife.

[Written for The Flag of our Union.]

### Spring, Youth and Hope.

BY ALICE LINTSEN.

Spring, Youth and Hope—how like thee art!
So fleeting, yet so fair;
Each with influence fills the heart,
But leaves a sadness there.

Spring, with its flowers and verdure drest,
How transient is its stay!
Youth, with its golden hours so blest,
From age flies swift away.

And Hope, though words can never tell
The joy her smiles may give;
Yet one short word may prove her knell,
Ere yet she scarce doth live.

Thus, mid thy fairest days, O Spring,
The unbidden thought will rise,
Nought a substantial good can bring
That's found beneath the skies.

[Written for The Flag of our Union.]

### Sonnet written in a Brickyard.

BY CHARLES BUCHANAN.

If men only knew what they wished to be at,
And knowing, would honestly struggle for that,
They would not so often be caught in a fix,
But acting precisely like regular bricks,
Each and all would be found with exactest propriety,
In his place in the fabric of human society;
But though in our origin sprung from the clay,
There are few of us bricks, I am sorry to say;
For few of us try, and still fewer can come it,
To square all our actions by strict line and plummet.
All seem to possess some unfortunate bevel,
That prevents our obtaining a really just level;
That we all have a bias is clear as the day—
There's too few of us bricks I am sorry to say.

## MISCELLANEOUS.

[Written for The Flag of our Union.]

## THE JEWELLER'S DAUGHTER.

### AN ARABIAN STORY.

BY AUGUSTINE DUGANNE.

[CONCLUDED FROM FIRST PAGE.]

He thought of course the consent of the angry Saman was quite sufficient, and that he could easily force Abdormone to obey the man whom her father had irrevocably destined for her husband. But Ilekhan found resistance when he least expected it—a resistance that neither prayers nor menaces could overcome; and burning with rage and disappointment, he ran with his complaints to the house of Saman.

The tyrant father returned with the young man, and assailed his daughter with the harshest language; but the generous-hearted girl, without losing the respect which she deemed due to a parent, declared emphatically to him that she would never become the wife of Ilekhan. 'No, father!' she exclaimed, 'vainly do you seek to make me false! My heart has been long and sweetly accustomed to love my Aben-Azar. Never can I obey your commands; for the most frightful death is far preferable to me than infidelity to him I love.'

Saman was thunderstruck with a resolution which he little expected, but, nevertheless, he thought, with the self-sufficient wisdom of obstinate old age, that time would soon destroy his daughter's aversion to Ilekhan. He took the young man aside, therefore, and counselled him to treat Abdormone for a short time with great respect and gentleness, in hopes by this means to bend her youthful courage.

The brutal Ilekhan could with difficulty moderate his rage sufficiently to listen to this advice. But in accordance with the father's desire, he promised to conduct himself towards Abdormone for a few days, in as courteous a manner as he could assume; resolving, if such a course should be ineffectual, to use all his authority to force from her the consent which kindness could not win.

It was with irrepressible joy that Aben-Azar learned of the noble resistance which Abdormone had exhibited, and of the course which Ilekhan had been forced to pursue. It at once inspired him with favorable hopes, and he set about some plan by which to derange the projects of his cowardly rival. It was not long before he found means to corrupt one of Ilekhan's slaves, and gain from him a promise to introduce him at night into the presence of Abdormone.

This promise he had obtained by the gift of a valuable diamond ring, and an assurance that the liberty of the treacherous fellow should be purchased of his master. But, unfortunately, the slave was one of Ilekhan's confidential instruments, and no sooner had he arranged with Aben-Azar to admit him at nightfall into his master's dwelling, than he straightway sought the latter out, and revealed the whole plot. The wicked Ilekhan was rejoiced at the opportunity thus afforded him to crush the unfortunate object of Abdormone's affection, and resolved that Aben-Azar should be permitted to enter, but that he should never leave the house alive.

It is at this stage of affairs that we commenced our story, and introduced the youth Aben-Azar at the door of his father's jeweller's shop in the great Bazaar. The young man, though pale and haggard from the agitation and suffering he had endured, was now full of the pleasing anticipation of beholding his beloved Abdormone, and as the crowds swept along the Bazaar, passing and re-passing on business and pleasure, he scarcely noted what they were, so absorbed was he with the image of one who had proved herself entirely worthy of a lover's confidence.

Little did Aben-Azar think that he was already betrayed into the power of his enemy, by the treacherous slave in whom he trusted.

### CHAPTER II.

As Aben-Azar's gaze vacantly rested on the motley multitudes that thronged the Bazaar, his attention was attracted to one point where a sudden tumult appeared to be breaking out. A confused noise of the people, in which the young man could distinguish loud cries as if of terror, and shouts of triumph, came to his ear, and he beheld numbers of shop-men leaving their stalls and rushing to the scene of disturbance. At first Aben-Azar felt tempted to walk towards the spot, but reflecting that perhaps it was but the excitement caused by the arrest of some petty thief, a thing of almost daily occurrence in the crowded mart, he contented himself with calling a slave from within, and despatching him to inquire the cause of the turmoil.

It was near the hour when according to the custom of oriental cities, the Bazaar is closed and the traders, retiring to their homes, leave the immense building which is the scene of daily business, to the care of watchmen who inspect the fastenings and are answerable the next morning for any robbery which might take place during the hours of repose. The sun was already quite low in the heavens, and tall shadows were falling from the high walls and pillars that supported the great Bazaar, which occupied many squares of the city. Many of the stalls were even now closed and their owners preparing to depart, though still, as was customary till the closing of the gates, the streets and walks were full of passers-by.

Aben-Azar, after another glance at the throng of people, turned into his father's shop, where his father yet remained, inspecting the day's accounts. The old merchant noticed with pleasure the improved appearance of his son, though he did not suspect the cause, and kindly greeting him, he prepared to accompany him to their house; first, however, as was his wont, examining the interior portions of his store, in order that no precaution might be wanting to insure the safety of his goods through the night. Aben-Azar, while his father was occupied in this duty, remained in the exterior, listlessly awaiting the jeweller's return.

Suddenly from without, the noise of the people became louder, and presently a prolonged cry of many voices was heard, mingled with exclamations of 'He has escaped!' 'He is Rustan!' 'He is Shaitan himself!' And almost before Aben-Azar could turn his head, a man, armed with a naked sword, rushed into the shop of the jeweller and stood before the young man.

'In the prophet's name, protect me!' cried the stranger, in a gasping voice. 'The hounds without seek my life!'

'Who are you?' exclaimed Aben-Azar, startled not more by the sudden apparition than by the singular appearance and demeanor of the man. And in truth the new comer was, in his present condition, one likely to startle the strongest nerves. His face was ghastly white, save where blood trickled from a large cut across the forehead; his garments were torn and disordered and covered with dust, as if he had been dragged over the ground, and his whole look was wild and fearful.

'No matter who I am. Save me from these dogs, and I will be your friend forever,' cried the stranger, in hurried accents, as a shout from without told that the mob were in full pursuit and near the store.

Aben-Azar glanced around, and through the open door. His father was in an interior apartment, and there was no one in sight from without. Without another word, he slipped back a bolt and opening a small door, disclosed a descending passage leading to the vaults beneath the shop.

'Whither conducts it?' cried the stranger.

'Beneath the Bazaar. Take the passage to the right, and you will find a window. Unbar it, and escape!'

The strange man, without a word of thanks, flung himself down the dark passage and disappeared. Then, re-closing and bolting the door, he turned from the spot. And almost immediately afterwards his father entered from within, and the foremost of the shouting crowd appeared in front of the shop.

'Let us in! he is here!' was the cry of those who blocked up the door.

'Aben-Azar—what means all this?' cried the jeweller. 'My friends, what want ye in my store, which I am about to close?'

'We saw him enter, O jeweller! Tell us where thou hast concealed him, or we will tear thee from thy shop.' With this threat the crowd pressed into the door-way, and, with their many cries and brandishing of arms, almost terrified the poor old merchant out of his wits.

Aben-Azar, who had seemed scarcely to notice the violent language and movement of the crowd, now turned and advanced before his father. 'Good people!' said he, 'why are ye here? what want ye with a peaceable merchant? Retire, I pray, from the shop, or I must send to the cadi for protection.'

'Tell us where he is—or we will force you!' cried out a fierce-faced man who was foremost among the mob. Aben-Azar looked up as he heard this voice, and recognized at once the father of his rival Ilekhan, the enemy who had been the cause of all his suffering.

'Whom do you seek?' asked the young man.

'Do ye laugh at our beards, that ye ask such a question?' roared the father of Ilekhan, whose name was Muley-bey. 'Tell us where ye have concealed the notorious robber Malek-Hassan, who has but now escaped from prison after slaying two soldiers of the king's guard? Is it not true, my friends?' he continued, appealing to the crowd around him, who set up a shout in token of assent.

'And he was seen to enter this shop,' cried Muley-bey, in louder tones. 'Now, we demand that he be given up immediately, to meet the doom he deserves.'

'You have no right to speak thus,' answered Aben-Azar, whose blood boiled on hearing the arrogant speech of his enemy. 'And if you do not retire with your lawless comrades, I will send to the cadi for protection.'

'Hold, my son,' said the old jeweller, 'we can easily assert our innocence. No one has taken refuge in the shop, and we have concealed no fugitive, as we well know. Let them search the premises throughout and be satisfied. I am willing.'

'Very well,' cried Muley-bey. 'I will forfeit my head if it be not as I say. My own eyes saw the robber enter this door. Come on, then, friends, and search this false merchant's house. Who knows but that he and Malek-Hassan may be connected in the same profession?'

Thus spoke Muley-bey to the excited crowd, and laughed triumphantly as he noticed the annoyance it caused to the unfortunate jeweller, who yet, however, conscious of his own innocence, led the way to examine the premises.

In a few moments the eager throngs had searched every nook and corner of the jeweller's establishment without discovering a trace of the robber. All this time Aben-Azar remained standing with folded arms and clouded brow, leaning against a pillar, and partly hiding with his dress the narrow door leading to the vaults. The young man was filled with indignation at the evident delight that Muley-bey took in being enabled to exercise his power with impunity, and he longed for an opportunity to repay with interest the many unprovoked injuries he had received through his enemy's machinations.

The hour now approached for the closing of the Bazaar, and Muley-bey and the rest, having failed in their scrutiny of the interior, now returned with the old jeweller, who, in an agitated voice, asked if they were satisfied.

'Satisfied!' cried Muley-bey. 'For my part, I am satisfied that there is a league between you and the robber, and that you have concealed him here. May my father's grave be defiled, if I saw not the outlaw Melek-Hassan enter this door! Ha!' he continued, as he noticed for the first time the door against which Aben-Azar leaned. 'Behold, friends—my eyes be on it, here is where the robber is concealed.' Saying this, he rudely pushed the young man aside.

'Hold!' cried the old jeweller. 'Do ye not see this door is bolted? How then could the robber have entered it without my knowledge? I tell you, it leads only to the vaults beneath the Bazaar.'

'He says well,' exclaimed Muley-bey.—'The robber could not have been concealed *without* his knowledge. But, follow me, friends, and we will soon satisfy ourselves.'

With these words the malicious man unbolted the door, and lighting a torch, proceeded to descend, followed by the crowd; whilst the jeweller and his son remained alone.

Aben-Azar well knew that the fugitive outlaw had by this had sufficient time to make good his egress from the vaults; although he was aware that in so doing he would be obliged to leave the window through which he escaped unbarred and open. Still he considered that the circumstance alone of an open window would be no strong proof of his participation in the affair, and therefore he awaited with calmness the return of Muley-bey.

The jeweller, on his part, had no misgivings whatever, conscious as he was of his own innocence, and not suspecting for a moment the agency of his son in the robber's flight.

But Muley-bey and those who accompanied him had been gone but a brief space, when a loud shout echoed from the vaults, and the noise of their returning footsteps was heard. Aben-Azar turned pale, fearful that the outlaw had been seized, and would be confronted with him, in which case he knew that nothing short of imprisonment would be his immediate fate for aiding in the escape of so notorious a robber as Malek-Hassan. Before he had a moment to reflect, however, Muley-bey, with his eyes inflamed with rage, appeared at the entrance to the vault.

'Ha,' he cried, triumphantly, 'treacherous jeweller! I well knew that something would be found to prove my word! Look there, child of the devil, and tell me what is this!'

Saying this, he held above a portion of the robber's robe, which had been torn off as he made his way through the window below, and remained sticking in the aperture. Then turning to the crowd around, he shouted in a ferocious voice, 'seize this old jeweller in the name of the law! He has aided in the escape of a famous robber, and is no doubt a confederate of the gang.'

There were many among the multitude who now pressed around the door of the shop, who had known the jeweller for years, and were well convinced of his integrity and respectability. But so strong were appearances against him, from the finding of the robber's garment, and so much were they influenced by the loud voice of Muley-bey, that not one lifted his voice in the merchant's favor whilst he was seized and pinioned by the more violent of the crowd.

Aben-Azar, in the tumult occasioned by the arrest of his father, had been left for a few moments unnoticed. In this interval a thousand conflicting thoughts rushed through his brain. He shuddered to see his innocent father accused of a crime which was entirely his, and yet he knew that if he avowed his own part, it would scarcely bear a feather's weight, save to cause his own immediate seizure. At the same time, the thought of his dear Abdormone and his anticipated interview crossed his mind, and he reflected that his arrest at this moment would deprive him of the pleasure, and perhaps inflict the most poignant sorrow upon the heart of her he loved. 'My imprisonment cannot benefit my father,' he murmured, 'and perchance my freedom may! I will escape!'

With this conclusion he watched his opportunity, and mingling with the crowd glided from the spot as quickly as possible.

The vindictive Muley-bey, however, speedily noticed his absence, and gave the alarm; for so wicked was this enemy that he desired nothing so much as the complete ruin of those whom he had already deeply injured. Fortunately for Aben-Azar, the cry to clear the Bazaar was now heard, and the watchmen commenced their rounds. This circumstance, together with the increasing dusk, for the night was now setting in, enabled the young man to get beyond the Bazaar before a movement was made for his detention, and, once free from the crowd, he made the best of his way towards the outskirts of the city.

In the meanwhile, the unfortunate jeweller, his father, was carried to prison and thrown into close confinement. At the same time, the seals of justice were put upon the doors of his shop, and Muley-bey, his malignant enemy, satisfied with what he had done, went home to exult with his son Ilekhan over the success of their schemes.

### CHAPTER III.

Aben-Azar, after gaining the outskirts of the city, kept on his way, with a rapid pace, anxious to get as quickly as possible beyond the reach of pursuit. A thousand conflicting emotions agitated the young man's mind, in which the thought of Abdormone in the power of his cruel rival was ever uppermost.

He had the most implicit confidence in the virtuous constancy of her who was his betrothed, but he dreaded to think that she might be compelled by the brutal Ilekhan and her tyrannical father to succumb at last to the will of one whom she could only detest, whose reputation was of the worst nature, and who only maintained a position in society by the possession of great wealth, which enabled him oftentimes to corrupt that justice which should have punished his transgressions.

The shadows of night had now fallen thickly over the city, and Aben-Azar, having passed some distance beyond the gates, sat himself down by the roadside to reflect upon his future action. The events of the past hour, so rapid in their occurrence, yet so fraught with misfortune to himself and his father, almost bewildered the young man's mind; for he could only regard the affair as one which might seriously involve the old jeweller in its consequences, though, in the sudden impulse which had led him to assist the escape of Malek-Hassan, he had never once thought of what might ensue.

It was evident, however, that in aiding the fugitive robber, he had violated the laws of Aiden, and rendered both himself and father amenable to the severest punishment; since Malek-Hassan was notorious as the chief of a powerful band of outlaws who had long been the terror of the caravans trading between Aiden and the interior cities of Arabia Felix. Besides the influence of a powerful enemy like Muley-bey would go far to prejudice even the best friends of the jeweller against him, and perhaps prevent even a fair investigation of the matter.

'O, unfortunate that I am,' mused Aben-Azar, as he reflected bitterly on his situation. 'Deprived of Abdormone, whom I love so devotedly, and at the same time the cause of misery, perhaps ruin, to my father! What shall I do! How shall I direct my course? Alas! I am at this moment a fugitive myself, and liable to be dragged to the same prison with my poor father! O, unhappy Aben-Azar, what hast thou done to deserve all this misfortune?' Saying this the young man covered his face with his hands and wept bitterly.

But soon the image of Abdormone came across the darkness of his soul. He fancied that he beheld the innocent maiden forced to become the bride of Ilekhan and lost to him forever, while vainly calling upon him to rescue her. He started to his feet again with a sudden resolution. 'No!' cried he, 'I will not desert *her!* To-night I will see her, and at least assure her that I am her's forever. I will enter the house of the wicked Ilekhan, even though in peril of my liberty or life—Let me but behold Abdormone once more at least before I die, though destiny should forbid our happiness. Heaven is just, and will point out some means by which I can rescue my father; but first, first I must behold my Abdormone!'

With these words, Aben-Azar turned to retrace his steps toward the city, when his progress was suddenly arrested by the appearance of a dozen or more strange figures who started abruptly into view from behind a ruined wall not far from where the youth had been resting. They were clad in a wild, half military garb, and armed with various weapons. Aben-Azar apprehended in an instant that they were robbers, and his first thought was to attempt flight; but a moment's reflection satisfied him that escape was impossible, and he thereupon advanced boldly to meet them.

But what was his astonishment, to recognize in the foremost robber of the group, the very man whom he had aided to escape, and who thus had been the cause of his late misfortunes. The surprise which he evinced at the rencontre was shared in by the outlaw himself.

'How!' cried Malek-Hassan, scanning the young man's face narrowly, by the dim twilight which yet illumined the scene, 'Do my eyes deceive me, or are you not he whom I met in the merchant's Bazaar! Speak! are you my preserver?'

'I am that unhappy wretch!' answered Aben-Azar.

'Unhappy!' rejoined the outlaw. 'No more shall that be said of the friend of Malek-Hassan. Let me embrace thee, my friend,' he continued, seizing the young man's hand and covering it with kisses. Then presenting Aben-Azar to the fierce-looking men around him. 'Behold,' cried he, 'one to whom I am indebted for my liberty and life! This young man I owe my freedom to, at this moment from the dungeons of Aiden!'

The robbers crowded around Aben-Azar, and testified their gratitude for the service he had done their chief by a thousand warm encomiums, so that the young man, who had all his life been a peaceful, law-loving jeweller's son, now found himself not only a fugitive from the police of his native city, but welcomed as a friend and confederate of a famous robber band. Yet much as he deplored the unfortunate position in which he found himself placed, he could not help reflecting that in the rough but earnest attachment which these men evinced for their chief, as well as the demeanor of that personage himself, there was very little to justify the popular notion of Malek-Hassan being a sort of fiend in the shape of a man, whose deeds and person were equally cruel and abhorrent.

The outlaw, who had all the while kept firm hold of Aben-Azar's hand, now addressed him in a most friendly voice. 'You exclaimed this moment that you were unhappy,' said he.—'Tell me, my friend, the cause of your grief. Fear not to reveal it to me, for on the faith of Malek-Hassan, I swear to you that my arm and my life are both at your service!'

Aben-Azar was greatly impressed by the manner of the outlaw. He could no longer hesitate to inform him of the events which had followed the robber's escape from the Bazaar, involving the seizure of the old jeweller and his own flight from the city. But when, in the course of his relation, the youth mentioned the name of Muley-bey, the outlaw interrupted him with a sudden exclamation:

'Are you then,' he cried, 'one of the many victims of this vilest of men? This Muley-bey is my most deadly enemy, and it is through him that I am now outlawed and a robber!'

Aben-Azar was startled at the vehemence of the outlaw's speech, which plainly showed that the name of Muley-bey had awakened some harrowing recollection. But at a sign from Malek-Hassan he went on, and narrated the whole account of his unfortunate affection for Abdormone, the arts of Ilekhan and his wicked father, and finally the tyrannical conduct of Saman, by which he had condemned his child to a union with one whom she could never regard with any feeling save hatred.

When he had concluded his recital, Malek-Hassan wrung his hand, and thus addressed him:

'You see in me a robber and an outlaw, who but a moment since, as it were, escaped from an ignominious fate. But, nevertheless, you will find that I am not without power, and may perhaps not only redress your wrongs, but obtain a triumph over this unscrupulous Muley-bey. To you I owe much, and for your sake I will venture what may perhaps lead to my ruin, but which, if successful, will, I trust, destroy the schemes of our enemy.'

'Ah,' answered Aben-Azar, 'I beseech you not to attempt anything in my behalf, which may involve your own safety. It is sufficient that I am wretched. Let me, I pray, return to Aiden, and behold my Abdormone before fate shall separate us forever.'

'It is that which I would have you do,' said the outlaw. 'It is through your assistance that I hope to succeed. Return, then, to Aiden, and seek out your betrothed at the house of Ilekhan. But you shall not go alone. I will accompany, and if need be, protect you from treachery; for the son of Muley-bey is as artful and dangerous as his father!'

'Thanks,' returned Aben-Azar, 'but I fear him not, for what he may have power to accomplish against myself. It is for Abdormone alone that I tremble.'

'It is she then you must preserve. Hasten, therefore, to the abode of Ilekhan, and seek the presence of your Abdormone. I and my comrades will separately enter the city, and proceed likewise to the traitor's house. Should you be in danger before we appear, sound this, and I will come to you through a thousand foes.'

Saying these words, the robber chief gave into Aben-Azar's hand a small silver whistle, ornamented with rings of corals, and then, with a parting grasp of the hand, permitted him to depart towards the city.

### CHAPTER IV.

Passing unquestioned through the gate of the city, and pursuing his way along the streets, which were now shrouded in the darkness of evening, Aben-Azar reached in a short time the house of his rival, where, agreeably to his promise, he found the slave whom he had bribed, waiting to admit him to the apartment of his beloved Abdormone.

'Behold,' cried the treacherous fellow, addressing the young man, 'I have here a disguise by means of which you can enter unnoticed. It is a woman's robe.' And he exhibited the garb of a female slave.

Aben-Azar thanked the slave for his thoughtfulness, and proceeded to conceal his own garments under the coarse habiliments which the negro had procured. His sword, however, was an obstacle in the way of his investing himself properly with the disguise.

'Will my lord permit me to keep his sword?' asked the slave, humbly. 'There is little need of it in the apartment of my young mistress.'

'That is true,' said the unsuspecting Aben-Azar; and unbuckling his weapon he gave it into the hands of the slave, across whose dark features gleamed a sudden expression of triumph, as he saw how completely defenceless the young man was. Then, Aben-Azar, concealing his features as they passed the glare of the court-yard lamps, followed the Ethiopian into the house of his enemy Ilekhan.

All this time Muley-bey and his son were in the house, and had observed from a concealed window the approach and disguise of the jeweller's son. They already exulted in anticipation of the success of their schemes, and resolved that the unfortunate youth should be sacrificed to their hatred. When, therefore, they beheld him enter the private door which led to the women's quarter of the house, they waited impatiently the return of the Ethiopian, in order to proceed at once to the execution of their cruel purpose.

Aben-Azar, directed by the slave, soon found himself in the chamber of Abdormone.

She was lying upon the side of her bed, in the attitude of one overcome by grief. Her long hair fell disordered over her shoulders, trailing to the very floor of the apartment, and her beautiful eyes were swollen and discolored with tears. Aben-Azar threw himself on his knees, and seizing one of the maiden's hands, covered it with a thousand kisses.

Abdormone at first did not recognize her lover in the disguised stranger who so rapturously greeted her, but speedily recognizing him, she threw herself joyfully upon the young man's breast and clung to him with all the transports of woman's affection.

But suddenly a fearful reflection agitated the maiden's mind. 'Ah, my dear lord,' she exclaimed, renewing her embrace, 'what have you done? O, fly, I conjure you—for in this place I tremble for your life. And, O, be assured, Aben-Azar, that I will suffer the most cruel torments, even death itself, before I break the oath that I have so many times sworn to you—to be yours, and yours only!'

'Dear, noble Abdormone!' cried Aben-Azar, raising her drooping head, and gazing fondly into her face, 'let us then depart together.—Come with me, and I declare to you that I will protect you from the power of one who is alike odious to all the world.'

The beautiful maiden clasped her arms about her lover's neck, and replied only with a torrent of joyful tears. Aben-Azar interpreted her silence as favorable to his prayer, and lifting her slight form in his arms, he turned at once to leave the apartment, resolving to throw himself upon the generosity of Malek-Hassan and claim the protection which the outlaw had promised.

But as he reached the door a fearful sight presented itself. Ilekhan, his father, Muley-bey, and eight slaves, armed with drawn swords, appeared in the passage way and precipitated themselves upon the unfortunate lovers.

Then, for the first time, Aben-Azar perceived the imprudence he had been guilty of, in relying upon the treacherous Ethiopian. Without a weapon, and impeded by his female attire he could offer no resistance to his enemies, and was almost immediately seized and dragged from the arms of Abdormone.

The maiden herself knew at once, by the fury which blazed in the eyes of her tyrant, that no mercy was to be hoped for at his hands. She deigned not an attempt to disarm his rage, but regarding him with indignation, 'I have never concealed,' said she, 'cruel wretch, the violent passion that I have always cherished for my Aben-Azar. I love him above all the world, and he has preferred me to all the daughters of Aiden. He has ever treated me with the most delicate affection, and I was his, and his alone, before the unjust hatred which divided our families caused my father to deliver me to you. Behold, then, barbarian! the crime which you would punish. It is too glorious to give us one pang of regret.'

Then advancing in spite of the slaves and taking her lover's hand—'Dearest,' cried she, 'I see that these cruel men have devoted us to death. The wicked Ilekhan may triumph; but let us prepare without fear to pass from our sorrows into a holy and tranquil life, where our happiness cannot be marred by the hatred of parents; where we need not fear the jealousy of tyrants; and where, with our hearts still warm with mutual love, we shall be received into the number of those faithful ones whose mortal existence had no pleasure but to love and be beloved.'

These words, so sorrowfully tender for Aben-Azar, yet so galling to his rival, inspired the latter with new fury. 'Yes, perfidious woman!' cried he to Abdormone, who had thrown herself upon her lover's breast, 'yes, thou shalt die, and die by this hand. My vengeance shall be fully satisfied!'

With these words, the dastardly tyrant struck his sabre into the bosom of Abdormone.

Aben-Azar uttered a wild cry as he beheld this cruel deed, and with a mighty effort freed himself from the slaves who held him. The unfortunate maiden had sunk upon the ground, and now, turning her tender eyes upon her lover's face, murmured softly, 'adieu!'

Ilekhan motioned to his slaves to tear them apart, but the young man, with a frenzied cry that was frightful even to the wretches around him, plucked a poniard from the girdle of one of the slaves and leaped fiercely upon Ilekhan.

Muley-bey strove to protect his son, but Aben-Azar, endowed for the moment with superhuman strength, dashed the traitor aside, and clutching the throat of Ilekhan bore him to the ground, and placing one knee upon his breast, raised his arm to drive the poniard to the heart of his enemy.

But the wily Ethiopian, who had been the means of the betrayal of the lovers, now advanced from without and wound his long arms around the young man's neck. The next moment, Muley-bey and his satellites, recovered from their dismay, assailed the unfortunate youth and dragged him backwards from the prostrate Ilekhan, who rose staggering to his feet.

Held back by the powerful slaves, the wretched Aben-Azar, disarmed once more, could only direct his gaze to the hapless Abdormone, who, bathed in her blood, lay at the feet of Ilekhan, her eyes closed, and the beautiful countenance he had so often rapturously gazed upon now covered with an ashy, leaden hue. For a moment he strove vainly to speak—then, in a feeble voice, he addressed his enemy:

'In mercy,' cried he, 'pierce me with that sword which has slain Abdormone. Let me not longer endure the agony of separation.'

'Ha!' cried Ilekhan, with a triumphant laugh. 'Think you your death will appease my vengeance? No, no! you shall not rejoin your Abdormone—you shall not share her fate. I have more tortures than a sudden death in store for you.' Then speaking to his slaves, he bade them bear the unfortunate youth away from the apartment.

It was at this moment, for the first time, that Aben-Azar recollected the promise of the robber Malek-Hassan, the rapid events of the past few minutes having driven all else but the thought of Abdormone from his memory. He felt the silver whistle in his vest, where he had deposited it, and the thought flashed over his mind that he might yet have revenge upon his murderous foemen. With a violent effort he freed one hand from the grasp of his captors, and seizing the whistle, applied it to his mouth and blew a shrill note.

Muley-bey and his son, as well as their slaves, were startled by the sudden action of Aben-Azar. At the same moment too, as if the whistle possessed magic powers, the youth beheld Abdormone's eyes open and turn toward him.

The next moment an answering whistle from without was heard, and before it had ceased to vibrate, the apartment was filled with armed figures, who, rushing upon the slaves, disarmed them in a moment. Almost before Muley-bey had time to utter an exclamation, he found himself, together with Ilekhan, seized and pinioned, whilst Aben-Azar, kneeling beside Abdormone and lifting her in his arms, was endeavoring to staunch the flow of blood from her bosom.

### CHAPTER V.

The tall form of Malek-Hassan, armed at all points, towered above the rest of the band, and Muley-bey trembled and turned pale as he encountered the outlaw's gaze.

'Malek-Hassan,' murmured he.

'I am here!' was the robber's answer.—'This day you thirsted for my blood—you would have sacrificed me to the myrmidons of the law. Lo! I am now here—in Aiden—in your house, Muley-bey—and you are powerless to harm me.'

The old man gnashed his teeth and darted at the outlaw a look of bitter hatred. 'You are here,' he muttered, 'but there is also law and a king in Aiden to protect its citizens.—You dare not harm me even now.'

'Peace, gray-beard!' cried Malek-Hassan. 'Tell me what I dare not do, if I so will it! Say, rather, that I *will* not harm one who, much as I have cause to hate him, is still the son of my mother!'

Aben-Azar lifted his face in wonder as this speech fell from the outlaw's lips. Ilekhan, too, showed symptoms of surprise in all his features.

'Ay,' continued the robber, 'with shame I give to Muley-bey the title of brother—that title which he has forfeited by a thousand unnatural acts. But justice at last demanded that I should proclaim to the world—'

'Hold,' cried Muley-bey. 'Liar and robber that you are, dare you insult my beard by these falsehoods? The king shall determine if an outlawed wanderer shall place his word beside the oath of a faithful subject.'

'The king already knows all!' answered Malek-Hassan. 'Think you that my word alone is all my evidence? I am an outlawed robber it is true—but my life is forfeit to the laws. But Malek-Hassan falls not alone.—Muley-bey shall never triumph!'

As the outlaw spoke these words, a trumpet sounded in the courtyard, and immediately after, a loud voice was heard, crying: 'Open, in the name of the king!'

'The king!' exclaimed Muley-bey.

'Ay, the king!' answered the robber chief, 'and it is at my prayer that he is here!'

The door was flung suddenly *open*, and a file of guards entered the apartment and ranged themselves around the occupants.—Then, attended by his chief eunuch, armed with a naked sword, the sovereign of Aiden entered. Muley-bey and Ilekhan, together with the bandits and slaves, threw themselves prostrate upon the floor. Malek-Hassan alone stood erect.

'Who art thou?' asked the monarch, as his eye rested on the undaunted countenance of the outlaw.

'I am the emir Malek-Hassan—lord of a thousand swords, and a free prince of Arabia!'

'And thou art the outlawed man whose story was this day related to me in this thy hand-writing,' said the king, taking from his vest a roll of parchment.

'I am he!'

'And thou art ready to leave thy roving life and become a true subject of the king of Aiden, leading thy thousand Arab warriors beneath thy monarch's banner?'

Malek-Hassan knelt and kissed the hem of the king's robe. 'I will do all I have promised,' said he.

'It is well! Now, then, Malek-Hassan, thou art no longer outlawed. Speak freely, then, and ask of me vengeance on thy enemies!'

When Muley-bey, whose forehead was in the dust at the king's feet, heard this terrible boon accorded to Malek-Hassan, he groaned aloud, and murmured in a choked voice, 'Mercy—brother—mercy!'

'Arise!' said the monarch. And the two arose and stood before him, Malek-Hassan calm and majestic, and Muley-bey trembling like one struck with ague.

'This man is my brother, O king!' said the emir. 'To possess my father's wealth which I as the elder brother inherited, he forged an accusation of crime against me, and obtained my banishment from the city. Stung with my misfortunes I joined a band of desert robbers, and became the terror of caravans under the name of Malek-Hassan. For many years I led the roving life of a bandit, until wounded and taken prisoner by a powerful Arab tribe. I espoused the daughter of the powerful Scheik and became a Bedouin prince. But my thoughts still reverted to Aiden, and disguised, I yesterday returned to my native city. I sought my brother Muley-bey and would have thrown myself in his arms, but with inveterate wickedness he would have delivered me to the law once more, thinking that my death would give him greater security. This, O king, as I have already written to thee, is my story.'

The king regarded Muley-bey with a frowning aspect. 'And thou!' cried he, 'what hast thou to answer?'

'I am but a worm in the dust,' cried Muley-bey, with a hypocritical whine. 'My brother is powerful, and I must submit. Yet, O king, I have never been a highway robber!'

'O, wicked man—thou hast been worse, far worse than a robber!' cried the monarch with indignation. 'But it is thy brother who shall determine thy fate!'

Malek-Hassan now turned towards the corner of the room where Aben-Azar still held in his arms the bleeding form of his Abdormone, whose wound he had bandaged with his robe. The maiden's eyes were closed, and her head reposed upon her lover's breast.

'This also was thy work!' said Malek-Hassan, pointing to the wounded girl.

Ilekhan, who had until now held his peace, lifted his head from the ground and glanced at his rival with a malignant look. 'Not dead!' he muttered almost inaudibly.

'Allah be thanked!' cried Aben-Azar, 'my beloved is not dead! Thy murderous hand failed of its deadly purpose.'

'The wound is but slight. Allah is indeed merciful!' said Malek-Hassan. 'Yet the deed is no less bloody because unsuccessful. O, king! I leave to this injured young man the punishment of Muley-bey. It is but justice!'

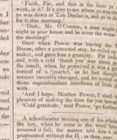
Then Aben-Azar related the story of his sufferings, produced by Malek-Hassan and his brutal son. When he had concluded, the monarch exclaimed:

'Wonderful! The ways of Allah are indeed inscrutable. I now see that the wisdom of kings and of the law is as nothing before the decrees of heaven. Aben-Azar! thy miseries shall be atoned for. Decree thou the punishment which shall fall upon thy persecutors!'

Then Aben-Azar, kneeling with the beautiful Abdormone supported in his arms, said to the king in a faint voice: 'I pardon them!' And Abdormone in a faint whisper echoed her lover's words.

There was joy through Aiden when Aben-Azar received from the hands of Saman himself, his lovely daughter Abdormone. The king joined their hands together, and the Arab emir Malek-Hassan, with the released father of the bridegroom, witnessed the happy union.

No one spoke of Muley-bey or Ilekhan; overwhelmed with rage and chagrin, he fled far away from the scene of Aben-Azar's triumph. But for many a year afterwards there were no firmer friends than the re-united jewellers, no happier couple than their children, and no braver subject of his king than Malek-Hassan throughout all the land of Arabia the happy.




One morning, near where some masons were at work, Power overheard the following colloquy between the master and one of his men, who had come rather late:

'Faith, Pat, and this is the hour ye come to work, is it? It's aisy to see where ye was the night; ye was down at Tim Doolan's, and ye're the worse for it this morning.'

'Dade, Mr. O'Connor, a man might pass the night in your house and be niver the worse for it in the morning!'

Once when Power was leaving the Tremont House, after a protracted stay, he called up the bootmaker, and gave him a gratuity. Pat looked at it, and with a cold 'thank you' was about pocketing the insult, when he perceived it was a gold-piece instead of a 'quarter,' as he first thought. His manner instantly changed, and he wound up one of those superabundant overflows of Irish gratitude with:

'And I hope, Misther Power, I shall have the pleasure of making the fires for you hereafter!'

'Cold gratitude,' said Power, 'go farther!'

A schoolmaster hearing one of his scholars read, the boy, when he came to the word 'honor,' pronounced it full; the master told him it should be pronounced without the H., as thus, *onor*.

'Very well, sir,' replied the lad, 'I will remember for the future.'

'Ay,' said the master, 'always drop the H.'

The next morning the master's tea, with a hot muffin had been brought to his desk; but the duties of his vocation made him wait till it was cold, when, addressing the same boy, he told him to take it to the fire and *heat* it.

'Yes, sir,' replied the scholar, and taking it to the fire, *ate* it. Presently the master called for his muffin.

'I have eat it, as you bade me,' said the boy.

'Eat it, you scoundrel! I bade you take it to the fire and heat it.'

'But, sir,' answered the lad, 'yesterday you told me always to drop the H.'

Among the prisoners taken captive at the battle of Waterloo, was a Highland piper. Napoleon, struck with his appearance, asked him to play on his instrument, which is said to sound delightfully in the mountains and glens of Scotland. 'Play a pibroch,' said Napoleon, and the Highlander played it. 'Play a march.' It was done. 'Play a retreat.' 'Na, na,' said the Highlander, 'I never learned to play a retreat!' No retreat should be the motto emblazoned on the standard of every Christian warrior, as he goes forth to battle.

In the Municipal Court, yesterday, John Smith came in and pleaded not guilty to an indictment for Mayhem, by biting off a large piece of Lewis Clark's nose. He waived the reading. The fight came off at the 'A. Z.' in Devonshire street, about a fortnight ago. The *on dits* of the case are, that Clark was the challenged party and aggressor, and that he was attempting to gouge Smith's eye out, when Smith abridged his 'nasal attribute.' He gave bail in $400 for his appearance for trial at the July term. —*Boston Post.*

Louis XIV. was told that Lord Stair was one of the best bred men in Europe. 'I shall soon put him to the test,' said the king; and asking Lord Stair to take an airing with him, as soon as the door of the coach was opened, he bade him pass and go in: the other bowed and obeyed. The king said, 'the world is in the right in the character it gives: another person would have troubled me with ceremony.'

A gentleman was lately inquiring for a young lady of his acquaintance. 'She is dead,' very gravely replied the person to whom he addressed his inquiries. 'Is it possible! I never heard of it—what was her disease?' 'Vanity,' returned the other; 'she buried herself alive in the arms of an old fellow of seventy, with a fortune, in order to have the satisfaction of a gilded tomb.'

A blacksmith in the state of New York was summoned as a witness in court, between two of his workmen. The judge, after hearing the testimony, asked him why he did not advise them to settle, as the cost had already amounted to three times the disputed sum, viz. seventy-five cents.

He replied, 'I to-o-o-ld the fo-fo-fo-ols to se-e-e-ttle, for I said, the co-o-onstable would take their coats, the lawyers their sh-ir-irts, and if they got into your honor's court, you'd sk-sk-skin 'em!'

'Don't grumble, Bill, there's a good time coming,' said a gentleman to a negro yesterday, who was up to his eyes in business, stowing freight on the cars at the Ponchartrain Railroad Depot.

'Yes, Mossa,' said Bill, 'But it is a long time a comin.' Who-wh-o-y doesn't you send the locomotive for it, and fetch it along at once!' —*N. O. Delta.*

A negro, afflicted with stammering, being advised to take *starch* in order that he might be clearly understood, took it in such large quantities that he became so stiff he could neither get his hands into his pockets, nor walk round a corner, and was obliged to have his back-bone taken out to enable him to get his boots off.

We understand that the author of 'Who's Who' is preparing a new work in one large volume, under the astounding title of 'What's What!' Considering how often promises have been held out by some parties, to let other parties know what's what, the publication alluded to must be looked for with considerable interest.

A man was inadvertently holding the lighted end of his cigar against his pantaloons. 'You'll burn your pants, sir,' observed a gentleman on the opposite seat, in a polite tone. 'I will, eh!' answered the other, smiling with unblushing effrontery, 'well, you needn't trouble yourself any longer about it—they're paid for.'

'Ah!' said Mrs. Doosenbury, 'learning is a great thing. I've often felt the need of it. Why, would you believe it, I'm now sixty years old, and only know the names of three months in the year, and them's spring, fall, and autumn. I larnt the names of them when I was a leetle bit of a gal!'

General Fessenden, of Maine, once doubted whether a little boy, who was offered as a witness, understood the nature and obligations of an oath, and proposed to examine him on that point. 'My boy, can you repeat the Lord's Prayer?' 'Yes, sir,' was the instant reply; 'Can you?'

'Tom, did you ever know a bell to do any thing but ring?'

'Yes, I have seen a bell pull.'

'Did you ever see a coach box?'

'Yes, and I have seen a ship('s) spar.

'What is that dog barking at?' asked a fop, whose boots were more polished than his ideas. 'Why,' replied a bystander, 'because he sees another puppy in your boots.'

THE

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# THE FEAST OF REASON.

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## A SPLENDID ORIGINAL ROMANCE,

Entered according to Act of Congress, in the year 1849, by F. GLEASON, in the Clerk's Office of the District Court of Massachusetts.

[WRITTEN EXPRESSLY FOR THE FEAST OF REASON.]

# ZULEIKA'S

OR,

# THE CASTILIAN CAPTIVE.

A Romance of the Time of Ferdinand and Isabella.

BY MARTHA A. STODDER.

### CHAPTER I.

"And then I look within
It matters not—my soul was scorched already!"

EVENING'S star-gemmed mantle rested like a silvery veil on the hills and valleys of Granada, and gradually blended with the royal city to the monotonous full tones of

Mosque and castle—minaret and tower—were soon bathed in a flood of mellow light. All was brilliant and enchanting—the fountains in the centre of the parks in courts and gardens sprinkled like showers of costly jewels—the cornflight swarm of the Darro, winding through the deep valley, seemed like a sheet of burnished silver, and the night flowers, opening to the dewy moisture, gave like so many ocean pearls.

Beautiful indeed was the Bazaar, where proud noblemen and cringing servants were wending to and fro, and seeing many a glance at the costly fabrics and flashing jewels there displayed; the shady paths where a gypsy-headed Moor might occasionally be seen, mysteriously lowering alms, and the cultivated Visarmarks, where several palace maidens had gathered to recount their exploits in the fields of arms and the revels. Here and there they paused in their conversation to listen to the wild melody of the evensong wafted to their ears from the neighboring hills, which told that the peasantry were moving through the winding mazes of the Darkeen.

Far above the orange and myrtle bowers—above the lovely retreats on the summit of each lofty eminence was perched the Alcazaba, like an eagle's eyrie on a mountain's brow; on the other, the magnificent Alhambra—the last abiding daubon on a monarch's head. Ay! lovely was that inspired city of the Crescent was supplanted by the Cross, ere the Moorish princes, which had so long waved from the great watch-tower of the Alhambra, yielded its place to the banner of the apostle St. James and the regal standard of the Castilian sovereigns. It was the capital of a country, not numerous, but in the gifts of nature and the adornments of art. Around it extended a vast plain clothed with the freshest verdure, on that summer night a thousand times more glorious than when the sunlight fell upon it.

There the gorgeous retinue of the Moorish pride and pomp rode to and fro, and the sparkling of the fountains, and the perfume of the orange blossoms with the sweet beauty of the unseen flowers, and the delightful harmony of the perfumed odours abode. Beyond this lay the broad lands and ancestral domains of many a Moorish noble—possessions which they prized beyond all earthly things. Still farther, the snow-capped mountains—on the southern shores dashed the restless waves of the Mediterranean sea—and over that sea the avaricious eyes of the Castilian sovereigns seemed up such dominion as they coveted ; for themselves ; no wonder that the Moorish people cherished their country as the favored home of Heaven—that they sung its praises in many an ancient ballad, that they fought to retain it with a patriotism that knew neither fear nor repulsed.

The night wore on, and as the moon slowly sank behind the hill-spot, a Moor, richly dressed, came rushing from the royal palace, and took his way down the sloping eminence. Hastily as he ascended the hill on. All at once he caught he paused by a fountain in the courtyard of a castle almost equal in magnificence. Snatching the turban from his head, he sprinkled a handful of the cool water-drops over his forehead—then flung back the deep masses of his glossy hair, and pressed his joyful hand convulsively upon his brow. The action mistaken he stood there, while a thousand varying expressions passed over his face—now his fine eyes flashed up and a smile hovered around his mouth, then a frown shrouded his brow—now a shade of sadness and then a glance of joy chased each other across his changeful countenance, till at length his tall, well built parrot, and a low, silvery laugh sounded forth upon the balmy air.

"Revenge, revenge!" he muttered, "did not my Lord Almyar talk of revenge? It shall be his ; and what words he dared to speak against the courtyard and entered the castle-hall. Half a dozen merry pages were loitering there ; but without exchanging a word with them he passed on, ascended the spiral staircase, and sought his own apartment. Scarcely heeding the air of luxury and quietness which it wore, he went hastily to a small writing-desk, on which lay a roll of parchment. He nervously unfolded it and scanned each word ere it escaped its eager's.

"All but the signature," he said, musingly, and throwing a pen into the inkstand beside it, he wrote hurriedly for a moment.

There was no astonishment in the youth's face.

"I know it," he replied, in a clear, ringing voice, "I have been for his son's sake—he has wronged me, bitterly—*have been both for that.*"

The eye of Almyar kindled—he pressed the secretary to his heart, and for a time they sat on that portico silent. The unknown had forgotten his high rank—forgotten that it was only a private visit they were receiving, and the arms ; every other feeling was absorbed in his hate of Alen Hassan. He possessed a strong mind, capable of deep, deeply rooted—yet, unyielding love, and such minds—ah! their purposes, whether good or evil, seldom if ever fail of being accomplished. At length, Almyar spoke, and there was a desperate calmness in his tones :

"Elester, we both have this tyrant, we have been fatally wronged ; why not ?" answered the silvery voice of his companion, and even as he spoke Almyar seized a small, delicately-tinted shell, and threw a substance that sounded through the lone room like the cry of a frightened bird. Scarcely had the wind died away, ere a slave made his appearance.

"Quick, quick!" said the master, "bring before you of delicious. The coffee-cup

In a moment, a massive silver, on which were placed a delicate cup, was upon the table. It was a curious cup, that in which the nobler liquid sparkled, an antique golden, and the rim studded with gold, and clasps set together with slender scabbards, and amethysts and other precious stones, and the handle in the chosen of rare fruit. The Moorish lord gazed on it with admiration, for it was the most elegant of his house fitted across his brain.

The secretary did as he was commanded ; and then he stood by the table, with the attentive frame of the Moor ; were his slender fingers wound about the hilt of his master and swallowed the fainting draught.

"By our holy religion!" said the noble, as he started to his feet before the slave.

"Nay, nay," interrupted Elester, and a shudder passed over his slender frame, "*by all our wrongs rather*—let us make the oath," and then they were on themselves exchanging earnestly towards Alen Hassan and Bashfil, to be fearfully revenged. There was a solemn pause, and then the Moor, in Almyar said, in calm voice—such as men use when they have in the strength of a fearful purpose which admits some strong resolution :

"The young man, let it be no rash deed, let me think of it calmly ; my mind is fruitful in expedients—when my resolution is taken then will be the time."

"Yes, here I vow revenge!"

Revenge—for what?—for what?

WHEN Elester entered his apartment, the light of golden lamps shone over it with a dazzling splendor, and the rich and sweet-scented flowers, formed his cheek as flushed and burning, like some gazelles pilgrimage. All was silent in the Alcazaba, and he called aloud to his servants, and in three minutes he was in the bath.

Then the

When he had passed the gate, a low, musical laugh sounded forth upon the air, and a manly voice said:

'I have succeeded, I have beheld her, and—and she is gloriously beautiful—peerless indeed!'

Just as the first beam of the sun shone over Granada, he entered a grove where stood a noble charger. Throwing a long Moorish cloak around him, he concealed the lute, and mounting the steed, spurred swiftly over the plain.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

[Written for The Flag of our Union.]

## THE HUNCHBACK GIRL.

BY LIEUTENANT MURRAY.

Abby Woodward was certainly one of the handsomest girls I ever beheld—tall and commanding in figure, graceful and easy in her manner, and possessing a form that was faultlessly lovely in its mould. Her face was classically beautiful and regular, and her eyes black and piercing. When I first knew her, she was just twenty; indeed, it was upon her birthday that I arrived at the village of L——. Abby was happily situated with her parents, her father being a farmer, but an intelligent and wealthy man, and her mother, one of those truly domestic and thrifty women that an observant person will often meet with in New England. The Woodwards were a very happy family, there being only one drawback to this state of feeling with them, and that was in the person of Abby's sister Amile, a handsome but deformed girl of eighteen years.

Poor Amile, with a gentle disposition, and the most enviable sweetness of character, with a face redolent of intellectual beauty, and a soft, blue eye that seemed to mirror forth her soul at every glance—poor Amile was a hunchback. A slight curvature of the shoulder was all that desecrated the otherwise delicate beauty of her person, but it gave token of a constitutional weakness that the transparent skin and pale brow but too strongly enforced upon the observer. We may love a child with the warm tenderness of parental affection, and smile with pride upon its gambols, but when that little form is fevered by sickness, and half-suppressed moans take the place of the innocent prattle that we are wont to hear from its lips, then, and not until then, do we realize how well we love the little sufferer. Thus it was with Amile's parents. They could not in their hearts say that they loved her better than Abby, but though they knew it not, they did love their suffering child above all else. Her sweet, patient, uncomplaining disposition seemed to throw a soft and hallowed spirit over all about their cottage home, and even the birds, that came and ate from her hands, seemed to pity and love her with almost human discernment.

Of course, between the two girls there existed the tenderest affection, and Abby would never tire in serving her younger sister; but there was a vast difference in their pursuits and real feelings. While Amile nursed and tended every flower that breathed forth its dainty fragrance about the garden, Abby had little taste for such things. She read, walked in the village, or sought the lively companionship of those of her own age. Amile had few intimate friends, and these were mostly her birds and flowers. She mastered with avidity every source of knowledge that was afforded her, and was in reality much more cultivated, intellectually, than her elder sister. Having less to occupy her attention than Abby, and being dependent upon herself almost wholly for amusement, she had become thoughtful beyond her years, and an early student of human nature.

In the summer of 18—, Paul Wardsworth, a young man who had just graduated, and taken orders in the church, accepted an invitation from the society at L—— to become their pastor, and at once removed to the village, one of the prettiest on the banks of the Connecticut. He was young, enthusiastic and devoted to his profession, possessing a generous spirit, and a heart baptized in the truths of Christianity. In the desk he forgot all, everything but his devotion, and poured forth his eloquent language with feelings almost akin to inspiration in their sincerity and truth. Fresh from college and his studies, Paul knew little of the world, except theoretically, and being honest and single-minded himself, he was ready to accord the same qualities to others. But he had a bitter lesson to learn by experience.

The Woodwards were among the members of his flock, and he naturally came to their house not unfrequently, as to others, in the friendly calls he was accustomed to make on week days. From the first time that he beheld Abby Woodward, he was struck with her remarkable beauty, and seemed captivated by her manner and general character; while she, on her part, if not moved with love towards the new pastor for his attention, was at least very proud of being the recipient of his favors. Paul soon felt that he really loved Miss Woodward, and after looking seriously into his own heart, resolved to conduct his visits to the house with the fixed determination of winning her affections, and eventually of making her his wife. Abby, to do her justice, knew the human heart far better than Paul Wardsworth. She knew that she was handsome, and felt that she must not be too easily won, and in short as she did not really love him, she fell into the errors of a coquette, and led him on without giving him a chance once to explain himself, or even to elicit any sentiment of peculiar regard, or otherwise, from her lips.

The young minister felt exceedingly chagrined at his ill success, and indeed could hardly understand how he stood with Miss Woodward at all. He felt that his happiness in a great degree was in her hands, and that, spite of all reason, he loved her. He had never told her so, for she had avoided giving him an opportunity to do so, but still his attentions were cordially received, and thus encouraged. The fact was, Abby was not capable of appreciating the character of Paul Wardsworth, and though his attention ministered to her vanity and pleasure, yet she did not entertain one gentle throb for him in her heart.

There was but one person that fully realized the true state of matters between Abby and the young parson. Abby herself never once paused to analyze her own feelings, and the honest lover would have been the last to have charged her with coquetry. But Amile, the gentle invalid Amile, saw all, and knew all. She realized fully the spirit that actuated her sister, and the motives that prompted the young curate. Her mother observed that she had grown more retired of late, was less in the garden and more alone; that the sweet smile which had lighted her pale and lovely face so frequently heretofore, was now rarely seen—in short, that Amile was either physically ill or unhappy. But knowing her sensitive disposition, the mother resolved to watch her and endeavor to amuse her mind in every possible way, but not to speak to her upon the subject that gave herself so much uneasiness.

Amile sat alone in her chamber; there lay before her a beautifully finished miniature, the work of her own hand, for she was highly accomplished in many branches of art. She sat gazing upon the tiny likeness, long and in silence, her pure white breast heaving quickly the while, as she said:

'He will never know that I love him! ah, no. I would not have him believe that the poor hunchback thought of such a thing. Yet I am human, have a heart like other people, feelings like other people. Why not love like other people?'

She covered her face with her hands, and a tear stole from beneath.

The miniature was of Paul Wardsworth! and Amile had long loved him in secret. While her sister was coquetting with him, Amile was paying him the homage of a heart that was thoroughly his, almost from the first moment that they had met. Paul often conversed with Amile; indeed he had marked full well the extraordinary power of her intellect, and the excellence of her taste and remarks upon authors with whose works he was familiar; and more than once he had found himself so interested in her conversation, that he had half forgotten for the moment that Abby was present.

At such moments, Amile's sweet expression of countenance, the calm and beautiful language of her eyes, the pure texture of her skin, exposing the tiny blue channels of life, all combined to challenge admiration, and the slight deformity was little seen and less thought of. Her voice was low and musical, its intonations were plaintive, and her words deeply interesting. Indeed, Amile never seemed to be thinking upon any subject unworthy of her, and even her mother and father drew their chairs nearer when she spoke. To Paul Wardsworth, she never evinced one token of the secret throbbings of her heart, but ever received him with the kind assurance of friendship, and listened to him with undisguised pleasure. Though Paul appreciated Amile's peculiar beauty and accomplishments, still he never forgot Abby, of whom he often spoke to her, with the confidence of a brother.

Thus matters went on at the cottage, and Abby still coquetted with the pastor, and seemed delighted to show her power over him to her village companions, until the young pastor found himself quite unhappy and disconcerted at her manner; yet still one gentle word from her, and one soft smile from her really beautiful face, would win him back once more. One mild evening Paul had come to the cottage, and found a party of young villagers there, with whom Abby seemed quite engaged. She greeted him with cool politeness as he appeared, and then went on with the game they were playing. Paul felt the slight; he felt that it was designed, and passing through one of the windows which opened upon the garden, walked out there upon the little piazza, where he met Amile, sitting quietly by herself, and musing under the clear sky, with its gemmed mantle of blue.

'Ah, Amile, all alone?' said Paul Wardsworth, approaching her.

'Quite alone, sir,' said Amile, smiling a welcome to him.

Paul took the chair by her side, and talked to her of Abby. He even went farther than he had ever done before. He opened his heart to Amile, because he could not do so to her sister, and told her his love, his misgivings, and asked of her to counsel him! Amile knew no deceit, it was not in her heart, and she told Paul honestly what she thought; she showed him phases of the heart that he had never thought of before, and evinced a power of mind and a discernment of human nature that surprised him. He looked with undisguised admiration upon her sweet face as she sat there; not one unkind reflection did she cast upon her sister, not one reproach. Paul began to wonder that he had never before marked the soft and angelic expression of her face, and seemed to forget even the subject he was talking upon, in admiration of her before him. From one theme they changed to another, and time flew by so quickly, that the young curate expressed his surprise when he heard the party breaking up.

With what different feelings did the two sisters attend the village church! Abby to be sure, demeaned herself with perfect propriety, but there was not a dress in the house she could not describe. Amile was so attentive to the discourse and the service throughout, that she could have repeated it mostly verbatim at the close of the day. With peculiar delight did she hang upon the words of him she loved in secret, and watch every expression of his intellectual and handsome face. To her the service was an intellectual treat; to Abby it was rather an entertainment for the moment.

Paul Wardsworth still came regularly to the cottage, but since the mortifying reception that Abby had given him before the villagers, he had not given her an opportunity to insult him. He greeted her with the same kind manner, conversed with Amile and her parents upon subjects of interest, and parted without showing Abby any ardent affection, if he felt it towards her.

It was just twilight one summer's afternoon, when Paul Wardsworth, passing by the wood at the back of the cottage, saw Amile walking in the path that led into its shady aisles, and as she was alone, he crossed the little flower garden and joined her. She received him with a sweet welcome, so unsophisticated and sincere, that it only needed one glance from her clear blue eyes to prove her pleasure. They strolled on in the woods together, their conversation taking its hue from the suggestive character of the spot, and both spoke upon themes that they had never exchanged thoughts upon before. Paul made Amile lean upon his arm, and feared the walk would fatigue her, and now they sat down beneath the overarching trees to rest and cool them in the shade.

As they sat down, a sudden movement of Amile caused something to drop from her bosom, which Paul hastily picked up, and was about to hand her, when he observed that it was a miniature. He paused for a moment, to look at the face.

'Gracious heaven!' he exclaimed. 'Amile, this is a likeness of myself!'

She answered not, but covering her face with her hands, sobbed aloud!

Paul saw all at a glance; he realized all, and at once understood the character of Amile's feelings for him. He had for a long time thought much of her, and perhaps had wished that he had chosen her in place of Abby for his heart's shrine. The coldness of the latter, though beautiful as she was, had finally estranged his heart from her, and he looked upon her coquetry with a cold and experienced eye. A volume of thought crossed his brain in an instant of time. He weighed everything in an instant; his own position, that of Amile with Abby, and a hundred contingencies, and then placing an arm gently about her waist, he said:

'Amile, do I rightly interpret this accident? Is it because I am dear to you, that you have done this, and wear my miniature in secret?'

'It is too late to regret this, Paul; too late for me to deny that I love you, that I have loved you secretly since we first met,' said Amile, struggling with her feelings, and looking through her tears upon him.

We will draw the curtain here upon them, and ask the reader to step into the little back parlor of the Woodward cottage, a few weeks subsequent. Old Mr. and Mrs. Woodward and the parson were there, and Paul said:

'I have come, my friends, to ask your permission to espouse your child.'

'Has Abby given her consent?' asked the father, raising his specs to his forehead.

'Not Abby,' replied the young parson, smiling.

The farmer looked to his good wife for an explanation; but although to her observant eye all was plain, she seemed profoundly ignorant.

'Abby not consent, and you come to us, Mr. Wardsworth?' asked the father.

'Amile consents, sir,' said Paul, smiling.

'Amile?'

'Yes, sir, 'tis Amile that I would marry,' replied the young parson.

The father gave Paul his hand with a hearty grasp, and whispered, 'God bless you, sir, may you love her as we have done.'

The wedding took place in just a month from that walk in the woods.

As time swept along upon its never tiring wing, Abby, too, was married to one more in accordance with her taste and character; but the happiest couple in Hampden county was Paul and Amile.

We will add interest to this sketch, by telling the reader that it is drawn from life, and that the characters now live in western Massachusetts, as we have related in our simple and truthful story.

[Written for The Flag of our Union.]

### The Knight's Farewell.

BY MRS. ANN S. STEPHENS.

They met beside a forest brook,
The year was in its spring;
In every dell and shady nook
The earth was blossoming.

Above them swept a leafy tent
Of old and lofty trees,
Through which the sunshine came and went
With every passing breeze.

The gentle violets, soft and blue,
Slept where the turf was green;
Each moss-cup held a drop of dew
Its tiny leaves between.

With every breath of fragrant air
The apple blossoms fell,
Softly as snow-flakes on the air,
Rose-tinted, like a shell.

The birds, that bent the boughs above,
Were gushing o'er with song,
The brook chimed in, with tones of love,
And, dimpling, passed along.

There, in the shadows of the dell,
Where all was fresh and bright,
They came to take a last farewell,
The lady and her knight.

His charger waited near the wood,
Housed for the tented field;
Near by, a troop of warriors stood,
With battle-spear and shield.

The war-horse tossed his head on high,
And pawed the trampled sod;
The veterans watched with eager eyes
The path their lord had trod.

And winding through the distant trees,
A mounted troop moved on;
With white plumes tossed upon the breeze,
And flashing back the sun.

Through the light, rippling forest leaves
Their glancing arms are seen;
And there the blood-red pennant weaves
Its flash amid the green.

The knight, unmindful of them all,
Still lingered in the dell,
Enfettered by the gentle thrall
Of her he loved so well.

He held her in a fond embrace—
That lady, bright and true;
And bending down his proud, pale face,
Gazed in the misty blue

Of those sweet eyes, that met his look,
As violets seek the light,
When the waters of some restless brook
Have drenched their leaves at night.

He chided back the tears that came;
He smoothed her golden hair;
Spoke of high deeds and knightly fame,
To soften her despair.

But still she only answer gave,
With soft and broken sighs,
Which heaved her heart, as swells the wave,
When storms begin to rise.

She laid her head upon his breast
With meek and troubled love,
As in the shelter of her nest
Retires the wounded dove.

A clarion note rings on the breeze!
The war-steeds fiercely neigh;
And winding slowly through the trees,
The troops file on their way.

The lady's cheek grew pale as snow,
Or the whitest rose of June;
A flash of grief swept o'er her brow,
Like the thrill of a mournful tune.

He held her closer to his breast—
His haughty lip was stirred,
As, trembling, to his heart she pressed,
Like a young and wounded bird.

Another blast!—a fierce, loud cry!
The hot, imperious breath
Of men who wait impatiently,
Rose in that shout of death.

He could not stay, to chide or bless,
But raised her from his heart;—
One wild, long gaze, one brief caress—
And now they part! they part!

Alas! alas! she stood alone,
Her white hands locked and cold;
Her bosom strained its jewelled zone
In every glittering fold.

Her head was bent—she heard the tramp
Of hoofs upon the grass;
Her breath came quick—her brow grew damp,
She saw the warrior pass.

She looked, and lo, an azure flash,
As he passed that soldier band;
She knew, she knew the broidered sash,
Wrought by her own fair hand.

The rush of steeds grew faint at last,
And from a distant hill
The clarion sent one silvery blast—
Then all was sadly still.

The brook that dimpled at her feet,
And sparkling chimed along,
The birds that carolled low and sweet,
Seemed mocking her with song.

Slowly she sank upon her knees,
And listened, all in vain—
That clarion blast upon the breeze
She never heard again!

### Making a Mark.

A captain of a sloop hired a Yankee, 'a green hand,' to assist in loading his sloop with corn. Just as the vessel was about to set sail, the Yankee, who was jingling the price of his day's work in his pantaloons, cried out from the wharf:

'Say, yeou captin'! I lost your shovel overboard, but I cut a big notch on the rail fence around the stern, right over the spot where it went down, so you'll find your shovel when yeou come back!'

[Written for The Flag of our Union.]

## THE RIVAL JOKERS;

OR,

### The Sausage-maker and Sign-painter.

BY PAUL CREYTON.

Mr. Benjamin Sawyer and Mr. Jeremiah Martin were intimate acquaintances and confidential friends. But with both of them practical joking amounted almost to a passion, and the consequence was, they sometimes became the victims of each other.

Mr. Sawyer was perhaps the worst of the two, but his friend Martin had a spirit of retaliation, and when called upon to pay off his joking acquaintance for the tricks he put upon him, he usually did so with interest.

Mr. Sawyer was engaged in the lucrative business of *sausage-making*, while Martin exercised the pleasant vocation of sign-painting. I state these facts that the reader may understand what I am about to relate, without farther explanation.

One day Mr. Sawyer, the sausage-maker, having a rich incident to relate to his friend, the sign-painter, called at the shop of the latter individual on purpose to enjoy the pleasure of telling him the joke, and of laughing at it with him over a glass of porter.

To the great disappointment of the sausage-maker, the sign-painter was not in his shop. Sawyer looked around, and finding nobody there, began to scratch his head and grin.—Had you known Sawyer, you would have seen at once that he was meditating a practical joke.

Such indeed was the case, for after a moment's hesitation he indulged in a quiet chuckle, and exclaimed:

'I have it! I have it!'

Going to a desk in one corner of the shop, he wrote the following on a half-sheet of paper:

'OFFICIAL ANNOUNCEMENT.

'*The council of the nation, at Washington, putting great faith in signs, have unanimously resolved to establish a house for the sole purpose of manufacturing that article to order.* Being desirous of placing at the head of such an establishment a man who has distinguished himself by making signs that are not over dark, the council have resolved, as one man, to appoint Mr. Jeremiah Martin to fill that important station.

'Mr. Martin is hereby instructed to repair at once to Washington, where he will be forthwith invested with his new office.

'Signed, OBADIAH OXEN,
*Secretary Home Apartment.*'

'To Mr. Jeremiah Martin, &c.'

This important document was written with great care, sealed, directed to Mr. Martin, and left upon his desk.

Thinking this was hardly joke enough, Mr. Sawyer took a paint-brush in his hand and deliberately made a large cross with it on a newly-painted sign. Chuckling with delight at what he had done, the joker hurried from the shop and returned home to his sausage-making establishment. Ten minutes after, in came Mr. Martin, the sign-painter, in hot haste.

'Sawyer,' said he, 'O. Ben. Sawyer, this is going a little too far—yes, sir, a little—I might say, a good deal too far.'

'Why, what's the matter?' demanded the sausage man, feigning astonishment.

'You've spoilt the work of two days—you've damaged the splendid new sign I was painting for H. Hill & Co.!' exclaimed Martin, angrily. 'Indeed, this is too bad!'

'*I* spoilt your sign!' echoed the sausage-maker, indignantly.

'Yes, I know it was you. And besides, you left an insolent, foolish, silly, nonsensical, boyish, unmannerly I-don't-know-what-to-call-it on my desk!'

Sawyer laughed heartily.

'A what?' he asked.

Martin began to forget his resentment. Indeed, Sawyer's comical manner pleased him so that he even laughed outright.

'Come, come,' said he, altering his tone, 'it wasn't a bad joke; but own up that it was you. I'll forgive you, positively. Come, now, tell me honestly—didn't you write that "*Official Announcement?*"'

'What makes you think I did?' asked Sawyer. 'Was my name to it?'

'No, your name wasn't to anything,' replied Martin, 'but the new sign of Hill & Co. is a witness that you *made your mark*.'

The two friends laughed at the joke. Sawyer half confessed himself the perpetrator, and Martin returned to his shop, inwardly resolving never to see his friend again until he could square accounts with him, besides giving him a little harder joke than that of which he had himself been made the victim.

A week passed, and Mr. Martin sauntered one afternoon into the establishment of his friend, the sausage-maker.

'How are you, Jerry?' said Sawyer, giving him a cordial shake of the hand. 'Where have you kept yourself the week past?'

'I've been very busy—been finishing that sign for Hill & Co.,' replied Martin, gravely. 'How is business with you?'

'Lor,' I don't know,' answered the sausage-maker, with a forced smile. 'My customers have fallen off the last few days at a wonderful rate. I'm afraid I'm going to lose 'em.'

'No! what's the matter?'

'Can't tell!'

'Can't you surmise?'

'The truth is,' said Sawyer, in a confidential tone, 'the folks have got an impression that I make use of—of—*of dog's meat!*'

'Pshaw!'

'It's a fact!'

'You are romancing,' said Martin, holding his sides with laughter. 'Dog's meat! ha! ha! ha! dog's meat! *dog-sausages!*'

'You needn't laugh,' said Sawyer, not a little nettled. 'I tell you it's a fact. Not more than an hour ago I heard a man say, as he was going by with another, "I wonder if he is careful to keep the hair out of the meat!" Mind you, he said *hair*, not *bristles*. His companion said, "I wonder if he scalds the hair off, or *skins* them in the ordinary way. Dog skins are worth fifty cents a piece!"'

'Ha! ha!' laughed Martin, rubbing his hand, in high glee.

'You don't believe it, I suppose?' pursued the irritated sausage-maker. 'This is not all, sir! This very day a boy came and asked me to buy a dog he brought with him—"What do I want of your dog?" said I. "I don't know," said he; "I have been told you wanted to buy a quantity of fat puppies—" "That *I* did?" "Yes, sir; are you Sawyer, the sausage-maker?" I kicked the saucy fellow out doors, and had the satisfaction of hearing a gentle—a rascal, I mean—sing out to the boy to take care of himself, or I would make sausages of him and his dog both!"'

'Ha! ha! he! he!' laughed the sign-painter, in a convulsion.

'A wag, just before you came in,' pursued Sawyer, 'had the impudence, within my hearing, to call me a man that entertained dogmatical opinions, and to repeat that wretched old joke about my sausages being dog cheap. Now, what does this all mean?'

'It means—ha! ha!—that people think—he! he!—that—how! how!—you use dogs!'

'But why should they think so?'

'Your advertisement—'

'My advertisement!'

'Yes, *your* advertisement—'

'But *I* haven't advertised!'

Mr. Martin feigned astonishment, and requested the sausage-maker to show him a copy of the 'Daily Evening Advertiser.'

'It may be a mistake,' said the sign-painter, with assumed gravity, 'but I think I saw it here yesterday, and to-day—'

'Saw what?'

'Your advertisement, of course.'

After looking over the columns of the newspaper for a moment, Martin put his finger on the following paragraph, which he pointed out to his friend the sausage-maker.

'DOGS! DOGS!! DOGS!!!

'Wanted, a supply of these animals at No. — B——street. For fat old dogs or tender young puppies a liberal price will be paid by the subscriber. BENJAMIN SAWYER.'

As the sausage-maker ran his eye over this interesting announcement, his face heightened in color until it was nearly, if not quite, as red as a brick. He bit his lips fiercely and crushed the paper in his hands. In a moment, however, his passion was subdued, and he burst into a hearty laugh.

'Now tell me honestly,' said he, 'how much did you pay for this advertisement?'

'How much did *I* pay?'

'Pshaw! now, Martin, don't deny it! I know this is your work!'

'You've no reason to think so,' said the sign-painter, gravely, 'for my name is not to it, and I *haven't so much as affixed my mark!*'

The friends laughed heartily over their jokes, and parted on excellent terms. But from that day Mr. Martin was not troubled with *official announcements* or annoyed by *bad signs*; and I have good authority for stating that the sausage-maker was never afterwards accused of advertising for dogs.

[Written for The Flag of our Union.]

## WHITE WOODCHUCKS.

BY S. E. CHURCH.

Poor old Jake! how the people did and do bother him. Jake was a clever old man, but not very popular among his neighbors, for this reason. He was richer than the whole posse of poor scamps around him; and they, because he would not trust them for everything they wanted, used to *fix* him every way they could do it. He truly was not blessed with a great share of common sense, and much less with ready wit and foresight; so his mischievous neighbors, *one* of whom was full of deviltry, found him an easy prey. This one, who, for the want of a better name, we will call Burt, never let an opportunity slip which could be improved in *fixing* Jake. Now Mr. Burt was one of those easy, good-natured fellows, who did not care any great about work; that is to say, he would not work if he could help it—with a swarm of little responsibilities around him, noisy little brats as ever came into the town of B——, and not finding any ready means of getting a living without work, he concluded to try Jake and see what could be got out of him. So off he went to the residence of Jake, whom he found as usual, at home.

'Jake!' said Burt, going up to him, 'didn't you know that the woodchucks were a eatin' up all your grass?'

'Woodchucks e-e-eatin' up my grass, d'ye say?' stuttered Jake, in his hurry to speak.

'Yes, Jake, that's what they are a doin'.'

'Whar 'bouts? let me hear—come, say ou!' spluttered Jake, faster than ever.

'Right north of the tater patch, in the mowin', an' they'll spile your hay, there's such a grist on 'em! Why, I skeert' up six when I cum through there, just now!'

'I'll tell ye what, Mr. Burt, I'll give you a pound of butter for every one you'll ketch off er my farm.'

'Done!' said Burt, and started for home, adding as he went along, 'I've got him—I'll fix him.'

That afternoon Burt collected all the steel traps in the vicinity, and going all over the hills and around the ledges off from Jake's farm, sure enough he made sweeping work amongst the woodchucks. Woodchuck after woodchuck came to Jake, till at last even his thick skull began to mistrust something.

'M-M-Mr. B-B-Burt,' said he, one fine morning, as the twenty-first *animile* was presented to him, 'you git these *off* er my farm, sartin sure, don't yer?'

'All off of your farm, Jake,' was the answer.

'Well, Mr. Burt,' said Jake, for his butter was growing minus, 'I guess you needn't ketch any more woodchucks for me, I guess you've got 'em all; I shan't give you any more butter, any how.'

Burt went off. 'I'll have a little sport with him to pay for this.'

One evening, about a week from this time, Burt came into Jake's house, post haste.

'What's the matter now?' cried Jake, in astonishment.

'I've got a white woodchuck in the trap, and if you'll go and git 'im you may 'ave 'im.'

'What is it?' stuttered Jake, for he had heard of the 'critter' before.

'Right in the ledge, close ter the pastur bars.'

'I know I'll have him;' and Jake picked up a cudgel, and made tracks for the white woodchuck. He soon came to the spot designated, and marched boldly to the trap. A form was dimly visible in the darkness. 'I'll fix *you!*' cried Jake, in ecstacies, and he bent his head close to the object. At that moment a stream of *perfume* filled his face, and a roar of laughter from a dozen youngsters, who had hidden in the bushes in order to see the sport. 'It's a sku—unk! It's a *d—n sku—unk!*' and the way he took himself a few feet from there was a caution. On being told the true state of affairs, he exclaimed, 'That are Burt is a devil, but I guess he wont get any more butter from this quarter, nor hire me to take any more *white woodchucks* out of his trap!'

### American Actors in London.

Mr. Davenport is now the only American actor performing on the metropolitan stage.—It was feared that the bitter feeling manifested in New York against Macready might cause some disturbance at the Marylebone theatre on Wednesday evening when Davenport appeared. But I am happy to say that he was most warmly received on his entrance and was heartily applauded when the curtain fell.—Hernandez, the young American equestrian, is engaged at Vauxhall Gardens, where he will make his first appearance in a short time. This boy's real name is James Shelly, and his parents are Irish. His mother once had a fruit stand in front of the Bowery theatre. Little Jimmy is now one of the most distinguished 'lions' of London!—*Boston Pilot.*

[Written for The Flag of our Union.]

## REMINISCENCES OF THE SMOKER'S CABIN.

BY PETE OF PIGEON HILL.

Reader, were you ever so fortunate as to make a trip to Chelsea in the smoker's cabin of the old ferry-boat? If not, you have missed one of the rarest chances of studying human nature that can be found in a life-time.

The 'smoker's cabin!' What ludicrous visions arise at the bidding of the wand of memory, and quietly arrange themselves around poor Pete's pine table, awaiting each his turn to be emblazoned in the widespread folds of the Flag. But where was the smoker's cabin? In the north-east corner of the boat. Now, gentle reader, for an introduction.

It is the 'last boat' one cold Saturday night in November, 184—. We enter from the Boston slip, crowd through the narrow passage between the market wagons, laundry carts and milk carts to the farther cabin, right hand, and open the door. Conspicuous in the centre is a red hot salamander, at the farther end a flaming tin sign, conveying to the minds of the uninitiated, 'no smoking allowed here.' What a burlesque! the cabin contains about forty of the 'scrub-racers,' every man of whom sports either a pipe, long-nine or dubious half-spanish. Moreover, every man has either a turkey, chicken, cod-fish or a quart of beans for his Sunday's dinner. Can we get a seat? O, yes! Make room for Pete, he's one of the smokers. After crowding, tugging and squeezing, we at length obtain a seat, flanked by an enormous cod-fish on one side, and a thundering big ham on the other.

Pete lights his cigar and proceeds to ascertain the identity of the dim images seen through the smoke. Bestowing a nod of recognition upon the leading wags who constitute the bright spirits of the 'scrub-racers,' his attention is particularly attracted by a stranger, who has evidently made his first appearance in the smoker's cabin. A low-crowned, broad-brimmed, white ventilator surmounts his head, while his chin is firmly supported by the folds of an enormous white cravat. Swinging backwards and forwards in his mouth, like the boom of a derrick, is one of Carruth's double-breasted long-nines, while a roguish twinkle from his small gray eyes peers through the clouds of smoke that envelope him, like the outer light through a fog.

'Live in Chelsea, sir?' says he.

'Yes.'

'Got a vacant pulpit over there, I hear?'

'I believe there is.'

'S'pose my corporation will fill it?'

'Can't say. 'Tis a pretty good sized pulpit.'

'Well—I'll try it! Curious folks, you Yankees!'

'R-a-t-h-e-r,' said we, wondering what he was driving at.

'Funny Christians—droll ministers! see everybody's faults but their own!'

'Indeed!'

'Yes! I'll tell you—I was born in Rhode Island, but moved off west with my dad when I was eight years old. I was a pretty bright boy—didn't like to work, and so they made a parson of me. Well, off west we have to follow old St. Paul's advice, that is, to "be all things to all men in hopes to save some." My first sermon I preached at a horse-race, and I pleased the boys so well they hired me to take the stump for Old Hickory. I did so—killing two birds with one stone—preaching democracy and standing treat in the day time, and getting up revival meetings in the evening; finally I hit upon a stump diggin' in one of the Illinois prairies and *planted*; salary fifty bushels of wheat and ten barrels of whiskey per annum; house rent and cabbage ground included.—There I've been ever since, and have built up one of the best congregations in the State. Pretty hard work though—fighting against sin, Satan, the powers of darkness, and the allurements of ambition, bowie knives and gin cocktails, to say nothing about the fever and ager, ought to give a man the crown of martyrdom if anything will. But all this is nothing to the ingratitude of my parishioners. A new fangled fellow came along there and agreed to do my work *without the whiskey*, and because I wouldn't consent to give up the *spirit* of my preaching, they unceremoniously dismissed me. I then, like Daniel of old, prayed three times a day with my face toward the east, until I felt a call to come this way and here I am—(a little of your fire, if you please—thank you). You seem surprised to see a minister smoke! So did a friend of mine in Providence the other day. I arrived there late at night, and the good man received me with the utmost warmth. After tea I lit a short-six and engaged in conversation with the family. All at once the genial warmth that welcomed me to the house seemed to evaporate, and a frigid coldness took possession of the family circle. What could it mean? I felt very uncomfortable and requested my friend to show me my room. The next morning at breakfast everything was pleasant again, and continued so till after dinner, when I lit another cigar, and the ladies bolted out of the room as if they were shot. I couldn't stand it any longer.—"Friend," said I, "what is the meaning of this coldness? I am a western man, and like frankness. If you don't like me, *say so*, and I'll *put* for another cabin."

'My friend slowly drew from his pocket an enormous snuff-box, and tapping it majestically three times, took a rousing pinch of the weed, and exclaimed: "Brother W., do you think it consistent with the dignity of a gospel minister to indulge in that filthy habit of *smoking?*" I *haw-hawed* right out! Pot calling kettle black.

'"Brother B.," said I, "do you think it consistent with the dignity of a gospel minister to indulge in that filthy habit of *snuffing?* First pull the beam out of thine own eye, and thou shalt see clearly to pull the mote out of thy brother's eye."

'"Pardon me," said he, "I stand convicted," and away went his snuff-box into the grate.

'But I did not throw away my cigar, as you perceive; for in a matter which involves neither faith nor doctrine, but is purely one of taste, I will not yield my right of private judgment to any man on earth!'

Here the parson coolly drew forth another cigar, ignited it from the ashes of the first, took a few weighty puffs, and asked me if I supposed there were any of the brethren on board the boat. I told him he would probably find some in the other cabin.

'And will you have the kindness to introduce me?'

'With pleasure,' I replied, and immediately escorted my eccentric guest to the other cabin. 'Had you not better put aside your cigar?' I suggested.

'O, no—I always show my colors.'

'But there are ladies in the cabin!'

'Well, bring the gentleman out—I'll stay on deck.'

In pursuance of my mission I entered the cabin and found the worthy deacon of the 'vacant pulpit' close to the door. I told him my errand, led him on deck, and went through with the introduction. Never shall I forget the look of indignation which flashed across the countenance of the deacon as, getting to windward of the parson's smoke, he gazed at the long-nine and then at me. He evidently thought I had hoaxed him; but knowing he would soon discover the truth, I beat a retreat. I saw no more of the parson until Monday morning, when I overtook him in Hanover street still puffing away at his everlasting long-nine.

'Are you going to settle in Chelsea?' said I.

'*Settle in Chelsea!*' said he. '*Never!* you might as well try to thaw an ice-berg with a lucifer match as to warm the hearts of such a frozen set of hypocrites with gospel fire. Like the Pharisees of old, they fight rum, snuff and tobacco, and neglect the weightier matters of the law, judgment, mercy and truth!'

[Written for The Flag of our Union.]

## JOD KEEN:

### And how he did the Colonel.

BY SOLOMON SAGELY.

Reader, I guess you never heard of Jodijah Keen, for unlike his countrymen in general, he didn't like to see his name in printin'—he didn't. B—— ought to be considered some punkins for being the birthplace of such a character. He was no relation to the celebrated Kean, that had his baby kissed by Queen Victoria—not he; he considered himself as good a Yankee as was goin', and such his countenance would denote. This last mentioned member of Jod would have made a fine picture had it not been for one thing, and that was not found out until a travelling portrait painter had taken his likeness, and then found that he couldn't get a glass over it, because his nose stuck out so!

Jod early evinced a great financial ability; for when he was but four years old, he was walking one day with his father, when they met a boy with molasses candy for sale, which he carried on a shingle. Now the elder Keen was no stingy man, especially where he found anything he liked himself, so he bought the lot. Jod looked on for a moment, and then exclaimed, 'Dad, hadn't we better make him throw in the shingle?' Dad prophesied he'd make a trader, and no mistake.

But it is later in life that we, as his biographer, would more particularly speak. His father, determining to make the best use of his trading abilities, had made an auctioneer of him, and the way he'd wake up the sleepy customers wasn't slow.

One day he was called out to a neighboring village to sell some property. The bidders were few and dull at that, and in spite of his extraordinary abilities he couldn't make a sale, although he warranted one of the gardens to produce cabbages with bacon to eat with them, and even knives and forks to eat with; finally, he stopped short, and exclaimed—

'Ye call this here place Podunk, *don't* ye?'

'Yes! yes!' roared the bystanders.

'Well,' continued our hero, 'I might have been born here, but I'll be hanged if I would, though!'

Jod sold the property without further trouble, for they didn't like to let the credit of the village suffer.

But the way he served Colonel Bull was a leetle the *Keenest*, and fairly immortalized him. The colonel, a man of two hundred pounds weight, was one of that class that never give what they are asked for anything, and Jod knew this very well.

One day the colonel was going to review some militia at a small place about three or four miles from town, and as he had several very good reasons for not riding (the principal being the cost), he concluded to foot it. Now the nearest and best road to the village was fordable, but a small foot-bridge had been put up, for accommodation of foot passengers, but it happened that it had been taken away a few days before, and the colonel, on arriving, found himself reduced to the necessity of wading through, much to the detriment and *dirtyment* of his regimentals, of which he was very careful as well as proud.

Jod happened to be on the other side, coolly smoking his cigar, and seeing the colonel's dilemma, he cried out—

'Hallo, Curnel, 's that you? Come over here, I want tu tell ye something.'

'That's jest what I'd like to do,' said the colonel, 'but it's easier said than done.'

'Why, jest roll up yer trousers and come on; the water aint more'n three foot an half deep, in the middle.'

'Not I,' was the answer. 'What'll you charge to come and take me across on your back?'

'Wall, Curnel, you know I'm a 'bldgin' critter. I reckon fifty cents wont more'n pay for dirtyin' my clothes.'

'O, get out with your fifty cents,' says the colonel, 'I'll give you a shilling.'

'O, now, Curnel, that's too hard on a feller, I swaw tu cabbage-plants if it aint!'

'Well, well; what's the least you'll take?'

'Wall, Curnel, I couldn't think of takin' less'n fifty cents tu anybody else, but seein's yew, I'll take ye over for forty-eight cents.'

'Come along, then,' says Colonel, 'I spose I can't do better.' But the old rogue thought he knew something different.

Jod was soon over, and taking the heavy old colonel on his shoulder, he started for the creek.

'Hold on! hold on, Jod! I shan't give but twenty-five cents for taking me over. You may take it or go back without me,' says the colonel.

'Wall, now that's mean, any how, Colonel! But I spose seein' I'm here, I may better take that than nothin'; so off he started on a trot that shook the old colonel so he groaned. Jod went about half way over, and then stopped. 'Curnel,' says he, 'you're heavier than I thought for, and I wont carry you a step further less'n fifty cents a hundred.'

The old colonel looked confounded. 'Then take me back, I say.'

'Cant du it less'n fifty cents a hundred,' says Jod.

The colonel saw Jod had him in his power, and concluded to come to his terms.

'Then out with your rocks,' says Jod.

The colonel handed him seventy-five cents.

'Hallo, Curnel! You're the heaviest hundred and fifty pound I ever lifted. Is that your real weight?'

'I don't weigh quite that, but never mind; I'm in a hurry.'

'Hold on! hold on! You wait here while I go and git some steelyards,' says Jod, at the same time making a motion to set him down in the water.

'Hold on! hold on!' roared the colonel, 'I'll pay you another twenty-five cents!' so the poor fellow handed it over with the greatest reluctance imaginable.

'Now,' says Jod, 'there's twenty-five cents more to pay!'

'What for?' roared the colonel, in a rage.

'For bringin' ye here,' says Jod, with perfect *sang froid*.

The colonel saw he was done for, and poned out the chink once more, but not till Jod had promised to land him without further charge. He afterwards said he'd give the last half dollar in the world rather than to get himself into Jod's clutches again.

### Eruption of Mount Ararat in 1840.

The village Arguri, which was destroyed by the eruption of Mount Ararat in 1840, was, according to the traditions of the country people, of most questionable antiquity—having been founded by no less a person than Noah himself, immediately after coming out of the Ark.

'Arguri was one of the largest and handsomest villages of Armenia. It lay in a ravine of Mount Ararat, about 2500 feet above the bed of the Araxes, and had a population of nearly 1600, independently of the Curds who worked as day laborers for the Armenians. It was a flourishing place; wheat and barley throve well notwithstanding its elevated position: in the gardens most of the fruits of Europe prospered well, and the flocks and herds found good pasture from April to October. A spring furnished the inhabitants with good water for drinking, and in sufficient quantity for the irrigation of the gardens. At the melting of the snows this brook became a considerable stream, and poured down into the Karasu. According to tradition, Arguri was the oldest village in the world, and the first vine was planted here by the hands of Noah. Half a mile above Arguri stood the convent of St. James, where the traveller, Parrot, resided during his stay on Ararat. The gardens planted with fruit trees reached still higher, and by the operation of water, the crumbling of the volcanic rock had here advanced farther than elsewhere on the mountains. Near to the upper end of the ravine were great hollows containing masses of ice and snow, which, in the hottest summers never entirely melted, and probably reached to a great depth. What was called the Dark Ravine of Ararat, was most likely formed originally by a rending of the mountain from internal life. For centuries, however, the existence of slumbering volcanic forces had only been indicated by occasional tremblings. But the tranquillity in which for ages this vast subterranean furnace had reposed, was, on the 20th of June, 1840, suddenly broken by a terrible and devastating eruption.

'About half an hour after sunset, when the atmosphere was perfectly clear, the inhabitants of Armenia were startled by a terrible explosion, which was loudest and most fearful in the vicinity of Ararat. This was followed by an undulation of the ground, in a direction eastward and south-eastward from the mountain; and at the same time a chasm yawned open about three miles above Arguri, at the end of the Dark Ravine; and there burst from it volumes of gas and steam, while stones and masses of earth were hurled with enormous force down the declivities, towards the plain. The clouds of steam that arose from the abyss probably caused the heavy rain that fell round the mountain in the same night—as watery deposits are, in the summer, in these regions, very rare.—At its first breaking forth, the steam was tinged, sometimes of a blue, but more frequently of a red color; but whether there had been flames or not, the witnesses could not undertake to say. Those blue and red colors soon passed into a deep black, and, at the same time, the air was filled with an unpleasant sulphureous smell. The mountain roared and the earth shook without ceasing; and besides a subterranean noise of crackling and bellowing, there was a whistling sound, like that of cannon balls, from the stones thrown through the air. The size of some of these masses of rock will be scarcely credited; one I observed which could not have weighed less than several tons. Wherever these masses fell, they mostly remained lying, as the inclination of the ground at the foot of the hill is too gentle to enable them to roll on.—The eruption lasted a full hour; and when the steam and smoke rolled away, and the shower of stones and mud ceased, neither the great rich village of Arguri, nor the renowned convent, was any longer to be seen; and the fields, and the blooming gardens, and the harmless population which, for many peaceful years, had found in them their occupation and their subsistence, had now found in them a grave, beneath stones and mud. Of the monks and servants of the convent, of the 1500 villagers and 400 Curd laborers, *only* 114 individuals were left alive; and those had been on journeys, or otherwise absent. These poor people were, when I was at Ararat, scattered about among the villages of the plain, suffering the bitterest poverty; and Noah's mountain was again as solitary as on the morning after the Deluge.

'It has been observed of many volcanoes that they have long periods of rest; that they have remained for centuries inactive, and then suddenly burst forth again with all their tremendous energy. Thus, Vesuvius, up to the year 72, appeared to be completely extinguished, and was covered with trees to its very summit. Strabo, indeed, concluded from the external character of the mountain, that it might *at some time* have vomited fire; but he could find no historical fact to support his assertion. Aurelius Victor, speaking of Vesuvius, says that in 79 *it began* to burn. The case was the same with Etna before the year 40; and the great volcanoes of America have seldom more than one eruption in a century.

'The life of volcanoes,' says Humboldt, 'depends entirely on the mode and duration of their connection with the interior of the earth. Eruptions have, with many volcanoes, an intermittent character; and this effect ceases as soon as the channel is closed by which the communication of the atmosphere with the interior of the earth has been kept up.'

Thus the activity of the long silent volcanoes of Armenia may be destined again to awaken, and this remarkable eruption of Ararat be but the messenger and forerunner of future outbreaks. It does not appear probable that so long a period has elapsed from the formation of the Alleghes to the present time, as between the activity of the ancient crater of Vesuvius to the eruption in 79. The Titanic force that upheaved the vast piles of Caucasus and Ararat, 'is not dead but sleepeth.'—*Dr. Wagner's Journey to Mt. Ararat.*

### Muscular Strength.

The muscular power of the human body is indeed wonderful. A Turkish porter will trot at a rapid pace, and carry a weight of 600 pounds. Milo, a celebrated athlete of Crotona, in Italy, accustomed himself to carry the greatest burdens, and by degrees became a monster in strength. It is said that he carried on his shoulder an ox four years old, weighing upwards of one thousand pounds, for about forty rods, and afterwards killed him with one blow of his fist. He was seven times crowned at the Pythian games, and six at the Olympian. He presented himself the seventh time, but no one had the courage to enter the list against him. He was one of the disciples of Pythagoras, and to his uncommon strength the learned preceptor and his pupils owed their lives. The pillar that supported the roof of the house suddenly gave way, but Milo supported the whole weight of the building and gave the philosopher time to escape. In old age he attempted to pull up a tree by its roots, and break it. He partly effected it; but his strength being gradually exhausted, the tree, where cleft, reunited and left his hand pinched in the body of it. He was then alone, and, unable to disengage himself, died in that position.

Haller mentioned that he saw a man whose finger caught in a chain, at the bottom of a mine, by keeping it forcibly bent, supported by that means the whole weight of his body, one hundred and fifty pounds, until he was drawn up to the surface, a distance of six hundred feet.

Augustus XI. king of Poland, could roll up a silver plate like a sheet of paper, and twist the strongest horse-shoe asunder.

A lion is said to have left the impression of his teeth upon a piece of solid iron. The most prodigious power of muscle is exhibited by the fish. The whale moves with a velocity through the dense medium of water, that would carry him, if continued at the same rate, around the world in less than a fortnight; and a sword fish has been known to strike his weapon quite through the oak plank of a ship.

A man is not always known by his looks, nor is the sea measured with a bushel.

# THE FLAG OF OUR UNION.

F. GLEASON, PROPRIETOR.

MATURIN M. BALLOU, EDITOR.

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☞ All communications designed for publication in the paper, must be post paid, and addressed to F. Gleason, *Boston, Mass.*, Proprietor of The Flag of our Union.

### To our Correspondents.

'The Old Stone Cottage,' a legend of olden time, by Mrs Emma C. Embury, is filed for our next paper.

'Enchanting Night,' a poem, by H. G. Daffield, accepted.

'Julie Barton, or the Post Captain,' a home story, by Fred Hunter, shall appear next week.

'A Ballad,' by Almy, accepted.

'Napping Out,' a sketch, by Charlie, next week.

'Lines on the Death of a Young Lady,' by Oakland, filed for insertion.

'Waiting for Thee,' a poem, by O. G. W., accepted.

'Gertrude Almonte,' a poem, by our popular contributor, E. Curtiss Hine, U. S. N., to appear next week.

'A Serenade,' by the Editor, in our next.

'Lines addressed to J. C. E.,' accepted.

'Adventure with a Pirate,'—from the log-book of a naval officer; by Edgar W. Davies, Jr., shall appear next week.

'Up with the Barricades,' a poem, by Charles Buchanan, private in the U. S. Artillery Service, accepted.

'We have parted,' 'The Irishman's Error,' 'A Morning Dream,' 'Lines to my Friend,' 'Adel, or My Uncle Jessie's Story,' are respectfully declined. 'Herman Alden,' a poem, is far too long for our columns.

### Collections for the Pope.

The various bishops of the Roman Catholic church in this country have ordered collections to be taken up in all the dioceses, for the relief and support of the Pope in his present struggle with the Roman Republic. Bishop Hughes, in his circular, represents the people of Rome as warring against the Roman Catholic church. This is a notorious humbug. The people of Rome do not war against the *spiritual* authority of the Pope, but are heartily opposed to the *temporal* rule of priesthood. The fact is, every cent that is collected and sent to the Pope, is to further the cause of tyranny, and to put down the efforts of liberty. It is a little remarkable that Bishop Hughes and his confreres have suddenly become so enthusiastic in behalf of restoring the Pope to power, and are anxious to collect all the spare pennies of the poor laboring Irish for the purpose, while absolute starvation is raging in Ireland and the parents, brothers and sisters of those who are called upon to line the Pope's pocket with gold, are dying by hundreds, of absolute hunger and want. Bishop Hughes, and the Catholics generally in this country, had better appropriate all the money they can spare, to put bread into the mouths of their poor countrymen, in place of going to Rome to erect a costly throne for the Pope. These times are too enlightened, we have advanced too far in the broad light of civilization, to favor the union of Church and State; and we do not believe that one quarter of the Catholics in America themselves favor the idea. Even the English Episcopals are getting gradually out of the superannuated notion, and yet they are as good Episcopals as ever. No true American would like to see a union of any church, even his own particular faith, with the State, and in this country all good citizens consider this a proof in itself of love and veneration for true religion.

Let the Catholics think of these things, before they pay away their hard-earned savings to further a cause that is of such a questionable character. If you feel able to part with a small sum of money, get together, and send it to your starving fellow-countrymen; not combine to enrich the Pope, who lives in regal splendor, and knows not the meaning of want. We have already expressed the hope, and most earnestly do we reiterate the sentiment, that the Romans may succeed, and the ancient city become free. And if the brave men who are defending her walls against the foreign invaders, find at last that they must yield, let them blow St. Peters to the four winds of heaven, and destroy the foul nest of the rule of priesthood! Mark, we say not one word against the *faith* of the honest Catholic; we respect him and his church, the same as we do that of any other religion under heaven; and would labor as long and as ardently to protect the Catholic in the free exercise of his conscience and worship, as we would do for the most liberal persuasion that could be named. But the union of Church and State is a different thing altogether, and we cordially hope the Pope may never again be endowed with temporal power. The voice of the people is the voice of God, and the people are competent to govern themselves.

### Canada.

Annexation is now advocated by the Montreal press generally, and a paper is about being started for its special support. Many of the London journals, conducted by sensible men as they are, also favor annexation. The London Examiner, a Whig paper of considerable influence, says it would be a gain to both Canada and Great Britain. The 'Times' says it is an idea of growing familiarity. It only requires talking about and arguing the expediency of it calmly, to ripen the fruit so that it will one day fall quietly and peacefully into Uncle Sam's broad lap.

### Melancholy.

A little girl, about nine years of age, named Annette De Forrest, recently fell into the stream about twenty feet above Niagara Falls. A young gentleman of the party, named Addington, came up and said playfully to her, as she was standing on the brink, 'I'm going to throw you in,' touching her on the shoulder. She sprang forward and slipped in. Addington immediately sprang in after her, but his efforts were in vain, and in an instant both were swept over the Falls. The body of the little girl was afterwards recovered.

As Usual.—From our exchanges we learn that the wheat crop of the present season will be very large. Even in South Carolina, where the late frost 'destroyed everything.'

Coming Back.—All the women in California (half-a-dozen) are trying to get away and come back. What a place it will be without women!

A Hint.—Cherries and root beer are warranted to produce the cholera in the shortest time, particularly when a lobster is thrown in.

'Taking the Starch out of 'em.'—The Manchester Democrat forgot to give this paper credit for the sketch thus entitled.

### A Little too Fast.

When we saw the promptitude with which our government officials responded to the call of Lady Franklin, in behalf of her lost husband, the commander of the English Exploring Expedition to the north pole, we opened our eyes a little wider than usual, it was so very unlike Uncle Sam to come forward in such a gallant manner, regardless of expense, and offer to do the handsome thing for gallantry and humanity's sake. Said we to ourself, take care, uncle, don't put your foot in it. And then, when we read the President's letter, and the other official documents emanating from the proper department, backing it up, we began to think that we were wrong, and that Uncle Sam was more of a man than we had thought him. The prompt response created surprise and delight even in the English Parliament, and a member in his enthusiasm brings forward a paper returning thanks to Uncle Sam, and complimenting him for his noble humanity in so readily engaging in this errand of mercy, and even Lady Franklin herself writes a letter, published in the journals of the day, saying how much she honors the American people and their President for their generous conduct! Now, as one of the said American people, we feel a trifle smaller than nothing at all, to think that after all this bluster and fine sentiment displayed upon paper, the proposed co-operation of the United States is all sham, and our government officials find 'upon mature deliberation,' that it will not be 'the part of prudence' to take any active measures in the premises. O, we are a great people! a liberal government! an enterprising and humane race! Wouldn't it have been just as well if the government had counted the cost before it made such a bluster and committed the whole American people!

### Gold Diggers.

The kind of people who have gone to California, those already there and who have become rich, are from that portion of society classed as the hewers of stone and the drawers of water. Now this is all very well, if they will but hold on to what they get, and not squander it. It is a singular reversal of the social pyramid, the humble classes outweighing in wealth those who have heretofore for a series of years been their superiors in fortune and nearly all else. It must prove a great equalizer in the community before long, a far more active agent than all socialist doctrines, or the sermons of the most philosophical levellers. We have seen a good many capital stories, evidently got up for the fun of the thing, to represent life in California, but the following, which is a fact, beats them all.—The editor of the N. Y. Courier and Enquirer vouches for its truth:

The captain of the St. Mary went ashore with his baggage, and seeing a shabby, abject looking creature standing on the landing, he asked him if he would carry his trunk to the hotel. 'Certainly,' said the fellow, 'what will you give me?' 'Well,' said the captain, 'I'll give you a dollar.' 'A dollar!' 'Yes,' repeated the captain, 'I'll give you a dollar.' 'Well, now, look here,' said the man, 'I'll give you *five*, if you'll carry your trunk *yourself*.' The captain saw through the case, and closed the bargain. He shouldered his trunk—carried it to the hotel, and was paid five dollars for doing it, by the man whom he had tried to hire for one! The most ragged, shabby, abject loafers about town all have their pockets filled with gold.

### The Belle of Madrid, or the Unknown Mask.

We have just issued this excellent story in book form, with a superbly illumined cover, emblematical of the highly wrought and exciting scenes of the tale. We have never printed a story that has proved to be more popular than this, and Lieutenant Murray has added new and extended popularity to his already well merited reputation, by its varied and original plot, exciting denouements, and well managed scenes. The book is for sale at all the periodical depots throughout the country.

A letter from Rev. Dr. Judson, dated Burmah, March 8, states that his wife is in a rapid decline, and he had serious apprehensions that she would never be any better. Mrs. Judson, it will be recollected, was Miss Chubbuck, or Fanny Forester, the doctor's third wife.—*Transcript.*

Dr. Judson seems to be a heartless animal, persisting in robbing society of its fairest flowers, and transplanting them to a soil that he *knows* is almost sure to prove fatal to any one. But the Dr. has got acclimated, and probably when Fanny Forester dies he will take out another wife, a fourth victim.

Appointment.—We are happy to see that Col. Isaac H. Wright, late of the Massachusetts regiment of volunteers, has been appointed to the office of Navy Agent of Boston. Aside from his high respectability and claims upon the government for services rendered during the late war, Col. Wright is a gentleman eminently qualified to discharge the duties of the office with fidelity and in the most creditable manner.

Rage of the Hour.—In accordance with the prevailing custom of society, to which we have lately alluded in these columns, it has gone into one of its *rages*, and the subject this time, in place of being a rope dancer or a lecturer on Shakspeare, happens to be a Catholic priest, called Father Mathew; and simply because he does not drink wine nor smoke cigars, he is lionized! A Franklin or a Lafayette would stand no chance in such times as these.

Theatrical.—Most of our readers will remember an actor by the name of Crisp, who performed for a period in this country with Mrs. Mowatt. He's a very good actor, save a few sickening mannerisms that are peculiar to his style. As a man, we never fancied Mr. Crisp. It seems that he has mortally offended the good people of Pittsburg, who lately hooted him from the stage!

Editorial Convention.—We see that the editors of the State of Maine talk of holding a convention, for their mutual benefit, and to take measures to procure a law of Congress, declaring newspapers free of postage within the State of publication. Excellent object.

A New California Speculation.—A Yankee marble cutter has sent out to California his whole stock of grave stones, with 'Sacred to the memory of,' and 'erected by his brother,' &c., cut upon them. Very significant!

The Gold of California.—The Herald publishes a list of all the known arrivals of gold from California into this country and England, from which it appears that the whole amount of gold received is 4,269,788 dollars.

A Fact.—The man that smokes in the omnibuses, says he isn't afraid of the cholera, and will eat all the strawberries that you will give him.

The Flag of our Union may be had at *four cents* per copy, at any of the periodical depots in the United States; and of all newspaper carriers.

Don't do it.—Repining at losses is only putting pepper into a sore eye.

### Editorial Ink-Drops.

A man out West advertises to teach the use of the bowie knife!

St. Louis has been nearly depopulated by the ravages of the cholera.

The Ohio wheat crop never was better than it has proved to be this season.

Colonel Bragg, who 'give 'em grape,' has lately got married, at New Orleans.

Old Whitey, the President's horse, has arrived at his stable, in Washington.

Pumpkins thinks there will be a heap of *kissing*, when the President comes North.

The ship Guy Mannering brought to New York 779 passengers from Liverpool.

There are 3,000,000 of slaves, it is estimated, now living in Brazil.

The crops in Florida, after all the grumbling, turn out to be very good.

In Philadelphia, 'free baths for respectable females,' are to be established.

The Indians South and West are dying off in great numbers, by the cholera.

The legislature of New Hampshire has voted not to legislate on capital punishment.

Boston continues to be healthy, and free from cholera and other epidemics.

An explosion of powder killed 14 British soldiers lately, at Sierra Leone.

Many foolish people are killing themselves by drinking ice water, when thirsty and hot.

A little negro boy was blown to parts unknown, by a southern hurricane, lately.

The Indians are collecting in numbers at Grand Prairies. Let the whites look out.

The Literary American says it has a few shreds off a potatoe patch.

Willis says that Lady Blessington was born a poor Irish girl.

They have a very large *floating* population in New Orleans, just now.

A railroad is really to be built from the city of Mexico to Vera Cruz.

We think the one hour rule ought to be applied to sermons, on the Sabbath.

Schiller finely says: 'Death cannot be an evil, for it is universal.'

Life in California is worth, 'tis said, about fifty cents on the dollar.

The cholera has swept off a great number of slaves, in the southern states.

A cotemporary says: '*The weather still continues.*' Well, it don't do nothing else.

The Indians, it is said, are committing depredations on the Texas frontier.

A man killed his own child, in a drunken fit, at Montreal, lately.

Four persons were drowned in a sail boat, in New York harbor, the other day.

The postage of a single letter from California to our Atlantic cities, is fifty cents.

You can't find a man who will eat lobsters in these days. It's no go.

Wordsworth, the poet, is ninety-nine years old. A gray old age, indeed.

### Vegetation.

The country looks green and bright in all directions, the fruit trees are flourishing, vegetables are abundant and of the best kind, berries are plenty and of an excellent quality, and crops bid fair to be more than an average yield. The cholera panic has kept people from enjoying the abundance of the season, and the farmers suffer in consequence, pecuniarily, but probably the health of the community is improved by this abstinence, since people who eat green vegetables, generally eat too freely of them, and some time during the season are made to suffer for the same. But the probability is, that there is no more danger in eating well prepared vegetables now than at any other time; as to the matter of strawberries, against which so much is said, we acknowledge a weakness for them, and also that our appetite is too strong for our fears, prudence, or anything else, as applied to this choice product of the season.

### Lightning and Cholera.

It has been frequently stated in the newspapers, that lightning produces an atmosphere which is unfavorable to the spread of the cholera. The experience of St. Louis does not fortify this assumption. On Wednesday, June 13th, sixty-five interments of persons who died of cholera took place there, and nearly the same number the next day, notwithstanding the occurrence of a severe thunder storm, during which a dwelling-house was shattered by lightning.

'Zuleika.'—The story that we have commenced on the first page of the present number, is given to our readers with peculiar satisfaction, as one that they cannot but be delighted with. Miss Clough is a graceful and vivid authoress, and the remarkable success of her prize tale published in the Flag, is a guarantee of excellence in the present story.

Russian Army.—We hear a great deal about the immense strength of the Russian army, but after all we doubt its great efficiency. The common soldier of that service is miserably cared for, half starved, and poorly paid. In fact, he is little better than a slave, and always impressed into the service whether he will or not.

A Bargain.—We still send any *six* of our original 25 cent books by mail or express for one dollar. Send the list of those desired, selected from the last column on this page, enclosed to this office with one dollar, and return of mail will bring the books.

Thomas W. Dorr.—The Senate of Rhode Island have non-concurred in the bill passed by the House restoring to this gentleman his civil and political rights. That's the way to make him popular, let us tell the small-minded men who vote against the bill.

Romance.—When tired of reading the Arabian Nights' Entertainment, and still desiring to peruse stories of the Aladdin and the Wonderful Lamp school, con over the reports and letters from California. The most exaggerated taste will find a surfeit.

The Glorious Fourth.—This ever memorable day was brilliantly celebrated all over the Union. We have heard of less accidents thus far, than usually attend upon the observance of this occasion. Let the day ever be thus remembered.

Imprudence.—Deaths reported for the last week in Boston by drinking cold water immoderately were *ten*.

Lieut. Beale.—This gallant young officer has returned to California, or rather is on his way thither again, as bearer of despatches.

Mrs. Ann S. Stephens.—Do not fail to read the poem on the opposite page, contributed to the Flag by this distinguished authoress.

The Lynn News.—We always open this pleasant and sprightly weekly with great pleasure.

Father Mathew.—no, we wont say anything about such a worn-out theme.

### From our Foreign Files.

A black Episcopal bishop is about to be ordained in England and sent to Africa.

Proudhon has been arrested in Paris, love having drawn him back again to the capital.

Sheridan Knowles, the dramatist, has entered the church, and is preaching in London.

Thirteen flounces are not too many for the dress of a lady who wishes to be a la mode in London.

Lord Stanley has been shipping many of his poor tenants to the United States, paying the passage money himself.

It has been ascertained that the annual cost to the British government, by firing salutes, is £18,250, or nearly fifty dollars per day.

The commissioners on drunkenness in Great Britain estimate the value of labor lost through intemperance annually at $290,000,000.

In the western provinces of Ireland the condition of the people is said to be the most deplorable. Society is utterly disorganized.

The news venders in London have a charitable association for the relief of their distressed associates. The capital is £1000, and is increasing.

At the recent marriage of Miss Meyrick to an officer of dragoons, her uncle, the Duke of Cleveland, made her a present of a purse containing £10,000.

The Roman triumvirate has ordered all the goods of the king of Naples, in the Roman territories, to be sequestrated and sold, and the produce to be paid towards repairing the injuries inflicted on Roman citizens.

In Ireland, however, although there are yet no just grounds for positive alarm, yet there are unmistakeable evidences of the fatal disease in the growing potato, and especially in the vicinity of Dublin.

Turin papers state that accounts from Gaeta announce that it is the intention of the Pope to return to Florence with the Grand Duke of Tuscany, and to recede to Bologna, where he will establish his government until Rome shall be in a state to permit his return to it.

Louis Philippe, says a Paris letter, is, after all that has been said about his poverty, the richest private individual in the known world. His agent in New York, M. Lafarge, has bought for him in houses, stocks, shares, &c., property producing an annual income of ten millions of francs.

### Dewdrops of Wisdom.

Women observe manners more than characters.

A man has sometimes more public than private merit.

Prosperity is a blessing to the good, but to the evil it is a curse.

Titles are, often times, not so much the reward, as the substitute of merit.

Instruction pervades the heart of the wise, but cannot penetrate the ears of a fool.

The fame of good deeds does not leave a man's door, but his evil acts are known a thousand miles off.

Let every man sweep the snow from before his own door, and not trouble himself about the hoar frost on his neighbor's tiles.

A young man's mind is as a bank; each should regulate the quantity of paper it shows by the amount of bullion in its safe.

Some men are called sagacious merely on account of their avarice; whereas a child can clench its fist the moment it is born.

Profane language is to conversation what ten inch spikes would be to veneering—splitting, shivering and defacing it.

It has been well said that anger wishes the human race had but one neck; love, but one heart; grief, two tears; and pride, two bended knees.

Tom Tweedle played a good fiddle; but, nothing satisfied with the inconsiderable appellation of a fiddler, dropped the practice, and is, now, *no character at all.*

Looks, tones, tears, gestures—by increasing man's power for good, proportionately increase his power for evil. The fountain which supplies the tear of pity may supply the tear of hypocrisy also.

People of gayety and fashion have occasionally a feeling that a little easy quantity of religion would be a good thing; because, after all, we cannot stay in this world always, and there may be hardish matters to settle in the other place.—*John Foster.*

### The Joker's Budget.

Why does a sculptor die the most horrible of deaths?—Because he makes faces and *busts.*

'Father,' said a little boy in a theatre, 'aint that a *band box* where the musicians are?'

Did you ever see any of the popular novels?' said a city dame to a country cousin.

'No, ma'am, but I have seen *poplar* trees.'

The news that the inhabitants of New Orleans sit on their bureaus and catch cat-fish in their parlors, is now said to be of-*fish*-al.

It has been observed that in proportion as the water rises in this city, brandy goes *down.* Will no one explain the phenomenon?—*N. O. Delta.*

'You have only yourself to please,' said a married friend to an old bachelor. 'True,' replied he, 'but you cannot tell what a difficult task I find it.'

'Come, let us go and see the pigs. I hear them grunting over their dinners in the farmyard. I like to see creatures who can be happy without a theory.'

In answer to an inquisitive correspondent, who wishes to know what the 'Hungarian Diet,' is, we state most explicitly that it is for the most part beef and potatoes.

A country schoolmaster thus describes a money-lender: 'He serves you in the present tense—he lends you in the conditional mood—keeps you in the subjective—and ruins you in the future.

The editor of the 'Great West,' announces the astonishing fact that he has succeeded in discovering a 'living, actual, *bona fide* descendant from one of the second families of Virginia.'

At a late celebration of St. Patrick's day, by the 'Young Friends of Ireland,' the following toast was given: 'Woman—she needs no eulogy; she *speaks for herself.*'

'Father,' said a sporting youth to his revered parent, 'they say trout will bite now.' 'Well, well,' was the consoling reply, 'mind your work, and then you'll be sure they wont bite you.'

'Look here, Pete,' said a knowing darkey, 'don't stand dar on the railroad!'

'Why, Joe?'

'Kase if de cars see dat mouf ob yours day tink it am de depo' and run rite in.'

### Miscellaneous Items.

A California adventurer from Greenfield, writing from Callao, says: 'If any of the Greenfield boys have the California fever, tell them it requires a pretty rugged fellow—one who can sleep on the edge of a plank, and follow it night after night.'

Jane Andrews and Juliet Miller, daughters of Ira Andrews and Samuel Miller, of Wallingford, Ct. were bathing in a pond in that town, 22d, when the latter got beyond her depth. Her friend went to her rescue, but failed of success, and both perished. One was eighteen, and the other was thirteen years of age.

'Never was a great nation so shamefully and recklessly betrayed—never was the confidence of a magnanimous people so treacherously abused as that of the French has been by Mr. Bonaparte. We trust he will meet his deserts.' So says the N. O. Courier, the old French paper.

A small steamboat so constructed with bolts and screws as to be easily taken apart, and as easily put together, has just been stowed away in one of our merchant vessels, to be taken to China, where she will ply between the ports of Whampoa and Canton. She was built by Messrs Lawrence & Sneedon for Capt. Forbes, of Boston. She is 100 feet in length, 18 in width, and about eight deep.—*N. Y. Express.*

### Quill and Scissors.

The Common Council of New Haven have passed resolutions revoking all licenses of bowling alleys and saloons, and directed their attorney to prosecute all who shall hereafter be found keeping them.

The Cambridge law school now numbers 91 pupils. The fees are $50 a term. The other expenses, including board, fuel, &c., &c., are from $100 to $188 per term, according to the wish or abilities of the student.

Married, in Jefferson Co., (Va.), on the 26th of March, by Elder Sine, Mr. John Loy, aged 98 years, to Miss Catharine Sargent, aged 75 years and 6 months, *after a courtship of forty years.*

In Whitehall, N. Y., the Clinton hotel, the lock bridge, three stores and two printing offices were burnt on Thursday night, and Mr. J. Allen, a merchant, fell dead while going to the fire.

The assessors' valuation of all the taxable property in Northampton this year, as we learn from the Courier, is two millions seven hundred and eighty-five thousand, nine hundred dollars.

Mr. Garrett, a passenger on the Belvidere, from New Orleans to Memphis, was robbed a few days since of $5,500 in money, contained in his trunk. One bill was $1000; the others $500.

The travel to the White Mountains has commenced, and large numbers of visitors, principally from the south, have passed up to the pure and cold regions of the New Hampshire hills.

Helen Faucit, it is said, will undoubtedly visit this country next fall. She will probably be accompanied by Mr. Paumier, an actor of high repute in the English provinces.

Capt. Bradley, of the schooner Friendship, on trial in New Orleans for the murder of Manny Daly has been convicted and recommended to mercy! He was from New Haven.

Accounts from Oregon of Feb. 20 say that nearly all the male citizens would leave for California in the spring, unless large deposits of gold were found in their own country.

Recent news from New Orleans state that the overflow is fast receding, leaving large deposits of mud in the streets, which the citizens had better clean up as soon as possible.

If you attempt to reconcile persons to any truth, you must treat them as men treat a one-eyed horse—turn the blind side toward an object, that they may go forward without starting.

A canal around the falls of the Ohio, on the Indiana side, is to be constructed at Jeffersonville, terminating one mile and seven eighths below. Estimated cost $688,000.

The Cleveland Plain Dealer, of the 1st ult., says that one thousand men are now at work on the north end of the Cleveland, Columbus and Cincinnati Railroad.

The Ravel Family, nineteen in number, have returned to New York from France, for the opening of Niblo's Garden, which is to be ready in a few days.

The Galveston News states that six sugar plantations on the Brazos river, comprising nine hundred and seventy acres, have produced 2,292 hhds and 3,550 bbls.

There were, during the last week, over 400 persons sent to the Penitentiary, for various offences, by the Police Courts and Court of Sessions.—*N. Y. paper.*

General Gaines, a few days before his death, directed that the new United States Hospital be given for the use of the poor who were suffering from the inundation, at New Orleans.

A bear was killed at North Twin Dam, Me., a few days since, which measured 7 feet 4 inches long, and when dressed weighed 640 pounds.

The Detroit Free Press of the 18th ult., states that the wool brought to that market in six days will amount to one hundred thousand pounds.

On Dit, at Washington that Senator Benton's youngest daughter will soon be espoused to Signor Sanchez, a young Mexican.

C. L. Daboll has invented and patented an air whistle for the use of ships, light houses, &c., which makes an unearthly yell.

Madam Restel will be released from prison in New York in a few days. She is in fine condition, having gained thirty pounds.

John Freedly has been acquitted of the murder of his wife at Philadelphia, his mother testifying to the wife's suicide.

Dr. Harmers, who sued the editor of the New York Scorpion for a libel upon his wife, has had a verdict returned of $10,000.

The whole number of crow's heads for which certificates have been granted in St. Mary's county, Md., the present year, is 3943.

Nathan Coy, a worthy man, was drowned in the Androscoggin at Oxford, Me., from which river he had just rescued his son.

A woman was found dead in the road from Troy to Millville, N. Y., having drunk freely of ice water a short time before.

Counterfeit five franc pieces have made their appearance in great numbers in the city and vicinity of Keokuk, Iowa.

The wife of Rev. Thomas H. Burrows, has become insane since the acquittal of her husband for shooting Bishop in Maryland.

The Middlesex county, N. J., jail is now without a prisoner, and the sheriff offers 'apartments to let on reasonable terms.'

A little boy was burnt to death by an explosion of a spirit gas lamp in the family of Dr. Pierce, at Emory college, Georgia.

The Brooklyn Freeman says—'Mr. Stetson, of the Astor House, is going to have a hotel in St. Petersburg, Russia.'

New cotton factories continue to be started in Georgia, and quite an excitement on that subject prevails in the State.

Sir George Head has lately published a very clever book under the title of 'Rome; a Tour of Many Days.'

The Russ pavement is to be put down in Broadway, N. Y., from Park to Wall street, at a cost of $36,000.

Mr. Neale, one of a party fishing in New York harbor, caught a shark 3 1-2 feet long, with a double row of teeth.

Dr. Knower of Albany is about to ship to California twelve houses, complete and ready to put up.

A turtle, from four to six feet across the back, has been seen in the Connecticut river, at Springfield.

Seventy lives were lost with the Brazilian ship of the line, off Rio, in a gale on the 15th May.

A live toad has been found in a block of wood, in Greenwich township, Berks county, Pa.

The only newspaper at Belize, Honduras, where the British bear sway, has been suspended.

The Louisville Democrat of the 21st says old Whitey was in that city, at Duncan's stable.

There are Americans in the army of Bem, the successful Hungarian general.

A removed postmaster still affixes P. M. to his name—he says it means *post mortem.*

Millions of pigeons have nearly destroyed the corn and wheat crops in Vermont.

The Toledo Blade, an Ohio whig paper, is out in favor of another United States Bank.

The Siamese Twins, Chang and Eng, have arrived at Baltimore.

Ice is very scarce at Havana, at the present time, and brings a high price.

There is great suffering in various parts of Maine from drought.

A silver shilling, dated 1679, has just been dug up in a garden at Portland.

Fine specimens of marble have been found in Arkansas.

In South Carolina the harvest of early wheat is over, and a good crop has been gathered.

Capt. Veatch's party murdered by Indians consisted of 34, and only one escaped to tell.

The annual product of anthracite coal in the United States is now about 3,500,000 tons.

The town of Danvers has been indicted for not establishing a high school.

The Annapolis authorities have appropriated $250 for lime, to prevent the cholera.

### Local Matters.

#### The John Adams.

This fine sloop of war sailed from our harbor a few days since with a full complement of officers and men, bound for the Brazilian station. No one who saw her spread her broad wings and put to sea, could help but feel a pride that the stars and stripes at her peak were to be so well represented in distant seas. Below we give a list of her officers.

Commander, Levin M. Powell; Lieutenants, Guert Gansevoort, Robert B. Pegram, James H. Strong, William C. B. S. Porter, and James C. Williamson, passenger; Lieutenant of Marines, J. C. Rich; Surgeon, Joseph Beale; Purser, Edward C. Doran; Acting Master, William W. Pollock; Assistant Surgeon, James Suddards; Passed Midshipmen, James Higgins, T. H. Wainwright; Midshipmen, James F. Milligan, Charles H. Cushman, James D. Lagare, Bushrod B. Taylor, James W. Sherk; Captain's Clerk, Cuthbert Powell; Boatswain, Samuel Drew; Gunner, George Sirian; Carpenter, George Wisner; Sailmaker, David Bruce.

#### Amusements.

The last week was one of continued and various amusements. The Viennoise children have taken their farewell of this country at the Howard; Van Amburgh's Menagerie has exhibited to a crowded audience daily, and the preparations for the fourth of July, and the recovery from its effects, have occupied the multitude most industriously. The places of amusement, theatres, etc., are now closed for the season, to re-open again after the lapse of a few weeks, when the heat of summer shall become less oppressive. Two or three Panoramas are still on exhibition, and an occasional concert takes place; but people are mostly out of town, and evening performances are poorly patronized.

Our Harbor.—Hardly a week passes, that one or more persons are not drowned in our harbor, by venturing out in sail-boats, of the management of which they have little if any knowledge. No person should attempt to sail a boat if not well used to it, unless accompanied by a regular boatman. An inconsiderate turn of the rudder alone may cause it to upset, and perhaps occasion a half dozen deaths.

Pirates.—The Eastport Sentinel says that a letter from a passenger on board the schooner Eudorus from Bangor bound to San Francisco, gives an account of an attempt to board the vessel by pirates. Several boats filled with suspicious-looking customers fully armed, approached the vessel when becalmed off the coast of Brazil, but were received by a volley of twelve muskets, which sunk one craft, and the others made off.

Lady Blessington, after her failure, gave up everything to her creditors—even her jewels and *bijouterie.* Until the distress in Ireland cut off her resources from that country, she had been receiving £4,000 per annum from the estates of the late earl. Previous to the death of Heath the engraver, she had also received £1500 from him for editing the Book of Beauty and other annuals.

Warning.—A gentleman of Roxbury, with his family, invited guests and servants, partook of a dinner of pigeons on Sunday of last week. All were attacked by severe sickness during the night, which was pronounced to be cholera. However, they all recovered. It seems rather singular that it should be needful to warn people to abstain from ordinary food, that they may avoid the cholera.

Rather Odd.—Our out of town readers will wonder perhaps at such a fact as the following. One of our city watchmen declares that in one of the hot nights last week, he counted *fifty* persons sleeping upon the sidewalks in his beat alone. This was in that part of the town mainly occupied by Irish.

To California.—Several young Bostonians lately started for the valley of the Sacramento, by way of the steamer from New York and Panama, who have made their calculations to be on the spot in forty days. The passage has already been made once in this number of days.

Military.—The Salem City Guards passed through this city a few days since, and made a fine, soldierly appearance. We didn't exactly fancy those caps; but the company were in too good drill for us to find fault with their uniform.

Silly Fellows.—Two editors in Illinois have been fighting with fists, canes, laths and pitchforks. Nobody killed. The combatants were the editor of the Springfield Register and the editor of the Journal.

Old Zac.—Preparations are already being made to give the President a hearty reception when he comes to the city of notions. He will receive a real Yankee welcome at the hands of our city authorities.

Our Common.—Boston Common never looked more beautiful, or its vegetation more luxuriant, than it does the present season. The fountain adds a cool grace and attractiveness that is indescribable.

Boston Fusileers.—This well-known and spirited corps have chosen Henry A. Snow, first lieutenant of the company, as their commander. The Fusileers have our best wishes for their prosperity.

Western Sport.—Pigeons abound in great numbers in Wisconsin, some portions of the State being completely covered with them.—The sportsmen were slaying them by thousands.

Abby H. Folsom.—This noted woman shone forth in all her glory on the fourth inst. Dorchester Height was the field, and the subjects, *multifarious.*

Well.—Tobacco is now said by 'an eminent physician' to be a cure for the cholera. It will be hard to tell by-and-by what is not a cure for the cholera.

Gammon.—One of our city papers publishes an account of a man who never saw a woman! Wonder if his mother knows he's out?

Theatrical.—One of our city theatrical troupes is performing in the neighboring cities and towns, during the 'out of town' season.

Immigrants.—Eleven hundred immigrants from Ireland landed at this port during three days of last week.

Fires.—During the month of June, there were thirty-one alarms of fire. Loss, $5000; insurance, $2100.

Col. Isaac H. Wright has been duly installed in his office as Navy Agent of this port.

Dividend.—The Boston & Pittsburg Copper Company lately paid a dividend of $60,000.

## OUR OLIO COLUMN.

[Written for The Flag of our Union.]

### The Gentle Boy.

BY THE OLD 'UN.

When the morning sun was flinging
O'er earth its radiance mild,
To the stream his basket bringing,
Came a little blue-eyed child.

The light of summers golden
Was in his shining hair;
The grace of pictures olden
Was in his gentle air.

A little rod uplifting,
He flung his slender line,
Where darkly, swiftly drifting,
The streamlet passed the pine.

I could not help caressing
The little gentle boy,
And wishing for a blessing
On his innocent employ.

At night, when home returning—
The evening sky was fair,
And stars above us burning—
I found the young child there.

'What luck, my little fisher;
I prithee, tell to me—
For I'm a true well-wisher,
My gentle boy, to thee.'

With voice than music finer,
And air of proud delight,
He said, 'I've used a shiner,
But I haven't had a bite.'

Said I, 'This hint I drop you—
Go home with rod and bait,
And your mother'll soundly whop you
For being out so late.'

Then homeward he went jogging
In very sad estate,
And of course he got a flogging
For being out so late.

[Written for The Flag of our Union.]

### An Epitaph.

BY BRACEBLOCK.

Here lies a man, who in his life
Was ever fond of merry jest;
Ne'er thought of taking him a wife,
As other people's pleased him best.

His heart was kind, his manners free,
To help a friend was ever first;
Chief of the Buffer's Club was he;
Like them, possessed uncommon thirst.

A glorious glass of punch he'd make,
And then his cocktails, smashes, juleps,
Which were not very hard to take,
Would so invite your longing two lips.

Our noble Lancers knew him well,
They'd gather round his bar in crowd;
His merry laugh they all could tell,
It was so hearty, long and loud.

Lo, here he lies! Well, let him rest;
But step lightly, stranger, on your feet:
For should your tread invade his rest,
By George, he'll surely rise and treat.

### A Song,

FOR THE CENTENNIAL CELEBRATION OF HARVARD COLLEGE.

BY O. W. HOLMES.

When the Puritans came over,
Our hills and swamps to clear,
The woods were full of catamounts,
And Indians red as deer;
With tomahawks and scalping-knives,
That make folks' heads look queer;
O, the ship of England used to bring
A hundred wigs a year!

The crows came cawing through the air
To pluck the Pilgrims' corn;
The bears came snuffing round the door
Whene'er a babe was born;
The rattlesnakes were bigger round
Than the butt of the old ram's horn
The deacon blew at meeting-time
On every Sabbath morn.

But soon they knocked the wigwams down,
And pine-tree trunk and limb
Began to sprout among the leaves
In shape of steeples slim;
And out the little wharves were stretched
Along the ocean's rim,
And up the little school-house shot
To keep the boys in trim.

And when at length the college rose,
The sachem cocked his eye
At every tutor's meagre ribs
Whose coat tails whistled by;
But when the Greek and Hebrew words
Came tumbling from their jaws,
The copper-colored children all
Ran screaming to their squaws.

And who was on the catalogue
When college was begun?
Two nephews of the president,
And the professor's son;
They turned a little Indian boy
As brown as any bun;
O, how the seniors knocked about
The freshman class of one!

They had not than the dainty things
The commons now afford,
But succotash and hominy
Were smoking on the board:
They did not rattle round in gigs,
Or dash in long-tail blues,
But always on Commencement days
The tutors blacked their shoes.

God bless the ancient Puritans!
Their lot was hard enough;
But honest hearts made iron arms,
And tender maids are tough;
So love and faith have formed and fed
Our true-born Yankee stuff,
And keep the kernel in the shell
The British found so rough.

### A Fairy Tale.

O, did you not hear in your nursery,
The tales that the gossips tell,
Of two young girls that came to drink
At a certain fairy well?

The words of the younger were as sweet
As the smile of her ruby lip;
But the tongue of the eldest seemed to move
As if venom were on its tip.

At the well a beggar accosted them,—
A sprite in mean disguise;—
The eldest spake with a scornful brow,
The youngest with tearful eyes.

Cried the fairy, 'Whenever you speak, sweet girl,
Pure gems from your lips shall fall;
But whenever you utter a word, proud maid,
From your tongue shall a serpent crawl!'

And have you not met with these sisters oft,
In the haunts of the old and young;
The first with her pure, unsullied lip,
The last with her serpent tongue?

The first is *Good Nature*—diadems bright,
O'er the darkest theme she throws;
And the last is *Slander*—leaving the blight
Of the serpent where'er she goes.

### Stray Thoughts.

The dark and stormy ocean,
With waves so cold and drear,
Doth hide within its bosom
Fair pearls and diamonds clear.
Life's ocean darkly seeming,
When trouble's waves dash high,
Hath quiet waves of happiness,
When calmed its waters lie.

The sombre, gloomy forest,
Whose lonely shades we dread,
Hath wild flowers sweetly blooming
On many a sheltered bed.
Though like a dreary wilderness
This life may oft appear,
The flowers of hope and happiness
Spring up our hearts to cheer.

No desert is so barren
But has some verdant spot,
Where the green grass upward springeth,
And the burning sand lies not.
No life is there so cheerless
But has some gladsome days,
When all its clouds are scattered
By pleasure's golden rays.

*Aurora of the Valley.*

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# THE FLAG OF OUR UNION.

[Written for The Flag of our Union.]

### To a Sword.

BY BENJAMIN H. FERNALD.

Thou art a useless weapon now,
Destroyed by cankering rust,
And the stalwart arm that wielded thee
Is mouldering in the dust.

And ne'er again the warrior's hand
Shall raise thee in the fight,
To prove upon the battle plain
His valor or his might.

And in the glittering sunbeam
Thy blade shall flash no more;
Thou hast seen thy last of battle-fields,
And drunk thy last of gore.

Thy task of blood is over now;
Now sink thee to thy rest:
For ne'er again ye'll find a sheath
Within a warrior's breast.

In days of chivalry, perchance,
Wert faithful to thy duty;
Drawn by some bold and valiant knight
In the cause of love and beauty.

Now, generous hearts and noble souls
To innocence afford
A mightier protection than
The desolating sword.

But the Gordian knot of tyranny
The sword alone can sever;
Which else would hold a people's rights
With iron clutch forever.

Draw, then, the bright and glistening sword
For liberty alone;
And never, never be it sheathed,
Till tyranny's o'erthrown.

Till freedom's glorious sunshine
Dispels the clouds of war,
And with its bright and cheering beams
Illumines every shore.

And when the power of tyranny
Is levelled with the dust,
The sword will seek its sheath, and be
A prey to cankering rust.

[Written for The Flag of our Union.]

### Lament of the Gold Digger.

BY E. CURTISS HINE, U. S. N.

'Tis evening, and I stand alone
On San Francisco's desert shore,
The wandering night-winds sadly moan,
And shrieking sea-birds round me soar.
The wearied sun has sunk to sleep,
Beyond the great Pacific's wave;
While here I stand, and idly weep
That I have been to gold a slave!

O, curses on the maddening cry
That echoed through our own green land,
And sent me forth unwept to die
Upon this heathen, lawless strand!
With spirits fresh the hills I trod,
And in the eager strife for gain,
Forgot my country and my God,
And fevered fancies flashed my brain!

It came at last—the bitter thought
That I was linked with toiling slaves,
Whose very life-blood had been bought
By idle and designing knaves.
But all too late conviction came,
And with a downcast, tearful eye,
I thought with anguish and with shame
I'd chased an echo here—to die!

In vain was all my toil for wealth;
I ploughed the mountain, searched the stream,
All idly, and with ruined health
Heaped curses on my fevered dream,
That led me from my home away,
Across the ocean's furrowed breast,
To find, with terror and dismay,
That I was homeless Famine's guest.

My heart grows sick—my eye grows dim,
As on the watery waste I gaze,
And powerless droops each nerveless limb,
And manhood's pride and strength decays!
Adieu, my childhood's home—for Fate
Hath dimmed the brightness of my sky;
I've had my 'dig,' and found too late,
I've chased an echo here—to die!

*U. S. Ship Franklin.*

[Written for The Flag of our Union.]

### The Dying Warrior.

BY CHARLES BUCHANAN.

He's dying, who so lately strode,
In thickest fight, the field of blood,
Dealing destruction round;
The crimson tide that oft has bore
Him midst the battle's loudest roar,
Now oozes on the ground.

His pillow is the moss-grown stone—
The lustre of that eye is gone,
Which ne'er in danger quailed;
The arm droops powerless by his side,
Which in the melee, often tried,
Till now had never failed.

The wind is sighing on the heath,
It cools his brow, and on its breath
It bears the sullen roar
Of battle—brightens now his eyes—
He grasps his brand—essays to rise—
In vain—he'll rise no more.

He feels, he knows, that it is death
That struggles with his dying breath,
And chokes his eager prayer;
That prayer, no selfish wish for life—
But that his comrades in the strife
The victory may share.

Perchance he thinks of home e'en now,
For see, a cloud steals o'er his brow,
A tear drop dims his eye;——
What sudden respite now from pain
Hath brightened up his soul again!—
'Tis shout of victory!

He's dying—his last field is o'er;
Trumpet or bugle sound no more
Shall call him to the field;
Boldest in battle, ne'er again
Shall thy sword strew the earth with slain—
Death bids the bravest yield.

### The Prophet Child.

Within the temple slept the child,
The after-prop of Israel's fame;
When o'er his slumbers, calm and mild,
The summons from Jehovah came.

The call was heard, the child awoke;
With beating heart and bending knee,
The future judge and prophet spoke—
'Speak, Lord, thy servant heareth thee!'

O, when we hear Jehovah's voice
Breaking the slumber of the soul,
So may we rise, and so rejoice,
So bend our will to his control!

His summons calls us even now;
O, may each instant answer be,
'Father, to thy command I bow—
Speak, for thy servant heareth thee!'

*Hartford Times.*

## MISCELLANEOUS.

[Written for The Flag of our Union.]

### VICTOR O'NEIL; OR, THE EXILE'S FORTUNE.

AN HISTORIETTE.

BY FRANCIS A. DURIVAGE.

On an evening towards the commencement of the last half of the last century, a gentleman of commanding appearance, whose rich dress betokened high rank, was riding through the narrow streets of an unfashionable quarter of the great city of Paris.

But it was no night for a gallant thus apparelled to be abroad. The sky was murky and starless, and now and then an angry flash of lightning, glancing overhead, revealed the deep cavernous interior of the clouds piled up like rocks ready to topple down like battlements sapped by the miner's blast. Already a few big drops of rain were falling, and the cavalier looked out for shelter. From the third-story windows of a house in the vicinity streamed a flood of light, and hoping it might be an inn, the horseman rode towards the huge archway which marked the entrance into the courtyard. Here he rapped upon the iron grating with the butt of his riding-switch, and the old porter soon made his appearance.

'Friend,' said the cavalier, 'tell me if I am mistaken in supposing this a house of public entertainment.'

'This is no hostelrie, sir,' replied the porter, 'and though many guests are here to-night, they were all bidden by the master.'

'Well, at least you will unbar the gate and let me halt under the shelter of the archway. The rain is coming down merrily, and I have a wholesome dread of being wet to the skin.'

The old porter unlocked the gate, and the cavalier was soon sheltered from the storm.—Though it was midsummer, the air was raw, and his situation was gloomy. Not a ray of light penetrated to his retreat, except when an occasional flash of lightning revealed a mass of steadily falling water that seemed to form a wall on either side of him.

'Pleasant, truly,' he muttered, 'and the idea of being weather-bound here all night is very encouraging. I thought long ere this time to have announced to my dear Agatha and my sweet Leonide the result of my interview with Louis at Marly. I thought to have told them how Victor O'Neil, the poor Irish exile who had fought his way from Fontenoy to the cross of St. Louis, had been appointed lieutenant general, and was named military governor of Pondicherry in the east—the viceroy of an oriental empire! That might well crown the ambition of a prouder man. I must hasten at once to Marseilles—for the squadron is awaiting my arrival. It will be hard to part from my poor wife, and she in failing health, but God's will be done! The orders of the sovereign are imperative.'

His meditations were here interrupted by the re-appearance of the porter bearing a light, and preceding a man of middle age, who, though richly attired, had not certainly the air of a gentleman, and whose pale and haggard features were far from prepossessing.—His dark eyes were deep-set in cavernous orbits, and their expression was so ambiguous that it was hard to decide whether it was mournful or menacing.

'Good evening, sir,' said he. 'I come to beg you will dismount and do me the honor to enter my poor house. Your horse will be safe here and you will be more comfortable yourself within doors.'

The general thanked him, dismounted, and having fastened his horse, followed his entertainer up stairs. He was soon ushered into a splendid saloon whose sumptuous furniture and decorations afforded a strange contrast to the sombre and coarse exterior of the house. The hangings were of rich silk, white and lilac, with fringes of heavy gold and silver bullion. Magnificent chandeliers and candelabra or molu sustained hundreds of wax candles, the lustre of which was reflected from the gilded panels of the walls and cornices. Large vases of Sevres porcelain were filled with fragrant exotics; and through the apartments circulated a crowd of richly dressed ladies and gentlemen. The master of the house alone seemed sombre and sad; his very smile had a freezing coldness in it, which seemed to chill the spirits of those with whom he conversed. Yet he was attentive and polite, and did the honors of his house with great urbanity. He pressed his guest to take wine, and introduced him to many of the lovely women, whose presence was the charm of the entertainment. The general was not insensible to the fascinations of beauty, and, surrounded by fair damsels, courted and caressed, elate with the honors just bestowed upon him by his sovereign's hand, he lost account of time, and four hours passed away as swiftly as if the fete had been one in the royal palace of Versailles, instead of the house of one of the *bourgeoisie* of Paris.

At length, walking to the window, he glanced upward at the sky. The storm had passed away—the moon was riding high in a cloudless heaven, and the attendant stars were shining in unwonted brilliancy. He turned to his host:

'Sir,' said he, 'I hope I shall have the honor of receiving you in my house. I am going to leave France in a few days, but before my departure I should be glad to requite your generous hospitality.'

The gentleman thus addressed gazed long and fixedly upon his guest with an air of embarrassment and almost of distress. Than, as if it cost him an effort to speak, he replied:

'General, if you knew who and what I am, you would be convinced that I ought never to take the liberty of presenting myself at your house.'

O'Neil's curiosity was interested. 'I tell you frankly,' he replied, 'that I do not leave this house without knowing who you are. I conjure you to tell me.'

'Do you insist upon it?' said the other, with a sigh. 'Well, then, *I am the executioner of Paris!*'

In the hour of triumph, Victor was confronted with the headsman of Paris. It seemed like a strange fatality. His voice failed him like his heart—he could make no comment on the declaration of his host.—Silently bowing his adieux, he descended the staircase and was soon in the saddle. A few moments' hard riding brought him to his hotel.

General O'Neil resided at Marseilles. At that period of our tale it was not unusual for military men to have naval commands and to serve alternately on sea and land. This was the case with O'Neil, and Marseilles being a naval depot, he had purchased a house there, where his wife and daughter were established in all the luxury becoming the family of an officer in high favor at the court of France.—The Countess O'Neil (for Louis, with his usual prodigality, had ennobled his favorite) was a confirmed invalid, while her daughter Leonide, the picture of health, was also one of the loveliest young women of the realm. She had her mother's delicacy of feeling and tenderness of heart, united with the high spirit and dauntless courage of her father, whom she resembled in the darkness of her eyes and hair, and the general cast of her features.

The ladies were now anxiously awaiting the general's return. The countess had been very ill lately, and though able to sit up a little and even walk from her bed-room to the saloon, yet, from the nature of her disorder, a complaint of the heart, she held her life by a precarious tenure.

At length the general arrived. After the burst of welcome which greeted him had subsided, the countess begged a private interview with her husband, and Leonide retired, leaving her parents together.

The countess began by reminding her husband of their early love—of her rejection of titled suitors for his sake, when he was a poor exile—of her fidelity and attachment through long years, and then suddenly drawing a letter from her bosom, she placed it in the hands of Victor and demanded to know its meaning.—The general turned pale as he ran his eyes over the well known characters.

'Forget me not, Victor,' the billet ended. 'Think of me sometimes—and sometimes speak of me to our son.'

'Who gave you this letter, Agatha?' demanded O'Neil.

'I found it in your secretary—for I am jealous still—jealous, feeble and dying, as in the days of my youth. But I have a stronger feeling which overmasters all others. I am a mother, and I believe I am approaching the period when my daughter must close my eyes in death. Victor, on my knees I supplicate you—it is for her I tremble, on her account I am jealous.'

'Ah, Agatha,' said the general, tenderly, as he raised the countess from the suppliant posture into which she had sunk, and placed her on the sofa beside him, 'what a cruel pleasure you seem to take in increasing your own sufferings! How much distress your causeless jealousy has already occasioned yourself and me!'

'Yet, sir,' said the countess, 'this letter is written by one you loved before me—whom you married secretly in Ireland, by whom you have a son still living.'

'That is true,' replied the general; 'but to this day he knows not the mystery of his birth. In the first place I was afraid to make him a sharer of the proscription drawn upon me by the hatred of George II and his ministers. Afterwards, I feared your jealous disposition—jealous even of the past. So that, though he was brought up under my eyes, I never acknowledged George as my son. And heaven punished me—for the boy never understood me—he repulsed my caresses—his iron will hardened itself against mine, and when I sought to treat him as a father he repulsed me as an enemy. The day after the battle of Fontenoy, where he won his first honors, he asked a lieutenantcy of the king under Bourdonnais, just appointed governor of the East Indies, and by my influence he obtained it. For eight years he has been absent from me, and he still thinks himself an orphan.'

'But you will now join him in the east, and you will forget Leonide and me.'

'Are you still suspicious, Agatha?'

'You will see in him,' continued the countess, 'the heir of your name and fame—a man who can sustain the honor of your house.—Leonide—poor child—will be neglected—forsaken.'

'How can I give you confidence, Agatha?' asked the general, much distressed.

'Swear that you will never acknowledge your first marriage—that George shall never bear your name.'

'Agatha,' said the general, reproachfully, 'your sickness has weakened your mind, or you would not urge me to commit a wrong.'

'You promised once to grant me whatever I asked. I demand your pledge.'

'I pledge you my word and honor,' said the general.

'Enough,' replied the countess. 'Plighted word was never broken by an O'Neil.'

'And,' said the general, 'till you yourself release me—I will keep my pledge. But I trust in heaven that you will do me justice and one day free me from my obligation.'

During this interview the countess had sustained herself by a great effort—her strength had been on the point of failing several times, but it had rallied as the flame of a taper on the eve of being extinguished, leaps up and flickers in the socket. To the appeal of the count, she now replied:

'Never! never! To induce you to pity my terrors, to obtain from you a solemn engagement, I summoned the remains of all my strength—they are now exhausted—look at me, Victor—look at me well—tell me if I am not dying.'

'Dying!' exclaimed the general, in a voice of agony. 'Dying, Agatha!' The head of the countess sunk and she fell back on the sofa. 'Help! help!' he shouted, 'for the love of God.'

Leonide heard the cry and rushed to her mother's side, endeavoring to revive the vital spark. At this moment a heavy peal of cannon was heard from the flag-ship in the bay, and two officers in naval uniform, accompanied by some sailors entered the saloon, to inform the general that the fleet was ready to sail.

'Is there no hope of saving her?' cried the general, kneeling beside his daughter.

'None—none,' said the countess, feebly, opening her eyes and pressing the hands of O'Neil and Leonide. 'Leonide—your father is going—don't forget what I told you—my will—your duty. Victor—remember your oath.'

These words were her last.

'Dead! dead! She is dead!' cried the general, starting to his feet. Then he turned wildly to the officers who had remained standing. 'Well—what do you want of me? By what right do you come here to contemplate my domestic griefs?' Another thundering salvo of cannon shook the house. 'The signal!' cried the general, 'they are waiting for me. I have soldiers to command—a people to govern—France to serve! For me the favor of the court—honors—glory—but happiness never—never more! Agatha is dead!' He fell upon his knees and buried his face in his hands.

Yet stern necessity compelled the general, at this moment of unexpected bereavement, to leave the side of his wife, whose dying eyes he had just closed, to tear himself from the arms of his weeping daughter, now left alone in the world, and to repair on board the flag-ship. With a fair wind, the gallant squadron cleared the port of Marseilles, and were soon standing for straits of Gibraltar under easy sail.

Victor O'Neil was an Irishman, but naturalized a Frenchman on the hard fought field of Fontenoy. Louis XV had appointed him governor of the French colony in the east, because he had reason to believe that he was better fitted than any other man in the kingdom for that high and important trust. The finances of the colony had become deranged, the royal governors had winked at corruption so long as they found means of enriching themselves; O'Neil, he knew, would neither be guilty of peculation himself, nor permit it to go unpunished in others. Again the English had of late menaced the colony and O'Neil, from his bravery and hatred of the English, could, better than any other, repel violence by violence, and force by force.

The voyage of the new governor was tedious and unpleasant. At one time a storm threatened to make wreck of his squadron.—But at length, after battling with adverse winds and tempests for five months, the fleet came to anchor in their destined port. There again an incident occurred, which was regarded by the superstitious seamen as an evil omen. The cannon at the fort, destined to fire a salute, were, by some strange oversight, loaded with grape, and by their discharge the royal ensign of France that floated from the mizzen peak of the flag-ship was rent in stripe, and a sailor was severely wounded.

The general debarked on the 28th of April 1758. He immediately took possession of the government-house and at once entered on his duties. The very day of his arrival he began his investigation of affairs. He found the garrison of Pondicherry in a state of disorganization. The soldiers were seldom paraded and were allowed all manner of license, while the officers totally neglected their duties, and were notorious for profligacy and dissipation. O'Neil issued an order that any officer guilty of insubordination or misconduct should be at once deprived of his sword and epaulets, and reduced to the ranks as a common soldier.—This stringent order caused the greatest excitement among the officers, and no one was louder in his denunciation of the tyranny and insolence of the governor, than Captain George St. Armand, his own son.

The governor was seated in his private cabinet at the end of his first day at Pondicherry, when a servant announced that a young midshipman was desirous of seeing him. O'Neil was easily accessible, and he ordered the man to admit the visiter.

A pale and interesting youth of a slight and graceful figure was shown in and left alone with the governor. The stranger remained standing near the door and appeared much embarrassed.

'Well, young gentleman, what is your business with me!' asked the governor. 'Speak out, man—my time is valuable.'

The young midshipman rushed forward and fell at his feet.

'Father!' exclaimed he.

O'Neil recognized the voice.

'Leonide!' he exclaimed, in astonishment, raising the trembling girl. 'What is the meaning of this disguise?'

'Pardon me,' said Leonide, 'pardon your poor child for obeying the dying orders of her mother.'

O'Neil frowned. 'I gave orders that no female should be allowed on board—and you have dared—'

'No one will know it, father—I will keep this uniform—I will remain by your side in joy and sorrow, in peace and in war—O, do not drive me from you.'

'Leonide, you will drive me mad.'

'No—father—think better of this—you will, when you hear the last words of my poor mother: "In the place to which your father is going there is a man who is your mortal enemy—a man on whom the general will perhaps bestow his name in spite of the solemn promise he has made me—a man who would rob my daughter of her father's tenderness and fortune. Go, Leonide, and be always present between him and the general. If he is ever on the point of forgetting his pledge, your presence will remind him of his duty."'

'And could you, Leonide,' asked the general, reproachfully, 'accept this mission of hatred and vengeance?'

'I only wished to see you, to comfort and to help you, father, as I did in France. Besides, I did not share my mother's prejudices against this young man—I longed to see my brother—for I am convinced he must be your son.'

'Silence!'

'Have you seen him, father?'

'But for a moment, girl—and then—and then—he turned his back on me. He knew not the joy I felt on beholding him again. He knows not that to me he owes the epaulets he wears. He knows not that I have wept in secret over his follies;—that I have secretly paid his debts—that, in short, I am a father to him in all but name. I am sorry to add that I have learned that he is wild and insubordinate—if so, it may be my painful duty to make an example of him.'

'I have thought of that, father, and I have thought that I might win him back by gentleness and kindness. As a woman, I recognize the full force of these influences.'

At the end of a long interview, the general finally agreed to permit Leonide to maintain her disguise and pursue her own projects. In furtherance of these designs, she sought and readily obtained an introduction to Captain St. Armand. In spite of the recklessness and cynicism of the young officer she was strongly prepossessed in his favor. Her heart told her that in him she saw a brother, and she was disposed to look with a most favorable eye upon all the good points of his character. He, in turn, was pleased with the young midshipman, and a sort of compact of good fellowship was speedily formed between them.

Far different was the intercourse of General O'Neil and St. Armand. The latter had conceived the strongest prejudice against his superior officer, and he testified it openly, for insincerity was no fault of his character. His dislike was secretly fomented by the remarks of a certain Jesuit, Lavarre by name, whose deadly hatred O'Neil had incurred by removing him from a post he had in the provincial treasury, he having been strongly suspected of dishonesty towards the government. This man was cautious and cunning; he insinuated charges where he dared not prefer them, and he knew well how to injure the character of an adversary without rendering himself amenable to the penalties of libel.

It was Lavarre who persuaded Captain St. Armand to be the representative of the discontented officers, and to carry their insolent complaints to the governor. The latter broke forth into a furious burst of passion, and irritated beyond bearing by some insolent remarks of the captain, raised his cane against the young officer. This action did not pass unfortunately without witnesses, for Lavarre, who knew very well how the dispute was likely to terminate, brought forward the colonel and his staff at the very moment the insult was offered.

The moment the general cast his eyes upon these new comers, his countenance changed, his anger vanished, and he bitterly regretted having obeyed the impulse of passion.

'Sir,' said St. Armand, in a low tone, 'from this moment our position is changed. The general who insults a subordinate officer annihilates the distance that separates them. Before you were my superior, you were a man of honor, and you must feel that you owe me satisfaction.'

The general, in his secret thoughts, acknowledged the justice of the remark.

'You are silent,' said St. Armand. 'You see that I am calm. I do not wish to irritate you further—but I must have blood.'

'I shall not fight with you,' said the general.

'You must,' said St. Armand, imperiously. 'These officers are looking at us. Blood must come of this, I tell you, or one of us will be a laughing-stock.'

'I cannot and I will not fight,' repeated the general. 'Urge me no further.'

'Well,' said the captain, sternly, 'then I have but one resource left, and you compel me to adopt it. Come hither, gentlemen,' he added, addressing his comrades, 'and take heed of what ensues.'

'George, George,' cried the general, 'what are you going to do?'

Captain St. Armand did not deign to answer the general, but addressed himself to the officers. 'Gentlemen, I have been insulted publicly by General O'Neil. Unable to obtain from him the satisfaction which one man of courage has a right to expect from another, I insult him publicly in turn. He has raised his cane over my head;—I throw my glove in his face.'

And suiting the action to the word, the captain drew off his glove and cast it in the face of the general. The latter received the insult with stern composure, while the officers, though siding with St. Armand, were astounded at the audacity of the act.

'Captain St. Armand,' said the general, after a moment's silence, 'for having insulted his general, is sentenced to be degraded to the ranks. He becomes a private, and will commence his military career anew by learning to obey his officers.'

'This man is pitiless,' cried St. Armand. 'He gives me shame instead of death.'

'Death!' thought the general, 'I too would have asked it in his situation. Like mine, his passions are ungovernable, but he has the soul of honor. It is my blood that boils in his veins—poor George! O, Agatha! how much my promise costs me!'

He sank into an arm-chair. St. Armand surrendered his sword to the colonel, and then tore off his epaulets and trod them under foot. Of all the spectators of this scene, Lavarre alone smiled with malignant triumph. This was his work.

Time rolled on. The task of the governor was painful and discouraging. He found around him nothing but selfishness, corruption, intrigue and insubordination, while, to increase the perplexities of his position, the English sought an opportunity to strike a blow at the French colony. Putting all their strength in the assault, they advanced from point to point, and finally invested Pondicherry with an overwhelming force. The general held out six weeks against the enemy, while the inhabitants began to suffer from insufficiency of food. In the meantime, Lavarre industriously circulated reports touching the incompetency and even insanity of the governor—all the sufferings of the province were attributed to him, and finally, the officers of the army, almost all disaffected to O'Neil, held a council of war and sent a message to Admiral Clive soliciting an offer of terms of capitulation from him. The Admiral immediately sent an English colonel with a flag, who was admitted in the city. This officer was introduced into the square in front of the government house at the moment the general had just ended an address to the citizens and soldiers, urging them to hold out to the last. He demanded to know his business.

'I come,' replied the English colonel, 'on the part of the British commander-in-chief, to make known to the council of war on what terms you will still be permitted to capitulate.'

'Capitulate! Council of war!' cried the general, angrily. 'Where is it? Who has dared to hold it without my authority? Who introduced you into this city?' He looked sternly upon his brilliant staff as he spoke: 'By heaven!' he added, 'if life remains, I will punish the authors of this new crime. But in the first place, colonel, since you are here in spite of me, and hold in your hand the act of capitulation, let us hear its contents.'

'It was not destined for your ears, general.'

'I'll be sworn not. But read it out, man. These gentlemen are all anxiety to hear it.'

The colonel read as follows:

"The city of Pondicherry will open its gates to the British commander in an hour.—All the posts shall be immediately occupied by our soldiers. The accounts of the French East India company shall be delivered to the bankers of the English company. The lieutenant-general, governor of Pondicherry, shall give up his sword to the British Admiral, and shall surrender himself a prisoner of war."

'A prisoner! In the hands of the English!' roared the general. 'But go on, colonel.'

"On these conditions, the lives and property of the inhabitants of the colony shall be protected, and the French officers shall march out of the city with all the honors of war."

'And this capitulation,' said the general, taking the paper, 'must have my signature as well as those of my officers.' The English envoy nodded assent. 'You made good terms for yourselves, gentlemen,' continued the general, suppressing his rage. 'You were to receive the honors of war. But, by heaven!' he burst forth, 'you shall not leave the city. This for your act of capitulation!' and he tore the paper to atoms and cast it to the winds.

'Take care what you do, general,' said the British officer.

'Now for my answer, sir,' said O'Neil.—'Go and tell your Admiral that I am and always shall be sole master at Pondicherry, that I will beat back his army, or perish in the ruins of the city. Now begone!'

Having thus dismissed the envoy, the general reviewed his troops, appealed to their honor to sustain him in this trying crisis, and adjured both the officers and the citizens to stand by the flag of France. He then retired to the government-house, where, in order to guard against the worst that might happen, he confided his daughter to the care of a faithful man-servant who had always followed his fortunes, charging him to see that she was bestowed in safety, and in case of a defeat conveyed to France. Then he took a touching leave of Leonide, who could with difficulty be separated from her father's side.

Exhausted by fatigue, watching, care and insufficient food, the general then threw himself into an arm chair, where, in spite of his anxiety, he soon sank into a profound slumber. He would have slept for hours, had the city remained tranquil, but he was suddenly awakened at night-fall by a great tumult in the streets. He heard the tramp of a multitude and the sounds of military music, which, approaching nearer, shaped themselves into the well-known air of 'God save the king!' The horrible truth flashed upon him in a moment. Treason had done its work, and the city had capitulated to the English without a blow.—Drawing his sword O'Neil rushed out of his house, frantic and despairing. He encountered a French sailor, whose countenance he could not distinguish in the dusk.

'Strike me to the heart,' said he, 'and earn the thanks of the traitors who have sold Pondicherry to the English.'

'You refused to fight me on honorable terms,' replied the voice of George St. Armand, 'but I am not armed against you now. We have a common enemy to fight. Stand fast and we will sell our lives like Frenchmen.'

'He is my own son after all!' thought O'Neil. Meanwhile the English and French troops, commingled and fraternizing, came pouring into the square, with lighted flambeaux and the crash of military music.—O'Neil was soon noticed and summoned to surrender.

He refused. A rush was made against him. The foremost assailant fell, swept down by an axe wielded by the strong arm of St. Armand. The second was cloven by the sword of O'Neil. But borne down by numbers, his companion stricken at his side, the general was at length made prisoner. Wounded and broken-hearted, he cared not what became of him, and sullenly resigned himself to his fate, since he had sought death without being able to find it. His treatment showed how little magnanimity reigned in the bosom of the victors—if such they may be called.—He was thrown into a noisome dungeon, whence he was transferred to the hold of a vessel, and conveyed in irons to England. Here he was again incarcerated, and only liberated that he might repair to France and answer the charges of maladministration and misconduct brought against him by his untiring enemies. In Paris, the city he had left not many months before, a royal favorite, and loaded with honors, a dungeon was prepared for him within the frowning walls of the Bastile, that stern monument of tyranny and sorrow. The hatred of his enemies, headed by Lavarre, seemed destined to pursue him to the grave. They accused him of the treason they had themselves committed, and he remained fifteen months in the Bastile without being examined, and without knowing before what tribunal he was to appear. The Jesuit Lavarre, who had been the soul of all the plots formed against the general at Pondicherry, was then in Paris, where he soon died, and among his papers were found two memorials, one strongly in favor of O'Neil, the other charging him with all sorts of crimes. The latter was employed in the trial that came on before the Parliament. Notwithstanding many witnesses voluntarily appeared in his defence, and among others St. Armand who had survived the fall of Pondicherry, O'Neil was found guilty of treason and condemned to death. When he heard his sentence the brave old general bowed his head in resignation.—He was contented to die—though his noble heart shuddered at the ignominy of the punishment. The night previous to the appointed day of execution he had an interview with his daughter, of whom he took a tender and heart-rending farewell. Then, summoning a priest, he made his last confession, and received the consolations of the church. The rude jailer who roused him on the fatal morning was melted to tears on beholding the prisoner sleeping tranquilly upon his couch of straw. O'Neil rose at the summons and dressed himself with as much alacrity as if he was going forth to a review or a battle-field. The tolling of the funeral bell struck no terror to his steadfast soul. At the appointed hour he mounted the fatal car and was drawn through the streets of Paris to the *Place de Greve*, where the scaffold and block were prepared, in the presence of an immense multitude of curious spectators. He ascended the ladder with a firm step and advanced towards the executioner.

'We meet for the second time,' said he to the headsman, whose pale and haggard features he recognized at a glance. 'We met before in a far different scene. You sheltered my head from the storm, your office of to-day is different.'

'I do but my duty,' stammered the headsman.

'I bear you no ill will,' replied O'Neil. 'Strike boldly—do not mangle me.'

With these words he commenced disrobing, but in the meantime there was a great commotion in the crowd below. The halberdiers who guarded the foot of the scaffold were pressed upon by some people in the crowd. They used their weapons, and one or two men were killed. Cries and menaces were uttered. In the midst of the commotion a large band of armed men, masked, rushed forward and assailed the guard. A desperate struggle ensued, but the royal troops were forced to give ground. A handful of rioters scaled the scaffold, and seizing O'Neil, bore him down the steps in their arms. One of them whispered:

'Fear nothing—you are safe. Remember Fontenoy.'

While the fighting continued, the men who had charge of O'Neil forced their way through the crowd, among whom they had numerous accomplices, and bore him from the square into a by-street. Here they dived down a low archway leading into a ruinous building.—From this they plunged into a subterranean passage which they followed for some time in darkness. At last the party began to ascend, and finally halted in a small apartment dimly lighted by a Gothic window. Here the leader of the party threw off his mask. It was Captain St. Armand.

'George!' exclaimed O'Neil. 'Is it you who have saved me from death?'

'You were innocent of the crime for which you were condemned to suffer. I could not see you murdered. Besides, your life belonged to me.' With these words, St. Armand took down two swords of equal length from the wall and offered the general his choice.

'St. Armand!' said the general, 'I insulted you at Pondicherry. You challenged me—I could not accept your defiance.'

'But now,' said St. Armand, 'you have lost your rank and authority—we are equal—why cannot you not fight me now?'

'Because,' replied the general, in a voice of mingled tenderness and solemnity, '*you are my son.* Yes, dear Agatha,' he added, raising his eyes to heaven, 'sainted spirit! the hour has arrived when I may and must speak the truth, when you, living, would have released me from my vow! My son! my son! for how many years have you misunderstood me!'

St. Armand flew into the arms of his father, who clasped him to his heart.

At a later period, when freed from all danger of pursuit, O'Neil found himself sheltered in Russia under a feigned name, and happy after all his troubles in the society of his son and daughter, he recounted to the former the whole of his past history, and the reason that had induced him to withhold from George the secret of his birth. Each had much to forgive the other, and each had conferred benefits upon the other that might well cancel and neutralize a host of injuries. From the moment of their re-union they lived in uninterrupted harmony, and, before he died, General O'Neil had the satisfaction of seeing his fair fame cleared, the sentence of the Parliament revoked, and the way open for his return to France, the country of his adoption and the birth-place of his children.

[Written for The Flag of our Union.]

### Day, Beautiful Day.

BY MARSHALL S. PIKE.

Beautiful day, beautiful day!
O that thou shouldst ever pass away!
Morn, rosy morn, breaks forth from the east,
On dewdrops and flowers to merrily feast;
And sunlight comes dancing o'er valley and hill,
Decking with meek gems the babbling rill.
Day, beautiful day,
O that thou shouldst ever pass away!

Noon, sunny noon, comes in full golden hue,
'Mong sunbeams to bathe, in the sky-arching blue;
To bask in the brightness of noontide's ray,
And live mid the splendors of dazzling day.

Beautiful day, beautiful day,
O that thou ever shouldst pass away;
Eve, quiet eve, with its shadow appears,
And kissing the daylight, bedews it with tears;
The flowers fill with teardrops, the winds breathe a sigh—
Thou day with its sunlight and beauties must die.
Day, beautiful day,
O that thou shouldst ever pass away!

### The Seven Shilling Piece.

During the panic of 1826 a gentleman named Thompson, was seated with something of a melancholy look in his dreary back room, watching his clerks paying away thousands of pounds hourly. Thompson was a banker of excellent credit; there existed perhaps, in the city of London, no safer concern than that of Messrs. Thompson & Co; but at a moment such as I speak of, no rational reflection was admitted, no former stability was looked to; a general distrust was felt, and every one rushed to his banker's to withdraw his hoard, fearful that the next instant would be too late, forgetting entirely that this step was that of all others the most likely to insure the ruin he sought to avoid.

But to return. The wealthy citizen sat gloomily watching the outpouring of his gold, and with a grim smile listening to the clamorous demands on his cashier; for, although he felt perfectly easy and secure as to the ultimate strength of his resources, yet he could not repress a feeling of bitterness as he saw constituent after constituent rush in, and those whom he fondly imagined to be his dearest friends, eagerly assisting in the run upon his strong box.

Presently the door opened, and a stranger was ushered in, who, after gazing for a moment at the bewildered banker, coolly drew a chair, and abruptly addressed him. 'You will pardon me, sir, for asking a strange question; but I am a plain man, and like to come straight to the point.'

'Well sir?' impatiently interrupted the other.

'I have heard that you have a run on your bank, sir.'

'Well?'

'Is it true?'

'Really, sir, I must decline replying to your very extraordinary query. If, however, you have any money in the bank, you had better at once draw it out, and so satisfy yourself; our cashier will instantly pay you;' and the banker rose, as a hint for the stranger to withdraw.

'Far from it, sir; I have not one sixpence in your hands.'

'Then may I ask what is your business here?'

'I wished to know if a small sum would aid you at this moment.'

'Why do you ask the question?'

'Because if it would, I should gladly pay in a small deposit.'

The money dealer stared.

'You seem surprised; you don't know my person or my motive. I'll at once explain. Do you recollect some twenty years ago when you resided at Essex?'

'Perfectly.'

'Well, then, sir, perhaps you have not forgotten the turnpike gate through which you passed daily? My father kept that gate, and was often honored by a few minutes' chat with you. One Christmas morning my father was sick, and I attended the toll bar. On that day you passed through, and I opened the gate for you. Do you recollect it, sir?'

'Not I, my friend.'

'No sir; few such men remember their kind deeds, but those who are benefited by them seldom forget them. I am perhaps prolix; listen, however, only a few moments, and I have done.'

The banker began to feel interested, and at once assented.

'Well, sir, as I said before, I threw open the gate for you, and as I considered myself in duty bound, I wished you a happy Christmas. 'Thank you, my lad,' replied you—'thank you; and the same to you; here is a trifle to make it so;' and you threw me a seven shilling piece. It was the first money I ever possessed; and never shall I forget my joy on receiving it, or your kind smile in bestowing it. I long treasured it, and as I grew up, added a little to it, till I was able to rent a toll myself. You left that part of the country, and I lost sight of you. Yearly, however, I have been getting on; your present brought good fortune with it; I am now comparatively rich, and to you I consider I owe all. So this morning, hearing accidentally that there was a run on your bank, I collected all my capital, and have brought it to lodge with you, in case it can be of any use; here it is;' and he handed a bundle of bank-notes to the agitated Thompson. 'In a few days I'll call again;' and snatching up his hat, the stranger, throwing down his card, walked out of the room.

Thompson undid the roll; it contained £30,000! The stern-hearted banker—for all bankers must be stern—burst into tears. The firm did not require this prop; but the motive was so noble, that even a millionaire sobbed—he could not help it. The firm is still one of the first in London.

The £30,000 of the turnpike-boy is now grown into some £200,000. Fortune has well disposed of her gifts.

### Parisian Women.

The pretty women who keep the flower-shops in the fashionable parts of Paris, reap a rich harvest of golden Napoleons during the Carnival; and when their trade gets a little dull, sometimes set their ingenuity at work to devise means to brighten it up a little. There was a shop in the Passage Colbert, which was a favorite resort of Americans. One day, during the Carnival, about a dozen young Americans received each a note beautifully written on scented paper, asking each of them to be at a particular place in the *foyer* of the opera at a given moment, and saying if they cared anything for the fair writer, as she must of course be supposed to be fair, they would buy a bouquet of flowers at a certain shop at a certain hour. Each received the same note but as they all were requested to keep the matter quiet, neither one mentioned it to the other. Of course the flowers were bought, and each one at the appointed time met the lady in the domino, but could not make out who she was. As the hours appointed for meeting were not the same in any two cases, the young gentlemen never discovered the parts they were mutually playing, until after some three weeks of appointments and deferments. They finally came to the understanding among themselves—invited the lady in one of the boxes—pulled off her mask, and found, to their utter confusion, that she was the very woman who kept the flower shop in the Passage Colbert, and who had sold thirty-six costly bouquets by her ingenious stratagem.—*Souvenirs of Travels.*

To dream of a mill-stone around your neck, is a sign of what you may expect if you get an extravagant wife.

To see apples in a dream, betokens a wedding, because where you find apples you may reasonably expect to find pairs.

To dream that you are lame, is a token that you will get into a hobble.

When a young lady dreams of a coffin, it betokens that she should instantly discontinue the use of tight stays, and always go warmly and thickly shod in wet weather.

If you dream of a clock, it is a token that you will gain great credit—that is, tic.

To dream of fire is a sign that—if you are wise—you will see that the lights in your house are out before you go to bed.

To dream that your nose is red at the tip, is an intimation that you had better leave off brandy and water.

To dream of walking barefoot, denotes a journey that will be bootless.

To dream of eggs, is a sign that you will discover a mare's nest.

'Upon my soul,' said B—— to his friend N——, 'I have just seen a man who has deeply excited my sympathy.'

'Who is it?'

'A man who has the greatest desire to be blind in one eye.'

'Who induced you to believe that!' replied N——, with his usual indifference.

'No one,' said B——, 'for I heard him with my own ears pray Heaven to let him see with only one eye.'

'Have done your jesting,' replied N——; 'I can never believe that a man who has two eyes should desire to lose one, the idea is absurd.'

'Zounds!' said B——, greatly astonished, 'is it possible that I forgot to tell you that the man is *blind*?'

A Persian merchant complaining heavily of some unjust sentence of the lower court, was told by the judge to go to the cadi.

'But the cadi is your uncle,' urged the plaintiff.

'Then you can go to the grand vizier.'

'But his secretary is your cousin.'

'Then you may go to the sultan.'

'But his favorite sultana is your niece.'

'Well, then, go to the d——l.'

'Ah, that is a still closer family connection,' said the merchant, as he left the court in despair.

A sentimental youth, having seen a young damsel shedding tears over something in her lap, took the first opportunity to be introduced to her, and made no doubt that she was a congenial spirit.

'What work was it that affected you so much the other morning? I saw you shed a great many tears. Was it Bulwer's last?'

'I don't know what Bulwer's last is,' returned she, but I assure you I was engaged at something which always almost kills me. *I was peeling onions.*'

The girls at Cohasset make nothing of going into the water and bringing out a shark or mackerel by the nose. They dig clams with their toes, and open quahogs with a pinch of the fingers. They live chiefly on sea fare so that, when kissed, they taste salt, and when they die, are preserved half a century. Their hair, in their old age, turns into dry sea-weed; and, if they have worn caps in their old age, the cap is stiff, and glittering with crystallizations of salt; and, if you fall in love with them in their youth, you find yourself in a pickle.

A 'notion' seller was offering Yankee clocks, finely varnished and colored, and with a looking-glass in front, to a certain lady not remarkable for personal beauty.

'Why, it's beautiful,' said the vender.

'Beautiful, indeed!'—a look at it almost frightens me!' said the lady.

'Then, marm,' replied Jonathan, 'I guess you'd better buy one that hasn't got no lookin'-glass.'

One of the officers of a volunteer corps was boasting a few evenings since that he 'kept the company up,' and said 'Why I got the men out, drill them, make the arrangements, pay the bills, in short, I am captain, lieutenant, treasurer, and orderly sergeant.'

'You seem to be your own *trumpeter*, also,' remarked a bystander.

The venerable Pickle Pickleby says—'Read your Bible, Jabez, study the laws of Moses, and don't repeal any of 'em; mind the ten commandments tu', and the 'leventh likewise, and don't sell the birthright of the Yankee nation for a mess of potash, and the day may kum when you will be a minister to a penitentiary, or a secretary of negotion.'

*Reveille.*

George the second, at a masquerade, observed a lady whose dress displayed rather a large portion of her shoulders and chest. 'Madame,' said the monarch, 'allow me to place my hand upon that soft bosom!' 'Sire,' replied the lady, 'give me your hand, and I will put it upon a much softer place.' She took his hand and laid it on—*his forehead.*

'Was Mr. Brown a very popular man when he lived in your town?' inquired a busy-body of his friend. 'I should think he was,' replied the gentleman, 'as many persons endeavored to prevent his leaving; and several of them, *including the sheriff, his deputy, and several constables,* followed him for some distance.'

'In old times,' remarked Mrs. Ordway, 'when I was a gal, the women-folks used to wear brocades and other heavy fabrics, worth something. Now, they wear a parcel of French stuff, just like *tinder.*'

'The reason,' interrupted Beman, 'is that they wish to *catch the sparks.*'

The N. Y. Globe says that the editor of the Tribune was received with great consideration at Cincinnati. He arrived in the evening, and all the streets were lighted up—it was a dark night. The next morning all the church bells were set a-ringing—it being Sunday.

A Philadelphia editor calculates that he escaped the cholera in 1832, by occasionally taking 'five drops of camphene on a lump of sugar.' We do not suppose the editor intended to 'make light' of the matter, but it only required the putting of a wick in his mouth, to have effected it.

A book was published in England during the protectorate of Cromwell, with the following title—'Eggs of Charity, laid by the Chickens of the Covenant, and boiled by the Waters of Divine Grace; take ye, and eat.'

It has generally been supposed that each oyster was happy in his own shell; but the Fourierites propose that large shells shall be made capable of holding some six hundred oysters, and the small shells be rejected.

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## ZULEIKA:

OR,

## THE CASTILIAN CAPTIVE.

*A Romance of the Time of Ferdinand and Isabella.*

BY MARTHA A. CLOUGH.

[CONTINUED.]

### CHAPTER V.

No art was spared, no witchery; all the skill
His demons taught him was employed to fill
Her mind with gloom and ecstacy by turns—
That gloom, through which frenzy but fiercer burns;
That ecstacy, which from the depth of sadness
Glares like the maniac's moon, whose light is madness. MOORE.

TIME went on, and the wily Almyaz, the better to accomplish his plans, had begged the pardon of the proud king, and been again admitted to court. Though it wrung every fibre of his haughty heart, he knelt before the man who had wronged him, whose ruin he had solemnly sworn to effect; knelt, confessed that he had been in fault, and begged the monarch's forgiveness for having dared to offend him. Again he was restored to his councils, again was his majestic form seen moving through the marble halls of the Alhambra, and the king inwardly congratulated himself upon having regained so wise a counsellor, and so true a friend!

Alas! how often are the basest motives veiled by a garment of hypocrisy! How often are words of friendship uttered by those who are really our enemies! Ah! God pity such deceivers—there is a fearful record of their thoughts, even in the annals of the Almighty. God pity them!

Yet, though the Moor wreathed his lip with hollow smiles, and his tongue with fearful falsehoods—though to the court and the sovereign he seemed a true, a loyal subject, his revenge was slowly though surely progressing. Never for an instant had he faltered in his purposes, never had he felt a pang of remorse for the woes he had already caused; in early years, conscience had gleamed over the stormy waves that tossed so restlessly his soul, like a beacon to light him to a more unruffled sea; but now the clouds of passion had gathered so darkly around him, that not one faint glimmering ray ever pierced that impenetrable gloom. His was to be a three-fold revenge. Aben Hassan he hated for the wrong he had done him—Ayxa, the once peerless Ayxa, for the ambitious spirit that had made her reject his love for the throne of his foe—Boabdil, because he was her son,—because she loved him with all the tenderness of which a mother is capable—because she lavished on him all the affection of her impulsive nature. In her youth she had bartered the love of her heart for the brilliant station of a sultana, and when she listened to the eloquent and impassioned language with which her royal suitor wooed her, it awoke no answering echo from her spirit's harp; she gave him her hand, but not her affection, ah, that went not with the gift. She hoarded it carefully in her soul, till at length, she yielded it up to Boabdil. Every hour she trembled for his fate, and yet no one had ever heard from her one word of her sorrow. She had known no happiness since she slighted her early lover for the crown of a queen. The glittering bauble had ever oppressed her; from the moment when it was placed upon her brow she had been wretched. It required all the strength of mind which she possessed to conceal her misery, and her meanest slave led a pleasanter life than she. Would she not have been happier in the castle of Anam, than in the splendid halls of the Alhambra! for, had she never wronged him, perchance his dark passions had never been aroused. Ah, it was at a fearful cost that she purchased that high station—that glorious residence—that jewelled coronet!

The other favorite queen of Aben Hassan, styled by the Moorish people, 'the light of dawn,' on account of her matchless loveliness, was her deadly enemy. Ayxa, a zealous Mahometan, regarded the Christian sultana with aversion, and the aspiring Fatima, fearful that Boabdil would succeed to the throne of his father rather than her own sons, took every occasion to lower both the prince and his mother in the opinion of the king. The wily secretary, disguised as a friend to the younger queen, had whispered many surmises in her ears, and advised her to watch the movements of Ayxa and her son closely. By her rare loveliness, artful insinuations and persuasive eloquence, she had gained complete ascendancy over the old monarch. He became a tyrant in his family, and the pathway of Ayxa and the prince became strewn with thorns. Daily altercations ensued, and the unhappy sultana scarcely dared to close her eyes at night, lest the king or some emissary should take her life.

Twilight's gray shadows were mantling round the snowy peaks of the Sierra Nevada, and Ayxa la Horra sat in her private apartments, surrounded by her attendants. She was reclining on a low couch, beside a small table. Various articles of female apparel were scattered about—half-open caskets—a profusion of ornaments—robes of delicate hues and textures, and mantles of rich materials, splendidly embroidered. They were arraying her for a banquet to be given that evening to the ladies of the court, and a bevy of beautiful maidens clustered around her; one, whose long, black tresses floated like a cloud around her sylph-like form, was fastening the gemmed clasp of the queen's slipper—another, whose brown hair fell in heavy braids upon her shoulders, was placing upon the brow of her mistress a diamond coronet—another, with bright, golden curls and rosy cheeks, was clasping a heavy bracelet around her finely-rounded arm. Three or four other fair girls stood near—one smoothing the folds of a costly garment—one replacing the dazzling gems in their caskets—one toying with the golden plumage of a pet bird pecking against the gilded bars of its gorgeous cage, and one gazing wistfully from the window, and tearing in pieces one of those roses from which the fragrant attar is distilled. At length the toilet of the sultana was completed, and, as she rose to behold herself in the mirror, her attendants gazed upon her as if she had been a goddess. She was no longer in the flush of youthful loveliness, that had won for her the admiration of Aben Hassan, but on that night she was indeed beautiful; perhaps the thought that Zoraya's charms were to compare with her's before their subjects had deepened the bloom on her cheek and the light in her eye; be that as it might, she had not for months seemed so lovely. She wore a robe of velvet, of the hue that we see upon the nodding racemes of the cardinal flower, which accorded beautifully with her olive complexion, and gave a tinge of its own rich color to her face. It was ornamented with silver leaves, and clusters of emeralds, and looped with the same gems at the sides, revealing a dress of embroidered satin. Over this fell a garment of gossamer-like lace, circled at the waist by a girdle heavily wrought and adorned with jewels; on her forehead glittered that blazing diadem—that diadem for which she had bartered so much, and on her swan-like neck a chain attached to an amulet on which was engraven a 'Koorsee text.' One glance she cast at the mirror, one glance at her majestic form, and then turning away, said softly:

'Namouna, hie thee to the princess Morayma, and request her to come hither!' and as the attendant glided from the apartment, the sultana fixed her gaze upon the floor, and seemed lost in thought. The noble lady whom she had sent her maiden to summon was the wife of Boabdil, and her beauty and gentleness had won the love of the mother. A light footfall sounded in the corridor, and in a moment the princess entered. She was indeed a magnificent creature; with her brilliant countenance and her regal costume, and as Ayxa looked upon her, a feeling of pride took possession of her soul.

'Come hither, dearest,' she said, in her most melodious tones; 'come hither,'—and as her daughter came to her side, she scanned every fold of her robe, every article of her dress minutely, as if some weighty matter were depending upon her appearance.

She wore a superb garment of snowy brocade, and a mantle embroidered with silver and pearls; a tiara of rubies and emeralds shone among the bright, golden ringlets that floated upon her shoulders, and bracelets of the same jewels circled her symmetrical arms.

'Thou art very tastefully robed, love,' said the queen, as she met the inquiring gaze of the young princess. 'I would change nothing; those pure colors well accord with thy style of beauty;' and as she spoke, she wound one of those glossy tresses around her slender fingers.

'And thou, thou dost look unusually majestic,' exclaimed Morayma, 'unusually brilliant.'

A mournful smile passed over the features of the mother.

'Once,' she answered sadly, 'once, when I had numbered no more years than thou, they called me the "diamond of Granada." Then I prized the flattery of the courtiers; now, alas, it sounds hollow-toned and sickly!'

Tears glittered in the eye-lashes of the princess as she concluded, and as the wretched Ayxa saw them, she said:

'Nay, nay, love, thou art sad. I will not detain thee longer. When two hours have flown, meet me in the ante-room.'

The radiant Morayma bowed gracefully, pressed her lips for a moment upon the hand of her mother, and then hastened away.

Scarcely had she disappeared when a page announced the king, and bidding her maidens depart, Ayxa silently awaited his coming. As he entered, she saw that his face was flushed with anger, but she met him with the same self-possession that ever characterized her deportment.

'Who has just been closeted with thee, Sultana Ayxa?' he asked, with a bitter emphasis upon the last words.

'The Princess Morayma, your highness,' calmly replied the queen.

'Ah, ha,—the Princess Morayma! What new mischief are ye plotting? Methinks thou art arrayed for the banquet!' exclaimed the king, vehemently.

'Yes, sire.'

The calmness of the queen seemed to irritate him still more.

'And thou hast chosen a scarlet garment, because, forsooth, thy early lover, Anam, admired this color; because a plume tipped with crimson ever decked his cap; because his followers bore into the field the banner of his house decked with that hue. I see it all; thou hast ever seen fit to be partial to it in thy dress. Thou hast never loved me, woman. Thou didst become my bride for my throne—not for me—not for me. Thou dost still sigh for thy lover, thy early lover.'

He paused and looked earnestly at his companion, who had drawn herself up to her full height; she was indeed glorious in her majestic and matured loveliness, and despite his anger he gazed admiringly upon her. For a time her face was more eloquent than words could have been; now her cheek grew red, now pale—her brow knit fiercely, and her frame shook with the indignation that had at length burst from a heart long since taught to mask every feeling. At last the emotions, pent within her soul like the hidden fires of a volcano, broke forth in utterance:

'Talkest thou thus to me?' she asked, scornfully. 'Let memory revel mid the ruins of the past, if thou wilt! Since thou hast not forgotten Anam, perhaps thou dost remember when thou didst woo me in my father's palace. Thou didst not trust thy suit to an ambassador, but urged it thyself. Dost recollect the fervid eloquence with which thou didst pour forth the story of thy love?—love, tyrant, which thou didst represent as changeless as the joys of Paradise! And I, I never talked to thee of affection—I never told thee I loved thee. I did not stain my soul with falsehood. Thou talkest of thy throne, thou seest the crown which did become mine when I wedded thee—It sits upon my brow as heavily as iron. I tear it thence.' And she snatched it passionately from her head and trampled it beneath her feet with an energy that astonished the cruel monarch.

Hitherto she had ever spoken to him calmly, or borne his taunts in silence. It was not without a strong effort that she had done this; for they fell not upon her lightly; every one was a poisoned arrow that sank into her heart to quiver there forever. She could not forget them; they were written on memory's tablet in 'letters of lava.' From year to year she had hoarded her wrongs within her soul, till now, like the waters of a stream, swollen by summer rains, they had burst their barriers and gushed forth in a shower of bitter words. The spirit that had so long struggled in the fetters with which she had bound it, now soared aloft like an unhooded falcon, and sent forth a cry of defiance.

For a moment after her passionate reply, the king seemed completely bewildered. The room was silent as the vault of a chancel. Still stood the injured queen with her foot pressed upon the diadem, and a fearful smile lingering around her lips.

'I would not condescend,' she said, at last, as she lifted her eyes to the face of the monarch, 'I would not condescend to trample thus thy foul heart!'

Every vindictive feeling of Aben Hassan was now fully aroused; he sprang towards her and grasping her arm rudely, exclaimed:

'Darest thou speak thus in my presence, woman!'

'Dare!' echoed the high-minded Ayxa, 'I do not fear thee! I have long been silent—long locked my wrongs within my soul; now they have gushed forth—now I have spoken! I scorn thee!'

'By my royal sceptre, this is too much!' shrieked the enraged monarch, and he drew from his girdle a sword and waved it above the head of the queen.

'Strike, sire,' said she, as she looked upon the weapon; 'fain would my spirit wander among the blest to the regions of Paradise.'

'Dost thou repent of the crime of having spoken thus in my presence?'

'Nay! Repent! Never!'

'Then shalt thou die! My throne is in danger!' and he drew back his arm for the fatal blow, when a tall figure, robed as he had last seen Anam, seized his hand and gazed searchingly into his face. Heavy fetters were upon his feet and wrists, and a ghastly wound was visible upon his neck.

'Wretch!' muttered a low, sepulchral voice; 'how often thou dost call the shade of the murdered Anam from the spirit-world by thy wickedness! How darest thou wrong thus her who did love me? who did barter her love for thy throne? She has never known that she wedded him who gave me this fearful wound,' and he placed his bony fingers, on one of which gleamed a ring that had long ago been given him by Ayxa, upon his throat. A loud shriek rang through the apartment, as the sultana saw the jewel—a shriek so full of anguish and remorse, that even the king was touched by it, and the next moment Ayxa la Horra fell senseless to the floor.

### CHAPTER VI.

'This is the web and woof of all my schemes—
To charge life's chalice at thy lips with gall;
To blight ambition's hopes, and make thy soul
Regret the hour thou barteredst for a gem
The heart that beat alone for thee,
And turned the current of a joyous love
To passion's wild and troubled surge.'

NOISELESSLY as he had entered, did the intruder glide from the room, while silent and pale Aben Hassan gazed upon the prostrate form of his bride. It was a strange scene that on which the monarch looked—the beautiful though wretched countenance, with the long, dark hair falling about it, and the tears lying crushed and trembling between those silken eye-lashes—the majestic figure robed so gorgeously, with the hands all glittering with jewels, clenched so wildly, so despairingly, across that miserable heart! Ah! those rich garments, those flashing gems, bitterly contrasted with the being they adorned! Slowly the king replaced his sword, took from the floor the coronet, and placed it upon the head of the senseless woman, and then quitted the apartment. Ten minutes had not passed since the sound of his retreating footsteps died away, ere a secret door flew open, and the young princess looked cautiously into the room. As she saw the motionless Ayxa, the bloom that glowed upon her cheeks faded—with a piercing cry she staggered towards her and placed her tiny hand upon her forehead.

'Cold, cold!' she muttered, 'what, if she is dead!' and as she spoke the attendants of the queen, whom her voice had aroused, rushed into the apartment.

'Thus—I found her,—' faltered the princess, and she sank down upon the seat which her mother had occupied and buried her face in the cushions.

With many exclamations of horror, the young girls gathered around their mistress, and raising her gently, placed her upon a couch. They took the heavy ornament from her head, smoothed back her raven hair, and sprinkled powerful perfumes over her brow.

'Some new tyranny of Aben Hassan's,' whispered one of the maidens. 'I heard loud and angry voices after we were dismissed.'

'Hush, hush,' said another, and as her voice died away the consciousness of the royal sufferer seemed to return. She drew her hands from the maiden that had clasped them, and passed them over her forehead.

'Leave me!' she said, with a slight shudder, 'leave me!'

As the attendants stole noiselessly away, she saw for the first time the Princess Morayma.

'Come hither, love,' she said, softly. The beautiful woman obeyed, and as she knelt beside her and gazed imploringly upon her, she continued:

'How long hast thou been here?'

'Only ten minutes,' replied the princess. 'Wondering at thy delay, I dared to hasten hither to tell thee that in one hour we shall be summoned to the banquet.'

'And thou didst find me—'

'Senseless! Methought thou wast dead!'

'Some strange tidings quite overpowered me!' said the queen, tremblingly; 'leave me, dear one, again. At the expiration of the hour I will be with thee—go now, love—go!'

With some reluctance the fair Morayma obeyed her, and as she disappeared, the unhappy Ayxa went with an unsteady step to a casement whence might be seen the palace that had once been Anam's, and leaning her head against the gilded carving around the window wept long and bitterly.

How many recollections the dome of his palace awakened—how many sweet associations clustered around the princely dwelling of her sire beyond it! How many times she had wandered forth with her early lover beneath the orange trees that waved in her father's grounds—how many times had she listened to the thrilling words there poured into her ear! She saw the jasper fount by which she stood with him when they pledged their vows, and when she placed upon his hand the gem which a few moments before she had seen for the first time since they parted. She heard the low tones of his lute, with which he had often delighted her in her favorite bower—she remembered when first they met—when last they parted! She saw now the wide-spreading branches, beautiful leaves and tempting fruit of the tall citron-tree beneath which she had stood with him on the evening of the day when Aben Hassan had offered her the crown that had so dazzled her. She remembered the words she had uttered—the farewell, all, all were treasured in memory's mystic cell. Long had they been locked there, but the sight of the spirit had aroused them, and they passed before her mind's eye now, like spectres from the grave of the past.

'Would that my ambition had not coveted a throne!' she said, despondingly. 'Would that I had been happy and contented in my father's castle;' and with these words she brushed the tears from her eyes, and turned despairingly from the window.

'I must subdue this grief,' she continued: 'The guests must not even suspect that I have been weeping!' and she placed both hands upon her burning temples and paced to and fro in the apartment. To and fro, to and fro she walked, till her head that had been bowed so mournfully was as proudly balanced on her arching neck as in her happiest moments—till the lips that had quivered so like wind-shaken rose-leaves became as haughtily curved as in the days of yore—till the eyes that had been humid with tears flashed as brilliantly as when she first entered the Alhambra, a monarch's bride. All this she saw as she glanced at a mirror—but she perceived too, that her cheeks were pale, and still gazing at the reflection of her features, she grasped a gilded flask in which was a crimson fluid.

'Not that,' she ejaculated as she saw it, 'not that,' and all her agony seemed to return as she wildly thrust it back; it had been the gift of Anam. Again she clasped her hands across the heart throbbing so loudly beneath her jewelled robe—again the tears gushed from her eyes—again with a mighty effort she became calm. Grasping another flask she poured the whole of its odorous contents into a golden ewer, and bathed her pale face, and swollen eyes—in a few moments those large orbs sparkled with unusual brightness, and her cheek glowed with a richer crimson than that which lies in the unfolded petals of a damask rose.

Ah! the hour previous to the banquet had been strangely spent by Ayxa la Horra, but when she sought the festive halls with the Princess Morayma, and the other ladies of the court, no one would have dreamed that a stern mental conflict had so dreadfully shaken that Juno-like form, and bowed that superb head. Filled with conflicting emotions as was the soul of the suffering woman, her hand never trembled—her step never became unsteady—her voice never faltered. But when the fete was over—when the guests had all departed, she tarried on her way to her own apartments in a small saloon, her favorite resort when first she became an inmate of that splendid palace. Bidding her ladies leave her alone, she paused by a fountain in the centre of the room and sprinkled the cool water over her feverish brow. As she stood there, the king unattended crossed the hall; he paused when he saw her an instant, and a dark frown shrouded his countenance as he said, harshly:

'What business has the Sultana Ayxa here at this hour—what doth she here?'

'Commune with her own thoughts!' replied the queen, and as she fixed her eyes upon him, she saw that he quailed beneath her glance.

Without another word he passed on, but soon after he had disappeared, a page entered and sauntered idly to the window, as if to gaze into the courtyard, but in truth to watch the movements of Ayxa. This she well knew, and her lofty spirit would not submit to such surveillance.

'To send that minion hither to spy my actions,' she said to herself, 'it shall not be!' and turning proudly towards the intruder, she said:

'We would be alone—leave our presence, sir page!'

The boy hesitated an instant, but he dared not disobey, and without speaking he departed. A half hour the queen waited, but the page came not again, and she then went to her room and sought her pillow. There was no sleep for her that night—her thoughts were too bitter to allow her repose—her memories of by-gone years still haunted her, and more than once the ghastly form of Anam arose before her!

And Aben Hassan? He sought no rest—ten thousand times the spirit darted across the chambers of his imagination—ten thousand times that thrilling voice rang in his ears. The injured queen, too—vague rumors had of late reached him, that she was plotting to dethrone him, and raise Boabdil to the station he now occupied; and as he remembered her indignation, her ironical replies, he began to fear her.

While his royal victims were suffering so acutely, Almyaz and his secretary were seated in his castle; had Ayxa la Horra looked into the dark apartment where the secretary had first heard the tale of his master's early love, she might have seen the garments in which the spirit had appeared—the fetters—the ring. Alas! she knew nothing of the revenge of her Anam; but she was sinking deeper and deeper in the misery with which he had surrounded her! Deadly hatred had taken the place of the love which once dwelt in his heart; and he was slowly though surely weaving a snare, in which, not only Aben Hassan, for whom she had rejected him, would soon be entangled, but even herself and Boabdil. Well might the Moorish people have applied the appellation of 'El Zogoybi,' 'the unfortunate,'—to the unhappy trio!

### CHAPTER VII.

'For the heart hath a dearer wealth than lies
In the earth's wide halls and argosies;
And its hopes are more precious than gems or gold,
When richest and rarest by miser told!'

IT was a glorious summer afternoon. Brightly shone the sun over the royal city of Granada, and the fertile plain around it. A gentle breeze rustled the foliage of the fruit-laden trees, the swaying blossoms and the golden grain, and ruffled the silvery waters of the Xenil and the numerous streams into which the ingenuity of the Moors had diverted it. A band of Spanish cavaliers superbly mounted was seen moving across the plain, and at sight of them persons of all ranks and occupations seemed equally astonished. As they approached the city, the peasant, gathering the heavy clusters of grapes in his vineyard, paused in his task and peered through the broad leaves to admire their fine chargers, and the children around the cottage doors ceased their sports to look upon their waving plumes and shining armor. As they entered the gate of Elvira, and rode slowly through the streets, the merchants in the bazaar looked up from their costly fabrics and precious jewels, to see the rich housings of those spirited coursers; the noblemen roused themselves from their siestas and ascended their lofty watch-towers to look upon their stately bearing and glittering weapons; and the maidens cast aside their lutes, and hastened to the windows, to obtain, if possible, a glimpse of their faces, and to gossip concerning their graceful forms.

At an open casement of her father's castle stood Zuleika, and the Circassian slave. As the maidens looked upon the splendid retinue, a cavalier, mounted on a noble Andalusian steed beautifully caparisoned, riveted her gaze. As he passed, he cast an earnest glance at the window. His dark, brilliant eyes were familiar to the Moorish girl; they had often haunted her dreams since the night when they were bent so admiringly upon her in her father's palace—since the hour when a bird-like song floating up from the tranquil garden had greeted her ears—since a bouquet of rare blossoms had fallen at her feet. She had never expected to meet again the musician who had so deeply captivated her girlish fancy, but her heart told her that the handsome minstrel and the Spanish knight were one, and she hurried from the casement to her own room, almost overpowered with the discovery which she had made. When she reached her apartment, she took the carefully preserved bouquet from the ebony cabinet which had been its hiding-place, and selecting one of the faded blossoms, twined it among her glossy curls; then replaced it, and throwing herself upon an embroidered divan, sat till sunset with her eyes half-closed, as if her imagination were wandering through the enchanted realms of dream-land. As the sunlight faded from her apartment, she summoned Aylla, and bade her sweep the strings of her lute. The slave obeyed, but the mistress seemed wholly unmindful of the songs she sung, till the notes of another lute mingled with her own; then the young Zuleika started from her seat and listened. The sounds came from the court-yard, and as the Circassian heard them, she knew as well as the Moorish maiden whose hand was arousing those entrancing strains, and as they ceased she said, softly:

'It is the same musician that sang in the garden long ago!'

'Yes, Aylla,' replied the mistress, and as she spoke, the flush on her cheek deepened.

There was a death-like stillness in the room for a time; but at length an attendant came to summon Zuleika to listen to the melody of the musician in her father's favorite apartment. She started up, and was hastening away, when the mournful face of the petted Aylla met her eye.

'Thou shalt come, too,' she said, kindly. 'I will ask his lordship.'

Swiftly she tripped away; not, however, before she had snatched the blossom from her hair and concealed it among the folds of her robe.

When she entered the room of Almyaz, the musician stood at a respectful distance from the nobleman, trifling with the lute-chords, and the smile, all unheeded by her sire, that lighted up his countenance on her entrance, fell like a gladdening sunray upon her spirit. Without appearing to notice him, she glided to her father's side and whispered:

'My favorite slave, my lord—the fair Aylla, may she not come hither, too?'

'As it pleaseth thee,' replied Almyaz, smiling; 'thou wast so enchanted with this minstrel's melody before, that I summoned thee again; let the slave come, too, if thou wilt.'

'Ten thousand blessings be upon thee!' ejaculated the girl, and she stole from him as she spoke, and disappeared through the open door.

When she again entered, the secretary occupied a seat near her sire; and winding her arm around the snowy neck of Aylla, she led her to some cushions beneath the window and placed herself beside her. As the stranger played she scanned his form more minutely. Though clothed in Moorish garments, and to all appearance naught but the humble musician that he seemed, she knew that he and the Spanish cavalier were one, and many a story that her maidens had repeated to her of Christian lovers in disguise flitted across her brain. His manners were even more constrained than before; but the music which gushed forth at the touch of his fingers was more brilliant and entrancing than then; to the nobleman he seemed like some humble individual who forgot his station when the melody of his lute hovered round him; to Zuleika, a cavalier of noble birth, who found it a task to disguise his lofty bearing and high rank beneath the coarse garments of a plebeian musician. When he rose to depart, her opinion was confirmed by the scornful expression of his countenance, and the momentary hesitation of his manner as he received the gold which her father offered him. Another marked this too—the secretary—and when he had crossed the threshold he sauntered to the window and watched him till he passed from the courtyard.

When Zuleika and the slave had left the room, he stepped quickly to the side of the nobleman, and said:

'Thou hast had a message from the palace, my lord, since the Spanish cavaliers entered the city so proudly?'

'Yes, Eletar.'

'I would know its import,' continued the youth; 'I would know on what errand these knights have come?'

'To demand the tribute which till the reign of Aben Hassan has been paid to the Castilian crown,' said the Moor, sneeringly.

'And the names of the cavaliers?' eagerly inquired the secretary.

'Do not ask—I cannot tell thee—I heard, 'tis true, but I will not sully my tongue or my memory with their vile names! It is enough for me that they are hated Spaniards!'

The eyes of Eletar gleamed fiercely, and a strange smile flitted over his face.

'Will it be paid—this tribute?' he asked.

'Paid! Art thou a Moor, and dost thou ask such a question? Paid! never!'

Again the youth seemed agitated:

'This is all I wished to know,' he said, turning away. As he passed into the castle-hall the nobleman accompanied him.

'Whither goest thou, my lord?' he inquired.

'To the Alhambra;' and thus they separated; the secretary to seek the solitude of his own room, and the nobleman the halls of the royal palace.

Long past midnight the wakeful Zuleika heard the rustling of leaves beneath her casement; and then another witching song greeted her ears. Noiselessly she opened a secret door and summoned Aylla; the two fair girls knelt upon the cushions and listened eagerly to catch every sound. As the music ceased a package came through the casement and fell upon the floor. Zuleika snatched it up and hastily unfastened the clasps of a casket of exquisite workmanship. It contained a single golden cross adorned with brilliants. The large blue eyes of the Circassian dilated with wonder.

'Whence, whence hath it come, dear lady?' she asked in a voice scarcely audible.

'I cannot tell, pretty one—the bouquet was destined for me—mayhap this is for thee—the musician saw thee to-night, for the first time!'

The slave took the costly gift and examined it more closely; a low, silvery laugh broke like the chime of a bell from her lips.

'See, see,' she said, returning the cross to her companion, and pointing to a cluster of rubies forming the name of Zuleika.

'Now I know whence it has come,' she continued! 'Dost recollect the cavalier that gazed so earnestly upon thee, as we watched the Spanish knights this afternoon? This is the emblem of their faith. The Cross is the gift of the Christian. I marked the admiring expression of his eyes, as he looked upon thee. It's his gift!'

'But the music beneath the window but now; that was surely the minstrel's lute that breathed those strains,' retorted the Moorish girl, still gazing upon the beautiful present.

The Circassian seemed lost in thought; suddenly a gleeful smile wreathed her face.

'I have heard of gay gallants wooing fair maidens in disguise,' she said, archly. 'Mayhap this is some Castilian nobleman, who has heard in his own land of the beauty of Zuleika, the peerless daughter of Almyaz, and hath come hither to woo her as a minstrel!'

The beautiful Zuleika listened in surprise to her slave; she had not thought that the joyous Aylla had a suspicion of the truth. Slowly she replaced the cross in the casket and then concealed it in the cabinet where she had hidden the flowers.

'Aylla,' she said, 'thou hast been my companion, my pet, from childhood. Thou wilt not betray to mortal what thou knowest concerning the—the songster?'

'Sooner would I renounce forever my hopes of eternal felicity, dearest lady, than whisper a word to harm thee!' replied the devoted girl.

'I believe thee,' exclaimed the mistress, 'I know thou wilt never injure me;' and throwing her arms about the slave she went with her to her sleeping apartment.

* * * * *

The Spanish ambassador and his retinue were leaving the royal city of Granada; their demand had been heard, and a reply given; and as they moved toward the gate which they had entered, many a curse was muttered by the suspicious Infidel.

In the glorious palace of the Alhambra had Aben Hassan listened to the communication of the proud de Vera. No wonder that there, mid all the magnificence of his princely home, with the royal robes and jewelled crown of a monarch—with the powerful nobles of his realm around him—with the delightful country in which his people dwelt visible from the divan on which he sat—no wonder that he returned the defiant answer that he did.

'Tell your sovereigns that the kings of Granada who used to pay tribute to the Castilian crown are dead! Our mint at present, coins nothing but blades of scimitars and heads of lances!'

These were the words that the haughty Moor might have been expected to utter in reply to such a demand. What cared he, though the Spanish sovereigns at once commenced hostilities; there were thousands of strong arms and valiant hearts to follow him to the field—his kingdom had many a fortress—many a watch-tower—many a castle of defence, and why should he fear? Ah! he had no reason to submit to the humiliating demand of the ambassador, and so he responded haughtily, and the knightly band mounted their steeds and returned to their homes.

As they passed the castle of Almyaz—the cavalier who had attracted the attention of Zuleika and her maiden as they entered, cast another earnest glance at the princely dwelling. Perhaps he saw in the balcony the form of the Moorish maiden, the fame of whose beauty had been wafted to his own land, and whose image was henceforth to be stamped indelibly upon his memory. She was very young; scarcely fourteen summers had passed over her head, but her matchless loveliness had already been the theme of many a tongue. Not only had the youthful cavaliers—the old noblemen, and the stately dames of Granada, heard of the beautiful daughter of Almyaz, but her name had been wafted over the snowy peaks that separated the Moorish dominions from those of their foes, and the gallant knights and gay ladies of the Spanish court had often talked of the loveliness of the fair Zuleika.

When for the first time after his return to his native land, the handsome cavalier dismounted in the courtyard of his father's castle, he saw in the hall-door his fair cousin—a proud and ambitious maiden, who had from childhood been an inmate of that ancestral dwelling.

'How fares it with thee, good cousin Leon?' asked the lady, as he ascended the steps, and she extended her hand as she spoke:

'What hast thou seen in Granada?'

'The daughter of Almyaz, the Lady Zuleika, of whom thou hast heard!' gaily replied the knight.

'And is she beautiful?' eagerly asked his companion.

'Peerless—ten thousand times more lovely than she has been represented.'

A slight blush suffused the countenance of the Spanish maiden; she withdrew her hand from the young nobleman, and uttering some complimentary words hastened to her own room.


[TO BE CONTINUED.]


### Schools of Crime.

That building, on the front of which you may read 'Juvenile Refuge and School of Industry,' might long have been designated by its present name. But a few years ago, it was a refuge for juvenile thieves, and a school in which they were industriously trained in the arts of deception and plunder. A part of the process is thus described by an eye-witness. 'Let us look in at the upper room, (now the girl's school.) Here were fifty youths met around their master, as able a one in his calling as England could produce, listening, with undivided attention to his instructions on the 'map,' (a pair of trowsers suspended from the ceiling), on the subject of 'fobology,' or pocket-picking. After this course of tuition, the next was the mock trial, an imitation of the Old Bailey Court, with a fac simile of its functionaries and ordeal, done with very great taste, and calculated to make the young rascal not only expert in extracting from the fob or pocket, but clever in defence. To encourage the young novice in his first essay, he was supplied with a glass of gin below in the tap, (now the dining-room of the children.) If successful, then he returned for the purpose of reporting his success, and having a game of skittles in the skittle ground, (now the boy's school-room.') For many years this system of education was carried on without molestation, for so desperate were the parties engaged in it that even the police were afraid to interfere. At last they removed to another public house, a few yards off, now known as 'The Working Men's Institute.' For a considerable time were the same practices carried on in the new dwelling, until the circumstances compelled the landlord to give it up. But although this focus of crime was abandoned, the conduct of these outlaws of society remained unchanged. The streams had run too long and too deep to be easily dried up. Hundreds of youths are now prowling the streets of the metropolis, who were educated in these nurseries of crime, acquainted with no other means of living than robbery and theft. Groups of them may be seen in the company of men grown gray in sin, standing about the corners of Duck-lane and old Pye-street, gambling with the very gold and silver they have stolen from the unsuspecting shopkeeper, or extracted from the pockets of the street passenger. Would you believe it, reader, that some of these ragged fellows may be found sitting beside you in your pew at church, dressed as respectably, and even more fashionably than yourself; and who will watch the opportunity of your departure, to relieve either you or some of your fellow-worshippers of the money you may have in your possession? A friend of ours lately asked a young man if he ever went to church. 'I often go,' said he; 'I prefer going to St. M——'s, because I do most business there.'—*Ragged School Union Magazine.*

### Man's Food.

What do men really live upon? The answer will be various enough. The Guacho, who, in the wide pampas of Buenos Ayres, managing his half wild horse with incredible dexterity, throws the lasso, or bolas to catch the ostrich, the guanaco, or the wild bull, consumes daily from ten to twelve pounds of meat, and regards it as a high feast day when in any hacienda he gains a variety in the shape of a morsel of pumpkin. The word bread does not exist in his vocabulary. The Irishman regales himself in careless mirth on his 'potatoes and point,' after a day of painful labor, and cannot refrain from making a joke even of the name he gives to his scanty meal. Meat is a strange idea to him, and he is happy indeed if four times a year he can add a herring to season the mealy tubers. The hunter of the prairies lays low the buffalo with sure bullet: and its juicy, fat-streaked hump, roasted between two hot stones, is to him the greatest of delicacies. Meanwhile, the industrious Chinese carries to market his carefully fattened rats, delicately arranged upon white sticks, certain to find good customers among the epicures of Pekin; and in his hot smoky hut, fast buried beneath the snow and ice, the Greenlander consumes his fat, which he has just carved, rejoicing over the costly prize, from a stranded whale. Here the black slave sucks the sugar cane and eats his banana; there the African merchant fills his wallet with sweet dates, his sole sustenance in the long desert journey; and there the Siamese crams himself with a quantity of rice, from which an European would shrink appalled. And wheresoever over the whole earth we seek hospitality, in almost every spot a different kind of food is set before us, and the 'daily bread' offered in another form.—*Schleiden.*

### Give me your Baby.

We saw a poor woman sitting on the steps in front of a hotel, on Fifth street, the other morning, holding a pale yet beautiful infant in her arms; in one hand she had a saucer containing a few pennies. She was about thirty, and neatly clad, although the dress was of the cheapest material. One could see that her position in life had been better, and perhaps a happy one for years.

Our attention was arrested by a crowd of well dressed ladies, who were standing around and endeavoring to beg the baby.

'What a sweet child!' said one.

'Poor little dear!' said another, 'how I should love it, if it were my own!'

The mother drew the child closer to her bosom, but said not a word.

Another lady, in whose face one could see at a glance, a fountain of charity and love, seemed more intent in the child than any other.

'Give me your baby,' said she, 'and I will take good care of it.'

The poor woman looked up for the first time, with a face so melancholy, and the tears trembled in her eyes. 'No, madam, I thank you for your kind feelings, but I cannot part with the only thing I have left to love on earth!'

This was enough. The lady dropped a half eagle upon the saucer, and turned away in tears. The others opened their purses, and placed their offerings in charitable sociability with the gold piece. We added our mite, and walked away a happier and a better man.

*Cincinnati Commercial.*

### The Way to Win.

At one of the anniversaries of a Sabbath school in London, two little girls presented themselves to receive a prize, one of whom had recited one verse more than the other, both having learned several thousand verses of Scripture. The gentleman who presided inquired—

'Ann, couldn't you have learned one more verse, and thus have kept up with Martha?'

'Yes, sir,' the blushing child replied; 'but I loved Martha, and *kept back on purpose!*'

'And was there any one of all the verses you have learned,' again inquired the president, 'that taught you this lesson?'

'There is, sir,' she answered, blushing still more deeply: '*In honor preferring one another.*'

THE FLAG OF OUR UNION.

[Written for The Flag of our Union.]

# JULIA BURTON:

OR,

## THE AMERICAN POST CAPTAIN.

A HOME STORY.

BY FRED. HUNTER.

### CHAPTER I.

*The Three Travellers.*

Far away to the northeasterly point of Cape Ann, at the outer verge of the rough shore, there stands a rugged line of boulders—facing the Atlantic—high, bold, forbidding in their appearance—and threatening indeed to the eye of the mariner who chances to come in sight of them, with an easterly gale behind him! Upon the shore, about a quarter of a mile inward, in sight of this same projecting range of rocks, and always within sound of the roaring surge, which lashes and breaks over the natural sea-wall alluded to, there stood, in the year 1812, a small and rudely-constructed dwelling, sufficiently insignificant, to all outward appearance, for the residence of the veriest hermit—but into which we must invite the company of the reader, at the commencement of our present tale.

The old hovel was but a one-storied house, and its decayed and weather-worn condition evinced plainly that it had withstood the attacks of many a wintry storm and summer's heat, for the dingy shingles were displaced and sadly warped, or splintered. The scene around the hut was silent and uninteresting, and, save the occasional chirp of a stray squirrel, or the motion of a passing bird, no sound broke the quietness of the spot, unless an occasional visiter chanced along, on his way eastward, or an uninitiated wayfarer straggled thither—as was but rarely the case—to pass a single night, perhaps, or to procure a single meal; for, dilapidated and inferior as was the hut, an old sign might have been seen near the door, upon which were rudely traced the words, 'ENTERTAINMENT HERE, FOR MANN AND BEASTE.' Let us enter this humble and time-worn building.

It was evening—calm, bright, and beautiful, and the wind had lulled into quiet, since sunset. Within the cot, there sat three strangers, two of whom had but just arrived, and the third had been in the house since the dinner hour. The first two were conversing in a low tone, in the old-fashioned room, away from the neighborhood of the other, who took no interest in their conversation, apparently, for he seemed, by his nodding and lolling, to be enjoying the relief of a nap, after his journey. In spite of these appearances, however, the stranger was wide awake—and a quick ear was stealthily devouring every syllable of the dialogue which was transpiring between the two travellers across the apartment!

'You are certain of the location, you say?'

'Yes,' replied the other.

'But you haven't been here, before?'

'Never mind, we are right.'

'How old is she?'

'Nineteen, this month.'

'And pretty?'

'Beautiful!'

'—'sh! Not too loud,' replied the other, cautiously, pointing to the stranger who now seemed stirring, though still asleep.

'Who is that?' asked the first speaker, pointing across the apartment.

'I don't know. Some customer of the old man's.'

'This Burton is a queer old file?'

'Yes, to be sure.'

'And notwithstanding appearances, you say he is so wealthy too?'

'As I have stated to you, already.'

'When did you see *her* last?'

'Three years since; she was then but sixteen.'

'Three years?' exclaimed the other—'she may have gone to Guinea, ere this time; I fancied you had met her quite lately,' continued the speaker, evidently surprised.

'It matters not, I know old Burton. He is all too chary of his prize, too fond of his money, to part with her. There was a youngster—one Dumont, I think his name was—who sought the hand of this fair girl, about the time I speak of.'

'What was he?'

'A lieutenant in the navy, if I recollect aright. A handsome youth, too, was this same Dumont; but his means were small, and Burton forbade him his house.'

'What became of him?'

'He went away, whither I do not know; but Burton, or his daughter, never heard from him again. In the many skirmishes which have since transpired, the chances of his turning up again are small.'

'Here comes our host,' said the first speaker, abruptly, at this juncture; and as he spoke, a door opened at the further end of the low apartment, and a rough-looking man, the presiding genius of the hovel, old Burton, himself, entered the room.

'Give you good ev'nin', gentlemen,' said the landlord, as pleasantly as he knew how; and advancing, he shook hands with his old acquaintances, whom he had not forgotten.

The younger stranger, who had sat apart from the others, during this dialogue, arose as the landlord entered, yawned, as if just recovering from a nap, and asked if he could be accommodated for the night.

'Yes,' said Burton, bluntly—and as his host seemed to eye him closely, for his apparel was none of the best, and his boots were covered with dust, the youth seemed to understand the look. Drawing forth his purse, he handed the landlord a ten-shilling piece of gold, and remarked,

'I may tarry with you during to-morrow.'

The old man took the coin, the youth retired soon after to a small room on the right, and the two first named travellers found themselves alone with their morose and money-loving host.

### CHAPTER II.

*The Nuptial Preparations.*

'Who is this youngster?' asked one of the twain, a few minutes afterward, addressing the landlord.

'I don't know him—never saw him before. He arrived here this afternoon, an hour or two before you came.'

'Well, old gentleman, what has become of the little daughter we used to meet here. Upon my word, I have just thought that this is exceedingly dull, and I miss her. Not married off yet, eh?'

'No—not yet. But you are just in time, gentlemen. She will be a wife, to rights.'

'How soon, pray?'

'To-morrow.'

'Possible?'

'Yes. She will wed to-morrow.'

'Who is the happy man, Burton.'

'Who should it be but my friend and neighbor, Cost Worlden?'

'A neighbor, you say?'

'Yes. That is, he lives five miles hence. But he is my fast friend. Something older than Julia, to be sure, but then we don't mind that, you see. He's well-to-do in the world, and she'll fancy him better, when she knows more of him.'

'Then she doesn't admire him, now?'

'O, Juley's a child—only nineteen, you see, what does *she* know about what she fancies, pray! I don't ask her. She's my daughter, and I've learned her to be obedient. But come, supper should be ready.'

At this moment, the door opened again, at the rear of the great room, and a mild voice was heard to say, 'it waits, father.' The three men immediately repaired to the eating-room beyond.

The youthful stranger had heard every syllable that passed, through the crevices of the old door which separated him from those who took part in this conversation, and as they left the main apartment, he threw himself upon the side of the rude bed in his little sleeping-room, and groaned in spirit.

Something seemed to oppress him, deeply. He had known much of sorrow, in the few years which thus far he had numbered, but his hopes had been ardent, he had relied upon the promise of one whom he had taught himself to believe could not deceive him; he had centred the ambition of his existence upon a single object; he had labored, and toiled, and sacrificed his health, for but one aim, and the prospect before him grew darker and darker, alas! as he pressed forward. But the end was now at hand!

A gentle being, pale as a water-lily, delicate, to all outward seeming, as an infant, presided at the board which had been neatly and carefully spread, in obedience to her father's commands, for the entertainment of his guests; and Julia Burton—once the blooming, rosy, smiling daughter of the landlord of that old inn, was now but the shadow of her former self! In spite of her sickly appearance, however, the traces of a ripened beauty still pervaded her lovely face and person, and the strangers were evidently delighted with the conversation—brief as it was—of their fair young hostess.

The eldest of the pair, was a British officer, residing in Boston, at this time, and his companion was a fellow-countryman, an adventurer, in search of a pretty wife, who possessed a fortune in her own right. His friend had met with Julia Burton years before, and he embraced an early opportunity to visit the old homestead, where he calculated upon finding the maiden still single, and for whose hand he fancied himself competent to negociate, in his friend's behalf. As we have seen, however, the old miser had headed them, by agreeing to Julia's marriage with a man old enough to be her father—but who chanced to be *her* father's choice; and the wedding had already been fixed, weeks before, to take place upon the day following their arrival at the hovel, as it happened.

Julia would have smiled upon her parent's patrons, and her will would have prompted her to render herself companionable, for the time being, to the strangers—but her mind was well-nigh distracted, her heart was bleeding, her misery was terrible. She feared her father's rash and wilful temper, and after suffering the thousand importunities which attended the preliminaries to a union with the man she hated, she at length assented to the nuptials, and within twenty-four hours, Julia Burton was now to be a bride!

The meal was ended, the company repaired to the great room, and Julia soon found herself alone in her solitary, cheerless chamber. From a small casket which she extracted stealthily from an old trunk in the corner, the weeping maiden drew forth a miniature, over which, as she gazed in sadness, the hot tears of grief fell quickly, though the heart's fountain had now become nearly dry. But those tears were for him she loved—the lost, discarded, but still treasured and beloved Theodore Dumont!

But, alas! it was now too late to weep. Years had passed away, since the poor lieutenant had been rudely driven from her father's presence, when he had proposed for her hand, and she had never heard of him, from the hour they were separated. Still, her tears flowed—as fresh as on the day when she saw him depart. And the coming morrow would see her *a wife!* The thought was madness.

### CHAPTER III.

*The Wedding, and the result!*

Morning came. It was spring-time, and the few birds which scattered themselves among the blossoms that now decorated the low trees around that humble dwelling, sang out their notes of joy right merrily, and the mild wind seemed softer and balmier than usual, even in leafy June, while the bright, warm sun shone with more than ordinary brilliancy upon the quiet earth, and everything seemed full of promise, on that beautiful bridal morn.

Within the hovel, there were seated at the table, the three travellers, and at its head presided old Burton, for Julia was not expected to appear, there, on her wedding morning. It was arranged that she should be married to Worlden at an early hour in the forenoon. Already half a dozen guests had reached the inn, and among the new-comers was the minister from the nearest village, who was to officiate on the occasion.

Julia Burton had at length attired herself in a plain white muslin, and already Cost Worlden had reached the domicil of his future father-in-law, from whence he purposed, within another hour, to bear away to his own lonely dwelling, as bright a bud of promise as ever yet was seen.

The jest passed from the lips of the two Englishmen, and the father seemed to enjoy their converse right cheerily, but a heavy sadness seemed to pervade the mind and the conversation of the young traveller, who, from the moment he set foot in the house, had seemed to be eagerly in search of something, or some being, whom he had not found. The guests had at last arrived, the bridegroom had become impatient, and Julia was summoned, at length, by her parent.

'We wait the bride,' remarked the clergyman, and again old Burton called upon his daughter.

'One moment longer, father!' said a feeble voice, from a small ante-room, and the sacrifice was soon to be accomplished.

The travellers had mixed with the few friends and neighbors who had congregated to witness the ceremony, and the bridegroom approached the door of Julia's room. In another moment, he turned towards the now quiet group in the great room beyond, bearing upon his arm the beauteous, gentle girl, who had been destined by her heartless, avaricious parent to become the wife of him she utterly loathed!

As she advanced towards the centre of the room—pale, trembling, and faltering at every step—a violent tremor suddenly seized upon the frame of the young man, who stood foremost in the company of witnesses, and who advanced a step, put forth his hands, and, as her eyes met his, he shrieked aloud—

'*Julia!*'

The company sprang to their feet, the two Englishmen advanced at the same moment toward the bride, but she had fallen forward, senseless, into the arms of *Theodore Dumont!*

To attempt to separate the bewildered lovers, and rudely too, was the effort of but an instant on the part of the father and the intended husband, and the rage of the former knew no bounds.

'Who *are* you?' he cried, stamping his foot with rage; 'who are you, that thus dares to interrupt these ceremonies? Away, I say, tear him away, gentlemen! This is my daughter, my only child, my Jul—'

But the girl had fainted, and the whole company were deeply distressed at her prolonged insensibility, which most of them deemed a fatal stroke; for her lips were bloodless, her cheeks were pale and cold as marble, her form for a moment was rigid as if she were dead!

The father seized upon young Dumont, whom he now recognized, and the bridegroom, in his jealousy and excitement, aided the old man to drag the youthful stranger away. The female friends had taken charge of the poor suffering girl, and now the traveller struggled in the arms of the infuriated father and the ill-disposed bridegroom. The Englishmen interfered to prevent the stranger's being too roughly handled, for in spite of their own disappointment, they were not inclined to see the youth abused, personally—but their good offices came too late.

Old Burton had clutched the collar of the stranger's coat, while Worlden grasped the intruder upon the opposite side. Together, they were in the act of thrusting him rashly from the inn, when the homely dust-covered surtout which he wore was torn from his person, and, *beneath it, there glittered the richly-ornamented uniform of an American post-captain!*

'Where is he?' said Julia, a moment afterward; 'where am *I?* Was it a dream, only a dream? Tell me—tell me, is he here?' and looking up, again, her faithful lover bent over her, and quickly drew her to his panting heart.

The little party were astounded, the father became pliant, at once, the bridegroom stood aside, amazed and chagrined, the English gentlemen were very respectful, and civil as gentlemen could possibly be!

At the expiration of an hour, matters had been fully explained, and to the entire satisfaction of all the parties most directly interested in the strange scene. The intended husband bit his lips, and finally departed, without his purposed bride, homeward.

It proved that the poor lieutenant who had been so roughly ejected from old Burton's premises three years before, had left the dwelling of his loved Julia, determined to win a name and station which should meet her father's views, and fortune rewarded his endeavors.

He was deserving, valiant, brave; and his promotion in the navy had been rapid. At the expiration of three years, he returned with all his honors 'blushing thick upon him,' and forthwith he sought the humble cot where he had left his blooming, loving Julia.

The rose had faded on her cheek, and he met her, after that lapse of time, an altered being, crushed in her hopes, about to become an involuntary bride. His visit was timely, however; his position was satisfactory, she continued faithful to the last, and after mutual promises, apologies, and explanations, old Burton consented to atone for the fault he would have committed, but for the unexpected interruption—and promised his daughter to wed her own choice, on the spot.

The tables were turned—the ceremony was performed—and Julia *did* become a bride, as the old man had promised, that very morning. Together the three officers departed immediately, for Boston, and for many a year they remained fast friends. The bride was happy, indeed, and as her health returned again, the bloom upon her cheek was renewed, and Dumont believed that his Julia, if possible, was handsomer now, than when he parted with her so rudely, three years before.

[Written for The Flag of our Union.]

### A Serenade.

BY MATURIN M. BALLOU.

I.

Clear the moon is shining—
Wake, lady, wake!
My heart for thee is pining—
Wake, dearest, wake!
The stars are winking in the sky,
As zephyrs sing their lullaby!

II.

Fragrant dews are falling—
Wake, lady, wake!
The nightingale is calling—
Wake, dearest, wake!
Softly glides the river bright,
Silvered by the mellow light.

III.

Fairy feet are dancing—
Wake, lady, wake!
With the starlight glancing—
Wake, dearest, wake!
Where the river skirts the glade,
There the festal scene is made.

IV.

I sing to thee in duty—
Wake, lady, wake!
And add another beauty—
Wake, dearest, wake!
To moon and stars, and all things bright,
And then, indeed, I'll sing good night.

### The Governor and Mad-man.

One of the oldest inhabitants of Boston has furnished the following anecdote of old Governor Leverett, as an illustration of the force of courage and ingenuity upon a mad-man:—

One morning, many years ago, a stout, burly built maniac, in a paroxysm of insanity, burst out of the Asylum, and on his way, a musket, heavily loaded, fell into his hands. With this formidable weapon, mounted with the terrible bayonet, the mad-man rushed out into the city, and pretty effectually clearing the street, he was marching along. Turning a corner, he suddenly came upon Gov. Leverett, and was on the point of making a point-blank charge upon the vitals of the old Governor, who, comprehending his danger, in a single glance at the fellow, and drawing himself up square and firmly before his dreadful antagonist, he hailed him thus:—

'Ho! brother soldier, have you learned your exercise?'

'Yes, I have!' said the fellow, with a great oath.

'Then, brother,' said the governor, 'stand to your arms, like a vigilant soldier, while I give the word of command.'

The mad-man seemed pleased, and stood bolt upright, with his musket fitted close to his shoulder in regular drill order.

'Poise your fire-lock!'—the fellow did so: 'Rest your fire-lock!' the fellow obeyed; 'Ground your fire-lock!' this he did; 'Face to the right about—MARCH!' says the governor—and the mad-man wheeled and stepped away, the governor quickly ran up behind, seized the powerful fellow and the musket, and held him until several lookers-on—standing at a safe distance and watching this curious scene—came to the governor's assistance, and the mad-man was secured and carried back, in an awful rage to his quarters.—*Sunday News.*

[Written for the Flag of our Union.]

## ADVENTURE WITH A PIRATE.

FROM THE LOG-BOOK OF A NAVAL OFFICER.

BY EDGAR W. DAVIES, JR.

'About two years since it became my fortune to command a sloop-of-war in the service of Great Britain. By what steps I arrived at this station it is unnecessary to detail, but it is sufficient for the purposes of my chronicle to know that one fine morning I found myself duly installed as commander of her Britannic majesty's sloop-of-war Semiramis, twenty guns and one hundred and ten men, and sailing with a brisk breeze from the harbor of Portsmouth, bound for Montego Bay, Jamaica, with special directions to cruise in search of a piratical schooner which had been committing depredations in that vicinity. As you perceive I was short of hands, but at Montego Bay I was to receive a draft of some seventy or eighty men, who were accustomed to the hot latitudes of the gulf and the Carribean sea.

'A quick and prosperous voyage brought us safely to our destined port, where we remained a week or ten days, filling our berths and restocking the vessel with fresh provisions and water. This interval I spent on shore, and as I had friends there I soon became intimately acquainted with some of the first families in the place; among others were two young ladies from Boston, who were spending a few weeks with a relative, and with one of these, Emily D——, I was so much struck, that her beauty touched my heart at first acquaintance, but when I afterwards discovered that her virtues, power of mind and gentleness were equal to her loveliness, my admiration changed to a tenderer sentiment. I did not then know that my feelings were reciprocated by the fair girl, with whom I passed much of my time. At last all was in readiness for my departure, and I was compelled to bid her adieu, not without receiving earnest and pressing invitations to call on her parents, who were in wealthy circumstances, if I should chance into Boston harbor in the course of my duty.

'The next morning we left Montego Bay, and cruised hither and thither among the neighboring islands, but without success. At the end of a month we returned to port, having seen nothing of the pirate, but on reporting progress to the naval officer of the station, I was astonished to hear that the corsair, which, by the way, was called the Agradin, had plundered and burnt a vessel on the coast a few days previous, so that I received orders to sail again the next day in pursuit of the schooner. Calling at the house of Emily D——, I was told that she and her sister had sailed for Boston a week before in the Danish barque Frederica.

'About dusk that evening, as I was preparing to ride out with a friend, a messenger from the station-officer placed in my hands a note which ran thus:

"Captain G——, Sir:—I have just received information that there is a suspicious-looking craft lying at anchor in a cove two miles distant. Though I have no evidence that she is anything out of the way, yet it may possibly be that this is the pirate. At all events it would do no harm to send a few men to reconnoitre, so that, if it should be the Agradin, we may take measures for her capture. Yours, etc., etc."

'I at once determined to reconnoitre the vessel myself, and handing the messenger a note to my lieutenant, ordering the latter to have the Semiramis ready for sailing at a moment's notice, I gave the horse the rein, and seated in a light vehicle with my friend, drove rapidly away toward the cove, which I knew lay just beneath the shelter of a high promontory. A short time sufficed to bring us to the summit of the wave-washed eminence, and looking downward from our high position our attention was arrested by a dark object floating on the surface of the little bay far below us.—The evening was sufficiently light to enable me at once to decide on the character of the object, which my experienced eye told me was a vessel of seventy or eighty tons, and from the fact that no lights were visible on board, though rough voices were heard from the beach beneath, I began to suspect all was not right. Desiring my companion to remain with the vehicle, and in case of any alarm to drive directly back to the harbor and acquaint my second officer with the fact, I made my way down the steep side of the promontory, which was covered with tropic shrubbery to the water's edge, determined to reconnoitre the suspicious vessel.

'A few minutes enabled me to attain a position near the foot of the eminence, and stopping to listen, I found the voices I had heard were those of men engaged in carousal and drunkenness in a fishing-hut, swearing and brawling over their liquor. While thus listening, several men sprang suddenly from a clump of bushes and attempted to seize me; I drew a pistol, but just as I pulled the trigger the weapon was dashed from my hand, and ere the explosion had fairly rung out I was thrown violently down and pinioned. One of my captors expressed a desire to immolate me at once, but the others restrained him, and from various phrases of their conversation I discovered that I was really in the power of the pirates of the Agradin. They placed me in a boat, rowed me to the schooner, on the deck of which I soon stood, while one of the pirates narrated to a ferocious-looking scoundrel whom they addressed as captain, the story and circumstances of my arrest. With an ominous scowl he ordered them to carry me into his cabin till he had time to settle my affairs, as he said; as they hastened to obey him, I heard him give command to bring on board all the crew and set sail at once, as he knew not what mischief was brewing.

'I was thrown upon the cabin floor and left alone to my meditations, which were rather unpleasant. But a moment after a state-room door opened, and a female voice, speaking in tones of surprise, met my ear. The voice was familiar, and on looking up, to my astonishment I saw Emily D——! She sprang to my side, and at my request took my pocket knife from my waistcoat pocket and cut the fastenings on my wrists. My hands once free, it was but the work of an instant to sever the cords upon my ankles, and springing to my feet I bolted the door of the cabin so that none might enter. Emily seized my arm and implored me to save her and her sister from the power of the pirate, who had threatened them with a fate worse than death. In a few words she told me that the vessel in which they had taken passage had been overhauled by the pirates, plundered and burnt, she and her sister having been alone reserved from the horrid massacre of all on board. She clung to me with the nervousness of despair, begging me to rescue her from the fate that seemed impending over her. I felt then, as her tear-bathed face was brought close to mine, that I loved her, and I felt that she loved me in return. It was a joyful knowledge, and nerved my heart for the work I had on hand. At this moment, though I felt my power was nothing against that of the desperate crew, I vowed to her that I would save her or perish with her. The look of confidence that beamed from her eye more than repaid me for all the dangers I subsequently underwent.

'I looked from the window of the cabin, and finding it close to the water, endeavored to induce her to trust herself in the liquid element with me. I could have swam with her to the shore, but the generous girl utterly refused to leave her sister, who was unwell in a neighboring state-room, and I determined to remain with her and defend her to the last. Looking narrowly in the cabin and state-rooms I soon had the satisfaction of finding three or four brace of pistols, several loaded muskets, and a large amount of ammunition. My resolutions were soon made, and after piling all the furniture of the cabin against the door, I charged the fire-arms, and awaited the course of events. It was a desperate resolve, but it was a desperate case; and the winning manner of the lovely, yet terrified Emily, for whom I now felt a most intense anxiety, impelled me to brave any danger.

'A few minutes after, the sounds on deck told me the sails were being hoisted; after that the motion of the vessel indicated that she was under weigh. Ten minutes elapsed and footsteps were heard descending the stair to the cabin. Then some one turned the handle and essayed to open the door. At last the man, whom I supposed to be the commander, cursed and swore in a storm of rage, and called out to those on deck to know who had locked his cabin and taken away the key. At this several persons spoke, and after much conversation with their angry captain, lights were brought down, and looking through the key-hole I perceived half-a-dozen of the pirates with hammers prepared to break open the door. I knew the moment for action had come, and grasping firmly a brace of pistols, awaited in silence the denouement. Crash, crash, crash, the hammers struck the lock from without; it was broken, and the door opened on a crack, but the furniture I had piled against it prevented ingress. I had extinguished the lights in the cabin, and placing one of the pistols to the aperture I fired, and one of the villains fell,—another pistol was discharged with like effect, and not till yet another had laid a third of the astonished wretches groaning at the foot of the gangway, did the rest hastily betake themselves to the deck. But even there they were not secure, for I could see one standing at the top of the stair, relieved against the starlit-sky. I knew there was little hope for me, except in the death of the pirates, and thrusting a musket through the crack of the door, I deliberately shot the person whom I saw.

'The Rubicon was crossed, the deed was done, and I prepared to meet the consequences. I felt that it was now life or death with me, and on my fate hung that of the one who was dearer to me than my own life.

'Reloading the weapons of destruction, I stood ready at the door, but for some reason the pirates did not seem inclined to renew the attack. I was unable to conjecture the cause of their silence, till Emily sprang to my side, whispering in terror, "the window! the window!" I stepped lightly to the stern windows through one of which a man was softly clambering, and by the indistinct reflection from the water I saw that in his teeth he held a glittering knife. The danger was imminent. I dashed my foot forcibly in his face and he fell heavily into the water. His cry for help was stilled by the suffocating brine of the wave, and he sunk with all his crimes upon his guilty head into a watery grave.

'At this moment a volley of musket-balls was fired from the deck at the cabin door, heavy footsteps thundered down the gangway, and the axes of the pirates soon resounded on the echoing wood. It would have been an easy matter to have shivered the door to pieces, but ere they could do so I was again at the portal, and fired seven or eight pistols at random through the aperture as fast as I could do so. This had its effect, for the wretches retreated again to the deck and consulted together. But my horror and alarm may be conceived, when I heard the captain order his crew to unloose a six pounder from its tacklings, wheel it to the gangway, and fire a few rounds of grape at the cabin door. I knew if this were done that my barricade would be shattered to pieces, and the doom of myself and Emily sealed.—I listened attentively, heard them throw off the fastenings of one of the schooner's guns, roll it to the gangway, and prepare to fire it. In their eagerness they forgot prudence, for to enable themselves to see better they placed a lantern near the gun. I saw the gun pointed toward the cabin door, a pirate stood ready to apply the deadly match: watching the motions of the villain, I raised a musket, and ere he could effect his purpose a bullet laid him dead beside the gun. Another picked up the match; again I aimed, but my weapon flashed in the pan without exploding. I sprang aside from the doorway, but instead of the volley of grape which I expected would crash through my barricade, the sound of a distant gun echoed over the waters, and I heard a ball strike on the deck of the schooner. In an instant all was confusion above, the captain cried out that they were discovered, and ordered them to extinguish every light, that they might escape in the darkness. I knew from their conversation that the gun I had just heard was fired from some pursuing vessel, and conjecturing it to be the Semiramis, my own sloop-of-war, I determined to defeat the intentions of the pirate captain. Springing to the state-room where lay Emily's sister, I took down the lantern which hung from the ceiling, and fastening the corner of a sheet to the top I let it down toward the water through the stern windows, that those on board the Semiramis might know whither to direct their fire. The effect was beyond my hopes, for the next instant I heard the report of the whole broadside of the sloop-of-war, the balls from which took fearful effect on the schooner's deck, and as I knew from the sound of one of her masts crashing over the side.

'The desperate pirates now exchanged several broadsides with the Semiramis, but the third from the sloop-of-war was decisive, for a heavy rattling sound succeeded, and I knew the schooner now lay dismasted and unmanageable on the waves. No more firing was heard, but the sound of voices and the dashing of spray told me that my own ship was close at hand. I removed the furniture from the door of the cabin sufficiently to permit my egress, and with a pistol in each hand rushed up the stairs just in time to head a gallant party of boarders who sprung from the Semiramis to the schooner's deck as the former grazed past. I shouted to them, and recognizing my voice they followed me in a desperate charge upon the dark group of villains who had gathered on the forward deck. The pirate captain received a bullet in the head from one of my pistols and fell; boldly my men strove hand to hand with the wretches, and in a few minutes every corsair on board had been either killed or taken, and the shouts of my noble crew and the signal lanterns we displayed gave token to those on board the Semiramis that the schooner was our own.

'Not long after, I had the satisfaction of transferring Emily and her sister to the ship, and the first person I met on my own deck was the friend who had accompanied me to the cove. He had heard the pistol-shot which I fired when the pirates first seized me, he had put the horse to the trot, and reaching Montego Bay in from fifteen to twenty minutes, threw himself into a boat, boarded the Semiramis, told the lieutenant what had happened, and pointed out the course to be pursued, which resulted so happily in the capture of the pirate. In an hour or two we entered port with our prize, and the joyful news of the affair spread like wildfire. On my way to report to the commander of the station, I had the happiness of accompanying Emily and her sister in a coach to the house of their friend, and promised the grateful girl to call soon.

'Every evening that week saw me at the house where Emily resided, and when a fortnight after I set sail for England I bore on my finger a plain gold ring, the pledge of my fair one's troth; for I had told of my love and been accepted, and it was arranged that I should obtain my discharge from the British service and hasten to Boston, in the course of the year, to claim for my bride the lovely heiress, my own Emily D——.'

About a year after the above was written there appeared in the papers of Boston the following notice:

'Married on the 21st of September, by the Rev. Mr. ——, Charles G——, Esq., late captain in the British navy, to the lovely Emily D——, daughter of the Hon. Raphael D——.'

'The pleasures and festivities of the happy event so occupy my mind, and the society of my Emily so engrosses my time, that for the present I must close my log-book, and reserve the remainder of its contents for another occasion.'

[Written for The Flag of our Union.]

### Waiting for Thee.

BY O. G. W.

Waiting, weary waiting,
I watch and pray for thee,
As looks the shipwrecked sailor,
For morn upon the sea.
My heart is wrecked and sinking
In the ocean of despair;
And thou alone canst give it
The ray to save it there.
But the pall is still around me—
The clouds break not away;
The fiend of night has conquered
The angel of the day.

My spirit, upward springing,
Amid the lingering night,
In the fruitless search is winging
Evermore to thee its flight.
The dove of thought is roaming,
Ever roaming, wild and free;
To seek the branch of promise,
Wherever it may be.
O'er the goal of stormy passion
It makes its devious track,
But to the ark it fled from
Brings not the olive back.

Waiting, weary waiting,
How sinks my heavy heart,
As I count the gloomy moments
That one by one depart;
The plague of darkness shrouds me—
My fruitless hope is slain;
No seer can call from heaven
The blessed light again:
Till the hand of death forever
From earth shall set me free,
My clouded spirit never
Can hope to be with thee.

O, lone, and dark, and dreary!
Will the quest be never o'er!
Will the march be ever weary,
And my search forevermore!
Twin of my soul, that leavest me
To sorrow and to gloom,
Is there no time of meeting,
Until beyond the tomb?
For till that very hour,
Whate'er my destiny may be,
With a spirit sad and weary,
I am waiting still for thee.

[Written for The Flag of our Union.]

### NAPPING OUT.

BY 'CHARLIE.'

On a pleasant afternoon in the month of November, the workmen in one of the extensive iron manufacturing establishments in New Jersey having received their month's wages, two of them, friends from the 'Green Isle,' who had not yet been brought under the benign influence of their celebrated countryman, Father Mathew, met under a large oak tree, their usual rendezvous on such occasions, to make arrangements for procuring a supply of what Pat called the 'necessaries of life,' sufficient to last till the next pay-day.

'Well, Jammy,' says Mike, 'is it you that'll get the whiskey to day?'

'Not I, sure; didn't I get it last time an' aint it your turn now?' replied Jimmy.

'No, indade; didn't I fetch it twice before that?'

'Yis, but if you are fool enough to go in my turn,' argued Jimmy, 'that's nq reason why I should in yourn.'

'Don't you call me a fool, ye spalpeen of an Irishman, as ye are,' said Mike, rising hastily from his seat, and placing the bony extremity of his arm in rather close proximity to the most prominent feature on Jimmy's face.

'Faith, an' I'd like to know which one of us came from Ireland last,' replied Jimmy, returning the compliment.

'Come, Jammy, don't git angry; lit's both go now, an' then 'twill be all right.'

'That's what I'll do,' says Jimmy. This having been agreed upon, they went for their jugs, and after an admonition from their wives not to return with them empty, were soon on the way to the hotel, distant about three miles.

Arrived there, they met a company of jovial companions, with whom they talked and laughed and sung, until each one's first quart was nearly gone, and it would have been extremely difficult for either of them, trusting to his eye-sight alone, to have told whether his head or his feet were nearest the floor.

Then of necessity their jugs must be replenished before they took their toilsome journey homeward; so having told the landlord to measure out to each a second portion, and counted him the change, they bade farewell to their comrades by 'treating all round,' and tried their powers of locomotion on the road for home.

But the liquor they had drunk, although at first it might have somewhat renewed their bodily vigor, had certainly not much increased the keenness of their mental vision, for they had proceeded nearly half the distance, before Jimmy discovered that he had left his pocket-book lying on the counter at the inn, and, '*mirabile dictu,*' Michael's *jug* was also left there.

Here, then, was another difficulty; and dispute quickly arose as to which of the two should go back and bring both the forgotten articles. Mike said the pocket-book was worth the most, and therefore Jimmy ought to go; while the latter replied that he didn't want the money, but Mike dare not go home without the rum; and concluded by saying that he would wait there till Mike's return, with a gentle hint to 'jist bring me money along too, will ye?'

This argument was conclusive; so off started Mike; and Jimmy, to pass the time more comfortably, resolved to take a nap during the other's absence. Having espied a bunch of straw lying beside a barn near by, he was soon there, locked in 'Morpheus's sweet embrace.' But it was not long before he was locked in arms tighter than those of Morpheus; for some mischievous half-grown 'uns of the 'genus *homo*,' ever watching an opportunity to divert themselves at another's expense, speedily contrived how to have a little fun with the '*case*' in question.

Now it so happened that the place of Jimmy's repose was near a country merchant's yard, in which were thrown empty boxes, barrels, crockery crates, and all such useless luggage. Wondering how a caged Irishman would look, these unruly juveniles brought an empty crate, placed it softly over the unconscious sleeper, piled on boards and stones, and stones and boards again, until Samson himself could scarce have lifted it, and then retired to wait till he awoke. But that was too tedious for their restless dispositions, and after watching for some time and seeing no signs of animation in the '*crittur*,' they resolved to try an experiment upon him, and see if he would be sensible to a '*stirring up* with a *long pole*.' One was accordingly brought and vigorously applied to the sides and limbs of the poor sufferer, who, half awake, began to turn and twist to avoid something he knew not what; but its continual use soon recalled his wandering thoughts, and what was his surprise and indignation upon awaking, to discover that he was as securely fastened as ever was a monkey in his cage. He lifted with all his might, and strained every nerve, endeavoring to overturn his prison, but all in vain. He grasped the wooden bars, and tried to free himself 'by force of arms,' but though, had he been sober, he might have succeeded in breaking jail, in his present condition this effort was useless as the first.

Finding all of no avail, and seeing that the youngsters kept at a respectful distance (which they did for fear he might get loose), Jimmy thought they would trouble him no more, and that he might as well finish his nap. But his captors, unwilling to suffer him to take affairs thus coolly, resorted again to their former instrument, and invented various other means of arousing his sluggish energies, until Jimmy was thoroughly enraged.

'Lit me out, ye tormentin' scoundrels ye, lit me out,' roared Jimmy; 'if ye don't lit me out now, if ever I sees the likes of ye agin I'll break every bone in your body, yis I will.'

This only had the effect of increasing the merriment among the 'outsiders;' seeing which, the captive came to the wise conclusion to take things '*aisy*' till Mike should come along and free him. But as it was getting late and the evenings were rather cool for comfort, Jimmy began to feel about for his neglected jug, in order to warm himself with the '*swate contints*' thereof. Imagine then his horror, after a long and diligent search among the straw where he knew he had deposited it, to find it missing. But if his rage was great at this mournful discovery, what must it have been, when, upon peeping through the grates, he saw it just beyond his reach!

'Bad luck to the hull generation of ye; may Saint Patrick curse ye as long as ye live, and purgatory hold ye when ye die, ye vipers of the airth as ye are.'

There were however no fears of St. Patrick for them; and one of the bolder advancing, picked up the article in question, and shaking it temptingly before their victim, asked him if he wouldn't like to have a taste.

'Howly Vargin,' continued Jimmy, 'if ever I gits out of this disthressin' place, its not meself that'll be caught aslape along the road agin.'

'Hallo, Pat,' said the before mentioned urchin, 'you've got some ways to walk yet to-night, and as you're rather tired, I guess I'll make your load a little lighter for you, shan't I?' at the same time pouring the liquor on the ground.

'Och! Mary preserve us; an' is it thus you dares to insult a man before his very eyes; if I only had ye here, I'd make you lighter by all the mate on your bones, ye varmint ye, so I would. An' is it for this that I cum to Ameriky, to be abused by the very boys in the strate! an' didn't the captain tell me an outrageous *lie* when he said this was a *free country*, bad luck to him and all that's like him! I niver hopes to have any more sich liberty as this.—Och! if ever they take me out of here, may snakes bite me if it's long before I see good ould Ireland agin.'

Thus Jimmy continued giving vent to his rage, alternately complaining of America, its inhabitants and the captain who brought him over, until his heart was gladdened by the sight of Michael, who, coming up, drove off the miscreants, and approaching the object of their torment, asked him how he came there and what he was doing in such a scrape.

'Sure, it's not meself can tell ye how I got here, but if ye have any compassion on a poor sufferin' fellow-mortal, for Heaven's sake, take off thim stones, and may the Vargin bless ye, an' all your children the longest day ye live.'

Michael did so, and Jimmy was once more really in a land of liberty. When finally on his feet again, he requested Mike to 'jist give him one little drink of whiskey now, to keep him from freezing, if he'd plase.'

'That's what I will,' said Mike, 'for it's not I that ever refused a friend the like, so long as a drop was left; but where's your own, or did ye drink it all up a lyin' there?'

'Ah!' sighed Jimmy, 'not a taste of it have I had, only a smell; an' didn't it make me blood run cowld to see thim rascals pour it on the ground; but lit's go now.'

'Yis, an' aint it a swate bastin' ye'll git when ye come home, for that!'

With a sad heart and lengthened phiz Jimmy picked up his empty jug, when the two proceeded on their journey and arrived home in safety, but whether Jimmy got his beating, or how long it was before he saw good old Ireland, is uncertain, but it certainly was long before he was again caught *napping out.*

### Company.

If thou be cast into bad company, like Hercules, thou must sleep with thy club in thine hand and stand on thy guard; like the river Dee in Merionethshire, in Wales, which running through Pimble Mere, remains entire, and mingles not her streams with the waters of the lake.

The company he keeps is the comment by help whereof men expound the most close and mystical man. Cæsar came thus to discern his two daughters' inclinations, for being once at a public show, where much people was present, he observed that the grave senators talked with Livia, but loose youngsters and riotous persons with Julia.—*Fuller's Holy State.*

### Defence of a Privateer.

THE BOLDEST FIGHT ON RECORD.

The annals of modern warfare do not furnish the recital of a more gallant action than that fought at Fayal, Western Islands, in 1814, between a British gun brig and the boats of a British squadron on the one side, and on the other the little private armed American brig General Armstrong of seven guns and ninety men, commanded by Captain Samuel C. Reid, out of the port of New York.

The terrible engagement of Paul Jones, with a British cruiser, is scarcely a parallel to it, and few naval battles, even by large fleets, exhibit so great a slaughter. A British resident of Fayal, who was witness to the action, in a letter to the celebrated Cobbett, under date of October 15, 1814, thus describes the bold defence and noble conduct of the daring American privateersman.

The American privateer brig Gen. Armstrong, of New York, Capt. Samuel C. Reid, of seven guns and ninety men, entered here on the 26th ultimo, about noon, 17 days from that place, for the purpose of obtaining water. The captain, seeing nothing on the horizon, was induced to anchor. Before the lapse of many hours, his majesty's brig Carnation came in and anchored near her.

About six his majesty's ship Plantagenet, of 74 guns, and the Rota frigate came in and anchored also. The captain of the privateer and his friends consulted the first authorities here about her security. They all considered her perfectly secure, and that his majesty's officers were too well acquainted with the respect due to a neutral port to molest her. But to the great surprise of every one, about nine in the evening, four boats were dispatched, armed and manned, from his majesty's ships for the purpose of cutting her out. It being about the full of the moon, the night perfectly clear and calm, we could see every movement made. The boats approached with rapidity towards her, when it appears the captain of the privateer hailed them and told them to keep off several times. They notwithstanding pushed on, and were in the act of boarding before any defence was made from the privateer. A warm contest ensued on both sides. The boats were finally dispersed with great loss.

The American now calculating on a very superior force being sent, cut his cable and rowed the privateer close in alongside of the fort, where he moored her, head and stern, with four lines.

The governor now sent a remonstrance to Captain Lloyd, of the Plantagenet, against such proceedings, and trusted that the privateer would not be further molested; she being in the dominions of Portugal and under the guns of the castle, was entitled to Portuguese protection.

Captain Lloyd's answer was, that he was determined to destroy the vessel, at the expense of all Fayal, and should any protection be given her, he would not leave a house standing in the village. All the inhabitants were gathered about its walls, expecting a renewal of the attack. At about midnight, fourteen launches were discovered to be coming in rotation for the purpose.

When they got within clear gunshot, a tremendous and effectual discharge was made from the privateer, which threw the boats into confusion. They now returned the fire, but the privateer kept up so continual a discharge, it was almost impossible for the boats to make progress. They finally succeeded, after immense loss in getting alongside of her, and attempted to board at every quarter, cheered by the officers with a shout of 'No quarter!' which we could distinctly hear, as well as the shrieks and cries. The termination was near about a total massacre.

Three of the boats were sunk and but one poor solitary officer escaped death, in a boat that contained fifty souls; he was wounded. The Americans fought with firmness; some of the boats were left without a single man to row them; others with three or four; the most that any one returned with was about ten; several boats floated on shore full of dead bodies. With great reluctance I state that they were manned with picked men, and commanded by the first, second, third, and fourth lieutenants of the Plantagenet; first, second, third and fourth do. of the frigate; and the first officers of the brig, together with a great number of midshipmen. Our whole force exceeded 100 men; but three officers escaped, two of whom are wounded. This bloody and unfortunate contest lasted forty minutes.

After the boats gave out, nothing more was attempted till daylight next morning, when the Carnation hauled alongside and engaged her. The privateer still continued to make a most gallant defence. These veterans reminded us of Lawrence's dying words of the Chesapeake, 'Don't give up the ship!' The Carnation lost one of her topmasts, and her yards were shot away; she was much cut up in the rigging and received several shots in her hull. This obliged her to haul off to repair, and to cease her firing.

The Americans now finding their principal gun (Long Tom), and several others dismounted, deemed it folly to think of saving her against so superior a force; they therefore cut away her masts to the deck, blew a hole through her bottom, took out their small arms, clothing, &c., and went on shore. I discovered only two shot holes in the hull of the privateer, though much cut up in the rigging.

Two boats' crews were afterwards despatched from our vessels, which went on board, took out some provisions, and set her on fire.

For three days after we were employed in burying the dead that washed on shore in the surf. The number of British killed exceeded 120, and 90 wounded. The enemy (the Americans), to the surprise of mankind, lost only two killed, and seven wounded. We may well say, 'God deliver us from our enemies,' if this is the way the Americans fight.

After burning the privateer Capt. Lloyd made a demand of the governor to deliver up the Americans as prisoners—which was refused. He threatened to send 500 men on shore, and take them by force. The Americans immediately retired with their arms to an old Gothic convent, knocked away the adjoining drawbridge, and determined to defend themselves to the last. The captain, however, thought better than to send his men. He then demanded two men, which he said deserted when in Africa. The governor sent for the men, but found none of the description given.

Many houses received much injury, on shore, from the guns of the Carnation. A woman sitting in the fourth story of her house, had her thigh shot off; and a boy had his arm broken. The American Consul here has made a demand on the Portuguese government for a hundred thousand dollars, for the privateer, which our Consul, Mr. Perkins, thinks, in justice, will be paid, and that they will claim of England. Mr. Parkin, Mr. Edward Bayly, and other English gentlemen, disapprove of the outrage and depredation committed by our vessels on this occasion. The vessel that was despatched to England with the wounded, was not permitted to take a single letter from any person. Being an eye-witness to this transaction, I have given you a correct statement as it occurred.

### Revolutionary Anecdote.

The following curious incident which occurred during the revolutionary war, shows that if the use of tobacco has shortened the lives of many, a tobacco box once saved the life of a stout soldier. At the battle of Bennington, there stood in the ranks a New Hampshire militia man, by the name of Jonathan Wheeler. This Jonathan was a man of herculean strength, with red, bushy hair, peculiar squint of the eye, and fighting propensities strongly developed; he was, moreover, a dead shot, and deliberate and calculating. He was prepared for action: in his cartridge-box were twenty-four rounds of ball cartridges, in his canteen a pint of potato whiskey, in his breeches pocket an iron tobacco box of ample dimensions, that had once belonged to his grandfather, old Hezekiah Wheeler, of Scatacook. When the heat of the battle was over, and old Jonathan found time to take a quid of the tranquillizing weed, upon drawing the box from his pocket, he found with astonishment an unmistakable indentation of a musket ball upon the lid—His trusty box had received the charge of some sharp-shooter, and in all probability preserved the life of as brave a fellow as ever swung a knapsack.

He has little courage, who knows the right and does it not.

# THE FLAG OF OUR UNION.

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F. GLEASON, PROPRIETOR.

MATURIN M. BALLOU, EDITOR.

☞ The terms of The Flag of our Union are $2 00 per annum, invariably in advance. The paper is always discontinued at the expiration of the time paid for. See imprint on the last page.

☞ All communications designed for publication in the paper, must be post paid, and addressed to F. Gleason, Boston, Mass., Proprietor of The Flag of our Union.

### To our Correspondents.

'Alice Deane,' a Tale of the Early Settlers, by Caroline Orne, shall appear next week.

'Lines to the Fourth of July, by Charlie, accepted.

'The Nautical Young Gentleman,' a racy, humorous sketch, by The Old 'Un, filed for the forthcoming number.

'Cupid Enchained,' a poem, by Mrs. Ann S. Stephens, shall appear in our next.

'Ida Merton,' a German story, by J. H. Robinson, is filed for the coming number.

'A Dream,' by O. G. W., accepted.

'The Cockney's Feast,' filed for the Olio column.

'An Infant's Vision,' a poem, by Joseph S. Keith, filed for next week.

A Sketch, by Uncle Toby, shall appear next week.

'Flow, ye Tears,' a poem, by Oscar S. Hughan, accepted.

'Sonnet to the Summer Luna,' a poem, by Wm. A. Sutliffe, was published some eight weeks since.

'The Battle-Field,' a poem, by S. E. C., accepted.

'To Bunker Hill Monument,' a poem, by E. C. Wilbur, accepted.

'The School Girl's Song,' 'Drawing Pictures,' 'Waking a Country Gent,' 'Hasty Sketches, etc.' 'Memory of the Past,' 'My Mother,' 'Evening on the Battery,' 'Lines to the Husband of Peggy N.,' are all respectfully declined.

### Collections for the Pope.

Since Bishop Hughes declares that his call for money for the Pope is not to enable him to carry on war against the Romans, but simply for his own personal necessities, as he is now poor, we refer to the subject once more. Poor is he? queer that he should be poor, when he is constantly in the receipt of so much money. He must be a most incorrigible spendthrift. The fact is, he is living at this very moment in royal splendor at Gaeta, with the royal family of Naples. The King of Naples has offered to the Pope $60,000; the Emperor of Russia has sent to him 50,000 crowns; Queen Isabella of Spain has presented Pius IX her sweetest bonbons, and plenty of Spanish gold; the Austrian generals, in every city they captured, *imposed on the poor population heavy taxes in favor of Pius IX*. Bishop Hughes may as well attempt to whistle against the wind, as to make the people of this country believe that the collections for the Pope are necessary for his personal comfort, or that the object in calling upon the poor Catholics for money, is not to aid in carrying on the war against the Romans, or in other words to assist tyranny against the efforts of liberty.

As to the part the French government has taken in the attack upon Rome, and against the people and in favor of the Pope, we hope to have the pleasure of recording some severe and extraordinary visitation of Providence upon the French Republic, to repay it for its unprecedented and uncalled-for interference with Italian matters. We had a right to hope that France, just freed herself from the galling chains of tyranny, and smiled upon by the goddess of liberty, would at least refrain from entering into a league against a people struggling for the same object.

### American Oranges.

The Mobile Herald says that, since the destructive hurricane in Cuba a few years since, the Mobile fruit market has been supplied chiefly with Creole oranges now raised in that neighborhood, Pascagoula, and on the 'coast' near New Orleans. These oranges are generally larger than those raised in the neighborhood of Havana, and much superior in flavor. The Herald contends that a number of locations might be selected on the Bay and neighboring islands. It instances the case of a person who realizes from $800 to $1,000 annually from about thirty orange trees cultivated in a garden some miles south of that city. The fruit is said to be delicious, and of most exquisite flavor.

### Aged Eggs.

We have heard some very felicitous remarks made upon this nourishing species of food, which, like ripe fruit, should be eaten as soon as gathered. The Philadelphia Ledger man, who has a way of his own in describing and naming things in general, speaks of rotten eggs, as 'eggs unduly kept.' The editor of the Picayune, referring to the same article in the same *passé* condition, speaks of them as 'eggs that would have been better eaten earlier.' Good, again. But the best entitling we recollect as applied to the said 'fruit,' as Paddy O Rafferty calls them, is that which we once heard a well-known Boston auctioneer use; he described them as 'eggs that have outlived their usefulness!'

### Struck by Lightning.

During a thunder shower, the dwelling house of John Gardner, Esq., of Dedham, was struck by lightning. The electric fluid entered through the roof and scattered the furniture in all directions. In one of its freaks, it took all the gilding off the frame of a splendid mirror, without *breaking it*. Singular as it may seem, although nine persons were in the house at the time, no one was injured. Nearly every room in the house was more or less shattered.

Decidedly 'Rich.'—'An American lady, a widow of highly respectable family,' advertises that she wishes some one to adopt her two children, 'a girl and a boy—the girl twelve and the boy nine years of age.' All communications to be post-paid, and '*none but wealthy families need apply*.'

Mr. Stetson, of the Astor House, New York, is about to go to St. Petersburgh in Russia, and set up an elegant hotel in that city.—*Phila. paper.*

This is a specimen of modern newspaper *rumors*. Now we'll bet a beaver that there is not one word of truth in the story.

Musical.—The Lynn News Man says: The difference between a musquito and a hurdy-gurdy player is, that the first presents a *bill*, after his music; while the other passes round his hat.

The Flag of our Union may be had at *four cents* per copy, at any of the periodical depots in the United States; and of all newspaper carriers.

'The Bachelor's Refrain,' Mr. Berkeley Chronicle, should have been credited to this paper. Don't apologize!

### Correspondence of the Flag.

Gloucester, Mass.

My dear Flag:

There is hardly a pleasanter town within accessible distance from Boston than this old-fashioned place; quiet, unostentatious, and delightfully located upon the very skirts of the Atlantic, it has all the desirable requisites for a summer resort that one often seeks for in vain at distant and more notable localities. I am writing you this from the Pavilion—kept by Albert Morgan, an experienced and favorite landlord, whose house is a marine castle, overlooking the open sea as far as the eye can reach, with its surface dotted here and there by the white towers that compose the light-houses on the coast, pointing out the bold and dangerous ledges that cluster about the capes and harbors. The house is within a stone's throw of the surf, and is situated on an elevated point once occupied by a windmill. Morgan saw that it was just the spot for a summer hotel, and he has put up one that is admirably fitted for the object.

Your town-bred man, who lives among brick walls and crowded streets for nine months in the year, looks forward with delight to the few weeks he can pass at such a spot as this, with plenty of air, a fine, bold prospect, and room to think. His ideas become enlarged with the latitude that his visual organs enjoy; the artificial belongings of city life are dropped; and he studies human nature with its mask off.—He finds his spirits enlarge with all else about him; he is in good humor with himself and all the world. We know what a powerful sympathy exists between the mental and physical man, and that one must be physically well to be mentally so. Touching this matter, I have only to say that one is endowed by this invigorating sea air with an anaconda's appetite and an ostrich's digestion.

Fishing of the choicest kind, boating of the most pleasant character, and gunning 'worth the shot' are all to be enjoyed in this immediate vicinity. Besides which there are some delightful drives, and notable localities to visit, including an old dismantled fort of revolutionary memory. A large portion of the inhabitants of Gloucester are engaged in the calling of fishermen, and their light coasting crafts dot the shores at all hours of the day. An off-shore breeze carries off a fleet, and an easterly wind never fails to bring back as large a number. These fishermen are generally a thriving, intelligent and industrious class of people, and weigh and digest the politics of the country as sagely as so many members of Congress. Such a class of people in the old world would be the very personification of ignorance, and consequently of crime; but here in America, wisdom stalks abroad and intelligence beams as often from the cottage door as from the mansions of the rich.

Shall I say any more to induce you to come to Gloucester, and participate in its wealth of enjoyable belongings?

Very cordially yours, B.

### Mrs. Swisshelm.

This lady, associate editress of the Saturday Visiter, Pittsburg, is rather after the David Crockett school, as far as going ahead is concerned, though as to the matter of being right, gallantry forbids us to speak. She beats Fanny Kemble Butler all hollow, and gives even Mrs. Trollop a pretty good 'try.' Our readers, after perusing the following elegant extract from the paper referred to, and which is from her pen, will doubtless set her down, to use a Bowery phrase, as one of 'em:

'We intend to laugh, sing and crack jokes as long as we live, and dance, too, unless we get lame or too old and stiff to try. We have no idea that looking solemn is any more pleasing to the Almighty than looking cheerful; on the contrary, it is a sin for any man to twist his face awry, as the manner of some is. If the good Being had wished us to look like we had the jumping toothache, he would have made our faces in that shape at first, and if mirth had been offensive to Him, he would have told us about it.'

### Mexico.

Accounts from Mexico state that the recently almost defunct party of Santa Anna was again gaining the ascendancy, and that the hero of many defeats was daily expected to land and raise his standard. The people say that money was always plenty under Santa Anna's administration. A Matamoras paper publishes a document purporting to be a declaration of the independence of the Northern States of Mexico, (the Republic of Sierra Madre.) There's nothing strange in a Mexican revolution; the oddest thing would be a continuance of peace for any reasonable length of time among the people.

### Horrible War.

The manner in which the war between the Cossack hordes of Russia and the Hungarians is likely to be carried on in this age of civilization, is shown by what has lately occurred in the town of Kaschau. The Russians having entered, and taken up their position in the square, a fire was opened upon them from every window; upon which they immediately retired, surrounded the city with cannon, set fire to it at the four corners, and cut down all who attempted to make their escape.

Modern Warfare.—The Russian fortress of Mamia, on the Black Sea, near Anapa Suhuk Kale, was attacked in April by 12,000 Circassians, and taken. The Russian garrison, consisting of 3000 men, was partly destroyed and partly taken prisoners. The victors took 100 cannon and a large quantity of arms and ammunition. The corps under General Nedoron, destined for Moldavia, endeavored in vain to force their way through the Circassians.

The Artesian Well, at Charleston, has penetrated 885 feet, and from the character of the substances drawn from this depth, strong hopes are entertained of success very shortly. The Council has resolved to renew the contract with Mr. Welton, the engineer, the present contract being for 900 feet.

Drowned.—The usual number of deaths by drowning are daily being reported. It is singular that people when going into the water to bathe will not take proper precautions to guard against casualties; such for instance as being in company with some one experienced in aquatic exercise.

Significant.—The editor of the *Racine Advocate* winds up a long article to the ladies, with a word to the 'lords;' 'A word to married men. *Remember to be polite to your own wives, for if you are not, others will be.*'

It is so.—If it were not for some singular people who persist in thinking for themselves, in seeing for themselves, and in being comfortable, we should all collapse into a hideous uniformity.

'An Elopement in Russia.'—The Olive Branch forgot to credit the sketch thus entitled in their last paper to the Flag.

### Editorial Ink-Drops.

The President's suggestion as to a national fast is universally commended.

Fitzgerald of the City Item says Mr. Smith is a correspondent of that paper. Glad to hear it.

Why is a true seaman like a down town merchant? Because he is a *whole sailor*.

A southern advertiser, describing a runaway slave, says 'he is thirty-five feet of age!'

Milwaukie contains three hundred thousand inhabitants, so the papers say.

Capt. Howland's little daughter was burned to death in New Bedford a short time since.

J. B. Taylor, the poet, has gone to California to write home letters for print.

Wordsworth, the aged poet, we see was at the Queen's last ball at Windsor.

A jewelry store in Philadelphia was lately robbed of goods to the amount of $20,000.

No reasonable person doubts that Dr. Coolidge really died in the prison.

The Viennoise children have sailed for Europe, after making plenty of money here.

The value of treasury notes outstanding on July 1st was $4,025,789 31.

At Brooklyn, N. Y., they offer $1000 for the detection of any incendiary.

Boston folks have great cause for thankfulness in the health of the city.

The value of the gold dollars thus far coined is $360,539. Give us more.

The Ravel family have returned to this country and to the stage again.

A man in Baltimore drowned himself because he couldn't meet his notes.

Wm. Wall attempted to swim the river at Amherst, Mass., and was drowned.

Modesty has more, far more charms, than beauty can boast.

The early hours of sleep are the most sweet and refreshing to the body.

True wit, like the May day sun, is brilliant, but it scorches not.

The postage between France and England has again been reduced.

To increase the strength of the mind, impart fresh vigor to the body.

Over two thousand Americans have lately passed through the city of Mexico for California.

A man was killed in Philadelphia while endeavoring to stop a runaway horse.

About eleven thousand passengers passed over the Eastern Railroad to Boston on the 4th.

Boiled lobsters in large numbers are shipped from Boston to Barbadoes in ice.

They haven't got rid of the water yet in New Orleans, they get on swimmingly.

The fruits of the season generally have to go begging these cholera times.

Is it possible? A southern paper announces the marriage of John Smith!

A doctor gave a woman an over-dose of laudanum in Providence. It proved fatal to her.

Andrew Clark was killed by the bursting of a swivel at Milford, Conn.

Girls dress up and go on sprees in men's clothes in Boston lately. Fie, fie, girls!

Some wanton wretches have been playing the incendiary lately in Roxbury.

The story by Miss Clough on the first page proves to be very popular.

### An Awful Bad Fix.

They have got some smart editors out west. Col. Noland, of the Batesville (Ark.) Eagle, is one of them. He tells a good story, too good to be lost, about a man who chanced to get into a very warm place,—a spot that was not exactly a bed of roses!

The late Col. Allan Oakley was stopping for the night at a public house. The weather was warm, and Oakley when he retired to bed divested himself of all his clothes but his shirt.—About midnight a terrible fuss was raised in the yard—a catamount had been rustled up and the dogs were fighting it. After having it round and round for some time they got to the door, which flying open, in popped the catamount.—You may guess there was a chance of getting out of their way! Poor Oakley saw no chance to make the door, and sought safety by climbing up the logs to what should have been the loft; but, alas, it was deficient of everything but a cross pole. This he straddled, with the expectation of hearing, if not witnessing, the fight going on below. But, like the gallant hero of Cerro Gordo, he soon had painful evidence that a man can be attacked behind as well as before. He had waked up a wasp's nest, something more than a half bushel in size, and they were putting it into him in style. One hand was necessary to hold on with, and the other slapped some. To come down was to incur the danger of a mad cat's teeth, and to hold on was not a bed of roses! Yet Oakley did hold on—and so did the wasps. Poor fellow! it was no easy matter for him to ride the next day.

### Joke.

'O, you have seen *Hall* this morning, I perceive;' said a wag to a fellow who was making comical efforts to walk straight.

'Haw—hic—Hall? what—hic—Hall? wha—eh? hic—what Hall?'

'Alco-*hall*,' replied the wag, as he passed on.

The Nonsense begun.—The New York papers are tracing Father Mathew's pedigree, and have discovered that he is descended from an Irish king. If Father Mathew does not get disgusted with the sycophancy of some of his pretended admirers, he is not the modest and intelligent man he is represented.

Be Careful.—A woman recently had her arm so lacerated by a lion in Wombwell's menagerie, at Birmingham, England, that she had to submit to amputation. She had foolishly patted the paw of the animal, supposing it to be asleep.

California Gold.—The value of the California gold dust received at the Mint up to the present time, the Philadelphia Bulletin says, is two millions of dollars nearly, as it learned from inquiry at the Mint.

Col. May.—Col. Charles May, who became so famous in the Mexican war, and who has been in command of the Carlisle Barracks for the last year and a half, has been ordered to Santa Fe.

Great Inducement.—A California adventurer, writing to his friends, says that when he first went to the diggings he hadn't a rag on his back, but now he is *covered* with them.

The only Ex-President.—Mr. Van Buren is the only ex-president alive, elected by the people. Four have died since his presidential term expired.

'Up with the Barricades!'—This poem, at the head of the Olio column, is furnished for the Flag by a private soldier in the U. S. Artillery service.

Fourth Page.—Mrs. Embury has furnished us with an excellent story which may be found on the last page.

Second Page.—Fred Hunter has got a capital story on the opposite page. Don't fail to read it.

A Fact.—For people to live happily together, the real secret is, that they should not live too much together.

Mammon.—Quite a number of ministers have gone to California to dig gold. Can man serve God and Mammon?

### From our Foreign Files.

In 1845 there were 153 light-houses in France.

A vessel called the Jane, which has sailed from Liverpool for Africa, carried out about a dozen Methodist missionaries.

The London Spectator, speaking of the United States, says, 'spitting is a national institution.'

The British government repudiates all cognizance or sanction of the proceedings of the French in their treatment of the Romans. This is honorable to the character of Britain.

Several of the farmers in the neighborhood of Inverness have already sold their recently planted potatoe fields to speculators in the south at the rate of £15 per acre.

Don Miguel has taken up his abode at Bexhill, in the neighborhood of St. Leonards, where Louis Philippe is his near neighbor. He is attended by three domestic servants only.

According to letters from Cyprus, dated on the 27th of April, the greatest distress prevailed in that island in consequence of the ravages committed by flights of locusts, which have wasted the crops.

A subscription is now being raised for the purpose of erecting a Sunday and day school in Yorkshire, as a monument to the memory of the great circumnavigator, Capt. Cook, in his native village.

A Dumfries paper mentions that 10,278 wasps were killed on the estate of Traquair during the month of May, in consequence of a reward of 4d offered by the earl of Traquair for every dozen wasps brought to his gardener at that season.

Three Egyptian youths have arrived in Glasgow, for the purpose of learning how to build marine steam engines. One of them will be instructed at Mr. Napier's work in Glasgow, and the other two will be sent to a foundry at Greenock.

The *Leicester Mercury* describes a gigantic tea-urn capable of supplying 1000 persons in the town hall at a tetotal meeting: 'The urn was placed in front of the orchestra, and a pipe ran down the centre of the hall, on both sides of which were a number of traps, to each of which a lady and water were stationed.'

### Dewdrops of Wisdom.

Old age is like a candle in the wind, easily blown out.

Humility in genius is as an extinguisher to a candle.

The blind have the best ears and the deaf the sharpest eyes.

It was Wesley who said, 'I am always in haste, but never in a hurry.'

Mirth should be the embroidery of the conversation, not the web; and wit the ornament of the mind, not the furniture.

Happiness, it has been well observed, is in the proportion of the number of things we love, and the number of things that love us.

As the soundest health is less perceived than the lightest malady, so the highest joy toucheth us less than the smallest sorrow.

Queen Elizabeth, in her hard, wise way, writing to a mother who had lost her son, tells her that she will be comforted in time; and why should she not do for herself what the mere lapse of time will do for her.

There is a theory which has done singular mischief to the cause of recreation and of general cultivation. It is, that men cannot excel in more things than one; and that if they can, they had better be quiet about it.

Greatness in all human beings is closely allied to weakness or mental obliquity of some sort; and error that is very apparent to a common mind is often retained by those who digging deep for the ore of truth, overlook that nearest the surface.

A man who has no enemies is seldom good for anything. He is made of that kind of material which is so easily worked that every one tries a hand in it. A sterling character—one who thinks for himself, and speaks what he thinks—is always sure to have enemies.

Really, it is wonderful, the degree of squaring and dull hideousness to which, in the process of time and tailoring, and by severe conformity, the human creature's outward appearance has arrived. Look at a crowd of men from a height, what an ugly set of ants they appear!

In comparing men and books, one must always remember this important distinction—that one can put the books down at any time. As Macaulay says, 'Plato is never sullen—Cervantes is never petulant—Demosthenes never comes unseasonably—Dante never stays too long.'

### The Joker's Budget.

A Kentucky paper speaks of Rev. Alexander Campbell as a 'native of Virginia, *and likely to remain so!*'

The Post says the man that remembers when the buttonwoods were perfectly healthy was on the common on the 4th.

There is frequently more pleasure in giving a thing than in receiving it. This applies more especially to medicine, advice and kicks.

It was so cold in Maine last winter, that the notes froze in a stageman's horn, and did not thaw till the driver took a glass of brandy.

'Do make yourselves at home, ladies,' said a female to her visiters one day, 'I am at home, myself, and wish you all were.'

An Irishman received a challenge to fight a duel, but declined. On being asked the reason, 'Och,' said Pat, 'would you have me lave his mother an orphan?'

Never give a boy a shilling to hold your shadow, whilst you climb a tree to look into the middle of next week; it is money thrown away.—*Dow, Jr.*

'Is your house warm?' asked a man in search of a tenement, of a landlord. 'It ought to be, the painter gave it two *coats* recently,' was the response.

A loafer by the name of *Cain*, being taken before a magistrate the other day, was asked if he was the man that slew his brother? 'No, yer honor,' said he; '*I is the chap wot got sleeved.*'

'The tree is known by its fruit.' The only exception to this is the *dogwood*, which is known by its *bark*. A fop is like a cinnamon tree—the bark is worth more than the body.

A malicious person was once told that he would never set the world on fire; to which he replied that he didn't care, so long as he could *put out* a greater part of it. He was immediately set down as a trump.

They debate strange questions down east. The last was:—'What is the difference between the bridge of Sighs and the *size* of a bridge?' The next is to be:—'The difference between a fac simile and a sick family.'

### Miscellaneous Items.

*Intimate friends and relations should be careful* when they go out into the world together, or admit others to their own circle, *that they do not make a bad use of the knowledge which they have gained of each other by their intimacy.*

'I have often followed the poor bird of Paradise in the honey-moon, and, in this moulting-season, picked up the glorious feathers of the wings and tail, which the bird scattered abroad; and afterwards, when the husband thinks he has married a naked crow, I show him the bunch of feathers.'

One of the most comical sights to superior beings must be to see two human creatures with elaborate speech and gesture making each other exquisitely uncomfortable from civility; the one pressing what he is most anxious that the other should not accept, and the other accepting only from the fear of giving offence by refusal.

Very seldom does any good thing arise, but there comes an ugly phantom of a caricature of it, which sidles up against the reality, mouths its favorite words as a third-rate actor does a great part, under-mimics its wisdom, over-acts its folly, is by half the world taken for it, goes some way to suppress it in its own time, and, perhaps, lives for it in history.

### Quill and Scissors.

Prof. Sherman, president of Jackson college at Columbia, Tenn., was killed, Pleasant Smith, a merchant of Nashville, fatally wounded, and Mr. Goldson, of Philadelphia, had his arm and leg broken, by being thrown from a stage coach against the timbers of a bridge at Nashville.

The National Intelligencer says: 'We are authorized and requested to state, that the time fixed upon by the government of Mexico, for receiving proposals for the construction of the railroad between Vera Cruz and Mexico, will be four months, commencing from the 14th day of last month, (June).

In 1815 the price of a steamboat passage between Cincinnati and New Orleans was $130—now it is $15. Between the same place and Pittsburgh it was $30—now it is $5. The time to New Orleans was twenty-eight running days—now it is oftentimes less than six.

A Unitarian chapel is erecting at Bridgeport, Conn., at the sole expense of Madame Van Polanen, whose husband died at Bridgeport in 1833. It is called the Polanen Chapel, in honor to his memory. There are but one or two other Unitarian churches in Connecticut.

The St. Louis Reveille says that the whole number of wagons on the routes across the Plains to California, will make a train 55 miles in length. The same paper estimates the number of men now on their way to California by this route, at 36,000.

The grand jury have indicted among others as concerned in the Astor Place riots, the notorious Capt. Isaiah Rynders, E. C. Z. Judson alias Ned Buntline, J. S. Austin, John Walker, Charles Tappan, Wm. Baillet, Jos. Shen, Thos. Bennet and John Morris.—*Am. Courier.*

The Liverpool Chronicle says: We are happy to announce that the first appearance of Mr. Macready, since his escape from the tender mercies of the 'Bowery boys,' will be in Liverpool. He commences an engagement at the Theatre Royal.

The failure of Sir John Richardson's Expedition in search of Sir John Franklin, is reported in letters from Hudson's Bay. It was at Fort Simpson on the 4th October, no trace of Franklin having been found.

W. Hamilton, bricklayer, aged twenty-three, who fired at the Queen, with powder only, to alarm her, plead guilty, said he wanted notoriety, and was transported seven years, but not flogged.

Twenty-six towns in Ashtabula county, Ohio, according to the assessor's returns, in the past year manufactured cheese to the value of $248,057 50, and butter to the value of $26,196 46—in all $278,196 46.

Pure gold, some pieces weighing from five to six pennyweights, has been found at the New Hope mine in Virginia, and a company has been formed to work it, of which B. B. French, of Washington, is president.

The Indian war rages with increased violence in Yucatan. Since the capture of Bacalar, the Indians have risen en masse.—The whites seem paralyzed at their formidable appearance.

Capt. Dent on his tour from Santa Fe to Fort Smith, Arkansas, has discovered a mountain nearly all composed of bituminous coal.—Throughout the whole country there is abundance of coal.

The odorous and gigantic *water-lily* of Amazon rises with dazzling brilliancy from the midst of a train of immense leaves softly spread upon the waves, *a single one covering a space of six feet in width*.

Judson, alias Ned Buntline, was severely beaten by ex-police officer Ned McGown, in Philadelphia one day last week. He received several bad cuts about the head, and was obliged to be taken away in a cab.—*Boston Mail.*

An English Judge being asked what contributed most to success at the bar, replied: 'Some succeeded by great talent, some by a miracle, but the majority by commencing without a shilling.'

The people of Pittsburgh are in commotion on account of a proposition to bridge the Ohio at Wheeling. They protest against this threatening obstruction of the navigation of the river.

The Hon. James Buchanan, late Secretary of State, is spoken of in Pennsylvania as the probable candidate of the democratic party of that State for Governor.

An earthquake occurred in the city of Mexico on the 21st of May, which lasted several minutes. The shock was very severe, but no serious damage was done.

The Warren, a small steamer plying on the Rio Grande under license from the Texan authorities, has been seized by the Mexican authorities at Matamoras.

There are three sights most detestable—a proud priest giving his blessing—a knavish hypocrite saying his prayers, and a false patriot making an harangue.

Dr. Wills, a distinguished English oculist, died at Havana recently, from the rupture of an artery caused by violent retching, after taking an emetic.

Fayette Perry, one of the most respectable citizens of Dover, Vt., was instantly killed by the falling of a portion of a building which he was assisting to raise.

John Gardner's house in Dedham was struck by lightning on Saturday of last week, and the furniture shattered in every room, but none of the inmates were injured.

Leeches are likely to be superseded by a mechanical contrivance recently tested in France, which renders the same service much more efficaciously and certainly.

The Rochester Advertiser tells us that a young lady was sent twenty days to jail, for stealing her fellow-traveller's purse, and buying fineries with it.

A man was shot and dangerously wounded in a quarrel on board Ned Buntline's yacht, which was cruising all day on Sunday in New York harbor, with all sails set.—*Boston Post.*

Gen. Shields and Senator Breese were together at court in Bond county, Ill., at which time they appeared as friendly as if they had never quarrelled with each other.

Applications for eight new banks are already announced as to be made to the legislature of Pennsylvania at its next session, with an aggregate capital of $2,550,000.

Joel Dunton, a farmer of Franklin, Mass., was killed on Monday by the kick of a horse with which he was ploughing. The kick was so severe as to knock him down and stun him.

The heart of a married woman who flirts, is like a rose of which every admirer plucks a leaf, till there is nothing left for the husband but the stalk and the thorn.

A girl of *fifteen years*, in London, has been sentenced to be transported for a number of years, for picking pockets on a Sunday in a church.

A valuable cow in Milton having stuck one of her horns into the ground, killed herself by breaking her neck in struggling to get free.

The National Monument at Washington begins to give evidence of its future beauty and grandeur, worthy of a nation's gratitude.

A vessel called the Topic arrived at Liverpool June 21st, from San Francisco, with about $300,000 worth of gold from the 'diggins.'

The editor of the Cincinnati Commercial saw, last week, a dog suffering from the cholera, and heard of a hog similarly attacked.

An explosion of fire-damp occurred June 5th, at Hepburn Colliery, between Newcastle and South Shields, by which 29 lives were lost.

There are 3,566,480 letters in the Bible, 592,439 words in the Old Testament, and 181,252 in the New.

The dying charge of the late Alfred Bishop of Bridgeport to his sons was, '*Serve God and your country, and be benevolent.*'

It is proposed to import camels from the east, to traverse the plains west of the Mississippi.

The prospects of the coming coffee crops in Cuba are represented as very favorable.

Wisdom without honesty is a mere craft and cozenage. A good life is a main argument.

A free Presbyterian church has been opened for public worship at Leghorn, in Italy.

### Local Matters.

#### Ventilating Buildings.

The following article, from the Medical Journal of this city, is so excellent as exposing a characteristic of Bostonians, that we cannot refrain from giving it to the readers of the Flag. It is indicative of the restless Yankee spirit that pervades our community, and contains not a little true philosophy. It is doubtless from the pen of J. V. C. Smith, late port physician of our harbor, and a man esteemed for his professional acumen and private worth.

Massachusetts is a State of impulses, of which Boston is the heart. One mania invariably follows another in rapid succession, like spectacles at a theatre. For the last two years, the ventilation fever has raged extensively, it having been ascertained that every school-house in the city, the State House, and all the other places which were kept in repair out of the public treasury, required immediate alterations, at no trifling expense, in the way of airing. Even the city stables must have more air, and the great wooden hospitals at Deer Island, which cannot be kept comfortably warm in winter, were beautifully cut and carved, forsooth, to let in the air scientifically. What has become of the long spouts under the floors, the patent ventilating stoves, that would freeze a company much sooner than they would warm it! Both have disappeared. The bills were audited, and paid too—and now the wise ones, that is, those most benefited by the cry for fresh air on a bleak island, laugh in their sleeves, and the costly fixtures in the meanwhile have become useless trumpery. Science and self-interest are very distinct affairs. Ventilation is certainly of immense consequence; but the openings in certain cases are so large that people with one eye begin to see through the prodigious necessity that existed for letting air in and taking money out!

These cogitations have resulted from an examination of a curious invention by Messrs. Ottiwell and Kent, of New Bedford, Mass., for making doors and windows perfectly air-tight at the bottom. This is effected in the mere act of closing them. So the world goes—one takes out a patent for letting the atmosphere in, and another for keeping it out. Both have their advocates, and under certain circumstances are meritorious. Take all those mechanical comforts, and all the patent medicines, and, if a ninety-ninth part of the representations in regard to them were true, this would be an epoch of perfection, and men might live or die most beautifully, just as suits their convenience.

#### Amusements.

It is dull enough in town, just now, no public entertainments worth mentioning, and half the populace rusticating in the country. The railroad cars coming into town in the morning bring the business people, who hurry away at noon, to breathe purer air, and gladden their eyes with green fields and the fragrance of luxuriant vegetation. The watering-places in the neighborhood of Boston are crowded, and present scenes of unalloyed gaiety at all hours, especially at evening, when music and dancing is the order of the house. You meet business-men, brokers, merchants, and others on change, with pinks and rose-buds in their mouths, showing that they have come from where such things grow, and altogether, everything tells just now of the country.

Opium and the Cholera.—There is no doubt that opium is the grand agent, properly combined, with which to check the attacks of the cholera; but it is a dangerous drug to tamper with, and should be used by medical advice alone. Many people who have been attacked at the south and west have been killed by opium, not the cholera; and others have been *buried alive* while under its effects, it being supposed they were dead. Let no such indiscretion occur in Boston, if the disease should spread here.

The Magnolia.—This fragrant native of the south is sold in our streets just now for a trifle each flower. They are brought from the only place where they grow wild, it is believed, in New England, the woods between Salem and Gloucester. Those offered here are not much larger than a common water-lily, but we have seen them in the woods of Louisiana as large as the crown of a man's hat.—The pretty Creole girls sell them about the St. Charles Hotel, New Orleans, for a half dime, wreathed about with violets.

Interesting to Drunkards.—Mrs. Swisshelm, of the Pittsburgh Saturday Visiter, strongly urges the propriety of 'horsewhipping drunkards,' to reform them, and in answer to those who charge her with a want of womanly sympathy, quotes the passage: 'Whom the Lord loveth he chasteneth, and scourgeth every son whom he receiveth.'

The Diggins.—A writer from California says the sickly season sets in about the middle of July, and that hundreds of the young men who are leaving their homes for that country will lay their bones there. It seems that the gold fever has greatly abated in Boston, we hear of few *fatal cases*.

Cholera.—All the cases of cholera in this city so far this summer do not number a dozen, and these are traceable to some very great imprudence in the sufferers in every case. Live light, avoid green fruit, keep a clear conscience and don't worry—that's the way to keep well.

Objects of Art.—Opposite our office, at No. 10 Tremont Row, there is constantly exhibited some very fine paintings. One now graces the window, of a female figure, forming a most spirited and striking picture. Stop on your way down town, and observe it.

Counterfeit.—We have been shown some counterfeit five franc pieces that are in circulation in this city, and warn our readers to look sharp when receiving this kind of money.

Fighting.—An Irishman had his eye *dug out* in a street fight the other day by an American truckman. The fight was in Broad street, and lasted a quarter of an hour.

'The Mysterious Girl.'—A young girl thus heads an advertisement of herself in our city papers. It's nothing extraordinary for girls to be mysterious.

Collector Greely and Assistant Wellman in Capt. Sturgis's cutter, have been visiting the light-houses along our coast on professional duty.

Powers's Statuary.—The Greek Slave, Fisher Boy, Proserpine, and Gen. Jackson—these four pieces of sculpture, by Powers, are exhibiting at Horticultural Hall, School street.

For the Pope.—The New York collections for the Pope amounted to about $5,000—in Boston there was but a few hundred raised.

City Guards.—This company turned out with very full ranks the other day—*Fifty-three* muskets, and drilled like veterans.

To Citizens.—Read our correspondent's letter from Morgan's Pavilion, Gloucester, and then go down there and cool off.

Embezzling.—One of the New Orleans tax-gatherers ran off with $28,000.

From Fear.—Ten thousand people have left St. Louis from fear of the cholera.

Drowned.—A little Irish girl was drowned from one of our wharves the other day.

Father Mathew.—Stop, we wont write any more about him at *present*.

### OUR OLIO COLUMN.

[Written for The Flag of our Union.]

#### Up with the Barricades!

BY CHARLES BUCHANAN.

O Liberty! thy glorious name,
Whose heart leaps not to hear,
Is there a slave—contempt and shame
Shall mock the wretch's fear.
Down with oppression!—hurl it down!
Our soil it but degrades;
Tread in the dust each tinselled crown—
Up with the barricades!

Our tyrants call us fools and knaves,
As such they use us, too:
But we no longer shall be slaves
Of the usurping crew.
No more shall servile nobles bow
At pompous court parades,
While honest worth in rags must go—
Up with the barricades!

The stars and stripes in the New World
Float o'er the brave and free;
When first that banner was unfurled
Beneath its folds were we.
Now, when that flag indignantly
Our slothfulness upbraids,
Shall Italians tamely bend the knee?
Up with the barricades!

Too long we've listened to the wiles
Of false, pretended friends;
The traitor knaves wear friendly smiles
But to conceal their ends.
On, comrades, to the noble strife!
True glory's wreath ne'er fades;
'Tis ours to win it—death or life!
Up with the barricades!

#### The Wind is East.

The wind is east—the wind is east!
I'm 'out o' sorts,' dear printer;
It has been east! it has been east!
Ever since the last of winter.
The weathercocks all point their bills
Towards the land of Shem;
It is a world of change, and yet
You find no change in them.

My limbs are stiff, and all my joints
Are like old rusty hinges;
And then that favorite corn of mine,
O Moses, how it twinges!
I've all the aches a man can have—
I might except the gout—
My spirits late have grown so damp
You might wring water out.

E'en now within the lap of June,
I sit and quake and quiver;
It's almost cold enough to make
A white bear shake and shiver.
My nose 's stopped up—I cannot smell
Whatever's in the air;
My head feels 's if the spiders had
Their webs been weaving there.

I've got the hydrophobia, John,
I dread to think of water;
I want to bite somebody, John,
Or do some dreadful slaughter.
If I was only near enough,
I'd kick that puppy, Bose;
Go, catch the cat—bring her to me—
I'll shave her whiskers close!

Across the street there sits a chap,
So happy and so lazy,
Whistling a lively, merry tune—
The fellow must be crazy!
He can't be made of common stuff,
He takes no thought, at least;
I'll speak to him, 'Hallo, you sir!
Observe—the wind is east!'

The wind is east—I look and feel
Most dumpish, downish, mulish;
And he that tries to laugh and smile
Behaves himself quite foolish.
I've half a mind to hang myself—
Pooh! no, not just at present;
The wind may change to-morrow, and
The next day may be pleasant.

#### The Town Mouse and Country Mouse.

BY W. A. KENTISH.

Once on a time, a city mouse,
In the most civil and obliging way,
Invited his friend to his town house,
To dine with him on fricasee;
Which is a dish but little known,
Except to people of haut-ton.

Upon a Turkey rug the feast was spread,
And every luxury that heart could wish,
Of meats, fowls, jellies, tarts and fish,
In the most sumptuous style appeared.

Our town companion urged his guest
To use no ceremony in the least,
But freely take what he preferred;
And over the repast they sat,
And spent the time in pleasant chat;
When suddenly footsteps were heard,
Close to the door where they were sitting,
And like two jolly aldermen were eating!

Up, in an instant sprung the city beau,
And in a panic off he flew,
Whilst Hob, his rustic friend,
Fainting with terror, too, kept close behind!
The noise now having died away,
And left our hospitable host more gay,
'Twas but a false alarm,' quoth he;
'Come, let's resume our revelry!'

'No,' said his friend, 'I've had enough;
I'm somewhat anxious to be off;
But if that I may make so free,
To-morrow you will dine with me;
I cannot promise you this princely cheer,
But then, we shall partake it without fear;
For I, my friend, cannot enjoy
Pleasure with the least alloy!'

#### Was I right, or was I not?

Was I right, or was I not?
Tell me girls, and tell me true;
You I mean who've husbands got,
Was I wrong to do so too?

No—I'm sure to die a maid
Ne'er was meant to be my lot;
Hymen called, and I obeyed:
Was I right, or was I not?

When the youth that pleased my mind
Told his love in language sweet,
Could I see him, fond and kind,
Sigh and languish at my feet?

No no, no, it was in vain—
Frowns and threats were quite forgot;
Soon at church I eased his pain—
Was I right, or was I not?

This I know—a single life
Never was designed for me;
No, no, no, 'tis naught but strife,
That you surely could agree.

Girls, get married—that's your plan—
Cupid will assist the plot:
Then, like me, secure your man:
Was I right, or was I not?

#### The Future.

Years are coming—speed thee onward!
When the sword shall gather rust,
And the helmet, lance and falchion
Sleep in silent dust.

Earth has heard too long of battle,
Heard the trumpet's voice too long;
But another age advances,
Seers foretold in song.

In the past, the age of iron,
Those who slaughtering met their kind,
Have too often worn the chaplet
Honor's hand has twined.

But the heroes of the future
Shall be men whose hearts are strong;
Men whose words and acts shall only
War against the wrong.

But the ashes, in their contests,
Shall no part, no honor own;
War's dread art shall be forgotten,
Carnage all unknown.

Years are coming, when forever
War's dread banner shall be furled,
And the angel, Peace, be welcomed
Regent of the world!

Hail with song that glorious era
When the sword shall gather rust,
And the helmet, lance and falchion,
Sleep in silent dust!

#### The Rainbow.

BY WILLIAM WORDSWORTH.

My heart leaps up when I behold
A rainbow in the sky;
So was it when my life began,
So is it now I am a man;
So be it when I shall grow old,
Or let me die!
The child is father of the man:
And I could wish my days to be
Bound each to each by natural piety.

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[Written for The Flag of our Union.]

### Gertrude Almonte.

BY E. CURTISS HINE, U. S. N.

We met beneath Italia's skies,
Beside a ruin old and gray;
Where many a broken column lies,
Slow mouldering to decay.
The moon with silver pencil traced
Her portrait on the blue lake's breast;
On which the mirrored stars were placed,
Like jewels on a kingly crest!

She was a thing of light and love—
The azure of the summer sky
Came from its various realms above,
And dwelt within her laughing eye.
Amid the tresses of her hair
A group of wandering sunbeams strayed,
In childhood's hour, and sporting there,
In mirthful glee, were captives made.

Her breath was like the breath of June,
That wanders o'er the opening flowers;
Her voice was like Æolian tone,
At evening heard in eastern bowers.
And as the ocean's briny tide,
Beneath bright Luna's glance doth swell,
My bosom swelled with joy and pride,
When her fond eye did on me dwell.

O Gertrude, many a day hath flown,
Like summer clouds that flit away;
And bright, bright hopes, like stars that shone
In young life's joyous day!
We parted by that tideless sea,
Whose blue waves kiss Italia's shore;
And my life's sunlight left with thee,
And never sought me more!

I often sit at twilight hour,
And pensive muse on thee,
As on some unforgotten flower,
That I no more can see.
I wonder where thou'rt dwelling now,
And if that starlike eye
Is still as bright, and fair that brow,
As in the days gone by!

*U. S. Ship Franklin.*

[Written for The Flag of our Union.]

### Lines on the Death of a Young Lady.

BY OAKLAND.

'Tis past! and thy young spirit's fled
To purer, brighter realms on high;
The last fond parting word is said—
'Twas sad, how sad that last good-by!

We list to hear thy silvery voice,
Whose tones were wont to glad our ear,
Whose cheerful words bade all rejoice—
We list in vain! thou art not here!

We miss thee here—thy radiant smile,
That once illumed our social throng,
Dispelling gloom and care the while;
Has passed away—'twas sweet—'tis gone!

We miss thee here—all things around
Seem lone, and desolate, and drear;
Thy vacant chair—yon grassy mound—
Tell the sad tale—thou art not here!

'Twas hard, dear one, to part with thee;
To part, to meet on earth no more:
We feel our home can never be
The happy place it was before.

We'll think of thee, and treasure long
The memory of departed years,
When mid the gay and idle throng,
We'll not forget thou art not here.

Life's varied scenes will soon be o'er;
Its cares, its joys, must shortly close:
Soon 'twill be said, we are no more—
Soon we must take our last repose.

Then may we meet in that bright land,
Which to 'earth's righteous ones' is given;
And join thee in that glorious band,
Whose king is God, whose home is heaven.

[Written for The Flag of our Union.]

### Lines to J. C. E.

BY M. M. C.

If thou art one whose heart is proof
Against the sorrows of the poor,
And from the needy keep aloof,
And 'gainst them shut the palace door,
I am not thine.

If thou canst hear upon each gale,
The sigh that tells the widow's grief,
And then thy hand refuse, or fail
To grant to her a quick relief—
I am not thine.

If thou canst see a fellow-worm—
Who's made the path of guilt his lot,
And now again to virtue's turned—
Suffer reproach, and shield him not,
I am not thine.

If thou canst lowly kneel and bow
Before an empty, gilded shrine,
And scarcely speak, or nod, or bow,
To those whose treasures are the mind,
I am not thine.

But if thy voice is wont to cheer
The sick, the sorrowing, and the poor,
And thou art swift to grant relief
To all who seek it at thy door—
Then I am thine.

If thou dost hate the path of guilt,
Of folly, error, sin and crime,
Nor bow to wine, whose throne is built
Upon the ruins of the mind—
Then I am thine.

If in the prison dark confined,
Thou seest a sorrowing, guilty one;
And then dost strive to cheer his mind
With thoughts of virtue, truth and home—
I am thy friend.

[Written for The Flag of our Union.]

### Enchanting Night.

BY H. G. DUFFIELD.

Enchanting night!
When Iris, from her coronated hall,
In matchless beauty pours her silvery light,
And flashing meteors fall.

Enchanting night!
When twinkling stars their silent watches keep,
And balmy zephyrs linger in their flight,
To fan the couch of sleep.

Enchanting night!
When silvery waters in the moonlight play,
And gushing fountains murmur with delight,
And rills dance on their way.

Enchanting night!
When dreamy quiet lulls to sweet repose,
And pearly dewdrops sparkle in the light,
And kiss the scentless rose.

Enchanting night!
When beauty beams from all below, above;
And solitude the busy thoughts invite
To contemplate His love.

## MISCELLANEOUS.

[Written for The Flag of our Union.]

### THE OLD STONE COTTAGE.

A LEGEND OF THE OLDEN TIME.

BY MRS. EMMA C. EMBURY.

'A pleasant spot it was in days of yore,
But something ails it now; the place is curst.'

Did it ever occur to you, courteous reader, that if walls had tongues as well as ears, every house could unfold a history?—nay,—that, unless it is only a house of yesterday, every house could unfold many a history of life's phases! Wherever human hearts have beat, there must have been joy and grief—peace and strife,—the daily struggle between good and evil,—the perpetual feeding on the bitter fruits of the forbidden tree of Eden, and the frequent taste of the tree 'whose leaves are for the healing of the nations.' Every place where the household gods have set up an altar,—every home, however stately in its pride, or cowering in its sordid poverty,—has witnessed some of the thousand forms of life's romance. Hard, and dry, and cold must be the nature which finds in daily existence only a series of common-place-isms. In every bosom is enshrined some recollection of the past, or some dream of the future;—something which gives its golden glory to the coming years, or its gloomy shadow to the by-gone and irreclaimable time.

Life presses not with equal weight upon all hearts. Some find it a light burden easily borne; to others its heavy load is like the fetter of the slave; others, again, feel only its indurating power. Various as are the experiences of human nature, so various also are the effects of this experience. The heart may grow cold and stern,—its sympathies may be frozen,—its kindly charities withered by wrong and sorrow. Tears may sometimes petrify the feelings they were meant to embalm; but the 'mould and pressure' of the once vivid emotion will still be there. Yet it is only for the student of human nature to behold these things. The traveller on the banks of the Mississippi sees only the sand-stone that marks its present limits; it is the eye of the closer observer which detects on the *surface* of the rock the *ripple* made by the *wave* that swept over it, *ere it hardened into stone.*

To me few things are so fraught with interest as a deserted home, and therefore it is, that a visit which I made many years since to the old stone cottage, left an impression upon me which time has not effaced. The feelings which were then called up have lately been more vividly brought to mind, by the fact that on a recent visit to the neighborhood, I found its site occupied by a new brick house, with great staring windows,—the most unpicturesque-looking building that could possibly have been designed, but doubtless infinitely more convenient for modern occupants than the cottage which it replaced. It was absurd, I confess, but I could not help regretting the old cottage. It was so beautifully seated on the river-bank,—not perched up, as if vain of its position, but nestled down among the great old trees;—then its look of durability, built as it was of rough-hewn masses of gray stone;—its air of quaintness, too,—with its peaked roof and projecting eaves carried down almost to the level of the ground, thus including beneath its friendly shelter all the domestic offices. It must have been a lovely spot before neglect and time had wrought their work upon it.

I had heard that there was a strange story connected with this singularly desolate-looking house, but I gave it little thought, though generally fond of collecting these legends of by-gone times. But, while spending some weeks in the vicinity, I was induced to visit the old stone cottage, and there, in one of the lonely chambers of that deserted house, I listened to a tale of human grief and love. My friend, to whom I am indebted for these recollections, obtained the key, which had hung for many years in the lumber-room of the village church, and one fine, breezy, sunshiny day in early spring we set off on our excursion. The elasticity of spirits produced by a brisk walk on a bright day, had made us feel like children. The fragrant wild flowers on which we trod,—the singing of the brook which wound its way along the road,—sometimes marking out the track of the heavy wagon by skirting closely the deep ruts,—sometimes driving suddenly beneath a stone wall and coming up on the other side among the green bushes and flowers;—the merry music made by the wind among the fresh, new, and yet uncrisped leaves of the trees;—all contributed to awaken a spirit of cheerfulness, even of light-hearted gayety.

How great was the transition, then, as we entered the old stone cottage! That peculiar odor of dampness and mouldiness,—differing as much from the dank atmosphere of a charnel vault, as it does from the fresh, aromatic, yet humid smell which issues from the recesses of a thick forest,—that dull, heavy, stagnant air which belongs only to closed-up and unventilated apartments, struck upon our senses as we entered the hall, and gropingly made our way along its darkness. The sunshine which struggled in the open door, only served to show the long black cobwebs streaming down from the damp-stained walls, and it was not until we made our way into one of the rooms and threw open a window to admit the fresh breeze, that we could draw our breath freely. I had expected to see an empty house, but it was made more desolate in its appearance to my eyes by a few remnants of furniture. An old escritoire, whose profuse brass decorations were now bronzed by neglect; the remains of a carved and gilded canopy affixed to the ceiling, the former decoration, apparently, of an antique French bed, seemed to deepen the dreariness of the present by reminding one of the comforts of the past.

'In that very escritoire,' said my friend, 'were found the papers, which, long after the death of all the parties, threw a gleam of light upon the mystery of a life-time.'

My curiosity was excited to the utmost; so seating ourselves on the moth-eaten sofa,—with the fresh April wind sweeping through the chamber, and singing among the tattered draperies of the canopy, while the long and dusty cobwebs swung to and fro on the walls as if keeping time to its music,—I listened to the domestic legend of the old stone cottage.

* * * * * *

More than seventy years ago, a plain but wealthy farmer built this cottage, intending to enjoy here the comfort which he had won by his early labor. But before the building was quite completed he was called to occupy the 'narrow house appointed for all the living;' and his widow, unwilling to abandon her former home, offered the new dwelling for sale. A purchaser soon offered, and, if people in those days had been half as busy with their neighbors' affairs as they are now, there would have been all kinds of gossiping stories about the new owner. He was quite young, but grave and taciturn in his manners, apparently shrinking from society, and quite as indifferent to the courtly attentions of the landed proprietors around him, as to the homelier kindnesses of the less polished farmers. It was observed that he did not furnish the whole of the house, though everything he ordered was of the finest and most costly description. A Turkey carpet, then a rare and expensive luxury, covered the little parlor and one bed-room, curious Indian matting was laid upon the hall, —and altogether a foreign and somewhat luxurious air was given to everything about the cottage. Soon after he had fitted up his new home, the young man, who was simply known by the name of Hermann, went away, leaving the house locked, and depositing the key in the house of the clergyman of the village.—He was absent several months, and when he returned he brought with him a wife. The social system at that time prevailing in our new country left the strangers at liberty to live as secluded as they chose, and, excepting that they were regular attendants at church, no one would have remembered their existence. Mrs. Hermann was extremely beautiful. She had long fair hair, which she always wore in curls upon her shoulders, notwithstanding her matronly dignity; her eyes were of that rich, dark, beautiful blue so rarely seen except in infancy; her complexion was of the most snowy whiteness, and nothing could exceed the lithe, fairy-like grace of her whole figure. Her only defect seemed to be the very excess of this delicate beauty. She seemed too fragile, too ethereal for actual life, and reminded one of the wild stories of sylphs and water-nymphs which grace the legends of German romance.

Hermann appeared to dote on his beautiful wife. She never was out of his sight a moment, but accompanied him in all his walks and rides, and drives, as if they were inseparable. At certain periods, which seemed to recur regularly, Hermann visited the neighboring town, where, on such occasions, he always found letters awaiting him. It was observed that whether they went on horseback, or in his little pony carriage, at such times Mrs. Hermann always wore a close hood, a sort of muffler, which completely concealed her face and form. But this was only when they visited the city; at home a picturesque gipsey bonnet, sometimes merely bound with a wreath of wild flowers, sometimes tied down with a silken 'kerchief to guard her from the sun, was her usual head-gear. She seemed to be like a bird, living only among flowers and music; for to tend the rare flowers with which Hermann had filled his garden, to sing songs in some foreign tongue to the accompaniment of her guitar or his violin, to sit at his feet with her head lying on his knees while he read to her, seemed to be her only occupations. An old black woman, whose myriads of wrinkles and snow-white woolly head showed her great age, was their only domestic. She had accompanied Mrs. Hermann to the cottage, and for their simple wants her services were quite sufficient.

Of course there were many speculations afloat concerning the strange inmates of the cottage, for even several years since '*they say*' was not an unknown phrase. It was gradually discovered that Hermann used large quantities of white clay;—that he sometimes received heavy blocks of marble from the quarries of some remote land; in short that he was that almost unheard-of being (at that time) a *sculptor*. But beyond this no one ever discovered anything. Those who visited them were received kindly and with a manner that showed he was perfectly familiar with courtly breeding, but there all acquaintance ended.—Mrs. Hermann spoke no language but her native Spanish, and of course there was no opportunity, even if there was temptation, for any one to break through the polished but icy barrier which seemed designed to keep out the encroachments of social life. Those who saw the lady at church every Sunday, and beheld the interest with which she watched and apparently listened to the good pastor, doubted her ignorance of the English language. But whether she could not or would not speak the language of her neighbors, the consequence was just the same as far as social interchange was concerned. At length the strangers were allowed to go on unmolested in the course they had adopted. No one attempted to meddle with them, and they enjoyed to the full that privacy which appeared to be the boon they most desired.

They had occupied the stone cottage for more than a year, when one evening as they were sitting within the porch, Hermann proposed a walk down the bank to the river's brink. They sauntered slowly on, talking to each other, singing snatches of old songs and prattling that pretty bird-like music which only lovers talk, until they reached the verge of the hill where the path wound down to the water. Here Mrs. Hermann paused, and her husband, seeing the mist upon the river, besought her to turn back. But a fit of girlish perverseness was on her, and she insisted on going down to the river. Finding her bent on her purpose, Hermann seated her on a stone which was imbedded in the soil on the very verge of the hill, and bidding her wait till his return, bounded off to the cottage after her bonnet and shawl. As he entered the cottage door he looked back and saw her delicate figure with its snow-white robe, clearly relieved against the rich sunset sky. He sprang into the room, found the gipsey bonnet and silken scarf, and hurried back to the spot where he had left his wife. What was his horror to find her gone!

His first thought was one of agony;—she had perhaps fallen from the stone and was lying crushed and bleeding beneath the cliff.—But no,—he hurried down the bank, no trace of her was there. He ran back to the house, thinking she might have taken a childish whim to tease and terrify him, but here he was again disappointed. In an agony of despair which was frightful only to witness, he went from house to house summoning the neighbors to assist in his wild search. Again and again did he narrate his incredible tale of her sudden disappearance; again and again did he call upon her name and make the air ring with his passionate cries. But hour after hour passed, night, dark and heavy, settled upon the earth, and yet no trace of the missing wife had been recovered. People looked at each other and read on each other's faces what none dared to speak. At length some boys who had been diving at the foot of the cliff, in the hope of discovering the body if indeed she had fallen into the river, drew up a woman's shoe, and almost at the same moment a bracelet of curious workmanship was picked up among the broken stones of the bank. Both were identified by Hermann as having belonged to his wife. The tiny shoe could belong to no other woman, and the bracelet was too peculiar to leave any doubt on the mind of any one who had ever seen it.

There were stranger looks exchanged then, —and darker grew the cloud upon men's brows, when they listened to the wild cries of the bereaved husband. In his grief he uttered the language of his native land; and as the unlettered German farmer listened to the wild ravings and self-accusations of the passionate German sculptor, it is no wonder that he should mistake the import of his words. At length suspicion found words, and thus made for itself wings. All looked on Hermann with distrustful eyes. Ere another hour had passed he was branded as the murderer of his wife, and locked in a solitary room until legal measures could be taken against him. The dawn of day found Hermann a raving maniac. Some persons, acting under authority, ventured to search the house. They found nothing to excite suspicion against the unhappy man. His half-finished busts, casts of every kind, and one superb head which all recognized at once as the marble semblance of the lost Mrs. Hermann, were all that denoted his occupation or his habits of life. The old woman who waited upon them was deaf, and spoke only Spanish, therefore no information was to be obtained from her, and the good people of —— were quite at fault what to do.

Somebody suggested that a physician was more required than a lawyer, inasmuch as the prisoner must be brought to his senses before he could be tried for his life. Another said that before Hermann could be tried at all it was necessary to prove that a murder had actually been committed. Amid these conflicting opinions the excited community concluded to wash their hands of the whole matter.—They sent Hermann back to his home, under the charge of the village doctor, and took to themselves great credit for not having been *too hasty.*

Hermann's illness increased to so alarming a degree that the physician was induced to place him under the charge of a more experienced person than himself. Accordingly the old woman was left in charge of the cottage, and Hermann was removed to a lunatic asylum. For several months he remained a prisoner, but his madness was not of that moody kind which dulls the perceptions of the brain forever. He wept and raved and raged, until his bodily strength sunk under his fierce emotion, and then, in the weakness and exhaustion of sickness, he found the antidote for his diseased mind. He rose from the couch of pain a feeble, broken man, with the bent frame and furrowed brow of premature old age, but his mind was once more cleared from the mists that had encompassed it.

It was long before he understood the nature of the suspicion which had fallen upon him. When he did, his whole nature seemed concentrated in the calm, stern pride with which he repelled the horrible idea. On the Sunday following the day on which he first learned the blight which had fallen on his good name, he appeared in his usual place in church, with a cheek white as ashes, but a glance that burned like fire. As the pastor dismissed the congregation with his blessing, Hermann stepped forth, and while the multitude were hurrying out of the sanctuary he bade them pause.—His voice, clear as a trumpet-call, arrested every foot. Every head was turned towards him,—every eye rested full upon him as he addressed the people. His words were few, but powerful: he spoke of the distrust which had been engendered against him,—of its cruelty and its injustice, as well as its absurdity; and avowed his intention of seeking throughout the world for some trace of his lost wife. He avowed his belief that she had been forcibly carried away, and in strong, clear, convincing terms he rebuked the officiousness of those who, by shutting him up a prisoner, in such a moment of excitement, had driven him to madness, and thus lost the precious moments when search might have been of use.—His words were not lost upon his hearers. Many a hand was extended in kindness towards him,—many an eye glistened in sympathy for his sufferings. And thus he went forth, pitied by all, doubted by some, but still a lonely and sorrowful and bereaved man.

It was now remembered by more than one that a vessel which had been lying for several days in the river had suddenly sailed away on the night of Mrs. Hermann's disappearance. In the excitement of the moment this fact had been overlooked; yet now, when men's minds were no longer fevered by the idea of *murder*, it seemed to offer some clue to her fate. But even this threw no light on the motives, nor gave any glimpse of the authors of such an outrage. All was shrouded in inexplicable mystery.

Hermann locked up the cottage, placed the key in the keeping of the village pastor, left with him an ample stipend for the old black woman who was now fast sinking into imbecility, and pledging himself to return at the expiration of a twelvemonth, left the scene of his joys and sorrows, to commence his hopeless search.

For ten years Hermann paid his annual visit to the stone cottage. He usually came at some unexpected moment, and taking the key of his domicile from the pastor, shut himself alone in his desolate home. To all questions respecting the success of his search he returned only a mournful shake of the head. He came and went like a spectre. For twenty-four hours he remained in the midst of the associations of past happiness, and then the place was again abandoned to loneliness and decay.

At length he came for the last time. Bowed with grief and premature old age, broken with hardship and infirmities, the mysterious man came home, placed in the hands of the village pastor the key of his house, together with certain papers, not to be opened until a full year had elapsed, and again set off upon his wanderings. He never came again. The year rolled round, and the papers were unsealed.—They contained a legally-attested will, by which he directed that the stone cottage should remain in its present condition, untenanted and unappropriated for the term of twenty years, *unless within that period Mrs. Hermann should return*—in which case the premises were to be considered her's during her life. If no claimant appeared within twenty years, at the expiration of that time the cottage and all its contents were to be sold and the proceeds given to the poor of the village. The village pastor, the lawyer and the doctor were appointed trustees of this singular will, and in case of the death of either of the trustees, the survivors were directed to select another in his place.

Everything in this document seemed to argue a perfect soundness of mind as well as fixedness of purpose, except the tenacity with which the testator clung to the hope of his wife's return. Her disappearance had been so sudden, and all clue to it had been so utterly lost, that it seemed like madness to anticipate her quiet return to this secluded spot. People talked about the folly of the unhappy man, and speculated as to the chances of the lady's reappearance, and uttered a world of gossip on the subject, and then the matter was forgotten. One of the conditions of the will had been that no one should be allowed to enter the cottage or displace an article of its furniture until the expiration of the allotted time; and of course curiosity soon died away, when it found nothing to feed upon.

Time again swept on. The village pastor was bowed beneath the weight of his threescore years and ten, and had long ceased to feel his early interest in the mysterious events of the stone cottage; when he learned almost with a feeling of superstitious awe that a figure shrouded from head to foot in a black mantle had been seen crouched on the doorstep. It was a cold, bleak, wintry afternoon, and a heavy snow was falling, when the good man, taking a companion with him, hurried to the cottage. As they approached the door the last gleam of daylight served to show a mass of dark drapery lying in the path. Horror-stricken and alarmed they lifted the dark figure from the earth, and beheld the wan and suffering features of a woman. When and how she had come hither no one knew: whence she had travelled no one could divine. One thing only was certain,—a woman, fair, delicate and fragile, but bearing the furrows of time and grief upon her wasted countenance, had lain down to die at the door of this doomed cottage. Could it be Mrs. Hermann? if so, whence had she come? Why had she cowered thus helplessly on the threshold of her home? Where had she been during the long and weary years which had crushed the heart of her husband and blighted her own fair fame? All could ask,—but the dead opened not her cold lips in reply. The mystery was now veiled in impenetrable darkness; and the doubt of her very identity consigned to a nameless tomb the only being who could ever have unveiled it to human eyes.

At length the allotted twenty years had passed away, and the pastor, now eighty years of age, was summoned to do his final duty respecting the old stone cottage. Every one was curious to ransack a house so mysteriously sealed from all eyes during so long a period. Of course the delicate and costly furniture was utterly spoiled. The moth and the worm and the spider had done their work of devastation, and but little was left of any value. The beautiful bust of Mrs. Hermann, which was known to have been in the cottage, had disappeared; a few casts, broken and disfigured, were scattered around, a stringless guitar and some Spanish books were all that remained to denote the peculiar tastes of the strange inmates of the cottage.

In searching for some trace of their real history the old escritoire was not forgotten.—But its drawers were empty, and it was not until long afterwards, when the cottage had been sold and resold several times, and the old piece of furniture had been only left in the house because too weighty to send away, that a secret apartment was discovered in its carved pannelling, where was concealed a roll of papers. On examination they were found to contain the certificate of marriage between Hermann Idelstein and Inez de Ribera; which took place in the island of Jamaica, in May 17—; only a few months previous to their taking up their abode in the stone cottage. Beside this document there were several letters from Hermann to Inez, full of the most passionate tenderness,—a lock of beautiful bright hair that looked like a gleam of sunshine as it fell from among the old and time-stained papers, and two miniatures. Enclosing the whole was a brief statement, written in Hermann's strong, bold hand, of the circumstances connected with his marriage. It was told in the German language, and the paper passed through so many hands that it probably fell to pieces before the curiosity of people was more than half satisfied. But the general outline of its contents is still remembered by those who were then young and romantic.

It appears that Hermann Idelstein, a young German sculptor, whose fortune enabled him to pursue his own tastes and visit all parts of the world, had first seen Inez de Ribera in the island of Jamaica, as she was leading a troop of young girls in some religious procession.—Struck by her beauty he gave up his whole soul to the intoxication of this new emotion. The details of the story would seem only like a page out of some old romance. Inez was very young,—a novice,—destined to take the veil. She was not insensible to the passion of the young sculptor, and love is a plant of quick growth in tropical countries. In less than a month after their first meeting Inez was in the arms of Hermann, and a rope ladder depending from the window of her cell showed the manner of her flight. They were married by the first Protestant clergyman that could be found, and then—but not till then—when the excitement of danger was somewhat over, and they were safely embarked on board of an American ship—did Hermann discover the madness of his conduct. Wisely had those decided who gave Inez to the safe asylum of a convent's walls; for while her form and face were gifted with almost angelic beauty, the light of intellect was only a feeble and flickering glimmer. She was no gibbering idiot; but her mind was like a child's, feeble, unresisting, fickle, and taking the mould and color of surrounding circumstances. Yet she was so gentle, so tender, so loving in her nature, and withal so exceedingly beautiful, that Hermann loved her daily more and more, despite of her weakness of character and dimness of mental vision.

But his scheme of life was now changed. Instead of going out into the world to win a name, he must now shut himself up in some pleasant nook, to watch over the fragile being whom he had so rashly undertaken to protect. In pursuance of this plan, he had sought a home, which, he hoped, would be beyond the reach of the vengeance which he knew the family of Inez would take if they could. He chose a rural abode among the northern mountains and beside a northern river, and there, in the old stone cottage, he had enjoyed his all of happiness. He had been happy even though he felt the invisible chain of destiny binding him closer and closer to a life of obscurity;—happy in the love of his child-like wife;—happy in her innocent enjoyment of all the pleasures which his affection could bring around her. Never but once had his watchful eye wandered from his charge; never but that fatal once had he left her unguarded for a single moment. But then—in that moment,—the avenger, the destroyer came.

To the bereaved husband the sudden disappearance of his wife was almost as mysterious as to all others. He could only divine her fate from knowing the secrets of the past. That the vindictiveness of the father and brother had hunted him out, was his firm belief, and that Inez was the victim of their cruelty was the thought that haunted him like an evil spirit. But in all his wanderings he could never obtain a trace of her, or the least clue to her fate. Of one thing only he felt sure, that if she yet lived and could free herself from restraint, the feeble light of her intellect would suffice to guide her back to the home of her heart. She had been the creature of habitudes, and he knew she would wander back, guided by the instinct of affection, if ever she were left to the enjoyment of freedom.

And now, gentle reader, I have told you the whole story. Nobody knows anything beyond this imperfect sketch of the fate of two singularly-gifted individuals who lived and loved, and I had almost said died in the old stone cottage. The facts I have stated are so well known that I have purposely given you no idea of the actual locality in which these strange events occurred. Every trace of this one of life's romances has now disappeared from the earth, and we are left to conjecture the actual fate of all the parties. Hermann Idelstein fills an obscure grave in some unknown corner of the earth; and it is believed that the form which now moulders beneath a nameless stone in the little churchyard of —— is all that remains of the once beautiful but feeble-minded Inez. But who tore her away from the protecting arms of her husband,—and what was her fate during her long years of absence,—and, stranger still, how she guided herself back to die on the threshold of her long-deserted home, are questions that can never now be answered.

[Written for The Flag of our Union.]

### A Ballad.

BY ALMY.

Far from the busy haunts of men,
In a humble cot by a shady glen,
Dwelt a maiden fair;
Dark as the raven hue of night,
O'er her polished shoulders white,
Flowed her wavy hair.

Light her form as a fairy dream,
Soft her voice as the dulcet stream,
With its liquid song;
Bright and clear as the chamois' eye
Were her orbs of deepest dye,
Fringed with lashes long.

Pure and bright as the sky above,
Was her young heart of sunny love,
Beaming from her face;
Like pearls in coral, dazzling worn,
Teeth did ruby lips adorn,
With bewitching grace.

A knight passed by, on a gallant steed,
And the maiden bowed, as bows the reed
Before a sudden blast;
The blushes on her cheeks did lie,
As the rose of deepest dye,
'Neath his glances cast.

He wooed her heart in the shady glen,
And vowed, as vow the lips of men—
She as woman loved;
And like the tempest of an hour,
Withering the sweetest flower,
So he traitor proved.

The knight was false—the maiden laid,
A snow-white corpse, beneath the shade
Of her favorite tree,
Where a child she merrily played,
Where with him she fondly strayed,
In love's ecstasy.

The knight lay on the battle-field,
With shivered lance and broken shield,
And fast failing breath;
His soul went back to the shady glen,
Clasped the maiden true again,
In embrace of death.

### The Old Family Bible.

On the banks of the Wabash, some years since, the effects of a poor widow, who had been left comparatively destitute at the death of her husband, had been seized by the sheriff for debt, and were being sold at auction; and among these effects an old family Bible was put up for sale. She begged the constable to spare this memento of her dear and honored parents, but he was inexorable. The good book was about going for a few shillings, when the widow suddenly snatched it, and, declaring that she would have some relic of those she loved, cut the slender thread that held the brown linen cover, with the intention of retaining it. The cover fell into her hands, and with it two pieces of thin, dirty paper. Surprised at the circumstance she examined them, and what was her joy and delight to find that they each called for five hundred pounds on the Bank of England! On the back of one, in her mother's handwriting, were the following words: 'When sorrows overtake ye, seek your Bible.' And on the other, in her father's hand: 'Your Father's ears are never deaf.' The sale was immediately stopped, and the family Bible given to its faithful owner.

### Present Style of Beaux in Paris.

Eccentricity and a cavalier ease and inattention to rules, are the key-notes of the present style of manners. To look distinguished, which has been the ambition of young men, for the last ten or twenty years, has given way to a rage for looking careless and subject to nothing in particular. At the opera, inelegance of attitudes is very much affected, as well as negligence of dress and eccentricity of gesture. In a box of three dandies, there will at least be four elbows on the front cushion, and so progressive is this style that an eruption of boots over the edges of the box is nightly expected. To draw attention they applaud in a peculiar way. Yellow gloves are still scrupulously in use, and, at the wish to express admiration, the yellow gloves rise high in air, and applaud slowly and negligently—the tableau seeming to present a figure of which yellow gloves are the principal and upper portion, and the head of a man an accessory half way down. What this tends to, and where, starting at this point, it will find the extension which novelties in fashion require in their development, Heaven alone can foresee.—*Home Journal.*

### The Art of Conversation.

In the first place, remember in sustaining a light and polished dialogue, that to go on saying *anything* is infinitely better than coming to a dead stop and saying *nothing*.

Never bungle, hesitate, or correct yourself. Let the stream of words flow easily; and as in taking care of the pence, the pounds are said to take care of themselves, so in managing well your forms of diction the sense must be left to its own guidance.

As a substitute for a particular word, 'what's its name' is always at hand and preferable to 'Thingembob,' which is decidedly vulgar.

In the absence of argument, the logical 'of course' is invaluable.

'All that sort of thing,' admirably supplies the place of general knowledge.

'As the poet says,' will account for any quotation from any or no author in existence.

'In the middle ages,' or 'in the days of Louis XIV,' is a capital date when you're at a loss.—*Literary American.*

### A Comprehensive Reason.

Two little girls (the eldest not six years) were amusing themselves one day, by telling Bible stories. The eldest, named Annette, related with great accuracy, the account given in Genesis, of Abraham's offering up Isaac. Her little auditor listened in perfect silence, until she came to the command—'Take now thy son, thine only son, whom thou lovest, and get thee to the land of Moriah, and offer him there for a burnt-offering, on one of the mountains that I will tell thee of.' This was too much, and the astonished child cried out—

'Why, what did God *tell him to do so for*?'

'Sister,' said Annette, 'God meant to see if Abraham would *mind* him.'

The dear little one knew well the practical meaning of subordination to kind, parental authority, and she took in the idea at once—the difficulty was all solved, and her mind put at rest.—*Boston Reporter.*

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Gravity is an arrant scoundrel, and one of the most dangerous kind too, because a sly one; and we verily believe that more honest, well-meaning people are bubbled out of their goods and money by it in one twelvemonth, than by pocket-picking and shop-lifting in seven.

### The Jewess of Old Times.

HER DRESS AND TOILET.

PERFUMES.

Before the hair received its final arrangement from the hands of the waiting-maid, it was held open and dishevelled to receive the fumes of frankincense, aloe-wood, cassia, costmary, and other odorous woods, gums, balsams, and spices of India, Arabia, or Palestine—placed upon glowing embers, in vessels of golden fretwork. It is probable, also, that the Hebrew ladies used amber, besam, and the musk of Thibet; and, when fully arranged, the hair was sprinkled with oil of nard, myrrh, oil of cinnamon, &c. The importance attached to this part of the Hebrew toilette may be collected indeed from an ordinance of the Thalmud, III., 80, which directs that the bridegroom shall set apart one-tenth of the income which the bride brings him, for the purchase of perfumes, essences, precious ointments, &c. All these articles were preserved either in golden boxes, or in little oval narrow-necked phials of dazzling white alabaster, which bore the name of onyx, from its resemblance to the precious stone of that name, but was in fact a very costly sort of marble, obtained in the quarries of Upper Egypt, or those of the Lybanus in Syria. Indeed, long before the birth of Christ, alabaster was in such general use for purposes of this kind in Palestine, that it became the generic name for valuable boxes, no matter of what material. To prevent the evaporation of the contents, the narrow neck of the phial was resealed every time that it was opened. It is probable, also, that the *myrrhine* cups, about which there has been so much disputing, were no strangers to the Jewish toilette.

THE MIRROR.

The mirror was not made of glass (for glass mirrors cannot be shown to have existed before the thirteenth century), but of polished metals, and amongst these, silver was in the greatest esteem, as being capable of a higher burnish than other metals, and less liable to tarnish. Metallic mirrors are alluded to by Job, 37: 18. But it appears from the second book of Moses, 38: 8, that in that age, copper must have been the metal employed throughout the harems of Palestine. For a general contribution of mirrors being made upon one occasion by the Israelitish women, they were melted down and recast into washing vessels for the priestly service. Now the sacred utensils, as we know from other sources, were undeniably of copper. There is reason to think, however, that the copper was alloyed, according to the prevailing practice in that age, with some proportions of lead and tin. In after ages, when silver was chiefly employed, it gave place occasionally to gold. Mines of this metal were well known to Palestine; but there is no evidence that precious stones, which were used for this purpose in the ages of European luxury, were ever so used in Palestine, or in any part of Asia.

As to shape, the Hebrew mirrors were always either circular or oval, and cast indifferently flat or concave. They were framed in superb settings, often of pearls and jewels; and when tarnished, were cleaned with a sponge of hyssop, the cleansing material in Palestine.

THE GIRDLE.

On this upper tunic, to confine the exuberance of its draperies, and to prevent their interfering with the free motions of the limbs, a superb *girdle* was bound about the hips. Here, if anywhere, the Hebrew ladies endeavored to pour out the whole pomp of their splendor—both as to materials and workmanship. Belts from three to four inches broad, of the most delicate cottony substance, were chosen as the ground of this important part of female attire. The finest flowers of Palestine were here exhibited in rich relief, and in their native colors, either woven in the loom, or by the needle of the embroiderer. The belts being thirty or forty feet long, and carried round and round the person, it was in the power of the wearer to exhibit an infinite variety of forms, by allowing any fold or number of folds at pleasure to rise up more or less to view, just as fans or the colored edges of books with us are made to exhibit landscapes, &c. capable of great varieties of expansion as they are more or less unfolded. The fastening was by a knot below the bosom; and the two ends descended below the fringe; which, if not the only fashion in use, was, however, the prevailing one—as we learn both from the sculptures at Persepolis, and from the costume of the High Priest.

Great as the cost was of these girdles, it would have been far greater had the knot been exchanged for a clasp; and in fact at a later period, when this fashion did really take place, there was no limit to the profusion with which pearls of the largest size, and jewelry were accumulated upon this conspicuous centre of the dress. Latterly, the girdles were fitted up with beautiful chains, by means of which they could be contracted or enlarged, and with gold buckles, and large bosses and clasps that gradually became the basis for a ruinous display of expenditure.

In conclusion, I must remark, that in Palestine, as elsewhere, the girdle was sometimes used as a purse; whether it were that the girdle itself was made hollow (as is expressly affirmed of the High Priest's girdle), or that, without being hollow, its numerous foldings afforded a secure depository for articles of small size. Even in our days, it is the custom to conceal the dagger, the handkerchief for wiping the face, and other bagatelles of personal convenience in the folds of the girdle. However, the richer and more distinguished classes in Palestine appear to have had a peculiar and separate article of that kind. And this was—

THE PURSE.

A purse made either of metal (usually gold or silver), or of the softest leather, &c., which was attached by a lace to the girdle, or kept amongst its folds, and which, even in the eyes of Isaiah, was important enough to merit a distinct mention. It was of a conical shape; and at the broader end was usually enriched with ornaments of the most elaborate and exquisite workmanship. No long time after the Christian era, the cost of these purses had risen to such a height, that Tertullian complains, with great displeasure, of the ladies of his time, that in the mere purse, apart from its contents, they carried about with them the price of a considerable estate.

RINGS.

The glittering *rings*, with which (according to Isaiah, 3: 21) the Hebrew ladies adorned their hands, seem to me originally to have been derived from the seal-rings, which, whether suspended from the neck, or worn upon the fingers, have in all ages been the most favorite ornament of Asiatics. These splendid baubles were naturally in the highest degree attractive to woman, both from the beauty of the stones, which were usually selected for this purpose, and from the richness of the setting—to say nothing of the exquisite art which the ancient lapidaries displayed in cutting them. The stones chiefly valued by the ladies of Palestine were rubies—emeralds—and chrysolites; and these, set in gold, sparkled on the hand; and in the luxurious times upon *all* the fingers—even the thumb; nay, in some cases, upon the great toe.

### More than Bargained for.

One day John Gay, a noted disciple of Major Longbow's, was riding by a tavern where he was well known. The landlord, a queer fellow, stood on the stoop, surrounded by several 'drouthy cronies.' As John was passing in hot haste, the landlord called to him:

'Hallo, Gay, stop and tell us a lie.'

'Pon my soul, I can't,' said Gay, passing on. But the clamor for the lie was so violent that he was forced to excuse himself by saying, that he was going post haste for the doctor.

'Daniel Chambers,' said he (naming a highly respectable farmer some two miles off among the hills), 'has fallen from his mow and broke his arm and leg, and I must hurry back, for there's scarce anybody with him.'

And with a face full of gravity and sympathy, John sped on his errand of mercy, while the innkeeper and his comrades performed a steeple-chase across the hills, to find Chambers sound, wind and limb; the fact being amply proved by the violent contortions and obstreperous laughter he indulged in at the discomfiture of the party.—*N. Y. Spirit of the Times.*

A lady entered a dry goods store in our town the other day: after inquiring for a variety of articles, she requested the young clerk to show her some cambric of a bay color.

The clerk inquired with some surprise what she meant by that color.

'Why,' replied the lady, 'cambric the color of your drawers.'

'You are mistaken, madam,' said the clerk, 'I don't wear any.'

It was some time before the lady could make him understand that she alluded to some fixtures with knobs on them.

---

One of Bishop Burnet's parishioners being in great distress, applied to him for assistance. The prelate requested to know what would serve him, and reinstate him in his trade. The man named the sum, and Burnet told the servant to give it to him.

'Sir,' said the servant, 'it is all we have in the house.'

'Well, give it to this poor man; you do not know the pleasure there is in making a man glad.'

---

A class was reciting a lesson in metaphysics,—the chapter on *motives* operating on the human will,—when a mackerel vender went by, shouting,—'mackerel, fine fat mackerel!' Suddenly disturbed by the noise, the master inquired of the class what *motive* the man had for making such a noise! No answer being given, he said they must be *deaf as haddocks, and flat as flounders*, not to perceive that it was a *sell-fish* motive.

---

The Louisville Journal, in copying from an Eastern paper the account of a very tall fellow, with the Eastern editor's speculations as to what this tall fellow did with his feet when he went to bed, remarks that there is a man in Louisville much taller, and who finds no difficulty with his feet, as he always when he lies down, *shuts them up like a jack knife.*

---

At breakfast old Roger, throwing down the newspaper with violence, exclaimed, 'D—n that crevasse!' 'What did you say?' asked the landlady, with a look of horror. 'O,' said he, 'I merely inquired why they don't dam that crevasse at New Orleans. There's been nothing else in this c——d paper for six weeks.'

---

The phrase 'female,' as used instead of the more dignified appellation of 'woman,' is becoming a subject of merited ridicule, and is thus hit off by the Louisville *Journal*: 'A Philadelphia paper says: 'A female of this city was yesterday delivered of four little ones at a birth.' The editor forgets to tell us whether the 'female' was a woman or a cat!'

---

One of our distinguished men, getting out of a chaise and going into the store of an auctioneer of this city, met the proprietor just at the door.—'Why John,' said the man of the hammer, 'you looked fat enough for an alderman as you got out of your chaise.' 'Well,' replied John, in his quaint way, 'I was *all der man* that got out of the vehicle.'

---

Mrs. Partington says, that since Gen. Taylor has been electrified the gals are enamelled of his beauty; and that kissing a President is like smelling the perspersian flowers. Still she thinks it better to be a galvanized president than a decomposed monarch of royal distraction.

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A lady, who was very modest and submissive before marriage, was observed by a friend to use her tongue pretty freely after. 'There was a time when I almost imagined she had none.' 'Yes,' said the husband, with a sigh, 'but it's very *long* since.'

---

The natives of Sierra Leone carry all burdens on their heads. Their whimsical attachment to old customs was ludicrously illustrated, on the introduction of wheelbarrows; they had no objection to the one-wheeled novelty, but *would* carry it on their heads, laden or empty!

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The following is from a burial ground in Providence, R. I.

Her soul grew so fast within,
It burst the outward *shell* of sin,
And so was *hatched* a cherubim.

---

A tippler being asked the reason of his incessant use of ardent spirits, said, 'to get the cursed stuff out of the country.' There are a good many people besides Rechabites and other teetotallers, who obviously consider rum 'a thing to be *put down*.'

---

A Halifax newspaper once announced that sundry vessels were prevented from going to sea by '*frogs and clams*.' The next number of the paper explained that the impediments to navigation should have read '*fogs and calms*.'

---

'Hiram!' 'Say Zeb, I'm off, stick right away for California. My wings is grew, and my nails is made for diggin.'—Zeb. 'California be bust! Canada's the washin for me. I guess I'll squat there, where government pays for rebellion and no questions axed.'—*Punch.*

---

A lady wrote with a diamond, on a pane of glass:

'God did at first make man upright, but he—'

To which a gentleman added—

'Most surely had continued so, but she—'

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In these revolutionary days, which is the most thorough revolution? A change in the fashion of boots from square toes to pointed, because it is a revolution in *toe-toe*; moreover, it is not a *bootiless* change, as too many have been.

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A sprig of the law expecting soon the appointment of judge, was questioned as to his qualifications as to the penalty he should attach to the crime of arson, replied, with profound gravity, 'Arson, arson! I would make the fellow pay a hundred dollars and marry the girl!'

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A gentleman, taking an apartment, said to the landlady, 'I assure you madam, I never left a lodging but my landlady shed tears.' 'I hope, sir,' said she, 'it was not because you went away without paying.'

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'Were you wounded in the wars?' asked a man of a little drummer.

'O, yes, badly,' replied he.

'In what part were you shot?'

'O, sir, I was shot in the drum.'

---

A letter received some time since from Ireland mentions that a coast officer of Arklow, in the county of Wicklow, after going his round, entered in his diary 'that he had seen nothing but one ship out *of sight*!'

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A liberal reward will be paid for information respecting the perpetrator of the following:

What effect did Cain's murder of his brother have on Abel's wife? Ans—Made her miserable (mis her Abel.)

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[WRITTEN EXPRESSLY FOR THE FLAG OF OUR UNION.]

## ZULEIKA:

OR,

## THE CASTILIAN CAPTIVE.

A Romance of the Time of Ferdinand and Isabella.

BY MARTHA A. CLOUGH.

[CONTINUED.]

### CHAPTER VIII.

'Thou, the proud scion of a noble name,
Art doomed a prisoner's clanking chains to wear;
And, from the high and glorious path to fame,
Art hurled, a dungeon's living death to bear:
And love's bright star, that gladdened all thy way,
No more may shed on thee its halcyon ray.'

THREE years had passed away since the request of Juan de Vera had been so proudly answered, and the Lady Zuleika had become a lovely maiden of seventeen. The beauty that had then borne her name far from Granada, had become still more glorious in those three years, and now every young noble in her native city was talking of her loveliness. Many admiring glances followed her; many sweet songs were breathed to her, but they awoke no thrill in her heart. The minstrel she had never seen since the costly casket fell at her feet on that calm, summer night when last he sang in the garden, but the bouquet and the cross still lay concealed in their hiding-place, and none but she and Aylla knew of their existence.

Her wily sire and the secretary were still bent upon their revenge; deeply had they laid their plans, and they had now scarcely a doubt of their accomplishment. Many times had they whispered in the ears of Zoraya and Aben Hassan words that had plunged Ayxa and her son deeper and deeper in misery. Mysterious documents had often been received by the king and Zoraya, in which it was confidently affirmed that the Sultana Axya was plotting against him, and her spirited conduct ever since the evening when the stranger drew back the sword of Aben Hassan confirmed this statement. He became outrageous; several of his sons had been publicly executed at his command, and more than once had he sworn that Boabdil, El Zogoybi, and his mother should share the same fate. Yet the last time that he had uttered this oath, a fearful figure had rushed into his presence, and solemnly commanded him never to take the life of the queen. While he was considering whither he should send her, tidings reached him that Ferdinand and Isabella were preparing to invade his territory. At this intelligence the spirit of the warrior was aroused within him; he made a successful attack upon the Spanish fortress of Zahara, and returned with shouts of victory to Granada. While the inhabitants were congratulating themselves upon their conquest, a band of their enemies moved slowly across the Vega and entered the city gates. Totally unlike the splendid retinue that had accompanied De Vera three years before, was the miserable train of prisoners that now passed through their streets.

There were noble cavaliers, it is true, whose stately bearing could not be concealed now that they were slaves—but where were their beautiful steeds—where were their waving plumes, their glittering armor?

Alas! in the dead of the night had their town been surprised—and they been made prisoners. As the procession moved mournfully by the palace of Almyaz, Zuleika and her favorite Aylla hastened to the balcony to look upon them. Who was that graceful youth that gazed so long and earnestly towards the two fair girls? The glance of those large, dark eyes was not as joyous as when three years before Zuleika had met it; but she knew at once that the minstrel was again near her. The look cast upon her spoke volumes to her soul; it told of a heart that admired her—but also that the restless spirit of the soldier writhed that she should see him thus. The tears rushed to her eyes as she whispered to Aylla:

'Yonder is the minstrel.'

Scarcely had she spoken ere the wretched cavalcade passed, and a band of Moorish noblemen gathered around them. They were on their way to congratulate the king on his success, and with their rich garments and majestic demeanor, they formed a striking contrast with the weary and suffering prisoners. One there was among them, whose lofty bearing attracted the attention of the gazers, and Zuleika saw her father approach him, and speak to him a few moments; she trembled lest he should recognize him as the songster; but her fears were vain; he soon turned away and went swiftly towards the royal palace.

While the miserable captives stood in the streets, within a magnificent apartment of the Alhambra sat the victorious Aben Hassan. A brilliant assemblage had gathered around him, and a feeling of pride thrilled his heart as he thought that they were his subjects. Near him stood Almyaz; but his thoughts were not with that bright throng. As he had paused to look at the captives in the street, one face seemed strangely familiar. He endeavored to recall the time when he had seen before that countenance,—those curling lips, those dark, flashing eyes seemed like the forms of a half-forgotten dream. Suddenly he started, as if a sword had pierced his very soul; his sinewy frame shook with emotion as he stepped to the side of the young man, and demanded his name.

'Leon de Gardonaz,' replied the youth, proudly.

'And thy father was Marquis of Senillo?' asked the nobleman.

'Thou hast spoken truth!' responded the Spaniard.

'One question more—how did it happen that thou wast at Zahara, when the fortress was taken?'

'I was charged with a message to the Alcyade by my sovereign; and arrived the night that the Moor surprised it!'

The heart of Almyaz swelled as he listened, and he involuntarily grasped the hilt of the dagger which he wore, as if to take the life of the captive; but he checked himself.

'Not yet, not here,' he muttered, and he hastened away to the Alhambra. As he sat there absorbed in thoughts of the young de Gardonaz, a prophet clad in coarse garments rushed into the apartment, and in a voice fearfully deep and solemn, denounced woe upon Granada for the capture of Zahara. At the sight of this singular being, Almyaz roused himself from the reverie into which he had fallen, and watched the king and courtiers intently.

He well knew whence had come that apparently aged man, for two hours before he had shrouded the form of the secretary in those robes and given him that message in his own palace. With pleasure he saw the terror depicted on the countenances of the noblemen, for he knew when they had left the royal presence, they would curse the rashness of the stern monarch. He was wholly indifferent to the prophecy, for he had thought to astonish the wily Ferdinand by his bold attack. He smiled scornfully as the santon departed and cast a look of approbation upon Almyaz, who alone of all the nobles seemed untouched by this wild speech.

When the courtiers had all departed, Almyaz, who still lingered near the king, remembered the captive, whose name he had demanded, in the street.

'I have a request to make to your majesty,' he said, respectfully.

'Speak then,' replied Aben Hassan; 'if it is in our power we will grant it!'

'As I came hither,' continued the nobleman, 'I saw in the street near my castle the captives thou hast taken at Zahara!'

The king smiled proudly, and motioned him to proceed.

'One of them, your majesty, is the son of my deadly foe. I learned it from his own lips. Long ago his sire became my enemy—he injured me deeply, and I vowed one day to be revenged. I will pay any sum your highness may demand for the youth!'

'He is yours—take him, and as many more as thou wilt, my lord; thou art a loyal subject, and thy wise counsel we value highly; take the Christian.'

What a strange expression passed over the face of that desperate man! How those restless eyes gleamed! How those haughty lips quivered! How fearfully calm was his voice as he murmured his thanks, and departed!

He had proceeded half-way through the shady avenue leading from the Alhambra, when he paused, as if some sudden thought had crossed his brain; he retraced his steps towards the palace, but soon came forth with a roll of parchment in his hand. It was the royal passport to admit him to the dungeon where Leon de Gardonaz was a prisoner.

Night, a dreary, moonless night brooded like the shadow of some dark-spirit's wing over Granada, as Almyaz and the secretary entered the cell where Leon de Gardonaz sat in solitude. Not a word was spoken by the prisoner or his persecutors; but the cavalier saw by the dim light of the lamp which he carried, that one of them was Almyaz; the other he knew not, but he had twice met him in the castle of his foe.

Silently they seized him and carried him from his gloomy cell, to thrust him into one darker and more dreary, beneath the palace of the vindictive nobleman. When they had fastened the ponderous door of his lonely abode, they went with quick steps to the castle hall.

So absorbed had the Moor been in his own thoughts, that he had not noticed the agitation of the secretary as he assisted in conveying the Castilian to the castle. Had he watched him he might have seen that his face was deadly pale, that his brow was fiercely knit; and that his lips were firmly compressed. In the hall they separated; the secretary went forth into the dewy garden, and flinging himself passionately upon the damp earth, lay for hours with the cool breeze kissing his cheek; then he arose, and shivering like the rustling shrubs around him, he hastened to his own room.

The nobleman, when he parted from Eletar, sought that low apartment where he planned his schemes, and paced to and fro nervously till dawn. For a time, he forgot Aben Hassan and his family, in his joy at having at last in his power one of the hated house of de Gardonaz. And how, how had the Marquis of Senillo offended the Moor? Long years before, when Almyaz was in the flush of youth, some Spanish knights had come to Granada to participate with the Moorish cavaliers in those warlike sports in which the nobles of the two nations were wont in time of peace to mingle. Most renowned of all the young men of Granada in these exercises, was Almyaz, and with a light heart he joined the youthful knights that thronged the Vivarrambla. One after another of the strangers he defeated, till at length he came to contend with the Marquis of Senillo. The athletic Spaniard was victorious. Almyaz was unhorsed for the first time, and when he rose from the earth, he cursed his conqueror, and abashed and indignant, hastened to his home. Ere nightfall, every person in Granada had heard of his disgrace, and even Ayxa, his lady-love, as he passed her dwelling, in a coquettish mood leaned forth from a casement and ridiculed his defeat. This Almyaz had never forgotten; he vowed then, by everything he held sacred, that if ever he again crossed his path he would be revenged. Now, the heir of his house, his pride, was in his power. He determined that the young Leon should never again breathe the fresh air; never again gaze upon the earth. He resolved that he should live for years in that gloomy cell, that he should die a captive.

### CHAPTER IX.

The leisure and the fearful time
Cuts off the ceremonious vows of love,
And ample interchange of sweet discourse,
Which so long sundered friends should dwell upon!
SHAKSPEARE.

EVENING was approaching; a single star had peeped from the broad, blue canopy of heaven, and the bright, full moon had just become visible above the far-off hill-tops.

The Lady Zuleika stood in her father's favorite apartment, watching him, as accompanied by the secretary, he crossed the courtyard.

He had just told her that he was going forth not to return till the next nightfall, and the girl had raised her eyes wonderingly to his face at this intelligence, for it was not often that the nobleman remained so long away. The crafty Moor had not said to his daughter that in a dark cave many leagues from the city he was to meet a band of irritated noblemen, and form a conspiracy against the tyrannical Aben Hassan. She tarried a moment at the casement after he had disappeared; then returned to her own room, and summoning her maidens, spent an hour with them in earnest conversation. They talked of the Christian captives, and as they pictured to themselves their gloomy cells, one of the girls spoke to Zuleika of the dungeons beneath the castle. When a child, she had once visited them with her father, and now as she recollected their dreariness, she formed the wild project of exploring them again. Almyaz and the secretary were away, and there was no one else in the castle to fear; she dismissed the attendants, and listened eagerly till their footsteps died away in the corridor!

'Now they are gone,' she whispered, when all was again silent; 'now I will explore those gloomy dungeons.'

Wrapping a rich mantle around her, she hastily sought the suite of rooms occupied by her father. Stepping noiselessly lest she should be overheard, she passed on through the luxurious apartments till she found herself in a small saloon even more splendidly adorned than the rest. She had not been in that room for years; her sire never once suspected that she remembered it, for she was but a mere child when he had gratified her curiosity by allowing her to visit the cells. But the girl recollected it perfectly; moving to a beautiful mirror glittering with gold and jewels her eye fell upon a small flower elaborately carved upon the frame. Lightly she touched its purple heart; a secret door flew open, and gliding through it, she found herself at the head of a spiral staircase. She paused for a moment here, to congratulate herself upon her success, and looking round she saw a cluster of heavy keys suspended to the door.

'I shall not need these,' she said audibly, as she examined them, and shading the lamp which she carried with her hand, she descended to the dreary vault.

A chilliness passed over her frame, when she found herself at the foot of the staircase; but she passed on gaily, till a huge door impeded her progress.

'Fastened!' she asked herself, 'fastened; this was not so when I stood here before. Can it, O, can it be, that any of those captives are here? I will see,' and with these words she darted up the stairs, seized the keys, and hurried back to the door. It required all the strength which her tiny hands could summon to wield that massive key; but, at length the heavy bolts flew back, the door swung heavily open, and Zuleika found herself in a narrow passage, on each side of which were those dark dungeons.

'What gloomy places,' she said aloud, glancing into them as she tripped onward, and she began to breathe more freely, as she saw that they were tenantless.

'Ah! ah! what is this,' she exclaimed, suddenly; for the door of the last was not only locked but bolted with ponderous bars.

'What can this mean?' she asked herself, and as she spoke, the light of her lamp revealed a single, grated window. As she looked anxiously through it, she saw the figure of a cavalier. He sat on the cold, stone floor, with his head buried in his hands, and Zuleika saw that the wrists were heavily fettered. She knew not who it was, friend or foe; she thought only that he was a captive, and all the generous feelings of her nature were aroused.

'Who art thou?' she asked, in a voice that fell upon the prisoner's ear like melody from Paradise.

He rose and came slowly to the window as she spoke.

'I am a Castilian captive, lady,' he replied, in tones that thrilled the soul of the girl; tones, so well-remembered; and as her heart told her who he was, she drew back, and the Spaniard saw that a blush suffused her cheek.

'Do not go, dear lady, do not go yet. Dost thou recognize me, beautiful one?'

'Thou art the minstrel—thou art the cavalier that glanced at this palace three years ago, thou art one of the captives taken at Zahara!' responded the maiden.

'Thou hast spoken truth, fair Zuleika,' continued the cavalier. 'Four years ago, I visited this castle as a musician. I had heard in my own land of the fair Zuleika, daughter of Almyaz, and I resolved to behold her. Habited in the garments of a Moorish minstrel, I obtained admittance to thy dwelling; I saw thee. I need not tell thee, lady, that the extravagant reports I had heard were not exaggerations. The Senorita Zuleika was far more beautiful that I had fancied. Soon after my return to the Spanish court, I was sent hither with Don Juan de Vera. Again I saw thee, lady—again I sung in thy presence—again I swept the chords of my lute beneath thy window. As I stole away, I cast a gift at thy feet. I again sought my home—three years went by, and at the taking of Zahara I was made a prisoner! The rest thou knowest, lady!'

'I knew not that thou wast here,' said the Moorish maiden, hastily—'I had not the most remote suspicion that these dungeons were tenanted, till I descended the staircase and found the door fastened. A strange curiosity prompted me to come hither to-night!'

The countenance of the youth fell; he was silent; and the girl continued:

'Why—why art thou here, and alone, too? Why did my father select thee? Did he recognize thee as the songster?'

'Nay, lady,' replied the Castilian, despondingly; 'he and my father are deadly foes. My sire defeated him once in his youth in the tourney, and since then Lord Almyaz has hated him. He inquired my name as I stood with my fellow-prisoners, and then hastily left me! That night I was brought hither by him and the—'

'The secretary,' interrupted Zuleika.

'I know not, fair one—the person has since been my jailer.'

'I would that I might free thee, but I can never remove those massive bars, and besides, none of these keys will unfasten the door,' said the maiden, softly; 'Art thou suffering?'

'I am dying of thirst,' he said, mournfully; 'I would give the world, if I possessed it, for one drop of water!'

Scarcely had he uttered the words, when the fair girl darted away with the speed of a winged creature. When she reached her own room she threw herself languidly upon the cushions she had occupied a half-hour before, and summoned an attendant.

'Bring hither,' she said carelessly, as Aylla entered, 'bring hither a goblet filled with that fragrant cordial I am wont to drink, and with it some fresh dates, and a cup of water.'

In another moment she was obeyed, and the Circassian had retired.

Again Zuleika listened for a time; then seized her treasures, and quickly retraced her steps to the cell.

'Come hither,' she said, passing a drinking-vessel through the grated window.

'Thanks, ten thousand thanks, beautiful lady!' exclaimed the captive, as he returned the cup.

'Drink this, also,' continued the maiden, and she presented the cordial. 'Now take these dates; and by all thy hopes of Paradise, I conjure thee not to say that I have been here—that thou hast seen a human being!'

'I will be silent as the grave, lady. The holy virgin bless thee, for thy kindness! I shall be less wretched now that I know that thou art beneath the same roof! Wilt deign, fair one, to visit me again? Thy bright presence sheds a flood of sunlight over my heart!'

The maiden hesitated—

'I dare not promise thee,' she said, at length. 'It may be!' and as her low, tremulous voice died away, the cavalier grasped the small hand resting on the iron bars and pressed it reverently to his lips.

A blush stole over the face of Zuleika; she hastily withdrew her hand, glided along the dark passage, re-ascended the spiral staircase, replaced the keys, and again with a thousand wild thoughts entered her room.

When she sought her pillow that night, her heart beat faster than it had ever throbbed before. She possessed a weighty secret, and as the thought of her strange adventure, a thousand sweet emotions filled her soul. She heard again in her slumbers that rich, sonorous voice—she listened again to those fervid blessings—she saw those dark, beaming eyes looking into her own. It was a strange interest that the daughter of an infidel felt in the Castilian captive; the foe of her father and her race; but since the hour that she first saw him, his image had been written on her heart. Ah! Zuleika, guard well that well-spring of affection in which the countenance of the minstrel has been so often mirrored! Lavish not its bright waters heedlessly!

And the captive? He gazed after the receding form of her who had been to him an angel of mercy, till she disappeared; till he was again in darkness.

'Beautiful girl!' he exclaimed, 'blessed will he be that winneth thy love! Would that I were free!' and he again seated himself sadly on the damp floor, and thought long of the Moorish maiden.

Alas! Leon de Gardonaz—the smiles of the fairest ladies of Isabella's court have been lavished upon thee in vain. The memory of the beautiful daughter of Almyaz has been the brightest jewel in thy mind's casket, since first thou didst behold her sweet face! Never before did thy heart find an idol—never till the young Moorish girl glided into thy presence and listened to thy song!

Night had fled—morn had come and gone, and the beams of the noonday sun shed a glorious light over the apartment of Zuleika. Since dawn had the maiden remained in her room; she had summoned no attendant save Aylla, and even her she had dismissed before she had been with her a half hour. The petted servants sat together wondering that their mistress went not forth into the palace-grounds as was her custom! Ah! they knew not the thoughts of the girl—thoughts that had kept her so silent during those long hours. A hundred times she had started from her seat to visit again the captive, and as many times had she resumed it. There she sat beside the casement, with the cool breeze lifting her curls and fanning her cheek; a vase of rare flowers stood beside her, and one after another had she carelessly torn in pieces till the floor around her was strewn with the sweet fragments. Now she held in her hand a large crimson blossom in whose snowy heart lay a rich and powerful perfume—leaf after leaf, petal after petal she tore away, while the color came and went on her cheek, and her eyes grew bright and mournful by turns.

'Only once—only once—to bid—him—farewell—forever!' she said at length slowly, and as she spoke her glance rested upon the wreck of the flower she held.

'How I have spoiled this beautiful gift of my father,' she continued, 'at nightfall he will be here—if I do not now visit the dungeons I shall never see the miserable captive again.' And then the thought of the words he had uttered the day previous rushed across her mind. Again she paused; again she hesitated for a half hour—then sprang from the cushions, lighted the small golden lamp upon her table, selected the choicest and the tempting fruit that had all day stood untouched, and descended to that dismal vault beneath the castle.

The eyes of the prisoner brightened, and a smile of joy spread over his face as he saw her.

'The holy virgin bless thee, beautiful one,' he said, fervently. 'Long, long hours have I listened to hear the sound of thy footsteps! I had despaired of seeing thee again, lady—I had feared that the noble Lady Zuleika would never deign to visit again the Castilian captive! Were I free—'

'I would I might give thee thy freedom,' interrupted the girl, 'but 'tis impossible! Ere nightfall, my father and the secretary will be here! Do not despond, mayhap his lordship will free thee!'

'Alas!' replied the prisoner, mournfully; 'he has already told me that never again shall I see the glorious sunlight—never again go forth among the haunts of men! Thou dost grow pale, dear lady, would that I might hope,' and here the captive checked the words hovering on his lips. Was it fitting that he, a slave, should utter them in the ear of that radiant creature? Ah, no! Thou didst do well to check thyself, Leon de Gardonaz. Not now shouldst thou speak thus, but wert thou free, the gallant knight that paraded so joyously by thy prison-house three years ago, then, then might the lady listen! Lock those words in thy heart, brave cavalier, and hope one day to be free! Look not so earnestly into that speaking face—watch not so closely every blush that flushes those cheeks—seek not to read the thoughts of that fair young girl.

There was silence for several moments after the captive had so abruptly paused in his eager speech; but as the maiden presented her refreshing gifts, the Castilian again said:

'Holy Mary and all the saints watch over thee, sweet one; thou knowest not how soothingly thy voice has fallen on my ear. Shall I, O, shall I ever again see thee?' and he grasped again that small, jewelled hand. 'If not, dear lady, do not quite forget, amid all the luxuries that surround thee, Leon de Gardonaz.'

The young girl trembled:

'I will hope that thou mayst soon be free—I will pray that thou mayst,' she said softly, and then she hurried away.

Scarcely had she reached her own room when she saw the secretary enter the courtyard, and soon afterwards her father followed him.

'How fortunate!' she whispered, clasping her hands in ecstacy; 'how fortunate that they came not ten minutes before!'

### CHAPTER X.

'Immured in yon lone tower a lady fair
Is captive held to jealousy and fear;
And while the storm-king hoarsely cleaves the air,
Sits brooding o'er her wrongs and sorrows here.'

TIME passed away, and Ayxa la Horra and her son were prisoners in the tower of Cimares. Yes, in that magnificent palace, which years before she had so proudly entered, the miserable queen was a captive. Aben Hassan, irritated by the surmises that continually greeted him concerning her ambitious projects, had at length imprisoned both the mother and her son; nay more; had solemnly sworn that Boabdil should ere long share the fate of his brothers. In the meantime, the old monarch had become more unpopular. The nobles that had once thronged around him, turned in disgust from the Alhambra, when they remembered the fearful scenes daily enacted there. The crafty Almyaz saw this with pleasure—he had assisted in arousing the suspicions of Zoraya and the king, to accomplish a threefold object. He knew that the lofty spirit of the queen could ill submit to this—that, if advised thus, she and her son would rebel and drive the tyrant from his throne. He knew, too, that when he had become king, he and his mother were continually tormented with their fears that Aben Hassan would wrest from them their newly acquired power. And this feverish unrest—this perpetual suspense—it would be sweet to him to witness it—for thus he would be revenged. Almyaz was the most influential of the noblemen of Granada; his wisdom had rendered him renowned among his countrymen. He soon drew around him a band of disaffected courtiers; chiefs of the family of the Abencerrages, who had been foully wronged by the fierce sovereign, and many others of high rank. Secretly were they forming a conspiracy against the tyrant. In the darkness of the night they had kindled a flame which was ere long to break forth like the hidden fires of a volcano.

Such was the state of things in the capital of Granada when the Spaniards attacked the wealthy town of Alhama, not far from the royal city. When the tidings reached the Moorish people that the unbelievers were in the very heart of their beautiful kingdom, great was their consternation. The words of the prophet again seemed ringing in their ears; the balmy air that stole through the bowers of Granada was laden with the shrieks and lamentations of the inhabitants.

For a time Aben Hassan inwardly reproached himself for his rashness; but he soon consoled himself with the thought that he should ere long be able to drive the Castilian from the land. Vain thought! The forces that he sent to their relief, arrived at Alhama after the capture, and as the Christians came forth to meet them, they hastened in terror back to Granada.

Ascertaining that the captors of Alhama were not numerous, the stern Moorish monarch himself mounted his war-horse, and followed by a powerful army, went forth to defeat the foe.

* * * *

It was a dreary night—and the Sultana Ayxa was alone in the apartment where she had been imprisoned, listening to the wind howling around the red towers of the Alhambra, and the rain pattering against the windows. There she sat gazing vacantly upon the floor, with one hand carelessly trifling with the beads of her rosary, and the other placed upon this passage of the Koran, which lay beside her; 'How different is the tree Al Zaccum from the abode of Eden! We have planted it for the torment of the wicked!' How touching a sight it was! That high-spirited woman with all her wrongs, all her wretchedness, shedding no tears, breathing no sighs! Even there, in the solitude of that tower, there was no outward sign of her heart's sorrows, save that there was an expression of pain on her broad brow, that seemed to say it ached with the intensity of her thoughts, and an uneasy tremor around her mouth, as if it cost a strong effort to restrain the words that were ever ready to gush forth. Now, though her hand rested on the passage in which Mahomet had depicted the miseries of the wicked, her mind was not fixed upon that! She was thinking of all her wrongs—and the past, the present, and the future were passing before her. The past was a strange mingling of light and shadow—far, far away over the desert of years a few bright spots were visible; the present was all darkness, all gloom; and the future, darker and more dreadful still. The miserable queen was wondering how much more of grief was for her—how much more of agony, and as these thoughts wandered over her brain, there came another still more harrowing; for these woes she had exchanged the love of Anam.

Ah! anguish-laden Ayxa—one folly of thy youth has strewn many thorns in thy way! One syren song that thine ambition sang so sweetly has lured thee to misery! One fatal error has made life's strain of melody but the solemn requiem of thy departed joys! The dirge-like music must sound on, ever mournfully ringing in thine ears, till thy shattered heart is broken; till thy form lies in the grave! Heaven grant that ere then some soothing notes from seraph's lyre may mingle in that mournful melody, that shall speak of forgiveness to the erring—consolation to the afflicted—and rest to the earth-weary! else may the miseries thou dost suffer be eternal, and the sad strain thou dost hear be more and more sorrowful in the future world!

An hour went by, and Ayxa la Horra was still thinking of her wrongs. Every moment the storm seemed to grow more fearful; more loudly howled the wind around the tower—more fiercely the raindrops beat against the windows. The queen shuddered as she heard the voice of the tempest-king, and at length she arose and looked forth from the casement.

'What a wild night!' she said audibly. 'What a raging tempest!' and she paused suddenly, for dark as it was, she saw in the palace-grounds a tall person enveloped in black flowing garments. He glided quickly from beneath the window whence she gazed, to an orange-tree directly opposite her, and pausing there, looked earnestly at the tower in which she was imprisoned, till another joined him, and the two remained in earnest conversation for some moments, when they disappeared.

Scarcely had the astonished woman resumed her seat, ere a faithful attendant came silently to her side, and placed in her hand a slip of parchment. Tremulously she unfolded it, and read as follows:

'Aben Hassan has sworn that ere long Boabdil shall die! If a place of safety is not provided for him before the king returns from Alhama, he will then share the fate of his unfortunate brothers. Let Queen Ayxa speedily concert some plan for his escape.'

For a time, the self-possession of the heroic mother seemed to forsake her; she clasped her hands wildly together, and sank down upon the floor, quite overpowered with this intelligence. It was not long, however, ere her courage returned; she summoned the attendants whom she knew to be faithful to her interests, and formed a plan to convey the prince away; then sought his room and spent the night in earnest conversation.

It was the midnight hour; silent were the marble halls of the Alhambra; there was no sound save from the rustling boughs of the tall trees in the grounds, and the fountains murmuring softly in the splendid courts and dewy avenues. Dreaming sweetly were the inmates of the royal palace, save those gathered in the tower of Cimares. They were wakeful indeed—they slept not, ah! no. Yet they were silent—not a word passed their lips. In the centre of her own apartment sat the queen; before her lay a pile of gorgeous scarfs and shawls, the property of the attendants that knelt around her. They were busily knotting them together, and as the last superb shawl was fastened to that beautiful ladder, Ayxa la Horra stole noiselessly from the apartment. When she re-appeared, Boabdil was beside her; as they entered, she withdrew the hand which the prince held in both his own, for her watchful ear had heard the low thrill of a lute-string. It was the signal of a faithful servant, waiting in the garden. She pointed to the costly ladder, one end of which was fastened to the floor of her room; the prince seized it—cast one glance full of tenderness at his mother, and in a moment more he was again free; once more was he at liberty in the palace-grounds. Yet he paused not here; he swiftly took his way down the hill-side, till he reached the banks of the silvery Darro. An old servant stood there beside a beautiful Arabian steed; Boabdil seized the hand of the man, and pressed his lips upon it; then mounted the charger, and ere long found himself safely in the city of Guadix.

Days and weeks passed away, and the fortunes of the young prince had strangely changed. Friends had gathered around him, and advised him to rebel against his tyrannical sire. Foremost among these were Almyaz, and the disaffected nobles with whom he had formed a conspiracy. As he listened to them, the heart of 'the unfortunate' swelled at the prospect which they placed before him. It would be a glorious revenge, he thought, to tear his father from the throne, and reign himself in that palace where he had been a captive. Such was the situation of the son whom he had left a prisoner, when Aben Hassan returned from Alhama defeated, but of it he was wholly unapprised. He wore the diadem as proudly as if it were not ere many days to be snatched from his brow, and wielded the sceptre as haughtily as if it were never to leave his grasp. He looked around and fancied himself as secure upon his throne as when he first ascended it; but he was soon undeceived. When he returned one day from his favorite country palace, the city-gates were closed against him, and Boabdil, El Zogoybi, stood in the Alhambra, King of Granada.

### CHAPTER XI.

'Where hath not woman stood,
Strong in affection's might? a reed upborne
By an o'er-mastering current!'

THE tremulous voice of the Lady Zuleika was heard as she rushed into the apartment of her maidens, saying, 'Come hither girls, come quickly, I hear fearful shrieks in the Alhambra, come hither!' and with these words, she darted to a window followed by her maidens.

'See, see,' she continued, 'lights are beginning to gleam in every castle, and in the streets, too. Ah! there is my father in the courtyard, and the servants are rushing forth—see his lordship has mounted one steed, and there are many more ready there. There is the secretary entering the castle-hall—I will ask him what all this means,' and she darted away swiftly as a gazelle.

'Tell me, sir secretary,' she asked timidly, as she paused beside him, 'what is all this tumult?'

'Dear lady, do not fear,' replied the youth. 'Aben Hassan has entered the city with his followers. The conflict cannot last long, fair lady, he will soon be driven away!'

The maiden turned away, but as she passed along the corridor, a strange thought crossed her brain:

'My father and the secretary are absent,' she said to herself; 'all is confusion in the streets—would that I might now free the Castilian captive!'

With these words she again entered her own apartment.

'Haste ye to your own room, girls,' she said to the trembling maidens. 'Aben Hassan is in the city. Do not fear; the secretary tells me that he will soon be obliged to flee!'

Somewhat reluctantly the fair attendants left her; in a moment she saw the secretary again in the courtyard—and as he rode swiftly away, she seized her lamp, and hurried to the cell of the Castilian captive.

She had not visited it for weeks, and as she paused by the massive door, she saw that it was thrown open. The cavalier sprang towards her as the light of the lamp shone in his cell.

'And so thou hast come once more,' he said earnestly, 'once more, beautiful Zuleika. It is a long time since thou wast here—see they have given me the liberty of this dark vault; they have given me some Moorish garments; they have again told me my doom, peerless one! I am to starve—starve, lady, in these gloomy dungeons!'

'Thou shalt not die thus!' exclaimed the maiden, vehemently.

'Alas! lady; there is no escape!' sadly replied the captive.

'List thee,' continued the girl, 'Granada is in confusion—Lord Almyaz and the secretary are away! There are noble steeds in the courtyard; follow me. I will direct thee to the castle-hall. When thou art there, rush forth, seize one of those spirited chargers and hasten away to Alhama. There are thy countrymen—there are thy friends! Thou wilt not be recognized in the streets, thy costume will disguise thee! the blessing of Zuleika shall go with thee!'

'Beautiful Zuleika!' exclaimed the cavalier. 'Holy Mary will reward thee!' and he followed the girl to the corridor leading to the castle-hall.

'Wait here one moment,' she whispered, and she glided away. When she returned, she held in her hand a scimitar.

'Take this, and fly,' she said, in a low voice. 'And whenever thine eye may fall upon it, remember the daughter of Almyaz!'

'Dearest lady,' exclaimed the captive, 'never, never can I forget thee! Thou hast ever dwelt in my memory, since the hour that my lute's melody greeted thine ear. I will not tell thee now of my love for thee, fair one—but one day I shall see thee again. Take this, dearest Zuleika,' and he drew from his finger a diamond ring; 'take this, and deign sometimes to think of Leon de Gardonaz,' and as he concluded he grasped that small hand, and placed on one of those slender fingers the costly gift; then for a moment pressed his lips upon them, and hastened away.

And Zuleika was alone, alone in the corridor; the Castilian captive had gone, perhaps, forever; he had escaped the cruel death that seemed staring him in the face, and despite the joy that filled her heart when she thought that he was free, the tears rushed to the large, spiritual eyes of the maiden. She returned to the casement which she had left in her own room, just in time to catch a glimpse of his manly form, as mounted on a snowy charger he bounded from the courtyard. When he had disappeared, she gazed sadly on the gift glittering on her hand; it was a beautiful ring made in the form of a tiny rose, and as the girl looked upon the small curiously-wrought leaves and petals, the tears again fell from her eyes, and trembled on the sparkling cluster of jewels in the heart of the flower like dew-drops.

'I will keep it forever,' she murmured, in a tremulous voice. 'Ay, forever!' and with these words she buried her head in the cushions of her couch, and lay for hours, all unmindful of the contest in the street; of the shrieks of agony and shouts of triumph that mingled so strangely; of the hurrying of busy feet, and the confused murmuring of angry voices; all this was unheeded. At length, when a long, loud shout told that Aben Hassan had retreated, she started from her reclining position and again hurried to the windows. In a few moments her father and the secretary rode gaily into the courtyard; she soon heard hasty steps in the corridor, and Almyaz entered her apartment:

'Wast frightened, pretty one?' he asked, placing his hand carelessly upon her head. 'Fear not now, the old monarch has fled. Seek thy rest, Zuleika,' and with these words he hurried away.

'How I have deceived him!' said the girl to herself, as she watched his retreating form. 'How angry he will be when he finds that the captive has fled! But he cannot suspect me! He know not that I was aware of his presence in the castle! God is great! He aided me in restoring him to liberty! Ere this, the Castilian is far on his way to Alhama!'

* * * *

'My lord,' said the secretary, as he entered that dismal room which they had surnamed the Sunless Hall, 'thy Castilian captive has fled!'

'Fled!' exclaimed the nobleman, springing from his seat. 'Fled! Impossible!'

'He is not in his dungeon, my lord; vainly have I searched the vault to find him! He is not there!'

The sinewy frame of the crafty Almyaz trembled like some tall forest tree over which a tempest is passing; his face grew pale with rage, his eye-balls seemed starting from their sockets. With both hands clenched across his frowning brows, he leaned towards the secretary, and said in a voice like the scream of an enraged eagle:

'Gone! Am I foiled? Methought, one might as well escape from endless perdition as from that vault! How can he have fled?'

'I know not!' replied the secretary, 'when I visited the dungeons this morning, the ponderous door was unfastened, the captive gone! Mayhap in last night's tumult some Spaniard gained an entrance to the castle, and aided him in his flight. There is another way of entering the vault?'

'Yes, by a subterranean passage,' hissed the Moor; 'but how could they effect an entrance when the grounds were thronged with people? It is all a mystery; but I shall again capture him; he shall not escape!' and the Moor's countenance grew still more fearful as he spoke. He stood for an hour trembling with emotion, while the secretary seated himself, and seemed absorbed in his own thoughts.

Had not his master been so fearfully irritated he might have seen the look of disappointment that was visible in his face. There he sat, with one hand supporting his head, and the other toying with the rich flowers embroidered upon his silken vest. Ever and anon his slight frame shook, and the eyes cast downwards brightened strangely beneath their drooping lids; then a mournful light would steal

# THE FLAG OF OUR UNION.

'Tell me the name of your duchess, and then I will offer my poor service,' replied Hermann, earnestly.

The maiden looked timidly at the sturdy face of Hermann, fairly shone with good will and honesty.

'You must have hazarded your life for me, and so I owe you payment enormous in your estimation, I will tell you the secret of my position. Perhaps I owe you this much of confidence, and there is no assurance in my heart that you will betray it. It is the wish of my father that I should ally myself to one of the princes of our house, and the prince Adolph, and whom Louis hates, regard with any favor. Therefore, I have been forced to decline all the suits which have been driven to the act you have witnessed as a last resort. I have succeeded, for the present. My father is inexorable.'

'Why is he anxious for this union?' asked Hermann.

For the reasons that Ralph Muller is rich. And would you be such a fool as to wed or even a maiden like me?' said the girl, archly inquisitive.

'If I were a fair maiden, like the noble lover,' replied Hermann Ryner, 'I would not think much hope. 'I would try further than what I have done. I would hazard one hundred Ralphs rather, my mother.'

The Widow Muller, with her name—fixed her eyes upon the ground, and seemed at a loss for a reply.

'Do you know Ralph Muller?' she asked at length.

'I know him as I know the last year's almanac, and he is about as worthless. Ralph Muller would not even be a fit husband for you. You shall not marry him.'

'I will not,' answered Mrs. Warner quickly, with hope. 'I would try further than what I have done. I would hazard one hundred Ralphs rather, my mother.'

'Then you are a child still, in good time. Give yourself no trouble in regard to the matter. I will break up this match, if by so doing I can serve you.'

'Ah! the greatest service you can possibly render me,' said the girl, eagerly and impulsively, earnestly.

'Then you may rest assured when I have served you,' replied the student. 'It will be in your power to claim my reward, as one as great a service. Meanwhile, I will not trouble you further this year in an accident. You were guilty of imprudence in the hands of the soldiers, as was rescued by a stranger, &c. You shall have introduced yourself to me, and you shall be to your rescue. My name is Herman Ryner. Is there anything else I can do for you?'

The trembling lip took the proffered arm of Hermann, and he swayed her tottering footsteps from the ground, and in this attitude led her to Leiter through the latter, and to the mansion of her father. It was a noble dwelling, large, and had beautiful grounds attached, and Hermann could not help but feel a pang of envy at his gallantry by Herr von Warner, as the case required.

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But it was too late to listen to the whispers of conscience now, and Hermann hurried to the bed-house on to thwart the machinery of Ralph's failure. One hour before he had seen a party of twice-dozen students, among them Jules, and being late in. They had been drinking. They had found him, and Hermann behind a tree, awaiting patiently for the meeting of the parties, in order to follow the instructions of his master, in case the duty should be against him.

Herman was seen on the spot, and Ralph Muller soon made his appearance. His face was pale, and betrayed his fear. He was the first of being the victim on account of the apprehension of being bad taken. Even in this the event that Hermann Ryner should prove more than a match for Jules, and that his faithful servant was near to shoot down his adversary without warning. But in spite of all this, at certain moments, there was an unaccountable misgiving in his heart. It was not that he had begun a great work, and stood through them all; but then, who could be the author of it? It was the result of the reflections of Ralph Muller, as the parties proceeded to the ground.

'Give yourself no trouble about that, Ralph Muller,' said Hermann Ryner with pale face. 'Do I look like a coward?'

'Not in appearance, my purpose by such case, Herman Ryner. Still will grind you have been provoking. Be on your guard, I advise you.'

With a steady hand and an unflinching eye, Herman Ryner took a good aim at his opponent. The pistons of his came grew dull and hollow. He felt as if he could not fire. Ralph Muller was not long in proving his that his aim was likely to be true to him. He had not the appearance of this discovery, he grew more cautious and more upon his guard.

With a deep-seeyes sudden shade of the hand, he approached the men to Ralph, and drew, to supercede the men to had written, which he did, in a hurried manner, and then handed the to Herman Ryner, who directed to Jules Seagget, and directed to *Fraulein Ida Warner*. Then were they superseded, and duties were performed.

The astonishment of Ida on reading this letter was great. She could scarcely believe her hands could be imagined. But sometimes she looked for a few minutes at the letter, and she was not long in arriving at the truth. What course should Hermann Ryner pursue? Should she keep the secret to herself. She believed the needed more time to advise her, and accordingly not to see him for a few days.

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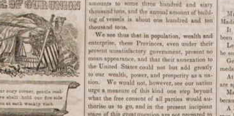


F. GLEASON, PROPRIETOR.

MATURIN M. BALLOU, EDITOR.

☞ The terms of The Flag of our Union are $2 00 per annum, invariably in advance. The paper is always discontinued at the expiration of the time paid for. See imprint on the last page.

☞ All communications designed for publication in the paper, must be post paid, and addressed to F. Gleason, Boston, Mass., Proprietor of The Flag of our Union.

### To our Correspondents.

'Five Years, or the Story of Linden Lodge,' a romantic episode of everyday life, by Francis A. Durivage, is filed for the coming number.

'The World of Dreams,' a poem, by J. H. G., accepted.

'A Variety,' by Miss Morton's Sister, is filed for the Olio column.

'An Emblem,' in verse, by Oscar Dunreath, accepted.

'What's in a Name?' a prose sketch, by Agnes L. Gordon, shall appear next week.

'The Roman Boy,' a poem, by G. Hughan, accepted.

'Old Pompey and the Angel Gabriel,' a laughable sketch, by Brackenlock, filed for next week.

'Truth,' a poem, by Vidi, accepted.

'The Merry Green Wood,' a poem, by the Editor, shall appear next week.

'Stanzas for Music' by H. G. Du Bois accepted.

'A Peep into Futurity,' a prose sketch, by Hugao, filed for the next number.

'Loneliness,' a poem, by M. L. Duffield, accepted.

'Forget me not,' a poem, by O. G. W., accepted.

'The Mendicant,' a humorous poem, by W. H. Blackburn, is filed for the Olio column.

'A Song to Wee Jenny,' by Robert Gilmore, accepted.

'Voices of Nature,' a poem, by B. H. Fernald, accepted.

'Correspondence,' letter from our Italian correspondent, Kali ge-g-gah-bosh, in our next number.

'My Childhood's Home,' a poem, by Harriet, accepted.

'A Remembrance,' a poem, by Ludo Spencer, accepted.

'Departed One,' a poem, by Louise, accepted.

'Lines to the Whippoorwill,' by J. W. N., accepted.

'Antecipation,' 'The Orphan's Remembrance' 'A Spark from a Flame,' and 'Polly Nettle,' are all respectfully declined.

### More Annexation.

Appearances at the present time strongly indicate a disposition on the part of the British Provinces of North America, to unite themselves with the confederacy of the United States. This disposition manifests itself in the public journals of those Provinces, in the declarations of the leading men at public assemblies and otherwise, and in the almost universal language of discontent at the present state of affairs, indulged in by the mercantile classes. The recent movements in the British Parliament for a modification of the navigation laws, has given occasion for an open manifestation of this feeling of dissatisfaction, and desire for annexation to this country. The action of the British Governor General of Canada, in approving of a law to compensate rebels as well as true men, for losses of property sustained in the last Canada rebellion, sustained as this action has been by the British Government, has done much also to bring about this state of feeling in the Canadas.

In view of the present state of affairs among the nations of Europe, it seems to be pretty generally thought by leading public men, both in this country and in the Provinces, that Great Britain would give her consent to the annexation of these Provinces to the United States, rather than enter into any struggle to maintain her supremacy over them. Certainly the pecuniary interests of that Government would be benefited by the proposed change; for the Provinces are now, and for years have been, a tax upon the British treasury, the expenses of maintaining government over them far exceeding the income which the crown derives from those possessions. In a commercial point of view also, the monopoly of trade with the Provinces by the British market, is an object of very small consideration; and, indeed, is incompatible with the present commercial policy of England, to the benefit to her merchants and manufacturers more or less. Nothing but the consideration of national pride, would seem to stand in the way of a voluntary surrender of these Provinces to the government of their own choice, by the mother country, and even that commendable national feeling need not be outraged, were the British Government to come forward magnanimously, and signify its readiness to surrender its claim upon the allegiance of the Provinces, rather than run the risk of losing them after a protracted and useless war. We are much inclined to think that these views are entertained by the reasonable men who now have the control of national affairs in Great Britain.

But there is yet another question to be answered satisfactorily, ere the British Provinces can be annexed to this country, and that is, will the United States Government be willing to receive them into the brotherhood of States? This is the question now before the public men of our country, and we see that the influential public journals of various sections of the Union are expressing their opinions, or publishing facts bearing upon the question. We notice, too, that these journals very generally, and without distinction of party, are taking ground in favor of the peaceable annexation of the British Provinces. Here there is no war to be apprehended, no slaves to be added to the population, no slave territory to afford ground for sectional contention, and therefore as a general thing it is to be expected that the people of the northern, middle and western States will be favorable to this extension of our territory. Nor can the South have any very strong objection, other than that of adding to the preponderance of free States in the councils of the nation; and this objection will be likely to be much weakened by considerations of the pecuniary advantage likely to result to the cotton and tobacco growing region, from such a large extension of the domestic market as the annexation of these Provinces to the United States, and their consequent rapid growth, would be likely to afford.

The British Provinces would form no inconsiderable addition to our country, either in point of territory, population, wealth or enterprise. But although the territory of these Provinces is about as large as that of the present States of the Union, yet owing to the generous limits which a kind Providence has already assigned us, that is a secondary consideration. The sea-coasts and ports of those Provinces, and the mighty, navigable St. Lawrence, however, would be most valuable to us as a nation. The present population of the British Provinces, including Canada, Nova Scotia, New Brunswick, Newfoundland, Prince Edward's Island, and Cape Breton, is about one million and three quarters of inhabitants. Their annual imports amount to about twenty-four millions, and their exports to about eighteen millions of dollars. These exports consist principally of wood, fish, breadstuffs, and coal. The navigation owned in the Provinces amounts to some three hundred and sixty thousand tons, and the annual amount of building of vessels is about one hundred and ten thousand tons.

We see thus that in population, wealth and enterprise, these Provinces, even under their present unsatisfactory government, present no mean appearance, and that their annexation to the United States could not but add greatly to our wealth, power, and prosperity as a nation. We would not, however, see our nation urge a measure of this kind one step beyond what the free consent of all parties would authorise us to go, and in the present incipient stage of this great question are not prepared to open our columns to a lengthened consideration of the subject. Our only motive at this time, is to call the attention of our readers to this national topic, and furnish them with a few facts respecting the condition of the Provinces, the admission of which into our Union is so much agitated at the present time.

### Advice of a Dying Hero.

Marshal Bugeaud died of cholera at Paris, on the 10th ult. The President of France, a few weeks since, wished to make him the first Minister of France. His last advice to Louis Napoleon is said to have been—'get out of this Italian business as fast as you can, and make war on Austria.' The Marshal began his military career as a simple soldier. He received his promotion as corporal on the field of Austerlitz. He was born at Limoges on the 15th of October, 1784. We hope the French President will heed the advice of the late Marshal, at least as far as Italy is concerned, for we look upon the intervention of France between the Pope and the people of Rome to be the worst undertaking that has been made since the dethroning of the late king.

### A 'Model' Postmaster.

Wm. H. Chandler, Esq., editor of the Evansville Journal, has been appointed Postmaster of that place. Mr. C. says in a card which he publishes in the Journal—'I will open, distribute and deliver the mails, no matter at what hour of the night they may arrive, and give those who may desire it an opportunity to answer their letters by return mail—will keep the office open on Sunday at least four hours, and longer if requested—will procure a more central office as soon as it can be done, and in fact do all and more than any reasonable man would ask, and if I fail to give satisfaction will resign.' Is not Mr. Chandler an exemplification of the old proverb, that '*a new broom sweeps clean?*'

### Valuable Pistol.

The readers of the Flag will remember that a man named William Hamilton, partially insane, shot at the Queen in London lately, with a blank charge from a pistol. He has been tried, and by the express desire of her majesty, is permitted to escape a public whipping, but is transported for seven years. At the conclusion of his trial a person named O'Keef, the owner of the pistol, applied to the court to order the weapon to be restored to him, as he said he had been offered £40 for it, and he should not like to lose so much money. Of course, the weapon was restored to the owner.

### False Sympathy.

A Family swept off by Cholera.—Perhaps the most melancholy case of the fatal epidemic yet known in our city, occurred yesterday. A family of Irish immigrants, recently arrived, and residing at No. 126 Hanover street—consisting of husband, wife and only son—were attacked by the disease almost simultaneously, and all died within the space of a few hours.—*Boston Trans.*

We publish the above paragraph to show how frequently our daily papers and newspaper reporters throw in a dash of romance to make up a paragraph—and oftentimes, too, at the cost of creating needless alarm. Now we happen to know about the above family, who have been afflicted in such a melancholy manner. The three were beastly drunk! the day before their death, and slept all night in a filthy yard exposed to the weather. So far from wondering that such folks have the cholera, we wonder that spontaneous combustion don't take them off like a rocket!

### Singular Affair.

A few weeks since, a father and son, by the name of Christy, in Ross county, Ohio, quarrelled, and the son beat the father. The father then ordered the son to leave the premises, threatening, if he returned, to kill him. The son did return, and the father shot him dead in his tracks. He escaped and went into Clinton co., when his daughter, who had witnessed the tragedy, learning of his whereabouts, followed him, and had him arrested. At last accounts, he was lying in Clinton jail, awaiting the arrival of the sheriff from Ross.

Cute.—The Yankees as a race are cunning and no mistake, it 'sticks out' all over them with a sort of wooden-nutmeg aspect.—The last resource to raise the wind which one of the genuine species adopted was as shrewd as unscrupulous; having bought a bushel of shoe-pegs and discovering that they were made of rotten wood and consequently worthless for the legitimate purpose, *he sharpened the ends and sold them for oats!*

Riot in Carbon County.—A serious riot occurred at Summit Hill, Carbon county, Pa., on the 4th of July. A constable, who interfered to quell the disturbance, was attacked by the rioters, upon which he drew a revolver and shot two of them, who have since died. Several others of the rioters were severely wounded. Served them right.

China.—Latest intelligence from China is to the effect that the Emperor of the Chinese has refused to open the trade of Canton to the British, upon the terms of co-existing treaties. This determination may give rise to very serious occurrences, as the British Government will, no doubt, insist upon their rights.

Keen.—We do not remember a sharper reflection than that of the poet Rogers, lately printed in London; he said that Mr. Croker, the author of the article in the Quarterly Review on Macaulay's History, intended murder, but had committed suicide.

Singular Fact.—It is announced as a singular fact, in a dispatch from St. Louis, that the mortality among middle aged married ladies is greater than in any other portion of the community in proportion.

Sad if true.—The National, a Parisian newspaper, contains the following laconic and awful obituary notice:

'New Orleans, in the United States, has been submerged and abandoned.'

A Good Idea.—The Cambridge Chronicle proposes the introduction of the Cochituate water from Boston into Cambridge.

Foolhardy.—A man at Norwich, Conn., ate ten pine apples in one day on a wager.—He deserved to have the cholera.

### Editorial Ink-Drops.

Mrs. Madison, widow of the late President Madison, recently died at Washington.

It appears that $2,000,000 gold dust has been received at the New York mint.

Letters going to warm climates should not be sealed with sealing-wax.

Gen. Taylor has just received his $3000 medal from Congress.

At Canton, China, the English and Chinese are again at swords' points.

Martha Loud drowned herself at New York because of unrequited love.

A Mississippi boatman shot his captain, Horace Bell, on the river, lately.

Two Indians near Council Bluff had a fight lately, which ended fatally to both.

A negro woman is to be hung at Richmond, Va., August 24th, for arson.

The travel on the North River this year is said to be remarkably small.

Mrs. Mowatt, we are glad to learn, has recovered from her late indisposition.

The Lynn News man has got a gold dollar at last. Little, isn't it?

The Hutchinsons have been singing 'away down east,' we see by the papers.

It is estimated that it costs $150,000 per annum to carry on the sub-treasury.

Wealth, after all, said Martin Luther, is the smallest gift of God.

A Mr. Drayton, an American, is said to be a musical star in Italy just now.

Queen Victoria has been dancing a quadrille with young Lord Howard.

The Russians are getting gloriously whipped by the Circassians.

Mr. Emerson says no man has an original idea after he is thirty.

It is a singular fact that the cholera should leave New Orleans so quickly.

A woman cowhided a false-hearted lover in Baltimore. Spunky!

There has been some remarkably hot weather in Boston lately. Thermometer over 100.

An Irish girl cut her arm in Boston, and bled to death, because she was turned away.

William Crahore tried to save a drowning man in New York, but both were drowned.

The cities are mostly depopulated, and people swarm at the watering-places.

Tar burned upon a heated shovel is said to be an excellent disinfectant.

### Suspension Bridge.

The Niagara Falls Suspension Bridge has been again thrown open to the public, having been impassable for some time in consequence of improvements intended to increase its capacity. Several new cables have been added, a new floor has been laid, and the structure is now a thoroughfare perfectly safe for all business purposes, and is capable of sustaining two hundred and fifty tons. A coach and four—which with its passengers weighed over five tons—passed over it a few days since. We are informed that it will now become the point for crossing of all the stage lines and the like. Queer business, this being suspended over the Niagara River, at such a fearful height, and crossing at full speed one of the fiercest currents in the world.

### Death of Colonel Duncan.

Colonel Duncan, of the Flying Artillery, who distinguished himself in Mexico, died of cholera, at Mobile July 6th. He won the brevet of lieutenant-colonel at Palo Alto and Resaca de la Palma. He was a native of Orange county, New York, and was only thirty-five years of age at the time of his death. An extraordinary fatality has seemed to follow the brave officers and men who participated in the Mexican war. The disease contracted in the service in that country, and which has continued to afflict those who lived to come home more or less ever since, renders them particularly liable to the prevailing pestilence.

### The Presidential Tour.

We understand that the President will leave Washington, on his tour to the north, about the middle of August. He will pass through Maryland, Pennsylvania and Ohio, and the western part of this State; and be present at the New York State Agricultural Fair, at Syracuse, on the 10th of September. He will then proceed east to Boston, and after visiting the capitals of New Hampshire and Maine will return south via Providence, New York and Philadelphia—his purpose being to reach Washington about the close of September. We gather this from what is believed to be good authority.

Expressive.—A French traveller says that life in London is within doors; in Paris it is in the streets. London is monstrously immense, with prodigious establishments of shopkeepers and an exceedingly lugubrious aristocracy. Paris is graceful in its details, various in its aspects, and very much inclined to gipsying.

Mortality.—More than one hundred persons die per month in New York of consumption, and yet people think little of it; but the same number of deaths from cholera would create fear enough. Consumption stays with us year in and year out, the cholera comes only once in about twenty years.

Hitting Hard.—'Such fraternal love,' said Lord Beaumont, in the British House of Lords, 'such brotherly protection, as France is now extending to Rome, has never been seen by the world, since the days of Cain and Abel.'

Clubs.—We are frequently written to in relation to our terms to clubs; by reference to the imprint on the last page it will be seen that liberal inducements are offered for persons to subscribe together.

The City Trees.—Says the Home Journal, 'the city trees set in the pavements, are in great beauty, but they look as if they were chained to a rock, and away from their kindred.'

'Personal Satisfaction.'—The Claremont Eagle should have credited the sketch thus entitled to this paper. It was an oversight, neighbor; of course it was.

We thought not!—The editor of the Sunday News, Boston, says that the River St. Lawrence was *not* named after Abbott Lawrence.

A man has been fined one dollar in Boston, for being *indecently* drunk!—*N. Y. paper.*

What does it cost, we wonder, to get *decently* drunk in Boston?

No Wonder.—A man was seized with the cholera in New York lately, in consequence of taking twenty-five pills at a single dose!

Mrs. Stephens's poem in the present number is one of the finest efforts of this lady's pen.

John P. Bigelow, the Mayor of Boston, has shown himself to be an energetic and competent official.

### From our Foreign Files.

The king of Denmark's salary has been fixed at 300,000 rix dollars.

A manual of Homœpathic cookery has been published in London.

Mr. Wombwell, a nephew of the proprietor of Wombwell's Menagerie, was recently killed by an elephant.

The Messrs. Richardson are giving concerts in Glasgow with their celebrated and wonderful instruments, fabricated out of rock and steel.

The Archbishop of Paris has addressed a paternal letter to the clergy of his diocese, desiring them all to put up a series of prayers to the Almighty for a cessation of the cholera.

It is said that the English government has presented a friendly remonstrance against the bombardment of Rome, and has urged on the French government the necessity of coming to an accommodation with the Romans.

The letters now posted in Great Britain exceed 330,000,000 annually, a number which, taking the average length as five inches, if laid end to end, would reach 26,000 miles, a distance greater than the circumference of the earth.

Some idea may be formed of the extent of the London book binding trade in the nineteenth century, when we state that the weekly consumption of leaf gold enriching the exterior of books amounts to about 3,000,000 square inches.

The Marchioness San Milan has just arrived at Cheltenham from Switzerland, where it is said she practised mesmerism most effectually on a young English girl, aged eighteen, who had not been able to obtain a refreshing sleep for several years.

On the 16th June there arrived in the Austrian camp a messenger from Kossuth, who brought a message from Gen. Haynau, admonishing him that if any more Hungarian prisoners were executed, the most distinguished Austrian officers captured by the Magyars would be put to death, by way of reprisals.

There was never a greater number of suicides in France than at present. Not only the epidemic suicides which seem to ravage different countries at intervals, and then disappear together with the causes that produce them; but a frightful abundance of voluntary deaths which take place every year, every month, every day, with almost mathematical regularity.

### Dewdrops of Wisdom.

The prodigal robs his heir, the miser robs himself.

A man has generally the good or ill qualities which he attributes to mankind.

Vanity is satisfied with great words, but pride requires great works.

I have seen it quoted from Aristotle that the end of labor is to gain leisure. It is a great saying.

If you would be loved as a companion, avoid unnecessary criticism upon those with whom you live.

The life of man is like water poured out from a basket, which the earth quickly sucketh up and it appeareth not again.

There never was found in any age of the world, either religion or law, that did so highly exalt the public good as the Bible.—*Bacon.*

A woman is not able, like a man, to protect her inner castles of air and sentiment on the side exposed to the weather.

Beautiful actions inspire us with emotion and admiration when seen in others, but not when they take place in ourselves.

There are a class of persons who seem to have been sent into the world for no other purpose than to find fault.

A celebrated person who was surrounded by enemies, used to say, 'They are sparks, which, if you do not blow them, will go out of themselves.'

Let human nature say what it will, it likes sometimes to look on at a quarrel; and that not altogether from ill-nature, but from a love of excitement.

With many readers, brilliancy of style passes for affluence of thought; they mistake buttercups in the grass for immeasurable mines of gold under ground.—*Longfellow.*

The pitying tears and fond smiles of woman are like the flowers and sunshine of spring;—alas, that like them she should often miss her merited reward—the sweet flowers of affection!

One really kind office of love to ameliorate the distresses of a suffering child of humanity has more power to refine and exalt the soul, than the study of whole tomes of theories on the perfectibility of human virtue.

### The Joker's Budget.

There is a company of teetotallers in St. Louis called the Temperance *Blues!*

In Panama they sell beef by the yard. Many of the gold-diggers walk into it a feet.

Never speak harshly of a briefless lawyer. It is cruel to censure a man *without a cause.*

A down-east paper speaks of a millionaire, who is estimated to be worth two hundred thousand dollars.

'Why,' said Mrs. Partington, 'what monsters them cotton planters are! I'm told one on 'em has as many as a hundred *hands!*'

'Mr. Jakes, how are you? You look pretty well.' 'Yes, I hold my own pretty well.'—'And somebody's else, too, according to my figures,' muttered a grocer, who caught the remark as he passed.

'Well, farmer, you told us your woods was a good place for hunting; now we've tramped through it for three hours, and found no game.' 'Just so—well, I calculate, as a general thing, the less game there is, the more hunting!'

Passing through Second street lately, we saw the following on a shoemaker's sign: 'H. Strauss, *Calfskin* Bootmaker.' In Grand street there is a sign with 'Small Colored Children's Gloves' on it.

'Yesterday was a shocking cold day. By Mr. Jeemes Thompson's chronometer it was forty degrees below temperance! He says there haint been the like of it for thirty years, and he's kept a diarrhœa of the weather for that ar' time.

Persons must be careful with the gold dollars. The editor of the Baltimore Sun saw a lady, a few days since, in a terrible fright, because one of them, which she had put in her mouth for safe keeping, had unluckily slipped down her throat. People who don't happen to have any of them needn't be so cautious.

### Miscellaneous Items.

Great efforts of anger to little purpose, serve for pleasantry and farce. Exceeding fierceness, with inability and impotence, makes the highest ridicule.—*Shaftsbury.*

The lodgings of a dandy were lately robbed of a pair of stays, a smelling bottle, two pair of artificial eyebrows, and a white surtout, in the pocket of which there were three love-letters written to himself in his own hand writing.

We question whether a case of affliction has ever occurred similar to that of a man in Louisville, who, according to the Courier, lost his second wife, of cholera, on the 14th of June, his first wife having died of the same disease only a month previous!

For a wager of $100, a young Englishman, named Robert Poole, undertook, last week, near New York, to pick up 100 stones, placed a yard apart, and deposit each in a basket in the space of 52 minutes. The distance he had to run to perform the feat was nearly six miles, and he accomplished it in 44 minutes, 14 seconds.

The town of Bolton, Mass., is erecting a schoolhouse to be used for a high school, with money left by a Mr. Houghton, a curious compound of Yankee generosity and littleness.—He gives $12,000 to the town for this purpose, but with a proviso, that the descendants of nine persons, whom he names, shall not have the privilege, for one hundred years, of attending the school.

### Quill and Scissors.

The city council of St. Louis has passed an ordinance forbidding, under a penalty of from $20 to $100, the sale of any vegetables, fruits, fresh pork, sausage meat, and fish, in any of the markets, or at any other place within the city limits.

A large fire occurred in Pittsburgh on the 6th inst., in Willis Booth's board yard in Duquesne street, and 700,000 feet of lumber were destroyed. The fire then communicated to the Western University, which was consumed.

'Died of *thin shoes*, January, A. D. 1839,' says a tomb-stone in a grave-yard in New Jersey. Were all epitaphs like truthful, the voice of cavil would be silent, and important monitions be rendered from the dead.

Near Rochester six men at work on the canal boat chased a wild doe, which appeared on the tow path, and secured her in the corner of a field with a high fence. They are taming her. Deer are seldom seen in that vicinity.

Besette, a negro, who has been in France and has fought at the barricades, and Pascal, a planter, who ran on the ticket with Besette, have been chosen delegates from Martinique to the French National Assembly.

Samuel Cowan, of Moose River, Maine, while hunting moose on the river on the night of the 2nd, was accidentally killed by a rifle shot from Ephraim Witham, of the Forks, who was out on a similar excursion with some neighbors.

Forgiveness is the most refined and generous point of virtue that human nature can attain to. Cowards have done good and kind actions; but a coward never forgave—it is not his nature.

The grand jury for Middlesex found a true bill against Pearson, charged with the murder of his wife and children, at Wilmington, some months since. His trial takes place in September.

The N. Y. Express says that in default of real names, some of the hotel proprietors register fictitious ones in their books, with the view of deceiving the public as to the number of arrivals.

At Portland, Mrs. Caroline M. Swett has been found guilty of trespass in damaging the groggery in which her husband obtained too much liquor. The jury advised a lenient sentence. Defence set up, temporary insanity.

Thomas Brown was sentenced Thursday, in the Common Pleas Court at Concord, to six years hard labor in the State prison. He stole two horses at Bradford and sold them at Brighton.

James Bidwell, aged 23 years, clerk of Mr. Fisher, in Middlesex street, Lowell, committed suicide by hanging. The cause of the rash act was unrequited affection for a young lady.

A correspondent writes from San Francisco that about two hundred thousand dollars change hands every night in that small village at the gambling table.

We regret to learn that Horace Greeley and his wife had a *falling out.* They were thrown from a carriage, in New York, and Mr. Greeley was considerably bruised.

Bem, the Hungarian General, has some Yankees fighting in his ranks. We wish he had the boys who fought at Chapultepec, Cerro Gordo and Contreras.

A penny contribution from Sunday school scholars in Massachusetts is contemplated, for the purpose of erecting a monument to the late Rev. William B. Tappan.

In the town of East Bridgewater, in this State, containing about 2500 inhabitants, but three deaths have occurred in the last six months, and these were all of consumption.

On the 4th of July the American flag was raised in many parts of Montreal. The Canadians, like the Turks, seemed disposed to submit to fate.

W. Cainnes, of New Castle, Beaver county, Pa., has given $1000 to the Board of Education of the Presbyterian Church, to educate colored missionaries for Africa.

A gentleman having presented his church with the Ten Commandments, it was wittily said that he gave them away because he could not keep them.

A cockney philologist says that the letter *W* enters into the composition of women in all the relations of life—e. g., *Wirgin, Wife, Widow* and *Wixen.*

It is stated that the British government have established a rule that no person aged above fifty can be appointed to any vacant government office.

The amount of Indian corn shipped to Europe from the United States during the month of June, is 1 287 369 bushels—more than the amount during the same month in famine year.

The large shirt and drawer factory of Timothy Bailey in Cohoes, was lately destroyed by fire. Loss supposed to be $20,000, probably fully insured.

Mrs. Margaret See of Fredericksburg, Va., offers to emancipate her slaves if the Am. Colonization Society will give them a free passage to Liberia, Mrs. See contributing $500.

A man in Baltimore lately took the benefit of the insolvent act, to escape paying a poor woman $2 50 for binding five pair of gaiter boots.

At the Secor Engine Works, New York, 14th inst., a derrick, used in hoisting machinery on board steamer Georgia gave way, killing the foreman and mortally wounding two others.

Benjamin Wrightington, of Carver, has been committed to jail in Plymouth to answer for assaulting his father, Asaph W. with an axe. He is 19 years old.

On the 4th, at New Hampton, N. H., seven hundred yards of a ledge on the Montreal Railroad line were blown into the lake at a single blast.

Max Maretzek sailed in the Hibernia for Liverpool. His purpose is to engage artists on the continent for the opera in New York city next season.

Some books seem to have been written, not so much to instruct the reader, as to show how much the author knew.

For once that unreasonable expectations of gratitude have been reproved, ingratitude has been denounced a thousand times.

Upwards of eight hundred persons are annually destroyed by the accidents incident to the working of the mines of England.

In the U. S. District Court, at New York, the bark Laurens was condemned as a slaver—with costs to the owners of contesting the suit.

Sixty-four members of the Massachusetts regiment in Mexico have petitioned for a charter as a new military company in Boston.

The office of the Chelsea Pioneer was fired into by some rowdies a few evenings since, and considerable damage done.

A young Turkish gentleman has entered the British navy, and has come out to Halifax to join the Wellesley flag-ship.

John J. Richards, a native of Wales, was crushed to death at Quincy, by a large piece of granite falling on him as he split it.

At Sassafras Neck, Md., a barrel of rum in a grocery exploded from spontaneous combustion, and burnt a little boy to death.

It has been decided by Justice Cushing, of Boston, that beer is liquor, and a more maddening variety of it than any other.

Joshua Beliven, of Saratoga, shot and killed himself on the 9th July. He was unusually cheerful just before.

The daily consumption of water in Philadelphia from the Fairmount Water Works averages over six million gallons.

Douglass Jerrold calls woman's arms 'the serpents that wind about a man's neck, killing his best resolutions.'

In the 94 days ending July 4, 101,004 passengers arrived at the port of New York.

Geneva, N. Y., contains about 5500 inhabitants, and does not average one death a week.

The three popular novelists are Bulwer, 49 years old, Dickens, 38, and Thackeray, 48.

Mrs. Child has a new work nearly ready, on the history and theory of religion in all ages.

Great Britain purchased last year seventy million dollars of United States products.

Be not ambitious of the credit of having seen all that the great metropolis contains.

In 1797, there were 258,014 half cents coined at the United States mint.

### Local Matters.

#### Health of the City.

Notwithstanding the very large influx of foreigners from all parts of Europe, Boston still continues to be the healthiest city in the United States. Between the 1st day of June and the 15th of July of last year the deaths in Boston amounted to 499; during the corresponding time in the present year, including cholera and all, the deaths have only amounted to 508—being an increase of only *nine* deaths, while the population has increased more than that number of *thousands!* This is an indisputable evidence of the health of Boston, and one for which we should be devoutly thankful. The mayor in a late proclamation informs the citizens that the city has been thoroughly cleansed—including yards and cellars—the offal is daily collected from the houses, and removed from town—no decaying animal or vegetable matter is to be seen in our streets, which, within our dwellings, are drained under ground—the strong and deep tides, which encircle us, prevent the accumulation of noxious substances upon our shores—we are amply supplied with excellent water, from an unfailing source—our police are prompt to remove or remedy whatever nuisances may occur—and in all respects we possess arrangements and advantages for the preservation of health, equal to those of any village or city in the world.

Altogether, it will be seen that there is probably not a healthier spot in the world than the city of notions.

### Travelling Newspaper Agents.

Beware of them! We are constantly in receipt of complaints from subscribers, or rather from persons who have subscribed to some travelling swindler, for the Flag, but whose names we have never received. In some instances subscribers write that the paper has been stopped at the expiration of six months, when they have paid for a year, thus showing that the agent pocketed one dollar, and sent but half a year's subscription to the office of publication. *Now we employ no travelling agents for the* Flag, nor do we wish for them to apply to this office at all; they are generally a class that country people should avoid. If you wish to subscribe for a weekly paper, enclose your money at once to the publisher through the postmaster of your town, and there is no danger then of any trouble, you will be sure that you are fairly dealt by; otherwise ten to one you are swindled outright.

### Cromwell.

We see by the late foreign news that the English people are about to erect a monument to this eminent statesman and great soldier, by a subscription not to exceed in any case one guinea from each subscriber. This is without doubt owing to the influence of Macaulay's history of the man and his times, for there are few pens before this modern historian's which have done Cromwell justice. He would be no hero in the nineteenth century, but he was the Washington of England, at the time of the Long Parliament.

Gloucester Pavilion.—Those of our readers who take our advice and drop down to the delightful watering place kept by Albert Morgan, will thank us for calling their attention to the spot. The Pavilion is new, and beautifully located on the border of the ocean, and under admirable discipline. Mr. Richardson, the director of the establishment, is a man who understands the duties of his place, and discharges them with zeal and promptness.

Advice.—Avoid vegetables generally, and much fruit, eat moderately of nourishing meats, and don't drink too much cold water, particularly ice water. Let the least symptoms of diarrhœa be at once attended to, and a physician consulted if it is not at once checked. Don't get heated, don't get chilled—in short be prudent, and you will escape the cholera.

Gloucester and Boston Express.—Persons desiring to forward packages to and from Gloucester and its vicinity, should do so through W. D. Winchester, a reliable and faithful agent, whose pride is to accomplish his business with promptness and dispatch. His Boston office is in the Railroad Exchange, Court Square.

Transfer.—That beautiful edifice erected by the Rev. Mr. Robbins' Society (Unitarian), in Hanover Street, at an expense of $90,000, is under process of negotiation for sale to the Bennett and Richmond Street Methodist Societies, which have recently united. The building is offered for $40,000, and the sale will probably be effected.

Judicial Humanity.—The police are busy in arraigning the worst cases of drunkenness and vagrancy, and causing their consignment to the House of Correction and other institutions—by which course the unfortunate subjects will probably be saved from cholera and other fatalities.

The Great Will Case.—which has been for some time past under trial before the Supreme Court at Ipswich respecting the property of Edward B. Phillips, was decided last week, the jury rendering a verdict sustaining the will on all the points at issue.

Funeral Honors.—The Mechanic Riflemen will, by request of the city authorities, perform escort duty on the occasion of the funeral obsequies in honor of the memory of the late President Polk.

Crime.—Our city police reports show a large increase of crime, in the form of theft, drunkenness and the like. Many southern villains have been driven to this city from sickly regions.

Military.—A military spirit is thoroughly aroused in Boston and new companies are forming, while the old ones are being regenerated. All lovers of good order and discipline will rejoice at this.

Boston Bee.—We see this industrious penny daily has got a share of the government advertising. Glad of it, we like to see enterprise and industry rewarded.

Major Norton's appointment to Pictou is worth about $2000—the major has many good friends in Boston; he was an early Taylor man and a consistent one.

Arrivals.—There were *fifty-six* foreign arrivals at this port in one day last week, the largest number ever recorded for Boston.

Dr. Valentine has been making folks laugh immoderately at the Boston Museum. He says 'fun is a *preventive.*'

Immigrants are still pouring into our city by arrivals from Ireland.

For California.—Another large California company is just about to sail for the diggings.

## OUR OLIO COLUMN.

[Written for The Flag of our Union.]

### The Cockney's Feast.

BY WILLIAM H. BLACKBURN.

'Twas at a cockney's banquet, where
Some twenty were together,
A jesting o'er their bowls of punch,
On horses, dogs, the weather.

The eve passed on, and 'mongst the throng
Were some of every kind;
A few would toast—then came a song—
'Twas jolly as you'd find.

At last a chap arose—says he,
'At such a time as this,
I s'pose all have a right to try—
That is, 'tis not amiss

'To make a few remarks, my friends,'—
And to amuse the crowd,
He made a horrid written speech—
'Twas very long and loud.

A wag got up—says he, 'My friend,
If I'd been you to-night,
Instead of claiming *right to try,*
I should have *tried to write.*'

### A Pretty Trio.

KATE.

A little child, a fairy elf,
Singing, dancing to herself,
Through the livelong summer day,
In nooks and places far away.
Now in the forest, up the trees,
Rocking, swinging in the breeze,
Scattering dew from off the spray,
On her feet—soon away,
In a race with barking Tray;
Shaking her tresses to the wind,
Skipping, scampering o'er the plain;
Through the wavy meadow-grass,
Up the hill and down again
In the green-edged garden walks,
With a wreath of roses crowned,
Scaring from the flowers the bold,
Angry bees with belt of gold;
Chasing butterflies around:
Tired of this, in the house she'll lurk,
And busy herself with knitting-work;
And hide away in a quiet nook,
Sitting for hours with a picture-book;
Nodding, falling asleep at last,
Murmuring in her sleep
Of past delight, as a red-lipped shell,
On shore of the sounding deep.

A pleasant thing, a spirit bright,
Full of gladness and delight;
A little angel, strayed away
From the walls of heaven, at play;
Flying through its pearled gate
After morning's pomp and state;
Wandering to a world of care,
Sin, and sorrow, and despair;
Making with her angel face,
A sunshine in a shady place.

JOE.

A little youngster, five years old,
A roguish urchin, free and bold,
Tricksy, fulsome and gay,
Plotting mischief all the day,
Stealing Granny's spectacles;
Looking as his eyes were dim,
And the ivory-headed cane
And the wig of uncle Tim;
Strutting with a stately stride,
Mocking, imitating him.

Romping in the shady nooks,
With our darling little Bess;
Peering over Willy's books,
Feigning deepest studiousness;
Grave as a master in his school—
Sitting on his little stool
By our stately 'Bel, be sure,
Staid and sober and demure;
Making faces unaware,
Climbing Ruth's or mother's chair,
Tickling, letting down their hair;
Dropping with a merry shout,
Laughing, chasing Kate about—
Scampering from room to room,
Hiding in the curtained gloom—
In the corners dim and dark,
Huddling, crouching in the shade,
By his shuffling feet at last
And his smothered laugh betrayed.

WILL.

Will is an innocent child,
With a full, great earnest eye;
Where the tears do gush and start
Without a reason why;
A fountain of pity his heart,
Whose waters are never dry;
A thin and hectic cheek,
A voice gentle and weak,
Tremulous, soft and shy,
As he were afraid to speak.

Willy is lame, but he,
Dear heart! doth never complain;
He sits sometimes for hours,
With a look of sorrow and pain,
Dreamy and sad and mute,
Surveying his shrunken foot.

When Joe and the neighbor lads,
A merry troop, are at play,
He looks on, and for a time,
Gives a sigh, and limps away;
Seeking some quiet nook,
Far from noise and folly,
To read some religious book,
Or weep in melancholy.

Poor Willy! he seems to me
Out of his sphere below;
Pining away like a bird of the south
In a region of ice and snow;
A rare exotic, far
From its native clime away,
Transplanted in cold, ungenial soil,
And withering day by day.

### An Irish Traveller.

An Irishman travelling, though not for delight,
Arrived at a city one cold winter's night,
Found the landlord and servants in bed at the inn,
While standing without he was drenched to the skin.

He groped for the knocker, no knocker was found,
Then turning his head accidentally round,
He saw, as he thought, by the lamp's feeble ray,
The object he searched for, right over the way.

The knocker he grasped, and so loud was the roar,
It seemed like a sledge breaking open the door;
The street, far and wide, was awoke by the clang,
And sounded aloud with the Irishman's bang.

The wife screamed aloud, and the husband appears
At the window, his shoulders shrugged up to his ears;
'So ho! honest friend, pray what is the matter,
That at this time of night you should make such a clatter?'

'Go to bed! go to bed!' says Pat, 'my dear honey;
I am no robber to ask your money:
I borrowed your knocker, before it was day,
To waken the landlord right over the way.'

### Summer.

*A Rhap-Soda, written under influence of small beer.*

Summer has come, and in her train
Flows fly, flit, blow,
Bath beer, bees, bats and breezes.
Old Sol, now having reached his topmost height,
Looks down with melting eyes on new lamp butter.
Myriads of living things now fill the air,
Some lighting up the sky, some lighting on your nose.
Music is everywhere! In streets, in trees, and in the gurgling brook
The 'Rockport Gabriel' winds his sheet-iron horn,
Proclaiming to the lovers of good food
That—Mackerel is come!
The gulls and crows and sand-peeps raise their notes,
And Ole Bull Frog, the Braham of the brook,
Doth let out sounds rivalling the viol's twang,
Though rosined well with care.

O Summer! thy delights are rich and rare,
Done up in bundles of exquisite taste;
Thy lobster salads and thy frozen creams,
Thy pop and juleps, mead and diet drinks,
Do raise within the poet's breast a flame,
Whose pent-up power he cannot well restrain.
*Gloucester News.*

### A Brace of Epitaphs.

ON AN OLD MAID.

Here lies a poor, forlorn old maid,
Whose charms, long ere her teeth, decayed;
Whole years in solitude she sat,
Forgot by all except her cat.

In youth, believe it, she was fair—
In wit and grace and beauty rare;
A grave old bachelor was slain,
Who sought her hand and heart in vain.

As she grew old, and lost her power,
Her temper, with her age, grew sour;
She scolded all her friends to death—
She's silent now for want of breath.

ON AN OLD BACHELOR.

Here lies the veriest wretch forlorn,
Wounded by love, and killed by scorn;
The man who courted this old maid,
When in the charms of youth arrayed.

He neither drank, nor chewed, nor smoked,
Unknown, through this dull world he poked;
Without a dog, or cat, or wife,
To cheer the loneliness of life.

Scorned by the sex, he was not blind
To any charms of woman-kind;
His soul is fled—his sins forgiven—
He's wooing angels now in heaven.


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# THE FLAG OF OUR UNION.

[Written for The Flag of our Union.]

### To the Fourth of July.

BY CHARLIE.

Welcome once more, thrice happy day,
That gave our mighty nation birth;
That placed in Freedom's bright array
The purest gem e'er known on earth—
That caused a wondering world to see
America with Liberty.

With joy we hail thy glad return,
And songs of triumph to thee raise;
While millions their thank-offerings burn,
And, freemen, give sincerest praise;
Remembering what their sires endured,
When they these precious rights procured.

How rich the blessings to us given—
Freedom of action, speech, and prayer—
A fruitful earth, a smiling heaven—
Treasures exhaustless as the air:
A flag whose Eagle proudly soars
From Atlantic's to Pacific's shores.

Ceaseless increase of might and power—
Prosperity till now unknown—
An influence strengthening hour by hour,
That shakes the haughty monarch's throne.
And yet we trust, if blest of God,
Will free the world from tyrants' nod.

Peace, happiness and plenty reign
In e'en the peasant's humble cot;
Domestic comforts that in vain
The lords of other climes have sought;
Genius, guided by education,
Extends our fame in every nation.

But why attempt here to recount
The priceless gifts on us conferred;
Pure, as the waters of the fount—
Free, as our emblematic bird;
Countless as the stars of even,
Glorious as the light of heaven.

America! thy child's our pride!
Her sons shall ever cherish thee!
And when we, with our sires have died,
Our offspring yet shall still be free:
Immortal honors round thee bring,
And to thy hallowed memory sing.

[Written for The Flag of our Union.]

### The Battle Field.

BY S. E. CHURCH.

He stood upon a mountain top—
His eye ran o'er the plain;
O'er countless legions, friend and foe,
The slaying and the slain:
With anxious heart and calm demean,
The stern old warrior gazed,
While the sulphureous smoke rose through
The air, and deadly cannon blazed.

One moment hope would fill his breast,
Chased quickly by despair;
Victory will crown his eager wish—
Ah no! defeat is near.
A cheering shout rose o'er the field,
Then quickly sank away:
It was a grand, terrific scene,
A sad and fearful day.

Why was this deadly conflict here?
Surely 'twas freedom's cause,
That struggled long and manfully
Against a tyrant's laws;
And victory crowned the warrior's wish,
And foes were scattered far;
Nor one was left among the brave,
That fought for tyrants here.

Who was this stern old warrior, he,
Who fought in freedom's war,
Against proud Britain's stately hosts,
That played the tyrant here?
He ruled the infant nation when
The bloody strife was done.
Americans will ne'er forget
Their own loved WASHINGTON.

[Written for The Flag of our Union.]

### To Bunker Hill Monument.

BY ERASTUS C. WILBUR.

Rear high thy head, thou lofty dome,
And proud defy th' assaults of time;
And bid the stranger welcome come,
To kneel at Freedom's holy shrine.

Thou granite pile, in memory reared
Of patriot hearts that nobly bled;
Of names that long shall be revered,
Till earth shall yield her mighty dead.

Let Freedom look abroad from thee,
And wave her starry banner o'er
The land our fathers fought to free,
Nor heed the British lion's roar.

Thou art no royal monarch's throne—
No tyrant's voice thy builders feared;
But Liberty's eternal dome,
By Freedom's sons and daughters reared.

Thou standest on a sacred spot,
On Bunker's world-renowned brow;
Where fell the fatal, deadly shot,
That laid the noble Warren low.

'Tis holy ground, where Freedom's sires
Came forth beneath the Eagle's eye,
And by their God and household fires,
Swore to live freemen, or to die.

From thee shall Freedom's sons look forth,
And breathe a freeman's fervent prayer;
And bid the Lion of the north
To crouch and tremble in his lair.

When born again those martial fires,
Shall Freedom's sons look up to thee;
And with the spirit of their sires,
Shall guard this domain of the free.

Around thy lofty crest shall soar
The glorious bird of liberty;
Till every land, the wide earth o'er,
Shall wave the banner of the free.

[Written for The Flag of our Union.]

### Flow, ye Tears!

BY OSCAR A. MEGHAN.

Flow, ye tears! O flow and ease me,
Quickly fill my tearless eye;
Though the world in scorn condemns thee,
Hearts like mine must weep, or die.

Burst thy frozen fountains open,
Flow in torrents down my cheek!
Why should human hearts be broken,
When there's life for those who weep!

Tell me, brave ones—hearts related
To the grovelling masses below,—
Why were tears to man created,
If they never were to flow?

From the heart's deep well of sorrow,
Gush, as mountain floods set free;
And on each returning morrow
I will bless and worship thee.

Flow, ye tears! 'tis grief that calleth!
Flow in torrents down my cheek!
Every living drop that falleth
Brings with it a sweet relief!

### Love the Door to God.

Without star or angel for their guide,
Who worship God, shall find him. Humble love,
And not proud reason, keeps the door of heaven;
Love finds admission where proud science fails.

## MISCELLANEOUS.

[Written for the Flag of our Union.]

## ALICE DEANE.

### A TALE OF THE EARLY SETTLERS.

BY CAROLINE ORNE.

### CHAPTER I.

Fifteen or twenty years after the Pilgrim fathers landed on Plymouth rock, a house constructed of hewn logs, and larger and more convenient than most dwellings of that description, was situated in a clearing made at the entrance of an extensive forest. The ground around where the house stood had been carefully smoothed, and it was now covered with short, thick grass of a deep verdure. A few magnificent oaks had been left, that they might throw their shade over the humble dwelling, while wild rose-bushes and wild grape-vines concealed with their green drapery the unsightly logs.

It was a bright June morning, and the slant beams of the sun streaming through the openings of the forest, lit up with dusky gold the huge trunks of the old trees, and shed a flickering light among the boughs as they swayed and undulated to the freshening breeze. Music too was there—those choral strains which ever, like spirit voices, steal through the dim and leafy aisles of the forest, and which were, now, occasionally mingled with clear and thrilling gushes of melody from the blue-bird, the thrush, and above all, the mocking-bird.

At the extremity of one of those sweet glades where violets love to nestle among the gnarled roots of some giant oak, and where clusters of white blooms, like handfuls of pearls, lie among the wood-moss, stood two young girls, Edith Delancy and Alice Deane. Edith could not have been more than eighteen or nineteen, and Alice appeared to be at least two years younger. The home of Edith was in Virginia, or, as it was then called, the Old Dominion, and she was now on a visit to Alice, who was a distant relation. This accounted for the richness of her attire, which, though it accorded with the gorgeous beauty of the surrounding scenery, might have seemed out of place for an inhabitant of the rustic dwelling which stood near.

The dress of Alice afforded a perfect contrast to Edith's, though not greater than that presented by her different style of beauty.—Edith was tall, with a clear, dark complexion, dark eyes, and an abundance of rich, jetty hair, which, while in her present rural retreat, she suffered to fall in ringlets, free from powder, or the restraints imposed by fashion. Her features were regular and of the antique cast, and her lips of that rich red, suited to a complexion like hers, and which, when she spoke or smiled, revealed teeth perfectly even and of pearl-like brilliancy.

The form of Alice, on the contrary, was a little below the middling stature, and of that symmetry and airy lightness which has often been distinguished by the appellation of sylph-like, while her complexion was of that snowy and transparent whiteness, which reveals the delicate tracery of the blue veins on the temples, and is so prompt to flush at any sudden emotion of the mind. A profusion of brown hair, over which, now and then, a sunbeam which chanced to find an opening in the foliage, threw a tinge of gold, fell over her neck and shoulders, a freedom to which it was not accustomed, as might have been inferred from a little cap of transparent lawn which hung fluttering at the extremity of a maple bough. She had just finished weaving a kind of coronal of green leaves and snow-white blossoms, which she playfully placed upon the head of Edith.

'There,' said she, 'I crown you queen of this sylvan recess.'

'And I,' said a young man, who suddenly emerged from behind a clump of trees which had prevented them from seeing his approach, 'will be the first to do her homage,' and as he spoke he gracefully knelt before her on one knee, and kissed the hand, which, with an air of assumed dignity, she extended towards him for that purpose.

Alice drew back a little, for to her he was an entire stranger, while Edith, the moment he had performed the mock ceremony alluded to, and he had risen to his feet, said to him:

'This is an unexpected pleasure, cousin Wilfred. When did you arrive?'

'Scarcely fifteen minutes since. I have only had time to exchange my travel-soiled garments for some a little cleaner and more comfortable, which a woman I saw at the house in a black silk cap, or hood, gave me to understand she thought quite an unnecessary piece of extravagance, and then I set forth in search of you.'

Edith now introduced him to Alice as Wilfred Delancy, a cousin whom she had frequently heard her mention.

Instead of her cousin, he might, by a stranger, have been taken for her brother.—There was the same dark hair and eyes, the same antique mould of feature, the same expression of countenance. Each of these characteristics, however, which as belonging to her bore the impress of extreme delicacy, in him assumed a bolder and more decided cast, fully sufficient to exempt them from any imputation of effeminacy.

At this moment, a few clear, trumpet-like notes came resounding through the glade.

'What martial sounds are those?' inquired Wilfred.

'They are notes,' replied Alice, 'which Dame Thankful Crossman, the woman you saw in the black hood, has the art of eliciting from a large sea-shell, and which, far from being meant as a warlike summons, are merely intended to announce that dinner is ready, which to you, after your long ride, I think will not be unwelcome.'

'By no means,' said he, 'and I am moreover pleased with the manner of the announcement, which appears to me to be quite poetical, and had I not unfortunately had a sight of Dame Thankful, imagination might have assigned to her the beauty as well as the shell of a Nereid.'

'I warn you,' said Edith, 'if you would secure her good opinion, not to hint, when in her presence, that you delight in anything that is either graceful or beautiful. I should like to know what she thinks flowers were made for, or why the plumage of birds is so brilliant and so varied. Even these bright curls that adorn the head of Alice so offend Dame Thankful's eye, that she is obliged to hide them beneath a cap. But thanks to the curls *they* are rebellious, if Alice is not, and will occasionally break from their bandage and wave and dance so joyously as to greatly elongate Dame Thankful's visage.'

'Many allowances should be made for her,' said Alice. 'She left a pleasant English home to brave the hardships and privations of an abode in the wilderness, so my grandmother has often told me, at a time of life when it is hard to break up old habits and form new ones, and she is not of a disposition to delight in seeing others walk upon roses, when her own path has been so thickly strewn with thorns. My grandmother, the only mother I ever knew, for both of my parents died when I was too young to know my loss, is very different from Dame Thankful. Though this country ever has been, and must ever remain a place of exile to her, she delights in making those around her happy. She brought her English tastes with her, and sometimes she is very sad when she thinks of the sweet cottage where she hoped to spend her days, and of the flowers she loved to tend.'

Alice did not speak of her grandfather.—She stood in too much awe of him to love him as she did her grandmother, for, as has been truly said, 'perfect love casteth out fear.' He countenanced none but the most austere domestic habits, and his religious feelings were not only solemn, but gloomy. Hence he was not, any more than Dame Thankful, disposed to tolerate what he denominated the vanities of dress or an inordinate zeal for the world.

When the young people arrived at the house, they found that the frugal fare prepared for the noontide meal was already upon the table. Mr. Deane had seen and welcomed Wilfred when he first arrived, and he now stood with his clasped hands resting upon the back of his chair, which was placed at the head of the table beside his wife's, ready to say grace. Before it was finished, however, it partook of the qualities of a prayer, and he earnestly entreated that they might be delivered from pride and a spirit of contention.—These elicited no response from Dame Thankful, but when he went on to desire that they might be enabled to eschew all worldly vanities, more especially a love of dress, the besetting sin of youth, she could not suppress a murmur of approbation.

They had hardly commenced their meal, when the sound of a horse's feet was heard upon the green sward. The face of Alice, who caught a glimpse of the rider through the open window, suddenly crimsoned, and then turned deadly pale. Her grandfather also perceived who it was, and remarked to his wife that their well-beloved Uriah Holbrook had arrived. The countenance of Mrs. Deane expressed uneasiness instead of pleasure at this information, while, on the contrary, something bearing the semblance of a smile, flitted over the pale face of Dame Thankful.

'Uriah is a precious youth,' she remarked, 'and he, no doubt, will bring a blessing to the roof that gives him shelter.'

In a minute or two Uriah Holbrook entered, and removing from his head a heavy felt hat with a high, steeple crown and broad, flapping brim, he placed it on a side bench beside Wilfred's gold laced beaver. The hats did not form a more striking contrast than their owners.

The complexion of Uriah was sallow, bordering on the cadaverous, and his black hair of that lank, unelastic kind, which inclines to fall in stringy rather than wavy locks about the forehead. A slight stoop of the shoulders, by throwing his head a little forward, had the effect to exaggerate the cunning, prying look of his features, which, particularly when seen in profile, were of a disagreeable sharpness and prominence. A small, but keen and restless gray eye, completed a physiognomy, which served greatly to enhance the frank and manly beauty Wilfred, as they sat side by side at the table.

It was evident by the gloomy glances which Uriah occasionally directed towards Wilfred that he regarded him with little favor. He even took occasion to condemn in a very indiscriminate manner all who were so vain as to wear gold or silver lace on their apparel, ruffles on their shirt-bosoms or over their hands, or buckles of precious metals in their shoes, not forgetting those who were so foolish as to imagine sword-knots were desirable, or anything gayer than a strip of leather for a sword-belt. Many a searching though stealthy look he likewise directed towards Alice; but if this was done for the purpose of detecting her in looking at Wilfred, his labor was lost, for except a few times when she spoke to Edith, she studiously avoided raising her eyes during the meal.

After dinner Uriah sought an opportunity to speak with Alice apart. This she so carefully avoided, as to defeat his intention, that drew upon her the reproof of Dame Thankful Crossman.

'You are,' said she, 'a stubborn, self-willed girl. I am sorry to say it, for Esther Miles, your mother was my friend, both before and after her marriage with Silas Deane your father, and it would be a sore trial to her, were she now alive, to see you shut your heart against such a precious youth as Uriah Holbrook, and suffer yourself to be ensnared so speedily, by one who is given up to worldly vanities.'

'It is not so,' replied Alice. 'I disliked Uriah Holbrook when I was a child, and since he has commenced urging me to accept of him as a suitor, he has become absolutely hateful to me. This is not because I am stubborn or wayward, but because by a more careful study of his character, I am able to discern more fully his deep hypocrisy and cunning.'

Dame Thankful held up her hands in utter astonishment.

'I rejoice that your mother is spared the hearing of such words from the mouth of her child,' said she, as soon as she was able to articulate. 'Uriah Holbrook was almost as dear to her as you were.'

'Were my mother alive,' said Alice, 'love for her child would make her clear-sighted as respects those dark shades in his character to which you and my grandfather are blind.—Grandmother has long distrusted him.'

'And has she also turned against him?'

'No, she has not turned against him. She is too good and too mild to be otherwise than a well-wisher to any person. She only wishes that there may be time to prove or disprove her fears, before I am compelled to sacrifice my happiness forever.'

### CHAPTER II.

While Alice and Dame Thankful were thus engaged in conversation respecting Uriah Holbrook, Edith Delancy and her cousin, as they sat together in the shade of an oak, were speaking of Alice.

'I am half a mind to quarrel with you,' said Wilfred, 'for not giving me a more particular description of this sweet rose of the wilderness. I have wasted a fortnight hunting with Ned Whitworth, when I should have enjoyed myself twice as well here.'

'My reason for not endeavoring to entice you hither by giving you a description of her,' said Edith, 'is because it is already arranged for her to marry this "precious youth," as Dame Thankful calls him.'

'A precious scoundrel, rather,' said Wilfred, 'that is, if I have any art in reading human countenances. I am surprised that Mr. Deane, who is certainly a man of good sense, though he may have a little too much enthusiasm, does not suspect him merely from his overacting his part.'

'The partiality that Mr. Deane feels for him,' said Edith, 'is, I believe, partly owing to the warm friendship which subsisted between the parents of Alice and those of Holbrook, who often discussed among themselves the probability that a marriage might take place between their children. Hence the feelings with which he regards the son, by being associated with recollections of the dead, have assumed a kind of sacred character.'

'And is it possible that Alice will marry Holbrook?'

'I hope not, though if I had not come, I don't know what might have been accomplished by the united remonstrances and persuasions of her grandfather, Dame Thankful and the lover himself. Her grandmother has not joined with them, though she has scarcely ventured to do more than to remain on neutral ground. She suspects that Holbrook is a hypocrite.'

'I liked Mrs. Deane the moment I saw her,' said Wilfred, 'and I shall now honor her for her good sense and discernment.'

Holbrook, who for a week or more avoided Wilfred, and scarcely spoke to him when by necessity they were brought together, all at once changed his demeanor. He had been in the habit of taking long and solitary walks, and sometimes, taking some rude fishing tackle belonging to Mr. Deane, he would follow up a trout stream. The rivulet or brook as it was commonly called, after quietly circling through a meadow, was suddenly impeded by a mass of rocks over which it foamed and raged with noisy impetuosity. From this point the channel of the stream cut through two rocky embankments, that gradually rose to the height of sixty or seventy feet, where they approximated so nearly to each other that the trunk of a pine tree had been thrown across, forming a foot-bridge sufficiently safe and commodious. The sullen rush of the stream could be heard by a person standing on the bridge, but a sunbeam never brightened its dark waters.

After crossing the bridge, an abrupt and broken path led to a glen, that sweeping away with a graceful curve lost itself among the hills. It was a spot of rare loveliness, presenting an intermingling of the wild with the beautiful, spread out with a lavish hand—Here the stream, as if rejoiced to see the sunshine, after dashing over a rocky barrier, throwing wreaths of foam upon the hazels and birches that grew near, glided merrily on, breaking into bright sparkles around obstructing rocks, or wandering away into little dreamy-looking pools, to sleep in the light shadows thrown over them by the wild shrubbery and flowers that grew on their borders.

It was to this spot that Holbrook daily wandered, much to the annoyance of Edith and Alice, as it was their favorite place of resort. Yet, although he took a fishing-rod with him, he must have been an unskilful angler, as he generally returned as empty-handed as he went.

As already mentioned, he suddenly became inclined to be less distant and reserved than he had at first, in his demeanor towards Wilfred, who possessing too much urbanity to repel his advances, an interchange of civilities, such as politeness demands from those who dwell beneath the same roof, was soon established between them. It was not long before Holbrook went so far as to invite him to join him in one of his fishing excursions. Wilfred consented, though he did not profess to be, as Izaak Walton expresses it, 'a brother of the angle.' On the whole, however, he could think of no pleasanter mode of spending an hour, for the time chosen by Holbrook being when Alice was engaged in performing her part of the household labor, although it was a pleasure to watch her, as with springy steps she glanced from place to place, Wilfred knew that it would be useless to think of having her company. That of his cousin, also, was quite as much out of the question, she, *for* certain good reasons, being determined to become initiated into the mysteries of making tarts of green *blueberries* and of preserving wild strawberries, to say nothing of the art of compounding and baking an Indian pudding, so that when turned into the dish it would be encircled with a rim of whey of the color and transparence of amber. Though Wilfred neither was, nor professed to be, a skilful angler, he proved much more successful than Uriah, so that a few trout cooked upon the gridiron, and pronounced a 'dainty dish,' even by Dame Thankful, who was not, to use her own language, given to lauding creature comforts, were almost daily upon the table. One day, Holbrook, who as he left the house, requested Dame Thankful to tell Wilfred that as he should be back in an hour he hoped he would not go on his usual fishing excursion without him, turned in a direction opposite to that which led to the trout-stream.

As Wilfred was engaged in writing letters, he would, setting aside Holbrook's request, have remained where he was; but Alice and Edith were determined to embrace so good an opportunity of re-visiting their favorite glen. They had a great deal to say to each other, as most girls of their age have when a third person is not present, that caused them to linger by the way. They had arrived at a spot where through an opening in a coppice they could see the rustic bridge which has been described. Suddenly Alice made a sign to Edith to be silent, for with his back towards them and crouching upon the ground close to the end of the bridge resting on the embankment nearest them, she saw a person, who, as near as she could judge on account of the distance, and owing to his attitude, the imperfect view she could obtain of him, had the appearance of Holbrook. Edith, whom she told in a whisper what she thought, was of the same opinion, while each was at a loss to imagine what he could be doing.

That they might the better satisfy themselves, they crept cautiously towards the spot, keeping themselves screened by the trees and bushes. They succeeded in approaching so near that no doubt remained as to the identity of the person thus singularly situated. It was certainly Holbrook, and his steeple-crown hat, also his coat, that probably impeded him in the performance of whatever he was engaged in, were lying on the turf at a short distance.

Now and then they heard a noise that sounded like the sullen plunge of a rock into the water below, and it was a full half hour before he discontinued his strange employment. At the end of that time he rose and walked towards the spot where he had left his hat and coat. He had not more than half reached it, however, before he turned, and again approaching the bridge, bent down so as to command a view beneath it. He took a long and searching look, and the result appeared to be satisfactory, for he rose and again approaching the place where he had deposited his hat and coat, he hastily put them on, looked carefully around as if to assure himself that no person was in sight, and then walked precipitately away, following a circuitous path that would enable him to approach the house at the point where he left it.

The curiosity of Edith and Alice was, very naturally, much excited, and after waiting till they no longer could catch an occasional glimpse of him through the trees, they proceeded to the spot to ascertain, if possible, the nature of the strange labor that had induced him to resort to subterfuge, that he might perform it in secret.

The first cursory examination revealed nothing, but Alice, by kneeling close to the verge of the embankment and bending forward, in the meantime sustaining herself by firmly grasping a sapling that grew near, perceived that the ground which supported that end of the bridge was almost entirely undermined, merely an inch or two of earth being left, which was held together by the firmness of the green sward by which it was covered.—The bridge itself was kept from sinking by the limb of a tree, placed in such a manner as to serve as a prop. A slight blow must have removed this frail support, or perhaps even the weight and jar of a person in crossing it, might have sufficed for that purpose.

Alice, the moment she had made this discovery, hastened to remove from what she now became aware was a most perilous situation, for the rocks and the roots of trees and shrubs, supporting the embankment, had been so much loosened by the contiguous excavation, that she felt the ground tremble beneath her weight.

That this trap, which Holbrook had so warily prepared, was designed for Wilfred, they could entertain no doubt, from the circumstance of his having delayed its preparation almost up to the time, when according to the custom established by tacit consent, they had gone together on their fishing excursion.—The time, which, as has already been mentioned, was particularly agreeable to Wilfred, because he could not, on account of those household duties which she never neglected, hope for the society of Alice, was gladly acquiesced in by Holbrook, from its being likely to afford favorable opportunities for the accomplishment of his base design.

The first emotions of Alice and Edith, when satisfied as to the object of Holbrook, were those of lively thankfulness and joy at having discovered it in season to prevent its accomplishment. These were succeeded by feelings of alarm and apprehension, when they reflected, that according to the time which had already elapsed since the departure of Holbrook, he might even then be returning, accompanied by Wilfred. They were unable to decide what would be best for them to do. At any rate, they could not hope to be able to return to the house in season to make known to Wilfred the treacherous intention of Holbrook.—The sight of them near the spot, they were afraid would awaken the suspicion of the latter, yet to remain appeared to be the best thing on which they could decide. Happily, they were not compelled long to endure this harassing state of uncertainty, they being warned by the sound of voices, of the young men's approach.

'I believe we had better go and meet them,' said Alice.

'I tremble so that I can hardly walk,' said Edith, 'yet it will be better than to wait here.'

When they arrived within a distance which enabled them to observe the countenance of Holbrook, they perceived that it was even more cadaverous than usual, though his eyes, always keen and restless, sparkled with uncommon intensity. He gave a perceptible start when he saw them, while Alice, who seemed suddenly restored to her self-possession, remarked, that being unexpectedly at leisure, she and Edith had walked out for the purpose of visiting their favorite glen.

Holbrook was evidently disconcerted, but only for the moment.

'We had better go forward,' said he to Wilfred, 'and convey our fishing-tackle across the bridge, and then return and assist the young women.'

'I, for my part, need no assistance,' said Alice. 'I have crossed the bridge hundreds of times, when no person was within call, when if my foot had slipped, I should have found a bed too deep and dark for mortal eye to penetrate.'

As she finished speaking, she sprung lightly forward, as if with the intention of crossing it. Holbrook, who with great vehemence called upon her to stop, was at her side before she reached it, and seizing her somewhat roughly by the arm, drew her back.

'You must not cross without help,' said he, 'the bridge is slippery. Let *him* go first.'

'Yes,' said Wilfred, who had lingered a little to listen to something that Edith had to tell him, 'yes, I will cross first, but after what Miss Deane has said of the depth and darkness beneath, before I venture upon the bridge, I shall satisfy myself as to its safety.'

'How can it be otherwise than safe?' said Holbrook. 'Have we not crossed it every day for a week past?'

'True, yet there can be no harm in assuring myself that it is safe, and fortunately here is something exactly adapted to my purpose.'

As he spoke, he seized a dry pine pole that Holbrook had placed near, so that if the weight of his intended victim was insufficient to cause the prop to give way, he could have the means of displacing it.

Wilfred approached the bridge within what he concluded would be a safe distance, and with a vigorous and well-aimed blow struck it near the end in a lateral direction. The prop at once flew out, and the bridge, after wavering a few seconds, ere the tenacious fibres of the turf were rent asunder, fell with a heavy lumbering sound into the dark channel beneath.

'It shall not avail you!' exclaimed Holbrook, his face flushing purple and the swollen veins of his forehead and temples deepening to a still darker hue.

These few words muttered with clenched teeth were drowned by the report of a pistol, and Wilfred fell.

'A living dog is better than a dead lion,' said Holbrook, addressing Alice, 'and may you live to prove the truth of it.'

With these words he walked deliberately away. But Alice heeded him not. She and Edith were kneeling by the side of Wilfred. Their alarm, however, soon subsided, for the ball having merely grazed his temple, he soon began to revive. In a short time he was able to return to the house.

They found that Holbrook had been gone about fifteen minutes, and Dame Thankful was still lamenting the departure of the 'precious youth,' who, she said, 'took his portmanteau with him, and said it would be a long time before he should again visit them.' Yet even she, when informed of his murderous intention, was forced to confess, though very reluctantly, that she had been deceived in him, while Mr. Deane became convinced that there may be a great deal of profession with little or no principle. Strange as it may appear, this very plain and simple inference had never occurred to him before, and the reflections that it now produced were eminently favorable to Wilfred. His cheerfulness no longer appeared to him to be levity, and his garments being ornamented with a few yards of gold lace, excited less disapprobation when he reflected how base a heart may beat beneath a brown serge doublet.

Mr. Deane's heart, thus warmed and softened towards his young guest, was in a fitting state to cast loose its prejudices, and to receive in their stead those favorable impressions richly deserved by his many good and noble qualities.

Soon afterwards, Wilfred ventured to request Mr. Deane's leave to address Alice as a suitor. His consent was freely granted; as to that of Alice, he probably had a comfortable assurance that it might be obtained before he ventured on so important a step.

Three months from that time, in the glade where Wilfred and Alice first met, they stood together under a canopy formed by training some wild grape-vines, now loaded with clusters of purple fruit, from bough to bough of some trees convenient for the purpose. Mr. and Mrs. Deane, Dame Thankful, and a few friends from a distance sat together on a rustic bench.

Edith and a young man every way worthy of her, and to whom she had long been betrothed, were also present, and stood with the young couple beneath the leafy canopy, during the performance of the marriage ceremony.

The words of the clergyman, pronounced in clear, distinct accents, seemed doubly impressive as they blended with the deep-toned murmurs of the forest, and the few stanzas appropriate to the occasion that closed the ceremonial, as sung by the united voices of the bridal party, assumed all the majesty and solemnity of a cathedral hymn, as the notes rose and floated away over the forest-top, or down its long, dreamy aisles, till they were gradually lost in the distance.

[Written for The Flag of our Union.]

### A Dream.

BY G. G. W.

Bathed in the moonlight, on my couch reclining,
I looked in dreamy musing to the sky;
Full on my soul the myriad stars were shining,
To woo me to their tranquil home on high.

Around me, in the hush of midnight sleeping,
The weary and the sad had sunk to rest;
But in my bosom Love his watch was keeping
Over a heart he never yet had blest.

Wearied at length, even Love began to slumber,
And from his torture nature sought repose;
And freed from pain, and thought, and cares that number,
My spirit in its perfect freedom rose.

Free to the regions of the bright stars soaring,
I passed amid the angelic host above,
That low before the eternal throne adoring,
Pour forth their praise in notes of joy and love.

Around me there I saw each happy spirit,
With a bride angel ever side by side,
And destined e'en a throne in heaven to inherit,
And reign in glory in those mansions wide.

I was alone—O, ay, had I been lonely—
And now I found e'en heaven was desolate;
All here were mated and were blest—I only
Of all in heaven found not my spirit's mate.

Then sank my heart—but lo! from far appearing,
I saw on high a radiant angel soar;
And she that I had loved, no longer fearing,
Came to my side, my own forevermore.

She clasped her white arms round me—fore returning
The fond caress impulsively I'd given;
And, with a pure, immortal passion burning,
I cried in rapture—this indeed is heaven!

And then I woke—too blest, I had been sleeping—
Fate envied me this joy of slumber born;
And Love again, his long, sad vigils keeping,
Waked in my bosom, and I prayed for morn.

The moon still looked from heaven—the stars were shining,
As erst they shone upon my troubled soul;
But she for whose dear love my heart was pining
Was sundered from me far as pole from pole.

### A London Boy.

Upon one of my visits to the various ragged schools in the metropolis, I became much interested in a lad of ten or eleven years of age, with a frank, open countenance; though somewhat dirty, and dressed in a suit of rags. He was reading busily in his Testament, and would stop occasionally and ask such curious questions of his teacher, that I could but smile. His 'practical observations' on certain portions of Scripture, if clothed in elegant language, would have done honor to men of education. There was a free-heartedness in him that gleamed out through all his rags and dirt, and I sat down by him to ask some questions.

'Where do you live?' I asked, '*and how?*'

'I live anywhere I can,' he replied, 'and almost *how* I can!'

'But,' said I, 'what is your trade or business? What do you generally do for a living?'

'I am a water-cress boy,' he replied, 'and get up every morning at two o'clock and go on foot three or four miles, and sometimes six or eight, into the edge of the city to buy the water-cresses. I get a basket of them there for a shilling, and by crying them the whole day, generally clear another, which pays my board and lodging.'

'But can you live upon a shilling a day?' I asked.

'Yes, pretty well, but many times I don't make a shilling, and then I buy a crust of bread, and go and sleep under one of the arches of London bridge, or in some crate or box down on the wharves.'

Just then, the superintendent came along, and as I took his arm, he said:

'The lad you have been talking with comes here every night to learn to read, and although he cannot get to sleep before ten o'clock, and is obliged to be up at two in the morning, yet he is always punctual. Not long since his mother was imprisoned for arrearages in her rent—the sum needed to release her was but ten shillings. Well, this boy almost starved himself, and slept out of doors, to save the money out of his scanty earnings to release her from prison.'

I went back again and talked with the boy, and in my eyes, he was a truer hero than Wellington or Napoleon!—*Hartford Republican.*

### Limits of the Human Mind.

Newton was one day asked why he stepped forward when he was so inclined; and from what cause his arm and his hand obeyed his will? He honestly replied that he knew nothing about the matter. 'But at least,' said they to him, 'you who are so well acquainted with the gravitation of the planets, will tell us why you turn one way sooner than another?' Newton still avowed his ignorance.

Those who teach that the ocean was salted *for* fear it should corrupt, and that the tides were created to conduct our ships into port, were a little ashamed when told that the Mediterranean has ports, but no tides. Muchenbrook himself has fallen into this error.

Who has ever been able to determine precisely how a billet of wood is changed into red hot charcoal, and by what mechanism lime is heated by cold water?

The first motion of the heart in animals—is that accounted for? Has it been exactly discovered how the business of generation is arranged? Has any one divined the cause of sensation, ideas and memory? We know no more of the essence of matter, than the children who touch its superfices.

Who will instruct us in the mechanism by which a grain of corn, which we cast into the earth, disposes itself to produce a stalk surmounted with an ear; or why the sun produces an apple on one tree, and a chestnut on the next one to it? Many doctors have said, 'What know I not?' Montaigne said, 'What know I?'

### Seth Hawkins's Lu[illegible]my.

There is a tradition in Huntown, and very generally believed to be true, which, though true or false, throws a bit of romance around the plain matter-of-fact business of Seth Hawkins's courtship—a courtship otherwise not remarkable for incidents other than the common sort, viz., suspicion of intention, accredited attentions, and happy consummation—as 'everybody does it.'

This little incident, so the talk ran among the neighbors, was a jewel in its way, and shook with laughter the whole community of that quiet town for a long time, from the parson of the parish down to the very toe-nail of the local body politic.

Sunday night was the season which Seth chose on which to do his weekly *devours*, as Mrs. Hornby would say; and his road to neighbor Jones, whose daughter, Sally, was the object of his particular hopes, lay across three long miles of hard territory, stumpy as an old woman's mouth, and as irreclaimable as a prodigal son, gone away for the third time.

One all-sufficiently dark night, unheeding wind and weather, as gallant and spruce a lover as ever straddled a stump, Seth, 'in best bib and tucker,' and dickey, and all that, started upon his accustomed weekly pilgrimage to the shrine of Sally Jones—a sweet girl, by the way, as strawberries and cream are sweet.

Seth knew every land-mark, if he could see it; but the night was very dark, and in a little while he became confused in his reckoning; and, taking the light which gleamed from farmer Jones's cottage in the distance, for a guide, he pushed boldly on, regardless of intermediate difficulties, surging occasionally to right or left as some obstruction rose in his path, until he ran stem on, as a sailor would say, to a huge stump, and rolled incontinently over the other side.

He gathered himself up as best he could, shook himself to ascertain that no bones were broken, and then re-started on his mission of love, his ardor somewhat damped by feeling the cold night wind playing in fantastic jets around his body, denoting that the concussion had breached his oh-fie-for shames, and that the seven-and-sixpenny cassimeres were no more to be the particular delight of his eyes in contemplation of their artistic excellence.

He knew not the extent of the damage sustained, but soon gaining the house, his first glance was over his person, to ascertain if decency would be violated by any unwonted display; but seeing nothing, and trusting to the voluminous proportions of his coat for concealment, he felt reassured, and took his seat in a proffered chair by the fire.

While conversing with the farmer about the weather, and with the dame upon the matter of cheese, he glanced at Sally, and saw, with painful surprise, that she was looking anxiously and somewhat strangely towards a portion of his dress. She averted her eyes as she caught his glance, but again catching her eye upon him, he was induced to turn his in the same direction, and saw, good heavens! was it his shirt, oozing out of a six inch aperture in the inside of one of his inexpressibles? He instantly changed position, and from that moment was on nettles. Was he making more revelations by the change? He watched the first opportunity to push the garment in a little; could he succeed in hiding it, it would relieve his embarrassment. Again he watched his chance, and again stowed away the linen. It seemed interminable (like the Dr.'s tapeworm), and the more he worked at it the more there seemed left.

In the meantime his conversation took the hue of his agony, and his answers bore as much relation to the questions asked, as the first line of the Songs of Solomon does to the melancholy burthen of 'Old Marm Pettingill.'

At last, with one desperate thrust, the whole disappeared, and he cast a triumphant glance toward Sally. One look sufficed to show him that she had comprehended the whole, and with the greatest effort was struggling to prevent a laugh. Meeting his she could contain herself no longer, but screaming with accumulated fun, she fled from the room; and poor Seth, unable to endure the last turn of his agony, seized his hat and dashed madly from the house, clearing the stumps like a racer, in the dark, and reaching home he hardly knew when or how.

As soon as he was gone, Mrs. Jones looked everywhere for a clean night-gown that she had laid out for service on the back of the chair on which Seth had sat. She was positive she took it out, but where upon earth it was, she couldn't conceive.

'Sally?' cried the old lady, from the door, 'have you seen my night-gown?'

'Yes'em,' echoed her voice, as if in the last stages of suffocation; 'yes'em, Seth Hawkins wore it home!'

It was unfortunately the case; and poor Seth had stowed it away in the crevasse of his pants. It was returned the next day with an apology, and he subsequently married Sally, but many years afterwards, if an article of any description was missing, of apparel or otherwise, the first suggestion was that Seth Hawkins had stowed it away in his trowsers.

How the story got about, nobody knew. He never told it, and Sally never told it, nor the farmer; but everybody knew it and laughed gloriously at it too.—*Boston Sunday News.*

### Soar high! Soar high!

Soar high! soar high! nor fear to fly—
Think not about the falling;
Stay not to shrink upon the brink
Of high and holy calling:
But, being right, with all thy might
Go on—the clouds of sorrow,
That here to-day obscure thy way,
May all be gone to-morrow.

The world may sneer, and laugh and jeer,
Yet stay not for repining;
Alike for all, the great and small,
Creation's light is shining.
Take heart of oak, there is no stroke
Man strikes, but it may aid him;
For if the deed from good proceed,
Say, what on earth shall shade him!

As every joy we unemploy
Is an ungracious measure;
So every gift we cast adrift
Is a most wasted treasure.
And it may be, perchance, if we
Should once alike refuse them,
We may in vain strive to regain
The slightest power to use them.

Soar high! soar high! nor fear to fly—
Think not about the failing;
There is a power in every hour
To help us in our sailing:
If only more we would adore,
And seek its mighty aiding;
Nor rack our brains, and take such pains
To search for things so fading.—*Boston Post.*

### Examination of Atterneys.

A correspondent sends us the following racy examination of a candidate for admission to the bar. It is taken from the Western Law Journal, and will be called a good hit:

'Do you smoke, sir?'

'I do, sir.'

'Have you a spare cigar?'

'Yes, sir,'—extending a short six.

'Now, sir, what is the first duty of a lawyer?'

'To collect fees.'

'Right. What is the second?'

'To increase the number of his clients.'

'When does your position towards your client change?'

'When making a bill of costs.'

'Explain.'

'We then occupy the antagonist position—I assume the character of plaintiff, and he becomes defendant.'

'A suit decided, how do you stand with the lawyer conducting the other bill?'

'Check by jowl!'

'Enough, sir—you promise to be an ornament to your profession, and I wish you success. Now, are you aware of the duty you owe me?'

'Perfectly.'

'Describe the duty.'

'It is to invite you to drink.'

'But suppose I decline?'

Scratching his head—'There is no instance of the kind on record in the books; I cannot answer that question.'

'You are right, and the confidence with which you make the assertion shows that you have read the law attentively; let's take the drinks, and I will sign your certificate.'

*New York Atlas.*

No man is so confidential as when he is addressing the whole world.

A good looking and jovial friend of ours, a day or two since, related in our presence the following good 'un. At one of our first hotels, a stout, red-faced gentleman, in a white beaver, blue coat and buff vest, offered to wager a 'ten spot' that he would close his eyes, and simply by taste, name any kind of liquor in the house. The bet was taken, and the process of winning or losing commenced forthwith. 'That is genuine Otard,' said the fat gentleman, tasting from a wine glass—'and that is whiskey,' and so on through the bar's 'manifest' of beverages. A wag then poured a few drops of pure Cochituate into the glass and handed to the connoisseur—'This is—ah—this is—(tasting again) by thunder! gentlemen, I lose the bet. I never tasted this liquor before!'—*Mail.*

An old Scottish woman, troubled with dyspepsia, or some of the other 'thousand ills that flesh is heir to,' was advised by a physician to adopt a strict regimen as to diet, &c. Having called one day and found his patient rather worse than usual, in consequence, as he supposed, of his advice not being strictly acted on, Medicus told her that her chance of safety was in following the regimen. 'Following the regiment, doctor! Gae wa', sir, ye're surely joking wi' me now. Follow the regiment (one was about to leave the town.) Na, na, it's past my time o' day, doctor. That sort might suit young gilpies, but it'll no do for an auld wife o' sixty-seven. If there's nae chance for me but trudging after the sogers, I maun e'en mak' up my mind to the Greyfriars' kirkyard, doctor.'

A wag went into an eating-house, and after giving his order to the servant, sat down, and was not troubled with the presence of him again for nearly twenty minutes, when, at last, the servant came, and said:

'Here's your things, sir.'

'You must be mistaken!' replied the wag. 'I'm not a customer, am I? If I am not mistaken I have been a *waiter* here for a very long time.'

The servant let the plate fall, and [illegible].

Many years ago, as Judge Tompkins, afterwards Governor Tompkins, of New York, was sentencing a man to be executed for murder in Orange county, and while he was in pathetic terms, admonishing him to repentance and preparation, the criminal, looking up to the gallery of the church in which the court was held, exclaimed in a loud and clear voice, 'keep order there, will you—I cannot hear what the judge says to me.'

'The fare to Lawrence by railroad for two of us, an' what is it?' asked an honest Hibernian at the Boston railroad station. 'One dollar and twenty cents,' was the answer of the obliging ticket-seller. 'An' can't you be taking less?' 'Not a penny.' 'Then just give us two tickets for a dollar, and we'll *walk out the balance!*' was the earnest demand of Patrick.

A wager was laid on the Yankee peculiarity, to answer one question by asking another. To decide the bet, a down easter was interrogated.

'I want you,' said the bettor, 'to give me a straightforward answer to a plain question.'

'I kin du it mister,' said the Yankee.

'Then, why is it New Englanders always answer a question by asking one in return?'

'*Du they?*' was Jonathan's reply.

The other day, one of widow B's admirers was complaining of the tooth ache. Mrs. B's smart boy immediately spoke up—

'Well, sir, why don't you do as ma does? She takes her teeth out and puts 'em back whenever she wants to.'

A few minutes afterwards, the boy was whipped on some pretence or other.

The New Orleans Picayune relates an anecdote of a man in that city who being seized with the premonitory symptoms, was advised to take an ounce of brandy a day, but having no scales in which to weigh it, he luckily recollected that eight drams make an ounce, accordingly took eight stiff horns, and told the doctor that he felt 'much better.'

An Irishman, on arriving in this country, took a fancy to the Yankee girls, and wrote to his wife, 'Dear Norah. These melancholy lines are to inform you that I died yesterday, and hope you are enjoying the same blessing. I recommend to you to marry Jemmy O'Rourke, and take good care of the childer. From your affectionate husband till death.'

Here's an excellent chance for any person desirous of securing a country residence: 'Wanted to rent, a house on Mallow avenue—located immediately alongside of a fine plum-garden, from which an abundant supply of the most delicate fruit may be stolen during the whole season. Rent low—and the greater part taken in plums.'

A Wisconsin orator, who was lately delighting his audiences with illustrations of our country's progress, used the following emphatic remark: 'Feller citizens—the *tail* of civilization is now exactly what the *front* cars was no more 'n sixty years ago.' The remark was received with boisterous cheers.

We like people to tell good stories while they are about it. Read the following from a Western paper:—

In the late gale the birds were seen hopping about the ground, with all their feathers blown off. We have heard of gales at sea where it required four men to hold the captain's whiskers on.

Upon a traveller telling Gen. Doyle, an Irishman, that he had been where the bugs were so large and powerful, that two of them would drain a man's blood in one night, the general wittily replied, 'My good sir, we have the same animals in Ireland, but they are called *humbugs*.'

'Twenty two carats! They make a great fuss about California carats! I've got more'n fifty in my garden as good as they've got there—and my blood beets—don't talk to me of your twenty-two fine carats.' And Mrs. P. looked into her jar of pickles with the utmost complacency.

There is something very ethereal in the passion of young 'lovyers.' How strikingly is this evinced in the case of Abelard, who begged his mistress not to *send her letters*, as it took away the ecstasy of the enjoyment of kissing them! Poor fellow, he got the sand in his teeth!

Men, dying, make their wills—but wives
Escape a work so sad;
Why should they make what all their lives
The gentle dames *have had?*
*Boston Post.* JERSEY.

Brown on receiving a severe knock from a large man, the other day, in Washington street, which caused him to turn round and round like a top, observed that 'it was the first *knock-turn-al* occasion he had ever known to take place in the day time.'

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[WRITTEN EXPRESSLY FOR THE FLAG OF OUR UNION.]

# ZULEIKA:

OR,

# THE CASTILIAN CAPTIVE.

*A Romance of the Time of Ferdinand and Isabella.*

BY MARTHA A. CLOUGH.

[CONTINUED.]

## CHAPTER XII.

'No, she never loved me truly; love is love for-ever more!' — Tennyson.

ISABELLA of Castile was in her private apartments at Cordova, surrounded by many fair ladies of her court. In a large arm-chair she sat, one snowy hand supporting her head; in the other she held a heavy golden cross, blazing with jewels. Her large blue eyes were bent admiringly upon a lovely young girl at her feet, who was warbling sweetly some wild Spanish song. Beautiful was that songstress, with her bright rosy cheeks, her glossy auburn curls, and her deep liquid eyes. There was something enchanting even in the position of the maiden. She sat on a pile of gorgeous cushions beside the Infanta Isabella, with her robe of pale blue satin falling gracefully around her, one tiny foot peeping from its rich folds, and one jewelled hand grasping the costly lute, while the other was arousing the witching music of its chords.

Three or four maidens were bending over their embroidery frames, and one stood gazing from the windows, and drumming impatiently upon the stained glass, as if to keep time to her own thoughts. She was not beautiful, nor were her features classically regular, but her large, black eyes, and full, rosy lips, possessed a beauty that ever riveted the gaze of the beholder. Suddenly she allowed the drapery clenched in her hand to sweep quite over the window, and again resumed a seat by her embroidery frame. A few moments afterwards a page announced to Isabella that two messengers had arrived from the army, and requested an immediate audience.

'Send them hither,' said the queen, in reply; 'we will receive them here with our ladies. Who are the cavaliers, sir page?'

'Leon de Gardonaz, and his friend Roderigo de Carllero, your majesty,' replied the lad.

'Send them hither,' again said the queen.

As the boy made his exit the young songstress started from her seat.

'Nay, nay,' interposed Isabella, lightly grasping the arm of the girl, 'do not hasten away, Senora Liteza—the visiters are thy brother and thy friend Roderigo; thou dost not surely fear them! Stay with the Infanta where thou art, fair lady!' and the queen smiled archly as the Lady Liteza blushingly resumed her seat. The ladies of the court smiled too, and the young princess placed her arm around the neck of Liteza, and whispered something in her ear that deepened the roseate glow on the maiden's face. Presently the sound of footsteps was heard in the corridor, and in a moment the playfulness of the queen vanished, and when the cavaliers entered, her deportment was characterized by the gravity and dignity that became a sovereign listening to an important message. So deeply interested did she become in the information which Leon de Gardonaz was imparting to her, that she saw not the thrilling glances that his gallant companion was so profusely lavishing on the Senorita Liteza.

'And thou sayest,' she said at length, 'that thou wast at Zahara, charged by our royal consort with a message to the alcayde? Thou wast made a captive and carried to Granada! How didst thou escape?'

The cavalier hesitated, and the bright-eyed girl that so quickly left the window as he approached the castle, saw that his cheek crimsoned slightly.

'I was freed by a Moorish maiden, your highness!' he at last replied.

Some playful words were hovering on the tongue of Isabella, but she thought of her station, of the news she had just been hearing, and she checked them.

'She has our thanks for her kindness,' she said in reply; 'these are perilous times, and we can ill afford to lose one of our gallant noblemen. But ye must be weary with such a hasty journey over the hills. We will see that refreshment is provided for ye, and in the morning will send some message to his majesty when ye depart for the camp!' and gallantly replying to their mistress the cavaliers quitted the apartment. Soon afterwards the royal lady dismissed her attendants, and with a wildly-throbbing heart the maiden that had seen the approach of the cavaliers, the Senorita Isinella hastened, to her boudoir. It was next the room of the sister of Leon de Gardonaz, the Lady Liteza. From childhood the orphaned Isinella had been the dear friend of the maiden and her brother, had been the ward of their sire and an inmate of his dwelling. She was the lady to whom, when he returned with the retinue of Don Juan de Vera, he had spoken of the peerless Zuleika, and when she heard him speak to Isabella of a Moorish maiden, her attention was riveted at once. When she reached her luxurious sitting-room, she stood for ten minutes at least in the centre of the apartment, listening eagerly. Suddenly she heard steps on the staircase, then deep, manly tones, and low, soft murmurs. She knew that Liteza was conducting her brother to her own pretty boudoir; she knew that the voices were those of Leon de Gardonaz and his sister.

'He will tell her of his captivity,' whispered Isinella; 'he will tell her of the Moorish maiden! Why, why, should not I listen?' and as she spoke she concealed herself in the velvet tapestry. Peering through the rich folds she saw them as they entered; the arm of the cavalier circled his sister's neck, and his lips were close to her ear. He had evidently just whispered something pleasing to her, for her face was radiant with happiness. Languidly seating himself in the capacious chair to which his sister led him, he placed her by his side, and laid his hand caressingly upon her head.

'Thou art still more lovely than when I bade thee adieu, dearest!' he said, fondly; 'but I have not improved in my absence. Thou dost find Roderigo looking better than thy brother, love; he has not so long languished in a dungeon!'

'Poor Leon,' murmured the girl, 'how didst thou escape? Thou didst promise to tell me.'

'List thou, then, dearest,' replied the soldier, and his cheek crimsoned slightly; 'thou didst hear me tell how and when I was made a captive. Now I will tell thee how I escaped;' and he related to the fair listener the story of his flight. As he concluded, the girl looked searchingly into his face, and asked earnestly:

'Is this Moorish maiden beautiful, Leon?'

'Gloriously fair, love!'

'And her name?'

'Zuleika!'

The Castilian maiden started.

'What, that lovely creature whose charms have been the theme of conversation so often at court?'

'The same, dearest.'

'And then thou didst see her for the first time in thy gloomy cell?'

'Thou art inquisitive, but I may certainly tell the truth. Long ago I formed the wild scheme of gazing upon this peerless creature in her father's palace. As a musician I gained an entrance to the castle, and saw her! When I accompanied Don Juan de Vera to Granada we again met, and—'

'Thou dost love her!' interrupted the maiden.

'Thou hast spoken truth, dearest,' replied the soldier.

'Hast breathed in her ear what thou hast spoken in mine but now?'

'Nay, nay, Liteza; beautiful and noble as she was, I, a poor captive, should not have spoken thus. Ere long I shall meet her again, and then shall I tell her of my love!'

'And her memory has so long guarded thy heart here in court?'

'Yes, love!'

The maiden was silent; her eyes grew mournful.

'What will thy childhood's friend, the Lady Isinella, say, when she hears that thou dost love a Moorish maiden?' she asked at last.

'The Lady Isinella!' echoed the youth. 'I have never loved *her*, Liteza!'

The listening girl grew deadly pale as she heard this. Her heart beat fast, and for a time her brain whirled, but she clenched her hands convulsively across her brow as if to sustain it, and again peered through an aperture in the tapestry. Neither had spoken since she heard those words concerning herself, and she saw an expression of sadness on the fair young face of Liteza.

'Thou hast never loved her,' the proud girl heard her say, though she spoke in a whisper; 'I have long known this, Leon, but sometimes I fear she does not! Sometimes I fear, dear brother, that she has bestowed her affection on one who can never return it—on thee!'

The young man smiled incredulously.

'Thou hast fancied all this, Liteza,' he said. 'The Lady Isinella has never loved me, save as a brother. I have never loved her!'

The girl shook her head mournfully, and took the hand of her brother.

'Where is the ring she gave thee?' she asked, lifting her eyes to his face.

'I gave it to Zuleika,' replied the soldier, 'when we parted in her father's castle. I had no other jewel with me, and I gave her the gift of Isinella, and bade her never to forget Leon de Gardonaz!'

The Lady Isinella waited to hear no more, but as she turned away, the expression of her countenance was fearful, so utterly wretched it was. There was a look of inexpressible anguish on that high, pale forehead, and those trembling lips. Those black, lustrous eyes, too, were mournfully bright, and unshed tears were glittering in their clear depths. How strange they looked, those large orbs, so sadly brilliant, and humid with teardrops that had rushed to them unbidden, but which the pride [illegible] nervously together, she seated herself in a large arm-chair near her, and mentally reviewed the conversation to which she had just listened. She remembered every word, every look of Leon de Gardonaz, and as she thought of what he had told his sister concerning her, concerning the Moorish maiden, a change came over her face. The look of anguish fled from her forehead, the uneasy tremor around the mouth vanished, the sorrowful light of her eyes was lost in a strange glitter, and instead of the expression of agony which her countenance had worn, was one that told of a strong resolution. The hands, woven together so closely, were now unclasped, and lay motionless as fragments of statuary upon the chair, and the tiny foot that had ever and anon pressed upon the embroidered flowers glowing beneath it, as if to crush them, rested calmly upon the gorgeous cushion that supported it.

'Never loved the Lady Isinella!' she said, in a silvery voice; 'the memory of the Moorish girl guarded his heart! He gave her the diamond circlet which I placed upon his hand when he went to Zahara with my blessing! Hereafter he shall have my curse! I have loved him, O, Holy Mary, thou knowest how fondly! Now, now, I hate him! How I have changed in two hours—then I loved Leon de Gardonaz; now I hate him! The Moorish girl is beautiful and gentle; the Lady Isinella—alas! she has not these gifts! She must love in vain. Holy Mary! she will not hate thus vainly! It is a fearful thing for woman's love to change to hatred; fearful indeed, for then she will be revenged!'

With these words she sprang from her seat, and seizing a guitar suddenly left the room:

'Liteza will summon me to her boudoir to see her brother,' she said, as she darted along the corridor; 'she shall not find me awaiting her alone, ready to obey her at a moment's [illegible] several gay ladies were seated.

Laughingly the Lady Isinella chatted with her companions, and no one would scarcely have recognized in the merry senorita that jested so gaily, the wretched girl that an hour before had entered her own little bower-room. Scarcely had ten minutes flown, when the Lady Liteza entered, and stole to the side of Isinella.

'Leon is in my apartment,' she said, in a voice slightly tremulous; 'wilt come with me a few moments?'

Carelessly the girl rose, threw down her guitar, and took the arm of Liteza. When she stood before Leon de Gardonaz she was apparently the same proud, high-spirited thing that he had left months before. With her usual gracefulness she extended her hand to him, and uttered the words of welcome. She listened to the story of his adventures, and inquired concerning his captivity with as much calmness as if she had not just heard from his lips the avowal that he could never love her. Proud girl! she had nerved herself to this ere she left her own apartment! And Leon de Gardonaz conversed with her as he had ever done, and not the slightest suspicion crossed his brain that his childhood's friend had ever loved him, or that she now hated him.

When at parting she again extended her hand, thoughts of the 'change that had come o'er the spirit of her dream' since she last bade him adieu, rushed over the brain of the proud Isinella. The snowy fingers trembled slightly in the grasp of the cavalier, but he marked it not. The maiden was speaking the complimentary words which no one could utter so gracefully as she, and the face on which he was gazing betrayed no unusual emotion; so the young soldier murmured his farewell, and departed without a suspicion that she who had hitherto been his friend was now his deadly foe.

When her brother and the Lady Isinella had left her alone, Liteza drew from the folds of her garment a note, and read as follows:

'Dearest Liteza:—To-morrow, long before the sun has risen, I must be on my way to the camp. Heaven only knows when we may meet again! Wilt thou not come forth, love, into the garden, as soon as Leon leaves thee? Grant this request, Liteza, to

'Thine own Roderigo.'

Hastily concealing the note, the girl wrapped a mantle around her, and hastened to the balcony. The low night-winds fanned her cheek, and the stars shed over her their silvery light. As she paused, a well-known form sprang towards her, and the young cavalier, drawing her arm within his own, said earnestly:

'Holy Mary bless thee for this, dearest! Come with me now to the garden where I first told thee my love, where thou didst give me the assurance that it was returned.'

The girl replied not save with the glance of those dark blue eyes, but the two took their way down the steps and along the dewy avenues, till they came to a beautiful bower beneath a tall orange-tree; there they paused, and seating themselves soon became engaged in earnest conversation. Two hours afterwards they parted in the balcony, and at the same time that Liteza, sad at parting, but in the flush of requited affection and dawning hopes, sought her bower-room, the Lady Isinella sat with her face buried in her hands, thinking how suddenly her own anticipations had faded away. Like summer flowers blighted by a storm, the blossoms of affection in her heart had been crushed. The light of love no more gladdened her spirit; it had been extinguished in bitter hate. As Liteza came along the corridor, the shrill notes of a bird-call reached the ear of Isinella; she started up and hastened to Queen Isabella. [illegible] queen's chair, but Isabella heeded it not; her thoughts were far away in the Spanish camp. She was thinking of the sufferings through which her subjects had passed at Alhama, of the hearts that had been made desolate, for many of the brave and the noble had fallen; and though she never faltered in her purpose to conquer the infidels, the tenderness of her woman's nature was aroused when she thought how many hearths had been made lonely—how many hopes had been crushed.

As the Lady Isinella drew back the masses of her hair from her brow, she never noticed that her hands were cold; she only knew that her own brow burned with feverish heat, and she said:

'Is there not some perfume in yonder dressing case that will cool our burning forehead, Lady Isinella?'

The girl moved gracefully to the jewelled case on the table near her, and taking from it a small flask, returned to her place by the queen's chair.

'These are troublous times,' continued her royal mistress, 'troublous times indeed; the tidings that we hear sometimes makes both our heads and our hearts ache!'

Poor Isinella; full well she knew the truth of this last remark. Her eyes grew dim and her head giddy as she listened! How much she would have given to have been then in her own room, where she might not be obliged to conceal her emotions; as it was, she had only to smother in her soul the grief that was ready to burst forth, and seem the same being she had ever been.

'Even Leon de Gardonaz,' proceeded Isabella, after a slight pause, 'has been a captive. Leon de Gardonaz, a dear friend of thine, senorita.'

How the fingers of the girl that held that flask over the head of her sovereign trembled. She had intended to allow but a few drops of its costly contents to fall upon those auburn [illegible] the whole of the fragrant liquid rained over them, and even fell upon the cheek and hands of Isabella.

'Why girl, thou hast deluged us with thy perfume,' she exclaimed; 'thy hand is unsteady, and, Holy Mary! how very pale thou art,' and she looked intently on the agitated maiden. 'We were thoughtless to speak thus. Though we have long hoped to see the gallant cavalier united to his father's ward, we did not suspect thy feelings were so powerfully enlisted.'

'Nay, nay,' hastily replied the girl, 'your majesty is mistaken. Isinella will never be the bride of Leon de Gardonaz. He can never be more to me than a friend;' and the maiden grew calm as she uttered these words, for her heart became strong in its hate.

'I do most humbly crave thy pardon, gracious lady, for my carelessness. I do assure your majesty that I am quite calm to-night!'

'Thou art pardoned, senorita, but hast thou spoken truly concerning Leon de Gardonaz?'

'By this holy cross I avow that I have spoken truth!' responded the girl, pressing to her lips a crucifix.

'Well, then, we hope to see thee wed some other gallant nobleman of the court.'

'That will not be, dear lady. Thou knowest I am not beautiful!'

'And yet thou art fascinating, senorita! Thou hast rosy lips and brilliant eyes, if thy features are not regular. If thou art not beautiful, thou hast a fluent tongue and ready wit. We think thou art one of the most captivating ladies of the court! But enough of this now,—we need rest.'

Without another word Isinella disrobed the royal lady, drew the drapery around her pillow, and left her alone.

When she found herself in her own apartment, she seated herself in the recess of a window, and sat all night gazing vacantly upon the dewy earth and the starry sky.

[illegible] determined upon its revenge, but when the resolution was taken, no earthly power could have shaken it.

## CHAPTER XIII.

'He is one
Who would become a throne, or overthrow one.
Quick, yet wary:
Yet, for all this, so full of certain passions,
That if once stirred and baffled, as he has been
Upon the tenderest points, there is no fury
In Grecian story like to that which wrings
His vitals with her burning hands, till he
Grows capable of all things for revenge.' — Byron.

'Dark are my dreams, and weary my affection,
And cold my hopes.' — Landon.

TIME passed away, and Almyaz and his secretary saw with joy that the snare they had formed was surely woven around the royal family. Though Boabdil reigned in the Alhambra, he and his haughty mother were in continual fear that Aben Hassan would dethrone him. The old monarch saw with mortification how powerful was the faction of his son. Though many devoted followers gathered around him, his mind still reverted to the glorious city and magnificent palace whence he had been driven. And such was the revenge of Almyaz! Had the Castilian captive been in his power he would have been happy.

In the mean time the war with the Spaniards raged fiercely. The army of Ferdinand had been defeated at Loxa, and in the month of Malaga, and though Boabdil had not yet gone forth himself, his heart swelled at the thought that the Christians would be driven from the land. His father-in-law, the brave alcayde of Loxa, encouraged him to [illegible] attack upon the city of Lucena [illegible] had increased his popularity, and the crafty old soldier saw that unless Boabdil soon went forth himself against the Christians, his father would resume the seat upon the throne from which he had been torn.

Roused by the words of Ali Atar and his mother, the youthful king assembled his followers, and departed; among the splendidly attired nobles that gathered around him was Eletar, the secretary. He had begged Almyaz to allow him to accompany the monarch; he said not why, but the nobleman knew that he had some plan for revenge. In the conflict that ensued, when the king had dismounted from his superb charger, and stood concealed among the willows on the banks of the Mingonales, a cavalier attired in Spanish costume came hastily to a soldier of Lucena and said:

'See, yonder, among the willows, a Moor of high rank; it may be the king, Boabdil. There, seest thou not his golden armor gleaming through the foliage?'

'Yes,' responded the soldier, springing towards him, and attacking him.

The graceful cavalier who had given the information hastily concealed himself in a thicket, and watched the monarch till three or four soldiers surrounded him, and he surrendered to a Spanish nobleman. Then he hurried along the banks of the stream, mounted the snowy steed of the monarch, and dashed swiftly away. When he came within a few leagues of Granada, he threw off the Spanish costume, and revealed the form of the secretary. There was a fiendish smile on his lips, and a look of exultation in his eyes, for in the dress which he had snatched from a fallen Christian he had pointed out Boabdil. Ay! it was the sweetest moment of his life when he saw the Moorish monarch the captive of the Spanish sovereigns. Dismounting at a league's distance from the city, he allowed the king's courser to go whither it would, and [illegible] When he entered the castle-hall of Almyaz, the nobleman stood gazing from the window. As he saw him he bade him follow him to the Sunless Hall, and when they reached it said earnestly:

'Where are the followers with whom thou didst go forth to Lucena?'

'When last I saw them they were retreating to Loxa,' replied the young man.

'And Boabdil?'

'Is a prisoner!'

The nobleman mused for an instant.

'Thou didst betray him, Eletar!' he said at length.

'Yes, my lord; for that I accompanied him!'

'This I knew when thou didst depart! I will not detain thee longer!'

And thus they parted.

* * * * * *

'Thou sayest, Eletar,' said the nobleman, as they sat together three hours afterwards—'thou sayest that at Lucena thou didst see the Castilian captive!'

'Yes, my lord!'

'Wast sure, quite sure?'

'Yes. I could not certainly mistake him. Thou knowest I was his jailer!'

'Would that I had been with thee. Ere this hour he would have been again a captive. Ah! who is that by the small jasper fount in the courtyard? A page, not one of my menials! Who can it be?' As he spoke the stranger glided toward the hall-door.

'Eletar, hasten into the castle-hall and watch the movements of the intruder!'

The secretary obeyed. In a few moments he returned.

'The stranger inquires for thee, my lord!' he said, softly.

'For me! Bid him come hither then!'

Five minutes had not passed ere the visiter stood before him. When he took the turban from his head the secretary again seemed [illegible] affected, but so deeply interested was Almyaz in the graceful youth beside him, that his agitation was unnoticed.

'Stranger,' he said courteously, 'what hast thou to say to me?'

'Thou art Almyaz!' said a clear, melodious voice.

'Yes.'

'I have something to communicate to thee concerning the Castilian captive.'

The nobleman's countenance grew bright.

'Speak, then,' he said earnestly.

The stranger pointed to the secretary.

'Shall he hear?' said those silvery tones.

'Yes, stranger. He was the captive's jailer!'

'Then dost abhor him for his father's sake,' said the stranger, 'I hate him for his own!'

There was a slight pause, and then the visiter resumed:

'I am no Moor, but a Castilian in disguise! Nay, do not grasp so convulsively the hilt of thy scimitar—I am not thy foe. This I will ere long prove to thee. In my own sunny home I have known this Leon de Gardonaz. A friend of mine—a dear friend, my lord, was his father's ward. She loved Leon de Gardonaz devotedly, and her love was unrequited. She was not beautiful, but accomplished and fascinating. A maiden more lovely than she won his affection, the slighted one heard him avow it, and now she hates him. I too, abhor him! Allow me a dwelling-place in thy castle, and ere long he shall be in thy power!'

Almyaz mused for an instant.

'If thou wert true,' he said, as if to himself.

'True!' echoed the stranger; 'look at me, my lord! Thinkest thou I would peril my life to accomplish an ordinary purpose? I promise thee that ere long the captive shall be again in thy power!'

'Well then, thou shalt remain in the castle. [illegible] will again place Leon de Gardonaz in my power, I will reward thee as thou deservest. Gold shall be thine!'

'I need not gold,' replied the youth, and as he spoke his brilliant eyes grew mournful. 'Let me seek repose,' he continued, sadly. 'I am weary with my long journey over the hills and vales. I am not accustomed to such exertions! Let me go away now!'

The nobleman rose, and taking from a small cabinet a cluster of keys, placed them in the hand of the youth. Then summoning a slave, he said:

'Show this stranger to the suite of rooms once occupied by the Lady Gulnare.'

Gracefully the page followed the attendant, not, however, before he had murmured his thanks to the nobleman. When the stranger being reached the apartments which the slave had pointed out, he glided to a mirror, and gazed earnestly at the form reflected in it. A silvery laugh broke the stillness of the splendid room, and a sweet voice muttered:

'What a strange figure,' and in another moment the turban, the mantle, all those heavy garments fell to the floor, and the figure of a female, robed in rich brocade, with many a jewel glittering among its folds, was reflected in the polished silver. It was the Lady Isinella. Yes, the proud girl had alone left her far-off home, had said to the queen that she was intending to visit the convent, had borne the hardships of that toilsome journey, and now she was in the palace of Almyaz,—the foe of her guardian, the foe of him she *had* loved. And what had sustained the delicate being, nurtured in luxury? What! the intensity of her hate—the hope of thus being revenged!

She again glanced at the mirror, then smoothed the folds of her robe, and casting aside the shoes she had worn, drew from the mantle lying beside her a pair of beautiful slippers. [illegible] her feet into them, 'Now I am myself again; now I am Isinella de Sartrellar. How it would irk me to be here alone with no attendants, no companions—how it would irk me were I not determined to blast Leon's bright hopes!' and gathering up the garments, which she had just discarded, she seated herself upon a magnificent divan, and gazed around her.

'What a luxurious apartment!' she said. 'Can it be that the whole suite are as splendid as this? I have the keys—why can I not explore them?' and with these words she seized them, and passed through the gorgeous rooms which were for a time to be her own.

'These apartments occupied by the Lady Gulnare!' she said, musingly; 'she must have been the wife of the nobleman, and if so the beautiful Zuleika cannot be far distant—'

She paused, for she heard a low, regular breathing. At the same time a narrow door, richly carved and gilded, met her eye. In vain did she endeavor to open it. Sadly turning away she paused to admire a basket of artificial fruit near it.

'How natural,' she said, passing her hand over a cluster of grapes half-concealed by dark green leaves. As she trifled with the tendrils the door flew open! Ah! the wire-like tendril was its key. In another moment she stood in the sleeping-apartment of Zuleika.

'I shall see her to-night,' she said to herself, and her wild eyes flashed and glittered as she parted the heavy drapery and gazed upon the sleeper. O, was she not beautiful, as the Lady Isinella looked upon her, was she not peerless, as Leon de Gardonaz had said? That lovely face, tinged with the richest crimson, those long, silken lashes resting upon the rosy cheeks, those glossy raven curls lying upon the satin pillow, and then that sweet mouth, with the vermilion lips slightly parted, revealing teeth white as pearls. One small hand supported her head, and was half-concealed by the dark hair that fell over it; the other lay upon the counterpane, and on it Isinella saw that well-remembered ring, that ring which *she* had given Leon de Gardonaz.

'Beautiful, beautiful Zuleika,' she whispered, 'thou art in truth glorious; never, never before have I beheld one so fair! But wert thou ten thousand times as lovely as thou art, I could not forget my own blighted love—my own bitter hate!' and even while she spoke thus, the proud girl hastened from her side, re-closed the door she had so mysteriously opened, and entered the room in which she had left her disguise.

'Shall he wed this peerless creature?' she exclaimed. 'Can I see them stand before the altar and pronounce the vows that will make them so happy and me so miserable? Can I see her enter that old castle that has been my home, the bride of Leon de Gardonaz? Can I greet her calmly as would become me, and welcome her to that proud dwelling, where her presence there will make me forever wretched? Shall my torn heart bear all this? Never; Isinella, strong-minded as she is, cannot school herself to this—the voice of departed love cries for revenge! It cannot break that young creature's heart, though she never wed him—and if it does—what then? Mine is already broken. She can never love him as I have. Have? O, Holy Virgin, have? It is past now—past forever!'—and with this soliloquy the Lady Isinella sought her pillow. To sleep? O, no! she did not sleep that night; she had just beheld her who had won the love of Leon de Gardonaz.

Several nights afterwards as, clothed in the garments she had worn when first she stood before Almyaz, she sat in the apartment adjoining Zuleika's, she heard the thrill of a lute-string beneath the maiden's window. Isinella sprang to her feet and listened.

'Zuleika!' she heard, in tones that thrilled her very soul—tones which she knew none but the voice of Leon de Gardonaz could utter.—'Zuleika, the Castilian captive is pining again to see thy sweet face! Wilt thou not come forth, beautiful one—thy father and the secretary are away! Wilt thou not grant one blessed hour to him who has never forgotten thee?'

Isinella's heart beat fast, but she listened still for the reply; she was not destined to wait long; a musical voice which she had never before heard responded:

'Wait for me in the balcony; in a few moments I will meet thee!'

'Holy Mary bless thee!' replied the cavalier, and Isinella saw him steal from the thicket where he had been concealed, and seek the balcony. He wore the garb of a minstrel, and a sad smile flitted over the features of the girl as she gazed upon him. Silently she took her way to the garden and concealed herself, where she might hear distinctly the conversation of the lovers.

'Dearest Zuleika,' she heard the cavalier say, as the Moorish maiden stood beside him, 'hast thou forgotten the Castilian captive?'

'Nay, nay,' replied the girl, 'Zuleika's friends are not soon forgotten!'

'I have dreamed of thee by night and thought of thee by day,' continued the soldier. 'The scimitar which thou gavest me has been my constant companion, and the noble charger—it has borne me hither now, love.'

The maiden made no reply, but held up the hand on which so long before he had placed the ring; the cavalier's eye brightened.

'Thanks, ten thousand thanks;' he exclaimed, 'thou hast prized it then enough to wear it!'

'It has never left my finger since it was placed there,' replied the girl.

'Would I might hope that my memory has been ever with thee! I love thee, Zuleika, devotedly, fondly love thee! Thou hast ever been before my mind's eye since I first swept the strings of this lute in thy father's castle. Then my heart lavished on thee the affection so long and carefully hoarded in its depths.—These words were hovering on my lips when thou didst, like an angel of light, visit my dungeon; but it was no time for me to utter them then; I was a captive; thou wast my benefactress. It was more fitting for me then to speak of gratitude than love, and so I left thee, without hearing from thy lips if I was indeed beloved. Now I have hastened from the camp to offer thee a heart overflowing with affection! Say, dearest, wilt thou accept the gift?' and there was an indescribable tenderness in his voice as he made the inquiry.

The girl lifted her large, spiritual eyes to the face of the soldier.

'Most willingly,' she responded, 'and in return I give thee my own, or rather tell thee that it hath long been thine. The minstrel has never been forgotten by Zuleika—the bouquet and the cross still lie in her cabinet, and the image of the giver in her heart! Thinkest thou that she would have forgotten her duty to her sire had not the Christian cavalier been fondly remembered? Ah! no—the love of Almyaz's daughter has long been thine!'

'Holy Mary bless thee, my own Zuleika!' exclaimed Leon de Gardonaz, joyfully.—'Henceforth I will not care whether friends or foes are round me since thy affection is mine. It shall be a glorious star to light my pathway, it shall shine around me on the battle-field—in my own house—wherever I go, it will follow me.' Thou wilt be mine, sweet one, mine own Zuleika!'

A shade of sadness had passed over the maiden's countenance.

'Alas! these are perilous times,' she said. 'Ere morn thou wilt be far away; we may never meet again. In the next contest between thy countrymen and mine thou mayst fall. And if not, thou dost peril thy life to come hither, for thy father is thy foe! Alas! we may never meet again!'

'Zuleika,' rejoined the young soldier, 'why not fly with me to my own land?'

'Fly!' echoed the astonished girl; 'fly from my home, my father, my country!'

'Yes, love; in my own house, or in that of my gentle sister, thou wouldst surely be happy.'—and the cavalier paused abruptly, for there was a rustling among the shrubbery beneath them. He glanced down at the dewy leaves and the bright-hued blossoms, but he saw not the form concealed there, and he turned again to the now pale and trembling Zuleika.

'It is nothing, dearest,' he said, soothingly, 'nothing but the wind coquetting with the shrubs, or the birds nestling among their leaves!'

'If my father and the secretary have returned;' whispered the maiden, shuddering, 'if we should be discovered—'

'Thy father and the secretary, love,' interrupted Leon de Gardonaz, 'are several leagues from the city; they will not be here till long past midnight.'

There was a solemn silence; the maiden covered her face in her hands and thought of the words of the young cavalier; should she fly from her father's castle, from her own beautiful home, to take up her abode among strangers, among the Christians—the foes of her race? Not yet, not while her sire was kind and affectionate—not while her home was thus pleasant—not while Leon de Gardonaz was far from his castle on the battle-field. Such was the resolution that the young girl made, yet, while she revealed it to the soldier, she solemnly vowed never to wed another.—She promised to think of him ever—to wed no other though her sire should command it a thousand times.

'But, dearest,' said the lover, 'thy sire would sooner see thee dead than wedded to the Castilian captive! What if, ere we meet again, he command thee to become the bride of another?'

'I will sooner die than obey him!' replied the girl.

'What if when we meet, regardless of thy feelings, he has promised thee to one of thy countrymen? What then, love?' asked the cavalier, anxiously.

'Then, Allah helping me, I will fly with thee!'

'Holy Mary bless thee for those words, and now I must soon bid thee adieu. Ere dawn I must be far away towards the camp! But ere I go let me deliver the message entrusted me. I have a sister, Zuleika, a fair, a gentle sister; she has heard from her brother's lips of the love he had for the daughter of Almyaz. She has sent thee this, love—this tress of her hair,' and the cavalier placed in the hand of the girl a casket. Eagerly she unfastened it, and beheld upon a satin cushion a shining, auburn ringlet. Zuleika pressed it to her lips and gazed long and earnestly upon the names embroidered beneath it, '*Liteza, sister of Leon de Gardonaz, to Zuleika;*' then grasping the scimitar in the girdle of her companion, severed a long, glossy curl of her own raven hair, and said:

'Give her this, Leon, and tell her the auburn tress shall often meet my eye,' and then Isinella heard their fond, parting words; heard the tones of Zuleika as she took from her neck the golden chain, to which was suspended an amulet, and gave it to the cavalier; heard their assurances of affection—their adieus; yes, all this Isinella de Sartrellar heard, and, though 'twas as if a thousand daggers had pierced her heart, she shed not a tear—breathed not a sigh. Her bitter hate sustained her; her devoted love transformed into deadly hatred.

She gazed upon the receding form of Leon de Gardonaz as he disappeared, and when the Moorish girl had entered the castle, a shrill laugh went forth upon the air, like the wild cry of a savage beast, for certainly there was nothing human in the sound, so full of malice did it seem.

The next morning she stood before Almyaz as a page, and said in a low voice:

'I have something to tell thee, my lord!'

'Speak, then,' replied the nobleman, somewhat reluctantly throwing aside the book he was reading.

'Last night,' continued the page, 'when thou and the secretary wast far away, the Castilian captive visited this palace!'

'Holy Allah!' exclaimed the noble, springing from his seat, 'why didst thou not seize him?'

The page laughed.

'I seize him!' he said, glancing at his slight form, 'that were impossible!'

'It were, indeed,' replied Almyaz, 'but would I had been here! What was his errand, boy?'

The strange informant smiled bitterly.

'He loves thy daughter,' he said, slowly.

A look of incredulity shone in the eyes of the father.

'That cannot be,' he said, sneeringly, 'the Lady Zuleika never saw him, never knew of his presence here, never had the least suspicion that I had in my possession a Castilian captive, and he scornfully resumed his seat.

Despite the haughty reply of Almyaz, the youth remained undaunted; he glanced at the secretary, who had thrown aside his writing on hearing his last words, and now sat looking earnestly at him. He saw that his usually pale face was flushed, and that his eyes gleamed like fire.

'Thou are deceived, my lord,' he said, calmly, and in the tone of one who knew full well the truth of what he was saying, 'thou art very wise, good sir, but for once thou hast been strangely deceived! Dost thou remember a minstrel who long ago sang in thy palace?'

'Yes,' replied Almyaz, 'but what has that to do with the captive, boy?'

'The songster was Leon de Gardonaz in disguise; he had heard of the beauty of thy daughter, and determined thus to behold her.'

Again the enraged nobleman sprung to his feet and approached the youth.

'If this be true!' he muttered, grasping his hand.

'I heard it from his own lips. But do not frown yet, my lord, do not speak yet. The cavalier sang beneath Zuleika's window when he left thee, and cast into her room, through the open casement, a beautiful bouquet. Time went on, and again the knight came to Granada; among the followers that accompanied Juan de Vera he entered thy city; that night the minstrel sang again to thee and thy daughter, and when he had gone from thy presence another song was breathed to Zuleika, and a jeweled cross fell at her feet. Her eyes were keener than thine, my lord, for when the cavalier, in the afternoon, passed thy castle, the maiden was looking from the window, and Leon de Gardonaz cast a glance at her; from that moment she knew that the proud knight and the minstrel were one.—Long afterwards when he had become thy captive, to gratify her girlish curiosity, the maiden, in thy absence, visited the vault beneath the castle; she remembered the secret way, though it had been many years since, when a child, thou didst take her to the dungeon. There she found Leon de Gardonaz; on the night when Aben Hassan attacked the city, when thou and the secretary wast away, she unfastened the ponderous door and bade the Castilian captive be free! Last night he knew that thou wert gone; ere the crescent

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moon had risen he sped hither from the camp and told Zuleika of his love; she has solemnly sworn never to wed another. They met in the balcony, and I heard every word they spoke—every thrilling word. Wouldst thou require some proof of my assertion? On the maiden's right hand is a ring in the form of a tiny rose—it was his gift when he fled from his cell. In a cabinet in her own room are the bouquet and the cross."

There was a death-like stillness in the apartment when the youth had ceased. A strange group was that—the secretary still sat where the page had found him on his entrance, but his dark eyes had grown still more brilliant, and his cheek and brow had become flushed with a deeper crimson; gazing at the stranger, stood Almyaz; his face and lips were deadly pale, and the expression of his countenance was fearful indeed; the page only seemed free from agitation, for the tale he had just told had released his heart from a painful burden.

'Thou seest how silently I have heard this!' said the noble, at length, in tones trembling with passion, 'and yet—what a heart is mine. I believe thy statement, for unless thou hadst heard it from him thou couldst never have known of the songster's visits—of the secret way to the vault!

'Thou knowest not the fearful storm which thou hast aroused in my soul—that he should win her love—he, my deadly foe. Rather than see her wed him, I would take her own life. Thou dost look astonished, but list thee, boy, Almyaz is not wont to have his plans thwarted thus. Now look upon me; by the immutable throne of the Eternal Allah, I swear that never, never shall my Zuleika become the bride of Leon de Gardonaz! Because he has won her affection, because she has been taught to deceive me, my revenge on him shall be a thousand times more fearful than I had before determined!"

The eyes of the page brightened, and a triumphant smile curled his beautiful lips.

'The God, in whom thou dost believe, aid thee,' he said, clasping his hands in an ecstacy of delight. 'Now, my lord, if thou hast no farther inquiries I will seek my own apartments. Ere long the Castilian captive will visit his adored Zuleika; then will I place him in thy power!' and with these words the youth departed.

'Never!' again muttered Almyaz, 'one of the hated house of de Gardonaz—a son of the Marquis of Senilla, wed my daughter! never!'

Hardened as was the heart of the secretary, he trembled, for he had never before seen Almyaz so dreadfully agitated. At length the noble came to his side and nervously grasped his hand; Eletar shuddered, for the fingers in which his own were prisoned were cold as marble, and their very touch sent a chillness over his frame.

'Eletar,' whispered the nobleman, 'if thou wilt, she shall be thy bride!'

A gleam of joy and exultation shot over the face of the secretary.

'What! The peerless Zuleika my bride!' he exclaimed.

'Yes, thine own. Ere long she shall wed thee!'

'Ten thousand thanks, my lord—the captive—'

'Nay, nay, speak not of him,' interrupted Almyaz, 'thou hast been and still art to me what no one else has been. A fearful oath first bound us together; now become my son! Thou art noble as the girl, thou art my only friend! she shall be thine! Now leave me—I would fain be alone!'

The secretary obeyed, and as he entered his own apartment he folded his arms triumphantly, and said aloud:

'If she whom he loves—for whom he has periled so much—if she becomes mine, the other object for which I came hither will be accomplished. Thanks to Almyaz, Boabdil is wretched indeed!'

Late in the afternoon of the same day, Zuleika was summoned to her father; to her he seemed more courteous than usual; his voice was low and gentle, and his whole demeanor was characterized by more affection than she had ever before seen him display. He had once or twice spoken to her of the resolution of Aben Hassan, ere he was driven from his throne, that she should wed his cousin, and the girl had protested that she would never be his bride. Now as she sat beside him, he said:

'And thou dost still keep thy determination never to wed the king's cousin, Zuleika?'

'Yes, my lord,' replied the maiden, calmly.

There was silence for a moment, and Almyaz carelessly took the right hand of his daughter; then he saw the ring which the stranger had described; there were bitter emotions in his soul as he looked upon it, but he said, heedlessly: 'That is a beautiful circlet, Zuleika,' and he watched her earnestly as he spoke; the maiden had some of his own self-possession. She did not blush, but lifted her eyes to his face as if he himself had been the giver.

'Yes,' she replied, 'I have more splendid, more costly rings among the jewels thou hast given me, but none so pretty as this!'

Indignant as the nobleman was, he could scarcely repress a smile at her apparent sincerity, there was again a slight pause, and then the father said:

'Well, pretty one, since thou dost protest against Hali Hassan, why not wed the secretary?'

'The secretary!' echoed the girl, in surprise, for she had all the pride that one of so noble lineage as was she might be expected to possess. 'The secretary,' she again exclaimed, 'thy servant, my lord?'

'Hush! hush!' responded her sire, 'the secretary is no menial here; he is my companion, my friend! For certain reasons he seems my inferior, but he is in truth as noble as thou! It is my wish that thou shouldst wed him!'

The first impulse of Zuleika was to tell her father frankly that she loved another, but she dreaded to witness the anger which she knew would fill his soul when he should know to whom she had given her heart; and so she looked in his face and said:

'I do not love him.'

'That matters not,' replied the noble.

'I can never love him,' she said again. 'I can never become his bride, father!'

There was a strange earnestness in the tones of Almyaz as he said:

'Hear me, Zuleika! Thou canst not dare to oppose thy father. It is my wish, nay more, my determination, that thou shalt ere long wed the secretary! I have promised him that my daughter shall be his bride, and I never break my word! Go now to thy room and remember what I have said!'

The maiden obeyed; as she hurried along the corridors, she said to herself: 'The Virgin of which Leon speaks so often, whisper to him to come hither speedily. Would, would I had known this yester-night, I would have fled with the Castilian captive!'

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

[Written for The Flag of our Union.]

## The Merry Green Wood.

BY MATURIN M. BALLOU.

O, the merry green wood—
Where graceful boughs their shadows fling,
And happy warblers anthems sing,
In the merry green wood.

O, the merry green wood—
Where daisies bloom mid the silence deep,
And nodding flowers in fragrance sleep,
In the merry green wood.

O, the merry green wood—
With its proud old oaks, where ivy green
Twining about their stems is seen,
In the merry green wood.

O, the merry green wood—
Where broken stump and gray old rock
Is mantled with a mossy frock,
In the merry green wood.

O, the merry green wood—
The forest deep with its trackless wild,
How I loved to roam when a very child,
In the merry green wood.

[Written for The Flag of our Union.]

## WHAT'S IN A NAME!

BY AGNES L. GORDON.

'What's in a name? Why everything, to be sure, or at least a great deal more than some people seem to imagine. You need not quote Shakspeare in defence of your argument, for with all due deference to the immortal bard, I beg leave to differ with him on that point, most *decidedly*. "A rose by any name would smell as sweet," of course, but gracious me, folks wouldn't find it out so readily, and the queen of flowers would be deposed at once, were her title less euphonious. Why Washington himself could scarcely have risen to his proud eminence, had he been bound by a grovelling name. Only imagine Josiah Stubbs, or Jeremiah Jinks, the father of his country! The idea is absurd, it could *not* be! Why, Reginald, you know yourself that you would hardly be able, with all your imagination, to discover the charms of a Sally Jones, or a Polly Hopkins.'

'Quite an enthusiastic speech, though not a very round one, sister mine! However, I suppose you might add in defence of your favorite theory, that any quantity of the rising generation bear the name of our great President, in the belief, probably, that the name makes the man. But the last clause of your argument is unanswerable, I confess; for I must remain ever insensible to the fascinations of Miss Jones, or Miss Hopkins!'

'Especially while your heart is in the keeping of a certain Alice Lester, who, in accordance with your description and my theory, must be as lovely as her name denotes. But after all, a lover's rhapsodies go for nothing, and as a name, according to your argument, is no criterion, I am at liberty to imagine her cross-eyed, red-haired and crooked, if I please!'

'Certainly, my fair sister, if it so please you, and thus form a precedent for others to suppose your own sweet name "Rose *a lie*," and to affirm that Rosalie Selden is not a graceful, beautiful, sprightly belle, as her name imports, but a hum-drum, homely homespun.'

'Your compliment scarcely atones for your bad pun, Reginald; but to return to the subject of our conversation. It is useless to attempt to prejudice me in favor of your friend, I tell you beforehand I am determined that I shan't admire him. Who could admire an Adonis under the name of Aminadab Eliphalet Stokes? Horrible!'

'Well, Rosalie, we wont quarrel about it. He will at any rate be accompanied by a friend whose very name will win your affections—what say you to Mordaunt Lester?'

'O, that is a name worth possessing indeed. I am certain its owner is a delightful person.'

'He is so, but were he deformed as Caliban, his very name would, like charity, cover a multitude of faults in your mind. Seriously, sister, this fondness for fine names is a silly whim of yours, the remnant of your romantic fancies, your Mortimers and Fitzallans; I fear a name will win you yet, and you are too sweet a little sister to be cast away on an empty sound.'

'But Mordaunt Lester! may I not indulge my penchant for both himself and name safely, Reginald?'

'Ah, no! there I must warn you, the Mordaunt Lester, whom I shall have the happiness to introduce you, is a doomed man, positively engaged; so you see Mr. Aminadab Eliphalet Stokes is your only friend.'

'Now, Reginald, hush! that name is enough to destroy one's appetite, and as the gentlemen will be here to dinner I must make my toilet.'

'That is right, sister; be as charming as possible: who knows but you may yet write yourself Mrs. Aminadab Eliphalet Stokes?' and with a provoking emphasis on every syllable, Reginald Selden followed his sister, who, putting both hands up to her ears, ran laughing out of the room.

Rosalie Selden was, as Reginald truly said, a belle and a beauty. She, with her brother, resided on a fine estate in one of our most beautiful river counties. They were orphans, under the care of an excellent guardian, who controlled the property until Rosalie became of age. Rosalie had just entered her eighteenth year; she possessed warm affections, good sense, and fine tastes, a dash of poetry and sentiment, that had naturally developed itself into romance, by the retirement in which she lived. The preceding winter had witnessed her debut in city society, and Rosalie Selden, the beauty and heiress, carried all hearts by storm. Her experience of fashionable life had done much toward ridding Rosalie of her romantic ideas; but she met none whose title or appearance won her favor, and thus still unfettered in feeling and unchanged in partiality for musical names, she returned home.

Reginald Selden, who was several years older than his sister, had just returned from abroad. During his absence he had become acquainted with the gentlemen whose names had occasioned the conversation between himself and Rosalie, and who were expected to pass a few weeks with him, in compliance with an earnest invitation. Reginald was proud of his sister, but he justly ridiculed her romantic ideas concerning names, and was amused at the pre-determined antipathy to one of his friends, because he rejoiced in the cognomen of Aminadab Eliphalet Stokes. He was something of a tease too, as Rosalie had often experienced, and had determined to teach her a lesson on what he called her ridiculous romance.

The gentlemen had arrived and were conversing with Reginald in the drawing-room, when Rosalie entered, and her brother, with a quick glance towards them, gracefully introduced his sister. Despite Rosalie's obstinate prejudice, it must be confessed that her theory received a severe blow when she encountered the full, dark eye, and listened to the peculiarly deep, rich voice that addressed her when introduced to 'My friend, Mr. Aminadab Eliphalet Stokes.'

'Impossible!' thought Rosalie, 'my brother has intentionally reversed the names!' and she turned toward Mordaunt Lester with an inquiring glance. But here too she was at fault, for Mr. Lester, though somewhat older, and somewhat graver than his companion, possessed the bearing and appearance of a perfect gentleman. He was tall and rather spare, but his high forehead, a little bald, betokened a mind of no common order, and the clear, gray eye sparkled with quiet humor; his manners were dignified, yet inexpressibly fascinating, and Rosalie admitted him entirely worthy the melodious name of Mordaunt Lester.

But Aminadab Eliphalet Stokes was a mystery to poor Rosalie. He was scarcely so tall as his friend, and his light, agile form possessed all the grace of a young Apollo. The fire of genius beamed from his dark eye, and the firm, proud lip, the broad brow, and rich, heavy hair, were altogether incompatible with all Rosalie's preconceived notions. She had imagined Mr. Stokes to be a thin, tall, lathy person, with sharp features, and a nasal twang; there was nothing about either of these gentlemen in accordance with this picture, and for once Rosalie acknowledged her theory in fault.

Never had Rosalie's self-possession failed as during the dinner; she listened with delight to the refined and interesting conversation about her, but took little part in it herself.

During the afternoon, Reginald took an opportunity of saying to his sister, who was standing alone on the piazza:

'Well, Rose, what think you of my friends? Do they meet your preconceived ideas?'

'Now, Reginald,' answered Rosalie, with great seriousness, 'tell me truly, are you not deceiving me about your friends' names?'

'Why, sister,' said Reginald, a little nervously, 'do you think after all, that Mordaunt Lester looks more like an Aminadab Eliphalet Stokes, than that gentleman himself?'

'O, no! not a whit, he is a Lester worthy of the name, but truly, Reginald, are these your friends' true names? Are you not quizzing me? and yet I cannot think they would willingly connive at such a deceit.'

Reginald laughed.

'You mean to ask, sister, if Mr. Lester and Mr. Stokes are really and bodily here, or whether two other Mr's. have come among us under these assumed names? Well, then, I can assure you sincerely that my friends have an undoubted right to the respective names of Stokes and Lester, and have never claimed any others. Are you satisfied now, Rose?'

'Yes, perfectly!' said she, with a sigh, 'but after all the exception proves the rule, and in general cases a name goes a great way. I might have heard of Mr. Stokes forever without admiring him.'

'But having seen him you admit yourself defeated! Well done, Rose, I admire your candor and good taste.'

'May I join the conversation?' asked Mr. Lester, who now advanced, 'and inquire what it is that has the good fortune to win the admiration of Miss Selden?'

'Why, Rosalie was expressing her admiration of our friend, and regretting his unfortunate cognomen,' laughingly replied Reginald; 'but see, the conquering hero comes, so, Rose, I shall leave you to resume the argument with Mr. Lester!' and so saying he hastened to join Mr. Stokes, and was soon engaged in conversation with him.

'I am afraid you will think me exceedingly ridiculous!' said poor Rosalie, blushing—'Reginald takes every opportunity of ridiculing my love for agreeable names; but I trust, Mr. Lester, you will not believe me incapable of appreciating excellence, be it disguised as it may.'

'Certainly not, my dear Miss Selden; as regards our young friend, his patronymic is a disadvantage, and as I am fortunate enough to possess an agreeable title, I feel perfectly secure, you see, in taking your side of the argument. I regret with you the misfortune under which he labors; as a young artist of uncommon genius he can never hope to rise; the name of Stokes cannot become immortal!'

'An artist! is Mr. Stokes an artist then?' asked Rosalie, eagerly.

'He is, and a most promising one,' replied Mr. Lester. 'I have in my portfolio some sketches of his that I shall take pleasure in showing you; he is already becoming known abroad.'

'Strange that Reginald did not tell me this,' said Rosalie, musingly; 'he mentioned your talent in the art, however, Mr. Lester, and showed me a beautiful drawing you had made.'

Mr. Lester looked confused.

'I have no pretension as an artist, Miss Selden,' he said; 'but I trust a better acquaintance with my friend will overcome all prejudice as regards his name, and teach you to recognize the truth of the axiom, that "the man makes the name, and not the name the man!"'

'Perhaps so!' said Rosalie, smiling, 'but do you know, Mr. Lester, that you yourself have done much towards deciding me in my favorite theory by so completely realizing the ideal your name had created?'

Mr. Lester bowed, and looked sincerely gratified, but his reply was interrupted by Reginald, who had joined them unperceived, and overhearing his sister's remark, exclaimed:

'Well, Rosalie, I think you are improving; you compliment with as much ease as a practised courtier—'

'But with more sincerity!' interrupted Mr. Lester, 'and now let us join our friend, who is waiting to point our attention to the glorious sunset, as seen from yonder hill!'

Days sped on, and to Rosalie they were days of perfect enjoyment. There were rides and sails by moonlight, and strolls through the glorious old woods, and favorite poets read beneath the shade of patriarchal trees, and sketches made of beautiful spots in the vicinity; and, marvellous to tell, the companion of these delightful excursions was Mr. Aminadab Eliphalet Stokes! It must be owned that it dampened Rosalie's enthusiasm a little at first, when obliged to call the attention of 'Mr. Stokes' to the objects of her admiration, and when living over again in the solitude of her own chamber all the delightful occurrences of the day; the hated name seemed ever to stand in immense characters between herself and its owner. But the dark eyes and fine voice of the young artist gradually charmed the vision away, and Rosalie found herself, with a blush at the temerity of her own thoughts, endeavoring to associate her own musical name with that of Stokes. What were the feelings of the artist was very visible to any beholder; in Rosalie he worshipped his bright particular star, and as she gradually emerged from the mist of romance, so did she become more worthy of that worship.

But he was poor, and Rosalie knew it, and he was not ignorant of her dislike to his unfortunate name; how then dared he hope? Rosalie often asked herself, had Mordaunt Lester been free, would she not have preferred him? but her heart responded in the negative, firm to its allegiance. And yet in Mr. Lester she saw all that she had imagined as belonging to the name, and prejudiced through it in his favor, she might easily have mistaken admiration for love, had her brother not warned her of his previous engagement. For Mr. Lester, Reginald seemed to feel a particular attachment, which Rosalie considered perfectly natural, as she knew her brother to be attached to his sister; and yet, while she secretly rejoiced at the friendship which left the young artist so much to her care for amusement, she marvelled at Reginald's choice, and was tempted to wonder that he did not devote more attention to Mr. Stokes.

'Poor Rosalie, you are to be pitied, indeed,' said Reginald, laughing heartily, in reply, 'thus to be bored by a person with such an odious name; but I do it for your sake, Rose. I fear that Mordaunt Lester would be too fascinating, and you know he is engaged. They will soon leave, and then you will be free, Rose. But I cannot consent to make a friend of Aminadab Eliphalet Stokes. There is no truth in such a name, you know; the idea is absurd!'

Rosalie would have liked to reply indignantly to her brother, but a strange consciousness trembled at her heart, and his casual remark that they would soon leave, sent her weeping to her chamber. Absent or present, poor Rosalie felt she was no longer free.

The allotted period for the gentlemen's stay had expired, and been renewed several times, on various pretexts: Mr. Lester was negotiating for an estate in the vicinity, and Mr. Stokes found his moments fully occupied in sketching the surrounding views, and in walking, and driving with the ladies. There were times when he seemed depressed, and at such moments he spoke of the necessity of his immediate departure, which resolution was invariably overcome by the solicitations of his friends, and oftener by an unintentional pleading glance from Rosalie.

Rosalie had not mingled enough in artificial society to learn the little arts which ladies use to conceal their own feelings while they draw forth those of others. She would not have said or done anything intentionally to expose her sentiments for the world, but she did not know how apparent her preference was to her brother and to Mr. Lester. The young artist himself, who was nothing of a coxcomb, was certainly the one who doubted most, simply because he hoped everything, and had staked his happiness on the venture.

It was a splendid sunset, and the little party were strolling through the woods, pausing occasionally on an eminence to look at the majestic river, of which they caught occasional glimpses through the trees.

'How beautifully the light falls on yonder hill,' exclaimed Mr. Stokes. 'See how boldly it brings out that old tree. If I could but sketch it now!' and as he spoke he felt for his sketch book, which he carried along with him. It was gone from his pocket, as was also purse, handkerchief, and pencils.

'They must have been stolen from my pocket this morning, in the town,' said Mr. Stokes; 'I remember passing through a crowd.'

'You must have been dreaming, then,' laughed Reginald, 'not to have felt the thief release you of such a weight.'

The artist colored, for he knew full well that he had left the house in a gloomy mood, and wandered through the town almost unconscious of his whereabouts. He, however, replied with a slight smile:

"'The spoils will scarcely repay him for his trouble,' the weight lying altogether in the loss of my pencils; for you know, Reginald, 'who steals my purse steals trash.'"

'But he who filches from you your good name,' interrupted Mr. Lester, in an interrogative tone, and laying his hand on his young friend's shoulder, while he looked with a half smile in his sad and troubled countenance—

'Takes what some persons would prefer he should lose!'—interrupted Reginald, with an arch glance at Rosalie.

'How so?' asked Mr. Lester, almost sternly, and turning suddenly towards Rosalie. 'I had thought—' he paused.

'You had imagined our friend's genius would illuminate the darkened understandings of all about him, so had I; but our hopes are vain; prejudice is harder to remove than Mahomet's mountain,'—answered the tormenting Reginald.

Rosalie felt at that moment as if she would willingly annihilate both Mr. Lester and her brother; it was cruel and impertinent, she thought; while Reginald perseveringly went on:

'Here is Rosalie, now, who would have gone in raptures over the drawings of Signor Rap'aelo Dauberini; they would have been framed to decorate her private sitting-room, and the name emblazoned in capitals beneath. But our friend's sketches are quietly laid aside in her portfolio, endorsed merely with his initials. Stokes, I wouldn't submit to such injustice. Come forward, and indict Miss Rosalie Selden for wilful contempt of art.'

But the young artist was standing gloomily apart. Tears sprung to Rosalie's eyes at the unexpected sally. 'Cruel!' burst indignantly from her lips, and turning hastily away to conceal her emotion, she walked farther into the woods, and there, away from the sight or hearing of the party, gave vent to her agitated feelings.

Rosalie leaned pensively against a lofty tree, and so concentrated were her thoughts that she heeded not the rustling of the dried leaves, and started in bewilderment when she heard her own name pronounced in soft tones, and beheld the young artist kneeling at her feet.

It was a beautiful tableau, there in those dim old woods, with the heavy shadows on the leaf-strewn ground, and the brilliant sunbeams flashing among the tall trees, and bathing the upper foliage in their golden hue; Rosalie with flushed cheek, and averted eyes, trembling before the suppliant artist, who, with her small hand clasped in his, spoke such words as only love and genius dictate—it was a scene of romance too perfect to interrupt, and so probably Rosalie thought. It would have been cruel to say, 'Rose, Mr. Stokes'—for at that horribly matter-of-fact sound, the illusion would vanish, the spell be destroyed, and so she did *not* say it, although there certainly were some words uttered in tremulous tones, and the murmur of low voices mingled long with the whispering of the evening breeze.

The golden hue had long since faded from the tree-tops, and the twinkling stars were peeping mischievously among the branches, ere with 'lingering step and slow,' the artist and Rosalie turned towards the house.

'But dare I hope your faith will not waver, dearest Rosalie,' said the young artist as they continued their conversation. 'I have told you I am poor, and I will not take you from your luxurious home, to share the fortunes of an obscure artist. I must leave you perhaps for years, until I win myself a fortune and a name.'

'Until you immortalize the name of Stokes,'—answered Rosalie, smiling confidingly upon him as she added earnestly, 'In toil, and poverty, in obscurity, or in fame, I am yours only—your home shall be mine, and—she added with returning smiles, 'In good and evil report, the name once so distasteful, shall be my glory and my boast.'

The artist fondly pressed the hand that rested on his arm; but a flush came over his fine features as he suddenly asked:

'But what if you should find yourself deceived in me, Rosalie? What if I should prove other than I seem? Can you trust me still?'

'Forever!' whispered Rosalie. As they now ascended the steps of the piazza, and as she there saw her brother and Mr. Lester, she hastily escaped to her own apartment.

We will not intrude upon her thoughts, and analyze her feelings. Her toilet was soon arranged, and with trembling step she was about descending to the drawing-room, when a letter lying upon her work-table arrested her attention. It was from an old school companion, and glad to have an employment secured for a few moments she carried it with her into the library. The gentlemen were conversing in the adjoining room. As she scanned the letter over, scarcely heeding its contents, her eye was caught by a sentence near its close. It read thus:

'I understand that Mr. Aminadab Eliphalet Stokes is a guest of yours, and I must warn you, Rosalie, not to fall in love with him, as, despite your aversion to his prepo-terous name, you will be tempted to do. He is the noblest, best man living, but he is engaged to a cousin of mine, and the wedding preparations are progressing rapidly. So I warn you, take care of your heart. A word to the wise, you know, &c.'

A mist seemed to fall over the paper for an instant, as she read, and then with a sudden impulse she advanced to Mr. Stokes, who had entered the library with Reginald, and pointing to the paragraph, placed the letter in his hand, while she stood calmly and almost proudly before him. He read it attentively, and giving the paper to Reginald, said, as he drew her arm within his:

'It is time this farce was concluded, Reginald. The explanation rests with you. It is mine to sue for pardon.'

Reginald for an instant looked grave, but recovering himself, called to Mr. Lester, and said to him as he drew near, with mock seriousness:

'My dear friend, Aminadab Eliphalet Stokes, I herewith restore to you the title you so kindly relinquished at my earnest entreaty, and,' he added with real feeling, as he clasped the hands of the artist and Rosalie within both his own,—'accept again through me, Mordaunt Lester, the name you justly own, and the bride you have fairly won, though unheralded and unknown!'

Poor Rosalie looked her astonishment when he whom she had known as Mr. Lester spoke:

'We all owe you an apology, Miss Selden, for our unfair deceit. At the earnest solicitation of your crazy brother here, my friend and I consented to exchange names for a season. In me you behold the real Simon Pure. I am Aminadab Eliphalet Stokes, and the only thing that reconciles me to the imposition I have assisted in, is the hope that under the more pleasing title of my friend I have won a place in your kind regards from which my own homely patronymic would else ever have debarred me.'

Rosalie understood it all now. She was not to be Mrs. Stokes. She felt inclined to be angry and half disposed to laugh, she was not very much displeased at the change.

'And now, charming sister mine,' said Reginald, encircling her waist with his arm as he spoke, and drawing her fondly towards him, 'say that you forgive me for the deceit I have practised. The truth was, Rose, I wanted to cure you of your romantic notions—the only flaw that disfigured the mind of my darling sister. I knew your partiality for Oswalds and Fitzgeralds, and all other tall, pale heroes that are ever ready to serenade or succor the distressed damsels who roam at large in white robes that never get dirty, and satin shoes that never wear out. I felt convinced that with this penchant for high-sounding titles and fine appearance, Mordaunt Lester, in his own proper person, would be irresistible. But can you blame me, Rosalie, for wishing to make a choice unfettered by such factitious advantages, and do you regret that you have learned to appreciate true nobleness even in disguise?'

Tears stood in Rosalie's eyes, but a bright smile played on her lip, as she said, turning towards the ci-devant Mr. Lester:

'I have bought my experience too happily to remain long indignant; and have learned through and by you, also, Mr. Stokes, that your axiom is a true one—"the man makes the name, and not the name the man." Henceforth no name can be ridiculous to me, since you, sir, have so entirely disproved my theory.'

Mr. Stokes gallantly kissed the hand extended to him, and bowed in gratified acknowledgement of the compliment, while Mordaunt Lester imprisoned her other hand as he said:

'And can you forgive *me* too, Rosalie?'

A look that sent his heart's blood rushing joyously to its fountain, was the expressive reply, while Reginald mischievously exclaimed:

'Forgive *you*? Lester! no, never. You have sinned beyond the hope of pardon, in unfairly entrapping Rosalie Selden into wearing the name of Lester instead of her *favorite* Stokes; hereafter, expect nothing but tears and reproaches;' and he shouted with a theatrical air:

"'Ah, name forever sad, forever dear—
Still breathed in sighs, still uttered with a tear!'"

Whether Reginald's prediction was fulfilled is a fact unrecorded, but certain it is that her faith was not put to the test of absence, as a threefold wedding was shortly after celebrated, and Rosalie found in her new sister so much loveliness, as almost to restore her old and favorite theory. Alice Selden was worthy so sweet a name. But Rosalie bravely withstood temptation, and uprooted her old prejudices, as the parish register will abundantly testify; for there, under the baptismal head, is recorded the name of 'E. Stokes Lester.'

## The Office of the Bat.

The Philadelphia Ledger says, that a gentleman of observation and reflection informs us that the common bat, which many people consider an annoyance when it flies into and about their house during the summer and fall evenings, will destroy and effectually clear a room full of mosquitoes in a few minutes. He says they are perfectly harmless, and from repeated observations of their visits and business, he believes their object in visiting a room is to make a meal of the flies, mosquitoes and other small insects which collect there. He has watched them so closely as to both see them catch the insects and hear the fine snap of their teeth upon them. He, therefore, never drives a bat out of his room, as many people do, who do not know their usefulness.

[Written for The Flag of our Union.]

## A PEEP INTO FUTURITY.

BY HUGAR.

'All aboard!' shouted the conductor, and with a whistle and a jerk we were again on our way, and soon the trees and meadows, brooks and hills, seemed whizzing by, and the dust and cinders flew thick and fast. But amid the rattling and jolting of the cars, sleep, like a ministering angel, came to my relief. Gradually the noise was hushed, and the speed at which I rode inspired *dreams* of a lofty character.

I was in a wide rotunda, from which led two halls on either side. Many tall Corinthian columns rose about me, hewn from the whitest marble, and their gilded capitals were lighted from a stained glass dome. The ceilings were adorned by carved works, images and paintings, and, in short, the master pieces of the Grecian sculptors, and of modern artists, seemed to adorn and decorate the walls and niches. But scarcely had I begun to gaze upon the beauties of the pile of splendor, when a roar like that of many oceans burst upon my ear, and I concluded I was in the temple of the gods at Mount Olympus, till a mass of polished steel, and brass, and silver, rushed into one of the long halls, and passed out at the extremity of the other, followed by a train of what I called some thirty pagan temples, all glittering with carved wood and iron, gilded eagles, pinnacles, and spires. No sooner than the train had stopped, out stepped a Yankee (I knew him by his voice) and shouted 'Hartford,' at the windows of each of the cars. A throng of gay ladies and children poured from the opening doors, and stood within the rotunda. Being very anxious to view the interior of the cars, or temples, and to see the motive power, I entered one, and had hardly recovered from the shock which the dazzling magnificence reflected, when the train, which had been set in motion again, stopped in a rotunda of the same size and splendor with the first, and the Yankee captain cried 'Springfield.' I staggered to a seat in utter unconsciousness, and as I endeavored to locate myself on what appeared to be a picture of New-York city, I sank to my waist in a delicious air sofa, which again restored my senses. The towns and cities, lakes and mountains, once more shot in confusion by, as the conductor hurriedly tapped me on the shoulder, and whispered 'ticket.'

'Where you bound?' said I.

'Boston. Be there in twenty minutes. Fare from Springfield, one dime—from New-York, three dimes.'

I handed him a shilling.

'Behind the times,' said he; 'no such coin in circulation.'

I had the good luck to carry a gold dollar as a pocket piece, which I drew out, and paid my fare. 'Where am I, captain?' said I, involuntarily.

He smiled, and rushed from the car, which had entered the third rotunda, and shouted 'Worcester.'

'Mister, where am I?' said I to the nearest man.

He eyed me with evident surprise, a moment, then his eyes sparkled, as he asked:

'Been asleep?'

'Yes, sir. Got to New Haven yet? or is this—'

'Tell me the year!' said he.

'It's 1849, of course! are you crazy?' I replied.

He tapped me on the shoulder, and said:

'You've slept a hundred years—it's 1949! Several have slept over. This is the air-line railroad from New-York to Boston—air-line; that is, there are no curves, and but three corners, which we turn in an instant, by machinery. All sorts of new improvements, now-a-days. Why, man! it'll take you all the rest of your life-time to look at all the patented, labor-saving machinery in New-England. We do everything but sleep and eat, by some new-fangled invention or other! we—'

'Good! it must be so. Yankee nation!—what cannot Yankees and steam accomplish?' said I.

'Steam! nonsense, man—it's out of date on railroads. This is Fuzgum's electro-magnetic, patent, eight-day, twelve foot driver, 800 horse power battery, silver-plated, self-propeller—cost 25,000 dollars—this thing which draws us now! This road cost some twenty millions, and has paid for itself twice, and has not been completed three years. They use the patent, suspension bridge, Vulcan rail, which is laid on a solid wall of stone, four feet deep. The rails are some seven feet apart. We go at the rate of five miles and three quarters per minute, and—why, sir! you are behind the times, indeed. What'll you give me to *show you the leviathan'* (not elephant) 'three weeks?'

'Anything in my possession. I'm a great hand for new things. I'll see the leviathan, and ride him! Hurrah! hur—'

'Stop! here's Boston. Keep close to me, and we'll get a seat in the *first* elevated omnibus, for the Ocean Hotel—best house in the city. Come, we do things so quick we seldom carry baggage.'

I made fast to his coat tail, and my Yankee guide rushed through crowds, and temples, and galleries, till we found ourselves at last in the flying, elevated, electric-something omnibus, which was an open car some twenty feet long, on a rail-road, elevated about thirty feet above the street. A double track was laid all the way, and we met several cars, or omnibuses, rushing down, propelled by little electric engines. Below, the street was thronged with trucks, goods, merchants, and carriers. On either side broad sidewalks were filled with people, and above, the houses rose from eight to ten stories, all constructed from iron, gilded and painted in the most costly and beautiful manner.

At last, when we had come about ten miles, in five minutes, as fast up hill as down, we arrived at what I should have supposed to be Solomon's temple, restored, but no, it was the Ocean Hotel. Of our entry into this palace, the furniture, the carving, the gilding, the painting, we will not speak. After visiting a fashionable tailor's shop, I sat down with my guide, in my room, to take a rest, preparatory to seeing the *elephant*—no! the *leviathan*, and to making the tour of the State.

'What has happened, Mr. Jonathan, since 1849?' said I to the Yankee, who was gazing at the sea of roofs. He nearly fainted at the question, and said he merely could mention a few of the principal changes and inventions.

'General Taylor,' said he, 'was president in 1849, wasn't he? yes, he was, and we've had any quantity since. We're a republic, now, and the United States extend from the Arctic Ocean to Terra del Fuego, and comprises, in short, all America. England's a republic, and a Yankee is their president. There was but one kingdom in the world, six days ago, but the transatlantic telegraph was then out of order. We haven't heard, for most a week, from t'other side, and—here! see that flying car, up there, see it? It's going to San Francisco, the largest city in America, or United States, all the same. There, it's out of sight, but the Great Aerial Electric Navigation Company are building a car that will beat that; it's manufacturing in that machine shop, yonder,' said he, as he pointed to a building fourteen stories and a half high.

'There's generally,' he continued, 'universal peace on earth, and the last dispatches from the moon said that the revolution had been brought to a close, and that bloodshed had ceased to stain that paradise—and while we speak of it, there's a fellow from the moon, who came down on a flying car yesterday, but their air is so different from ours he can't stay long;' and he pointed to a most perfect little man, about three feet high. 'But we'll go up to the moon by the next car, and stroll about a day or two, and look—' (here I had recourse to the camphor bottle) 'and look about more. Yes, we will—hem!—there's some angels there—some girls, and they think everything of us Yankees. Hurrah! there's the California, the last steamer from Liverpool. She started day before yesterday. She's made of iron, gutta percha, and durus. Durus is a metal recently discovered in Greenland, and small quantities are found in Patagonia—a metal which wont bend, break, or receive any impression, except when the greatest degree of heat possible to be obtained is applied to it. She ran through an iceberg on her last trip, but did not stop, and you can't break her to pieces or sink her, no, you can't. She's six hundred feet long, and twenty-five broad, is covered with gutta percha; made transparent, all over, and runs under water half the time, in a storm. There's the evening train of flying cars for New-Orleans—pretty good load; the electric train carries more though, this weather. More competition on this route than any other in America, except the New-York and Rio Janeiro evening lines; they run for four dimes. See that building there! At one end they drive in a flock of sheep, and this door is a mutton market, and the other is a ready-made clothing store. There's a printing-office in this building, and there's a machine there which will make a spelling-book out of a shirt, in seven minutes, but they'll have to give it up, as there's one in the very next house which will make a spelling-book from cotton batting in six minutes! Fact, sir!'

I applied camphor to my temples and nose.

'I tell you the truth, but the crack invention of the day is gumbuggum gas. Goes ahead of chloroform, altogether. Why, last night, my brother in New-Orleans was smashed to a pulp by the falling of a stone weighing twelve tons, but we immediately applied the extract of cold water, and gumbuggum, and when I left at two o'clock, he was comfortably well. We don't die at all, now, if we can manage to get hold of extract of water and gumbuggum gas before heat leaves the body. If all warmth has left the body, life has left it, but if not, life is perfectly safe. Now tea is ready; come, let us get tea, and then we'll have a ride.'

At thoughts of supper I *awoke*, and we had just got to New-Haven. What slow, good-for-nothing cars and steamboats we have,—can't go but a mile in a minute! We *are* behind the times.

[Written for The Flag of our Union.]

## Truth.

BY VIDI.

Vainly, in the days of old,
Tyrants deep in dungeon-hold
Thought and reason strove to bind,
Chainless as the immortal mind,
Ever free.

Yet not chainless; in the soul
Where passion never brooks control,
Where habit locks her fetters fast,
Chaining to the darkened past,
Is slavery.

What are locks and bars of steel
To the chains we do not feel?
Wrought of fortune's massive bands,
Or twined by error's chilling hands,
We are not free.

'Tis the light of truth alone,
Beaming from her crystal throne,
Can the thousand fetters break,
Error's strong foundations shake,
Make us free.

Turn we to her radiant light;
Flies away the gloom of night;
Calm again upon our way
Beams the bright returning day—
Then are we free!

## ORIGINAL CORRESPONDENCE.

BY THE INDIAN CHIEF, KAH-GE-GA-GAH-BOWH.

### LETTER NO. V.

CHESAPEAKE BAY, July 15, 1849.

JAMES RIVER—SMITH AND POCAHONTAS.

DEAR SIR:

The noble river which has its name from the first adventurer in that part of our country now known as Virginia, flows amid scenes of picturesque beauty. It is swollen by a number of smaller streams that empty into it. I never gazed on any object in my life more attentively than I did on that river when for the first time I passed over its surface. I gazed thoughtfully on either side, and fancied a bold, untutored Indian bounding among its shaded coverts before the pale face came among his tribe with those elements of sin which have caused the downfall and almost entire extinction of his race.

About noon quite a stir was seen among the passengers of the 'Curtis Peck,' as we passed down the river. Many eyes were directed towards a point on our left, and some one said, 'We shall soon see old Jamestown.' It was at this place that the first settlement was made by Smith and his comrades in the year 1607. Virginia can boast of the many sons she has produced to fill the presidential chair of our nation, and of many daughters who signalized themselves by acts of bravery in the struggle for freedom. Of these last none exceeds in point of disinterested benevolence Pocahontas, the daughter of Powhatan, the then ruling chief of that vast area of country. Smith was taken by a party of the warriors of Powhatan some distance from his own residence, and after being led about from village to village as an object of wonder, escorted by a party of warriors dressed in skins of wild beasts, and their heads decorated very fantastically with feathers, was led to Werowocomoco, on the north side of the Fork River, at that time the residence of Powhatan.

Word had previously been sent to the chief that the pale stranger had been taken, and no doubt his pleasure was asked respecting the disposal of him. Smith was taken by a guard to the door of Powhatan's lodge, and he was not mistaken in his supposition that he was to be presented to that renowned prince. Around were the wigwams of the warriors, and he was obliged to withstand the inquisitive gaze of the people. He says, in his narrative, that when he entered the lodge, Powhatan sat on his throne at the upper part of the enclosure, with a majesty he had never before seen in Christian or pagan lands. The lofty and bold demeanor of the prince gave Smith a very favorable opinion of him. His family and friends were around him, and his couch was hung with rich furs.

A consultation was held to decide as to what should be done. Meanwhile, he was treated as a distinguished warrior of their nation.—The queen herself brought the water that he used in washing. She placed food before him and desired him to eat, but the anxiety he felt as to his fate prevented him from partaking. It was at length decided that he should die at their hands, as he was at the head of the band of strangers that had come among them, and they knew not but that his intentions were evil.

Preparations for his execution were quickly made—the song and the dance begun. All gazed at the victim with wild intensity. The women brought their young to look at the pale stranger. Young and old pitied his fate, but, according to the custom of the people, remained silent, and looked on the fulfilment of the decrees of the aged.

The warriors were commanded by Powhatan to bring a stone from the side of the river. All being arranged, the victim was seized by two warriors, and led to the place of execution. Smith showed not the least sign of fear, but calmly laid himself down as if to sleep, upon the spot from which he never expected to rise. The warriors stood with their heavy clubs raised, which, at the beck of Powhatan, would fall upon the bold adventurer. Men, women and children surrounded the spot, and it was at this time that they sympathized with the ill-fated man.

A little girl was now seen whispering in the ears of Powhatan. Her simple and childish actions bespoke the feelings of a heart that pitied Smith. She spake earnestly, and hung on his arms, as if she would not be denied her request. The chief advanced. One motion from him, and all would be over. A shout pierced the air, and Powhatan gave the word. As soon as given, Pocahontas flew from beside her father, and flung herself between Smith and the uplifted club of the warrior, and gazed with imploring look and eyes bathed in tears, upon her father. O what a lovely picture!—how godlike! how noble! Hard-hearted must that man be who could not be moved by such an exhibition. The warrior's arms hung down; the fiery flash of Powhatan's eye disappeared, as he bade his warriors desist. Pocahontas having done her work, ran among the crowd, to escape the gaze of the people. Smith was liberated, and by special favor became an inmate of the chief's lodge.

Pocahontas was but ten or eleven years old when this occurred, and how romantic must have been the scene! Heroic was the deed which has immortalized her name! Reader, she was a savage! And it has been said of her race, that they are without tears, unfeeling, cold, cruel, revengeful; but show me, if you can, in American history a parallel.

A few words more. First, historians have disagreed as to the motive that influenced her in the matter. Some say that Pocahontas loved Smith. I cannot find anything in the history of those times that leads me to suppose that the love she had for him was any greater than that she had for all her fellow-creatures. Smith has been charged with ingratitude on account of his not reciprocating the love which some have supposed the Indian girl bestowed upon him. I, for one, admire the deed of Pocahontas, and have always regarded Smith as a worthy man in every particular. As a warrior, bold—in his schemes, fearless—in danger, calm—and in misfortune, never despairing. Notwithstanding all these traits of character, I still must censure his after conduct. When Pocahontas was in England, he did not notice her, nor even acknowledge her as a benefactor, although by periling her life she had saved his own. Such conduct on his part stamps his character with a foul blot, which his deeds of bravery can never conceal.

Second, her name—which must have been given her after her rescue of Smith—indicates that her nation looked on her with some suspicion—*Pah-ha-on-tis*. In this, she suffered wrongfully. Partially disowned by her nation, the neglect she received in England at the hands of Smith while in England was more than her spirit could bear, and after receiving Christian baptism, she died at Gravesend, England, in the year 1617.

Pocahontas! No marble would long enough endure, to hand down the record of her noble deeds to all who should listen to the story of her heroism. You will not wonder that I admire her character, or think her name merits a place among the great of earth.

I am yours, etc.,

KAH-GE-GA-GAH-BOWH.

P. S. I leave soon for the West. You will next hear from me at Niagara; then from the Falls of St. Marie—Lake Superior—Falls of St. Anthony, and the Rocky Mountains.

[Written for The Flag of our Union.]

## An Emblem.

BY OSCAR DUNREATH.

I saw an eagle wheel its flight
Above the rocky mountain height,
Until, upon its upward way,
He pierced the floating light of day;
And then beneath the noonday sun,
Upon a golden cloud he hung,
And gazed with his dark, piercing eye,
As the sunlight came floating by,
Into the awful depth below,
To where his own dark mountains glow;
A breeze passed through the vaulted sky,
Scattering the cloudy wreaths on high;
The haughty eagle felt the shock,
And downward sped to his lone rock.
The eagle of the mountain height
Was *false ambition*; and its flight,
Although 'tis upward for a day,
Must in its onward course delay;
And when the cloud where it did rest
Is broken from its heaving breast,
Then shall its proud, aspiring name
Fall back abased to earth again.

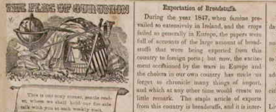
## A Striking Thought.

The death of an old man's wife, says Lamartine, is like cutting down an ancient oak that has long shaded the family mansion. Henceforth the glare of the world, with its cares and vicissitudes, fall upon the old widower's heart, and there is nothing to break their force or shield him from the full weight of misfortune. It is as if his right hand was withered, as if one wing of the eagle was broken, and every movement that he made only brought him to the ground. His eyes are dim and glassy, and when the film of death falls over him, he misses those accustomed tones which might have smoothed his passage to the grave.

## Progress.

Progress is the touchstone of revolutions; but it does not accomplish itself in a day, nor dart forth as the lightning which illuminates space. Nations gain freedom by degrees.—Liberty widens, and the base of power extends in proportion to the speed of intelligence. Every evolution of humanity brings out a new idea, and consecrates new rights; each has its destiny to fulfil. The laws ought neither to rush in advance nor pass abreast of manners, for they would be chimeras of assaults.—*Leon Faucher*.

# THE FLAG OF OUR UNION.

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MATURIN M. BALLOU, EDITOR.

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### To our Correspondents.

'The Irish Apple Girl,' a prose sketch, being a leaf from the book of life, by Lieutenant Murray, shall appear next week.

'My Early Love,' a poem, by D. F. Ricketts, accepted.

'False Pride, or The Heiress,' a story, by Paul Creyton, is filed for the coming number.

'To Senator ——,' a poem, by Mrs. Ann S. Stephens, shall appear next week.

'Julia and Henry,' a story of fashionable life, by H. G. Du Bois, in our next number.

'A Sunset Walk,' a poem, by W. H. Blackburn, accepted.

'Lines to a Lady,' by Asa Arnold, accepted.

'A Picture of Domestic Felicity,' by Mina Merton's Sister, filed for the next number.

'O rest me there!' a poem, by J. E. McBride, accepted.

'The Dying Hermit,' by Raphael, accepted.

'The Shaver shaved,' 'Heavenly Joys,' 'Impromptu Lines,' 'The Soldier's Parting,' 'Our Flag of Stars,' 'Les Roses de la Vie,' 'The Worsted Shawl,' 'The Quaker Girl,' 'Baron Peter Hoffendorff,' 'The Revenge of War,' 'Eagle,' 'Charles Howard,' and 'The Angel's Request,' are all respectfully declined.

### The Cholera.

The visit of this fearful pestilence to our country, during the past year, has changed the current of business and domestic matters very essentially. Families are driven from their homes at its approach, to distant localities, and business men flee from cities, where its ravages have proved most fatal. At first it was thought to spread only among the lower classes, and amidst those whose residences were prejudicial to health by reason of filth and a want of free circulation of air. But experience has shown that it attacks alike the rich and the poor, and lays its victims low both in hut and hall. No doubt, filth and a general want of cleanliness is a predisposing cause, but the most airy localities and the strictest regimen have proved of no avail in many places. In some cities it has broken out in certain localities, and within a space of forty square rods has swept away nearly every living being, while those residing a few streets off have not suffered at all.

At St. Louis the cholera has proved more fatal than in any other part of our country; one person in every twenty dying by its attack; the number of deaths frequently exceeding one hundred per day, until the streets were filled with funeral trains, hearses and coffins. Strange have been some of the scenes that this state of things has induced, many too revolting for us to relate. The St. Louis papers speak of one concerning a Mr. Schneider, who came very near being buried in that city lately. His friends, thinking him dead from an attack of cholera, hastened him off to the grave-yard, and were lowering the coffin into the ground, when a knocking was heard from the inside. The coffin was opened, Mr. Schneider taken home, and he is now convalescent. Narrow escape, that. The Union thinks that since the appearance of the epidemic many instances of this kind have occurred more fatal in their results.

In some cases, and, indeed, in many, the pestilence has had a good moral effect upon the community, in leading people to consider more earnestly their responsibilities to their Maker. In others the familiarity with death has produced a reckless hardihood, and led to intemperance, or other dissipation. A Cincinnati paper tells of meeting, a few days ago, a rude vehicle, drawn by a single horse, and in it a coffin containing probably a stranger. The driver was in his shirt sleeves and astride the jaded animal, while sitting upon the coffin in the wagon was a dirty boy about fourteen years of age, *playing a jew's harp!* and both man and boy seemed as merry as though they were on their way to a frolic instead of to the eternal resting place of mortality! Such is the force of habit, and such the influence that familiarity with danger produces on some minds.

The cities, almost without an exception, as well as all large towns south and west of Boston, and even Montreal and other parts of the Canadas, have suffered severely from the fell destroyer, while Boston has remained almost unscathed, and free from cholera. This seems to us most unaccountable. True, the utmost precaution was taken by the authorities, and individuals generally, but perhaps no more than was done in other places. But yet Providence in its mercy has seen fit to pass the city by, and statistics show it to be healthier than for many years past, though the population is constantly and largely increasing.

### Terrible Accident at Sea.

The steamship Europa, on her late outward bound passage, ran down, in a dense fog, the packet ship Charles Bartlett, sending *one hundred and thirty-four souls* into eternity at one minute's warning. The details of this awful affair have been already extensively published, showing that it was owing to no carelessness on the part of the steamer, or the ship; and that all was done that could be to save life, after the sad accident had occurred. Captain Forbes, a Boston gentleman, behaved with so much gallantry and bravery, on the occasion, as to elicit high encomiums of praise from all, and he received a gold medal, in London, for his efforts, on this occasion, in behalf of humanity.

A Cheap Offer.—We send any *six* of our twenty-five cent books to one address *for one dollar*. Enclose the money in a letter, specifying those desired, which can be selected from the last column on this page, and the books will be sent by next mail, or by express.

'The Bachelor's Retreat.'—The Farmville Republican, Prince Edward Co., Va., forgot to credit us with the poem thus entitled, which it cut from the Flag. A mistake—well, we thought it was.

N. P. Willis.—After all criticism and controversy, Willis is the best gossipping letter-writer in the world. We have never known his equal, and probably never shall, in this department of literature.

Everything has an end.—*Emerson.*

If the gentleman wears a ring on his finger, we rather guess that it would puzzle him to find the *end*.

### Exportation of Breadstuffs.

During the year 1847, when famine prevailed so extensively in Ireland, and the crops failed so generally in Europe, the papers were full of accounts of the large amount of breadstuffs that were being exported from this country to foreign ports; but now, the excitement occasioned by the wars in Europe and the cholera in our own country has made us forget to chronicle many things of import, and which at any other time would create no little remark. The staple article of exports from this country is breadstuffs, and it is interesting to mark the statistical record of the article. We see that the amount of Indian corn shipped to Europe from the United States during the past month of June, exceeds that of the same month in 1847, the famine year. The official statement of the exports for the month have appeared in the New York Shipping List, and the quantity of corn exported is stated at 1,287,369 bushels, being greater by 330,486 bushels than was shipped in the same month in 1847, and greater, we believe, than was ever shipped in any previous month. Yet great as this amount is, it is but a tithe of the quantity of grain imported monthly into Great Britain, to which country almost the entire amount of our exports of breadstuffs tend.

### Annexation of Canada.

Our readers will remember of our writing upon this subject lately. We have since seen reason still stronger to convince us of the ground we took in the premises. A friend in London writes us by the last steamer that the subject is pretty freely discussed in England among leading men, and that many most loyal people do not hesitate to express an earnest desire that England may get rid of her North American colonies. Pride begins to give way to pecuniary interest, and Her Majesty's ministers now count the cost of retaining the Canadas, and find that they are retained as dependencies of the English crown at a cost of some millions of pounds sterling, besides a vast deal of trouble. At present Victoria could ill afford to go to war with the colonies or the United States, and if the matter is fairly brought to issue, we have not a doubt that she will amicably resign those Provinces. Such is fate; this is a great country, and there is room for all. When folks used to joke about O. K. K. K. (oll the Kontinent, Kanada, Kalifornia and Kuba) they little thought how near the mark they were coming.

Col. Isaac H. Wright.—The new volunteer company formed in Boston from the late Massachusetts Regiment, returned from Mexico, unanimously chose Col. Wright as their commander, thus showing their warm attachment to one under whom they had done hard service in an enemy's country. Col. Wright was obliged to decline the post, owing to arduous official duties as Navy Agent of Boston, and also on account of his health, which is hardly equal to the necessary physical exertion attendant upon the office.

Origin of Peter Pence.—It was a tax that originated in England, of a penny upon every house which contained twenty pennyworth of any kind of goods, and was paid to the pope. It was anciently called Rome fee, Rome penny, Rome scot, and the like. It originated with the Saxons, in the year 720, was discontinued by Edward III, revived by Richard II, and terminated at the Reformation. It was a collection from among the faithful to pay the personal expenses of the pope.

Complimentary.—We sometimes feel half inclined to republish some of the very flattering notices that our editorial brethren give the Flag, and while we write, there are several of this class before us. But this business has been reduced by many of the papers to such a 'you tickle me and I'll tickle you' business, that we refrain from printing them, but simply read these kind notices, and lay them aside in the corner of our heart.

Hollanders in Michigan.—The Grand Rapids Inquirer of the 4th, says:—'Some one hundred or more Dutchmen (Hollanders, we believe), arrived at Grandville last week. They are the advanced guard of about five hundred who have come in a body direct to this river. One, who died a few days since at Granville (probably of ship fever), is stated to have had over 20,000 'Gold Williamses.'

A great Grape-Grower.—Mr. J. F. Allen, of Salem, Mass., is the greatest producer of grapes by artificial heat, in the United States. Some of his hot houses are over a hundred feet in length, and ripe grapes of the choicest varieties are hanging on the vines every month in the year. His crop this year will be about 5000 pounds.

Cholera Preventive.—The brewers of Philadelphia have published a communication to show that the constant, but moderate use of ale, porter and brown stout, is a sure preventive of cholera. The opinion of such *disinterested* parties will no doubt have due weight with the public.

Slaves.—The following is said to be a correct estimate of the number of slaves in the following countries:—United States, 3,095,000; Brazil, 3,250,000; Spanish Colonies, 900,000; Dutch Colonies, 85,000; South American Republics, 140,000; African settlements, 30,000. Total, 7,500,000.

John Paul Jones.—The Boston Rambler publishes a brief sketch of this officer's life, with an illustration designed as a likeness of this naval hero; but it is a queer thing, looking neither like a man nor a beast. We query if any artist ever designed it for Paul Jones.

Lord Elgin.—This nobleman, governor-general of Canada, does not dare to appear abroad lest he should be assaulted. He stays at home, and, if we may believe some of the papers, 'rocks the cradle,' being most domestically inclined.

Nahant.—This most delightful resort has been thronged by our citizens with their families for some time past. Nahant must be always popular as a place of resort. It was the first American watering-place, and will scarcely be improved upon.

Virtue is a jewel of great price!—*Home Journal.*

And yet how many of the very poorest classes possess it!

Nothing hurts the stomach like surfeiting.—*Troy Budget.*

Let the Budget man go without food for a week, and then see if his proverb holds true.

There is no creature so like a man as an ape.—*Washingtonian.*

Heaven and earth, Mr. Washingtonian! what has become of all the women, then?

☞ Does the Flag man know how much the ladies think of his paper out here?—*Illinois Free Trader.*

Know it? Yes, just as *easy!*

### Editorial Ink-Drops.

Whipple's powder mill blew up the other day at Gotham, Maine.

The Albany Burgess Corps have decided not to visit Boston this summer.

The French President is getting himself into hot water; there will be more barricades yet.

Pine-apples sell for two cents apiece in Philadelphia, and are hard to get rid of at that.

Money seems to be abundant in our large cities, and easily negotiated on time.

A cargo of young women are to start from Liverpool for California to get married.

A refractory horse broke his neck in Boston the other day—he died, of course.

It has been asked by some curious person, how any sailor can become a *land-lord*?

Queen Victoria is now in the thirteenth year of her reign as queen of England.

Two Irishmen had a fight in Portland, and both received injuries that will last till death.

A coward is said to look like a bird when he *quails* before his opponent.

John Hall, Jr., hung himself for fear of arrest for forgery, in Baltimore lately.

A man fell under the cars in Camden, N.J., and had his head severed from his body.

Ann McCarty nearly succeeded in poisoning herself with laudanum, in New York.

Miss Leslie says she knew a lady who went to make a morning call, and staid eleven years.

The French paper, Le Bostonien, published in Boston, has been discontinued—sorry for it.

Surf bathing at the watering-places on our coast gives the ladies light and rosy cheeks.

To prevent hydrophobia, cut the dog's tail off close up to the ears!—sure preventive.

The cholera has swept off the Indians by numerous on the western prairies.

If two hogsheads make a pipe, how many will make a cigar? That's the question.

One hundred sail of fishermen put into Gloucester, Mass., one day last week.

Mr. Wood's little daughter fell into a cistern at Ipswich, and was drowned.

Two hundred mackerel catchers were counted off Portland lately.

A boy was drowned at Nahant last week, while bathing on the beach.

Queen Victoria has resolved to make a state visit to Ireland soon.

Louisa Tower lately died in Georgia, at the remarkable age of 139 years.

A tombstone in Cleveland graveyard bears this brief inscription—'Little Charley.'

We have counted in our exchanges this week twenty-nine cases of *coup de soleil* recorded.

### The French.

This unlucky people, who so lately shared our best wishes and warmest prayers for prosperity, have proved themselves, by the piratical attack upon Rome, to be little better than buccaneers. True, they have succeeded in entering the walls of the city, and are the ostensible masters of the place, but it has cost them much, besides the thousands of francs and the hundreds of men that have been sacrificed before its walls. It has cost them the good will of five-sixths of all the world. The English papers argue that the situation of France is very precarious—that the provinces are with difficulty kept from insurrection. Outbreaks are hardly prevented at Marseilles, Strasburg, Macon, and places of less note. The daily arrests at Lyons are said to be numerous.—The disaffected amuse themselves, the Times says, with shooting the sentinels.

Just so.—Says the Literary American: As we predicted a few weeks since, the public prints in various parts of the country are beginning to find out the real character of these vile papers, which, under the pretence of exposing vice, are in reality so many directions to its worst haunts, and pander to the most degrading appetite in the community.

A Real Blessing.—A man speaking of a place out west, in a letter which he writes home, says that it's a perfect paradise, and that though most all the folks have the fever-'n'-ager, yet it's a great blessing, for it's the only exercise they take. We never thought of that before.

A Strange Disease.—The citizens of Columbia and Adair in this State are suffering intensely with a disease which the physicians are at a loss to know what to call it. There were forty cases in or near Columbia, on the 25th inst., and four deaths.—*Maysville Ky., Herald.*

Shade of Lindley Murray, protect us! The Herald man has forgotten the first rudiments of his grammar.

Californians.—Brig Eagle, Capt. Charles Davis, is now fitting out at Gloucester for California. She will take out a *load of houses*, and some of the most enterprising of the Gloucester young men are to go as passengers. The brig Wallingsley will also sail from Gloucester shortly, for the 'diggins.'

Our Minister to England.—Bancroft the fickle has been making another speech in response to a public compliment which he received at some dinner party, and which is reported in the papers. It is full of posies of the sunflower school, but nevertheless 'flat, stale and unprofitable.'

☞ Park Benjamin's connection as proprietor of the New-York Metropolis has ceased.—*Museum.*

When we saw it announced a few weeks since, that Park Benjamin had commenced another weekly paper, we said, like Poor Pillicoddy, 'to ourself, within ourself:' Park, you've 'put your foot in it' again!

Did you Ever!—We see that the Gloucester News man has been arrested and held to bail for committing the following:

Why are the fond glances which a mother casts upon her baby like Turkish cavalry? Because they are *mammy looks* (mamelukes.)—*Gloucester News.*

Truffi and Benedetti are now 'man and wife,' says a Philadelphia correspondent of the Washington Republic. It is time they were.—*Evening Post.*

Gracious goodness! Our dignified cotemporary is getting personal.

Fie! Mr. Nightingale.—Rev. C. Nightingale has been giving a toast at Chicopee, Mass., about maiden ladies of a certain (or rather uncertain) age, which is so ungallant that we shan't print it.

Father Ballou, says the Chronotype, the venerable Universalist divine of this city, is about publishing a new work on Universalism. His expositions of the Scriptures are eagerly sought after by friends and opponents.

Chinese Girls.—Two Chinese girls are in the Blind Asylum in New York. At a recent exhibition they discovered great aptness to learn, and excited much interest in the audience.

The Cholera.—Should the cholera rage at St. Louis for 200 days as it has been doing, there would not, at the end of that time, be a man, woman or child left. The whole city would be dead and buried.

### From our Foreign Files.

A vessel arrived in London from Van Dieman's Land has brought 3800 hams as part of her cargo.

The Austrian Government has decided to send a commission to Paris to learn something about manufactures and agriculture.

The ex-king of Sardinia died almost immediately on his arrival in Portugal. He did not long survive his abdication.

It is calculated by an English paper, that Charles Dickens's received 2s. 6d. for every word in his last work, 'The Ghost's Bargain.'

The Pope has remitted a sum of 20,000 francs for the relief of the distress in Ireland. The sum is acknowledged by Archbishop Mac Hale.

A member of the French Assembly has been sentenced to pay a fine and undergo imprisonment for two years, for striking another member.

The government frigate, Louise Maria, which has had a severe engagement with the natives on the coast of Africa, has returned to Antwerp within the last few days with a rich cargo of natural curiosities.

Count Zichy, the late governor of Venice, has been condemned to ten years' imprisonment, for having taken flight from that city last year instead of defending his post. Zichy is brother-in-law to Prince Metternich.

The annual statement of the rates and duties on vessels entering Liverpool, shows an increase in the year ending the 23d of June, 1849, as compared with the previous year, of 442 vessels, amounting to 354,183 tons. The increase in the revenue during the same period has been £29,710.

The Pope, having blessed the Spanish flag at Gaeta, stepped on it, to show that his spiritual power was greater than any temporal power. A Bishop went on his knees and begged the Pope to given him the shoes he then wore on the occasion. The request was graciously granted.

In Ireland, Clarence Mangan, the linguist and poet, died of cholera, thus ending a life made miserable by disease. He has translated Goethe and Schiller. At Killeenleagh, Skibbereen, the people died so fast of starvation that the priest requested of any having sufficient strength left to repair to their hovels, that he might go through the whole parish and administer the last sacrament, as, in his opinion, the entire population was in a dying state.

### Dewdrops of Wisdom.

Trifles become more important, great evils being kept away.

He is my teacher who tells me my faults, my enemy who speaks my virtues.

Liberty without obedience is confusion; obedience without liberty is slavery.

Forgiveness is the most refined and generous point of virtue that human nature can attain unto.

Our light affliction, which is but for a moment, worketh for us a far more exceeding and eternal weight of glory.—1 Cor. 4: 17.

There is but one thing which is estimated in heaven by what it costs here, and that is virtue.

The grave buries every error, covers every defect, extinguishes every resentment. From its peaceful bosom springs none but fond regrets and tender recollections.

The secret voice of conscience causes just men to enjoy a sweet peace in the midst of the greatest affliction; and to the impious it is the cause of torments even in the loudest joy and the most sensible pleasure.

Do you know the lawyer's story I had in my mind then? 'Many times when I have had a good case, I have failed; but then I have often succeeded with bad cases—and so justice is done.'

The husband must always stand near the liquid silver of the female spirit with a spoon, and continually skim off the scum which covers it, that the silver glance of the *ideal* may continue to glitter.—*Richter.*

I cannot think nature so spent and decayed as to bring forth nothing worth her former years. She is always the same, and like herself; and when she collects her strength, is able still. Men and studies are decayed—she is not.—*Johnson.*

The real wealth of a community consists in capital distributed, and not in capital accumulated; and a people are never so happy and thriving, as when a due rate of wages and a due distribution of capital enable the mass of the community to work and to eat.

There is a kind of pity for the people, now in vogue, which is most effeminate. To address such stuff to the people, is not to give them anything, but rather to take away what they have. Suppose that every enjoyment and luxury were imparted, but at the same time a hungry and envious spirit were added, what have they gained?

### The Joker's Budget.

Is there, in creation, anything destined as partner to a *mail* rout, save the cigar called *che-route*?

'Jake, where did you buy those fish?' 'I didn't buy 'em.' 'Well where did you get them?' 'I hooked 'em.'

The New York Herald called John Van Buren the Great Gun of the Barnburners, and John McKeon the Pocket Pistol of the Hunkers.

The French say that Ledru Rollin, who lately made his escape from Paris to London, is making arrangements to publish some *fugitive* poetry there.

There is a young man in New York with a mouth so large that Barnum thinks of exhibiting it as the Mammoth Cave of Kentucky.

*A Classical Question.*—Master Tibbs of the First Form—'Please, sir! If the Romans are destroyed, will there be any more Latin Grammar?'

A man once rushed into a fight, and after beating the combatants indiscriminately, some one asked him which side he was on. 'I beg pardon,' was his reply; 'I thought it was a *free fight!*'

An inmate of a mad house, being asked what brought him there, replied: 'A mere *difference of words*, sir; I said every body was mad, and every body said I was, and the majority carried it.'

'Mr. C——, do you speak French?' 'Semi-occasionally, Madam.' 'It is a beautiful language, but so full of *idiotisms* that I cannot master it.'

The science of imbuing the minds of the rising generation with elements of aristocracy, is termed by the 'United States Journal,' the science of *Haughty*-culture, or a method of refining the breed of pumpkins.

### Miscellaneous Items.

William P. Cook, who was shot by Thomas Lottier at a hotel in Richmond, Va., was a volunteer in the Mexican war, and served with honor in all the battles from Vera Cruz to the city of Mexico. The wars of Venus prove to be the most dangerous.

Mr. Combe, a porter who, when drunk, left a parcel at a wrong door; on becoming sober, he was told of his mistake, but could not remember what he had done with it until the next time he had got drunk, when he at once called to mind the house and went and recovered the parcel.

Since the 4th of July one hundred Gloucester fishing schooners have sailed from that port on their voyages for mackerel, cod and halibut. These vessels were manned by nearly 1000 persons!—The total fleet this year from the port of Gloucester consists of 170 vessels.

An exchange says: 'Gold Fish originally from China, have been naturalized in the Hudson river, near Newburg. A mistake, sir, the fish found in those waters are 'native there, and to the manner hatched.' Their Oriental ancestors have long ago gone to that bourn whence no fishes ever return—except in pickle.

### Quill and Scissors.

In 1798 an actor named John Palmer, whose life had been rendered burthensome by the infidelities of his wife, fell dead upon the stage, in one of the London theatres, while performing the character of the Stranger.

A diamond as large as an egg has just been discovered in California. It is supposed to have been laid by the American eagle. It is of the first water, and is calculated to be worth a great deal, if not more.

Louis Philippe has published a card contradicting the rumor of a union between the elder and younger branches of the Bourbons, and the adoption by the Duke of Bordeaux of the little count of Paris.

The London Athenæum, speaking of Mr. Willis's writings, says—'He stands only in need of bracing processes, to produce permanent in place of ephemeral contributions to the light literature of America.'

A writer in the Journal of Commerce estimates that 75,000 Germans will arrive at New-York alone this year, and that, on an average, each person will bring $40 in coin—making an aggregate of three millions of dollars.

An individual often visited a landscape painter, who had a very beautiful wife, but he always met with the husband. 'Zounds!' said he, one day, to him, for a painter of landscapes you are very seldom in the country!'

James M. Jones was found near the bank of the canal, at Savannah, Geo., on the 7th inst., killed by three buckshot wounds in the head. How he came to be shot is a mystery.

The Bangor Whig, of Saturday, says that there were ten persons killed during the riot between the Orangemen and Catholics at St. John. The number of wounded has not been ascertained.

More than seventeen million passengers traveled over railroads in Massachusetts the last four years. Only fifty-six persons were killed, and sixty-five injured.

There are about thirty public journals in Greece, eighteen of which are published in Athens. Some of them are daily papers conducted by learned and accomplished men.

Dr. Holland says, that 'if persons are always supposing that they are liable to a certain distemper, the nerves will so act on the part that it is very likely to come upon them.'

The Water Health Almanac for 1850 is published. It tells all about hydropathy, and how to provoke vomiting by tickling the throat with the feather-end of a quill.

Maj Esperin, of Bavay, France, has 'got out' a new plum, called Drap d'Or de Esperin. Van Houtte, the Belgic nurseryman, asks only ten dollars apiece for the trees.

The sale of flour in bags is becoming quite a trade between the New York millers and the East. The bags are of sufficient size to hold a barrel.

A lady in Washington, in consequence of inflammation produced by wearing a tight ring, recently had her finger taken off at the knuckle joint.

The four superintendents of factories at Manchester, N. H., at a salary of about $3000 each, were formerly operatives in the mills, as also were each of their wives.

A boarding-house keeper in Baltimore offers to furnish 'gentlemen with pleasant and comfortable rooms—also one or two gentlemen with wives.'

Late advices from Havana report that the yellow fever was raging, and that the mortality amounted to forty per cent. of the cases.—There was no cholera.

The Hudson River is low beyond precedent. The larger class of steamers are constantly detained below Albany, and freight boats daily ground above Coeymans.

A miser, who died of the heat last week, was opened by a surgeon who expected to find his heart melted; but where that organ is usually located was discovered nothing but a few cinders.

A gentleman observed upon an indifferent pleader at the bar, that he was the most affecting orator that he ever heard; for he never attempted to speak but he excited general pity.

In the Baltimore city court on Saturday, William Hines, colored, was sentenced to death for the murder of Edward Harris, also colored.

Near Lynchburg, Va., on the 14th, Mrs. Barnett, of Missouri, and Mr. George Wells were killed by lightning, with the horses they were riding.

Joseph Daver has been arrested at Cincinnati for the murder of Abraham Reed, in Kensington, about eighteen months since. He has confessed his guilt.

Mr. F. A. Packard declines the presidency of Girard College, from his interest in the publication department of the American Sunday School Union.

The ladies of Richmond, Va., have determined to wear a bow of black ribbon on their left arm for thirty days, as a tribute to Mrs. Madison.

Children under seven years of age should not be confined over six or seven hours in the house—and that time should be broken by frequent recesses.

The island of Tabago, situated about 14 miles from Panama, has been selected by Messrs. Howland and Aspinwall as the depot for their steamers.

A careless compositor lately dissolved the Union by transposing two letters, whereby the United States became the *Untied* States.

Mr. Daniel Williams, of Stratton, Vt., aged 51, was instantly killed, July 10th, in the woods near his house, by the falling of a tree.

The hot weather is drying up all the water. Capt. Abell says if it lasts much longer they'll have to soak the river to make it hold.

In 1590, near Rouen, they found a skeleton whose skull held a bushel of corn, and whose body must have been 18 feet long.

Why is Father Mathew like a great drunkard? Because he is in favor of putting 'rum' down.

Mr. Linen, a Scotch artist, is in Washington for the purpose of taking the portrait of the President.

'Mexico and the United States' is the title of a forthcoming work by Major Kipley, U. S. A.

At Fonda, N. Y., Mr. Van Horn has been arrested for killing Mr. Yates; they quarrelled about a spring of water.

Hon. Chapman Johnson, the head of the Virginia bar, died on the 13th ult., in the 71st year of his age.

The Lockport Courier says that the Catholic church has adopted the 4th of July as one of its holy days.

It is stated that a couple of Quakers in New York have been detected in fitting out vessels for the slave trade.

A letter containing $3000 was stolen from the Washington post-office recently, belonging to Fuhan & Co., brokers in New York.

Mr. Whitman, in Cincinnati, lost in the space of four days, six of his family, including his wife, of the prevailing epidemic.

The Eagle Woolen Mill at Tiverton, Mass. was entirely destroyed by fire lately. The loss is estimated at about $20,000.

A confectioner in London is said to have invented a way of making ice instantly, at a very trifling expense.

It is stated that the Astor House, New York, paying a rent of $30 000 a year, has now only twenty-five persons residing there.

The governor of New Hampshire has appointed Thursday, Nov. 15, as a day of thanksgiving.

Mrs. Garretson, a sister of the late Chancellor Livingston, died lately at Rhinebeck, N. Y. in her 96th year.

The Ohio tax for State purposes, interest on public debt, etc., is three mills on the dollar of valuation.

The Stockbridge Iron Company, Berkshire, Mass., have stopped their furnaces.

The property of Gen. Gaines is to be equally divided between his wife and two sons.

Who ever knew a driver to commit a blunder that he didn't wallop his horse for it.

Frank, the negro who murdered Campbell, was hanged at Clinton, Florida, June 29.

### Local Matters.

#### Father Mathew.

This distinguished apostle of temperance was received to our city on Tuesday of last week with a cordial welcome, by a very large body of the various temperance and Irish societies of the city and neighboring towns. The procession, enlivened by appropriate banners and bands of music, passed through various public streets, to the Adams House, the place of entertainment designated for the city's guest.—Father Mathew wears a very benevolent and pleasing aspect, and won apparently the confidence and regard of all beholders, the good work in which he is engaged opening the way to a favorable impression.

At the Adams House he was introduced to Gov. Briggs and other gentlemen of note. In the afternoon it is estimated that from 25,000 to 30,000 persons assembled on the Common, to see and hear the man who for so long a period has occupied the public mind on both continents. Gov. Briggs, in behalf of the city of Boston, addressed him in a very felicitous manner, tendering with the hand of fellowship, the fullest welcome to this city—the scene of the first efforts to obtain civil and religious liberty. Father Mathew responded in a modest and pertinent address, which was received with loud acclamations. He then retired, and Ossian Dodge the vocalist was introduced, who sang the following song which elicited repeated applauses.

When first our liberty was won,
The world produced a Washington;
And now she's raised another son—
That man, my friends, is Father Mathew.
CHORUS.
Father has come o'er the ocean,
To the sons of Temperance devotion,
And we're assembled with devotion,
To show our love for Father Mathew.

Through many trials he has strove,
To save mankind by deeds of love,
And blessings from the God above
Have ever followed Father Mathew.

Some men, the world's applause to gain,
Have thousands of their brethren slain;
But millions have been saved from pain,
By listening to good Father Mathew.

A dauntless heart and faithful hand
He's given to the temperance band;
Three cheers for Old Ireland,
The land that raised good Father Mathew.

His goodly praises we will sing,
And make the pealing welkin ring,
For surely never was a king
So well beloved as Father Mathew.

A warrior in the cause of right,
And earnest in his zeal and might,
He puts despondency to flight,
Success will follow Father Mathew.

He calls the fallen still a man,
And gives him all the help he can—
Extends to all a brother's hand;
God bless the noble Father Mathew.

To every one I would propose,
Who'd gain relief from many woes,
To gather round before he goes,
And take the pledge from Father Mathew.

All your attention I would summon,
Every person, man and woman,
Assembled here on Boston Common,
To take the pledge from Father Mathew.

Other addresses followed, and at 7 o'clock the multitudes dispersed, gratified with the intellectual entertainment afforded them, and happy to award the meed of honor to one whose influence for good shall long be felt, and the laurels of whose peaceful fame shall encircle his brow to a far distant posterity, and find a lasting memorial on the tablet of time.

### The Watering Places!

We hear that Newport is thronged, Nahant is full, Gloucester crowded, and every nook and corner of the sea-coast affording comfortable quarters, is occupied. The city is quite lonely and deserted, and will be so for some weeks yet; but we look for a prosperous opening of business this fall for all trades and callings, and the town will once more assert its supremacy for gayety, life and fashion. For our own part we don't much affect the summer, but weather is so debilitating, and one cannot manage with it so conveniently as can be done with the cooler months of the year; but we are all for change. The fact is, summer is here, and we wish for fall and winter.

### Pleasure Travel to the North and East.

Owing to the prevalence of the cholera at the South and West, pleasure travel from large towns and cities has been diverted to Vermont, New Hampshire and Maine, and many country taverns have a plethora of fashionable people, who dine daily on boiled pork and potatoes and New England Indian pudding; well content with that fare, if only privileged to breathe an air free from pestilence. It is said that so numerous is the company in some of the public houses in the vicinity of the White Mountains, that at night they place travellers on the floor in rows, till they get to sleep, and then set them up against the wall, and lay down another set, and so on till all are accommodated.—*Transcript.*

The Transcript man will particularly oblige us by taking our hat. The above is decidedly the best story of the season. Setting them up against the wall is 'good!'

Rara Avis.—If any of our readers should ever happen to come across a neutral political paper, wont they just send us word? We know three or four papers in this city, started as strictly neutral in politics, that are so one-sided now, that there is imminent danger of their being thrown on their beam ends.

Coombs and Symmes.—Did we tell our readers that this firm have a capital periodical depot at No 15 State Street, where the freshest publications can always be found at the lowest prices? The Flag is to be found at the counters of Messrs. C. & S. as soon as issued from the office of publication.

At the Revere House.—Hiram Fuller, Esq., editor of the New York Mirror, has been stopping at the Revere for some days. Mr. Fuller is one of the best paragraphists and editors in the country. As a letter-writer, also, he has all the piquancy of Willis, without his egotism. This paper is deservedly popular.

Cooling them off.—Our city authorities called out an engine company the other day, and quelled a riot, by 'squirting' Cochituate water on the mob. It is a great way of throwing a damper upon refractory spirits.

Incendiaries.—We rejoice that some of the heartless wretches who have been setting fire to buildings in this city and vicinity, have been caught. Let the utmost rigor of the law be visited upon them, for example's sake.

The Cholera.—Boston still continues free from the fearful scourge that has swept off so many lives in our Southern and Western cities.

The Giant and Giantess at the Museum, are tall specimens of humanity, a little over eight feet, each of them.

Deer Island.—The city government are about erecting a new and extensive almshouse upon this island in our harbor.

Dodge, the vocalist, has gone to the White Mountains to rusticate, and strengthen his voice with the tonic mountain air.

The Rascals.—Our city seems infested by a band of light-fingered rascals. These pickpockets have come north to escape the cholera.

## OUR OLIO COLUMN.

[Written for The Flag of our Union.]

### The Mendicant.

BY WILLIAM H. BLACKBURN.

'Mistress Jane,' the servant cries,
'A man is at the door;
Alas! he's blind in both his eyes,
And lame, and very poor.
A little boy is at his side—
They both look very slim;
What shall I do?' the servant cries—
'Why, Bridget, let them in.'

With grateful heart the mendicant
Is now within the door;
'Alas!' the boy exclaims, 'he can't
Speak or ope his eyes no more.'
The lady of the house appears—
Says she, ''tis sad indeed;
Young man, those evening trickling tears
Betoken want and need.'

'Alas!' the boy exclaims, ''tis true;
Poor father, he is dumb,
And I'm a poor, lone orphan child,
For mother I have none!'
''Tis sad indeed!' the lady cries,
'My poor old man!' she spoke,
'O that you could but ope your eyes,
And from your sleep awake!'

'You sure must suffer greatly—speak!
How long have you been dumb?'
'Alas!' he cries, 'for many a week,
True, madam—' 'Father, mum!'
Exclaims the youth; 'you're dumb, you know;
Why, what are you about!
Come, father, we had best be off;
How foolish to speak out!'

'Well, so I was,' the man exclaims,
While opening both his eyes;
'But then her lady cured me though,
Of all my maladies!'
Impostors oft are daily seen,
Feigning some ill, 'tis true;
And oft succeed—pray mark them well,
Or else they may gammon you.

[Written for The Flag of our Union.]

### A Parody.

BY MINA MERTON'S SISTER.

Dark is the night! how dark! no stars, no moon!
Bright glows the fire, he'll surely be here soon;
She watches anxious by the window side
For him she vowed to love—next week a bride!

Hark! 'tis his step—'tis past, 'tis gone! how still!
Ah, when he comes, I'll pull his hair, I will!
Why should he linger thus? he knows I hate
To sit alone—ah me—the clock strikes eight!

Lighted is Jones's parlor—yes, he's there!
For Lucy Jones he leaves me to despair!
Leaves love—leaves truth—his Sally Ann—and yet,
I might have known 'twas all that I should get!

Yet I'll not fret me, for 'tis all in vain;
O, how I'll tease him when he comes again!
How dark it is! I wish the moon would shine—
Why don't he come? alas, the clock strikes nine!

Will he desert me thus? he knows I wait
In patient loneliness! - is that the gate?
Ah no, the sound is gone! it is not he!
O, will he come no more? it cannot be!

Hark! how the hinges squeak—'tis Jones's gate!
'Tis cruel to torment and make me wait
All the long evening for a tardy spark!
I never will forgive him for it—hark!

'Tis nothing but the wind—the air grows chill;
Suspense like this is quite enough to kill
A woman when such vile, deceitful men
Serve them so bad!—why now the clock strikes ten!

She's gone—she's gone! the sparkling fire hath fled!
Poor Sally Ann has gone up stairs to bed;
Outstretched beneath the sheet, in solemn rest,
She slumbers like a squirrel in its nest!

The truant lover came too late—O heaven!

### The Hot Season.

BY O. W. HOLMES.

The folks that on the first of May
Wore winter coats and hose,
Began to say on the first of June,
'How wretched hot it grows!'
At last two Fahrenheits blew up,
And killed two children small,
And one barometer shot dead
A tutor with its ball!

Now all day long the locusts sung
Upon the leafless trees;
Three new hotels warped inside out,
The pumps could only wheeze;
And ripe old wine, that twenty years
Had cobwebbed o'er in vain,
Came spouting through the rotten corks
Like Joly's best champagne!

The Worcester locomotives did
Their trips in half an hour;
The Lowell cars ran forty miles
Before they checked the power;
Roll brimstone soon became a drug,
And loco-focos fell;
All asked for ice, but everywhere
Saltpetre was for sale.

Plump men of mornings ordered tights,
But ere the scorching noons,
Their candle moulds had grown as loose
As Cossack pantaloons!
The dogs ran mad—men could not try
If water they would choose;
A horse fell dead—he only left
Four red hot, rusty shoes!

But soon the people could not bear
The slightest hint of fire;
Allusions to caloric drew
A flood of savage ire;
The leaves on heat were all torn out
From every book at school,
Full many blackguards kicked and caned,
Because they said, 'Keep cool!'

The gas-light companies were mobbed,
The bakers all were shot,
The penny press began to talk
Of lynching Doctor Nott;
Then all about the warehouse steps
Were angry men in droves,
Crashing and splintering through the doors,
To smash the patent stoves!

The abolition men and maids
Were tanned to such a hue
You scarce could tell them from their friends,
Unless their eyes were blue;
And when I left, society
Had burst its ancient guards,
For Brattle Street and Temple Place
Were interchanging cards!

### Coming Events.

There's a good time coming, girls,
A good time coming;
Then we all shall married be,
And ended single misery,
In the good time coming.
Pouting lips may gain our end,
But coaxing words are stronger;
We'll win our conquest by their aid—
O wait a little longer.

There's a good time coming, girls,
A good time coming;
Husbands shall no longer rule,
And treat their wives like girls at school,
In the good time coming.
But we'll assert a woman's right,
And make our influence stronger,
And raise a revolution quite—
O wait a little longer.

There's a good time coming, girls,
A good time coming;
Soirees then we'll give, and balls,
And have delightful opera stalls,
In the good time coming.
With loves of bonnets, shawls and gowns,
O, shan't we come out stronger,
And never fear a husband's frowns—
O wait a little longer.

There's a good time coming, girls,
A good time coming;
Then we'll pack our family
Up into the nursery,
In the good time coming;
The children then may learn to write
And read when they get stronger;
Meantime they all may romp and fight,
And wait a little longer.—*Gateshead Obs.*

### Epigram.

A wife once kissed her husband and said,
'My own sweet Will, how dearly I love thee!'
Who ever knew a lady, good or ill,
That did not love her own sweet will.

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[Written for The Flag of our Union.]

### Voices of Nature.

BY BENJAMIN D. FERNALD.

Come forth into the open air, and list
To Nature's teachings.—BRYANT.

There is an eloquence in nature, which,
As with her countless voices joined in one,
She speaks the language of the universe,—
Is ever teaching unto man a great
And solemn lesson—that of praise to Him
Whose matchless wisdom and whose boundless love
Has formed this wondrous earth on which we dwell
And spread the heavens, that pathway where the sun
Goes his diurnal round, dispensing life
And light to myriad worlds that throng around
His way, and when the night has thrown its pall
Of darkness o'er the scene, surrenders up
His charge to the pale moon's softer light,
And the mild radiance of stars.
Sweet spring,
That wakes all nature from her deathlike sleep,
Loosing the streams that winter's icy hand
Has chained, to send them bounding on their way;
Bright summer, with her lovely flora, that beams
With sunny smiles, and in her queenlike robes
Arrayed, all fringed with flowers; autumn, with
Her ripened fruits and yellow harvests, and
The falling leaf—first sign of nature's great
Decay; and winter dark, and drear, and cold,
And stern—and yet so cheerful too, withal—
Who folds the whole within his icy arms,
And o'er them throws a shroud of whitest snow;
All have their voices, ever speaking praise.
The giant oak that rears its leaf-crowned branch
On high, and on the wings of every gale
Is breathing forth its notes of ceaseless praise.
The flower that on the passing breeze away
Its fragrance breathes; the softly murmuring brook,
The bubbling fountain and the rushing stream,
The foaming torrent, and the sparkling rill,
The gently heaving sea, the ocean,
In itself a liquid world—each has a voice,
And in its own peculiar language speaks—
All blending into one great harmony;
And while thus Nature's myriad voices speak
In tones of loftiest praise, 'shall man alone
Be mute?' Shall man alone forget to own
His power and praise—his holy name,
Who in the largest world that glides away through space,
Or smallest flower that opes its tiny leaves
To catch the gentle dew or falling rain,
Reveals his presence, even as his sun,
When set in night, still shines upon the earth
In the reflected light of moon and stars.
O let us join our voice with Nature's tones,
And make the heart a shrine, and offer up
Thereon the choicest incense of our lives;
And doing all things to our Maker's praise,
While life shall last, till death shall gently lay
His hand on us, and summon us from these
Familiar scenes of earth, unto his courts
Above, and there to join our praises with
That angel band around his throne of grace.

[Written for The Flag of our Union.]

### The Roman Boy.

BY G. HUGHAN.

By Rome's proud walls, a boy with broken brand
And tattered banner in his youthful hand,
Paced with firm step the gory walks of death,
And as he went, there came at every breath—
*Ad Mors aut Libertas!*

Around him flashed the sabre's deadly stroke;
Above him rolled thick clouds of driving smoke;
Upon his path the dying close their eyes—
The wounded shriek, and with each groan arise
*Ad Mors aut Libertas!*

He snatches from the field a reeking lance—
On, mid the clank of steel, his feet advance;
He nears the walls where bleeding thousands lie,
And peals upon the air his battle-cry—
*Ad Mors aut Libertas!*

He gains the breach where Gaul's proud sons advance;
Drawn is each sword and couched is every lance;
Fiercely they charge, with vengeance in their eyes—
But as he speeds, and to their shouts replies,
*Ad Mors aut Libertas!*

Their weapons meet, but o'er his fragile form
Bursts the dark cloud of war's destroying storm;
Bleeding he falls—but ere his spirit flies
Back to its home, he shakes his spear and cries—
*Ad Mors aut Libertas!*

[Written for The Flag of our Union.]

### A Remembrance.

BY LUCY SPENCER.

By the river whose waters so tranquilly glide,
'Neath the willows that bend o'er its silvery tide,
We roved when the twilight was gathering grey,
And dreamed of the hours that long since passed away.

We dreamed of the haunts of our childhood so dear;
Of the hopes that long since the sad spirit did cheer;
We dreamed of youth's visions—a golden array,
That departed, alas! like that river away.

We dreamed of the loves that we nursed in the past,
That vanished like leaves borne aloft in the blast;
We dreamed of the joys of life's innocent years,
When the heart knew no sorrow—a stranger to tears.

By the river whose waters so tranquilly glide,
No more may we wander at calm eventide;
But still will that river roll on in its glee,
And as pure and as sparkling its waters will be.

[Written for The Flag of our Union.]

### Stanzas for Music.

BY M. G. DU BOIS.

Love not pleasure, for she'll leave you,
Like the clouds from yonder sky;
If you trust her, she'll deceive you,
By her false, alluring cry.
Though you seem to grasp her tightly,
'Tis a phantom you possess;
And you'll find at last, there's rightly
No true earthly happiness.

I once loved a beauteous maiden—
Life was then a summer's day;
When came sickness, and that maiden,
Like a flower, passed away!
Thus bright pleasure soon will leave you—
'Tis a phantom you possess;
If you trust her, she'll deceive you
By her smile and warm caress.

[Written for The Flag of our Union.]

### The World of Dreams.

BY J. H. G.

The world of dreams—a fairy land,
Where youthful spirits roam,
And Hope, a pleasant guardian stands,
To drive fond Dreams home.

For in that bright, congenial clime,
Like fabled realms of old,
Unmarked by sight of care or time,
The mind's bright banquet's held.

And neither thoughts of doubt or pain,
Nor pangs of dread despair,
Can break the peaceful, soothing strain
That's ever warbled there.

## MISCELLANEOUS.

[Written for The Flag of our Union.]

# FIVE YEARS:

OR, THE

## STORY OF LINDEN LODGE.

A ROMANTIC EPISODE OF AN EVERYDAY LIFE.

BY FRANCIS A. DURIVAGE.

Five years ago a happy family was gathered beneath the roof of Linden Lodge, a pleasant farm-house in one of the rural counties of Massachusetts which derived its name from a beautiful grove of linden or lime-trees, which, stretching along the road, raised a verdurous wall that marked the eastern boundary of a small estate. There were other trees about the place, the feathered aspen, the graceful maple, and the hardy oak, but it was the linden grove which first attracted the eye of the visiter and was the last to leave his memory. Five years ago not a shadow of care disturbed the repose of the tenants of Linden Lodge—Old Paul Melton, the proprietor of the estate, cultivated his paternal acres, content with his lot and proud of his still handsome wife, his young son, who bore his name, and the sprightliness and charms of his daughter May, a girl of sixteen, graceful as a fawn and fresh and radiant as a spring morning. The old gentleman and his wife had been both well educated, and the former had, in his early days, occupied a high position in the neighboring metropolis, but pecuniary misfortunes had stripped him of most of his worldly possessions, and he retired to the little farm, which, [illegible] bly to his family. Here they lived, comfortably and well, enjoying that

—golden mean
Which lives contentedly between
The little and the great.

They had books and music, fruit and flowers, and a few friends, who dropped in occasionally to enliven their little circle.

It was amid the happiest and most healthful influences that May Melton grew up to womanhood. Her education was domestic and conducted under the superintendence of her father, who found in it a relaxation from the manual toil exacted by his farm. In her idler hours, she ranged the woods and fields with the freedom of a bird, pausing now and then to gather a wild-wood flower, or to sketch some pleasing features of the landscape. But her favorite art was music, for which she had an undoubted talent. She played well on the piano, but she used that instrument chiefly as an accompaniment to her fine voice. She saluted the morning with a song—she 'warbled her native wood-notes wild' in the heart of the forest, and by the deep streams, and on the hill-tops, wherever her free spirit impelled her roving steps. Her voice was the charm of the fireside in winter, and on Sabbath evenings in summer, the traveller has often paused by the garden-gate to listen to the choral hymns of Linden Lodge, in which the voice of May rose clear as the song of a bird upon the evening air. This was five years ago.

May was strolling one day in the woods, warbling as usual to herself, when she was suddenly accosted by a gentleman, a stranger, whom she encountered at a turn of the woodland path. He was a man of middle life, tall and elegantly formed, dressed in a sort of hunting costume, but carrying in his hand one of those sketching-portfolios employed by itinerant artists. His dark complexion and moustache proclaimed him a foreigner—probably a Spaniard or Italian. He raised his cap gracefully and saluted with respect the young lady who had suddenly paused in her song.

'I beg your pardon, mademoiselle,' he said, with a slight foreign accent, 'but I have lost my way, and I presume you can direct me to W——.'

'You have indeed wandered from the road,' replied May, 'but you are not far from it, and, as I cannot describe it distinctly, if you will accompany me, I will show it to you with pleasure.'

'I fear I have been trespassing upon some gentleman's ground,' said the stranger.

'This is a part of my father's estate—but in America, sir, the woods are common property, so far, at least, as rambling in them is concerned.'

The gentleman soon found himself in Melton's garden where the owner was at work.—May explained to him the cause of the intrusion, and her father invited the stranger to enter the house and rest himself. The invitation proved acceptable. The stranger offered his sketch-book for examination, and the Meltons found great pleasure in examining the faithful transcripts of scenes with which they were familiar. In turn, May's drawings were produced and elicited warm commendation from the visiter.

'You have a piano,' he remarked, 'will you permit me to touch it? I am something of a musician and love a fine instrument.'

He sat down to the piano and ran his fingers rapidly over the keys. He was no mere amateur—his performance was that of an *artiste*. But when he sang, it was evident that vocal music was his *forte*. His songs, so unexpected and so welcome, were rapturously applauded by the little circle who listened to him, all of whom were musical amateurs.—After he had concluded, he begged May to replace him at the piano, and though she would fain have excused herself, her father insisted on her compliance with the wishes of the stranger. She sang one or two of her favorite ballads. The stranger listened in wrapt admiration, tears gushed freely from his eyes, and when she had concluded her performance he thanked her with a fervor which attested his sincerity.

'Believe me,' he said to Mr. Melton.—'Talents like your daughter's are indeed rare—and my opinion may possess some weight—when I tell you I am a professional singer. My name is Montaldi.'

Paul had seen notices of this man in the New York papers, in connection with the Italian Opera company of that city; but though flattered by his encomiums of his daughter's talent, he was not much pleased at discovering that he was a professional artist, for he had that prejudice against the stage so common in America.

Montaldi rose to take leave, and was not pressed to prolong his visit or repeat it.

'I am staying for a few days,' said the *artiste*, 'at the hotel in W——, rusticating, and I shall be indeed most happy, if I can be permitted to return again to a place where a chance call has been rendered so agreeable.'

Mr. Melton merely bowed, but the sparkling eyes of May atoned for the coldness of her father.

And he came again—often. To make a long story short, while the parents permitted his visits, he won the heart of the daughter. His talents and accomplishments, his manly beauty, his grace, his gentleness, the interest he imparted to his travel's history, the resemblance he bore to her heroes of romance, excited a sway over the susceptible imagination of May which she did not struggle to withstand. Henceforth, the flowers, the woodlands, the streams, the stars, her familiar objects of delight from infancy, failed of their attraction in her eyes,—one image reigned supreme in her heart.

Her parents frowned upon her attachment, and repulsed Montaldi. They knew nothing of him save that he was a foreigner, a stage singer, treading a dizzy and doubtful path, and to such keeping they could not commit the fair flower they had reared with so much tenderness. Finally they forbade him the house.

It was a dark and moonless night—five years ago—there was not a breath of air stirring, and the leaves of the linden and even the aspen, that ever trembles at the kiss of the softest zephyr, hung pendulous and stirless.—There was no noise abroad on the midnight air, save the ever-during hum of insects, never silent in their brief holiday existence. A faint note, like that of a bird startled in its leafy nest, was heard by one ear alone—hers for whom it was designed. A door opened cautiously. A light female form brushed past the garden shrubbery, and was soon clasped in the arms of one who was waiting impatiently its coming.

'*Mia bella!*' said a musical voice. 'Lean, dearest, on my arm.'

'Farewell, Linden Lodge! Farewell, peaceful haunts of happiness and joy! Farewell, father and mother! Farewell, young brother—brave, kind and loving.'

May Melton did not dare to utter this prayer, fervent as it was. It was formed in [illegible] trembling lips. Tears gushed from her eyes as she sprang into a light carriage and Montaldi drove her rapidly away.

Next morning, father, mother and brother were seated at the breakfast-table, but the best-loved of all, the darling of the family, was not there. They went to her room—it was empty—the little bed was undisturbed. There were her flowers, lately gathered, the familiar articles of her attire, her favorite books, a crowd of objects that recalled her image by association, but the darling, whose presence was the light and life of all, was gone. The distracted father flew to the village. Montaldi had left his hotel two days before—he returned home heart-stricken and despairing.

Meanwhile May had been driven rapidly across the country. The abductor stopped at length at the principal public house of a small town on the Providence Railroad where they passed the night—to May a wretched one indeed! On the morning of the following day they took the cars for Providence. On the afternoon of the same day they embarked on board a steamboat for New York. It was only as they were, towards sunset, gliding down Narraganset Bay, that May could listen composedly to her lover, whose tenderness and blandishments at length produced their usual effect. He told her of the happiness that was in store for them—of the storied lands they were about to visit—of the triumphs that awaited her, when crowned as the queen of song, princes and poets should welcome with applause and flowers the efforts of the young American. The next morning May opened her eyes upon the forest of masts that gird the empire city, and catch, upon their gilded vanes, the first red beams of morning. From the quay at which May Melton and her lover landed, they were transferred to the deck of a noble ship, crowded with passengers, and just on the eve of spreading her broad wings and daring the surges of the vast Atlantic. There was a great bustle on board—friends taking leave of friends—parents parting from their children, merchants giving final directions to their agents, but of all this motley crowd, May knew but one being—yet he indeed was now her all in life.

At last the bustle subsided, the visiters took their departure, captain, crew and passengers alone remained. A little wheezing, coughing steamer was made fast along side, and the noble ship, obeying the power communicated by the smaller craft, began to move out from the midst of mass of shipping, and turned her prow to the Narrows. Slowly they glided along past the spires of Brooklyn and the white buildings of the quarantine ground at Staten Island, past the cultivated shores of Long Island, the red walls of Fort Diamond, and the frowning batteries of Fort Hamilton, and then, as the breeze had sprung up fresh and strong, the ship was abandoned to her own resources. One by one she unfolded her huge wings, the stars and stripes of the Flag of our Union flaunted from her mizzen-peak, and her signal gun roared a farewell to the shores of America.

May gazed through her tears at the shores of her country till they sank into a strip of dark blue cloud dividing the sea and sky at the horizon.

'Dearest May,' said Montaldi, pressing her hand, 'we shall pass our bridal-moon upon the Atlantic.'

'We are not married yet, Montaldi,' answered May, smiling faintly through her blushes.

'We are united in the eyes of heaven,' answered the Italian. 'In my hurry I had forgotten that there was no clergyman on board. But you are here as my wife—the captain believes you such—we are to share the same apartment—we will be married, dearest, as soon as we touch the soil of France.'

May recoiled in horror from his side. Her purity had taken the alarm. Were these Montaldi's ideas of the holiest relation of life? Had her affection been misplaced? Had this man—for whom she had forsaken parents, brother, home, all she had held most dear,—been coldly and systematically deceiving her? She shuddered and shrank with horror from the idea—but mastering her feelings, she reproached him with the deception he had practised, and told him that until their union had been solemnized, she should rely upon his honor and count on his respect. More she could not say in the position in which he had placed her. Montaldi heard her declaration with an ill grace, but he soon found that her principles were inflexible.

The voyage was a rapid one, and in less than a month after leaving New York they debarked at Havre. Hence Montaldi took his affianced bride by post to Paris. The novelty of everything she saw revived the spirits and the buoyant hopes of May, and when the column of the Place Vendome first met her eyes, she realized with joy that she was indeed entering that gay capital of which she had read and dreamed so much.

She was installed in handsome apartments in the Boulevard Italien, and there Montaldi left her, to prepare, as he said, for their approaching nuptials. But she did not see him for two days. It was on the second day of her arrival in Paris that Montaldi came. It was evening, and the lamps had long been lit in the metropolis. He was shown up by the *garçon*, and entered with a gay and *nonchalant* air, humming an opera tune.

'My dear girl,' said he, 'I have been a sad truant—but business—that curse of life—has kept me away from you. Thank heaven! I have a congé for to-night, and that is due to you.'

May begged him to be seated—but had learned to look on him with distrust—his conduct was strange and inexplicable.

'May,' said he, 'I have a confession to make. Though I love you dearer than life itself—I cannot fulfil all my promises to you—I am a married man!'

Had a thunderbolt fallen in the room, the poor girl could not have been more astounded. She gazed upon the speaker for a moment in bewilderment, and then bursting into a flood of tears, sank upon her knees, and clasped her hands upon her breast.

Montaldi raised her. 'Cheer up, *ma mignonne*,' said he, 'things are not so bad. I will be to you all I promised, save in name. The bonds of love are light in Paris—'

'Silence!' cried May, indignantly. 'I will not listen to you, villain. You have all but ruined me, but my soul is stainless, and though you once possessed my heart, it now revolts against you.'

'Remember,' said Montaldi, 'you are in my power—a stranger in a strange land—penniless—you *must* accept my protection, or starve.'

'Then I will starve,' said May.

Montaldi advanced towards her.

'Keep back, sir,' said the indignant girl, 'or I will alarm the house and you will be eternally disgraced.'

'Well, then,' replied Montaldi, 'I will leave you, but remember that, sooner or later, you will fall into my clutches.'

He left the apartment and went down stairs where he inquired for the master of the house.

'Madame,' said he to the latter, mentioning May's name, 'is no longer under my protection—and I am not answerable for her debts. You had better present your bill to her at once.'

The terrified landlord adopted the advice on the instant. Poor May was without the means of satisfying him. But she had some trinkets of trifling value, and though most of them were keepsakes, she did not hesitate about parting with them for a moment. Fortunately, she spoke French, and the landlord, though a hard man, was not a swindler, and readily directed her to the *Mont de Piété*, where she realized a trifling sum on her deposit. With this she paid her bill, and then sought a humble lodging, a *mansarde*, in an obscure quarter of the city. This accomplished, she looked out for some employment by which she could subsist. A poor *grisette*, who lived upon the same floor, enabled her to get some needlework, and by this means she contrived for a few weeks to keep soul and body together. Sometimes she thought of writing home to her parents for aid—but would they not turn a deaf ear to her entreaties? would they believe her strange story? her innocence in the midst of peril and temptation? Sadly she turned from this idea and resolved to rely upon her own resources. It would be sad and tedious to pursue her monotonous career in that city of Paris which seemed a gay world to all but herself. Montaldi she saw no more, but she learned that he had gone to Italy. Her only consolation, in the midst of her troubles and sufferings, was in repeating sometimes the songs with which she had enlivened her former home.—But even this was a sad consolation. One day, however, when she was singing, rather louder than usual, and had left her door ajar, she was surprised by the visit of an old music-master, who with his family lived upon the floor below. Delighted with her voice, he offered to give her instruction gratuitously.—She embraced the offer eagerly, in the hope of its opening some way of escape from her present painful position. She made rapid progress under the tuition of her old friend, in the *science* of music. One day he begged permission to bring a friend to listen to her performance. The stranger was a man of commanding appearance and gentlemanly in his manners.

'Well, *maestro*, what do you think of that?' asked the old music-master.

'Wonderful,' was the reply. 'Mademoiselle, answer me one question,' he continued, 'would you have the courage to sing in public?'

'I dare do anything honorable to gain my bread,' was the reply.

'Then, mademoiselle, you will hear from me again.'

He handed her his card and took his leave. When her visiters were gone, May glanced at the card, and read, with astonishment, the name of Rossini.

* * * * * *

An immense crowd was assembled at the Italian Opera house to witness the *debut* of a new singer in the part of Amina in La Sonnambula. A lovely creature, dressed in white, and paler than her robes, advanced to the foot-lights, the focus of a thousand opera glasses. It was not without some trepidation that she uttered her first notes, but at the very first pause in her vocalization, the house rang with *bravo*. The critical and excitable Parisian public was taken by storm. It was reserved for an American *prima donna* to triumph on the boards that had been trodden by Pasta and Grisi. When the *directeur* announced that she had been engaged for nine nights, a perfect thunderstorm of applause ratified his action. May Melton had realized the predictions of Montaldi.

* * * * * *

On a summer evening, as the tenants of Linden Lodge were preparing to retire, a light knock at the front door arrested their attention. Mr. Melton opened it, and a lady muffled into the sitting-room. A tall youth of fourteen started up and gazed upon her face: 'Mother! Father!' he exclaimed, 'this is our own dear May come back to us!'

And so it was. Five years had passed—and there she was again—as pure, as lovely, as loveable as ever. The light shone as clearly as ever from her dark eyes, her lips were as innocent, as sunny her smile. And back she was taken to their home and hearts—her error forgiven—her sufferings received as expiation for that single false step which entailed such serious consequences. And they could hardly realize as they sat together that she had ever left them, that she had crossed the ocean, that she had toiled and suffered and triumphed, that she had been, for ten days, the wonder and the rage of Paris, and that then, with the proceeds of a single benefit, she had renounced the brilliant career opened before her, and had come back, plain, or rather pretty May Melton, to end her days where she had passed her happiest hours, in Linden Lodge.

A man finds that what, in the heat of the carousal, and in the perfect carelessness of friendship, he has said to his friend, is repeated to people whom he would never have said it to, knowing that it would be sure to be misunderstood, or half-understood by them. A man grows cautious; and is very loth to communicate to anybody his more cherished opinions, unless they fall in exactly with the stream

[Written for The Flag of our Union.]

### Loneliness.

BY M. A. DUFFIELD.

I am alone—I walk alone—
I muse upon the past;
Its scenes too bright and beautiful,
Too beautiful to last.

The old familiar songs of praise
Seem trembling on the air;
The tones that mingled in the lays
I nevermore may hear.

Brother! thy spirit was my guide,
'Twas my directing ray;
Since thou art gone, my pilgrimage
Is but a weary way.

I sometimes fancy that the wind
Bears back a pleasant tone;
I listen then to catch the strain,
But, ah, 'tis quickly gone!

And then my father, sister dear,
They, too, have left my side;
The path is drear we used to roam,
At twilight's eventide.

The skies on which we loved to gaze—
The earth with flowery zone—
The fires that blazed upon our hearth—
Were bright and joyous then.

But now, I think of all, and mourn
For those forever fled;
The dear ones who have gathered here
Lie mingling with the dead.

I miss affection's welcome kiss,
The clasping of the hand,
The pleasant sound of whispered bliss,
Within the household band.

O, in my hours of loneliness
I see a pensive smile,
I feel a soft arm twined in mine,
That did my cares beguile.

A father's words to thy soft cheek
The glowing smile would send;
While with a sister's look of joy
Thine own would fondly blend.

My fancy wanders through each haunt
Of the pleasant, leafy shade,
I muse once more by the sunny wave,
And rest on the flowery glade.

I miss them—and I gather up
The memories of the past;
O'er scenes where they have lived and loved
A hallowed spell is cast.

### Popping the Question.

On Tuesday evening (a few minutes before the lighting of the gas), while contemplating the magnificent head, by De La Roche, of our Saviour, we heard a gentleman say, in a low but anxious voice:

'Helen—Miss ——, I mean—how—'

'What did you say, sir?' inquired the lady.

'Ah! Helen—may I—for—there—you—know—O—ah!'

'O dear,—don't—mercy on me!'

'You know, Helen, how much I don't—'

'O—ah—what a sweet place this is—'

'Pshaw for the place! Love, Helen, dear Helen, will make any place sweet.'

'O, Charles! O, dear,—O—say no more—'

'Answer me! answer me!'

'O, my! I feel so queer!'

'I adore—'

'Hush! somebody may hear you—'

'I love you, Helen, and I don't want to live any longer if you—'

'O, Charles—Charles!'

'But I must know my fate—I—I—I—don't turn away! I adore you, Helen!'

'O, Heavens—sustain me—I droop—'

'Dearest Helen—answer me—will you—angelic being—will you be mine?'

'What shall I say—oh—ah—dear me—dear me.'

'Say yes—dearest—yes—'

'O—ah—yes!'

Frightened almost out of our wits, we hastened out of the room; but as we went, we heard a volley of most energetic kisses. What a place to pop the question in!—*City Item.*

### Jim's Precocity.

It is not known at what precise day the genius of *Jim* first made itself manifest, although there is a vague family tradition that it was first developed by the following circumstance. One morning when about five years old, young James, in taking a stroll through the fields with his mother, observed a goose with a yoke upon its neck endeavoring to force its way through the bars of an adjacent fence, tempted by the sight of a pond of fresh water and a body of its brethren waddling therein. The novel sight so excited his ideas that he slapped his hands to his side in the same manner that a rooster flaps its wings over a fallen adversary, and shouted with all the force of infantine lungs. 'By gosh! Ma, if there aint a goose with *corsets* on.'—The goose gave the young joker a grave look, and walked off with a measured step and dignified air, leaving the young genius to whistle Yankee Doodle to his delighted ma. It is a remarkable circumstance that whenever the *bipeds* which *infest* our city catch a glimpse of his figure looming round a distant corner, they invariably set up a shrill cry, and *scud*. Whether the story has been handed down to them through their ancestors, or whether Master *Jim* carries a handful of pebbles in his pocket, we are at a loss to determine. Be this story as it may, our hero has always borne a marvellous attachment to *fowl flesh*, and we doubt not he has used up many a goose in his day.—*Horn's Weekly Journal.*

### Puns.

From the first number of Horn's Weekly Journal, we extract a number of new witticisms by that celebrated punster.

Walking with a friend through Centre-street, the punster noticed a cluster of second-hand boots hanging at the door, indicating one of those shops where old boots are bought, repaired, and re-sold.

'Come,' said he to his friend, 'let us look in here; pre-haps we can make a trade. Are these boots for sale, sir?' inquired Horn of the proprietor.

'Yes, sir.'

'It will not take you long to dispose of them,' continued the wag, 'for I perceive they are nearly all *half-soled* already.'

'Have you seen Tom Hood this morning?' asked a friend.

'Yes—I have just left the newsroom, and I saw Tom Reading there.'

A poor woman entered his office, asking charity, and touchingly related a tale of better days. A clerk gave her a few pence, and as she went away, remarked what changes that poor woman has met with.

'Yes,' responded the wicked wag, 'and the last is probably the smallest change of them all.'

The Ferry-master at Jersey City charged Horn, the other day, the same toll for a saddle horse only as for a horse and buggy—remarking, with a queer look, that, when Horn rode, there was evidently a horse and a *wag on*.
*Literary American.*

### West Point and the Catskills.

Let us go back to the Hudson. Stop, ye who travel, one day at West Point. That Cozzens gives noble dinners; his wines are superb; and the man who likes not creature comforts, is a bad member of society. Go thou likewise to the Catskill Mountain House, whence you shall look down beneath the clouds on smiling counties, and towns and cities, spread forth as on a map, at your feet. 'There,' said Natty Bumpo, 'you can see—creation!' The Hudson like a ribbon; the boats and sails on its blue and gleaming breast not much larger than buoys and handkerchiefs. O, 'tis a noble scene!—and when the plains beneath are sweltering in the fervors of summer; when the snake creeps forth on the rock in the sunshine, and the cattle in a thousand meadows consort together under the trees, to breath the air that gathers from the sleepy landscape into their branches; then, at the Mountain House, 'tis calm and cool. I say, reader, be sure to go there; and if it is somewhat too cold in June, it must be nice in July and August.
*Ollapod.*

### Queer Case of Insanity.

The case this morning was that of Mr. Tobias Baker, charged with insanity by his wife, Mrs. Sarah Jane Baker. Mr. Baker is a man of sober and subdued aspect, decently dressed, and seemingly about fifty years old. Mrs. Baker is a keen-eyed, sallow matron, of spare figure and commanding stature, being half a head taller than her husband, who stood meekly by her side, while she made her complaint.

'If you please, sir,' said Mrs. Baker to the mayor, 'I want to have something done with my old man here, for I don't think its safe to let him go about.'

'Why not?' inquired his honor; 'he does not look like a dangerous person.'

'Looks are very deceiving,' observed Mrs. B.—'For all he seems so quiet just now, he's crazy as a loon.'

'What does he do that looks like madness?' asked the mayor.

'Why, he kicks hideously sometimes, when he's asleep,' remarked Mrs. B.

'That may be all owing to the fleas or nightmare.'

'Nightmare! I never heard of such a mare as that,' said Mrs. B. 'But why should any kind of a mare make a man kick like a horse! Then, again, he's got such a monstrous appetite; he'll eat as many as six big potatoes at a sitting.—Would any man in his right senses do the like of that?'

'If the potatoes were well cooked, madam, I should think he might.'

'Well, I never! A man with his seven senses, to eat six potatoes! Then, again, sometimes he seems so fond of me that he's ready to eat me up.'

'That does look a little suspicious, I must confess,' remarked his honor.

'I guess it does: he'd be hugging and kissing me half the time, if I would let him.'

'A very decided symptom of an unsound intellect, I must say,' observed his honor, thoughtfully scanning the countenance of Mrs. B.

'But the worst of it all is,' cried Mrs. B., growing more warm, 'he wont let me keep the cash, and buy what I take a notion to. Don't that show how crazy he is?'

'You hear,' said his honor, addressing the accused, 'you hear the charge, Mr. B. What can you say to it?'

'I'm not sure but she's right,' answered B. 'I must have been crazy when I married her, and the trouble I've had since was not calculated to make me any straighter.'

'I think,' said the mayor, after a pause for consideration, 'you had better try him a while longer. If he continues his strange capers, and especially that hugging and kissing of yourself, let us know, and we will take care to put him in safe keeping.'
*Phila. Pennsylvanian.*

[Written for The Flag of our Union.]

### Departed One.

BY LOUISE.

'Thou wert dear to this heart of mine!
Dearer to me was that mild blue eye,
Than the lamp on wisdom's shrine.'

Fain would I wish, departed one,
That from that unknown shore,
Thou couldst to us again return,
And thy sweet light restore.

That from the groves and forest shades
Of that far spirit land,
Thy presence might once more rejoin
Our lonely household band.

The haunts thou lovedst to tread are green,
And gemmed with many a flower;
And brightly blooms the clustering vine
Which shades thy garden bower.

Full well I know no plaint of mine
May reach thy raptured ear;
No voice, save notes of seraphim,
In paradise thou'lt hear.

Though brightly blooms thy childhood's home,
As erst of old 'tis fair,
No earthly charm can lure thee back
To taste the pleasures there.

[illegible]
The thought that thou art blest
Shall calm these wayward cries of mine,
And give my spirit rest.

Though tears of grief have dimmed my eye,
And sorrow chilled my heart,
I'll joy thy gentle spirit hears
In earthly tears no part.

### Proud and Poor.

The family of Mrs. Brown, good widow, consisting of six daughters, had the misfortune to be poor and proud. Above the gross vulgarity of manual labor, though not above its necessity, they lived in 'stuck-up' idleness, and depended mainly on the hard earnings of the mother for support. Finally, Maria, who was the youngest and rather pretty, managed to win the heart and hand of the village physician, and got married. The alliance being considered as a decided step 'up in the world' by all the family, the single sisters grew prouder and lazier than ever, while the doctor's wife took on a new and improved set of airs to match her advancement, in the scale of 'good society.' Being comfortably bestowed in her new house, she began to feel the need of somebody to mind the pots and kettles; and seeing a neighbor (a thrifty mechanic who used to be 'boss' to her father in the same carpenter's shop), going past the door, she called out to him, in an affected manner, to know 'where she should find a servant?'—expecting to get an offer of one of his daughters. 'Well, I don't know,' said the carpenter, 'help is a little hard to be got just now, but there is the widow Brown's girls, who I should think you might get, as they are dreadful poor, and seem to be always out of work.' Some neighbors who overheard the colloquy say that madam retreated into her house with a precipitancy that was quite alarming to behold, and never spoke of the carpenter afterwards, but as 'a vulgar fellow who knew nothing of the proper distinctions of society.'—*Post.*

[Written for The Flag of our Union.]

### Forget me not.

BY S. G. W.

Forget me not, my dearest friend, O never
Let Lethe's stream flow cold upon thy heart;
For Fate, that oft the nearest ties will sever,
May in a moment bid o'er us to part.
Yet O, forget me not, though from thee parted,
And wide the ocean billows roll between;
But to each other true and constant-hearted,
Let us still be as we have ever been.

Forget me not—for in my soul implanted
A flower of feeling opens to the day;
O, quench not thou the hope for which I've panted,
That this one flower shall never fade away.
Changeful is life—by friends and kin forsaken,
The saddest change is when we are forgot;
But let me not from this sweet dream awaken,
To find thee cold and changed—forget me not.

### Dialogue.

One of those fussy, inquisitive, meddlesome, poke-your-nose-into-everybody's business little fellows, of whom we sometimes read, took a seat near us, in the Baltimore car on Tuesday evening. He made himself generally entertaining for an hour, with his droll remarks and funny questions, when an old woman came in; whereupon our little fellow started to his feet and inquired:

'Do you live hereabouts, madam?'

'No, sir.'

'On a visit, I presume?'

'No, sir.'

'No! Come now, that's queer.'

'No, 'taint, I come down to attend a burying.'

'Oh! oh! yes; a funeral—somebody dead, eh?'

'Well, commonly, we don't bury folks down here unless they be dead,' dryly replied the old lady.

The fussy gentleman began to whistle the finale to 'Lucia,' and talked but little during the remainder of the journey.—*Phil. City Item.*

[Written for The Flag of our Union.]

### My Childhood's Home.

BY HARRIET.

My childhood's home was by a stream
Of water bright and clear;
In fancy oft, and oft in dream,
My heart will wander there.

Down by those banks again I stray,
That little stream to view;
And often there again in play
Youth's happy scenes renew.

I launch again my tiny boat
Upon that little rill;
Watching with joy to see it float,
Proud of my childish skill.

I see again the cowslip hill,
In nature's beauty wild;
Enrobed as then, I see it still,
As when I was a child.

But now its beauties may be seen
In fancy's dream alone;
For o'er that once delightful scene
A change, alas, has come!

The cowslip hill is barren now
Of nature's beauteous flowers;
The home that graced its happy brow,
Is gone, that once was ours.

How changed! yet lingers still my heart
In fondness on the spot;
To mark the place in memory's chart
Which ne'er will be forgot.

### Russian Ceremonies.

The Russians have curious customs—for instance their funerals. When a man dies, the priest comes and takes possession of the room [illegible] a number of candles lighted, the priest continuing to mutter his prayers until the funeral takes place. The body is carried to the church, where the relations come and take the hand of the deceased, asking pardon for any offence they have given him in life. A paper is put into his hand, testifying that he was an honest man, and a member of the Greek Church. When he is put into the ground, and the grave filled, food is placed near it for the purpose of propitiating the spirit. Drunkenness and disorder frequently prevail at this ceremony.

Their marriages are also singular. They are always in a church, at the door of which the priest meets the couple, and kisses their hands, at the same time giving them his benediction. They follow him to the altar, and a crown, light, and generally made of silver, is placed upon their heads. This is called the marriage crown. He puts a wax taper into each of their hands, and read a portion of Scripture; a sweet and bitter drink, emblematical of the joys and sorrows of married life, is given to each. The whole service lasts about an hour, and ends by the bride and bridegroom, with all the spectators, following the priest around the altar three times. I was present at the marriage of the Duchess of Olga, second daughter of the Emperor, to the heir apparent of the throne of Wirtemberg, and it was a very beautiful sight. The dresses of the parties, and some of the spectators, who were very numerous, were magnificent.

When a merchant gives a dinner, he and his wife stand behind the chairs of the guests, and wait upon them, receiving the dishes from the servants and placing them on the table. Every time one of the guests asks for more sweetening in his wine, the merchant must march round the table, meet his wife, and salute her. When it is a newly married couple, this ceremony, from the frequency of its being required, often becomes fatiguing to the parties.

The court of Russia is one of the most splendid in the world. The present Empress is excessively fond of balls and shows, and they are very frequent. There is now none of the barbarity which distinguished the court of Queens Catharine and Ann, about a hundred years ago. *Rev. Dr. Baird.*

### Minesota.

This is the euphonious name given to the extensive region lying north of Wisconsin and Iowa, which has just been provided with a territorial government. Several promising settlements have been made within the bounds of the new territory. The soil, for the most part is represented to be very good; the country is finely watered and timbered, and the climate is milder and more genial than the corresponding latitude in New England. We well remember—it was but a few years ago—when flour, pork and potatoes were sent from this port for the supply of a few families settled where now is the beautiful and flourishing city of Milwaukie. Iowa was then unknown, save as a wild hunting ground for the Indians; and we remember publishing by request, the proceedings at Dubuque—then without the limits of the organized States or territories of the Union—of a self-constituted court, to try a man for murder. The few people then at that remote point, though beyond the jurisdiction of the law, elected a judge, sheriff, and a prosecuting attorney, empannelled a jury, assigned the prisoner counsel, tried, convicted, and hanged the murderer; and to show that everything had been right sent us a certified statement of all their proceedings for publication. This was but little more than ten years ago. Now Dubuque is a flourishing town in the limits of the State of Iowa. In a few years more, Minesota, whose name sounds so strangely, will be knocking for admission into the Union as a sovereign State. Nothing in history surpasses, or even equals the growth of the far north-west. The ear scarcely becomes familiar with the names of its territories, and geographers are at a loss to define their limits on the maps that grace our walls, when, like Minerva springing into life in full panoply, they challenge our admiration as firmly constituted, prosperous, independent commonwealths. In truth we have a great and glorious country. Its history is a romance surpassing in its facts the wildest creations of fiction.—*Exchange paper.*

### Witnesses.

We are glad to see that while great exertions are making to enlist public sympathy in behalf of criminals, some philanthropic individuals are taking up the cause of witnesses, those important aids in the cause of justice, and urging their protection against the 'oily gammons' of the bar. By 'taking exceptions,' these smart pettifoggers keep the minor judges in perfect awe, and they suffer the witnesses to remain in the claws of the legal vampires, until, as the Mercury remarks, every drop of blood is sucked out of their veins, and they fall, pale, exhausted and heart-broken, down to the earth. A witness shall go into one of our criminal courts with bounding heart and bright character, and he shall come out of it heart-sick, and blasted in fame, by the arts of the wily counsel, to whose 'tremendous cross-examination' he has been subjected. The more important his testimony, the more it becomes necessary to humbug the jury into the belief that a more detestable vagabond, a more remorseless liar, and gallows-escaped rogue than he who gave it, had never made his appearance in a court of justice. Your character is blasted by a series of artfully put questions, and these are aided or set off by an accompaniment of nods and winks and wreathed smiles addressed to the jury.—*Boston Bee.*

### Beautiful Thought.

Man treads a rugged path, but I thank God that there is a moral compensation (very like some of those physical ones which Paley talks of), which so provides that, however gigantic may be the strides man makes, he never ceases to hear the music of tiny footfalls at his side, keeping even pace with him, and which gives strength to those gentle ones who talk with us, to keep forever close beside us, up mountain sides or across holy plains, or in light, even to the very valley of the shadow of death. Nay, farther on! For if our love die with our clay, and be buried with our dust, wherefore, O, wherefore made he us immortal? I rest in the perfect assurance that human love is so high, so strong, so heavenly, that over it death has no triumph.

We hear of an editor down south, who, we think without exception, is the most industrious man of his time. He is not only his own compositor, pressman and devil, but keeps tavern, is a village postmaster, town clerk, captain of the militia, mends his own boots and shoes, is a pettifogger and notary, deals in red flannel, makes patent Brandreth pills, peddles essences and tin-ware two days in the week, is parish sexton, and always preaches on Sunday when the minister is absent. In addition to this, he has a scolding wife, sixteen ungrateful and disobedient children, and a large circle of needy acquaintances, whom he entertains on conditions unknown to the public. What would the village do without him!

'Well,' soliloquized the venerable Miss Angeline Ida Evergreen, as she folded the newspaper which she had been reading, and laid aside her spectacles, 'this is the most interesting newspaper I have seen for many a day. I believe it is enough to do one's heart good to look at it. Let me see, there is almost a column of deaths, six 'heart-rending occurrences,' one 'murder,' three 'robberies,' three 'suicides,' with all the particulars, besides almost a column of 'distressing epidemics and crimes,' and I declare if there is not a long and thrilling account of an 'execution for murder.' Such a paper ought to be patronized. It furnishes abundance of amusement, mingled with instruction.'

The following story is told of Jemmy Maher, who has so long been the gardener at the presidential mansion, Washington.

The President had heard rumors that Jemmy was accustomed to get drunk and be uncivil to the visiters at the White House; so one bright morning he summoned him into his presence to receive his dismissal.

'Jemmy,' said the General, 'I hear bad stories about you. It is said you are constantly drunk and uncivil to the visiters.'

Jemmy was puzzled for a reply, at last he said: 'General, bedad, I hear much worse stories about you, but do you think I believe them? No, by the powers, I know they are lies.'

A preacher was one day struck with surprise on beholding a beautiful set of curls on the head of a lovely maid, a member of his class, whose hair had been very plain.

'Ah! Eliza,' said he, 'you should not waste your precious time curling your hair; if God intended it to be curled, he would have curled it for you.'

'Indeed,' said the witty maid, 'I must differ from you. When I was an infant he curled it for me, but now I am growing up he thinks I am able to do it myself.'

On the morning of the day of the battle of Brandywine, Hunt, who was called the 'High Priest' by the army (being 7 feet), had scarcely commenced praying to his regiment, when the firing began at a distance, rendering brevity necessary. He therefore concluded with these words:

'Remember, brethren, that those who die in battle sup with the Lord,' and then turned and marched off—when an officer said:

'Parson, are you not going to battle?'

'No, colonel, I am not,' he replied, 'for the Lord knows I never eat supper.'

Frederick the Great was always fond of disputation; but as he generally terminated the discussion by collaring his antagonist and kicking him out, few of his guests were disposed to enter into the arena against him. One day, when he was even more than usually disposed for an argument, he asked one of his suite why he did not venture to give his opinion on some particular subject.

'It is impossible, your majesty,' was the reply, 'to express an opinion before a sovereign who has such very strong convictions, and who wears such *thick boots*.'

'Blessed be the peace-makers,' saith the Holy Writ, 'but I once proved by the cost,' says Dobbs, 'that a peace-maker is not always blessed; for endeavoring to prevent a half-mad woman from annihilating her unworthy husband, I got a bloody nose from the paws of the husband, a severe contusion over the eye from a missile thrown by the lady, was severely pinched by the children, blackguarded by a relative of the family, bitten by the house dog, and finally kicked into the street by the whole of them.' Verily, we live in an ungrateful world.

A curious specimen of this occurred the other day. A French gentleman having been rescued from a ducking in a river, and taken to a neighboring tavern, was advised to drink a glass of very warm brandy and water.

'Sir, I shall thank you not to make it a fortnight.'

'A fortnight,' said he, 'hadn't you better take it directly?'

'O, yes,' said monsieur, 'directly, to be sure, but not a fortnight, *not too weak*.'

An artist who had been employed to construct an angel for the spire of a church in a neighboring town, finished the work with a good pair of shoes on. Some one took occasion to point out the error to him, and asked, 'whoever saw an angel with brogans on?' The artist regarded the work for a moment with an air of mortification, but recovering himself rejoined, 'You may be right, but whoever saw one without?'—*Belfast Journal.*

Bemus went to a fire a few days since, and found the Hose Company playing against the front of the burning building, with such force that the letters on a large sign were becoming obliterated.

'Queer place, this, for a joke,' said Bemus.

'Well, who's a jokin' say?' asked a fireman.

'Why,' replied Bemus, 'isn't that man *playing upon words*?'—*Bee.*

THE PROPER USE OF THE EYES.

Certes, the eyes are not to see with—
No more than wives were made to be with,
Or milk was sent us to drink tea with;
Some sages hint they're formed to weep with,
Others to cast a look like sheep with;
It's my belief they're meant—to sleep with!

Bury berries, be chary of cherries, suspend the currency of currants, appease your hunger without pens, do not buy shell-fish of those who are selfish enough to sell fish, don't be among those who at night are out in the night air, and drink from the well if you wish to be among the well. Well!

The marriage of Col. Bragg, of a 'little more grape' notoriety, is noticed by the New York Globe as follows: 'He should have known that his battery could not resist the *small arms* of woman.'

There is an Alderman in New Orleans who is so fat that he requires two assistants to help him to his official duties! We have one in this city so large that he is capable of being Alderman of two wards at the same time!

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[WRITTEN EXPRESSLY FOR THE FLAG OF OUR UNION.]

# ZULEIKA:

or,

# THE CASTILIAN CAPTIVE.

A Romance of the Time of Ferdinand and Isabella.

BY MARTHA A. CLOUGH.

[CONTINUED.]

## CHAPTER XIV.

East—west—alas I care not whither,
So thou art safe, and I with thee!
Go where we will, this hand is thine,
Those eyes before me smiling thus,
Through good and ill, through storm and shine,
The world's a world of love for us!

MOORE.

MANY weeks had flown away since Isinella de Sartrellar had become an inmate of the Moor's palace, and at the twilight hour she sat by an open casement, thinking bitterly of the past. Thought on swift pinions had borne her to the castle of Leon de Gardonaz; it had been her home, and her heart had in its depths a thousand sweet memories of that stately old dwelling. Its spacious halls, its stained windows, its winding staircases, its gorgeous furniture—she had been familiar with them all from childhood. Many, many times had her joyous laugh resounded through those splendid saloons—many times had her light footfall echoed through those long corridors. How dear had that castellated mansion been to her! How she had wept when she left it with Liteza for the convent where they were to be educated! How many times had she looked back to catch a glimpse of its familiar walls through the trees! How gladly, on their return from the nunnery, had she descried far over the hills its gray turrets, and the banner of that noble house, floating from the lofty tower where Leon had placed it to please the eyes of his gentle sister and the young ward of his father! How had her heart leaped, when, as they drew near the courtyard, the gallant Leon bounded towards them on his fleet Andalusian charger, to welcome them home! What a proud and joyous creature she was, when first presented at court! How happy she had ever been, till she heard from the lips of Leon de Gardonaz that he had never loved her; that he loved another! Strange as it may seem, though he had ever treated her only as a brother, she had suffered herself to cherish a fond dream of affection, till his confession to Liteza had so rudely awakened her.

'Alas!' she murmured, as she thought of all these circumstances, 'Liteza's heart has been doomed to no such disappointment—to no such agony! Ere this, she has become the proud and happy bride of Roderigo! Why was Isinella's love to be lavished on one who could never return it? Ah! when after I smiled on Alphonse de Rastenez for my own amusement, I laughed at his suit, and heard him tell how his heart's hopes had been crushed, I never dreamed that I should know the agony of unrequited affection, which has now, alas! maddened me!' and the strange girl wound her hands wildly together, and bit her lip till the blood seemed gushing forth.

She was indeed magnificent as she stood there, with the large eyes flashing so brightly—the blue veins upon her forehead swollen till they seemed like azure serpents—the white teeth trembling in the full vermilion lips like a pearl-bladed scimitar in a ripe cherry—the jewelled folds of the rich garment heaving like sea-waves above the beatings of that indignant heart, and the snowy fingers locked firmly together. Suddenly the thrill of a guitar-string, then a bird-like prelude—then a musical song fell upon her ear, and now the lips parted—the fingers unclasped, the superb head drooped gracefully—the erect form bent slightly, and the singular being stood in the attitude of a listener. Every note of that song aroused a painful memory—it had gushed forth beneath the touch of her own hand in the orange-bowers of Castile—in the presence of Leon de Gardonaz. She knew that her countrymen had recently made an inroad into Granada; nay more, had even come to the very gates of the royal city. From the loftiest tower of the castle she had seen their banners floating, and their steeds careering over the Vega. She knew that the Castilian captive was among them, for she had seen him twice that very day, not half a league from the city. It needed not these words of Leon de Gardonaz to assure her why he was there.

'Zuleika, dearest I have sped hither from the camp again to meet thee! I could not leave the Vega till I had seen thee; come forth, love, for an hour into the garden! I have watched this castle all day, beautiful one! Almyaz, and his secretary are absent! Come forth for a half hour!'

Isinella waited till she saw Zuleika join him, and then slowly followed them. Again she heard their words of love; again did she hear the cavalier entreat the maiden to fly with him. She heard the tremulous words of the girl, as she told him that she had been betrothed to the secretary, and saw the frown that came over the brow of the brave soldier as he listened.

'And now,' he said eagerly, 'thou wilt not remain here, and be wretched, Zuleika? thou wilt hasten with me to my own land! To-morrow our army will leave the neighborhood of this city. Ere I can again meet thee, thou mayst be the secretary's bride, and thou, and I too, forever miserable! Fly with me to-night, love. When the moon has set I will again be with thee, with a suit of armor such as is worn by my countrymen. My friend, Roderigo de Carllero shall wait not far from the gate of Elvira, with two swift-footed coursers. I will provide other disguises till we are safely out of the city. Then thou canst don the armor and mingle with our followers at daybreak as one of them. Thus shall we reach the castle of Roderigo; my sister is his bride. There thou wilt be free from the persecutions of thy father; wilt thou go, dearest?'

'I will,' responded the girl. 'I cannot stay here and be wretched!'

'Thanks for this, Zuleika; and now we must part till the moon sets; holy Mary protect thee till then!' and with these words the young soldier pressed the hand clasped in his reverently to his lips, and departed.

When Zuleika had entered the palace, Isinella came from her hiding-place.

'I will thwart him,' she said, audibly, and scarcely had she uttered her resolution when she saw Almyaz, and the secretary in the courtyard. Gliding swiftly to them, she revealed what she had just heard. Twilight had scarcely deepened into evening then, and there were several hours to the time that the moon set; but both the nobleman and Eletar vowed that the Castilian captive should ere dawn be in their power. Before they entered the castle they formed a scheme to thwart the lovers, and so deeply were they engaged in their conversation that they marked not the form of an old servant that stole into a thicket near them and heard their words. When they had entered the palace the figure crept noiselessly to the casement, whence Zuleika was gazing, and whispered:

'Zuleika, fair daughter of Almyaz, thy scheme for flight is discovered. At the hour when thou dost expect to meet Leon de Gardonaz, thy father and the secretary have sworn to seize him. If thou wilt join me this moment, and follow my directions, I will prevent this.'

'I can but die!' exclaimed Zuleika, who had made all the preparations for her flight, and in a moment she stood beside the old attendant.

'Do not ask me how I have discovered all this,' he whispered, 'I have not time to tell thee!'

Presently afterwards, two persons, wearing the garments usually worn by the menials of Almyaz's household took their way from the courtyard and walked swiftly towards the gate of Elvira. Here they gave the pass-word, and moved cheerfully on till they were nearly a league from the city; then the taller of the two said, softly:

'Art weary with this long journey?'

'Nay, nay,' replied a musical voice. 'I am flying from misery, remember!'

Still they passed onward till at more than a league's distance from Granada, they met apparently two Moorish noblemen. The younger page lifted a pair of dark, brilliant eyes to the cavalier nearest them! He reined his steed:

'Zuleika!' he exclaimed, 'my own Zuleika!' and he sprang to the ground.

'Hush, hush,' said the old servant, laying his hand upon the young soldier's arm. 'Thou art, despite what thou seemest now, Leon de Gardonaz?'

'Yes, good sir,' replied the cavalier.

'I knew thou wast! Had it not been for what I have heard, thou wouldst in a few hours have been in the power of thy foe. Thy plan was discovered, and *I*, I could not see this maiden forever wretched; I have aided her to come hither. Holy Allah pardon me, if I have erred, but I could not see the sweetest flower in Granada blasted. Thou art the foe of my people—I am the enemy of thine, but for the maiden's sake I have done this, for she loves thee. Guard her carefully, as thou dost hope for happiness here and hereafter!'

'Blessings ever rest upon thee,' exclaimed Leon as he placed Zuleika upon his shining steed; 'take this, and ten thousand thanks;' and he thrust into his hand a purse of gold. 'Keep it for my sake, not as a reward, good sir; that will be given thee in Paradise!'

'The blessings of Zuleika shall ever be upon thee!' murmured the girl.

A tear glistened in the dark eye of the aged Moor:

'The spirit of thy sweet mother be thy guardian angel, fair one!' he said, and as Leon de Gardonaz again mounted his steed, and sped away with his beautiful Zuleika, the servant, who had befriended her, returned to the palace of Almyaz.

Fearfully angry were the trio, who had plotted the capture of the young soldier, when the night had passed and he was not in their power.

Zuleika was sought, but the maiden was not to be found; she had fled with the Castilian captive. How she had escaped was a mystery they could not solve, and abashed and indignant that they had again been foiled, they separated.

And where was Zuleika? Beside Leon de Gardonaz, arrayed in a splendid suit of armor, and mounted on a richly-caparisoned charger, the Spanish knights saw, as they returned in triumph to Cordova, a graceful cavalier. His visor was closed so that they could not obtain a glimpse of his face, but none remembered having seen him before, and though many were the surmises of the soldiers as to who it might be, they learned not who he was nor whence he had come. When they reached Cordova, the gallant de Gardonaz obtained permission to visit the home of his brother, Roderigo de Carllero, and the stranger accompanied him, and was seen no more. The incident was soon forgotten by the soldiers, but when the cavaliers had reached the castle of de Carllero, and the youth had cast aside the heavy armor, the form of the daughter of Almyaz was revealed.

When Roderigo and his companions crossed the threshold of his mansion, his fair Liteza sprang towards them, and extending one snowy hand to her brother, and the other to Roderigo, welcomed them warmly to their home.

'And this stranger?' she said, gazing at the youth.

'Is Zuleika?' whispered Roderigo.

The young bride sprang towards her and wound her white arms around her neck, and spoke many a word of welcome.

'Take me to thine own room, lady,' said a sweet voice in the Castilian tongue, 'I do not know myself in these garments.'

In a few moments the figure that had followed Liteza to her own apartment had strangely changed. Zuleika sat in a large, luxurious chair, with a rich robe of Liteza's folded around her; the sister of Leon de Gardonaz was before her. She was gazing like one entranced into the lovely face of the Moorish girl, while she related her adventures.

At length the excitement that had sustained the maiden through that toilsome journey gave place to weariness. The beautiful head sank back upon the cushions; the eyelids drooped lovingly over those dark, lustrous orbs; the full lips parted; Zuleika, the weary Zuleika, slept.

Now and then, a frown passed over her brow; her tiny fingers clutched the glowing velvet of her robe, and she muttered incoherently, as if she were still in danger.

'Poor girl,' muttered Liteza to herself, as she watched her slumbers; 'thou art dreaming of thy perilous adventures.' Suddenly a melodious voice in an adjoining apartment said softly:

'Zuleika!'

The girl started from her seat.

'That is his voice,' she exclaimed.

Liteza smiled, and taking the hand of the girl led her to a small saloon, where Roderigo and Leon de Gardonaz were waiting. An hour had sped away when the happy friends again parted; an hour, such as neither had ever spent before.

## CHAPTER XV.

A dreary sea will flow between,
But neither heat, nor frost, nor thunder
Shall wholly do away, I ween,
The marks of that which once hath been.

COLERIDGE.

'MARK me, my lord, I promise thee by this holy cross, the symbol of my faith, or the crescent, emblem of thine, that ere many moons have waxed and waned, thy daughter Zuleika shall be again in thy palace. Leon de Gardonaz has borne her to his own proud home, and gone again like a brave knight and a gallant soldier to the wars. I am familiar with every nook and corner in his castle; I shall soon discover the maiden's hiding-place; the secretary shall ere long return to thee with his affianced bride. Farewell!' and with these words, the Spanish page and the secretary left the princely dwelling of Almyaz.

* * * *

In the recess of a large, Gothic window, whose stained glass shed over her person a rosy glow, stood Isinella de Sartrellar. She was again in the old dwelling that had been her childhood's home, and now as she gazed forth on each familiar scene a thousand memories of the past rushed over her. At length a snowy steed, bearing a noble cavalier, bounded into the courtyard—the ponderous hall-door swung heavily backwards, and she heard the well-known steps of Leon de Gardonaz, as he came along the corridor. Instantly the folds of velvet drapery fell around her form, entirely concealing her, and the next moment the soldier passed her, and entered his own apartment. Presently a rich, sonorous voice singing a wild, Castilian song reached her ear; she listened an instant, and then darted down the staircase to the small saloon where she had been sitting. With her heart throbbing wildly, and her head somewhat giddy, she seated herself at her embroidery frame, and soon seemed intent upon her work. Swiftly wrought her snowy fingers till the large, amber-hued blossom on which she had all day been employed was finished; and the petals of an acacia flower were rapidly becoming visible upon the satin, when again she heard the light step and still lighter song of Leon de Gardonaz. How well she knew that footfall, for which she had watched and listened many a time in her girlhood—that voice, which she had heard with full many a dream of love. Alas! she knew now never to be realized! For the first time for months the self-possession of the proud girl seemed to forsake her; still she bent over her work; still wove the delicate silk into the glossy satin; another moment, and Leon de Gardonaz entered the apartment. Immediately the melody hovering on his tongue died away, and approaching Isinella and grasping her hand, he said, warmly:

'Welcome, welcome home again, Isinella! I thought thou wast still at the convent, chanting thy vespers, and counting thy beads. Indeed I did not know but thou hadst become one of the holy sisterhood, for nothing has been heard of thee since thou didst leave Cordova!'

Gracefully, and in the same tone of gay raillery the Senorita Isinella replied, inquired concerning the army, and jested somewhat concerning the captivity of her friend, and the Moorish maiden that had freed him.

'I have half a mind to beleive,' she said, 'that the daughter of the Infidel when she did free thee, kept thy heart!'

'It was her's long before I became her father's captive!' replied the soldier, seriously. 'Did I not tell thee, when I returned from Granada years ago, that I had left my heart with Zuleika? Thou didst not believe it, mayhap, for it was in a conversation as gay as this has been that I spoke thus, but it is true, Isinella!'

'I do not doubt it,' said the voice of the girl, so earnestly that the cavalier knew at once that she was no longer jesting.

'Thou wouldst love her,' he said, musingly, 'she is not like thee, but thou wouldst love her. Nay, not at all like thee or Liteza; but more, more—'

'More beautiful!' interrupted his companion, and a scornful smile passed over her face as she spoke.

The young man was silent for a time; he seemed absorbed in thought of the being of whom he had been speaking.

'Mayhap, thou wilt one day judge for thyself,' he said, in reply to the last remark of his companion. 'Our friend, Alonzo de Tarrem, who was taken a captive at the taking of Ronda, has wedded with the queen's consent a beautiful Moorish captive. Why may not Leon de Gardonaz, if he please, wed Zuleika? Why may he not bear her his bride to his own ancestral home? And then, then, Isinella, till some gallant cavalier is so fortunate as to win thee, thou and she will be inmates of the same dwelling!'

Thus thoughtlessly the young soldier had talked on, never heeding, in the bright dream in which he was wrapped, that an expression of anguish shrouded the countenance of the girl, that her eyes were humid—that her lips quivered and the jewelled hand clasped in his trembled. It was like sundering a heart-string for the proud maiden to speak, but even this she did, and in a voice that never faltered.

'We may be very happy, cousin,' she said, 'very happy! We have spent some halcyon days in this old castle—why may there not be still brighter hours to come?' and she withdrew her hand from her cousin, and again seated herself by her embroidery.

Leon de Gardonaz drew a large arm-chair close to her side, and for a few moments watched her in silence.

'I know thou wilt be as a sister to her,' he continued, 'for such thou hast ever been to me. Thou and I, Isinella, have been dear friends; thou art associated with many a memory of my boyhood and my youth, and I know thou wilt not be less dear to me as time goes on.'

Isinella's fingers grew more tremulous as she listened, and more than one scalding tear-drop fell upon the beautiful blossoms which her hand had embroidered, but her cousin saw not her agitation. When he had spent a half hour with Isinella, he arose, and throwing aside the bright-hued silks with which he had been trifling, said carelessly:

'To-morrow, I shall again leave the castle. How long shalt thou remain, Isinella?'

'In good sooth,' replied the maiden, without lifting her eyes from her work, 'I cannot tell! Thou seest I am very busy now with my embroidery. When it is finished, I may join the queen and her ladies, or go again to the convent; I have not decided which!'

'The castle must be very lonely now that Liteza is away.'

'Yes—I can scarcely content myself. Is Liteza with her majesty, or at her own home?'

'At her own home!'

The thought immediately flashed across the mind of Isinella, that there Zuleika was concealed. In vain had she searched Leon's castle—the Moorish girl was not to be found. The eyes bent upon the glowing flowers grew dim, but she still kept her seat.

'At daybreak I must hasten away, but I hope to see thee again,' said her cousin, and with these words he left the room.

When he was gone the proud girl flung herself passionately upon the floor and burying her face in the cushions on which her feet had rested, wept, wept for the first time for months. An hour went by, while many a stifled sob sounded through the room like the sorrowful wailing of a weary child. At length the sobs ceased and the maiden raised her head and gazed around her; but her eyes were strangely mournful, and the teardrops were trembling all over her pale cheeks like rain-drops on a lily. As she saw the dampened velvet on which her head had rested, a painful crimson flooded cheek and neck and brow; painful from the look of deep humiliation that had accompanied it. All at once, as she looked on the traces of her woman's heart, her habitual self-possession returned.

'These have been the first, they shall be the last tears shed for thee, Leon de Gardonaz!' she said, scornfully. 'With these let me wash away every vestige of my old love for thee! Methought 'twas all gone, but those words awoke many a memory that has long slumbered—tears do not beseem me; they should not glitter in the eyes of Isinella de Sartrellar!' and snatching from a vase near her the blossoms that crowded it she bathed her flushed face till the glow was gone—gone alas, from cheek and heart forever.

Three days afterwards, Isinella de Sartrellar became the guest of the fair Liteza. To her the Moorish maiden was presented, and to her did Senora de Carllero unfold the tale of her brother's love. She saw with pleasure that Isinella betrayed no unusual emotion at the recital, and her heart became convinced that she had never loved Leon, for when she had concluded, the haughty Isinella smiled and said gaily:

'All this I heard, Senora Liteza, from thy brother's lips! Thou must not be surprised if I betray no astonishment, for long before he became her father's captive, he told me that he had left his heart with Zuleika. Thou dost smile, but have I not been the sister of Leon de Gardonaz, as well as thou?'

Unsuspecting Liteza! She sought her oratory, and fervently thanked the holy virgin and all the saints, that her fears for Isinella's heart had been vain! And Zuleika. The seemingly affectionate Isinella soon won her love; soon gained her confidence. They were a merry band—those young creatures gathered in the castle of Roderigo—the sweet Senora Liteza—the beautiful Zuleika—the gentle Lady Lushee, only sister of Roderigo, and the witty Isinella. Full of wickedness as was the soul of the last, her friends considered her society a valuable acquisition, and thanked her a thousand times each day, that she had been so kind as to join them. Ah! they knew not that the revengeful secretary was lurking near, that Isinella had seen him too, and concerted a scheme to blast forever the hopes of the fairest of their number!

'Holy Mary!' exclaimed the Lady Isinella, as she stood with one arm circling the waist of the Moorish maiden, and the other pointing to the west, 'what a glorious sunset!' And beautiful it was indeed; above the far-off mountain behind which the sun was sinking floated heavy masses of clouds—O, so rich, so gorgeous—golden-hued and crimson and purple and blue, all glowing with that 'mellow radiance, with which none but sunset clouds are tinged. And then farther 'up in the blue ether' one glorious mass that seemed as if formed of disjointed rainbows—was it not beautiful? Far over the hills the young girls saw bright streams, and green valleys, and waving trees flooded with sunlight—O, 'twas an enchanting scene! The eyes of the Moorish girl kindled.

'Beautiful indeed it is, lady,' she replied, 'beautiful. Thou shouldst see Granada at sunset! Many, many times have I gazed upon the city at this hour from the towers of my father's palace. Thou shouldst see the verdant Vega, the splendid dwellings, and more than all, the magnificent Alhambra when such a sunset as this shines over them!'

'Twilight is approaching,' continued Isinella, 'let us go forth. The path that leads through yonder thicket is a pleasant one! Come, Senora de Carllero, and thou too, Lushee.'

'With all my heart,' said each maiden, and they gaily took their way across the courtyard. As they sauntered leisurely along the path, they saw a horseman approaching them, arrayed in the costume of a knight. As he came opposite them he stopped—leaped to the ground, and seizing the frightened Zuleika, again mounted his steed, and sped swiftly away.

'Holy Mary!' exclaimed Isinella; 'can that be Leon—the knight's visor was closed.'

'O, nay!' shrieked Liteza, 'it is some wicked emissary of her sire, that has come hither to snatch her away! Poor, poor Leon!' and the young bride sank powerless to the earth. The utmost terror was depicted on the countenances of Lushee and Isinella.

'O, that we had not come hither,' exclaimed Isinella; 'poor Zuleika! poor Liteza! let me go to the castle to summon assistance,' and she darted swiftly away. When she stood in the hall-door gazing after the servants she had dispatched, she clasped her hands devotionally together and exclaimed:

'Revenged! O, holy virgin—revenged! Ere they meet again she will be the secretary's bride!'

Two days afterwards, when Leon de Gardonaz entered the apartment where he was wont to find Zuleika and her companions, he found Liteza lying upon the cushions senseless, Isinella sitting beside her with her head buried in her hands, and Lushee kneeling before them, with such an expression of mute agony upon her face, that told the young soldier that some sad tidings were awaiting him. An undefined foreboding of evil stole into his heart.

'Where is Zuleika?' he inquired, in a voice husky with emotion.

His only reply was a despairing look from the large, tearful eyes of Lushee, and a fresh burst of grief. The warrior's cheek paled; he knelt beside the girl, and clasping her hands said, imploringly:

'I conjure thee, Lady Lushee, to tell me what has happened! Where is Zuleika?'

'Alas!' replied the maiden, sobbing, 'they have torn her from us. Two days since, at twilight, we went forth to enjoy the cool breeze, in yonder path—close to the castle, my lord, we should not have dared to venture far. A horseman, arrayed as thou art, seized Zuleika and bore her away!'

'O, holy virgin!' shrieked the soldier, and he clasped his hands across his eyes as if to shut out the sunlight that seemed mocking his misery; an expression of intense anguish came over his high, pale brow, and now and then the sad-hearted Lushee beheld the tears fall upon his heavy armor. At length he started up, and seizing again the hand of Lushee, said:

'Well mayst thou weep—but care for Liteza.' Ere she recovered, he was far away. As he looked back on the battlements of the castle, which he had entered so joyous and quitted so wretched, his manly form trembled, his lip quivered, and he spurred onward as if fleeing from his own thoughts.

And where was now Zuleika? Had her wronged heart broken—had her spirits fled from its earthly sorrows? No, senseless had she been borne to her home; thus for days, weeks and months, had she remained. In her own favorite room she lay, watched by the faithful and loving Aylla, while her sire and the secretary were plotting all the while to ruin the Castilian captive. At length she slowly recovered; and then her father renewed his command that she should wed the secretary. Once or twice had he taunted her with her love for Leon de Gardonaz; once or twice spoken bitterly of her flight, and exultingly of her capture, but then he had discovered in her a trace of his own spirit.

She stood before him, and told him frankly that she did love the Castilian captive; that to be his bride she had fled to his own sunny castle, that one day she trusted in his bravery and love to bear her away again, and then solemnly asserted that never, never would she wed the secretary. Her father forbore to taunt her, but he was none the less determined that Zuleika should become the bride of Eletar. Meanwhile the war went on; contest succeeded contest, and many a populous city, many a strong fortress to which the hearts of the 'Moorish people clung with passionate fondness,' was forced to yield to the Spanish sovereigns. Almyaz, now old and gray-headed, went not forth with his countrymen, but wherever Boabdil El Zogoybi went to lead his friends and followers to battle, the secretary was sure to attend him like a shadow. He had now a two-fold object—to watch Boabdil, and to enslave if possible the brave cavalier, Leon de Gardonaz. Almyaz had promised that when he should place in his power the lover of his daughter, she should be his bride.

## CHAPTER XVI.

'Go bid the withered wreath revive,
The dying bird its flight regain,
But leave me to my own, own tears,
I cannot, cannot love again!'

IN their determination to revenge themselves upon Leon de Gardonaz, neither Almyaz nor his secretary had forgotten the royal family. Fearfully indeed had raged the flames which they had kindled in the Alhambra, and many had been the hearts which they had desolated. So bitter was the hate of Almyaz, that he would have sacrificed his wealth, nay more his country even, to his desire for vengeance. He had solemnly sworn that no earthly consideration should ever allow him to falter for a moment in his resolution to be revenged; for this he had lived a life which otherwise would have been torture. He had seen Aben Hassan driven from the Alhambra, and how his heart bounded then! Unseen by any eye save that of the Eternal, he had witnessed the agony of Ayxa la Horra, when the tidings that the son whom she had so proudly armed for the battle of Lucena was a captive, had come to her ear; when during his absence many of the Moorish people renewed their allegiance to Aben Hassan, and opened the gates of Granada and the halls of the Alhambra to receive him as their monarch; when on his arrival she had been obliged to retire to the Albaycin and 'maintain the standard of her son on the citadel of Alcazaba,' rather than upon the towers of the royal palace; when after a long captivity the son who had gone forth so majestically to the contest, surrounded by nobles with glittering armor, flashing weapons and waving banners, returned secretly, in the dim night time with the few followers who were still loyal to him. He went forth from the Alhambra, king of a beautiful country; he returned to the Alcazaba, the vassal of Ferdinand and Isabella, leaving his only son as a hostage with the Christians. All this Almyaz knew wrung the heart of his proud mother, and the thought was sweet to him. When after a fierce contest the next day, he stood beside Boabdil and Ayxa, he as well as the other alfaquis advised him to withdraw to Almeria, a city almost as beautiful as Granada. How his heart leaped as he saw the flush that spread over the face of the queen, when he proposed this. He knew that it would torture still more keenly the proud woman to quit her own Granada, where she had so heroically sustained, till he returned, the faction of Boabdil. There was a world of bitterness in her disdainful smile, and in her once sweet voice as she said, scornfully:

'My son, thou art not worthy to be a monarch, so long as thou art not master of the capital,' and she swept majestically from the apartment.

Notwithstanding this, however, the advice of Almyaz was accepted, for the young monarch knew well how to prize so wise a counsellor. He retired to Almeria, but thither the machinations of Almyaz and the secretary followed him. They had whispered in the ear of El Zagal, that neither his infirm brother, Aben Hassan, nor his indolent nephew were fit to sit upon the throne of Granada. Touchingly did the wily Moor picture to the brave El Zagal the desolation that would fall upon their country, unless he became king; he told how the beautiful Vega would be devastated—how the cross would supplant the crescent—how the Christians would pollute their mosques and the glorious Alhambra—how their people would become slaves, in the land where they had been freemen. By every consideration, temporal and spiritual, he urged El Zagal to drive his nephew and his brother from the throne, which neither was destined by Heaven to occupy, and become himself sovereign of Granada. He painted in glowing colors the enthusiasm with which his bravery in the war against the unbelievers had inspired his countrymen, and the rapture with which they would hail him as their king. All this fell gratefully upon the ear of El Zagal, for of late his eyes had been cast wistfully towards the diadem which his brother wore, and the sceptre which he swayed. Ere long, El Zagal was king of Granada; from his nephew and his brother, he had nothing to fear; the unfortunate Boabdil fled to Cordova, thinking sadly of the prediction that had foretold his misfortunes, and Aben Hassan to Almunecar, in the delightful valley watered by the Frio.

* * * *

It was a lovely night, and El Zagal, now king of Granada, sat on an embroidered divan in a magnificent apartment of the Alhambra. He had several days before returned from the siege of Zalea, where he had been defeated. Almyaz, the Wise, stood before him.

'And now,' said the monarch, as the footfall of the slave who had led him thither died away, 'now that we are alone, Almyaz, let me tell thee of Aben Hassan. He has been removed to Salobreña, by my orders; it would be a delightful place to him, were he free.'

An exulting smile passed over the features of Almyaz. 'This is my work!'—his heart beat triumphantly.

'He is aged and infirm,' continued El Zagal, musingly; 'but La Zoraya has unbounded influence over him. In good sooth, Almyaz, I wish he were in Paradise, surrounded by houris, rather than there with the ambitious sultana and her sons.' The listening Almyaz spoke not, but gazed earnestly into the eyes of the monarch, as he said:

'Thou art his enemy, Almyaz!'

'Ay, sire, his deadly enemy—I have tormented him sorely in his life-time.'

The crafty king grasped the arm of his companion.

'Why not mingle with his nightly draught some more powerful soporific, than those he uses—one that shall make him sleep the dreamless slumber that knows no waking?'

'List thee, sire,' rejoined the noble, 'thou dost despise Aben Hassan. I hate him. On three conditions I will do what thou hast said!'

'Name them,' gasped the excited monarch.

'That thou dost not allow his corse to be interred with pomp—that thou dost deliver me one of the knights taken by thee at Calatrava, and that thou dost promise eternal secrecy upon the matter!'

'All this I promise most solemnly,' returned El Zagal—and thus they parted.

Several nights afterwards, Aben Hassan sat in his sleeping-apartment at Salobreña; a page had placed beside him at his command a cup of sherbet; the old man seized it with trembling hand, quaffed its contents, and then sank down indolently upon his couch to sleep. An hour had not passed ere he sprang wildly up; his face grew livid; his lips became swollen; his sightless eye-balls seemed starting from their sockets! He thrust his long, bony fingers madly through his white locks and shrieked:

'My brain's on fire! 'tis burning, and now, now, O, holy Allah, the flames have reached my—heart,' and with a wild cry, he fell back upon the pillow. A tall form glided to his side as he spoke, and said, solemnly:

'Aben Hassan, thou art dying. My own hand mingled the poison with the last draught thou didst drink. Well mayst thou shudder; thou knowest me. I am Anam Hi, whose Ayxa thou didst win. Thou hast fondly believed that thy dagger did send him to the land of souls. Thou hast been deceived! Almyaz, the Wise, and Anam Hi, are one. I have lived for revenge—I have caused all thy sorrows—and now, old man, I have taken thy life.'

A deep groan was the only reply; the nobleman lingered to look once on the fearful countenance of the wretched man, and then moved noiselessly away. Ere he had gained the threshold of the palace, Aben Hassan was dead! Ere many days had passed, the corse of the old monarch reached Granada; no princely band of mourners accompanied it; there was nought to tell of the rank of the unhonored Aben Hassan. No imposing ceremonies were there over the cruel tyrant; the corse was conveyed to its resting-place, by two Christian captives. If such was the fate of the casket, what was that of the jewel it contained? Where was the guilty soul of Aben Hassan? Alas! where? Methinks the jewel decked not the crown of the Infinite—the soul mingled not with the blest around the throne of the Eternal! Ah, no, the crime-stained heart of the tyrant found no abode in Paradise; 'twere a fitter companion for the dark spirits that he had obeyed in life. Fear ye the tempter—silence the clamorings of anger—the whisperings of revenge, lest such a fate as was Aben Hassan's be thine!

The Sultana Zorayna and her sons were imprisoned in the tower of Comares, where long before, at her suggestion, the tyrant had placed Ayxa la Horra and Boabdil, El Zogoybi. Bitter indeed were her thoughts as she gazed forth upon the beautiful kingdom which she had coveted for her sons, and remembered all her reverses. Aben Hassan, their sire, was alas! no longer monarch, save of the silent realm to which every poor peasant is entitled—a darksome grave; and she, she and those for whom she had hazarded her soul, were captives. Such was the end of her ambitious projects, and a thousand times did she wish herself in the sepulchre, where lay the mouldering form of Aben Hassan.

And El Zagal? Was he happy, now that his brother was forever silent? O, no; surmises were soon afloat in Granada, that he had known more of his brother's death than he chose to reveal, and more than once had the cry of El Zagal, the Fratricide, been wafted to his ear from the people in the streets. As time went on, he heard voices, too, shouting the name of Boabdil, and to increase his fears, tidings reached him that El Zogoybi had advanced into the kingdom which had been his as far as Velez el Blanco, a town near the frontier. The old friends of Boabdil gathered around him, and at length the wily uncle was forced to yield a part of his dominions to his nephew. Ah! the disappointed El Zagal had learned too well, that neither jewelled crown nor golden sceptre, neither gilded throne nor regal robes, could afford him peace—could satisfy the yearnings of a deathless spirit.

Almyaz and the secretary alone seemed to prosper in their plans. Leon de Gardonaz was again their Castilian captive. Among the knights that El Zagal had captured at Calatravar, was this brave cavalier; the moment that Almyaz saw him, as with ten other captives he graced the entry of the usurper into Granada, he had sworn that ere long he should be in his power. When after the death of Aben Hassan, El Zagal had made him his master, Almyaz bore him to Malaga, and placed him in the darkest dungeon of the city.

'There,' he said, tauntingly, 'there, good Don Leon, no loving Zuleika can find thee—no silly maiden can free thee!' and with these words he fastened the ponderous door, and returned to his home. When he reached his palace, he hastened immediately to Zuleika.

'How fares it with thee?' he asked, somewhat more fondly than he had spoken since she had fled with Leon de Gardonaz.

'In good sooth, I scarcely know, my lord. I am not happy now, thou knowest,' and the poor girl turned towards the window to conceal her tears. There was a death-like stillness for a time; mayhap the proud noble relented for a moment, when he thought how the tidings which he brought would wring the aching heart of his daughter; mayhap he was wondering how he should utter the cruel words hovering on his tongue.

'Zuleika,' he said, calmly, 'hast thou resolved to wed Eletar, and please thy sire?'

The girl threw herself at his feet with such a passionate out-gushing of the grief pent within her soul, as quite astonished him. Her frame shook like a flower-stalk beneath the breath of the hurricane, and her large, dark eyes had in them a reproachful look, like that which steals over the dewy orbs of the gazelle, when the arrow of the huntsman is quivering in his heart.

To one whose soul was less dark than that of Almyaz, to one less stern than he, the anguish of that mute appeal would have spoken more eloquently than all the words she could have uttered! It was a touching scene—that beautiful countenance so spiritually lovely in its youthful sweetness, and yet so very, very full of anguish—that splendid robe, and the jewels that decked her neck, and arms, and raven tresses, were strangely at variance with the wretchedness of that fair face. To one not entirely devoid of sympathy, the silent agony of that young creature would have been unendurable; by Almyaz it was all unheeded. The conviction that she devotedly loved his foe, had aroused all the evil passions of his nature, and now, like an army of fiends, they guarded every by-path to his heart, lest it should for a moment yield to the impulses of humanity. At last the girl spoke:

'I have told thee, father,' she said in a low, tremulous voice that sounded like the melody of a breaking harp-string, 'I can never wed other than the Castilian captive!' and she gazed into his stern face with melting earnestness.

'Leon de Gardonaz is far from his home,' replied her sire—'far from thee. Thrice has the moon shone over Granada, since I thrust him into a dungeon, darker and more terrible than those beneath the castle; a cell where no romantic maiden can seek him out and free him. He is in my power; fearfully will I be revenged, not only for his father's sake, but for his own. In a dungeon where no ray of sunlight shall greet him, he shall languish till his miserable life is ended; it may be for years, till old age creeps over him, and then, then, girl, who hast dared to love him—to forget thy duty to thy sire, thou shalt become the bride of the secretary, and once, only once, during thy life shall cross the threshold of his dwelling-place with him to whom I have given thee! Then, maiden, the clanking of his fetters shall greet thee, instead of wooing lute-tones—then—' The nobleman paused; he saw the fearful rigidity that had come over the face of the girl—the wild glare that had stolen to her eyes, round which the teardrops still hung, and the firm compression of her lips. Not a word did she utter not a sigh did she breathe in his presence; but when he had gone, she gave one cry full of wretchedness and despair, and sank down upon the floor senseless.

When she came to herself, the moon was resting on her form, bathing her pale face with its silvery light; calmly, but with a look of bewilderment, she rose and leaned forth from the casement. Her eyes were unusually bright, but their vacant expression told that her sire's bitter words had swept away the memory of her sorrows. When next the father saw her, she had forgotten all her woes. She fancied herself in sunny Castile, in the home of Roderigo. The fair Aylla, she continually called Liteza—another maiden, Lushee, and another, Isinella! Alas! she did not know that the last had caused her so much misery. It was agonizing to see that beautiful maniac, abroad in the palace-grounds, surrounded by those bright-eyed girls; sometimes seated beside some blossoming shrub, weaving in places

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the fragrant flowers, and carnation thou saved her till the wound fathomed in the fragment—indeed, that's the last figure, sometimes wriggling down into garlands to deck the heads of her companions, while ever and anon her hot shadow lingers over together the silver, that will, those lovely, so painful to the sorrowing forth upon the balcony or the double-shell of her dejected mien. Sometimes she peered out beside the sparkling fountains, and upheld the clear wavering image of her face, and curls where they glittered like costly pearls; sometimes floated in pensive reverie, and seeing there in contrast tresses, and then gazed into the artificial stream, and fancied that it was a real companion, and a child with the brown garden, pleased as the clear waters. Agnes she would call by those sweet names of glamour at a bird, or trifling with the silver hand that forked the neck of her goblet. At it was touching—to see that young girl in her elegant and tasteful dress, finding solace in the gorgeous halls of her father's castle, talking to Aloysar, and twining her long, white hair with the same name repeated between her lips, and the same murmuring laugh echoing forth. She still retained her dress of the morning, and still shrunk from him as if he had been a serpent. Her father, hoping that one long hour therefore might awake from this dreadful stupefaction, had ordered her repose, and her attendants hastened all her wishes, and indulged all her fancies. Poor girl! She often sighed to weep over the fate of their lovely mistress! How they missed her approving smile and gentle voice! How delicate to watch her, and despise they sympathized with the unhallowed Zuleika! How festive they prayed in vain that she hereby maniac might see the second Thursday, smile on them as in days gone by, and speak to them as when she was gay and happy.

* * *

### CHAPTER XVII.

"Lonely I sit, ever to a cloud
That drips down by some vault of leaves,
By the water sadden'd by the dew."

Tennyson.

I was sunset, and Zuleika stood alone to the most conspicuous apartment of her father's dwelling. She was gazing exactly upon a large, crimson-petaled flower in the centre of the mosaic floor, on which the sunbeams, stealing through the windows, shed a wide, sanguine light. It shone like blood, and seeming herself by a large silver vase, adorned with scarce a few shrubs which there is one flower after another, and then clapping her hands, gazed at them with a fond face for the waste. The low footfall of a Persian slave sounded through the room; quickly she started to her golden vase, regarded with loathing by heavy chains of the same metal, and suddenly, as a serpent, a soft silver fell upon the form of the maiden. When the Persian's hand gone, she returned from her lonely position, and again drew the blossoms into the vase. As she stood gazing upon them in a new reality opened, and she saw that they had befriended her when she fled to Castle, and had cheered her in the hour of her despair.

"Speak again," she said silently, with an expression of perplexity on her countenance; "speak once more, and that friend shall be torn forth from her cot, and loosed towards him to catch every sound.

"Thou art Zuleika, daughter of Aloysar," said the persian, slowly.

I have heard that voice before," murmured the girl, "where, O, where?" and she pressed her hands upon her brow.

When then doled by with Leon de Gardoc and he replied the old man.

The unmeaning smile passed from the face of the girl, a sight shudder shook her frame, as if she were awakening from a terrible dream.

Leon then," continued the servant, "because as his host, does not to receive the servant's visit? I am he, who did sail with Leon de Gardoc. I will some news from him, bear it with me, Ibrahim."

A look of utter helplessness passed over the face of the girl.

My lesson whole," she said, "which strange, by, but now—now—I do remember what my heart said, that Ibrahim—Ibrahim would be soon. Slave, I have been in a dream—I do remember all that I have said—I am free. I am wretched upon here in Grenada—alone on the world, but I shall believe the servant, and cheerful her hands bewilderingly together.

He agreed to have no more; he knew that Aloysar and the servants would be pleased to hear that the girl is long months, and deserved to have seen within his own life. Quickly he led her across the gardens, and through the most sumptuous parts of the palace, her midnight, he was to have given him his master had again entered his dwelling, the Mediterranean. Her form swaying to and fro with the motion of the bounding steed, and her eyes quenched in the cold waters—her hair floating behind her, twined among the waves—the fond beatings of her heart forever ceased. O, God! Thou art merciful and powerful!

"Is this it my message?" whispered Aloysar.

The captive again sprang towards him:

"Thou hast done thee!" he shrieked, "thou hast done thee! Thou hast slain a creature more than thy damnably heart, but I will not touch thee with a weapon, nor will I give thee a gentle and cheerful; till thou dost become like unto a dog, and crawl and eat crumbs from my floor."

"Forever—beware!" said the Moor. "Here shall thou love—love—hate thou for!"

If I do here," said the soldier, "or the servant of Leon de Gardoc, I will not."

I will not hear this gross thee," replied Aloysar, and he turned from the soldier. He went forth to feel the soft air and the golden sunbeams on his cheek, to receive the homage and the smiles of his countrymen, while his miserable victim languished in his gloomy dungeon, with scarce any food, no letters, no word to cheer him.

"I know't get on matter of how," he said, "but I will not be—I will not be—I will not be—

# THE FLAG OF OUR UNION.

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### To our Correspondents.

'Thoughts on Life,' a poem, by Braceblock, accepted.

'Squire Job, and the Way he did it,' a prose sketch, by Frank Wyndon, filed for the next number.

'The Amputation,' in verse, accepted.

'The Hatred of Age, or the Affliction of Youth,' a prose sketch, by A. W. Dorsey, in our next number.

'Friendship,' a poem, by Oscar Dunreath, accepted.

'Randolph Hender and the Wild Huntsman,' a prose sketch, by J. H. Robinson, shall appear next week.

'The Emigrant Ship,' a poem, by the Editor, filed for the coming number.

''A Celle que J'aime,' a poem, by O. G. W., accepted.

'Twilight Hours,' a poem, by E. S. Trozel, next week.

'A Serenade,' by J. F. Southgate, accepted.

'Summer Musings,' a poem, by H. S. Cornwell, accepted.

'The Indian,' 'The Colonel,' and 'The Clods of the Valley,' are all respectfully declined.

### European Affairs.

The worthy rector, delineated in that capital book, 'My Uncle the Curate,' found in the political squabbles of the Milesians the inspiration for a most humorous satirical essay, the History of Higgledy Piggledy. The state of Europe at the present time would offer a far more fertile theme; the Higgledy Piggledies and Topsyturvians are there having it all their own way. From the time when the King of the Barricades was upset by the very means and men who in 1830 raised him to power (the engineer hoisted with his own petard), from the Seine to the Danube, from the Baltic to the Mediterranean, there has been a regular row, a Donnybrook Fair, on a grand scale. The people seem to have adopted the Irish style of fighting, and whenever they can find a (crowned) head, hit it! The appetite for fighting grows by what it feeds upon. The Danes and Schleswig-Holsteiners are hammering away at each others' heads, to see which is the hardest, in a spirit worthy of olden times. Captain Marryatt's triangular duel is imitated by more than one set of men. The Austrians bang away at the emperor, and the emperor blazes away at the Italians, and the French fire away at the Romans, all in a family way, however. German generals, with unpronounceable names, such as Jellachich Windishgratz, and Heaven knows what, take most incredible long marches, and fight all sorts of battles with Hungarian gentlemen of equally unpronounceable names. Then up jumps the Autocrat of all the Russias, and pitches into the Hungarians with regiments from the Neva, and Cossacks from the Wolga and the Don. The beard of the great Turk curls with ire, and he is bristling up on his divan, preparing to hit somebody, no matter whom, just to follow suit and be in the fashion. John Bull is preparing to 'peel,' and step into the ring to show a little of his 'science;' so that, take it all together, as Sir Lucius O'Trigger says, 'it's a mighty pretty quarrel as it stands.'

And now all this is in the face and teeth of the Peace Societies, who have just demonstrated (beyond a doubt!) that the world had grown too civilized for war, and that the 19th century was to be signalized as the era of brotherhood and good will. In spite of theory and theorizers, we do not see but that the

> ——noble trade
> That demi-gods and heroes made,
> Slaughter and knocking on the head,
> The trade to which they all were bred,

flourishes as bravely now as in the medi-æval periods of history.

Happy is it for us, that our lot is cast in pleasanter places and quiet scenes. Three thousand miles of ocean separate us from the great battle-fields, where nations are staking their lives and fortunes on the hazard of the fatal game of war; and though one cannot but look upon the strife with interest, we may be permitted to rejoice that we are not called upon to take a part in the struggle; and that our firesides and altars need not be protected by the sword from violence and invasion.

### A Climax.

A Buffalo paper, after giving a terrible account of a severe thunder storm which occurred at that place, thus winds up the narrative: 'A journeyman tailor was leaning against the counter in a store, in company with two or three others, during the storm. In this position the lightning tore off the tails of his coat, and struck his hands, doing no other injury. A prompt application of water to his hands soon relieved him from his pain, and it is presumed he will readily repair the damage done to his coat.'

Cholera.—The papers are laboring to show that there has been no cholera at Saratoga.—Nonsense! there's cholera everywhere, if people are imprudent. Take care of your persons and diet, and you need have no fear. A man in Boston ate a quantity of cherries on a wager, and died the next morning—of the cholera, of course. An entire family died in Buffalo, who had removed there to escape the cholera, by eating freely of green apples.

More Gold.—The Baltimore Sun has been shown some specimens of gold received in that city by the last Liberia packet. It was gathered by the natives of that country from washing at the base of the mountains. It is said to be more abundant there than in California, and obtained with very little labor.

Patents.—Philip Greely, Jr., Collector of Boston, has been appointed by the Commissioner of Patents agent to forward models to the department at Washington, vice R. H. Eddy, removed. Models can, therefore, be deposited in the custom house.

Counterfeit.—Threes of the Grocers' Bank of Boston have made their appearance. The vignette is a spread eagle and train of cars, coarsely engraved.

A Royal Bread Bill.—Her most faithful Majesty, Donna Maria da Gloria, Queen of Portugal, has been cited in a Lisbon court to pay her baker.

Counterfeit treasury notes have lately been negotiated in New York and Boston, so well executed as to deceive the banks.

### Origin of Substances.

It has often been said that if we should but see the process through which our food must pass before we consume it, we should cease to experience much appetite for our meal in future. When it is spread before us at our hotel upon fine damask cloths and rich china, it is in its perfected shape, ready for consumption; but before it reaches us there, it passes through many hands and many processes that would disgust even a hungry person if observed in detail. So it is with many things in all departments of life; the fair lady who thinks the smelling bottle that is hanging from her wrist by a chain of gold, so elegant and necessary an appendage, does not realize that it is filled from the refuse of the stable; the volatile sal ammonia, though a solid white salt, emitting a most pungent, refreshing, and agreeable flavor, is but the compound of two ariform bodies—carbonic acid gas, and that known as ammoniacal gas. In going back to the origin of this aromatic salt, we find, that pure and white as it appears, yet it is actually obtained from animal and vegetable matter in a state of *putrefaction*. We do not refer to these things to disgust our readers with the use of this article, but simply to illustrate an idea that strikes us, as to our ignorant use of many articles of daily service without bestowing a thought upon their origin, which is the theme of chemistry. The same idea might be profitably enlarged upon, doubtless, as it regards the manufacture of many kinds of spirits, American whiskey, for instance. He who has seen the decayed mass of vegetables, rotten potatoes, grain, and other matter from which it is produced, could hardly swallow the fermented liquor afterwards when in the form in which it is offered for sale to the consumer.

### The Potato.

A correspondent of the National Intelligencer, who is a close observer of the works of nature, says, that a day or two since he examined several fields of potatoes on Long Island, and was gratified to find them presenting the old-fashioned indications of health and vigor which this useful plant used to exhibit years ago. The tops have a fresh and healthful hue, and *are well covered with seed balls.* This last indication he regards as a sign of returning health to the constitution of the potato race, which for a number of years has presented very few seed balls. He says that in no season, for eight or ten years past, has he seen anything like so many blossoms and balls on the potato vine as are now to be seen; and he regards it as a bright omen for the future, a ground of hope that the 'potato cholera,' which has prevailed so fatally and extensively for a number of years, is about passing away.

### Annexation.

It was contemplated by the early founders of the republic, that Canada should form a part of the United States, as appears from the following article, specially inserted in the old articles of confederation of 1778:

> 'Art. II. Canada acceding to this confederation, and joining in the measures of the United States, shall be admitted into and entitled to all the advantages of this Union; *but no other colony* shall be admitted into the same, unless such admission be agreed to by the nine states.'

Vulgar People.—There is no more common or absurd mistake than supposing that, because people are of high rank, they cannot be vulgar, or that, if people be in an obscure station, they cannot be well bred. Count D'Orsay says: 'We have seen as many instances of vulgarity in a peer as could be found in a grazier; and have noticed as many examples of a perfect freedom from the least taint of it in humble life, as could be desired in a duchess.'

A queer Voyage.—The brig Iroquois is advertised to sail from Sackett's Harbor for San Francisco. Sackett's Harbor, as most of our readers are doubtless aware, is on Lake Ontario, in New York, and the Iroquios will sail down the St Lawrence, through the Gulf, and thence south, touching probably at some of the West India Islands, thence round Cape Horn to San Francisco.

Skinned by Lightning.—A house in St. Louis was lately struck by lightning. The fluid tore away part of the chimney, and entered every room in the house, and then passed out into the stable, where were a number of horses, and although it knocked down several stalls, and burnt the hair and skin off of one horse, it killed none.

Truth and Wit.—Dow, Jr., in allusion to the exclusion of many would-be church goers from the sanctuary, by reason of the high pew rents in our 'fashionable churches,' characteristically remarks—'The reason why a majority of you go to Beelzebub is because you can't afford to go to heaven at the present exorbitant prices!'

United States Coast Survey.—The United States Coast Survey is again progressing in good earnest. There are three or four different companies now on the Maryland coast, with a steamer and frigate under their direction, and co-operating with those on shore in the prosecution of the work.

Romance in Death.—A Signor Almafulla, of Havana, lately left his house in perfect health, and after the lapse of a few hours, was brought back a corpse. His widow was inconsolable for his loss—refused all nourishment, and soon joined in death the husband she had so fondly loved in life.

Slavers captured.—Ship Carthage, at Boston, from Batavia via St. Helena, reports that a Brazilian brig of about 120 tons had been brought into the latter port prior to her departure, a prize to a British man-of-war, having on board 250 slaves. Another brig had been brought in before with 500 slaves.

The Charlestonians are talking of a direct communication by steam with Liverpool.—They say the Western market for the purchase of manufactured goods should be at Charleston, and not in Philadelphia, New York and Baltimore.

Miss Cushman.—We are pleased to learn that this talented and successful American actress is about to return from London for a short time to our country. Charlotte is a peerless woman.

In a Fix.—Now the French have entered and possessed themselves of Rome, what are they to do with it? They seem to be in a worse fix inside the walls, than they were on the outside.

Too Bad.—George Carpenter has been removed from an office in the Philadelphia customs. He has but one arm, and a wife and six children are dependent on him.

### Editorial Ink-Drops.

An unnatural son attempted to poison his father's whole family at Cincinnati.

Ex-Postmaster Greene of Boston has been complimented by a gift of plate by the citizens.

Vessels clearing from America have to ride out a forty days' quarantine at Havana.

Father Mathew has been very successful in administering the pledge in Boston.

Rev. Mr. Haven, at Sangerfield, N. Y., recently committed suicide by cutting his throat.

British frigate Constance is reported at San Blas, with $2,000,000 California gold aboard.

The New York Herald announces General Scott as the next Presidential candidate.

Two million gold dollars have been coined at the Philadelphia mint.

A great drought is prevailing throughout all New England to the injury of the crops.

Cornelius Quin, a little boy, was run over and killed in Boston, last week.

The papers show about eight hundred arrivals weekly at Saratoga.

Boston court reports show a great increase of rowdyism in the precincts of the city.

Mexico owes at this present writing one hundred and forty-five millions of dollars.

The heat of the weather in England is represented to have been excessive of late.

A mastiff is said to be a *lap-dog* when he is drinking. Of course he is.

There are a great many fires in Montreal lately—doubtless the work of incendiaries.

No powder mill has blown up since the last issue of our paper!

According to the Lynn News, there is a lot of thieves in that town about this time.

Father Mathew administered the pledge to 300 journeymen tailors in Boston at one time.

At Albany, they talk of introducing water into the city, a la Croton and Cochituate.

Land warrants issued to the Mexican volunteers are about forty dollars above par.

Emigrants from England and Ireland still pour into our Atlantic cities.

Another 'ancient coin' has been dug up—but we are not green enough to say where.

The extravagant reports from California seem to be sustained by late arrivals.

About one hundred convicts in the Ohio Penitentiary have died of cholera.

The authorities have at last succeeded in getting the streets of New York really clean.

A man in Hampden county, Mass., has a cow that gives *twenty-two* quarts of milk a day.

Wm. G. Lord, of Portland, Me., attempted to drown himself, but was rescued.

A boat upset with two ladies and a boy, off Salem harbor the other day—all drowned.

Regattas are all the rage just now, along the seaboard. It's rare sport, well managed.

Boston still remains healthy—the cholera makes no headway in the city of notions.

We still hear of many California companies who, having seen 'the elephant,' are returning.

### Newspapers.

It does seem to us that people are getting a little crazy about newspapers lately, for they spring up in every direction, only to die like mushrooms, in a day. But the maddest scheme that has come under our own observation lately, is that of some aspiring genius in New York State, who has issued the prospectus of a paper he proposes to publish shortly, entirely devoted to poetry! Now seriously, Mr. Poet, if you could secure the sole services of the Muses themselves, you could not make such a print pay the expense of publication; so save the few dollars you may have, and your credit at the same time, by backing right out of so mad a scheme. We have an idea that we shall illustrate in a future number, touching this starting of newspapers every day; publications that go up like a rocket, but alas, after the first glow and fire, they come down rocket like!

### Floral Giant.

In these days of horticultural enthusiasm, anything relating to the subject is sought after with not a little interest. New discoveries are constantly being made in that department of science known as botany, but we hear of nothing lately that can equal the discovery in 1818, by Dr. Arnold, in the island of Sumatra. It was a flower which he named the Rufflsia Arnolei; and which an author has called with much justice, 'the magnificent Titan of the vegetable kingdom.' The human mind, indeed, has never conceived such a flower; its circumference when expanded is nine feet; its nectarium is calculated to hold nine pints; the pistils are as large as cow's horns, and the entire weight of the blossom computed to be 15 pounds. This seems almost incredible, and were it not given on the best of authority would hardly merit belief.

### Good out of Evil.

It is stated that a woman in Paris was seized with cholera, and a doctor furnished the usual prescriptions. She nevertheless continued to sink till towards night, when the husband returned very much intoxicated. He forthwith threw all the phials out of doors, kicked his neighbors out after them, and began to beat his wife unmercifully. The beating effected what the medicine could not—it produced a *reaction*—and the woman got well immediately.

Diamond Cutting.—There is said to be but one diamond cutter in all London. The Dutch have for ages almost monopolized the diamond cutting trade of Europe, and so expert are they, that on showing them a rough diamond, they will tell to the greatest nicety what will be its exact shape when cut, and almost to the hundredth part of a grain what the polished gem will weigh.

He is.—The man who smokes in the omnibus is now in New York, and fears are entertained lest he should be attacked with the cholera, but his numerous friends are assured that there is no cause for alarm!

Thanks.—We desire once more to return our warmest thanks for the flattering notices that pour in from all quarters, touching the Flag, since it has donned its new attire.

Still Another.—Look out for one dollar bills on the Eagle Bank, Bristol, Rhode Island altered to tens. They are remarkably well executed.

The Irish Apple Girl.—There's more truth than fiction about *Lieutenant Murray's* story thus entitled, on the opposite page.

A Good one.—Read 'Old Pompey and the Angel Gabriel,' by Braceblock, on the opposite page,—it's capital.

Of course.—The cotton crop of the South is being 'seriously injured' again—whether by the 'fly,' or the 'drought,' is not stated.

'Jack Kincade.'—The Monongalian, Morgantown, Va., omitted to credit us with the sketch thus entitled—oversight, certainly.

### From our Foreign Files.

Seven millions of gallons of spirits, it is said, were consumed in Ireland the last year.

The present French administration is so anxious to proclaim its own folly and bad faith, that it writes them up in Roman capital characters.

La Democratic Pacifique says that Lamartine's 'Meditations,' and some of his other works, have been translated into Chinese by order of the emperor.

Prince Albert is having a bowling alley laid down at Buckingham Palace, for his own especial amusement. He might be much worse employed.

Mr. Macready is about to figure as an editor, for a London firm announce the publication of Pope's works, 'edited by Mr. Macready, the tragedian.'

An Englishman, writing from San Francisco, says that a mayor and a captain in the United States army employ themselves in rowing a ferry boat, by which they make much more money than by attending to their military duties.

The Irish papers contain most distressing accounts of intense suffering and misery that prevail in many parts of that ill-fated country, particularly in the south-western districts.—All the work-houses are filled to repletion, and thousands of persons appear actually without the means to keep life and soul together.

In the hand to hand combats between the French and Italians, the latter are said to show a decided superiority in the use of the bayonet. Garibaldi's legion stormed a cassino where a party of the French were posted, and in the face of a murderous fire from the windows, entered it and bayoneted 147 men.

The growing crops throughout England and Ireland are represented as giving good promise of an unusually abundant and early harvest. The potato disease has appeared but in a very limited number of places in Ireland, and at present gives no alarm, whilst the weather, both in England and Ireland, is all that could be desired.

### Dewdrops of Wisdom.

God is glorified when he is acknowledged, loved, served and imitated.

Prince Henry once said, that 'all the pleasure in the world is not worth an oath.'

The wisdom of our ancestors is the usual topic whenever the folly of their descendants is to be defended.—*Sidney Smith.*

Why should we open our hearts to the world? It laughs at our weakness; it does not believe our virtues; it does not pity our sorrows.

As every thread of gold is valuable, so is every minute of time; and as it would be great folly to shoe horses with gold—as Nero did—so is it to spend time in trifles.

If a man be gracious and civil to a stranger, it shows he is a citizen of the world, and that his heart is no island cut off from all other lands, but a continent that joins them.

Ill fortune never crushed that man whom good fortune deceived not. I have therefore counselled my friends never to trust to the fair side, but so place all things she gave them that she may take them again without trouble.

Despair may be serviceable when it arises from a temporary prostration of spirits; during which the mind is insensibly healing, and her scattered powers are silently returning. This is better than to be the sport of a teasing hope without reason.

The flitting sunbeam has been grasped and made to do man's bidding in place of the painter's pencil. And although Franklin tamed the lightning, yet not until yesterday has its instantaneous flash been made the vehicle of language; thus, in the transmission of thought annihilating space and time.—*Prof. Robinson.*

A bright and beautiful bird is Hope; she comes to us amid the darkness and the storm, and sings the sweetest songs when our spirits are saddest. When the lone soul is weary, it warbles its sunniest notes, and tightens again the tender fibres of the hearts that grief has unstrung.

### The Joker's Budget.

'I shall have a pane (pain) in my side,' as the coach said, when they put a glass window in the door.

'I don't know where that boy got his temper; he didn't take it from me.' 'Why no, my dear, I don't perceive that you have lost any,' was the affectionate reply.

It seems that the attack upon Rome has been carried by 'parallels.' We don't know much of the military merits of the question, but we say, that in an honorable point of view, the attack upon Rome has been most unparalleled.

'I can't imagine why my whiskers turn gray so much sooner than the hair on my head,' said an alderman. 'Because you have worked your jaws so much harder than your brains,' observed a wag.

A cotemporary lets off the following: 'Woman—the morning star of infancy, the day star of manhood, the evening star of age.—Bless such stars; may we bask in their influence until we are *sky high.*'

There is a man down east, rather a facetious chap, whose name is New. He named his first child Something, as it was something new. His next child was called Nothing, it being nothing new.

An Irishman who lives with a Grahamite, writes to a friend, that if he wants to know what illigant living is, he must come to his house, where the breakfast consists of nothing, and the supper of what was left at breakfast.

The old saying is, To make a man a drunkard, give him a wife who will scold him every time he comes home! A friend tells us he knows better than that, *for he has been married ten years and is not a drunkard yet.*

A waggish spendthrift recently said, 'Five years ago, I wasn't worth a cent in the world; now see where I am through my exertions!' 'Well, where are you?' 'Why, I owe more than three thousand dollars!'

'Charles, do you really love my daughter?' 'You know I do, Mrs. Simpkins.' 'How much do you love her?' 'I love her—I love her as hard—as hard as a horse can kick.' Mrs. Simpkins was satisfied of the strength of his affection.

'Will the galvanic rings cure depression?' asked a lady. 'What has caused the complaint, ma'am?' asked the doctor. 'The loss of my husband,' mournfully replied the lady. 'Then you had better get a *wedding* ring,' answered the doctor.

### Miscellaneous Items.

A German paper asserts that prussic acid only causes suspension of life at first, and that one who takes it can be restored to animation by the pouring of *acetate of potash and salt dissolved in water*, on his head and spine. Rabbits have been thus recovered.

A man at the alms-house in Wilmington, Del., was recently sent out to dig two graves, and thinking they might want another soon, dug three—strange as it may seem, the next morning he was a corpse and placed in one of the graves he dug.

An immense quantity of gold dust has been taken to Valparaiso from San Francisco. Not less than one million five hundred thousand dollars is reported to have been conveyed there, run into bars, assayed, marked, and then forwarded to England, via Panama and Chagres.

Advices from Florida inform us that Governor Mosely, the old Democratic executive, still holds on to his office, and intends doing so till October next. Governor Thomas Brown, whig, who was elected last fall, has been installed, so that Florida is blessed with two Governors.

A new mode of advertising has just come in vogue, adapted to the hot season. Advertisements are obtained for the *back of fans!* They are pasted in the fans, and then are thrown into people's doors gratis, all over town. Of course no one refuses a fan, and whoever one is used the advertisement presents itself to one's eyes.

### Quill and Scissors.

There was a rule in an old debating society which might be advantageously recommended to some of our public bodies: 'That any gentleman wishing to speak the whole evening should have a room to himself.'

Pigeons abound in Wisconsin. Sportsmen are shooting them by thousands. They are poor eating at best. A quail or a woodcock are the most delicate game among all the birds of the air.

Theatrical professionals generally live to an advanced age. Lewis Goldsmith, a comedian, died in London last month, aged 81 years, for sixty years of which he was connected with the Hay-Market and Drury Lane Theatres.

Wood, which in Vermont State sells at two dollars per cord, is brought into Massachusetts at an expense not exceeding one dollar and a half per cord, and sold for six and seven dollars.

In the woods in the vicinity of Plattsburg, on both sides of Lake Champlain, an extensive fire prevailed, destroying an immense amount of property and leaving a large number of families houseless.

Mr. Davenport took a benefit at the Marylebone on the 25th ult., playing his popular character of Benedict, supported by Mrs. Mowatt as Beatrice; and Rob Roy, with Fanny Vining as Helen Margregor.

A fight occurred at Richmond, Va., on Sunday, between T. W. Lotier and Wm. Cook, during which the latter received the contents of three or four barrels of a revolving pistol, and is probably mortally wounded.

Speaking of snakes, the Barnstable Patriot says Mr. Cornelius Crocker killed a black one in his mowing field over four feet long. It had the impudence to turn upon and leap towards him.

Lewis, one of the black men who violated and murdered Mrs. Foster in Kentucky, has been hanged, after confessing the crime, and warning his black friends to avoid bad company.

It is suggested that the question 'May a man marry his wife's sister?' is one which can be most effectively answered by the sister herself, when it is popped by the widower.

Jacob Hays of New York, now in his 77th year, was appointed high constable in 1798, and still retains that appointment—a suitable recognition of honesty and good faith.

Miss Ash, of Baltimore, ventured too far into the breakers while bathing at Cape May, and was barely rescued from drowning by the heroic exertions of several gentlemen.

The Buffalo Republic mentions the case of a child, reported dead from cholera, which was about to be put in the coffin, when it gave signs of life, and has since entirely recovered.

A paper to advocate the election of Mr. Benton to the Presidency, is to be established in Baltimore. It is said that Mr. Rives of the Washington Globe, finds the funds.

At St. Louis, five physicians have died of cholera: Drs. H. L. Lane, Pollock, Farrer, Drake and Barbour. The first, Dr. Hardage Lane, was the foremost man of the faculty in that city.

There was a serious riot on the Levee at St. Louis, between two parties of Irish laborers, the Northmen and Fardowners. Several of the leaders have been arrested.

John Freedley, the German who was recently acquitted of the murder of his wife, died suddenly at the Rising Sun village near Philadelphia on Thursday night.

The Pittsfield (Mass.) Sun, on the 26th July, issued the fifty-first number of its fiftieth volume, the present senior editor having commenced fifty years ago.

The Oshosh Democrat of Wisconsin says: 'We were absent from town last week four days, and when we got back *four new buildings* greeted our eyes.'

The Free Will Baptists of New York and Pennsylvania have passed very stringent resolutions against all secret orders, to expel members thereof, &c.

Young people fall in love just now whether they wish to or not. The weather is so hot they melt and *run together*, in spite of all exertions to the contrary.

The 810,000 —— of water which each minute pour over the precipice of Niagara are estimated to carry away a foot of the cliff every year.

The net income for the first year of the Connecticut and Passumic River Railroad, was over $5000—more than 6 per cent on the expenditure.

It is stated as a fact, that not a single person employed in the gas houses at Cincinnati or Louisville, has as yet been attacked with the cholera.

Franklin Foss was instantly killed at Stillwater, Me., while blasting rocks. A large stone struck him in the forehead scattering his brains.

Several cases of premature burial have occurred in various parts of the country. Too much caution cannot be exercised in a matter so important.

There is a society in Glasgow that distributes prizes to those housewives who, for three months, keep the cleanest houses in dirty localities.

The N. Y. Sun estimates the damages done to the trade and business of that city, by 'the prevailing epidemic,' at ten millions dollars.

The market committee of Pittsburg have expelled the ice cream sellers from the market houses during the prevalence of cholera.

In New Orleans Mary Foley has been sent to the penitentiary for ten years, for putting out the eyes of her chere amie with vitriol.

Mr. David Bean died in Sidney, Me., on the 13th inst, in consequence of bathing himself in cold water while in a heated state.

The water of a 'calcareo magnesian' spring in Cincinnati, is said to have caused many fatal cases of cholera in its vicinity.

Mr. Henry C. Page, a well-know actor, was arrested in New Orleans on the 17th, charged with committing a variety of robberies.

When a person wishes to salute another in Thibet, he uncovers his head, puts out his tongue, and scratches his right ear.

Mr. G. Clabonce, a respectable apothecary of New Orleans, committed suicide on the 12th ult., by taking poison.

A physician on a Western steamboat has opened a regular office, with a conspicuous 'shingle' over his state-room door.

John D. Morey, aged 19 years, son of Charles Morey, of Albany, shot himself dead in Watervliet, N. Y., because of disappointed love.

Mr. Cornelius Lansing, of Watervliet, N. Y., was found dead in his barn, having been shockingly gored by a bull.

John McMahan has been committed at New York to be tried for being engaged in a prize fight at Astoria on Sunday.

In Rockland, N. Y., Elisha Smith, an old man, killed a man named Namary in a quarrel about a division fence.

The supreme court of New Jersey have decided that the owners of cattle are bound to keep them off the railroads.

The American Cabinet tells a story of a dog in North Attleboro', who chews tobacco continually. What a nasty brute!

Gloucester, Mass., has a fleet of 127 vessels, manned by one thousand men, now fishing for mackerel, cod and halibut.

The Free Press says, Detroit will be in telegraph connection with St. Paul's, Minnesota, by September next.

Joseph C. Pancee, the colored bard, died of consumption a few days since, at his residence in Utica, N. Y.

Mr. Cooper has sent to the press a new novel with the singular title of '*Ways of the Hour.*'

In Bibb county, Georgia, Elisha Reese is to be hanged Sept. 7 for the murder of Mrs. Pratt.

Henry Turner was killed on the Harlem railroad near 119th street, New York city.

It is computed that the rats in the United States consume $60,000 worth of grain a year.

Five steamboats between Buffalo and Chicago have been laid up for want of business.

Arkansas has furnished its block of marble for the Washington monument.

### Local Matters.

#### A Scene on the Mall.

A half score or more of Irish women have lately taken stands at the Park Street corner of the Mall, where, with a few oranges and other fruit placed upon some temporary table or box, they remain from morning until night, perhaps clearing by their small sales from one to two shillings per day. They are mostly old women, who can do nothing else for a living; and are patronized more from charity than for the tempting appearance of their goods. One day last week, one of these old women became quite ill from exposure to the sun, and probably from want of proper nourishment, and was forced to leave her stand and seat herself against the iron railings of the Common in the shade. A little bright-eyed girl of twelve or thirteen summers saw her limp to the spot, and also observed the anxious eye of the old woman directed towards her little store of oranges, nuts and candy. 'Never mind those, ma'am,' she said; 'I'll go and sit there till you are better, and sell for you.'

The little miss, dressed with much taste and richness, with an air that indicated most unmistakably the class to which she belonged, sat down upon the rough box behind the Irishwoman's stand, assuming all the importance of a young saleswoman. She had never sold anything before in her life; but people began to stop and wonder what it meant to see the fair and beautiful child in that singular situation. The story was soon told by the bystanders, who had only to point to the poor woman. In a moment every one was seized with a very extraordinary desire for an orange, a handful of nuts, or some candy, and our little beauty could hardly serve them fast enough. Many, utterly refusing any change, gave her ninepence, a dime, or sixpence for a penny's worth of nuts or candy. It was all accomplished very quickly, though the little girl was somewhat disconcerted, and had to be encouraged by a whisper now and then, from one who need not be named, for she was not accustomed to a crowd.

The table was soon swept, and we saw her pass her tiny hands full of silver to the poor woman, who thus realized treble the value of her small stock, and called on half the saints in the calendar to bless the kind-hearted child.

#### The Military.

We are gratified to see that our volunteer companies are reviving the old spirit that characterized their corps in years *lang syne*. The time was, when the citizen soldiery of Boston was far in advance of that of any other city in the country. The ranks were fuller, the discipline more rigid, and their appearance superb beyond comparison. Late occurrences have tended to inspire a sense of appreciation in the public mind, as it regards the importance of this branch of our national defence; and we look to see goodly results manifesting themselves this fall. We understand that several old companies will be revived, under the most flattering auspices, and that is their company organization, economy, discipline and a true soldierly spirit will be observed. Success to the volunteer militia.

Bequests of the late Mr. Lyman.—We learn from the Advertiser that the late Theodore Lyman bequeathed $50,000 to the State Reform School at Westboro', of which he was the founder. He has also given $10,000 to the Farm School, of which he was an active officer for several years, and $10,000 to the Horticultural Society, in whose labors he took a deep interest.

Fire in Dorchester.—A fire was discovered Sunday afternoon about five o'clock, in Swan's Woods, Observatory Hill, which burnt over about three acres of land. A general alarm was raised, both in Dorchester and Roxbury. It was put out by smothering it with brush.

Gold.—The penny press seem to strive to keep up the ravage of the gold fever in our city. It must be remembered, after all, that these stories lose nothing by the telling, and that we get them pretty well 'turned.' How's that story about 'the three black crows?'

A Yankee Idea.—The New Bedford and Taunton cars have attached to them a complete apparatus for shaving, and a person with a steady hand can even shave while the train is in motion. A dressing-room in the cars is a capital idea.

East Boston and Cochituate.—We are sorry to learn that the water commissioners have decided that it is not practicable to supply East Boston with our incomparable Cochituate at the present time.

Fearful Death.—A Mr. Jacques committed suicide near Newburyport where he lived, by throwing himself before an engine and a train of cars when they were under headway. His body was cut completely in two!

Court House in Lowell.—The county commissioners have commenced building a new court house in Lowell, without the promise of any aid from that city. The building is estimated to cost $40,000.

Shameful.—A cruel and senseless outrage was committed at Ellsworth, Me., on Saturday night, 16th ult. The office of Charles Lowell, Esq., was entered, and the books of his library taken away and destroyed.

What Wrinkle next?—The St. Louis papers mention as a singular circumstance connected with the prevalence of the cholera, that chimney swallows have not appeared there this summer.

Whiston's Cigars.—If you would get a prime article, rich, and pure in flavor, and of genuine brands, just step into Whiston's cigar depot, No. 69 Broad Street. Whiston and his cigars both will bear puffing.

Glad to hear it.—Madame Laborde of the Opera, who was attacked with cholera in Montreal, is said to have been saved by the use of muriated tincture of iron.

The City Greys.—This corps of citizen soldiers are in a state of remarkable discipline and organization. It is doubtless one of the best independent companies in the Union.

Universalists.—We learn from the Massachusetts State Record, that there are about one hundred and forty settled ministers of this persuasion in the State.

Green Turtle.—Our restorators have been luxuriating in a fresh supply of turtle. The board of aldermen are convalescent!

Brockley & Bancroft hold their trade sale of books, in this city, at Assembly Rooms, Albany Street, on the 20th inst.

Store-Breakers.—The city seems to be infested with these rascals, and it is well for our citizens to keep a sharp look-out.

### OUR OLIO COLUMN.

[Written for The Flag of our Union.]

#### Song to wee Jenny.

BY ROBERT GILMORE.

I hae a wee maiden,
Both winsome an' fair;
An' she is na laden
Wi' sorrow or care:
Her bright neck an' bosom
Are just like the snaw,
An' pure as the blossom
That grows on the haw.

She's blithe as the lintie,
That sings in the grove,
An' has wooers plenty,
A' dying wi' love;
What care I how many,
Her heart is aye free,
An' I'll have wee Jenny,
'Gain she will have me.

I watched a wee lammie
That grazed on the plain,
Forsook by its dammie,
Stan' bleating alane;
It mourned for its mimie,
That a'ends did stray,
When up came wee Jenny,
The plaint to survey.

That she had been throwing
One sweet little dart,
I kenned by the glowing
I felt at my heart:
Laid I good gained,
This night I would gie,
For an hour wi' Jenny,
An sweet hour wi' thee.

O how I stood panting,
Nor could I speak then,
But what was a wanting
'Twas easy tae ken:
I care na what any
Fair maid say amang,
'Gain pretty wee Jenny
To me would say yes.

#### A Hundred Years ago.

Where are the birds that sweetly sung
A hundred years ago?
The flowers that all in beauty sprung
A hundred years ago?
The lips that smiled,
The eyes that wild
In flashes shone
Soft eyes upon—
Where, O where, are lips and eyes,
The maiden's smiles, the lover's sighs,
That were so long ago?

Who peopled all the city's streets
A hundred years ago?
Who filled the church with faces meek
A hundred years ago?
The sneering tale
Of sister frail,
The plot that worked
Another's hurt—
Where, O where, are the plots and sneers,
The poor man's hopes, the rich man's fears,
That were so long ago?

Where are the graves where dead men slept,
A hundred years ago?
Who, whilst living, often wept,
A hundred years ago?
By other men,
They knew not them,
Their lands are tilled,
Their homes are filled—
Yet nature then was just as gay,
And bright the sun shone as to-day,
A hundred years ago.

#### The First Kiss.

Nay, ask me not—how could I bring
My lips to rest on maiden's brow?
A maiden may not lightly fling
Her timid nature off—and thou,
Caressed as thou art wont to be,
What were a kiss of mine to thee?

And then wouldst think that I had pressed
Another's cheek as soon as thine,
Should I allow my lips to rest—
E'en lightly as on hallowed shrine
The trembling lips of devotee—
On thine, as pledge of love to thee.

But then some words of gentle sound
Were whispered to the maiden's heart;
She could not bear his love to wound—
The hour had come when they must part:
And she was young, and fond, and true;
What could the gentle maiden do?

The spell is broken—she has laid
Her trembling lips against his cheek;
On hers there is a deeper shade
Of crimson, but she does not speak:
Her voice is hushed—her voice is still—
'Tis given, half without her will. *City Item.*

#### The Humbugged Husband.

She's not what my fancy painted her!
I'm sadly taken in;
If some one else had won her, I
Should not have cared a pin.
I thought that she was mild and good,
As maiden e'er could be;
I wonder how she ever could
Have so much humbugged me.

They cluster round, and shake my hand—
They tell me I am blest;
My case they do not understand,
I think that I know best.
They call her fairest of the fair—
They drive me mad and madder;
What do they mean?—I do declare
I only wish they had her.

'Tis true that she has lovely locks,
That on her shoulders fall;
What would they say to see the box
In which she keeps them all?
Her taper fingers, it is true,
Are difficult to match;
What would they say if they but knew
How terribly they scratch!

#### Slow and Sure.

Here's a little scrap that is worth perusing for the moral's sake. We cut it from an exchange, where it appears without credit.

In forty years of steady work, as Eastern travellers say,
The Chinese make a porcelain cup of oriental clay;
In Bagdad they form easily a hundred in a day;
But persons seek and prize the one—the other's thrown away.
The chicken walks from out its shell, and goes its food to find,
While helpless lies for months and years the child of human kind;
Which yet by gradual strength o'ertops all else in strength and mind—
O, slow of thought, remember this—be thankful and resigned!

#### Our Presidents.

Some writer has thus cleverly described in verse the Presidents of the United States.

First stands the lofty Washington—
That noble, great, immortal one;
The elder Adams next we see;
And Jefferson comes number three;
Then Madison is fourth, you know;
The fifth one on the list Monroe;
The sixth an Adams comes again,
And Jackson, seventh in the train;
Van Buren eighth upon the line,
And Harrison counts number nine;
The tenth is Tyler in his turn,
And Polk eleventh as we learn;
The twelfth is Taylor, people say;
The next we'll learn some future day.

#### A Spanish Madrigal.

'Take, dearest maid, this chain of gold,
And with it grace thy peerless neck;
These pearls on silken threads enrolled,
These auburn tresses let them deck.'

'Fond youth,' the blushing nymph replied,
'To me these toys no bliss impart;
To see thee happy is my pride—
The pearl I value is thy heart.'

#### The Forget-me-not.

There is a sweet, a lovely flower,
Tinged deep with faith's unchanging hue,
Pure as the ether, in its hour
Of loveliest and serenest blue.

The streamlet's gentle side it seeks,
The silent fount, the shaded grot;
And sweetly to the heart it speaks—
Forget-me-not, forget-me-not.

#### An Epigram.

The following is rather severe upon the fair sex; but it is a good epigram, and cannot be suppressed, hit whom it may:

Poor Nichols had a clamorous wife,
Who filled his house with noise and strife,
And was the torment of his life,
As it appears.
A painter took this lady's face—
Such skill he showed in every trace,
Her husband passed with quickened pace,
And stopped his ears.

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THE FLAG OF OUR UNION.

## MISCELLANEOUS.

[Written for The Flag of our Union.]

### THE FALL OF PRIDE;
OR,
### THE HEIRESS OF STANWOOD HALL.

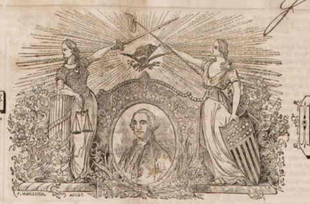
BY PAUL CRYPTON.

#### CHAPTER I.
*The Mysterious Stranger.*

He was noted on a group hall, in the cool shade of a large spreading oak, which stood on a romantic hill-side, overlooking a broad and beautiful vista of country spread around. Behind him was a fair woodland scene, from which the noble tree, beneath whose shade he was reposing, stood out like a bold sentinel, or the captain of a host; while before him lay stretched around a sunny landscape possessing a charming variety of farm, cottage, village, and pasture all softened by the distance.

He was a man who had seen perhaps six-and-a-half of the spreading orb

# THE FLAG OF OUR UNION.



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VOLUME IV. FOR THE WEEK ENDING SATURDAY, AUGUST 18, 1849. NUMBER 33.


A SPLENDID ORIGINAL ROMANCE.

Entered according to Act of Congress, in the year 1849, by F. GLEASON, in the Clerk's Office of the District Court of Massachusetts.

[WRITTEN EXPRESSLY FOR THE FLAG OF OUR UNION.]

## ZULEIKA:

OR,

## THE CASTILIAN CAPTIVE.

### A Romance of the Time of Ferdinand and Isabella.

BY MARTHA A. CLOUGH.

[CONCLUDED.]

### CHAPTER XVIII.

'Th' unsleeping purpose of revenge is foiled—
Not treachery's garb nor honeyed phrase its arts
Assumed, as through their tortuous wiles they toiled,
Could long asunder keep two truthful hearts.'

MALAGA, beautiful Malaga, was in the hands of the Christians. The standard of the Cross had been proudly raised upon the Alcazaba, and while the Moorish people turned fearfully away from the symbol that told them that their homes had been wrested from them, Isabella of Castile, and the ladies of her court, gazed joyfully upon it, and kneeling blessed the virgin for the defeat of the Infidels, while the 'clergy solemnly chanted 'Te Deum Laudamus,' and 'Gloria in Excelsis.'

It was a lovely day—that which saw the Christian captives found in Malaga, liberated. Not a cloud floated in heaven's arching dome; earth and sky were radiantly beautiful. Brightly shone the sun on the mosques and palaces of the city, the gorgeous tents on the hills around it, and the vessels that floated on the deep, blue sea. A soft breeze coquetted with the foliage of the orange and citron trees, with the cedars and palms that loomed proudly towards the sky, swelled the snowy sails of the Spanish ships, and dallied with the adornments of the tent where the captives were to be received. As the miserable band came into the presence of the Catholic sovereigns, and knelt before the altar to thank the virgin for freedom, one wasted form, loaded with fetters, not only riveted the gaze of the queen, but of Isinella de Sartrellar and Senora Liteza. It was Leon de Gardonaz; vainly had they endeavored to learn his fate; Isinella alone of the three knew that he was imprisoned in Malaga, and her heart had beat fast, and her cheek paled, when she heard from the queen's lips that the city was taken. Since she had learned from the secretary that Zuleika was dead, she had been less anxious as to the result of the siege, for she knew that, whether captive or freeman, this thought would make Leon de Gardonaz utterly miserable. A smile, not of joy, but of exultation, passed over her face as she gazed upon the sad countenance and attenuated frame of her cousin; anguish was written on every feature, and his whole bearing seemed to speak of an earth-weary spirit.

When by command of Ferdinand and Isabella his fetters as well as those of the other captives were riven, and he stood before Roderigo's tent ready to mount his steed and seek his home, the Lady Isinella came forth to bid him adieu.

'Thou art strangely changed, cousin Leon,' she said, softly. 'Methinks a few months' repose in thy home will restore the bloom to thy cheek, and the light to thine eye! Thou hast my wish that thou mayst be happy till we meet again!'

'Alas!' said the soldier, musingly; 'I may not be happy! All my hopes are blighted, Isinella!' and pressing the hand which she extended, to his lips, he mounted his courser, and sped swiftly away. Was there a feeling of remorse in the proud girl's heart? No; she muttered scornfully:

'Blighted as were mine, long, long ago!' and slowly entered the tent.

'Come with us, Lady Isinella!' said the queen, as a few days after she had made her abode in the Alcazaba of Malaga the haughty maiden stood beside her. 'Thou knowest a hundred of the Gomeres, are to be sent to the Pope as presents; we now purpose to send fifty beautiful Moorish girls to Joanna of Naples, sister to our royal consort, and thirty to the Queen of Portugal. We go now to select them—come thou with us.'

'With all my heart, gracious lady,' replied Isinella, and ere long she found herself among the Moorish captives.

'There is one among these maidens,' said the queen, as they entered the hall to which she summoned them, 'a beautiful creature I do assure thee. When the gold and jewels which decked her garments were taken from her, a cross, a rich cross, Lady Isinella, was found suspended to a chain around her neck, and she begged so passionately that she might be allowed to retain it, that her request was granted. Strange, was it not, that an Infidel's daughter should wear the symbol of our blessed faith?'

'Very strange, your highness,' replied Isinella, scarcely audibly, for her eye had seen the face of Zuleika, somewhat paler than when they last met, but even more beautiful than then. It were vain to describe the emotions of the proud girl as she saw her; Isabella saw the deadly paleness that passed over her countenance, and exclaimed:

'Holy Mary, how pale thou art!' Scarcely had she uttered the words, ere Zuleika rushed towards the Lady Isinella, and kneeling before her, clasped both her hands within her own, and while the tears gushed from her eyes, murmured:

'Isinella de Sartrellar, wilt thou not save Zuleika?'

The queen was astonished.

'Lady Isinella,' she said, 'where hast thou met before this lovely creature? Art thou her friend?'

The girl hesitated:

'Circumstances, your highness,' she said, at length, 'circumstances forbid me to say where we met. The Moorish girl is my friend. If I might be allowed to suggest aught to your majesty, I would advise thee to send this maiden to Naples; she is very beautiful and gentle!'

'Indeed,' replied Isabella, 'we cannot find it in our heart to give her away. We dare say she will become a disciple of the true faith ere long, and quite captivated by her loveliness, have resolved that she shall adorn our own household.'

'Your highness will certainly do that which is right,' replied Isinella, and with these words she again turned to Zuleika and wound the curls of her rich hair around her fingers. It cost her a strong effort to preserve her equanimity, for her heart was full of revenge; while she assisted her sovereign in the selection of the slaves, she was wondering in what way she might again restore Zuleika to her inhuman father. When she was released from her attendance on the queen, she sought her own apartment, and spent hours in concerting a scheme to ruin forever the betrothed of Leon de Gardonaz.

* * * * * *

Isabella stood in her private apartment at Jaen, gazing anxiously from the window, and thinking not a little sadly of the opposition which the Spanish army were meeting from the Infidels of Baza. Beside the luxurious chair which she had just vacated, stood her favorite Moorish slave, Zuleika.

At length the queen left the casement, and again seating herself, said with a sigh:

'Alas! pretty Zuleika, we can see no messenger spurring hither from the camp. We are weary with watching in vain; do thou seat thyself in that large arm-chair beside the window, and see if thy bright eyes cannot descry a horseman hastening hither.'

The girl obeyed; scarcely ten minutes had passed, ere she saw two cavaliers bounding towards the castle.

'The messengers are coming, your highness,' she said, respectfully.

Isabella started from her seat and hurried to the side of the girl. As they came into the courtyard, the Moorish girl gazed earnestly at them, and then sank down apparently lifeless upon the cushions.

'Holy Mary! what can this mean?' exclaimed Isabella, and she opened the golden lid of a box in her hand, containing some Arabian perfume, and sprinkled a few grains of the orange-hued dust over her face; then raised the window that the cool air might fan her cheek. While she still bent over her, a page announced Leon de Gardonaz and Roderigo de Carllero. Bidding the page say that she would immediately receive them in her audience-chamber, she summoned her attendants.

'See that this maiden is properly cared for,' she said, tenderly kissing the hand which she had clasped in her's, and with these words she went to receive the messengers. When she had listened to the message of her royal consort and given her reply, she said, smilingly:

'We are glad again to see so gallant a cavalier as thou, my Lord de Gardonaz, engaged in thy country's service! Thou hast greatly improved since last we met near the city of Malaga.'

'In good sooth, gracious mistress, I was in a sorry plight at our last meeting. Glad am I again to be among my companions in the army. If your highness will not deem it impudent, I would ask if there was not beside thee, as we dismounted in the courtyard, a beautiful maiden?'

The queen smiled. 'It is as thou sayest,' she replied. 'It was our favorite Moorish attendant.'

'And her name, your highness?' eagerly inquired the soldier.

'Zuleika—she was taken at Malaga, and has since become a convert to the true faith. But thou dost grow pale, senor—thy lips quiver—mayhap, this is the same maiden that once gave thee thy liberty? I did not think of it before?'

'The very same, gracious lady,' said the cavalier, in a tremulous voice, 'she is dearer to me than all the world beside! She is my betrothed bride! I would give all the world to speak to her for a moment!'

All the generous impulses of Isabella's nature were aroused; she not only gave the cavalier permission to meet his Zuleika, but pledged him her royal word that when the siege of Baza should be over, their nuptials should be celebrated with all due pomp and ceremony. And thus the long parted lovers met again; and their meeting, was it not joyous? The manly heart of the brave Leon thrilled with a thousand joyful emotions, as he stood beside her whom he had believed an inhabitant of the spirit-land, and again pledged her his vows, and tears of happiness filled the eyes of his Zuleika, as she a second time plighted her faith to the Castilian captive. Alas! they did not know that the dark eyes of Isinella were peering through the tapestry, and her ears listening to every word they uttered! When Leon de Gardonaz returned to the camp, he bore with him a smiling face and a light heart.

Several weeks afterwards, Isabella took up her residence in the camp, in order to convince the Moorish people that they had no idea of abandoning the siege of Baza. Among the noble ladies who accompanied her, were the Lady Isinella and the beautiful Zuleika. There each day the Castilian captive met his betrothed bride, and happily indeed sped the halcyon hours. The Senora Liteza was now among the queen's retinue; a thousand times, as she gazed upon the merry faces of Leon and Zuleika, did she thank the holy virgin that they were again united. Time passed away; Baza was surrendered to the Christians, and then Isabella of Castile remembered her promise to Leon de Gardonaz. In the city of Seville, with all the pomp and splendor which their high rank and many virtues merited, were celebrated the nuptials of Leon de Gardonaz and his peerless Zuleika. Still more beautiful was she than when in girlhood she had won the heart of the brave cavalier, and still more handsome and fascinating was he, despite all his sorrows, than when as a humble minstrel he wooed in strains of speaking melody her who was now his bride. It was a gorgeous cavalcade—that which escorted Leon de Gardonaz and the Lady Zuleika to their own proud dwelling; noble ladies and brave cavaliers, arrayed in garments stiff with gold and jewels, borne on superb chargers richly caparisoned, 'would seem as proud as knight or lady. And seemingly gayest of the gay was Isinella de Sartrellar. Never had she been so fascinating as when mounted on her snowy steed she followed her cousin to the castle which had been her childhood's home. Never had her eyes flashed so brightly, never had so rich a crimson flushed her cheek, never had she spoken so eloquently, as when she talked to the gallant soldiers and gay court ladies near her of the happiness which she hoped awaited Leon de Gardonaz. Never had her voice seemed so sweet and gentle as when they beheld the turrets of the castle; she touched lightly the arm of the bride, and said:

'Yonder, Senora de Gardonaz—yonder is our beautiful home!'

How brilliant was her conversation during those festal days—how light was her step in the dance—how gay her voice in the song! How affectionately she wound her arms around the neck of Zuleika, and led her through the spacious saloons and long corridors of her new home! How fervently she wished her cousin joy, and reminded him of the time when she had pictured for him a brilliant future!

How the heart of Zuleika blessed her for all her kind words and sunny smiles! How Liteza thanked the virgin and the saints, that Isinella was so happy! How Leon esteemed her for her gentleness to his sweet young bride! And when the feasts, the banquets and the tournaments were over, and the gay company returned to Seville, how gaily she bade them adieu, and pictured to them the blissful days which she expected to spend with her cousins! The merry band went on their way to the court of Ferdinand and Isabella, talking of the happiness of Leon de Gardonaz, his lovely bride, and witty cousin. Alas! the poorest peasant in all Castile had not so wretched a heart as that of the brilliant Isinella. Her brain had whirled and her eyes grown dim, when she heard the Moorish maiden pronounce the vows that made her the wife of Leon de Gardonaz; and when she pressed forward to offer her congratulations, her fingers had trembled in the clasp of Zuleika's, and the touch of her lips had been like ice on the cheek of the bride. But this was all unheeded; the smile on her face seemed full of joyousness, and the light of her eye gladsome indeed. From that moment she strove to banish the memory of her love, and school herself to act the part which she was playing. Well did she succeed, for no one would have believed that the gay Isinella, whose sparkling wit made her the favorite of the court, had ever mourned over unrequited affection.

'I have not made all this effort for nought;' she said to herself, when she was alone in her room. 'Leon de Gardonaz shall yet rue the day when he wedded the Moorish maiden!'

### CHAPTER XIX.

'Tis done! I saw it in my dreams,—
No more with hope the future beams!
My days of happiness are few;
Love, hope and joy alike adieu,
Would I could add remembrance too!
BYRON.

SPRING came with its warm breath to awaken the flowers to life, and then summer with its birds, its blossoms and its sunshine, and still the wily Ferdinand delayed his attack upon the city of Granada.

Even more beautiful than ever seemed the Vega to the Moorish people, clothed now with the brightest verdure. As they gazed upon it, they became still more decided in their resolution never to surrender their lovely capital to the Christians. Muza, a gallant Moor, had made several excursions to the frontier with his followers, and returned laden with booty and Castilian banners. The Moorish people began to imagine that their country would be no farther conquered, when the hosts of the Christians again desolated the Vega, and extended their ravages even to the gates of Granada. Boabdil saw with anguish the devastation of his kingdom; with a heart full of bitterness he stood upon the loftiest tower of the Alhambra, and gazed upon the army, as laden with plunder they took their way triumphantly to Cordova. Every patriotic feeling of his soul was aroused at the sight.

'I cannot—O, I cannot remain a vassal to the Castilian crown,' he said, mournfully; 'I cannot see my kingdom thus desolated,' and he again made preparations to go forth against the foe. Thousands of followers rallied around him, and again was the name of Boabdil, El Zogoybi, shouted in the streets. Poor monarch! Since the secretary had revenged himself by making him the captive of Ferdinand and Isabella, he had one day heard the populace extol Aben Hassan, the next El Zagal, and the next himself.

Contest succeeded contest—town after town, fortress after fortress, was surrendered to the Christians, till at length they determined to crown their victories by capturing the royal city. Isabella and the ladies of the court took up their residence in the camp, scarcely more than a league's distance from the gates of Granada. Among the noble cavaliers that assembled at the call of the king, were Leon de Gardonaz and Roderigo de Carllero, and among the attendants of the queen, were the fair Zuleika, the Senora Liteza, and the Lady Isinella. Familiar indeed were the towers and minarets of that beautiful city to the bride of de Gardonaz, and though none knew it, to Isinella de Sartrellar. Long before had she dispatched this message to the secretary:

'Zuleika is not dead; she is the bride of Leon de Gardonaz.'

Many times had he endeavored to steal her from the court or the castle of the Castilian captive, but in vain. When Leon de Gardonaz was in his own home, his vigilant eye ever watched the safety of his bride; and when he was absent, the queen and the ladies of her court were careful that no harm should come to Zuleika. Thus far, the Lady Isinella had been thwarted. Now, as they dwelt near the home of the Moorish lady, a hope rose in her heart that she might be seized by the secretary, and the happiness of Leon de Gardonaz ended forever. But here the Lady Zuleika was guarded still more carefully than in Castile, and the Lady Isinella began to fear that despite her schemes, despite the vows of Almyaz and the secretary, her cousin's life would be happy. Time went on, and on the evening of a warm summer's day, she sat in the gorgeous tent whither she had been summoned by the queen, thinking of a conversation which she had just held with the secretary concerning the Lady Zuleika. For the first time since the siege of Granada, he had disguised himself as a Spanish noble, and entered the Christian camp. The guitar whose strings she had been sweeping for the amusement of the queen, lay beside her; one hand shaded her half-closed eyes, and the other still lingered upon the guitar-chords. Suddenly, she heard a wild cry from the oratory to which Isabella had retired, and in another moment the queen rushed towards her.

'Fly, fly!' she shrieked, 'the tent is on fire,' and she hastened from the burning pavilion followed by the Lady Isinella. Fearful indeed was the scene which they there witnessed; the magnificent tents were wrapped in flames; the ladies of the court were in the utmost terror and confusion. Zuleika had been borne to the queen's side, pale and trembling; but Isabella in terror had hastened to ascertain if her son and the king were safe, and Leon de Gardonaz the revengeful Isinella had seen a moment before, bearing the Prince Juan to the tent of the Count de Cabra.

'Would that the secretary were here now,' she said to herself, and scarcely had she harbored the thought, when he seized Zuleika, and soon disappeared. Ere ten minutes had passed, he was far away on his fleet Arabian courser, towards the gates of Granada.

Who can tell the terror and grief of Leon de Gardonaz, when he sought for Zuleika in vain? He had borne her to the queen, and then periled his life to save that of the prince; when he had seen his royal charge in a place of safety—he hastened to the spot where he had left Zuleika, but alas! she was again in the power of her cruel father. Then he grasped his sword and vowed by the holy cross, to rescue her or perish. When the terrified Zuleika reached her sire's palace, she was borne immediately to her own room; scarcely had she been ten minutes there, when Almyaz entered. Taunting indeed were the words he uttered, and many the vows he made that never again should she be the light of the Castilian's home. He had fearfully changed since his daughter had fled to Malaga; his locks, then gray, were now white as snow; his majestic form had become bowed, and his face and brow deeply furrowed; only his dark, piercing eyes retained all the brilliancy with which they had sparkled in days of yore.

Time wore on, and after a desperate resistance, Granada, beautiful Granada, with her groves and fountains, her mosques and palaces, was surrendered to the Christians. The heart of the aged Almyaz exulted as he saw the grief which filled the soul of Boabdil; a santon, who had on several occasions predicted success for the Moors, now walked to and fro, heaping maledictions upon the heads of Boabdil and the nobles, and conjuring the people that crowded around him not to allow the unbelievers to pollute their beautiful city. Poor Boabdil! he stood in the royal palace, and heard the infuriated cries of the people, and his heart seemed breaking! What a fickle [illegible] had been his! Fearfully had Almyaz and his secretary been revenged, for had not 'the Wise' himself uttered the prediction that had first made him odious in his father's eyes, and given him throughout Granada, the title of 'the unfortunate?' Had they not instigated the Sultana Zoraya to say to the king that the prince and Ayxa la Horra were plotting to dethrone him; had not they first excited her fears? Had not the secretary been instrumental in making him a captive? Had not Almyaz aroused El Zagal's ambition, and whispered to him that the throne might be his? Had not their machinations caused all the miseries of the royal family—O, had they not been fearfully revenged?

At length the shouts of the populace ceased; the santon had departed, gone no one knew whither, and with him had fled the enthusiasm and indignation of the people.

Boabdil went forth into the streets with a heavy heart, and when with a faltering voice and aching heart he said that he had been the cause of his people's wretchedness, and reproached himself for having usurped the throne of his father, a fiendish smile wreathed the lips of the secretary and his master, and they muttered hoarsely:

'Revenged—revenged!'

Night came on, and a band of nobles gathered in the halls of the Alhambra; among them were Almyaz the Wise and his secretary. There was no mirth—no gaiety in those splendid courts, all was mournful and solemn; for the monarch was about to quit forever the glorious palace where his ancestors had reigned. With tearful eyes, and hands clasped convulsively across his heart, as if to prevent it from breaking, he moved slowly through the luxurious apartments, gazing on marble floors and fretted domes; on glittering walls and costly furniture; then took his way through the grounds, where every gushing fount and murmuring stream, every blossoming shrub and waving bower, were in his eye hallowed things. How many times he had wandered there on such a night, and thought how glorious was the kingdom and the home to which he would be heir. Alas! how his dreams had faded; how wretched he was now, and as the memory of all his sorrows rushed over him, he threw himself down beneath a citron tree, and wept bitterly.

While 'the unfortunate' was wandering thus mournfully in the palace-grounds, the Sultana Axya stood alone in her own apartment. Harrowing were the thoughts of the proud woman, as she gazed mournfully around her. Miserable as she had been for years—burdensome as had been her life since she wedded Aben Hassan, these last hours spent in the Alhambra were the most wretched.

'Dear lady,' said a slave, gliding to her side, 'Almyaz the Wise wishes a short conversation with thee?'

The poor woman hesitated; she was in no mood for talking of her sorrows; but one reflection induced her to grant him the interview; it was, that he was the brother of her early lover. In a moment he stood before her; the miserable queen could not speak; but she pointed to a divan and motioned him to be seated. The nobleman shook his head; he came towards her, and grasped her trembling hand within his own.

'Ayxa la Horra,' he said, in tones that thrilled the soul of his auditor; 'Ayxa, hast thou forgotten the cavalier who long ago wooed thee in thy father's palace; who loved thee; fondly, devotedly loved thee? Dost thou remember the hour when by the jasper fount which thou didst then so much admire, thou didst promise, solemnly promise, to become his bride? Dost thou still recollect when thou didst break thy vow—thy binding vow, woman; when thou didst stand beside thy lover and breathe these words:

'"I love thee, Anam Hi, I love thee, but thou hast not a crown to offer me; not a throne to share with me." Hast thou forgotten the grief of the young noble as he turned away? Did not thy heart reproach thee when thou didst hear no tidings from him afterwards; even though thou hadst already favored the suit of the king? Did not thine eyes grow dim with tears when it was told thee he was dead, even though thou hadst thus basely treated him? Did not thy heart ache beneath thy gorgeous garments, when midst the feasts and tournaments that celebrated thy nuptials, thou didst think of thy wronged lover? Hast thou not been wretched since the day when thou didst renounce his love for a crown? Ay, woman, it was at a fearful price that thou didst purchase that diadem, for countless thorns lurked beneath the jewels! Let me tell thee now, that Anam Hi still lives; that he exults at thy misery! Thy royal consort did, 'tis true, bear him away to a dungeon, and then give him a blow which he thought fatal; but he was deceived, Ayxa, deceived! The injured Anam recovered, and returned to his native city, to find his false Ayxa the hated monarch's bride. For years he concealed himself, till at length, in the character of a younger brother he claimed the estates of his father. How pale thou dost become, Ayxa; I see thou dost recognize me, thou dost see the ring thou gavest me, and the rich girdle which thine own hands embroidered. Ah! Ayxa, they have not often been worn; they are as bright as when thou didst give them to me. Since the tidings reached me that thou wast the bride of Aben Hassan, I have hated thee—that devoted love, Ayxa, became bitter hate. Then I determined to seek revenge. Let me tell thee, it has been mine. I did not come hither to talk only of my love, but of my deadly hate, too—of my fearful revenge. I have caused all thy sorrows; I uttered the prediction concerning thy son, that made his father despise him, for I was able to become an astrologer, a flattering courtier, anything that would aid me in my revenge. I aroused the fears of Zoraya. I advised Boabdil to rebel, I urged El Zagal to usurp the throne, I poisoned Aben Hassan; all, all this I did, woman, to make thee and thy royal relatives miserable. This is the sweetest moment of my life; this completes my triumph,' and with these words, the nobleman hurried from the room.

A few moments afterwards, when the attendants of the queen entered her apartment, they found her lying on the floor perfectly senseless, and they wept bitterly as they endeavored to restore her, for they thought that her sorrow at forever leaving the royal city, had quite overpowered her. Poor girls! they were deceived; the confession of Almyaz the Wise had thus bowed her lofty spirit. When she recovered, she uttered not a word; calmly and silently she joined the females of the household, and with them went forth from the Alhambra forever. She did not dare to speak, for her soul was full of agony, and she was too, too proud to reveal it to human sight.

Widely different from her entrance into that glorious palace, was her departure from it! Then she was a young and ambitious queen; the monarch, whose bride she was, swayed his sceptre over a beautiful country; and she had entered his castle surrounded by all the splendor and homage due to a sultana; Now alas! the kingdom had passed into other hands; another queen was to sit upon its throne, a Christian sovereign; and she and her unfortunate son were mournfully to leave the Alhambra, to find a refuge elsewhere. Bitter indeed were the reflections of the proud woman, as she passed through a postern-gate of the royal castle, and then through the most unfrequented streets of the city she was leaving forever. But she knew that the eyes of her early lover were following her, and she shed no tears, breathed no sighs. The heart of Almyaz leaped, as he saw the silent agony of Ayxa la Horra, and when she had disappeared, he wound his hands together, and said:

'O, holy Allah, I thank thee, that I have been revenged; let me wring thus the soul of Leon de Gardonaz, and then will I die in peace?'

Ah! he fancied that Zuleika was safely imprisoned in the dungeons beneath his castle, for there had he sworn that she should waste away! He did not once imagine that the old servant had freed her, and joined the domestics that followed the family of Boabdil; that in the cavalcade which from the Alhambra he saw pass through the gate, were the aged Cilitin and his daughter. He entered the royal palace, to feast his guilty soul with the grief of 'the unfortunate,' without once imagining that two of that sad-hearted retinue had left their companions and hastened towards the Christian camp.

When at sunrise he saw a band of distinguished Spanish cavaliers enter the city, to take possession of the Alhambra, he tarried only to assure himself that Leon de Gardonaz was one of the gallant array, and to catch a glimpse of the trembling form of Boabdil as he went forth to meet them; then hurried along the avenue of trees and fountains leading to the city, and sought Zuleika in his castle. She was not there; and the enraged noble turned away, muttering fiercely:

'Stolen again, stolen while I was exulting over the fall of Ayxa!' and with these words, he ascended the loftiest tower of his palace, to watch the approach of the Christians. As Boabdil departed from the city, he saw among the Moorish cavaliers that accompanied him, Eletar the secretary. Sweet was it to him to witness the anguish of the wretched monarch whom he had assisted Almyaz to ruin; pleasant was it to his soul to see him the vassal of Ferdinand; to hear the tremulous words that he uttered, and the sighs which ever and anon came from his swelling heart. And when, at length at two leagues distance from the city, they paused upon a hill-top, and gazed on the magnificent edifices, the winding streams, and verdant Vega flooded with sunlight, 'the unfortunate' could no longer restrain his tears, he said to himself:

'I have not lived for nought—on him I have been fearfully revenged!' then bade the monarch adieu, and hastened from the eminence that was ever afterwards called 'The last sigh of the Moor.'

* * * *

Ferdinand and Isabella had triumphantly entered the city of Granada. The prayers and sacred songs of the Christians resounded in the mosques where the Infidels had worshipped; their martial music and exulting shouts echoed through the streets; their voices were heard, and their forms seen in the splendid halls of the Alhambra! Alas! Granada had fallen!

As the cruel Almyaz saw at night the lights gleaming in the royal palace, and heard the music wafted from its courts, his face grew fearfully dark, and he muttered a thousand horrid imprecations upon the hated foe. With a strong determination ere dawn to revenge himself on Leon de Gardonaz, he entered the 'Sunless Hall.'

Silently he arrayed himself to go forth, and then took from the secret cabinet a single flask, and that glittering dagger. As he slowly thrust it into his girdle, he grasped the flask still more tightly in his hand; suddenly he started; it had broken in his nervous clasp, and the odor of its contents filled the room.

'Allah, save me!' shrieked the wretched man, 'my death is sure. Fatal as the bite of a venomous serpent is the touch of this fluid, and now my fingers are deluged in it.' He paused, for his eyes had grown dim, and his brain giddy—his limbs trembled, and scarcely could he grope his way to his apartment. When there, he sank down upon the cushions, for all his strength seemed to have fled. He shrieked wildly for assistance and a servant rushed into [illegible] fire, his face was flushed and burning, and his lips parched and quivering. The hand which the poison had stained was fearfully swollen, and of a dark purple hue; the terrified slave stood speechless.

'Go for—the secretary,' faltered Almyaz, in a voice that the attendant scarcely recognized as human, so full of agony it was.

When the astonished Eletar entered the room of the nobleman, he started back in horror!

'How, how has all this happened,' he was at length able to say, and he placed his hand upon the throbbing brow of Almyaz.

'Art thou here, Eletar?' he said. 'I cannot see thee; my brain seems burning, and my heart, O. Eletar, how it throbs! That poison, that powerful poison—has caused all this. I was preparing to destroy Leon de Gardonaz—the flask was shattered in my hand; the poison bathed it; see how—how—terrible are its effects. O, would the death which it is sure to cause might be speedy; but alas! 'tis lingering; days shall I suffer thus!'

The secretary trembled.

'Is there no remedy?' he asked.

'Alas! none—' and the weary Almyaz sank back quite exhausted upon the cushions. Hours went by, and the secretary sat watching him; it was fearful to watch the death-angel's progress, but more fearful to see the agony of that wicked noble's soul.

'Bring hither, O, bring hither,' he exclaimed one night, wildly springing up, 'bring hither from the palace, Leon de Gardonaz and Zuleika! I cannot, O, I cannot die with all these burdens on my guilty soul!'

An hour afterwards, the Castilian captive and his fair Zuleika stood beside him. No wonder that their faces paled as they witnessed not only his bodily, but his mental anguish! As they heard the recital of all his crimes, they shuddered and prayed the virgin to guard their hearts from a desire for vengeance. It was a dark, tempestuous night, and the howling of the wind, and the pattering of the rain mingled with the delirious ravings of the dying Almyaz. It was a fitting hour for such a spirit as his to take its flight; dark as the clouds that shrouded the sky was his crime-stained heart; and fierce as the storm that now raged, had been the tempests that had swept over his soul. At the midnight hour he was summoned to eternity, there to answer for the dark deeds he had committed, and as they stood gazing on his distorted features, Eletar the secretary related his own history.

'I have been guilty as the dead,' he said, 'I have been thy foe, Leon de Gardonaz, thy deadly foe. Dost thou remember Alonzo de Sartrellar, the youngest brother of Isinella? Dost thou remember how the elder brothers hated the son of their step-mother—how they wronged him—till the death of their sire, and then secretly dispatched him to a monastery, that they might rid themselves of his hated presence? Dost remember the day when thou didst convey me thither to serve them? For that, and the blow thou gavest me when I dared to taunt thee, I have hated thee!'

'Indeed!' replied Leon de Gardonaz, 'I had no idea that thou wast the persecuted! Methought thou wast the persecutor, for thy brothers told me that their lives were in danger while thou wast in the castle.'

''Twas false,' continued the secretary, 'false! But I was revenged; the brothers soon after died suddenly, through my agency, Leon de Gardonaz. Then I hastened away from the country I hated for their sakes. I was a mere youth; scarcely fourteen years had passed over my head, but my hate made my mind capable of strong determinations. For five years I dwelt with a hermit in the mountains of Granada; during the third year of my residence there, I went one day to Loxa; there I saw the beautiful daughter of the alcayde. I dared to chant a song beneath her window, but scarcely had its notes died away, when a young cavalier accompanied by a gray-headed man thrust me from the city. They were Boabdil, and Ali Atar, the sire of the maiden, who was the affianced bride of the young prince. For the disgrace I suffered then, I vowed to be revenged. I determined to follow him to the royal city and plant thorns in his path. Ere I did this, however, I resolved to visit Castile; I lurked behind the tapestry in thy banqueting-hall, and heard thee avow thy intention to visit the house of thy father's foe, and gaze upon his daughter. I had then another inducement to make my home in Granada;' and he proceeded to relate his adventures since he had been an inmate of the palace of Almyaz.

Three days afterwards, his form was found floating in the Darro; a frown knit his brow, and his face wore an expression of agony that told his death had been miserable as his life was guilty! Such was the fate of him whose soul had been sacrificed to a desire for revenge. He was borne to Castile, and placed in the vault where his ancestors rested; but only three of the mournful cavalcade that accompanied him knew how vile had been the heart which now lay so cold and still beneath the velvet pall; only three knew how fearful had been the crimes of him over whose silent form the solemn dirge was chanted, and for whose soul prayers were said. And those three! They left him in the voiceless tomb, never again to meet him, till he with those whom he had wronged, and by whom he had been injured, should gather around the throne of the Eternal on high.

Sadly the Lady Isinella entered a convent, while Leon de Gardonaz and the Senora Zuleika returned to their home in Granada. While there their days sped happily; their wretched cousin, in the seclusion of the nunnery, mourned over her follies and endeavored to atone for her sins. The last time that Leon de Gardonaz and his fair bride visited [illegible] with sorrow that her face had become pale, and her form emaciated; that her eyes beamed with an unearthly lustre, and that her voice had grown hollow in its tones. Ere many days, the same pall that had swept over the corse of her brother, was folded over her spiritless form; in the same chapel where his funeral ceremonies had been performed, her solemn requiem was sung; in the same vault where he was mouldering, did her wasted frame find its last earthly resting-place.

As Leon de Gardonaz and Zuleika went slowly from the dead, a sealed package was given the cavalier by a serious priest; it contained the confession of the Lady Isinella.

And Boabdil—and the high-minded Ayxa! The wretched mother, driven from Granada, deplored till death the ambition which had embittered her whole life; and the son, truly surnamed 'the unfortunate,' many years after the surrender of his kingdom, fell in battle upon the sands of Africa.

Long after the sovereigns who had conquered Granada were sleeping that dreamless slumber which knows no waking, Leon de Gardonaz and his fair Zuleika, with Roderigo and his bride, and the faithful servants who had befriended them, dwelt happily in the palace of Almyaz, and even now the people of Granada, when they talk of its conquest, relate the adventures of the Castilian captive.

THE END.

### Singular Courtship.

The other day I took a heavy boot to a shoe-maker, or cavader, to be repaired before I set forth on a new expedition, of whom I was told a capital anecdote. An English emigrant had settled down in a remote part of the forest, where he cleared a little space about him and built him a log hut. He had been there but a year or two, when one day as he was absent in the woods with his eldest daughter, his hut took fire and burned down. His wife was sick, but she managed to crawl out, taking the straw bed on which she lay with her. At evening the husband returned to find his house in ruins. It was a winter night, and the snow lay deep on the ground. Calling aloud, he heard a faint voice reply, and going in the direction from which it came, found his wife stretched on the bed in the snow. Getting together a few boards left from the conflagration, he made a shelter over her. That night she was safely delivered of a child, which survived, and is now living. But under the exposure and excitement together, the husband took a violent cold, which, having fastened on his lungs, and being resisted by no medical treatment whatever, terminated in the consumption. He, however, reared another hut, and during the summer a young settler came in and purchased a tract near by him. His being the only family within a long distance, this backwoodsman often passed the evening in their society. It was not long before he discovered that his neighbor could not long survive, for the most ignorant in this region know all the symptoms of pulmonary disease which carries off three fourths of those who die. Accompanying this conclusion came naturally the reflection, what would become of the wife, and as she was good-looking and industrious, he thought he could not do better than to marry her himself. Acting under this consideration, he mentioned the matter to her, remarking that her husband could not live long, and asked if she would marry him after he was dead?

She replied that she had no objection at all, if '*her husband was willing?*' He said he had no doubt on that point, and he would speak to him about it. He did so, and the husband unhesitatingly gave his consent, adding that he was glad she would be so well provided for after his death. So when winter approached, the young settler would come and 'court' the prospective widow, while the dying husband lay and coughed on the bed in the corner.

Now, there was not much sentiment in this, I grant, but there was a vast deal of philosophy. It was rather cool on her part, to be sure, but vastly sensible on his. What could his wife and children do all alone in the woods, without a protector? The toughest part of the proceeding, and that which no doubt tested the backwoodsman's philosophy the severest, was the courtship. To lie gasping for breath in one part of the room, and see the young, athletic and healthy backwoodsman and his wife sitting together by the fire, and know that after a few more painful weeks, he would occupy that place permanently, and bear it patiently, required a good deal of stamina. Especially must the reflection that they were both probably very anxious to have him take his departure, have been rather a bitter pill to swallow. I go into these little particulars, you know, to show the character of my hero to the best advantage, *the heroine speaks for herself.* These two interesting personages were my shoemaker and his wife.—*Headley's Adirondack, or, Life in the Woods.*

### Why should any Man swear?

I can conceive of no reason why he should, but of ten reasons why he should not.

It is *mean.* A man of high moral standing would almost as soon steal a sheep as *swear.*

It is *vulgar;* altogether too low for a decent man.

It is *cowardly;* implying a fear either of not being believed or obeyed.

It is *ungentlemanly.* A gentleman, according to Webster, is a *genteel man.* Well-bred, refined. Such an one will no more swear, than go into the street to throw mud with a clod-hopper.

It is *indecent;* offensive to delicacy, and extremely unfit for human ears.

It is *foolish.* 'A want of decency is want of sense.' Pope.

It is *abusive.* To the mind which conceives the oath, to the tongue which utters it, and to the person to which it is aimed.

It is *venomous;* showing a man's heart to be a nest of vipers, and every time he swears, one of them sticks out his head.

It is *contemptible;* forfeiting the respect of all the wise and good.

It is *wicked;* violating the divine law, and provoking the displeasure of Him who will not hold him guiltless who takes his name in vain.—*Portland Transcript.*

N. P. Willis, speaking of those who pride themselves on their own ancestry, says, 'They are like the reflections of stars in the water—they never would have been there but for their bright originals in heaven.'

[Written for The Flag of our Union.]

# RUDOLPH HERDER AND THE WILD HUNTSMAN.

BY J. H. ROBINSON.

It is well known that the Hartz Mountains are celebrated for their wild legends. So far back as we have any record of that portion of the world, the Germans have peopled it with creatures unearthly. Demons and fallen spirits have held their revels there from time immemorial, according to these traditions.—Amid the Hartz Mountains is the home of the 'Wild Huntsman' and his demoniac pack. On tempestuous nights, when the elements are in fearful commotion, he is seen sweeping over the mountain-tops on his unearthly black charger, from whose nostrils dart sulphurous flames, and whose sides are flecked with living fire. Close upon his heels are the fiendish companions of his sport, while preceding these unholy revellers are the howling hell-dogs, whose terrible notes, mingling with the halloo of the hunters, strike terror to the heart of every living thing. On the thirtieth of April, it appears, there is a grand carouse of the whole genus of devils—devils of high and low degree. These meetings are said to be peculiarly boisterous and terrific, and it is considered extremely dangerous to venture very near the mountains during this festive night of evil spirits. Such are some of the traditions that prevail in regard to the Hartz Mountains.

A tale, illustrative of the feelings of some of the German people even at a late day, was recently related by a gray-bearded old man, who once dwelt in the vicinity of the spot where the incident is said to have transpired.

Several years ago a German peasant dwelt near that portion of the range of mountains we have named, called the Bruckberg. His name was Wieland. He had a wife and two daughters depending upon his exertions for support. He was very honest and industrious, but what toil could make the barren, rocky soil bring forth, which he strove to cultivate, and upon which his rude cabin was built. It required many weary days of labor to get even a bare subsistence from the bosom of such unfruitful earth, consequently he could hope for no more than just enough to support life from his few ungrateful acres; and an untimely frost or a bad season might reduce him to actual want. This was a source of continual trouble to Wieland. He saw but one way to provide against such a dire calamity, and that was to marry his daughters to the sons of his more fortunate neighbors. He reflected upon this subject until it became the darling idea of his life. He thought of it by day, and dreamed of it by night. About this time it seemed that Heaven was about to gratify his wishes. Two young men, who lived the other side of the Bruckberg, came to see his daughters. Wieland was pleased with both. The name of one was Rudolph Herder, and that of the other, John Lessing. They were both sons of peasants, who were in good condition so far as worldly gear was concerned. It seldom happens, however, that mortals have anything just to their mind, and in accordance with this general rule, it seems that both the young men loved Adelaide, the eldest daughter, and what was worse, both were fully bent upon winning her without regard to the wishes of the other.

With the greatest anxiety and regret, Wieland saw how matters were progressing, and in his heart he called them a couple of blockheads.

'Is there not two of them,' he said to himself, in a petulant tone, 'and is not one of them as good as the other? Cannot Herder take one of the wenches, and Lessing the other? Ain't they as much alike as two peas? What nonsense that they should go to loggerheads about Adelaide. Let them draw lots for the first choice.'

But the young men could by no means be induced to believe that Adelaide and Editha were just alike, neither would they listen to such a thing as drawing lots.

John Lessing embraced the first opportunity of seeing Wieland alone, and offered him a hundred *thalers* to gain the consent of his daughter. This was a tempting sum to Wieland, and he resolved to use his influence with Adelaide in favor of Lessing. But here Wieland was doomed to disappointment again.—His daughter loved Rudolph Herder, and not John Lessing.

When the former learned that the latter had resorted to money to win the maiden, he made Wieland an offer equally liberal for the same purpose, although in his heart he scorned such an act.

'If Adelaide Wieland loves John Lessing, let her say so boldly, and thus decide the matter at once. I will be the last man to murmur. I will dance at her wedding with right good will. But if on the contrary she prefers me to all others, then John Lessing shall dance at my wedding.'

It soon came to the knowledge of Lessing that his rival had made the same proposition to Wieland that he had, and burning with resentment he doubled the sum he had named in the first instance, adding the additional inducement of a hundred *thalers* per annum for a term of years, the first instalment to be paid on the wedding day. It was now the 18th of April, and this offer was to hold good until the thirtieth. The heart of Wieland was glad. Could he bring about this union, half his solicitude for the future would cease. There would be one mouth less to feed, beside the little fortune his son-in-law would bring him. When this marriage should be consummated, the untimely frosts might blight his sickly grain, or an unfruitful season destroy the hopes of the husbandman, and still grim want would not stare him in the face. It was natural that Wieland should exert himself to the utmost in favor of Lessing.

He importuned Adelaide until she was weary of his presence and the sound of his voice. He represented to her the advantages that would result from the match. He spoke of his days and nights of toil—of fears that harassed him continually, whether sleeping or waking—of the hunger-pangs he had suffered for her, when she was but a helpless child—of the dark prospects before them, now he was getting old and drawing near to death.

To hear her father speak of dying touched a tender chord in the bosom of Adelaide, and she wept at the rehearsal of what he had suffered in the past. She begged of him a few days to consider the subject, when he might expect a final answer; but she did not conceal from him that she loved Rudolph Herder, and that with him only could she be happy.

When Rudolph heard what Lessing had done in order to rob him of the maiden who loved him, it was with difficulty he could restrain his indignation. It appeared to him that Wieland was a mean, mercenary man, and wished to speculate upon his daughters, letting them go to the highest bidders. With real grief he saw he was about to be thwarted in that upon which he had staked his happiness, for the last offer of Lessing was so liberal, that he could not think of counteracting it by a similar inducement, for it was not in his power. He had not the money at his command, and the thirtieth of April was close at hand.

As it may be supposed, Herder was in a state of mind far from enviable. He wandered about the mountains like a man in despair.—He sought the most lonely places, and some said he held converse with evil spirits. What confirmed this idea in the minds of many, was that he frequently passed whole nights in the most dismal and dreaded parts of the mountains.

Time passed on, and the thirtieth of April drew near. The distress and unhappiness of Herder increased as the fatal day approached. What should he do? The two hundred *thalers* he could not get. In vain he tried to soften the heart of his father, and prevail upon him to advance him the money. It was all in vain.

'If the girl cannot be won without money, let her be the wife of John Lessing. I shall not buy a wife for my son,' was the invariable answer of the elder Herder.

It was the twenty-eighth of April. Rudolph had wandered to a greater distance from home than usual. The night set in black and stormy. The winds went shrieking through the gorges with an unearthly sound. Black clouds rested on the summit of the Bruckberg. The lightnings streamed down the mountain sides, and the thunders roared and reverberated like a thousand cannons. The demon dwellers in the rocky caves seemed calling to each other in fiendish exultation.

Rudolph Herder lay upon the ground unmindful of the elementary strife. His thoughts were away with Adelaide Wieland. He cursed her father for a mercenary wretch.—He called madly on the lightnings to put an end to his life, which could no longer be happy, since Adelaide was lost to him forever. As if in compliance with the impious invocation, a bolt descended and splintered a tree to atoms not a dozen yards from where he lay, and left the blackened fragments burning at his feet.

'That was well,' he exclaimed, bitterly, 'but it were better had it been nearer. Ha! a thought strikes me,' he said, after a momentary pause. 'I will invoke the aid of the spirits who dwell here. The demons of the Hartz Mountains may be less cruel than old Wieland. They certainly cannot feel disposed to injure a miserable man like myself, whose cup it seems is already full. It is a bold and impious step, but I will make the experiment though I perish in the act. A few steps from here is the cave known as the Wild Huntsman's Cave.—They say the presiding demon dwells there. I will away to it at once and ask his aid, and God forgive the impiety of the act.'

A few hurried strides took Rudolph Herder to the Wild Huntsman's Cave. Its mouth yawned like the entrance to the eternal abyss. Huge rocks were piled up around it, as though the demons had flung them there in their revels. When the red lightnings flashed, they threw an unearthly glare far down into the cave, whose jagged sides appeared to frown upon Herder as he gazed in. An enormous eagle arose and flapped its far-spreading wings, and uttered wild screaming notes as he approached, while a burst of thunder, louder than he had ever heard, shook the ground beneath him, and echoed and re-echoed through a thousand gorges. The stout heart of Rudolph Herder quailed, and he felt an involuntary shrinking from his purpose; but it was only for a moment. A single thought of John Lessing and Adelaide Wieland was sufficient to brace his nerves to any effort. He stepped boldly into the mouth of the demon cave.

'Mighty spirit of the mountains—demon of good or ill, I care not which, an unhappy mortal invokes your aid in the hour of his need. Dread power! come forth—come forth!' cried Rudolph Herder, in a loud, fearless tone.

He had scarcely ceased speaking, when the thunders seemed to break in the very mouth of the cavern, and the blinding flames leaped from its stern sides and shot up around him, and he felt himself flung back by some irresistible impulse. Instantly a voice issued from the cave—a voice deep-toned and clear as the thunder's peal:

'Rudolph Herder, why hast thou dared to call the mountain demon from his midnight vigils and his deep abyss? Speak, thou of woman born!' said the voice, in tones that vied with the conflict of the elements.

'I have dared to call thee, puissant demon, because mortal power hath failed me, and my need is great. Slay, or save me, as thou wilt. Thou canst kill only the body,' replied Rudolph, firmly.

'Art thou not afraid, O, Rudolph Herder?' said the demon.

'No, I fear thee not. I only fear to lose Adelaide Wieland,' replied Herder.

'Thou shalt die!' thundered the spirit.

'So shall all the descendants of Adam.—Thou hast uttered no new truth,' said Rudolph, folding his arms upon his breast in momentary expectation of his death.

'Truly, but rashly said, unhappy wretch.—I can roll my thunders, and dart my flames upon thee, and cut short thy brief day ere thou couldst respire twice. Tremble at thy daring,' rejoined the spirit.

'Wild Huntsman of the Hartz Mountains, if thou art he, a weak and helpless mortal invokes thy aid. Wilt thou aid him, or wilt thou not? If thou wilt, thou shalt have the friendship of a man, but if on the contrary, thou wilt not, roll thy thunders upon me as quickly as thou wilt,' retorted Herder.

'Thou art a bold man, Rudolph Herder.—Few have spoken with the Wild Huntsman, and lived. I will aid thee, for I love brave men as well as brave spirits. Go to old Wieland this night and offer him thrice the sum that thy rival hath, to be paid on the thirtieth of April,' said the Wild Huntsman, in a more gentle voice.

'Alas! I have not so much money in the world,' replied Rudolph Herder, in a sad tone.

'Nevertheless, Rudolph Herder, go to old Wieland and offer him six hundred *thalers* to be paid on the thirtieth, and three hundred *thalers* per annum for a term of years, thrice as long as that named by John Lessing.—Wilt thou do as I bid thee, Rudolph Herder?'

'I will—I swear it,' answered Herder.

'Do so, and I will see thee again on the night of the thirtieth, let thee be where thou wilt. Trust me, and I will not fail thee. The Wild Huntsman will give thee Adelaide Wieland for thy bride.'

When the Wild Huntsman ceased, a burst of thunder shook the mountains to their foundation. Above its terrible din was heard the deep, unearthly clatter of horses' hoofs, and the bright lightning revealed for an instant the outlines of a mighty steed and its dreadful rider, as they sprang away over the mountains and disappeared.

Though bewildered and astonished at what he had heard and seen, Rudolph Herder by no means neglected to do as he had been instructed.

Old Wieland stared at him incredulously when he heard him speak of six hundred *thalers* to be paid on the thirtieth of April, and three hundred per annum for a term of years thrice as long as that stipulated by Lessing.—The sum seemed so extravagant to Wieland, that it was evident at a glance that he placed no reliance on what Rudolph had promised. As it was, however, he managed to extort a promise from him that no decisive step should be taken in favor of Lessing until after the thirtieth of the month.

Wieland hastened to his daughter and communicated to her what had passed between himself and her favored lover, adding that 'the young man must be distraught, for a few days before he had declared it utterly out of his power to raise a third part of that amount.'

But Adelaide would by no means believe that the intellect of Rudolph was in any manner disordered. On the contrary, she relied implicitly on what he said.

'You can hardly be so credulous as to imagine for a moment that Herder can produce the six hundred *thalers*? Fie upon you for a silly wench.'

'I believe Rudolph Herder will do as he agreed, and so strong is my faith in him, that if he comes not at the time appointed with the *thalers*, I will no longer resist your wishes, but you may bestow my hand on whom you please.'

This offer was joyfully accepted by Wieland, and he embraced Adelaide with right good will, and called her 'a sensible, good girl.'

When Lessing heard of Rudolph Herder's counter stroke of policy, he was filled with amazement, for he could not raise six hundred *thalers* in so short a time. Like Wieland, he had some doubts of the ability of his rival to obtain such a sum.

'Let that be as it may,' he muttered to himself, 'Rudolph Herder shall not be at Wieland's on the night of the thirtieth of April. John Lessing has said it, and all the demons of the Hartz Mountains cannot thwart him.'

He said this with an air of triumph, and laughed to himself as he walked away.

As for Herder, the morning of the twenty-ninth found him seated alone by the Bruckberg in a state of despondency bordering on despair. How he was to get the six hundred *thalers* he could not tell, unless by some miraculous interposition of the Wild Huntsman.—Should he fail, both his credit and Adelaide Wieland would be lost forever, and an undying ridicule attach itself to his name.

While he was thus reflecting upon his hard fortune, several men in masks rushed upon him, seized, blindfolded, and set him upon a horse, and he soon felt himself in rapid motion. We will not dwell upon his strange journey.

Two days was he carried forward at a break-neck speed, being permitted to stop only a few moments for refreshment, and as it seemed to Herder, to change horses. The bandage was placed over his eyes so effectually that he was unable to see any portion of the country they were passing through. During this unpleasant ride of two days and nights, not one of his captors spoke aloud in his hearing. If he attempted to resist, or to remove the bandage from his eyes, he felt the cold touch of a drawn sword at his throat—a kind of pantomime that made him understand that resistance would be attended with fatal results.—He was obliged to submit to his fate. As may be supposed, his reflections were not of a nature to be envied during this protracted and silent ride. He knew they were bearing him swiftly from Adelaide Wieland, and that knowledge was enough to make him superlatively miserable. It was the night of the thirtieth of April, and he was forty-eight hours travel from where he had pledged himself to be, and it was in all human judgment a physical impossibility for him to redeem his word.

At this juncture he felt himself lifted from the saddle to the earth, and the next instant he heard the receding clatter of horses' hoofs. He drew the bandage from his eyes and found he was alone. He examined the surrounding scenery as well as the fast falling shadows of night would admit, but he could not recognize a single landmark, or feature of the country. He was in an unknown region, and yet it seemed to him he was at the extreme limit of the Hartz Mountains, and that many of the windings of his involuntary journey had been made on purpose to bewilder him. As it was, however, he doubted not that more than one hundred miles lay between him and Wieland. Rudolph Herder was completely bewildered. He guessed well to whom to attribute this last misfortune.

'John Lessing, I owe thee a ride,' he said, in a hoarse voice, 'and I will not remain thy debtor. Thou wilt have Adelaide Wieland, and Rudolph Herder will have his revenge.'

Rudolph sat down upon the ground, and gave up all hopes of Adelaide.

'Ha!' he cried, all at once, starting suddenly to his feet, 'the Wild Huntsman said he would see me again this night, let me be where I might. There may be still a hope. But no, he has forgotten his promise by this time, for to-night is the high carnival of devils, and the Wild Huntsman will be out with his pack. He has business enough on his hands at this hour without attending to the affairs of poor mortals. And yet he appeared not an evil-disposed spirit, and there was something in his tones that seemed to say, "I will not lie."'

While Rudolph Herder spoke, the skies grew wild and threatening. Hot sulphurous vapors descended upon the mountains.—Strange birds flew over him and shrieked in fear as they passed. The wild boar and the deer went bounding past as if seized with an unearthly panic. A horrible din was borne to his ears from the far distant ranges—fearful shouts, and the baying of dogs.

'The Wild Huntsman is out,' cried Rudolph Herder, while a momentary gleam of hope filled his heart. 'The Wild Huntsman is out, and I hear the deep-mouthed baying of the demon pack. The unholy revellers come this way, and he may remember his promise.'

While Herder spoke, the mountain ranges seemed to vomit forth a thousand sheets of misty flame, which lit up the surrounding scenery as far as the eye could extend with a glare that was fearful to look upon. At the same moment a boar, a score of times above the usual size, sprang by him like a fiery bolt shot from a cross bow. Its mouth, distended like the jaws of a dragon, dropped great gouts of foam like the snows that lie upon the Alps in mid-winter. On he sped with a terrific grunt and bound, and then arose upon his track the fiendish halloo of the Wild Huntsman and his crew, while the clatter of their horses' hoofs resounded among the mountain gorges like loudest thunder, and shook the ground as with the throes of an earthquake. On and on they came over the mountain tops, as though hell itself had been disembogued. With terrible shouts, and flames playing about them that savored of the pit, the Wild Huntsman and his fellow revellers drew up their unearthly steeds near Rudolph Herder, whose cheeks were now blanched with terror.

'Rudolph Herder,' cried the Wild Huntsman, 'why art thou not at Wieland's? Forgettest thou that thou must win her this hour, or never? Where are thy *thalers*, Rudolph Herder?'

'Thou dost well to ask me, spirit of the mountains, when thou canst better answer what thou hast asked than I. When I forget Adelaide Wieland, thou wilt forget the thirtieth of April. As for the *thalers*, I could not get them, although I promised them as thou badest me,' replied Rudolph, in a desponding tone.

'Take courage, Rudolph Herder. Thou shalt go to Wieland's this very hour and pay him the *thalers*, and kiss the red lips of Adelaide,' said the Wild Huntsman, in an encouraging tone.

'But the distance is great, good demon,' answered Rudolph.

'Distance, ha! ha! why dost thou talk of distance to the Wild Huntsman. What is distance to him. Ha! ha!' and the revellers laughed in chorus, and the ranges answered back in deep echoes.

'If thou art a brave man, Rudolph Herder, and not a craven dog, give me thy hand, and leap up behind me, and I will give thee such a ride as never had son of woman before. Up, Rudolph Herder, up to the croupe, and cling to my girdle as thou didst cling to thy mother's breast when a babe. But Rudolph Herder, do thou not speak on the way, as thou lovest life, and Adelaide Wieland. Do thou but open thy mouth and speak so much as the smallest word that was ever uttered by human tongue, and I swear by my sceptre thou shalt die.'

Rudolph Herder with a bold effort reached up his hand, and the Wild Huntsman stooping until his black plume touched his fiery saddle bow, grasped it in his own, and lifted him to the croupe.

Rudolph clenched his hands in the girdle of the wild horseman, and the tremendous steed rearing upon its hinder feet, and emitting flames from its nostrils, plunged away over the mountains and precipices, leaping from crag to crag, and from summit to summit like a winged creature.

'Now Rudolph Herder, thou shalt ride a course upon a steed that never tires, but remember; speak thou not—on thy life. Thou shalt astonish old Wieland and John Lessing this night.'

The steed of the Wild Huntsman, now he was upon it, seemed to grow larger and larger, and its speed to increase, till it vied with the flight of an arrow. One moment its feet pressed the brink of a precipice, and the next it was poised in mid air over a chasm of a thousand feet; then lighting upon the almost perpendicular sides of a mighty crag, it touched only to perform feats more wonderful. And on, and on went the Wild Huntsman and Rudolph Herder, followed by the whole of the infernal revellers, with a din and clatter that made the mountain wolf tremble in his den, and sent the night ravens screaming from their eyries. Loud bayed the hell-dogs, and louder and louder shouted the hunters, while far away before them ran the foaming boar.

Rudolph caught the wild enthusiasm of the chase, and would have added his own voice to the demon shout, but he remembered the admonition of his strange companion, and was silent.

'I told thee, Rudolph Herder, I would meet thee this night, and thou seest I have not told thee a falsehood. I said also, O thou of woman born, that thou shouldst ride such a ride as never rode mortal before. I have redeemed my word. The Wild Huntsman [illegible] to the earthly born. In a moment we shall be at old Wieland's. When thou goest in thou wilt find the *thalers* at thy girdle. Tell not what thou hast seen this night until a year and a day have passed. On every anniversary of this night, thou mayest seek the cave of the Wild Huntsman, and ride a race with him in welcome, and no harm shall come upon thee, for thou art a brave man. And when thou ridest with me again, thou mayest speak without fear, and when thou leavest me, thou wilt find three hundred *thalers* at thy belt, invariably, each anniversary night.'

Suddenly the din and clatter and baying of dogs melted into silence, and the next instant the Wild Huntsman drew up his steed at the very threshold of Wieland's door.

'My promise is redeemed, Rudolph Herder. Here is Wieland's dwelling. Leap from the croupe. Nay, fear nothing—the fall will not hurt thee. Be of good heart, thou art in time to wrest Adelaide from John Lessing. Down, Rudolph Herder, down, and be happy with thy bride.'

'A thousand thanks, good mountain king,' cried Rudolph, when his feet touched the ground. 'I will ride a race with thee again, on the anniversary of this night, and a merry time will we have of it, and for a year and a day I will name to no human being what has passed within this hour.'

'It is well, brave heart. Remember the anniversary. And farewell to thee, Rudolph Herder, for a short year.'

The mighty steed of the Wild Huntsman reared high upon its hinder legs, and shaking its black mane, and breathing fire from its distended nostrils, shot away like lightning. The next moment Rudolph heard the baying of the hell-dogs far away.

With an eager hand he pulled the latch, and with a face flushed with excitement, stood before old Wieland, John Lessing and his daughter; and as he stood there, he heard the *thalers* jingle musically at his girdle.

John Lessing recoiled in blank amazement, and his cheeks grew deadly white. He could not account for the appearance of his rival, whom he had believed, but a minute before, was a good hundred miles away.

'Then you have come at last, Rudolph Herder?' Lessing managed to articulate.

'I have come at last, John Lessing. Did you *expect me?*' replied Rudolph.

There was something in his tone, that struck a chill to the heart of Lessing, and made hope revive in the bosom of Adelaide.

'I have come to fulfil my promise,' continued Rudolph, turning to Wieland.

'What! to pay the six hundred thalers, Rudolph Herder?' cried the old man, in astonishment.

'Even so, Wieland,' replied Rudolph, triumphantly.

'Where wilt thou get the money, Rudolph Herder?' said Lessing, with a sneer, but his voice trembled as he spoke.

'It is here, John Lessing. I have come to pay it notwithstanding the long ride thou hast been at the trouble to give me,' rejoined Rudolph. As he said this, he put his hand to his girdle, and there was the bag of *thalers* as the Wild Huntsman had said. Upon counting it, it was found to contain just six hundred *thalers*, with a paper drawn up in due form, for Wieland to sign, signifying that he gave his daughter Adelaide to Rudolph Herder to be his lawful wife. Wieland signed this instrument, indignantly committing to the flames a writing to the same effect, which had been drawn up by Lessing, and which he was on the eve of signing when the unexpected entry of Rudolph put an end to the proceeding.—When they looked about for the former he had gone.

The very next day Rudolph Herder and Adelaide Wieland were wedded, and a happy day they made of it.

Rudolph kept the secret of the thirtieth of April to himself for a year and a day—and *then*, he told his wife? It was always noticed afterward, that upon the night of the thirtieth of April, Rudolph was always missing until after midnight. No person knew where he went, but some affirmed that he went to ride with the Wild Huntsman. Be this as it may, he always returned safe, and in good spirits. Rudolph Herder has prospered from that day to this, but John Lessing always turns pale when he sees him, and invariably avoids his old and more fortunate rival. Thus ends the legend of Rudolph Herder and the Wild Huntsman.

[Written for The Flag of our Union.]

## The Emigrant Ship.

BY MATURIN M. BALLOU.

Night's sable mantle
Shrouds the ocean deep;
With tossing waves
The moonlight is at play—
The swift-winged albatross
Is now asleep;
The ship alone
Hastes swiftly on her way.

Sad are the hearts,
That 'neath her decks repose;
They seek a distant,
And a stranger land;
Driven by famine,
And by countless woes,
To find a home
On Freedom's natal strand.

On board the ship,
Amid the stillness there,
In peaceful dreams
Some see again their home;
While others wakeful
Breathe a silent prayer,
Or listen sadly
To the surge's foam.

The voyage is long—
And pestilence at last
Takes grey-haired parent
And the thoughtless child;
The raging fever comes
Their brightest hopes to blast,
And sorrow's wailings
Echo loud and wild.

The land at last
Breaks on the wearied eye—
But faint the joy that glads
The grieving breast:
For half their number now*
Their spirits sigh,
That sleep in death,
Beneath the ocean's crest.

* The Philos, which sailed some months since from a British port with emigrants, lost ninety-two of her passengers by ship fever; just one *half* the whole number.

## The Boa Constrictor.

John, undo his tail. There, ladies and gentlemen, is the wonderful boy constrictor—so called because he constructs many pleasing images with his serpantile form. The constricter is a long animal, as you will perceive, and is very long-lived. He lives a hundred years or more, if he don't die beforehand. He is of the wormy species, and worms himself along the ground without legs. He is capable of climbing the highest trees, which he is fond of concealing himself in the branches whereof, that he may impose upon the benighted traveller, or other beast, whereby to satiate his hunger. He mashes his victuals before he eats 'em, and then swallows them head first, for which he is provided with great strength for the purpose. He is sometimes called the *bow* constructor, from an ignorant idea that he ties hisself into bow knots; but I am intimately acquainted with the creature, and he never does it. I suppose he could do it if he tried, but there would be no use of it. Some naturalists suppose that the boy constrictor is the same personage that deceived our grandmother Eve, and that he staid on land for the purpose of obtaining a livelihood, and his relatives took to the water and became sea serpents. This may be paragorical, or it may not. I am not acquainted with the sea serpent, having never been introduced to him. Besides, the sea serpent is much larger, though I think the boy constrictor could lick him, for he is full of pluck, and is very spunky. Prick him, John, and make him hiss. When he hisses, he is very angry, and cares very little what becomes of him. This is because he is weak-minded, and has a small head. He has, however, a very large belly, and when it is full he is good-natured. But even then he is not a pleasant companion, for he is stupid. I cannot say I love the boy constrictor, although he has brought me a good deal of money.—He has a lovely skin, but he is very ugly-tempered, he can't talk. I have took care of this mighty snake these three years, but he shows no gratitude. He is a glutton, likes to stuff himself, and then go to sleep. If John don't stir him, (stir him again John!) he would never wake up, except to his victuals. I don't know's I ought to blame him, though, because nature is nature, whether in Boston or in the rude valleys of Bengal. The boy constrictor is a resident of Bengal—a far-off country, which produces tigers and spices, and is nearest to the sun. I have an uncle who has lived in Bengal, and a brother who was never there. My uncle tells me he has seen ten thousand boy constrictors at one time, a frolicking in the forest, and eating each other up. My brother does not believe it—but then he has not seen it. My uncle may be depended upon. He was a missionary once, and sold rum and sugar to the Injuns. He is the only man in the world who ever sold liquor to the boy constructor. This is the one that he gave it to. He first got him tight, and then boxed him up. The boy will never forgive him. My uncle owns part of the show. Here comes my uncle. He is the man with the red nose and gold watch. The watch was a present from the Princess of Injes.—*Albany Atlas.*

## Anecdote of Burke.

The following affecting incident, detailed by Mrs. Burke to a friend, took place a few months before his death in 1797:—A feeble old horse that had been a great favorite with the junior Mr. Burke, and his constant companion in all his rural journeyings and sports, when both were alike healthful and vigorous, was now, in his age, and on the death of his master, turned out to take the run of the park for the remainder of his life at ease, with strict injunctions to the servants that he should neither be ridden nor molested by any one. One day, while walking in solitary musing, Mr. Burke perceived this worn-out old servant come close up to him, and at length, after some moments spent in viewing him, followed by seeming recollection and confidence, deliberately rest its head upon his bosom. The singularity of the action itself, the remembrance of his dead son its late master, who occupied much of his thought at all times, and the apparent attachment and almost intelligence of the poor brute, as if it could sympathize with his inward sorrows, rushing at once into his mind, totally overpowered his firmness, and throwing his arms around his neck, he wept long and bitterly.' *Odd Fellow.*

## Sleeping in a Hearse.

Donald Clarke, the New York poet, not long after his marriage, finding himself utterly unable to support his wife, turned her one night by stealth through the parlor window of her parents' house, and went forth into the world to starve alone. He picked up a meal now and then at the eating houses; but sleeping on the Battery benches was not to his taste, and he knew not where else to go. 'At last,' said Mr. McDonald, 'at last I found an empty hearse. It was an old one—laid up in ordinary. I slept in it, sir, every night for six months, and never enjoyed sleep more in my life.' *Saturday Gazette.*

[Written for The Flag of our Union.]

## SQUIRE JOB, AND THE WAY HE DID IT.

BY FRANK WYNDON.

Old Job Bemis, or squire Job, as he was generally called, had lived to the age of fifty years and over—how nobody knew, for he never did anything to earn a livelihood, never worked, and though prone, like many other geniuses, to speculation, he almost invariably lost money in his operations. He never had a home, and where he 'got his vittels an' did his sleepin',' it would have puzzled the whole neighborhood, including Job himself, to tell. Nevertheless Job did manage to vegetate for something more than half a century, and withal he began in his old age to grow fat. If he did not eat so often as other people, when he *did* get a meal, he made ample amends for past deficiencies. Job never was troubled with dyspepsia—not he; and he had no faith in the new-fangled notion of leaving off while one is hungry—not a jot, *he* hadn't. A very good story of his gastronomic powers is told. It is something as follows:

Job was making a short journey in the primitive style, that is to say, on foot. How long he had fasted deponent saith not, but even he began to think it high time to refresh his inner man. Examining into the state of his finances, he found he had money enough to purchase a meal, and have a little spare change left. Some time after noon he hove in sight of a tavern. As soon as he arrived at it he called for a dinner, and pending its preparation he sat alternately fanning himself with his hat, and jingling his change in his pantaloons pocket, perhaps, thinking thereby to facilitate operations. Now, it so happened, that a wedding party had called for a dinner, and among the articles specified in the bill of fare, 'roast pig' stood quite conspicuous. Dinner for the company was nearly served, the pig was already on the table, and all hands were busy. The landlord, judging Job would not be very fastidious, and wishing to get rid of him as soon as possible, set him at the table where piggy stood so crisp and tempting. Setting a little cold meat and some potatoes before Job, he requested him to ring a bell if he wanted anything. Fifteen, twenty minutes and more passed by, and nobody entered the dining room. Something had gone wrong in the kitchen and dinner was delayed. Somewhat more than half an hour had elapsed when the bell rung in the dining hall. A waiter entered. There sat Job, his hands and face beautifully greased, with large stacks of bones on each side of his plate, but no pig was to be seen.

'M-mister w-w-wa-waiter,' (Job labored under Charles Lamb's difficulty; in fact he *stuttered* 'orfully' when a little excited,) 'I-I-I'll t-t-ta-take a-another of y-y-your s-s-s-small hogs, if y-y-you p-p-p-pl-please, the f-f-fact is I-I-I like 'em.'

The waiter stood aghast a few moments, and then started to inform the landlord of the terrible end his pig had come to. What Job found to finish his dinner from, or whether he ever finished it at all, is not known.

Job was something of a wag. Everybody within ten miles round felt at perfect liberty to quiz him, and he was generally the sufferer in all the practical jokes perpetrated by the scapegraces in the vicinity. Many a time has the fun-loving clerk of the village store loaded his pipe with gunpowder, and while he was quietly puffing away, *fush!* the pipe, save a short piece of the tail which he held between his teeth, has disappeared, and poor Job's eye-brows and hair met with a terrible singeing. If he called for a glass of such as he loved at the tavern, ten to one he would find half an ounce or so of turpentine in it by way of a 'relisher.' When he got tolerable *slippery* (which he usually did if he could get treated), if he was on foot, he was sure to run over a rope held by the roguish boys in the dark bridge, by which operation frequently repeated his nasal protuberance had become sadly flattened; and if on horseback, his bridle rein would happen to get nearly cut off, so that by its giving away during some of his numerous efforts to help himself upright, he would be most suddenly and unexpectedly unhorsed. But Job took all these things coolly and philosophically. It is true if he detected the joker he would attempt to give him a suitable berating—but alas, he found it next to an utter impossibility to 'g-g-g-get his t-t-to-tongue off,' as himself expressed it. His only course in such cases was to swallow the fragments of words that had wedged themselves into his throat, roll his quid to the other side of his mouth (for Job chewed 'some' and *spit* considerable), and take a fresh start.

Job's mingled shrewdness, oddity and obtuseness led him into a thousand laughable positions, some voluntary, and others involuntary. And though often, yet it was not always, that he got the worst of it. As we have said, he had something of a waggish propensity, and not unfrequently he succeeded in turning the tables triumphantly on his persecutors. One of his exploits we propose to relate.

Job had by some means obtained possession of a horse that had evidently outlived the days of his usefulness, and was fast declining into his dotage. Old farmer Jones, a close-fisted, careful man, who had once or twice 'did' Job in some transactions of a pecuniary kind, was in want of a horse for the plough, &c., and thinking Job might be in want of the 'dust' had enough to part with the animal for less than its real value, determined to drive a trade with him.

Accordingly one day, as Job was passing his house astride of the old horse, he accosted him with—'Good mornin', squire Job.'

'M-mor-mornin',' stammered Job, in reply.

'What kind of an animal have you got there, squire?'

'W-why bet-better than s-s-some, an' n-n-not s-so good as s-s-some.'

'Want to sell him?'

'D-dont c-care. W-w-want t-t-tu buy?'

'Why no, not particularly. How old is he?'

'S-s-sev-seven—seven—seven.'

'Will you warrant him to be no older?'

'Y-y-yes, not a d-d-day o-older.'

'Is he kind and true on a plow, or before oxen?'

'W-well now, I-I'll t-t-tell you. You m-may h-h-h-hitch him to a p-p-plow or a-a-ny where else an' m-my w-w-word f-for it you-ll f-f-find h-him t-t-there.'

'You'll warrant him to be just as you've stated, will ye, squire?'

'Y-y-yes, if h-he aint I-I-I'll t-t-ake him b-b-back.'

Finally the bargain was struck, and the horse bought for sixty-five dollars. Farmer Jones, chuckling at his trade, paid over the money, and put his horse into the stable preparatory to testing his good qualities. To his unbounded surprise, though the old horse exhibited the most laudable perseverance, yet he could not eat, the hay slipped through his grinders unbroken. Not a little chagrined at this discovery, he took him out after dinner and tried him at the plough. To his surprise again Dobbin refused to draw a pound. Coaxing and flogging were alternately resorted to, but it was no go. The old horse remained immovable.

A day or two after he met the squire—'Squire Job,' said he, 'I want you take that old rackbones back again.'

'W-w-why?' inquired Job, in surprise.

'Because you deceived me. You said he was but seven years old. But the truth is, he is so old that he can't eat hay at all.'

'C-c-can't help it. I t-t-told you he w-was s-s-sev-seven, seven, seven, an' t-t-t-three t-t-times sev-s-s-seven is t-t-twenty-one, and I-I'll w-w-warrant h-him to b-be n-no older.'

'Blast your stuttering. But you said he was kind and true on the plough, and he wont draw a pound.'

'I t-t-told you if y-you h-h-hitched him a-any where y-you'd find h-h-him there, an' I al-ways d-d-did, an' if y-you've h-hitched him a-any where an' h-he w-want there an' w-want d-de-determined t-to s-stay t-t-there I-I-I'll t-take him b-b-back.'

And with a meaning wink Job left Mr. Jones to chew the bitter end of his disappointment, or smoke it as he liked best.

## It is told me I must die.

Richard Langhorne was unjustly condemned and put to death as a traitor in the reign of Charles II. Just before his execution, he wrote the following unique and most exquisite poem. In the language of the Quarterly Review, 'a poem it must be called, though it is not in verse. Perhaps there is not in this or any other language a poem which appears to have flowed so entirely from the heart.'

It is told me I must die!
O happy news!
Be glad, O my soul,
And rejoice in Jesus thy Saviour.
If he intended thy perdition,
Would he have laid down his life for thee?
Would he have called thee with so much love?
And illuminated thee with the light of the Spirit?
Would he have given thee his cross,
And given thee shoulders to bear it with patience?

It is told me I must die!
O happy news!
Come on, my dearest soul;
Behold thy Jesus calls thee!
He prayed for thee upon his cross;
There he extended his arms to receive thee;
There he bowed down his head to kiss thee;
There he opened his heart to give thee entrance;
There he gave up his life to purchase life for thee.

It is told me I must die!
O what happiness!
I am going
To the place of my rest;
To the land of the living;
To the haven of security;
To the kingdom of peace;
To the palace of my God;
To the nuptials of the Lamb;
To sit at the table of my King;
To feed on the bread of angels;
To see what no eye hath seen;
To hear what no ear hath heard;
To enjoy what the heart of man cannot comprehend.

O my Father!
O thou best of all fathers!
Have pity on the most wretched of all thy children!
I was lost, but by thy mercy found;
I was dead, but by thy grace am now raised again;
I was gone astray after vanity,
But I am now ready to appear before thee.
O my Father!
Come now in mercy, and receive thy child!
Give him the kiss of peace;
Remit unto him all his sins;
Clothe him with thy righteous robe;
Permit him to have a place at thy feast;
And forgive all those who are guilty of his death.

## Our Attachment to Life.

The young man, till thirty, never feels practically that he is mortal; he knows it, indeed, and if need were, he could preach a homily upon the fragility of life; but he brings it not home to himself, any more than in a hot June we can appreciate to our imagination the freezing days of December. But now—shall I confess a truth?—I feel these audits but too powerfully. I begin to count the probabilities of my duration, and to grudge at the expenditure of moments, and shortest periods like misers' farthings. In proportion as the years both lessen and shorten, I set more count upon their periods, and would fain lay my ineffectual finger upon the spoke of the great wheel of time. I am not content to pass away 'like a weaver's shuttle.' Those metaphors solace me not, nor sweeten the unpalatable draught of mortality. I care not to be carried with the tide that smoothly bears human life to eternity, and weep at the inevitable course of destiny. I am in love with the green earth—the face of town and country, the unspeakable rural solitudes, and the sweet security of streets. I would be content to stand still at the age to which I am now arrived, to be no younger, no richer, no handsomer. I do not want to be weaned by age, or droop like mellow fruit, as they say, into the grave! Any alteration on this earth of mine, in diet or in lodging, puzzles and discomposes me. My household gods plant a terribly fixed foot, and are not rooted up without blood. They do not willingly seek Lavinian shores. A new state of being staggers me. Sun and sky, and breeze and solitary walks, and summer holidays, and the greenness of fields, and the juice of meats and fishes, and society, and the cheerful glass, and candle-light and fireside conversations, and jests and irony—do not these things go out with life? Can a ghost laugh, or shake his gaunt sides, when you are pleasant with him?—*Life and Remains of Charles Lamb.*

## Music of Earth and Heaven.

Lord, what music hast thou provided for the saints in heaven, when thou hast afforded bad men such music on earth?—*Izaak Walton.*

I heard a warbling lark—
On its upward flight it sprang;
The very air around
With its rich, clear music rang.
And I fancied that the bird
That sung so close to heaven,
To give the very sounds
That reached it thence, had striven.

I heard a holy hymn—
The Lord of hosts it praised;
And it seemed as if the soul
Were with the voice upraised.
'Twas but a child that sang;
But methought an angel's tone
Must have echoed in his ear,
When he made those notes his own.

O God, if such on earth
Thy imperfect praise can be,
Poured by the warbling bird,
Or human minstrelsy—
What can mortal heart conceive
Of the golden harps above,
That are never, never strung
But by purity and love.

## The Loved Faces.

Happy thoughts come stealing upon us as we look upon the faces of those we loved in other days, those we have been separated from for years, and who return again with all the changes of time and thought upon their brows. The joyous feelings that arise on meeting with old familiar faces, cordial shaking of hands, and the hearty congratulations that follow—who does not remember them! But when those we love and cherish leave us forever, when their spirits pass away from earth to heaven, who would not give all on earth for a picture, even a faint resemblance, of their features, even so animated and beautiful!—How many bright eyes grow dim, how many cheeks grow pale, how many lovely forms fade away into the tomb, leaving not a shadow of their loveliness behind!—*Weekly Messenger.*

## A Novel Trick.

Since the cholera has been prevalent in the city, all sorts of devices have been put in practice to obtain brandy, by fellows too lazy to work, and consequently without the means of purchasing it. The last trick we have heard, is the following: Two men travel together, and visit different grogshops, alternately becoming the victim of cholera. First one pretends to be suffering dreadfully from cramps, etc., and is led into the bar room by the other, and the sympathy of the bar-keeper appealed to, pleading poverty as the excuse for not buying. Under such circumstances, he of course succeeds, and the man gets a drink. At the next place, the other is the victim; and thus they go from shop to shop until they become intoxicated. They chanced to go to the same shop twice, however, lately, when the trick was discovered.—*N. Y. Mirror.*

## Captain Dominguez.

Our readers will remember that this individual recently fell under suspicion of the Mexican authorities as an agent and actor in the late farcical and abortive Sierra Madre movement, was arrested in consequence, and set at liberty because no evidence appeared against him. The re-appearance of his name has revived some recollections of his former career, described to us by a gallant officer of the Mexican war. A treacherous memory, and the absence of our informant, prevent us from giving the minutiae of his interesting story.

Dominguez is, we believe, a Spaniard by birth, and is a man of intelligence and daring, though totally devoid of principle. His history abounds in all the materials of romance, and we question whether that of Rob Roy or Claude du Val, or any of the thousand-and-one knights of the Road, celebrated in ballad and legend, was richer as a subject for the pen of the novelist and song-writer.

He first made his appearance in Mexico, on the road between Vera Cruz and the capital, as a *salteador*, or highway robber, and soon displayed all the qualities requisite for a successful pursuit of his calling. Athletic, active and brave, no labor wearied, no danger daunted, and no combination baffled him. He soon found himself at the head of a desperate and determined band, and came to be regarded as the autocrat of the bandits of Mexico. Diligences, convoys of merchandise, and travelling parties were alike prey to Dominguez. The same traits of generosity distinguished him, which characterized Massaroni and the other robber chiefs of the old world. The petty trader was often permitted to pass free with his wares. He never did more than levy a large per centage even on rich merchants, because self-interest forbade his ruining the richest sources of his income. After a time, when his power became firmly established, the merchants of Vera Cruz and Mexico found themselves compelled to pay him *black mail*, as the Lowland proprietors of Scotland did of old times the Caterans of the Highlands.

The Spaniards and their descendants are strongly attached to traditional usages. Dominguez and his band robbed a diligence precisely as did their ancestors in the time of Gil Blas or Don Quixote: the *modus operandi* being as follows:—At a convenient point of the road (say the *Pinal*), Dominguez and his *salteadores*, well mounted, and armed to the teeth, would appear from their ambuscade.—The leader would ride up to the coach and present his carbine at the driver.

'*Alto cochero, o te mato!* (Halt, coachman, or I kill you!)' always brought the whip to his senses. As an additional security, the traces of the leaders were cut, and sometimes, when symptoms of recusancy were observed, the driver was drawn from his box, and laid at length in the road, with his throat under the front wheels of the carriage. The guard, if there were any, generally galloped off, after discharging their fire-arms in the air. The passengers were then invited to descend, and pockets and trunks were rifled with marvellous celerity and dexterity.

It is reported that Dominguez, once upon a time, and to win a wager, robbed a diligence alone. He rode boldly out of the bushes, and commanded the guard to surrender, on pain of being massacred by his band, who, he said, were concealed in the shrubbery. The ruse was completely successful, and the robber possessed himself of an immense booty.

An effort was once made by an energetic administration, to put an end to the career of Dominguez. He was captured, and brought to Jalapa for trial. A large number of merchants, who had been robbed by him, were summoned as witnesses on the part of the government. The eventful day arrived, and the prisoner appeared in court, bearing himself with an air of mingled determination and injured innocence. Witness after witness took the stand, but no one had the hardihood to testify against him. No one could identify him. He was acquitted by the jury without leaving their seats. Instantly liberated, he was received at the gates of Jalapa, by a splendid body of cavalry, and rode off amidst repeated vivas. But a change came upon his fortunes. The Americans entered Mexico, and marched up to the capital, sweeping the guerillas before them, and scattering the Mexicans like chaff, in the valley and city of the Aztecs. After the stars and stripes had been planted in the plaza of Mexico, Othello's occupation was gone. Travellers could pass over the road between Vera Cruz and the capital unmolested. If any interruption was attempted, Yankee revolvers and bowie-knives soon taught the *salteadores* to keep their distance. In this complexion of affairs, Dominguez, like a true soldier of fortune, offered his sword, and the arms of his companions, to General Scott, and the American commander-in-chief, in obedience to the maxim, *set a thief to catch a thief*, accepted the services of the gallant highwayman. Captain Dominguez and his spy company did good service to the Americans. They left the country with the victorious army of the United States, and with them made their triumphal entry into New Orleans. Dominguez was a marked man in that procession, but he shared the usual fate of traitors—no man cried God bless him. He brought with him from Mexico a large fortune;—whether it will give him a place among the cod-fish aristocracy, remains to be seen; but it is a notorious fact that, upper tendom rarely inquires into the means by which money has been obtained, provided that the *multum plus pecuniae* actually exists. We look to see Dominguez the happy husband of some mincing belle, who has charms and chink enough to equalize their fortunes.—*Olive Branch.*

## Attack of a Lion on a Woman.

An accident took place on Wombwell's collection, at Birmingham, England, lately.—Among the crowds of holiday folks that the fair had attracted was Sarah Gummings, who, with a male friend, were making merry, feasting eyes and ears, and not adhering very strictly to the rules of temperance. The woman and her friend paid Wombwell's establishment a visit, and while there she began to stroke the paw of a remarkably fine but ill-tempered lioness. In vain did the keepers remonstrate with her that her attentions were not so well received by the animal as she imagined. She continued to pat the paw of the quiescent and apparently sleeping animal, when the lion suddenly started up, seized hold of the woman with his claws and drew her to the bars of the den. A fearful scream immediately startled every one. Some supposing that the lions had broken loose, rushed to the door; others shrieked in concert, and others stood still in terror. The keepers ran to the spot and found the incautious woman's arm bleeding profusely under the paw of the enraged lioness. She was speedily released, but not before the animal had lacerated her arm with its claws. Her arm was amputated, an operation she bore with much fortitude. She expresses a resolution to 'let sleeping lions lie,' which may be followed with advantage by others who have occasion to visit managerie[s].

## A Practical Joker.

A queer correspondent of the Knickerbocker tells of a rather unsuccessful practical joke which he undertook to play upon a Yankee townsman of his, recently in New York. 'He never liked me much, 'spect,' said he, 'and I didn't him, nuther. And I was a-walkin' along Pearl street in 'York, sellin' some of these little notions 'at you see here (a bushel wheat fanning-mill,' a 'rotary sieve' to sift 'apple-sauce,' etc.), when I see him a-buyin' some counter-goods in a store. So I went in and hail'd him: 'Says I, right off, just as if I'd seen him a-doin' the same thing a dozen times afore that morning,' says I, 'Want they true you *here*, nuther?' Thunder! you never see a man so riled. He looked right straight at me, and was 'con-amost *white*, he was so mad. The clerks laafed, they did—but *he* didn't, I guess. 'I want to *see* you a minute!' says he, pooty solemn, and comin' toward the door. I went; and just as soon as I got on to the granite-steps he kicked me! *I* didn't care—much then; but if his goose don't have the Sharick cholera, when I get hame, 'you can take my hat,' as they say in 'York. I was doin' the merchant he was tryin' to buy some on a good turn, any how; for I 'spect he was goin' to get 'em on trust, and I know'd he was a mighty shirk. I rather guess he didn't get 'em but I don't know—not sartain.'—*Courier.*

# THE FLAG OF OUR UNION.

F. GLEASON, PROPRIETOR.

MATURIN M. BALLOU, EDITOR.

☞ The terms of The Flag of our Union are $2 00 per annum, invariably in advance. The paper is always discontinued at the expiration of the time paid for. See imprint on the last page.

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### To our Correspondents.

'The Pride of the Legion,' a prose sketch, by Francis A. Durivage, shall appear next week.

'Lines to a Belle,' a poem, by Mrs. Ann S. Stephens, is filed for our next number.

'Take my Hat,' by Uncle Toby, a humorous sketch, founded on fact, filed for next week.

'Lines to the Schuylkill,' a poetic contribution, by C. E. Evens, is accepted.

'The Spaniard, or the Cruiser of Long Island, a story of Sunshine and Shadow,' being a new romance from the pen of Fred Hunter, will be commenced in the forthcoming issue of the Flag.

'Twilight Meditations,' a poem by W. T. H., accepted—thanks to the author for his kind wishes.

'Music mad! A melodious sketch of an incorrigible Jehu,' by Falconbridge, shall appear next week.

'The Question,' in poetry, by S. E. Church, is filed for the Olio Column.

'Polly Nettle: or the Deformed Transformed,' a prose sketch, by Peter Pepperorass, in our next.

'A Sister's Affection,' a poetic contribution, by Geo. W. Putnam, is accepted.

'In the Wrong Pew,' a laughable prose sketch, by Remus, is filed for our next number.

'The Desponding Patient,' a poem, by J. E. P., filed for insertion.

'The Cholera Specifics,' a prose sketch, by Mrs. E. Wellmont, accepted.

'The Five Marys,' a poem, by L. D. C., accepted.

'Lines to an Absent Brother,' a fine poem, by Mrs. S. M. Clarke, shall appear next week.

'To my Wife,' a poem, by E. T. Wilson, accepted.

'Lines on the Death of General Worth, by J. M. Brewer, U. S. A., one who has fought by his side in battle,' shall find a place in our next.

'The Dying Brother,' a poem, by Lucy, accepted.

'Grief,' a poetic gem, by E. D. Abbott, filed for the next number of the Flag.

'The Saxon,' an historic poem, by Oscar G. Hebham, shall appear next week.

'Lines to a Sea-Bird,' by Oscar Dunbrath, accepted.

'Standing Dickies,' a humorous rhyme, by J. H. G. is filed for the Olio column.

'The Orphan's Reflections,' 'The Horseman's Shot,' 'The Dying Soldier,' and 'The Hermit's Song,' are respectfully declined.

### Advertising and Advertisements.

Not the least curious feature of the newspaper press of this country, is the style of the advertisements with which all our daily, and some of our weekly presses teem. In former times, when there were very few papers and very few advertisements, no ingenuity was required in framing these announcements. If a man had anything to sell, he stated the fact in plain terms, and two or three lines sufficed to answer the purpose. But now, in the great race of competition, when the whole commercial and trading world is overstocked with advertisements, it requires no contemptible talent to arrest attention and interest the reader. Some do it by announcements a column long, with every article for sale designated in staring capitals, that he who runs may read. Your modest man who states his business without puff or preface, stands but a poor chance in this age of brass and pretension. Your thorough bred advertiser discards alike the glaring capitals and the retiring italics, he insinuates himself into notice by assuming a thousand Protean shapes. Sometimes he arrests the eye, by a pitiful recital of an accident upon the western waters, from which you learn that the fireman of a steamboat was most terribly scalded by the bursting of a boiler, *but* was entirely cured by using two boxes of his incomparable salve, price only twenty-five cents, to be had at all the apothecaries. Sometimes he interests you in the health of a favorite prima donna, Tedesco, or Laborde, who was troubled with a severe sore throat and hoarseness, just as she was about to go upon the stage for Amina or Elvira, but was instantly relieved by the contents of one paper of Mrs. Somebody or other's incomparable cough candy. We are frequently startled and pained to learn that the 'Hon. Daniel Webster has recently had a severe attack of illness.' But in the next line we are relieved on being told, that 'the honorable and talented gentleman has been restored to health, however, by using one bottle of Dr. Beltanhammer's steam condensed essence of Sarsaparilla to be obtained, etc., etc.

'Puffing is of various sorts,' says the most brilliant professor of the art, the hero of the Critic. 'The principal are—the puff direct—the puff preliminary—and the puff collateral—the puff collusive, and the puff oblique, or puff by implication.' These all assume, as circumstances require, the various forms of, 'letter to the editor—occasional anecdote—impartial critique—observation from a correspondent or advertisement from the party.'

All these different forms of puffing (puffing being a necessary branch of advertising) are conspicuously illustrated in our daily prints, and offer the happiest and pleasantest examples of bold-faced arrogance and well-simulated modesty, glowing imagination and ingenious mendacity. Without having recourse to the advertisement and puff collateral, no merit, so universal is the fashion, can command success, and he is most prosperous in business who is boldest in his expenditures for advertising, and most ingenious in his modes of addressing the public through that medium. Advertising is thus made to have a literature of itself, and in the history of letters, the writing of advertisements deserves as well to rank as a separate branch, as the poem, the romance, and the history merit a distinct niche in the temple of fame. It is as difficult to produce a really good advertisement, as the business is now conducted, as it is to write an elegant sonnet.

A NEW ROMANCE.

## THE SPANIARD:

OR,

THE CRUISER OF LONG ISLAND.

A STORY OF SUNSHINE AND SHADOWS.

BY FRED HUNTER,

*Author of 'The Child of the Wreck,'—'Hermione, etc.*

We shall commence a thrillingly interesting romance in our next number, thus entitled, written expressly for this paper. Its author is already a favorite with our readers, and we need only promise that it is equal to any story we have yet published from his pen. As its title indicates, its scenes are laid on the sea and land, and an agreeable diversity of plot is continued throughout. Our readers may anticipate much pleasure in the perusal of the forthcoming story.

The Cholera has made its appearance in Maine, at Hampden, near Bangor, and several deaths have occurred.

### West Point Military Academy.

There are, comparatively, few persons who fully understand the character of this national institution, but when they think of it at all, they conjure up the image of a class of men who pass their time in marching to the beat of the drum, and exercising in the manual of the soldier. As far as this goes it is all very well, and these details are strictly attended to by the cadets, but this is only a part of their rigorous duty. Besides being inured to all hardships that are likely to be encountered in their profession, such as camp duty and sleeping for several months in the year beneath their tents in the open field, they are also mentally instructed in the highest branches of science.—They are attentive and industrious students from the very day they enter the school, until they leave its precincts to join the regular service. The annual expenditures of the institution, at the present time, are about $15,000. The Academy is designed to receive 270 cadets, but in consequence of sickness, resignations, expulsions, &c., it is seldom if ever full. One cadet is appointed from every Congressional district, being nominated by the Representative from that district. The President of the United States can appoint ten annually, and as there are four classes, there are usually forty at the Academy of his appointees. The cadets are considered as in the service of the United States, and each receives the pay of $24 a month. This sum is just about sufficient to defray the necessary expenses they must incur. The discipline of the institution is very rigid, but not injudiciously so for an institution of its character. Special regard is paid to that most agreeable virtue, cleanliness. A young man who appears in the morning with his linen soiled or in disorder, with his boots unpolished, with a spot upon his white pantaloons, or with his teeth unbrushed, is punished according to the nature and aggravation of the offence. By this means a body of men are supplied to government who are most thoroughly educated in every branch of science appertaining in any way to the profession of a soldier. They drill and manœuvre like the ordinary private of the regular service, so that they are thoroughly *aufait* in every minutiæ of their calling, forming a nucleus about which volunteers may gather in time of war, and producing men capable of directing the most gigantic military operations. Realizing the excellent motto of Washington, that in time of peace we should prepare for war, we feel the highest respect for this valuable and long-tried institution.

### Wives for the Gold Hunters.

Our readers will remember that an effort was lately made to ship a cargo of girls, from New York, of a proper age to marry, that they might become the wives of the emigrants to California. It seems that this idea is not entertained in this section of the country alone. A merchant of St. Jago, in Chili, advertised for two hundred young, white, poor, and virtuous girls (*ninas, jovenes blancas, pobres, y de conducta intachable*), and of average prettiness, to be taken to California, and there honorably married to the thousands of North Americans and other strangers, who, having made their fortunes at the mines, are now anxious to throw themselves and their wealth at the feet of the first passable specimens of womankind, whom fate and a happy wind may cast upon their shores. This California gold discovery has given rise to queer speculations and changes in the social circles of society.

Abd-el-Kader.—This gallant Moorish chieftain is still kept in durance by the French government. The violation of promise committed by the former dynasty is continued by the present one, and in reply to his petitions for release, he has been answered that the government is afraid he will not keep his word. It must, therefore, by this peculiar fear, continue to violate its own faith. Is not France declining in the scale of honor and the respect of the world every day? The attack upon Rome was the crowning act of her disgrace.

Politics.—The Washington Union and Louisville Journal are calling each other all sorts of bad names, and politicians generally are hitting each other right and left. At every new act or movement of the administration *a ring is formed*, and half a dozen champions, pro and con, step in and 'peel' for a fight. 'It's a mighty pretty quarrel as it stands,' eh, Sir Lucius? The Flag sails on cheerily under its neutral colors, but keeps a sharp look out to windward.

Increase of Cucumbers.—Some learned gardener has discovered a process by which two cucumbers can be made to grow on the stem from which one has been taken, by leaving a small portion of the cucumber on the stem and splitting it. If he had discovered how to prevent their growth altogether in these times of cholera, he would have proved a more useful member of society.

Erudite Opinion.—The Bath Tribune, referring to the large number of passengers that pass over the Kennebec railroad, since its opening, says: 'Already is the fact being verified, that *where the people live is the place to locate railroads*.' Wouldn't it be well for some smart corporation to make this editor president of a road?

Party Scurrility.—The Boston Post gets up a burlesque correspondence from Washington, representing a conversation between the correspondent and Gen. Taylor, in which the General is made to say a great many silly things, and appear like a fool.—*Kennebec Journal.*

Not so, Mr. Journal. The President may be burlesqued, but he can't be 'made to appear like a fool.'

The subscriber, in order to accommodate his friends has made arrangements to have a supply of muffins left with J. M. Hunting, Easthampton. S. W. Tinker.—*The Corrector, Sag Harbor, L. I.*

We are glad we are not a 'friend' of Mr. Tinker.

For Fun.—The editor of the Providence Journal is the Governor of Rhode Island, and has a salary of $100. He continues to print his paper for a living, and to play Governor for fun.

Philosopher Harry.—Mr. Henry Placide continues to rusticate at his villa, on Long Island. He has a farm of some acres attached to it; and for the present plays Farmer Ashfield and Sir Abel Handy, in real life.

Queer Fellow.—A western editor, speaking of the venerable appearance of a stump orator, said that 'he stood up like one of 'em *with his bald head and hands in his breeches pocket!*'

Foreign.—Mr. Hennagan, our new Representative to the Court of Prussia, reached Berlin on the 1st of July, and was soon after presented to the King.

The Cholera.—Eighteen homœpathic physicians, says the Boston Post, in New York, treated 119 cases of cholera previous to July 26, of which but 14 were fatal.

### Editorial Ink-Drops.

There was a shock of an earthquake experienced lately at Santiago de Cuba.

Hon. Levi Woodbury's eulogy on the late President Polk, is highly spoken of.

We understand that Father Mathew proposes to remain one year in the United States.

There is a superb new theatre being constructed, at the present time, in New Orleans.

Yellow Jack, as they call the yellow fever, is still raging very fatally in the city of Havana.

New London, Ct., has 10,000 inhabitants; deaths there during the last year, *ninety-three!*

There are about 700 American vessels in the whaling trade, and only 16 British.

The Barre Gazette advertises the kiss (pickled) that Jacob gave Rachel, in olden time.

Mr. Benton has fought two duels, and in the last encounter he killed his opponent.

It is computed that about 10,000 slaves have died of the cholera in the Southern States.

Remember that a practical joke never gains over an enemy, but often loses us a friend.

The New Yorkers are still murdering the dogs about the city, by hundreds.

Gen. Scott expresses himself strongly in favor of the annexation of Canada to the States.

The name of 'Mary' is from the Hebrew, and signifies a 'tear-drop.'

James Mullet, of Charlestown, Mass., committed suicide lately. He was deranged.

Buckingham, the historical writer, died lately at Brooklyn, L. I., of the cholera.

The Minnesota Register speaks with enthusiasm of the coming crops in that region.

An atheist has got one point beyond the devils, for they believe, and tremble.

Henry Miller the notorious forger, has lately been arrested by the police at Troy, N. Y.

Mrs. Fremont has joined her husband, the colonel, at his well-stocked farm in California.

A Swiss emigrant drowned himself off the Battery, N. Y., a few days since.

Ignorance is a curse, but wisdom is the wings with which we fly to heaven.

A horse ran away in Chesnut street, Philadelphia, and fatally wounded a young lady.

Sharks have lately been seen in numbers off the coast of New England.

Most people bow reverentially to a millionaire, but do not know poverty even by sight.

The Sub-treasury Report shows $3,422,086 in specie now on hand. A big sum.

Miss L. J. Tracy, dressmaker, aged 18 years, drowned herself in the Canal, at Lowell.

Communipaw writes excellent letters from Europe to the Boston Post.

A rattle snake with fifteen rattles was killed lately at Chester Village, Mass.

The school fund of the State of Alabama is reported at two millions of dollars.

### For California.

The tide still sets strongly towards the gold region, and there are some fifty vessels up, bound thither from Atlantic ports, between Maine and Florida, at this time. During last month, forty vessels sailed from New York city alone, and nearly half that number from Boston. The late reports which seem to be authentic, appear to have incited fresh ardor in those induced to try their fortunes in the valley of the Sacramento. They laugh at the obstacles to be encountered, such as personal deprivations, the country fever, cholera, and the hundred casualties that must needs attend such an enterprise, and embark with light hearts and smiling faces, for what, to many, will prove their graves. Perhaps after all, it is for the best; far be it from us to raise needless alarm, either concerning those already on their way to San Francisco, or any others who are about to start for that distant region, and yet we cannot refrain from asking those who entertain the idea of going to El Dorado, to pause and consider what they leave behind them, and *for what they are making the great sacrifice* that it is necessary to do, in order to seek for the dross that sparkles in their minds' eye. Those who have gone over land, seem to have realized earlier foretastes of the troubles. Accounts to July 4th, at a point 60 miles beyond Fort Kearney, received at St. Louis, state, that the roads were strewn with the new-made graves of those who died on the way to seek for gold. The cholera had broken out among the Indians, alarming them to such a degree, that they had fled from the trail of the emigrants. The Sioux, Pawnees, and Cheynees had all disappeared. Consider that Death levels all ambition, all wants, and that in seeking for the gold of the mines in California, your chances of escaping his scythe are but small at best.

Summary Proceedings.—When a family are personally unpopular in Portland, Me., a few of the citizens get together, take a cannon from the neighboring gun-house, and demolish the dwelling of the said family in the same style the French battered down the walls at Rome!

All a Mistake.—Some ambitious penny-a-liner has been trying to make it appear that the Hon. Daniel Webster saved some fishermen from drowning lately, at Plymouth. It's a pity to spoil a good story, but as Daniel didn't do anything of the sort, he shouldn't have the credit of it.

Rowdyism.—By an arrival from Texas, we learn that a man was shot in the streets at Brownsville, on the 4th of July, by a desperado named Dwyer. On the same day, the Mexican inhabitants of Rio Grande city lynched a man named Mills, for murdering a respectable Mexican.

Complimentary.—Mr. Forrest, the American tragedian, has presented a handsome set of flags to Captain McMakin of the steamboat 'Edwin Forrest,' at Philadelphia. Among the number is one which bears a painting of 'Metamora.'

Binghampton Mercury.—We have received a little sheet from Broome co., N. Y., thus named, about as large as a piece of white chalk. It contains our imprint, and of course must be a good paper.

Internal Improvements.—A project is on foot, and subscription is being raised at Henderson, Texas, for the purpose of having the Sabine cleansed and making it navigable for steamboats of ordinary size.

Extract from a letter from a friend in Portsmouth, N. H. —'If there is one characteristic more prominent than another here, it is the disposition to make you drink tea.'—*Post.*

You mean they are all *tea*-totalers, eh?

The Editor has 'done haying.'—*Taunton True Democrat.*

Let him 'go to grass' then.

Mr. Clay.—It is said that Mr. Clay, who is now at Saratoga, will spend a good part of the summer season at Newport.

Elderly Roses.—There is a rose bush flourishing near Bristol, Pa., known to be more than a hundred years old.

### From our Foreign Files.

Miss Cushman was playing a farewell engagement in London.

According to latest accounts the cholera was increasing in London and Liverpool.

The California fever is raging in Switzerland. The advertisements which appear in the journals are amusing.

We are now in the second week of July, and there is not a single authenticated account of the reappearance of the potato blight.—*Dublin Evening Post.*

The London Post says M. Thiers is in London on a matrimonial negotiation between the President of the French Republic and Madame la Duchesse D'Orleans.

The emperor of Russia is evidently desirous of gaining over Louis Napoleon. He is sending to Paris the duke of Leuchtenberg, who is cousin to the president of the republic.

A letter from Port Braya states that the English have broken up the Slave stations at Cape Mount by burning the factories and killing some of the Spaniards, who opposed their landing.

The north of Germany is again quiet, but in the south the insurgents still hold out within the fortress of Rastadt. The Grand Duchy of Baden, with that exception, is occupied by the Russian troops.

The Banffshire Journal mentions a lad of thirteen, named John Livingstone, of Sunderland, as preaching sermons, and conducting a regular service, and states that he preached his first sermon at six and a half years of age!

Madame Schodel, the German *prima donna*, has been sentenced to death for having attempted to poison Kossuth, the Hungarian chief. Madam Schodel visited London in the year 1841, with the German opera company.

A superb skeleton of the extinct Irish elk, which measures 12 1-2 feet in height from the hoof to the tip of the horns, was lately discovered at a depth of four feet from the surface of the earth, at Killowen, in the county of Wexford.

The Paris *Presse* of the 7th, records the fall of an aerolite of five kilogrammes in weight, at Trigueres, near Montargis, at the close of a violent storm. It was composed of crystal, sulphur, and a substance resembling plaster.

A few days ago the workmen who are cutting through a mass of rocks at Westford, near Brackley, Oxfordshire, came, at the depth of twenty feet, on a layer of clay, in which were found embodded the bones of an Ichthyosaurus.

### Dewdrops of Wisdom.

A noble heart, like the sun, showeth its greatest countenance in its lowest estate.

Men that we live daily with we often know as little of as we do of Julius Cæsar.

A year of pleasure passes like a fleeting breeze; but a moment of misfortune seems an age of pain.

Dr. South says, 'The tale-bearer and the tale-hearer should be both hanged up, back to back, one by the tongue, the other by the ear.

Nature makes us poor only when we want necessaries; but custom gives the name of poverty to the want of superfluities.

The odor of flowers is never so sweet and strong as before a storm. O thou, my soul, when the storm draws nigh thee, be a flower!

Youth is not like a new garment, which we can keep fresh and fair by wearing sparingly. Youth, while we have it, we must wear daily, and it will wear fast away.

To indulge in despair as a habit, is slothful, cowardly, short-sighted, and manifestly against nature. Despair then the paralysis of the soul.

He that will often put this world and the next before him, and steadfastly look at both, will find the latter growing greater and the latter diminishing continually in his regard.

Never must one trust in God more than when things assume a doubtful aspect; for it is when human help gives way that Divine help makes its opportunity.

Know the value of time. You cannot appreciate it too highly. Esteem its loss more than anything that is temporal, because it has a close, commanding and necessary influence on eternity.

If thou desirest God for thy teacher, be willing that he should instruct thee in his own way; the lesson may be bitter, but seek not to prescribe his course. Submission, as well as obedience, is a part of life's pupilage.

The most cultivated women perform their common duties best. They see more in those duties. They can do more. Lady Jane Grey would, I dare say, have bound up a wound, or managed a household, with any unlearned woman of her day.

### The Joker's Budget.

Somebody said of a Miss Lucy of thirty-five, 'She promises to be a Miss Lucy *Long*.'

A young lady, when told to exercise for her health, said she would *jump* at an offer, and run her own risk.

A Kentucky paper, speaking of the extravagant gestures of some of their lawyers, says, 'they punctuate their words with punches.'

A Hibernian senator, speaking of suicide, said, 'the only way to stop it is to make it a capital offence, *punishable with death*.'

It is said that Captain Cook was the first person who ever saw a kangaroo. Who was the first person who ever saw *the elephant?*

A contemporary, alluding to a recent death, says, 'He was every way an honest, candid, self-poised, good man, though a *lawyer!*'

Mr. S. declared that his wife had five falls; 'she was beautiful, dutiful, youthful, plentiful, and an armful.'

There is frequently more pleasure in giving a thing than in receiving it. This applies more especially to advice, medicine and kicks.

The Louisville Bon Ton speaks of a lady, who entered her carriage with so much powder on her face that she blew up the driver.

A few days since, a wag walked into the grocery store of Mr. Mead, corner of Union and Silsbee streets, and called for a glass of *the proprietor*.

Our N. O. Picayune, says the Boston Post, of the 10th, is dripping wet, and has these words written on it in pencil: 'Used to stop the crevasse.'

'If you say another crooked word, I'll knock your brains out,' said a blacksmith to his wife. 'Ram's horns, you dog, if I die for it,' was the very gentle reply of the affectionate spouse.

'It is said that game has become remarkably scarce in Ireland since the troubles.' 'That is strange,' said Jem, 'for I have heard that in the mountainous regions, there was any quantity of *Pat*-ridges.'

### Miscellaneous Items.

The Connecticut river is lower now than it has been at any time since 1816, when it was ten inches lower than at this time. In the year named, it was at a lower stage than it had been for more than a hundred years previous.

The New Hampshire Legislature has passed a law granting licenses in each town to one or more suitable persons to sell wines and spirituous liquors for medicinal, mechanical and chemical purposes, and for no other use or purpose.

A learned and ingenious *foreigner*, having visited England, and being asked how he liked the English, said: 'They resemble a butt of their own favorite beverage, ale—frothy at top, dregs at the bottom, but the middle part excellent.'

Daniel Webster has taken apartments at Sharon Springs. Of course a number will follow in his wake. A letter from there states that the lady visitors spend much of their time at nine-pins,—there being four bowling alleys.

An Indian was hung at Chippewa Falls on Sunday morning, by order of Judge Lynch. He had stabbed a Frenchman named Marshall. The Indian was one of several brothers who have been the terror of their own tribe as well as of the whites.

### Quill and Scissors.

Edward H. Horrell, who shot and killed Dr. Joseph Dellinger, in Pulaski, Mo., about a year ago, has been acquitted—the defence being justifiable homicide, because Dellinger had slandered Horrell's wife. He was their family physician.

Rev. Wm. Smith, brother of the celebrated Joe Smith, the founder of the Mormon persuasion, has established a church in Covington, Ky., of that belief. A newspaper devoted to their interests is also published in the same place.

The body of a small negro child was found in a molasses hogshead in this place a few days since, after the molasses was all drawn off—no marks of violence were found upon him. We can vouch for the truth of this.—*Cohoes Cataract.*

When a person wishes to salute another in Thibet, he uncovers his head, puts out his tongue, and scratches his right ear—about as picturesque a position as that in which the fingers are expanded from the nose.

An inventive genius recently manufactured a sea serpent at Newport, and set it afloat while bathers of both sexes were in the water! A general rush occurred, and the gentlemen and ladies got pretty essentially mixed up!

The New York papers say that a remarkable change has occurred in the character of the cholera. It is now assuming the form of a bilious diarrhea, and becoming less malignant.

The Washington Railroad Company have been required to pay Cesar Washington (who received injuries by their cars running off the track in September last) the sum of $5000, besides cost of suit.

'I shall be at home next Sunday night,' the young lady remarked as she followed her beau to the door, who seemed to be somewhat wavering in his attachment. 'So shall I,' was the reply.

James Cooper was stabbed on Sunday night at 'Mother Griswold's,' a groggery near the lower ferry, in West Springfield, by a man named Kibbe. There were three in the row—all intoxicated.

The imperial grand duchess Alexandra Alexandrowna, daughter of the hereditary grand duke of Russia, and granddaughter of the emperor, died at St. Petersburg on the 28th ult.

The Buffalo Republic mentions the case of a child, reported dead from cholera, which was about to be put in the coffin, when it gave signs of life, and has since entirely recovered.

Earth is eaten as bread in several parts of the world. Near Moscow, a hill furnishes earth of this description, which will ferment when mixed with flour.

A prize fight for $100 a side came off on Sunday morning, at Hoboken, between two New Yorkers, Ravanagh and Roberts. The latter, after the fifth round, gave in.

By the breaking of an axle of the Fall River and Providence stage, a lady was considerably hurt, and the driver had his leg broken.

In Hamilton, Canada, on Sunday, Henry Graves, a mulatto under arrest, escaped from constable Rose by ripping up the officer's abdomen and letting out his bowels.

Eight paper mills at Newton Lower Falls, Mass., have stopped operations, for want of water power, the streams having fallen so low, in consequence of the drought.

Mr. John Owen and Miss Emeline Harman were drowned near Rockford, Ill., about the 18th, by the upsetting of the wagon in which they were trying to ford Rock River.

A man advertises a house to rent, immediately alongside of a fine plum garden, from which an abundant supply of the most delicious fruit may be stolen during the season.

Philo P. Buck has been arrested for the murder of John Rider at Flatbush, N. Y.; both colored. Rider refused to fight Buck one Sunday; hence the killing.

It is easier for a camel to go through the eye of a needle than for an Englishman to name the United States without saying something about slavery.

Southern papers copy the account of the den in which Goode committed the murder in this city, with the heading of 'peculiar institutions of the north.'

In Troy, N. Y., Joseph Daggett, druggist, shot Miss Quinn, of 18 North Fourth street, wounding her severely in both ankles with shot, while firing at dogs in the evening.

An insurrection planned by the negroes at St Mary's, Georgia, was frustrated by the non arrival of the steamboat which they meant to seize. Many were arrested.

Horace Smith, one of the authors of the clever parody of the British poets, the 'Rejected Addresses,' died at Tunbridge on the 12th July.

The emperor of Russia has just issued a ukase, by which the number of students in each university in the empire is limited in future to 300.

The beautiful steamer Oregon was sunk on the Beardstown bar, Illinois river, on Wednesday afternoon, and is a total loss; all hands saved.

Myndert Van Schaick has given $3000 for the purpose of creating two free scholarships in the New York city university, for the sons of firemen.

In New Orleans a gentleman named Morris, just from Black river, blew his brains out, having lost all his money by gambling the night before.

Three boys, sons of N. B. Moore, S. Boll and Mrs. J. P. Andrews, while playing in the water at the wharf, at Augusta, Geo., were drowned.

The Mexican authorities of Matamoras attended the celebration of the anniversary of the American Independence, at Brownsville, Texas.

Don Fulgencia Llorente, supposed to be the agent in the abduction of Rey from New Orleans, cannot be found. There is a warrant for his arrest.

A letter closed with the white of an egg cannot be opened with the steam of boiling water, as the heat only adds to its firmness.

One thousand masons and laborers are advertised for by Gonder, Burke & Co., of York, Pa., to work on the York and Cumberland railroad.

There is a man in Illinois named Barrow, who has changed his politics so often that he has now gotten the sobriquet of *wheel*-barrow.

A Lead mine has recently been discovered in the vicinity of Bucksport, Me. The ore has proved to yield seventy-five per cent.

The French Government will require a loan of from 20 to 25,000,000f for the expenses of the Roman expedition.

In answer to many inquiries, as to what has become of the 'Woolly Horse,' we would state that he has been made up into hats.

Five hundred thousand dollars change hands every night at the gambling tables in San Francisco! 'Easy come, easy go.'

Edward Johnson, one of the editors of the National Intelligencer, is appointed secretary of the board of Mexican commissioners.

Moses W. Simpson, of Pokagon, Michigan, was killed by his horses running away while returning from a county convention.

The Syracuse board of health report 'no more cholera. *By order of the board.*' Of course that's settled.—*N. Y. Cour.*

A new paper, of the radical order, has been started in the city of Mexico. It is called 'The Shade of Mejia.'

The editor of a paper down east offers a premium for the best Dunning Address to his delinquent customers.

Jem states that in a recent visit to the Hamilton House, he *rowed* down in a sail boat and *rode* back in a buggy.

A tremendous tornado visited Princess Ann county, Va., on Saturday. Houses, trees, barns, &c., were torn down.

In Nashville, A. A. Richter is in jail for killing Wm. Nunnerfall with a sword cane.

The cholera at St Louis, Cincinnati, and in all the western cities, is rapidly declining.

At 62 Broom street, New York, Fernando Dular almost killed his wife with a hatchet.

### Local Matters.

#### The Boston Athenæum.

Our citizens have good reason to be proud of this noble institution, now located in its new and superb structure in Beacon street. It is a fine specimen of the Palladian style of architecture, and is built of New Jersey free-stone. The entire height of the front is sixty-two feet—the length, one hundred and fourteen feet. The lower floor of the building, which is not yet quite finished, is devoted to two apartments for reading rooms, a hall for curiosities, and a sculpture gallery eighty feet long by forty—above them is a library of forty thousand volumes. The picture gallery is on the third floor, being well lighted from the top, and so conveniently arranged that every picture is displayed to the best advantage. Both the library room and the picture gallery are fine apartments—large, airy and beautifully decorated. One of the supplementary rooms is now devoted to the newspaper literature of the country for the last century. The cost of the entire building thus far, has been one hundred thousand dollars, and it will require twenty-five thousand more to complete it.—The funds of the association are exhausted, but we hope that means will be forthcoming to finish the structure at once, either by public or private enterprise.

#### Woes of Intemperance.

A scene occurred in our Police Court a few days since, of the most melancholy character, forming another forcible example of the misery entailed by an indulgence in spirituous liquors. Dr. Henry Osborne, some three months ago employed about Quarantine, was arraigned on the charge of being a common drunkard.—This charge could not be sustained; but one for simple drunkenness was substituted, on which he was fined $4 and costs. He was then charged with threatening the life of his wife, who was put upon the stand, and with a good deal of emotion told her story of wrong and injury. She said that her husband, when in one of his drunken fits, had put a loaded pistol at her breast, and threatened to shoot her. He afterwards discharged the pistol into the fire-place, when two balls which it contained were flattened against the bricks. At another time, when threatened, she fell upon her knees and begged for her life, saying she was not fit to die. He broke up the furniture, and acted, when intoxicated, like a perfect demon. The Court ordered him to give bonds in $300 to keep the peace—failing in which, he was committed to jail. He appears to be a well educated man, and acknowledged that he had done wrong. He also bore testimony to the excellence and long suffering of his much-abused wife.

#### Threatening Letters.

It has become very common of late in this vicinity for gentlemen to receive threatening letters, declaring that unless a sum of money (fifty or sixty dollars) be sent to a certain address at once, the premises of the party addressed shall be set on fire. In this way, Mr. W. G. Clark, of Chelsea, a few days since received a letter stating that if he did not deposit $60 in the Boston post office, directed to J. O. P., his steam mill would be burnt down. Now all we have to say is, let those persons thus threatened arm themselves with a good revolver and a gun, load the first with ball, the latter with *plenty* of buck shot and a good charge of powder, keep a sharp look out, and if you get a chance at an incendiary or any person prowling about your premises, blaze away!

Czerny's Method for the Piano Forte.—Elias Howe, No. 11 Cornhill, has just issued a reprint of this foreign standard work. It is doubtless one of the most thorough and perfect musical books of the kind ever published, commencing with the earliest stages of study and practice, upon that universally popular and almost indispensable musical instrument in every house, the piano, and conducting the pupil, with the utmost care, and in the most thorough yet simple manner, to the end. Pupils, and parents of pupils, would do well to examine the work.

Emigrants.—Means should be taken to induce the large number of emigrants daily arriving at our port to go west, on to the lands where their labor will enrich them and where they can soon possess themselves of good farms. Land is cheap there, a day's wages will purchase an acre, and the poorest may own large and fertile tracts, which, if industrious, they will make to smile as the rose.—Our cities are too much crowded with them. Let them be advised to go into the almost boundless and fertile west.

Wild Girls.—A few days since three young girls absconded from their homes in Lowell, and came to this city. They were pursued here by their friends, who, upon their arrival, called in the aid of the Police. A little before noon they were found by officers Dillaway and Fuller at a notorious house of prostitution in Ann street, and were restored to their friends.

Amalgamation.—We are sorry to see that a foolish order has been entertained by the school committee, which proposes that the Smith school for colored children be discontinued, and the children distributed among the regular grammar schools. If this ridiculous order passes, we hope our citizens will promptly withdraw their children from the schools.

Parental Tyranny.—The Boston Mail says there is a man in that city whose fortune is valued at $300,000, who allows his daughter to make shirts and vests for ninepence each, because she once loved 'not wisely, but too well.' *He* ought to be without sin.

O Yes.—A contributor to a New York paper writes a long article endeavoring to show that the military, in case of a riot, should first fire *blank cartridges*. We go in for this on one condition, that the mob shall also fire *cotton balls* in place of brick-bats.

Pleasure Excursion.—Our city fathers made their annual visit to Rainsford Island a few days since, and had a fine time. There was a regatta at Spectacle Island, near by, on the same day, which added to the pleasure of the party.

Port of Boston.—There were 1,117 arrivals of vessels at this port in July—390 foreign, 727 coastwise: clearances, 395 foreign, 258 coastwise. In the same month last year, there were 956 arrivals, and 619 clearances.

More Fountains.—Two fountains are to be erected in the State House yard the present season; an appropriation for this purpose of $2,500 having been made by the Legislature.

Trade with the Provinces.—Since the 1st of January last, about 860 British vessels have arrived at this port, from the British North American provinces.

### OUR OLIO COLUMN.

[Written for The Flag of our Union.]

#### A Serenade.

BY J. FRED SOUTHGATE.

The crescent moon is beaming, love,
The stars are in the skies;
They stud the firmament above,
And gleam like beauty's eyes.
The dewy flowers have sunk to sleep
Amid their leaflets green;
Lulled by the gleeful rills that leap
From shining hills serene.

The silent willow's pendant boughs
Hang o'er the streamlet's side,
And as it onward brightly flows,
They kiss the limpid tide;
While light-winged zephyrs softly sigh
Across the meadows green,
And trill a song, while flitting by,
Of homage to their queen.

The nightingale is warbling clear
Its blithe and gladsome lay;
With cadence sweet it charms the ear
Beneath the moon's soft ray.
The sleeping echoes fain would lie
Amidst the shining hills;
Yet still they answer in reply
To our harmonious trills.

Then, lovely maid, arise, arise!
Look forth upon the night,
And shame the stars with thy bright eyes
That sparkle in the light;
O, speak one soft, responsive word—
O, cheer us with thy gaze;
And we will vie with the night-bird
In singing to thy praise.

#### The Drummer Boy.

O, once I was a drummer boy,
And wore a gay cockade,
And merrily marched with a rub-a-dub,
Around the green parade.

But though I seemed to every eye
A thoughtless soldier lad,
I then knew not the light of joy—
My heart was ever sad.

With earliest orient beams I rose
To beat the 'Reveille,'
Yet, though it others woke to light,
It brought no light to me.

At night's return, my light 'Tattoo'
The weary called to rest;
Ah, then my throbbing heart would beat
A tattoo in my breast.

Whene'er I rolled the 'double drag,'
The 'Troop,' or stirring 'Cheer,'
Full faster than my strokes would fall
The showering drops of tears!

At 'Mounting Guard,' or on 'Review,'
My merry 'double quick'
Would make each step and bosom light,
So lively flew my stick.

But my own heart felt no delight,
Its chords were cold and numb;
And if they gave an echo forth,
'Twas like a 'funeral drum.'

For though I moved among the throng,
And played a gleesome part,
Yet all the while a load of grief
Lay cankering in my heart.

I mingled with the coarse and rude,
And heard the ribald jest;
And thought to die as they will die,
Unhonored and unblest.

But there was one who saw my grief,
Just bordering on despair;
She sought me out, and angel like,
Made all my woes her care.

O then my soul o'erflowed with bliss,
My step was light and free;
While my full heart with joyance beat
Its first glad 'Reveille.'

My feet were turned on Wisdom's 'March,'
And on my raptured sight
The dawning broke, and since that hour
Has poured increasing light.

When now I think of 'auld lang syne,'
Of present, past employ,
I scarce can make myself believe
I was that drummer boy!

#### My Breeches!

BY O. W. HOLMES.

It chanced to be our washing-day,
And all our things were drying,
The storm came roaring through the lines,
And set them all a-flying.
I saw the sheets and petticoats
Go riding off like witches;
I lost—O, bitterly I wept,—
I lost my Sunday breeches!

I saw them straddling through the air,
Alas, too late to win them;
I saw them chase the clouds as if
The very deuce was in them;
They were my darling and my pride,
My boyhood's only riches;
Farewell! farewell! I faintly cried,
My breeches! O, my breeches!

That night I saw them in my dreams—
How changed since last *I knew* them!
The dews had steeped their faded threads,
The winds had whistled through them!
I saw the wide and ghastly rents,
Where demon claws had torn them;
A hole was in the hinder parts,
As if an imp had worn them!

I have had many happy years,
And tailors kind and clever;
But those young pantaloons were gone,
Forever and forever!
And not till fate shall cut the last
Of all my earthly stitches,
This aching heart shall cease to mourn
My loved, my long-lost breeches!

#### The Merman.

AN OLD DANISH LEGEND.

'Do thou, dear mother, contrive amain
How Marsk Stig's daughter I may gain.'

She made him, of water, a noble steed,
Whose trappings were formed from rash and reed.

To a young knight changed she then her son;
To Mary's church at full speed he's gone.

His foaming horse to the gate he bound,
And paced the church full three times round;

When in he walked with his plume on high,
The dead men gave from their tombs a sigh.

The priest heard that, and he closed his book;
'Methinks you knight has a strange wild look.'

Then laughed the maiden beneath her sleeve;
'If he were my husband, I should not grieve.'

He stepped over benches one and two;
'O, Marsk Stig's daughter, I dote on you.'

He stepped over benches two and three;
'O, Marsk Stig's daughter, come home with me.'

Then said the maid, without more ado,
'Here, take my troth, I will go with you.'

They went from the church a bridal train,
And gaily they danced across the plain.

They danced till they came to the strand, and then
They were forsaken by maids and men.

'Now Marsk Stig's daughter, sit down and rest,
To build a boat I will do my best.'

He built a boat of the whitest sand,
And away they went from the smiling land.

But when they had crossed the sixth green wave,
Down sunk the boat to the ocean cave!

I caution ye, maids, as well as I can,
Ne'er give your truth to an unknown man.
*Borrow's Romantic Ballads.*

#### Sonnet.

I saw a rose-bud 'twixt a maiden's lips—
Borrowing new beauties from its ruby throne,
And adding them to graces of its own—
A bud, the like, the wild bee oftenest sips.
The fragrance of her breath did seem to lend
A sweeter aroma than it possessed,
And as it rested on its station blest,
'Twas joy to see their mutual beauties blend.
Lips and roses!
Once upon a time—
A kissing party 'twas—I 'forfeit' paid,
And kissed a somewhat antiquated maid,
Whom Providence had spared to mourn her prime.
Her breath made serious that playful jest,
Exhaled o'er gums not 'Araby's the blest.'

#### Male Coquettes.

The man's a fool that gaily flies
From fair to fair—
Lured by the pleasing spell that lies
In eyes or hair.

He's like the moth that seeks the light,
Or taper's glare,
And finds a death, though it be bright,
Yet painful there.

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☞ All orders will meet with prompt attention at either of the above places.

[Written for The Flag of our Union.]

### The Amputation.

BY J. S. F.

The cut is o'er—the leg is off,
Poor woman! pain's no more:
On thine own bed now take thy rest,
Where thou didst sleep before.

If still thou feel'st a twitching there,
Where once thy toes had play,
Know that 'tis only fancy's sport,
Which can create or slay.

How many an hour I've thought of thee,
And sought alone thy weal;
By moments' pang that years of life
Thou yet wilt live to feel.

For six months past, day after day,
I've felt thy pulse, and heard
Thy deep distress and bitter sigh
At mention of the word.

The harrowing thought would send a thrill,
Like lightning, through thy frame,
Quivering thy feverish, livid lip,
Ere language to it came.

Then feebly asked, in prayerful tone,
If knife from death could save;
Now talking of recovery,
Then muttering of the grave.

Then, quite o'ercome with anxious talk,
Thy languid features fell,
Faintly shadowing in their swoon
Woe's pallid form too well.

I wist, when resting on thy bed,
Thou thoughtest of blood, and viewed
The tyrant cruelty in me,
Ere life's lease was renewed.

And dwelt long on the fatal knife,
Its edge so cold and keen,
Cutting the living, quivering flesh,
As blood gushed out between.

And heard and felt the sharp-toothed saw
Grate harshly through the bone;
Till when it touched the marrow quick,
Where soul feels fancy's groan.

And looked around the many friends,
As if for sympathy;
But none were found, but one above,
To bear thee company.

For when the heart to death is turned,
And when the grave's in sight,
The soul with Deity alone
Holds converse with delight.

Still did I love to see thee kiss
Thy little children, ere
I bound thy eyes lest thou shouldst view
The wound with open stare.

Their anxious looks and gushing tears
Unanswered me awhile;
For 'twas a scene that made me feel
I could not man beguile.

Now all is o'er—and thou art freed
From that which did offend;
Gather rejoicings in thy heart,
And own the knife thy friend.

[Written for The Flag of our Union.]

### Twilight Musings.

BY L. S. TEUSEL.

In twilight's hour how soft the shades
That heavenly artists spread;
Each sun-ray left behind now fades,
And hath forever fled.

And while a milder light is thrown
Along the western sky,
Fair Cynthia rides thus calmly on,
And claims a place on high.

'Tis in this quiet, pensive hour,
When Nature sinks to rest,
The heart alone can feel the power
It wakes within the breast.

And when through long departed years,
On memory's wing we stray,
We there may find a source of tears
Along life's desert way.

Oft we have felt our bosoms then
With streams of gladness flow,
When twilight in its beauty steals
Along the vales below.

We gaze on dear, familiar things,
And wonder that they bear
No joy our saddened hearts to cheer,
Like that which once was there.

[Written for The Flag of our Union.]

### Friendship.

BY OSCAR DUNREATH.

There is a bud of heavenly birth,
That blooms upon this lovely earth
To cheer the lonely paths of life,
And soothe us mid its care and strife.
That bud is friendship—peerless gem—
Life's brightest, sparkling diadem.
O, mayst thou ever true remain,
And ne'er thy holy name profane;
But ever kind and constant prove
To the warm heart's trusting love—
And placid joy and light impart,
To guide and cheer the wearied heart
That beats in unison with thine,
So broad, so gentle and divine.

[Written for The Flag of our Union.]

### Thoughts on Life.

*Suggested while standing at Napoleon's grave.*

BY BEACHBLOCK.

This life is all a puppet show,
Filled up with trouble, care and woe;
The more we learn, the farther go,
The more we find we nothing know.

We fight and struggle, storm and fret,
To lay up wealth, we toil and sweat,
But never pause to think that yet
We have to pay great Nature's debt.

'Tis even so! short-sighted man
Lays what he calls a wondrous plan;
Crowns, plumes and struts, does all he can
To prove at last he's only man.

### Devotion.

I never could find a good reason
Why sorrow unbidden should stay,
Or all the bright joys of life's season
Be driven unheeded away.
Our cares would wake no more emotion,
Were we to our lot but resigned,
Than pebbles flung into the ocean,
That leave scarce a ripple behind.

The world has a spirit of beauty,
Which looks upon all for the best;
And while it discharges its duty,
To Providence leaves all the rest.
That spirit 's the beam of devotion,
Which lights us through life to its close;
That sets like the sun in the ocean,
More beautiful far than it rose.

## MISCELLANEOUS.

[Written for The Flag of our Union.]

# THE HATRED OF AGE:

OR,

## THE AFFECTION OF YOUTH.

BY A. W. DORSEY.

### CHAPTER I.

Upon a gentle eminence rising gradually from the bright waters of the noble Hudson, stood the magnificent mansion of Mr. William Rutledge. Immediately upon the banks of the majestic river had been erected an arbor of honeysuckle and the wild grape vine, and here Emma, the only daughter of Mr. Rutledge, whose fair brow wore the impress of but seventeen summers, was frequently in the habit of repairing. Here she could enjoy the cool breeze that always swept over the river's bosom, and at the bewitching hour of twilight, when the season or weather would permit, she could be found in this arbor, enjoying all the wild scenery for which the Hudson is so justly famed.

Generally she was accompanied by her father; but frequently she wandered here alone; and not unfrequently was she joined by the handsome Hugh Brotherton—the son of Mr. Rutledge's nearest neighbor. Between these two neighbors there had been for many years existing a feeling of rivalry and of the most deadly hatred,—each endeavoring to crush the other by a variety of schemes not necessary here to detail. But between their two only children there existed an attachment as strong as their hatred was determined.—Although Hugh and Emma were strictly forbidden by their parents from associating with each other, yet at the country school, which they had both attended, they met daily; and as their path homeward for the longer part was the same, it was neither strange nor very unnatural, that these two beings, who were not yet corrupted by the vices of the more aged, should find ripening in their young bosoms a feeling for each other, both tender and enduring. Such was really the case.—It had now been about six months since Emma Rutledge and Hugh Brotherton sighed a long, a last farewell to their happy school days; and to recompense for this loss of opportunity to enjoy each other's society, they were in the habit of holding stolen interviews at the arbor upon the river's brink.

It was on a quiet evening in the sunny month of June, that Emma tripped gaily down the hill from the mansion, to fulfil an engagement made a few evenings previous with Hugh. Beautiful was this young creature as she stepped lightly onward to meet him for whom her little heart fluttered wildly in her bosom. Anxious too was Hugh, as he paddled his light boat over the calm bosom of the Hudson, to once again clasp to his bosom the light form of her who was his very soul's existence. Emma had scarcely reached the arbor and become seated, before she heard a slight rustling in the bushes near by, and the next moment her lover bounded up the river's bank and was seated by her side. Both, however, after the first outburst of pleasure had subsided, appeared moody and silent. A long silence prevailed, during which both of their minds were engaged with thoughts of each other. Hugh at length interrupted it by saying in a rather melancholy tone:

'Well, Emma, I suppose you must leave to-morrow. How very lonely I shall be during your absence. How long does your father purpose remaining at Saratoga?'

'Until September, he thinks,' answered the fair maiden, as she lifted her eyes to the face of Hugh; 'but if I can control him, Hugh, he will return much earlier. I know that I shall not like it there, amid so much gaiety and excitement.'

'You will not forget me then, Emma,' said Hugh, as he took her little hand in his and pressed it tenderly, 'whilst you are surrounded by more wealthy and accomplished gallants?'

'Not I,' was the simple answer of the young girl, as a tear filled her light blue eye, and she permitted Hugh to kiss the soft hand he held.

This happy and soul-enrapturing scene was here interrupted by Mr. Rutledge entering the arbor with a hasty step and a flashing eye.

'What does this mean?' exclaimed the old gentleman. 'The son of my hated neighbor kissing the *hand* of *my* daughter! and she quietly permitting it too! Ah, girl! this is why you were so fond of visiting the arbor, is it! Ah, yes! I now see. This is not the first time that you have met here and enacted similar scenes,—but it will be the last,'—he added, after a pause.

The blushing and frightened Emma sprang forward and threw her arms around her father, exclaiming:

'Forgive, O forgive us, father!'

But in Mr. Rutledge's bosom at this moment was only raging a feeling of hatred for Hugh's father, as well as for the youth, and disengaging himself from Emma by thrusting her one side, he raised his heavy cane, and dealt upon Hugh a severe blow—felling him to the earth.

'What have you done, father!' exclaimed the terrified Emma, as she beheld her lover's prostrate form upon the ground. 'You have struck him I love!' and the next moment she fell upon Hugh's neck and bathed his cheek with her warm tears.

Although the blow was not sufficient to deprive the youth of life, yet he lay for several moments senseless, and to all appearances dead. When the first burst of passion had subsided, and Mr. Rutledge in cool blood contemplated what he had done, he was really ashamed as well as sorry for his rash act, and in a few moments, assisted by Emma, he was bathing the brow of the youth with the cool water of a neighboring spring. Evidences of life were soon again visible, and in a short time, Hugh was able to sit upon the bench of the arbor.

'Forgive me, Hugh, for my rashness,' said the old gentleman, whose heart was now moved to penitence by the youth's sufferings and the tears of his lovely daughter. 'I was an old fool for striking you as I did. It is for your father that I cherish a hatred, and not for you. But, Hugh, I now tell both you and Emma, that whilst your love for each other is yet in the bud, that you had better crush it, for I can never consent for the interests of my family, and those of Tom Brotherton to become blended by your union. So forget each other, and hereafter, if I know of your meeting here or elsewhere, I shall be under the necessity of enforcing the most strict regulations upon Emma. To-morrow we leave for Saratoga, and don't you dare either of you to hold communication by letter. I shall keep the most strict watch, and prevent any such attempts. Your father, sir,' continued the old gentleman, who now again became warmed as a thought of his hated neighbor flashed over his mind, 'is the grandest of rascals, and the most accomplished of vil—'

'Stop, sir,' exclaimed Hugh, who up to this time had remained silent, as he arose from his seat and caught the old gentleman by the arm. 'I cannot coolly hear such undeserved epithets heaped upon my parent's head, though it be by the father of her I love. For you, sir, I have always held an esteem, though I was taught by my father to hate you. I respected you because you were the sire of her around whom cluster all the warm and tender interests of my heart. I shall still respect you, notwithstanding your recent disgraceful act, and would not lift a finger to check your success, or exert a muscle to mar your happiness. But, sir,' continued Hugh, as his eye flashed fire, and his brow knit into a frown, 'I equally respect *my own* parent, and cannot longer hear him abused. And,' he still continued, 'as I love your daughter with all the depth of a first, a warm, and an ardent love, I shall possess her, in defiance of all your opposition, if *she* be willing to be mine. 'Farewell, Emma,' he added, in a milder tone, and the youth, kissing his hand to her he loved, bounded down the bank into his boat.

The next moment the oars of Hugh's boat ruffled the calm bosom of the Hudson as he glided over to the opposite shore, whilst Mr. Rutledge quickly withdrew his daughter away from the scene, and led her back weeping to the mansion.

### CHAPTER II.

The following day Mr. Rutledge, with his daughter, started for the fashionable summer resort, Saratoga, without affording another opportunity for the meeting of Hugh and Emma. Upon their arrival they found the Springs already thronged with visiters from all sections of the Union. Evening excursions on horseback, tete-a-tetes held in cool arbors, twilight rambles in the shady groves, and gay balls were all in full blast when they arrived; and Mr. Rutledge hoped that what he termed an unfortunate attachment between his daughter and Hugh Brotherton, would be dissipated by the gay company and exciting scenes around them. But the old gentleman was doomed to be disappointed. First and true affection, when deeply seated in the hearts of two young beings, is not so easily brushed away, or the designs of the actors so readily thwarted. Hugh was fully determined in his own mind to possess the girl for whom he would have sacrificed his existence, whilst Emma, though she loved her father with all the tenderness of an affectionate daughter, felt, even amid the gay and dissipating scenes of Saratoga, her young heart fluttering to nestle with its mate, and a longing desire to become the bride of him for whom she had formed an attachment yet more holy and ardent than paternal affection. Mr. Rutledge loved his daughter tenderly, and it was with much pain that he had discovered her attachment for the son of his hated neighbor. It was with still more deep concern and anxious solicitude for her happiness that he found that Emma was not disposed to treat favorably or encouragingly the many marked attentions paid her by the fashionable and wealthy beaux of Saratoga. She was impervious to their many attacks of gallantry, and whilst she observed a respectful manner towards them all, she was cool and reserved in all her actions. Often would she withdraw from the gay throng, and seating herself alone by the window of a vacant room, think of him who was many miles distant.—Hugh, in the meantime, felt a strong desire to visit the Springs also, but his father, judging of his design, declined advancing him the necessary means. Hugh, doubtful himself of the policy of such a course, restrained as much as possible his desire, and remaining at home, he engaged his mind, as far as the circumstances would permit him, with his studies. He also felt himself under the control of his father and bound to obey his wishes, as he was not yet twenty-one. A month and a half, however, had scarce rolled away, when Mr. Rutledge, with Emma, returned again to the old mansion upon the banks of the Hudson. All the old gentleman's efforts to drown Emma's feelings for Hugh, by plunging her amid gay society and exciting scenes, proved signally futile, and she succeeded in persuading him to return home full a month sooner than he had at first intended. She was now returned, constant and true to the last. The parent in the meantime came to the desperate resolve of confining her immediately around the mansion, and of keeping a strict watch over all her actions personally. Accordingly, about one week after their return, he called Emma to his side, and in a kind, yet determined tone told her that henceforth she must keep within the immediate precincts of the mansion. The fair girl heard her father's resolve with large tears standing in her light blue orbs, and she entreated him earnestly only to permit her to visit the arbor, promising on her part that she would never meet Hugh.—Mr. Rutledge for a moment seemed moved by the tears of his only child, and he was about to grant her request, when reflecting upon the depth of woman's affection, and a thought of his hated neighbor at this moment flashing like a blaze of electricity across his mind, he denied it. When the old gentleman was absent from home upon the necessary duties connected with his business affairs, Emma was placed under the immediate eye of a governess, cruelly strict in carrying out all the wishes of her employer.

But the fair Emma Rutledge had a friend beside Hugh Brotherton, who sympathized with her in her painful situation, in the shape of John Blake, her father's coachman. This man, though of a rough exterior, possessed a heart throbbing in his broad bosom, susceptible of feelings that many who wear a richer garb and lift a prouder head might feel proud to possess. Emma only had to hint a desire, and if it was in John's power he immediately proffered his services to assist her in realizing it. He was also the friend of Hugh Brotherton, and to him the young man, after the scene in the arbor, confided the story of his love, and obtained from John a promise of his assistance whenever he should need it. The time was now rapidly approaching when John was to give evidence of his friendship for the lovers by his services.

Many months, however, rolled over, winter passed away, and spring returned, yet Hugh Brotherton and Emma Rutledge, who from day to day and week to week hoped that something would occur to conciliate the feelings of their parents, were excluded from each other's sight and debarred from each other's society. The hatred between the two still existed in all its first intensity, and daily were they concocting schemes and prosecuting plans by which one might indirectly injure the other. The hope that they would become reconciled, and which played over the minds of the two lovers, now grew less and less daily, until it finally became extinguished, and all was despair.

The rose faded from Emma's cheek, and the lily there asserted its sway. Her naturally light form became wasted to a shadow by grief, and yet her father remained inexorable. Hugh saw all the bright anticipations that had played over the path of his future life, like struggling sunbeams o'er a waste, fade away, and in their stead gloom and darkness prevailed.

In this condition of things, however, Hugh determined to make one bold effort to obtain the girl he loved, and to carry his intention to effect he determined upon seeing John.—Having procured an interview, and stated to him his design in detail, he bid his trusty friend to give the note he placed in his hand to Emma. But a few moments afterwards, John might have been seen hurrying up the hill to the mansion of Mr. Rutledge, and in a short time afterwards calling Emma from the room of her father, he placed the note into her little hand, and whispering in her ear, 'Be ready, Miss Emma,' he quickly disappeared. The fair girl's hand trembled violently, and her little heart fluttered wildly in her bosom as she broke the seal and read:

'My dear Emma:—I have everything arranged for our union. It is useless for us to wait longer for a reconciliation of our parents, feelings, and if you are willing to burst through all opposition and throw yourself into my arms as my bride, meet John and myself to-night precisely at nine, down at the old elm, where you will find us waiting.

'Yours, Hugh.'

Emma read the note hastily, hurried to her room, and then gave vent to her excited feelings in a copious flood of tears. But she had but little time to prepare for her adventure, as it was already quite dark. For a moment she hesitated, and appeared debating in her mind what course to pursue. She knew that by taking the step, her father would be greatly displeased, and perhaps would forbid her his house forever. She also *felt* that she loved Hugh Brotherton with all the devotion of her young heart, and she longed to become his happy bride. She knew that Hugh would be waiting at the old elm for her presence to make him happy, and she thought that if she did not comply with his arrangement that he might doubt her truth, and she thereby lose him forever. A thousand such thoughts as these, like the rushing of many waters, crowded through the mind of Emma in a moment. But she resolved to go at all hazards. Accordingly she took from her wardrobe her best articles of dress, and packing them all closely in a trunk, she attired herself quickly in a simple garb of white, and over it drew a riding dress. She had scarcely finished, before John appeared at her room window, and by means of a rope lowered the trunk to the yard. Emma quickly joined him below, and in a few minutes afterwards, old Mr. Rutledge heard the wheels of a coach roll rapidly along the road in rear of the mansion, bearing away his daughter to become the bride of Hugh Brotherton, the son of his hated neighbor.

### CHAPTER III.

Emma's disappearance from the room with John, and in a short time afterwards, the rumbling of a carriage by the mansion, awoke within the discerning mind of Mr. Rutledge suspicions of what was going on between Hugh and Emma. His first step was to ascertain if his daughter was about the premises, and having learned that she was not, he forthwith ordered up one of his fleetest horses and started in pursuit. He rightly expected that they would proceed to the parson of the nearest village, and he accordingly spurred his horse rapidly forward in that direction, taking a narrow cross road, much nearer than the lovers had taken. John, however, expected pursuit, and from the start he threw the whip upon the coach horses fully.

About the same time that Mr. Rutledge left his mansion, his hated neighbor, the father of Hugh, having learned what was occurring, also started for the village, determined on *his* part to prevent the marriage of his son. He knew he had this authority, as Hugh was not yet quite twenty-one. In the meantime, on whirled the coach rapidly over the smooth country roads, and on dashed the two enraged parents in pursuit of their wayward children. The full moon came out from beneath a high cloud, and gazed calmly and thoughtfully, as if she was *really* concerned in what was transpiring; like a disinterested person, however, she shed her silvery beams in equal profusion on all parties. John, by the perfect control he possessed over his horses, the fine condition of the roads, and the light of the moon enabling him to urge them on without danger, outstripped the pursuers.

Having arrived safely at the parson's residence, no time was lost by the lovers, or the worthy parson, in proceeding with the ceremony—but before Emma had pronounced the faltering 'I will,' a crashing in of the front door was heard, and the next moment both of the enraged parents stood trembling with passion in the presence of Hugh and Emma. So deadly was their hatred, however, that they appeared not to notice the parson who had sunk in a chair convulsed with an ague of fright, or their children who were locked in each other's arms. But like two wild beasts of prey they stood regarding each other with silent contempt, their eyes flashing with envenomed hatred, and their aged frames convulsed with passion. John in the meantime, who had given his horses in the care of an acquaintance, ushered his head into the room, and observing what was likely to occur, rushed between them. This act of the honest John appeared to be the signal for hostilities, and the two made at each other furiously with their canes. The parson who by this time had partially recovered from his first fright, now attempted a reconciliation by urging upon the actors the importance of neighbors dwelling together in peace and harmony, and quoting to them over and over the commandment, 'Thou shalt love thy neighbor as thyself.' The combatants, however, soon became exhausted by their violence of passion, whilst Hugh and Emma, who by this time had held a short council of war, approached the forms of their exhausted parents. Emma, with an outburst of feeling, threw her arms around the neck of Mr. Rutledge, and with warm tears chasing each other down her flushed cheeks, she entreated him to forget his hatred for Mr. Brotherton, to be reconciled, and to permit the ceremony to proceed. Hugh, in the meantime, had grasped his father's hand, and in burning, impassioned eloquence impressed upon his mind the sinfulness as well as the weakness of such a feeling of hatred towards his neighbor. Mr. Rutledge's heart was softened by the tears and pleadings of his only child, and his mind being acted upon by the shame which he now felt for the disgraceful scene that had just occurred, he arose from his chair, and followed by Emma, approached the other end of the room, where Hugh and his father were in close conversation. But as he neared the person of his hated neighbor, his good resolution faltered. Pride, arrogant, unbending pride, again obtained the sway over his feelings, his hatred rushed back upon him in all its strength, and he was about to rush upon his enemy. But Emma, who had quickly observed the slackened pace of her father, and by gazing into his face, read aright its expression, bounded forward, and exclaimed as she clasped the hand of Mr. Brotherton's between both of hers, and bathed it with tears, 'Father is reconciled! he is willing to forget the past, and to be friends in future.' Hugh, in the meantime, caught the hand of Mr. Rutledge, and declared a similar feeling to exist on the part of his parent. The ice was now broken. Both of the old gentlemen conceived that the other had yielded, whilst in reality neither would have proffered his hand, had it not been that each thought the other had yielded first. Mr. Rutledge, however, was the first to extend his hand, and as he did so, his voice faltered as he said, 'Well, Tom Brotherton, here is my hand; we have been two old fools. These children have taught me a lesson I shall never forget; we, here in old age hating each other with the violence of fiends, and our children loving each other with the devotedness of saints. The thought is both ridiculous and insupportable.'

'And here is mine,' said Mr. Brotherton. 'I acknowledge my weakness, and henceforth you will regard me as one of your best friends. I am willing to let the past be forgotten entire—'

'Here, Mr. Parson,' interrupted John, 'proceed with this ere ceremony; I guess as how the old folks have come to their senses at last.'

'Yes, proceed, sir, with the ceremony,' repeated both the parents. As Hugh led again the now overjoyed Emma to the floor, Mr. Brotherton and Mr. Rutledge joined the hands of the lovers, and soon the village parson pronounced the happy couple one.

The now reconciled parents gave their horses in charge of the village innkeeper, and stepping into the coach with Hugh and Emma, they directed John to drive rapidly for Mr. Brotherton's mansion. That night the heretofore deadly enemies held quite a jollification over their reconciliation. Old peach brandy, and sparkling Madeira, that had been for many years stored away in the cupboard of Mr. Brotherton, was brought from its hiding place, and perpetual friendship pledged in a glass of each, by the two old gentlemen. Ever afterwards the two neighbors lived beside each other, on the most friendly terms and social intercourse, whilst in the neighborhood around it was frequently remarked that there lived not in the whole county a happier pair than Hugh Brotherton and Emma.

[Written for The Flag of our Union.]

### Summer Musings.

BY M. A. CORNWELL.

Summer, I love to muse upon thy glory,
When in the grove
The thrush is warbling to her mate a story
Of joy and love.

Summer, for thee my heart has long been yearning,
Lonely and sad;
For thou dost make all things with thy returning,
Joyous and glad.

The lake lies like a gentle infant sleeping,
Sweetly at rest;
Save when the birds across its bosom sweeping,
Ruffle its breast.

The light breeze tarries like some gentle maiden,
To kiss the flowers;
And while away its bliss the pleasure-laden
And rosy hours.

And sweet birds now the forests cool are haunting,
And borne along
Upon the breeze cometh from vales enchanting,
Many a song.

From the green woods flows on the joyous river,
Sparkling and flashing;
O, I could muse, and, dreaming, list forever
Its tuneful dashing.

So may the stream of life mid life's green bowers,
As calmly wend;
And e'er be shaded by love's sweetest flowers,
Unto the end.

### Pretty Thoughts.

What is joy? The honey of existence; really beneficial and agreeable when partaken of in moderation, but highly injurious when used to excess.

What is contentment? The philosophy of life, and the principal ingredient in the cup of happiness—a commodity that is undervalued in consequence of the very low price it can be obtained for.

What is happiness? A butterfly, that roves from flower to flower, in the vast garden of existence, and which is eagerly pursued by the multitude, in the vain hope of obtaining the prize; yet it continually eludes their grasp.

What is ambition? A fierce and unconquerable steed, that bears its rider onward in the high road to preferment; but it oftentimes throws him such a fall that he rarely ever recovers.

What is crime? A wretched vagabond, travelling from place to place in a fruitless endeavor to escape from justice, who is constantly engaged in hot pursuit. A foe to virtue and happiness, though at times the companion of poor innocence, which is too often made to suffer for the guilty.

What is justice? A pair of scales, in which the actions of mankind are often weighed; the true weights being sometimes bought up by power and wealth, whilst others that are incorrect are substituted.

What is idleness? A public mint, where various kinds of mischief is coined and extensively circulated amongst the most despicable of the human race.

What is fear? A frightful and dangerous substance to the really guilty, but a vain and harmless shadow to the conscientiously honest and upright.

What is fortune? A capricious dame, who often rejects those who are most anxious to solicit her favors; whilst others, more unworthy, are the recipients of her bounties without their solicitation.

What is fashion? A beautiful envelope for mortality, presenting a glittering and polished exterior, the appearance of which gives no certain indication of the real value of what is contained therein.

What is wit? A sparkling beverage, that is highly exhilarating and agreeable when partaken at the expense of others; but when used at our own cost, it becomes bitter and unpleasant.

What is thought? A fountain from which flows all good and evil intentions; a mental fluid, electral in the force and rapidity of its movements, silently flowing unseen within its own secret avenues; yet it is the controlling power of all animated matter, and the chief main-spring of all our actions.

What is knowledge? A key that unravels all mysteries, and which unlocks the entrance, and discovers new, unseen and untrodden paths in the hitherto unexplored fields of science and literature.

### A sure Sign.

A contemporary says that the first sign of a man growing old is when he is asked 'to stand godfather.' The first sign of a woman growing old is when she gives up the habit of writing long letters. The first sign of a boy becoming a man, is, when he buys a razor. The first sign of a girl becoming a woman is the fact that she begins to talk about the appearance of young men.

### Jesting.

A frightful illustration of the mischiefs of jesting, is recorded in the Boston Herald. It is stated that a man is now under sentence of death for the murder of his wife, who was goaded on to the crime of charges of infidelity circulated against his better half—all utterly unfounded, and all contrived merely to annoy and irritate him, because of his naturally jealous disposition.

[Written for The Flag of our Union.]

### 'A Celle que J'aime.'

BY O. D. W.

If then our paths must wear apart,
And not in one be blended,
And fortune sever heart from heart,
Till life's career be ended;
If e'er my hope-bright morn arise
A cloud to lower above me,
And I must, 'neath the angry skies,
Wend on with none to love me:

O say, shall not a mystic chain
Unite us still, though parted,
And me in memory's bowers sustain,
Though sad and lonely-hearted.
That I may feel, though thou art pressed
To some fond bosom nearer,
I yet am in thy heart a guest,
Beside the chosen and dearer.

I would not have thee from thy heart
At once my memory banish,
Nor would I feel that when we part
All trace of love will vanish:
For I have loved thee well, thou know'st—
'Tis nothing now—but never
Forget that heart whose pride and boast
Will be to love forever.

### Description of Bulwer.

Towards twelve o'clock, 'Mr. Lytton Bulwer' was announced, and entered the author of Pelham. I had made up my mind how he *should* look, and between prints and descriptions thought I could scarcely be mistaken in my idea of his person. No two things could be more unlike, however, than the ideal of Mr. Bulwer in my mind and the real Mr. Bulwer who followed the announcement *Imprimis*, the gentleman who entered was not handsome. I beg pardon of the boarding-schools—but he really *was not*. The engraving of him published some time ago in America, is as much like any other man living, and gives you no idea of his head whatever. He is short, very much bent in the back, slightly knock-kneed, and, if my opinion in such matters goes for anything, as ill dressed a man for a gentleman, as you will find in London. His figure is slight and very badly put together, and the only commendable point in his person, as far as I could see, was the smallest foot I ever saw a man stand upon. *Au reste*, I liked his manners extremely. He ran up to Lady Blessington with the joyous heartiness of a boy let out of school; and the 'how d'ye, Bulwer?' went round, as he shook hands with everybody, in the style of welcome usually given to 'the best fellows in the world.' As I had brought a letter of introduction to him from a friend in Italy, Lady Blessington introduced me particularly, and we had a long conversation about Naples and its pleasant society.

Bulwer's head is phrenologically a fine one. His forehead retreats very much, but is very broad and well marked, and the whole air is that of decided mental superiority. His nose is aquiline, and far too large for proportion, though he conceals its extreme prominence by an immense pair of red whiskers, which entirely conceal the lower part of his face in profile. His complexion is fair, his hair profuse, curly, and of a light auburn, his eyes not remarkable, and his mouth contradictory, I should think, of all talent. A more good-natured, habitually-smiling, nerveless expression could hardly be imagined. Perhaps my impression is an imperfect one, as he was in the highest spirits, and was not serious the whole evening for a minute—but it is strictly and faithfully *my impression*.

I can imagine no style of conversation calculated to be more agreeable than Bulwer's. Gay, quick, various, half-satirical, and always fresh and different from everybody else, he seemed to talk because he could not help it, and infected everybody with his spirits. I cannot give even the substance of it in a letter, for it was in a great measure local or personal. A great deal of fun was made of a proposal by Lady Blessington, to take Bulwer to America and show him at so much a head. She asked me whether I thought it would be a good speculation. I took upon myself to assure her ladyship, that, provided she played *showman*, the 'concern,' as they would phrase it in America, would be certainly a profitable one. Bulwer said he would rather go in disguise and hear them abuse his books. It would be pleasant he thought to hear the opinions of people who judge him neither as a member of parliament nor a dandy—simply a book-maker. Smith asked him if he kept an amanuensis. 'No,' he said, 'I scribble it all out myself, and send it to the press in a most ungentlemanly-like hand, half print and half hieroglyphic, with all its imperfections on its head, and correct in the proof very much to the dissatisfaction of the publisher, who sends me in a bill of sixteen pounds six shillings and four pence for extra corrections. Then I am free to confess I don't know grammar. Lady Blessington, do you know grammar? I detest grammar. There never was such a thing heard of before Lindley Murray. I wonder what they did for grammar before his day? O, the delicious blunders one sees when they are irretrievable! And the best of it is, the critics never got hold of them. Thank Heaven for second editions, that one may scratch out his blots, and go down clean and gentleman-like to posterity!' Smith asked him if he had ever reviewed one of his own books. 'No—but I *could!* And then how I should like to recriminate and defend myself indignantly! I think I could be preciously severe. Depend upon it nobody knows a book's defects half so well as its author. I have a great idea of criticising my works for my posthumous memories. Shall I, Smith? Shall I, Lady Blessington?'

Bulwer's voice, like his brother's, is exceedingly lover-like and sweet. His playful tones are quite delicious, and his clear laugh is the soul of sincere and careless merriment.—*N. P. Willis.*

### The World.

The world is seldom what it seems
To man who dimly sees;
Realities appear as dreams,
And dreams, realities.

The Christian's years, though slow their flight,
When he is called away,
Are but the watches of a night,
And death the dawn of day.—*Montgomery.*

### Western Oratory.

The following is given by the Nashville Union as a verbatim report of the first speech of a Mr. Cullom, who is running for Congress on his own hook:

'My countrymen, I am a candidate to represent you in Congress. My countrymen, I was a candidate two years ago, and at that time my opponent was my friend, and your distinguished fellow citizen, General Barrow. My countrymen, General Barrow then came to me and said, "Cullom, you are a much younger man than me; let me run this time; General Taylor will be elected;" (and here General Barrow intimated that old Zack would provide for him;) and therefore I declined. His prediction, my countrymen, has been fulfilled. Old Zack has been elected, but General Barrow refuses to yield me the track. He has sucked so long, my countrymen, at the public teat, that he has become—shall I say, *bloated*, like a big calf; he will suck up all the milk. My countrymen, he must be weaned! My countrymen, I was born in all Kaintuck, I was born a Whig, a poor boy. I cum to Tennessee, and worked a flat boat to this town, at the very time the City Hotel and the steam saw mill at the mouth of the branch was conflagrated! My countrymen, I am no beggar. I have a competence for myself and children, and soup and corn bread for my friends. My countrymen, I have no great family influence, no royal ancestors. I am one of the b'hoys. The "upper ten thousand" want a convention. They want to bind and sacrifice me; but, my countrymen, I will call in the hands; *it can't be done.*

'How greedy, O, my dear countrymen, how greedy are the "upper ten!" The post office in Nashville, the best office in Tennessee, has been given to the head of the Barrow family; and the gazettes of the day announce that an Indian agency has been given to the brother of my distinguished competitor. O, my countrymen, I wish I belonged to the Barrow family; I believe I will have myself *made a barrow.*'

### Death of Two Lovers.

The only news that you can expect to have from me here, is news from heaven; for I am quite out of the world, and there is scarce anything that can reach me, except the noise of thunder, which undoubtedly you have heard too. We have read in old authors of high towers being levelled by it to the ground, while the humblest valleys have escaped. The only thing that is proof against it is the laurel—which, however, I take to be no great security for the brains of modern authors. But to let you see that the contrary to this often happens, I must acquaint you, that the highest and most extravagant heap of towers in the universe, which is in this neighborhood, stands still undefaced, while a cock of barley in our next field has been consumed to ashes. Would to God that this heap of barley had been all that perished! For, unhappily, beneath this little shelter, sat two much more constant lovers than ever were found in romance, under the shade of a beech-tree.

John Howard was a well-set man of about five and twenty; Sarah Drew might be rather called comely than beautiful, and was about the same age. They had passed through the various labors of the year together with the greatest satisfaction. If she milked, it was his morning and evening care to bring the cows to her hand. It was but last fair that he bought her a present of a green silk ribbon for her straw-hat, and the posy on her silver ring was of his choosing. Their love was the talk of the whole neighborhood; for scandal never affirmed that he had any other views than the lawful possession of her in marriage. It was that very morning that he had obtained the consent of her parents, and it was but till the next week that they were to wait to be happy. Perhaps in the intervals of their work they were now talking of their wedding clothes; and John was suiting several sorts of poppies and field-flowers to her complexion, to choose her knot for the wedding-day. While they were thus busied (it was on the last of July, between two and three in the afternoon), the clouds grew black, and such a storm of lightning and thunder ensued, that all the laborers made the best of their way to what shelter the trees and hedges afforded.

Sarah was frightened, and fell down in a swoon on a heap of barley. John, who never separated from her, sat down by her side, having raked together two or three heaps, the better to secure her from the storm. Immediately there was heard so loud a crack, as if heaven had split asunder; every one was now solicitous for the safety of his neighbor, and called to one another throughout the field. No answer being returned to those who called to our lovers, they stepped to the place where they lay; they perceived the barley all in a smoke, and they espied this faithful pair, John with one arm about Sarah's neck and the other held over, as to screen her from the lightning. They were struck dead, and stiffened in this tender posture. Sarah's left eyebrow was singed, and there appeared a black spot on her breast: her lover was all over black, but not the least signs of life in either. Attended by their melancholy companions, they were conveyed to the town, and the next day were interred in Stanton-Harcourt churchyard.—*Gay's Letters.*

### The Dying Mother.

BY MISS ALICE CAREY.

We were weeping round her pillow,
For we knew that she must die;
It was night within our bosoms—
It was night upon the sky.

There were seven of us children,
I the oldest one of all;
So I tried to whisper comfort,
But the blinding tears would fall.

On my knees my little brother
Leaned his aching brow and wept;
And my sister's long black tresses
O'er my heaving bosom swept.

The shadow of an awful fear
Came o'er me as I trod
To lay the burden of our grief
Before the throne of God.

'O, be kind to one another!'
Was my mother's pleading prayer,
As her hand lay like a snow-flake
On the baby's golden hair.

Then a glory bound her forehead,
Like the glory of a crown,
And in the silent sea of death
The star of life went down.

Her latest breath was borne away
Upon that loving prayer,
And the hand grew heavier, paler,
In the baby's golden hair.

### The late Mrs. Madison.

Mrs. D. P. Madison, widow of James Madison, fourth president of the United States, died at her residence in Washington city, on Thursday evening last, at half past ten o'clock. The precise age of Mrs. Madison we are not able to state. In a brief obituary notice now before us, she is said to have been born about the year 1770. Our impression had been that she was in her eighty-second year. The date of her birth above given, would show her to have been not yet eighty. The maiden name of this venerated lady was Paine. She was born in Virginia, but her parents, who were members of the Society of Friends, removed, while she was yet very young, to Philadelphia.

Before she had attained the age of twenty she married a gentleman by the name of Todd, who died within three years after, leaving her the mother of an only son. We have heard that Mr. Madison formed the acquaintance of the young Mrs. Todd, while he was a boarder at the house of her mother. He married her in 1774, he being at the time a member of Congress. During the presidency of her husband, Mrs. Madison presided as the female head of the family, and sustained that position in the executive residence with grace and dignity. Her flight from the white house on the occasion of the calamitous attack upon Washington by the British, is an accident in her life which has been very often described, and possesses a degree of national interest.

Mrs. Madison has passed the thirty-three years of her life succeeding the expiration of her husband's term of office, as a resident of Washington, Philadelphia and Virginia.—Having no children by her last husband, Mrs. Madison has of late years had residing with her as a companion and member of her household, a niece, Miss Page, a young lady much admired in Washington society. Mrs. Madison's house at Washington has long been a centre of attraction for personages moving in circles of refinement and distinction in life.

At new years, on the great national anniversary, and upon all similar occasions, it has been as much one of the usages of the capital to call upon Mrs. Madison, as at the white house or the residence of any other high official dignity. There was visible in her form and bearing, even so late as the beginning of the present year, very little of the infirmity of age. Her form was erect, her voice yet full and firm, her eye clear, and her manner as free, easy and cordial, as it might have been when doing the honors of the white house.

Mrs. Madison's son, Mr. Todd, is still living, and resides, we believe, in Virginia. She always manifested for him an extraordinary fondness.

### A Death Bell.

A pretty story is told of the casting of the bell for the church of St. Mary Magdalen, at Breslau. When the metal was just ready to be poured in the mould, the chief founder went to dinner, and forbade his apprentice, under pain of death, to touch the vent by which the metal was to be conveyed. The youth, curious to see the operation, disobeyed orders. The whole of the metal ran into the mould, and the enraged master, returning from his meal, slew the apprentice on the spot. On breaking away the mould, he found he had been too hasty, for the bell was cast as perfectly as possible. When it was hung in its place, the master had been sentenced to death by the sword for the murder of the apprentice; and he entreated the authorities, as a great favor, that he might be allowed to hear it once before he died. His petition was granted, and from that time the bell is tolled on the execution of a criminal.—*Bentley's Miscellany.*

A new and comical writer from San Francisco says in a recent letter, which we recommend to the special attention of the ladies:—"The rush to the diggins continues, and the pressure is great. Women, so much so that fat men begin to be regarded with avaricious eyes. Infants, if plump, wouldn't be safe, as some of the fellows look at the two or three young women we have in the settlement just as if they wanted to eat 'em. Appetite's no respecter of persons, as a young man from St. Joseph's who eat his grandmother on the plains, remarked to me the other day. "The old 'oman," says he, "was dry, very dry, but there's no sauce like hunger, and without intending to make game of old age, I must say, she tasted like venison."

Fitzgerald, of the Philadelphia City Item, is getting ahead of the mails. We find the following in his last number:

"Jem lives in New York, where he is perfectly "to home," and the *Hudsons* are the feature of the square-featured city. Occasionally, however, the parties meet. A short time since, George Hudson called in to see Jem, and by invitation partook of gin and water. Jem at once exclaimed in astonishment—"Really, the gin-see and the Croton, are for the first time entering the mouth of the *Hudson*!""

Hudson ebbed instantaneously.

Harney, of the Louisville Democrat, and Prentice, of the Louisville Journal, have been discussing the personal beauty of each other, lately.—Prentice says that a lady, under the influence of chloroform, kissed the editor of the Democrat, and upon returning to consciousness, was so mortified at what she had done, that she went away and hung herself; and that on another occasion, when the same editor tried to look his prettiest, he was knocked down by a fellow from the country, who supposed he was making faces at him.

'Who's that you are were drinking with?' asked Jem of a friend.

'O, young A——, a very nice fellow, who will soon be of age, when he comes into a fine property—a real good fellow, with the exception of some trifling faults.'

'That's nothing' said Jem. 'For, of course, when he becomes of age his minor faults will disappear.'

At a Baptist prayer meeting, held in a town not more than a thousand miles from Lynn, one of the members was addressing the meeting, and, among other things, said that he should 'never forget the last words of Brother H——, who departed this life a few days since.'

'Will you repeat the words of our departed brother?' interrupted one of the deacons, with much emotion, 'so that we may all remember them.'

'*They have slipped my mind*,' said the brother, with apparent indifference.—*Lynn News.*

'Papa,' said a little boy to his father the other day, 'when one fellow strikes another, hasn't he got no right to strike back?' 'Certainly he has,' replied the father. 'The law of self-defence sanctions it.' 'Well then, I'll tell you what it is,' said the boy, 'the next time you box my ears, I'll hit you a blow under the fifth rib.' The father laughed heartily, and the next day related the anecdote to one of his neighbors.

'Are you an Odd Fellow?' 'No sir! I've been married for a week!' 'I mean, do you belong to the Order of Odd Fellows?' 'No, sir, I belong to the Order of Married Men.' 'Mercy, how dumb! Are you a *Mason*?' No, I am a carpenter by trade.' 'Worse and worse; are you a Son of *Temperance*?' 'Bother you, no, I am a son of Mr. John Gosling.' The querist went away.

A girl forced by her parents into a disagreeable match with an old man whom she detested, when the clergyman came to that part of the service where the bride is asked if she consented to take the bridegroom for her husband, said, with great simplicity, 'O, dear, no, sir; but you are the first person who has asked my opinion about the matter.'

A dandy black entered a bookstore, and with a very consequential air, inquired, 'Hab you a fine quirea of letter paper of the very best rate, for a gemman to write lub letters on?' 'Yes,' was the reply, 'how many will you have?' 'I 'spose,' said he, 'my stay at de Spring may be about two or three weeks. Give 'nough quires to write four letters.'

A new (would be) correspondent sends us some 'Lines while indisposed at Rome.' It was Rome, Oneida county, reader, not the Eternal City! And his illness—what 'sport it was!' Sea-sickness in *the canal*—and his poetry is in keeping with the fact! As Captain Ed and Cuttle would say, 'What a brain! what a mind he must have!'—*Literary American.*

Barney, and a friend, dropped into Frank's about 'Lunch' time, and while discussing the 'leven o'clock, Barney asked, 'what scientific instruments do we resemble?' The subject was dropped immediately, and Barney savagely exclaimed—'Why, bar-room-eaters,' (barometers). Four pairs of legs immediately started for a police force to preserve the peace.

Bemus has handed us the following charade, which he found in an English paper, ascribed to one of the aldermen of London:

'My first is a little thing what hops,
My second gives us good hay crops,
My whole I eat with mutton chops.'

The answer is—*sparrow-grass*.—*Bee.*

The following verdict was given by an Essex coroner:—"We believe firmly that the deceased came to his death by falling from the top of the foremast on the bulwarks; fell overboard and drowned; washed ashore and froze to death; and then carried to the watch-house and eaten up alive by rats."

Some people always have a fear, which they put in the way of everything. Inquiring of such a one the character of his neighbor, he replied:

'Why, he is a *pretty* fair, clever sort of man, but—hem!'

'But what?'

'Why—a hem—why he feeds his darned old horse on pumpkins.'

'Sister, are you happy?'

'Yes, deacon, I feel as though I was in Beelzebub's bosom.'

'Not in Beelzebub's?'

'Well some one of the patriarch's. I don't care which.'

By the 'addresses,' etc., etc., in the papers just about this time, we find that the 'dragons of the old world' have nothing else to do but to 'tremble.' This fact contradicts an opinion we long had of 'em—namely, that they were no great shakes.

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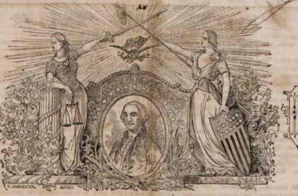

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[WRITTEN EXPRESSLY FOR THE FLAG OF OUR UNION.]

# THE SPANIARD:

or,

## THE CRUISER OF LONG ISLAND.

### A Story of Sunshine and Shadow.

BY FRED HUNTER.

### CHAPTER I.

*Long Island Head. A strange arrival at midnight. 'Old Willie' the Waterman. The stranger's singular conduct. A sail, ho! The peril, and the rescue. An invitation to shelter. Who is the young intruder?*

MIDNIGHT shadowed the dell, the forest, and the plain. A cold and misterous day in the spring of 1815 (soon after the close of the last war with Great Britain) had passed away, and a deep wood which skirted the bold shore of Long Island, towards its northeasterly point, resounded with the rapid and heavy tread of a horse's hoofs, which seemed approaching the water from the thicket beyond, and which could plainly be heard at a long distance yet, the sound gradually growing more and more distinct, as the animal seemed dashing furiously on toward the rocky border of the Sound. A smart breeze stirred the waters briskly, and as the pale moon threw down an occasional ray of light from amongst the myriad of small clouds that flitted above, a thousand white caps of foam, which crested the heaving billows, might have been seen to glisten for an instant upon the water's surface.

A narrow road, but little frequented, ran through the forest we have spoken of, and the rapidly revolving wheels of a vehicle could now be distinguished, as the horse still came on, at a quick pace toward the opening from the wood, where the path terminated near the shore, close to a high bluff, and from the top of which could be had a view of the broad expanse of waters beyond. The wagon instantly hove in sight, and there alighted from it a young man; who was roughly attired in a short woollen sack and dark dress, whose movements were excited and earnest, and who seemed but little relieved by his ride. His companion was his senior somewhat in years, and they conversed for a moment in a low tone, as if—even in that remote and uninhabited region—they might be in danger of being overheard.

'Leave me now, Carter,' said the young man to his friend; 'leave me to myself.'

'But whither will you turn?'

'It matters not—adieu! You will hear from me, anon—if I escape; if not—'

'What, if not?' inquired the other.

'Nothing—nothing. Return, or you will be missed.'

'As you will—but—'

'You have done all in your power, for me; I am safe for the time being—all will yet be right—your hand,' continued the youngest of the two, and a moment afterward, the vehicle, with the older stranger, turned back in the direction it came, and the young man ascended the high rock near by, and gazed out into the open sea before him.

Hard by the location of the spot just described, there stood an insignificant hut, half buried as it were in a mound of earth, which had been thrown up from time to time against its rough sides. We have said the region was uninhabited. So it was at that day, for many a mile, with the single exception of this cabin—in which resided a single human being, who was but little known and less cared for. For many a long year, 'Old Willie' (as he was termed by those who knew him) had inhabited this little hut, and there, within sight and sound of the curling surf which dashed and rolled but a few yards beyond him almost incessantly, he dwelt—with no visible means of support, seldom moving from his premises, save on extraordinary occasions.

The wants of Old Willie were apparently few, and though he was now full five-and-forty years old, he was a hale, hearty, active man; and the glance from his clear, gray eye was expressive and brilliant as if he were but twenty. He very rarely moved away from home, at least by daylight, and though he was never harsh or unkind in his treatment to the occasional wanderer who crossed his path, or who claimed his temporary hospitality, yet Old Willie was content to remain quiet, at home, and never sought society to interrupt the every day monotony of his life.

The life of Old Willie seemed solitary and harmless, and the dull routine of his existence appeared to be all undisturbed; but the intricacies of his history were entirely unknown, and we shall see, anon, that he was a more important personage than he was esteemed. It was a most unusual occurrence that the solitude of Old Willie's neighborhood should echo to the sound of aught save the roar of the breakers or his own voice; and though it was midnight, and Old Willie had been in bed for three or four hours, yet the strange noise of wagon wheels in the forest, and the tramping of a horse so near him, started him suddenly from his slumber—never the soundest—and rising quickly, he peered forth into the darkness, from his little low window, to ascertain if possible the character and objects of the intruders.

The old man listened attentively, in breathless silence, and his curiosity was strengthened when he discovered, although he could see nothing, that the vehicle had halted within a short distance of his hut. He dressed himself hastily, and placing a pistol in his breast, he opened the rude door of his cabin noiselessly, and ventured forth in the darkness in search of further information. He listened again, but the conversation which passed between the two strangers—for he soon learned there were two of them—was conducted in so low a tone that he could make nothing of it. A moment afterward, however, he noticed that the vehicle was again in motion, and the clatter of the horse's shoes upon the hard road was soon lost; as the visiters, whoever they were, returned again into the forest and left him, as he supposed, to himself once more.

Old Willie was just on the point of retracing his steps to his humble cot, but ill content with the partial discovery he had made. He had had a moment of leisure to turn the matter over in his mind, but he could in no way account for it. True, he was anticipating the arrival of company, but he knew they could scarcely reach him until Saturday evening—and it was now only Thursday. He fancied at first, that some mishap had occurred to cause the arrival of those he looked for—secretly—but he reflected again, and satisfying himself in his own mind that this could not be, he turned, as we have said towards his cabin, when a slight rustling in the undergrowth beyond him arrested his steps.

The rays of the moon darted forth at this moment from the parted clouds, and the sharp eye of the old man descried the figure of a well made person quickly ascending the side of the bluff which overlooked the Sound. An instant after, the young stranger stood upon the top of the rock, in full view of Old Willie, who watched him for a moment with interest; but the intruder had not observed the hut upon his right, and evidently had not the remotest idea that any living being was near him. He clasped his hands together, as if in despair, sunk upon his knees, and seemed for a time lost in deep meditation. Then slowly raising his head, he looked down into the boiling, fretful surge beneath him, as if he would gladly seek a refuge from the thoughts which oppressed him, even by plunging from that precipice into the cold waves!

But he gazed out into the broad space of waters, and lo! a sail was in sight, far away in the distance; a small white spot scarcely so big apparently as his own hand, yet it was clear and distinct against the dark sky beyond, and steadily increasing in size, as it approached him. Yet, what was that sail to *him?* His gaze was fixed earnestly upon the object, nevertheless—and the roar of the surge which lashed the rocks at his feet, was for the moment forgotten. His bright glazed cap was now thrown back from his forehead, and beneath the light of the cold moon, his features could plainly be traced.

The high forehead, the well-formed nose, the firm lip, the large glistening eye, indicated him at once a bold and noble youth, whose handsome form deeply interested Old Willie, as he now lay crouched beneath a tuft of thick undergrowth near by, eagerly watching the conduct of his visiter. The humble waterman continued to gaze upon the stranger, and his curiosity increased as he scanned his movements. What could he want at that hour of the night, in such a place? thought Willie. Who could he be? Did he contemplate suicide? Who was his companion? And why was he left thus alone, in that solitude? All these questions rushed on the old man's imagination in quick succession, but all remained unanswered; and still the youth gazed anxiously out into the space before him, his eyes now riveted upon the approaching vessel, which continued to near the headland upon his right. The little craft was yet but a spot upon the water, and he could not make her out. In turn, the eye of Old Willie sought the object of the youth's attention, but as *his* glance fell upon the broad sail, which rose and fell with swan-like grace upon the bosom of the bright waves, he started quickly to his feet, looked again, and then stealthily disappeared within his hut.

Immediately upon reaching the interior of his domicil, Old Willie seized his telescope, and brought the glass to bear upon the strange sail which had so suddenly startled him, and a single look satisfied him that she was the very craft he expected; though she was full two days in advance of her time. The wind had hauled, however, within a little while, and the course of the vessel had been changed slightly. With what strange emotions did the two watchers now gaze upon that beautiful schooner, from the shore—Old Willie and the youth who still stood upon the bluff. Yet how different were their thoughts! The sun-browned occupant of the little hamlet was most deeply interested in the fate of that vessel; the youth harbored but the wish that the stranger-sail might be outward bound, and that he were on board her!

But the schooner came down with flowing sheet, and already the young man discovered that her raking masts, her low, dark hull, and her slender rig, gave evidence that she might be a rover! Yet what mattered this to him? He cared not for her character; his own was placed in fearful jeopardy, the hounds of justice would be upon his track at daylight, and he must escape. O, how fervently did he hope that the schooner would approach once within hailing distance? Could he but board her—in his despair, he felt that it weighed not with him whether she sported the black flag or not, he would quit the scenes rendered so crushingly painful to him, through unavoidable circumstances, by any means which fate or fortune might throw within his grasp?

The schooner tacked again and came down on the wind, standing for the very boulder on which the youth had been kneeling. Nearer she came—and nearer yet; until she hugged the shore, and the bold youth could almost fancy he heard the tread of the watch on deck, or the creaking of the main-boom, as she rounded to, once more, and shot off on the other tack. His straining gaze was fixed upon the receding vessel, and summoning all his strength, he shouted at the top of his lungs—

'Schooner—*a-hoy!*'

The sound of his voice echoed through the neighboring wood, but no notice seemed to have been taken of the salute on board the little craft, which wore up into the offing a mile or more, and then came about again. The motions of the youth had been closely watched by Old Willie, who had already placed in sight of the vessel the private signal of safety—and, keenly as he scanned the conduct of the stranger, even so did the latter scan every manœuvre of the beautiful craft before him. Once more the schooner scaled towards the headland, like a sea-gull skimming to her home. The excited youth watched her until she seemed within a fathom's length of the rock—then, hailing her again, with all his might, he made a desperate leap from the bluff, and struck heavily in the boiling surge beneath, within a few yards of her fore-foot!

The schooner passed on, however, her jib was already lowered, she rounded the promontory, her topsails were instantly furled, and she entered a narrow cove a short distance beyond, where she came to anchor, but a few minutes afterward. The wind was blowing fresh, but scarcely had the youth risen to the surface of the water, after his reckless plunge—when a light surf-boat darted out from beneath the promontory, manned by a single individual, but one who was evidently at home in those waters. Casting his eye hastily across the waves, he noticed the object of his solicitude, who struck out manfully, and buffetted the rolling surge with a sinewy arm, but whose life was in imminent peril!

'Courage, boy! Courage!' shouted Old Willie, as he parted the waves with his sharp-prowed dory—and the voice of the hardy waterman cheered the youth, who now realized his danger. The schooner was no where in sight, but a friendly hand soon grasped him stoutly by the shoulder, and he was lifted from the waves as easily as if he had been but a wounded bird.

'Thanks, old man, a thousand thanks!' said the youth, as he was drawn into the boat.

'Tut—tut, boy! Thank me no thanks.'

'Whence came you, old man?'

'No matter. From the woods yonder, if you will.'

'Yet—but for you, I should have been lost.'

'Hist—no more, now. Follow me to my hovel; you see it yonder, in the gorge?'

The young man looked up, and discovered the hut of Old Willie for the first time, surrounded by clumps of low trees.

'And you watched me from that cabin?' asked the youth, uneasy for the result of this adventure—for he now suspected that his conversation with the friend who brought him to the shore had been overheard.

'No. I heard you when you came—'

'And you know—'

'I know nothing, young man. Ascend these steps; and have a care lest you slip in the sea-weed. So!—now, follow me.'

'Whither?'

'Where I shall lead.'

'Answer me first—do you mean me harm?'

'Had I so intended, I could have picked you from the top of that rock yonder, where you have loitered for the last two hours, do you see?' and the old man drew from his breast a glistening pistol.

'Or, I could have permitted you to drown—to say the least. Do you doubt me now?'

'No,' said the youth—'lead on.'

The old man led the way across the rocks a short distance, and the two men descended into the gorge. Crossing a small garden spot, they reached the low door of the cabin, and right glad was the youth to find shelter, even beneath the roof of so rude a hut, from the piercing cold which seemed to have penetrated his very bones. As he was about to enter the cot, he discovered the tapering topmasts of a schooner, which lay under the lee of a bold bluff some rods from the dwelling of Old Willie, and which he entertained no doubt was the one he had been so desirous to board! But what was she doing at anchor, there? Who was his preserver? Did he know his secret? Was he really friend or foe?

These interrogations, and a thousand others, filled the head of the youth, as he crossed the threshold of the strange old man who had so mysteriously rescued him from a watery grave.

### CHAPTER II.

*The waterman's hut. The signal and a conference. The clipper-schooner 'Dart,' and the service she is employed in. The beautiful maiden of the lonely cot! Bl——!*

UPON a closer inspection, the dwelling of Old Willie, from the outside, was forbidding indeed in its appearance; and the ordinary passer-by (did any chance to see it) though he had been never so needy, would scarce have ventured to halt at such a hovel, in search of aid or comfort, assuredly! But the young stranger followed his guide across the threshold, and the old man closed the door and secured it. Then approaching the corner of the room, he opened a small closet, from which he drew forth a dark lantern, and raising the shade, his guest discovered that they were in a small, square apartment, which was furnished in a most niggardly manner, and which seemed quite in keeping with the exterior appearance of the hut. His preserver held the light so as to shade his own face, and as the glare of the lantern fell upon the young man's countenance, his queer entertainer seemed satisfied with the stranger's physiognomy, in a measure—and advancing toward a larger door, he took a key from his pocket, and thus addressed the youth whose life he had just saved.

'Young man—to my knowledge, we have never met until this night. In a moment of excitement, you would have committed the most absurd and wicked of all foolish and wicked acts—self-destruction—but for the timely aid which fortune threw in your way. I have been the humble means of preventing your death, and I would fain know your history. This room is my reception apartment; the room in which I receive the few guests (and I assure you they are very few), who chance to visit me. Once they enter and leave this cheerless place, they do not hasten to visit it again. But *here*,' he continued, turning the key in a spring lock—'is the apartment in which I live; a lonely life, to be sure, but where you will find it more comfortable, than sleeping upon the ragged rocks outside, I think; and where I beg you, at least for the time being, to consider yourself at home.'

As he pronounced these last words, the large door was quickly thrown open, and the youth was astounded to behold before him a very spacious and well appointed apartment! The room was lighted by a brace of wax candles set in silver sticks upon the mantle, which shadowed a roomy grate, wherein glowed a bright wood fire. The young man did not hesitate, but descending the three or four steps which led him directly into the handsomely furnished room—for it seemed that the floor had been thus sunken, for the purpose of obtaining a greater height of walls—his feet touched a soft and rich carpet; and he quickly advanced to the blazing fire, which proved most grateful to him after his immersion and rescue from the chilling surge. The door closed behind them, as they entered—and a moment after, the old man was seated before the cheerful fire, at the side of his youthful visiter.

The surprise of his guest partially abated, and as soon as they were fairly quiet, he felt it due to his benefactor to explain himself.

'You have mistaken my intent, to-night,' said the young man, addressing his preserver, as soon as he sat down. 'You have supposed, most unjustly—that I was about to commit suicide, when I leaped from the rock yonder, into the sea.'

'What else could possibly have induced you to undertake that fearful plunge, young man?'

'A far different motive, I assure you.'

'It is well—I am glad to hear you say so. But now you must need rest. Pressing business calls me away for a few hours, very unexpectedly too, to-night—and I shall leave you to enjoy the repose which is necessary, I judge, for your comfort. In the drawers of that bureau yonder, you will find an exchange of linen. Remove your wet dress and retire, at your leisure. In this room,' continued the old man, opening a narrow door which led into a small but neat bed-room—'you will find a comfortable mattress. Make yourself easy, seek not to escape, or to pry into anything beyond what I deem proper to expose to you, and you will find in me a friend, perhaps. And so, good morning.'

The old man disappeared, and though the youth found himself a close prisoner, he felt comparatively comfortable. Upon the table at the side of the apartment, he found a bottle of wine, to which his kind host had called his attention just before he left him, and having drank a glass, which proved to be most exquisite south-side Madeira, he changed his dress and finally retired to rest, with his mind deeply oppressed, however, with the most singular and conflicting reflections!

Half an hour afterwards, two pistol-shots echoed from a cliff a short distance from the old man's hut, and the signal was instantly responded to, on board the schooner, which lay quietly at anchor scarcely a stone's throw from the shore. It was not yet daylight, and a lantern glimmered on the schooner's deck, as a brace of men quickly approached the gangway. The stern-boat was lowered away, a young officer in uniform sprang into the stern, and the little barge was soon alongside the cliff where Old Willie awaited her.

'Good morning, captain,' said the waterman.

'Good day, sir,' replied the other, respectfully.

'Safe back again,' continued Willie, jumping into the boat, and extending his hand to the officer.

'Yes, and a good run we've had.'

'I did not look for you, these two days, yet.'

'No. But our business was concluded, the wind has been favorable, and we made the headland here an hour after sunset.'

'What success?'

'Admirable—never better.'

[illegible] Old Willie, as he mounted the steps, and sprang lightly on board the little schooner. The captain descended with his visiter, through the narrow companion-way into the cabin of the vessel, and the two oarsmen having secured the boat at the gangway, sat down upon the thwarts, awaiting patiently the conclusion of the conference between their commander and one whom they knew only as his superior.

In the meantime the reckless but naturally good-hearted youth was sleeping fitfully, for the fatigues and excitement of the night had completely exhausted him; but his slumber was constantly broken by the turbulent workings of his over-wrought imagination. The scenes of his escape, his midnight ride, the parting with his friend, his fearful leap, his rescue—were all enacted over again in his dreams—but tired nature still embraced him closely, and the youth continued to sleep on, for three long hours. He awoke, at last—and turning towards the main apartment of the cabin, the door to which from his little bed-room still remained open as he had left it on retiring, his eyes fell upon the form of his deliverer; who now sat quietly before the cheerful fire, engaged in perusing a written document. The young man's clothes had been carefully dried, and his host observing that his guest was stirring, wished him a cheerful 'good day.'

The candles were still burning upon the mantel, and though it was broad day, no light from without was admitted into this apartment; not a window was to be seen. The youth, having quickly performed his toilette, Old Willie suggested that breakfast would soon be ready, and if agreeable to him, that he would embrace the leisure afforded for conversation during the meal, to listen to his story.

'You will find me but poorly provided to entertain strangers, young man,' said his host, 'but I make no doubt your appetite by this time will have become so sharpened as to destroy daintiness, at least, for the present occasion. Through the kindness of a friend who arrived in this region rather unexpectedly last night, however, I shall be able to make out a meal, which, under the circumstances, I trust you will find palatable.'

'You speak of an arrival here, my good sir. Surely this region is not inhabited?' said the young man, half-inquiringly.

'You are right. Yet there *was* an arrival here, this morning.'

'You allude to—'

'The "*Dart.*"'

'The schooner which approached the headland as—'

'Yes, as you sprang so wildly from the cliff.'

'And she is a rover?'

'No matter, now; we will speak of her anon.'

At this moment an upright panel upon the opposite side of the apartment slipped aside, and the youth was astounded at the sudden entrance of a beautiful young creature, who tripped lightly across the room to the spot where Old Willie was seated, and imprinted upon his brow an affectionate kiss! This movement was so unexpected—the act so novel, that the youth sat in utter amazement, gazing at the lovely girl before him, who appeared so modest and gentle, and yet, on such favorable terms with his strange deliverer!

'Good morning—dear father Willie,' said the maiden, blithely; 'why so late at breakfast?'

'Business, daughter, business,' said Willie, without referring to the presence of the stranger; and the sweet girl, having learned that the old man was ready, immediately retired. A few minutes afterward, his host served up the morning meal in person, and the two men sat down together to enjoy a repast most welcome to the palate of the hungry youth.

A choice cup of genuine Mocha coffee, a broiled trout, fresh from the waters of an estuary running up from the Sound a short distance behind the hut, a brace of plump English snipe, and a chop of real mountain mutton, graced the board—and the old waterman and his guest did ample justice to the delicacies before them. A glass of superb Curacoa was placed upon the table at the close of the meal, and the stranger, who had never met with such tempting viands before in such perfection, and so exquisitely prepared—began to question in his mind where all these dainties could come from; and if this were the '*poor cheer*' of his singular host, what the good things he indulged in, might be! But his thoughts were again interrupted by the entrance of the sunny-haired girl, who approached Old Willie once more in a most winning manner, bearing in her tiny hand a bunch of flowers which she had gathered in the garden, for a morning gift.

Though the maiden was quite youthful, the stranger thought he had never looked upon a sweeter face, a gentler form, a more graceful person. The musical tones of her voice seemed to cause a thrill in his veins which he had never yet known; but he gazed upon the beauty before him in silence. Advancing to the old man, she said:

'Here is a bouquet for you, father Willie. The season is chilly yet, and the cold night air has pinched the buds; but they are very sweet, and I knew they would be grateful to you.'

'Thanks, dear Blanche, many thanks. Come to me again, at evening, will you?'

The girl smiled, and bade Old Willie a kind adieu. She glanced at the youth, who sat entranced by the bewitching loveliness of her innocent appearance—and curtesying, she quickly left the room. The young man was deeply struck with the beauty and grace of this fair young being, but he was far more astonished at meeting her in that hut, miles away from the bounds of social life, as he thought, and beyond the reach of protection, save at the hands of the eccentric and isolated proprietor or occupant of that lone cabin! What did she in such a place? Who was that lovely girl? How came she there? But who, also, was his preserver? He called her 'daughter,' she addressed him by the familiar name of 'father Willie.' The circumstances around him became more and more inexplicable, but he could not, he thought, with propriety, venture intrusive questions; and so he awaited patiently the denouement of his singular adventure. The emotions of the youth had not been lost upon his old friend, who watched him closely, but who vouchsafed no reply to the thoughts of his guest, which he did not, however, mistake. They continued to sip their Curacoa for a few moments, when the old man broke silence.

'I trust you have found your breakfast tolerable,' he said.

'Most excellent,' replied the youth, with emphasis.

'And I have seen too much of the world, young man, not to feel certain that you are now anxious to ask a good many questions; which you would also desire to hear satisfactorily answered.'

'Really, my dear sir, you anticipate my very thoughts.'

'So I imagined. But you have forgotten; during our morning meal, you were to rehearse to me your history.'

'I had not forgotten it—but I assure you, it can scarcely interest you.'

'How do you know that?'

There is little of interest I fancy, in my poor history, to entertain any one,' said the youth, with a sigh.

'It matters not. Your strange arrival upon this sterile spot at so unseasonable an hour, your conduct in leaping into the waves, your appearance since, have aroused my curiosity. I saved your life, you will gratify me, assuredly.'

'I could not refuse you so small a favor, and your kindness to me is sufficient guarantee that you would not do me harm. My story will be brief, but I rely on your generosity that what I may now say to you will be confidential, for reasons which will be apparent to you, ere I conclude.'

'You have nothing to fear—we are alone,' said the old man, and the youth proceeded as follows:

'My name is Clarence Defoe. Come Michaelmas next, I shall have reached the age of twenty. Of my parents I know very little, save by tradition—which I will explain, anon; but for the last four years I have been employed in a reputable jobbing house in New York city, where I commenced my business career, at the age of about fifteen. I had received an ordinary English education previously, and at the early period last named, I found myself afloat in the metropolis, in a great measure my own master, but with no means save my hands and the little talent Providence had favored me with, to obtain a sustenance.

'If you are conversant—and I presume you are, in a degree at least, with the temptations and allurements which surround the youth of a great city, who are left to follow the bent of their own inclinations, without control—you can imagine my situation, when I ventured forth in search of employment in New York, at the age I have named. I was fortunate, however, and soon found myself located in a respectable establishment, in the capacity of an under-clerk, from which position I was promoted from time to time, until my services became valuable to my employers, and I was in the receipt of a sum more than adequate to supply all my necessities; but from which remuneration I did not save the first dollar.

'I made the acquaintance of those whom I should blush to name to you; of fashionable young men who expended, as I knew, more than their income. I was enticed into scenes of dissipation, my money disappeared, and at last I frequented the gaming-house, in order to add to my means for the support of the false character I had assumed among my companions; and to maintain which, I found during the last year, my salary was insufficient. Step by step, I wandered from the paths of strict rectitude, until my associations had so interwoven my thoughts with all that was criminal, that I only sought for money, money to carry out my desires—get it by whatever means I could!

'I had never committed an outright act of dishonesty, nevertheless—strange as this assertion may seem to you. No, sir, believe me, for I pledge you the honor of an unfortunate, but still honest man (at least so far as robbery is concerned), that never, save at a game of chance, was I the recipient of a penny that I did not honorably earn. But, as I have already stated to you, my mind had become poisoned by unhealthy associations; and less than a month since, a proposition was made to me (by those whom I need not name to you) to attempt the robbery of one of the city banks.

'I protested against the scheme. I was branded as a chicken-hearted fellow. I escaped from the companionship of those who would have had me aid them, but they persisted. On Saturday night, a week since, we all met at our usual haunt; a friendly round of cards had been played, a number of strangers chanced to enter the room, who noticed us together—and that very night the bank was entered, and plundered of a large amount of notes and gold. Before twelve o'clock on Monday, I found myself, with three of my guilty mates, who knew me to be innocent, in close confinement, under the fearful charge of having committed a burglary.

'On the following day we were manacled, and in that degraded, ignominious condition, I was hurried through the streets of New York, in company with my companions, to the examining court room. A preliminary investigation resulted in remanding us all to prison again, and our trial was set down for the ensuing month. I wept, I protested my innocence. I vainly strove to show that I must have been at home when the robbery occurred; I appealed to my old companions to attest my innocence—but they were silent. At a late hour I had been seen in their company; our original conversation in regard to the scheme had been partially overheard. I did not, unluckily on that night, return to my lodgings until a very unseasonable hour, my mates had been identified by the night-watch as having been seen near the bank, before midnight; everything conspired to crush me—and with a drooping heart, I entered the public vehicle which bore myself and cruel companions to the dark cells of our prison-house, where we were confined to await a final trial for a dreadful crime!'

### CHAPTER III.

*The history of Clarence concluded. The ride and the arrival at Old Willie's hut rehearsed. Clarence's request. Caroline Vanvert. Another mystery. A disclosure and its consequence. Fresh trouble.*

CLARENCE continued: 'To depict to you the awful misery I experienced, after my final unjust incarceration, would be utterly futile, my good sir; words are inadequate to picture to you the distress I suffered. True, there was yet a chance for me, on the final trial; my wicked associates, who knew I was falsely implicated with the actual perpetrators of the deed—and upon two of whom, I had forgotten to state, a very considerable amount of the lost notes had been found—might aid me, if they chose, but I had no confidence in them, I had no hope; my character was blasted. Enough was known of my indiscretions and irregularities to injure me finally and fatally with those whose opinion I valued, and I sank at heart when I reflected, and believed myself *lost!*

'If I could escape, I thought—if I could once be released from those dreaded, dreadful walls which loomed up about me—I felt that I could take any steps, almost, to rid myself of the weight which lay upon my heart; I conceived that I was equal to any measures which might be the means of bearing me away from the scenes of my present frightful misfortune! But I was a close prisoner, charged with having participated in the commission of a fearful crime, and I fell upon my miserable prison-bed, in utter, indescribable despair! But I am wearying you with this narrative,' continued the youth, looking into Old Willie's face, where he noted, for the first time, an appearance of uneasiness.

'No, no. Proceed—I am all attention.'

'I shall soon finish. I had passed several weary days and sleepless nights in my cell, and yesterday evening I had watched the fading sun as it sank to rest for the fourth time since my confinement, when the bolts upon my door were suddenly thrown back—and a person of slender make, whom I had never seen before, accompanied by the turnkey, who, by the way, had been very kind to me—stood in the entrance. The stranger was announced as my legal counsel, who had come to consult with me in regard to my approaching trial; and the turnkey, having pointed towards me, remarked, "this is Mr. Defoe." The person entered, the officer retired, and I found myself alone with my supposed counsel. Advancing, I took the proffered hand of the stranger, and I thought a singular nervousness was apparent, as I cordially pressed the delicate palm extended to me. But we proceeded at once to business.

'"I come, Clarence," said my visiter, familiarly, "at the request of your friends, to confer with you in your misfortune, and to offer you such aid and counsel as your necessities may require. At the outset, then, let me inform you that the laws of your country permit your counsel to hold such confidential intercourse with you as he may deem proper, and that he cannot be used against you as a witness. You may therefore confess to me whatever you think proper, in regard to this dreadful business, without fear of endangering your position; but be as pointed and brief as possible. Above all things, Clarence Defoe, I conjure you, speak the truth, at least—*to me*."

'Judge of my unknown friend's surprise, my dear sir, when I assured him, on my oath, before Heaven, that I was as innocent of the dreadful charge alleged against me, as he himself could be!

'"Circumstances bear fearfully against you, nevertheless," continued my visiter; and I thought I perceived a tremor in his voice; which I now felt certain, for the first time, was assumed in its tone.

'"There is no time to be lost, Clarence," added my counsel, in haste. "You cannot escape conviction, if you appear before a legal tribunal; the evidence against you is of so strong and positive a circumstantial character, that you must surely share the fate of your known companions, if you are tried. Are you prepared to listen to, and adopt the advice I have now to offer you?"

'For what? I asked in amazement.

'"For *liberty*," said my unknown friend, in a whisper.

'O, sir—how that word rushed to my heart! "Anything—I will do anything to escape," I exclaimed—but my visiter checked my enthusiasm, and raising the cap from his head, he hastily removed a spring-mask from his face, which he placed in my hand.

'"Quick!" said the stranger—"adjust it upon your own face; and here, take this coat, and these pants—now, put on the cap. Hasten—give me yours, and when the turnkey approaches, take my place. As you go out, say you will call at an early hour, to-morrow. Hist—he comes!"

'You will appreciate my astonishment, my kind sir, when I tell you up to this moment I had supposed my visiter to be a man.'

'Who was it, pray?' said the old man, eagerly.

'*A woman, sir!*'

'A what?'

'Strange as it may appear to you, it seemed far more singular to me. It was a woman—some thirty years of age, I judged, or more—of fine and elegant proportions—and as nearly as I could determine in the twilight (for it was now getting to be nearly dark), I think she must have been very comely.'

'Well, sir—proceed,' continued Old Willie, anxiously.

'The dress she had furnished me with, was drawn on over another of a similar character, but I detected her voice, her form, her long ringlets—in the exchange. But she had already assumed my clothes, and had placed upon her head a light colored cap which I had worn in the cell constantly during my confinement. I was in readiness to play *my* part in this scene (of such vital consequence to myself), when I suddenly bethought me—what is to become of my unknown deliverer! She anticipated my thoughts.

'"Fear not for me—Clarence," she said—"they cannot injure me. Be prudent, make the best of your way out of this horrible place, proceed instantly to Brooklyn, and you will find a vehicle in waiting for you. A friend will watch you, as you go hence, and you may thus escape. Leave the scene of your misery, and when once you deem yourself safe from arrest or pursuit, address a letter to Mrs. Mary D——, *Westchester*. Now, be calm, the turnkey approaches!"

'It was an awful moment for me, you may be sure, sir—when I heard those creaking bolts again drawn back! But my strange friend sat calmly upon the side of my rude bed, and the door opened. O, how my heart beat—but I mastered my sensations.

'"Good night, Clarence," I said, in a stifled voice—

'"Good night, sir," replied the generous woman, imitating my voice so accurately, that I could scarcely believe I had not myself replied, in my excitement; and bowing respectfully to the officer, who raised his lantern to my face for an instant—I left my cell. The mask deceived the turnkey, I heard the door close upon my deliverer—and five minutes afterwards I was on board the ferry for Brooklyn.

'I stepped upon the dock, safely—after crossing the river—and scarcely had I reached the head of the pier, when a familiar voice greeted my ear.

'"This way, Clarence!" said that voice, and in an instant of time, I had entered a phaeton, and away we bounded towards Williamsburgh, at a rapid pace, behind one of the fleetest roadsters in the State. I recognized my friend; we continued on for three hours, took an exchange of horses thirty miles beyond this, and at midnight we had reached the end of the narrow cart-path running through the lonely wood which skirts the borders of the Sound close by. My friend embraced me, I parted from him when he could no longer aid me, he pressed upon me his purse—and left me, as I desired he should, to my future fate. I felt certain that I should here fall in with some vessel bound away—I cared not whither, and I fancied that I might manage to board her, and thus escape forever from the frightful peril which threatened me.

'The schooner hove in sight, and approached the point from whence I had watched her movements—O, how eagerly—for two hours; and at last she came within hailing distance of the spot where I stood. I had no thought of her objects, or her destination. I even imagined that she was outward bound, and that she had observed my motions, and was aiming to receive me—when she rounded beneath the cliff. I sprang from the rock, believing she would notice me, and pick me up; but she passed on, I sank beneath the waves and rose again, to the arms of my kind deliverer. You know the rest!'

'Strange history, indeed!' said Old Willie, meditating. 'And you say you did not recognize your female friend, in the prison, either?'

'No, sir—I never saw her face before, that I remember. And yet, there was something in her voice which sounded in a measure familiar. I thought I might have heard it before; but such was my excitement, and the precipitancy with which I was compelled to move, that I had no time for reflections.'

'But the friend who brought you hither—could he give you no account of your strange visiter?'

'Not a syllable, save that she called upon him on the day of my escape, and arranged with him to receive me at Brooklyn—pledging herself to release me at sunset. Though he believed her insane, yet the novelty of the proposal excited his interest, and being my friend, he was at the landing; though he declared to me he had not the slightest idea that I should make my appearance.'

'Your escape is curious—providential. What do you now propose to do?'

'That is the very point to which I would have urged your attention, my dear sir, and in replying to your last inquiry, I shall venture to claim one more favor at your hands.'

'Trust me, young man, if it be in my power to grant it, you may consider it already accomplished.'

'Thanks, again—many thanks!' continued poor Clarence, gratefully. 'As I entered your dwelling last night, I observed in the offing

THE TAG OF OUR UNION

## POLLY HEATH.

### THE DEFORMED TRANSFORMED.

BY PAUL PEPPERGRASS.

[Written for The Flag of our Union.]

wear us, the moments of that little vessel which I took to be the silkworm I would have boarded. Am I correct in my conjectures?

Yes. But what of her?

I have no wish to intrude upon your privacy, but may I ask, if you—if you have any interest in her?

Well, if I have—

I would go before, on board of her. I can work, I will toil, gladly—anybody—for you, or for the commander. I will be a sailor, I will be anywhere to have you with me, and escape from the dirt which threatens me, everywhere. Her? Yourself living, mortal, assuredly, though you seem so kindly sheltered me, for the time being; and I would flee from pursuit from the probability of being grabbed again, and home back in that frightful prison. You have saved my life—now save me from the terrible danger which follows me?

The impassioned appeal brought a sudden tear into the eyes of Old Willie, and he endeavored to reassure his young friend that he was safe with the present; but Clarence claimed his promise in regard to his last request.

Make yourself instantly young man,' said Old Willie, at length. 'Such influence as I possess with the captain—for I am the chief officer at your service; if you persist in your determination. Here as you have proved your bravery up to the present moment so classily, and unfalteringly, I must—'

I have sinned so to give it, sir.'

And you feel innocent of the charge against you?'

As God is my judge—an innocent!' said Clarence, energetically.

I do not doubt you. But now tell me, if you can, of your earlier years.'

I would gladly do so, did my memory serve me,' said Clarence, in a sad tone, 'but my recollections are not clear. I have already informed you, however, that incidents had been related to me from time to time, among those in whose charge I have found myself, and which I will repeat to you, if you desire it.'

Do so, by all means.'

The remainder of my story is scarcely circumspect, I assure you, and so hurry will we, sometimes loss of interest follow the recital of the colours I have already related to you. But I have heard my guardians say that my parents were never known to them at all. Before I was five years old, however, I have a faint recollection of living amidst associations in the country. I think it was near a great city, some distance away, but I remember as well, my age to have crossed a long lake in river in a vessel; and since that I have not been back again. Be this as it may, however, I never remember to have called any one father or mother. Some old dowdy were fond, either maternally related that I never had any; and as I lived on, and never knew the kindness of parental care. But I was provided for, nevertheless—by somebody, up to the age of fifteen, when I went to work upon my own account, as I have said you.

I have endured all sorts of treatment—kindness and roughness, at times; but there was no one among whom I remember among the first of my recollections, that I can swear for. She accompanied me to the vessel which first brought me to New York (I think it was), and I was very well aid to mind many brave and kindnesses she extended to me, which I never knew after what reason they were given. She used to call her "marmee," but she was not my mother; and she often told me, in her tenderness, that I was not her "child."

Call her what?' said Old Willie, suddenly, his face blanching, and his gray eye welling suspicously upon the face of the youth.

You must ask—Polly,' she used to say. Her name was Caroline—'

Caro—line—what?' exclaimed his excited host.

Caroline Vanscoel, I have learnt,' said the youth; but a moment had seized upon his old friend, and alarmed as thereby patience of his face, he appeared his client. Old Willie was somewhat motionless, he had fainted!

Poor Clarence could not comprehend this unfortunate result, he could not imagine the cause; and, for an instant, he stood as motionless before the suffered form of his benefactor—invited to the spot.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

[Written for The Flag of our Union.]

## The Dying Brother.

BY ANON.

"Sister, dear sister! raise me up; I cannot see you any longer. I am blind! and feeling away to the brighter home. Do not weep forever—farewell, my sister! I ought, to touch even the parted lips; and will be a guardian angel to your brother's home! And I will be his dominion over!

I'm blind! I'm blind! my heart is sick!
Ye've failing from my sight;
The air around is cold and thick—
Dear sister, is it night?

And does he feel his throbbing head,
His heart's pulse beat so high?
And, bowed in the anxious prayer
Of one who loved him but

She who is gentle brow unbraided round,
Loved the same tone and flower,
Heard then his parting sigh, and felt
The sorrow of that hour.

And was that dying voice now closed
By cruel death's control?
His heart was cold as lead, and died
In some far distant land.

Farewell, dear one! whose tender care
Was kept with my love;
Your fond embraces I forget,
To be friends above.

O, when the cypress droops in land
Above my lonely bier,
Twine ye a wreath to deck my head,
But drop for me no tear.

## The Heart.

A modern writer likens the beautiful crests of the harp of a thousand strings; the human heart. "What an odd thing experience is!" now turning over an unpleasant, the old, to-day writing as much on a single leaf as the heart of the fond turning gray in a single night; the entire change passes over the brain. A picture in the tyrant of a woman and only fade away, and a new picture of the same countenance over her head, and so on, such a task may children in infinite the wo, such a look may children, or look with a soul. Could we look back the veil which nature and society shut down over her infancy, how many a strange, unexpected, because unexpressed—will be found; how many a young and budding heart would show disproportionate growth on the inside, from the pressure of vain hopes, pursuits, disappointed, and ambitions, and mortifications, hold here! There is one thing certain, however, occurring in conversation.—O, a woman never narrates the man in whom she was first attached." How often, how lightly is this said! how little thought given to the world of the suffering it involves! Checked by circumstance; abandoned from necessity, the early-wise-hearted may depart with the only confession which youth blings but leaves not.—N. Y. Star.

[Written for The Flag of our Union.]

## THE DEFORMED TRANSFORMED.

BY PAUL PEPPERGRASS.

### CHAPTER II.

*Polly's charioteer.*

She is one of the most creatures that ever trod!

Who is that you are speaking of?

Polly Smith, the old maid, that lives over there yonder in that little brown house. She is the most excellent spirit that ever never added to pass the age of thirty in a state of single blessedness!

You don't say so?

I've heard news,' replied the musician. 'I've heard news. I want to see you a minute privately.'

They went into the other room.

It is true, doctor,' began the minister, with an air of great solemnity, 'that you think of of Miss Caroline Vanscoel?'

Well, I don't know,' replied the doctor, cautiously.

Don't know! Why, I'd as soon see you jump into the Niagara. It will be the ruin of you. It will ruin the whole parish by the time you get married. Polly Smith—Polly Smith,' and the Goodman before a crutch, that it, if she was willing. Such an idea was absurd.

Dreams, interrupted the minister with warmth, turning towards the door, 'I have been a minister of the gospel of peace for years.

Enough said. Which went the doctor's resolution up to the sticking place. You might as reasonably expect to find a needle in the bottom of low, medicine and theology in the parish and on the mainland, Polly Smith, five thirds of the poor fellow's tail, and holding out. 'Yes, yes,' said the doctor, with a sigh, going by forcing down the latch and refusing to open the door. The dog whined piteously. 'I'll be accommodating. You see I am desperate.

I'll teach your dog,' muttered she, thrusting her feet against the door.

The snake-charmer seized the dog in stake an extra bow-wow and jerk, by which means he created himself, and vanished, and the poor fellow was left to pretend grandpa-mother as my descent-looking cat could well afford to be. The doctor giggled, and neither he nor his dog was ever seen again at Polly Neil's door.

A real savage—what a pleasant wife she will make!

At this point Deacon Goodman, neighbor to the one who had been converting, made his appearance.

Who is that would make a pleasure wife? enquired the deacon. 'You see I am desperate.

Yes, deacon, you want a wife; here is a grand chance for you,' replied one of the speakers, with a twinkle of eye.

Pray, who is it?

Why, Polly Nettle, to be sure.'

The deacon shook his head.

Come now, father Goodman, don't be alarmed nor doubtful. You have been trying to learn the lesson of patience and self-denial for many years, and Polly Nettle will be the best to be needed a Scripture to help him do it.

Yes, yes, deacon, you will not scrape the wisdom of Socrates.'

Yes,' replied the old man, rather alarmed, as he turned away.

The thought struck him.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

### CHAPTER II.

*The demon makes up his mind to marry Polly.*

Deacon Goodman was one of the oldest fellow the place loved. He acted differently from everybody else, and nobody could tell what he was going to do next. But he had reasons for all his actions, which is more than most of us can say—reasons which satisfied himself at least, and which everybody else—and wasn't that enough in all conscience?

He was a widower of three years standing. If he chose to remain unmarried, he had a reason for it; and if he took a notion to marry, he had a reason for that, which was more than a reason. He had a wife, and she was a good one, and for the first time in her life was satisfied with her husband.

Miss Nettle,' said the deacon, with a smile, putting his lips in their proximity to her ear, which was full and strong, 'I have a proposition, though as yet she didn't think. 'You have been a long time unmarried, and you are sort of a siren, which must be my excuse for addressing you in this manner, and for my very delicate nature. I want a wife. Would you like to get married?

Polly rose the blood to the extreme height of Polly's cheeks. Gosh were the blood to answer deacon's call. Never before did she sweet a smile wonder those were only lips.—Is this what they call love? Oh, no, such a touch she had heard, the more he held it, the more she didn't quite like it. Her heart pounded, and her face was flushed. The deacon was nonplussed, the deacon had made a mistake.

That night Miss Polly Nettle became an affianced bride. Before the deacon went away, which was about twelve o'clock—deacon had some heavy drops in his head for not staying longer—the two were more particular, and had such matters. As he departed, he kissed her —the first time she was ever kissed, which is a fact—and they were to be married in a month. And they were married.

### CHAPTER IV

*The last days of Polly's maidenhood.*

The wedding-day came as space. The proclamation of the nuptials had gone far and wide, and all sorts of parcels of Nettle's Corners the tiptoe of excitement. Any match was a rarity for that quiet village; but such a match! All sorts of anticipations and prognostications were afloat. Some were a terribly serious look, and predicted everything but an earthquake-threat. Some put on a waggish air, and congratulated the deacon upon his speedy arrival at perdition. The boys thought the occasion would be a little the funniest time they had ever had for many. The minister frowned. The lawyer smiled. The doctor chuckled. Some cried and some pouted. Some laughed and some grinned. But the old deacon looked shyly up from under his broad-rimmed hat, as much as to say, 'you don't come it—and understand who I'm about.'

And what was Polly doing all this time? Sewing and hemming and tucking and fixing, you may lay it sure. Not doing out—but she had done long ago, year soul—but fixing for wedding. She was a country girl, and knew the ordinary that day. It stood but once in life. And she was determined to do it. She and six new caps, and as many pairs of shoes, and as many dresses, and a new shawl and bonnet, and a shirt, and a new dress, and a bonnet,

# THE FLAG OF OUR UNION.



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F. GLEASON, PROPRIETOR.

MATURIN M. BALLOU, EDITOR.

☞ The terms of The Flag of our Union are $2.00 per annum, invariably in advance. The paper is always discontinued at the expiration of the time paid for. See imprint on the last page.

☞ All communications designed for publication in the paper, must be post paid, and addressed to F. Gleason, *Boston, Mass.*, Proprietor of The Flag of our Union.


### To our Correspondents.

'Effie Merwin, or the Ill-fated Marriage,' a prose sketch, by Alf'd Hughes, shall appear next week.

'A Summer Evening Revery,' in verse, by Jane Gay, filed for the next number of the Flag.

'Dog-Day Troubles,' a prose sketch of character a la Caudle, by Mrs. E. Wellmont, accepted.

'The Ocread,' a tragic-comedy in verse, by Peter Pepperglass, shall find a place in our next.

'Zamora,' a Tale of the Uscocchi, by Solomon Sagely, shall appear next week.

'Lines suggested by a sight of the Cholera Hospital,' by Bracebrock, accepted.

'Acting Charades,' a humorous sketch, by that personification of wit, The Old 'Un, filed for next week.

'The Yacht,' a poem, by the Editor, dedicated to the 'Alice,' shall appear next week.

'The Skinned Cat,' a fancy scrap, by But, is filed for our next number.

'A Summer Evening,' in verse, by J.H.G., accepted.

'The Span of Greys,' a prose sketch, by S. E. Church, filed for insertion.

'Quinsigamond Lake,' a poem, by J. Frederic Southgate, shall appear next week.

'The Two Poems, or The Dual Poetic,' an up country tale in verse, by the Bard of Souhegan, filed for the Olio column.

'The Inebriate's Home,' and 'The Howard Family,' are respectfully declined.

### Journalism.

A free press, wherever it exists among an enlightened people, and it cannot exist elsewhere, is one of the strongest elements of power, 'mightier than the sword.' In England, it wields a powerful influence; but there, although enjoying almost unlimited freedom of expression, its influence is cramped by the heavy taxes placed upon it, which circumscribe its circulation and narrow its sphere. In France, the press is powerful alike with high and low, powerful for good or for evil, swaying the destiny of the state, and not only making or marring the fortunes of its individual conductors, but building up or pulling down thrones and dynasties. In no country is journalism a greater element of power, nowhere else are the conductors of the press treated with so much respect.

'Overturn the monarchy—give me the liberty of the press, and I will restore it in six months,' was the noble expression of an author (M. de Châteaubriand), confident in the genius of his countrymen, and only wrong in the folly of his cause. 'A great writer in France is a great power. The baron of feudal times sallied forth against his neighbor or his sovereign, with his armed relations at his heels; and in those days of violence, the goodness of the right depended upon the goodness of the sword; the courtier of France, who succeeded the baron, abandoned the glaive and the gauntlet, for the graces—and trusted to an appropriate smile and well-turned compliment for the success of his career. But mark yonder pale young man; feeble in his person, slovenly in his dress—holding his pen with a trembling hand, doubled up over his paper. That young man has come from some mean abode, from some distant province, where, amid penury and insignificance, with his eyes now fixed on the page of history, now on the heading of a newspaper, he has long indulged his reveries of immortality, and his hopes of power. In him see the baron and the courtier of the day; he attacks the monarch or the minister, but it is not with the falchion and the lance. He glides into the cabinet and the boudoir, not in a powdered wig and embroidered waistcoat, but bound in vellum. He does not measure his force or his address with yours, but his intelligence; he is the person to admire; he is the person to fear; he is the person in France, which he is nowhere else.'

In this country the press exerts an influence almost as formidable, journalism presenting a front so imposing, in the number of its organs and the character and ability of the men engaged in it. The press is here emphatically the medium of communication with the public, which talent is compelled to employ, for we are a newspaper rather than a book-reading people. Less fettered than in the old world, the influence of the press is extended in proportion to the facilities afforded for cheap publication and wide dissemination. As to the general character of our newspapers, we think that our leading journals display as much tact, talent and enterprise as those of London, supported as they are by vast capital and heavy subscriptions. In fact, so extensive is the patronage bestowed here, and so close is the competition, that a journal that does not command more than *mediocre* talent, cannot hold its way in the great race for fame and emolument. The genius of the American people, restless, inquiring and progressive, demands of its organs, activity, intelligence and enterprise, and, as in the market a demand always creates a supply, so a press has grown up among us distinguished for correct and various information, comprehensive talent and bold sentiment. Nowhere in the history of the world, has a nation presented the spectacle afforded by the Americans during the Mexican war, carrying their literary enterprises along with the march of their armies, achieving victories and establishing journals in the heart of the enemy's country at one and the same time. With what other nation has literature formed a portion of the belongings and appurtenances of war? This example of our countrymen will not be forgotten when the annals of journalism are faithfully recorded.

Salaries of British Ambassadors.—The British Minister at Paris receives a salary of £10,000, the Ambassador to Austria £9,000, the Ambassador to Spain £6,500.

New Kind of Food.—A Californian writing home says: 'Our party killed a monkey and had him dressed for dinner; he was very nice and as good as a squirrel.'

Fun.—Running a couple of miles to a fire, with a heavy engine, on a hot night, and then 'manning the brakes' for two hours!

In Advance.—In one of the counties in Kentucky, they make their candidates pledge themselves 'in favor of the next war.'

Robert Lintell convicted in New Orleans of the murder of his wife, has been sentenced to imprisonment for life.

The New York Sunday Mercury is a good paper; we say so in earnest.

### Novels and Romances.

It is positively sickening to notice the toadyism of some of the weekly papers, in decrying this species of composition as highly immoral, and productive of evil consequences. At the same time, their columns are filled with the very same class and style of articles, though, perhaps, not in so extended a form. Several of the papers referred to, having neither the enterprise nor the means requisite to the employment of the best talent in this department, envy its exhibition in others, and having no other means of retaliation, revenge themselves by decrying the immoral tendency of these productions. It is the part of these romances, such as appear for instance in the columns of the Flag, to inculcate a high order of morality, and to show, by contrast, the hideousness of vice and the loveliness of virtue. The noble qualities of generosity, magnanimity, courage, self-sacrifice, and the like, are nowhere so strongly impressed upon the world as in the well-written romance. Indeed, these are positive requisites to such a composition, and without this trait, it is dull and stupid beyond endurance.

A paragraph has been going the rounds of the press, and particularly commented upon by the canting hypocrites to whom we have alluded, relative to the fact that the Emperor Nicholas has recently issued an ukase which imposes a duty of ten copecks a pound on all printed books imported into Russia, with the exception of novels and romances, for which double duties shall be paid. The emperor is highly praised for his wisdom in this matter by the canting tribe who are too shallow-brained to see through his actuating motives. The true reason that the emperor wishes to prohibit novels, is because they would disseminate among the young men of his empire a romantic contempt of death in a good cause, a hate of arbitrary and unchivalrous government, teach them to despise and loathe the chains of a serf, such a goad the flesh of nine-tenths of the people of Russia. He fears novels because they teach the people to hate tyrants and tyranny, and to love freedom and heroes.

The fact is, Nicholas fears to see the spirit breaking out in his empire, that has proved so resistless in Italy, Germany and France. He fears American novels, because they teem with republican spirit, and he does well in his narrow policy to exclude them as far as possible from Russia; but let not his motives be misconstrued; they are those of the most corrupt tyranny.

### An Interesting Custom.

From that delightful book, by Mrs. Kirkland, 'Holidays Abroad, or Europe from the West,' we glean the following curious practice among the Dutch at Haarlem. It appears that the inhabitants, on the birth of a child, place a gaily-trimmed pincushion at the door of the house. If the new-comer be a daughter, the pincushion is white; if a son, there is a strip of red introduced under the worked muslin. The exhibition of this token secures to the house certain privileges, such as exemption from legal execution, and whatever would be likely to disturb the mother. If troops pass, the drums are silent for the time, and all classes honor the custom and the symbol.

### Saying Grace in England.

Mr. Coleman, in his European Life and Manners, says that in England children even quite young are often called upon to say grace at the table, and that three days before, he dined in a large and elegant party, where the lady of the house asked a blessing and returned thanks. He was a week at one house, where the eldest daughter of a family, about twenty-two, led in the family worship every morning, and constantly said grace at the table, and so in several other instances.

### Hungarian Women.

A late traveller says that the Hungarian women have no fading moonlight countenances, blanched by privations and sorrow—no weary cheeks, lit up with the paroxysms of despair—no polished marble, with its cold repulsive indifference—no figure of the drawing-room, tortured into shape by some heathen milliner.—There is a wild, daring, *piercing* beauty about these women, sprung from the Caucasian mountains, by the side of which your soft, blue-eyed, flaxen-haired Saxon maid looks like a faint lithograph by the side of Correggio's incarnations.

The Present Number.—By reference to the columns of the paper now before the reader, it will be seen that we are keeping most liberally our promise of enterprise and constant improvement in the Flag. Our matter is not only almost entirely original, in each number, but it is from the pens of the best miscellaneous writers of the day.

A Down East Solon.—A member of the Massachusetts Legislature, at the late session, offered a bill which provided 'no lady should be married except in the town where she resides.' Another member knocked it in the head, by offering an amendment, requiring people to die in the town where they were born.

Royalty.—At the royal ball of the royal Duke of Norfolk, her Majesty tripped her royal fantastic toe. Her royal hair fell loose upon her royal shoulder, but her Majesty danced on, refusing to quit until the jig was up. The English papers are in ecstacies about the matter.

Not bad.—Mr. Greeley of the N. Y. Tribune, being asked by a correspondent at what season of the year a gold hunter should start hence for California, replies, gravely, 'We consider *the first of April* as good a season as any!'

Grape Company.—The Mobile papers are advocating the formation of a joint stock company there for the cultivation of the grape, and it will, no doubt, be effected. Vineyards are getting numerous in that vicinity.

Death in Paris.—At last accounts, in Paris, there were only eleven suicides per minute. This diminution is attributed to the cholera, which catches the unfortunates before they have time to remove their cravats.

New Bedford.—The assessed value of property in this city, as appears from the Assessors' Lists, which have just been completed, amounts to $17,237,400, and the number of rateable polls to 3791.

Delicate Compliment.—It was a graceful toast given by a French gentleman, at a party where some one proposed as a sentiment, 'The three days of July.' 'Yes,' said the Frenchman, 'and the 4th.'

Modern Philosophy.—Some people would have us love, or rather obey God, chiefly because he outbids the devil.

### Editorial Ink-Drops.

Do you know that fish and guests both *smell* at three days old?

Dr. John Croghan, proprietor of the Mammoth Cave, Kentucky, lately died.

Madame Bishop is now singing with Mr. Bochsa, in the halls of the Montezumas.

Why is there no such thing as childhood? Give it up? Because it's only *in-fancy.*

The Rutland County Herald, Vt., makes us blush. Spare our modesty, nabor!

Jenny Lind is sick, and has taken a farewell of the stage, never to return to it.

We see that a report prevails that the Emperor of Russia has become insane.

Though charity and pride differ vastly, yet they both feed the poor.

The city of Athens, Greece, says a foreign paper, contains twenty-two journals.

Lord Brougham intends to visit the United States sometime this fall or winter.

The book of Esther which has ten chapters, contains neither the word Lord nor God.

Why is a thief called a jail-bird? Because he has been a robbin'.

The slave who has constantly attended upon President Taylor died lately at Washington.

Seven millions of dollars in gold dust have already been exported from California.

Three hundred and ninety-three American vessels have sailed for California, up to Aug. 1.

Discreet wives should sometimes have neither eyes nor ears.

A child 15 years old committed suicide at Baltimore, because she was corporally punished.

Wm. Coss and John Dee fought a prize fight at Hoboken the other day—a 'draw game.'

Nancy Livermore tried to drown herself at Albany, but a policeman fished her out again.

They have a company of negro soldiers in New York. They turned out *ten guns* lately.

Some one shrewdly says that money is the greatest slaveholder in the world.

The travel to the White Mountains is said to exceed that of any former season.

Hon. Wm. C. Rives has gone on his mission to the French Republic.

Fame is as difficult to preserve as it is at the first to acquire.

The cholera has killed a good many people, but *panic* has killed more.

### From California.

We do not pretend to give a regular synopsis of the news from the diggings, but the following is a sample, which answers for nearly every fresh arrival, and doubtless shows a pretty faithful reflex of the place at all times. There appears to be much sickness at the mines from fever and ague. The entire country is subject to lynch and martial law. Merchandize and manufactures are a drug in the market. Mechanics of every kind are in great request,—more especially carpenters. The vessels that have left our Atlantic ports since and prior to January, are constantly arriving. Four meeting-houses have been erected at San Francisco. The markets are greatly overstocked with all kinds of goods; and clothes sell for less than in the States. The suburbs of San Francisco look like a tented field, hundreds of companies having pitched their tents there, and in which they live. Two hundred vessels lie in the harbor, deserted by their crews, who have run away to dig gold. They go the mines, dig gold, and returning to San Francisco, *spree* it all away, and go again to the placers for more of the precious metal. Murders are not of unusual occurrence, and the perpetrators generally succeed in escaping detection and punishment. The gold is still counted to be inexhaustible, and is obtained with various success, some parties making large sums each week, and others barely earning enough to pay their way. Altogether, the valley of the Sacramento presents a strange and heterogeneous compound of life under many of its worst and some of its pleasant phases; that is to say, so far as the possession of gold can compensate for the loss of all social ease and comfort.

What Sycophancy.—One of the New York leading daily papers contains a long letter from its Washington correspondent, about the President's horse, Old Whitey—describing the beast with all the grandiloquence that might have been lavished upon the queen of beauty at a tournament in olden times; dilating upon his eyes even! Bah! he's a horse, and an ordinary one at that.

'Zuleika, or The Castilian Captive,' by *Martha A. Clough.*—We have just issued this original romance in book form with a rich emblematical cover, illustrating the plot of the story. Those who have been unable to supply themselves with the numbers of the Flag containing this interesting tale, can now obtain it complete for twenty-five cents, in a durable form for themselves and their friends to read. For sale at all the periodical depots.

War in Illinois.—Under this head it is reported that the band of thieves in southern Illinois, called Flatheads, have been routed by the Regulators, who drove them from a log-house, and then into Kentucky and the swamps. Killed two Flatheads, wounded three. Three Regulators were mortally wounded. The Regulators made the attack under the authority of writs.

New Orleans now is undoubtedly one of the healthiest cities in the Union. The aggregate number of interments for the week ending 28th ult., were but 66. From the cholera only 2.—*N. O. Pic.*

Perhaps if the Picayune had mentioned that nearly three-fourths of the inhabitants of New Orleans have come north, its paragraph would not appear quite so remarkable.

'Music Mad.'—A humorous sketch promised in our last correspondents' list, is in type, but crowded out. It shall appear in our next paper; the reader will observe that the present number is running over with original wit and humor, prose and poetry,—one of the best papers we have ever issued.

Maine.—The Senate has passed a bill to abolish capital punishment, giving the governor power to order an execution at the end of a year, or to commute the punishment to imprisonment for life. This seems still to be throwing the responsibility on the governor.

Hudson's Lectures.—The Edinburgh Review says of Hudson's volumes on Shakspeare, 'They profess, indeed, to contain nothing new; and they are as good as they profess.' This is comprehensive, and to the point.

Florida.—Washington papers state that Gen. D. E. Twiggs will have command of the troops in Florida at the beginning of the new Indian war in that State.

Query.—A Philadelphia paper asks, 'why do people die at the Alms-House?' Yes, that's the question, or rather, why do people die at all?

Specie.—British steamship Great Western arrived at New York 12th, with $1,328,000 in specie.

### From our Foreign Files.

Scotland continues to be generally exempt from the scourge.

In Ireland many riots have occurred between the Orangemen and the Catholics.

The supply of water in Paris now is nearly seven times more than it was in 1816.

The steam frigate Isly, of 650 horse power, was launched with complete success at Brest.

There are in Liverpool two thousand able-bodied persons, who are unemployed every day.

*The John O'Groat Journal* states that in all Scotland, north of Inverness, there is not a fire engine.

The letters now weekly passing through the general post office in London, amount to seven millions.

There are one hundred and six thousand and seven hundred poor, sick, criminal and debauched people in Berlin.

There have been six thousand seven hundred and eighty-two suicides in France during the last thirty years.

In the first five months of last year, the Irish Post-office yielded £29,000; this year it has produced only £9,000.

The Princess of Orange owns eleven steamers with which she trades to different ports in Europe, going occasionally with her own ventures as supercargo.

A Vienna correspondent says that a village justice of the peace near Oedenburg, lately seized one of Kossuth's emissaries, and caused his tongue to be cut out.

The Vienna papers report the chastisement of two ladies of rank, who spat at the emperor's feet in a contemptuous and unbecoming manner. They were arrested, tried and whipped.

A suit has been commenced in the English admiralty court by the owners of the Charles Bartlett against those of the Europa, to recover the amount of the pecuniary loss sustained in the collision.

The consumption of tea in Ireland during the month of June, in this year, as compared with the corresponding month of last year, has decreased 50,000 pounds.

The Queen goes to Ireland in the royal yacht, and proceeds to Dublin without stopping elsewhere, so that she has declined all offers of private residences at Cork and other towns, which have been tendered her.

### Dewdrops of Wisdom.

Choose a wife as you would a farm—not for showy buildings and fences, but for intrinsic goodness of soil.

Fire burns only while we are near it; but a beautiful face burns and inflames thee at a distance.

Bishop Beveridge resolved never to speak of a man's virtues before his face, nor of his faults behind his back. A golden rule.

A cheerful, happy temper keeps up a kind of daylight in the mind, excludes each gloomy prospect, and fills the soul with perpetual serenity.

Beware of forming a hasty judgment concerning the fortunes of others. There may be secrets in the situation of a person, that few but God are acquainted with.

It is curious to note the old sea-margins of human thought. Each subsiding century reveals some new mystery; we build where monsters used to hide themselves.

Something should be said specially about the education of women. As regards their intellect they have been unkindly treated—too much flattered, too little respected.

The weather is not a safe topic of discourse; your company may be hippish; nor is health; your associate may be a hypochondriac; nor is money; you may be suspected as a borrower.

He who is passionate and hasty is generally honest. It is your cool, dissembling hypocrite of whom you should beware. There is no deceit about a bull-dog. It's only the cur that sneaks up and bites when your back is turned.

The idler is a sponge on society—a curse to his own existence. Merely vegetating, he springs up like a toadstool, and is about as useless. He never is at trouble to produce a single thought, and his hands are never concerned in fashioning a single useful article.

A most curious thing as regards people living together is the intense ignorance they sometimes have of each other. They perform orbits round each other, each upon his own axis, and there are parts of the character of each that are never brought into view of the other.

### The Joker's Budget.

'Take care there,' said Flint to his boy, who was on the roof of a building. 'Take *air* here? Sure, dad, there's none stirring.'

*Origin of Tunnels.*—A, on one side of the hill, requires to communicate with B, on the other, but thinking it a bore, he *hollows* out to him.

'Are you in love, Maria?' 'Yes, mother.' 'How much?' 'Well, I don't know exactly, but I should think about five feet, for I feel all-overish like.'

'We have proved an alibi by five witnesses,' said a lawyer, in a criminal court. 'Yes, I am ready to admit,' said the opposing counsel, 'that you have proved *a-lie-by* five of your witnesses.'

Mrs. Partington was very much shocked at hearing that Powers the sculptor was on a *bust.* 'Are there no temperance societies in Rome?' she asked, laying down the newspaper, and raising her spectacles.

Speaking of family discipline, Old Roger remarked, that Mr. Peppercase his neighbor, in the treatment of his children, reminded him of a game of ball—for he was always *batting* them, and they were always *bawling.*

'Sir,' said the Queen of Naples to King Ferdinand, who had just withdrawn the chair she was about to sit on, 'when I married you, I expected to marry a king, and not a stable-boy.' Kings, at present, are the least 'stable' of boys.

'Ah, you don't know what muthical enthuthiathm ith,' said a music-mad miss to Tom Hood. 'Excuse me, madam, but I do,' replied the wit. 'Musical enthusiasm is like turtle-soup; for every quart of real, there are ninety-nine gallons of mock and calves' head in proportion.'

'Och, Mr. W., and is your father well? and is the old gentleman livin'?' (both questions being asked in rapid succession.) 'No, he has been dead a number of years.' 'Sure now an' if I had known when he died, I would certainly have been at his funeral. I know if the old jintleman was livin', he would be glad to *see me at his funeral!*'

### Miscellaneous Items.

Four boys died very suddenly in a brick-yard near Newburg, N. Y., on Tuesday.—They were very much exhausted by labor in the sun, drank copiously of ice water, and were all corpses in fifteen minutes there-after.

A reward of $1000 is offered for the conviction of the party through whose malice the dreadful accident occurred on the Philadelphia and Trenton Railroad, on Wednesday last in consequence of the misplacing of the switch.

The Hartford Courant states that a little boy, son of Mr. Edward Smith, of Milford, Conn., fell on the 22d ult. into a kettle filled with boiling water, which so severely scalded him that he expired the following day in great agony.

We don't know that we ever knew a man who wasn't proud at having had the gout in his family. The cholera, however, is voted vulgar, and becomes 'chronic diarrhœa' in all cases where the patient is suspected to be worth $50,000 or more.

The Batesville (Ark.) Eagle states that Mr. William Berry, of Lawrence county, who killed James Marshall, in April, was shot on the 5th ult., while at his plough. The ball took effect in his body, killed him instantly. The murderer was not discovered.

### Quill and Scissors.

In consequence of the prevalence of the cholera in the Philadelphia county prison, we learn that all persons confined for trivial offences, have been discharged. 'It's an ill wind that blows nobody good.'

A pauper wardmistress of the Dungarven Union, England, named Mary Sheehan, has *eloped* with a pauper porter of one of the auxiliary workhouses! A severe satire upon fashionable amusements.

The Nashville papers announce the death of Major James M. Scantland. He distinguished himself during the Mexican war. At Molino del Rey he was shot through the head, and never fully recovered from the wound.

A female college is about to be established in Cincinnati. A large and beautiful edifice has been erected for the purpose on Pleasant Hill, a most delightful and beautiful position.

The Alta Californian of May 9th reports the death of Captain Reeves, 'formerly a pilot on the Columbia River,' by drowning, a launch having been sunk by striking a snag in the Sacramento river.

Two prisoners named Conrad Ling and Calvin Morgan, escaped from the gaol at Portsmouth, Va., on the 31st ult. They knocked the gaoler down when he came to visit them.

The Pope gave Col. Niel, the Frenchman who brought him the keys of Rome, a magnificent chaplet for his pious wife, and the insignia of the Order of St. Gregory for the brave soldier.

Omnibus fare has been reduced in Philadelphia from six to three cents, in consequence of the establishment of a new line by some of the drivers formerly in the employ of the old.

Rev. Daniel Dow, D. D., of Thompson, Ct., died lately, aged 77 years and 5 months, having been sole pastor of the Congregational church in that place for 53 years.

Linus B. Comins of Roxbury caught a shark in the harbor of New Bedford, that measured eight feet six inches in length, and weighed two hundred and five pounds.

The New York Mirror expresses its opinion that in proportion to the number of pledges taken by Father Mathew, the number taken by pawnbrokers will decrease.

We understand Ex-President Van Buren is visiting the water-cure establishment at Brattleboro', to attend his son Martin, who is now there in quest of health.

Ned Buntline, who stands indicted for inciting the Astor Place riot, and who was bailed by James G. Bennett, has been surrendered by his bail, and taken into custody.

Mother Griffin, an old hag of a fortune-teller, died in Springfield last week. She held sway over a numerous class of both fools and knaves for a number of years.

A live stock insurance company has been chartered and gone into operation at New Haven. It insures the lives of horses, oxen, etc., for their owners.

A distressing accident recently occurred at Trenton Falls, by which Edward Bryan and his sister Eliza were drowned in attempting to pass a dangerous point at that place.

Gideon G. Dennis, Esq., of Portsmouth, R. I., has made several valuable improvements in the manufacture of iron, one of which he has disposed of for $30,000.

Mr. Lucas Cowles died in consequence of cutting his thumb with a circular saw in Westfield. The wound did not bleed, and caused congestion of the lungs.

What a sacrifice of good things, and of the patience and comfort of human beings, a cumbrous modern dinner is! I always long to get up and walk about.

The forced attendance of Catholic soldiers on Protestant worship has been prohibited in the army, by order of Gen. Scott. So says the Catholic Telegraph.

James, the novelist, the New York Express understands, is under contract to write *four* novels a year, and they are produced with unvarying punctuality.

The supreme court of Alabama has decided that sight drafts and bills are entitled to days of grace just as any other draft or negotiable paper.

In Cincinnati, a boy named Steel, about sixteen years of age, killed another near the same age, named Parker, by striking him on the head with a stone.

The New York Post learns with emotion, that the queen and prince walked at an early hour in the grounds of Osborne, on Wednesday, July 18th.

John Peach, colored, has been fully committed at Baltimore, for an assault with intent to kill an aged colored woman, named Sally Bailey.

The young men of St. Louis have formed themselves into an association for the purpose of taking care of orphans, and relieving the sick and poor.

*The 'proud duke'* of Somerset, as he was called, used to say that he pitied Adam, because he had no ancestors.

A negro man named Jackson was killed at Savannah on the 26th ult., in a quarrel with another negro named Joe.

Mr. Levi C. Coes, of the firm of Bigelow & Coes, Worcester, hung himself in his barn, Friday morning, with his handkerchief.

A young Bostonian, who resided in this city less than two years ago, is now a lieutenant in the Hungarian army under General Bem.

Accounts from New Orleans to the 3d inst., state that Robert Little, convicted of murdering his wife, had been sentenced to the penitentiary for life.

Mr. William Rea, of Cambridge, Md., has in his possession a *white* robin, which was taken from a nest with several others of a natural color.

Mary Ann Hutchinson, of Rowley, aged sixteen years, was drowned on Thursday evening while bathing in Rowley river.

The receipts of the Erie Railroad for the month of July amount to $59,500. Much better than anticipated.

A common locomotive engine consumes not less than *two and a half* cords of wood for every *one hundred miles* it runs.

The Austrian soldiers receive but four cents a day. Killing their brethren for four cents a day! What an occupation!

In Standish, Me., Colonel John L. Tucker was killed while taking down the frame of a saw mill; leaves a wife and children.

With the exception of fruit, everything promises well in the country bordering on the Northern Lakes.

The citizens of Fon du Lac, Iowa, have subscribed $2000 towards the erection of a telegraph line from Milwaukie to that city.

A seaman belonging to the U. S. steamer Alleghany, has been committed to prison, charged with murder at sea.

There are 8,300 poor-house officers in England, whose salaries are more than £500,000 per annum.

The potato crop in Ireland is abundant, and considered beyond the reach of all danger from blight.

Young men who hang around corners very often hang in a different manner when they grow up.

Two steamboats are now running regularly between Newburyport and Haverhill.

The specie in the banks in New York city is said to be nearly double their circulation.

Pigeons abound in Wisconsin. Sportsmen are shooting them by thousands.

M. E. Bartgis, mayor of Frederic, Md., an editor and printer, died on Sunday.

Surgeon Samuel C. Lawson, of the navy, died at Pensacola on the 15th ult.

A rattlesnake four feet long, with three distinct rattles, was killed in Newbury.

Thomas Quillen cut his throat and died in Providence—an immigrant recently arrived.

Millions of pigeons have nearly destroyed the corn and wheat crops in Vermont.

In Underhill, Vt., Anson E. Horn, a traveller, committed suicide at the hotel.

The earwig, when it is cut in two, turns round to eat its own mutilated half.

There are 1835 men connected with the New York city fire department.

### Local Matters.

#### Boston Jail.

By the report of Mr. Gustavus Andrews, the jailer, we learn that since the inspection made by the county commissioners December 4th, 1848, to the time of the next inspection, made July 23d, 1849, there have been committed to Leverett street jail 2177 criminals, 106 Commonwealth and United States witnesses, 527 debtors,—making the whole number 2810 in the space of seven and a half months—it being the largest number ever committed in the same length of time, and showing an increase of about 20 per cent. over any former report. The present number of prisoners is 112, mostly in good health. Only two deaths have occurred for the past thirteen months.

#### Asylum for the Blind.

We have received from the trustees of this valuable institution the report of their doings for the past year. It is an exceedingly interesting document, and shows the Asylum to be under the best management and control, and that it is an honor to our State. In his connection with this noble and philanthropic charity, Dr. S. G. Howe, director of the institution, has rendered his name worthy of all honor.

#### Colored Children.

Some foolish fanatics are endeavoring to have black children introduced indiscriminately into our city schools. Why are not the colored folks satisfied with the excellent school that has been appropriated to their sole use? Cannot they appreciate this liberality on the part of the city; or is it the fanatical tribe of abolitionists that set them on to make trouble? This bare-faced impudence should be frowned down by the public, let it come from whence it may.

Temperance.—Father Mathew has already administered the pledge to nearly forty thousand people in the immediate vicinity, mostly to that portion of our foreign population from his own country. They were needing the efforts of this great reformer, and doubtless his mission will be productive of much good.

Cholera.—All the cholera that has appeared in Boston has been confined to a dirty and small district, crowded with Irish emigrants; and we have heard of no well-authenticated case of a healthy person, or one not given to the grossest imprudence in diet and general habits.

Father Mathew's reply to the abolitionists of this city was excellent. They tried to inveigle him into their schemes; but he replied that he had as much as he could do to save men from the slavery of intemperance, without attempting to overthrow any other kind of slavery.

Shipping.—Our vicinity is getting to be more and more of a depot for ship-building.—There are on the stocks at Medford, eleven ships and one barque at this time, and many more building in various directions about the neighborhood of Boston.

Powers' Statuary.—The 'Greek Slave,' the 'Fisher Boy,' 'Proserpine,' and 'General Jackson,' form a collection of the most beautiful works of art ever presented to the view of an American public. The exhibition is held at the Horticultural Room, School street.

All-Important.—The authorities of Boston have by ordinance prohibited bathing in Lake Cochituate, since the supply of that water to the city. Think of that, ye doomed Philadelphians, who drink the almost common sewerage of the Schuylkill.

Cochituate.—Our neighbors at East Boston are to have the benefit of this health-dispensing agent, we rejoice to see, at once.—This is as it should be. When so great a public good is the object, the cost should be a secondary consideration.

Amusements.—Few public entertainments are yet offered to our citizens, but the fall campaign will soon open in earnest, when we shall have an abundance of theatrical and musical variety of entertainment.

Cotton Goods.—Exports of domestics from Boston, for July, 4547 bales and cases; value, $196,416 20. Total value of exports since January, $881,450 83; same time in 1848, $1,333,802 95.

The Streets.—Boston was never more cleanly, than at this present time, and every precaution is taken by the authorities to promote good health, and to prevent the least cause for pestilence.

The Water Supply.—The number of hydrants set at the present time is 662 in the city proper, and 88 in South Boston, which are to be thoroughly protected against frost the coming winter.

Sculptor.—Mr. Brackett, whose works are so highly spoken of by the Bostonians, intends to visit Philadelphia professionally, we understand. We bespeak for him a hearty welcome.

Waste Water.—Several persons have lately been prosecuted in the police court and fined, for throwing waste water into the streets and alley ways of the city.

Cheap.—Augusta papers say passengers are ticketed through from that place to Boston, 170 miles, for $2.50. Baggage is transported through Portland free of charge.

Out of Town.—Boston has looked for some weeks past like a pocket turned inside out, it is so empty and still withal. A few weeks will put a different aspect upon matters.

President Taylor.—The chief magistrate of the Union is warmly received wherever he goes. We shall have him in Boston before long, when a 'demonstration' may be expected.

Our Mayor.—Mr. Bigelow seems to gain golden opinions from all sorts of people, by the thorough and efficient manner in which he administers the duties of his office.

The City of Notions.—Boston is more strongly represented at Sharon Springs, than any other place in the Union.

The Boston Museum has commenced its fall campaign with all its old favorites, including *the* Warren.

Ice.—Exports from Boston, for July, 4237 tons—total since January, 46,693 tons, an increase of 7878 tons over same time in 1848.

Immigrants.—Three ships arrived at this port a few days since from Liverpool, with 423 steerage passengers.

Slavery.—In looking over our local column, we find two items that may be wrongly construed, perhaps. We think that our readers know we abhor the institution of slavery, but we do not advocate a civil war to obliterate it, nor do we believe in cutting the throats of all the white people at the South, to liberate the negroes, nor, indeed, of any other blood-thirsty and unconstitutional measures.

### OUR OLIO COLUMN.

[Written for The Flag of our Union.]

#### The Question.

BY S. E. CHURCH.

Listen to me, lady—
  I've a question for you now;
Listen to me, lady—
  'Tis not a lover's vow.

Listen to me, lady—
  The sun has sunk to rest;
The moon is in the fleecy cloud,
  In silvery vestments dressed.

Listen to me, lady—
  The star is in the sky;
And from its place in heaven
  Looks down with sparkling eye.

Listen to me, lady—
  For the evening breeze
Plays with those auburn tresses,
  Sighs amid the trees.

Listen to me, lady—
  The little murmuring rill,
Gliding through the valley,
  Is not a moment still.

Listen to me, lady—
  Let the night winds blow;
Let the stars shine brightly,
  Listen to me now.

Listen to me, lady—
  Beauty such as thine
Won my heart completely—
  Lady, wilt be mine?

[Written for The Flag of our Union.]

#### Standing Dickies.

BY J. H. G.

'Bis verde. Bis verde.'

Standing dickies! standing dickies!
  Many a bard has sung of ye;
Both against ye, and in favor,
  Many a sonnet we may see.

Oft your pure and dazzling color
  Stained is with Christian gore;
Yet 'tis well all pain to suffer,
  For the pleasures ye assure.

Many ruthless hands have torn ye
  From your place with cruel touch;
Yet ye shine in scathless glory,
  By the magic power of—starch!

#### That ere's the Deacon for me.

'Father!' said Deacon Smith's young son—
  A most precious wight—
'I had a dream, and a funny dream
  Was the dream I dreamed last night.'

'Well, son, what was the funny dream
  Which has put you in such a glee?
Should I judge from your laughing phiz,
  I should guess you dreamed of me.'

'Father, I dreamed—you'll think it strange—
  Yet still 'tis true as I swore,
I dreamed that the king of the country below
  Walked into your grocery store!'

'The devil!' 'Yes, father, the devil; and you
  Were drawing a glass of gin
For Billy Snooks, who drowns his wits,
  And locks his babe's arm in one of his fits,
  The ugly old imp of sin.

I dreamed that the devil walked boldly in,
  And swung his long tail in a chair;
And asked you if you wasn't a deacon, he did,
  And, without looking, you said you were.

The devil he laughed, and he switched his tail,
  And he grinned as he nodded to me;
Says he with a wink, and the sparks flew like hail,
  "*That ere's the deacon for me!*"'

#### The Dawn of Love.

A maiden mood,
  In thoughtful mood,
Beside a mountain stream;
Her heart went pit, and then went pat,
So strangely, you would reason that
  She must be in a dream.

And at her side,
  In manly pride,
A youth was whispering low;
His heart went pat, and then went pit,
So strangely, you would think that it
  Could never flutter so.

A willing ear,
  A trickling tear,
Was all the maiden gave;
While hearts went pit, and then went pat,
So strangely, you would reason that
  The subject must be grave.

An instant more,
  All doubt was o'er;
A voice from heaven above
Hath soothed each pitting, patting heart—
Declared they never more would part—
  It was the dawn of love.

#### Song.

BY A MEMBER OF THE STATISTICAL SOCIETY.

It's 45 days since our parting,
  Which took place at 10h. 6m. P. M.;
The cab No. 90 was starting,
  When you gave me 8 kisses, my gem!

Of these same 45 days, 1-3
  Have been fine, and all drenching the rest,
And the wind since the 19th has veered
  Between N. and N. E. and N. W.

My thermometer showed me one day
  87 degrees Fahrenheit,
About 24 Reaumur, they say—
  It was down to 15 4 one night.

Now 45 days, my dear, just
  Make 1080 good hours;
Take 1-3 off for sleep, and I trust
  You know less wont revive our young powers.

Who are scarcely past 20, at best—
  For old folks they say 6 are plenty—
Well, deducting those hours for rest,
  There remain 720.

And allowing I thought of your form
  Only 5 times 'twixt each hour's chimes,
Why, I thought of it, heaving and warm,
  Just 3600 times!

Then remember your lover, though he
  Woos in *numbers* of quite a new fashion;
O, he's ciphering mad, and you see
  'Twas your form that made figures his passion.
*Mercantile Journal.*

#### Use and Ornament.

A coal was hid beneath the grate—
  'Tis often modest merit's fate;—
'Twas small, and so, perhaps, forgotten:
  While, in a room, and near in size,
In a fine casket, lined with cotton,
  In pomp and state a diamond lies.
'So, little gentleman in black!'
  The brilliant spark in anger cried,
'I hear in philosophic clack,
  Our families are close allied;
But know the splendor of my line,
  Excelled by nothing in existence,
Should teach such little folks as you,
  To keep a more respectful distance.'
At these reflections on his name,
  The coal soon reddened to a flame;
Of his own real use aware,
  He only answered with a sneer—
'I scorn your taunts, good bishop Blaze,
  And envy not your charms divine;
For, know, I boast a double praise,
  As I can warm as well as shine.'

#### True Loveliness.

BY CHARLES SWAIN.

She who thinks a noble heart
  Better than a noble mien,
Honors virtue more than art,
  Though 'tis less in fashion seen:
Whatsoe'er her fortune be,
She's the bride—the wife—for me.

She who deems that inward grace
  Far surpasses outward show,
She who values less the face
  Than that charm the soul can throw—
Whatsoe'er her fortune be,
She's the bride—the wife—for me.

She who knows the heart requires
  Something more than lips of dew,
That when love's brief rose expires,
  Love itself dies with it too;
Whatsoe'er her fortune be,
She's the bride—the wife—for me.

#### Epigram.

By one decisive argument
  Giles gained his lovely Kate's consent
    To name the bridal day;
'Why in such haste, dear sir, to wed?
  I shall not change my mind,' she said—
    'But then,' said he, 'I may.'


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# THE FLAG OF OUR UNION.

[Written for The Flag of our Union.]

### To the Schuylkill.

BY C. A. ETRIS.

Hast ever strayed when morning's light
Chased the affrighted form of night
Across the Schuylkill's shadowy breast,
Obedient to the day's behest?
'Tis sweet to mark each varied scene,
From Fairmount up to Fountain Green;
Or onward to the rocky hills
Near which once joyous leaped the Falls,
And forests waving in the breeze,
Sounded like distant dashing seas.

I've read, in many a glowing line,
Of hills and vineyards by the Rhine,
And heard of pleasing scenes that throw
Their charms to deck the classic Po;
But by the Schuylkill's sylvan side
The wing of romance seems to glide,
And bends each feeling to the dream
That lingers near its placid stream—
The dream that bids with fancy stay,
Nor seek those streams far-off away.

'Tis pleasant, at the break of morn—
Rude music from the boatman's horn
Awakes the echoes that do sleep
Within the dells where wild vines creep;
And bears imagination back
Along tradition's misty track,
To when the red man wandered there,
Unfettered by the chains of care;
Or gaily launched his light canoe,
To paddle o'er the tranquil blue.

But death has laid the Indian low—
He sleeps beside the river's flow;
Perchance his bones are mouldering still
Beneath the sod at Laurel Hill,
Where monuments in beauty stand,
Worked by the artist's skilful hand,
To designate the resting-place
Of those of the Caucasian race
Who with the savage found at last
A common grave, when life was past.

Go, stranger, seek some shady nook,
Where at your feet the limpid brook
Its jewels on the moss dells fling,
Where the wood robin loves its wing;
Go to the Schuylkill—there thou'lt find
Such fairy spots—and on the mind
They'll leave an impress that will be
A cynosure to memory;
Nor grief, nor pleasure e'er shall part
Its sweet remembrance from thy heart.

[Written for The Flag of our Union.]

### Twilight Meditations.

BY W. F. H.

'Tis evening, and the dying day
Is sinking into rest;
The orb of light has run his course,
Descending in the west.
The azure tints and mantled clouds
Are being dimly seen,
While circling gleam, departing light
Proclaims the birth of e'en.

Thou glowing west, of crimson cast,
Delectable to view,
Whose face depicts the brilliant lights
Of ever-changing hue;
Thy beauteous fields and purpled lawns,
Soul-thrilling to behold,
While all thy distant fleecy wreaths
Are interwove with gold.

The orange tint and silvered streak
Disclose thy beauty rare,
Exhibiting the Architect
That placed thy graces there;
The monarch proud of day recedes,
With glory in his wake;
Reflecting rays of loveliness,
Bright symbols of his make.

Thus, wearied and exhausted,
Faint mortals pass away,
Beyond the precincts of the tomb,
Amid the realms of day,
Where glory, like the torrents
Of levisted surges, roll,
Dilating each capacity,
Encompassed by the soul.

[Written for The Flag of our Union.]

### A Sister's Affection.

BY GEORGE W. PUTNAM.

The miser loves his hoarded gold,
The bridegroom loves his bride;
The mother's arms more wealth enfold
Than floats on ocean's tide.
But stronger yet than love of gold,
Or beauty for its mate,
Was that which wept o'er Lazarus cold,
And mourned a brother's fate.

Ah yes, the fond, devoted heart
Lodged in a sister's breast,
Reserves for him its keenest smart—
And mourns, by grief oppressed.
No distance interposed by fate,
No dreary absence dim,
No guilty act can e'er abate
The love she bears to him.

Should genius mark him from the crowd,
And titles deck his name;
Her voice can swell the proud band,
That sings his lofty fame;
Or should disease and pain appear,
And waste his tortured bones,
That same sweet voice pours on his ear
Its sympathizing tones.

A sweet voice for a brother pleads,
Yet not in vocal prayer;
And Heaven in mercy kindly heeds
A sister's silent tear.
O, sacred love! that knows no art,
Nor changes for an hour,
Sin-hardened, cold must be the heart
That can resist its power.

[Written for The Flag of our Union.]

### The Desponding Patient.

BY J. E. P.

Desponding patient! why, morn, noon and night,
In spite of pain, dost thou thy mind annoy?
Is it that sins committed when a boy
Rise up before thy penitential sight,
Numerous as atoms in the sunny light?
Or is it, that, like babe on teething toy,
Thou grow'st thy woe, in hope of future joy?
If so, believe that He who owns all might
Can, with a glance of mercy, chase away
Millions of sins, though numerous as the thoughts
That rise in man against the Lord incensed.
Cheer up, then, friend—believe, and humbly pray;
Our conquering Saviour with the foe once fought—
If God is with thee, who can be against.

### Little Things.

Scorn not the slightest word or deed,
Nor deem it void of power;
There's fruit in each wind-wafted seed,
Waiting its natal hour.

A whispered word may touch the heart,
And call it back to life;
A look of love bid sin depart,
And still unholy strife.

## MISCELLANEOUS.

[Written for The Flag of our Union.]

### THE PRIDE OF THE LEGION.

BY FRANCIS A. DURIVAGE.

On a dark and stormy night in the autumn of the year 1780, when a cloud seemed lowering on the fortunes of the American colonists, then in the midst of their heroic struggle for independence, an incident occurred in the camp of the revolutionary army on the Hudson which forms the commencement of our narrative.

Col. Lee, the commander of that splendid body of Virginia cavalry, whose partisan services obtained an imperishable reputation for the corps, was seated in his tent, and before him stood, respectfully, a stout, sun-burnt trooper of the Legion, who held the rank of sergeant-major, the merited reward of his gallantry, intelligence, integrity and patriotism.

'He had stood where the bravest stood
In the face of the fiery foe,
When each lifted lance grew dark with blood,
And the earth lay red below.'

He was, in truth, the bravest of the brave, and his comrades had fondly given him the title of the *Pride of the Legion*.

'I have sent for you, Champe,' said the colonel, 'to propose to you a service of great danger—it is at your option to accept or refuse it.'

'I'm proud of the honor you've done me, colonel,' answered the soldier, touching his cap. 'You know where John Champe is to be found when there's hot work on foot.'

'I know your willingness, Champe, and so does the commander-in-chief. In fact, General Washington proposed your name to me to-night.'

The Virginian's dark eyes flashed with joy, and a bright smile lighted up his manly countenance.

'What are the orders, colonel?' he asked, eagerly.

'You are to perform this duty alone,' said Lee.

'So much the better,' answered the trooper, 'I shall have the fun all to myself.'

'You are required,' continued Lee, 'to desert to the enemy.'

'Desert, colonel!' echoed the trooper.—'That's the only service I don't know how to perform—I don't think that's in the line of duty.'

'Listen to me, Champe,' said Lee, earnestly. 'You know that Andre, taken, tried and convicted as a spy, has been sentenced by the court-martial of general officers to be hanged on the second of October.'

'It is a hard fate for a gallant young fellow,' answered the Virginian. 'But it is the fortune of war. Were I in his place, I should go to the gallows as cheerfully as I should charge a square. Though I must confess I should prefer a lead pill to a hempen cravat, if I had my choice.'

'Andre is young, brave and amiable,' said the officer; 'my heart bleeds for him.'

'But he must die the death,' returned the trooper. 'He staked his life and he has lost it.'

'He was the tool of a traitor,' answered Lee, sternly. 'The first traitor that has disgraced our cause. Andre was his dupe and victim.'

'It is a hard case, but there is no means of saving this young fellow.'

'There is one way of doing it,' replied Lee, earnestly. 'Suppose Arnold were in our hands, and you were to decide upon his fate?'

'I would cut off his wounded leg—the limb that was injured in our services, and bury it with all the honors of war—but I would hang the rest of his caitiff carcase on a gallows, and let the carrion crows feed on the dead villain,' replied the trooper, fiercely.

'Then hear me,' said Lee. 'The commander-in-chief has promised, that if Arnold can be taken, he shall suffer in the place of this gallant young Briton. It lies with you to say whether the attempt shall be made.'

'Colonel Lee,' answered the bold trooper, 'my whole nature revolts at the idea of treason; but to bring a traitor to justice I would hazard much, even the fair fame I have fought so hard to win. I accept the commission—and now give me your orders.'

'Understand in the first place,' said the colonel, 'the full hazard you incur. Your flight may be detected—for our sentinels are doubly vigilant since the treason of Arnold—you may be pursued and killed. It may be my painful duty to put my bloodhounds on your trail. I would have you weigh well all the chances.'

'It would be a hard thing, colonel, to be cut down by my own men—it would be a hard thing to be thought a traitor to old Virginny and the old Thirteen. I thought to have fallen in the forefront of the battle, smiting the British hip and thigh—and to have been buried under arms—but I will do my duty, cost what it may. It shall never be said that when George Washington honored John Champe by his commands, John Champe declined the trust proposed.'

'Spoken like a gallant fellow!' replied Lee. 'And now away with you. Take your orderly book with you—to make your desertion appear sincere in the eyes of the enemy. Get on board the Vulture under the cross of St. George, as soon as you can. Report yourself to Arnold, and enlist with him against your country.'

Lee went on to detail the plan and subsequent proceedings which the trooper was to adopt, and then took leave of him, wishing him success.

'Believe me, Champe,' said the colonel, in conclusion, 'that if you fall, you shall not go down to the grave unavenged, and if Providence smiles upon our beloved country, and victory crowns our arms, the name of Sergeant Champe shall live in her annals among those of the bravest and truest of her sons.'

'God bless you, colonel, for your kind thoughts and words,' answered the trooper, drawing the back of his hand across his eyes to brush away an unwonted tear. 'If I never get back to the Legion, I leave my name and fame in good hands.'

The sergeant repaired to his quarters, got his orderly book and arms, and saddled his blooded charger. In the meantime, Lee threw himself upon his rude couch, and, after tossing awhile, fell into an uneasy slumber. He could not have slept long, however, when he was aroused by a dismounted trooper.

'The sergeant of the guard, may it please the colonel,' said the man.

'Well, sergeant, what now?' inquired the officer, with an uneasy foreboding, which betrayed itself in the tones of his voice.

'Bad news, colonel!'

'Out with it, man, whatever it is.'

'Sergeant-major Champe has deserted.'

'Impossible!' replied Lee, seeking to gain time.

'Too true, colonel.'

'Sergeant Champe, the bravest soldier of the Legion! You must be mistaken.'

'Search his quarters for yourself, colonel.—He is gone—horse, man, arms and orderly-book.'

'What! Sergeant Champe! the Pride of the Legion!'

'Benedict Arnold was the pride of the army once, colonel.'

'What's to be done?'

'I came to you to report and receive orders, colonel.'

'This must be inquired into.'

'And promptly, if I might be so bold,' replied the soldier, astonished at the dilatoriness of the usually 'Rough and Ready' Lee.

'Silence, sir!' cried the colonel, sternly.—'Remember your position. Some time must elapse before the men can be got under arms.'

'Not a minute, colonel. The moment you issue the order, fifty Virginians will be in the saddle.'

Lee saw that it was in vain to temporize. He reluctantly issued the necessary orders, and in almost the time mentioned by the sergeant of the guard a non-commissioned officer of horse with twenty picked men, well mounted and armed to the teeth with sabres, pistols and carbines, were dashing forward on the trail of the fugitive.

The gray dawn was breaking over the romantic Hudson and its broken shores, revealing the hanging woods attired in all the gorgeous drapery of autumn, when Sergeant Champe, believing that he had escaped undetected, was sadly pursuing his solitary road. Suddenly his mettled horse pricked up his ears, neighed and turned his head backward. Champe listened a moment. At first he heard nothing but the sigh of the autumn wind among the forest branches, but soon the sound, which had been detected by the quicker sense of his charger, came to his ears, fraught with a terrible meaning;—it was the pattering footfalls of cavalry advancing at high speed; and turning his head he beheld, afar off, rising the brow of a hill, the foremost of a file of his own countrymen, and the whole band were visible a moment afterwards.

Champe instantly dashed his rowels into his horse's flanks, while a loud and vengeful shout from his pursuers told him too truly that he had been detected. Away they flew—pursuers and pursued, the latter striking for the river-shore at the only place where the descent was practicable, near to which a sloop-of-war was lying, the red cross at her mizzen peak proclaiming her nation at a glance. The watch on deck perceived the flight and the chase, gave the alarm on board, and a barge, manned by sturdy seamen, was soon pulling for the shore. But the distance between Champe and the ark of safety diminished less rapidly than that between the brave Virginian and his pursuers. Louder and nearer sounded each moment the thundering gallop and rattle of scabbards in his rear. He reached the water-side and flung himself from the saddle. A moment afterwards he plunged in the stream. But even then, with the noise of waters in his ears, he heard the voice of the officer who was leading the pursuit.

'Dismount, my lads, and let him have it!'

The order was instantly obeyed. A crash of fire-arms followed, and as Champe struck out for his life, he was splashed with the spray from the bullets that rained about his ears.—Ere the troopers could reload, Champe was hauled on board the barge, and a few strokes of the oars carried them out of range. From the deck of the Vulture, he saw the Virginians re-mount and ride off slowly, and he watched them, with a sad feeling, till they were swallowed up by a defile of the mountain shore.

At New York, Champe was presented to Arnold, and received by him with 'distinguished consideration.' It was a hard matter for the honest soldier to obey his instructions, to simulate a hatred of the patriots, and to solicit a post near the person of the arch-traitor. Arnold promised this and insisted that Champe should take a glass of wine with him.

'Sergeant!' said the apostate, 'you shall drink—confusion to rebels!'

Champe was seized with a sudden fit of coughing, so that he could not repeat the toast, and indeed all the wine was spilt upon the carpet. But Arnold filled up for him again, and the stout trooper drank 'success to the good cause.'

'Well, sergeant, what news in camp?' inquired Arnold.

'Andre is to be hung on the second of October,' replied the sergeant.

An expression of agony and remorse seemed visible in the countenance of Arnold, and a slight groan escaped his lips.

'A sudden twinge of pain, sergeant,' he said, in an explanatory tone. 'I haven't recovered from the wound in this leg; in fact, at times, it disables me from service.'

'I recollect that was the reason you gave for soliciting the command of West Point,' said the sergeant.

Arnold hemmed. 'Do you think Washington will dare to hang that unfortunate young man?'

'I believe Washington is always true to his promises, general.'

'Let him beware!' said Arnold, fiercely.—'If he does this thing, for every tear shed for Andre in Britain, there shall be a mother's wail in Virginia over her first-born. I will lay waste that colony with fire and sword;—unless indeed all her rebel sons lay down their arms and swear allegiance to their royal master.'

'When the king gets Virginia back he will find it a grave-yard,' answered Champe. 'I know those Virginia parties—which, I——'

'They shall taste our steel, sergeant,' said Arnold, 'we have thrown away the scabbard. I am raising a legion—a legion of deserters, like yourself, Champe, for an expedition against Virginia,' he added.

'I am afraid the muster-roll will be a brief one,' answered the trooper, drily.

'I think not—after the example I have set them—and you too, my worthy friend. Think you not that Benedict Arnold will have plenty of followers like yourself?'

'Thousands of *followers like myself*,' answered Champe, with emphasis.

'I see I have convinced you,' said the general, smiling. 'Well, you must be fitted now with a new uniform—scarlet and gold is a thought richer than buff and blue. It's an easy thing to change one's colors.'

'As easy as lying to some folks,' replied Champe.

'And hark'ee, sergeant, here's your bounty money,' said Arnold, offering him a handful of guineas. 'This is another guess sort of currency from continental paper—eh, sergeant?'

'I don't like to take money till I've earned it,' answered Champe, drawing back.

'But you have earned it, my good fellow,' persisted Arnold,—'earned it by deserting.'

'I didn't desert for the sake of money, general,' said Champe, fixing his eyes upon the traitor, who changed color.

A momentary suspicion crossed his mind. 'You refuse money, sirrah—are you playing false—do you come into our ranks as a spy?'

'General Arnold,' answered Champe, 'this morning fifty troopers of the legion followed in my trail like a pack of bloodhounds, and drove me before them into the water like a hunted wolf. The shot rattled round my ears thicker than hailstones in August. Does that look like a sham?'

'Enough, my good fellow—you can't forget that. And now take your money and spend it as freely as it is given.'

Sergeant Champe withdrew after receiving an order for a uniform, with which he was fitted before he was permitted to make his appearance in the streets. After this, he sallied forth for a stroll. The city wore a gay appearance. Though the houses were nearly all built after the Dutch fashion, with tiled roofs and heavy porches, dark and clumsy edifices, with here and there a more imposing structure of English architecture, they served to relieve the gay uniforms of the British officers and soldiers, who were seen upon the streets and *stoops*, or at the windows of the houses chatting with the tory ladies, or quizzing some honest and thick-headed burgher. Now and then a squad of horse would dash by, scattering the pedestrians in every direction, or a battalion of grenadiers, flaming in full uniform, and preceded by a regimental band, would march through the streets, with their banners displayed, in all the pomp and pride of military circumstance.

Champe smothered the deep hatred these sights and sounds aroused in his heart. At a street corner a wretched cripple, seated on the sidewalk, extended his hat, and mutely supplicated charity. Many passed him by unheeded, but the sergeant paused.

'Hold your hat up, friend,' said he, 'here's a windfall you don't get every day.'

And he dropped into the mendicant's old beaver the whole of the sum he had just received from Arnold. The old beggar started up and followed him with blessings as fast as his crutches would permit, but Champe distanced his gratitude and escaped in the crowd. He was soon brought to a halt by a private in the undress uniform of a regiment of British artillery, who confronted him and stopped directly in his path.

'Do you know me?' asked the stranger.

'I do not,' replied Champe.

The stranger stooped and whispered: 'In the name of the Great Jehovah and the Continental Congress.'

Champe answered in the same tone: 'United we stand, divided we fall.'

Here were the challenge and answer adopted by a secret society of patriots to which Champe belonged, and it was thus the members recognized each other. Champe and his new friend, Stanwood, were soon walking arm in arm. They had both enlisted in Arnold's legion, both enjoyed his favor and both hated him with equal fervor.

Various plans were formed by the conspirators for accomplishing the object they had in view—the seizure of Arnold and his conveyance to the American lines. At length the following plan was agreed upon, after some days' deliberation. Arnold was accustomed to pass the latter part of every evening in a summer house in the garden attached to the house in which he resided. From this garden, there was access, by means of a wicket in the gate, to a back street running to the water-side.—Both Champe and Stanwood, being in the full confidence of Arnold, had constant access to his person, and it was agreed that on a certain evening they should repair to the summer house, seize the traitor, gag him, carry him into the back street, and hurry him down to the water side where they had a boat in readiness. If stopped and questioned, they were to reply that Arnold was a drunken soldier whom they were conveying to the guard-house.—Once in the boat, they were to pull for the Jersey shore, where, on the night agreed upon, Lee, with whom they had found means to communicate, promised to be ready with a strong body of cavalry, to receive the prisoner, and convey him to the American camp.

But, to use a homely quotation from Burns,

'The best-laid schemes of men and mice
Will aften gang awry.'

On the morning of the day, the close of which had been selected for the execution of this daring and ingenious project, Champe received orders to accompany Arnold on board the fleet destined for the Chesapeake, while Stanwood was sent in a different direction. The fatal second of October came, and Andre died upon the gallows, lamented by the American officers, and deeply commiserated by the commander-in-chief, who had done his best to save him from the fate to which he had been compelled to sentence him.

Champe seized the earliest opportunity that offered to escape from the British ranks. He accomplished his object, not without great personal hazard, and at length won his way back to the American lines. He was seen and challenged by a sentinel, who levelled his musket at his heart. Champe threw down his arms, and surrendered himself a prisoner. He was surrounded by a strong guard, who could scarcely be restrained from wreaking instant vengeance on a traitor, and hurried to the presence of Lee. A group of dismounted troops, gathered near the officer's tent, eyed him with glances of scorn and hatred flashing from under their bent brows, while Champe, from agitation and excitement, trembled like a leaf. He looked like a guilty wretch in momentary expectation of an apostate's doom.—At this moment, two officers issued from the tent. Beside the soldierly figure of Lee, rose the tall, stately and commanding form of Washington.

Champe raised his eyes to his old commander with an inquiring look. Lee rushed into his arms in an uncontrollable impulse of joy and sensibility. Then, taking him by the hand, he led him to the general, who gave him a warm reception.

'My friends,' said Washington, looking around him, 'be not surprised at my reception of your old comrade. Sergeant Champe must still be the pride of the legion. For the sake of his country, and in obedience to my orders, he has not only braved death, as all of you have done, but he has braved shame, in feigning treason and desertion to the enemy, for the sake of bringing to justice and to condign punishment the only traitor that has yet disgraced our holy cause.'

Then rose, from the assembled soldiers, a shout as wild and loud and startling as ever burst from their lips when they charged upon the foe in time of battle, and Washington smiled benignantly upon their enthusiasm, as he retired from the scene and left its hero in the hands of his old comrades.

There was a merry time that evening in the camp of the Virginia horse. There was no end of the questions to which the sergeant was subjected, to all of which he was expected to reply. At length he made a full confession, in a speech full of rude eloquence, and which he closed by humorously reproaching his comrades for the chase they made and the volley they fired after him—'If you hadn't been such clumsy marksmen,' said he, 'I should have been a gone case. However—all's well that ends well—and I give you as a toast—*Lee's Legion*—the best horsemen in the world, but confounded bad shots!'

After the close of the war, and during the troubles with France, when Congress was raising troops to meet the emergency, Washington resolved to bring Sergeant Champe into the field at the head of a company. Accordingly he sent a captain's commission to the residence of Champe in Kentucky—but it was of no avail—the pride of the legion was no more!

[Written for The Flag of our Union.]

### The Saxon.

BY OSCAR G. HUGHAN.

Night darkens around us—
Each mountain and glade
The foot of the Southron
Has dared to invade;
In each rock-swaddled glen,
Through the gloom of the night,
The spear of the Saxon
Shines thorny and bright.

On the chill air of autumn
The hum of their tread
Meets the ear as it floats,
Like the march for the dead;
The rattle of harness,
The ringing of shields,
Wake the echoes that slept
O'er our moss-covered fields.

Through the dark shade of midnight
Their corselets now gleam,
As the stars walked in heaven
Look down on the scene;
But though bright as the smile
Of a clear summer day,
In the blood of the wearer
'Twill vanish away.

Fearless they lay themselves,
'Neath no shelter, to rest;
And tranquilly reposes
Each proud-heaving breast:
They reck not of danger,
Though vengeance 's abroad,
With blood on its garment,
And death on its sword.

They know not that Douglass,
The Moray, the Grahame,
The Bruce clan, McAlpine,
True sons of the Gael,
By the cross of St. Andrew,
Have sworn they would die,
Or burst the strong fetters
Of their hard tyranny.

They saw not the angel
Of death as he passed,
Like lurid stars glowing,
From the firmament cast.
They felt not his breath,
As silently it fell
On th' eyes of the sleepers,
Enthralled by his spell.

They stalk in bright visions
O'er heaps of the slain,
And hear freedom shriek
In despair on the plain.
They fetter the clansman,
Who bows to their sway,
And weeps over the home
Thus wrested away.

Dream on, hapless sleeper!
Thy visions will start,
Like a throb of despair
From the grief-stricken heart.
One blast of the bugle,
One death-dealing blow
Of the vigorous broadsword,
And oppression lies low.

Come on, then, while slumber
O'erpowereth the host;
If they wake, we but fight
O'er a country that's lost.
Grasp tightly thy weapons—
The claymore and spear
Ne'er failed in the hand
Of a brave mountaineer.

The shades of our fathers
Have left their repose,
And anxiously wait
Our descent on the foes;
As the breath of the desert,
We sweep o'er the plain,
And the pride of the Saxon
Is humbled again.

### Prince de Metternich.

Owing to an immense fortune, and protected by his reputation, the Prince de Metternich still plays a distinguished part in London.—He has received the visits of all the English peers. The persons who belong to *high life* choose his hotel in Eaton Square for a place of pilgrimage, and regard it as a great favor to pass some hours with the German diplomatist. The Duke of Wellington goes often to converse with him. Lord Palmerston himself shows special attention to M. de Metternich, and asks him his advice on the political affairs of Europe; his banishment is thus a triumph rather than a fall.

From his retreat, the Prince de Metternich still directs the court of Austria. The new Emperor, Francis Joseph, does nothing important without first consulting the wily diplomatist, and the Czar Nicholas corresponds with him by frequent letters. These marks of confidence give to M. de Metternich great importance. He preserves his pride and his arrogance, and loves to talk like an oracle, veiling from his hearers the secrets which he sees in the future.

The late events have not at all changed his opinions. He is an absolutist, as before, and you may be sure that he will die in his political faith. He despises utterly the democrats; and maintains that the revolutions of the European continent are *nonsenses, follies*, which will afford useful lessons to kings. He blames princes for their weakness, because they heed the wishes of the people. He even reproaches Pious IX. for lending an ear to the applauses of the liberals. Prince de Metternich believes that, after brief convulsions, Europe will be happy to return, under the double yoke of legitimacy and theocracy. With him, royal and princely despotism is the perfection of governments. He rejects not only the revolution of 1789, but also the Reformation of the 16th century, and waits for the day when this world shall return to the institutions of the dark ages.—*Courier*.

### Hibernian Eloquence.

Alas! many a poor fellow who would be happy as a pedagogue, becomes by sheer vanity a miserable man as a barrister. I have been told of a young man converting the saying of 'not throwing stones at a glass house,' into 'not projecting missiles into a frail habitation.' And even by barristers of some eminence will slips be made. A barrister said of an individual, 'he took the bull by the horns and charged him with perjury.' In an assize court a lawyer thus spoke to a jury: 'I smell a rat, I see it brewing in a storm, and with your assistance, gentlemen of the jury, I shall nip it in the bud!' Another has said, 'Knocking the hydra-head of faction a rap over the knuckles!' An eminent brow-beating barrister has described the way of life of one or more individuals, 'Living from hand to mouth, like birds of the air!' A mule has been made to have trowsers, when a lawyer said of an individual, 'He put the key in his pocket in a most mulish manner!' And we all have heard of Sergeant Gold's speaking of the 'dark oblivion of the brow;' and of his having been twitted as speaking nonsense to the jury, and his replying, 'that it was good enough for them.'—*Lit. American*.

### Hamlet the Dane.

In an article on Hans Christian Anderson, the critic of Holden's Magazine remarks that 'were it not for Hamlet the Dane, the little antiquated kingdom of Denmark would never be known to the world of everyday men.—See what literature has done for a kingdom, to make it known to the world by one fictitious character!' Hamlet was not a fictitious character. His grave is still to be seen.

### The Old Continental.

A number of the Columbian Centinel (Benjamin Russell's paper), for January 8, 1800, says a late Boston paper, is before us. It was the time that funeral honors were being paid to the memory of George Washington. The following little waif we copy from the Centinel. It is replete with meaning, though very simple, and conveys an idea of the effect produced when it was announced that 'Washington was no more.'

——'Is he'——said the gray-haired Corporal—his eyes were filled with a watery humor, and he was obliged to take out his handkerchief. He forgot the mug of beer which he had called for—shouldered his walking-stick, then reversing it, marched home a slow march.

'The General is dead, Phœbe,' said he, as he made a halt, and sat down.

'Is he, sir?'——Phœbe was emptying her milk-pail—at this moment her hand trembled and the pail fell as she put her checked apron up to her eyes.

——A little girl, at this instant, came running from school—'What's the matter, Phœbe?'—said she—'Gineral WASHINGTON'S dead!' sobbed out Phœbe.

'Is he?'—the girl sat down to cry.

Moses had just put up the cows and came in to dry his feet before he went to singing school.

'What's the matter, Mima?' said he to his little sister.

'*General Washington's dead!*'—she could hardly lisp.

Moses forgot his feet were wet, and sat down in one corner, whilst he wiped his eyes with the sleeve of his frock.

Phœbe was still standing with her apron to her face.

Jemima had retired to her little block in the chimney corner.

Moses had wet his frock sleeve through and through.

When the old Corporal raised his head from the top of his staff, 'Phœbe,'—said he—'*you need not make my hasty pudding to-night.*'

'No, sir!'

Jemima at length said her prayers to her sister and went to bed.

The whole family shortly followed her example, and even Moses raked up the fire and retired to his garret, forgetting that he was to have learnt St. Martin's that evening.

By the break of day the next morning, the old man had got on his regimentals, which had remained in his oak chest ever since his return from West Point. He knocked up a neighboring shop-keeper to get a yard of black ribbon, and his grief seemed to be somewhat more calm when he had tied a piece of this around his left arm, and Phœbe had made a bow knot upon the top of his walking stick.

Jemima seeing her father thus trimming himself with black ribbon, held up her little hands—'I too,' said she.

The old Corporal smiled upon her and made shift to tie a knot upon her arm himself.

'I hoped once, Moses, that you would fight the enemies of your country with him;—but God's will be done, as our minister told me when your mother died. The old General's done fighting now.——I heard the chaplain of our regiment say once, when he was burying the colonel, that he supposed the ghosts of good men saw all that was done here among us—and could take out of harm's way all they used to love here in the world. I suppose, Moses, the General's looking at us now! For I am sure he was a good man—and if our soldiers should have to fight the French, why he would be among 'em, and give orders too, only we shouldn't see him.'—*Albany Atlas*.

[Written for The Flag of our Union.]

### Lines on the Death of General Worth.

BY J. M. BREWER, U. S. A.

The trump of war no more will call
The warrior from his rest;
No more will heave with valiant thoughts
That proud and manly breast.

He'll draw no more the polished steel
To lead us on to fame;
His noble form in bloody strife
We'll ne'er behold again.

I've often seen his flashing eye
When balls fell round like hail,
Bent fearless on the angry foe,
Which seemed to make them quail.

I've heard his voice above the din
Of battle's fearful roar;
When men, though brave, began to droop—
It cheered them on once more.

Where'er the fight most fiercely raged
Was seen his waving plume;
His manly voice was heard above
The cannon's deafening boom.

But he has left the field of strife,
And sheathed the sword of fame;
He sleeps in death—yet e'er shall live
His pure and spotless name.

### Night attack on Gen. Wayne.

One of the most singular occurrences of the war was the midnight attack upon the camp of General Wayne, then lying at Gibbons's Plantation, about five miles distant from Savannah, by Guresessego, a chief of the Creek nation. The intrepidity of this gallant warrior was, in the first instance, attended with complete success. The sentinels were surprised, the camp entered, and cannon taken. The endeavor to render them serviceable proved his ruin; the time was lost which should have been employed in pursuing his success; and the confusion occasioned by so unlooked-for an attack having subsided, the bayonet of Parker's Light Infantry, and desperate charge made by Gunn, proved irresistible. The chief, fighting hand to hand with Wayne, was killed. Seventeen of his warriors fell; the rest, abandoning their pack-horses, and leaving a very considerable prize of peltry to the victors, fled. It must forever be regretted, that this encounter, in which consummate gallantry was displayed on both sides, did not terminate here; but, unhappily, a report, which the very nature of the attack rendered probable, produced the most dire catastrophe. It appeared incredible that Indians, accustomed for the most part to resort to stratagem for success, should, without the certainty of timely support, venture on so bold and hazardous an enterprise. An alarm was spread that the enemy from Savannah, led on by the gallant Browne, were at hand, hastening to support their allies; and twelve young warriors, who were prisoners, were doomed to die, lest they should join the expected assailants. The precipitancy of the order caused many a pang to the heart of the General, for before the falsity of the intelligence could be ascertained, the devoted victims were delivered up a sacrifice, and unresisting fell.—*Garden's Anecdotes of the Revolutionary War*.

### A Regular Stick.

A clever correspondent of the 'Yankee Blade,' writing from Alabama, is responsible for the following, which ought to be stereotyped:

'C. was a cute "Down-Easter"—a real live Yankee—always ready for a joke, and hard to beat. He was one day in a country bar-room "down South," where several persons were assembled, when one of them said:

'"Mr. C., if you go out and stick your penknife into anything, when you come back I'll tell you what it's sticking in."

'"Yer can't do no sich thing," responded C.

'"I'll bet you ten dollars of it," said the other.

'"Wall, I raydher guess I'll take that 'ere bet; here capting (turning to the landlord), hold stakes, and I'll e'en just make half a saw horse in less than no time."

'The parties deposited an X a piece, and C. went on his mission, but in a short time returned, saying—

'"Wall, nabor, what is it sticking in?"

'"In the handle," replied the Southerner, as he reached out his hand for the stakes.

'"Guess not; jest wait awhile," said the Yankee, as he held up the *handle* of his knife, minus the *blade*. "I kalkilate the blade can't be in the handle, when it's driven clean up in an old stump aside of yer road out there."

'Jonathan of course won the wager, and the Southerner sloped to parts unknown—amid roars of laughter.'—*The Inveterate*.

[Written for The Flag of our Union.]

### To a Sea Bird.

BY OSCAR DUNREATH.

Lonely dweller on the sea,
Would that I could follow thee,
O'er the ocean's foaming brine,
Where the billows brightly shine,
Above the wrecks and gems that sleep
In the bosom of the deep.

Yes, with thee my home I'd make
Where the foaming billows break,
And reposing on thy breast,
Wooing there my spirit's rest,
Count the stars that stud the sky,
Watch the amber clouds float by;
Till the sun in splendor rose
From his couch of night's repose.

Thus devoid of care and strife,
Which around this weary life
Throw a shade of darksome gloom,
Yielding not until the tomb
Closes o'er the mortal frame,
Leaving a forgotten name,
I would, through the livelong day,
Rest me on the seas away.

Give me, then, thy airy wing,
O, thou lonely ocean king!
That I may escape the din
Brooding o'er this world of sin.
O, there on the bounding deep
Would my weary spirit sleep,
Freed from sorrow and from care,
I would rest in quiet there,
On the broad and boundless sea,
Through life's changing hours with thee—
Give me, then, thy airy wing,
O, thou lonely ocean king!

### Yankee Shrewdness.

When the prospect of forming a large manufacturing town on the Merrimac river was in contemplation, some of the persons concerned sent up Mr. B——, a young gentleman skilled as an engineer, and who was also fond of sporting, to view the water privileges carefully, and to make inquiry as to the price of land in the vicinity. He went with his dog, gun and fishing-tackle, and obtained board at a farmer's house—a Mr. F.—and spent his time in viewing the falls, and the river, and grounds, with occasional fowling and fishing. After spending some time there, in talking with the farmer one evening, he told him that he liked the place very well, and thought that he should be pleased to come and live there.—The man said he should be pleased to have him.

'Well, Mr. F., what will you take for your farm?'

'Why, I don't want to sell it, Mr. B., nor would I, unless I can get twice what it is worth, as I am satisfied here, and don't want to move.'

'Well, what do you say it is worth, Mr. F.?'

'Why it is worth $1,500, and I wont sell it for less than $3,000.'

'That is too much,' said B., 'I can't give that.'

'Very well, you need not.'

Here the conversation ended. Mr. B. continued his sporting, and having received his instructions in the course of a few days, renewed his talk with Mr. F., and said to him, 'Well, Mr. F., I have made up my mind that I should like to live here very well, and though you ask so much, I will take up with your offer, and give you $3,000.'

'Why, as to that, Mr. B., you did not take my farm when I offered it to you, and I am not willing to sell it now for anything less than $6,000.'

'You are joking, Mr. F.'

'Not so, Mr. B., I am earnest, and I shan't continue my offer more than twenty-four hours.'

B. finding he was determined, went off for instructions, and the next day told Mr. F. he would give him $6,000. The purchase was made, deed passed, and money paid. Some time afterwards, Mr. B. asked the farmer what reason he had, in the course of a few days, to double the price for his farm, and to insist upon it.

'Why, Mr. B., I will tell you. A day or two after I offered you the farm for $3,000, I saw two men on the opposite side of the Merrimac river, sitting on a rock, and talking for some time. Then they returned, and seemed in earnest conversation for half an hour or more, when they arose and went away. I did not know what it meant, but I thought something was in the wind, and I determined, if you asked me again to sell my farm, I would demand double the price.'

Thus began the purchase of land upon which the city of Lowell has been erected.—*Aurora of the Valley*.

[Written for The Flag of our Union.]

### To my Wife.

BY EMERALD T. WILSON.

Dost recollect, my Charlotte dear,
How in our youthful days
To thee I spoke with childish fear,
In strains of ardent praise?
Dost call to mind the happy hours
We spent in blissful love;
When hand in hand we culled sweet flowers
In yonder beauteous grove?

And dost thou to that day revert,
That beautiful spring day—
When friends their friendship to assert,
Proclaimed thee Queen of May?
A little fairy then thou seemed,
Adorned with every grace;
Those eyes with angel lustre beamed,
And smiles bedecked thy face.

And does fond memory tell thee still
How every pleasant morn
We used to climb the sloping hill,
And amble on the lawn?
And how each fascinating night
We sailed upon the bay,
And watched the moon's delicious light
Commingling with the spray?

But childhood's days have long since past,
Youth's vernal season gone;
And she who filled my youthful heart
Shall now employ my song.
The little girl with whom I played
Has reached that point of life
Which robs her of the name of maid,
And gives her that of wife!

### Not Guilty.

A lawyer in a neighboring parish, celebrated for his talent and shrewdness, was applied to by a criminal to defend him for the commission of a flagrant offence, punishable with imprisonment for life. The lawyer told his client that he feared his ingenuity could not save him; that the facts were too plain. 'But,' said he, 'as a last resort, get your friends to have a horse ready near the court house door—and if the jury find you guilty, you must break for it.'

The trial came on, the case was argued, and the prisoner, getting as far from the seat of justice as he could, anxiously awaited his fate. The jury came in, and the prisoner prepared to hear his doom. The verdict was 'not guilty,' but the foreman of the jury pronouncing the word *not* almost in a whisper, the word *guilty* only reached the prisoner's ear. With one bound he cleared the bar, rushed out of the court house, mounted the horse, which he put to the best of his speed, and has never since been heard of—leaving the lawyer to whistle for his fee, and 'doing' his friends out of a first rate saddle nag.—*New Orleans Picayune*.

### A Kentucky Infant.

There is a youth living near Rumsey, Ky., who is a perfect monster in size, and is entitled to the appellation of the 'Kentucky infant,' being only fifteen years old, five feet three inches high, and measures six feet in circumference round the waist, three feet six inches round the thigh, two feet six inches round the calf of the leg, two feet two inches round the arm, and weighs five hundred pounds. He is another evidence of the extreme fertility of Kentucky and the luxuriant magnificence with which she does up things when she tries.—*Louisville Journal*.

There is quite a strife in Bridgeport to see who can build the highest steeples. The Congregationalists say that they will have the highest steeple in the State; a few days since, one of the Congregationalists met an Episcopalian, and pointing to their new church, now in the course of construction, he remarked, 'There, look at that high belfry. We shall put 160 feet more on the top of that, and then have the highest steeple in the State.' 'Yes,' replied the Episcopalian, 'and you would probably make it still higher if you could, but that is as high up as your society owns.'—*Albany Express*.

In a lake in Grant county, Indiana, covering some three or four hundred acres, a singular looking fish, it is said, was recently caught, weighing 1,800 pounds, its head alone weighing 300. This portentous wonder has been occasionally seen for several years, and was worshipped by the Indians as God. In one or two instances, his fishship had been known to have destroyed human beings, and now and then made a meal of a stout sheep or bullock going to the lake to drink. Rather hard to swallow that—the bullock, not the story of course.—*St. Louis Organ*.

The tranquillity of the Scotch in the most extraordinary circumstances, 'brings to mind,' says Colman, in his 'Random Records,' the incredible tale of the Scotchman's tumbling from one of those loftiest houses in the old town of Edinburgh. He slipped, says the legend, off the roof of a habitation sixteen stories high; and when midway in his descent through the air, he arrived at a lodger looking out at a window of the eighth floor, to whom (as he was an acquaintance) he observed, en passant, 'Eh, Saundy, mon, sic a fa' as I shall ha'!'

Pete Williams and Sip Johnson met in Chestnut street a day or two since, when the following colloquy took place:

*Sip*.—'Good morning, Mr. Williams.'

*Mr. Will*.—'Good morning, Sip; is you portering yet?'

*Sip*.—'Portering! well I isn't;—I is in de navy!'

*Mr. Will*.—'In de navy! How is dat?'

*Sip*.—'Why, I is cook *on de receiving ship*!'

An Irishman, who had been talking in rather ambiguous terms about the sudden death of his parental relative, was asked if he had lived high?

'Well, I can't say he did,' said Terence, 'but he died high.'

'Why, what do you mean?'

'Faith, I mean, that like the United States Bank, he was SUSPENDED!'

WESTERN WIT.—Try a horse trade here or an encounter of words if you wish to prove it, as did one of us the other day, when, chancing to pass by the boiler at the bath house, he asked with great simplicity of manner, of a strapping country fellow who stood by, 'What is that 'ar thing for?'—'Scalding hogs—wont you get in?' was the gruff and quick reply.—*Western paper*.

Two old gentlemen of our acquaintance were complimenting each other on their habits of temperance.

'Did you ever, neighbor,' said one, 'see me with more than I could carry?'

'No indeed,' was the reply, 'not I. But I have seen you when I thought you had better have gone twice after it.'

The Albany *Dutchman*, a new Sunday paper, speaking of the superior qualities of a candidate for aldermanic honors, says: 'In 1843, he was elected captain in the "bloody 246th"—an office which he discharged with signal ability. As a tactician, he had no superior in the regiment. He wheeled his company so short once, that he jerked all their coat-tails off.'

Benjamin Watkins Leigh, of Virginia, met an individual, who, on hearing his name, inquired if he had not a relative of the same name in a certain section of the country. 'Yes,' he said, and asked his condition in life. 'He has made a fortune,' replied the stranger, 'shaving paper.' 'Is it possible!' exclaimed Mr. Leigh; 'why, he left us a gentleman.'

A friend of ours, says the Marblehead Advocate, had his tax-bill 'stuck in his face,' last week, which was 'Pole Tax $1.50.' He therefore remarked to F——, our worthy Collector, 'that when he lived at either *Pole*, he would be willing to pay the *Pole* tax, but as he was now some number of degrees from it, he'd see him hung before he would pay it.'

The editor of an Iowa paper says that Burlington is 'a great place.' The *place* may be pretty big, but there are not many *houses* in it yet. We once saw the letter of a chap writing from a paper city, who said—'our town hasn't a large population just now, but there is a *great deal of land around it*.'

ACCORDING TO INSTRUCTIONS.—The counsel in a libel suit out West, urged the jury to make an example of defendant by giving exemplary damages, not for a love of money, nor a desire to have it, but for an example to all libellers. The jury returned a verdict of $450 for the plaintiff, '*not to be paid*.'

A wag was jogging home rather late and a little happy, when, passing by a dark alley a large two-fisted fellow stepped out, and, seizing him by the collar, demanded his money. 'Money!' said the wag, 'money! I have none—but if you wait a moment, I will give you my note at thirty days.'

We have heard that there are some remedies worse than the disease. We saw a man on Sunday who had taken a liquid which had been recommended to him for a cold, but which affected him so badly that he was unable to walk straight, and his tongue was swelled so that he could scarcely talk.

A man fell down on the side walk the other day, for the excellent reason that he was so drunk he could not stand, who turned to the bystanders and asked, 'Are our by-laws to be enforced, or not? I should like to know. Why in —— don't you put ashes on the side walks?'

There is nothing like notoriety in this world.—Wear a hat without a rim, or a coat with only one flap to it—live on pig's tails and salt, or keep a tame tiger—do something or other for notoriety, and if you don't get to Congress or some other place of worship, we are much mistaken.

A would-be tragedian was in the habit of getting drunk. A friend remonstrated with him, and appealed to his professed love for his wife as an inducement to reform. The inebriate 'struck an attitude,' and exclaimed, 'Not that I love Sarah less, but Rum more!'

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[WRITTEN EXPRESSLY FOR THE FLAG OF OUR UNION.]

## THE SPANIARD; or, THE CRUISER OF LONG ISLAND.

### A Story of Sunshine and Shadow.

BY FRED HUNTER.

[CONTINUED.]

### CHAPTER IV.

*The youth's astonishment. Old Willie recovers. His explanations and injunction. Clarence renews his request. The promise. Blanche, again. Old Willie informs his guest who she is. The old man gives Clarence an inkling of his history. Sailing of the 'Dart.' The adieu!*

THE position which Clarence found himself so suddenly placed in, was a critical one. He had had some little experience within the last two or three years which was valuable to him, but the scene wherein he was at this moment so conspicuous an actor he was totally unprepared for; although he had made up his mind to face the worst, come what might, after his miraculous escape from prison. He was utterly confounded, however, with the result of his present interview with his preserver; and the effect of his simple narrative—so trifling as it appeared to his own mind—astonished him! For an instant, he stood transfixed before the rigid form of Old Willie, and a thousand singular thoughts rushed through his mind—yet he felt that immediate *action* was necessary, for the relief of his friend.

But what could he do? He was alone with him, he had no means of egress from the apartment; there was not a window in the room, and so complete was the swoon into which he had fallen, that Clarence could not but fear that the stroke was fatal! Was it paralytic—apoplectic? Was it caused by some detail in his narrative? What could have occasioned this sudden and terrible blow? All was chaos to the mind of the unfortunate youth, when the idea suddenly flashed upon the brain of Clarence that Old Willie was *dead!* He would be found with him in that secret apartment, necessarily, in the course of a few hours—for he had not forgotten the promise of the young girl to return to the cabin, at evening; and he might be called to account for Old Willie's sudden decease! The idea nearly drove him mad. He would have shouted for aid, but he very well knew how useless would be such a course, in that lone region, where there were none to respond to his cries. His eye turned to the side-table, and he discovered a decanter; he seized upon it, and found it contained brandy. Instantly placing the mouth of the bottle to Old Willie's lips, he forced a quantity of the liquid into the throat of the old man, then seizing upon his wrist, his joy was incalculable to find that his pulse beat slowly! His return to consciousness was rapid, and Clarence had the satisfaction, in a moment longer, to see Old Willie struggle forward, and raise his palm to his forehead. The blood rushed to the old man's temples, he opened his eyes, and the first object which met his gaze was the figure of Clarence, who stood before him, holding his right hand affectionately between his own, and offering such other endearments and kind offices as the ardent youth deemed necessary and advisable.

'Thanks—Clarence,' said the old man, feebly; 'thanks! It is over, I am better. Be not alarmed, these attacks sometimes come upon me, when least expected. They are not frequent—it is many years since I have been so shocked,' continued Old Willie, with a deep-drawn sigh, 'but it is past; you are very kind—I am quite recovered, now.'

'I am rejoiced, my dear sir, to hear you say so. I had feared for your life.'

'It is nothing, nothing, young man. You may be sure, dear Clarence, that this frame ere now has passed through many a trying ordeal, else I had not been the lonely occupant of a hut like this; where I have passed a good many years, in comparative quiet—aloof from contact with that world, which I have found by sad experience, is deceitful, unjust, oppressive towards the many. There is much in my past life, Clarence, which I have regretted—much that I would recall, were it in my power, but no more, at present.'

'My dear sir, you have interested me deeply, and I would gladly learn so much of your history as you may think proper to confide to me. I have been candid with you, on my part; may I not ask that you will relate—'

'Not now, Clarence. Another time, perhaps,' said Old Willie, interrupting him. 'I have much to say to you regarding yourself, many suggestions to remind you of, touching your future course. Your safety is in peril, here—and I would ask if you have not changed your determination, in reference to the plan you proposed this morning?'

'No sir, I would renew my request for your influence in my behalf with the captain of the Dart, and as soon as you shall have recovered entirely, I beg you will endeavor to aid me. It is the last favor I would crave at your hands.'

'Rest content, then, in this respect, Clarence, and rely upon my services. It is now four o'clock. At evening I shall have another visit from the child who called this morning upon me; but for worlds, dear Clarence, I would not have you speak in her presence of aught that has happened here, to-day.'

'I understand. But pray who is this little fairy? You called her "daughter," *Blanche*, I think.'

'She calls me, "father," too, you may have noted. But we are not related.'

'No?' said Clarence, astonished.

'No. She dwells full three miles hence, and some five years or more have passed away, since I chanced to meet her at her guardian's home, upon the sea-side. She is a sweet girl, a tender-hearted bird, who loves me; and when the day is mild and warm, she often comes to me, and gathers flowers by the way, or brings some grateful morsel that she deems may tempt my palate. She calls me "father Willie," and I love her, Clarence, as warmly as if she were my own.'

The conversation ceased, and Clarence reflected. The beautiful girl who had so interested him, was a mere child comparatively in years, not having yet reached her sixteenth birth-day. But her *form* was graceful as the young fawn's, her eye was clear and brilliant as the gazelle's, her fair skin, her shining tresses, her musical voice—had struck a chord in his heart, which until now had lain dormant. Yet what was that gentle being to him? He was an outcast, a runaway; he stood charged with the commission of a degrading, infamous crime—and there was but one course left to pursue! He felt that his escape from the storm which threatened him must be rendered certain, and that no time must be lost in its accomplishment.

An hour before sunset Blanche made her appearance, but her stay was brief at Old Willie's cot. She noted a change in her friend's appearance, but he was cheerful and kind as ever toward her, and she tripped away long before nightfall again, the old man having assured her that he was perfectly well. Clarence had not spoken with her, but his eyes followed her footsteps across the threshold, and his heart told him audibly that his impressions in reference to that fair young creature were by no means of an ordinary character!

The evening meal was discussed, and Old Willie, who had been absent some two hours previously, at once recurred to the proposition which Clarence had made him in the morning.

'For the last three years, young man,' said his host, 'I have lived in this cot, alone—and save the occasional visits I have been favored with by little Blanche, and one other person, no foot save your own has crossed this humble threshold. During the period I have named, the secret apartments connected with my premises (for there are such, which you have not seen) have been the receptacles of valuable goods of divers descriptions, brought hither from time to time, stealthily, and which have been placed in my charge for safe keeping or disposal, as opportunity presented; and, much as it may astonish you, I may say with safety that few beings, in these troublous times, are the rightful possessors of greater wealth than the unostentatious proprietor of the little cabin in which you are at this moment sojourning!'

Clarence was again totally unprepared for any confession of this character, and he gazed in wonder upon the strange being who addressed him.

'You start, young man—and listen with astonishment at this admission. What I have stated to you is true. I say these valuables have found their way hither, by stealth; but do not understand that the property is necessarily *stolen*, however. Not a guinea's worth has ever been received by me, which has not been obtained legally. You were right in your conjectures, last evening. The schooner you attempted so recklessly to board, *is a cruiser*; and during the war which has now been brought to a final close, she has roamed the waters, in the vicinity of our coast, rarely absenting herself more than a month or six weeks at a time, and her success as a privateer has been almost incredible.'

'And you are the owner of the Dart?'

'No. I have not a farthing's pecuniary interest in her; but it has been found necessary that her valuable cargoes, upon reaching this country, should be quietly stored for the time being, and afterwards judiciously disposed of, as markets offered. This duty—dangerous and perplexing at times—has devolved upon me; and, the share of returns I have realized from my management, and occasional speculations, has amassed for me a splendid fortune.'

'I should scarcely have suspected anything of the sort,' said Clarence, half incredulously.

'I could satisfy you, were it necessary, young man—but I place myself in the power of one who *might* harm me. I have said this much to you, in confidence. You have not the power to abuse that confidence, were you so inclined, which I frankly confess to you, I believe is not your disposition—'

'My dear sir—I trust—'

'No promises, no protestations, Clarence. You are in my power. You may never know me, we shall soon part, and we may never meet again; but I possess your secret, mark me! Clarence, the secret of your life!'

'Really, sir; I do not comprehend—'

'I know it, nor can you, at present. Your safety requires that you go hence, at once; but should you take it upon yourself to disclose the little I have entrusted to your ear, to-night, the worst will be your own. Before another sun will have risen and set again, you will have left this place, you will have fled from the scene where you are now hemmed in by peril; and this hand which may press your own at parting, may never again be raised to succor or assist you. Within three days, the immense quantity of valuables now stored within sound of my voice, will have been safely secured beyond the possibility of being recovered or found by any hand save my own, or by those who may hereafter be instructed by me. Keep your counsels, then, save yourself future trouble, forget the past, and look only to your own advancement in the paths of honor and virtue.'

The impressive manner of Old Willie, the earnestness of his advice, the tone of his expression, had its intended effect on the mind of Clarence, who deemed his preserver a most extraordinary man; and he resolved to follow the counsel thus given him, and to profit by the suggestions thrown out, if possible. He was gratified, too, at the hint thrown out by Old Willie in regard to his early departure, a matter which he deemed of the very last importance to him.

'I gather from your remarks, my good sir, that you have been kindly instrumental with the commander of the Dart, in securing me a position, in which I shall endeavor to acquit myself creditably, and for which I shall ever hold myself your debtor,' said Clarence at length.

'I have already informed you that I have no interest in the vessel. Since the Declaration of Peace, her letter of marque expires, and her business is over. The Dart is a beautiful craft, and from her build you may imagine she is a capital sailer. She has already given evidence of this in many a long chase, over the waters about us. Her commander informs me that he will take her immediately to Europe, and indeed he has determined to set sail, at once. If you wish it, you are free to take passage in her to London.'

'The very spot I would visit above all others,' said Clarence, quickly. 'In the British metropolis, I can no doubt carve my way up once more; and redeem myself from the imputations which rest upon my name, unfortunately at home.'

'Be it so—all is arranged; she will sail at the turning tide, to-morrow morning—and now, Clarence, good night;' said Old Willie, who had been preparing to go out for some minutes. The panel opened in the wall, and the youth found himself once more alone. Within a few minutes, a light barge was seen to leave the shore, rowed by two men, and in the stern of which sat the waterman, who was bound to the schooner close by. Arriving on board, he descended directly to the cabin, where the captain of the Dart was evidently awaiting him.

'Bear-a-hand, captain,' said Old Willie, quickly, 'and at midnight have the run of the schooner cleared. The tide serves at early noon to-morrow, and the weather promises fairly to-night. It is important that you get away as soon as may be.'

'There will be no delay. Before morning, the remainder of the cargo can be removed readily, and we shall be prepared. Is the stranger notified of your intentions?'

'He will be on board in season.'

'I understand you, clearly.'

'You will land him at Bristol. He desires to proceed to London, but he will manage that. I would have him kept aloof, as much as possible, from contact with those whose curiosity may tempt them to ask intrusive questions, and I know *you* so well, captain, that I need only say to you that the young gentleman I entrust to your care, during this voyage, is one in whom I feel more than an ordinary interest. He is worthy, I think—capable, well-disposed. He desires to see the world—and his history is of no consequence to you.'

'I appreciate your hint, sir—and will ask no questions.'

'Thanks, you understand me, precisely. Good night.'

'Good night,' said the captain, and Old Willie left at once for the shore. Before daybreak, the balance of the choice cargo on board the Dart had been transferred to the 'stores,' and at sunrise, none would have suspected, to glance at the little schooner, now lying so quietly upon the bosom of the narrow channel of the inlet, that within two days, full thirty thousand dollars worth of silks, laces, jewelry and specie, had been taken from her run and private lockers! Yet such was the fact—and one third of its value fell, per agreement, as many other cargoes had done before it, to the share of the apparently poverty-stricken waterman, Old Willie!

But morning came, and Clarence was already prepared to depart. Some wholesome hints had been thrown out by his preserver, the state of his finances had been looked into, and Old Willie urged upon his new acquaintance the acceptance of a well-filled purse. But Clarence was already comfortably provided, he fancied, in this respect, and he positively declined the generous offer.

The signal for sailing was run up to the mainmast peak, on board the Dart, and the schooner soon got under weigh. Clarence took an affectionate leave of his kind and timely friend, who had already accompanied him on board, and who presented him in warm terms to the captain. Old Willie was taken ashore in the barge, the boat returned, and the Dart moved gracefully out into the Sound.

Clarence stood upon the quarter-deck, and as the schooner turned away upon her outward course, he cast his eyes back to the shore, toward the spot on which he left behind him one of the few *real* friends he had found in his brief experience. Upon the high projecting rock which overlooked the broad Sound, and from which, but two nights since, he had plunged into the open sea—the youth now beheld two figures, who stood anxiously watching the departing vessel. They were Old Willie and his lovely visiter, the charming Blanche! She had come to inquire after the old man's health, and reached the shore just as he had returned from the Dart, after parting with Clarence.

Old Willie raised his cap high over his head, and his long locks waved in the freshening breeze, as he gave the beauteous vessel and her precious charge a fervent 'godspeed!' Poor Clarence strained his streaming eyes, and continued to wave his hand to his honored friend, until the schooner had shot far away, upon the bright blue waters, careering and dancing on, as she now was, briskly before the promising gale. And the gentle Blanche had caught the mania, too! She glanced towards the vessel, she recognized the young stranger who had impressed her so favorably at the cot, she saw the tear which glistened in Old Willie's eye, and though she knew nothing of the youth, his history, or his destination, yet *she*, too, from the depths of her gentle, loving heart, gave Clarence and the 'Dart,' godspeed! The last object which met the gaze of the exile on the shore, as the schooner doubled the bold headland of the island, was the waving 'kerchief of that innocent girl, who thus bade a kind adieu to one to whom she had never spoken!

The vessel disappeared, Old Willie returned thoughtfully to his humble cot, and Blanche observed that his heart was heavy. She intruded upon him no questions therefore, but parted with him affectionately at the door. Blanche turned towards her home, and the waterman having reached his private apartment, instantly set himself down to execute the preliminaries to the most important scheme of his adventurous life!

### CHAPTER V.

*The 'Strange Lady,' and her residence. A letter from Clarence Defoe. Mrs. Mary D——, of Westchester. The visiter and his mission. The plan of Old Willie to obtain her secret. Who is she? The interview with Lawyer Forster, and its satisfactory result!*

AT the moment the Dart passed from view upon her outward bound voyage, and as Old Willie sat himself down to mature the plans he had determined on, from the instant he came to consciousness in the presence of Clarence Defoe—there sat an individual in a lonely chamber in the village of Westchester, a few miles from New York city, who brooded in silence over a misfortune which had but recently occurred, and the end of which as yet was undetermined. That person was the female friend who had so generously caused the release of Clarence from prison.

This woman had numbered nearly two-score years, and though she had seen much of sorrow in her day, she did not seem so old by several years. Her face and form still retained the roundness and fullness of youth, her long silken locks fell gracefully over her polished neck and shoulders, her teeth were white and perfect, her eye was still brilliant, and her address as fascinating as at eighteen. She had entered the village but a little time previously, none knew whence she came, or what was her previous story; and though considerable curiosity in regard to her was evinced among the gossiping portion of the little town she had chosen for her temporary residence, yet such was her dignified and lady-like bearing, that none attempted to intrude upon her griefs, or question her intentions.

She had secluded herself altogether from society, and her name was entirely unknown in the village. She was strict and decorous in her deportment, the tongue of scandal found no opportunity to indulge itself at her expense, and thus she continued to live in quietness and solitude, until on the third morning after the departure of Clarence for London—some six weeks subsequently to her arrival in the village, the postman halted at her door with a letter, addressed to '*Mrs. Mary D——, Westchester.*'

This letter had come from New York city during the night, and the postmaster ventured to forward it to the 'strange lady,' as she had previously been denominated—not knowing whether it belonged there, by any means—but suspecting this, from the fact that he had never seen the superscription before. The strange lady answered the postman's summons instantly, acknowledged it was for herself, and the carrier departed, the letter having been pre-paid. Repairing at once to the privacy of her own chamber, she quickly broke the seal, and read as follows—without date:

'DEAR LADY:—How can I find words to thank you for the kindness you have rendered me—how can I express to you the everlasting obligations I am under to your memory, for my deliverance! To what strange circumstance in my career, can I possibly be indebted, for the interest you have thus taken in the fate of one personally unknown to you!

'I have turned back the leaves of my memory, and have looked—O, how ardently! but in vain, among the numerous friends and acquaintances of my youth, for the sweet face which greeted me in my lonely prison, and [illegible] liberty. The voice sounded somewhat familiar, and tracing back in my recollections to the hours of my extreme youth, I have fancied that those musical tones had more than once before greeted my ears.

'But, lady! I may have drawn upon my imagination, and erred in this. Yet, be it as it may, whatever may have prompted you thus to have perilled your own character and person, for my sake, I pray you believe me, I shall ever bear your image in most grateful remembrance. I trust, lady, the same good fortune which brought us in contact at so singular a juncture, may bear you safely out of the danger you assumed for me, and that I may live to meet you again, to thank you in person for your kindness.

'Since you have shown so lively an interest in my fate, it may be gratifying to your kind heart to learn that the object of your solicitude *is safe!* Ere this can reach your hands, the oppressed, unhappy youth whom you have so humanely aided, will be beyond the reach of those who would crush him. The bark which will bear me away from this scene of trouble and sorrow, will shortly leave these shores, and should no evil overtake us, a few brief weeks will land me in England, where I trust, I may be more fortunate, hereafter.

'At parting, then—dear lady, permit me to renew, in the fullness of a grateful heart, my earnest thanks to you for your unlooked for, unexplained kindness. The charge against me is false—it will yet appear so, be sure of it, lady! But if the proof of my innocence be not otherwise forthcoming—though these were my dying words—before God, lady—trust me, I am innocent!

'Adieu, my kind, my lovely deliverer. The day will come when we shall meet again, peradventure, under other, happier circumstances; when you will not be ashamed to acknowledge the now branded burglar—when I shall be proud to claim you as foremost among my *friends*. Once more, then, accept my thanks and my homage; and believe me that whatever of joy or woe is left to this poor heart in the future, the recollection of your generosity, and the gentle smile of your lovely face, will ever hold the first place in the grateful bosom of

CLARENCE DEFOE.'

'P. S. I may add that quite as unexpectedly as was *your* kindness to me, has also been that of a friend I chanced to fall upon, on the island; through whose favor I have been sheltered for three days, and to whom I am indebted for a passage to Europe. He is called here "Old Willie," but who he is, I have no means of determining. He is a man of great wealth, though he seems wretchedly poor. He has engaged to deliver this note in New York, for me. Adieu!'

At the instant the postman turned from the door of the 'strange lady,' the figure of a man somewhat advanced in years appeared upon the corner of the road just beyond the lady's residence, and toward which the carrier advanced. The gentleman hailed the man respectfully, and after a commonplace inquiry, made bold to ask if he had not just left a letter at the residence, below.

'Yes, I did,' said the man, plainly.

'It was addressed to "Mrs. Mary D——."'

'You are right, sir.'

'Was the lady at home?'

'I supposed so.'

'To whom did you deliver the letter?'

'To herself, as near as I know.'

'Thank you, good morning,' said the stranger, passing along. The postman wondered who the man could be, but these questions were by no means uncommon in reference to the 'strange lady,' and moving forward, he soon forgot the occurrence.

The gentleman walked to the door of the cottage where the letter had just been left, glanced at the windows, the blinds of which were all closely drawn—and as if he had suddenly changed his mind, he continued on. He had determined upon visiting 'Mrs. D——,' for he was curious to know what associations there were existing between that lady and another acquaintance of his. He was a very handsomely dressed man, and moved with the gait of youth. A costly cloak draped his person, the collar of which was raised to his eyes; but had any one passed who knew this individual, and could have peered beneath that cloak, they would have had no difficulty in recognizing the stranger's face. It was Old Willie—the waterman of Long Island Head.

Clarence had handed him the letter, at the last moment, and he had promised to deliver it in New York city. He had done so, at his leisure, but he followed it instantly to its destination, resolved, if possible, to see the lady to whom it was addressed, for the purpose of further explanations.

For an hour succeeding the departure of the Dart, Old Willie had busied himself in his private room at the cot, in the arranging of certain documents, the preparation of sundry orders for future execution, and in reflection upon the important measures he was about to adopt. At dusk, he was prepared to set forth upon the commencement of his mission; and having communicated with a trusty confidante, in whose hands he placed the care of his unfinished business—he started on foot towards the centre of the forest, where he had arranged to have a conveyance in readiness to bear him at once to New York. An hour after midnight, he crossed the East River in a small open boat, and repairing at once to the post office, he mailed the letter written by Clarence, and took lodgings at an obscure hotel on the banks of the Hudson. At daylight, he took passage on board a schooner for Westchester, where he arrived about two hours after the night mail had come up.

Establishing himself near by the post office, he watched the comers and goers for an hour, and having previously made such inquiries as satisfied him in regard to the probable residence of the person he was so desirous to see, he waited patiently for the appearance of the postman, who came forth at last, and whose tracks he followed, until he deposited the letter at the strange lady's dwelling; when he accosted the carrier as we have stated, and learned all that he desired, for the moment.

But the lady still held in her trembling hand the affectionate letter from Clarence, which she had perused over and over again, amid her fast flowing tears—tears of mingled love, gratitude for his escape, sorrow for his misfortune.

'Poor Clarence!' she said, 'unfortunate, innocent Clarence Defoe—how little do you know the motives which prompted the sacrifice I made for you. Little can *you* feel, Clarence, how terribly this heart is wrung with grief for your ill-timed mishap, and your present exile from your home! So long as I could have dwelt near you, so long as I could have looked upon that loved face, even when you knew it not—and passed the gazer by, in utter heedlessness—still was there *hope*; still, Clarence, I could watch you, and could know at least that you were happy. But *now all is lost!*' and the lovely woman gave vent to her sorrow, in a fresh flood of tears.

Sitting near the window, she raised her head, and suddenly observed the figure of a strange person, enveloped in a heavy cloak, whose movements as she watched him through the lattice, disturbed her. He gazed at the house, walked on, and then returned, as if uncertain in his purpose; but plainly anxious in reference to the premises or its occupant. She had not the remotest idea who it could be, yet the secluded life she had led in the village must have occasioned the curiosity he evinced, she conceived; but her annoyance was changed to alarm, as she reflected a moment—and her mind was at once made up.

The man in the cloak passed on, and the lady saw him no more. At evening, the stranger returned, however, and approaching the door of the strange lady's residence, he knocked and waited for a reply to his summons. An intelligent servant opened the door to Old Willie.

'I would see the lady who resides here,' said the visiter.

'There is no lady here.'

'Mrs. Mary D——'

'I understand you, sir. She is gone.'

'*Gone!*' exclaimed Old Willie, in astonishment.

'Yes, sir.'

'Whither?'

'I do not know. She left town at noon to-day.'

'When will she return?'

'Not at all, sir. She has left the village entirely. Where she hails from, who she is, or whither she travels, is a mystery. She has been in the town but a few weeks, and no one knows anything of her. I understood her to say she was about to set out on a journey somewhere, however.'

'This is very singular,' observed Old Willie, reflecting.

'So we all think, sir. But her agent, perhaps, can explain matters to you.'

'What is *his* name?'

'Forster—Lawyer Forster. He resides up in the village.'

The stranger turned away, the woman closed the door, and proceeded to adjust the furniture in the house; for the cottage had been rented to a new tenant, who would enter it on the morrow!

Old Willie lost no time in ascertaining the whereabouts of Lawyer Forster, to whom he at once made known his business. With professional brevity, the legal gentleman informed the stranger that he had no possible means of communicating any satisfactory information in reference to the person he inquired for, the lady having so managed her affairs as to elude all investigation.

'On her arrival here, six weeks ago,' said the lawyer, 'I received by post a small remittance from an unknown source in New York, which I was commissioned to expend for this lady's comfort and support, the same being placed in my hands subject to her own order, from time to time, as she might have occasion to use it. The amount was advanced as a monthly allowance, it seemed, for just thirty days afterwards, I obtained through the mail another letter, in the same handwriting, covering a similar sum. She drew upon me for all her payments. I was handsomely remunerated for my trouble, and it is not our province, sir, under such circumstances, to be unnecessarily inquisitive. This afternoon, however, I received very unexpectedly, this note from the lady—who, by the way, has been absent in New York for three or four days past—and you will learn by this letter all I know about her future intentions.' Old Willie took the paper from the hands of the lawyer, and read as follows:

'MR. FORSTER:—Important matters call me suddenly away from your pretty little village. I shall leave town within the hour, and shall not return. I am not aware that there any outstanding debts against me, save the rent of the cottage, which I am bound to pay for the current month. Please adjust this, from the funds now in your hands; pay yourself for your trouble, and should there be anything remaining, bestow it upon the poor widow who called upon you, with my trifling order, week before last. Respectfully,

MRS. MARY D——.'

'This is certainly, very singular,' said Old Willie.

'Yes,' continued the lawyer, mechanically.

'Good night, sir,' observed the stranger, after a moment's pause; and he returned to New York that very evening.

### CHAPTER VI.

*The turnkey and his new prisoner. The innocence of Clarence. Old Willie is disappointed. Disposal of property. Old Willie's great wealth. Blanche again. Voyage of the Dart. She arrives at Bristol. London. Clarence. The 'Fox and Cub.'*

NOT until the next morning after the escape of Clarence, at the breakfast hour, were any suspicions excited in the mind of the jailer, regarding the *ruse* by which the youth had been liberated; but when the turnkey entered the cell of his late prisoner to serve the morning meal, his surprise was great at beholding a new face there! He instantly dropped the vessel he held in his hand, and for a moment he stood gaping at the person who had taken the place of Clarence, in dumb amazement. Finding his tongue at length—

'Who are *you?*' he exclaimed.

'I am your prisoner,' replied the friend of Clarence.

'No you ain't, nuther.'

'I repeat, I *am*.'

'I say *no*. Where's the feller I had here?'

'Safe, thank God!' said the friend, quickly.

'Well, who are *you?*'

'I am his friend.'

'What are you?'

'A woman!'

'A *what?*'

'I have answered all the questions I shall submit to, Mr. Turnkey,' continued Mrs. D——, calmly. 'Now, sir, your prisoner is gone, I have assumed his place; if any law is offended, I will submit to the penalty. You can now take such a course as you think proper. I shall answer no further interrogatories.'

'Look you, my fine 'ooman,' said the jailer, roughly; 'you mustn't go for to think you'll git along, with no such nonsense as that 'ere. Where's the feller gone to?'

But the woman ceased to speak, and the turnkey, having threatened loudly that he 'reckoned she'd find her tongue afore long,' stepped quickly out, double-barred the door after him, and forthwith proceeding to head quarters, he made known the facts in this curious case.

But on the same day, when the court opened, and the under-sheriff had just informed his honor of the queer escape of young Defoe, it was rumored about that the ringleader of the burglars had turned State's evidence, the night before, and he had sworn distinctly that Clarence had nothing at all to do with the robbery, in any way; a gentleman had also come forward, who was prepared to give evidence that he saw the youth for an hour during the night on which the bank had been entered, which happened to be the very hour during which the indictment charged that the crime had been committed!

It was also quickly bruited about that a young and beautiful female lay in the prisoner's cell since his escape, and the gallantry of the New York Bar was very soon exhibited. A strong appeal was made for lenity towards the woman who connived at Defoe's escape; more particularly on the ground of the late prisoner's innocence, for the County Attorney had notified the court that he should enter a *nol prosequi* in the case of Clarence; and on the second day after her young friend had escaped, his liberator was informed that she was at liberty! She returned immediately to her residence in Westchester, where she awaited the arrival of the letter from Clarence, with the most anxious solicitude. It came; we have seen its effect; and leaving Mrs. Mary D——, to pursue her journey for the present, we will now turn once more to our unsuccessful friend, Old Willie; who, as we have said, arrived again in New York, on the evening of the day the 'strange lady' left her dwelling in the village, so unaccountably.

All the details of the escape of Clarence, together with a full description of his romantic and youthful female friend, were now in Old Willie's possession, the press having dilated largely upon this singular adventure. He learned, too, with the deepest satisfaction, that there was no longer any doubt of the innocence of the unfortunate young man, who was now far away, however, and who knew nothing of this change in his favor.

The feelings of Old Willie were wrought up to the highest pitch, and he would have given any sum to have got at the bottom of this mystery. Moreover, the confession which Clarence had so unwittingly made at the old man's cabin—the name of Caroline Vanwert—still rung in his ears, and he now concluded that there existed some mysterious connection between the youth and certain parties he had once known, which might possibly be cleared up, could he have ascertained who was this same 'Mrs. Mary D——.' But he had allowed the opportunity when he might have met her, to slip by; and when he had at length gathered sufficient courage to venture to call at the cottage (for, in reality, his heart had failed him in his first attempt), the lady was gone! Sad was his disappointment, but he found it necessary to turn his present attention to other matters, of serious import to his future welfare.

On the following night, therefore, agreeably to appointment, Old Willie entered a back room in a small retired public house in New York—known by the name of the 'China Mug.' It was a respectable lodging-house of the lower order, and the apartment spoken of, had been pre-engaged by his agent, for the transaction of some important business between them. His confidential man had already arrived, and greeting Old Willie in a respectful tone, they proceeded at once to conclude the affair which they had in hand.

'Now, Grafton, what success?'

'Everything has been done agreeably to your directions, sir. The cargo of the Dart, on the final trip, was a pretty affair. We have removed all the valuables to the spot you designated, and such as you ordered to be disposed of during the last week, have found the market we sought; the proceeds in cash have been deposited to your credit as usual.'

'And what balances, Grafton—are now on hand?'

'The total is some sixty thousand dollars of ready money, here, and in Philadelphia. Your stocks will realize as much more, since peace is declared—and besides these, the real estate—'

'No matter, Grafton, I do not care for particulars. There is still a very considerable amount of valuables to be got rid of, and the parties who are interested with me in the unsold goods, are anxious for their dividends. The war is over, the schooner's commission is out, of course—and there is nothing more for us to do. Have an inventory of all the stock taken, at once, and I will see that it is turned into money as soon as may be. Make up your own account, too—you have been faithful, Grafton, for the last seven years, and you will find that I shall not forget an old servant.'

'Thank you, sir. When will it please you to look at the schedule?'

'To-morrow night, at this place.'

'I will be ready for you, sir,' said Grafton, and Old Willie bade him good evening. The old man had been in active business-life for many years, and he now counted his fortune by hundreds of thousands!

Within a fortnight the business had been concluded, the immense quantity of valuables which had been accumulating for years, and which remained on hand, were disposed of—the money was profitably invested—the amounts due others were paid over—Grafton was rewarded for his fidelity—and Old Willie informed his friends that he should now proceed to retire, and enjoy the fruits of his long years of labor. Grafton was settled in a comfortable establishment at Brooklyn, and was forthwith installed as Old Willie's 'man of business.' The deeds of the real estate, the control of the stocks and scrip, and the general management of affairs, was left to his judgment, as heretofore, and time slipped by.

Three weeks after the departure of Clarence, the guardian of little Blanche sickened and died. It was a heavy blow to her gentle young heart, for she was now alone in the world; her parents having long been dead. But while she mourned the loss of this friend, Old Willie—whom she had not seen for weeks before—suddenly made his appearance the day after the burial, at the maiden's humble home. She was overjoyed to meet him once more, and tears gushed from her eyes, when she told him her tale of woe.

'Dry your tears, sweet Blanche,' said the kind-hearted old man—'and be my daughter, from this hour.'

'O, dear father Willie, how have I missed you, since you ran away so suddenly! For two long weeks, day after day, I visited your little cot. At first I thought you ill—for you remember you were not well the last evening I saw you, and when I reached the door and found it closed, my heart sunk within me, for I thought you would not complain, and might be there all alone, and die, perhaps, for lack of nursing.'

'Dear child!' said Willie, kindly.

'And then I feared to knock loudly, for thoughts of disturbing you; and so I went and came away, for many days. At last I rapped, and called you—but I found you were gone! And then, be sure of it, dear father Willie, I was very sad.'

'Fear no more, Blanche—you shall go *home* with me, to-day.'

'Home! O, that will be so nice,' said the girl, in her innocence. 'We will live so happily at the little cot. And I will take care of you when you are ill, sing to you when you are well, and gather flowers for you every morning—from the little garden! And you will now be my father, really! O, we shall be so very happy!'

If Old Willie loved the gentle Blanche before, he thought her a very angel now; and pressing her to his heart, he promised to protect her.

'But come, daughter—your bonnet, now, and we will take a ride beyond these sterile precincts, and see the green fields. You have rarely been from home, I fancy, Blanche?'

'No, not for years—except to visit you.'

'Come,' said the old man, as he handed her into his beautiful vehicle; and they were soon moving along on a passably good road, towards Brooklyn.

'This is not the way to the cot, father?'

'No, daughter. We are going to see the bright fields and the pretty villages beyond us. Tell me, Blanche, if you would not love to see the town; to live in a great city, where you would make new friends; where you could be surrounded with companions, and where the enjoyments of life would be multiplied about you?'

'With you, father Willie?'

'With me—yes, daughter.'

'I could be happy anywhere with you, dear father; you who have always been so kind to me.'

'We shall return to the cot, no more, Blanche,' said Old Willie, pleasantly; 'you shall be my daughter; you shall live with me, journey with me when I journey, my home shall be your home; and we *will* be "very happy."'

Thus they made their compact, the tender orphan and that hitherto isolated man; a *compact between two honest hearts*. Blanche loved

Old Willie for his kindly treatment, and his benevolence; Old Willie loved the maiden for her innocence, her gentleness, her goodness of heart. They rode on, and ere nightfall, the father and the daughter had reached their home in York in safety.

Such had been the experiences of the stiff statesman in his own Grimbo, that he seldom communicated with her, except three or four times a quarter. He seemed wonderfully accustomed. Old Willie had proved his sagacity, beyond a doubt—and it was no question of surprise to the confidante at his sober but fortunate choice for absolute kingship from among them, that, in the course of a time, he had always been his banker. He never suffered himself to be questioned by any one, against his inclination—he lived how and where he cared to, possessed of convenience; and none knew his whereabouts from one day to another. Old Willie had his gossips, and generally, he was fortunate enough to now apply himself when he discovered in good hands for the time indeed.

In the meantime, the Dort proceeded under average, but indifferent, but adverse winds, and bad weather prevented her making the trip within a reasonable date. Upwards of six weeks passed away from the afternoon she took the steamer on the bank of the river Seine, on the road to the land again; and the regular London packet from New York, which got to sea nearly four weeks after her, had reached at Bristol two days before—young Clarence landed there. The voyage of the Dort had proved a weary one, and somewhat of a perilous; but happy to find himself safe upon firm soil once more, he shook hands with the captain of the schooner, and proceeded forthwith to the great metropolis.

O. Clarence Dobie!—As you are fast in that splendid city, the home of astronomy and wealth; the spot where poverty and wretchedness and misery dwell, as well—and where the splendid dissipation and miserable debauchery of a garden of pleasure and the den of wretchedness, London—that centre of virtue and crime, of happiness and misery, of wealth and poverty—that land where real hearts were beating by you, you—that bright eyes would glisten in your future presence—that there would be found those whose very lives were bound up in your soul; who existed, purely, hoped you would pass through the ordeal you were about to encounter, unscathed—that your heart, your soul, your mind was too much for your youthful heart! How little did you know, Clarence, what awaited you, if you were to be seven-fold into the mists of the snares by which you were beset!

Our hero had been advised to take lodgings at a small house in the suburbs, for the time being, and the length of his purse admonished him, also, that it would be prudent to observe a course of economy, until he should have determined upon his future conduct. He had no settled plan in view—he had desired only to escape from the spot where he believed himself ruined; and he must have found himself in the up-roar of a small but busy hotel, on the great road to London proper, where he had bespoke lodgings for the night.

In his purse were twenty sovereigns. The horse he represented at, was known as the "Fox and Cudy," a sort of sporting-hotel, near the city; and as he made his way across the bridge and discern a Welsh man-of, there were two gentlemen who entered the room, and to whom we will turn our attention more particularly, in the next chapter.

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## CHAPTER VII.

*The hotel in the suburbs. Clarence and the two visitors. Villainous schemes developed apace. The apartment is about to depart, when the disappearance of Mary Ann, the guiar restoration. Explanations and promises. Future plans.*

"HE 'Red Cob' was frequented by all sorts of 'flash' gentlemen, but it was not specifically well kept house, where you stepped throughout the entire arrangements. Yet, at almost any hour of the day or night, you may find at the 'Fox and Cudy' a good bed, tea enough to drown a cat in, and a chop, or a steak, or any more substantial meal you may require, to be had at a moment's notice. Some of the odds on the Derby; or who will get so figured with you through terms of years to come, on any subject almost, within the range of ordinary social intercourse, 'hedges,' 'outsiders,' 'or conclusions,' and many 'pigeons,' whom they are constantly searching for. The subject in this connection we will acquainted with every man of any note, in London—ay! and for fifty miles in the country round; and when a stranger comes to the 'Red Cob,' he should be wary. Mr. Clarence Dobie had been brought up in New York city, and he fancied himself somewhat upon all matters of 'life in London!'

We have said that shortly after the youth sat down to enjoy his evening lunch, there entered two men. The first one who came in, was a stout young man, apparently about five and twenty years old, who was attired fashionably, and who bore on the mien of a very respectable person, though his costume was of a "free and easy" character. He lounged in presently, accosted the landlord familiarly, and swung himself into a chair near the small table where Clarence was seated, but without offering the latter a word. He gazed upon the young stranger, however, for some time attentively, glanced at the paper, but kept silent.

The moment afterward, the other person alluded to, entered the tap-room, and gazing to his opposite on all of the apartment, called to it' sing of all. He took no notice of either landlord or the man sitting with him, but quietly proceeded to sip his ale, evidently at his ease, though he was probably a foreigner. He was a short and powerfully-made man, tall and straight in his figure, strong-limbed and quick in his movements. He might have been thirty-eight or forty years of age, perhaps something older, though he full and black beard and hair did not indicate that he had seen more than two score summers. His features were regular and handsome, his countenance was luminous, and the lively whiskers which nearly covered each face, gave him a rather florid aspect, at first sight—which however, however, on a closer inspection. His short cloak was thrown upon his shoulder with exquisite grace, and the dark, sunken eyes of his skin at once indicated the beholder that he was a Spaniard.

However Dobie was startled his head, the fashionable youth continued to read the journal before him, until the Spanish gentleman sipped his draught to silence. Once, the latter personage turned towards the two gentlemen who sat close to each other, upon the opposite side of the room, but he did not seem disposed to be curious; the sporting man but broke silence, addressing himself to Clarence (whom he had been eyeing over the top of the newspaper for some minutes), as the latter was about to rise from the table:

"Nice house, sir," ventured the sportsman.

"Yes, sir, very comfortable quarters," said Clarence, disposed for the moment to make the acquaintance of the youth, who was quite approaching in his deportment.

"A stranger here I" inquired his new friend.

"Yes, sir."

"From the country ?"

"No, sir. I am an American."

At the word, the other performed a somerset, and moving a little nearer the table, "Never been in London, sir?"

"Never, sir. My purpose is to proceed further in a few days."

"A nice place is London, sir."

"I have heard and read much of your great city."

"A very nice town,—but there is a deal of 'life in London' to be seen, sir, and, as you say, in visiting London, continued the young man.

"I have been told so by many persons."

A queer place is that same London, for one that is inexperienced, sir, I'll be bound," said the sportsman, in his own peculiar way.

"I have been told that by many. Dobie listen attentively to the kindly suggestions of his new acquaintance, who evidently had the welfare of the stranger at heart. Clarence remembered the old shipboard-politics, he questioned himself as to the propriety of placing confidence in any of his kindness, the former years in the city. The more unwary Dobie advanced to the bar to pay for his lunch—when the gentleman opposite his private conversing every shilling of his funds, was missing! Greatly embarrassed, he returned at once to his lodgings, intending to go to bed. But it was now he was confident he had placed it in his side pocket, when he came out, and he had not observed—and he now found himself alone, in a strange city, without a penny in pocket for his present or future wants!

The Dort's passenger-friends were stepping from the door of the Fox and Cub, a fussy hand was suddenly placed upon his arm, and a voice whispered in his ear, in the voice of the Spaniard, whose glittering eye seemed to penetrate his very soul:

"Young man! said the Spaniard, 'a word with you, if you please.'

"Well, I can hear it," replied the spectator, hesitating.

"Follow me, sir, at once," said the declaredstranged stranger, in a commanding tone.

"I am not used, yet, to—"

"Follow me, I say, Tom Watt, into the next street, I have something to say to you, for the other's eye; and in another moment, the two men were seated alone, in a small chamber, adjoining the tap-room. The Spanish gentleman had taken the precautions to turn the key in the door, as they passed through, and observing the dashing youth—

"Now, my accomplished scoundrel, Tom Watt," he said, vehemently, "you are a rebellious and ungrateful villain, and I have a mind to punish you for your conduct of late, and by bringing matters into discipline God's footstool with their presence, and who can tell the success of the earth, betraying upon the present epoch which can be wrung from the head of the unfortunate—

"Who are you, then confusedly crossing himself?

"Listen to me, Tom Watt," continued the Spaniard, fiercely, not heeding the other's interruption. "Twice within so many days, have I spared you of your peril, and twice have you been ungrateful enough—ay! and base enough, to betray the confidence I reposed in you! You have disregarded the voice of timely warning, and have dared to act upon the contrary of the written commands in Christ-Cristobal, your master. Now, by the holy virgin, you promised to desist in your pranks of lewdness—wrought, I feel you have again! You cannot elude my vigilance, Tom Watt, you do not, shall not know me. You hearkened, and you have not! You have been a lying traveller. But I have watched you closely, and I have found you out. Tom Watt, perfidious that you are—disregard it!

The Spaniard was accompanied with later emphasis, and Tom Watt beheld the hatred of his master written in the light which flashed from the round, as his contractor's hand was quickly withdrawn from his bosom.

"Now, my fellow, I have you!

"Ask me no questions, Tom Watt—but you have been playing me false, you have just received from the pocket of the youth in the tap-room."

"Why, sir, I—I—"

"You are a liar as well as a thief—Tom Watt," continued the Spaniard, in the tone of his own gloaming with excitement. "Perchance that purse, I say—or as there is a judge in heaven, there shall not pass out of this room, the pickpocket heard the sharp click of a trigger following his head behind him, and the voice of the piece of Clarence Dobie, with its twenty sovereigns, and it quietly upon the table before his account!

"Now you will dispense with my company, Tom Watt, I presume?

"Not yet. This money is not mine, it is not yours; but quietly restore the purse from whence the first belong, that I am aware of. You have been playing me false all—false to your trust, false to fate."

"Why I a-by," answered the thief, wildly.

"Hush! whispered the old gentleman, "not so much as a word. Obey me, or you are a dead man!

"Ha, ha!" laughed Tom Watt, apparently in the greatest of glee, "that is where you are mistaken, Don Cristobal—but no matter, I will restore the purse—it is only a joke!"

"Restore it no more in any way you please, but restore it instantly, or you are a dead man, Tom Watt, I never yet missed my aim! Attempt to escape, you will feel a bullet in your brain before you move!

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"Nothing? ejaculated the old gentleman, "you are to receive no 'why's but with your wish, and call it nothing?

"Nothing, sir, I swear it! Is two-and, ivory and silver, sir!"and the imperturbable.

"Then you have no reason why what it is, but don't you intend it as to my sac-again, sir? Answer me, sir, or—and the old gentleman, with some heat and suspension.

"O certainly not, sir—lovely not, if you require it! Tom Watt, with a sneer, to which apology the old gent vented a "simph" and "humph" which was heard by the Spaniard's neighborhood in a sort of "snap" whisper—and "Tom Watt, you are a fool!" he exclaimed.

These half-recalled fellows, meeting above their heads.

This little performance attracted some attention from the passengers; a couple of young men in the neighborhood were secured to the chisel to laugh at the matter as a very good joke, and the landlord, who was present, and the men—whose mutual lumps were apparently the only sufferers, began a rubs-dub style of fingers upon the window glass, and with a sort of vague expression of "what's up?" and eyes with the tambourine thrown in! Some of the listeners were rather delighted others puzzled. Boys came running to rank, and fellows eared. Several gathered in the cabin engaged in writing, and about the only complete in the cabin, mused his head, and looked as if he were a good deal puzzled at the and the boys came's herb, and seemed a little lost with the "Fox and Cudy" in the crowd, more musical, sharper and plainer sounds. Boys came running to rank, and fellows eared. Several and colored heads were thrust forth from the adjacent berths to listen to

# THE FLAG OF OUR UNION.

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F. GLEASON, PROPRIETOR.

MATURIN M. BALLOU, EDITOR.

☞ The terms of The Flag of our Union are $2 00 per annum, invariably in advance. The paper is always discontinued at the expiration of the time paid for. See imprint on the last page.

☞ All communications designed for publication in the paper, must be post paid, and addressed to F. GLEASON, *Boston, Mass.*, Proprietor of The Flag of our Union.

### To our Correspondents.

'A Frontier Story,' being a true tale of border life, by LIEUTENANT MURRAY, shall appear next week.

'The Dream,' a poem, by INCOGNITO, JR., is filed for the Olio column.

'The Black Flag,' a sea story, by SYLVANUS COBB, Jr., is filed for our next number.

'The Beautiful Child,' a poem, by CAROLINE M. WHITNEY, accepted.

'Bribing a Justice,' a humorous sketch, by SOLOMON SAGELY, shall appear next week.

'The Madman,' a poem, by JOHN F. WEISHAMPEL, Jr., filed for next number.

'Imagination and Reality,' a prose sketch, by EBENEZER, filed for insertion.

'The Prodigal,' a tragedy in verse, by PETER PEPPERGRASS, shall appear next week.

'Saturday Night,' a prose sketch, by Mrs. E. WELLMONT, shall find a place in our next.

'Despondency,' a poem, by C. B., accepted.

'Lines written for a Lady's Album,' by BENJ. H. FERNALD, shall appear next week.

'The Voice from Heaven,' a poem, by A. M. LANGDON, filed for the next number of the Flag.

'Time changes Home,' 'Hat Homage,' 'A Yankee,' 'I had a little Sister,' 'On the death of a Brother,' and 'The Hudson,' are respectfully declined.

### Starting a Newspaper.

It will be remembered by the reader that we promised in a former number to say a few words upon this subject. The fact is, there is a certain fascination about newspaper enterprise which attracts adventurers to their ruin, as the flame of a candle does the silly moths that hover around it, attracted by its blaze.—In this age of newspapers, a few publishers, combining energy, talent, capital and enterprise, have attained brilliant success and opened for themselves the high road to the temple of fortune. One such example sets a hundred would-be imitators all agog. Why may not they go and do likewise? A young man who possesses a knowledge of the gentle art of Faust, and a capital of three or four hundred dollars, instead of plodding on in the safe and sure routine of professional industry, with a fair prospect of a competency at the close of his career, abandons his legitimate destiny, and determines to 'start a paper.' He hires an office, buys type and press and fixtures, absorbing his capital before his wants are half supplied. Then he has to resort to the fatal system of credit, and 'runs his face' for the supply of his deficiencies. He is thus involved at the outset in debt. But what of this? 'Faint heart never won fair lady'—he is bound to succeed,' etc., etc. The first number of the paper is issued—the first number of that paper which is destined, as he fondly believes, to 'bang Bannagher,'—eclipse everything that was ever seen, heard or dreamed of before, put out all the lights of literature, and be the sun of a new system. Half the first edition is distributed gratis—barber-shops and bar-rooms receive the new-born refulgence.—Editorial broth—brethren—(think of that, Master Brooks), are requested to exchange. The jour. printer sinks the I, and becomes a 'we.' 'We are happy to place on our list of exchanges, the Indiana Screech-owl, the Michigan Wildcat, and the Maine Regenerator and Trombone of Universal Freedom.' 'We acknowledge the receipt of a double package of Mrs. Jarvis's Celebrated Cough Candy.' All these editorial honors are very fine, but are like the landlord's histrionic customers, 'funny jokers, but they doesn't pay.' Subscribers don't come in. The public doesn't appreciate the 'New North-Eastern Light and Galaxy of Glory.' But if subscribers forget the new journal, creditors are not so oblivious. Our adventurer soon discovers what sort of a specimen of the *genus homo* the individual dun is.

The poor newspaper proprietor grows as thin and wan as the starved apothecary in Romeo and Juliet. He wearies of his blushing honors. As a forlorn hope, he advertises for a 'partner with capital to carry on a newspaper just started.' But he throws his line in vain —*even gudgeons will not bite at a bare hook.* He stops payment, and the paper is discontinued, after a few spasmodic efforts at existence in the shape of 'Awful Disclosures'—'Thrilling and bloody Tales'—'Shocking Depravity in High Life'—etc. Happy the adventurer, if, escaping from pecuniary obligations and the vengeance of those unhappy patrons who have paid their year's subscription in advance, he can fly to some sister city and once more obtain employment at the 'case.'

Reader, this is no fancy sketch. It is the true history of a thousand experiments that have been made, and are daily making in our midst. Here and there a man of extraordinary capacity and tact, by taking advantage of that 'tide in the affairs of men,' which Shakspeare tells us 'leads on to fortune,' have succeeded in obtaining money and reputation by starting a newspaper, though with little pecuniary aid in the commencement. But these are rare exceptions, which but prove the general rule. In general, to establish a newspaper, it requires a happy combination of talent, tact, energy, industry and capital, first-rate business capacity, and a far-seeing and sound judgment. Even then years must elapse, many disappointments must be brooked, and many obstacles overcome, before an adequate return is received, and the enterprise established in a firm and permanent basis. The numerous wrecks that strew the shore of the ocean of adventure should warn the young and hopeful to be wary how they embark their all upon so treacherous a sea.

'THE LYNCHERS.'—The Baltimore Republican Argus publishes a tale under this title, which originally appeared in the columns of the Flag. The story, as it first appeared, was entitled 'Mary Mixon,' but some paper substituted the foregoing title, and gave no credit to the Flag, and thus the story has been going the rounds of the western papers uncredited. Undoubtedly the Argus was not aware of its origin.

'Shakspeare' is declined—partially on account of its chirography. We have not found any one who could read it at all.—*Literary Union, Syracuse.*

The Syracuse man is not the only person who can't read 'Shakspeare,' we've known some smart actors to break down at it!

CHOLERA BOMBSHELLS.—This is the appropriate name, which a western paper gives to water-melons.

### The French at Rome.

We glean numerous anecdotes from our foreign papers relative to the late possession of Rome by the French, but the following which we condense for our readers, will give them an idea of things in the Eternal City. Two French officers a few days since entered a *cafe* at Rome, which is the largest in that city, and perhaps in all Italy, and called for coffee. 'We have none,' was the cool reply of the master of the house. 'Well, then let us have chocolate,' said the officers. 'We do not make it,' replied the master. 'Then bring us some rum.' 'We do not sell it.' The officers retired without saying a word, and the bearded demagogues who were seated, burst into a loud laugh. In a few moments after the two officers returned with about 80 men, and told the astonished coffee-house keeper, that as coffee was not to be had in his house, as he made no chocolate, and did not sell rum, his establishment was not fit for a *cafe* and would do better for a barrack. The soldiers were ordered to pitch all the furniture into the streets, and the late cafe became a grand house for the French soldiers, while their officers went forth in quest of new adventures, and to commit fresh wrongs and cruelties.

### Letters from Watering Places.

A supremely ridiculous feature has crept into the press, of printing letters furnished by reporters from out of town resorts, giving personal descriptions of respectable people, and their everyday movements. This class of writers particularly delight in selecting some young and innocent lady to bring before the public, and outrage every feeling of delicacy by introducing her initials and residence into the papers, or not unfrequently the name in full. To such an extent has this low-lived practice prevailed, that respectable families begin to shun the fashionable resorts, lest they shall find their names paraded in some vulgar print with mortifying comments. Hotel keepers would do well to exclude such persons as are known to follow this practice from their establishments. If they do not, their pockets will be made to suffer, for want of company to fill their houses.

### The New Territories.

Despatches, we learn, have been received by our Government, from California and New Mexico, stating that both these territories will be applicants to the next Congress for admission into the Union. The primary measures are now being taken to accomplish the object. New Mexico, with its population of 75,000, is already competent to admission, and the population of California is daily increasing. Its permanent population, by the next session of Congress, will no doubt be sufficient to demand the doors to be opened to its admission among its sister States. This will settle the question which has lately created so much discussion in Congress, in a way that must prove satisfactory to all parties.

### Mr. Bancroft.

It is with pleasure that we announce to our readers that Mr. Bancroft, our present Minister to England, against whose speeches at public dinners in England we have several times protested within the last two years, has been recalled. We care not as to the party politics of our national representatives abroad, but we demand that they shall be republican and American in their feelings, and never forget that they are republicans even in the company of the proudest aristocrats of the old world.—*N. Y. Saturday Post.*

These are our sentiments exactly. The next time we send a minister to England, or any other foreign court, let us be sure he is a true American, not a weather-cock to turn with every wind, nor a sycophant to bend low to knaves and fools.

FRANCE AT THIS TIME.—France has become a despotism in everything but the name. Within a brief time, Paris, Lyons, and sixteen or seventeen departments, have been put in a state of siege; all the laws are suspended; military authority is sovereign; the citizens can be arrested and imprisoned on the least suspicion; and the press can be muzzled at the arbitrary will of the government.

A LONG DISTANCE.—A Philadelphia paper, speaking of the atrocities practised by the Austrians upon the Hungarians, says that the contemplation of them 'actually freezes the blood of every honest man from one end of the world to the other!' That's *rather* a long distance for each individual's blood to extend.

THEATRICAL.—The new theatre, now being erected on the site the Olympic, in London, and which will be completed in autumn, has been taken by Mr. Watts, the present lessee of the 'Marylebone,' and will be opened under management of our country-woman, Mrs. Mowatt.

A DEAR COLOR.—Every pound weight of cochineal contains seventy thousand insects boiled to death; so that the annual sacrifice of insectual life, to procure our scarlet and crimson dyes, amounts to about forty-nine millions of these small members of the creation.

NEWSPAPERS FOR CALIFORNIA.—The Postmaster General has decided that the postage on newspapers to any point within the U. S. possessions in California or Oregon, regularly sent from the office of publication, need not be pre-paid.

RATHER PRODIGAL.—Louis Napoleon has the annual spending of about $240,000—a tolerably large sum of money, considering the impoverished state of the French treasury, and the *theoretically* simple and economical form of the French government.

San Francisco is a God-forsaken place, nearly given over to gamblers, professional idlers and tipplers. They seem 'a band of outcasts, met in brotherhood of woe.' Daily arrivals of fancy and sporting men; pugilists, genteel loafers and abandoned women from the States, are rapidly swelling their ranks.—*Newspaper Letter from California.*

Who goes next? Don't all speak at once!

Mr. Webster, while on a visit to Gov. Swain, at Nashua, from which he has just returned, was invited out to look at and try a shot at the Governor's deer. A fine buck dropped dead at the crack of Mr. Webster's rifle.—*Journal.*

'Angels and ministers of grace, defend us.' What a terrific idea.

SO IT IS.—An elderly lady says it always reminds her of carrying coals to Newcastle when she sees girls kissing each other—it's a sort of waste of the raw material.

Let's put brandy down.—*Phil. City Item.*

Certainly; we'll take ours with a little ice, and no sugar, thank you.

'Is that a ! that I C B 4 me? Come, let me clutch it.'—*Exchange.*

If you succeed, just let us know, will you?

QUERY.—(Between ourselves). Why are editors rather swinish in their habits. Eh? Cause they are so much confined to their *pens!*

### Editorial Ink-Drops.

Accounts are still arriving of the terrible suffering of California emigrants.

The 'Christian' meeting-house at Kittery, Me., was entirely burnt a few days since.

The sea serpent has again appeared off Nahant. So a man makes oath in the papers.

A regular express has been established between Boston and San Francisco.

The musical talent in the country is engaged at the various watering-places.

We believe the Cuban excitement to be a complete and ridiculous humbug.

An entire wharf, loaded with wood and lumber, lately sunk at Portland, Me.

The cholera seems still to hang about the large European cities and towns.

We see by the papers that Lauriat, the well known aeronaut, is in California.

Mr. Alexander, of Colchester, Vt., cut his throat lately—cause, domestic difficulty.

Geo. W. Watts was kicked to death by a refractory horse in Philadelphia the other day.

The President stands a fair chance of being killed by kindness, *a la* Harrison.

The cholera seems to be fast disappearing from the western towns and cities.

The queen of England takes an immense military and naval force with her to Ireland.

'A Home for the Friendless' has been established in New York city by private charity.

Blackwood says that 240,000 souls perished by famine in Ireland in the late scarcity.

One of the rarities of life is a woman satisfied with her daughter-in-law, says Eliza Cook.

Frederic Hudson took arsenic and died at Pittsburg, because he got the mitten.

Gen. Harrison's old residence at Vincennes, Ind., we see, is advertised for sale.

A London bookseller, named John Chapman, makes it his business to sell American books.

Father Mathew's friends are building him a fine church at Cork during his absence.

The most mischievous liars are those who keep on the verge of truth.

Locomotives are good motives for riding a man on a *rail*, no doubt.

Well cultivated friendship multiplies joys, and divides griefs.

Why is drunkenness like a wash-bowl?—Because it is a *base-sin.*

### Communication with California.

An unbroken steam communication will soon be opened between our Atlantic cities and the gold region, by means of the steamers just being completed by the New York Pacific Steamboat Company. They have already placed a small steamer (the Gen. Herrara) on the Chagres river to take passengers from their steam-ships to Cruces, and three similar vessels—the frames and engines having been sent out some time since—will be placed on the California rivers about the 1st of October, in readiness to take them from the Pacific steamers directly to the 'diggings.' So that within 60 days there will be an entire line of steam navigation from our Atlantic cities and the gold mines—with the exception of the 22 miles on the Isthmus from Cruces to Panama; and this short tract will be supplied with a railroad within eighteen months.

### Hiram Fuller, Esq.

We are pleased to see that Mr. Fuller, editor of the N. Y. Mirror, has been appointed to the office of Naval Storekeeper for New York, though we do not think this appointment at all commensurate with Mr. Fuller's claims upon the administration. He was one of the first, if not *the* first editor at the north that advocated Gen. Taylor's election, and he did good service in the cause, while others, now sharing the emoluments of high office, were undecided and indifferent. Mr. Fuller is known from Maine to Louisiana, as a gentleman and a scholar, and also as one of the most piquant and ready writers in the Union.

Dr. Jesse Wheaton, of Dedham, Mass., has left a legacy of $4525 towards supporting the Mendi Mission, under the care of the American Missionary Association, in West Africa.—*Boston Transcript.*

Charity should begin at home. Those of our readers who have met with Albert Smith's 'Pottleton Legacy,' will remember Miss Twinch's box for penny contributions to the 'Pongo Enlightenment Mission,' to which the principal inducement to subscribe was the fact, that there were 'two million of savages in the Pongo islands, who had eaten every missionary immediately upon his arrival, and could not write their names!'

FLOOD.—The Rome (Ga.,) Bulletin says that a destructive flood occurred in Silver Creek, on Thursday 17th, which has destroyed hundreds of acres of cotton and corn. A dwelling house, church, and many mills of different kinds were carried away. The water is said to have risen 15 feet in that number of minutes, and was never known to be so high by many feet.

We well remember the cold, drizzly, gray morning, some five years ago, when the old Garden and Theatre caught fire and burnt to the ground.—*N. Y. paper.*

Queer *garden* that, to burn to the ground. Most of 'em are not so *green*—they look on and see the houses do that part of the business.

A NAUGHTY WOMAN.—The following is a specimen of police reporting of the present day. It will do.

Mary Freeley threw 'the mug' at her husband, and dumped the table on the floor, breaking one sugar-bowl, six cups, perfect strangers to each other, and slightly lacerating the milk jug; for all of which she was arrested, and the magistrate jug'd her.

'ROSINA MEADOWS, OR THE VILLAGE MAID.'—We have just issued a new edition of this far-famed and admirable story, a book that should be read by every country girl, especially those who propose to visit the city. It affords a vivid picture of everyday life, and has been so popular as to be dramatised and performed at nearly every theatre in the Union. For sale at all the periodical depots.

FLORIDA.—Latest accounts from Florida, contradict the recent 'warlike stories' about the Indians in that State. It appears that the 'horrid murder of negroes' by the Indians occurred only in the brain of some frightened letter-writer. The whole number of warriors in Florida do not amount to more than 150.

DEATH OF SENATOR EWING.—A dispatch from Cincinnati states that Senator Ewing, of Ohio, died at his residence on Sunday, 12th. Mr. Ewing was a Senator in the Ohio State Senate.

CAPTAIN DANIEL D. HENRY, whose hair-breadth escapes from the Mexicans, when taken prisoner with C. M. Clay and others, and who was the theme of admiration, died at St. Louis on the 17th ult.

'QUINSIGAMOND LAKE.'—The poem, thus entitled, promised this week, is crowded out. It shall appear in our next.

### From our Foreign Files.

Anarchy and confusion still prevail in the French Islands.

A shower of rain as red as blood recently fell in South Wales.

Five of the great capitals of Europe are now under military law, namely, Paris, Vienna, Berlin, Rome, and Naples.

A Prussian judicial tribunal has lately decided that the Prussian constitution abolishes nobility in that country.

Eighty Polish refugees have been ordered to quit Paris within twenty-four hours, and France within three days.

A new religious sect, called Adamites, has appeared in Bohemia, whose observances are of the most immoral and disgusting kind.

The financial condition of the French Republic, notwithstanding the peaceable aspect of affairs in that country, is daily becoming more embarrassing.

The Council of Ministers have deliberated on the propriety of taking off the state of siege in Paris. That course will be almost immediately adopted.

Lord Ellesmere is erecting a monument, with a short inscription, to mark the grave of Addison, in the north aisle of the Henry VII. chapel in Westminster Abbey.

The English artists are paying great attention to painting in water colors, a species of painting that until recently has not been held in as high esteem as it deserves.

John Keegan, a poet of some celebrity and much promise in Ireland, died recently in Dublin of cholera. He was a native of Assay in the Queens County.

A pawnbroker at Kilrush, in the county of Clare, is said to hold nearly eight hundred feather beds, most of which he is endeavoring to sell, as the terms for which they were severally pledged, have expired.

The Great Britain steamship cannot find a purchaser. All the projected bargains for the disposal of her have miscarried, and she now lies dismantled in the dock at Liverpool—a large lot of old iron.

### Dewdrops of Wisdom.

We hang upon time a bell, as we do upon animals, that we may know its movements.

There is nothing, the absolute ground of which is not a mystery.

The devil blows the coals of crime and passion, and then warms himself at the fire.

A preacher has three books to study—the Bible, himself and the people.

To have too much forethought is the part of a coward; to have too little, the part of a fool.

While you are in the habit of intemperance, you often drink up the value of an acre of land in a night.—*Father Mathew.*

A young man's mind is as a bank; each should regulate the quantity of paper it shows by the amount of bullion in its safe.

Love is the great instrument and engine of nature, the bud and cement of society, the spring and spirit of the universe.

The passions, like heavy bodies down steep hills, once in motion, move themselves, and know no ground but the bottom.

If God undertake the teacher's office, thou canst learn more in one hour, than could all the teachers of all ages have taught thee.

Learning, it has been said, may be an instrument of fraud; so may bread be an instrument of death, if discharged from the mouth of a cannon.

One of the hours each day wasted on trifles or indolence, saved and devoted daily to improvement, is enough to make an ignorant man wise in ten years.

We may blind ourselves to it if we will, but the hatred and disgusts that there are behind friendship, relationship, service, and indeed proximity of all kinds, is one of the darkest spots on earth.

A clergyman ought to have a far greater proportion to live upon than any other man of an equal condition. He is not bred to multiply three-pences; it becomes him not to be [illegible] mechanically and sordidly—he must be given to hospitality.

### The Joker's Budget.

An eastern paper publishes a 'black list.'—His subscribers are probably from Congo.

Law and logic are like a piece of India rubber, easily pulled into any shape.

What tables are most used throughout the world? Vege-tables, en-tables and cons-tables.

We once knew a fellow who fancied he was a jackass. The beauty of it was, he was not much mistaken.

'Dr. Rabineau's baths at Castle Garden,' observed Jem, 'are decidedly the neatest and the most *tidy* in the city.'

Among the fashionables, a coach-maker remarked that a 'sociable' was all the ton during the honey-moon, and a sulkey afterwards.

A widow, when her pastor said to her, 'God has not deserted you in your old age,' replied 'No, I have a very good appetite still.'

'He was up betimes, who found a purse of gold,' said a father to his sleepy-headed boy. 'Ay, father, but he was up before who lost it,' replied the son.

'How do you feel this morning, James?' 'Very much better, I thank you. I did think a while ago I was not as well, but I know I am better now, for I just met old Mr. K. the undertaker, and he looked cross at me!'

'My good gracious! I wonder what they'll manufacture out of grain next,' said Mrs. Partington. 'Here's an account of a man making a *rye* face, and of another making a *floury* speech; then a whole column about *corn* laws.'

Du Solle says that Mrs. Grummy had a lump of ice sent to her, and while her daughter went to get a blanket to wrap it in, she just set the ice by the fire a little while to keep it warm, until the blanket was brought.

'The little darling, he didn't strike Miss Smith's baby a purpose, did he? It was a mere accident, wasn't it, dear?' 'Yes ma, to be sure it was, and if he don't behave himself I'll crack him again.'

'Ike,' said a rusty old heathen of the desk, 'how do astronomers measure the distance to the sun?' 'Why,' replied the young Solon, 'they guesses at one fourth the distance, and then multiplies by four.' The old desk-worm fainted.

### Miscellaneous Items.

Several men are now employed, under the Trinity Board, in driving cylindrical iron tubes into Goodwin Sands, in the hope of arriving at some solid foundation for a beacon. A depth of sixty feet beneath the surface has been reached without success.

A correspondent of the New York Commercial Advertiser, writing from Berlin, says:—'It seems to be the general impression here that Napoleon is soon to declare himself Emperor of France, and that he is to be assisted by the sovereigns of Europe.'

The U. S. sloop of war Preble had arrived at Hong Kong on her return from Japan, and succeeded in rescuing thirteen of the crew belonging to the American whaler Lagoda, together with a seaman, named McDonald, who was put on shore at Matsmai a year ago.

Speaking of the marriage of Lola Montes with Lieut. George Trafford Heald, a witty paragraphist remarks:—'The London dowagers are of the unanimous opinion that a piece of damaged ware has been brought to a good market.'

The common council of Milwaukee have authorized the mayor to subscribe for $100,000 of the stock of the Milwaukee and Waukesha Railroad company—the first link in the chain which is to connect Lake Michigan with the Mississippi.

The stock in trade of the Hudson's Bay Company is $2,000,000. The profits are often half a million a year. They sell a gun, which costs $5, for skins worth $16. A pint of rum worth eight cents is sold for $7 75. We imagine there will be some competition in this trade one of these days.

### Quill and Scissors.

Mrs. Anna Northrop, upwards of 80 years age, a few days since, walked from her residence in Milford, Conn., to the house of a friend in Humphreysville, and returned again the same day—having walked a distance of *twenty-four miles*, besides knitting, during her visit at the 'Ville,' two or three inches in length of a stocking!

The body of a little son of Mr. Washington Alexander, of Woodstock, Va., was found recently in the woods within a few miles of his house, having starved to death. By the side of the emaciated remains of the little sufferer was found, also dead, a faithful dog which had accompanied him in his wanderings.

A correspondent of the People's Press, writing from Moosehead Lake, says: 'We have taken across the Lake the largest raft of logs ever on it. It contained, by actual survey, *twenty-one and three-fourths acres.* Beat this who can!'

The copyright of the Satirist newspaper, was, a few days since, publicly put up for sale, and an offer of £100 was made. No bidder appearing beyond that sum, it was withdrawn. May we hope from this, that slander is at a discount!

Horn, the inveterate joker, went to the North River, to see a ship that was advertised to sail for Bremen. On returning, the wag remarked that he had been to *see* the ship, but on arriving at the pier, he found that she had gone to *sea* herself.

A rustic visiting London tendered a sovereign in payment for a pint of nuts. 'Hold my basket while I go for change,' said the nut merchant. He did so, and, for all we know, he is holding it still—for the nut merchant never returned.

The Chicago Tribune states that a surveying party is now engaged in surveying and locating the route for a railroad from Hillsdale, Michigan, to Chicago; and that the work of grading, bridging, &c., will be commenced next spring.

The Gloucester Telegraph mentions the arrival there of several fishermen, with good fares of mackerel, some bringing nearly 300 barrels, mostly No. 2's. They were taken from Cashe's Ledge.

The ice-house of Messrs. Stanton & Co., New Orleans, containing about 1100 tons of ice, was struck by lightning on the 31st ult. and burned considerably. A good deal of the ice was saved.

Shorter, the negro who was convicted of murdering a boy in the streets of Buffalo, some time since, was executed at Buffalo on Friday last. He protested his innocence to the last.

A Mr. Stevenson, of Albany, has discovered an infallible method of ascertaining counterfeit money, and offers to impart his system to the business men of that city for a small fee.

A physician advertised that, at the request of his friends, he had removed near the church-yard, and trusted that his removal would accommodate many of his patients.

Jem has an idea that Mr. Grant will meet with several acquaintances on reaching California, as no less than three *Emi-grants* have preceded him to the gold regions.

A profane coachman, pointing to one of the horses he was driving, said to a pious traveller, 'That horse knows when I swear to him.' 'Yes,' replied the traveller, '*and so does God.*'

A large meeting has been held at New Haven for the purpose of urging upon the government the abolishment of the use of whisky and the lash in the U. S. navy.

Two hundred and twenty-seven persons have been committed to prison in New Haven during the year ending March 31st, 1849, according to the report just issued.

'It always rains when you call *in*,' said a lady to Jem, during the shower the other day. 'That's true, madam, but in this case it rains *without.*'

The Ayr Observer says that a large piece of beehive was lately found in the heart of a log of Honduras mahogany, which was being sawn into plank for an upholsterer of that town.

The line of march to the gold mines beyond Fort Kearney, is said to be distinctly marked by the new made graves of those who have died on the road to fortune!

The Amherst Express says that an addition of $5000 has just been made to the funds of Williston Seminary, Easthampton, by the continued munificence of its founder.

Thomas G. Woodward, late one of the proprietors of the New Haven Journal and Courier, died on Sunday after an illness of a week. He was 61 years of age.

A gentleman looking upon an extensive conflagration, expressed his surprise in three words, each the name of an English author—'Dickens, Howitt, Burns.'

Lady Franklin has gone to Orkney to await the arrival of the whaling vessels, in the hope that they may bring intelligence of her missing husband.

In Cincinnati, a boy named Steel, about sixteen years of age, killed another near the same age, named Parker, by striking him on the head with a stone.

The peace congress, to attend which a number of delegates have gone from New England, is to meet in Paris on the 22d of the coming month.

A machine has been invented entitled a 'fire annihilator,' which, by a powerful application of vapor, extinguishes a most intense fire in a few seconds.

A little girl about 14 years of age, named Eliza Strickenender, was run over by a coal cart in New York on Tuesday, and instantly killed.

It is said that Sir Charles Grey will succeed Lord Elgin as governor of Canada, and that Lord Sligo will succeed Sir Charles at Kingston.

Geo. W. Mourrie has been removed from the Sixth Auditor's office, at Washington. No one has been appointed in his place.

*As a* 'fish out of water,' the herring is, of all fish, the shortest lived, which gives rise to the vulgar saying of 'dead as a herring.'

A female college is about to be established in Cincinnati. A large and beautiful edifice has been erected for the purpose.

Why is a certain piece of music like a cow? Because it is an *over-chewer* (overture). The price of putty has advanced!

'The New Zealanders,' says Black, 'on being civilized, have become dyspeptic! They eat more, fight less, and die faster!'

The lives, liberties, and properties of civilized people can never be legally secured, except by just laws and impartial government.

In marriages, formerly, the lady was allowed so much per month *pin* money. The gents now spend so much per month *ten-pin* money.

The ship Philadelphia, from Philadelphia, belonging to New York, was burnt to the water's edge at San Francisco.

The Chicago Democrat says there are 275 drinking establishments in that city. This is one to every sixty of the inhabitants.

A manufacturer of plain (not *playing*) cards in William street, advertises himself as a card dealer.

The latest way to pop the question is to ask the fair lady 'if you shall have the pleasure of seeing her to the minister's.'

Allyne Otis, Esq., of Massachusetts, has received the appointment of secretary of legation to France.

'*Montreal*,' the Halifax Chronicle says, 'is the most brutalized and barbarous place on this continent.'

Dr. Lettsom ascribes health and wealth to water, and all diseases and crimes to the use of spirits.

Mr. Thorn Mobley was murdered in Pilatikaha, Florida, by four men, two of whom were arrested.

Tobacco, of a fine quality, has been selling in Richmond, Va., at $18 per hundred pounds.

Why would a tress of hair be like a loaned ring? Because it would be a *ring let.*

Boys fish for rats in Chicago, as they do for fish in the lakes.

The pleasure of doing good is the only one that does not wear out.

### Local Matters.

#### Amusements.

The late Beach Street Museum, now known as Thorn's American Theatre, is doing a good business, with an excellent company. The Boston Museum is as popular as ever, and with its excellent management gives general satisfaction, and draws full houses. The Howard Athenæum is not yet opened for the fall and winter campaign. Forrest is expected to perform at Thorn's Theatre, and some other eminent stars are engaged for the coming season, which promises well.

CRIME IN BOSTON.—Our police court annals show a large increase of crime and rowdyism, in Boston lately. But the prompt, decisive measures of the city marshal, Mr. Tukey, brings these rogues to justice. He is a very energetic and efficient officer; doubtless the best that we have ever had: and the police organization, which is in his hands, is most perfect.

NOT A BAD NOTION.—We learn from the Christian Inquirer, that one or two gentlemen in Boston, who are alive to the importance of well-regulated recreations, especially for the young, intend to make an effort to form a club, composed of members of churches of different denomination, to plan, superintend, and be responsible for the proper management of popular amusements.

INUNDATION.—Some of the Irish inhabitants of cellars in Sea street, were unceremoniously ejected from their domicils by an unusual rise of the tide a few days since. The city authorities are trying to clear out these cellars, and make people live above ground. They consider these cellar residences as contagion-breeding holes.

STOCKBRIDGE INDIANS.—This remnant of one tribe of Massachusetts Indians who waged a bloody war on the pilgrims in olden time, has been transferred by one removal after another, to the shore of Lake Winnebago, in Wisconsin. The government now contemplate their removal into Minesota, and has offered them the privilege of selecting two townships of land there.

CHOLERA.—This disease ceases to create any alarm; it seems to yield readily to prompt and judicious treatment, and has hardly amounted to an epidemic in our city. The deaths have been almost universally among the lower classes of Irish and other emigrants, brought on by irregularity of living and filthy habits.

RECEPTION OF PRESIDENT TAYLOR.—We understand that the authorities have invited the first Brigade of the Volunteer Militia to perform escort duty on the occasion of President Taylor's reception, and Brig. Gen. Edmands has accepted the invitation. The occasion will be a brilliant one.

IRISH WAKES IN BOSTON.—We would earnestly warn our countrymen against an evil that grows in the midst of them—and that is, the habit of *waking the dead*—as in the old country. It is a dreadful aggravation of disease in this locality. The crowds that meet together are the strongest incentives to disease, and the worst of all, *cholera.* Our clergy are opposed to these useless customs, as well as every true friend of Irishmen.—*Boston Pilot.*

Good calicoes are selling in San Francisco at two cents a yard.'—*Times.*

And yet Boston merchants continue wildly to ship goods thither, and traders are emigrating by hundreds to the gold region. But who's afraid?

MIDSHIPMEN.—Among the midshipmen recently examined at the naval school at Annapolis, were Edward C. Grafton and Sylvanus J. Bliss, of Massachusetts, and Geo. T. Simes, of New Hampshire, who are now passed midshipmen.

THE BUTLER CASE.—The report that the difficulties between Mr. and Mrs. Butler had been amicably arranged is denied, and the trial will come on in Philadelphia during this month.

FIRE ENGINE.—Engine company No. 7, of Cambridge, have just received a new 'tub' from Hunneman's establishment in this city, a superb piece of machinery, and named after the builder.

THE GREEK SLAVE.—The citizens of Cincinnati propose to buy of Mr. Robb his statue of the 'Greek Slave.' He offers it for $3000. Our Athenæum should possess it, or a perfect copy by Powers himself.

WHIG STATE CONVENTION.—The Whig Committee of this State have called a State Convention, to be holden at Worcester on Wednesday, October 3, to nominate candidates for Governor and Lieut. Governor.

ARRIVED.—An immense amount of foreign merchandize has arrived in our harbor from Europe during the last fortnight; two hundred and forty thousand dollars were collected at the Custom House in one week for duties.

MACKEREL AND SALMON.—There were brought to this port last week, from the British Provinces, 2195 bbls. of mackerel and 42 bbls. of salmon.

THE POST OFFICE.—Postmaster Hayden has been enlarging the accommodations of the Boston Post Office, affording additional facilities to the public.

ROXBURY.—The valuation of estates in our sister city has increased $284,000 within the last year. The statement that the valuation had remained stationary, was erroneous.

POLITICS.—The political papers 'keep it up,' and particularly in this region, 'they open rich.' The political hemisphere, just now, resembles for all the world, a checker-board.

THE CHOLERA, in Taunton, has frightened away nearly a thousand citizens, some of them taking their families. Yet there have been but thirteen deaths, all in a filthy locality.

THE NATIONAL THEATRE.—We have heard nothing about this establishment lately—when does it open for the season?

BIG COUPLE.—The giant and giantess are being looked at by the people in the neighboring towns, at the east of us.

THE PRESIDENT.—Apartments have been secured for the President at the Revere House, during his stay in Boston.

APPOINTMENT.—The Governor of Ohio has appointed Joseph H. Buckingham, Esq., of this city, a Commissioner for that State.

LOOK SHARP.—We have been shown some counterfeit gold dollars, also half eagles, that have been put into circulation in this city.

### OUR OLIO COLUMN.

[Written for The Flag of our Union.]

**The Two Poems, or The Duel Poetic.**

AN UP COUNTRY TALE.

BY THE BARD OF SOUHEGAN.

Come list to me, and I will sing,
A song you ne'er heard sung;
And tell of deeds long syne performed,
In days when I was young.
'Twixt Tommy Loring and myself
A rivalry in writing
Had long existed—and we'd had
No little goose-quill fighting.

Tom was as gay and blithe a lad
As e'er made rhyming clamor;
Or ever tied the leather on,
And swung a good sledge-hammer.
He tinkered daily at the forge,
While I jogged o'er the furrows,
Or chased the woodchuck and the fox,
And drew them from their burrows.

Our fathers' houses, his and mine,
Were somewhat near together,
And each had been the other's friend
Through fair and through foul weather.
In the same seat both sat at school,
And on our honored master,
Doubtless had fewer tricks been played,
We both had learnt the faster.

To church, which was some three miles off,
We both together walked,
And sometimes upon *earthly* themes
We may perhaps have talked.
In all our studies and our sports,
We two were *foemen* ever,
Still *friends*, warm-hearted, kind and true;
With bitter feelings never.

In all our many youthful sports,
Each for the victory tried;
And oft in scribbling youthful rhymes
Each with the other vied.
One day, when I felt 'i' the vein,'
A challenge strong I penned it,
And by young Charley Littlejohn
I straight to Tom did send it.

THE CHALLENGE.

'Old Crony Tom, as we've disputed
Thus far, and neither been confuted,
I've thought to stop this long contending,
And bring the matter to an ending.
I will defy you now to write,
In good fair scratching, black and white,
A trim, smooth-metred, rhyming ditty,
At once most honorable and witty.
I'll give you three long days to make it,
The same time to myself I'll take it,
And meet you upon Friday night,
Rainy or shiny, dark or light,
At uncle Peter's, by the shore,
And master Tim shall read them o'er.
Then those who hear them shall decide,
And by their judgment we'll abide;
Thus shall the point so long contended
Be then and there forever ended.'

Now when young Tom had fairly read
The note that I had written,
He leaped and capered round the shop
Like one with frenzy smitten.
He wrenched the anvil from the block,
And three good paces threw it;
Then through the window hurled the sledge,
Before he fairly knew it.

'Heigho! a glorious scrape!' he cried;
'Just stop a minute, Charley;
There's pen and ink behind the forge,
And I will answer fairly.'
He turned the note that I had writ,
And on the bellows placed it,
And quick his answer back to me
With good black ink he traced it.

THE ANSWER.

'Old friend and braggart, what you sent,
Written, no doubt, with good intent,
Though soon, I fear, you will repent,—
I've read it through;
And o'er the bellows now am bent
To answer you.

'It seems you think it nearly time
It was decided which can climb,
And mount a height the most sublime
Parnassian hill,
And reel and knot the jovial rhyme
With readiest skill.

'I pledge my word that I will treat you
To grog or beer;
And with three cheers they all shall greet you
That chance to hear.
Doubtless you'll think, when o'er this poring,
An airy flight I've not been soaring;
I've done it while you'd *thrash a flooring*
Of wheat or rye.
Your friend as ever, THOMAS LORING.'

The appointed Friday night soon came,
The round full moon shone bright,
Casting o'er nature's sleeping form
A flood of silver light.
'Twas sweetly calm, no breezes sighed,
Or aspen leaf was stirred,
And quickly by the listening ear
The slightest sound was heard.

At eight o'clock I raised the latch
At uncle Peter's door,
There sat Tom with two or three friends,
Who had arrived before.
Soon Tim came in with Betty Lee,
With whom of late he'd flirted;
And 'twixt his elbow and his waist
Her fair arm was inserted.
Tim was our schoolmaster—as grave
And sober as a preacher;
With twinkling eyes and handy legs—
A jewel of a teacher.

Now outstepped Charley Littlejohn,
With packet in his hand,
That held our poems closely sealed,
So Tom and I had planned.
To either one no name was signed,
Lest those about to try us
Should have their better judgment warped
By something like a bias.

Upon the table, at Tim's right,
Two tallow candles burned;
Charles placed the packet in his hand,
Then to his seat returned.
Now was each sound completely hushed,
No jesting word was spoken,
When Tim with circumspection rare,
One of the seals had broken.
By chance 'twas mine—and as he read
A smile began to wreath
Upon the mouth of Betty Lee,
That showed her pearly teeth.
Erelong all sober looks were gone,
Each soon began to snicker,
Then from each one within the room
The peals came loud and quicker.

When Tim had ended, shout on shout
Of wide-mouthed laughter roared;
Till nearly half an hour had 'lapsed
Ere calmness was restored.
Tim snuffed the candles—opened Tom's—
Then bidding us take heed
To make less *rumpus* than before,
Began again to read.
For some few lines no sound was heard,
Save Tim distinctly speaking;
Soon smothered laughter, half suppressed,
From many a mouth kept leaking.
But soon the peals of boisterous mirth
Waxed louder than before;
While many of the noisy troop
Fell kicking on the floor.

Old uncle Pete the racket heard,
Which raised his wrath a fraction;
He quickly leaped from out his bed
To stop such noisy action.
When he came in, his close-knit brow
Foretold a tempest nigh;
But some few words from master Tim
Disarmed his angry eye.
His lips, though opened wide to vent
The storm that was portended,
Soon hung with smiles, and then his wrath
In roaring laughter ended.

Tim ended—and swooned from his seat,
He had held in so long,
Rather than we should see him do
What he had taught was wrong.
On gravity, in reading wit,
Himself he highly prided,
For oft delinquents at the school
He had severely chided.
But now the effort he had made
Had fairly overpowered him;
We seized a bucket near at hand
And with a torrent showered him.

In rushed the neighbors now in haste,
To see what was the matter;
What strange, uncommon cause had raised
Such an uproarious clatter.
Amid the din that now ensued,
The lights were over jolted—
Tom seized his paper and my own,
And from the door we bolted.
'Friend Tom,' quoth I, as home we trod,
'The wreath, you've won it fairly;
Since that night I've given it up,
That I was beaten clearly.'

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[Written for The Flag of our Union.]

### The Ocrend—A Tragi-Comedy.

BY PETER PEPPERGRASS.

*Horrida contraxit cœlum tempestas.*—HORACE.

The drunkard lay upon the floor,
  Apace the night was waning;
A noise was heard behind the door—
  It was his cook complaining:

'Zounds! what a checkered life we lead!
  In truth it is too bad;
Our master 's of a fractious breed,
  He surely must be mad.

'One half our pranks could not be told;
  'Tis strange what we were made for;
Yet this we know, though we are old,
  We never yet were paid for.

'Clad in a comic dress are we,
  And live all o'er the lot;
Ne'er knowing where we next shall be,
  Or our next errand what.

'A hole we have in either toe,
  Which makes Jim frown and fret,
They set the children staring so,
  And let in so much wet.

'And then he calls us "horny heads,"
  And every odious name,
For that we crush the path he treads,
  Though not a whit to blame.

'And worse than this, our soles, you know,
  Are slippery as butter,
Which often lays him sprawling low,
  And sometimes in the gutter.

'Then if by chance before the cock
  Doth crow he reaches home,
We grieve to think how it must shock
  Poor Moll to hear us come.

'He grunting takes his station by
  The fire which she has made,
And while he lays us down to dry,
  Cries out, "you lazy jade!"

'A smoke! a smoke! Poor Molly flies
  The burning boots to catch;
He swears he'll fling them in her eyes,
  And hurls a boot, the wretch!

'Poor Moll escapes—the dog bow-wows,
  The dishes down are cast;
He frets and fumes and raves and vows,
  But picks us up at last.

'Thus are we banged about each day,
  At morn, at noon and night;
At home, abroad, and by the way,
  To gratify his spite.

'We're forced to act, whatever deed
  May chance to suit his whim;
And then, if any mischief breed,
  Are thrashed, instead of him.

'We'll hear no more the foul disgrace,
  The thumps and filthy sputters!
Next time we'll turn to crisp, we guess,
  Ere Molly can get at us!'

[Written for The Flag of our Union.]

### A Summer Evening Revery.

BY JANE GAY.

'Tis evening's magic hour!
Let's sit awhile beneath these dark gray trees,
That stand like patriarchs 'twixt earth and heaven
And bid our spirits, wearied with life's toil,
Put on their purest robes and seek repose
Amid the beautiful! Above our heads
A thousand star-lit lamps burn in the arch
Of God's great temple, pouring holy light
O'er the dim earth! Lo, in the west,
Are not these golden clouds the curtains hung
To screen from mortal gaze the angel choir
That sometimes lingers on the eve of day
To pour o'er the old earth such harmony
As erst gladdened her springtime? List the song!
'The Lord is in his temple—let the earth
Keep silence!' 'The heavens declare his glory—
The earth his handy work!' Let us bow down
And worship here, where man's vast brotherhood
Together meet and lay their offerings
On the great shrine of the Unseen and Holy!
The Living Spirit of the Universe
Moves on the darkened chaos of the heart,
And whispers of its birthright in the skies.
It bids us trim anew these dying lamps,
And let the heavenly spark burn clear and bright,
Until the soul's dark dwelling be illumed
With immortality!
        Sweet evening hour!
We'll bend before thy teachings! Still, as erst,
'The voice of God is heard at cool of day'
In the wide garden of the universe.
Hide not yourselves, frail children of the dust,
But trusting, come and seek your Maker here.
His word is graven everywhere—above,
On the broad leaf of heaven—around our way,
On every moving thing—and 'neath our feet,
The very dust we tread on is a book
Of his great revelation; scorn it not:
Although no earth robed priest waits at the shrine,
The soul stands forth its own interpreter
Of these most holy scriptures!
        Child of earth!
Art thou immortal, and an heir of heaven!
Look upward, then, to thine inheritance,
Nor longer grope with trembling, troubled heart
In the low land of shadows and of fears!
The breath of God is in us; we shall live
When dust is dust again—when on death's night
Of darkness shall arise the morning star
Of life's eternal day! Onward forever
Let the worn spirit rise above its toils!
Are we not pressing on to the blue heavens
In angels' footprints? Joyful should we go
To those sweet realms of glory, nor repine
To walk mid shadows! There is light afar,
And we'll bear bravely on until its beams
Break on the spirit's dimness, and we gaze
On the full noon—of eternal light.

[Written for The Flag of our Union.]

### Lines,

SUGGESTED BY SEEING THE CHOLERA HOSPITAL.

BY BRACKBLOCK.

I've been where Death, in wanton reign,
Was revelling o'er his numbers slain;
Whilst others, agonized with pain,
    Were yielding fast.

Such is the end of mortal man!
Who dwindles out his narrow span,
Striving t' accomplish some vain plan—
    Then dies at last.

But let us live, while live we may,
To God's high honor every day;
For where's the man who dares to say
    His life shall last!

Strive not alone for filthy gain—
Such strife is foolish, senseless, vain;
Trust in your God, and ne'er complain—
    On faith hold fast.

Live like a man of conscience bright,
Make truth and virtue your delight;
Keep faith and justice full in sight,
    Till life is past.

## MISCELLANEOUS.

[Written for The Flag of our Union.]

### EFFIE MERWIN:

OR,

### THE ILL-FATED MARRIAGE.

BY ALF'D. HUGHES.

#### CHAPTER I.

'Wondrous it is to see in divers minds,
How diversely love his pageants plays,
And shows his power in variable kinds.'

'Twas evening. Night was casting its shadows over the landscape. All nature seemed stilled in quiet rest. The crescent moon, attended by a brilliant train of stars, pursued her trackless pathway through the blue expanse above. Nature never appeared more lovely; never an hour more suited to look from nature up to nature's God. Yet, amid all this beauty, there was one heart that beat with fear and dread. See you not that stately mansion embowered among trees and shrubbery, with lights gleaming, music sounding, the light laugh of the young and lovely now swelling upon the ear, just discernible in the distance? Anon the music ceases; the sound of carriages is heard conveying the dancers to their homes; the house gradually loses its festive appearance, and in its place succeeds deep repose. The late festivity was the bridal of the eldest daughter of Mr. Elmer.

Follow we now the bride and her sister to the bridal chamber. Entering the splendid room, the bride threw herself, almost fainting, upon a sofa, and burst into an agony of tears.

'Effie, dear Effie, why do you grieve, and refuse to be comforted?' exclaimed the gentle Emma, sister to the weeping bride. 'You know father would not have insisted on your marrying Col. Merwin, unless he had thought it would have conduced to your happiness. You do not love another; then, O, sister, strive to overcome your present feelings, and try to love your husband.'

'Hold, Emma,' exclaimed the bride, springing to her feet, 'I do not love Col. Merwin, I never can love him, and the consequences of this union be upon the heads of those who forced me to it. Speak no more, dear Emma. I know what you would say, to talk now were useless; I will try to become reconciled to my fate, dear sister.'

'How glad I am to hear you say so! good night, sister,' and the gentle girl glided from her sister's room.

Here was another marriage without the heart being given with the hand. A young bride going forth into the world to encounter its thousand temptations, without the shield that should ever guard a woman's heart—*the love she bears her husband.*

The carriage is at the door, the bride is taking leave of her parents, then presenting her hand to her husband, he led her forth, and soon the carriage conveyed them at a rapid rate to the city of N——. That evening the carriage drew up before a splendid mansion. Col. Merwin alighted and led his wife up the marble steps and entered her future home.

For a month or so, her time was taken up with receiving and returning calls, and the various amusements in which the city abounded, so that she had little time to repine over her fate.

At this time, there was a party given in honor of the bride, by Helen Denning, the bosom friend of Mrs. Merwin, a young lady of fortune, in the city of N——. The house was brilliantly illuminated, the company began to assemble, the elegant rooms were soon filled with the elite and beauty of the place. Music lent its charms to enliven the scene—all was enjoyment. But soon the gay laugh and merry jest were hushed—for the bride had entered.

Pause we here, to describe her as she entered the gay saloon. Never, perhaps, was there a more beautiful woman. Her hair was black as the raven's wing; eyebrows over-arching; sparkling eyes of the deepest blue; lips resembling two rosebuds ere they burst into full bloom; her complexion resembled the lily overshadowed by the blushing rose; a form, whose full proportions outrivalled the goddess of beauty, robed in an azure satin dress, while sparkling gems, whose lustre outshone the noonday sun, gently encircled her fair and beautiful brow. She moved amid that throng of beauty without a peer. Helen Denning graciously advanced to welcome the bride, and presented her to her friends. Soon the dance commenced. The bride was led out by a distinguished public character, who was there on a visit to N——. And her graceful form was seen gliding through the mazy dance. At this moment a gentleman entered and stood watching her nymph-like figure as she moved down the graceful throng. Having stepped opposite the stranger, and raising her eyes, she encountered his eye fixed with intense admiration on her face.—That look sent every drop of blood from her face to her heart, and after a time recovering, she again took her place among the dancers, appearing the gayest of the gay. 'Twas only appearance, she could not banish from her mind that thrilling glance that made her heart throb with such new and indefinable emotions. She wondered who the elegant stranger could be, but conscious feeling forbade her to ask his name.

She was standing in a recess by the window, partly concealed by the curtains, when two gentlemen approached near where she stood. In one she recognized the object of her thoughts, and overheard the following brief conversation.

'Well, Morton,' exclaimed Eugene Averill, 'what do you think of the bride? Do you not think she is perfectly beautiful?'

'Faultlessly so; on my honor, I never saw so fair a bride; she is certainly most beautiful, and dances to admiration. Merwin is a lucky fellow in getting such a lovely wife.'

'And yet,' returned Averill, 'he does not appear intoxicated with his good fortune, as one might be. Do you not observe how ill at ease he seems? I have watched him closely and think there is something wrong. But see, let us hie to the refreshment room.' So saying they moved away, giving Mrs. Merwin an opportunity to escape from her place of concealment. Soon after the party broke up, and Mrs. Merwin returned home, not with the same heart she had taken from it.

Entering her room and bidding her woman retire, she secured her door and throwing herself upon her couch, gave herself up to a flood of tears.

The image of Henry Morton appeared before her in manly beauty; her heart recoiled at the thought that she loved, and the one she loved was not her husband. O what would she not give to be again free! 'twas madness to think of the fetters that bound her.

Through that long night her heart was oppressed with grief and anguish; her brain was on fire, she could not sleep, but walked the floor in an agony of despair. She determined, notwithstanding her married relations, she would win the love of Henry Morton. Forgetting her station, the vows she had so lately plighted, and the dignity of her sex, she determined to write him a letter acquainting him with her love.

O, pause, woman, ere you commit so great a crime. 'Twas too late, passion had gained the mastery, and seizing the pen, but for a moment faltering, she hastily traced the following:

'MR. HENRY MORTON:

Dear Sir,—You may be surprised to receive this communication from me; but I owe it to myself to inform you of the circumstances in which I am placed. I was forced to marry, against my will, a person whom I do not love. O, it was dreadful before, but since seeing you my anguish is intolerable. Will you forgive this step proscribed by my sex? I know you will when I tell the agony that rends my bosom. Do not treat this with contempt, only send me a few lines telling me that I am not an object of indifference to you, thus saving me from despair and death. Loving you to madness,

I am yours,

EFFIE MERWIN.'

#### CHAPTER II.

'Believe not oaths, nor much protesting men;
Credit no vows, nor a bewailing song;
Let courtiers swear, forswear, and swear again,
The heart doth live ten regions from the tongue;
For when with oaths and vows they make you tremble,
Believe them least, for then they most dissemble.'

In a different house, in another part of the city, resides Mr. Dalmore, a retired merchant, whose daughter we wish to introduce to the reader.

Mary Dalmore was as unlike Mrs. Merwin as day from night. She was a lovely girl, with a gentle temper, warm feelings and a loving heart. She had given her heart to Henry Morton in the pure confidence of trusting love, with a promise of bestowing her hand. Yet she did not know the man she loved was all unworthy to receive the gift. How could one so pure and gentle, so sweet and confiding, know of the character of such a person as Henry Morton!

Clarence Leslee had loved her from a child; the gentle Mary was his heart's cherished idol, and it was with feelings of bitterness and sorrow he heard of her engagement with another. He did not know Henry Morton, else he would have told her he loved of the character of the man she preferred to him. As it was, he left the city, never, as he intended, to return.

Mr. Dalmore was sitting in the parlor when Mary entered, and looking round as if expecting another, she advanced to her father, saying as she came forward,

'Father, do you know Clarence Leslee has left the city?'

'O yes, my love, I saw him before he started this morning. I wonder what made him leave so suddenly?'

'Indeed I do not know, father. Methinks Henry is late in making his appearance this evening; he told me he would be here.'

'Never mind, Mary, he may have business that detains him.'

Eight, nine, and ten o'clock struck, and still he did not come. Mary, with a sad foreboding at her heart, retired to her chamber to weep, she did not know for what—she strove to shake off the sadness that oppressed her, but she could not succeed. Vague and indefinable presentiments of coming evil banished sleep from her pillow and rest from her heart.—Morton did not love Mary with that love that should have blest so true a heart. Yet he would have made her his wife, but not for the intrinsic worth of herself, but for her fortune.

Leaving Mary, we will now return to Morton. He had just entered his place of business, when the servant of Col. Merwin entered, presenting him a note, which he took; and dissembling his surprise on reading its contents, he told the servant to return in an hour and receive the answer.

The servant departed, and Morton proceeded to the house of his friend, and entering with an air of triumph, he cried:

'Give me joy, Averill, for my conquest; but first promise on your honor to stand my friend.'

'Well, I have promised, so give us the secret of your excited appearance. I hope it is sufficient to justify your elated countenance; if not, I shall think you have been sacrificing at the shrine of Bacchus.'

'Read that, Averill,' said Morton, giving him the note, 'then judge for yourself.'

'Give you joy, Morton? with all my heart,' said Averill, on reading the note. 'But what do you want me to do for you in this affair? You're a lucky fellow, Hal; and hang me, if I am not astonished that a woman of Mrs. Merwin's standing in society should write you such a letter as that. But tell me what you wish me to do?'

'Simply, my dear fellow, to permit me to appoint an interview with Mrs. Merwin at your house.'

'Of course, my house is at your disposal. Is there anything else in which I can be of service to you?'

'Not at present; the freedom of your house is all I wish just now. I shall appoint to meet Mrs. Merwin here at two of the clock precisely.'

Morton, having written an answer to Mrs. Merwin, was about to depart, when Averill detained him by saying:

'Hal, how is your suit progressing with Miss Dalmore? You had better be in a hurry and have the knot tied, my good fellow, or you may chance to lose her fortune, if Mary discovers this affair with Mrs. Merwin.'

'No fear of that, unless Clara should tell her; she is getting quite unmanageable of late and deucedly jealous; by the way, that reminds me I was to have been at Dalmore's last evening, but Clara would not let me off. Somehow or other the deuce has put it into her head that I am going to get married. I must be careful, or all will be lost. I must go to Mary this evening, and tell her I was detained by business, and make my peace with her; believe me, such an excuse with Clara would not do, she knows better. I cannot give up Mary, or rather her fortune, for Mrs. Merwin and Clara, but contrive to keep all three. Clarence Leslee is gone. He loved Mary dearly, and might have been in the road.—Clara is all I am afraid of; if I can keep her silent, all will be right. Good morning, Averill; the servant by this time is waiting for the answer.'

'Good-by, Morton, and success to your intrigue.'

Mrs. Merwin waited with feverish impatience the return of the servant, sometimes going to the window, then walking the floor in an agony of fear and uncertainty, hoping, yet fearing to receive an answer. Presently there was a gentle rap at her door, the servant entered, and giving her a letter, retired. Mrs. Merwin with a trembling hand broke the seal, and with a palpitating heart read the following:

'MRS. MERWIN:

Dear Madam,—I received your flattering note this morning, and can you doubt my sentiments, on receiving such a letter from the most gifted and beautiful of women. Will you, dear lady, consent to meet me to-day at Mr. Averill's, at No. 14 in street ——, at two of the clock, and give me an opportunity of expressing my consuming love for your flattering preference?

I am ever,

Truly yours,

HENRY MORTON.'

'Will I meet him? O, Henry, can you doubt it? Yes, I will go. What do I care for the opinion of the cold, heartless world; let me but win *his love*; husband, father, friends, and all, all shall be forsaken for thy love. I will order the carriage to be at the door at a quarter to two. O, how long to wait; 'tis an age! At two I shall see him. O, bliss, I am almost wild with joy.' And the excited creature threw herself on the sofa and wept.

Humanity recoils at the aspect of such a woman. How revolting to the dignity of the sex! We do not wish to inculpate or extenuate her conduct, but give her character in sooth.

Is there a true woman in this wide-spread land who would give the shadow of an excuse for conduct such as this? No, there is not one who would advocate the step she had determined to take.

'The clock has certainly stopped; never before did the hours pass so heavily by. It seems as though two o'clock would never come round—twelve, two hours more and I shall behold him.'

The carriage of Mrs. Merwin drew up before Averill's dwelling. Averill appeared and assisted Mrs. Merwin to alight, telling her that Morton had not yet come but commissioned him to receive her. He conducted her to the parlor. At this moment the voice of Morton was heard in the hall, the next minute he entered the apartment. Averill left the room as his friend entered. Mrs. Merwin and Morton were alone. We will pass over the scene that followed—the false vows of Morton and the mad love of a guilty woman.

#### CHAPTER III.

'No longer she wept, her tears were a' spent,
Despair it had come, and it found her content,
It found her content, but her cheek it grew pale,
And she drooped like a lily broke down by the hail.'

We left Mary Dalmore sorrowing over the non-appearance of Morton, on the evening of the day he had met Mrs. Merwin.

We will again present her to the reader. She was alone, her fair hand was pressed tightly on her forehead as if to still its painful throbbings. Ever and anon she would listen as if expecting some one, though fearing they would not come; presently she hears the bell ring and a well known footstep falls upon her ear. The door opened and Morton appeared, looking as though he would say,

'Now for a welcome
Able to draw men's envies upon man;
A kiss now that will hang upon my lip,
As sweet as morning dew upon a rose,
And full as long.'

'O, Henry, where have you been? Why did you not come before? I was so afraid something had happened to you.'

'Forgive me, Mary, but indeed I could not get off; there was a friend came to see me on business last night that detained me till after twelve o'clock. But nothing but an affair of moment, Mary, should have kept me from your dear presence.'

'Well, Henry, I have been very foolish, but I could not help it; you said you would be here and I thought you were forgetting me.'

'Forgetting you, love! how could you be so ungenerous towards me—so unjust to yourself?'

'You do not know the heart of a woman, Henry, or you would not ask such a question. When a woman loves, all her thoughts and feelings centre in the object of her preference. Even a visit omitted is of consequence to her, though a man may think it of no moment.'

'Sing, Mary, let me hear your voice accompanying the harp, love, and then I can think of nought but you.' Mary took the harp and sung one of Burns's beautiful melodies. When she had finished, she put aside her harp and approached Morton. He was standing by the window in deep thought, when Mary laid her hand upon his arm.

'Why so sad, Henry? are you not well?'

'O yes, perfectly so, but your song made me thoughtful, that is all. You sing most delightfully, Mary.'

Mr. Dalmore came in at this moment and greeted Henry kindly. The evening passed off in agreeable and pleasant conversation. At nine o'clock Henry took his leave.

Whispers concerning Mrs. Merwin began to be circulated, justified by appearances, for her meetings with Morton still continued.—When they did not meet they wrote to each other. Sometimes the letters were sent by the servant, at others they passed through the hands of Helen Denning the friend of Mrs. Merwin. Helen was told it was the correspondence of platonic friendship between Mrs. Merwin and Morton. As such she became the medium through which the correspondence was carried on.

It was six months since Mrs. Merwin came to the city a bride, when her father wrote for her to come home. Her misdeeds had reached her home, her parents heard she was lightly spoken of, and they wished to withdraw her for a time from the city of N——, hoping that when she returned she might change her conduct. No time was given her to write to Morton. Hastily preparing for her journey, she started for her home.

In the meantime, Clara, the mistress of Morton, having a suspicion of his intrigue with Mrs. Merwin, was not inactive.

One night while singing at the Opera, she discovered Mrs. Merwin and Morton, who occupied boxes facing the stage, conversing with each other by signs, and Morton touching with his lips his hand,

'To waft the kiss he is too far to give.'

This confirmed her suspicions. And her jealousy being roused, she determined to find out the full extent of intimacy existing between them. She had Morton watched, and her suspicions being fully and entirely confirmed, her evil passions rose up in arms, and she resolved on having revenge. The day before Mrs. Merwin left the city, Clara, while in the library looking for a volume Morton had presented her, overheard the following conversation, which took place between two of her friends.

'What do you think, Morton is going to turn Benedict! At least, I hear he is going to marry the rich and beautiful heiress, Miss Dalmore.'

'Yes, so I have understood, but if the talk about Mrs. Merwin and him gets to the ears of Miss Dalmore, I don't believe she would have him.'

'Nor do I,' returned the other.

Clara waited to hear no more, but left the library and returned to her room.

'Now I have found him out. I could have forgiven his marrying Miss Dalmore. He told me he did not love her, that he loved but me. But Mrs. Merwin! that is another affair. I know now why I have been neglected; he has been taken up with Mrs. Merwin, he never thought I would find him out. Now for vengeance! I will unmask him to Miss Dalmore!'

We have several times in the course of our story mentioned the name of Clara. We will sum up her history in a few words.

She was an opera singer; by birth, English. Directly after she came to this country she became acquainted with Morton, which acquaintance was the destruction of her virtue. He was the only person she ever loved; he promised her marriage, but now she had ceased to hope he would fulfil his promise to her.

And now, believing herself cast off on account of Mrs. Merwin, she determined to break off his marriage with Miss Dalmore.—Thus being revenged on Morton through Mary for his desertion of herself for Mrs. Merwin.

#### CHAPTER IV.

'I'll have my bond; I will not hear thee speak:
I'll have my bond; and therefore speak no more.
I'll not be made a soft and dull-eyed fool,
To shake the head, relent, and sigh, and yield
To Christian intercessors.'

The sun was just sinking into his golden couch, when Clara left her home on her visit to Miss Dalmore. She rung the bell, and when the servant appeared she inquired if Miss Dalmore was at home, and receiving an answer in the affirmative, she said:

'Tell her a lady wishes to see her.'

'Your name, if you please.'

'No matter about that, go and tell her as I have requested.'

Returning, he desired her to follow him.—Opening the parlor door for her to enter, he closed it, and Clara Stanely stood for the first time in the presence of Mary Dalmore.

Clara was conscious of the delicacy of her position. She looked at Mary, and her heart smote her for the suffering she was about to inflict on the fair girl before her. Mary, in a kindly voice, asked her to be seated. Clara took a chair, while Mary awaited for her to explain the object of her visit.

'I see you are surprised at my appearing before you. You are the betrothed of Henry Morton; it is of him I wish to speak.'

'What of him?' cried Mary, rising hastily, and approaching Clara, 'has anything happened to him? Where is he, speak?'

'No, he is well,' answered Clara, coldly, for she did not like the tone in which Mary spoke.

'Then what do you wish to tell me of Henry Morton?'

'I wish to warn you, lady, before you marry him, that he is forsworn; he promised to marry me. He is now engaged in an intrigue with a married woman. He never loved you, he would have married you for your fortune. But forgive me, lady, for the grief I have caused; he is not worthy the love of such as you.'

Mary did not give way to her feelings, though her countenance was blenched unto the hue of death.

Clara rose and left the room, and when the door closed, Mary sank fainting in her seat.—Her father came in a few minutes after Clara's departure; he spoke to his daughter, and receiving no answer he went to her. Raising her head, he found she had fainted. Exceedingly frightened, he hastily rang for assistance and had her conveyed to her chamber. They applied the restoratives usual on such occasions, when she gradually came to. When the servants left the room, her father asked her the cause of her fainting. She told him of Clara's visit, adding she never desired to see Morton more.

'Write to him, father, and tell him the reason I never wish to see him again, and break off the engagement, for *I* cannot write him.'

'Thank God, Mary, you did not marry him!' exclaimed her father. 'What a dreadful fate might have been yours. Try, my daughter, to forget him, and in time you will again be happy.'

'Yes, father, I will cast him forever from me, and try to forget him. I will write to Morton myself to-night, and in the morning send the letter to him.'

The next morning Morton got Mr. Dalmore's letter. Averill was with him at the time. After having read it he handed it to Averill, saying:

'There, read that.'

'Who could have told him?' asked Averill, after having read the letter.

'Clara, of course, no one else knew anything about it but her, that would have told Mary. Well, it can't be helped now, so I am done for with Mary, that's certain. Clara has, I suppose, discovered my affair with Mrs. Merwin, and in revenge informed Mary of it.'

'Very likely,' replied Averill; 'but, by the way, do you know that Mrs. Merwin has gone to her father's?'

'No,' said Morton, 'when did she go?'

'She started this morning.'

'Strange she did not tell me anything about it,' thought Morton, and bidding his friend good day, left him.

Mrs. Merwin, the day after she went home, sat down to write to Henry Morton; when she was writing, her mother came into the room, and unobserved by her daughter, saw she was writing to Morton. She did not say anything at the time, but told her husband of what she had seen, when he determined to intercept the answer, which he accordingly did; and two or three days after having got the letter he started for the city to have a personal interview with Morton.

He confronted him, reproached him for his conduct, and compelled him to promise never more to have any farther intercourse whatever with his daughter. In two weeks after, Mrs. Merwin returned to the city. Again Morton met her at the house of Averill. A friend of Col. Merwin told him of his wife's meetings with Morton.

At first he could not believe that such a thing could be possible. He sent for his servant, the one Mrs. Merwin employed to carry letters to Morton, and questioning him closely, he found that the servant had been carrying letters to and from Morton and Mrs. Merwin for some time.

He then went to his wife's apartment.—When he entered, Mrs. Merwin was engaged in reading. She laid aside her book, noticing the agitated appearance of her husband, but did not speak. Merwin looked for a moment at his wife, and then in a trembling and hollow voice addressed her:

'Madam, I have been informed that you have been in the habit of holding clandestine meetings at the house of a gentleman by the name of Averill. Can you deny it?'

'I deny nothing, sir,' said Mrs. Merwin, proudly.

'Wretched woman, are you so lost to all sense of what is due to yourself and to me?'

'I certainly lost my senses when I married you, Col. Merwin.'

'Very well, madam, I see you are determined to make light of the matter, and throw me off my purpose, but think not you will succeed. I know your lover's name, and on Morton's head will I wreak my vengeance.'

Mrs. Merwin was now startled; she thought her husband did not know her lover's name, and when she found out her mistake, Mrs. Merwin was another woman. The look of pride and haughtiness was exchanged for one of fear and anguish.

'O, do not harm him, George, he is not to blame,' pleaded Mrs. Merwin; 'I am in your hands, do with me as you please, kill me if you will—O, I could die ten thousand deaths if you would but promise not to harm Morton.'

'Miserable woman! do you dare name your betrayer to me? Let me tell you, madam,' exclaimed her husband, grinding his teeth with infuriate rage, 'before another sun shall have set, he or I must die.'

The husband ceased speaking, and the wife lay extended on the floor, the blood streaming from her eyes and mouth.

He left the room and sent a servant to his wife's assistance. He then went straightway to the hotel where his friend Col. Manners boarded, and without sending up his name, went directly to his friend's room.

'What in the name of heaven is the matter, Merwin?' exclaimed Manners, when his friend entered, 'you look most wretched.'

'You will not wonder at my looks, Manners, when I tell you what has happened.'

He then in a husky voice related to Manners what had occurred that morning, the scene with his wife, and finished by requesting him to be the bearer of a challenge to Morton.

'I wish the meeting to be to-morrow morning,' adding, 'even that is too long for both of us to live.'

He wrote the challenge, and Manners took it and went to seek Morton, Merwin remaining till he should return with an answer.

In an hour or so he returned, bearing Morton's acceptance of the challenge. Morton had referred Manners to Averill to act as his second. The preliminaries of the duel had been so arranged as to take place at six precisely, in the morning, to be decided with pistols.

'Thank you, Manners, I will leave you to settle the rest. In the meantime I will go home and prepare for what may happen.'

We will pass over the events of that miserable night to the parties concerned.

The next morning at five minutes to six, Merwin and Manners were on the ground, and the other party were approaching. The seconds courteously saluted one another, but the principals did not notice each other. Taking their places, the pistols were given them, and the word being given they fired, when Morton fell, mortally wounded.

Merwin and Manners instantly left the bloody scene. When Mrs. Merwin heard of the death of Morton, she became a raving maniac, and was placed the inmate of a mad house. Clara left this country and retired to England, where in a few months she was laid in an early grave. Merwin in a month after the duel left his country and became a wanderer in a foreign land.

It was three years after the events recorded in our tale when a bridal party were assembled in the house of Mr. Dalmore on a beautiful and lovely evening. For after Morton's death, Clarence Leslee returned to the city of N——. And in the course of a year he won Mary's love and she consented to become his bride, and it was on the evening we speak of that she gave her hand to one who truly loved her. And never did she regret having given her hand to Clarence Leslee.

[Written for The Flag of our Union.]

### A Summer Evening.

BY J. H. G.

Through the vine-clad casement the summer air
Is gently stealing with burden fair;
Bringing the scent of the new-mown hay,
And the warble of birds that far away
  Are singing their evening song;
Bringing the bull-frog's shrill love note
From the rivulet's marge where they shaded float,
  And sing it all night long;
Bringing the clatter of iron feet
From the bridge where the waters foaming meet,
  And struggle in wild despair;
Flinging their spray towards the summer sky,
To cool the breeze that fitfully
  Is tossing amid my hair.

[Written for The Flag of our Union.]

### THE SPAN OF GREYS.

BY S. E. CHURCH.

Samuel Johnson! Well, he was a fine man in many respects, and who is not? Indeed I know of no one. Mr. Johnson lived in a small village on the Green Mountains, as many others do, and he never would lose a good bargain if he could get it. And generally he did get it, for he was *keen* on a trade. Many are the good things told of him, but there was *one* too good to be lost. That was about the span of greys. He fairly bit off his own nose, and lost twenty-five dollars in the bargain. It pleased his neighbors considerable, for he was a church-member 'and all.' Never was he so completely used up before nor since. Perhaps it taught him a good lesson.

Accidentally hearing that a man on the other side of the mountain had a nice span of greys that he would sell very reasonably, he determined to possess them; so one fine morning he took the stage and went over to see Mr. Jones, the owner. Never were two persons nearer alike in all respects; only Mr. Jones was the oldest and a little, a *very leetle* the keenest. In neither did the bump of conscientiousness predominate, while cunning formed a very considerable part of their compositions. It is a ludicrous sight to see two such men trade, and like many other good things, it is indescribable.

'Good morning, Mr. Jones.'

'Good morning, Mr. Johnson; glad to see you. How are all the people in your part of the country?'

'Very well, I thank you,' was the answer of Johnson, who then added, 'I hear, Mr. Jones, that you have a very nice span of grey horses which you would like to sell! How is it?'

'In truth, Mr. Johnson, I have,' replied Jones, proudly, 'and a likelier span is not to be found everywhere.'

'O, I presume not,' was the response.

'Come in and see them, Mr. Johnson.—This way, sir, if you please,' and Mr. Jones very complacently opened the stable door where the horses were kept.

'Fine, very fine,' said Johnson, by way of compliment; and this was followed by questions and answers as regarded the good qualities of the beasts. 'I suppose they are perfectly sound;' and Johnson walked round and round, and looked them over again for the seventh time.

'Perfectly, I assure you,' was the response.

'No heaves?'

'Not in the least.'

'Sprained?'

'No, sir.'

'Can't you take two hundred and forty-five?'

'Can't, upon honor.'

'Then I will take them at two fifty.'

Johnson paid for them, and drove them home. But he was not long in discovering that one of the superb greys was troubled with the spring-halt, and the other with something else, I have forgotten what. Johnson was in a pet, and he wrote letter after letter to Jones, but received no answer, and so one day called over to see him.

'Mr. Jones, those horses are not sound,' were the first words that passed his lips.

'I can't help that,' was the response.

'But you must help it, and quickly, or I shall take the law!' cried Johnson, passionately, for he was angry.

'How much will you settle for, Mr. Johnson? Come, talk away,' and Jones was angry as the other.

'Fifty dollars,' snapped Johnson.

'I'll give you twenty-five.'

'Shan't do it.'

'Then take the law about it; prove what you can, but be off with yourself quickly!' and Johnson had the satisfaction of being kicked out of doors.

Home he went, chafing with rage, and was just starting over to squire B's. for a writ, when a man accosted him:

'Have you got a pair of horses to sell, sir?'

'Now,' thought Johnson. 'Yes, sir, I have. Walk this way, sir. There, sir,' and Johnson showed him the horses. 'Can you beat that.'

'Pretty well matched,' suggested the stranger; 'they are not sound, are they?'

'Sound!' repeated Johnson, as if astonished at the question. 'Indeed they are, every way.'

'I suppose, then, if I should buy them, you would remember what you say now, but here are witnesses;' and the stranger looked keenly at Johnson.

Long and earnestly did they talk; but in spite of all the protestations of Johnson the stranger would not take the greys then.

'In one week you will hear from me,' said the stranger. 'I shall then make up my mind as to buying or not.'

Johnson did not have to wait so long as that.

'Box sixty-four—*sixty-four*,' cried Johnson, at the Post Office. 'Jones's handwriting,' said he, as he opened the letter which was given him, 'guess he has sent that fifty dollars along.' But all this illusion vanished as he read:

'C——, Dec. 28, 184—.

'MR. SAMUEL JOHNSON:

Dear Sir—I regret exceedingly to have been forced to this step, but as you told a particular friend of mine, Mr. N——, that your horses were perfectly sound, I shall not take the trouble to settle for them. N—— will not have them. DEXTER JONES.'

Poor 'used up' Johnson! That's all!

[Written for The Flag of our Union.]

### THE SKINNED CAT.

BY B. U. T.

In a little village, not ten miles from Baltimore, there once resided, and for all that we know to the contrary he may live there yet, an old gentleman, who, on account of his extreme cleanliness, was called 'Old Nicety.' Now if there was one good thing 'Old Nicety' preferred before another, it was a good cup of tea—and if there was an animal which he detested, it was a cat. There lived about half a mile from this same village a gentleman named Buckter, whose wife was considered one of the best, if not the best tea-maker in that region of the world—and to Mr. Buckter's would 'Old Nicety' often wend his way of an evening to enjoy a dish of Mrs. Buckter's famous tea. After sipping down a cup of more than usual flavor and excellency one evening, 'Old Nicety' leaned back in his chair and exclaimed:

'Ah! Mrs. Buckter! I don't see how it's possible for you to make such excellent tea!'

'I'll tell you, sir,' exclaimed a little son of Mr. Buckter's. 'Twasn't mammy that made the tea, daddy did it!'

'Eh! daddy made it, my boy, did he! then perhaps you saw him?'

'Yes, I did, sir, and me and the dog too, and we helped him, *for the dog killed the cat, and daddy put its skin in the tea-pot.*'

'In the where?' exclaimed 'Old Nicety,' springing from his chair as if he had been sitting on nettles.

'In the tea-pot, sir, and here it is,' and with youthful agility the little fellow produced a tea-pot from the closet with a cat-skin in the bottom of it. 'See it, sir? Mammy didn't make the tea, for daddy put the skin there.'

One glance of horror 'Old Nicety' threw into the tea-pot, and true enough, there lay the cat's skin. With the exclamation of '*Good Lord, I've been drinking cat-soup!*' 'Old Nicety' rushed from the house, and has never since suffered a tea-pot to come within his sight.

For the benefit of the reader, we may remark that the way the cat's skin got in the tea-pot was this. Mr. Buckter had a fine cat, that the day before had been killed by a dog, and as he wished to preserve its skin, he had put it in an old tea-pot that was not used, and set it by for safe keeping, though his little son supposed he was making tea.

### A Civilized Indian.

There stood leaning against our door-post, the other day, a square built, noble featured young man, whom we took to be a half-breed. By a half-breed is commonly meant an equal intermixture of the Indian and French. He wore a rough-and-ready hat, a nicely starched calico shirt, good pantaloons and calf-skin shoes. His manners were so modest and prepossessing that we invited him in—'Parlez vous Français?' said we. He shook his head. 'Dakota?' we continued, perseveringly. 'No,' he replied, in good English. 'Do you speak English?' 'I do.' 'You are a half-breed?' 'No, I am an Indian.' 'Where do you reside?' 'At La Pointe, on Lake Superior.'—We continued the conversation until we got the idea clearly into our *civilized* head, that he was a well bred, tolerably well educated, and a well civilized Indian, without a drop of foreign blood in his veins. Our hero introduced himself as George Day. He is a Chippewa; or we might have inferred from his name that his extraction was from the stock of the Sioux chief, 'Hole-in-the-day.' Mr. Day is a carpenter; and says he prefers the pursuits of civilized life to the chase. With ten half-breeds he had come to St. Paul, in the employ of Mr. H. M. Rice, to bring down his furs. Their passage was made down the Mississippi in a canoe, and occupied twelve days. He is the only man of his company who speaks English. He received the elements of his education at La Pointe, and afterwards attended school in Salem, Columbus County, Ohio.—We presented him with a copy of the Pioneer, which he seemed to read with pleasure.—*Minnesota Pioneer.*

Mrs. Jane Swisshelm, editress of the Pittsburg Saturday Visiter, thus describes the style of Lippard, the great Hobgoblin. Isn't it rich?

'We know no name for your style; and I have not learned that any critic has invented any other than "the Lippard Style"—which must mean a style that requires the writer to be born with St. Vitus's dance, to be inoculated for the Delirium Tremens, take the nightmare in the natural way, get badly frightened at a collection of snakes, and write under the combined influence of these manifold causes of inspiration.'

A Persian merchant complaining heavily of some unjust sentence of the lower court, was told by the judge to go to the cadi.

'But the cadi is your uncle,' urged the plaintiff.

'Then you can go to the grand vizier.'

'But his secretary is your cousin.'

'Then you may go to the sultan.'

'But his favorite sultana is your niece.'

'Well, then, go to the d——l.'

'Ah, there is still closer family connexion,' said the merchant, as he left the court in despair.

Sylvester challenged Jonson to match a couple of his rhymes that run somewhat thus:

'I, John Sylvester,
Hugged your sister.'

To which Jonson immediately replied,

'I, Ben Jonson,
Hugged your wife.'

'But,' said Sylvester, rather chagrined at the turn, 'that's no *rhyme*.'

'No,' retorted Jonson, 'but it is *true*.'

Swift once attempted in a humorous mood, to prove that all things were governed by the word *led*. Said he, our noblemen and hard drinkers are pimp-*led*—physicians and pulses are fee-*led*—their patients and oranges are pil-*led*—a new married man and an ass are bride-*led*—an old married man and a pack horse are sad-*led*—cats and dice are rat-*led*—swine and nobility are sty-*led*—a maiden and a tinder box are spark-*led*.

General Burgoyne, dining with General Gates immediately after the surrender of the former to the latter, and hearing General Schuyler named among the officers presented to him, thought it necessary to apologize for the destruction of his elegant mansion, a few days before, by his orders. 'Make no excuses, General,' was the reply, 'I feel myself *more than compensated* by the pleasure of meeting you at this table.'

An Irish laborer, sick of the thraldom of strong drink, introduced himself, lately, to the magistrates of Southwark, and proposed to 'go bale' before them to keep the following pledge (which he produced in writing):—'Take notice that Pether Hogan of Castragua, in the county of Kerri hear by takes his Oth nevir to drink a glass of Sperret good bad or indiffetent, *only to kepe down the vegetables*.'

'Husband, do you believe in special judgments of providence upon individuals in this life?'

'Yes, my dear.'

'Do you indeed? Did one of the judgments ever happen to you?'

'Yes, my love.'

'When was it, husband?'

'When I married you, my dear!'

Brigadier General Brady, of Detroit, is now the oldest surviving officer of the American army. He is now colonel of the 2d Infantry. A few days since the general was taken violently sick. The attending physician thought him to be dying, and communicated to him his fears. 'Beat the drum—my knapsack is slung, and Hugh Brady is ready to march,' was the soldier-like response.

'How,' said a judge in Missouri to a witness on the stand, 'how do you know the plaintiff was intoxicated on the evening referred to?'

'Because I saw him a few minutes after the muss, trying to pull off his trousers with a boot jack!'

Verdict for the defendant. See Blackstone—page 37, vs. Gin and Sugar.

In Keeseville, N. Y., George Washington May, 'lieutenant U. S. army,' challenged a person with whom he quarrelled in a bowling alley. The fight came off, and the lieutenant ran off after seeing his enemy fall on the bloody field. He wasn't badly wounded though, as the pistols had only been loaded with powder. Sad hoax for a man of honor.

The Tribune of Tuesday contained an advertisement for 'a wet nurse, a healthy young woman, with a full flow of milk, from three to seven months old.' We are puzzled to know whether the 'healthy young woman' was 'from three to seven months old,' or the 'full flow of milk.' But—it is of no consequence.'

A down-east editor says nothing is sweeter than a warm ardent kiss from one we love, unless it is molasses. This is corroborated by the following couplet from a modern Juliet to Romeo:

Enduring as time is my love for you,
Sweet as molasses, and as sticky too.

At a whist party, a few evenings since, the tables in use being somewhat troubled with the rickets, a wag present remarked to one of our particular friends, that they would have no occasion to visit Niagara the present season for the purpose of seeing the *Table Rock*.

An old offender was lately brought before a learned justice of the peace. The constable, as a preliminary, informed his worship that he had in custody John Simmons, *alias* Jones, *alias* Smith. 'Very well,' said the magistrate, 'I will try the *two women* first; bring in *Alice Jones*.'

The Albany *Dutchman* says: 'Who says this is not an age of progress? A friend of ours, on the fourth, was arrested for assault and battery, last week for petit larceny, and yesterday for highway robbery. With any kind of encouragement, he will reach the gallows by autumn.'

'Depth of sea off Cape Hatteras nineteen thousand eight hundred feet.'—*Coast Survey.*

How far off? The Gulf Stream is off Cape Hatteras, and is so deep it is generally believed that the bottom of it is the top of the Chinese sea.

'This,' said Jem, during the foul weather, a few days ago, 'must be first rate for English beer-houses.'

'Why so?' asked a bystander.

'Because it is so confounded *muggy*.'

When Dr. Johnson was asked whether he believed Dr. Dodd capable of writing dissertations when under sentence of death?

'Why, yes, sir,' said he, 'when a man knows he is to be hung, it wonderfully concentrates his ideas.'

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[WRITTEN EXPRESSLY FOR THE FLAG OF OUR UNION.]

## THE SPANIARD:

or,

## THE CRUISER OF LONG ISLAND.

### A Story of Sunshine and Shadow.

BY FRED HUNTER.

[CONTINUED.]

### CHAPTER VIII.

*The appointment. Tom's tact and Defoe's submission. Appearance of the Spaniard, again. The landlord and the bribe. Will Cracket. The final proposal. Clarence falls! A new comer from London. Suspicions are aroused. The burglars.*

TOM WIRT knew the value of punctuality in matters of the character he had now undertaken; and having determined, in spite of the threats of the Spaniard, to carry out his intentions with reference to the youth he had casually met at the Fox and Cub—he made his appearance full an hour before the appointed time, and not altogether unexpectedly, he found Clarence in waiting for him. The young American had become pretty well satisfied that Tom Wirt was a 'gentleman of leisure,' and fancying that he might (from his own previous experience) be able, perhaps, to make something profitable out of the new acquaintance, he was now anxious to see him. When evening came, he was prepared for almost anything that might turn up, stranger as he was, far away from home or kin, without prospect, and moreover half inclined—his previous sufferings notwithstanding, (from the effect of his associations during the last eighteen months) to become a 'professional gentleman' too!

The clock had just struck seven, when Tom made his appearance; and informing Clarence that he had found himself at leisure sooner than he had expected, the latter took the proffered arm of the pickpocket, and they sauntered forth together toward the main road leading to London bridge. It might readily be supposed, after the trick which this polished thief had played off on the youth the evening before, that he would scarcely have cared to make his acquaintance, further; but its very adroitness, and the seductive address of his new found companion, who had crossed him at a moment when his mind was ready for any change, good or bad—had the effect of luring him on, poor Clarence knew not whither!

Advancing along the Newington road, they chatted familiarly, and Tom promised his young friend, that if he would place himself under his guidance, he would find in a few days that he would be able to 'go alone;' *where*, Tom Wirt did not vouchsafe to inform him, however! But still they sauntered on, and finally entered the borough of Southwark, Tom led his companion along a narrower street, turning to the left. Suddenly halting, the two men ascended a short flight of steps which led to an inferior-looking public-house, called the 'Retreat,' where Tom informed his victim that he proposed to introduce him to a friend of his, whom he would find a valuable acquaintance. They entered this house, and the door closed behind them.

The last words of Tom Wirt as he parted with Clarence on the previous evening, at the Fox and Cub, had not been lost upon the Spaniard, whose attention had been directed particularly to the movements of the thief, during his final conversation with the young stranger on that occasion, and they had absented themselves scarcely ten minutes from Clarence's lodgings, on the second evening, when the Spaniard again made his appearance there, saluting the landlord respectfully as he entered. He finished a jug of ale, but neither Clarence nor the other appearing, he became uneasy; and approaching the proprietor of the hotel, he inquired for the youth who had latterly taken lodgings with him.

'He went out half an hour since,' said the host.

'Alone?' inquired the Spaniard.

'No. He has made the acquaintance of a gen'leman from Lon'on.'

'What is his name?' asked the Spaniard, quickly.

'Whose name?'

'This gentleman from London?'

'He's a gen'leman, as is a gen'leman. We never answers pointed ques'ions at the Fox and Cub, sir.'

This tart reply did not at all disconcert the Spaniard, whose motives seemed to be honorable; but, looking firmly in the face of the landlord, he tried other tactics.

'Look you, my friend,' said the Spaniard, at the same time drawing forth a well filled purse—'I will enter into no explanations with you—but I can well appreciate *your* motives in this business. The character of the "Fox and Cub" is thoroughly known to me, and it may be agreeable to you to understand that some of *my* friends are among your best customers. I know how you are supported—by whom you are sustained. Now then, take this purse; it contains an hundred pounds sterling in gold. Consider this my entrance fee; be my friend for the time being, and you will find that I can pay you for your good will.'

'You come down werry 'andsome, cert'nly,' said the proprietor of the Fox and Cub, seizing the purse, the weight of which satisfied him amply that this new customer was of the right sort; 'what can I do for you?'

'Nothing, at present. You do not *know* me, I fancy.'

'No,' said the landlord.

'I do not desire you should.'

'I understan', sir.'

'Ask me no questions—answer me such as I may have occasion to propound to you from time to time, honestly, to the best of your knowledge—allow me to enter here, and depart, when and how it pleases me—and I will *pay* you for it. Do you comprehend me?'

'Perfec'ly,' said the host, pressing the gold in his palm.

'Now then, did the youth go out with Tom Wirt, to-night?'

'He did, sir.'

'You see I know that man.'

'Tom's a cracksman, but—'

'He is a scoundrel. I know him, d' you see.'

'Well, it isn't for me to—'

'No. I appreciate what you would say. Whither have they gone?'

'I do not know. But to-night at twelve, Tom and Will have sumthin' in hand, upon the road, I b'lieve.'

'Who is Will?'

'Will Cracket—the old "fence;" everybody knows Will.'

'I have heard of him,' said the Spaniard.

'And the young 'un is to be roped in, I think—'

'What?' exclaimed the Spaniard, starting.

'I 'magine they will induct him to-night. It is no bus'ness o' mine, d' ye see—but it's a pity. This is 'tween ourselves, o' course. 'Twixt *friends*, it's all right, d' you see.'

'Exactly.'

'I wouldn't blow on 'm, though—and if you—'

'Entertain no fears on my account. Keep *your* part of the compact with me, and you'll find I shall make you no trouble.' Thus speaking, the Spaniard departed from the Fox and Cub, making his way rapidly up towards the city.

'Well, he's a rum 'un, to be sure,' exclaimed Dobbs, the landlord, as the stranger disappeared; 'an' they're real shiners, too,' continued Dobbs, as he counted forth one hundred sovereigns, the contents of the purse. 'I can afford to be *his* friend.'

As soon as the door shut behind Tom Wirt and Clarence, they passed through an ill-lighted passage which led to a low-walled room away from the street, which proved the principal apartment of the 'Retreat,' into which the two companions were ushered at once, and where Clarence was forthwith presented, in form, to Tom's friend—Will Cracket, the old 'fence.' He was a sinister-looking man, well nigh fifty years of age, sharp-featured and calculating in his facial appearance, and on the whole, altogether unprepossessing. But Clarence had seen worse faces than Will Cracket's, he thought—and he shook his hard hand cordially; for Tom had taken care to assure him as they went along, that old Will was a very worthy man, who would do well by him, if he should please him.

'Now then, Tom—let's to business,' said the old fence. 'The character you've given me o' the young man, here, is satisfactory; and if he's so disposed, we can throw something in his way, at once.'

Clarence had gathered from Tom's conversation, as they proceeded towards the 'Retreat,' that an opening might offer for him if he chose, but his heart misgave him. Tom noticed that his young friend was about to show the white feather, and summoning all his art, he rallied him at once. The pleasantry of Tom Wirt re-assured Clarence, and the old fence forthwith produced a bottle of wine, of which the three men drank freely, and Clarence concluded at last that he had never in his life felt braver, or better, than he did at that moment!

'Well then,' said Will, in a low tone of voice, 'the bus'ness I speak *of*, is for this very night.'

Clarence started, and thought of the scene which had transpired but a few weeks before in New York! What was to be the end of this? But he said nothing.

'You, Tom—are acquainted with the affair, in gen'ral terms. Will your young friend join you?'

'What say, Deffy?' asked Tom, addressing Clarence by the name he had chosen for him.

'What's to be done?' inquired Clarence, as boldly as his still trembling heart would permit.

'A bin's to be cracked, at midnight. Will you join us?'

Clarence knew very little about 'cracking a bin,' but he was ashamed to falter, after having got so far into the difficulty; and he ventured to ask his friend Tom to explain himself more fully.

'Well then, Deffy, you mus' know that night afo' last, there come down from London, but, by the way, you un'erstand, Deffy, that all this is confidential, in course.'

Clarence assented.

'Well. There came down from London, a gentleman as doesn't reside reg'larly in these parts; and he goes and hires a small house in the Borough, which he's furnished tip-top, and where he is goin' to live all alone by himself, saving the company of a big black servant he brought along. He's a Londoner I fancy, 'cause he's put things up in the best style around him, and has plenty of gold. His furniture and plate is tempting, and as he's just got here, it 'll be easy to relieve him of any overplus he has. You see he can afford to spare it.'

'An' what makes it promise more favorably,' chimed in the old fence, 'is that he wont be at home to-night.'

'Capital!' said Tom Wirt.

'No, I learned from one of the boys, who's been talkin' to his nigger—for you see. Mr. Deffy, I have other young gentleman employed, and all of whom I pay roundly for their services—I learned through Jake, that the servant was to be alone to-night; and there'll be no danger, you see, in calling.'

'Take another glass of wine, Deffy,' said Tom, observing that his friend had hardly made up his mind. The wine was poured out, Clarence swallowed it—and a queer sensation almost instantly pervaded his whole frame. This last draught had been drugged; and in a moment longer, Clarence Defoe was the bravest man living! Before the clock struck eleven, he had been duly instructed in the part he was to play—he had consented to join Tom Wirt in the proposed expedition at midnight!

While this scene was transpiring at the Retreat, there sat a gentlemanly-looking personage in the comfortable little back-parlor of a tasty dwelling in a retired street, distant nearly half a mile from the spot just described. He was evidently an Englishman of the higher order, and no doubt could be entertained of his means—for he was surrounded by a tasteful display of elegant furniture and household appointments, and he seemed perfectly at his ease, as he ran his eye leisurely up and down the columns of the evening paper. It was well nigh ten o'clock, and laying aside the journal he had carefully perused, his hand touched the bell-pull. The summons was quickly answered by the entrance of a large negro, who begged to know his master's pleasure.

This servant was as fine a specimen of the African race, as one would meet with in a year's travels—and he had been bred to his humble profession in America, where the best and most competent of all servants are found, popular opinion to the contrary, notwithstanding; and Peter Paul was most devotedly attached to the interests of his new master, who treated him with the utmost kindness. Peter, or Pete, as his master called him—was an athletic, powerful fellow, and his face was but the index to a kind and honest heart. He loved his employer, and his master valued him.

'Pete,' said the gentleman, 'attend me at seven to-morrow morning. I have business which calls me away early, and I shall be absent till night fall.'

'Yis, sah,' said Pete.

'It is now past ten, Pete—I shall retire at eleven.'

'Yis, sah.'

'Do not fail to call me at seven.'

'No, sah,' replied Pete, and he would have retired, at once, under ordinary circumstances, but he evidently had something to communicate.

'What is the matter, Pete?' said his master, kindly.

'Noff'n. Dat is, noff'in very pertic'lar, massa; but Pete look out at de winner to-night, jes about 'n'our ago, and he see *some* genp'men look'n mitey quisitib to dis house.'

'What?' said his master, suspiciously.

'Dat's all, massa. But ole Pete duzzent like de looks ob *one* o' dem fellers. He's seen him afore, massa.'

'What do you imagine may be their intentions, Pete?'

'Lor' bress you, massa—Pete couldn't say. But de tall feller cum roun' dis arternoon, and axed was de massa gwang to be 'ere dis ebening.'

'And what was your reply, Pete?'

'Well, massa—he didn't ax dat ques'ion wid no good purpose—and so I tole him—'

'That I should be out, eh?'

'Noff in else, massa. Dat is, I tole him you was gwang away, to-night; an' he seemed berry well sassified. 'Bout 'n'our ago, he come back wid anudder man, and I *fink*, massa—'

'Well, what do you think?'

'I fink he'll come agin, bumeby,' said Pete, in a subdued voice.

'You don't imagine, Peter, those men have any designs upon *me*—eh?'

'Wal, massa,' continued Pete, passing his hand over his head, 'I duzzent link dey have any 'signs on *me*.'

'Right—right, good Pete; you are careful and trusty.'

'I'se gwang to blow out de light, massa—and set up for 'em—*I is*,' said Pete, grinning good-naturedly.

'Do so, Pete. I will also throw myself upon the couch here, in my dressing-gown. I shall not retire. Now I think of it again, it is possible they mean us harm. Go below, secure the doors and windows, sleep with your eyes and ears open, Pete—and call if you need help.'

Pete followed his master's direction—and the clock struck eleven.

### CHAPTER IX.

*The compunctions and arguments of Clarence. The midnight expedition. The tact of Tom Wirt exhibited. Sudden appearance of the Spaniard! The deception. Valiant Pete. The shot. Escape of Clarence. The Spaniard and his prisoner.*

EXCITED to the highest degree, and elated with the libations which had been administered to him for the last hour, by Tom Wirt and Will Cracket—Clarence found himself, at midnight, in a condition for any expedition which might present. He was naturally courageous in his disposition, but broken in spirit at an hour when he had believed himself rising to eminence in his original profession, and being so suddenly driven, by the force of circumstances, to exile himself from his home, his character had altered, his mind was bruised by the crash which fell upon him, and now that he was beyond the reach of all who knew him, he cared little for future results. All his self-made promises of reform had vanished, he had fallen into the company of those who had contrived to control his *first acts*, and burning with the effect produced by the wine he had now imbibed—at twelve o'clock, he needed no further urging to prompt him to accompany Tom Wirt in his expedition!

Pete had secured the doors and windows as he had been directed, and having procured a small bludgeon to be used in case of need, he threw himself into a chair, after extinguishing the lights, and awaited any visits which might possibly be made—though he only *suspected* the intentions of the evil-disposed. At the same hour, his master had buried himself in a different manner. Drawing forth his pistol-case, he examined the weapons, re-loaded and carefully primed them, and then attiring himself in a street dress, he so disguised his appearance that his best friend would not have suspected him. Having completed everything to his satisfaction—he lighted a dark lantern, and sat down to await the result of his fears.

The half-hour had chimed from a neighboring steeple, and it was approaching the hour of one in the morning—but no disturbance had been heard. Pete had fallen into a gentle doze, forgetting his fears and his plans at the same moment. The gentleman had watched the sound of the footsteps of every pedestrian who had passed for nearly two long hours, but yet nothing out of the ordinary way had occurred to disturb master or man, and the new proprietor of the pretty mansion began to fancy that Pete was not so discriminating a fellow after all; when, on a sudden, voices might have been heard in the area beneath the garden wall—had any one but the speakers themselves been within hearing.

'Careful now, Deffy,' said the foremost of the men, in a very low voice. 'The garden wall is not over six feet high; I am the tallest, and can mount it readily. Here,' he continued, placing himself upon his hands and knees, and raising his back by way of a platform—'step up, and scale the wall. I will toss you the lantern, and will immediately follow; but *mum's* the word, from this moment, you know. Wait, and follow me, after we get over.'

Deffy did as he was directed, and nimbly mounting the wall, he received the lantern, and Tom Wirt instantly joined him. They slipped quietly down among the thick vines, and rested there a moment to recover breath.

'Now Deffy, d' ye see—the lights is all out. There's nobuddy there but the nigger. We enter the window, d' ye see, on the right—I marked it to-night, when you was talking with old Will—after I left you, a while. It leads d'rectly to the main hall, which enters the parlor. The plate we'll crib, at all events, and mayhap, if we can manage the nigger, we'll do better. Look out for barkers, though—my boy, and run when you can't help it. Now, then,' continued Tom, 'to business—and mum's the word.'

The burglar and the novice crept softly down the walk, approached the window, and halted. Tom placed a pair of soft woollen gloves upon his hands, and attempted to move the sash—but it was fast. Taking from his side-pocket a sharp knife, he passed its point carefully down through the putty, which secured one of the middle panes of glass, every particle of which he removed, without the slightest sound. Then withdrawing the light of glass from the sash, he thrust his long arm through the aperture, drew back the fastening gently, and then, from a small phial which he carried about him, he turned a few drops of oil upon the top corners of the sash next to the framework; which last precaution he adopted to prevent a creaking when he raised the window. Five minutes afterward, the two house-breakers, Tom Wirt and his young accomplice, were standing quietly in the passage-way!

'Watch the course of this entry,' whispered Tom, placing his mouth close to the ear of Clarence; 'an' if you have to bolt in a hurry, note the window d' ye see?'

'Yes,' said Deffy, in a whisper.

The proprietor of the retired dwelling had been asleep full fifteen minutes, when he suddenly fancied that he heard a slight jingling, as if there were some one in the silver-closet. At the same moment, Pete had opened his half-shut eyes, for he felt certain that he heard footsteps in the hall. He listened again, he was not mistaken, though the footfall was very soft.

'Dat's massa, in his stock'n's. He's gwang to bed. Eh? No 'taint, nudder—dere's two ob 'em,' continued Pete, starting from his chair, and springing into the passage-way.

The thieves had already been twice to the closet, and a very generous pile of plate stood near the window, in readiness for removal; but they entered the apartment a third time, and were in the act of returning to the hall for the last time, when the gentleman sprang to his feet, pistol in hand. Peter advanced from the lower end of the hall at the same moment, and observing the open window, 'Robbers—murder!' he yelled, at the top of his lungs—and 'thieves! help!' cried the gentleman in turn, rushing across the parlor.

Clarence was behind, Tom in the advance. Dropping the plunder which they were in the act of moving at the instant, both the housebreakers dashed for the window; when the parlor door was thrust open, and the glare of the gentleman's lantern fell full across the passage-way.

'*The Spaniard!*' shrieked Tom Wirt, as he dashed furiously by the door.

'De debbil!' yelled Pete, 'beholding his disguised master for the first time.

'*Tree* ob you!' continued Pete, mistaking the gentleman of the house, in his disguise, for one of the robbers—'take *dat*, den!' said he, as a pistol flashed over his shoulder, and the figure of the smallest man disappeared through the open window. At the moment of the report, the foremost of the robbers fell heavily in the passage-way, and at the same instant, the proprietor of the house was felled to the floor by the blow of Pete's bludgeon!

Seizing the lantern which he dropped at the same time, Pete still yelled for help, when his anxiety was suddenly turned to deeper solicitude, as he beheld at his feet the form of his master, whom he had knocked down so unceremoniously, by mistake; and from whose face the Spaniard's mask had fallen, in the melee.

'O! de lordy—goddy! massa—whar' you git dat face from! *Massa!*' shrieked Pete, for he believed him dead; but his good friend was only stunned, and quickly coming to his senses, he crawled back into the room, replaced the mask upon his face, and swallowing a draught of wine which Pete had already brought him, he soon recovered, entirely.

'It was my fault, Pete—I forgot to tell you. I am not hurt, you but grazed my head. Now, then, Pete—*is he dead?*'

'Who, massa?'

'The robber—Tom Wirt.'

'No, massa; nobuddy ain't hurt but yuse'f, as I know on. Dey went out de winner like a shot off a shovel—dem debils did.'

'Pete, I never missed my mark, yet. Make no more ado about this mask, Pete—but seek him. Look for him, he has fallen near the house, certain.'

Pete lighted a lamp in the room, took the lantern in his hand, and sallied forth at once, though he felt quite as certain that the robbers had escaped. His doubts were quickly dispersed, however, for within ten paces of the parlor door, the prostrate, bleeding form of Tom Wirt met his eye.

'You fotched him, fer cert'n—massa!' shouted Pete, not exactly knowing whether to cry or laugh—though he believed the robber to be dead.

'You got 'im,' continued Pete; 'he's dead as Massa Grimkey's cow dat died a week 'go wid de hoop'n coff! he's a cole sucker, *he* is. No he ain't, nudder,' added Pete, an instant afterward, placing the lantern to his face.

The proprietor of the house advanced, leaned over the fallen body, and took the wrist of the unfortunate burglar in his hand.

'He breaves, massa—he breaves,' said Pete, exultingly, for even Pete pitied the man in his adversity, 'and he's gwang to speak!'

'Bear him into the parlor, quick, Pete!' said the gentleman; and though the blood streamed upon the elegant carpet, from the wound upon Tom Wirt's head, he was borne into the room, and laid gently upon the couch.

'Now, Pete, some water, a linen towel and some lint from the medicine chest—quick!' said his master.

'Yis sah,' said Pete—and the articles were instantly forthcoming.

The gentleman staunched the wound, leansed it, and finally stopped the bleeding with applications of the lint. Upon closer examination, he found that the ball had passed through the upper part of the ear, carrying away the entire top of it, and grazing the skull. In a few moments, the burglar had recovered, and was able to set up. He found himself in a well-lighted and elegant apartment, which was superbly furnished, and glancing toward the fireplace, the first object which met his eye, was the face of *the Spaniard!*

'You may go to bed Peter,' observed the gentleman, calmly—'and do not forget to call me at seven, as I requested. It is now past two o'clock.'

'Yes, sah,' replied Pete, slowly; and he retired from the room.

In the meantime, Clarence Defoe, after jumping through the window, had made the best of his way down the garden, over the wall, across the area beyond, and into the street—where he arrived unharmed. Proceeding along, he remembered the streets through which he had passed from the 'Retreat,' and thinking it better to halt there for the night, than to attempt to reach the Fox and Cub, which was a long distance below, he stopped at the door of the former, and sprang the bell-pull. Will Cracket was up, awaiting the return of his pupils, and he hastened to the door; for he very well knew that this was not the ring of Tom Wirt. He encountered Deffy (as he called him) upon the threshold, pale and trembling, and panting with excitement.

'What luck?' says old Will.

'Where's Tom?' asked Deffy—without attempting a reply to Cracket's question; but they walked up stairs, at once. When they were fairly in the room—

'—sh!' said Will Cracket, placing his finger on his lips, in token of caution. 'Walls have ears. Strangers about—softly now—what's become of Tom?'

'Hasn't he returned?' asked Clarence, in surprise; for he supposed, knowing Tom to have been ahead of him in the passage-way, that he had escaped by some other way.

'No,' said Will, 'I haven't seen him since he went out with you.'

'Quiet—then—Will Cracket—*Tom Wirt is shot!*'

'*Shot?*' exclaimed the old fence, alarmed.

'If he doesn't come directly, I shall fear for him.'

'Why?' inquired Cracket, eagerly.

'As I bolted from the window, Tom was in front of me, I supposed—and we had agreed to meet here, after the thing was over, if we got separated, and should escape. I had forgotten this, until now. But as I sprang through the casement we had purposely left open behind us upon going into the house, I heard the sharp crack of a pistol, in the entry. You may be sure I didn't falter after that—and possibly Tom may have fallen.'

Will Cracket trembled for the result of this night's work, but he still hoped for the best; and sitting down at the side of the novice in crime, he watched and waited for the return of his foremost scholar, Tom Wirt—who now sat trembling with weakness and fear, before the steady gaze of the man of all men living whose face he most dreaded, the Spaniard!

'I told you, plainly, Tom Wirt, that I never missed my aim. Did I not say so?'

'You did,' groaned the burglar.

'When last we met, less than thirty-six hours since, I warned you, for the third time; and trusted that you would not cross my path again. By a mere miracle, your life was not taken, Tom Wirt; and well you know that had you fallen by my hand, unluckily, while on the mission which brought you hither, there would have been no law to reach me, for the commission of an act which *I* could not but deem a murder! You are safe. Now tell me, Tom Wirt, who was your accomplice in this act?'

'The young man whom I met at the Fox and Cub.'

'No, no!' exclaimed the Spaniard, nervously, 'he cannot be so bad as that, so quickly, too.'

'I drew him into it. He was innocent. I enticed him to Will Cracket's, he drank—we—we drugged his wine—and then, he knew not what he did.'

'He is not *hurt*—Tom Wirt!' almost entreated the Spaniard, starting to his feet.

'I think he has escaped.'

'Thank God! I did not injure *him*,' said the Spaniard, vehemently—and then recovering himself, quickly—

'Now, miserable young man,' he said, 'listen to me! You are in my power, and if I choose it, I have but to order it, and you go hence to prison. From thence—with the proofs so clearly against you, you know the doom that would await you.'

'O, do not—do not crush me!' prayed the guilty burglar. 'I know it, I am guilty, I see it all.'

'And if I screen you, once more, how soon will you turn upon me again, and—'

'Never—never!' shouted the wretch. 'I will quit this vicinity within twenty-four hours, and you shall never see my face again.'

'Lie down then, and compose yourself till daybreak. I will consider,' said the Spaniard, calmly, sinking into his chair—and the two men ceased to speak for nearly four hours!

### CHAPTER X.

*The next day after the expedition. The Spaniard and Tom Wirt. Departure of the Spaniard. Clarence starts for London. The interview between Will Cracket and a stranger. Will's continued alarm for Tom's safety. The advertisement.*

DAYLIGHT broke at length, but few of the characters named in our last chapter had slept during the eventful night which had just passed away; and the early tints of morning brought relief to the mind of more than one person in the fate of whom the reader is by this time, we trust, interested.

Pete rose with the lark, an hour before the time at which he had been directed to call his master, and Will Cracket, with his young novice in crime, still sat moodily before the dying embers of the fire in the 'Retreat,' waiting yet, for the arrival of Tom Wirt—who did not come! The Spaniard had already given Tom some wholesome advice, and Peter, having informed his master that his coffee waited, the gentleman rose to leave the burglar to himself.

'Now, Tom Wirt, I have said all I have to say to you at present—except my parting words; which I ask you to *remember*, again! I shall leave you here, with my servant, who will look to your comfort and your wants, until I return at evening. Mark me, Tom Wirt! When I do return, at night, I expect to find you, *here*. Do not attempt to escape, do not ask unnecessary questions; you cannot do the first, you will get no answers to the last. Be quiet, remain in this room, read, write, sleep, as you will, but be here, when I come back.'

'You may rely on me,' said Tom.

'I shall—good morning!' and the Spaniard disappeared. Scarcely had the door closed behind the gentleman, however, ere Tom Wirt darted to the windows, but they were all secured. He tried every door in the room, but there was no egress. He looked up the chimney, and discovered a coarse iron grating over the fire-place, which was securely fastened into the brickwork on either side. And then he dashed, in frenzy, to the windows again, desperately determined upon escaping; for he judged the hearts of other men by the standard of his own, and he fancied that the Spaniard had but gone for the police, and that he must very soon be called upon to answer for his crimes. He knew that his life was now at stake, and as he vainly attempted to raise one of the sashes, the desperate thought of dashing it out, at all hazards, shot through his guilty mind; when his attention was suddenly called in another direction, by the sound of a familiar voice, from which, in a peremptory tone, he heard the words—

'Sit down, Tom Wirt!'

Turning quickly around, through a small panel in the main door, he discovered the fearful face of the Spaniard, his deep gray eyes twinkling and flashing with anger.

'Leave the window, and be quiet, Tom Wirt. Your breakfast will be sent up, directly!' continued the voice.

Tom sat down once more. The Spaniard had watched his movements, from the instant he turned his back upon him, for he had no confidence in him. Finally entering the breakfast-room, he sat down to his morning meal.

'Pete,' said his master; 'take care of that fellow. Give him enough to eat and drink, but on no condition whatever must he leave that room, alive—do you hear?'

'Yis, massa, I hear.'

'If you value my pleasure, let me find him in that parlor, when I return this evening;' and he handed Pete his pistols.

'Ef you don't fine him dare, massa, when you comes back, dis ebenin', ole Pete wont be roun' here, nowhar', fer sart'n.'

'Enough. Take up his breakfast,' said the Spaniard, and shortly afterward he was on his way to consult with Dobbs, at the Fox and Cub.

At daybreak, however, Clarence having become disheartened with waiting in vain for Tom's return, started off for his own lodgings; having determined to settle his score there, and proceed up to London, at once—for his fears were *very* great for the safety of his companion, who he fancied must have fallen; and if this were the case, he felt that his own position was a very precarious one, by the association. Pushing forward rapidly, he arrived at the Fox and Cub at sunrise—and having bespoken a place upon a wagon going up, he paid his bill, secured his luggage on board, and departed an hour before the Spaniard reached the hotel.

Mr. Dobbs met his generous customer at the door, and his obsequiousness was most profound. He showed him into the best room of his well-appointed inn, and tendered him his services without solicitation, instanter.

'I should like to communicate one moment,' said the Spaniard, 'with the young stranger who arrived here a day or two since, and who is now tarrying with you.'

'He is gone,' said Dobbs, politely.

'Gone?' exclaimed his visiter.

'Yes, sir. He left us, bag and baggage, an hour ago!'

'He was here last night, assuredly.'

'Yes, and no. That is, d' you see, he was here in the evening, but as I informed you, he went out at dark.'

'With Tom Wirt,' added the Spaniard.

'Yes, and did not come back, till sunrise. He paid his bill d'rectly he came in, packed his duds, and took a wagon goin' to Lon'on; saying that bus'ness called him away sooner than he had calculated.'

'And you do not know where he tarries, in the city?'

'No, sir. I have told you all I know of him. Nothing gone wrong—eh, sir?' continued Dobbs, somewhat curious.

'No—no,' said the stranger. Then musing a moment, 'where does Will Cracket reside?' he asked.

'Above, in the borough—on the left. That is to say, d' you see—Will doesn't *reside* there, exac'ly; but at the "Retreat" so called.'

'I remember seeing the sign-board you speak of. It is an inn, eh?' continued the Spaniard, anticipating the landlord.

'You are right, sir. Inquire there for him, and they will direct you. You may use my name with the house if you like; they know *me*, and mayhap they might be suspicious with a stranger, at first.'

'Thank you, good day,' said the visiter, and he returned by the way he came, evidently disappointed.

Will Cracket now sat alone, before the fire-place, for the fire had gone out entirely, still waiting for Tom Wirt, although Clarence had departed; and hoping, believing, that he would return, for he had already sent a private messenger to the police-stations in the vicinity, who had returned with the information that all was safe in those quarters, and he had also contrived to learn that no disturbance had been publicly alluded to in the vicinity of the dwelling-house, which *he* knew had been entered during the night. Thus he brooded over the strange result of the expedition he had planned, as he fancied so accurately, when a quick double knock at the front door of the Retreat roused him from his reverie. The summons was answered by the proprietor of the house.

'I am in search of one Will Cracket,' said the stranger, entering the hall at once, though he did not lose sight of the fact that the landlord would have preferred to have him wait outside, a moment.

'He does not live here, sir,' said the man, scrutinizing his unwelcome visiter closely.

'I know that, sir. Is he not in this house, at this moment? Mr. Dobbs, of the Fox and Cub, directed me hither.'

'Show the gentleman up, Kemp,' said a voice at the head of the stairs, and a moment after, Will Cracket, who had been listening to what had transpired below, had the satisfaction of beholding the face of a man he had never seen before, but whom he recognized at once, from what Tom had disclosed to him, as 'the Spaniard.' His visiter entered the room, turned about coolly and locked the door upon the inside, and sat down without an invitation, in front of Will Cracket, the old fence.

'You do not recollect my face, I presume?' said the intruder.

'No, no, sir,' replied old Will, deeply excited.

'Be quiet; do not affect any alarm, Will Cracket,' continued his visiter. 'I do not come to offer you harm; but tell me, what has become of the youth whom you inveigled into your meshes, last night, through the agency of your pupil, Tom Wirt?'

'I really—Mr.—that is, you see I'm a poor man, and I—don't comprehend—you,' stammered the old rascal.

'I will explain, then,' added the Spaniard, without changing his voice, or removing his eye from that of his cringing companion; who though he was practised in duplicity, had a vague idea that some unwelcome news was pending.

'Night before last, there arrived at the Fox and Cub,' observed the Spaniard, 'a young man who has tarried there since, and whom I casually saw in that house, at the moment Tom Wirt was in the act of relieving his pocket of every shilling he had in the world. I say I saw this act with my own eyes; and I remonstrated with Tom, before he had got away with his pelf, upon the great wrong he had committed towards the youth, who was plainly inexperienced and poor. Whether Tom repented of his performance, from the effect of anything I said, or not, I could only determine from his subsequent course; he returned the young man his purse—and as I had met the pickpocket twice before, and warned him, I was more particular and pointed in my remarks, as he finally went away. I charged him that it would not be for his benefit, if we should meet again, under such circumstances.'

'Mr. Thomas Wirt—so far as my trifling knowledge of him extends,' murmured the old fence, 'is a very nice young man, and I am surprised that anything—'

'*Pah!*' said the Spaniard, contemptuously, 'do not attempt any of this stuff with me, Will Cracket.'

'I assure you,' continued Will—'on my honor—'

'*That* for your honor!' exclaimed his strange visiter, snapping his thumb and finger so emphatically in his face, that Will Cracket started back affrighted by the unexpected movement.

'Tom Wirt *is your pupil*; a scoundrel, robber, thief—made *so by you*, Will Cracket, ten years ago! Do we understand each other, *now?*' asked the Spaniard, boldly.

'Not quite so loud, my dear sir,' said the old fence, drawing up his chair again. 'You see—'

'I understand, sir. Now, then—I *know* Tom Wirt, I know you, as well. I have nothing to do with you or yours, beyond my present object in visiting you. May we now communicate, without embarrassment?'

'Go on, my dear sir, but speak low.'

'I repeat my first inquiry, then. What has become of the youth whom you seduced into your housebreaking scheme last night?'

'You surely mistake,' continued Will Cracket, determined to exculpate himself if possible. 'Tom brought the boy here—'

'Stop—Will Cracket!' said the Spaniard, in a commanding tone, which startled the old fence again from his seat.

'Do not waste your breath in the attempt to deceive me—I have not the leisure or inclination to listen to your false protestations. I tell you, Will Cracket, you are a cold-blooded, heartless, God-forsaken knave; and you have ruined youth and innocence enough to consign you to perdition. I say I know you—villain, that you are, and there is *one* being you must not, *shall* not, decoy into your miserable, unholy snare!'

'Not so loud, please,' begged the coward.

'Once more then, answer me honestly, if you can—what have you done with that youth?'

'Listen to me, one moment. The boy went out with Tom—d' you see—for Tom Wirt led him on.'

'You planned this burglary, yourself, Will Cracket.'

'The boy went away with Tom, and the thing didn't work well, you see. The youngster, Deffy—that's his name, sir—would go, though I advised him not to do so—I did, I assure you; but, you see he *would* go, anyhow, an' I told Tom to be very careful with him, and so he was. For an hour afterward, he returned, and—and he said the thing had broke through—and—and Tom was shot—*shot*, sir, in the house;' continued Cracket, lowering his husky voice to a whisper.

'Go on,' continued the Spaniard.

'Well. The boy staid here till morning, and Tom didn't get back. He thought he was dead, and for fear he might be discovered and arrested as an accessory, he fled—went back to the Fox and Cub—and informed me he should make for Lon'on, at the earliest moment. I never saw him till last night, and I have now told you *all*—all I know of him s' elp me God!'

'It is well. You may have deceived me, you may have coined some fresh lies to put me upon the wrong scent. And if you have, Will Cracket, I shall soon find it out. If I do, mark me, your career in villainy is ended,' observed the Spaniard, about to depart.

'No sir, I have spoke truth. And, now—please—may I ask if you know anything of Tom?'

'Yes.'

'Tell me—is he alive?' inquired Will, anxiously.

'He was shot down in the house, last night. I saw him fall,' responded the stranger, unlocking the door.

'One word more—'

'What would you?'

'Is he *dead?*' shrieked the old fence, in his misery.

[Written for The Flag of our Union.]

## The Prodigal—A Tragedy.

BY PETER PEPPERCORN.

*Sparkle wine, and you mention picture sights—*
*Byron.*

'Twas read of sight—and the pirate stood
Upon the deck of his gallant bark,
And fondled the wicked knit the mistake,
And the pirate looked in rather mad
And the pirate looked in rather mad
To the sign "Drowned Dutchman."

"To drink" he said, "is the sailor's life,
And drinks the human soul,
And I'll drink to the health of the sailor's wife,
And the pirate looked in rather mad
To the sign "Drowned Dutchman."

"I have seen her sunshine lips and brow,
And her eyes of heavenly blue,
While through its interior he gulped her vow
She used to woo, as a lover true,
By the sipping rule that beats this pain,
And the wine is the drowning."

He said—and the draft dry seemed to burn—
Was hot as the fires of hell,
But the sinister's look was enchanted more
Than the pirate's look before,
His limbs were bare, often used to exercise
In the heat of the tropic sun.

Drank till he took. The shuddering maid
To his sentiment stop he bun.
Drank till he drank—and the pirate's mood,
While she in agony groaned and grieved,
Was ready to drink the drowning.

He'd

# THE FLAG OF OUR UNION.

F. GLEASON, PROPRIETOR.

MATURIN M. BALLOU, EDITOR.

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### To our Correspondents.

'Picking up an Acquaintance,' a cure for 'Sparking,' a humorous sketch, by The Young 'Un, shall appear next week.

'The Dream,' a poem, by Emerald T. Wilson, accepted.

'The Coquette, or the Young Artist,' a prose sketch, by Mrs. Henry W. Allen, filed for the next number of the Flag.

'The Tillers of the Soil,' a poem, by David of York, filed for next number.

'Aline Sutherland, a Tale of Truth,' by Henry May, shall find a place in our next.

A poem by the Editor, in the next Flag.

'Hetty Idleness,' a prose sketch, by Mrs. E. Wellmont, shall appear next week.

'Rejected Love,' by Incognito, Jr., accepted.

'Summer Flowers,' a poetic gem, by Mrs. Henry W. Allen, filed for insertion.

'Music of the Waters,' a poem, by Peter Pepperdine, shall appear next week.

'My Father's Old Pew,' a poem, by R. H. O., is accepted.

'Robin Hood's Bugle,' by Louise D. Cox, is filed for the Olio column.

'Friendship and Flattery contrasted,' a poem, by Benj. H. Fernald, accepted.

'The Christian's Prayer,' by O. Dunbeath, accepted.

'H ome,' a poem, by Mac Myrtle, accepted.

'The Old Elm Tree,' by J. F. S., accepted.

'Lines to Anne,' 'Lines to ——,' 'The Late Fastman Tuller,' 'Jack Bacon's Ghost,' and 'Lines written in an Album to Eunice,' are respectfully declined.

### Cuban Independence.

The proclamation of President Taylor, forbidding the gathering of armed forces, or the accumulation of military supplies within the limits of the United States by citizens thereof, for the invasion of the island of Cuba, seems to have called general attention towards the situation of this rich appendage of Spain and its future governmental prospects. As to the proclamation of the President, we presume that it was issued upon satisfactory evidence of its necessity, and we are glad to see the alacrity and efficiency with which the administration performs its imperative duty, in its timely interposition to prevent the commission of acts of hostility towards a friendly nation by persons reposing under the protection of the United States Government. The honor of our nation, and its highest international interests, are both involved in this effort to retain inviolate the laws of nations, and we doubt not that every good citizen will, upon reflection, candidly approve the prompt and energetic conduct of President Taylor, evinced in the proclamation referred to.

But the mighty wave of revolution which has swept over Europe, has not paused and become motionless in mid ocean; it has thrown its powerful vibrations across the Atlantic, and aroused the inhabitants of this wealthy and luxuriant gem of the American Archipelago, the island of Cuba, to thought and action, kindred with those of the advocates of liberty in Europe. Cuba needs the reforming process of revolution; her situation calls for the overthrow of the grasping and tyrannical dominion of Spain, and the establishment of liberal institutions of government. Her people, already improved by intercourse with the citizens of this country, are stimulated by the happy workings of our republican system, which their favorable proximity to the United States enables them to observe closely. Thus moved, they seem to be getting ready for the momentous change.

During a brief residence in the island, a short time since, we had opportunities for observing the state of public sentiment with reference to this subject, and became fully convinced that beneath a forced appearance of calmness or apathy, the more intelligent people cherished a deep hatred towards the arbitrary rule of Spain, and ardent longings for a more liberal system of government. These indications have become even more clear within a few months past, and our intercourse with several prominent citizens of Cuba, who have recently visited this country, has enabled us to ascertain that the current of popular feeling in favor of revolution is now both deep and strong throughout the island. A struggle then may be expected, but whether it will be successful or not is a matter of great uncertainty, for those who have worn the chain in submission, with difficulty concentrate their energies to rend it from their limbs at the first effort. The *surveillance* of the Spanish Vice Royal government over the thoughts and actions of the people is moreover minute and incessant, and the military power of the government is not only great, but penetrates into the most private recesses of society.

All this will render the effort at revolution one of great hazard; but the Castilian blood makes potent champions for liberty, and American example and sympathy will prove powerful stimulus to exertion; may God smile upon their efforts when the struggle begins! But what shall the citizen of this country do who would aid the inhabitants of Cuba when the day of trial comes? Does our government forbid him to interfere? No, far from it. It only tells him that if he would make war with Spain, he must not cowardly skulk from the consequent danger by sheltering himself beneath the protection of the territory or flag of the Union. He must take common lot with the revolutionists of Cuba, throw himself among them, do what they do, risk what they risk, and endure what they endure. This is but fair and just. Let then the advocates of Cuban independence go forth boldly to the work in which they would engage; they have the same right to do so that La Fayette or Kosciusko, had to embark in our struggle for freedom, and no power in this country will interpose to stay them from embarking in such an enterprise.

Once more, what shall Cuba do, if she succeeds in throwing off the Spanish yoke and winning her independence? Shall she attempt to maintain a separate and independent government against the monarchical power and wiles of European governments? She would hardly be strong enough for that. Shall she ally herself to England or France, or any other power of the old world, and thus try to keep up a state of semi-independence? Experience shows the folly of such a course, her own experience of Spanish protection, and the present state of both the English and French West India Islands, as well as of the British colonies on this continent. Such a course, to use a homely simile, would be 'jumping out of the frying-pan into the fire.'

What, then, is left for Cuba, once independent, but to join the happy confederacy of our own glorious Union, and let the Creole star shine in the brilliant constellation of the American Republic? Cuba would thus preserve her own sovereignty and become an integral portion of a great and powerful nation. We will not say of Cuba, as Mr. Calhoun once said of the annexation of Texas, that this is her 'manifest destiny,' but we will say, that to our view, this would appear to be the wisest and happiest course for her people.

As to the importance to be attached by the United States to the annexation of Cuba, both as it regards national strength and defence on our extensive gulf coast, and with reference to the great increase to trade and commerce which would ensue, our limits will not now permit us to speak. But all considerations combine to favor Cuban independence and annexation.

### The Queen of England.

A queen only in name, yet Victoria is obliged to sustain all the annoyances, trouble and anxiety of royalty. As it regards the government of the immense kingdom of Great Britain, she has probably less actual influence than the humblest member of parliament whose vote counts one, either for or against any great national measure; while, on her part, she is the tool of her peers. Well knowing the influence of pomp and display upon the vulgar mind, the leading men of England clothe the royal puppet with regal robes, and when she moves abroad herald her way with the roar of artillery and the waving of national banners. This is to dazzle the eyes of the multitude, and fill them with awe and reverence for the very name of royalty—and properly enough, too, for it has nothing but the name.

Victoria has lately paid a state visit to Ireland; but how unlike the progress, for instance, of our President through the Union, is the royal visit. All parties vie with each other to do homage to Old Zack; his path is strewn with roses—Victoria's is paved with the deep curses of an outraged and oppressed nation.—Old and young, rich and poor, raise their voices and ask a blessing on the hero of Buena Vista, while mutterings and suppressed oaths only follow the footsteps of the royal daughter of the house of Guelph. Victoria sails for Ireland with a fleet of war-steamers and three hundred cannon, to force from the people of Ireland that respect which overflowing hearts pour forth spontaneously to the President of a free republic. While the poverty-stricken children of Erin are taught to utter words of vengeance against the British crown, mothers teach the little babes of America to lisp the hero's name with a clapping of hands and exulting huzzas!

With the example of America before them, no wonder that the masses of the old world have struggled with anarchy for freedom; no wonder that they find their yoke too hard to bear. Unfortunately, in many instances, the exertions of the people have been misdirected, and many false steps have been taken—as, for instance, in France. But still the great principle is the same, that is aroused in the old world, and Victoria herself will perhaps live to see the jewels drop one by one from her crown!

### Very Conclusive.

Some people, when they are charged with improper conduct, of whatever character, flare up, and are vexed beyond reason at once, denying the charges brought against them with the utmost vehemence, losing their own temper and failing to convince those whom they would undeceive. They make a great mistake in thus doing, as a little philosophy will show them. The best way to treat calumny is either with contempt or with good nature. We like the way in which a Universalist minister who resides in Lowell, Mass., refuted the slanders of some persons who charged him with 'violently dragging his wife from a revival meeting, and compelling her to go home with him.' He replied as follows:

1. I have never attempted to influence my wife in her views, nor her choice of a meeting.
2. My wife has not attended one of the revival meetings in Lowell.
3. I have not attended even one of those meetings for any purpose whatever.
4. Neither my wife nor myself have any inclination to attend those meetings.
5. *I have no wife!*

U. S. Steamship Susquehannah.—We learn by the Journal of Commerce that the Susquehannah, at Philadelphia, will be ready to launch early next spring. She is thirty feet longer than the famous ship Pennsylvania.—Her breadth of beam is much less, and her tonnage is but 2500. She will carry but eight guns of heavy calibre—one of them, which will be placed upon her bow, will throw hollow shot weighing 268 pounds. Her machinery will cost $300,000—the four boilers alone $30,000 each—and the whole vessel when completed about $600,000. Her crew will consist of about 300 men.

Doing Right.—We seem to be very dependent upon the respect and good opinion of our fellow-men. Then should we not, by doing right, endeavor to deserve and win it. But, says the sophist, it is of no avail—the world does not half appreciate a good man's actions. This is but a poor argument. Those who do right are able to do without even the respect of others; for 'it is good to be good,' as a venerable aunt once said to her nephews and nieces; and that was all the *sermon* she could preach, and it was a truthful one after all—for 'it is good to be good.'

Circulate the Fact.—A large dry goods house in New York, a few days since, received from one of its Ohio customers a remittance in full for a bill due next fall, with the statement: that the cholera was spreading in his neighborhood, and he did not know how soon he might become a victim, and wished to close up his accounts while he was in health.

The first legislature of Minesota comprises an equal number of democrats and whigs—union tickets having been nominated and elected throughout the territory. Mr. Sibley was elected delegate to Congress without opposition.—*Boston Transcript.*

We like that. Each party will keep the other straight. The salvation of a republic is to have two great parties almost equally balanced.

Sad Case of Suicide.—Dr. Bosworth, of Vermilion county, Missouri, was drowned in Elison Creek, a few miles from Burlington, Iowa, lately. Papers found with him state that since he left home he buried his wife and four children from cholera, and depression of spirits, it is supposed, caused him to drown himself.

The Queen's Visit.—The English papers chronicle the progress of the Queen's visit to Ireland, and the attendant proceedings, at great length. The royal party arrived in Cork on the 2d ult., at night, where the authorities were caught napping, as they had not expected the visit so soon by twenty-four hours.

### Editorial Ink-Drops.

Our exchanges show eighteen suicides in this country, in the last seven days.

Hungarian sympathy meetings are taking place in nearly every city in the Union.

A man shot seventy crows near Amherst, N. H., in one day. The State pays 10c. each.

The Boston journeymen tailors have been on a strike for higher pay for some time.

Slaves continue to be captured and carried into St. Helena, the last one had 650 on board.

Henry Clay is now rusticating with his friends at Newport, R. I. He is well.

Cholera expenses to the city of Cincinnati have amounted thus far to $20,000.

A man hung himself at St. Mark, Fla., in a fit of delirium tremens.

It is now ascertained that ex-President Polk left a fortune of one hundred thousand dollars.

A shark was caught off Boston harbor a few days since. A real man eater.

When Mr. Clay and suite arrived at Newport, he was saluted with fireworks.

The estimated value of property in Virginia is set down at $510,000,000. Big figures.

The Hungarians are a brave and determined people. They deserve to be free.

Cyrus Butler, the wealthiest man in Providence, R. I., died in that city lately.

Portland, Me., is to be lighted with gas; glad of it,—'let there be light.'

Mr. Lawrence, our new minister to Great Britain, will sail shortly for England.

A. J. Haynes drowned himself at Epsom, N. H., because unfortunate in business.

Dr. Farnsworth was drowned in attempting to ford a river near Toledo, Ohio.

The harvest through New England will, after all the drought, be an average one.

A new daily paper is to be started in Boston. We have told our ideas about more newspapers.

Wm. Hudson was fatally hurt at a sparring match in the Bowery, New York city.

The eastern fishermen have done well this season; these honest people deserve success.

Victoria's visit creates some stir in Ireland. Those in authority do her all honors.

### New Edition of Rosina Meadows.

A new and improved edition of this popular work, by Mr. William B. English, has just been issued from this press. Few books have obtained the celebrity of this, or been so widely circulated, it having passed through many very large editions, the aggregate of which, as we have been informed, are rising fifty thousand copies. Notwithstanding this, it is now, and has been for a year, entirely out of print. The scenes are principally laid in the city, and the graphic sketches of real life which the author has drawn with so much skill and truthfulness, will be read with interest. The characters are numerous, the dialogue spirited, and the incidents highly dramatic. Soon after the publication of Rosina Meadows, so great was its popularity that it was adopted for the stage, and first brought out at the National Theatre, where, in theatrical parlance, it made a great hit, and filled the house for many weeks; it has subsequently been performed in N. York, Philadelphia and Baltimore, with like success; and since that period, has been the great card of attraction in the principal theatres in the country. While Rosina Meadows abounds with the most thrilling interest, it is of a decidedly moral character, the author having adopted a language and style that will commend themselves to the purest and most refined taste.

### Cheap Postage.

We rejoice to see that people are moving in all parts of the Union relative to this all-important subject. No one seems to be opposed to the plan of a reduction, the only difference being with regard to the proper mode of accomplishing the matter. The immediate cause of the failure to pass a bill for cheap postage at the last session of Congress, was a division among the friends of postal reform on the question of sending newspapers *postage free*. The bill failed by two votes, solely on this ground; and among those who voted against it because of the absence of the newspaper provision, was the present Postmaster General, Mr. Collamer. We heartily wish the whole business could be simplified into one plain proposition, and then we think something might be accomplished. Let the object be one upon which all can agree; we should suggest such a one as the following: *Letters, two cents each, to all parts of the country, and always pre-paid, newspapers, free from Maine to San Francisco.* The adoption of such a system as this, we sincerely believe, would not only be a grand step of advancement in the dissemination of intelligence, but also a positive advantage pecuniarily to the post office department and the general government.

### China and the Chinese.

Great riots having occurred in one of the provinces of the empire, in which thousands of combatants were engaged, and cannon used, the governor took a novel mode of treating the matter. He kept entirely aloof, and directed that the clans should not be interfered with, but they should be permitted to kill each other if they liked so long as they killed no one else. There has been a great flood in the Yang-tse-Kiang river, which inundated five provinces. Whole villages were destroyed, thousands of lives lost, and great numbers of vessels wrecked. The misery is said to have exceeded description. Contributions were everywhere collecting to supply the wants of the sufferers.

Trade of the Lakes.—Cholera in the West has had a paralyzing effect on the trade in the vicinity of the Lakes. At Toledo, twenty-five vessels are lying waiting for cargoes. At Sandusky business is entirely at a stand. At Cleveland the canal business is very trifling, while the port is full of vessels waiting for produce. The receipts of wheat at Toledo last year were over a million of bushels; this year they have been about four hundred thousand bushels.

A Sister of Charity.—The superior of the Catholic Orphan Asylum at Mobile, sister Martina (Eliza Butcher), died there on the 7th ult., in the 50th year of her age. The deceased was a native of Philadelphia, and became, while very young, a convert to the Catholic faith. At the early age of seventeen, in the possession of great personal beauty, and with the most captivating and persuasive manners, she joined the Sisters of Charity, and to their mission of love devoted her whole life.

Crops Down East.—The wheat, potatoes, barley, oats, Indian corn and root crops of Aroostook, Piscataquis and Penobscot counties, Maine, promise abundantly. One Aroostook farmer raises 1000 bushels of oats, and has twenty-five acres of buckwheat.

Whales.—Two whales were captured near the Ocean House, Shrewsbury Inlet, 23d ult. They were discovered within Sandy Hook, and driven in shore so near that five hundred persons observed the sport.

### From our Foreign Files.

The Havre cotton market at last advices was calm, but prices were well supported.

The quantity of gold and silver imported into England during the last six months has been not less than six millions sterling.

The manufacturing districts are actively employed, and there is a good demand for both colored and woollen goods.

The Danish minister of marine has issued official notice that the blockade of the Elbe would be raised on the 11th of August.

The Dublin Commercial Journal states that during the inquiry into the savings bank of Kerry, it was found that beggars and men in tatters were comparatively large depositors.

A vessel was found in the British Channel, near Cardiff, with the *crew*, four in number, dead on board. She proved to be the Voyageur, from Bordeaux.

From the weekly returns of the Bank of England, it appears that the stock of bullion in the bank is now about fourteen and a half millions sterling, having slightly decreased during the last few weeks.

As a sign of the times it is announced that a new political journal will appear in Paris on the 29th Sept., and that it will represent the opinions of the extreme Legitimist party. It is to be conducted by M. Crimeau Joly.

The latest intelligence from Rome is to the 30th ult., at which time nothing final had been decided on, and things remained in exactly the same state, so far as the Papal government is concerned, as they were on the day Gen. Oudinot entered Rome.

The President has returned to Paris from his visit to the Loire. He will next week attend the opening of one or two lines of railway connected with Strasburg and Lyons, and his next visit will be to Havre and the northern prov'n'es.

The political economists are directing the eyes of the French to the £253,000,000, which, in the course of seventeen years, they have expended on their army and marine, whilst they have expended only a fourth part of that sum, in the same period, on the improvement of roads, railways and harbors.

### Dewdrops of Wisdom.

Kindness is stronger than the sword.

Habits are termed the petrifactions of the feelings.

The ridiculous is memory's most adhesive plaster.

Humility is a grace which sets off all other graces.

Physician's faults are covered with earth, and rich men's with money.

It is easy to conceive why egotists find the world so ugly, they only see themselves.

A wife, full of truth, innocence and love, is the prettiest flower a man can wear next to his heart.

No one can be happy without a friend, and no one can know what friends he has until he is unhappy.

It is said that 'fortune knocks once at least at every man's door;' but a good author describes the knock as often 'a runaway one.'

The crimes of governments always produce their counterparts in the vices of their individual subjects.

Industry, economy and prudence are the sure forerunners of success. They create that admirable combination of powers in one, which always conduce to eventual prosperity.

Burton says of sickness that it is the mother of modesty, as it 'puts us in mind of our mortality, and while we drive on heedlessly in the full career of worldly pomp and jollity, kindly *pulls us by the ear*, and brings us to a sense of our duty.

One of the surest evidences of friendship that one individual can display to another, is telling him gently of a fault. If any other can excel it, it is listening to such a disclosure with gratitude, and amending the error.—*Bulwer.*

Scratch the green rind of a sapling, or wantonly twist it in the soil, and a scarred and crooked oak will tell of thee for centuries to come. How forcibly does this beautiful figure teach the lesson of giving right instead of wrong tendencies to the mind.

### The Joker's Budget.

A Yankee has invented a medicine to remove a *boil* from a tea-kettle.

Why is Lord Brougham like a lemon? Because he is cut up in Punch.

Why is a blush like a little girl? Because it *becomes a woman*.

A *colonel of the regular army*, speaking of a lady's black eyes, said they were in mourning for the murder they had committed.

Mrs. P. says that a man fell down the other day in an applejack fit, and that his wife was extripated.

When General Jackson was in Lowell, there were four miles of girls who turned out to welcome him. How many *feet* were there in one of the *miles*?

A volunteer candidate for Governor of Louisiana advertises his pretensions as 'a new Political Platform, erected on a Series of Triangles.'

'My gracious!' said an urchin of New York, on beholding an English carriage with three footmen in livery, 'well, if it doesn't take three Britishers to make a nigger!'

A drunken laborer, recovering from a dangerous illness, was asked whether he had not been afraid of meeting his God? 'No,' said the poor pagan Christian, 'I was only afeer'd o' t'other chap.'

Our *Green Horn* desires to know why Crockery Ware dealers are unlike all other storekeepers? And adds, very innocently, 'because it wont do for them to *crack up* their goods!'

It is said that General Taylor is about to have one of our naval captains courtmartialed, for running his ship into Hampton Roads. He says he thinks that a ship has no business on any road.

A person passing through Alnwick, and observing upon a door, 'Haswell, Surgeon, &c.' remarked, 'that gentleman's name would be *as well* without the *H*.'

A French gentleman who had heard rum called *spirits*, went into one of our hotels a few evenings since, and called for a glass of punch, requesting at the same time that it should be made with '*Ghosts from the Vest Indies*.'

### Miscellaneous Items.

Business is becoming very active in this city, and strangers are here in great numbers. Conversing with one of our large dry goods merchants yesterday, he remarked that his salesmen were constantly occupied, and that it was with difficulty they could attend to all the business which offered.—*N. Y. Journal of Commerce.*

We have had great work in Five Islands during the last month. Mines have been all the talk. Minerals have been discovered in many places. Iron is found richer than on the Folly Mountain. Copper is handed about in lumps like an egg, and some people with spectacles on have actually declared they have seen particles of gold.—*Acadian Recorder.*

Among the cartmen who have recently renewed their licences at the Mayor's office in this city, there are some who have retained their occupation, uninterruptedly, for thirty-five, forty-three, and even fifty-five years; a sufficient evidence of the physical, if not pecuniary advantages of their vocation, as well as their fidelity to their trust.—*N. Y. Evening Post.*

The name of the Hungarian Secretary of War is Korponay. His brother was recently Professor of Cavalry tactics at West Point.—He served in the Mexican war. He first introduced the Polka in public in this city we believe, and played a brief engagement at Niblo's with the Ravels a few years since.—He has now returned to Hungary.—*New York Mirror.*

### Quill and Scissors.

Eddy, a negro slave, the property of Major J. T. Kirby, of S. C., has been tried for a violent assault with intent to kill his master; inflicting with an axe a dangerous wound on the head; found guilty, and sentenced to be hung on the second Friday in September next.

From a report made to the Council of the Second Municipality of New Orleans on the 9th ult., it appears that the whole expense of the recent crevasse was $82,182 92. Of this sum the apportionment of the Second Municipality is $51,496 92.

The New York board of underwriters have resolved that the name of any captain who deserts his vessel in California or elsewhere for more lucrative employment, be placed on the suspended list, and that no insurance be made on the ship during such suspension.

Rev. Wm. A. Peabody, of Randolph, has been elected to fill the 'Moore Professorship of Latin and French languages' in Amherst College. Mr. Peabody is son-in-law to the late Dr. Codman. It is understood that he will accept the appointment.

Two persons in New York have been making a profitable business of suing owners of licensed steamboats for a violation of the law of Congress requiring the name of the boat to be printed on the stern in white letters on a black ground.

A learned pig, called Lord Byron (!) is attracting some attention in New Orleans, by reading, writing, cyphering, dancing, playing cards, and doing other chores. How this distinguished porker manages to read, we are not informed.

Santa Anna's aid, who recently ran away from Jamaica with the general's jewels, was married in Washington city July 15, to a young Mexican lady, and was so poor that he absconded after selling a gold watch for $25. So says a letter.

A sail-boat, with two persons in it, was upset in Manchester harbor by a squall, and Capt Asa Osborn, a worthy citizen of Manchester, was drowned. Rev. George S. G. Spence, of this city, who was in the boat, gained the landing.

A California adventurer thus writes from Mazatlan: 'We all travelled through Mexico without passports, and were treated very well—except that they stole everything from us that they could lay their hands on.'

Mr. Kello g, who killed one son, attempted to kill another, and then to drown himself in Yorkville, Michigan, has been pronounced insane. He apprehended a famine, and feared the boys could not take care of themselves.

The Ohio Cultivator winds up an article on the wheat crop with—'From all we can gather, therefore, we set it down as our opinion, that the wheat crop is not over one-third of a full average yield.'

The number of immigrants into the United States last year, was estimated on the most accurate data that could be obtained, at 250,000. This year the number will probably reach 300,000.

The grand jury at Saratoga have indicted John Tallmadge for murder, by placing obstructions on the track of the Rensselaer and Saratoga Railroad last spring, whereby Dodge, the engineer, was killed.

Miss Mary Bascom, late Principal of the Gothic Female Seminary in Northampton, died about three weeks since, at Ludlowville, N. Y., after a very severe illness of only three days.

The committee of the 'Society for Promoting Christian Knowledge,' (London,) have granted the liberal sum of one thousand pounds sterling toward rebuilding St. James's Church, Toronto.

The New Hampshire Patriot denies that Governor Hill is a defaulter to the Government, though he admits that there may be a *balance due from him* of $13,000!

The drought in Essex Co., N. Y. has been so great as to render the crops not worth harvesting—and the farmers have gone into Vermont to purchase hay.

The General Convention of Universalists in the United States, will hold its next session in Cincinnati, Ohio, on the first Wednesday and following Thursday in October.

The trunks of two brothers, named Le Fevre, from Philadelphia, were broken open in Delmonico's Hotel, New York, and $2300 in eagles and a gold watch stolen therefrom.

The Rev. Mr. Green, Professor of Rhetoric and Logic in the University of North Carolina, has been appointed Bishop of Mississippi, and has accepted.

The New Haven Register says a young man in Woodbury killed himself with laudanum a few days since. He had failed to get work in New Haven.

The oil market has been active and upward the present week. A cargo of 800 barrels sperm was sold here yesterday at 115 cents per gallon, cash.—*New Bedford Mercury.*

It is proposed to establish a musical professorship in Yale College, and to give the appointment to Richard S., brother of N. P. Willis.

The gingham manufactory at Lancaster, Mass., employs a capital of $1,000,000, 20,000 spindles, and 550 looms, turning out 850,000 yards per annum.

A medal, in honor of Mazzini and the Roman Republic, is to be struck in London, where a subscription is also open for Italian exiles.

The Grand Duke and his family returned to Florence on the 28th ult., and were received with great enthusiasm. He had granted a general amnesty.

The Cocheco railroad was opened from Boston to Farmington, N. H., Sept. the 19th; the rails are now laid within five miles of Farmington village.

At the annual commencement of Geneva College, the degree of Master of Arts was conferred on Alfred B. Street, Esq., the poet, of Albany.

A young grampus whale, about 25 feet long, was discovered in Hingham harbor, Wednesday, near steamboat wharf, but he escaped to sea.

Mr. B. F. Williams and his partner, Mr. Webster, arrived at Utica, N. Y., on the 18th, ult., with over $30,000 in lump and grain gold from the placers of California.

John O'Groat's Journal has an account of a cat which is a living scandal to Malthusians. She has had eighty kittens in four years.

The Louisville (Ky.) Courier says that a company of gentlemen are about erecting an extensive cotton manufactory at Carrollton.

The distance from St. Joseph, Mo., to the South Pass is 938 miles. Just one half the distance to the Bay of San Francisco.

The Union states that there are in the United States 267 light-houses, and 32 floating lights along the Atlantic coast.

The Legislature of New Hampshire have offered a bounty of ten cents a head for killing crows within the limits of that commonwealth.

The only survivor of the seven men wounded at the battle of New Orleans, in 1815, is Mr. James Crawford, of Cincinnati.

The complaint against Captain McCerren for alleged abduction of an Irish girl, has been dismissed by the New York justice.

The New Brunswicker, Aug. 21, says—'The fisheries of Newfoundland, this season, have surpassed the most ardent expectations.'

Henry Rodman, alias 'Tom Pouto,' has been arrested in New York, charged with an extensive burglary in Philadelphia.

The man arrested for burning the Christian church in Kittery, calls himself George Johnson, of Boston.

The Philadelphia Bulletin says, 'Trade has already revived. Life and animation pervade every avenue of business.'

The citizens of Portsmouth, N. H., on Tuesday last accepted their city charter, by a majority of four votes, only.

Potatoes and apples are selling in Amherst, N. H., at one dollar a bushel and scarce at that.

In Campton, N. H., Mr. Holmes's mill was carried off by a freshet on the 11th ult., loss $2500.

The ship Living Age lately arrived at Boston in twenty-five days from Liverpool.

### Local Matters.

#### Amusements.

Mr. Thorne, who has taken two of our city theatres, the American, in Beach street, and the Howard Athenæum, is driving business with a free run. He has two good companies, and is catering with his usual good taste. The National has also opened, after undergoing some extensive repairs, both inside and out. The Museum, never behind any of its competitors for popularity, is as successful as ever. Mr. Booth has been doing excellently well here. Stockwell's Colossal Panorama of the upper and lower Mississippi is on exhibition here, and is richly worthy of notice, being superior to anything of the kind yet exhibited in Boston. There is also a Panorama of the River St. Lawrence, exhibiting in Washington street, which we hear praised by those who have seen it. Powers's Statuary is still on exhibition at Horticultural Hall, affording an opportunity for lovers of art to enjoy a rich treat. The winter's amusements are already commencing, and we shall keep our readers informed of their progress and interest.

#### Grave Yards in Cities.

We are glad to see that the people of Boston and the neighboring cities are awaking to the importance of the idea of appropriating suitable places at a distance from their immediate precincts, for the purposes of burial. Throughout the present unhealthy season, we have been constantly reminded of the fact that the large number of graves crowded together in some of the localities in this city, must be conducive to sickness. We learn from a contemporary, that a clergyman of this city, and the mourners, were lately driven out of the grounds by the sickening effluvia. The whole neighborhood is tainted. No one can live there with impunity. It is hardly safe to pass by now. The city has authority to procure a cemetery in the country. Some lots have been looked at. The matter is too serious for any farther delay, and we hope it may receive immediate attention. This is a matter in which we have retrograded, for even the Jews and heathen used to bury their dead without the walls of their cities.

#### Naval.

The U. S. Sloop of War the Germantown, which arrived in this port a few days since, received orders almost as soon as she dropped her anchor off the navy yard, to go at once to sea. Her orders were from the war department, and sealed, but her destination is doubtless Cuba. There will be some fun in that Cuban business yet; our government has already concentrated a large fleet off the coast and harbors of the Island. Old Moro castle wouldn't stand much chance, if our ships should eventually be called to come Vera Cruz over it, a la Scott. But the probable occasion that calls our men of war into these places now, is to prevent a descent upon Cuba under American colors.

#### Journalism.

The readers of the Flag will undoubtedly remember an article in our paper lately upon this subject. Since writing that article, we see that *the London Athenæum* has an item bearing upon the same subject. It says that 'the Yankee has an admirable trick of carrying a printing press upon his shoulder wherever he goes—he cannot live without his paper. Whether he invades Mexico as a soldier, or enters Grenada as an emigrant, he goes armed with type. If he does nothing but sow some of "these dragon's teeth" in the land through which he passes, no small amount of good should come of it in good time.'

#### Chelsea.

Few towns in this vicinity have increased more steadily and rapidly than Chelsea. At the time of taking the last census, there were 174 families in both Chelsea and North Chelsea. It is now estimated that there are over 1000 in Chelsea alone. The Pioneer says, 'it is expected, from the increase of population in these towns, that at the census in 1850, Chelsea will be found qualified to send two representatives to the Legislature, and North Chelsea one.'

The Cochituate Bank, chartered by the last Legislature, have leased a banking room in the basement story of the United States Hotel, Beach street, which will soon be fitted up preparatory to going into operation as a banking institution, to accommodate the rapidly increasing business of the South Cove, and the railroad companies.

Correspondents at Watering Places.—Our city papers still overflow with the trashy letters of correspondents who pretend to criticise the movements of the *ton* at fashionable watering places. Boston papers are too far advanced in intelligence, and should know better than to outrage good taste in this manner.

New Church in Chelsea.—The Universalists are about to commence, or have already commenced, the erection of a house of public worship. It is to be built of brick, in a fine location. The cost will probably be from 8 to $10,000.

Quick Passage.—The ship Living Age, which arrived in our harbor a few days since, made a very short passage across the ocean, for a sailing packet. She was but twenty-five days on the voyage from Liverpool to Boston, and brought 169 passengers.

Water for East Boston.—The pipes are all ready in which the Cochituate water is to be temporarily conveyed to East Boston. It is placed nearly in the track of the ferry boats, where it will be least liable to be disturbed by the anchors of vessels.

Father Mathew.—This distinguished apostle of Temperance is still with us, exerting himself to reform the evil of intemperance. He has been particularly successful among the Irish population.

Pickpockets.—Several noted pickpockets have lately been captured in our city. The rogues have been growing bold for some time past, and needed to be checked by an exemplary 'haul' of the police.

To cure the Cholera—Boston Recipe.—Take two ounces of hen's milk, put it in a hog's horn, and stir it up with a cat's feather; then divide the mass into pills as big as a piece of chalk, about as long as a stick, and swallow them crosswise—*frequently.*—*Post.*

Graves.—We are glad to learn that the City Government have decided to prohibit any more interments in the burial-ground on the Neck.

Sad Fatality.—At Provincetown, within a week, Mr. Charles Amber, formerly of this city, and three of his children, have died of cholera.

Railroad Item.—Sixty-eight trains of cars run in and out the Worcester railroad depot in this city every day.

### OUR OLIO COLUMN.

[Written for The Flag of our Union.]

#### The Dream.

BY INCOGNITO, JR.

One night, while the stars were peeping
Brightly from the sky,
On the green they found me sleeping,
Dreaming of you and I;
Lady, I dreamed that you were weeping,
And it made me sigh,
For while grief was o'er you creeping,
I thought that you would die!

While the gentle breeze was playing
O'er your pretty frame,
Though I heard not all your saying,
Yet I heard my name!
And while I for you were praying,
You toward me came;
O, my heart felt bright and happy,
While you did the same!

And as you to me were jumping,—
Visionary scheme!—
In my breast I felt a thumping,
Much unlike a dream!
As all winners were missing,
Bounding from my place,
All at once I fell to kissing—
Kissing your sweet face!

But alas! as I was rising,
Blushing for the kiss,
In a moment—how surprising—
I awoke—from bliss!
How it vexed me! you had vanished!—
But still I am glad—
For your tears were also vanished,
And you are not sad.

Lady, lady, smile not gaily;
'Twas a pleasant trance—
Shadowing what I would do daily,
If I had the chance!
That night, while the stars were peeping
Brightly from the sky,
On the lawn they found me sleeping,
Dreaming of you and I.

#### They're all digging.

*An Original Song, dedicated to the gold diggers of California's Diggings.*

BY A. A. STEELE, DRAMATIST.

O, they're all digging, dig-dig digging
After California gold;
They're all digging, dig-dig digging
After California gold.

Mr. Smith and Mr. Spriggins,
Merchants of the city grand,
All have left their native diggins,
To go digging in the sand;
The soldier doffs his feather now
For Feather River's shore,
And mayors now turn miners,
To drill out the yellow ore.
And they're all digging, &c.

The farmer leaves his golden grain
To dig for grains of gold;
And his crops may get a thrashing
From the dons and Indians bold.
The planter leaves his cane
To dig golden canes rare;
But his hold may have quite surety,
Ere he the dust will share.
For they're all digging, &c.

The lawyer leaves his parchments now,
To perch amid the track,
And leaves the suits behind that he
May want when he comes back.
The surgeon leaves his bones and veins,
To strike the veins of gold;
But he may operate in vain,
And bleed himself quite cold,
Where they're all digging, &c.

The printer quits his types now,
For the type of wealth to ply;
He leaves his bread and presses where
His hopes may fall in pi.
To preach against this thirst for gain
The preacher follows next,
And digs for a few lumps of gold,
To illustrate his text.
And they're all digging, &c.

Some maids within a certain age
Join Mrs. Farnham's van,
And give up all their silver
To hunt a golden man;
But if they hear the precious ore
Which in true woman shines,
They're better gold than man can pick
In California's mines,
Where they're all digging, &c.

#### Moonward Gushings.

O virgin moon! O queenly moon!
Turn, turn thy pensive glance from me;
I'll scan thy circling glories soon;
But now—I'm busy getting tea!

Fair Luna! thou'rt no partial queen;
Thou smil'st on lovers in a flutter;
And just as tenderly, I ween,
On me—when munching bread and butter.

O sky, within thy mystic bound,
Whose wonders into man ne'er waked,
Was e'er a doleful maiden found,
Who—burnt the cakes she should have baked?

Hark! sweet music glads my soul!
Sure from thy realms those numbers sweep;
Deep—louder—oh! too shrill they roll
O baby, wont you go to sleep!

Farewell! a weary night of care
Now draws me earthward—no wild wishes,
Or dark regrets my spirits tear:
But O—I haven't washed the dishes!
*New England Offering.*

#### A Heart to let.

BY JOHN BROUGHAM.

To be let—
To be let at a very desirable rate,
A snug little house in a healthy estate,
'Tis a bachelor's heart, and the agent is Chance,
Affection the rent, *to be paid in advance*.
The owner, as yet, has lived in it alone,
But the fixtures are not of much value—but soon
'Twill be furnished by Cupid himself, if a wife
Takes a lease *for the term of her natural life*.
Then ladies, dear ladies, pray do not forget,
An excellent bachelor's heart's to let.

The tenant will have but few taxes to pay,
*Love, honor*, and—heaviest item—obey.
As for the *good-will*, the subscriber's inclined
To have that, if agreeable, settled in kind;
Indeed, if he could such a matter arrange,
He'd be highly delighted to take in exchange,
Provided true title by prudence be shown,
Any heart unencumbered and free as his own.
So ladies, dear ladies, pray do not forget,
An excellent bachelor's heart to be let.
*New York Mirror.*

#### There is a Charm.

BY CHARLES SWAIN.

There is a charm too often wanted,
There's a power not understood—
Seeds spring upward as they're planted,
Or for evil or for good!
We forget that charm beguiling,
Which the voice of sorrow drowns;
Smiles can oft elicit smiling—
Frowning can engender frowns!

There's a temper quick in sowing
Care, and grief, and discontent;
Ever first and last in showing
More in words than language meant:
Ever restless in its nature
Until sorrows set their seal
On each pale and fretful feature,
And the hidden depths reveal.

If a smile engender smiling,
If a frown produce a frown,
If our lip, the truth defiling,
Can the rose of life cast down;
Let us learn, are grief hath bound us,
Useless anger to forego;
And bring smiles, like flowers, around us,
From which other smiles may grow.

#### Song.

Come, let me dive into thine eyes,
So dove, so deep, so filled with love!
Touched with soft azure, like the skies,
When evening veils the light above.

Come, let me gaze upon thy hand—
No ring! all's fair and virgin white;
Thy heart, I would I could command
Thy heart to open on my sight.

Yes no—I'll trust those stars of blue,
And ask them now my doom divine:
No need—thy lips give answer true;
They move—they murmur—'I am thine.'

#### Epigram.

I've often heard tell of the gal
That folks call 'the bootiful Hebe,'
But I'll bet you a herring, my Sal
Is forty times handsomer 'n she be!—*Post.*


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[Written for The Flag of our Union.]

### The Madman.

BY JOHN F. WEISHAMPEL, JR.

An old man sat in the tall, rank grass,
That grew in a grave-yard drear,
And watched at the insects hopping past,
With a wild and wicked leer,
And threw his staff, with the weight of brass,
On a tombstone lying near.

He muttered a word that was not heard,
So guttural was his tone;
And feared the more mischievously
Because he was alone;
Then pushed the waving weeds aside,
And leaned against a stone.

The stones where he lay were old and gray,
Though once they had been white;
They frowned as fiercely in the day,
As in the dusky night;
The old man fixed his eyes on one,
Though more were in his sight.

His vacant stare he quickly changed,
As he read the letters rude
That most of the spot where his eyes had ranged,
In his peaceful morning mood,
And he looked like one who was deranged,
In the painful solitude.

For his form relaxed—his eyes grew wide,
His cheeks were thin and pale;
His nervous hands fell down aside,
And he made a feeble wail;
The poor old pilgrim sadly cried,
As he read the tombstone's tale.

He begged it in his mad embrace,
And loudly called a name;
But O, alas! that much-loved face
No more to beauty came;
It lay beneath its hiding place,
No more a human frame.

'How glad!' he shrieked, 'that I can see
The grave of her my bride!
O, Heaven! in thy pity lay
My body by her side;
Preserve me, that they never may
Discover where I hide!'

'For they would drive me back again,
Behind the iron whip;
And blood beneath that galling chain
Would in my footprints drip;
O, save me from those dreadful men,
With curses on each lip!

'Why! ha! my wife! I am not mad!
No more doth terror rack;
Sweet memory's vision on your tomb
Hath brought my reason back;
I'm ready now to follow you—
Already on your track!'

'I'm ready now to go with you!'
Again he loudly sighed;
And turned around a place to view
Where he might safely glide;
But when he turned, with terror, lo,
A child stood at his side!

A child was there!—he yelled aloud—
But not with reason's cry;
'Go home!'—he drove the startled child—
'And do not see me die!'
For fear once more brought all his pain,
And madness gleamed his eye.

The boy sped back to the village green,
And told the players there
What he had heard—what he had seen—
With many a wondering stare;
The schoolboys told the jailer then
Who had him in his care.

And then the village curious ran,
The mad-house jailer fled
Toward the grave-yard for the man,
With curses on his head;
But when they reached the willows wan,
The poor old man was dead!

[Written for The Flag of our Union.]

### The Beautiful Child.

BY CAROLINE M. WHITNEY.

She was too beautiful for earth,
With all its weary care;
She pined for a celestial birth,
A more congenial air.
'Twas not her graceful form alone
That marked her beauty's child;
'Twas not her voice of silvery tone,
So melting and so mild.

It was her spirit, pure and meek,
That won our choicest love;
Her disposition, soft and sweet,
And gentle as a dove.
Upon her youthful brow was stamped
The intellect of years;
But flesh and sense its earnings cramped,
And oft she sank in tears.

She could not bear a cruel word
From friend, however dear;
It seemed to bound the spirit-bird,
And bring forth sorrow's tear.
When five years old she drooped her head
Upon her mother's breast;
'I'm dying, mother!' feebly said,
'Will God my spirit bless?'

Ay! Heaven had then a message sent
To take her home to God;
And willingly the spirit bent
By the afflicting rod.
Sweet hope and patience bore her through
Death's agonizing strife;
With calm content she bade adieu
To all she loved in life.

[Written for The Flag of our Union.]

### The Voice from Heaven.

BY ALBERT M. LONGLEY.

And I heard a voice from heaven, saying unto me, Write, Blessed are the dead that die in the Lord.—Rev. 14: 13.

O, blest are they, thrice blest,
Whose robes are white and clean;
Yea, saith the Spirit, they may rest
From labor and from sin.

O, blessed are the dead—
They but live when they die;
Their grave is but a downy bed,
They wake beyond the sky.

Who, then, would long to stay
In such a world as this!
Or seek the pleasures of a day,
Instead of heavenly bliss!

O, happy are the dead,
Whose souls rest in the Lord;
Their labors now on earth at end,
They find a rich reward.

To such 'tis gain to die—
'Tis sweet to cast away
These garments of mortality,
These worthless robes of clay.

O, then, my soul, prepare
Thyself for robes of white;
That thou mayst in the banquet share
With those who loved the light.

## MISCELLANEOUS.

[Written for The Flag of our Union.]

### THE BLACK FLAG.

A SEA SKETCH.

BY SYLVANUS COBB, JR.

There is something in the name of 'pirate' that ever carries with it a sense of dread and horror, and custom has associated the term with the most brutal and depraved of the human passions. But for all the conclusions of society and the opinions of other people, we are inclined to the opinion that our country is dotted all over with souls too small to fill even a pirate's jacket. They are souls that lack the courage to be pirates, but yet have the disposition, and are ever ready to wrench the last morsel of food from the sailor's poor widow and children. While we denounce the buccaneer as most wretchedly depraved, let us not forget that, comparatively, he has some good qualities; and that as black-hearted villains daily promenade our streets, receiving the smiles and flattery of the world, as ever paced the deck beneath the dark shadowings of the black flag.

We have made this short introduction, because in the story we are about to relate, which is substantially true, we shall find some noble principles and generous impulses rife within the bosoms of those whom we find blackened by the name of *pirate*; and we shall also find that circumstances may envamp, within the repulsive garb of sin and shame, hearts that are by nature noble and true.

In those days of New England's history, when the austere and coldly conceived ideas of justice were vastly different from what we now experience, there stood in the centre of the quiet village of M—— that barbarous concomitant of Puritan justice—the whipping-post. One bright morning, in the latter part of May, in the year 1775, a crowd were gathered around the spot where stood this retributive post, earnestly watching the scene of horror that was then being enacted. A young man, not more than twenty-two years of age, stood against the stake, firmly lashed to its iron bolt. His features were extremely handsome, and as he stood there, with the long raven ringlets flowing back over his richly turned neck and shoulders, with an imploring look cast upon the officer who held the blood-stained whip in his hand, no one would have entertained an idea that he could deserve to occupy his present position. But that curse of society which has crushed so many beneath its relentless power—rum—had for a moment turned the brain of Edward Everton, and the result of one night's intoxication had placed him where we now find him. In vain his friends plead for him—they were poor. In vain he promised to amend—he had no influential friends. As the first heavy stroke fell upon that bared back, an old woman, in the sombre garb of a widow, uttered a piercing cry and turned away from the scene. The poor mother had seen her only child dishonored and disgraced, and with a heart bursting with its weight of sorrow she was led away from the scene. That lash sank deep into the quivering flesh of the victim, but far deeper was the blow that sank to his beating heart.—It went thrilling through his whole frame, and his soul struggled for a moment beneath its smart, and then the iron resolve of vengeance settled with immoveable firmness upon his heart.

One being alone shed no tears on this occasion. A fair-haired maiden stood by an old elm, with uplifted eyes and clasped hands, and heard each stroke as it fell with deadly sound upon the back of one whom she loved better than life. Her bosom heaved, her eyes were set, and a livid pallor overspread her features. The fount of misery was too full for tears, and ere the last dull stroke broke upon the ear, the poor girl lay swooning upon the green sward at the foot of the old elm.

As Edward Everton stepped from the bloody spot, he sprang to the senseless form before him, and taking her in his arms he walked to his mother's cot. As animation came to the maiden she opened her eyes, and beheld the trembling features of her betrothed.

'O, Edward,' uttered she, as she threw her arms around his neck, 'this is too much,' and for the first time a hot flood of tears came to her relief.

'It *is* too much, Mary,' answered the agitated man, 'but let me not see you weep.—Cheer up, and during the short time I remain here, let me have the influence of your smiles to light me on.'

'O, heavens, you will not surely leave me, Edward,' exclaimed the poor girl, as she clasped her arms still tighter around her loved one.

'I certainly cannot stay here. What—after such a disgrace, to remain upon the spot of my shame—to be pointed at as a branded man! No. O, Mary, you know not how deeply those blows here sunk to my soul. I feel them there now, like so many weights of iron sinking it into infamy. While hundreds have been as guilty as myself, I alone am singled out and branded. But I will—'

The young man was interrupted by the unceremonious entrance of a stranger, who had slowly followed him from the scene of his disgrace. The intruder was a middle-aged man, dressed in the rough habiliments of a sailor, and as he discovered the state of affairs before him he said:

'Pardon me, sir, but I couldn't resist the temptation to come and offer you a helping hand, and if I've disturbed you I'll be off.'

'Stop, my good friend,' exclaimed Edward, as a thought flashed across his mind; 'perhaps you may be able to do me a favor.'

'That's just what I want to do,' bluntly replied the weather-beaten tar, 'and if it lays in my power you shall have it. Bill Jones never yet refused to help a disabled craft when he had a shot in his locker.'

'I would leave this place as soon as possible,' replied the young man, 'and if you can assist me to a situation on board of some vessel I should like it. The farther I can get from here the better.'

'I can do that, my young friend, and if you will come with me, you shall sail on board as pretty a craft as ever spread a topsail.'

It was soon arranged that Edward should accompany the sailor, and though many and bitter tears were shed at his departure, yet no one could ask of him to do differently. Mary Wiley clung frantically to the neck of the youth, and from the fullness of a pure heart there went up a prayer for his safety and peace. His aged mother wept bitter tears of sorrow as she bade adieu to her child, but she entrusted him to the care of God, and with a fervent blessing she bade him never forget his poor mother.

When Edward Everton left the place, the town of M—— lost a son who, by kindness and forbearance, might have been one of its brightest ornaments; and strict virtue lost for a season one who might have been made one of its brightest exemplars.

It was a month after the events just recorded that an odd-looking schooner got under weigh in Boston harbor. She looked odd because she was so clumsily built and rigged.—Her bows were blunt and heavy, her bowsprit sat at an angle of about forty-five degrees, and her masts were stumpy and sat up as straight as bean-poles. Her decks were loaded with bundled hay, and in every feature she more nearly resembled a floating hay-cart than she did a vessel. As soon as the anchor broke ground her jib was run up, and as she fell off her fore and mainsails were set, and while the anchor was being secured she was lazily making her way out of the harbor.

'Well, Bill,' exclaimed the captain, who looked anything but the captain of such a craft, 'we're off for another cruise, and I trust it will be a lucky one.'

'Ay, ay, sir; and so I hope,' replied the old salt thus addressed, who has already been introduced to the reader. 'We've got a good set of men and a good craft, and why shouldn't we make a good haul of it?'

'So we will. But we are getting outside, and we might as well begin to fix up a little and put the old Vixen into walking order.'

A shrill pipe from Bill Jones's whistle called all hands, and one might be well surprised at the number of men that came pouring upon deck. Forty-eight men stood upon the deck of that schooner, ready to do the slightest bidding of their captain, and in a few moments they were busily at work.

First, several large bolts were drawn out from her cutwater, and also from under the forechains, a heavy fall was lowered, and in a short time the clumsy false bows were unshipped and hoisted in board, leaving, from her stem to the after part of the bend, a pair of sharp, smooth bows, like the nose of a shark. Aloft, the same metamorphosis took place. Her false counters were taken off, leaving a clear run, from off which the water glided like oil. The fore and main stays were eased off, the bowsprit lowered down, and the masts set back,—long tapering topmasts were sent aloft and fidded; fore-topsail, top-gallant and royal yards were crossed, and a long jib-boom run out and the stays rigged and set up. The sails were set, and a heavy gaff-topsail sent aloft upon the main topmast and was soon in its place. A long strip of black canvass was taken in from the schooner's sides, revealing a blood red stripe, relieved by eight port-holes, when as many bundles of hay were laid open, setting at liberty a dangerous pack of brass 'bull-dogs,' well mounted and tackled. Upon removing what seemed to be the pump-hatches a circular iron railway was made visible, with a large pivot in the centre, and a long brass 'thirty-two' was hoisted out of the hold and shipped upon its accustomed seat.

In less than an hour the decks were cleared up, and the VIXEN was upon the water in all the beauty and grandeur of a conscious 'thing of life.'

These things somewhat surprised our hero but having little knowledge of marine tactics he failed to comprehend their full import; yet, from observations which he had heard dropped by the sailors, he suspected that the vessel in which he sailed took to herself somewhat more of roving liberty than could be obtained in official 'papers.' He was not long to remain in doubt, however, for as soon as the schooner was clear of the coast, the captain sent for him to come into the cabin. Upon entering, he was struck with the splendor and magnificence of everything there.

'You seem to be taken aback by the various peculiar manoeuvres that have lately taken place,' remarked the captain, as Edward took a seat.

Whatever might have been the young man's opinion of the character of the crew, he could not help feeling that he was now in the presence of one in whom he could place some reliance. The captain was not over thirty years of age, with a fair complexion, regularly handsome features and a high, open forehead, around which clustered in careless beauty a profusion of raven curls. He was well formed, and his frame evinced as much muscular power as his face did boldness and decision of character.

'I confess, sir,' replied Edward, 'that to me things do appear somewhat strange.'

'So I had thought; but now that you are with us, you shall know the character of the company around you. First, you shall know who I am. Jones has related to me the affair that caused you to leave your home, and from what I could learn from him of subsequent affairs, I am inclined to think that our sympathies will run together in one channel at least. Have you ever seen one who resembles me?'

'I have been studying your features,' replied the young man, 'and though there is something there that finds a shadowy gleam in my memory, yet I cannot call to mind the substance.'

'*Mary Wiley*,' slowly pronounced the captain.

'By heavens, that's it,' exclaimed Edward, as he gazed more intently upon the face of his companion. 'Are you related to her?'

'She is my sister.'

'And you are Richard Wiley, the man who—'

'Was thrown into prison, and branded as a felon,' interrupted the captain, seeing that Edward hesitated.

'And what are you now doing?'

As he was about to answer, the shout of '*sail-ho*' was heard from aloft, and the captain sprang to his feet. Taking a small roll from one of the lockers he placed it in Edward's hand, remarking:

'This will tell you all.'

As the captain disappeared through the companion-way, Edward gazed for a moment upon the roll in his hand, and then unfastened the cord that confined it, and as it unfolded at his feet he started back. There, with all its dark associations and sombre effect, lay the sable field and ghastly skull and cross-bones of the BLACK FLAG.

The sail which had been reported, proved to be a heavy ship, loaded with tea and various kinds of silk stuffs and spices. The crew of the Vixen boarded her without resistance, and after taking such stores as they fancied, they left her, and allowed her to proceed on her course without further molestation.

Over a year passed away before the pirate schooner pointed her bows towards the land from which she sailed. During that time her crew had trod the decks and peeped into the lockers of many vessels, but every one of them carried the bold bunting of England at their peaks. None other came within the desires of the pirate captain; and Edward Everton, after the first few weeks, made no objection to giving a hand to the work. One morning, just as the men had turned out from their hammocks, a sail was reported on the larboard bow. The Vixen was at this time within fifty miles of the Straits of Gibraltar, standing to the northward, before the wind. The sail in question was evidently standing in for the Mediterranean, and Capt. Wiley determined to overhaul her cargo. She was an Englishman, and in a few moments all hands were ready for any emergency.

In less than half an hour the pirate captain, accompanied by Edward and a half dozen men, stood upon the merchantmen's deck.—She was loaded principally with iron, and as our heroes had no need of such luggage they were about to depart without having taken anything, when the English captain asked:

'Are you regular pirates?'

'Just what you please to call us,' answered Capt. Wiley. 'If we had taken a fancy to any of your cargo we should have considered it as our property. That flag that floats yonder,' continued he, pointing to his own peak, 'tells the story pretty plainly, doesn't it?'

'Why, yes. But I suppose you are Englishmen, and I was wondering why you didn't take out a privateer's papers.'

'A privateer's papers?' exclaimed Edward. 'And what flag should we hoist, then?'

'Why, the English, to be sure.'

'And make a crusade against the Hottentots, I suppose.'

'Why, didn't you know that the young Colonies had kicked up a muss over there in America, and that the king had declared war?' asked the Englishman, somewhat in surprise.

'Do you *know* that?' eagerly asked Richard Wiley.

'To be sure I do,' answered the merchantman. 'When I left port they were fitting out a frigate to take a heavy store-ship along to supply the troops over the water, and the king is determined to make 'em toe the mark.'

The pirate's men got into their boat, and silently pulled on board the schooner. Capt. Wiley and Edward went below as soon as she was under sail.

'Well, Edward, what are you thinking about?' asked the captain.

'By heavens, Dick, if the Colonies have asserted their rights, we must help them. That little brush at Lexington it seems has amounted to something after all. I love the land that gave me birth, and now that it has thrown off the cursed yoke that galled it so long, I love it better than ever.'

'I agree with you, Edward, and the Vixen shall yet earn her anchorage in American waters.'

'Will the men agree to such a proposal?' asked Edward.

'I think they would. At least, I will try them.'

The crew of the schooner, like the captain and Edward, had never taken up the life of the pirate because they fancied it as such; but they despised the government under which they were called to live—they had writhed beneath its unjust lashes, and in their reckless haste for revenge they had leaped over all restraint and taken the law into their own hands. The six men who had gone on board the merchantman had communicated to the rest the news they had heard, and when the captain came on deck he found the men collected in a body in the weather gangway. As soon as he mentioned to them his purpose, a simultaneous shout rose upon the breeze, and the Colonies had gained fifty as brave hearts and strong arms as ever faced a foe.

The Vixen hauled upon the wind and stood to the northward and westward, determined to fall in, if possible, with the frigate and storeship, and in case such an event took place, Capt. Wiley trusted that he could cheat the frigate of her charge. It was a bold conception, but the men were on hand for it.

A sharp look-out was kept night and day for nearly a month, during which time several merchantmen were spoken, from whom they learned that the British had been driven from Boston, and that Gen. Howe had determined to take possession of New York. From this intelligence, Capt. Wiley came to the conclusion that the store-ship and frigate in question would be most likely to steer for the latter place, and accordingly he shaped his course in the same direction. Two days after he gained the above intelligence, a sail was reported by the look-out at the mast-head.

'Where away?' shouted Edward, who stood near the wheel.

'Right on the weather beam, sir.'

'Can you make her out?' asked the captain, who had come on deck as soon as he heard the report.

'Not clearly, sir, but she looks like a heavy ship.'

'Do you see anything else?'

'No, sir.'

'Aloft, there, men, and stand by to take in the topsail and top-gallantsail. Be sure and furl everything snug. Let go the gaff-topsail, haul yards and stand by to take it in.'

The schooner was now heading due west, with the wind abeam from the northward; and of course the sail in question was 'dead to windward.' Capt. Wiley thought it possible that this might be one of the ships of which he was in search, and in such case he did not wish to be discovered by them. Consequently he had all the light sail that would be likely to loom up in sight taken in, and as soon as this was done, the schooner hauled upon the wind and stood slowly towards the course of the ship.

'Sail-ho,' shouted the look-out, about fifteen minutes after the course was changed.

'Where away?'

'Right in the wake of the other one, sir.'

'What does she look like?' asked the captain.

'Can't make her out, sir; but the other one looks like a man-of-war. She carries heavy top gearing.'

'I rather guess we've hit them,' remarked the captain, as he turned towards Edward. 'At any rate, we'll stand on till we can make them out, and if they prove to be the gentlemen we're after, we shall have to be on the alert, for we've got a desperate game to play. If the wind holds as it is at present we shall be off the harbor of New York in three days, and so we have none too much time.'

Before noon it was ascertained that the two sails in sight were the frigate and store-ship. The frigate was under easy sail—with her courses hauled up and the royal yards in the rigging, as the store-ship was too lumbering to keep up with any decent sailing. Before night Capt. Wiley had all his plans arranged and only waited a favorable opportunity to carry them out. During the night and the next day the schooner kept the ships in sight, which could be easily done, as signal lights were hoisted as soon as it became dark, and during that time the Vixen had contrived to work to the windward of them.

Towards night the crew of the schooner went at their old tricks. The top-masts were sent on deck, the long jib-boom taken in board, the old bundles of hay were hoisted out of the hold and snugly laid over the guns, while a large heap of pine board were piled up over the 'long-tom' amidships. The lumbering false bows were got overboard and secured, and also the false counter and stern, and a wide strip of black canvass was secured over the line of the port-holes. In this trim she turned her nose towards the frigate, and wing-and-wing, she went lumbering through the water like an old wash-tub, with a soiled and somewhat tattered piece of bunting, which had been once an English flag, floating from her main peak.

'Schooner ahoy!' shouted the officer from the frigate, as the Vixen came within hailing distance.

'Ay, ay, sir,' returned Bill Jones, who from his rough appearance, had been appointed to act as skipper.

'What schooner is that?'

'The King George, from Halifax.'

Bill Jones explained to the officer that they were desirous to get into New York, and as the Yankee privateers were plenty about the coast, they should like to sail under cover of the frigate, for they had only five men, and would stand but little chance in a fight. After answering, at a guess, several questions concerning the British troops at Halifax, the schooner was allowed to fall astern and keep company with the store-ship, in which position Capt. Wiley learned that the latter vessel had only thirteen men on board, and also that they depended entirely upon the frigate for any resistance that might be called for against an attack. The night was dark, and every way favorable for the schooner's plot, and soon after the signal lights were set on board the store-ship, Capt. Wiley hauled up near enough to speak her. He proposed that himself and mate should come on board and spend an hour or two, and the Englishman, being very glad of a chance to relieve the monotony of a long voyage, readily assented to the proposal.

All was now excitement on board the schooner. An old sail was spread out upon the bottom of the largest boat, which had been hoisted overboard, and twelve of the strongest and most energetic of the men were snugly stowed away beneath the thwarts. Capt. Wiley and Edward then got in, and pulled alongside of the ship, leaving Bill Jones in charge of the schooner, which was to be kept exactly in the wake of her companion.

The moment the boat came alongside, a dozen hand-grapnels were thrown into the rigging, and before the astonished crew of the Englishman realized the event, fourteen men, armed to the teeth, stood upon their deck. For a moment they attempted a slight resistance, but being taken so suddenly, and having, at best, but feeble means of fighting, they were easily captured, and in a few moments the store-ship had a Yankee at her wheel. Ten of the ship's men were firmly secured and placed in the boat alongside, when Capt. Wiley turned to Edward and said:

'Edward, you now have charge of this ship. I shall leave you ten of the men, whom I know to be faithful, and with them you can easily manage her. As soon as I get on board the schooner I shall send my fore-top-mast aloft, and as soon as possible get a light hoisted. When you observe a light at the bows, you will immediately douse your light at the mast-head and fall to leeward; shape your course south-west and make all the headway you can towards the Delaware Bay. The frigate little thinks what a pickle her consort is in, and as long as she sees a light astern she will suppose all to be right. I shall keep on our present course until you have had time to get out of sight, and then I shall haul down my light and follow you, and if this wind holds on, we shall both be missing in the morning. It is only ten o'clock now, and we have certainly six hours before the darkness will break at all, and if you keep on the course I have given you, I can take a short run to the southward, just sufficient to clear the frigate, so that she shall not get our track, and then run in towards the shore, and be pretty sure to overhaul you. If she mistrusts the trick that has been played, it is most likely she will suppose that we have gone towards Boston. Be prompt now, and if anything should happen that you shall be taken before we meet again, see that the ship is scuttled before you leave her, so that the British troops shall have no benefit from her.'

Captain Wiley stepped into the boat and in a few minutes stood upon his own deck. A lantern was covered with a piece of canvass, just caught together with a slender yarn, and to which was made fast a small line, so that when the light reached the mast-head the covering might be instantly hauled off, and thereby prevent the lookout of the frigate from observing the hoisting of the lantern. Her top-mast were sent aloft, and everything else cleared up as usual. A small light was soon shown over the bows, and in an instant the light on board the store-ship disappeared, and at the same moment one was visible at the mast-head of the Vixen. The ship immediately fell off, and with an excellent breeze and all the sail set that could be crowded upon her, she was not long in making a very respectable distance between herself and her late protector.

The schooner continued to follow on after the frigate, with the light at her main truck, until after 2 o'clock in the morning, when she hauled down her lantern and fell off before the wind, with her light sails still snugly furled, so that they should not betray her to the night-glasses of the frigate. The event was followed by various signals from the latter ship, and before Capt. Wiley got out of sight of the frigate he could observe by the glare of her blue light, that she had laid-to and was also firing signal guns; but not caring to trouble himself about her perplexities, he kept on to the southward, and soon had everything drawing, below and aloft. A hearty cheer went up from the deck of that regenerated schooner as the loud rumbling of the frigate's guns came booming over the water, and for the first time since they had left their homes those men felt proud of their achievement.

The Vixen held on her course till day-light, and then hauled upon the wind, and before night fell in with the store-ship off Cape May, and in company they entered the Delaware Bay and soon fell in with some small vessels from whom they gained sufficient intelligence to enable them to proceed without difficulty. The stores were sent on shore and placed at the disposal of American officers, Capt. Wiley retaining a sufficient quantity for the Vixen; and the ship was also given up.

A gleam of the truth flashed across the mind of the captain of the frigate, when, in the morning, he missed his charge, but in his despatch to Gen. Howe he made no mention of it, only stating that the store-ship 'must have gone down during the night.'

The schooner worked her way round to Boston. Capt. Wiley and Edward Everton had sufficient for their comfort, and the Vixen was given up to Bill Jones, who took out a privateer's license.

There were light hearts and beaming countenances when our two heroes entered the dwelling that contained Mrs. Everton and Mary Wiley. And one day shortly after the declaration of peace, Mary, who had long been the wife of Edward, while overhauling some old trumpery, came across a small roll of black bunting; she asked her husband what it was, and a cold shudder passed through his frame as he beheld the dark emblem of his former errors—the sable field and deathly insignia of THE BLACK FLAG.

[Written for The Flag of our Union.]

### Quinsigamond Lake.

BY J. FREDERIC SOUTHGATE.

Fair lake, reposing midst the hills
That shield thy bosom from the gale;
The source of all the purling rills
That flow with music to the vale;
Thou art fair Nature's mirror, bright,
Reflecting deep th' ethereal blue,
With all the fleecy clouds so light
And airy, tinged with golden hue,
That float in silent beauty high
Amid the calm cerulean sky.

The shining sand, like grains of gold,
The pebbles, that thy waters lave,
Seem like a bed of gems untold,
Shimmering 'neath thy crystal wave,
And all along thy verdant shore,
The trees and foliage so green,
Whose pendant boughs bend graceful o'er
Thy bosom tranquil and serene,
And the rainbow-tinted flowers fair,
All see themselves reflected there.

How often, in my lightsome bark,
I've floated on thy limpid wave,
Exploring dells so still and dark
That ne'er a sound their echoes gave;
And oft, in summer's fervid heat,
When Sol pours down his burning rays,
I hie me to thy cool retreat,
And find a shelter from the blaze
Of noontide, 'neath the mottled shade
By interlacing branches made.

Long, long ago, when forests drear
Encircled thee on every side,
The Indian tracked the bounding deer,
And roamed the woodlands far and wide.
No white invaders' grasping arm
Engaged his tribe in deadly strife;
No fear of ruthless war's alarm
Disturbed his free and roving life;
Nor limits or restraining bounds
Withheld from him his hunting-grounds.

His peaceful wigwam by thy shore,
Nestled amid the forest trees,
While the thin, blue smoke, curling o'er,
Vanished with the summer breeze.
With lithy arm he plied the oar,
Swift speeding in his birch canoe;
Or seated by his wigwam's door,
He fashioned quaint his bows of yew;
With feathered arrows, long and slim,
Made from the supple ashen limb.

And wast thou then so lovely, fair,
Did wild flowers on thy green banks grow?
And did the smiling landscape wear
A garb so beautiful as now?
All then was a deep wilderness,
Where now the farmer tills the soil,
And nature blooms in loveliness
Beneath his hard, unceasing toil;
While villages spring up around,
And hills proclaim the church-bell's sound.

The angler, with his rod and line,
While watching for the speckled trout,
Doth on thy mossy bank recline—
Or sitting listless in his boat,
Wrapt in the all-pervading spell
Thy magic beauty weaves around,
He gazes mute o'er wood and dell,
That in the distance seem so bound,
And dimly fading on the view
In faint outlines of azure hue.

Yes, beautiful thou art by day—
Yet far more lovely when at night
Fair Luna sheds her chastened ray,
And gilds thy surface with her light.
'Tis then I love to gaze on thee,
To muse in silence by thy side;
Lulled by the night-wind, merrily
Careering o'er thy rippling tide,
That gleams beneath the moon's soft glance,
In a broad track of radiance.

The music of the night-bird sweet
Lends its enchantment to the scene;
While echoes answering repeat
Its cadence from their hills serene.
The forest trees and dark old wood
That the soft moonbeams struggle through,
Cast grotesque shadows o'er thy flood,
Dark looming shades of murkiest hue;
And light-winged zephyrs softly sigh
Amidst their branches waving high.

Search o'er the earth, and you may find
Beauty in works of man achieved;
Yet nothing charms the eye of mind
So much as nature unadorned.
Its latent loveliness we view,
While spring, with starry blossoms crowned,
And as the leaves' frost-tinted hue
That mellow autumn strews around;
While still in winter you may see
Beauty in every ice-gemmed tree.

### Decidedly Good.

We never heard the anecdote of the old woman and her turkies until yesterday. It is good. An old lady, resident of a neighboring place, kept a large family of turkies, perhaps sixty. She, like a great many other people, thought a great deal of her turkies, consequently, valued them very highly. Opposite her door was a 'West India goods store.'—The man who kept it, one day emptied his casks of cherries, intending to replace with new. This old lady being economical, thought it a great pity to have all these cherries wasted, and in order to have them saved, she would just drive over her turkies and let them eat them. In the course of the day the old lady thought she would look after them and see they were in no mischief. She approached the yard and lo! in one corner laid her turkies in one huge pile, dead. Yes, they were 'stone dead.' What was to be done?—Surely the old matron could not lose all the feathers! She must pick them! She called her daughters to help her pick them, intending to have them buried in the morning.—Morning came, and behold, there were her turkies stalking about the yard featherless enough, (as may be supposed), crying out 'quit, quit;' feeling no doubt mortified that their drunken fit had been the means of losing their coats. Poor things, if they had said 'quit' before they had begun, they would not have been in this 'bad fix.'

We would advise all young men who are in the habit of drinking, to leave off before they get picked; and to those who do not, let every young lady say 'quit!'—*Grenada Republican.*

### The Illiterate Robber.

A gentleman passing late at night over the Pont Neuf in Paris, was accosted by a polite and seemingly suppliant stranger, who asked him to read a paper which he had just picked up. The gentleman held up his lanthorn and complied. The following is a translation of the lines:

Speak not a word when this you've read,
Or in an instant you'll be dead;
Give up your money, watch and rings,
Or other valuable things.
Depart then, quickly as you will,
Only remember silence still.

The gentleman thought it best to deliver up his valuables as required.

The robber was afterwards recognized by the person robbed, and arrested. His identity was positively sworn to, and the following confession was made by the criminal:

'My lords: I confess that on the evening specified, I met this gentleman on the Pont Neuf, and the transaction occurred as he has related it; but yet I am far from being guilty. I cannot read; I picked up the paper and thought it might be of consequence. Seeing that the gentleman had a lanthorn, I begged him to do me the favor to read the paper.—He complied, and then to my surprise, put his watch, rings and money into my hands. I was so astonished that I could not ask him what he meant, and supposed that the paper was of great value, and that he had given me his money, rings and watch to get rid of me. Thus if any one was wronged, it was I, and I hope justice will be done me.'

Justice, however, was done the rogue—for he was acquitted.—*London Times.*

### A Colored Duel.

A duel between two colored gemmen—a regular built affair—conducted according to the most strict and punctilious provisions of the code of honor, came off last week. The fight took place with pistols of the most improved fashion, at sunrise, on a small branch of the Metairie road. We do not know what the origin of the difficulty was, except that one of the parties, to use the phrase of one of the spectators, 'was crossed in luh by de oder, and dat him muss hab satisfaction.'

We have learned from one who was present at the combat, the particulars as they transpired. They are substantially as follows:

After having taken their stands, one of the seconds noticed, that owing to their positions, the sunbeams set his principal to winking and rolling his eyes. This was sufficient ground for interfering, and he calls out to the other second with—

'I say, I puts my weto on dat posishon—it's agin de rules ob all de codes ob hona dat I see. De traction ob de sun shines rader too sewere, makes my principal roll him eyes altogedder too much.'

'Wy, wy, look here, didn't we chuck up a dollar for the choice of the ground, and didn't I get him myself?'

'Yes, I knows you did; but den fair play's a jule; and I'se no notion of seein my friend compressed upon and lose all the vantage.'

'Well, I'se no notion as you is, and I 'sists on settlin the matter just as we is—and——'

At this juncture a friendly cloud settled the matter at once, by stepping in between the sun and the belligerents.

The first two causes took their positions, and all the little preliminaries being settled, each one took his pistol ready cocked from his second. Both manifested a terrible degree of spunk, although a sort of blueish paleness spread itself over their black cheeks.

The second who was to give the fatal order which might send them out of this world, now took his ground. Raising his voice he began:

'Gemmen, your time am cum.'

Both signified their assent.

'Is you ready? Fah! one—two—three.'

Bang, pop went both pistols at once, one ball raising the dust in the middle of the road, while the other took a 'slanzendicular' course among the bystanders, fortunately without hitting any one.

It was now time to interpose, and one of his seconds set himself about it. After a little conversation, the challenged darkey stepped forward and said to his antagonist:

'Nigga, is you satisfied?'

'I is.'

'So is I, and I'se glad to get off so. Next time dey catches dis child out on such a foolish exhibition as dis, dey will fotch me, dat dey will do for certain.'

'Jem's my sentiments edzackly,' retorted the other. 'When your onmortal instrument of def went off, I declare I thought I was a gon child; but I'se so happy now—gosh, let's shake hands, and go back to our alocation.'

In five minutes time all hands—enemies, black friends, white and all—were on the road home to work, perfectly satisfied with the sport of the morning.—*Albany Dutchman.*

[Written for The Flag of our Union.]

### Lines for a Lady's Album.

BY BENJAMIN M. FERNALD.

Here, like the flowret seldom seen,
That loves the forest's mellow light,
While springs the loftier tree to screen
Its modest beauty from the sight:

Where friendship pure, and wisdom sage,
Unite to worship at thy shrine;
Let me upon this album's page
Here place these humble thoughts of mine.

May, hope, a never-setting star,
Glow with mild radiance in thy breast,
Chasing the clouds of sorrow far,
And soothing every care to rest.

And when the final hour shall come
That frees thee from this world of care,
Be heaven thy everlasting home—
No sin or sorrow enters there.

### A Georgia Wedding.

The preacher was prevented from taking his part in the ceremony, and a newly created justice of the peace, who chanced to be present, was called upon to officiate in his place. The good man's knees began to tremble, for he had never tied the knot, and did not know where to begin. He had no 'Georgia Justice,' or any other book from which to read the marriage service. The company was arranged in a semi-circle, each one bearing a tallow candle. He thought over everything he had learned, even to——

'Thirty days hath September,
April, June and November,'

but all in vain—he could recollect nothing that suited the occasion. A suppressed titter all over the room admonished him that he must proceed with something, and in an agony of desperation he began:

'Know all men by these presents, that I—' here he paused and looked up to the ceiling, while a voice in a corner of the room was heard to say:

'He is drawing a deed for a tract of land,' and they all laughed.

'In the name of God, amen!' he began again, only to hear another voice in a loud whisper say:

'He is making his will; I thought that he couldn't live long, he looks so powerfully bad.'

'Now I lay me down to sleep.'

'I pray—' was the next essay, when some erudite gentleman remarked:

'He's not dead, but sleepeth.'

'O, yes! O, yes!' continued the Squire.

A voice replied:

'O, no! O, no! don't let's.'

Some person out of doors sung out:

'Come into court!' and the laughter was general.

The bride was near fainting—the Squire was not far from it; being an indefatigable man, however, he began again:

'To all and singular, the sher—'

'Let's run; he's going to level on us,' said two or three at once.

Here a gleam of light flashed across the face of the Squire. He ordered the bride and groom to hold up their hands, and in a solemn voice said:

'You, and each of you, do solemnly swear in the presence of the present company, that you will perform towards each other, all, and singular, the functions of husband and wife as the case may be, to the best of your knowledge and ability, so help you God.'

'Good as wheat,' exclaimed the father of the bride.—*Stamford Advocate.*

### Rivals for the Siamese Twins.

At Dernegbem, a village three leagues from the town of Bruges, forming nearly the central point between Bruges, Thourout and Ostend, were born, on the 28th June, two children of the female sex compactly united to each other. The two bodies join at the sides; the ligature union being a little below the right breast of the one, and the left breast of the other, and continuing as far down as the navel, so that the children not only look at each other in the face, but are turned one towards the other in an oblique position. Their heads, arms, thighs and legs are perfectly free, and they have the perfect use of their limbs, and their position is such as to permit their mother to nurse them both at the same time without difficulty. The curate of the parish baptized them the day of their birth in the names of Marie and Sophie. Their parents are poor servants, working and residing on a small farm held by an old bachelor. The husband's name is Tanghe; his wife, aged about thirty-eight years, has four children.—*Liverpool Mail.*

I cannot love a person who does not recognize my individual character. It is most gratifying, even at the expense of every fault being clearly perceived, to see that in my friend's mind there is a standard, or scale of degrees, and that he exactly perceives which degree on this scale I reach to.—*John Foster.*

One old gentleman, although considered rather sharp than otherwise, has been served some very scurvy tricks. Among the rest, we have heard of a poor cobbler who made a league with him, and after enjoying every earthly blessing, he was waited upon at the end of the term by his brimstone majesty, who demanded his soul.

The cobbler took a sharp knife and ripped off the sole of his shoe, threw it at the feet of his illustrious guest.

'What does this mean?' cried the latter.

'Look at the contract!' replied the cobbler.

Satan examined the contract, and found that the word was spelt sole, which only entitled him to the piece of leather. He turned on his heel, and went off scratching his head; and he has been called 'Old Scratch' ever since.

A down east skipper not long since came into Boston harbor with a load of corn, in a damaged state, occasioned by his leaking very badly. A report being circulated that the captain strained his vessel by thumping her on a rock or sand bar when drunk, the insurance companies demurred against paying their risks on her.

'Captain,' said the owner to him, as he stepped his foot upon Long Wharf, 'we are likely to lose our insurance because you was corned.'

'Well, sir,' replied the skipper, 'they may show that I was *corned*, but I can prove I wasn't *tight*.'

The objections against settling up were dropped at once.

When the people of Paris, says Dr. A. H. Stevens, were worshipping the goddess of reason, Phinel, an illustrious medical professor, was accosted by a celebrated literary man, who said to him:

'I am writing an encyclopedia of atheism, and intend to give you a place that shall be worthy of you.'

'I thank you,' replied Phinel, 'for the honor you design for me, and in return let me say, that in the second edition of my work on lunatics and idiots, which will soon be published, I shall not fail to insert your name.'

Jem called on Graves one very hot day last week. 'Give us another smash, Peter!' said he to the intelligent little Ganymede who officiates there.

'You are a pretty good *repeater*, Mr. Horn,' answered the rising genius, his face turning as red as his hair, with the blushes of modest genius.

'That's nothing strange, my boy,' answered Jem, with a patronizing smile, 'since I am so often obliged to go it *on tick*.'

Somebody has perpetrated the following, which is pretty good in its way. 'We hold these truths to be self-evident that all men are endowed with inalienable rights'—except poor men. All men who do not pay their honest debts are great scamps—except those who cheat on a large scale. 'All men are born free and equal'—except negroes—All men are sinners—except those who belong to the church. All men are allowed to think and act freely—except those who work for a living.

'Why, W——,' said we to the editor of a certain journal, to which we contributed a short article last week, 'how many mistakes you make in the publication of our little piece.'

'Well, that's true, old fellow; yet I assure you I read over the proof four times.'

'Ah! that will do—I understand; 'twas the *fourth proof* did it!'

'What! what'll you take, Jem!'

'Another proof,' said we.

A London paper says that a Mormon senior, while haranguing a crowd at Montrose, alleged that the blessings of his creed were so great that a true believer might swallow poison with impunity.—The mob took him at his word, or rather resolved to test it; and some prussic acid, having been produced, he was strongly pressed to swallow a little. A policeman rescued the disconcerted boaster from his persecutors.

A dispute having arisen at a village inn as to the number of the late Lord Byron's children—one party maintained that a daughter was the only offspring, while another was as positive that he had a son also. The landlord was appealed to, who after a moment's reflection, replied:

'Why, of course, he had a son; was there not his child (Childe) Harold?'

'Willie,' said a doting parent at the breakfast table to an abridged edition of himself who had just entered the grammar class at the high school, 'Willie, my dear, will you pass the butter?'

'Thertainly, thir; I like to parthe anything; butter ith a common thubthantive, neuter gender, agreeth with hot rollth, and in London governed by hog th lard, underthood.'

The following anecdote is strikingly illustrative of the spirit prevalent in Russia. The remark was made to a Cossack officer that the Hungarian rebellion would not be so easily put down as was generally imagined, the force of the Magyars being so great, and the people so fanaticized. 'Silence,' exclaimed the Muscovite, 'the great Czar has ordained a victory, and his orders must be obeyed.'

Dining at a public ordinary, when one of the company had helped himself to a large piece of bread, Quin stretched out his hand to take hold of it. The person to whom it belonged prevented him, saying: 'Sir, that is my bread.'

'I beg your pardon,' said Quin, 'I took it for the loaf.'

A doctor, going into his boarding-house, and not finding his dinner ready, exclaimed:

'What! are there no *symptoms* of dinner yet?'

'No *appearance*,' replied the lawyer.

'There's a *sample* of it,' said a merchant, as a servant appeared with a turkey.

'Faith! a *fat token* it is,' replied the printer.

*A Sensible Man.*—Well, Robert—is there any answer?

Buttons—'Yes 'm. Mr. Jolliboy's compliments, and he'll be blest if you catch him at a party this weather—unless you'll let him dance in his shirt-sleeves.'—*Punch.*

It is stated that an old lady in Iowa, while recently in the woods was bitten on the end of her nose by a rattlesnake. The woman recovered, but the snake died. Coroner's jury brought in as a verdict on the snake, 'Poisoned by Snuff.'

The sea-serpent has coiled himself around the Island of St. Helena; and, as no one can escape, the inhabitants are in a state of starvation. They intend to rivet his head and tail together, after which nothing will be left but his *long part*.

A carpenter describing a snow storm, launched out into this magnificent metaphor:

Like shavings chipped from some huge iceberg's top,
When Boreas wields the *fore-plane* of the storm.

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[WRITTEN EXPRESSLY FOR THE FLAG OF OUR UNION.]

## THE SPANIARD:

OR,

## THE CRUISER OF LONG ISLAND.

### A Story of Sunshine and Shadow.

BY FRED HUNTER.

[CONTINUED.]

### CHAPTER XII.

*Tom Wirt escapes. The Spaniard makes the acquaintance of Clarence. The youth's aversion to him. A meeting at the 'Retreat.' The interview between Cracket and his pupil. Clarence loses an hundred pounds. A proposition. Clarence promises to return the Spaniard his money.*

TOM WIRT bolted, without uttering a word, but Clarence had not yet learned his companion's secret, and did not suspect the face before him to be that of the proprietor of the dwelling he had attempted to rob a few nights before; for, on that occasion, he had not seen the parties who defended the premises, it will be remembered. He heard the noise, and the pistol-shot—and his heels saved him all further knowledge of the matter, that night! *Why* Tom now fled, Clarence had not the remotest idea—but it was clear he had gone, and quickly, too; and now he stood before the man who might have ordered him to Bow street if he pleased; though the youth only recollected him as the gentlemen whom he had casually met at the 'Fox and Cub,' and whom his friend Tom had so insidiously warned him against, upon the first night he arrived in the suburbs of London!

But Tom rushed across the hall, wrenched open the door and escaped; and all eyes were turned upon the affrighted 'cracksman,' save those of the Spaniard, who did not seem at all interested in the matter! A smile pervaded the countenances of the company, at this ludicrous circumstance, but the incident was quickly forgotten in the more absorbing interest of the game, and the Spaniard beckoning to Clarence, drew him away to the other end of the room.

'You are a stranger here, I think?' remarked the Spaniard, in a formal, but gentlemanly tone.

'How do you know that?' inquired Clarence, somewhat disturbed; for, through the influence of Tom Wirt, he had conceived no very favorable opinion of the dark-visaged gentleman, whom he fancied was presuming upon a brief acquaintance, with ulterior motives towards him.

'I intended to ask the question—not to assert it,' said the other, mildly. 'And it was with a view to *your* benefit, not mine.'

'May I not, with proper motives, return the inquiry, sir, and ask to what particular circumstance, I am indebted for the marked interest you have so suddenly assumed in my welfare?'

'Most certainly you have the right to ask.'

'Well, sir—'

'But I may not feel compelled to answer you?'

'Then we are even, sir, at least. Good evening,' continued Clarence, rising—about to move away.

'Look you, young man,' said the Spaniard, firmly, but with apparent emotion, 'we cannot part in this manner. I have business with you.'

'Explain yourself, then—or we are quits.'

'You have lost at roulette, to-night.'

'Well, *sir*—'

'I know it—because I have watched you. You have played your last sovereign; and you are now penniless?'

'That is *my* affair.'

'What do you propose to do?'

'What may suit my fancy; I may—'

'Stay, then. Luck was against you, but you played recklessly, and without system.'

'Had I possessed the means, I should have won, in time.'

'You don't know that.'

'I would have risked it. The chances are in my favor, could I follow up the game.'

'Let me advise you.'

'How?'

'Follow your hand, play upon odd and even alternately, double your bets every round—and you may recover what you have lost.'

'I have no means to do so, to-night.'

'I will furnish the means.'

'You?' exclaimed Defoe, astonished.

'Yes. Take this purse; it contains an hundred pounds. Follow my advice, and confer with me again in two hours. Take it—do not falter. The table waits,' continued the Spaniard, and Clarence seized the money, though he could scarcely believe himself awake, so singular and unexpected was this offer. Yet a moment afterward, he stood before the table once more.

Tom Wirt rushed from Prince's gaming-house with the desperate looks of a madman; and reaching the pavement outside, he lost no time in effecting a wide margin between himself and the probable neighborhood of the Spaniard, whose face he feared far more seriously than that of any being who had ever yet crossed his crooked path. He dashed on, he knew not whither for the time being, but suddenly finding himself in the borough, he looked up—beheld the well-known sign of the 'Retreat,' and mounting the steps, he proceeded hastily through the house, landing at last in Will Cracket's private apartment; to the door of which he possessed a duplicate key.

Will Cracket had been in bed two hours, when the cold hand of an intruder was suddenly placed upon his bare arm, and the old fence sprang quickly from his pillow, in the darkness, and seized upon the throat of his visiter with a furious gripe; for he fancied that a robber had forced his way into the room, in the hope of gain. Then he thought of the police—but his alarm was quickly dispelled, as he recognized the familiar voice of his old acquaintance.

'It's *me*, Will, only me,' said Tom Wirt. 'Get up!' and Will Cracket was very soon upon his feet.

'What's happened, Tom? Strike a light, matches on the corner of the shelf. Now, Tom, what is it?'

'*The Spaniard!*' said Tom, still deeply excited.

'What of him?'

'He's the man, I'm sure of it.'

'Sure of what? Talk a little plainer, Tom.'

'Why, the advertisement. You remember the notice you showed me in the paper?'

'Yes,' said Will, rubbing his eyes open.

'Well. I answered it, you see; and told the man, whoever he might happ'n to be, that he could find the American at Prince's, any night. And so, we went up there this evenin', and Deffy lost every mag he had, at roulette. Turning round to come off, who should stand directly behind us, but that cussid Spaniard! He's the man that advertised for Deffy, I'm sure of it,' continued Tom, out of breath with his excitement and exertion.

'What makes you think so?'

'I know it, I tell you. I'm satisfied of it, for many reasons. The interest he took in the boy, at Dobbs'—his joy at finding he hadn't hurt him, on the night of the visit over the way, you remember—his appearance at Prince's so promptly—I'm sure of it, I tell you.'

'He has been *here*,' said Will, quietly.

'*Who* has?'

'The Spaniard.'

'No! When?'

'The morning after the—over there, you know.'

'What did he want?'

'He wanted to find the boy.'

'I told you so—I *knew* it!'

'Well. What is to come of it, any way?'

'We shall see. I tell you, Will Cracket, that Spaniard is one of 'em. He's the on'y man I fear; but when I met him, to-night—after all that has happened—I didn't stop long where *he* was!'

A long interview ensued. Tom argued that there was plainly a strong feeling of interest on the part of the foreigner in behalf of Clarence, and he had reasons for this opinion which he did not expose to Will Cracket. He had not forgotten the scene at the 'Fox and Cub,' when the Spaniard compelled him to yield up to Deffy the purse he filched from him; he had not lost sight of the treatment he had received at the hands of this man, and the inquiries which were made for the youth, at the house where he was imprisoned for eighteen hours, so recently; he had not ceased to recollect the stranger's repeated advice to him—and though he *feared* him, yet he believed that with judicious management, through Clarence's evident influence over him, something might yet be made by his continued intimacy with the youth, whom he now proposed to use as a tool, for his own emolument, with the Spaniard he so hated! Will Cracket agreed with him, promised to aid his pupil—and they parted next morning; Tom having previously resolved upon a plan for an early experiment in this matter—one which the old fence cordially approved.

Before midnight, on the occasion of Clarence's visit to the establishment of Ned Prince (where it will be remembered, we left him at the gaming table), he had lost every shilling of the hundred pounds with which the Spaniard had furnished him; and deeply mortified at the result—for he had had a singular run of ill luck, from the outset—he turned from the table towards his unknown friend, to whom he had not a word to offer by way of apology.

'You see, young man,' said the Spaniard, 'you cannot play at hazard. You forgot my injunctions; you have played your own game, and I am a hundred pounds poorer than when I entered this room. I do not play myself—that is, I have not done so, for many years; I trust that you are now satisfied.'

'No,' said Clarence, hysterically, 'I will try again. Such luck cannot continue. I will try once more.'

'But you have no money.'

'I will get it.'

'How?'

'Never mind. I am your debtor in the sum of one hundred pounds. Meet me here, this night week, and I will refund it.' And Clarence Defoe turned quickly upon his heel. Before the Spaniard could arrest his progress, he had disappeared.

Darting down the street, he very soon found his way to his lodgings. He had not a penny to save himself from destruction, his fate seemed to press him on to the constant commission of desperate acts, and he passed the threshold of his temporary dwelling once more, reckless, unsettled in his mind, fearless of any consequences or perils which he might be called upon to encounter, could he but see the probable opportunity to obtain money, by the risk! In this state of mind, on the following night—for he had not recovered from the shock he had just encountered by the occasion of his losses, Tom Wirt found him again, after his return from Will Cracket.

'That's the old story, Deffy—mi boy. Remorse, repentance—sorry for it, an' all that—but it comes too late, d' you see,' said Tom, after listening to Clarence's story. 'It's no use o' crying over spilled milk. Cheer up—at it again—better luck next time. I've been through all this, myself. Come, now—I've got something new for you; and a mighty nice thing we'll make of it, if you have the pluck, and a mind to try it.'

'I'll try anything—anything for money. I *must* have money—for I tell you, Tom Wirt, I haven't the first penny left,' said Deffy, desperately.

'Easiest thing in the world to get it.'

'How?'

'Listen, Deffy. This Spaniard has taken a shine to you. Freeze to him—follow him—make your fortune out of him.'

'I do not comprehend you.'

'Listen again, then. Wouldn't it be a very easy matter for you to get acquainted with him, tell him how poor you are, *go home with him*, d' you see?'

'Well,' continued Clarence, innocently.

'*Well?*' added Tom, impatiently—'the first night you pass in his house, the thing could be done?'

'What thing?'

'Hush! Go home with him, get on good terms with him, examine the premises. We'll agree on a signal—sleep wide awake, get up in the night when I call, admit me, quietly—and leave the rest to Tom Wirt.'

'And thus rob the man who, perhaps, means to do me a kindness?'

'*Faugh!* Deffy—don't believe a word of it. Would you trust that face?'

'He has trusted mine. I owe him a hundred pounds—'

'And you have promised to pay it in a week, too?'

'True, I have—'

'Where will you get it?'

'That is a question—'

'Which I have already answered for you.'

Clarence reflected a moment. His heart was still in the right place, but he was sadly tempted by Satan, who had taken the shape of Tom Wirt, at his side—and though he felt ready to do almost anything for temporary relief from his present embarrassment, he could not bring his mind to this piece of villany. Tom watched his countenance, read his thoughts, and saw that his victim faltered.

'I told you from the first, Deffy, that this Spaniard has no good will towards you. I tell you now, he has got you in his power, by the loan he has made you; he has some private revenge or other feeling to glut, and be sure of it, if you don't take the means to throw him off, he will fetch you up with a round turn, very suddenly.'

'Why put myself in his power further, then?'

'For your own advancement. The season will be brief, you may profit by it, richly, in the end, and without the slightest risk, do you see?'

'I will think of it,' said Clarence, musing; although an entirely new idea had just struck his mind.

'Well, bear in mind, Deffy, that I *know* what I have told you in regard to the Spaniard's ill will towards you. You remember when he called me aside, into the back room of the Fox and Cub, on the first night we met?'

'Yes.'

'Well, I learned *then*, that he held malice towards you. There is somethin' you have done, some act in your life which has crossed him in some way or other; or he knows of your havin' been connected with some crime, I fancy—at least, I judged this, from his conversation—and he is determined to trap you. Again I tell you, look out sharp for that Spaniard!'

Now Tom had never heard the first syllable of this character from the stranger's lips! But he had heard Clarence himself say sufficient to induce his suspicions that Deffy, as he called him, had been so connected—and he determined upon making the most of his speculations. The final words of Tom Wirt had a serious effect upon young Defoe's mind, and still he reflected upon the recommendation of the man he fancied to be his friend—the recommendation of Tom Wirt!

A matter doubted, is half-admitted; 'to falter,' saith the old saw,' is to lose.' Clarence doubted the friendship of the Spaniard—and he faltered in his determination.

But he had promised to meet his new acquaintance within a week, and repay him his hundred pounds. Two days of the time had already passed away!

### CHAPTER XIII.

*Clarence refuses to betray a friend. He meets the Spaniard, who reminds him of his previous history. Startling intelligence! The diamond locket. Another loan. Clarence plays and loses all. The dream. The letter. The young man departs again, and the Spaniard loses all trace of him. The temptation. A plot presents, and Clarence joins it!*

WE must continue to bear in mind that Clarence had not seen the face of the proprietor of the house he had attempted to rob, in company with Tom Wirt, and, for reasons of his own, the latter had never spoken of the fact that the Spaniard was the man, in his friend 'Deffy's' presence. The week had expired, and Tom had used every artifice in his power, to induce the youth to join him in the experiment he had proposed—calculating, if he succeeded in tempting Clarence to play the part he had assigned him in the drama—whereby he should be able to gain peaceable admission to the Spaniard's mansion once more—he would enrich himself by the acquisition of his plate and valuables, which Will Cracket had promised to receive and dispose of!

But evening approached, and as yet Clarence had stood out against the foul plot of thus betraying the man who even *pretended* to entertain a friendly disposition towards him; although he still believed that his motives, as Tom had forced him to think, were of a sinister character. It was near the time when he had agreed to meet the Spaniard, and return him the hundred pounds—but he had not a shilling in his purse. He had resolved to meet the stranger, at last, and to throw himself upon his lenity. Perhaps he *might* mean well towards him; perhaps he would loan him a few pounds more, and he would play—he would be in luck to-night, he *knew* he would—and he would recover his losses. He ventured forth upon his appointment, and as his foot touched upon the threshold of his dwelling, a gentleman was mounting the steps. It was the Spaniard.

'Good evening, young man. You are behind the hour. I have waited for you, and learning your address, through Mr. Prince, I have called upon you here. Do me the favor to return within; I would confer with you, alone—where we may not be disturbed, if you will permit the suggestion.'

'Come in,' said Clarence, and the youth preceded him at once, into his own chamber.

'You are prepared, no doubt,' said the Spaniard, 'with the money, to liquidate the small loan I favored you with, a week ago.'

'No, sir,' said Clarence, abashed; 'I regret that I have not been able to procure the money I had calculated on.'

'Upon what did you base your calculations?'

'On my—future—plans,' said Clarence, slowly.

'I am sorry for this. I should have been glad to receive the amount, to-night.'

'I am sorry, too. I regret much more deeply, however, that I received it from you, for the purpose to which it was appropriated.'

'You have not told me your name as yet.'

'That does not matter. Our transaction I consider a debt of honor.'

'Then you refuse even to tell me who you are?'

'I do, at present.'

'You are an American.'

'Who informed you?'

'That matters not. I received, through the hand of a friend, a newspaper from America, a few days since, and which may haply interest you, as you come from that country, I learn,' and the Spaniard at once drew forth a New York paper, of a date some two months previously, which Clarence took in his hand. He opened it, and noted that a certain paragraph was marked around with deep black lines, to which his attention was naturally called, directly—and which he read as follows:

'SINGULAR ESCAPE.—Intelligence of a novel and startling character was communicated at the Police station this morning—it being more nor less than a statement that young *Clarence Defoe*, the Accountant, who has been held since his examination, with three of his companions, for trial, upon the charge of attempting to rob the Bank a short time since—*had escaped from prison!* A woman is said to be at the bottom of the successful plot. Defoe, it is thought, has fled to England!'

The paper fell from the hand of Clarence, his cheek blanched, and he was on the point of fainting, almost—when he called up his wandering senses, and recovered—as the stranger again addressed him.

'Your cheek is pale, young man. What news do you find from home?'

'Whence do you claim the right to torture me, I ask?'

'I would not torture you—I would save you, Clarence Defoe, from destruction.'

'Who are you?'

'Again—I tell you that it matters not.'

'How know you that my name is—is—Defoe?'

'I know your history, young man, let that suffice. I know you were charged in your own country with the commission of a terrible crime. I know you escaped from prison, ere you had submitted to a trial. I know you fled from the home of your youth, and came to England—with crime upon your conscience! I know that you are "Clarence Defoe, the Accountant."'

'Yet am I innocent of that charge—'

'Innocent?'

'As God lives—*I am innocent!*' said Clarence—and tears started to his eyes.

'Yet you fled your country, with the charge of burglary against your name—'

'Still was I innocent! I know not what I did. I was imprisoned, circumstances bore harshly against me, I escaped, I fled—for liberty!'

'And came to England—'

'Yes.'

'Where, within forty-eight hours after your arrival, you were engaged in another burglary,' continued the Spaniard, slowly.

'*What!*' screamed Clarence, in utter despair.

'I have said it—Clarence Defoe; within two days after you had reached these shores, you were concerned in an attempt at house-breaking—at midnight; the penalty for which, in this country, is the gallows!'

Clarence Defoe placed his hands to his eyes, his head swam—he scarcely knew where he was! But the voice of the Spaniard still rang in his ears.

'You left the house of Will Cracket at midnight, I say, Clarence Defoe, in company with the notorious scoundrel, Tom Wirt. You scaled the walls of a gentleman's garden in the suburbs of London, you contrived to enter his dwelling, prepared to rob him of his plate and gold—you alarmed the inmates, and they pounced upon you! You escaped; your companion in crime was shot down in his tracks!'

'My God! Who *are* you, sir!' exclaimed Clarence, dreadfully agitated.

'Listen, Clarence Defoe. You returned to the "Retreat" where Will Cracket awaited you; you left him alone, alarmed at the protracted absence of your companion in guilt; again you fled—as you had fled before—and came to London proper. I tracked you to the gaming-house; you lost every shilling you possessed; I loaned you my purse—you sacrificed it all to the same shrine, which has been the ruin of millions before your time; you promised to pay me back my hundred pounds, this night, and I find you *here*, without a penny! Do you think I *know* you, Clarence Defoe?'

'O, sir!' exclaimed the youth, falling upon his knees in the deepest agony, 'do not expose me, I conjure you! Who you are, I know not—but spare me, I pray you. I was not the gainer, one farthing's worth, by that expedition; the man was not injured; I was tempted by terrible circumstances, to aid in that act. I was not myself when I left Will's house—I am not, really, I am *not* the wretch you take me for!'

'Up! young man—*up*,' said the Spaniard, quickly passing his handkerchief across his eyes; 'we shall see. Now tell me, what is your purpose?'

'Nothing, nothing, I have no purpose,' continued Clarence, wildly; 'but yes, there is one hope yet left me! The money I owe you, I should have paid to-night, and would have done it but for the reason that I failed in my anticipations to procure it. When I left my home, I had but twenty sovereigns in the world in money, and that I lost, before I became your debtor.'

'I knew that, Clarence.'

'Listen, one moment, sir. Upon my neck, for years, I have worn a gold chain, suspended from which is a small, but valuable frame, set round with diamonds. Ere I left New York, I never wanted money which I could not get, beyond my own legitimate means, though I was somewhat in debt. Yet I never was so pressed as to think of parting with the little old-fashioned case I wore upon my person. It always formed a portion of my dress, as far back as I have any recollection, and my guardians used to say it was my mother's. I never knew *her* smile or care, however; for she died, while I was quite an infant, so they used to tell me, and my father, also.'

'But when I found myself alone and friendless, here, without a penny, I went to Borland's; he's a broker—and he offered me but fifty pounds, if I would leave the case in pledge. This was too little for my wants—and less, I knew, than one fourth part its value. I refused, and then tried Monsieur Chaffer. He offered me the hundred pounds to-day, or any day I'd bring it to him. It is worth more, indeed it is, and if—if you, sir, would but take it—and loan me twenty pounds additional, I would be grateful. And if not, come here, to-morrow night, and if I am alive, at seven o'clock you shall receive your money.'

'Retain your keepsake, Clarence Defoe. Here is another hundred pounds. To-morrow night, at seven o'clock, I will be here again.'

'And you will not speak of—'

'Hush! fear not me, Clarence Defoe. I would be your *friend*,' said the Spaniard, and shaking his hand, he quickly departed. As the stranger passed out the front door, Tom Wirt entered the door of Clarence's chamber.

'Here's a precious go, to be sure!' said the youthful burglar, advancing towards his friend Deffy. '*Didn't I tell* you he had designs on you? Didn't I *say* he knew you like a book? Didn't I *know* he meant to nab you?'

'What now, Tom?' said Clarence, sadly.

'You're in a nice way, you are! I heard everything the old fogey said. I followed him up here, and when he got fairly at it, I had my ear close to the keyhole, yonder, you see! You're a nice young man, to be sure, you are! An innocent youth, very. I *thought* you took to it, mighty kindly, d' you see, from the first. You never did nothin' o' the sort afore—O, no! But do you mind, Deffy—come, don't be a fool,' continued Tom, as he noticed the youth's emotion.

'I tell you, Tom, you wrong me,' said Clarence, as a tear dropped from his eye; but he felt ashamed, again, and he listened to the tirade of the burglar without farther interruption.

'He's got you—d' you see, an' he means to make the most out of you. Now, then—what do you say to the plan I laid out for you?'

'After what has passed—'

'So much the better, man.'

'I can't think so. But come—I've got a hundred pounds. Let us go down to Prince's. I'm determined to try my luck once more.'

'So be it,' said Tom—and down they went. They returned together to their lodgings before midnight, without a ha'pence between them. The Spaniard had watched the play of Clarence, and saw him depart; but the youth was not aware of it!

'What next?' asked Tom, mechanically—as they were about to retire for the night.

'An hour's rest, if possible,' replied Clarence; and the light was extinguished.

Clarence Defoe had now reached that critical point in his eventful career, when but the merest circumstance would decide his future fate! After an hour of reflection, he fell asleep, and dreamed. A thousand fancies crept upon his mind, and in his slumbers he was carried back to the days of his infancy; his early, innocent years—when his heart knew nought of guile—when he could remember the kind attentions, and the happy smiles of those who surrounded him. Then came the reverse of the picture! He found himself the victim of heartless knaves, who led him on, step by step, to crime and consequent misery, until at last, he saw around him the black cold walls of a dungeon! He listened to the stealthy tread of the sentinel, as he paced to and fro before the opening of his dreary cell, and finally he heard the grating of his prison-door, as the officers of justice approached to conduct him *hence!* He started from his couch, and found he had but dreamed! The warm sun, which shines alike upon the evil and the good, was shedding its gladsome rays through his casement, but he was alone. His companion, Tom, had been gone two hours.

The coming evening would bring him again in contact with the Spaniard—the man he dreaded to meet—whom he saw had inexplicably (to him) possessed himself of his late secret—who knew his early history, when his companion in guilt had forced him to look upon as his enemy! He could not pay him the amount due him, but he had pledged his honor to refund him the original hundred pounds; and he would redeem that pledge at cost of all he possessed in the world, of value, and which up to this hour, he had ever guarded with a childish reverence; for he had been taught, from his infancy, to look upon that trinket as something sacred, priceless to him: it was his mother's! He never knew her, but now to be forced under such circumstances too, to part with it, it was dreadful. Yet his solemn word was given, to the being who had him irrevocably in his power, and there was no alternative. Before that glorious sun had set, which at morning had shone so blandly, cheerfully, upon his cheek—through the window of his chamber, he had deposited the bauble in the broker's hands, who had advanced him one hundred and fifteen pounds upon the security.

Clarence returned to his lodgings with the bills and gold, and as twilight set in, he seated himself to address a note to the stranger, whose presence he so fearfully dreaded; for he had determined not to meet him again, in person, under any circumstances, if possible. Preparing the hundred pounds for enclosure, he wrote the following letter, which he directed to the Spanish gentleman, in blank—for he had no means of knowing his name.

'MY DEAR SIR:—Herewith, please find the sum of one hundred pounds in Bank of England notes, agreeably to my promise. I have been unable to procure more; my little *all* is pledged for this, and my word to you is redeemed. I trust, at some day, to be able to pay you the rest. Do not expose me, think me not so bad as circumstances might indicate, but rest assured—if I ever have the means and the opportunity, you shall have principal and interest upon all I owe you. I will only subscribe myself THE UNFORTUNATE.'

This letter was left in trusty hands, Clarence paid his bill, and departed. The Spaniard called according to appointment, but the object of his solicitude had been absent an hour; he was far away from the reach of his visiter, but the packet was placed in the stranger's hands, he opened it, and found the hundred pounds; he left the house with a heavy heart!

But Tom Wirt returned, and was soon upon the track of his companion, whom he picked up the next morning.

'Good news I have for you, Deffy,' said Tom, in his happiest manner.

'What now, Tom?' replied Clarence, who took the burglar's proffered hand once more, and suffered himself to be led aside.

'Capital news! Old Will has the nicest thing in hand, which has crossed him in many a day. How's your funds?'

'Low enough, ten pounds will count it all.'

'Good. Will wants help, and promises finely. Will you join in the enterprise?'

'No more housebreaking, Tom.'

'Nothin' o' the sort, miboy. Jest the easiest matter in the world, Deffy, no risk, sure card, pays like a mint.'

'What is it?'

'Quiet, then. Mum's the word, you know.'

'Go on,' said Clarence, who cared but little what turned up next, so depressed were his spirits. Go on, Tom.'

'Well. There's a rich old covey just come to town, from abroad—Paris, I understand—who has been tarrying at one o' the tip-top London houses a week or two, and who totes about with him a heap of the ready, whenever he tramps. He has taken a large house a few miles out o' town, which he has just furnished splendidly, and to-morrow night he gives a blow at his new trap. He leaves his hotel at nine in the evening, for the country-house, in a private carriage, alone—and has just drawn from his bankers, two thousand pounds, which Will says he takes along with him. We can stop the old covey—you, and Will, and I—and divide the swag. What do you say, will you *join?*'

'To-morrow night, you say?'

'At nine o'clock.'

'*I will!*' said Deffy, in a hollow tone; and the companions parted!

### CHAPTER XIV.

*The wealthy English nobleman. His departure from London to his country-seat. Preparations at the 'Retreat.' The ruse of Clarence, to avoid committing murder! The Spaniard at Mons. Chaffer's. A singular discovery. The miniature! A midnight journey. His lordship's lovely daughter. The challenge. Tom Wirt is wounded again. The denouement.*

THE superb mansion of a wealthy nobleman in Bakewell street, London, had been the scene of an unusual stir for two days, and the hospitable and princely proprietor was now on the eve of retiring for a few weeks into the country, where he had just caused an elegant chateau to be furnished and appointed throughout *a la Francais*, and where he purposed to establish himself for the time being, by way of leisure and recreation. His retinue of servants had already arrived at the country-house, and his lordship purposed to proceed thither at once—having completed all his home arrangements. It was eight o'clock in the evening, the night after the last meeting between Tom and Clarence—and the costly travelling equipage of his lordship already stood in waiting before the portal of his splendid dwelling, which was soon to be closed entirely, for the season of his absence.

In the private apartment of Will Cracket, at the Retreat—three hours previously, might have been seen the old fence, Tom Wirt, and 'Deffy,' as they had named him. The plan for attacking the carriage of his lordship had been carefully arranged by the eldest of the trio, and Tom Wirt had just placed in the trembling hands of Clarence Defoe a brace of double-barrelled pistols, which had been loaded and primed afresh, for use in case of emergency. The miserable coward possessed not the courage to carry these arms himself, and Will Cracket was too old (so he averred) to do it. The weapons were therefore given in charge to Deffy, who was to do all the shooting that would be necessary for the three, in case they were pushed to extremes!

'I cannot commit a murder!' said Clarence, to himself, as the terrible thought rushed to his brain, that possibly he might be hard pressed in the approaching undertaking, and for his share in the proposed gain, in his excitement or peril—he might be tempted to fire—'I cannot, *will* not do it.' Then turning to his confederate, he said in as easy a manner as his throbbing heart would allow him—

'Look you, Tom—if I'm to use these barkers, I want to know that they are in order.'

'They're in tip-top condition, miboy—I stuffed 'em with my own hands.'

'I shall see, nevertheless,' continued Deffy, and the contents of the two pistols were soon withdrawn, at a side-table. Replacing the powder, he rammed home an extra quantity of wadding, dropped the four leaden balls quietly into his vest-pocket, and shaking the priming clean out of the pans, he let the flints down, and declared he was ready. In a few minutes (Tom, armed with a heavy bludgeon, and Will with slung-shot) the trio emerged from the Retreat, jumped into a one-horse wagon, which was ready harnessed near by, and were soon on the road which led to the proposed scene of operations.

The Spaniard, upon leaving the quarters of Clarence, on the evening when he received his hundred pounds—proceeded slowly along for a few minutes, in a deep reverie. Then, suddenly—as if some new thought had crossed his brain, he drew his rich cloak about his person, and hurried forward rapidly, up the main thoroughfare, down two or three cross streets, beyond—and turning into a narrower and less frequented way, he gazed along, for a considerable distance on either side, at the numerous signboards. The sight of three large gilded balls at length attracted his notice, directly over a badly lighted shop; in front hung a plain slab, upon which could be read the name of 'CHAFFER.' He entered this establishment, and found the proprietor alone, at his counter.

'You have received, to-day, I believe in pawn, monsieur—a small golden case, or locket, surrounded at the edges with diamonds.'

'No, sir,' said the broker, quickly.

'No? I cannot be mistaken. *Chaffer* was the name. You loaned a hundred pounds upon it.'

'No, sir. No such loan has been made here, to-day,' continued the sharper, who knew well when he had got a bargain. The Spaniard looked in his face, and felt certain that he was lying to him; but he had determined to see the jewels, and therefore tried the broker in another way.

'Look you, Mons. Broker—Chaffer, or whoever you be—a valuable jewel has been wrongfully disposed of here; I *know* it, and *if* you do not satisfy me, I will place an officer with a warrant of search in your premises, within the next hour!' and Mons. Chaffer believed that the stranger, from his imperative manner, would be pretty certain to do just as he had promised.

Now Mons. Chaffer had a good many private matters in his shop, a great many valuables in pledge, which he dare not expose to a warrant-official; and he became at once more pliant and approachable.

'There was a locket, a small oval-shaped case, set round with diamonds, left here this afternoon,' he said, sulkily.

'That is the one I allude to.'

'For which I paid—that is, I advanced upon it, *one* hundred and *thirty* pounds,' said the broker. I thought the young man looked like an honest youth—I trust, *sir*, you wont be hard.'

'Produce the bauble, I would see it.'

'This is it,' said Mons. Chaffer, presenting Clarence's keepsake.

'God of heaven!' screamed the Spaniard—'No! no—it was some other one—that—this, you must have mistaken—'

'I have no other, surely.'

'Give it me! what did you say? How much did you advance upon it, Chaffer, Mons. Broker, I mean—here.'

'One hundred and *fifty* pounds, sir,' replied the broker modestly, observing the Spaniard's excitement.

The stranger told out the money instantly, claimed the trinket as his property, and darted from the shop. All this was the work of but a moment, and the broker had hardly time to notice how it was done! But upon counting over the money after the Spaniard left the premises, he did not lose sight of the fact that he had made a clear thirty-five pounds by the operation and his subsequent duplicity.

But, O, what terrible, what maddening sensations of fear and hope rushed to the heart of the stranger, as he clasped that locket in his hand, and dashed through the streets towards his temporary residence! What pain, what solicitude, what threatenings seemed hanging upon his path! And when he found himself alone, in his own splendid domicil, how ardently did he gaze upon it—how passionately did he press the trinket to his lips! What associations of joy, of sorrow, of early happiness, of blighted promise, did that little ornament recall to his overcharged mind! And though two hours had passed at length, since he became possessed of the locket, yet still he sat and gazed upon that sweet face. Again and again did he press it fervently to his lips—*that miniature*—the counterfeit presentment of one long lost, but O, how fondly loved! This unexpected, triumphant discovery, had furnished the last link in the broken chain of evidence—he was now satisfied!

But the carriage of the nobleman of Bakewell street still stood before his door; and as the clock of the cathedral tolled the hour of nine in the evening, his lordship made his appearance, bearing upon his arm a beauteous girl, his daughter. She had seen scarcely sixteen summers, apparently; and as they touched the portal steps, the gentle breeze waved aside her short veil, when the beholder might have had the passing opportunity to behold a face of exquisite loveliness. Her form was slight, her step was buoyant and graceful, her smile was pleasing, her motions queen-like. The carriage steps were dropped, the nobleman and his fair charge disappeared, the blinds were drawn up—lest the evening air should be too rough for the gentle being within—the liveried footman mounted the box at the driver's side, and the vehicle drove away. They had ten miles to make—and the nobleman calculated upon greeting his friends, at his chateau, at ten o'clock.

Full an hour previously, a light Dearborn wagon might have been seen to pass rapidly up the great Newington road, and turning off sharply to the westward, above the Butts, proceeded on some six or seven miles—when it halted. The horse then walked on some rods farther, until he had reached a small patch of coppe-wood on the right of the road, into which the driver turned him, through a broad gate-way, and in the midst of which, from the highway the vehicle could not be seen. A moment after, the wagon stopped again and there stepped from beneath the cover, three men—partially disguised—but who might have readily been recognized by a practised eye. They were our acquaintances, Will Cracket, Tom, and Clarence—alias 'Deffy.'

'Now, Tom, see to the pony. He doesn't shy at the snuff of powder, you say?'

'No, he'll be quiet.'

'You, Deffy, look sharp to the barkers.'

'The pistols are all right,' said Deffy.

'Hand me the breaker, Tom.'

'And now we're ready for 'em,' said Tom.

'It wants some minutes yet of ten,' remarked Will.

'They'll be along d'rectly.'

'Look sharp, boys,' continued the old fence, 'There's two thousand pounds there. I seize the horses—you, Deffy, look to the whip—Tom will gather the swag. He's an old fogey, nigh fifty, I reck'n—and wont show fight. If he *does*, Deffy 'll keep his eye open, and settle his business for him—sh! There's the wheels. Gray horses, long tails, blue body carriage—can you see, Tom?'

'Yes. It's all right; but a spankin' gait they're takin' though. Here they come—now then, *halt!*' shouted Tom, rushing suddenly into the road, followed by Will and Deffy. For an instant, the driver checked his dashing team—and in the next, Will Cracket's powerful arm had seized the animals by the bits! The blinds were instantly dropped. Tom sprang to the carriage door, but it was already open, and the commanding form of the nobleman was being thrust out, when Tom yelled out—

'Your money, or I fire!'

'Scoundrels—robbers!' responded the gentleman, fiercely; but his foot caught in the carpet, he stumbled forward, and fell heavily to the earth. Tom dashed into the carriage, and rummaging an instant, came out with a heavy portmanteau in his hand. Deffy sprang, as the nobleman fell, and placed his pistol to his head. The lady shrieked, and Clarence looked up in horror, for he thought he knew the voice. The moon shone brightly from behind a cloud at this moment, he quickly turned towards the face of the prostrate form beneath his upraised arm, and—God pity poor Clarence! his eye rested on the excited, but

still kindly face of his benefactor—*Old Willie, of Long Island head!*

With a single bound, the miserable youth darted into the thicket, and the nobleman, regaining his feet, drew forth a small pocket-pistol, the muzzle of which fell instantaneously to a range with the right shoulder of Tom Wirt, at the moment he had reached the edge of the copse-wood with his plunder. A sharp report rang through the air, and the reckless highwayman fell forward, and dropped the portmanteau by the roadside. Will Cracket lay upon his back in the dust, with the burly footman upon him, endeavoring by the repeated blows which he rendered upon the scoundrel's head and face, to convince him that resistance was useless.

'Tain't no use tryin' to git away,' said he, as the strong-limbed old wretch attempted to get up—'jes keep yur'sef quiet—ef—ef—yer don't I'll nock dat ugly count'nanse into the middle of nex' forf ob July,' and levelling another blow at Will Cracket's head, as he struggled in his desperation—the robber was effectually stunned; he now laid perfectly quiet, while the footman took a strong cord from his pocket and coolly bound him hand and foot!

The attention of the nobleman was instantly called to the affrighted girl in the carriage, who had fainted; and in the meantime, Tom Wirt had recovered and escaped, with a bullet in his right arm, just above the elbow; the bone of which had been terribly shattered by the shot. Will Cracket was safely secured, the youthful maiden was restored to consciousness, the driver had managed to keep his excited and angry animals from dashing the carriage to atoms during the melee, the valuable portmanteau was regained—and the vehicle drove on towards the chateau, which was located within half a mile of the spot where the robbery had occurred.

'Curse that shot, Deffy—my arm's smashed,' roared Tom, as he encountered Clarence rushing towards the wagon. 'But hurry in, hurry in—milboy, they've got Old Cracket foul, this time, cert'n. Now—this way, quick! The road passes right strait through the copse, we've got a pony they can't overtake—let him slide!' and away dashed Tom and Deffy, through the wood, across a narrow pasture beyond, and in a few minutes they found themselves rushing forward, behind a capital roadster, at a ten-mile-the-hour gait, towards London!

'Cheer up, dear Blanche!' said the nobleman, in an affectionate tone, 'nobody's hurt, we are now safe beyond further peril; see! Blanche—the chateau appears to admirable advantage from the window, here.'

It was Old Willie and the beauteous Blanche, his adopted daughter—who were the occupants of that superb carriage, which now rattled on over the smooth gravelled path running from the main road to the door of the elegant country-house—and in another moment, the panting, prancing grays were drawn up at the portico. Half a dozen well-fed attendants crowded the door-way and the hall, and a score of titled guests who had already assembled, cordially greeted the princely proprietor, as he entered the mansion, and presented to the company his charming 'daughter.'

'Upon my word,' said his lordship, coolly consulting his watch, 'we are twenty minutes behind our time, to-night.'

'No accident, I trust, your lordship,' observed a young gentleman, who sported a brilliant star upon his breast.

'A trifle, your highness, a mere trifle,' continued the nobleman, good-naturedly. 'A party of highwaymen proposed making our acquaintance, *en passant*—but we ridded ourselves of their company. My man has taken the ringleader in charge, and I have no fears but he will give a very good account of himself.'

'Who is he?'

'The serving-man I brought with me from the States. A brave fellow, and a capital servant. But come, gentlemen—the sport is over, the ladies await us;' and the company repaired at once to the grand saloon of the chateau.

'You can't buy off,' said the servant, in reply to the repeated offers Will Cracket had made him, for liberty, in the last fifteen minutes. 'Massa's gone up to de hoss' yender, an' he'll send a wagin down to cart you up to Lunnun in. Dis chile is gwang to hab de s'preme sassifaction ob puttin you troo, sart'n. Here dey come!' and the wagon immediately halted.

That night, Mr. Will Cracket finished out at the Newington guard-house; and next day he was closely confined in the Fleet, on a charge of highway robbery!

## CHAPTER XV.

*The fate of Will Cracket. Escape of Tom and Deffy. A post-chaise to London proper. An unexpected call. Explanations. The offer, and its acceptance. Reform and happiness! Clarence remains in London. Will Cracket is transported. Tom disappears, entirely. The Spaniard leaves the city.*

THE career of crime which Will Cracket had pursued for so many years in the city and suburbs of London, was now suddenly brought to a close. He had been engaged in robberies of every description, from his youth up, and as it appeared in evidence against him at last, he had planned the expedition famous in the annals of British history as the 'Brixton Causeway plot,' one of the most successful and daring crimes ever known in that country. But to the last, he obstinately refused to reveal the names of his accomplices in the robbery of the nobleman, and for which act he was now under indictment. He was tried, however, the evidence of his lordship, of the footman, and the driver, was conclusive against him, he was convicted, and sentenced to death!

Tom Wirt and the youth Clarence proceeded on to the borough, at top speed, the former writhing and suffering from the shocking wound he had received in the affray; but they were both aware that they now rode a race of life or death; and though the latter suffered the direst mental torment, though his brain seemed on fire, and his heart was full to bursting, with the terrible emotions he labored under, after the astounding discovery he had made in the midst of the melee, still he was safe, he thought, safe from arrest, safe from discovery, and he hoped to escape altogether! They reached the point whence they started, Tom hurried at once to a surgeon, and Clarence continued forthwith to London; where he intended to pass the remainder of the night, and to flee at daylight—whither he knew not, cared not, so that he found himself at large.

The post-chaise which bore him to the city, halted before a large and fashionable hotel in London. Clarence dismounted, his luggage was taken out, and he retired for a hour's repose; but in vain did he attempt to compose himself. He tossed about till day broke, and at last arose and attired himself for a journey. He had yet a few pounds left, the balance of the amount he had received from the broker, after paying the Spaniard the hundred, and he resolved to quit the scene of strife he had latterly been drawn into, at all hazards. But his mind was overpowered with distress. He thought of the singular, the unaccountable apparition which had presented itself to him in the highway, on the preceding night; he reflected long and deeply upon the past; the recollection of his benefactor's kindness to him in his misery, ere he left his own country, came back upon him, and then the frightful scene of the previous night rushed to his imagination with overwhelming force! But how came Old Willie there? And Blanche, too, the lovely, innocent, gentle Blanche, was with him! What were they doing in England?

And then, again, what an awful position had he momentarily placed himself in, towards the man who had saved his life, in this last attempt at crime. Yes, it was his first! Could he have been recognized? O, no—no; that thought was too horrible, too maddening. There was one consolation amid his heart-rending grief, he was disguised; Old Willie did not know him; he felt certain of this. And besides, no one was harmed; how did he thank Heaven that no evil had come upon his kind-hearted old friend, through his instrumentality! But Will Cracket had been taken. Would he expose his accomplices? He believed not; it could not aid him in his emergency—and he flattered himself that he was safe in this respect.

These thoughts, these reflections passed through the mind of Clarence, as he sat alone in his silent chamber, when hope had almost fled, at the moment when he could look in no direction, but to confront misfortune of one kind or another; and turning round, his eye casually fell upon the pistol he had borne away with him unwittingly, from the late scene of strife. What terrible suggestions did the sight of that deadly weapon call up in his imagination? Never had the idea of self-destruction yet forced itself upon him, but he placed his hand to his head, involuntarily—and shrunk back from the sight of the implement of death—for the thought of putting an immediate termination to his woes, now haunted his fevered brain!

Since the hour the Spaniard had come into possession of Clarence's keepsake, his search for the unfortunate youth had been almost constant—uninterrupted, save when his household duties had called pressingly upon his attention. He had visited his former lodgings, Will Cracket's dwelling, the establishment of Ned Prince, every spot where there existed the slightest probability that the young man might be found, but for some time without success. On the morning succeeding the attempted robbery, however, at an early hour, he entered the fashionable hotel where Clarence had halted, and noticing a russet trunk in the hall marked with the initials of the wanderer, his suspicions were instantly aroused, and he inquired at what time the owner had arrived. Upon being informed that he came in a post-chaise at a late hour on the preceding night, he felt satisfied, and requested the attendant to see at once, if the gentleman were stirring. The servant knocked at the door of Clarence's chamber, and informed its occupant that a stranger below would speak with him, if agreeable.

The unhappy youth started from his reverie and replied to the summons—but what was to be done? He now felt certain that he had been discovered, or that Will Cracket had exposed him; and he entertained not the slightest doubt that the person who sought him was a police officer, who came to arrest him for his participation in the expedition of the previous night. It was too late to flee—he resigned himself to his fate—and ordered the gentleman to be shown up to his room. In a very brief space of time, he heard footsteps approaching through the hall, the door of his chamber opened hurriedly, and the Spaniard stood before him! Though a palpable flush pervaded his cheek, his relief was sudden and effectual.

The eye of the unexpected visitor quickly detected the frame of mind under which Clarence was laboring, and he noted also the weapon which lay upon the table, near where the youth was sitting as he entered. He did not allude to it, however, but advancing kindly, he offered the young man his hand. Clarence imagined that he discovered symptoms of deep emotion in the stranger's conduct, but still he might have been mistaken.

'I am glad to see you again, Clarence,' he said. 'You did not meet me agreeably to appointment, a few evenings since, but I received your note containing the hundred pounds; you redeemed your word, and I am satisfied you mean honorably.'

'I did all in my power—I could not obtain the rest. I—I parted with the jewel I told you of, at a sacrifice, for I shall never be able to redeem it, I fear, to get the money I left for you.'

'I know it, and regret you should have been forced to that extreme. You may have the means, however, some day or other to redeem it.' Then, changing the conversation suddenly, he asked, 'have you seen Will Cracket lately?'

This interrogation was so sudden, the manner so peculiar, that Clarence faltered, ere he replied. The Spaniard noted this.

'Yes,' said Clarence, 'I saw him last evening.'

'*Early* last evening?' asked the other, with emphasis.

'Yes—why? Why do you ask?'

'He has just gone up to the Fleet.'

'To the Fleet!' said Clarence, paling.

'Yes—in irons!'

'For what?'

'For attempting a robbery on the highway, last night.'

'Last night?'

'At ten o'clock. He was backed by two accomplices, who, as yet, are undiscovered, as I understand.'

'This is strange,' continued the youth, not knowing exactly what to say.

'It will cost him his life.'

'The proof—' said Clarence.

'Is undeniable,' added the Spaniard, quickly.

'And you say his accomplices—are unknown,' said the youth, the words sticking in throat.

'They are unknown to the public. He was accompanied on *this* expedition by two men. The foremost of the pair was one Tom Wirt.'

'Tom Wirt!' exclaimed Clarence.

'Yes. You remember him, I perceive.'

'I have met him. And the other?'

'The other was Clarence Defoe, the accountant,' added the Spaniard, without changing the tone of his voice.

'You do not *know* this!' exclaimed Clarence, deeply alarmed and excited.

'I will swear to it, here or elsewhere, if you require it.'

'If *I* require it?'

'Yes—not otherwise. Now hear me, Clarence Defoe. You have suffered yourself to be led again into the snares of a man who has ruined many a youth before you. You were warned, but you did not heed it.'

'My necessities,' argued Clarence.

'Listen to me. Your necessities never forced you to commit burglary. You forgot yourself; you were surrounded by bad influences, and you fell. Your expedition last night will cost its leader his life. Tom Wirt is badly wounded—you have escaped once more. It is not too late to repent, Clarence Defoe—to reform—to become a man. You are not hardened in crime; there yet exist those who care for you, and would see you become a good citizen. The robbery you aided in last night, was attempted on one who is amply able to crush you, were he so disposed, but he chances to be my friend.'

'Your friend?'

'My friend, Clarence. I was present at the soiree he gave last evening at his chateau, and when he named the circumstance that detained him, I feared for you—for well I knew that villain Cracket. But you are fortunate that only the man who now addresses you—save those who were concerned in it—is aware of your participation in this crime. You need not fear the villain who prompted you in this act; he will not expose you. Tom Wirt will be silent for his own sake; and thus, if you but will it, you may yet be saved.'

'O, tell me how! The plots and sorrows which have surrounded me for a few months past, have gathered thickly on my path, and I have thought that fate had left me to my certain destruction. You come most opportunely. I assure you; for my head was turning with the remorse and woes which had encompassed me. You are conversant with my acts, and my whole course is known to you, as if you were the shadow that clings upon my footsteps. I have listened to you—I do not know your face—your voice is strange to me, and yet you have shown me kindness that I cannot forget. I would ask one question of you; sir—'

'Be frank—be candid—Clarence; remember I would be your friend, if you will permit it.'

'O, my good sir! Do I not know you have already shown me that! But tell me, sir—if you're apprised—was there not a lady in the carriage with the—nobleman—last night?'

'There was.'

'And do you know—her name?'

'It was his daughter. At least he calls her such, I think. Miss Blanche—'

'Enough. Tell me, does she know that—who the robbers were?' said Clarence, almost in a whisper.

'No. She fainted—'

'And will no one tell her, think you?'

'That remains with yourself to decide—Show by your future course, Clarence, that you have but been the sport of knaves in the wretched business of the last few weeks, and you may triumph yet.'

'I promise it—before heaven!' said the youth, impressively. 'Place me, if it be in your power, where I may redeem, my honor once more—where I may have the opportunity to regain the ground which repeated misfortunes and my own inconstancy have caused me to lose, and if I live, I *will* redeem myself!'

The words of Clarence Defoe were passionate, but earnest. He had repented—*he was saved!* From that hour he commenced to remount the ladder he had so rapidly descended. He wiped the perspiration from his youthful brow—he put forth his hand—the stranger grasped it, warmly, affectionately—and bade him banish his recollections of the past, and look forward with hope to the future.

'You have been bred to mercantile life, I think, Clarence,' said the Spaniard.

'That is my profession.'

'It is an honorable one. If you desire it, I will make interest with a house of repute in town, where you may make a profitable engagement.'

'You will lay me under everlasting obligations, sir, and I would have craved just such a favor at the hands of any one I dared to approach. On my arrival in England, you know the embarrassments I labored under; without friends, without references, without character consequently; and even now, may not my past faults even compromise you—should a discovery be made?'

'We agreed to forget the past, Clarence.'

'Yes—yes.'

'I will be responsible for your future good conduct.'

'You need not fear me, sir.'

'I shall not, rest assured of it. Remain quiet here, for a day or two. I shall see you very often, and meantime I will make the commercial engagement for you, which I have promised. One thing I must insist on. Do not ask me who I am—do not propose that question to others. Suffice it—I am, and will be *your friend*.' Clarence promised to humor the Spaniard, and they parted.

A week passed away. Clarence was duly installed in a house of high respectability, at a salary of two hundred pounds per annum, upon the recommendation of his eccentric friend, who had taken so extraordinary an interest in his fate. Tom Wirt had disappeared, no one knew whither; he was seen no more about the various haunts he had frequented for the past seven years, and his companions in guilt supposed he had been waylaid and killed.—Within a month, Will Cracket had been condemned to death—but through the influence of the nobleman he had attempted to rob, his sentence was commuted to transportation for life. He passed the remainder of his days at Botany Bay.

At the expiration of three months, the Spaniard called upon his young friend Clarence, and informed him that he was about to leave him for a few months. He reminded Clarence that all the parties who had known his faults were now disabled from injuring him, and he trusted that he would continue in the bright path where he had journeyed since his career had changed. Clarence renewed his promise, and the Spaniard having informed him that he should return within the year, bade him adieu!

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

[Written for The Flag of our Union.]

## Katy Lee.

BY MATURIN M. BALLOU.

Alas! my head is throbbing,
 Throbbing, throbbing,
My very heart is sobbing
 For the love of Katy Lee.
My dreams with her are teeming,
 Teeming, teeming,
And I think her soft eyes beaming
 With tender love on me!

Thus I'm sadly pining,
 Pining, pining,
And constantly divining
 How to win her love to me!
She treats me ever kindly,
 Kindly, kindly,
But on my love looks blindly—
 Alas, dear Katy Lee!

Sweet her face so charming,
 Charming, charming,
All senses quick disarming,
 So graceful, light and free;
Her auburn ringlets dancing,
 Dancing, dancing,
With golden sunlight glancing,
 Ah, cruel Katy Lee!

[Written for The Flag of our Union.]

## The Old Elm Tree.

BY J. FREDERIC SOUTHMAYD.

The old elm tree that's standing at my father's door,
 Reminds me of my childhood's halcyon days;
Its darkly waving branches still are pendant o'er
 The lawn where, sporting in my childish plays,
I knew no care, no shade of sorrow dimmed my boyish glee,
In those bright, dreamlike days I frolicked 'neath the old elm tree.

Oft, while reclining in its luxuriant shade,
 I gazed enraptured at the sky so fair,
Peeping through the branches, that together made
 An interlacing network in the air;
While all the summer day, with sleepy music there would come
The droning noise of insects and the wild bee's drowsy hum.

The blithesome birds that on their swift, light pinions roam,
 Would seek the old elm tree in gleeful throngs;
And chirruping beneath its leafy dome,
 They made the air melodious with their songs;
While the bland summer breezes seemed to whisper through the tree,
Responding to the warblers' notes in gentle harmony.

The dusty traveller, plodding on his weary way,
 Panting and toiling in the fervid heat,
Welcomed a shelter from the sun's meridian ray,
 And lingered in the elm tree's cool retreat;
Until the dusky, silent shadows lengthened on the lawn,
And the slanting sun-rays told that their burning heat was gone.

Time fled away, the summer months tripped quickly by—
 Mellow autumn came with foliage sere,
And drifting fleecy clouds swept o'er the sky,
 Like mourning drapery for the waning year;
The elm tree's withered leaves were borne upon the blast,
And its swaying branches seemed like mementos of the past.

My blissful, joyous days of youth long since have flown
 Like the bright scenes of an Elysian dream;
And I have wandered on life's checkered path alone,
 Without a friend to cherish or esteem;
But still fond memory's soothing power will oft recall to me
The happy childhood days I spent beneath the old elm tree.

[Written for The Flag of our Union.]

## ALICE SUTHERLAND.

A TALE OF TRUTH.

BY HENRY MAY.

### CHAPTER I.

O, one has won her love, and then betraying,
 The trusting heart, which beat for love's sweet sake,
Hast cast aside the gem, and coldly straying,
 Will seek some other heart to win and break;
Alas, Lorette! a heart like thine, will ever
 Cling to its idol, toil, and watch and wait,
Till scorn, neglect, love's lingering tendrils sever—
 And woman's love is changed to woman's hate.
 ELIZABETH G. BARBOUR.

'There was a sound of revelry by night,' and rich strains of joyous music, mingled with the sweet song and the gay laugh, gushed forth from the princely mansion of Aylmer De Vere, a merchant-prince of almost unbounded wealth in one of our most beautiful cities. And amid the blaze of jewels, the soft glow of the refulgent lights, and the bewildering wiles of beauty, the happy tide of murmuring youth swept through the gorgeous halls in one bright, dazzling array of loveliness.

A fair young girl was leaning abstractedly against a column, gazing unconsciously on the magnificent scene before her in a dreamy manner and a pensive attitude; and the deep flush which had sprung to her soft, pearly cheek, as well as the strange and quiet mood that had taken possession of her, denoted the strangeness of the scene to the lovely maiden. You should have seen her as she reclined against the fluted pillar, with her large, dreamy, blue eyes wandering unconsciously over the company—the ripe, dewy lips fixed in a soft, melting expression—and the graceful outlines of that girlish form in an attitude of infinite grace. A shower of soft, golden curls fell upon the snowy neck, and a bandeau of pure, transparent pearls was twined among the sunny tresses; while the light, snowy robe which fell in graceful folds about her exquisite figure, seemed like an ethereal cloud of 'heaven's own blue.'

All at once the young girl leaned forward, with a faint cry upon her lips, as a noble-looking young man, attending a tall and commanding beauty, swept past, and almost touched the folds of her dress.

'Claude, Claude,' gasped the maiden, convulsively, 'are you lost to me forever? Have I been told aright, that Ophelia is so beautiful, that you have forgotten poor Alice? O, Claude, Claude, come back, or I die!' and with a wild and tearless lustre in her deep eye, and a hot, burning glow upon her fevered cheek, the fair girl gazed after the retreating forms of the happy couple, until the waving plumes on the head of the lady disappeared in the moving crowd of the brilliant saloon; then, with a mournful and hopeless expression upon her pallid face, she turned away and sank heavily upon a soft *fauteuil* near at hand.

Alice Sutherland was an orphan. Her mother had died in giving birth to her child, and Mr. Sutherland did not long survive her loss. He was supposed to have been immensely rich, but he died insolvent; and the little Alice was thrown upon the bounty of comparative strangers for support. At that time, she little dreamed of the mournful and chilling import of the words, *fatherless—motherless;* but who, that is left an orphan in early life, has not wept long and bitterly in after years, for the want of a parent's guiding hand, and a mother's mild, persuasive voice? No stranger's hand can smooth the ruffled brow like the mother's—no stranger's voice can sink with the mild intonations of a parent's, into the heart; and Alice, although she was most comfortably situated in the family of her uncle, Aylmer De Vere, often wept in solitude over her loneliness of spirit, and pined for some pure and holy love to fill her breast.

Years passed away, and Alice became as beautiful as she was good; and when her eighteenth birthday came round, she had learned to love one who was every way worthy of her heart's first, purest affections. Claude Somers was a young man of prepossessing manners, handsome countenance, noble and accomplished bearing, and a sound, profitable education. His heart was keenly alive to the warmest impulses of nature, and his spirit was lofty and elevated in its tone.—He was a lawyer by profession, and had become eminent as a forcible pleader at the bar; and, as he moved in none but the first circles, there was a winning refinement in his deportment, and a graceful suavity in his disposition, acquired by constant association with the most polished and refined.

It was while on a morning call on Ophelia De Vere, the cousin of Alice, a beautiful lady of some twenty years of age, proud and haughty in the extreme, that the fascinating Somers first met sweet Alice Sutherland.—Never had Alice appeared more lovely, more charming, or more winning than then, as she met the advances of Claude with the frankness and affability of youth and innocence; and, for the first time, he forgot all the queenly beauty of the peerless Ophelia in the presence of another. When Claude departed from the mansion, he had left his heart behind him; it was in the keeping of the now agitated and blushing Alice.

They met again and again; and at each meeting, Claude was only the more charmed by the artless and guileless ways of the fair creature, and the more fascinated by the grace and loveliness of the young girl. He forgot all his former penchant for Ophelia, and was the most devoted of lovers at the shrine of Alice; and she—sweet, timid trembler—loved him almost beyond the measure of human affection, although she hardly acknowledged her emotion even to herself. At last came the happiest moments of her existence—the one most fraught with unutterable bliss to her young heart; it was when Claude knelt by her side, and poured into her willing ear the outgushing of his overflowing heart—filled with pure, heavenly love for herself.

'Alice—dear Alice! I love thee,—wilt thou not be mine?'

In the excess of her joy, she fainted upon his manly bosom; and even after she returned to consciousness, her head rested upon his breast for hours, while he murmured in her ear many a fond and lover-like word.

Months glided by unnoticed to the happy lovers, when Alice began to discern with a sickening heart, a coolness in Claude in his manner towards her; and gradually he drew himself almost entirely from her, and would sit for hours by the side of the beautiful and engaging Ophelia, while Alice would weep and sob in dreary solitude. When they met, Claude addressed her with an effort at kindness, yet the tones of his voice sounded cold and chilling to the ears of Alice; and by degrees a complete estrangement, from some unknown cause to Alice, grew up between those once happy lovers.

When they met, if they met at all, it was by accident, when Claude called to see Ophelia, or at some fashionable place of resort, and then the recognition which passed between them was formal and chilling in the extreme. This alienation, to the heart of poor Alice, was painful and distressing indeed; and once, when she thought him alone in the drawing-room, she had concluded to seek him and demand an explanation of his cruel conduct.—The parlor door stood partially ajar, and as Alice approached it, the well known tones of Ophelia's voice, in earnest conversation with Claude, greeted her ears.

'Mr. Somers, I cannot agree with you.—True, Alice is pretty, very pretty, but you do not, never can know her disposition as well as myself. Perchance you think her almost an angel—'

'Nay—'

'Let me proceed without interruption, Mr. Somers,' and the horrified Alice heard many a wily innuendo and spiteful remark upon herself, from the lips of her proud and wicked cousin. At length it appeared that Ophelia had reached the very acme of her desires, for the word 'Impossible!' broke from the lips of Claude in a tone which denoted his profound dismay and astonishment.

Repressing the shriek which struggled to her lips, and stretching forth her hand involuntarily, the unhappy Alice sank senseless to the floor. When she recovered, she was in her own chamber, and the face of Old Jenny, her good nurse, was bending over her.

'My poor—poor Alice,' she murmured, fondly, 'I dreaded that you would never awake again, that the sweet rose would never return to your cheek, you looked so pale and ghastly.'

### CHAPTER II.

Her young lip wears a bitter scorn, a slighted woman's pride,
As she sees the false one fondly gaze upon his fair young bride.
 E. G. B.

But Alice *did* awake to a sense of the misery and anguish which was her lot to bear; yet it was a long, long while ere the 'sweet rose returned to her cheek.' Alice's strength of spirit had never been tried before, but she resolved to forget Claude Somers, and be herself again; and gradually the bloom returned to her cheek, and the elasticity to her step.

She often met Claude, but his greeting was ever cool and constrained; the unprincipled Ophelia De Vere had prejudiced his mind against the unpretending Alice, and with all the artfulness and speciousness of one bent upon securing him to herself, she threw around him the chains of 'love's enchanting heaven,' and determined that he should be hers, and hers alone.

She succeeded but too well; for ere many months had flown, the vacillating, though deceived and blinded Claude proposed to the proud and artful beauty, and the nuptials were fixed at a short period in advance. The agony of poor Alice, on learning this arrangement, baffles description; and when Somers beheld her sad, mournful eyes fixed upon him with a hopeless expression, how did his heart reproach him, and yearn towards that fair and injured being—for he still loved the unfortunate yet lovely Alice Sutherland with an intensity he could never bestow upon the haughty and capricious Ophelia.

One morning, a select re-union was to be given by Miss De Vere; and the presence of the languid and dejected Alice was required by Ophelia in the drawing-room to entertain the guests. Again she met Claude Somers, and in his averted eye and stolen glances at her, she read all that he—poor dissembler—fancied he could conceal. He had not entirely forgotten her—that was evident; and that he still regarded her with something more than ordinary emotions, she knew full well.

Claude lingered in Mrs. De Vere's drawing-room long after the other company had gone, seeming loth to depart; and not till Alice crossed the threshold of the room, did he arise from his seat beside his betrothed Ophelia and follow the steps of Miss Sutherland.

Alice was standing in the hall, when Claude came out and advanced towards her. He took her soft, fair hand in his own, and she did not resist. Then he spoke, while the mute and trembling Alice listened to his slow, mournful words.

'Alice,' he said—and a world of long-repressed emotions seemed to roll over his face as he uttered that sweet name—'Alice, I congratulate you upon your choice of a future husband, even though you did not consult me. Walter Howard will be kind, good and affectionate to you; and, if you love him, as Ophelia says you do beyond measure, then you will be happy. As for myself, I shall soon lead to the altar the beautiful Ophelia De Vere, your cousin; and in her many charms trust to regain my buoyant spirits which have been so depressed by your inconstancy.'

Horror-stricken and speechless, poor Alice listened to the astounding words of the beloved Claude, like one in a dream; and not till Somers turned away from her, did speech come to her aid.

'Claude—Claude!' she gasped; 'O, God! they have deceived us both! I am true to you, Claude—true as heaven itself! I have loved none other—never can; it is you that are inconstant.'

The explanation which followed was painful and humiliating in the extreme; and Somers, with curses on his own head for his folly and blindness in listening to Ophelia's syren tongue, and blessings on that of the weeping and almost heart-broken Alice, for her constant and faithful love, sank by the side of her he still adored.

'But this explanation is too late, dear Alice,' he murmured, at length, 'I am betrothed to Ophelia, and the marriage is to take place in a few days, and it is too late to retrace my steps. Would to Heaven this interview had occurred but a little time ago! then, how happy should we have been; but now, it has only doomed us to more bitter sorrow and anguish than was our lot before.'

Poor Alice listened to his words, and sobbed convulsively; and Claude, snatching his last kiss from that pure brow, and giving one last glance at the weeping Alice, turned towards the drawing-room door.

Thus ended that heart-breaking interview.

A few days after, amid all the 'pomp and show' of wealth and opulence, and all the imposing paraphernalia and pageant of fashion and splendor, the proud and noble yet dejected Claude Somers was united to the arrogant and imperious Ophelia De Vere, in the bonds of matrimony; while the heart-broken Alice Sutherland gazed on the scene with a dry and tearless eye, for her misery was too great to admit of the luxury of tears.

### CHAPTER III.

'He grasps the fatal scroll, so coldly telling
 How lightly woman's faith is cast aside;
His quivering lips, his heart's indignant swelling,
 May tell the contest 'twixt his love and pride.'

'Ophelia—Ophelia! what have you done! Did I not bid you to dismiss this George Desmonde at once, when he frequented here months ago? Did I not command you to strike his name off your *role* of friends? and now it has come to this! O God! that *my* wife—one who bears *my name*—the mother of my sweet Eva—should thus—'

'Why, Claude, how you run on! You have grown quite voluble,'—interrupted the smiling and undaunted Mrs. Somers. 'Pray, inform me, what is in the wind?'

'Is it thus, madam,' continued Mr. Somers, with flashing eye, 'that you would treat your injured husband,—with such maddening sang-froid and coolness answer the outraged partner of your bosom. Let me inform you. You are probably aware, Ophelia,' softening his tone to one of inexpressible melancholy, and fixing his eye mournfully on his beautiful wife, 'that I have repeatedly cautioned you on the attentions which you have showered on Desmonde, and the penchant which you have had for his society, warning you of the dark shadow it might cast on your own fair fame. George Desmonde, though of one of the proudest and most aristocratic families in the city, is a *roue*, a gambler, and a *debauchee*; and the evident preference which you have shown for him, has excited dark suspicions in the minds of many—and a thousand whispers are even now being circulated by my enemies, sullying your name forever in the eyes of the world. O, Ophelia! I desire—nay, command you to forbid him your presence in future.'

The form of Ophelia drew itself to its utmost height, as he uttered the last words, and she cast on the suffering Claude a look replete with pride, waywardness, and scorn. '*Command—command!*' she repeated, in a tone of wounded haughtiness; 'and this to me, Claude Somers!—Hereafter we two are separate persons.'

'Ophelia! are you lost forever?' groaned the unhappy man, as he buried his face in his hands convulsively. 'Will you persist in this wayward and unnatural course?'

A mocking laugh was his only answer, as the door closed behind Ophelia; but the memory of that light, derisive laugh rang in his ears long afterwards.

As Mrs. Somers passed out, a beautiful child of some three summers entered the apartment, and ran towards Somers with childish glee. Claude embraced it fondly, called it 'his sweet little Eva,' and many other terms of fond endearment; and after one more embrace, hurried out of the room, and ascended the staircase to his wife's chamber.

He knocked at the door. There was no answer. 'Ophelia! Ophelia!' he cried, 'forgive me, and I will forget the past.'

Still there was no reply, although he could hear the quick steps of Ophelia pacing up and down the floor; and, after waiting many minutes, he descended the stairs, and left his cheerless and darkened home, with an expression of utter misery on his countenance.

When he returned at night, his first thought was of Ophelia. He hurried to her apartment,—she was not there; and at the same time a dark and chilling presentiment of evil, an undefined, yet terrible suspicion entered his mind. He sought her throughout the house—in the garden—everywhere—yet all in vain. He summoned the servants, and questioned them. She had gone out in the afternoon, so they averred and had not since returned.

With the frenzied wildness of a madman, he seized his hat and entered the street, undetermined whither to go. He called at several houses where he knew she was intimate; she had not been seen. Then he turned his footsteps towards the mansion of his father-in-law, Aylmer De Vere. He met Alice Sutherland on the threshold.

'Tell me—tell me, Alice,' he gasped, hoarsely, as he seized her fair hand, in his own, 'have you seen Ophelia to-day,—has she been here?'

He knew by the blank and hopeless expression on the mild and placid features of the still loved Alice, that his worst fears were verified—Ophelia had not been there.

He returned to his home, a dejected, dispirited man. No Ophelia was there to greet him, but the little Eva ran out joyously from the nursery. He thrust her aside impatiently, for the very sight of *her* child was hateful to him. The child burst into tears, but he heeded them not, and entered the boudoir of Ophelia.

A scrap of paper, hastily folded in the form of a billet, lying among the glittering perfume-bottles on her escritoire, attracted his attention. Tremblingly he seized it. Alas! it seemed to contain his own doom and that of his wife. Upon it was written in hurried and disjointed syllables the subjoined words:

'Claude! Though your wife in the cognizance of men and human laws, I am not in the sight of Heaven. Forgive me, for I am frenzied! I love George Desmonde better than my own life. You, Claude, can pity, but not blame me—for even thus have you loved Alice Sutherland. This day shall I fly with Desmonde. Search will be in vain. Love Eva for the sake of her guilty mother, and do not cast her off from your bosom.
 OPHELIA.'

The life-blood seemed to have frozen in that injured man's veins. Pale, aghast, and horror-stricken, he looked like a statue of terrible despair. For some moments he continued in this state, with his eyes fixed vacantly upon that simple scrap of paper; then a wild and passionate burst of anguish broke from his lips, and he fell senseless to the floor; while the agonizing spasms which racked his frame were terrible to behold.

* * * * *

Two years after the above-related events transpired, Claude Somers received a singular missive, requesting his presence at once in an obscure part of the city. For some time he hesitated; but at length his better self predominated, and he went.

And now, behold a strange scene! Upon a low couch or mattress, and covered by a soiled and tattered garment, lay a feeble and emaciated woman, apparently in the last throes of expiring nature. Near the bedside stood a well-dressed and noble-looking man, intently regarding the wretched being extended before him.

Suddenly the woman turned upon her side, and partly raised herself by her remaining strength, uplifting her haggard and pallid features to those of the gentleman who stood by her bed.

A cry of horror and astonishment broke from the lips of Claude Somers, as the seeming apparition greeted his sight; for in the miserable and degraded creature before him, he recognized the former wife of his bosom!

Our pen is inadequate to describe that heart-rending interview. Suffice it, that poor Ophelia De Vere, the weak, deluded victim of the profligate Desmonde, expressed her humble penitence and hope of forgiveness in a better world, there, upon her death-bed; and Claude, the wronged and injured Claude, freely forgave her for all the misery, the anguish, and bitterness of spirit which she had caused him.

All at once, Claude noticed a singular change in Ophelia. It was the icy hand of death. He sprang forward, and seized her in his arms.—'Ophelia—Ophelia De Vere!' he cried, in tones of terror. It was all in vain; the wretched creature tossed up her arms wildly—a fierce, death-like spasm passed over her weak frame—and with a shrill, piercing shriek, terrible to hear, her soul entered a dark eternity!

* * * * *

In all the full and glorious beauty of matured and developed womanhood, at the age of twenty-six, and some two years after the death of the ill-fated Ophelia, the lovely and beautiful Alice Sutherland became the wife of the noble and beloved Claude Somers. Theirs was no youthful joy, no unutterable bliss of first love. But it was a more quiet and enduring affection, refined and purified by earthly sorrows and bitter trials.

Happy at last, in the deathless and devoted love of Alice, whom he adored with a deep and passionate tenderness, and in the charms of his gentle Eva, who inherited all of his good qualities, and none of her mother's bad ones, what greater joy and happiness could we wish the noble Claude Somers!

There is one character whom we have introduced into this narrative of truth, whose fate we have not yet related. It is that of George Desmonde—the inhuman fireside traitor, the cruel despoiler of female virtue and innocence. He died by his own hand, some time after the death of Ophelia De Vere—a wretched and miserable suicide.

[Written for The Flag of our Union.]

## Summer Flowers.

BY MRS. HENRY W. ALLEN.

Sweet flowers of June, ye are a book
 Whereof dear memory turns the leaves,
And from your wealth of buds and blooms,
 A garland of the past she weaves,
And by-gone hours from slumber wake
 Within the violet's breath enshrined;
Ah me! what thoughts of fairy things
 The summer roses bring to mind,
When youth and joy went hand in hand,
 The thorns of life were rarely seen;
And all was viewed 'coleur de rose,'
 To glad the heart of 'seventeen.'

The starlight trembling on the hill,
 The dark and mossy dell,
The paths of tangled brake and fern,
 My heart remembers well.
How oft, when birds in twilight air
 Sang soft their vesper hymn,
Two happy hearts vowed love and faith,
 Amid the shadows dim;
And, crowned with roses, gaily sang,
 'Why should we ever sigh!
For though the world should pass away,
 True love can never die.'

But many summer nights since then
 Have gone in beauty rare;
Those woodland shades are silent now,
 No footstep wanders there.
Perchance the burthen of some song
 Recalls the sweet refrain,
Or early flower scents bring to mind
 Those happy hours again.
But this is all—for love has died—
 It perished all too soon;
As fleeting in its summer life,
 As 'roses sweet' of June.

[Written for The Flag of our Union.]

## PICKING UP AN ACQUAINTANCE:

OR,

## A CURE FOR 'SPARKING.'

BY THE YOUNG 'UN.

SOME months since, a joyous, courageous young woman, residing in this city, the daughter of highly respectable parents, found herself somewhat unintentionally detained at the house of a friend, not far distant from her father's house, one evening, and before she was aware of the fact, scarcely, night had set in. The distance to her own home was but a few blocks, however, and as she expected a little gathering of ladies and gentlemen that evening at her father's, she determined upon returning homeward unattended; and, bidding her friends good night, she hurried along upon the walk, towards her residence, into which her family had quite recently removed, from another part of the city.

Upon turning the first corner, she was suddenly startled by the approach of a well dressed young man, who accosted her with a 'good evening,' and offered his services to escort her home! Alarmed, for an instant, she would have avoided the stranger; but as he advanced to her side, she ventured to turn towards him, and a glance satisfied her;—she recognized the young gentleman as a familiar acquaintance. Disguising her voice, and replying in a timid tone, she accepted the proffered gallantry, determined at once to administer a lesson to her young friend, which he should not forget. The conversation which passed was brief, and the beau suspecting nothing, as he was not aware that the family had changed their quarters, tripped along at the young lady's side, apparently very well pleased with his companion. In a few minutes, they halted before a modest brick house, in a somewhat retired street, at the west end, and the lady relinquished her attendant's arm.

'Will you come in?' whispered the lady, softly.

'Thank you,' was the reply; and his fair companion opened the front door. Closing it carefully, they found themselves in the entry, in total darkness.

'Wait a moment,' said the young woman, 'and be perfectly quiet. I will return instantly;' and with these words, she ascended the stairs which led to the parlors.

The first thought of the young man, as she retired, was to open the front door and move for he suspected all was not as he at first anticipated. He turned to the door, it was fast. He fumbled for the latch, or lock, or whatever secured it, but it was not to be found; and an instant afterward, he heard footsteps approaching, in the darkness. His heart thumped against his ribs, and he began to wish himself safely out of doors again; but he was quickly re-assured by the encouraging whisper of his new-made acquaintance, who approached him, apparently with great caution.

'Hush!' she said, 'all is safe. Be quiet now, a moment—remove your boots from your feet—I will return in an instant.'

Our hero was content, and drawing off his boots, he secured them together, and holding them in his hand, he awaited the return of his lady friend, who had again ascended the front stairs.

Entering the parlor, a moment afterwards, the female rogue found some half a score of young lady friends, with their brothers and beaux present, to whom she quickly and briefly communicated the adventure.

'I've got him in the entry, down stairs,' she said. 'Put out the lights, keep perfectly still, don't betray the slightest breath of sound, and I will show you some sport in a moment.'

The lights were removed, the party arranged themselves around the room—the bulk of the company knew the victim intimately—and again the lady descended the stairs, and approached her friend.

'Softly, now,' she said, taking the hand which was unoccupied with the boots, 'softly. All is quiet, up stairs—all is arranged—come!' and she led her gallant shyly along, up the stairway. His boots dangled against the railing—'sh!' exclaimed the fair one; 'for pity's sake, make no noise—or all is lost!'

The beau moved on, grasped his boots more securely at his side, nor dreamed of aught save bliss! Least of all did he suspect the existence of a huge rent in his stockings—for he was a bachelor, and this was but a trifle!

They entered the parlor. All was darkness and silence. The lady closed the door behind them, and led her companion into the centre of the room. Not a breath was heard, and little did the gentleman suspect that he was at that moment surrounded by a dozen of his acquaintances.

'Remain here one moment,' said the girl, 'I will get a light—'

The gallant raised the soft hand which had conducted him thus far towards—he knew not what!—and ventured to press upon it a kiss; but it was dexterously withdrawn, at the very 'nick of time,' and his lips came in contact with his own fingers!

'Wait a moment,' added his inamorata, leaving him quickly—and then, passing through a door at the farther extremity of the room, she disappeared. A minute had scarcely elapsed, but it seemed a month to the little party, who were nearly choking with suppressed merriment;—it was an age to the victim. But gentle footsteps were heard again, the beau gazed anxiously towards the direction of the door; it opened with a single movement, a blaze of light gushed into the parlor, and behind it he beheld the face of an old familiar acquaintance!

'Ladies and gentlemen,' she said, 'this is *Mr. Smith*!'

Such a 'ha, ha!' as went up from that little coterie, at that moment, was seldom heard in the neighborhood before, or since! Poor Smith stood for a moment, not exactly paralyzed—that would be a faint term of expression; he was frozen—actually statue-ized, in his tracks, and he hugged his boots to his side, coughed, sneezed, choked—then grinned, a ghastly smile!

As soon as the paroxysm of laughter was over, the lady brought forward a chair, and placing it before the victim, said—

'Pray, be seated, Mr. Smith.'

He turned upon his tormentor a look of comical recognition, and, like Falstaff, his wits coming quickly to his relief, he replied:

'Did you think, Cally, *I didn't know you?*'

Another roar followed this remark, and the company was very soon upon good terms.

This was his first and last effort at *picking up an acquaintance*; and it proved a CURE FOR 'SPARKING,' with him. Within six months he made ample apology for his error, by making Miss Cally—Mrs. Smith!

[Written for The Flag of our Union.]

## BUSY IDLENESS.

BY MRS. E. WELLMONT.

What a contradiction of terms is 'busy idleness!' Yet, my friend, there is such a thing, and you and I are well acquainted with such a class of people. They are not the loungers who sit all day upon sofas; nor yet the men of leisure who walk on 'change,' watch the state of stocks and sit in the reading-room till the hour for dinner. O, no, they are a class of people who are perpetually engaged, yet we may well say are habitually idle. A writer is speaking of them, says: 'They are somewhat like the swallow, a migrating bird, who rises at early dawn, flits from the top of an elegant roofed mansion to a lowly bough, where he chatters with a neighboring swallow, then rises, skims the air, makes a circuit across the water, visits all foreign climes, but is back again in early spring.' Between these friends and the swallows, there is great resemblance. They travel by sea and land, *luxuriate* themselves upon costly fare, peep into foreign courts, visit ancient monasteries, many cathedrals, and many spired cities, yet return only to chatter—having acquired nothing valuable, and from their journals we can extract nothing more sensible than from the travelled bird! But between the two, there is this manifest difference—one fulfils the law of his being, the other frustrates it. Keep it disguised as we will, man was endowed by his Maker with faculties which he cannot prostitute without ultimately reaping the penalty. We have no right to live wholly for ourselves. What if you *are* rich, and pay for all you receive? Is that an end of the responsibility those riches impose? Where are the cases of philanthropy, the poor, the degraded, the outcast, the oppressed? And where would they be were we all busy idlers? Supposing we all followed out our schemes of pleasure-taking, and ate, drank and slept just as our inclination prompted? Should we be happier? Should we be wiser? The greatest victim of uneasy sensations, is he who is ever trying to live at ease.

The drones of society are treated with more tenderness than those of insect life. The bee carries out of the hive those who refuse to labor, the ant works unceasingly, the butterfly in all its changes fulfils the law of its nature, and all actively pursue their being's end and aim. But men and women live, and in utter disregard of established laws; but, think you, no retribution awaits such busy idleness? 'As we sow, so shall we reap.' Remember the *end* is not here, and our Heavenly Father is a God of justice as well as mercy. See, then, that thy labors have an object worthy of a future reward.

# THE FLAG OF OUR UNION.

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F. GLEASON, PROPRIETOR.

MATURIN M. BALLOU, EDITOR.

☞ The terms of The Flag of our Union are $2 00 per annum, invariably in advance. The paper is always discontinued at the expiration of the time paid for. See imprint on the last page.

☞ All communications designed for publication in the paper, must be post paid, and addressed to F. GLEASON, *Boston, Mass.*, Proprietor of The Flag of our Union.

## To our Correspondents.

'The Valley Flower,' a prose sketch, by J. H. ROBINSON, shall appear next week.

'Lines addressed to A. C. G.,' by ED'ARD, filed for the next number of the Flag.

'A Sketch,' by that funny old chap, UNCLE TOBY, shall appear next week.

'Jacta est alea,' a patriotic poem, by OSCAR S. HUGHAN, accepted.

'The Borrowed Shawl,' a prose tale, by CAROLINE ORNE, shall find a place in our next.

'The Skipper's Schooner, a runaway sketch,' by FALCONBRIDGE, shall appear next week.

'The Bereaved Soldier,' a poem, by J. M. BARKER, U. S. A., filed for next number.

'The Storm Spirit,' a poem, by ALVIN ROBINSON, is received, and shall appear in our next.

'Not so Green,' a humorous sketch, by S. E. CHURCH, filed for insertion.

'My Cottage Home,' a sweet little poem, by JENNIE, in our next.

'Sedana Marion, a Western legend,' a prose sketch, by BRACKENLOCK, shall find a place in our next.

'It moves—still it moves,' 'The Little Girl,' 'Henry Le Blanc,' 'The Dying Warrior,' and 'Come to me,' are respectfully declined.

'Moonshine-opathy—a Cure for Love.' By JUVENIS, filed for the Olio column.

'Impromptu on Powers's Fisher Boy,' by J. H. G., accepted.

## The Hungarians.

Upon Hungary, as the important focus of European effort for liberty, are the eyes of the world at this time directed with intense interest. Hungary, with its race of gallant men, has been for many years an adjunct of the Austrian empire, and in its bold and soldier-like citizens, has that empire found its best warriors and ablest defenders. All statesmen agree in assigning to Hungary the chief place in importance in the Austrian empire, and it may with truth be said, that Hungary could better do without Austria, than Austria without Hungary. And yet, with the blindness and fatuity that seem to be ever the prominent characteristics of crowned heads, Austria has sought to fasten the galling yoke of tyranny upon this valuable portion of her empire; to break down the long established barriers by which the Hungarian people have been protected from the arbitrary oppression of the imperial government, and to reduce them to the condition of absolute vassals to the Austrian crown. As might have been predicted, the gallant Magyar race which constitutes the larger portion of the fourteen millions of people in Hungary, have nobly resisted this attempt of tyrannical power, repudiated their qualified allegiance to the imperial government, and set up the standard at once, of national independence and republican liberty.

Austria, with the cowardly conviction that her whole power was inadequate to reduce Hungary to obedience—nay, fearful even that her intended victim would, in the struggle of resistance, overthrow the imperial government itself, and become absolute master of the Austrian empire,—after a few feeble attempts to cope with the brave Hungarians, basely called to her aid the kindred opposer of man, Nicholas of Russia. With the united forces of Austria and Russia, comprising men and means almost without limit, are the noble Hungarians doing battle in defence of their civil rights. Well may the friends of liberty take a deep interest in the issue of such a contest, fraught as it is with the fate of liberty throughout Europe, and representing as it does in such purity and strength, upon the opposing sides, the elements of freedom and of tyranny. Glad are we to be able to say that the popular mind of America, without a shade of party distinction, without division of any kind, is right upon this important question.—The liberal sentiment of Europe is also enlisted in behalf of the brave Magyars, both in Great Britain and among the people of France, as well as of other continental nations. But to the deep disgrace of France be it said, the mock-republican government of that nation is against the cause of Hungarian liberty.

The paltry apology for a President who now governs France, is in open alliance with Austria and Russia against Hungary, hoping by this effort of grovelling subserviency, to secure the aid of those powers in re-establishing the throne of France, with himself as the legitimate Emperor, Napoleon the 2d. Fool that he is, not to know that a thousand daggers would be ready to drink his heart's blood ere he should become seated upon a French throne. The government press of France, under the absolute dictation of Louis Napoleon and his creatures, is debased to the low occupation of daily traducing the liberal cause in Hungary, and publishing to the world every unfavorable item. Then again the French example in the armed interference of that power, not *for*, but *against*, Roman liberty, to which we have more than once referred, has done much to retard the cause of Hungarian independence, and to give encouragement to its enemies. By some mysterious working of fate, France, *republican* France, which should have been the first and most efficient aid and comfort to every other people of Europe which set up the standard of liberty, has become the chief stumbling-block in the way of all such patriotic efforts. Those who have thus made France the arch-traitor to the cause of European liberty will have much to answer for, and a fearful account to settle when the day of reckoning shall come, and come it will ere long, not only in other countries, but in France itself; and then woe betide the present ruler of that people, who, to gratify his absurd and foolish ambition to grasp an imperial sceptre, has done so much to undermine and destroy the sound cause of popular freedom!

The armies of Hungary have thus far sustained themselves most gallantly against Austria and Russia combined, and in several recent battles have obtained very decided and important victories, capturing a large depot of Austrian stores and provisions, and scattering terror and dismay throughout the Austrian ranks. By these events are the hopes of the friends of Hungary elevated, and as a consequence of these victories we see the Austrian government already making overtures to Hungary for negotiations for peace. And whether these overtures shall lead to anything permanently beneficial or not, they are yet of great significance in indicating the degree of respect with which Hungarian valor and soldiership have inspired the Austrian power.

The struggle of Hungary may yet be protracted, and its issue uncertain; but with the abundant and deep sympathy of all liberal Europe and America with her, the hopes of her people will still be buoyant, whatever may be the disasters and reverses destined to befall her armies. That they are not suffering for means to carry on the war thus far, is very evident, and every additional success over their enemies will add to these means, by the captured supplies of their foes. And should reverses visit them with defeat, and want of means thereby arise, who can doubt that England and America will extend a liberal hand to the assistance of this brave people in their gallant struggle for liberty?

## Spies in our Midst.

The New York Herald states that the Governor General of Cuba has formed a system of espionage in New York, Philadelphia, and other cities on the Atlantic coast, which, for comprehensiveness, intricacy, and completeness, is worthy of Fouche, in his palmiest days. The agents employed under this system are men of education and intelligence, and not a whisper escapes them. They are located in our public hotels, frequent our concerts, cafes, billiard-rooms, theatres, and other places of amusement, where Cubans most do congregate, and some of them are known to be even at the watering-places. The object of the Herald, in referring to the subject, is to put the liberal Cubans on their guard. They are zealously watched wherever they go, and if they incautiously express any sentiments incompatible with the existing order of things in Cuba, or in any degree hostile to the Governor General of Cuba, in the presence of those whom they are not intimate with, or on whom they cannot rely, they may rest assured that the Governor General will hear them, and that they will have to answer for their imprudence when they return. The Herald also learns that several spirited young men, natives of Cuba, and wealthy, who have been spending the summer in the United States, have received letters from their relatives in Cuba, informing them that incarceration awaits them on their return, and cautioning them against the espionage to which we have referred. They are accordingly obliged to exile themselves from their native land, because, perhaps, they expressed a wish to see Cuba independent of Spain, or annexed to the United States.

## Down with Monopolies.

The Boston Bee remarks:—'There are four direct lines from Boston to New York, yet the traveller who arrives at the latter city, on his way South, finds himself obliged to go to Philadelphia on the solitary line of railroad, and pay *four cents a mile* to the monopolists who own it. We are glad to find that the 'Broad Seal Boys' have taken the matter in hand; and have determined that the next State Election shall turn out on the following question: 'Ought the monopoly of railroad communication across the State, between New York and Philadelphia, to be maintained? or shall it not rather be overruled and abolished?'

## Unwashed French Ladies.

An American lady, writing from Paris, says that she has lately discovered the secret of the many beautiful and brilliant complexions seen in that city. It seems that water is considered by the French ladies as the great spoiler of the skin, so that unless some untoward circumstance really soils their faces, they are not touched with water from one week's end to another. The owners content themselves with gentle rubbing with a dry, coarse towel, and exclude water almost entirely from their toilette tables.

A POPE'S AFFECTION.—Pope Pius tells his 'beloved subjects' that he 'anticipates with pleasure' the day when he shall be again in their midst, when he shall re-enter Rome 'with the earnest desire to afford them consolation.' This is somewhat like reducing a man to poverty that you may exercise Christian charity by giving him alms; or breaking his head for the pleasure of presenting him with a plaster!

ROUTE TO CALIFORNIA.—The New Orleans Picayune states that the enterprise of making a good wagon road across the Isthmus of Tehuantepec is about to be prosecuted forthwith, and is expected to serve a valuable end. It will effect a saving of distance between the Atlantic seaboard and California, as compared with the Chagres route, of about 1,700 miles.

ROSINA MEADOWS.—One entire edition of this highly popular tale has already been exhausted, and we have this day issued the second edition which is on sale at all the periodical depots. We were not surprised at the great popularity this excellent story has attained, for no one who has read it fails to recommend it to others.

THINK OF IT.—Mr. McCormick, in an essay on the cholera, says: 'There is no disease milder in its first attack than cholera—none more frightful and fatal if neglected. Like a hay-rick on fire, at its outset a grasp of the hand may extinguish it; neglected a few moments and destruction is inevitable.

POOR FELLOW.—Prince Metternich is suffering from softening of the brain; he is so far sunk in dotage that he did not recognize his daughter, the Countess Sandor, who made a journey to England for the arrangement of family affairs.

PRETTY.—The St. Louis Reveille says: A gentleman who visited Fort Adams at Newport, last week, asked an ensign how long he expected to live in such a *nut-shell* of a room. 'Not long enough to become a *kernel* (colonel), I fear,' was the reply.

GOOD AUTHORITY.—Mr. Cobden, the English reformer, says that Russia is not, by any means, so wealthy as she has been supposed to be, and thinks it will be impossible for her to carry on the Hungarian war, without borrowing money.

There's a man up on the prairies, so mean that the fever'n'ager wouldn't touch him. He was caught the other day stealing a half pint of grain.—*Southern Guardian.*

Wonder if he isn't the man who went into chancery to avoid 'paying the debt of nature?'

ANNEXATION.—General Scott's letter on annexation, is exciting the ire of some of the London papers. The London Chronicle says: 'Canada is discontented, and the General is a candidate for the American Presidency.'

COMPLIMENTARY.—A splendid riding whip has been presented by Lord Sherburne to young Hernandez, the wonderful American equestrian, as a compliment to his daring achievements in the ring.

## Editorial Ink-Drops.

Lieut. Mayne Reid was considerably lionized on his arrival in England.

Another Boston weekly has given up the ghost since last week.

Eight millions of gold have been gathered from the California mines thus far.

John Smith, Jr., of Arkansas, is writing an expose of the New York custom-house.

A woman has just died at Liverpool, Eng., who has been united to nineteen husbands.

The number of vessels engaged in the slave trade increases on the African coast.

Those who scoff at crooked people should themselves be very upright.

Mrs. Mitchell, wife of the Irish patriot, is now in the city of Washington.

Cadet Henry, of Indiana, was drowned in the Hudson, on his way to West Point.

Speculation is a word that often begins with the second letter.

Mrs. Middlebrooks, of Munroe co., Geo. was lately kicked to death by a horse.

A Yankee speculator has been trying to hire Old Whitey of the President to exhibit.

The cholera is fast disappearing throughout the different States of the Union.

Ink is said to be the black sea on which thought *rides* at anchor.

Very good calicoes are selling at San Francisco for two cents per yard.

The ladies are just as crazy to kiss General Taylor, as they were Tom Thumb.

One of the editors of the Picayune, just from the diggings, saw a 25 lb. lump of gold.

Business is once more improving in St. Louis, we are glad to hear.

Two cabmen 'fit' in Montreal, the other day, when one was killed by a blow.

Charleston, S. C., is remarkably healthy—but ten deaths occurred in one week lately.

The cholera is most fatally raging in various parts of Mexico.

A man at St. Marks, Flor., drowned himself from remorse. He had murdered a companion.

James Hudson, an inebriate, took oil of vitriol in Philadelphia, and died in consequence.

Mary Lovell thought Patrick Shea didn't love her enough, in Lowell, and so shot him.

Dubuque, Iowa, contains four thousand inhabitants, five thousand dogs and fifty colonels.

The population of Baltimore is estimated by the American at 151,000.

The Lynn Pioneer has 'done its work,' and died—so says its editor.

A black snake over four feet long was caught in a street in Lowell the other day.

## Circulation of the Flag.

A jealous contemporary, wincing under his own decreasing circulation, throws out a hint, without calling names, that evidently refers to this paper, exulting in the fact that the cholera at the West has affected the circulation of newspapers. The said paper counts its western subscribers by hundreds, while the present circulation of the Flag, west of New York city, *is over ten thousand copies*, and its circulation in New England alone, is a third more than the *entire* edition of the said grumbling and jealous print. Add to this our southern circulation, and we have a total that exceeds that of any weekly paper in the country.

## Mrs Butler's Readings.

We have more than once alluded to the extravagant praises that the papers have given to this Amazon of a woman. The Knickerbocker takes off this ridiculous and fulsome style of complimenting a most questionable subject, in the following style:

'This lady read a play to Bonkham a-Monday week. She done it with transcendant loveliness. Hampered as we are with incessant toil in our office for your insertion, dear readers (delinquent subscribers included), it was a soothing quietus to our jaded faculties. We rose on her inflections, sank in her dismay, startled at her terror, blackened in her scowl, palpitated in our heart at her endearments, and swelled to bursting with her rage; and rose, sank, floundered and foundered in the storm of her tumultuous passages. When we returned to our office, we said to Mr. Thomas: "Put us to bed! We cannot take off our coat!"'

Our friend Fitzgerald, of the Item, calls the editor of the Boston Blade the 'great travelling editor.' Great 'blackguard editor' would be truer to the character of the man.—*Quaker City.*

That's in very bad taste for a broad-brim. We don't know the Item man, the editor of the Blade, nor he of the Quaker City; but as the two join against the editor of the Blade, we'll bet a Jersey peach he's the best of the three.

A SIGN.—When you observe a paper filling two or three columns with an immense and startling prospectus, telling of its wonderful success, and urging one hundred and one reasons why every man, woman and child all over creation should take it, and boldly avowing itself the best paper ever printed—why, then, remember that all this bluster and bombast is a sort of dying struggle for life. 'The critter's in its flurry!'

Law is a noble pursuit. Its object is the promotion of truth and justice in a world of falsehood and wrong.—*Henry Clay.*

Mortars, and bombshells! It's just the reverse of this; and is considered most successful when its advocates are enabled to get off their culprit clients 'unwhipped of justice.'

What kind of a dagger is it lawful for a lover to plunge into his mistress's bosom?

A dagger-type (*daguerreotype*.)—*Literary American.*

Our readers need not feel alarmed, as the mayor has 'ordered out the military to preserve the peace,' and arrest the perpetrator of the above.

God never leaves any till they first leave him.—*M. Henry.*

This is lame philosophy, and little less than blasphemy. Our Heavenly Father never deserts his children at all. 'In him there is no change.'

Beautiful is the love, and sweet the kiss of a sister; but if you h ven't a sister handy, try your cousin—it isn't much worse.—*Exchange.*

Or if you haven't a cousin yourself, take somebody's else. 'It's all the same so.'

Resolve not to be poor; whatever you have, spend less.—*Dr. Johnson.*

It's all very well in theory, but suppose a chap han't got nothin'; how can he spend 'less?'

General confidence is reviving in our city.—*St. Louis Organ.*

General Confidence? What's been the matter with him?

The shoe business must be very good; for not a pair are made and got ready for the market before they are *soled*.—*Lynn News.*

Before they're *soled*, they are *bound* to sell.

GONE HOME.—Thirty of the students of Washington College, Pa., have abandoned the institution in a huff. Their anxious mothers had better spank and send them back.

A FLOWER FOR THE HEART.—A wife, full of truth, innocence, and love, is the prettiest flower a man can wear next to his heart.

Figures won't lie.—*Louisville Journal.*

Don't be 2 sure of that.

## From our Foreign Files.

The cholera still continues severe in London—the deaths from 'all diseases' are nearly double the usual average.

Mrs. Sarah Austin, the translator from the German, has received a pension of £150 a year from the English government.

Fifty thousand percussion lock muskets have been received in Hungary from England, by way of Orsova.

The French Minister has proposed an income tax of one per cent., and a subsidy of 600,000f. to support the French theatres.

Fifty-two thousand Jews are now fighting in the ranks of the brave Hungarian army for liberty and civilization, and not one Jew is to be found serving under the Austrians.

The queen had with her in Ireland her husband and four children. One Dublin citizen approached her carriage in the streets and exclaimed: 'Mighty monarch, pardon Smith O'Brien.'

1400 tailors are without work in London, 1700 shoemakers are working at half wages, and 900 are out of employment altogether.—The curriers and leather dressers are in the same situation.

A proclamation in the Gazette of Friday orders that the new coin called a florin, of the value of two shillings, shall be current and lawful money of the United kingdom of Great Britain and Ireland.

Near the baptismal font in St. Andrew's church, Plymouth, is a monument with this inscription: 'Here lies the body of James Vernon, Esq., only *surviving* son of Admiral Vernon—died 23th of July, 1753.'

The cross of the Legion of Honor is becoming almost too common in France, to be deemed much of a distinction. You meet a dozen men with a red ribbon at the breast, in a walk of as many minutes.

Two of the field officers in the Hungarian army are females. They dress in male attire, wear swords by their sides, lead their regiments into battle, and manifest so much bravery and enthusiasm, as to inspire the soldiers with almost irresistible valor.

The minister of public works in Paris has invited all citizens to refrain from work on the Sabbath, and has prohibited labor on the public works on that day. The religious journals applaud it, and some of the secular papers are well pleased with the effort.

## Dewdrops of Wisdom.

The bitterest cup has one drop of honey.

Change and alteration form the very essence of the world.

Half the failures in life arise from pulling in one's horse as he is leaping.

Actions, like the Rhone, have two sources, one pure, the other impure.

There is a closer connexion between good sense and good nature than is generally supposed.

Men look like gigantic phantoms when they censure, and like pigmies when they praise.

The genius of man is creative when observant of nature, but only imitative when not copying it.

A gentleman asked a divine which was the best way of living. 'That which will teach you the best way of dying,' was the reply.

Corals, agates and crystals are found on many a stormy shore; thus the soul finds God's most precious gift in the rugged path of sorrow.

Jealousy is said to be the offspring of love. Yet unless the parent make haste to strangle the child, the child will not rest till it has poisoned the parent.

As snow is of itself cold, yet warms and refreshes the earth, so afflictions, though in themselves grievous, yet keep the soul of the Christian warm, and make it fruitful.

Of all the diversions of life there is none so proper to fill up its empty spaces as the reading of useful and entertaining authors; and with that the conversation of a well-chosen friend.—*Spectator.*

We so converse every night with the image of death, that every morning we find an argument of the resurrection. Sleep and death have but one mother, and they have one name in common.—*Bishop Taylor.*

## The Joker's Budget.

Punch, in reply to the question, 'What is Communism?' says geese, donkeys and wolves feeding on the same common.

Why is Sarah Anderson's son always with her wherever she goes? Because where she goes goes Sarah *And-her-son.*

EPITAPH ON A BASS-DRUMMER.

*Stephen and time are now both even;*
*Stephen beat time, now time 's beat Stephen.*

One of the 'Own Correspondents' reports that: 'The French entered Rome amid universal acclamations.' 'Very like a wail!'—*Punch.*

Bonus told the Lieutenant that every soldier in General Edmonds's Brigade were his brothers. 'Your brothers! how's that?'—'Why, because they are all *sons of Mars!*'

The Buffalo Mercury says that the ague has been so severe in them parts, that a person afflicted with it actually shook the *toe-nails* off his *finger ends.*

A young poet recently offered his play to the proprietor of the Boston Museum for *nothing*. Friend Kimball said the author knew *the exact value of it.*

It is stated that of the five hundred and forty young ladies who fainted last year, more than one half fell into the arms of gentlemen! Only one had the misfortune to fall on the floor.

An exchange paper says that a Judge in this city lately decided in favor of a claim by a roller boy in a printing office, against his employer, on the ground that 'the devil should have his due.'

A little boy hearing his father say that 'there is a time for all things,' climbed up behind his mother's chair, and whispering in her ear, asked when was the proper time for hooking sugar out of the sugar bowl.

An aristocratic Irishman, speaking of his native country, said it was an execrable place; in fact, the only thing worth owning in it was whiskey. 'You mean to say, then,' said a waggish friend, 'that, with all her faults, you love her *still?*'

O'Connell had obtained an acquittal for one of his clients; the fellow's joy knew no bounds. 'Och counsellor,' said he, 'I've no way here to show you my gratitude; but I wish I saw you knocked down in my own parish, and may be I wouldn't bring a faction to the rescue.'

## Miscellaneous Items.

Adam and Eve are in New Haven, canvassing the city. Owing to the present epidemic in our country, it is to be hoped that Adam will persist in his refusal to eat the apple that Eve urges upon him.—*Springfield Republican.*

The latest advices from Cuba state that a law has been promulgated, forbidding the introduction of all Ecuadorian gold for circulation in that island—that is, all that has been coined in that republic since 1844. It will, in future, only be admitted into Cuba as old gold.

Jacob Perkins, formerly of the United States, died at London July 30, at the advanced age of eighty-three. Mr. Perkins was the inventor of engraving on steel, and the method of transferring engravings from one steel plate to another.

Mr. Wise, a Virginia farmer, has recently succeeded in covering with a fine growth of natural hair, the heads of several gentlemen of Richmond, some of whom have been bald for many years. He causes the new hair to appear in from four to nine days.

The Newburyport Herald says: 'Mr. Felt, of this town, whose death while on his way home from California we noticed a few days ago, had accumulated about $3000, besides enough to pay his expenses home. Mrs. Felt, accompanied by Mr. Albert Carriet, have left for New York, to obtain the property.'

## Quill and Scissors.

A pamphlet has been published in New York with the following complimentary title: The Private Life, Public Career and Real Character of that odious Rascal, Ned Buntline!! as developed by him to his past and present wife, and his various paramours!—Completely lifting up the veil, and unmasking to a horror-stricken community, his Debaucheries, Seductions, Adulteries, Revellings, Cruelties, Threats and Murder!!!—*Balt. Argus.*

A correspondent of the Sun states that the Hungarian General Bem, when a teacher of languages, about two years ago, in Oxford, woo golden opinions of all parties, on account of his noble bearing, his modest demeanor and his virtuous mind.

A disappointed gold seeker writes thus: 'That there is gold in California to an untold amount, is admitted—so there are plenty of whales in the Pacific—and I believe it is just as profitable to engage in the one as in the other.'

Dr. John Gregory, of Drayton, Dooley county, Ga., committed suicide by taking opium. He was found dead in an old church near his residence. He was about thirty years of age, and has left a family.

Lord Palmerston, Secretary for Foreign Affairs, recently said in the British Parliament, that 'opinions were stronger than armies,' and that they would 'prevail against the bayonets of infantry and the fire of artillery.'

The Queen of England, on her arriving in the Irish waters, had her royalty first acknowledged by a poor fisherman, who rowed alongside her yacht, and presented her with a fresh salmon he had just taken.

Thomas M. Brown, of Camak, Georgia, recently killed a rattlesnake six feet one inch in length, thirteen inches in circumference, and having fifteen rattles. His stomach contained a full grown cat squirrel.

The town of Santa Anna, near Manilla, the capital of the Phillippine Islands, has been destroyed by fire, with the exception of the residences of the British consul and of the Government treasurer.

Looking on the map of North America, the Gulf of Mexico seems like the mouth of the United States opened wide, with Cuba between the jaws, just ready to be swallowed down the throat of Uncle Sam.

Most of the companies that went out from the States broke up on their arrival in California, from a very natural cause—it was easier for men to get along alone, or a few banded together, than in heavy parties.

The ordinary process of courtship is like opening a chestnut burr to get at the chestnut. All sorts of rebuffs and hardships must be expected before you succeed.

Mrs. Chase, the lady of our Consul at Tampico, who it will be remembered, made herself rather conspicuous in Tampico, during the bombardment of that city, is now at Newport.

A man recently complained that whenever he went into a jury box, he was associated with eleven of the most obstinate fellows in creation, for they could never agree with him.

Barnett Lynch, a Scotch tailor, committed suicide in Naugatuck, Con., by cutting his throat from ear to ear, with a carving knife, while suffering with delirium tremens.

At New Hope, Pa., Knowles, aged 21 years, has been arrested, and has confessed that he stole $100 from a letter in the post office, in which he was a clerk.

The Auburn Female Seminary was burnt on Wednesday night. Loss $3,500, on which $3000 was insured in the Cayuga Mutual Insurance Company.

Ann Eliza, aged 8 years, daughter of Presbury West, was instantly killed, in Jefferson, N.H., by the falling upon her of a cart body, upon which she was climbing.

It is stated that the cost of landing the cargo of the ship Grey Eagle, of Philadelphia, at San Francisco, was $10,000; more than the entire amount of the freight list.

Preparations are actively making for raising the great tubular railway bridge across the Menai Straits to its proper place. A dead weight of 2000 tons is to be lifted 100 feet.

At Mariettaville, Md., immense quarries of soap stone have been discovered, which have given rise to the manufacture of a variety of articles, the utility of which is obvious.

A little child being at a sermon, and observing the minister very vehement in his words and bodily gesture, cried out: 'Mother, why don't the people let the man out of the box?'

The Jews of Buda have resolved to emigrate to the United States. They are tired of forced contributions to support war, and declare themselves bankrupt.

The property burned and destroyed in Toronto and Montreal since the political riots in Kingston and Toronto, last March, exceeds $560,000.

During the last few years the Secretary of the Bible Society in Hungary has been commissioned to circulate about 300,000 copies of the Bible.

Over eight thousand crows were killed in Charles County, Maryland, last year. We suppose this cruelty was not perpetrated without *caws.*

Fourteen thousand British seamen deserted the merchant service the last year, 8000 of whom left their vessels on the American coast.

Botany Bay took its name from the great variety of herbs which abounded on its shore, when first discovered by Captain Cook.

The name of the Hungarian secretary of war is Korponay. His brother was recently professor of cavalry tactics at West Point.

The receipts of the Fulton ferry, New York, are estimated at nine hundred and twelve thousand five hundred dollars per annum.

A negro slave, carried by an American to the city of Mexico, lately claimed his liberty by the Mexican law, and it was accorded him.

At the last dates from Vera Cruz the yellow fever was quite prevalent among strangers—mostly emigrants on their way to California.

There continues to be a good deal of excitement in Canada against the Government. Acts of violence may be looked for at any moment.

Gen. Cabrera, the celebrated Spaniard, who has just been set at liberty by the President of the French Republic, has arrived in London.

Two young men from Kensington, N. H., named Cram and Tilton, were drowned at Seabrook on Monday.

Sir Walter Scott said forty years ago, that it was impossible for Canada to remain long apart from the United States.

The Worcester Spy says J. C. B. Davis, secretary of legation, is acting minister in England until the arrival of Mr. Lawrence.

A million of dollars have been paid for messages on the various telegraph lines throughout the States, during the past year.

The liberal members of the House of Commons have set on foot subscriptions for the portraits of Lord Palmerston and Mr. Hume.

In consequence of the large arrivals of goods in San Francisco, prices have fallen, in some instances to ruinous rates for shippers.

The Scottish Press mentions that the fisheries off the Isle of Skye are said to exceed anything that has taken place for forty years.

The fearful fire which took place at Alexandria in Egypt, will occasion the state a loss of 40 million of piastres.

A philosopher once told a miser, 'You do not possess your wealth, but your wealth possesses you.'

A treaty of peace and commerce has been concluded between Great Britain and the Republic of Liberia.

A man died of cholera in New York last week, after eating a dozen crabs and some cucumbers. No wonder.

There are 32 light houses on the coast of Maine, and each light consumes at least 700 gallons of oil per year.

Montreal, the Halifax Chronicle says, 'is the most brutalized and barbarous place on this continent.'

The king of the mosquitoes doesn't wear shoes, but his spurs are tremendous.

Mr. Preston, Secretary of the Navy, is to visit the North, during the ensuing fall.

Neither lungs nor leaves can perform their office healthfully without fresh air.

## Local Matters.

### Amusements.

The theatrical season has fairly blazed forth for the coming winter, and with a zeal and brilliancy that foretells a gay campaign. Hackett has been charming his many friends at the Howard, where also the beautiful danseuse, Miss Walters, has made hosts of friends.—The Gung'l band has attracted good audiences at that little bijou of a theatre, Bland's Lyceum. Booth, at the Museum, has renewed the memory of by-gone times, when he was full of the fire and energy of youth. The Museum is behind none of the establishments in the city. Indeed its stock company comprises an unusual amount of talent and general excellence. Stockwell's Panorama of the Mississippi has received merited patronage, and will continue to draw well, being a work of unquestionable worth, and altogether a highly interesting exhibition.

### Ann Street, Boston.

In olden times Ann street was the 'court end' of the town. Subsequently, in the last half century, it became the resort of the lowest classes of the people, and the scene of constant vice and debauchery. But this is the age of improvement, and Ann street is again undergoing a material change. Large blocks of substantial granite warehouses and stores are taking the place of the miserable tenements that have so long tottered upon their foundations, and thrifty business stores are open at all hours, and with every kind of wares. Among the new and splendid buildings now in progress of erection, may be mentioned the elegant granite block, corner of Cross and Ann streets, to be called 'Jones's Buildings.' It is a handsome and highly ornamental structure, and redounds to the credit of owner and architect.

REV. THOMAS WHITTEMORE.—This gentleman, editor of the Trumpet, of this city, has been chosen President of the Vermont and Massachusetts Railroad Company, in place of the late incumbent, Mr. Crocker, who resigned. Mr. Whittemore combines, with remarkable business qualifications, the strictest integrity of character, and enjoys the unlimited confidence of the whole community.

NEW STORE.—The proprietors of Trinity Church are building a granite store on the estate west of the church. The store will occupy more ground, judging by the eye, than Stewart's at New York; will have one entrance, with show windows twice the size of Jones, Ball and Poor's. It will be a dry goods store.

THE CITY.—Business is again fully revived, people have come home from the watering places in crowds, and the streets are once more lively and bustling. The pleasantest season of the year is now with us, and the decreasing bills of mortality for the city show also that it is the best one for the health of our citizens.

TAKING THINGS COOLLY.—A paper out West makes the following announcement to its numerous subscribers: 'In order to enable us to get through with some job work on hand, no paper will be issued from this office next week.' What would Boston folks say to read such an announcement as this in one of their weekly papers!

FATHER MATHEW writes from Boston to his friends in New York, that his engagements 'down east' are multiplying so fast upon his hands, that he cannot say when he will return to New York. He expresses himself highly delighted with the city of notions and the people.

THE MORTALITY OF AUGUST.—The mortality of the past month was nearly double that of any month since Boston was a city. The greatest mortality heretofore in any one month has been less than six hundred. Last month, it was over one thousand, or about one quarter of the whole mortality of 1848.

THE DRAMA.—It is gratifying to observe that the tide of theatrical devotion in this city is turning toward the representation of Shakesperian and other pure, sterling productions, that have been for some time nearly superseded by the light and flimsy plays of the day.

FOREIGN COMMERCE OF BOSTON.—During the month of August, 369 vessels arrived at this port from foreign ports, of which 250 were British. During the same period 353 vessels cleared for foreign ports, of which 288 were British.

FIRES IN AUGUST.—We learn by the Transcript, that the losses by fire in this city in the month of August, amounted to $9711, on which there was an insurance of $7826. Last year, same month, losses, $13,493; insurance, $6756.

SANDS AND CO.'S CIRCUS made a great sensation as it passed through the city a few days since, with its brilliant array of elephants, camels, horses, ponies, etc., all gaily decked in the rich and costly trappings and paraphernalia of the company.

REVENUE OF BOSTON.—The amount of duties received at the Custom-House for August, was $713,000. If the duties on goods which were warehoused were added, says the Atlas, the aggregate of duties for the month would probably have been a million of dollars.

BOSTON.—The Pennsylvanian says: 'Boston is a lucky city. Ten full foreign missions have been conferred upon it since the beginning of the government, Philadelphia having had but two in the same time.'

OLDEN TIME.—In 1652 a mint was established at Boston. The mint-master received fifteen pence for every twenty shillings; he gave his daughter, it is said, thirty thousand pounds in New England shillings.

HARVARD UNIVERSITY.—Ninety-seven undergraduates have already entered Harvard College at the recent examinations. This is the largest number that has ever entered at one time.

Some of the public houses in Cincinnati set mush and milk on their bars for lunch.—*Exch.*

That's odd; one would think people could get *corned* enough at such a place, without resorting to the raw material.

TAXABLE PROPERTY.—The whole amount of taxable property in Boston, for the present year, is $171,103,900, which is a gain of $6,380,900 over last year.

'SUMMER FLOWERS.'—The sweet and delicate poem thus entitled, on our second page, by Mrs. Henry W. Allen, is a gem of the first water, sparkling and bright.

THE CHOLERA has almost entirely disappeared from the precincts of the city.

## OUR OLIO COLUMN.

[Written for The Flag of our Union.]

### Robin Hood's Bugle.

BY LOUISE E. FOX.

Awake! away! for light has broke
The dewy, fresh-aired dawn;
Away, and with the bugle rouse
The timid forest fawn.
Then on, through meadow, wood and glen,
We'll ring the thrilling peal,
And soon awake old echo's note,
The funeral song to swell.

But when at sunset's tranquil hour
The silver moon I hear,
They come to me far sweeter than
The death-dirge of the deer;
For rocky cliff and deep dark wave,
The rank moss-crumbled may hide;
And danger's shadow, like thy sword,
Is ever by thy side.

My noble steed knows well the glen,
The lake and rocky ridge;
No hand but thine can rein his fire,
His lofty mien I pledge.
And, fairy-like, my graceful hounds
Spring o'er the bending fern;
And they will list no other call
Than mine own bugle horn.

Each eve I watch the twilight hour,
To catch the liquid notes,
And welcome they, e'en though the sound
Amid dim distance floats;
Didst thou but wire the martial air
That heralds thy return,
My heart with fears would overcast
The silent bugle horn.

And if one hour too late I lay
This pearled and costly ring,
Thy cheek would pale, and those bright eyes
Be dim with sorrowing.
But see, old Sherwood's oaks have caught
The golden line of day;
Farewell, and see the night-star burns,
I'll list thy bugle lay.

### The Cot beneath the Hill.

O, memory's dreams are pleasant dreams,
They tell us of the past;
They summon scenes of earlier years,
Too purely bright to last!
O, memory brings me back my home—
Its shady brook, its rill,
Its whispering woods—and pictures me
The cot beneath the hill.

She minds me of the blissful hours
In boyhood there I spent;
And sings the songs I used to love,
With happy voices blent.
She tells me tales I used to hear,
And well remember still;
How quick her magic hand can rear
The cot beneath the hill.

I see its roof of yellow thatch,
I see its eddying smoke—
I hear the carol of the lark
That upward blithely woke;
The bleating sheep, or lowing kine,
The swallow, twittering shrill,
And songlike footsteps tripping round
The cot beneath the hill.

And pleasant memories greet me now,
Of forms and faces dear,
Which, even through the misty path,
Full fresh and fond appear!
O, retrospection's wondrous power
This heart with bliss can fill,
Where'er it paints in lines of light
That cot beneath the hill.

### A Name in the Sand.

BY HANNAH F. GOULD.

Alone I walked on the ocean strand;
A pearly shell was in my hand;
I stooped and wrote upon the sand
My name—the year—the day:
As onward from the spot I passed,
One lingering look behind I cast;
A wave came rolling high and fast,
And washed my lines away.

And so, methought, 'twill shortly be
With every mark on earth of me;
A wave of dark oblivion's sea
Will sweep across the place
Where I have trod the sandy shore
Of time, and been to me no more,
Of me—my day—the name I bore,
To leave nor track nor trace.

And yet, with Him who counts the sands,
And holds the waters in his hands,
I know a lasting record stands,
Inscribed against my name,
Of all this mortal part has wrought;
Of all this thinking soul has thought;
And from these fleeting moments caught
For glory, or for shame.

### The Stolen Kiss.

Lady, forgive the wicked act,
The lawless taking of this kiss;
For if my soul with pain were racked,
This would restore it back to bliss.

But now, if I have aught wrong done,
I think like Zaccheus of old,
'Tis time repentance had begun,
And I will now restore seven fold.

Nor is this all, my lovely lass—
Now, as I hope for blissful heaven,
I'll better do than Zaccheus,
And so restore you three times seven.

Ah, sweeter yet, and sweeter still—
Sinning is sweet, repentance sweeter—
But I can't find it in my will
To turn and weep for it like Peter.

### Advice to Wives.

Love is fickle, sages say,
Beauty cannot hold him;
Love will steal himself away,
Maidens, if you scold him.

Love! he will not live with strife,
Ever turn from beauty,
If the lady plagues his life
With her household duty.

You can have him in your power,
Ladies, if you try it;
Use him as you won him first,
Love—he can't deny it.

Do not fret, and scold, and pout,
Aggravating trouble;
Beauty looking up a rout,
Makes misfortune double.

### When Fortune beams.

When fortune beams around you,
When hearts with pleasure leap,
And hopes and joys surround you,
Forget not those who weep!

When friendship's smile invites you
To bless and to be blest;
When every charm delights you—
O, think of the distressed!

When golden gales betide you,
As if by Heaven decreed,
And plenty stands beside you—
Forget not those in need!

When pleasure's cup seems endless,
O, prove it without end,
By being to the friendless
In every hour a friend!

### The Engine Boy.

The engine-boy to the West has gone,
On the Sacramento you'll find him;
His engine badge he has girded on,
And his trumpet slung behind him.

Land of gold! said the engine-boy,
Though fell disease invade thee,
And death leave none thy rights to guard,
One engine-boy shall praise thee.

The fire-boy fell! but fever and ague
Could not bring his proud soul under;
The horn he loved ne'er spoke again,
For he smashed it all to thunder.

He said, no hand shall sully thee,
Way out here in Kalifornee!
Thy roar was made for the boys and me,
In Chatham square and the Boweree!

### An Epigram.

Kate is like a clock, they say,
Unconscious of her beauty;
She regulates the livelong day,
Exact in every duty.

If this be true, such self-command,
Such well directed powers,
O, may her little minute hand
Become a hand of ours.

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[Written for The Flag of our Union.]

### My Father's Old Pew.

BY R. H. G.

I love it—I love it with a heart warm and true,
That dear sacred relic, my father's old pew;
In the days of my childhood how oft I sat there,
While the parson knelt down and repeated his prayer.

My father, who then was my counsel and guide,
Demanded that there I should sit at his side;
And treasure each word as it solemnly flowed,
From the parson's high rostrum, his Sunday abode.

And my mother was there, I remember how pale
Was her care-worn cheek as she raised up her veil;
But little I thought, though I sometimes did sigh,
When she called me sweet child, and said she should die.

My father, my mother, have both passed away—
Their bodies long since have gone to decay;
But the lesson they taught me I ne'er shall forget—
Though long years have passed, I remember it yet.

Though I know that they tread more than Eden's fair bowers,
And pluck from their stems sweet perennial flowers;
Yet as oft as before that old pew I appear,
For a moment my parents immortal are here.

'Tis a link all-important in memory's chain;
It calls back full many a dear friend again;
In fancy's bold eye I see them once more,
As I was accustomed in bright days of yore.

Till life's closing scene, when the pulses beat low,
And back to my heart the red current shall flow,
I shall treasure, with feelings unchanging and true,
That dear sacred relic, my father's old pew.

[Written for The Flag of our Union.]

### Home.

BY MAC. MYRTLE.

Home! what a thrill of magic steals
From out that little word!
What hosts of varied pleasures cling
Around its festive board!

There sweet remembrances of past,
And present sunshine reigns;
There fond ones meet and mingle in
Each other's joys and pains.

When with the cares of worldly strife
The lofty brow droops down,
Home has a balm to ease the head,
A charm to soothe its frown.

The wanderer that quits the fold,
And scorns a father's care,
Soon tastes the dregs of pleasure's cup,
And mourns his wasted store.

When friends, who shared with him the spoils,
Desert him in that hour,
In deep remorse he turns his steps
Back to his father's door.

With open arms the parent greets,
And kindly bids him come;
When none would pity, none would save,
He finds a haven in home.

To the mariner, far and long away,
O'er ocean's waste to roam,
What lyre breathes forth such music sweet
As the sound of 'welcome home?'

Ever from this deep fount of love,
Pure springs of joy must come;
For where this sacred tie is loosed,
There it is not home.

[Written for The Flag of our Union.]

### The Christian's Prayer.

BY OSCAR DUNREATH.

An old man sat on a crumbling stone,
Watching the sun's ray,
As it passed away,
Like tuneful notes from a sea-shell blown;
Tinging the blue sky,
And the clouds on high,
With a sparkling flood of crimson gold,
Which sunset hours so brightly unfold.

The old man knelt on the earthly sod,
As the dew fell around
On the smiling ground,
And up to the shining throne of God
Breathed a prayer
On the scented air—
'Twas a lovely sight, that old man there,
Engaged in sweet and humble prayer.

What prayed he for?—that aged man—
For youthful days,
Or childhood plays,
That cheered his heart ere life's grief began?
For his weary life,
With sorrow and strife,
Had nearly passed from earth away,
Like the soft lingering light of day.

No—'twas not for youth, nor youthful play,
That, upon the sod,
In prayer to God,
He knelt, when the fading light of day
Threw its ray around
On the smiling ground—
But from his lips on evening air,
Fell the words of a Christian's prayer.

[Written for The Flag of our Union.]

### Rejected Love.

BY INCOGNITO, JR.

Rejected love! how shall I tune my harp!
No mortal curse, no mortal pang, so sharp!
Rejected love!
Hang it upon yon creaking, dying tree,
Let wintry blasts dole out its melody—
Rejected love!

Let vipers round it rear their heads of sin,
And vampires suck the living sap within;
Let turgid clouds obscure the sun at noon,
And birds of prey forever scream the tune—
Rejected love!

Let those who sing it not stand guarded back,
Lest, asp-like, the poison reach their track;
Lest misery press them strongly for their life,
And dread destruction gain the cursed strife!
Rejected love!

Go, speed away! forget the wretched theme,
Lest holy love be mourned by a dream;
Go, haste away! the muse shall not tell
The horrors that within thy precincts dwell—
Rejected love!

[Written for The Flag of our Union.]

### Friendship and Flattery contrasted.

BY BENJAMIN H. FERNALD.

True friendship is a gem of priceless worth,
But flattery is the vilest drug of earth;
Friendship seldom if ever speaks our praise,
But strives to show the error of our ways,
Tells us our faults, relieves us from their sway,
And turns the poisoned shafts of sin away,
While flattery makes our virtues seem so bright
That all our faults are hidden by their light;
The last, with all its witchery and art,
May please the sense, the first must win the heart.

## MISCELLANEOUS.

[Written for The Flag of our Union.]

### THE COQUETTE, OR, THE YOUNG ARTIST.

BY MRS. HENRY W. ALLEN.

#### CHAPTER I.

'Pleasant it was when woods were green,
And winds were soft and low,
To lie amid some sylvan scene,
Where the long, drooping boughs between
Shadows light and sunlight sheen
Alternate come and go.'

'I have been dreaming, then?' So spoke a lad of some seventeen summers. He had been reclining beneath an old oak tree, and his exclamation, it would seem, was almost involuntary, as he sprang to his feet and gazed around him.

Well might Philip Dale say he had been dreaming, for the noontide sun shone warmly upon the valley, when, with some mystic volume, he had sought the forest shades; but now the shadows were lengthened upon the green turf, and as he looked down into the vale beneath, he heard the cow-boys whistle, and saw the cattle returning from the distant fields.—Even the cobbler 'over the way,' the sine qua non of the little village of Lyndell, was closing his store for the night. Cow-boys, cattle and cobbler had all been very busy that afternoon, whilst Philip was resting far above them in the land of dreams. He picked up his book (it was Greek most literally), and sighed, for many long pages remained to be conned over; but a moment after, the cloud cleared from his brow, and he turned to take a parting look of the landscape.

Far away to the right sped the beautiful river, glancing at intervals from amid the thick foliage which overshadowed its waters, and down below, beneath a steep ridge, lay the quiet village, while a hum of business and long familiar sounds rose upon the air to his ear.

Ah! there is much of poetry in the commonest events of life, that which is not written but *felt*. Who has not known that hour of romance when all things glad and bright seem to have conspired to render existence delightful? Those hours, my moments, in which one lives a world of thought, and the remembrance of which outlives more vivid delight, more passionate joy. Such the hour, such the spot, and long might our young hero have enjoyed his reverie, but that thoughts of his home came over him, of his mother, who even now stood beside her cottage door awaiting his coming; and so musing of many things he turned his steps downward, often stopping to gather some wayside flower, until attracted by the flaunting girardia that had lined the wood with its yellow blossoms, he left the pathway and lightly vaulted over the fence to obtain it.

Heavily laden was Philip when he returned from the wood, and for his better convenience he had twined around his cap wreaths of clematis, mingled with the more upright branches of the girardia; in truth he presented a most fantastic appearance, when, O, unwonted sounds for the quiet road, came rapidly advancing carriage wheels, and as Philip instinctively doffed his cap, a barouche passed containing two ladies and a gentleman, while a pair of dark eyes bent upon him, and a merry peal of laughter told him that his strange gear had not escaped observation.—Alas for our country boy; he felt it exceedingly vexatious to be caught in such a guise.—Many months after, he thought of that fair face and sighed; but for a very different reason.

'The only child of his mother, and she a widow,' Philip's life had hitherto been passed in the quiet of the little village of which many years ago his father had been the clergyman. Nature seemed to have endowed him with a perception of the beautiful, almost too vivid for the relish of other studies, and many days when the role of the school was found wanting, the missing truant was to be seen roaming amid the wild scenery of L——, now sketching some spot more picturesque in the landscape, or again embodying some favorite features—drawings imperfect of course, yet oftentimes beautiful—sometimes they were accompanied by illustrations in verse or prose, which the Scotch schoolmaster, who had picked up some of these stray effusions, pronounced to be 'vera weel for so wild a lad.' Thus passed the quiet hours with little of the stirring to mark their progress, yet with an enjoyment worth all the fitful excitement of fashionable life, until in process of time came some strangers to the village, and rumor was not long in asserting that Mr. Linton, a city millionaire, had brought his daughter Isabel and her cousin Violet Trevor to atone for a winter's dissipation by inhaling the mountain breezes during the summer months. There were others who said the old man was a tyrant, who had placed a blockade of mountains between his fair charges and the world, for which there was wanting only some ardent lover to attempt the rescue. Some to be sure were so incredulous as not to believe the latter report. Amongst them, Mrs. Dale and her son, who were with the first to welcome the strangers, were now their near neighbors, for the extensive gardens of the mansion wherein the new comers resided, joined upon the flowery walks and green terraces pertaining to 'Glen Cottage.'

In a pleasant room, whose windows looked upon the lawn, stood a dark-eyed maiden within the crimson glow of the curtain, looking out upon the garden. A stranger passing without and gazing upon the high, pale forehead and flashing eyes of the lady, might have supposed her inspired, meditating some wild strain of poetry with which in future days to enchant the world. But no! she was only thinking over the conquests of the last season, and how excessively stupid it was of 'pa' to immure her so long in a country village.

'So awkward and rustic as she would get in such an uncivilized place. Ah! it was really dreadful;' and yet Isabel Linton had talents, though misdirected and sadly misused: no domestic virtues were hers; she was never made to be the sunlight of a cottage, but her place was in stately halls, and where 'proud cavaliers and fair ladies' tread the giddy maze, where jewels glitter from amid dark tresses, and song and dance turn night to day. *There was the queen.*

* * * * * *

'How pleasant and how sad the turning tide
Of human life, when side by side
The child and youth together glide
Along the vale of years,
The pure twin being of a little space,
With lightsome heart and yet a graver face,
Too young for woe, though not for tears.'

Upon a rustic bench within a green pavilion sat Violet Trevor, her face almost concealed by the profusion of sunny ringlets which fell around it, but the tears were falling fast, and her voice quivered as she looked upon a dove she held in her hand, its feathers stained with blood, and addressed a youth who stood beside her:

'How could you be so cruel, Mr. Dale, as to shoot my poor Zelie?'

'Indeed, Miss Trevor, had I known that you owned and cared for the bird, I should have been the last to injure it—' he paused, for at the opening stood Isabel; a glad smile played upon his lips as he sprang forward to meet her. Alas! the murder of the dove rested but lightly on the conscience of Philip.

It was the very nature of Miss Linton to coquette; she had been practising all her life and was perfect mistress of the art. Need it be wondered that her fascinations had won the unsophisticated heart of the boy who stood near her. She was the bright particular star whom he worshipped, ever present in his sleeping or waking dreams, and in his wild and visionary mind all things took her likeness. When he looked at the morning sun he thought of her presence coming to glad the earth; in his noontide dreamings in the old woods of Lyndell he heard her voice in every breeze that swept through the bending foliage; and even the stars of night, as they looked down from the unclouded heavens, seemed to gaze upon him with the radiant eyes of Isabel.

O, how lightly flew those summer hours as together they roamed the forest. Violet, pretty child! flitting hither and thither, wreathing wild flowers in her sunny hair, rarely in the way, and Isabel smiling upon him with her lustrous eyes, as reclining at her feet he read some olden tale of chivalry—

'In fantasy a red cross knight,
Longing for her dear sake to fight.'

It was after one of these rambles, and the ladies were sitting alone in the same room, Isabel idly touching her guitar, and Violet vainly striving to bring on good terms a little Maltese kitten she held and a beautiful spaniel that lay at her feet, when the latter exclaimed:

'Do you like Mr. Dale, Bella?'

'Like him! what put that into your head, Miss Violet?'

'O, nothing in particular, only I thought it seemed you did—almost as much as the handsome count,' she continued, looking archly up at her companion.

'The handsome count! Ah, indeed. I wish he were here, no need then of keeping myself in practice by expending my smiles on these country rustics, most especially that model of awkward simplicity, Philip Dale! you are two such simpletons. I think you would be well matched. You had better leave off pantalettes, confine those floating locks of yours, Violet, and try your skill—upon my word, you blush!'

'And with good reason, Bella, you call me a child; but I know enough to think your words and actions concerning Mr. Dale do not correspond; perhaps he will find it so too late.'

'O, play with your dolls, dear Violet, a little longer, and leave me to manage my own affairs, and pray oblige me by removing your protegés, the dog and cat, into the next room, they make me nervous.'

* * * * *

'These two, a maiden and a youth were there,
Gazing the one on all that was beneath,
Fair as herself, but the boy gazed on her,
And both were young, and one was beautiful.'

'You walk early this morning, Miss Linton,' said Philip, as they stood together upon the brow of the hill. 'I called upon you, and knew you were out, but little thought of meeting you here. I have come to bid farewell to all my favorite haunts, for I leave Lyndell this afternoon.'

'Is it so—we shall miss you very much; but why this sudden removal?'

'Listen, Isabel, and I will tell you. When I first knew you, I was a careless boy. It is only two months since, and yet I seem to have lived years—new thoughts and purposes have sprung up in my mind, and I cannot content myself with the stillness and obscurity of this idle life. I am going into the world, to try and win such a name, that you will not blush to remember that you have smiled upon its wearer.'

'Has the boy gone romantic?' thought Isabel; but outwardly she only looked down, and a rosebud that was wreathed in her hair detached itself and fell to the ground.

'Keep it, Philip,' she said, as he stooped to raise it.

'As an emblem, dear Isabel?'

'For what you like—'

'It shall be my inspiration, then,' and the rosebud bid fair that day for immortality.

#### CHAPTER II.

The artist sat alone in his studio on a winter's day, so cold and chill, and thought of his pleasant home, of the summer flowers and the birds carolling their merry songs, and with these thoughts came memories of one whose presence had hallowed all.

A loud knock disturbed his reverie—it was the prelude to the entrance of a Mr. Smith, a would-be connoisseur.

'Ah, Dale, my good fellow, how are you? Still at your easel. What is it? a likeness? original, eh? very singular that all your sketches bear so striking a resemblance to Miss Linton, the belle of the season. Very good coloring in her face, and not out of drawing either; you ought to see her, and that reminds me Mrs. Curtis has given me leave to invite a few of my friends to her ball of five hundred this evening. Will you be one? here is a ticket. Just mention my name at the door, John Smith, Esq.; it would carry you over the world.'

'Excuse—'

'O, no excuses at all—on second thoughts, I will call *for* you in my cab. I like to patronize genius. Why, you must mix with the world, and get known; that is the only way. Put on a good coat, and nobody will inquire after your family. What was your father? a clergyman! a very respectable man, I dare say, and your mother, what a nice old lady she must be?'

'Indeed, Mr. Smith, if you mean to insult—'

'There, that is just like the rest of your race, so touchy and sensitive. Of course, I meant no such thing; at nine o'clock, I shall be here for you, and let me hear no more such nonsense.'

The result of it was, that Philip was carried off *nolens volens* to the ball.

The music of the band was ringing merrily through the hall when he entered. It was one of the Strauss waltzes, and while he listened to the enchanting strains, and gazed upon the forms of breathing beauty moving to the gay measure, it seemed for the time some dream of fairy land, but gradually a feeling of loneliness stole over him—that solitude in the midst of a crowd which he had vainly searched in the endeavor to find a familiar face.

'Very Byronic, upon my word!'

Philip unfolded his arms and looked up, for a soap-locked gentleman before him seemed to be amusing himself highly with his attitude. As he glanced upon the throng opposite, he started, for there, radiant in beauty, stood Isabel Linton, the queen of the evening.

'Dear Isabel, he murmured, as he sprang forward to speak with her; but another gentleman interposed, and led her off in triumph to a quadrille that was forming at the upper end of the hall.

Philip lingered for a while, looking at the dancers, his heart beating glad time to the measure, and then found his way into the conservatory. It was late in the season, and though the evening was cool, the window had been thrown open to give air. The cold moonlight lay upon the flowers as they stood in their crystal vases, and the music, mellowed by the distance, came faintly upon the ears of those who had strolled hither to inhale the rare fragrance of the exotics; but other music fell upon the ear of Philip, the tones of Isabel—now the melody was changed.

'Who was that young man, Miss Linton?' said the gentleman still in attendance. 'From his manner, I imagined him to be an old flirtation of yours.'

'Really! you flatter my taste. I think him one of these country bores, who presume upon the slightest acquaintance. I know his name, and think him, as we Yankees say, "a little touched in the upper story."'

'Indeed! how could Mrs. Curtis admit him? I shall have to cut her acquaintance, if she is not more select.'

'O, he came with that bear of a cousin of hers, John Smith. I suppose he was glad of any sort of an invitation that would introduce him into good society; but hark,' she said, as the clear notes of a female voice rose above the busy hum. 'It is the celebrated cantatrice, Signora ——, let us adjourn to the music room, to listen.'

Philip paused till they were out of sight, and then passed rapidly through the corridor. Many thoughts were glancing through his brain, but above all was the wish to be at home.

'Stop, Mr. Dale, is this the way you recognize old friends?' and a little hand was laid upon his arm in detention. It was Violet Trevor, who stood before him, beautiful in her child-like simplicity. 'Are you ill to-night? you look pale.'

'Yes—no—the heat of the room perhaps; I think you must excuse me, Miss Trevor.'

'So soon? that is not very complimentary, and I have so many questions to ask you about all things belonging to Lyndell. 'How are the chickens, my little bantam, and the old blind pony I used to ride? What would I not give to see them.'

'Good evening, Miss Trevor.'

'Well, that is abrupt, at all events,' thought Violet, as she returned his parting salutation.

* * * * * *

Years passed on, while the country boy toiled assiduously in his profession; but he had made good his word—his name now ranked among the gifted of earth. Five years had elapsed since he had left his native land.

In the beautiful clime of Italy he had been perfecting himself in his art, and now among the fashionable on dits contained in the foreign correspondence of the day, always arrived gratifying intelligence concerning Philip Dale. Royal favor had distinguished him, and America was proud to own her son.

It was a glorious sunset at Saratoga, but there were few without to enjoy its beauty, for the young ladies were at their toilette, preparing for the evening's ball; the old ladies were afraid of the damp, and the gentlemen were revelling in all the mysteries of Macassar oil and Tyrian dye, and giving the last graceful finish to their moustache, imperials, &c.

In one of the 'thousand and one' little rooms that compose the interior of a watering-place hotel, sat a gentleman, very busy in doing—nothing—he had thrown aside his book, and taken up a portfolio, and was listlessly turning over its contents, when a dialogue ensued in an adjoining room, which bid fair to offer an agreeable episode to the ennui that was gathering over him, and as the words proceeded, a smile curled upon his half scornful lips, for in the tones he heard now so differently, there was much to awaken early memories, when the sound of that voice touched another string beside that of mirth.

'O, by the way, Isabel, my dear, do you know that Mr. Dale, the celebrated artist, about whom all the world has gone mad, is staying in this house?'

'Yes,' returned the fair lady, yawning, if one might judge by the prolonged respiration. 'So we understood in the cars this morning. I suppose they make quite a lion of him; is he so very handsome?'

'Dear me, yes. He sat opposite me at the dinner-table, and he is the very beau ideal of an artist, a perfect love. But did you never see him?'

'O yes; and thereby hangs a tale; he was a great admirer of mine, in the days when "we were younger," before he went to Europe, and I intend he shall wear my chains again. I hear he has had a large fortune left him by some distant relatives.'

'Has he? well—rich, talented, handsome! what more can he desire? Happy man! but let us adjourn now to mamma's room, to look over those French flowers.'

As the door closed after them, the gentleman rose from his recumbent position, and taking from his valise a miniature, gazed long and earnestly upon the face pictured therein. It was a beautiful countenance, but it seemed to awaken no emotion of love in the heart of the gazer, as he half soliloquized:

'Heartless coquette! and so you would pay court to the riches which have been so lavishly bestowed upon me, fair Isabel! Well, you shall yet be *mine*, but I—Ah, never thine again.'

* * * *

'O, thou, who art the fairest of earth's daughters,
Delighted could I sit a summer's day
To drink the music of thy lips away,
Gushing their careless melody upon the waters;
And while I gazed upon thy full blue eyes,
Still listening to thy passion-kindling songs,
Deem myself happiest of thy votaries.'

It was late when Philip entered the ball-room, arm in arm with a distinguished friend.

'Remember! I depend upon you for an introduction to the belles of the evening,' said he, as they stepped aside to make room for the busy throng.

'Yes, I shall not forget the trust, but in truth I am puzzled to know which is the "belle" par excellence of the season. There is Miss Vanhausen, the heiress, and Miss Clifton, the lovely poetess, and here comes Miss Linton, with that tall Devereux, handsome, to be sure, but "*un peu passe*." The lady passed on, and much to Philip's surprise, honored him with a bow and glance of recognition.

'Ah, here is one,' continued his unconscious friend, 'who has not a fault in the world, Miss Trevor! but she is not to be lightly won, and apropos to that, there is a curious story floating amongst the fashionable scandal of the day. I think she is cousin, or some relative of Miss Linton's; at any rate, they have associated together from childhood, Miss Linton taking the lead, for she is the senior by many years. Last winter there was an English baronet, rich, distinguished, and moving in the same circle with these two beauties, and with only one drawback to his youthful aspirations, he had about twice the years of the eldest. Miss Linton immediately decided that by good rights he belonged to her—she was destined to be "my lady," and made use of every art to bring forth the wished-for declaration; but with the proverbial frankness of her sex, she told her intentions to a female friend, who, in her turn, confided them to the gentleman himself. Whereupon, he withdrew his attentions, which before had been quite particular, and, much to the annoyance of Violet, bestowed them upon herself. Of course Miss Linton was highly indignant, but instead of turning her spite to the true source, she vented it all upon her innocent cousin, and it is really amusing to see the malice with which she misconstrues her every action; but enough of this; shall I introduce you to my "favorite belle"?'

'I am obliged to you. I should never dare to speak to *her* without another introduction,' thought Philip, as he looked towards her. 'I wonder if angels ever descend to this earth to visit ball-rooms.'

In a few moments he was by her side, and in playful badinage the minutes flew away. But there was a spectator of the happy scene, to whom time passed not so quickly,—it was Isabel, and leaving her partner, who vainly strove to entertain her, she passed to where Mr. Trevor, with a quiet smile, sat looking at the dancers.

'Dear uncle,' she commenced, 'do you not think our pretty Violet looks fatigued by the exertions of the evening? her cheeks are flushed more than usual, and she ought not to stand so imprudently in the draught.'

'Poor Violet, she is not used to the excitement of so much gaiety,' said Mr. Trevor, as he gazed with a father's pride upon his lovely daughter. But there was a shade of anxiety upon his brow, and he added, 'she ought to be at rest by this time, and I will take her away.'

'Then have mercy upon your gouty foot, uncle,' said Isabel, as she saw him rising to go, 'and appoint me your deputy. I will deliver your message faithfully, and Violet will come to you.' So saying, she left him, and in a little while the father and daughter had left the brilliant scene.

'All is right so far,' thought Isabel, as she watched the result of her efforts, and saw Philip escort Violet from the room. 'Of course he will return to me; at all events, I have removed her *for* the space of one short hour. Heavens! I wish I could annihilate her altogether; how she is in my way!' and the expression of Isabel Linton's face was for the moment positively ugly. But it was wreathed with her most fascinating smiles, when Mr. Dale again stood beside her, and every art that could enchant was called into requisition. Never was such a flirtation known in ball-room annals. The elderly ladies who had daughters to bring out, held up their hands and congratulated themselves that Miss Linton was no child of theirs; and as for the young ladies, they were 'very much disappointed in the appearance of Mr. Dale, he was not half so handsome' as they expected. The last thought of Isabel, as she composed herself to sleep, was in triumph,—'I have secured my conquest, one of the best matches of the day, and after all, it is pleasant to be loved;' and so she slept, to dream of a magnificent *trousseau*, winters' in Paris, with a dim perspective of diamonds and jewels 'rich and rare,' floating in imagination.

Very different was the reverie of Philip, as he folded within the leaves of a book a blue violet, fit emblem of her whose name it bore, and from whose bouquet it had been taken. 'This fragile flower,' thought he, 'was not given me as a token, yet I trust it will not mislead me so severely as another I wot of. What nonsense is this they talk about *first love*, I do not believe in it,' and in his dreams that night, he thought not of Isabel—but of Violet.

Day after day passed in rapid succession, and rumor was not long in discovering the engagement between Mr. Dale and Miss Linton to be decided. It was said that it had been quite a romantic attachment, he had loved her *from* his earlier youth, and he certainly was devoted now, whilst she gave him every possible encouragement. 'O, of course it was all settled;' but still there seemed to be an under current flowing.

One gentleman said, that on a day when Miss Linton had kept her room *from* indisposition, he had met Mr. Dale and Miss Trevor taking a solitary ramble through the pine forests that so line Saratoga; and a young lady positively averred, that passing the door of Miss Trevor's room, she had seen Mr. Dale's black *page* deliver a bouquet and note in the name of his master. However, Isabel still reigned in happy security, never doubting that she still retained with a strong hold the love of her early victim. Indeed, her own heart was a little touched, but a little, 'tis true, for what coquette ever had much to touch—yet still enough to make her rather uncomfortable, and impatient *for* a declaration.

#### CHAPTER III.

'I love not thee—I would sooner bind
My thoughts to the open sky,
I would worship as soon a familiar star,
That is bright to every eye.'

It was winter—New York had been unusually gay, and balls and parties had nearly turned night to day. At the fashionable promenading hour Broadway was thronged with idlers and ermines, velvets, cloaks and canes were mingled in rare confusion.

Amongst the saunterers was generally Miss Linton, and Philip Dale was still in attendance. She had volunteered to sit for a picture of a sybil he was just commencing, and the hour had arrived when she was to take her first sitting. 'And now,' thought she, as she arrayed herself with more than usual care, 'now or never shall he offer himself, even if I have to advance farther than is befitting my sex. I know that he loves me; this is unwonted diffidence.'

It was a beautiful room into which Isabel Linton was ushered. Heavy curtains fell in massy folds upon the thickly carpeted floor, and many a beautiful group of statuary filled the recesses or lay half hidden by the crimson drapery, while all around upon the walls, bright faces looked down from their gorgeous frames upon the solitary inmate of the apartment, and mingled with these later productions were a few master pieces of art, collected by Philip whilst in Italy; but little Isabel heeded the beauty gathered around her, for she was *alone*.

'Where is your master?' said she, half angrily, to the servant.

'He desires many 'scuses to you, madam, but he was called away on business, he will be absent half an hour, he said,' and with a bow the woolly pated gentleman disappeared.

'How provoking!' soliloquized Isabel, as she gazed round the room in search of something to while away the time. Well, as he has chosen his own convenience, I will choose mine. I wish I could find a portfolio. What would be its contents, I wonder? and as she looked up, she saw resting upon the top of a tall book case, the article in question, but far beyond the reach of her unaided efforts to obtain. It was evidently placed there to be out of the reach of any inquisitive eyes, yet what will not curiosity accomplish, when the motive that urges it be as strong as the one that prompted Isabel. She drew a chair towards the heavy case, and finding that would not raise her as high as was needful, placed thereon an ottoman, surmounted by a book, and in that hazardous position succeeded in obtaining the object of her desires, when a slight noise startling her, she turned, and beheld Philip standing beside her.

'Good morning, Miss Linton,' he said, with a half suppressed smile. 'Shall I assist you to alight?'

Could the ground have opened to have hid her from his sight, she would gladly have accepted the refuge, for she thought truly there was nothing very ladylike in the fact of being thus caught perched midway between heaven and earth, in the indulgence of a childlike curiosity. But she was too much a woman of the world to betray her feelings, and placing her hand in his, she sprang lightly to the floor.

'Ever reaching for forbidden fruit, Mr. Dale,' she said, raising her eyes to his, and blushing as she noticed his steadfast gaze. 'It is not fair, now that I have had so much trouble in obtaining those drawings, not to allow me a view of them. What shall I offer in exchange?' she added, extending her hand to receive them.

Strange to say, the moment so temptingly offered, was not improved.

'I fear my poor pencilings would prove a sorry substitute for aught you might offer, Miss Linton; but I have a picture upon which I should like your opinion,' and advancing, he removed from a portrait the drapery which had concealed it.

'Violet Trevor!' exclaimed Isabel, almost starting. 'It is a good likeness, only I think you have made the eyes a shade too blue. It is rather a defect in her beauty, that her eyes, "those mirrors of the soul," border upon a greenish tinge,' and Miss Linton fixed her own dark orbs full upon Philip's, possibly that he might take in the whole effect of their fascination. 'Her father will be pleased with it, I know, for he has often urged her to sit; but confess, now, did you not find her rather a tedious companion during the hours of painting?' and pausing, she waited a reply.

'Were it not the "unpardonable sin" to disagree with a lady, I should certainly deny that, for she is promised to me for a companion through life.'

'Nay, Mr. Dale!' said Isabel, her eyes flashing fire, 'this is but a mockery. Explain yourself, and assert if you dare, that while addressing me, Violet Trevor is your affianced bride.'

'I do not wonder that your cousinly feelings are wounded in not being made a confidant by Violet in this affair, but there were certain preliminaries to be settled, before the engagement could be made public, and you in the meantime condescended to cover matters, by the innocent flirtation with which you have so favored me this winter. Yet believe *me*, Miss Linton,' he continued, more coldly, had I not believed you "fancy free," I should have denied myself more your society. Do you remember the summer we spent together in Lyndell? Ah, how passionately I then loved you! I would have bartered my existence for a smile, and you—did you not encourage me? A few months passed on, and the poor student was unnoticed, unrecognized, nay more, ridiculed. Then a lapse of years intervened, and he returned from a foreign land, with honor and wealth; and money purchased for him what love and genius could not obtain—*the smiles of Isabel Linton*,—but now they are valueless. And lady, when next you speak against the absent, let me caution you to have no unintentional listeners!'

[Written for The Flag of our Union.]

### The Tillers of the Soil.

BY DAVID OF YORK.

Where are the sturdy hands,
That drive the bright ploughshare?
And make the barren lands
Look beautiful and fair?
Who are that little band,
That labor, sweat and toil?
The bulwark of our land—
The tillers of the soil!

Who makes this barren earth
A paradise of wealth;
And fills each humble hearth
With plenty life and health?
O, I would have you know
They are the men of toil;
The men who reap and sow—
The tillers of the soil!

O, let me hold the plough,
And drive the bright ploughshare;
And feel that on my brow
Toil's honest sweat is there.
O, let me sow and reap,
And learn to bind and coil
The yellow ripened sheaf,
Like a tiller of the soil!

Ye are a nation's stay,
Ye men of worthy strife;
The stars that light the way
To happiness and life
Then still the plough caress;
Still be your watchword, toil!
And may God ever bless
The tillers of the soil!

### Tact and Talent.

Talent is something, but tact is everything. Talent is serious, sober, grave, and respectable; tact is all that, and more too. For all the practical purposes of life, tact carries it against talent—ten to one. Take them to the bar, and let them shake their learned curls at each other in legal rivalry: talent sees its way clearly, but tact is first at its journey's end. Talent has many a compliment from the bench, but it is tact which touches fees from attorneys and clients. Talent speaks learnedly and logically; tact triumphantly. Talent makes the world wonder that it gets on no faster, tact excites astonishment that it gets on so fast; and the secret is, that it has no weight to carry; it makes no false steps; it hits the right nail on the head; it loses no time; it takes all hints; and by keeping its eye on the weather-cock, is ready to take advantage of every wind that blows. Take them into the church. Talent has always something worth hearing, tact is sure of abundance of hearers. Talent may obtain a living, tact will make one. Talent gets a good name, tact a great one. Talent convinces, tact converts. Talent is an honor to the profession, tact gains honor from the profession. Take them to court. Talent feels its weight, tact finds its way. Talent commands, tact is obeyed. Talent is honored with approbation, and tact is blessed with preferment. Place them in the Senate. Talent has the ear of the house, but tact wins the heart, and has its votes. Talent is fit for employment, but tact is fitted for it. It has a knack of slipping into place with sweet silence, and glibness of movement. Talent is a very good thing to be proud of, but tact is useful, portable, applicable; it is the talent of talents, the right hand of intellect.—*London Examiner.*

[Written for The Flag of our Union.]

### The Dream.

BY EMERALD T. WILSON.

A mother with her darling child
Upon her couch reclines;
The infant's smile, so calm and mild,
Her soul with love inspires.

As evening shades steal o'er day's beam,
And deepen into night,
Her busy fancy weaves a dream,
Which fills her with delight.

A band of angels from above
Descend in bright array—
Fair heralds of eternal love—
To take her babe away.

Around the silent couch they stand,
And bend their heavenly forms;
While blazing light at their command
Each object there adorns.

Upon a soft, celestial bed,
Bedecked with many a gem,
They lay the child, and on its head
They place a diadem!

Swifter than eagles cleave the air,
With their dear charge they fly;
And gain that land so bright and fair,
Beyond the vaulted sky.

The mother now beholds her boy
Borne to the fount of grace,
Transplanted to those realms of joy
Where sorrow has no place.

She hears the song of welcome there,
By seraph voices given;
Her eye beholds her boy appear
An angel pure in heaven!

Nor does she wish him back again
To this dark world of strife;
But would that he should still remain
In that abode of life.

While musing thus the light of day
Upon her eyelids breaks,
The glorious dream is fled away,
As into life she wakes.

In fond embrace she clasps her boy,
And on his cheeks she showers
Her warmest kisses, while sweet joy
Her trembling heart o'erpowers.

### Epidemics of Other Times.

In this day of pestilence, it may be proper to read of the ravages of kindred judgments in other days, in order to show that, compared with the suffering of those periods, how little account can be made of the ravages of the cholera at the present day. A writer in the Albany Atlas has collected some facts which are interesting in this connection. A pestilence, which was called the *Black Death*, ravaged Europe, Asia, and Africa, in the 14th century, and was preceded by a series of most remarkable natural phenomena. Hecker, in his History of the Epidemics of the Middle Ages, declares that from China to the Atlantic the foundations of the earth were shaken; throughout Asia and Europe the atmosphere was in commotion, and baneful to vegetable and animal life. Dr. Howell, in his Medula Historiæ Anglicanæ, says that in 1348, the year when the Black Death appeared in England, it rained from midsummer to Christmas.

In Europe the Black Death first appeared at Constantinople, in 1347, having travelled thither from the north-east of the Black Sea. Afterwards, and in the same year, it reached Cypress, Sicily, Marseilles, and some seaports of Italy; the other Mediterranean islands were then visited in succession. In January, 1348, it appeared at Avignon; in April it was at Florence, and so passed through France and Germany.

It reached England in August, and advanced so gradually, that it was three months before it arrived at London.

The accounts which are given of the mortality of this plague are hardly credible. In Paris, at Hotel Dieu, 500 died daily. At Avignon the Pope consecrated the Rhone, and the dead were thrown into it, as the church-yards were full. In Vienna there died 1200 every day, and the bodies were arranged in layers by thousands, in six large pits outside of the city. In England, the large cities suffered dreadfully; in Yarmouth 7000 died; in London, 50,000 were buried in the Cistercian church yard in one year. Ireland was less severely visited than England, and Scotland might have entirely escaped, had not the thieving propensities of the people caused them to make a hostile incursion into England, in consequence of which, the army caught the plague, and the contagion spread through the whole of Scotland.

The scourge devastated England till August, 1349, and it did not leave Europe before the close of 1350. It was observed that large concourses of people caused the disease to rage with terrible fury. Pope Clement the 6th appointed a jubilee at Rome in 1350, and it is said that scarce one in a hundred of the pilgrims escaped death. Thus Italy was depopulated anew. It was supposed that one-fourth of the population of Europe, or about twenty-five millions of persons died in the period of time reaching from 1347 to 1350. It was also reported to Pope Clement, that twenty-three millions had died in Asia. Hecker remarks that the Black Death was distinguished from other pestilences by the presence of violent inflammation of the lungs.

A strange pestilential fever made its appearance in England in 1483, first showing itself in the army of Henry VII, on his landing at Milford Haven; it repeated its visitations in 1485, 1506, 1517, 1528, and last of all, in 1551. It received the name of Ephemera Britanni, because it was particularly fatal to Englishmen, and its crisis was a single day. When it entered London, it attacked from 500 to 600 daily, of whom scarcely one per cent. recovered. Millingen, in his Curiosities of Medical Experience, says, that 'the invasion of this terrific disorder was generally preceded by a thick, noisome fog, especially in Shropshire. A dark cloud usually took the lead, and the distemper followed its course.'

The frequent recurrence of those plagues, caused the different powers of Europe to institute sanitary regulations. The first steps taken by any government, were in Lombardy and Milan, in 1374, 1383, and 1399. These regulations arose, rather from the discretion of the police, than from any preconceived medical opinions. The custom of forty days for ordeal or quarantine, seems to have arisen from the doctrine of critical days; the fortieth day being considered as the last, or extreme of critical days. Bills of Health arising out of this regulation were established in 1527.—Among other regulations, in some countries the physicians were ordered to dress in a particular costume, and the surgeons were to wear something resembling the scapulars of the Friars.

### Ant Plague in Grenada.

Their numbers were so immense as to cover the road for several miles, and so crowded in many places, that the prints of horses feet were distinctly marked amongst them till filled up by the surrounding multitudes. They made bridges across large and rapid rivers with the dead bodies of their comrades. Every kind of cold victuals, all species of vermin, particularly rats, and even the sores of the negroes were exposed to their attacks. A premium of £20,000 was offered to the discoverer of any effectual method of destroying them, and the principal means employed were poison and fire. By mixing arsenic and corrosive sublimate with animal substances, myriads were destroyed, and the slightest tasting of the poison rendered them so outrageous as to destroy one another. Lines of red hot charcoal were laid in their way, to which they crowded in such numbers as to extinguish it with their bodies; and holes full of fire were dug in the cane grounds, which soon were extinguished by heaps of dead. But while the nests remained undisturbed, new progenies appeared as numerous as ever, and the only effectual check which they received, was from the destructive hurricane, which by tearing up altogether, or so loosening the roots of the plants where they nestled, as to admit the rain, and almost extirpate the whole race.—*History of the British Colonies.*

Who don't know John Barrett, that popular conductor and wag, of the Boston and Lowell Railroad? Just before the starting of his train one day, as he was taking a cup of coffee in the refectory in the station in this city, a young swell stepped up to him, and familiarly slapping him on the shoulder, pompously exclaimed

'How are you, sir! Do you drive this train?'

'Well—yes,' he responded, quietly sipping his coffee, without looking up.

'Ah! you do, eh! What'll you take me to Boston for, then?'

John gave him a single glance, and quickly replied:

'I'll take you there for a monkey, sir; do you wish to go?'

Amid roars of laughter from the bystanders, the young man went away sorrowing.—*Lowell Vox Populi.*

We listened yesterday to the following conversation in our office between a parcel of ragged, saucy and sharp-witted news boys

'Say, Tyson, is the Canada in?'

*Tyson*—'In course she is.'

'No!' shouted half a dozen voices at once.

*Tyson*—'I'll bet yer a shillin' she's in.'

'Done—put up yer tin!' exclaimed the half a dozen voices.

*Tyson*—'Agreed. She's in—the water, ain't she?'

*Half-a-dozen voices*—somewhat subdued—'In course she is.'—*N. Y. Mirror.*

On the morning of the day of the battle of Brandywine, Hunt, who was called the 'Big Priest' by the army, (being seven feet) scarcely commenced praying to his regiment when the firing began at a distance, rendering it necessary. He therefore concluded with these words:

'Remember, brethren, that those who fall in battle sup with the Lord,' and then turned and marched off—when an officer said

'Parson, are you not going to battle?'

'No, colonel,' he replied, 'I am not, for I never eat supper.'

Considerable amusement is caused by an anecdote which is going the rounds, and of which President Bonaparte is the hero. He went to review the troops at Troyes. When the car containing the President and suite stopped, an old man, a laborer, came up, and in a voice which made the very echoes tremble, cried, 'Hurrah for Napoleon!' A smile of thanks already played round the lips of the Executive power when the old man resumed as if to complete his thought: 'Hurrah for Napoleon—*who is dead!*' Thereupon the bell rang, and the train continued its route.

An illustrious individual, intending to take the early boat for Albany, the *other* day, called at Dunlap's Hotel, a little after 12 o'clock P. M., and inquired of the very polite and attentive young man behind the bar, if he couldn't give him two beds?

'Have you a friend with you?' asked the young 'un.

'No, but as I've such a short time to stay, I'd like to get the largest amount of sleep possible.'

'Well,' said the clerk, 'I can give you a double bed, and you can go your pile on tick!'

A few days ago, in a fit of abstraction, Jem picked up a sixpenny piece, while perambulating the sidewalk in Wall street.

A friend who was with him, observed that Jem had 'picked up money *on the walk*.'

'You are mistaken.'

'Why, I am sure I saw you do it,' persisted the inquirer.

'No,' rejoined Jem, gravely, 'I stopped in the first place, and picked it up on the stoop.'

Jem, on visiting an old friend in the country, during the past week, and finding him harvesting his grain, remarked that it would be absolutely necessary for him to return to the city at once.

'How so?' inquired the agriculturist.

'Because,' said Jem, 'you see I left the city on account of the sickness raging there—and I find myself here in the very midst of the sickly season.'

The editor of the Albany *Dutchman* has been regaling himself with a 'bust with a locomotive,' which he thus sums up: 'We returned home on Thursday, after a trip of 600 miles, and in about three and a half days—having in that time passed over four states, nine railroads, four oxen, and a barouche. Anybody that has done more in that time, will please forward his address and the small balance he owes us.'

In Dorchester may be seen a queer epitaph on a young woman who died very suddenly:

On the 21st of March,
God's angels made a search,
Around the door they stood—
They took a maid,
It is said,
And cut her down like wood.

The late Dr. James Hamilton was once sent for by a lady of fashion to see her favorite monkey, which had gorged itself at breakfast. On entering the room, he observed her ladyship's only son most absurdly dressed, and looking first at the child and then at the monkey, coolly inquired: 'My lady, which is the monkey?'

The great native American we have seen lately, is a chap who went hungry all the way on the passage from New York to Albany on the steamer New World. He refused to eat, because the meals were furnished on the '*European* plan.' He is decidedly ahead of the chap who declined taking a newspaper because it published the '*foreign* news.'

Dobbins—a name familiar as 'household words'—Dobbins was advised, after imbibing pretty freely of the ardent, to take a spoonful of salt to settle his stomach.

'No, I thank you,' was the reply, 'I find myself sufficiently *corned* already.'

Mrs. Ordway was recently complaining that she had had a jar of preserves stolen by an Irish servant, whose brogue she could not understand half of the time.

'Then, ma'am,' said Bonus, 'you have reason to complain of the *jar gon*.'

'I say, Bob, you've been to Canton, haven't you?'

'Yes.'

'Well, can you speak China?'

'Y-e-s, a little; that is, I speak *broken china*.'

The daughter of a landlady being requested to place upon the table an article used for containing salt, returned with her beau, a clerk, remarking that he was a *salt-seller*. M.'s hair stood upon end, but he remarked that he might do in a measure.

Bill on his wife could not bestow
One tear of sorrow when she died;
Her life had made so many flow,
That all the briny fount was dried!

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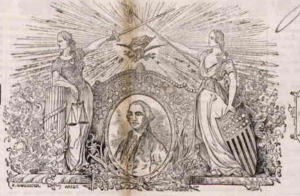

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[WRITTEN EXPRESSLY FOR THE FLAG OF OUR UNION.]

# THE SPANIARD:

or,

# THE CRUISER OF LONG ISLAND.

## A Story of Sunshine and Shadow.

BY FRED HUNTER.

[CONTINUED.]

### CHAPTER XVI.

*A retrospective glance. A lady and her attendant introduced to the reader. The early history of Clarence Defoe. A narrative and a denouement. A visiter at the cottage. The interview between the Spaniard and Mrs. Mary D——, of Westchester. News is received from Clarence, by his lady friend, in New York.*

THE scenes we have already delineated, have borne us along through a period of eight months from the time when we first discovered Clarence Defoe, as he emerged from the forest, at the upper extremity of Long Island—after his escape from his New York prison-house. As we have already shown, he was innocent of the charge which, from his unfortunate associations, he had become implicated in; but, in the belief that he should be unable to establish this fact, he had fled from the country, ere the promulgation of it had reached him. We may also call the attention of the reader to the state of mind in which we left the fair being who had caused him to escape; for we are now about to turn to other characters connected with our story, whom we have not alluded to for a time, and with whom we will soon become better acquainted.

In the fall of the year succeeding the date upon which our narrative commences—upon a fine October evening, there stood two ladies near the open bay-window of a neat little cottage located in a retired New England village. They were conversing quietly, and by the pale light of the young harvest-moon, one could have discovered that there existed a wide difference in their station and characters. The first was a woman of some thirty-five years old, in fact, though the lines of beauty which had marked her form and features in earlier years, were still preserved, and she might have passed for one full five or six years younger. She was richly attired, though very modest in her tout ensemble, and her voice was soft and musical. Her conversation was calm and dignified—her manners pleasing and graceful; yet there was an exhibition of settled melancholy in her sweet countenance, which enlisted the sympathy of any one who approached her. She troubled none with her sorrows—if she had any, however; and her life was marked by prudence and constant acts of benevolence.

The other person alluded to, was a female some forty years of age; and the plain muslin dress, the old-fashioned high crowned cap, and round hair 'puffs' which adorned her face and person—showed that she belonged to a class of ladies, very useful in their way, and known as 'good-looking nurses,' by the younger generations. These two persons were now mistress and waiting-woman. The first was the lady who had managed the original escape of Clarence—the last was *Caroline Vanwert.* It was many years since they had met (until within a few weeks), but in her journeyings, the lady had chanced to meet Caroline by accident, whose services she engaged at once, for old associations' sake; and the nurse attended upon her with satisfaction, because she had learned to love her, years before, for her many virtues.

'Poor Clarence!' said the lady, sighing—'I wonder where he is, to-night?'

'Safe, madam, and doin' well, I've no doubt.'

'I trust so, surely. But I would like to see his pleasant face again.'

'Ah, so should I, dear madam. I ventur' now, he wouldn't skeersly know his nurse—eh? madam.'

'Perhaps so, Cally. You remember, do you not—how in his childish days, he would run for you, and call you "mamma"?'

'Ah, yes 'ndeed, do I! But less me see. It's now full sixteen year, since I was called away from him. An' then he fell in strangers' hands. I hope they treated him as well as "Cally" did. He was a dear good boy!'

'And so he was. His fate was harsh—I hope, however, that his fortune's bettered since he left his home.'

'An' is it possible, dear madam, as you tell me, that he never knew his parents?'

'Even so. Ah, Cally, you will never know the trials of the hearts that loved him; but it was well, perhaps, that he should remain in ignorance of those facts, which even at a day so far remote as this, call up such harrowing thoughts. Poor William—too! He sleeps in quiet, and his faults were all forgiven!'

The conversation had reached the point when it had become painful to both the speaker and hearer, and it ceased.

The early history of Clarence, embracing the period from his birth to the time when he was thrown upon his own resources in New York, as we have stated, at the age of fifteen, is brief. As it bears, however, upon circumstances of interest connected with the remainder of our narrative, we give it here.

Some two-and-twenty years prior to the time at which our story begins—there resided in a small town within fourteen miles of London, a haberdasher by the name of Dufour. His own family were of French descent, and he was related distantly, to an English branch of nobility; he was born and bred in England. He was a very comely man, and during his early years he devoted himself to study, though he was afterwards trained to a mercantile profession. His mind had become richly stored with knowledge, nevertheless, and when he entered society, at the age of twenty-two, he was a polished scholar. By nature he was a gentleman; his manners were prepossessing, his appearance was manly, his disposition was kindly, but always fearless; and though he had no means of consequence, in a pecuniary point of view, he chanced to meet a sweet girl with whom he fell in love, but who proved to be the daughter of a rich and haughty nobleman.

The maiden was but fifteen years of age; but struck with the fine appearance and manly character of young Dufour, she returned his proffered love. They left the town, and returned husband and wife; for the proud lord her father, had smiled contemptuously on her when she named the poor tradesman in his presence! He disowned his daughter, and seeking every means to injure the fair fame of him who still protected her, and called her wife; the task was finally completed, and the husband became a bankrupt. One sorrow followed another in quick succession, the heart of young Dufour, during his pinching adversity, was temporarily poisoned against her he had sworn to honor, he became at length, wretchedly poor, and she finally accepted a small stipend from her lordly father, to leave her husband's hearth and dwell alone.

The fruit of their union was a single heir. They had continued to 'keep up appearances' for two years after the birth of this child, but the blow came at last, and they were separated. The child was put away to nurse by the grandfather's direction, and suddenly the injured and broken-hearted husband lost sight of mother and son; his lordship having contrived to induce his daughter to leave the vicinity, entirely, on pain of his displeasure, and with threats that in case of her non compliance with his wishes, the few pounds he now allowed her per month, for her own maintenance, should instantly be cut off. She complied with his desire, the child was sent to America in charge of a nurse at the age of five years, and for several years subsequently, its expenses were meagrely provided for.

His lordship died at last, and his own estate proved insolvent; but the daughter had become possessed of some personal property which she at once turned into cash, and within a month after her father's death, she left England in disgust. Her husband, poor Dufour, had journeyed away from the region of his early sorrows some two years before, and the report of his death, in one of the southern counties, reached the ears of his suffering, still loving wife, but a few weeks prior to her departure from London. She landed in America, but she sought in vain for her son, or the nurse who had gone out with him. She had never been permitted by her cruel father to know his actual destination; he declared that he had 'provided for the brat,' and that was enough! And many a weary year transpired, ere she learned any trace of nurse or child.

She found that the amount of money which she had realized in England upon the sale of her personal effects, judiciously invested in American stocks, would furnish her with a bare support, and she had lived a quiet, secluded life, until her child had attained the age of over twenty years. Her father's name was Clarence. Her son had been named in honor of his lordly grandfather, in the hope (on the part of his sponsors) that the compliment might soften the heart of the old nobleman towards the boy. But he rewarded the parents in his own way! He contrived to cause a separation between the father and mother, and then shipped the child to America, in care of one Caroline Vanwert, who looked after the boy until she could do better, pecuniarily—and then she consigned him to such successors as were handiest from time to time, until she lost all track of the baby.

Some ten months prior to the occurrence which drove young Clarence from his country, his name had been publicly and honorably mentioned in connection with some trifling circumstance, and the account having been seen in the journals of the day, casually, by one deeply interested in him, the name of Clarence Defoe struck her peculiarly, and she sought out the party to whom the notice alluded. Her conjectures proved correct; she learned his history, she satisfied herself of his identity, though his name had been slightly changed, and she had lost all trace of him for so many years, and for nearly a twelvemonth, she watched his varied course with a most anxious solicitude; though she never exposed her own secret. He had grown up, he became ensnared by unhealthy associations, he was unfortunately implicated with his companions in the robbery of the Bank, and though innocent (as we have seen), he was imprisoned.

The papers also announced this fact; it fell beneath the eye of her who regarded the youthful sufferer with a devotion, secret—but unbounded—and she flew to rescue him! Disguising herself, she entered the prison as his counsel, she assumed his place, and the youthful accountant suddenly found himself at liberty, through the solicitude of her whom he had never known, through the instrumentality of her who so dearly loved him. His deliverer was the suffering wife of the English haberdasher, the daughter of the haughty but now deceased nobleman, *the mother of Clarence Defoe!*

For some minutes after the conversation related in the early portion of this chapter, the two females sat in silence before the window of the cottage, which looked out upon the main road near by—when the attention of the mistress was suddenly attracted by the form of a stranger, who approached the little garden gate in front of the house. He was a tall, stately personage and wore a heavy cloak. His carriage was easy and graceful, and he seemed for a moment in doubt whether he had found the place he sought. Approaching the door, however, he stopped upon the piazza, and gently touched the bell-pull. The summons was immediately answered by the waiting-woman, whom the traveller instantly recognized as Caroline Vanwert—though the visiter was plainly a foreigner, whom she had never seen before. The heart of the mistress beat quicker than was its wont—she knew not why, but she thought the form appeared like that which had so alarmed her some months before, at her residence in Westchester. The gentleman was ushered into the drawing-room however, and her doubts were at once dispelled, for she saw before her an entire stranger. But the reader has seen this gentleman before; it was *the Spaniard!*

'Have I the honor, lady—to address Mrs. Mary D——, some eight months since a resident at Westchester?' asked the Spaniard, slowly—for his emotions had well nigh mastered him, and in spite of his strength of character, and his iron resolution, he could scarcely maintain the character he had hitherto managed without suspicion!

'Such has been the title, sir, which I have found it convenient to make use of, latterly.'

'I am glad to meet you, lady. I was directed hither by a friend, and by your leave, would say a few words to you, alone.' This last word was not at all acceptable to the ear of Caroline, who was bustling about the apartment all the while, eager to learn what the 'forriner's' business was with her lady. The hint was understood, however; she exchanged glances with her mistress, and the Spaniard found himself more at ease, as he now sat untrammelled, before the mother of Clarence Defoe.

'My mission will be brief, lady,' continued her visiter. 'I called at the request of one in whom you have evinced a very friendly concern heretofore, and who requested me, at parting with him a few weeks since, to search you out if possible, and make his kind remembrances to you.'

'Of whom do you speak, sir?'

'Of one, lady, who knows not, to this day, what possible circumstances could have induced you to extend to him a kindness, some months ago, of a hazardous nature to yourself, a kindness which I am sure he never can forget.'

'Your words, good sir, recall a painful scene, and I beg you to be explicit.'

'I will, lady.'

'You come to me, from—'

'*Clarence Defoe,* lady,' continued her visiter, and the flush which overspread the handsome features of his lovely entertainer amply satisfied the stranger that the intelligence he bore would find a hearty welcome at the cottage!

### CHAPTER XVII.

*Interview between the lady and the Spaniard. The parents of Clarence discovered! The lady's joy. Caroline's astonishment at the discoveries made. William and Mary Dufour. Old Willie of Long Island heard again. A joyful meeting. The re-union, the tour. The departure. A sail, ho!*

'I assure you, my dear sir,' said the lady, her now happy face beaming with enthusiasm and expectation, 'I assure you, you could not have been the bearer of more welcome tidings. Clarence is well, I trust—and—'

'I left him, lady, scarcely five weeks since, in health, enjoying the advantages of a promising clerkship in a London warehouse.'

'In London?'

'Yes, lady. He has been in England now, some seven months, I think. If he avails himself of the advantages of his present opportunity, I make no doubt he will rise to eminence in his profession.'

'I trust sir, your kind hopes may all be realized. Clarence has suffered deeply, and his youth might—'

'I have heard him speak of the trouble which caused him to leave America, lady, and as the subject is by no means an agreeable one, we will not dwell upon it. Clarence was innocent.'

'Ay! that he was,' said the lady, firmly.

'I know it, madam. He informs me, also, that he has never known the smile of father or mother. Is he an orphan, lady?'

'No—' said the lady, nervously, for she was totally unprepared for this question; 'no, sir. His—his mother lives—'

'And he is ignorant, you say, of her existence?'

'How can he be otherwise! He was sent away from home at a tender age, in care of one who felt no interest in his fate, like that of a mother, though she did treat him kindly. The harsh decree which a—separation—sir—the separation of his parents—'

The unhappy lady placed her 'kerchief to her face, for she found it impossible to proceed. The stranger was silent too, for *his* heart was too full to trust to his lips the task of utterance. But the lady recovered her composure, and continued:

'Years have fled, my good sir, since the sad events transpired, to which I just now hinted. But still its mournful recollection dwells within the heart of her who suffered with the unfortunate partner in the woe, as freshly as if the scene occurred but yesterday. It is a tale of sorrow, sir, which needs not to be repeated; yet, since you have kindly interested yourself in poor Clarence's behalf, I may venture a word of explanation.'

'You are correct, madam, in your allusion to my having taken an interest in young Clarence, and if it please you, I shall be happy to learn from you, who appear to know his history, such hints as I may yet be ignorant of. I met the youth, most providentially, and he has been, I think, already very candid with me.'

'He does not know, however, sir, that his mother is living. Until within a year, poor Clarence has been lost to her who so dearly loves him. Chance threw him in her way, and O how fondly has she watched his steps, since she learned of his presence near her. But he became inveigled into unworthy society, he was implicated in crime, and then that mother's heart could only think of saving him from degradation, were he innocent or guilty. She feared for him, but he has proved innocent. He escaped, she has mourned his absence bitterly, continually, and knew not if she should ever meet him again on earth!'

'And his father, lady—he, you say is dead?'

'Yes, sir. He sleeps beneath the sod in his native land! Poor William, he was a kind husband, a good father; but fate, sir, fate dealt harshly with him. He wedded the mother of Clarence, against her father's wishes. He was a titled aristocrat, and William was poor. The father of his wife compelled *her,* in their poverty, to leave her husband, *or starve;* for he had sworn to pursue the man who had dared to wed his daughter in opposition to his iron will, until he crushed him. Poor William did not know this fact, but he found that his credit was ruined, his business was broken up, his ears were filled with slanders against his wife, he became a bankrupt, his wife and child were torn from his humble hearth, he fled from the scene of misery and want which he finally saw must overtake him, and, ere he met his fond and heart-broken wife again, *he died;* far away from his native village. Harsh was his fate indeed!' continued the lady, and her tears flowed fresh and fast.

'And you are certain he is dead?' inquired the gentleman.

'O, yes. Would to Heaven it were otherwise! Would that poor William might yet live to meet his wife and child; that he might know how dearly, fondly, his memory has been cherished. But, vain hope, is this, indeed!'

'But not fallacious, lady. He *may* still survive.'

'O, no. The rumor was authentic, and these weeds, now worn for near a score of years, would ill become *his wife,* were William living!'

'Madam, this earnestness of manner—this warmth of feeling, these tears—compel me to inquire, if—if I am now speaking with the mother of Clarence Defoe?'

'I am that unfortunate being,' said the lady, and her heart seemed ready to burst with her emotions.

'Then—lady, for your comfort let me tell you, that in your present visiter, you behold your husband's nearest, firmest friend. I know his history—his sufferings—his trials; he has made me his confidant; but let me also be the first to tell you that you are mistaken in your information regarding his fate!'

'I pray you, sir—do not trifle with me.'

'On my honor, madam, I *know* of what I speak.'

'And do you mean—O, no—no! That would be joy too great.'

'Your pardon, lady—but—*your husband lives!*'

'No—no!' screamed his lovely listener, springing to her feet—but this announcement was too much for her already overcharged heart, and she fell senseless, at the Spaniard's feet!

Her visiter raised her quickly up, and she almost as quickly recovered. Turning again to the stranger—

'Do not—I pray you, sir—do not tamper with my feelings; but tell me what you know *of him?*'

'Your William lives, dear lady, and at this moment he is sojourning in this town!'

'*In this town?*'

'I speak truly, madam—but he scarcely dared to venture hither, until he learned your disposition to receive him.'

'O, bear me to him quickly, sir! I would not tarry here an instant—'

'One moment longer, madam. Your husband left the land of his nativity and came to these hospitable shores, many years ago. But sorrow preyed upon his heart, as you may judge it might—and he found his solace in a life of seclusion. For a long period, he has dwelt alone, in an humble cot by the seashore, where small means have been presented him to flourish with—had he been so disposed—and he is thought to be most poor in purse.'

'No matter, sir! I charge you bear me to him instantly, if you be his friend. Were *he* the poorest of the poor, were his house but the veriest hovel on the earth—still his heart will warm at the sight of his wife, who loves him now as fondly, as when the sunshine of prosperity brightened his path! Bear me to him, then—I care not how, or whither, and the little means his Mary possesses, shall be instantly placed at his disposal. Hasten, sir, I pray you, hasten!'

The *mask* had fallen from the stranger's face! The lady stood for an instant, clinging to his arm, in her excitement; the hot tears of joy and love were coursing down his cheeks, the lovely Mary looked into those beaming eyes, she shrieked aloud, with delirious joy—and *William Dufour,* our noble friend, 'Old Willie,' clasped his long-lost *Mary* enthusiastically to his heart!

'Well, this *is* a posty business, to be sure!' exclaimed Caroline, rushing into the room at this moment, upon hearing the lady scream, and observing her mistress in the gentleman's arms. But she now saw that the person who paid such devoted attentions to her mistress was not the one she had left with her lady half an hour before. Approaching him, however, he addressed her familiarly—

'Do not fear me, Caroline; look again, am I so changed?'

'W'y, this ain't Mr. William Dufour?'

'No?' asked Old Willie.

'Well, *it is*—or I'm a— where did you—Everybody said you was dead!' The good Caroline hardly knew what to say, or how to act. She was happy because she saw her mistress so; but she evinced her pleasure in her own way.

A joyful meeting truly, was that of William and Mary Dufour, after their long separation! She told her tale of sorrow to him who could appreciate it, and he soon relieved her mind by the assurance that his means were now ample, and that he proposed forthwith to close his affairs in America, and return in a few months to London—to the enjoyment of a splendid home, and a noble title! Old Willie was now Lord William Wortley; for the title had lately descended to him by the death of a worthy uncle—to whom he was the next of kin in the direct line—and his wealth had been largely increased by that relative's decease. The estates in Bucks, in Wilkes, and in Devonshire, were estimated at some quarter of a million sterling, and his own means were equal fully to that sum—additional.

His faithful cashier and secretary, to whose care he had entrusted his affairs when he sailed for England, soon after the departure of Clarence, had so arranged his matters financially, that he found his estates in a most flourishing condition; and all the changes he desired to make within the next ten months, could readily and favorably be effected. He removed his charming wife immediately to New York, for the time being—and subsequently they made the tour of the States, together, prior to their taking final leave of America; for his lordship had determined to settle himself again in England, where the larger half of his property was located.

Ere he left the country in which there had existed for him so much of interest, however, especially within the last eighteen months, he did not forget to pay a visit to the lowly cot on Long Island, where he had passed so many melancholy, and yet so many contented days, in sight of the broad Sound—in hearing of the roaring breakers! The old house had in no wise changed, save that it was tenantless, and stripped of its furniture. Old Willie, now my Lord Wortley—reached the spot just after nightfall; he mounted the high bluff from which the unhappy Clarence, in his despair, had thrown himself; he visited the rocks and caves which had so long been familiar to his eyes, and finally—not without a sigh at parting, he turned to leave the scene, forever!

As he stepped from the projecting rock which overlooked the Sound, his attention was arrested for an instant, almost unconsciously, mechanically, as it were—by a small white spot on the water; it was a sail. The sight called back a thousand exciting associations, and Old Willie smiled as he thought of the time when that sight would have stirred up his nerves and sent a thrill through his veins; that time had long since passed, however. Nevertheless, he gazed upon the approaching sail, and for an hour he stood watching her movements; for his keen eye, even amid the darkness, at length made her out a schooner, evidently bound in the direction of the secret caves which lined the shore upon Long Island head! The curiosity of the old man was now deeply excited, although it was getting late in the evening, and he had determined to return to the city that night. Yet he felt anxious to know who had invaded the spot he had so long been the sole tenant of; and secreting himself from view, he sat down in sight of the still approaching vessel, to watch for the finale of this unexpected event.

Within an hour, the vessel shortened sail and laid up for the extreme point of the Island. As she neared the headland, Old Willie fancied he had seen this little craft before. She was already within a short distance of the spot where he was secreted—and suddenly rounding to, beyond the rock, she passed within a dozen fathoms length of the promontory whence he had first discovered her. Her sails were instantly clewed up and furled, she shot forward into the narrow inlet near by, and as the schooner swept gracefully round to her anchorage, Old Willie read the name upon her stern. It was the 'DART, of Baltimore!'

A small boat was instantly lowered away, in which Old Willie now observed a gentlemanly-looking personage, apparently the commander of the little vessel, who shortly after landed upon the beach and hastened up towards the wood. He was bound to the city, and he had full ten miles to travel, ere there was any possibility of obtaining conveyance thither. As he was just about to enter the narrow path in the forest, through which—less than a year and a half ago, Clarence Defoe had made his way to the shore—he was astounded by hearing the salutation from a familiar voice—

'Good evening, captain! Which way?'

He turned about, and quickly grasped the hand of his friend, Old Willie.

'To the city, as fast as possible,' said the captain.

'Well met, then; I am bound thither, myself. Will you accept a seat with me?'

'Most thankfully,' continued the captain.

'I have a good many questions to ask,' said Old Willie—'which you shall answer as we proceed along;' and the two friends entered Old Willie's carriage, and drove off at a rapid pace.

### CHAPTER XVIII.

*Return to New York city. The captain and Old Willie recall past times. Final preparations for leaving America. The return. Blanche and Lord Wortley. The prospects of Clarence Defoe. A visit to the chateau. Disappointment. Tom Wirt appears again.*

OLD WILLIE and his friend the captain of the Dart, rode on towards the city; but their meeting had proved most unexpected to both. For a good many months, the former occupant of the lonely cot on Long Island had been looking for intelligence from the man in whose charge he had placed young Clarence, on his departure for England, but whom he had never heard a syllable from, since they parted, nearly a year and a half before. In the meantime, the fortunes of the little schooner and her gallant captain had been varied—sometimes flattering and sometimes lowering—until the night he finally returned again to the spot whence he sailed for Bristol, with the youth on board.

'I have marvelled, often—captain,' said Old Willie, 'since you left these shores, that no word of tidings [illegible] the "Dart" or yourself; but I felt sure, from my knowledge of your past career, that you would be pretty certain to do well, wherever fortune might lead you. Tell me, then, captain, for we're a long road before us, yet—what you have been doing since we parted?'

'Well, sir. The story can be quickly told. You remember, when I was about to leave you with the boy in my charge, the plan you had in view to overhaul me at Bristol?'

'Yes, perfectly. Man appoints, fate disappoints.'

'Exactly. You see, sir, we took a blow just off the Capes, which drove us to the s'uthard a good many leagues, and during the whole passage, I have rarely known the weather more rough than we had it; the consequence was that we did not make Land's End point for upwards of six weeks, and I feared we should miss you, of course. But we arrived in safety at last, and the boy went up to the city, at once. You have never heard from him, either, I suppose?'

'O, yes. I chanced to be in the suburbs of London, on the day he came up. I met him at the hotel where he first halted, and when I left England a few months since, he was doing well. My agent there informs me constantly, how he is progressing, and I am happy to know that he gets on finely. As soon as possible, after you got away from here in the Dart, I proceeded to England, in one of the regular New York packets, now re-established, between that port and London—and our passage out was a quick one. My original intention was, you recollect, to intercept you at Bristol. But finding my engagements here were such that I could not leave so soon as I anticipated, I felt certain you must have reached that port long before we arrived there; and I proceeded on forthwith to the metropolis. I fortunately met the youth, soon afterward, and as I said—he is now in promising circumstances.'

'I am glad to hear it, sir—for, judging from his department during our voyage, I believed him a worthy young man. Well, when I had landed him at Bristol, I put out to sea again, and we contrived to put on shore, at a distance below, and under cover of the night, a quantity of excellent tobacco, on which (as there was no customs-district near, you see) we did not pay the duty! It paid us well. Our course since then, has been along the coast, and, now and then, we've crossed the channel; our luck has been indifferent good. At last we took an English freight on board, and also one or two small invoices of French materials—with which, the Dart is now filled up. We shall land the goods immediately (out of the way of noise and interruption), and I hope, ere I return, to find a sale for them.'

'And whither, then?'

'We are at home, sir, now. Once we get rid of our present cargo, safely—we have enough for all our wishes, in addition to what we had previously accumulated, as you know, and we then propose to sell the Dart, and lay upon our oars a while.'

'That is a good resolve. The smuggling trade is all too risky, and dishonorable.'

Thus Old Willie and the captain chatted, and having changed horses, half way up—at early daylight, they crossed the East River; and, landing in New York, they separated. The former had concluded all his final arrangements for departure, Caroline Vanwert had agreed to accompany her lady to England as a travelling companion; Old Willie had settled all his pecuniary matters to his mind; and the day was fixed at length to bid adieu to the American shores. The friend of Clarence—Mr. Carter—who had borne him away from New York city, upon the night of his escape, had not been forgotten. The secret of Clarence Defoe had been rehearsed to him, and Old Willie, finding that he was not overburthened with wealth, particularly, presented him with a check upon his banker for ten thousand dollars, for his kindness to *his son!*

His confidential man, Grafton—was also provided for, and was left in charge of Old Willie's American interests, as agent. The little property which Mary possessed, was advantageously disposed of, and Lord William Wortley—no longer designated by the homely title of 'Old Willie,' in company with his still blooming wife and Caroline, at length took passage for London once more, where Mary was to meet her son—the long lost Clarence! After a rapid and prosperous voyage, the trio landed safely at Bristol, and proceeded thence immediately to the capital.

Before Lord Wortley left England, he had provided his charming 'daughter,' as he affectionately called her, with a polished governess, and Miss Blanche had now well nigh completed her education. She had grown up one of the loveliest and purest of her sex, and her accomplishments were varied and thorough. In the brilliant circle to which his lordship had introduced her, she had created a marked, and most favorable sensation, and her kind protector took a pride in all she said and did. She had not forgotten the face of the youthful stranger she had casually met at the little cabin on Long Island, even—and Lord Wortley was gratified, shortly after his arrival with her in England, to hear her inquire for him.

'His name is Clarence Defoe, dearest.'

'He is an American, too?' asked Blanche.

'He was born in England. He went out at an early age, and resided there several years. He returned to London, at the time he left us, in the Dart. Do you remember the parting, Blanche?'

'Yes, indeed—dear father. But I never spoke with him, you know.'

'No, I recollect.'

'And you say he is now in London, father?'

'Yes, daughter.'

'I wonder he does not visit you.'

'Would you like to meet him, Blanche?'

'He is your friend—is he not, father?'

'Yes, yes, dear Blanche,' said the old man, quickly.

'I could almost love him, that he is the friend of him I love so dearly,' responded the sweet girl, in her innocence.

'Well, daughter, you shall meet him.'

'When, good father Willie?'

'Anon, dearest—anon,' said the old man.

He was delighted that Blanche had not forgotten Clarence, and his thoughts dwelt seriously upon the fact; but he departed in haste for America, and as yet, until his lordship's return, the youthful girl had never met the young stranger, since she saw him on the deck of the Dart, the afternoon he sailed for England.

But the time which the Spaniard had named, upon leaving Clarence in London, a year, had expired, and the young accountant now looked anxiously for his return. During the fifteen months he had been employed in the English warehouse, he had made himself valuable to his employers, and his course of conduct had been scrupulously correct, and straitforward in every particular. His principals had made him large offers for the retention of his services, but he had entered into no new engagements, looking as he now did, daily, for the appearance of the friend who obtained the position for him, whom he did not know by name, and to whom he had promised not to inquire about, in his absence.

Clarence could not avoid reflecting, often too, upon the sad scene in which he had participated, upon the highway, and his thoughts very often turned towards Old Willie, whose kindness he knew he should never cease to remember. At times, he would sit and dwell for hours upon the circumstances which led him to aid in the commission of an act, which he felt would haunt him through life as the most unfortunate event in his existence, and then he desired to fly at once to the chateau, to confess all, and to crave forgiveness of the man who had once saved him from the waves, who had been the means of his final escape from beyond the reach of his enemies at home! Filled with remorse and pain at the recollection of that unlucky misfortune, he took a vehicle one evening, some three months after the Spaniard's departure, and started for the chateau, with the honest intention of seeking Old Willie, and of offering some atonement for his guilt.

Clarence rode towards the elegant country-house where he had ascertained the gentleman he had attempted to rob, resided—but his heart failed him, as he passed by the spot, on the road, where he remembered that *that* frightful scene took place. He continued on, however—uncertain how to act, or what to offer when he should confront his old benefactor—and at last he reached the courtyard gate. All was silent, no light was perceptible from the windows of the dwelling, there was no appearance of life in the vicinity. A wagoner was passing, whom he hailed, and inquired if he knew the owner's name.

'That is Lord William Wortley's,' said the stranger. 'But he's gone away these three months.'

'Gone?' said Clarence, disappointed.

'Yes—he's goon a trav'lin', on the Cont'nent, so they say,' and Clarence turned his horse's head toward London.

He had proceeded on nearly a mile, in deep thought, when he had just awoke from his reverie (for his mind had wandered away from England, and he was thinking of Old Willie and his daughter Blanche), when a highwayman sprang out, on a sudden, from the hedge, seized his reins, and placing a pistol to his breast, demanded his watch and purse!

Clarence chanced to have no watch; but drawing forth his purse, which contained some four or five pounds in gold and silver, he handed it to the robber, at once.

'Take it,' he said—'it is honestly earned. May it do you more service than it could me, *Tom Wirt!*' and catching up the reins, Clarence was soon out of sight!

### CHAPTER XIX.

*Meeting of the Spaniard and Clarence. Old Willie, Blanche, the 'strange lady,' Carter, Caroline Vanwert—are all remembered. Lord Wortley. Clarence confides in the Spaniard. Good news from America. The promised meeting of Clarence with his friends.*

ON the evening following his brief adventure with Tom Wirt, whose face he had not seen for many a long day, Clarence was quietly seated in his snug little parlor, at the hotel where he had lodged since his friend's departure—when the door suddenly opened, and the Spaniard advanced to greet him. The youth was overjoyed to meet him once more, and he now fancied that the countenance which he remembered appeared so forbidding to his sight, the first time he meet him, was quite benevolent and pleasing in comparison! The mask was precisely the same, however!

'I am rejoiced to see you safe returned,' said Clarence, warmly, and he meant so, too.

'I hear a good account of you, Clarence, during my long absence, and I am glad to have it in my power to tell you now, that you will not lose by your change of habits. Do you not think the advice I gave you was wholesome?'

'Thanks, sir, for your kind counsels, and kinder acts. Since you left me, I have done well, pecuniarily,' and Clarence rose and took from a small trunk, a purse. 'Do you remember this?' he inquired.

'Clearly. It is the purse I handed you the evening we parted, when you promised to meet me again next night—and didn't come, eh?'

'The same, good sir. It contains one hundred sovereigns—the amount you loaned me on that occasion—and the interest also, for a year. I have saved it from my salary, for my expenses have been trifling—and I am happy in being able to refund you your money—the balance of my pecuniary obligation. But in my heart, my dear sir, I feel there is a debt which I cannot repay you, with gold,' and a tear of gratitude glistened in the eye of the repentant youth.

'No, Clarence—not one shilling will I receive from you. Keep it, as a gift, from one who loves you. I have wealth in plenty; you have redeemed yourself, you have behaved nobly; put it up, I forgive you the debt, with all my heart; and now let us turn to matters which may possibly interest you more deeply than this. Since I saw you, Clarence, I have crossed the Atlantic.'

'To America?'

'Yes. I visited New York, and found some of your old friends, whom I doubt not you will be glad to hear from. You are acquainted, I believe, with an old man who resides upon an island near the city—one "Willie" I think he has been called.'

'Yes. And you saw old father Willie there?'

'I did—and when I spoke of you, he showed a kindly interest in your fate, and asked me many times if you were doing well.'

'Poor father Willie! How I should like to meet him,' said Clarence, enthusiastically. 'He was a friend to me, my dear sir—indeed he was, a kind one, too. But I shall scarcely meet him, there—again!' and a deep-drawn sigh told the earnestness of the youth's feelings.

'I learned that he had been in England, within a year.'

'*I know he has!*' said Clarence, much disturbed.

'And did you not *see* him, here?'

'Yes—yes, sir. I saw him once—but once, sir—and then I was in such haste, that I—'

'Such *haste,* Clarence! Did you not speak with him?'

'No—no. I didn't speak—I—'

'What is the meaning of this tremor, my young friend? Explain yourself. You certainly have no fears with *me?*'

'No, sir, no. I will frankly tell you all. You remember that dreadful affair upon *the road*—near the chateau—the old gentle—that is, the nobleman, I mean—'

'The attempted robbery, I recollect.'

'Well, sir. I had a pistol in my hand—it wasn't loaded though; upon my honor, sir, with my own hands, I drew the charge, and dashed the priming from the pans. I had not the heart to commit a murder—though I was bad enough, in other feelings, at the time. I sprang towards the nobleman, who stumbled from the carriage, and fell. I stood over him with the pistol in my hand, to awe him while the others robbed him. I heard a lady scream, I turned again towards the prostrate victim at my feet, and I beheld the face of my benefactor—old father Willie!'

'What did you, then?'

'My God, sir! Do not ask me what I did. I ran—I flew—with lightning speed, from the spot; and all I could remember was *that face!* It beamed upon me so wildly, and yet so benevolently. Poor Old Willie! He couldn't look angry, sir, I think, if he tried. But, thank Heaven—he did not know me!'

'You are mistaken, Clarence.'

'What?' exclaimed the youth, alarmed.

'Old Willie knew you, that night.'

'How know you this?'

'He told me so, himself?'

'Then am I lost, indeed!' said Clarence; and he buried his face in his hands.

'But he did not feel unkindly towards you, nevertheless,' continued the Spaniard, in an encouraging tone.

'No—no. That's what I said. He would not harm me, he would not retaliate, he would not follow me.'

'No, Clarence. Old Willis loves you. He apologized for your indiscretion, thought it a youthful folly, and believed you would repent of the act, and quit *that* mode of life.'

'O, could I live to see that kind old man again, I would kneel to him, and beg forgiveness at his hands!'

'But come, Clarence, we will leave this unpleasant subject; there are other friends I would remind you of, whom I have met in my journey, and who desired me to mention their names to you. The lady friend, who visited your prison-cell.'

'And did you meet *her*, too?'

'I did.'

'Who *is* that lovely woman?'

'She has been known as "Mrs. Mary D——," for many years. Her history is curious and romantic. She was unfortunate in marrying a poor man, a small trader in one of our neighboring towns—for she is an English-woman, by birth—and her father, who chanced to be a wealthy lord, disapproved of the union. She was estranged from her husband, and separated at length entirely from her family—for she had one child, I believe—and at last, upon the death of her father, whose estate proved to have been squandered, she went to America. She heard nothing of her husband for a score of years. She took a fancy to you, on a sudden—and you owe your escape to her ingenuity, I learned.'

'That is very strange,' said the youth, musing.

'Yes—singular. But what increases the interest of this history, is the fact, that while I was in America, the husband whom she fondly loved, I think, was found?'

'Is it possible?'

'All things are possible, Clarence. A short time before I came away, I learned that this man was intimate with your friend, Old Willie, too.'

'And did you learn his name?'

'I did not *ask* his name,' said the Spaniard. 'You have heard of one Caroline Vanwert, have you not?'

'Yes. She was a nurse of mine, when I was quite a child, if I remember rightly.'

'I saw her, too.'

'And did she speak of me?'

'Yes, Clarence. She remembered, and spoke in friendly terms of you.'

'There was one face, I recollect, at home, which you have not named. You met good father Willie; did you see his daughter—Blanche?' said Clarence, faltering.

'I saw her many months ago. She is in England now, I think.'

'In England?'

'Yes. If I remember right—her father brought her here, to finish he education; and left her here, when he went back.'

'She is a charming girl,' said Clarence.

'Yes, and as good as she is beautiful.'

'I think so, sir—though I never spoke with her.'

'The friend who so kindly aided you in your escape from America—one Carter, still remembers you,' said the Spaniard. 'And to show you how great an interest Old Willie feels towards you, I may inform you that upon learning through your lady friend, his name, and the service he had rendered you at that critical moment, he sent for Carter, and bestowed upon him a very handsome sum in ready cash; for Carter he found was poor.'

'Heaven bless *old father* Willie!' exclaimed Clarence. 'I can never repay his repeated acts of kindness, surely!'

'Amongst the many facts I learned in regard to you and yours, Clarence, in America; none was so grateful to me as the establishment of your innocence, beyond a doubt, in regard to the charge of aiding in the robbery of the bank; the prime cause of all your trouble.'

'I felt certain, sir, that sooner or later, my innocence of *that* charge must be made to appear. But there are others, since.'

'Do not speak of others. You were led away from the path of rectitude, forced into sin, in a measure, by adversity and the vile machinations of those two unprincipled scoundrels, Cracket and Witt. The first is secure from harming you, and the other you need not fear. Except to these two men, Old Willie, and myself, your faults are as yet unknown. We are your friends; we would see you prosper, and rise above your misfortunes, or the influences attendant upon them. We would have you forget the past, dear Clarence, as we shall do, and bury the remembrance of your faults in the grave of oblivion.'

'There is one matter further, my dear sir, which I do not comprehend. How comes it that Old Willie is so suddenly a nobleman? I thought him an American, assuredly.'

'No, he was born in England. Nearly a score of years ago, he went over to the States, and during his seclusion, he became acquainted with a sort of men whose adventurous lives were employed upon the coast in various speculations, until the war broke out at last, and they obtained a clipper-schooner, which they manned at once, and took out a letter of marque commission, under the authority of the American government. They were successful, and amassed a handsome fortune, with Old Willie at their head, who still remained on shore; and when the war was over, he returned again with ample wealth to his native land. Just after his arrival here, an uncle died, who had for some ten years been a member of the House of Lords from the borough in which he resided. Old Willie proved his next of kin, in the male line, direct, and the property and title of his relative deceased, now fell to him. He suddenly found himself Lord Wartley, and the estates of his noble relation have proved, in value, quite equal to the wealth he held before; making in all a princely fortune.'

'Then he may return again, to England?'

'Yes. He will be in London within the coming month.'

'Old Willie?' asked Clarence, again.

'Yes, William, my Lord Wartley.'

'Ah, I forget. His *lordship*, I mean.'

'He will be rejoiced to meet his charming daughter again.'

'She is not his daughter in reality,' suggested Clarence.

'No, but he calls her so. And I do not doubt he will be quite as glad to see *you*, Clarence, whom I feel convinced he loves, in spite of all that's past.'

'I shall be most happy to embrace the good old man.'

'You shall have the opportunity in a few days. At the proper time, you shall have notice, and I will join you in the visit. There may be others, too, whom you might like to meet—at least, who will be glad to greet you. And so, good night.'

The Spaniard departed, Clarence flattered himself that his last allusion referred, perhaps, to Blanche—and with a lighter heart than he had borne for many a long day, he sought his pillow. Who *could* this strange man be? He had often observed that he conversed most fluently in English—but there could be no question about his *origin*; at least, there was none in the mind of Clarence! He still believed his unknown friend a Spaniard born! Full of anticipations regarding his promised meeting with Old Willis, at length, he slept.

[CONCLUDED NEXT WEEK.]

[Written for The Flag of our Union.]

## THE BORROWED SHAWL.

BY MRS. CAROLINE ORNE.

'What does this mean?' said Ann Ellery, addressing her friend, Juliet Carryll, whom, on entering her apartment, she found diligently engaged in packing a travelling trunk.

'I am going to Hightonville to make the Hightons a visit, who have invited me to spend several weeks with them. You know that my mother is a distant relation of Mr. Highton.'

'No, I was not aware of that, but I have often heard the Hightons mentioned. They are a very rich and a very proud family—are they not?'

'They are without doubt rich,' replied Juliet, 'and have the reputation of being proud and haughty, and this makes me wonder why they invited me to visit them. I, at first, wished to decline the invitation, but mother thought I had better accept it.'

'This is your best shawl, I believe,' said Ann, unfolding one, that she found lying on a chair, and examining it.

'Yes,' replied Juliet. 'It will be hardly passable I am afraid, but I have not the means to procure a better.'

'It will never do for you to appear among the haughty Hightons with such a shawl as this—you shall have one of mine.'

'O no, I should not like to borrow a shawl,' said Juliet.

'No person will know that it is a borrowed one, unless you tell of it yourself. I have one which I have never worn yet—when I go home I will send it to you.'

'What kind of one is it?'

'A cashmere.'

'I had rather that you would send me one of your old ones.'

'I shall do no such thing. Juliet Carryll, my dearest friend, is not going to be scorned by the Hightons on account of a shabby shawl. One thing, however, I shall exact of you, and that is for you to promise not to tell them it is a borrowed one. Will you promise?'

'Certainly—I, of course, shall not be anxious to have them know it. I hope it is not a very high priced one.'

'O, no,' said Ann, carelessly, and turning the conversation to another subject, the shawl was not again alluded to while she staid.

It was about sunset when Juliet arrived at the splendid mansion of the Hightons, which, being situated on the most elevated piece of ground in Hightonville, looked proudly down upon the humbler dwellings. The family consisted of Mr. and Mrs. Highton and their two daughters, Faustina and Euphrasia, with, at present, the addition of a young man by the name of Philip Neville. They were all assembled in the drawing-room when Juliet entered.

Mr. Highton welcomed her politely enough, yet with an air which plainly showed that he remembered that she was the daughter of a poor widow. Mrs. Highton evidently intended that her reception of their young guest should be kind in the extreme, and for this purpose she enacted her part, and exhibited a degree of patronizing condescension, as ludicrous in the observer as it was oppressive to its object. Faustina's manner towards her was marked with a cold and haughty civility, while Euphrasia, who had predetermined, as she told Philip Neville previous to the arrival, that Juliet should be to her the cause of an infinite deal of mirth, winked at Neville, and with some difficulty suppressed a giggle when her mother introduced them to each other.—Philip, with a want of reflection natural enough in a young man of three and twenty, who had broke away from the city a few weeks, with a determination to receive amusement from whatever source might offer, had entered into Euphrasia's plan of deriving mirth from the appearance of Juliet, whom he had pictured to himself as remarkably plain and awkward; but when he saw a beautiful girl of seventeen, whose manners were superior to either Faustina or Euphrasia Highton's, he felt so rebuked and was so much taken by surprise, that all the awkwardness was on his part.

Euphrasia soon found that Juliet Carryll was not a suitable subject to call into play her ill-natured facetiousness, the few shafts of ridicule which she had ventured to send in that direction, having invariably rebounded upon herself. Faustina also found that the haughty demeanor she thought fit to assume, did not appear to inspire her with the awe and deference which it was right and proper for the daughter of a poor widow to feel towards a daughter of the wealthiest man in Hightonville. Even Mrs. Highton was surprised at the difficulty which she found in maintaining a dignified superiority, tempered with condescension in her intercourse with Juliet, and what she intended for an amiable and fascinating familiarity towards Philip Neville. What was still worse, Philip was evidently more charmed with the sylph-like figure of Juliet, than Faustina's Juno-like form, and her soft hazel eyes possessed greater power over him than the blue, sparkling orbs of Euphrasia.

But the hour of their revenge was nigh.—A walk was proposed one day after tea, and, as in consequence of a morning shower, the air was uncommonly cool for the season, shawls were thought necessary. Juliet had never examined the shawl which Ann had lent her, and when she now unfolded it she was struck with its richness and elegance. She at once felt that it was a more expensive article than was proper for her to wear, though she was far from estimating it at its real value. If anything had power to thaw Faustina's cold reserve, it was the sight of some elegant article of dress, and the moment Juliet entered equipped for her walk, she exclaimed:

'What a superb shawl!'

'O, it is delightful,' said Euphrasia, 'what was the price of it?'

Juliet felt her cheeks crimson as she replied that she could not tell exactly.

'It is handsomer and of a better quality than yours, Faustina,' said Mrs. Highton, taking hold of a corner of the shawl and examining it. 'It must, at least, have cost a thousand or twelve hundred dollars.'

'O, no,' said Juliet, quickly, 'certainly not so much as that,' for she remembered Ann's answer, when she asked her if it was a high priced one.

'You are mistaken,' said Faustina to her mother, 'in imagining that such a shawl could be obtained for a thousand dollars. Mine was as much as that, and it does not look fit to be seen compared with it,' and that they might have a better opportunity to judge, she took off her own shawl and held it by the side of Juliet's.

'I should much sooner think it cost fifteen hundred dollars,' said Euphrasia. 'Come, Juliet, you may as well own what you gave for it or not.'

'Really,' said Juliet, becoming much embarrassed, 'I cannot tell what the price was exactly—as I didn't—that is, I forgot to inquire.'

'O, I understand—it was a present,' said Faustina.

'Yes, that's it,' said Euphrasia.

'Is the donor's name a secret?' said Mrs. Highton.

'It is not a present,' said Juliet.

'Not a present, and yet you can't remember how much you gave for it,' said Euphrasia.—'I wish that pa could afford to fill my purse so liberally as to make fourteen or fifteen hundred dollars appear as a trifle not worth remembering.'

'You can, at least, tell where you purchased it,' said Mrs. Highton.

Juliet's embarrassment began to give place to anger at being thus unmercifully questioned, and even had she not promised Ann not to tell that the shawl was a borrowed one, it is doubtful whether she would have felt disposed to explain the matter to their satisfaction.

'I cannot tell where the shawl was purchased,' said she, 'neither shall I answer any more questions on the subject,' and without saying more she left the room.

'What do you think of her now?' said Euphrasia, with a smile of exultation, addressing Philip, who had been a silent spectator of the scene.

'I think,' he replied, 'that Miss Carryll does not wish to give a particular account of the shawl.'

'Your remark shows a great deal of acuteness,' said Euphrasia, gliding into the recess of a window and half concealing herself behind the folds of the curtain.

'There is something wrong about it at any rate,' said Mrs. Highton, 'and I expect nothing but that she will bring disgrace upon us. I hope that Mr. Highton will see now, that his generosity was quite misplaced in insisting on her being invited to make a visit here. He said that he owed her mother's family some obligations when he was young, and as Mrs. Carryll is very poor—having nothing to depend on but a small annuity—he thought it would be a deed of charity to give her daughter a few weeks' board, to say nothing of the advantage it would be to her to spend the time in a genteel family.'

Philip could not help smiling at this last remark, for he thought if there had been any advantage it had been conferred rather than received by Juliet, in whatever related to manners. The attention of Euphrasia, who had retired to a window, appeared to be absorbed in the perusal of a letter or note which she kept screened from view as much as possible by means of the curtain. While her sister had been engaged in comparing the quality of the shawls, she had observed a piece of folded paper pinned near one edge of Juliet's. It was this she was now reading it having escaped Juliet's notice when she unfolded the shawl. It was from Ann Ellery, and ran thus:

'I forgot, my dear Juliet, to mention the price of the shawl, which I insisted on lending you, a circumstance that may prove embarrassing to you, if like some I have seen, the ladies you are going to visit have the curiosity to know the price of every article of a person's wardrobe. Such shawls *sell* for fifteen hundred dollars, though my father, who has extensive dealings with an importer of such goods, had it for, comparatively, a trifling sum. After I went home, we held a family consultation on the subject, and as mother and I have shawls enough without it, which are equally handsome, we agreed that I could afford to make you a present of this. My parents join with me in begging your acceptance of it. If you refuse, and the secret of its being a borrowed one should transpire, I am afraid that you may be compared to the bird in the fable which decked itself in borrowed plumes. You must not let your friends detain you longer than the time specified in their note of invitation.

ANN ELLERY.'

'What are you reading with so much attention, Euphrasia?' said her mother.

'Nothing of consequence,' she replied, and as she spoke she hastily thrust the note into her pocket. In a minute afterward, Philip Neville left the room, and Euphrasia then showed the note to her mother and sister.

'How lucky,' said Faustina—'where did you find it?'

'It was pinned to the shawl and must have escaped her notice. If we are only discreet, we can turn the affair to our advantage.'

'Yes, I understand,' said Faustina. 'To a certain gentleman, who more than once since he has been here, might as well have said in so many words, that he was remarkable for the delicacy of his moral sense, little things will appear great ones. If it can only be made to appear to him that our fine lady has prevaricated a little about the shawl, her influence over him will be at an end, yet whether it will be the means of your regaining yours or not, is another question.'

'No matter—I am determined that *she* shall not have him at any rate.'

'Are we going to be cheated out of our walk?' said Faustina.

'No, indeed,' replied Euphrasia. 'There stands Phil drawing figures in the gravel-walk with the end of his cane, and he will, of course, offer to go with us, even though Miss Juliet has thought proper to assert her dignity by withdrawing to the solitude of her own apartment.'

'What are you doing, Phil?' said she, as she and her sister entered the gravel-walk.

Philip, who was so deeply engaged with his own thoughts that he did not notice their approach, started at the sound of Euphrasia's voice, and slightly colored as he turned towards her.

'I ask pardon for interrupting you,' said she, 'as for aught that I know to the contrary, you were busy with some magical diagram which would have thrown some light upon the mysterious conduct of Miss Carryll relative to the shawl.'

'Why is her conduct mysterious?' he asked.

'Because she denied that it was a present, when I happen to know, from information that can be depended on, that it is. Now if *I* had received so handsome a present, nothing would have given me more pleasure than to acknowledge it.'

'Perhaps it was from her beau,' said Faustina, 'and she may have particular reasons, just now, for not wishing to be considered as engaged, as she may possibly be ambitious of having two strings to her bow.'

'I cannot think that Juliet Carryll is a coquette,' said Philip.

'Then what can be her motive for denying that the shawl was a present? Her denial gives us a right to put an unfavorable construction upon the affair.'

Much more was said on the subject with a view to prejudice Philip against Juliet, in which they partially succeeded, though, at the same time, by disclosing unamiable traits, which he had before unsuspected, they created a still stronger prejudice against themselves.

The next day, as Juliet was walking by herself in a retired place some distance from the house, she met Philip. The meeting which she imagined to be accidental, had been preconcerted by him, for he secretly hoped that she would be induced to make some explanation relative to the unpleasant affair of the shawl, which would exonerate her from the invidious implications of Faustina and Euphrasia. He, therefore, requested permission to accompany her. She did not refuse his request, for she valued his good opinion so highly that she had determined to give him a full explanation of every circumstance with regard to her borrowing the shawl the first opportunity. While thinking in what manner she could best introduce the subject, Euphrasia suddenly emerged from a side path. She cast upon them a supercilious glance, and then quickly turned in an opposite direction. At the moment of her passing them, she drew her handkerchief from her pocket, which, unperceived by her, was followed by the note which she had surreptitiously obtained.—There was a fresh breeze, which wafted it to the feet of Philip. As he stooped to pick it up, he saw that it was directed to Juliet.

'This appears to be intended for you,' said he, as he handed it to her.

'Why, this is Ann Ellery's writing,' said she, 'where could it come from?'

'Some good fairy, or an invisible Ariel must have dropped it in your path,' said he. 'Perhaps when you come to read it you will be able to judge if your friend employed so dainty a messenger.'

'Here are pin-marks, though no post-mark,' said she, as she commenced unfolding it.

The following postscript, which, by being on the opposite page, had escaped the observation of the Hightons, explained its mode of conveyance:

'P. S. I have been thinking that if you do not happen to see this note, which I shall pin to the shawl, that the effect would be rather ludicrous, should you appear abroad with it, as it might be mistaken for a placard.

A. E.'

'Will you do me the favor to read this?' said Juliet, handing the note to Philip when she had finished perusing it.

It immediately recalled to his mind the circumstance of his having seen Euphrasia in a recess of a window engaged in reading what appeared to be a letter, directly after Juliet withdrew. He could not now entertain a doubt that she had removed it from the shawl, as Juliet assured him that this was the first time she had ever seen it.

'Being ignorant of my friend's generous intention,' said she, 'I, of course, considered the shawl a borrowed one, and would have gratified their curiosity by telling them so, had they shown themselves less arrogant; for, although Miss Ellery, when she insisted on lending it to me, desired me not to mention it, her motive in doing so was only to exempt me from embarrassment.'

Euphrasia had in the meantime returned home.

'What did you do with that note?' said her sister, as she entered the drawing-room.

'I put it in my pocket—why do you ask?'

'Because, as Miss Ellery may allude to it when she writes, and Juliet said she was expecting a letter from her by the next mail, I think, in order to prevent unpleasant surmises you had better drop the note in a corner of her chamber. If she finds it she will naturally think that it fell from the shawl when she unfolded it.'

'It will be a good plan,' said Euphrasia.—'I will throw it under the table, and she will think that it was carried there by the wind.'

Saying thus, Euphrasia started to go to Juliet's room.

'Stop a minute,' said Faustina, 'I want to look at it.'

Euphrasia felt in her pocket, and found it was not there.

'It is not here,' said she, 'what can have become of it?'

'Perhaps you left it in your room,' said Faustina.

'No, I never took it out of my pocket after I first put it there.' She reflected a minute or two, and then said, 'I must have pulled it from my pocket accidentally with my handkerchief,' and it was with no enviable feelings that she remembered having taken it thence, about the time she met Philip and Juliet.—She put on her bonnet and instantly set out for the spot, for as they were walking in an opposite direction from herself, she did not feel very apprehensive that they had found it. She searched a long time, of course unsuccessfully, yet she would not believe that it had fallen in their way. There was nothing in the appearance of Juliet or Philip when they returned from their walk, to induce such a belief, but a few hours afterwards a remark by the latter, which would have been thought nothing of at another time, produced much doubt and uneasiness.

Neither Mrs. Highton nor her daughters were surprised, when after tea Juliet informed them that she should start for home in the morning. She at first thought she would make no allusion to the shawl before her departure, but as she was about to leave, she could not resist the temptation of letting them know that she was aware of the meanness one of them had been guilty of, in stealthily possessing herself of the note. The presence of Philip gave to her words a pungency which they did not possess of themselves, and which it may be hoped proved salutary if subsequently, either of them was beset with a similar temptation.

'I am glad she is gone,' said Mrs. Highton, an expression of gratification which received a hearty response from both of her daughters. Their feelings were somewhat different when in three days afterwards, Philip discovered that it was indispensable for him to return home. According to an opinion that they freely discussed among themselves, Juliet had inveigled him into a promise of marriage.—They were sorely tried upon the subject, so much so, that they came to the conclusion that it was Mrs. Highton's duty to write to Philip's parents in order to apprise them of their apprehensions. Being naturally dilatory, however, six weeks had glided away before she executed her intention by writing as follows to Mrs. Neville:

'DEAR MADAM:—I have too long delayed performing what I consider a duty, by giving you a hint respecting a girl by the name of Juliet Carryll, who, at the suggestion of Mr. Highton, was invited to make us a visit, and who unfortunately came when your son was our guest. With a tolerable face and a great deal of art, we have reason to fear that she succeeded in making an impression on the susceptible heart of that excellent young man, who is worthy to connect himself with a daughter of one of the first families in the State, instead of the daughter of a poor widow. Sincerely hoping that you will feel disposed to profit from this warning,

I remain yours, &c.,

HESTER HIGHTON.'

In a few days the subjoined answer was received:

'DEAR MADAM:—Your letter came too late to answer the purpose for which it was intended. Philip, with the full concurrence of Mr. Neville and myself, having already sought and obtained the promise of Juliet Carryll's hand. That you may suffer no more anxiety from an apprehension of her unworthiness, my husband and I beg leave to assure you that, according to the assertion of those whose veracity can be depended on—they being uninfluenced by any selfish motive—her mental and moral qualities are fully equal to her personal beauty. Claiming your congratulations, rather than your pity,

I remain yours, &c.,

LUCY NEVILLE.'

'I always knew,' said Mrs. Highton, after she and her daughters had read the letter, 'that Mr. and Mrs. Neville were very odd and very independent people. They would let their son marry a beggar if they got it into their heads that she possessed superior moral and mental qualities.'

'Who cares?' said Euphrasia. 'Philip Neville is not the only young man in the world who is rich, handsome and accomplished.'

'No,' said Faustina, 'but the worst of it is, they are, like him, unattainable.'

[Written for The Flag of our Union.]

## THE VALLEY FLOWER.

BY J. H. ROBINSON.

THE Pawnees were encamped in a valley at the base of the Rocky Mountains. The steep hills on either side were covered with trees of a luxuriant growth. A small stream murmured through the valley. The wild deer and the bison drank of its cool waters. The supple reed, the rank flag, and a hundred nameless plants grew upon its banks. There was a pleasant charm in the monotony of its murmurs, as it rippled on hour after hour. The Pawnees loved the secluded spot, because it abounded with game, and hid them from their enemies. Its beauty also possessed a charm for those children of nature. Their wigwams peeped through the trees at intervals along the green margin of the stream, whose waters supplied them with drink.

A little apart from the rest, dwelt an aged Pawnee brave and his squaw. Several years before they had lost a daughter by death. To supply this loss in some measure, the child of a white trapper had been stolen and adopted.

This child was an interesting girl of eight years of age. Although she was inconsolable at first at being torn from her parents and friends, she at length became more reconciled to her new situation, and learned to regard the Pawnee and his squaw as parents. But time could never entirely subdue the fond yearnings of her heart to be again with her own race and real kindred.

As years went on, a form of uncommon loveliness developed itself in the wilderness. The dark hair grew darker and more glossy. The soft and expressive eyes grew more soft and expressive. The rich beautiful tints of the cheeks grew richer and more beautiful. The step that was at first faltering and slow, grew firm and bounding. Her Indian parents were proud of their daughter, and her red brethren called her the 'Valley Flower.' She was in truth the fairest flower that ever blossomed on the margin of the streamlet. She had learned the simple arts of savage life with readiness. She had even improved upon them, as the manner of making her toilet would testify. Her dress was more graceful and becoming than that of any of the Pawnee maidens.

The 'Valley Flower' was beloved by all, and her young footsteps watched with delight. She had a lover. He was a Pawnee brave, and was known as the 'bravest of the brave.' His name was Waonda. A more noble looking warrior could not be found among his tribe. He had a powerful figure, a commanding air, and a face which could safely be called handsome. His heart and disposition were in keeping with the prepossessing exterior which nature had given him.

Waonda's love for the 'Valley Flower' was fixed deeply in the inward nature, yet delicate and unobtrusive. It seemed more like a silent worship from a distance. He did not obtrude himself upon her society—he did not annoy her with his presence—he did not vex her with useless importunity. The 'Valley Flower' was not insensible to his merits, but unfortunately for him, she did not love him. She had fixed her thoughts upon another. A war party in an engagement with a party of Sioux, had taken a white prisoner among others. He was a young man from St. Louis, who, led by the love of adventure and hunting, had sought those wild and savage regions. His name was Henry Wyman. His fate for a long time remained undecided. Meanwhile he was permitted to mingle with his captors freely, although all chance of escape was carefully guarded against.

He saw the 'Valley Flower,' and after that felt but little inclination to leave the Pawnee village. He neglected no opportunity to be with her. It would have been singular for a maiden like her to have seen one of her own race, young, accomplished, frank, and reckless of danger, without emotion. Wyman's love was reciprocated with warmth. Weeks passed on, and he had almost forgotten in the society of the 'Valley Flower,' that he was a prisoner.

Time had passed so agreeably, that he began to dream of security, and that no danger menaced him. He sat by the streamlet with the rustic maiden, and laid plans for the future. He would marry her. They would leave the Indians, and in some delightful seclusion pass their days in peace. Not a neighbor should be near them. Being all the world to each other, they would not feel the need of other companionship. The cottage in which they would live, should be reared by their own hands. It should be built in a valley more pleasant than any they had seen. It should be so secluded and obscure, that no savage foot should ever find it. Its blessed solitude should be sacred to themselves. They would teach the sweet scented woodbine to climb over it, and encircle every portion in its grateful embraces. Their home should be more delightful than that of the sylvan deities. Flowers and esculent plants should spring up all about them. The wild game that would serve them for food would browse at their door.

His trusty rifle should bring it down, and her hand should prepare it for the table. Their wants being few, would be easily supplied. Happiness being an emotion of the mind only, they need look no farther than themselves to find it. Content with each other, and wishing no other society, their days would glide away swiftly like the waters of a deep river.

Thus they amused themselves with delightful pictures of the future. The murmuring of the streamlet, and the soft sighing of the wind through the trees, lent a dreamy charm to their fancies.

But a storm was brooding over them. The skies of their bright horizon grew dark. The storm burst over their heads.

The principal chief of the tribe had been long absent on the 'war path.' He it was, who was to decide the fate of Wyman. His return was looked for with no little degree of interest by the Pawnees. He came. Unfortunately for the prisoner, his expedition had been disastrous. He had slain but few of his enemies, and lost several of his best warriors. He was in a poor mood to show mercy. Wyman was doomed to death. What a death blow to the sunny hopes of the 'Valley Flower.' She had loved Wyman with the whole strength of her soul. She could not renounce him without a struggle that would break her heart. She knew of no philosophy to teach her resignation under such a sorrow. And perhaps there is no philosophy on earth that can teach the heart resignation after all its dearest hopes of the future have been torn away.

The 'Valley Flower' was stricken to the ground. It would bloom no more for the children of the forest. Its roots could no longer take root, and draw nourishment from their soil. In the deep woods alone she poured out the burden of her grief in tears. Her cheeks grew pale, and her step was feeble when she walked her once favorite haunts. She resolved to save her lover or sacrifice herself.

The death in reserve for him was to be the refinement of cruelty. All the arts of savage torture were to be spent upon him. Great preparations were made for the tragedy.—That event was to be celebrated by general festivity and rejoicings. The 'Valley Flower' begged his life in vain. The day that was to terminate the earthly career of Wyman approached—came, and brought with it an agony of torture for the maiden. If the sacrifice took place, she resolved to return no more to the tribe who had adopted her. The hours rolled on with terrible rapidity. She sought the deepest recesses of the forest and wished to die there. She heard from a distance the shouts and songs of her savage brethren.—She shut out the horrible din by placing her hands upon her ears. As she sat there in despair, she heard the rustling of leaves. She looked up. Waonda stood before her. His arms were folded upon his breast. His noble features were melancholy in their expression. The 'bravest of the brave' was reading her thoughts. There was no fierce triumph in his gaze—no savage joy in his eyes.

'To-day the white man dies,' he said, in a low voice.

'O save him! save him!' cried the poor girl.

'I cannot save him, and why should I, if I could? Is not the white man the natural enemy of the red?'

'He is not your enemy, Waonda. He would do you good and not evil. You are good and noble, Waonda. How can you take pleasure in such inhuman cruelty? Your influence may save him.'

'And how would the 'Valley Flower' reward me?' replied Waonda, with a mournful smile.

'With her blessings, with her thanks, with her nightly prayers.'

'And can she not do more than that?'

'What more is in my power? Tell what more you would have.'

'Waonda loves the "Valley Flower." His heart is desolate without her. Be his wife, and the white man shall live,' said the warrior, bending his eagle eye searchingly upon the maiden.

'Good Waonda! is there not some other condition that will content you? O say that there is,' cried the 'Valley Flower,' falling on her knees, and holding up her hands.

The brave shook his head.

'Think, Waonda, think again.'

Waonda shook his head as before, and pointed to the sun to signify that the hour of the white man's death drew near.

The fair pleader shuddered. Raising her streaming face to Waonda, she said:

'I consent. I will dwell in the lodge of Waonda. Save the white man.'

'It is well. If the white man dies, Waonda will die with him. Let the "Valley Flower" remember her promise,' and the 'bravest of the brave' turned and walked toward the village.

'Far better to sacrifice myself than to survive his death. Yes, he shall live and return to make glad the hearts of his people. And I will give my life to his preserver. I will make happy the lodge of Waonda, and fill the desolate place in his heart,' exclaimed the drooping 'Valley Flower,' and sank senseless to the earth.

Wyman was led to the centre of the circle formed by the Pawnee warriors. He was bound to the fatal stake, and the dry fagots were heaped about him. He looked around him in vain to see for the last time the face of the 'Valley Flower.' He looked in vain. He saw only the stern faces of the braves. He beheld the horrible instruments of torture strown around him. A cold, sickly sensation crept over him. He thought of his friends at home, of the maiden he loved, of the earth, and bade them all a long farewell. He prayed for strength to suffer with firmness, and resigned himself to his fate.

A blazing torch was applied to the pile. The flames had begun to mount up, when the Pawnee warriors were suddenly dashed aside by a strong arm, and the burning fagots scattered to the winds. In a moment his bonds were sundered, and he was hurried through the circle of panic-stricken braves; and he and his deliverer mounted upon war-horses prepared for the occasion.

One glance at his preserver was enough to assure him that he was indebted to Waonda for his life. They shot like an arrow into the forest. When they had ridden a short distance they halted, and Wyman put on an Indian dress, which Waonda had prepared, for he had been stripped of his own garments.

A ride of a few minutes took them to the spot where Waonda had left the 'Valley Flower.' She was just recovering from a death like swoon. Wyman sprang from his horse and lifted her from the ground. He spoke to her; he called her the mistress of his soul—his love—his bride. She heard the voice so dear to her, and opened her eyes.

'He lives! he lives!' she cried, and again relapsed into a state of unconsciousness.

The words of her lover soon recalled her from the land of shadows.

'Fly with me,' he exclaimed. 'Steeds are waiting to bear us away. Let us hasten to the blessed retreat we have pictured in other hours.'

'Do not speak thus, I beseech of you. That has passed,' said the maiden, frantically. We part here forever.'

'What can you mean? The occurrences of the last few days have proved too great for your strength. They have overturned your reason,' replied Wyman, hurriedly.

'No! no! I have spoken the truth. I have saved your life—I have sacrificed myself for you. I am to be the wife of Waonda. That is the price of your life,' sobbed the loving girl.

Wyman stood aghast. He looked at Waonda. He stood at a little distance immoveable as a stone, with his arms folded on his breast, as was his habit.

'And you will abide by this decision?' said Wyman, when he was able to speak.

'I must—I *will*,' replied the 'Valley Flower,' in a voice choked with emotion.

'Then I no longer wish to escape. Let them come and take me.' And Wyman bowed his head on his hands with a determination to go no farther.

'Is not the life worth keeping that I have bartered my happiness for?' exclaimed the girl finding utterance in heart broken accents. 'Is the sacrifice I made such a trifle in your sight? Do you esteem my wishes so lightly? Have I not given you a proof of my love? And still you refuse to obey my only wish.'

'No, girl! I will withstand you no longer. I will go and preserve the existence you have lengthened out. I will live to pray for you, and think of the debt of gratitude I owe you.' He turned to Waonda, and took his hand. 'Brave Waonda, be kind to the "Valley Flower." She has been to me the light of my eyes, and the warm sunshine of my heart.'

When Wyman ceased speaking, he placed a heavy purse in the hands of the brave, and was about leaping into the saddle.

'Stay!' said the warrior, 'and hear the words of Waonda. He loves the flower that blossomed in the valley of his people. He has known her longer than the pale face, and loves her as well; but her heart is toward the white stranger. Waonda will give up the "Valley Flower." It shall bloom in other lands, far away. The air that is breathed by the red man can no longer give it life. Let it put forth its blossoms in the lodge of the pale face. Lonely shall be the wigwam of Waonda. His days shall pass in loneliness. The daughters of his race shall bring him no joy, for his heart will be far away. He will go upon the long and dangerous war-path. He will be the first to slay his enemies, and the last to rejoice. No matter if he dies on the war-path. The "Valley Flower" will not be at his lodge to welcome him back. Waonda is done. And now let the white brother go with the pale flower—the light of Waonda's eyes. Take back your money. It is nought to the red warrior.'

Waonda ceased, and turned away to hide his emotions.

Wyman wept like a child.

The pale 'Flower' caught the hand of the brave warrior and kissed it over and over again, and wet it with her tears. She essayed to speak, but could not. The 'bravest of the brave' covered his eyes with the hand that was still at liberty. His broad chest rose and fell like the sea in a storm. It was the last convulsive struggle with his deeply rooted love. Wyman threw his arms about his more than preserver, and strained him an instant to his heart. He spoke no words of gratitude. He *could* not.

He lifted the 'Valley Flower' into the saddle—sprang upon the other horse—waved his hand, and gazed for the last time at Waonda, and dashed away with his bride.

The cottage they had pictured, arose in a deep valley. The vine crept over it, and encircled it on every side like the love of Wyman for the 'Valley Flower.' Sweet scented plants bloomed at the door. A thousand affections clustered within. The birds sang their songs, and the winds wafted them the choicest perfumes of the forest. There was no home so happy as that of Wyman and the 'Valley Flower.' If they were ever sad, it was when the memory of Waonda stole over them.

[Written for The Flag of our Union.]

## THE UNLUCKY MAN.

BY UNCLE TOBY.

There is a certain class of people in the world, who, although possessing the very kindest dispositions and intentions, are yet constantly getting into trouble. They cannot perform even the smallest service for a friend, without having ill luck intervene to mar everything. Such men, crab like, are always *advancing backwards*, and are continually in hot water, gaining experience by the severest practical lessons.

Coming up from Gloucester a few mornings since in the cars, we found ourself in the immediate neighborhood of rather an original company, consisting of an old Cape Ann grandmother with her niece, a Frenchman and his wife, on the seat before them, and a well-to-do-in-the-world Cape Anner, whose 'ancient and fishlike smell' betokened his calling. A sixth passenger, Ephraim Goodman, as we afterwards learned, besides ourself, and a couple of females and a child, made up the company of the car. We had no book or paper with us, and so we listened to the characteristic remarks of the passengers. The old lady sprang half out of her skin at each signal whistle of the engine, and anxiously inquired of Mr. Ephraim Goodman, who sat beside her, whether the biler wasn't a bustin'. The Frenchman took snuff incessantly, and his wife petted a white, curly-haired lapdog, whose face and eyes looked as though it had been crying all night.—The fisherman kept a sharp lookout for the light-houses, as we skirted the shore of Old Massachusetts Bay, and the young girl was delighted with everything she saw. Mr. Goodman ventured a few remarks to us on the state of the weather and the cholera. 'Speaking of the cholera,' said he, 'I'm rayther timid on that point, for I've a sort of presentiment that I'm bound to die in a co-lapsed state. It's no use avoidin' one's fate. I've always been unlucky. I tried to fix it so I should not have to go to Boston while the pestilence raged, but it was no use; things turned up, and I had to go. Well, ye see, as soon as I got to Salem, I read in the papers that twenty-four people had died the day before, and the whole of the way to the city I had the cramp in my stomach so bad that I like ter have fainted. But I thought that I'd hurry through my business, and go back as soon as possible. So I jest went to get my valise, and what should be passed out but a *coffin!* Gracious,' said I, what's that?'

'A body,' said the baggage master.

'A body?'

'Yes.'

'Dead?'

'I rather guess it is,' said the baggage man, shoving the thing along.

'What did the person die of?' I asked.

'Cholera.'

'Cholera!' said I.

'Yes,' he replied.

'Look here,' I said, 'you can just keep my valise till I call for it;' and I scooted up town. I wasn't going to take my clothes all full of that darned disorder, and I never asked for it since. It aint to be wondered at—it was my luck. I met two funerals before I got into Washington street, and opposite the court house I cum darned near being run over by a wagon load of coffins going to the Cholera Hospital; but I didn't wonder. I began to be reconciled to my fate—I knew I'd got to have it, and so kept on. Now you look happy and unconcerned, sir, you're a lucky man. I can tell a lucky man as far as I can see him; but I, sir, I've been miserable almost from my birth. I've been drowned twice from a sail boat, and revived again—think of that! I stopped a runaway horse last week, with a carryall and lady in it, but the animal brought up so suddenly, it threw the woman over his head and broke her leg! Everybody said if I'd let 'em alone the horse would have stopped after a while, and she wouldn't have been hurt at all. Don't you see? 'twas my luck!'

At this moment a couple of ladies and a child entered the cars, which had stopped at the Manchester depot. There were no seats empty on the shady side of the car, and the ladies walked along, looking for a seat out of the sun. As they came to Mr. Goodman, he jumped up, and squeezing out of his seat, to offer it to them, knocked down the child, and started a kind of music anything but pleasant.

'Beg your pardon, marm, I didn't see the little gal,' said Ephraim, bowing to the ladies.

'No consequence, sir—she'll be quiet, soon.'

But she wasn't quiet soon—for she cried like blazes for the next ten miles. In the meantime Ephraim Goodman sat disconsolate in half my seat, looking upon, or rather listening to, the trouble he had made, until at last the protracted crying of he child led to an examination of its head by the ladies, who discovered to their astonishment a swelling about the size of a hen's egg near the temple! Mr. Goodman looked at it, and then turned to us saying, 'It'll die!'

'What?' said we, in astonishment.

'It'll die, of course it will—it's my luck!'

At this moment the young lady with the grandmamma expressed herself as feeling quite sick, being unaccustomed to the motion of the cars; and she was vainly struggling with the window, which was newly painted and consequently hard to move. Mr. Goodman was the nearest person to her, and he could not but offer his assistance to open the window.

He stepped towards the old lady and proffered his services, which were gladly accepted; but hardly had he squeezed in to get hold of the window, when the old lady exclaimed:

'O, O, get off! get off!'

'What's the matter, marm?' asked he.

'My corns! O dear! O dear!'

'I beg your pardon—really I didn't mean to hurt you, marm. It was an accident, I assure you,' continued Mr. Goodman, vainly trying to still the groans of the sufferer. Meanwhile the young lady grew sicker and sicker, and fearing the possible result, she cast an appealing look at Mr. Goodman and said:

'If you can open the window, sir, I should be obliged to you.'

Thus appealed to, Ephraim was determined to 'go in and win,' let the consequences be as they might, and he gallantly made an onslaught upon the window this time with more success, for it flew up with a jerk, letting in a gust of wind like a hurricane, created by the motion of the cars. Unfortunately the Frenchman was at that moment taking snuff, and two-thirds of the contents of his box was lodged by the current of air in Mr. Goodman's eyes!

'Darn it!' exclaimed Ephraim, rubbing his eyes in the greatest pain, 'O gracious! give me some—some—water—water! O damnation!' and he staggered back to a seat at the end of the car where he plumped down.

'Look here, sir, look here,' said Mr. W——, the express man. 'get up, get up, I say; you are spoiling that box of laces—get off of it.'

'No matter,' said Mr Goodman, 'throw it out of the window; throw me out too—I wish you would!'

Arriving at East Boston, Mr. Goodman rushed out of the cars to get at some water to relieve the intense smarting in his eyes caused by the snuff, and in his headlong eagerness he stepped off before the cars had stopped, throwing himself at his full length upon the ground! We helped him up, and led him on board the boat, where some water was found for him, and his immediate suffering relieved.

Just as we were about to land on the Boston side, the Frenchman approached Mr. Goodman and said:

'Excuse me, monsieur, I very much regret'

'O, no matter, not the least consequence, sir,' said Mr. Goodman. '*You see it's my luck.*'

P. S. We understand that Mr. Goodman has applied to the Cholera Hospital to have a spare bed reserved for him.

### Evening Solace.

The human heart has hidden treasures,
In secret kept, in silence sealed;
The thoughts, the hopes, the dreams, the pleasures,
Whose charms were broken if revealed.
And days may pass in gay confusion,
And nights in rosy riot fly;
While lost in fame's or wealth's illusion,
The memory of the past may die.

But there are hours of lonely musing,
Such as in evening's silence come;
When, soft as birds their pinions closing,
The heart's best feelings gather home.
Then in our souls there seems to languish
A tender grief that is not woe,
And thoughts that once wrung groans of anguish,
Now cause but gentle tears to flow.

And feelings, once as strong as passions,
Float softly back, a faded dream;
Our own sharp griefs and wild sensations
The tale of others' suffering seem.
O, when the heart is freshly bleeding,
How longs it for the time to be,
When through the mist of years receding,
Its woes but live in revery.

And it can dwell on moonlight glimmer,
On evening shade and loneliness;
And, while the sun grows dim and dimmer,
Feel no untold and strange distress.
Only a deeper impulse given
By lonely hour and darkened room,
To solemn thoughts to soar to heaven—
Seeking a life and world to come.

### A Brazilian Relish.

The Brazilians had been so long and so generally inured to the detestable practice of eating human flesh, that the Christian missionaries found it less difficult to reform them in any other of their vices than in this. Southey, in his History of Brazil, relates a fact of the following tenor. Not very long after the Portuguese had obtained possession of Brazil, a Jesuit undertook to christianize a Brazilian woman of a very advanced age. He catechised her, he instructed her, as he conceived it in the nature of Christianity; and, finding her at the point of death, he asked her if there was any kind of food she could take. 'Granny,' said he, 'if I were to get you a little sugar, or a mouthful of our nice things which we get from beyond the sea, do you think you could eat and relish it?' 'Ah, my stomach goes against everything. There is but one thing which I think I could touch. If I had the hand of a little Tapua boy, I think I could pick the bones; but, woe is me! there is no one to go out and shoot the boy for me now.' So inveterate is the power of long-cherished habit, even after the reception of better principles.

THE FLAG OF OUR UNION.

F. GLEASON, PROPRIETOR.

MATURIN M. BALLOU, EDITOR.

☞ The terms of The Flag of our Union are $2 00 per annum, invariably in advance. The paper is always discontinued at the expiration of the time paid for. See imprint on the last page.

☞ All communications designed for publication in the paper, must be post paid, and addressed to F. GLEASON, *Boston, Mass.*, Proprietor of The Flag of our Union.

### To our Correspondents.

'Constance Beverly, or Love and Pride,' a prose sketch, by AGNES L. GORDON, shall appear in our next.

'The Pilgrim of the West,' a fine poem, by JANE GAY, filed for next number.

'How Mr. Binks was taken in and done for,' a humorous sketch, by that inimitable devotee of humor, THE OLD 'UN, shall find a place in our next issue.

'A Sunset Scene,' a poem, by E. S. TROXEL, accepted.

'A Negro Quilting Party, or the Salted Whiskey,' a laughable sketch, by one who heard of it, shall appear next week.

'Lines to my Sister,' a sweet poem, by SARAH W. SPAULDING, accepted.

'Albert and Herman,' a prose sketch, by PAUL CREYTON, shall appear next week.

'Stanzas for Music,' by ROBERT GILMORE, shall appear next week.

'The Exile's Lament,' a poetic sketch, by LOUISE, shall find a place in our next.

'The Little Blue Bird,' a poem, by JENNIE, next week.

'The March of Freedom,' a poem, by O. G. W., filed for insertion.

'Sympathy,' a picture in verse, by JOSEPH W. NYE, filed for the next number of the Flag.

'The Dream,' a poem, by ADA, easy in versification, and well conceived—accepted.

A poem by the EDITOR, next week.

'A Prose Sketch,' by Mrs. E. WELLMONT, filed for our next.

'Man,' 'Farewell to Summer,' 'Autumn Leaves,' and 'War,' are respectfully declined. Let the author of the poem entitled 'War,' try again—there are gems in this his first attempt.

### Watering Places.

Soon as the summer solstice approaches, every man, woman and child who has the least pretence to fashion, prepares to evacuate the city, bag and baggage, and fly away on the wings of steam to some watering place in pursuit of comfort and enjoyment. With many a look of envy and despair does the unhappy wight, whom circumstances doom to a perpetual town residence, watch this annual migration of gilded butterflies, sighing to think of the felicities that await them at the termination of their journey. Visions of broad, shiny beaches, of blue waves, of rocky headlands, and of tumbling surges, people his imagination, and he wishes himself anywhere but where he is. Poor, benighted, verdant gentleman! Little does he know the purgatory to which, for their sins, this migratory herd are voluntarily dooming themselves.

We will trace for thy enlightenment the career of one of these emigrants. A crowded car or overburthened boat bears him away to his place of destination. He arrives at his hotel, seeking retirement, and finding a crowd of five hundred people. The airy bedroom he has engaged turns out to be a closet, eight by seven in dimensions. The thermometer is up to ninety in the shade. He goes into the water to bathe, but is chased through the surf by a ground shark. Having a taste for conchology, he makes an excursion after specimens to grace his marine cabinet, and in the course of a toilsome forenoon obtains four pebbles, a paving stone, a five finger, and the fossil remains of a horse's head presumed to be a fragment of the hydrarchos, and seven clam shells!

Smothering in the atmosphere of his closet, he awaits the sound of the gong for dinner.—Five hundred wretches, in stiff cravats or rustling silks, gather at last around the board. Here and there a gloomy and thick-headed waiter is stationed like a vidette on the skirts of an army! These fellows have no sort of faculty of identifying persons, or remembering orders; if you ask for bread, they bring you lobster; if you order fish, they bring you fowl; if you like underdone beef, they bring you mutton done to a crisp. Mr. Smith gets all your orders, and you get all Mr. Smith's, and until you can effect a system of exchanges, you are likely to go without your dinner. If our friend goes out a sailing, there is either no wind at all, or a squall—at all watering places it is either a dead calm or a tornado—there is no medium. Weary or wet, sea-sick or heart-sick, at all events, home-sick, our adventurer comes ashore.

Perhaps of a literary turn, our friend visits the circulating library in search of mental aliment, and finds the stock to consist of books he knows by heart, or old novels that are never opened now. He finds the livery stable stocked with horses promoted from the plough, or removed pro. tem. from the sand cart, while all the vehicles seem to have been invented and built before the discovery of springs. In the evening, perhaps, if it be intensely hot, there is a ball, or as it is politely termed, a 'hop,' the music for which would be excellent if the performers had any idea of time or tune, of which, unfortunately, they seem to be totally ignorant; so, after having his waltzing disconcerted and his polka broken up, he goes to bed, to resume, on the morrow, the same pleasant routine.

Regret not, then, ye who are compelled to remain at your well found and comfortable town residences, that you cannot follow the tide that sets towards the country. If thou art enthralled by poverty, then bless thy stars that thou art not the slave of fashion, which would drag thee from thy pleasant home, and even as the autocrat sends his serfs to suffer in Siberia, would consign thee to a place of greater punishment, a summer watering place.

THE PRESIDENT.—Gen. Taylor reached his house in Washington on Saturday, 8th. On his arrival at Philadelphia he did not land, but was taken from the New York boat by a ferry boat which passed down in front of the city. The President stood on the hurricane deck and waved his handkerchief in acknowledgement of the cheers from the immense crowds which lined the wharves. At the Navy Yard he was put on board the boat for Baltimore.

NEW IMPORTATIONS.—Dr. Davis, the distinguished agriculturalist of South Carolina, has arrived with his family at Charleston, after a prolonged visit to Europe. The Mercury says:

'In addition to former valuable additions to the agricultural interests of our States, such as the Cashmere Goats, and Water Oxen, the doctor and his son have brought with them the Thibet Shawl Goat, a pair of Brahmin Cattle, an assortment of useful poultry and valuable seeds adapted to our climate.'

TO DESTROY THISTLES.—Mow the plants close by the ground, split open the root stalks, and put salt in the opening.

### Results of the late War.

It cannot be denied by the most scrupulous, that the war which has but lately closed between the United States and Mexico has resulted in no small degree of good. Of course there is always bitter mingled with the sweets of fortune, and much can be said to cloud the glory that resulted to the arms of our country; but there can also be a vast deal adduced to show that all was for the best, and indeed that already has good, and much good too, come of the strife. A new field has been opened to the enterprise of our restless population, Christianity and civilization are now striding over the fields that are bleached by the bones of our brave army. The arts and sciences have already plumed the wing of flight for a new region. The country that Mr. Webster said would not be worth the taking after it was conquered, is now furnishing the whole world with gold, and already does California talk of becoming a State of the glorious Union. Not worth the taking, forsooth! Nearly four millions of dollars in gold has it already yielded, while its resources are pronounced by our Yankee pioneers to be inexhaustible! The opening of the mines of California to enrich the industrious population and the hardy adventurers of this country, is an immediate result of the war. So that whether viewed in a moral light or as a worldly, a pecuniary advantage, still is the benefit of the measure apparent.

Forbearance has ceased to be a virtue with this country, for it has practised it to an extent bordering upon cowardice, so that the most puny powers of the world have dared to insult our flag and imprison our citizens.—This was the case with Mexico, to such a shameful and bare-faced extent, that at last war became inevitable. English policy is after all, in this respect, the true policy; they use the strong arm and operate by the cannon's mouth at the first token of insult. It is a good mode of argument to use sometimes; always decisive, and brings people to terms with a promptness that no other means *can* possibly accomplish.

Another result of the late war has been to give us confidence in ourselves, to show us the indomitable courage and power of our people when called to arms, and it has led the nations of the world also to look upon this country in a very different light from what they have done for years past. Indeed, it has led our rulers themselves to look upon our own interests and rights with a more jealous eye, as is evinced in the case of the late abduction of a person from New Orleans to the city of Havana. The man who was a Spaniard, was forcibly taken from under the protection of the stars and stripes, and conveyed to Havana. A few years ago this circumstance would have given rise to a long protracted correspondence, and investigation, between our government and that of Spain, but now, how is it? No sooner is the transaction made known at Washington, than our home squadron are telegraphed from Maine to Georgia, and ordered to the Island of Cuba. Our consul makes a formal *demand* for the abducted party, though he is a Spaniard and not an American. Our men of war, with their proud colors flying, and their open ports bearing upon the town, stand off and on before the Moro castle. There is no time for indecision, the governor general sees that he has those to deal with who are jealous of their honor, and ready to defend it with their heart's blood. The man Rey is given up to our consul, is re-conveyed to New Orleans, and told that so long as he is under the American flag no power on earth can harm him! Here is another example to show the world that we are too strong to suffer even the least indignity, and that the rights of American citizens at home and abroad must be respected, and that American soil shall be held sacred by all mankind.

### General Herrera.

This chivalric Mexican has been travelling at the North this summer with his beautiful New England wife, who was once an operative in the Lowell Mills. He is described as a tall, finely moulded specimen of the Mexico-Spanish gentleman. His mouth and chin are buried in a profuse blending of mustache and whiskers, while beneath a smooth and jutting forehead a pair of dark and singularly winning eyes constitute the most expressive feature of his handsome face. His complexion is a deep Southern, and in repose his countenance is slightly melancholy. He is now on a visit to the native cot of his wife, that nestles like a gem in a wild and beautiful valley lying in the shadow of the White Mountains.

### The Queen of England.

In another place we have referred to the probability of Victoria's visiting her subjects in the Canadas; we have since learned that the purpose is seriously entertained, and that orders have been issued relative to the procuring of proper quarters for her majesty's sojourn during her stay in the North American Colonies. In case she does come, Old Zack ought to meet her somewhere at the North, and tender her the hospitalities of the White House. Wouldn't it be great fun to have Victoria visit our towns and cities? It would do much good in undeceiving her majesty in relation to travellers' stories, and would doubtless awaken a spirit of friendship between the two countries that would be of great national benefit. All honor to her majesty as our guest, and let her come, say we.

'NOT AT HOME.'—The Plymouth Rock forgot to give us credit for the story thus entitled, and written by T. S. Arthur for the FLAG.

'Taking the Starch out of 'em,' Mr. Baltimore Daily Argus, should have been credited to the FLAG, not the Spirit of the Times.

We see so much of our original matter floating about, either not credited at all, or else accorded to the wrong source, that we grow a little sensitive.

'ALPHONSE, OR THE MYSTIC RIDERS OF THE AGA HASSAN.'—This is a story, which we have just issued, of France and the Nile in 1799, by EDGAR W. DAVIES, JR., and is for sale at all the periodical depots. Its plot is varied and entertaining, the style easy and correct, forming a tale of romance that must prove very popular.

CLUBS.—We see our country friends are already busy forming clubs to the Flag, in order to supply themselves with plenty of good reading matter for the coming winter evenings. By reference to the imprint on the last page, the terms at which the paper is offered to clubs will be found to be exceedingly low.

A CHEAP OFFER.—We send any six of our twenty-five cent books to one address for *one dollar*. Enclose the money in a letter, specifying those desired, which can be selected from the last column on this page, and the books will be sent by next mail, or by express.

### Editorial Ink-Drops.

A severe shock of an earthquake was felt at Smyrna about a month since.

Levi J. North's equestrian troupe were at Charleston, S. C., when last heard from.

The President of the French republic has been quite ill. He is now convalescent.

Fanny Kemble Butler is kicking up quite a dust in the western part of Massachusetts.

Things look as though the brave Hungarians would be crushed by their enemies.

General Taylor, it is said, looks almost worn out by excitement and want of repose.

In Albany, during the last year, there have been 434 brick and 86 frame houses erected.

The English revenue on tobacco from this country is nearly $22,000,000 per annum.

Copper ore has been discovered at Plymouth, Montgomery county, Pennsylvania.

An exchange says there are 60,000 people in South Carolina who cannot read.

Tears are generally most honest, and yet there is nothing known that *dries* quicker.

It is said that Louis Napoleon and his advisers will attempt to overthrow the republic soon.

Doctors in California only charge $100 a visit. Cheap enough!

Dysentery has prevailed most fatally in New England the past summer.

J. Hussey, Esq., of Damariscotta, Me., fell dead in that place lately.

Beverly, Mass., contains 5000 inhabitants. A thriving and growing place.

A woman in Georgia shot her drunken husband who was beating her.

Harrington's sacred diorama of the Creation and Deluge was lately burnt in N. York city.

That hateful Catholic institution, the Inquisition, is being revived at Rome—think of that!

A blacksmith gets only $24 for shoeing a horse in California.

The New York Evening Post sets the number of slaveholders in the U. S. at 100,000.

Lola Montes is now travelling on the continent with her new husband.

Cuba is now called 'the coming sister of the South.' Poetic, certainly.

The potato disease, it seems, is appearing in various parts of Pennsylvania.

A citizen of Northampton, Mass., was made to pay $40 for turkeys killed by his dog.

A man in Devon, N. J., committed suicide because his betrothed gave him the mitten.

Laura Mears, of New York city, poisoned herself because her lover was unfaithful.

### Mental Supremacy.

De Quincy, the English opium-eater, relates the following as 'the greatest story upon record.' Marius, the man who rose, a *caligd*, to be seven times consul, was in a dungeon; and a slave was sent in with commission to put him to death. These were the persons, the two extremities of exalted and forlorn humanity, its vanward and its rearward man, a Roman consul and an abject slave. But their natural relations to each other were by the caprice of fortune monstrously inverted; the consul was in chains; the slave was for a moment the arbiter of his fate. By what spells, what magic, did Marius reinstate himself in his natural prerogatives? By what marvels drawn from heaven or from earth, did he, in the twinkling of an eye, again invest himself with the purple, and place between himself and his assassin a host of shadowy lictors? By the mere blank supremacy of great minds over weak ones. He *fascinated* the slave, as a rattlesnake does a bird. Standing 'like Teneriffe,' he smote him with his eye, and said, 'Tu-ne, homo, audes occidere Caium Marium?' Dost thou, fellow, presume to kill Caius Marius? Whereat the reptile, quaking under the voice, not daring to affront the consular eye, sank gently to the ground—turned round upon his hands and feet—and, crawling out of the prison like any other vermin, left Marius standing in solitude as steadfast and immoveable as the capitol.

### California.

The population of California, according to the St. Louis Union, will be 100,000 by the time the emigrants now on their way will all reach there. The Placer Times estimated it at 60,000, but in that estimate it only allowed 8000 for overland emigration, while the Union says the number going by way of Independence, St. Joseph and Council Bluffs, was, by a very accurate estimate at those points, made 34,000. But great numbers went also by the Arkansas river and Santa Fe. So that the whole population by the 1st of October, must be set down at 90,000. If the emigration through other avenues, by sea and from Mexico, &c., should much exceed this estimate, it will go to 100,000.

GUNNERY.—During an official visit of the Secretary of the Navy to the navy yard at Washington on Friday, a series of experiments in gunnery were given, under the direction of Lieut. S. A. Dalgreen, ordnance officer of the post. The Republic says that by improvements lately made in the ordnance by that skilful officer and others, a thirty-two pounder was fired seven times in a minute, from one gun, being about double the usual number of rounds in that time.

A PROCLAMATION.—One of the most grandiloquent and Bombastes Furioso-like documents we have lately met with, is that of Com. Randolph to the persons encamped at Round Island. We hope Mr. Randolph's style is confined to himself and not that generally adopted by our naval officers.

A NEW CITY IN NEW JERSEY.—On Saturday last a large party from Philadelphia visited a place called the 'High Banks,' in Burlington county, New Jersey, where it is proposed to found a new city called Florence city. It is situated on the banks of the Delaware, in sight of Trenton. It is in the hands of an enterprising company, who are going ahead with it.

NEW YORK STREETS.—The Tribune says: Has anybody missed the pigs from the streets? Not one of these bristling nuisances has been seen for months. One scarcely realizes the relief without a painful effort of memory.

COOL, DECIDEDLY.—The Picayune says that New Orleans never was so healthy, and that 'no one dies of anything but the doctors, and old diseases, acquired in foreign countries!'

LOVE AFFAIRS.—Thackeray, in his new novel, Pendennis, says: 'Perhaps all early love affairs ought to be strangled or drowned, like so many blind kittens.'

'THE UNLUCKY MAN.'—Uncle Toby says that his sketch thus entitled is an actual occurrence, and that he came near losing all the buttons off his clothes during the enactment of the scene.

Look at Pratt, the runaway Collector of Woodstock, Vt., appointed to a post-office in Wisconsin. —*N. H. Pat.*

How can you look at him if he's run away?

### From our Foreign Files.

Arrow root biscuits are now issued by the bakers in England. They are said to be very delicate eating.

As the queen entered Cork, an Irishman shouted, 'Arrah, Victoria; stand up, and let's look at you.' Her Majesty rose, when he exclaimed, 'God bless you for that, my darlint.'

The deaths from cholera in London are ten to one more on the Southwark side of the Thames than on the other side. This is owing to the one being poorly drained, and the other comparatively dry.

A correspondent of the Christian Inquirer, under date of Paris, Aug. 9th, says: 'I called to see Lamartine the other day, and found him fearfully emaciated; his eye and intellect, however, clear as usual.'

Three young girls were recently tried in Stafford, Eng., for highway robbery. One of them knocked the man down and held his mouth; another held his legs; while the third searched his pockets.

It is said to be the intention of the English ministry, in deference to her Majesty's wishes, to grant, in a short time, a free pardon to all the Irish State prisoners, whether in prison at home, or serving as convicts in penal colonies abroad.

In England local politics were never more in abeyance than at this moment. The interest of the royal visit to Ireland having passed away, the London journals find great difficulty in filling their columns with any attractive matter. The most active harvest operations are going forward in all parts of the country.

It having been found that the feat of walking one thousand miles within one thousand successive hours was not beyond human capacity, a club of sportsmen in England have subscribed £50 to be given to the first person who shall perform the task of walking one thousand half miles in as many successive half hours.

### Dewdrops of Wisdom.

Every one is the architect of his own fortune.

He is a good orator who convinces himself.

Love what you ought to do, and it will be easy to do it—oiled wheels run smoothly.

Experience keeps a dear school—but many will learn in no other.

Religion is an excellent armor, but a bad cloak.

A man may *talk* like a wise man, and yet *act* like a fool.

As good have no time, as make a bad use of it.

Keep your business and conscience well, and they will be sure to keep you well.

A man knows no more to any purpose, than he practises.

Wisdom consists in employing the best means to accomplish the most important ends.

He who studies books alone, will know how things *ought* to be; he who studies men, will know how things *are*.

The closer we follow nature and obey her laws, the longer shall we live: the farther we deviate from them, the sooner we shall die.

Were one as eloquent as an angel, he would please some much more by listening than by speaking.

Those who take no delight in virtue cannot take any either in the employments or the inhabitants of heaven.

To be perfectly resigned in the whole life, in its every aspect, to the will and government of Providence is a worship most pleasing in the sight of the Lord.

Religion is to be as much like God as man can be like him; hence there is nothing more contrary to religion than bitter disputes and contentions about it.

If you would enjoy your food, labor for it; if you would enjoy your raiment, pay for it before you wear it; if you would sleep soundly, let a good conscience be your bed-fellow.

Truth can never contradict itself; it is immutable: the states in which men receive its utterances are various as the subjects of natural creation.

The triumphs of truth are the most glorious, because they are bloodless—deriving their highest lustre from the number of the saved, instead of the slain.

### The Joker's Budget.

If you wish to get rid of your hair, just use some hair-*die*.

Col. Wallace, of the Philadelphia Sun, wittily says: 'In Paris, a new style of pockets has been introduced—ours are *without change*.'

'Have you any molasses, Mr. Hughes?'—'I have a few, sir—how many do you want?' 'Well, I guess I'll take two if they are pretty good.'

An Irishman, on being asked which was oldest, he or his brother, replied, 'I am the oldest, but if my brother lives three years, we shall be both of an age.'

A French wag says that when the fog hinders the working of the telegraph, the French provincials do not know whether they are governed by a king or president.

'I believe the jury have been inoculated for stupidity,' said a lawyer. 'That may be,' said his opponent, 'but the bar are of opinion that you had it in the natural way.'

An American vender of a universal medicine declares that if his prescription be followed literally, a cure is certain. 'This medicine is to be taken in-ternally, ex-ternally and e-ternally.'

All a man has to do in these days, to pass for a genius, is to button his coat behind, and wear his hat wrong side out. If he can contrive to tumble over an apple stand two or three times, it will help the matter vastly.

A young man lately thought he had a 'call' to act—failing on the 'stage,' he descended to the 'omnibus' line—but finding his talents unsuited even to this grade, he is now employed in the *dray*-matic profession.

One of our city watchmen having found an inebriate stretched out at full length in a cast iron pipe, Jem remarked that the fellow was 'pretty well off for liquor, as he had *laid in a whole pipe at once*.'

A man was boasting about his knowledge of the world, when a wag in company asked him if he had ever been in Algebra. 'I can't exactly tell,' said he, 'but I think I once passed it on the coach.'

A celebrated wit made one of his happiest jokes when he heard that Bishop who had been sent to Portsmouth preparatory to transportation for life, had escaped. 'Gad, sir,' said he, 'he must have been an *arch bishop*, to do that; and yet his dislike to the *see* is quite unaccountable.'

### Miscellaneous Items.

An old almanac of Charles II.'s time, quoted by Scott, recommends the reader to walk a mile or two every morning before breakfast, in the month of July, and if he can possibly so manage it, *to let his exercise be taken on his own land.*

The value of real and personal property in Washington city is estimated at $12,740,000, being an increase of $1,700,000 in four years. This does not include the edifices and real estate belonging to government, the value of which is about $8,000,000.

An experiment was lately tried at sea to render the insipid water taken from casks, cool and refreshing, that proved entirely successful. A wine bottle was filled from the casks, corked tightly, and lowered into forty fathoms of water, by means of a lead. Upon being taken up after a few minutes interval, its temperature was found to be nearly as low as ice water.—*Nantucket Inquirer.*

A rogue calling himself Washington, has been passing himself off as general mail agent, and by means of a forged letter in the name of S. R. Hobbie, assistant post-master general, has been travelling free over the railroads and the stage-routes of the West, borrowing money of post-masters, landlords and state agents, and otherwise imposing on the public. He was detected in Pittsburg.

### Quill and Scissors.

The St. John Morning News says: 'The value of the agricultural produce of this Province averages £800,000 per annum; but that the yield this year, so abundant is the promise, will be likely to exceed in value one million and a half.'

Two young simpletons, Creoles, of New Orleans, fought a duel with shot guns loaded with single ball, the distance forty paces.—After the first exchange of shots, neither party being wounded, the challenger apologized, and so the affair terminated.

The Barnstable Patriot says that it is in contemplation to petition the next Legislature for a charter for a railroad from Plymouth to Yarmouth Port. It is understood that the Old Colony Railroad will subscribe liberally for its stock.

Boswell tells us that Johnson was wont to rebuke the fault-finders of his time by quoting the advice of Thomas a Kempis, 'Be not angry that you cannot make others as you wish them to be, since you cannot make yourself as you wish to be.'

Wire-work is now being successfully substituted for wood laths in the ceiling of houses and public buildings. The wire is either galvanised or immersed in a chemical preparation, which prevents it from corrosion.

Narrow minded men who have not a thought beyond the sphere of their own vision, recall the Hindoo saying, 'The snail sees nothing but its own shell, and thinks it is the grandest place in the universe.'

The Pope, whilst waiting the result of the negotiations pending between the ambassadors of the Great Powers, is about to pass some days at Naples, where the king is preparing to give him a magnificent reception.

While a party of twelve ladies were in bathing at Newport, the other day, the horse ran away with the wagon containing all their clothes. How they reached home can better be imagined than described.

An iron steamer, 290 feet long, 27 beam, 700 tons burthen, and with double engines of 300 horse power, has been launched in Greenock. She is called the Bolivia, and is to run in the Pacific Steam Company's line.

France retains possession of Rome, and will not surrender its authority unless the pontifical government is based on liberal principles. This may be only an excuse for keeping a force in Italy.

The New Orleans Delta says that 20,000 Americans could easily capture the whole of Cuba, and that Louisiana, nay, New Orleans and its vicinity, would, if necessary, take the job off the hands of the federal government.

The Steubenville papers announce the death of Martin Andrews, an Ohio pioneer, and one of the earliest of the land. When he first descended the Mississippi, in a flat boat, it was a four months' voyage.

A fine male fox made his appearance among a flock of lambs, at Owthorne, Eng., and became so attached to one of them that he could not be driven away. The lamb likes its new companion, and they are daily seen together.

The weekly consumption of gold leaf in the manufacture of books in London, amounts to 1,000,000 square inches—the weight of paper shavings sold annually by the London binders amounts to 350 tons.

It is said that the governor of Canada has had all the windows of the lower floor of his mansion at Monkland, his 'white house,' barricaded with three inch plank, loopholed for musketry.

Young Beauvais, aged 17 years, was killed by lightning in a house at St. Lambert, near Montreal, and another person knocked down. The family were kneeling in prayer.

In Eaton, N. H., Mr. Colman Colby committed suicide Aug. 28th, by cutting his throat with a shoemaker's knife. He had been partially insane for several years past.

Two new species of animals have recently been added to the menagerie of the Zoological Society of London, viz., a satin-bower bird, and a sun-bear.

The schooner Dolphin, Ball, from a fishing excursion, having caught 200 sharks, arrived at Newport, R. I., Aug. 30. The oil extracted from shark's liver is said to be valuable.

A letter dated San Francisco, June 16, says: 'The wind blows a gale every afternoon from the north, and it is quite as cold as it is at home in November.'

A man named Wood was killed at East Fairies, Orleans county, N. Y., last week, by being caught in a thrashing machine. He was almost literally torn to pieces.

It is recorded in Chinese history, that in the reign of Cing Ti, (A. D. 555,) the people began to sit with their legs hanging down; i. e., they used chairs!

Mr. Fuller, of the Milwaukie Sentinel, lately made the trip from Milwaukie to the city of New York in *sixty-two hours and a half*, running time. The distance is 1100 miles.

People of mean capacities always despise and ridicule more what is above the reach of their own intellect, than that which is below its standard.

Baltimore city has added nine thousand six hundred houses to its size since 1840. Its present population is estimated at 154,000.

Mr. George Coombs, in a series of articles to the Scotsman, entitled 'Causes and Cure of Pauperism,' argues that ignorance is the principal cause of pauperism.

Two hundred and fifty female operatives in the cotton factories at Cohoes, N. Y., have refused to work on account of a reduction in wages.

Small pox is raging to a considerable extent in the city of Halifax. In one small house in Irish Town there are no less than nine cases.

The pulpit of Rev. Mr. Cordner, of Montreal, who is now absent in Europe, is supplied, for the present, by Rev. Mr. Mosely, of Massachusetts.

Mr. Salmon Rockwood, of Augusta, Me., in a moment of mental aberration, went into the woods and hung himself. He leaves a large family.

A number of the lady boarders at Saratoga were upon the race course the other day, betting and losing considerable sums of money.

Major Noah Wood, late of Darien, Georgia, by his will left free about 150 slaves, and appropriated $5000 for paying expenses of emigration.

The first concert given by Madam Bishop in the city of Mexico, assisted by Signors Vatellina and Bochsa, brought her $2000.

Mr. Platt, travelling agent, was killed by the falling of a tree across him as he was passing the road a few miles west of Thomaston, Georgia.

In Danville, N. Y., a young woman threw herself into the canal, but was rescued from drowning by Capt. Welch. She had been married but three weeks.

To clothe low, creeping matter with high-flown language, is not fine fancy, but flat foolery.

Capt. Veach's company, in the State of Chihuahua, is said to be engaged by government to protect the country against the Indians.

The Bath Tribune states that there are 4500 tons of shipping now on the stocks at Brunswick and Thomaston, Me.

In Jackson, Miss., Joseph Johnson has been committed for the murder of his brother-in-law John Spires.

A New York paper says a 'delightful' riot took place at a fire in that city a few nights since. *Perhaps* it meant 'disgraceful.'

Letters from Lyons state that martial law is enforced in that city with extraordinary severity.

During the month of July there were 1395 cases of yellow fever at Havana—71 of which were fatal.

The Spanish government has founded an Academy of Sciences, after the model of the French.

There is an end of Maria Monk; she died in the almshouse, Blackwell's Island, New York.

The potato rot has appeared in Rhode Island, and some farmers will lose half their crops.

### Local Matters.

#### Mercantile Library Association.

From a circular issued by the president of this institution, we learn that its library contains upwards of 6000 volumes, selected from every department of English literature. The reading room, for which a separate hall is appropriated, is furnished with all the city newspapers and leading periodicals of the country, together with American and foreign reviews, magazines, etc. Literary exercises, consisting of debates, declamation and composition, are conducted during the winter months by the members. Arrangements have been made for classes in the study of book-keeping, penmanship, and the modern languages. The lecture committee are organizing the seventh course of public lectures, to be given under the auspices of the Association, and of a like character with those of previous years, tickets for which will be furnished to members at one dollar for the series. In accordance with the laws of the institution, any person engaged in mercantile pursuits, either as merchant or clerk, or any student above the age of fourteen years, destined for any mercantile profession, can, by the payment of two dollars, become a member of the Association, and entitled to all its privileges for one year.

#### Amusements.

The city is at present well supplied with places of public amusement. The Museum, the National, the Howard, etc., are all in the full tide of successful experiment. Booth and Hackett have been among the stars, besides the French opera troupe from New York, who performed at the Federal Street Theatre. The Panorama of the Mississippi, by Stockwell, and that of the St. Lawrence, are well patronized. We shall have no lack of amusements this winter. Mr. English's local play of 'The Mill Girls of Lowell,' has proved a card at the National. This gentleman is carving out for himself a niche in the temple of Fame, by his industry and native talent. Miss Anna Walters is a great favorite as a danseuse at the Howard.

#### Editorial Convention.

A convention of the editors and proprietors of the country journals in New York State, has been appointed to be held at Syracuse, on Wednesday, 19th inst. The particular object of the assemblage is understood to be the adoption of measures looking to the re-enactment of the free law of newspapers, which was repealed by Congress two years ago. A convention of Maryland editors, for a similar purpose, is also to assemble shortly. Where is Massachusetts, and Boston in particular?—Shall we permit our brethren of the South to be in advance of us in this great and good purpose?

THE RESERVOIR AT SOUTH BOSTON.—The Cochituate reservoir at Dorchester Heights, as we learn from the Mail, is in a state of great forwardness. The digging is nearly completed, and the stone work has commenced. The reservoir will cover about an acre and an eighth of land, and is to be seventeen and a half feet deep. It is intended that the water shall be let on to the South Bostonians on the 25th of October next—the same day of the month that it showered the Bostonians proper last autumn.

CHOLERA IN BOSTON.—There is no cause now for alarm on the part of our citizens, and people from abroad need not be at all afraid to visit us. In smaller communities in the country, and at the eastward, it is far more prevalent than it is here, and such has been the case for some time. It seems so far to have disappeared from us as to cease to form a principal feature in the bill of mortality.

A GOOD APPOINTMENT.—The mayor and aldermen have appointed Mr. George Hill city crier, vice Edwards, deceased. Mr. Hill was a faithful soldier under Gen. Scott, and was in the severest battles fought during the march from Vera Cruz to the city of Mexico. He has the written commendation of many of the eminent officers in the army, who were personally cognizant of his meritorious services.

FOR CALIFORNIA.—Three vessels cleared at this port for San Francisco in one day recently; namely, the ships Carthage, the Akbar and the barque Chief. The Carthage has on board forty houses complete, besides a large quantity of building materials. The others have also large quantities of lumber, rails, bricks, etc.

Major B. Hammatt Norton, of Boston, recently appointed Consul to Pictou, received a present from some of his friends a few evenings since, in the shape of a splendid consular uniform.—*Lowell Cour.*

It is a pity to spoil a pretty story—but then the Major didn't get his uniform. It was thought that the money would be more acceptable, and so he pocketed the cash.

MILITARY.—It is rumored that our public spirited citizen, Moses Kimball, Esq., of the Boston Museum, will shortly present a splendid set of colors to the new company of Massachusetts Volunteers, under Capt. B. Perley Poore.

COMMERCE OF BOSTON.—The value of merchandise exported from this to foreign ports, for the week ending 8th inst. was—domestic products, $113,763 64; foreign products, $37,291 11. Total amount for the corresponding week last year, $80,872 45.

PUBLIC SCHOOL.—The Bigelow School house, on South street, South Boston, is almost completed. It is a large house, and will bear the name of Bigelow School, in honor of our worthy mayor.

GEN. TAYLOR SURRENDERED.—Alderman Pope writes to Mayor Bigelow from Philadelphia, that he accompanied the President from New York to that city, and in conversation with the General, obtained a pledge from him that he would visit this city this autumn.

BOSTON—is still the healthiest city in the whole United States. The principal reasons are not only its most eligible site, but also the excellent sanitary measures that are enforced by law.

CITY EXPENSES.—The cost of celebrating the introduction of the Cochituate on the 25th of October last, was $11,184; and disbursements for the 'dog war,' last spring, amounted to three hundred dollars.

BOSTON will soon come to be called the city of fountains, if they increase in the same ratio they have lately done for any great length of time. Beautiful ornaments are fountains.

CHARACTERISTIC.—More money is expended by the city of Boston for education, than by the English government for the education of its seventeen millions of people.

THE FOUNTAIN on the Common plays most beautifully, refreshing the air, and charming the eyes of our citizens.

### OUR OLIO COLUMN.

[Written for The Flag of our Union.]

#### Moonshine-opathy.

A CURE FOR LOVE.

BY EUTERPE.

Take a girl of spirit—
The more she has the better;
Take a moonlight walk—
If there's no moon, no matter.

Talk of things romantic—
Add thereto a sonnet;
If she only smiles,
Squeeze her hand upon it.

After half an hour,
Dare to steal a kiss;
Perhaps a half a dozen,
If she's not a bashful miss.

If she box your ear,
As she'll be most sure to,
You may safely say
That she did not cure you!

#### J'ai de l'Argent.

I have money, I have money;
'Tis a joyful thing to see;
I have money, I have money—
Nothing more shall trouble me.

I've often heard it said by all,
Scarce common sense has neighbor Paul;
And when he speaks, he does not know
What nonsense from his lips doth flow.

Nor did I ever pass, in truth,
For an uncommon pretty youth;
But now, in love, no maid so fine,
But what would wed, did I incline.

For I have money, I have money;
What a joyful thing to see;
I have money, I have money—
Nothing more shall trouble me.

I do not choose to woo them now,
For fear my love too strong should grow;
At present, it is my intent
To deal alone with—sentiment.

For I have money, I have money;
What a joyful thing to see;
I have money, I have money—
Nothing more shall trouble me.

With money you may all obtain
Man can ever wish to gain;
Money reputation buys
Of being witty, good and wise,
Charming, gay and handsome,
Noble, everything:
O, this is most encouraging—
My faith! then money I will sing.

For I have money, I have money;
'Tis a joyful thing to see;
I have money, I have money—
Nothing more shall trouble me.

#### There's a Good Time coming, Girls.

There's a good time coming, girls,
A good time coming;
Old maidens may not see the day,
But still shall give a loud hurrah
For the good time coming.
Submission now shall aid our cause,
And make it all the stronger;
We'll wear the breeches by-and-by—
Wait a little longer!

There's a good time coming, girls,
A good time coming;
Our tongue shall supersede their pen,
And women rule, instead of men,
In the good time coming.
The lords of the creation then
Shall not be thought the stronger,
Nor make us promise to obey—
Wait a little longer.

There's a good time coming, girls,
A good time coming;
We shall do whate'er we please,
For fun the men we oft will tease,
In the good time coming.
They shall smile, nor dare to frown,
But own we are the stronger;
The reformation has begun—
Wait a little longer!

#### To-Day and To-Morrow.

Don't tell me of to-morrow!
Give me the man who'll say,
That when a good deed's to be done,
Let's do the deed to-day.
We may all command the present,
If we act and never wait;
But repentance is the phantom
Of the past, that comes too late!

Don't tell me of to-morrow!
There's much to do to-day,
That can never be accomplished,
If we throw the hours away!
Every moment has its duty—
Who the future can foretell?
Then why put off till to-morrow
What to-day can do so well?

Don't tell me of to-morrow!
If we look upon the past,
How much that we have left to do
We cannot do at last!
To-day! it is the only time
For all on this frail earth;
It takes an age to form a life,
A moment gives it birth.

#### Song for Harvest.

Beneath this starry arch,
Nought resteth, or is still;
But all things hold their march
As if by one great will.
Moves one, moves all;
Moves to the footfall!
On, on, forever.

Yon sheaves that once were seed,
Have ripened into deed;
As cavedrops swell the streams,
Day thoughts yield nightly dreams,
And sorrow tracketh wrong,
As echo follows song.
On, on, forever.

By night, like stars on high,
The hours reveal their train;
They whisper and go by—
I never watch in vain.
Moves one, moves all;
Hark to the footfall!
On, on, forever.

They pass the cradle head,
And there a promise shed;
They pass the moist new grave,
And bid rank verdure wave;
They bear through every clime
The harvests of all time,
On, on, forever.

#### Open-Hearted.

BY CHARLES SWAIN.

If you wish to be happy at home,
Then your heart to that wish is the door;
Keep it open, and angels may come,
And enter, and dwell evermore!
O'er each feeling a ray will be cast,
As if lit by some magical gem;
You will think you have found heaven at last,
But the angels have brought it with them.

Keep it open—and friendship and love,
And happiness, all will be thine:
A gleam of Elysium above!
A spark of the spirit divine!
Keep it shut—and then pride will have birth,
And envy, and all we condemn;
You will think you've perdition on earth,
Pride and envy have brought it with them.

The world will seem colder each day,
'Tis an image those demons but threw;
Cast your pride and your envy away,
And the world's seeming coldness will go.
O, 'tis well to be happy at home,
And to this your own heart is the door;
Keep it open—and angels may come,
And enter, and dwell evermore.

#### The Reason why.

Why does azure deck the sky?
Because the sky is dyed with blue;
Why is red the rose's dye?
Because red is the rose's hue.
All that's fair, by love's decree,
Is made as fair as fair can be.

Why is falling snow so white,
But because snow is always white?
Why are solar beams so bright,
But to show us up by daylight?
All that's fair, by love's decree,
Is made as bright as bright can be.

Why are nature's beauties felt?
Because when felt we find them good;
Why has music power to melt?
'Cause it has the 'melting mood.'
All that's fair, by love's decree,
Is made as sweet as sweet can be.

*The Inveterate.*

#### Luxury.

Fatal effects of luxury and ease!
We drink our poison, and we eat disease;
Indulge our senses at our reason's cost,
Till sense is pain, and reason's hurt or lost.

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# THE FLAG OF OUR UNION.

[Written for The Flag of our Union.]

### 'Jacta est Alea.'

BY OSCAR H. HUGHAN.

"*Jacta est alea!*"—the die is cast,
The lamp of hope is shattered now;
Its flickering beams are dead at last,
And 'neath a tyrant's frown we bow.

Ay, still we live, a shattered gem,
A mockery in fair nature's eye;
Hissed at by freedom, cursed by men,
Too base to live, afraid to die.

Too base to live—for he who wears
Tamely the chains of kingly sway,
Forfeits the lofty name he wears,
And nature 's cast her child away.

Afraid to die—or death would strike
The shackles from our drooping frame;
And on the page of history write,
With bloody hand, a noble name.

Once, 'neath Columbia's happy sky,
A despot's fetters loosely rung;
And nations with a pitying eye,
Wept when to arms her children sprung.

They met the shock of battle's gleam,
A reed beneath the tempest tossed,
A sand bank 'gainst the mountain's stream,
A flower within the winter's frost.

But still they live, and on their shore
The world's great hospital is found;
Hearts that have bled at every pore,
'Neath every sky, on every ground.

Hail to thee, brother of a fettered earth!
Kind nurse of nations' freedom's only son!
Though we are slaves, we wander to thy birth,
And bless thy name, of earth the chiefest one.

[Written for The Flag of our Union.]

### Music of the Waters.

BY PETER PEPPERGRASS.

What means this music at the dead of night,
Amid the waters' roar? Methinks I hear,
Sweet intermingling with the rumbling flood,
The notes of fairy harp, touched by a hand
Unseen, soft and melodious. Say, whence this sound,
That charms the listening night, that sighs along
The foaming billow, like the enchanting breath
Of Desdemona, in the ravished ear
Of the rough Moor? Is this the serenade
Of the stern genius of the deep, that woos
Some Naiad fair? Or is it but the voice
Of unseen nymph, to lull the wave to rest?
Still the sound echoes up—'tis not of earth—
It pours along so ravishingly sweet,
The dashing wave, as spell-bound, lingers—half
Its fury softens into listening rapture!

Say, gentle Spirit, softly-breathing Peace!
Why tun'st thy harp amid nature's cataracts?
Why fling thy notes away on midnight air?
O, come and breathe thy music in my soul!
If thou delight'st to list the torrent's roar,
And mingle there thy notes, thou wilt find
A torrent in my breast, rough and impetuous,
Pouring like thunder o'er my heart-strings. Strike
Thy harp to notes of ecstasy, and lull
To peace my bosom. Sweep the ravishing chords
Till my rapt soul forgets its rage, and melt
Away into a perfect calm.

[Written for The Flag of our Union.]

### The Bereaved Soldier.

BY J. M. BRAWES, U. S. A.

He gazed in sadness o'er
The spot to him so dear;
In vain he loudly called—
No answer met his ear.

The lone and empty house
Now met his anxious view;
That all was dead and gone,
Too well the soldier knew.

He traversed through each room,
Familiar to his eye,
And each dear object marked
With sad and bitter sigh.

He gazed in mournful thought,
O'er lawn and verdant heath,
Where once his children played,
Now sleeping low in death.

He sadly turned and left
The spot of grief and gloom;
And slowly bent his steps
Toward the silent tomb.

Beside his loved ones' grave,
The stricken soldier knelt;
Ah, who can tell the woe
That lonely father felt!

[Written for The Flag of our Union.]

### My Cottage Home.

BY JENNIE.

O, would I were a child again,
Beside the little rill,
That rippled by the cottage door,
At eve, when all was still.

Those happy scenes rush on my mind,
When back my memory strays;
Where simple love and innocence
Encircled all my ways.

I hear my welcome in the breeze—
The very stream seems glad;
I feel my heart grow happier now—
'Twill nevermore be sad.

Companions of my early youth,
I left with many a sigh;
O, take me to my childhood's home—
There leave me, let me die.

[Written for The Flag of our Union.]

### Lines to A. C. G.

BY ED'ARD.

O, why delay the happy time?
The hours glide swiftly by;
And oft we see a sombre cloud
Obscure the fairest sky.
Then, while the morn is rosy bright,
Accept my early vow;
And O, believe me, dearest maid,
Love's time, love's time, is now.

Ah, yes, 'tis true—love's time is now;
To-morrow may destroy
The flowers that bloom so fresh and fair
Along the path of joy.
Then do not thou an hour delay,
But at the altar bow;
And with consenting hearts we'll sing,
Love's time, love's time, is now!

[Written for The Flag of our Union.]

### Impromptu to Powers's Fisher Boy.

BY J. H. G.

As sweetly reflective thou standest on the sand,
I should deem thee, sweet boy, by the sceptre of Jove,
As brought into life by the masterly hand,
Not of Powers the Yankee, but Powers above.

## MISCELLANEOUS.

[Written for The Flag of our Union.]

### SHELMA MATTEE.

WESTERN LEGEND.

BY BRACEBLOCK.

Deep in the heart of one of the wild forests of Illinois, just after the Revolutionary war, stood a small log hut of most humble pretensions, surrounded by a small clearing of two or three acres of well cultivated land, on which a luxuriant crop of corn and potatoes was then standing. The hut was inhabited by a young man apparently twenty-six or seven years of age, rather above the medium size, possessing a fine manly form elegantly moulded, and exhibiting a breadth of chest and development of muscle, that betokened great corporeal power and an iron constitution. His features were bold and spirited, and tolerably regular; but his eyes were by far the most remarkable part of the man; in color they were clear gray, bright, keen, piercing, and capable of the most extraordinary expressions, in short, it was the beau ideal of what may be called a magnetic eye. It was one afternoon, about the middle of August, that this person (whom we shall style Clare; but who was known to the surrounding Indians by the name of Shelma Mattee, or the Fire Eye) was sitting in his hut and reading from one of a few, but choice books that he had brought with him to his forest home, that he was startled by a rap on his door; the circumstance was singular to him, as his red acquaintances invariably entered without that formality, and there were no white inhabitants within many miles of his humble dwelling. Grasping his trusty rifle, in a clear and deep-toned voice he bade the stranger enter. The door opened slowly, and gave admittance to a tall and venerable-looking white man; the expression of whose countenance betokened melancholy and sorrow, coupled with firmness and decision; he was accompanied by a fair and feminine-looking boy, about seventeen years of age, with a clear and liquid hazel eye; but who now seemed perfectly exhausted by fatigue and hunger. The old man was dressed in the ordinary green hunting frock of the times, with undressed mocassins on his feet, leggins to match, and fox-skin cap on his head; he was armed with a long rifle and hunting knife.—The boy was dressed similar to his companion, who was evidently his father, but in place of the rifle, carried in his belt a pair of small and elegant rifled pistols and a neat little poniard.

'You are welcome, friends!' said Clare. 'I had not expected to see a white man in this place; but disencumber yourselves of your weapons and make yourselves at home, while I prepare something to eat, for I suppose you are both tired and hungry.'

'Thank you, most kindly, my friend,' returned the old man, 'I saw your hut and clearing, and knowing that it must belong to some white man, I made bold to call, not so much on my own account, as on that of my poor dear boy here, who I fear has suffered much.' Saying which he took off the boy's cap and pressed him affectionately in his arms, disclosing a forehead of astonishing whiteness, while a redundancy of rich, chestnut curls fell in profusion round his neck which was concealed by his high hunting dress.

Bear's ham, a few small birds, roasted on wooden spits, and some corn bread, with a large bowl of fine, mealy potatoes were soon ready, and Clare kindly invited his guests to fall to, without ceremony. The father did ample justice to the substantial fare set before him; but the boy ate sparingly, and complained much of a very severe headache; the old man immediately became alarmed, and on feeling his pulse, found his child suffering from a severe fever.

'I am extremely sorry, sir,' said he, 'but I am afraid my poor son is too ill to lie out in the woods to-night, and if you will allow me to trespass on your hospitality for this night, you will lay me under much obligation to you.'

The manner and style of this address caused Clare to look at the stranger with some astonishment, for he had hitherto taken him for one of the ordinary hunters and trappers, who sometimes, though very rarely, come across his clearing, and who were then the pioneers of that portion of our country which has since grown to such vast importance, and is now but the centre of our Republic.

'Sir,' replied he, as soon as he recovered from his surprise, 'I am really delighted that you have made the request, and have only to assure you, that had you not done so, I would have urged it on my part; I have been so long separated from society, that I am afraid I shall be too selfish to forego the pleasure which I see I shall enjoy from the possession of your company, and esteem myself really fortunate that you should have tumbled on me. I have the advantage of a medical education, and took the precaution to bring into the wilderness with me a small, but valuable stock of medicines, and to which I am in a great measure indebted for the universally kind treatment and friendship I have met with from my red brethren of the forest; and, sir, if my personal attention, or the use of anything I have, can be of any service to you, I shall feel myself doubly happy in the possession of them, and they are heartily at your service.'

The urbanity and the frank and hearty expression of kindness which accompanied this offer, completely overpowered the old man, and instead of giving vent to his gratitude in words, he clasped Clare in his arms, and tears from a full and gushing heart coursed down his cheeks; while the boy throwing himself on the couch of furs and burying his face in the pillow, sobbed audibly. Clare made up a bed of soft, fine furs, stretched on springers, so as to make it as comfortable as possible, in the inner room (the hut being divided into two equal parts), and then another on the floor for the father; the poor lad was soon as comfortable as could be expected. Clare himself taking up his lodgings in the outer room. The next morning, Clare on awaking walked into the other apartment to see after the welfare and comfort of his guests; the room was tenanted by the boy alone, the father having risen and walked out into the clearing. The lad was in a troubled sleep, and our hero stole softly up to him, in order to feel his pulse; but what was his astonishment on turning the blanket down a little to discover a beautiful and elegant girl. Just at that moment she waked, and from the incoherency of her expressions, he found that she was delirious from fever. Clare was just on the point of seeking the father to inform him of his discovery, and that his daughter was laboring under an attack of typhoid fever, when the old gentleman came in; he immediately imparted to him his knowledge of their true persons and the critical state of his child, at the same time begging that he would allow him to use his professional knowledge for her recovery. The father accepted his offer with tears of gratitude in his eyes. In the course of a few days he had the heartfelt satisfaction of seeing his young patient improve greatly under his care, and when finally all danger was passed, and she was suffering from nothing but the weakness and rather pleasing languor of a convalescent, Clare would wander with her around his little clearing, and through the natural arbors, formed by the wild vines and flowers of the forest, soothed by the music of numberless birds and the low murmuring of the rivulet; then, and in that distant spot, did he discover in this fair flower of the wilderness all the charms and qualities that could adorn both soul and body; it was then he found a being whom he could love with the utmost fervor of his ardent soul, and one who could deserve and repay it. His rifle now began to grow rusty for want of use; but their wants were bountifully supplied by their Indian friends, who would frequently gather round to admire the sweet squaw of the Shelma Mattee, and wonder where he could have got her from, for in order to insure her better protection, the Indians were allowed to believe that they were married. One evening as the three were sitting round their happy hearth (for the weather was somewhat cool then, it being late in September), the old man, addressing Clare, said:

'I suppose you have often wondered what could have brought me, at my age, with my sweet daughter, so far into the wilderness; if you will give me your attention, I will now inform you, for the kindness, the hospitality and the manly sincerity with which you have treated us, demand this mark of confidence from me. It is a sad story, and I never speak of it. You must know, then, that I was born in Philadelphia, of poor, but respectable parents, who, fancying with parental partiality that I had more talent than generally fell to the share of poor mortals, determined to make a professional man of me, accordingly every means were used and every nerve strained to fit me for the law. Without occupying your time with details, I will merely state that in due time I was admitted to practice at the bar. On one occasion during an important case, it became necessary for me to examine a young lady as witness; the beauty and symmetry of her form, the sweet and lovely expression of her face, and the good sense and modesty with which she answered all my questions, were such as to elicit my warmest admiration and delight. As soon as court was over, therefore, I inquired particularly as to whom she was, and found that she was the only child of one of our richest and most aristocratic merchants.

'A short time after the above occurrence, I was retained as junior counsel in a case, which the father of my fair witness had brought against an insurance office, for the recovery of a large sum. In the course of my inquiries I was obliged to call at the old merchant's house several times, and he being a widower, I was always received by his charming daughter. We soon discovered that a mutual flame had possessed us; but knowing the disposition of the father, we despaired of gaining his consent; we, however, resolved to ask it, and trust to fortune for the event—Acting on this resolution, I broke the subject to him in a plain, manly way. I shall never forget the astonishment and bitter contempt with which he received my proposition; enough to say, his refusal was cold and unfeeling, and couched in the most bitter and opprobrious epithets that he could use.

'A day or two after, I received a letter from Marion, informing me that her father was about to compel her to a marriage with a man whom she despised; that she had used tears, protestations and entreaties in vain, and that finally, in her despair, she had written to me, in the hope that I might suggest some means of escape from so fearful a doom. I immediately counselled a private marriage and instant flight, and found but little difficulty in her then state of mind to induce her to accede to my request. Two days subsequently, I was fleeing from Philadelphia one of the happiest men in the world. I was young, healthy and master of a good profession, with ready means enough to support us genteelly, until I could create a practice in the place to which we were going. We arrived at a small, but even then thriving town in the State of New York, where we settled. I prospered, and we lived in a state of domestic bliss, such as falls to the lot of few mortals.

'In the course of time our happiness was increased by the possession of two lovely daughters and one son. After we had resided there some six years, a person arrived and took up his quarters with us, having brought with him several letters of introduction from some of my friends in Philadelphia with whom I had always corresponded. This individual was an itinerant preacher, of one of those new sects of canting, religious impostors that have increased to such an alarming extent of late years. In person, he was a fine looking man, possessing a wonderful flow of language, which, with his soft, insinuating address and easy manners, made him a very agreeable companion.

'He had resided with us but about three weeks, when I discovered that he had made a complete proselyte of my wife, who was still young and beautiful, and whenever I undertook to expostulate or argue with her on the folly and shallowness of her new faith, I was answered with a rancor and bitterness that I had never supposed her capable of.

'Shocked at this change, I ordered the drivelling hypocrite from the house; he obeyed, but left my wife, the partner of my bosom, in a state of stupor and dejectedness, from which my every effort was unable to arouse her, even the tears and caresses of her children ceased to affect her. Things remained in this state for ten days, when one evening on my return home, I found a note lying on my writing desk, in which she informed me that she had at length decided, and gone away with her friend and pastor.

'No language can express the surprise, the anguish and the soul-rending agony I endured. Reason tottered on her throne, and for weeks I hovered on the verge of the grave, a raving, howling maniac. Well, my friend, the strength of my constitution carried me through safely; but a blow had been struck at the root of my happiness, which it would be impossible for me ever to recover.

'It was not, however, until my eldest daughter, the lovely and gentle Ella died, heart-broken at her mother's unnatural conduct, that the thought of revenge ever entered my mind; but then, and on the grave of that innocent and affectionate child, did I vow a sure and deadly retribution on the head of the abandoned scoundrel who had worked our woe.

'Years passed without my ever hearing a word of my wife; in the meantime my beloved Miriam, who was then a mere infant, was fast growing to be a sweet, lovely child, giving early promise of future excellence and beauty, and my boy as rapidly gaining to vigorous manhood, his mind richly stored with various, elegant and useful information.

'At this period the Revolutionary war broke out, and I felt myself called on to battle in behalf of my beloved and bleeding country. In many fields have I fought, under the folds of the glorious Flag of our Union, my heroic son nobly fighting at my side, until at the crowning victory at Yorktown, I saw him, the hope and stay of my declining years, the idol of my ambition, shot in the trenches under my very eye.'

Here the old man's frame quivered and shook with the intensity of his feelings; but not a tear moistened his eye, his lips were rigid and contracted, his teeth set hard, his eye fixed, and his whole countenance betokened that sternness of purpose, and that indomitable energy and determination, which we sometimes see in men who have acquired the power of self-control, by the superiority of mind over matter, even when their innermost feelings are harrowed up from their foundations.

'My dear friend,' he at length continued, 'it seemed that fate had marked me out as a butt for the shafts of adversity. When I thought of the many dangers by which he had been surrounded, of the hair-breadth escapes he had made, of the numbers of times he had fearlessly exposed himself amid the roar of battle and the crash of arms, and then to lose him in the very moment of victory, when the political horizon of our country shone up clear and bright, and when the dark clouds of danger and doubt were entirely erased, O, my God, 'twas too much!

'I returned to Philadelphia at the close of the war, and found that my wife's father had been dead some years, and his property in the possession of the alien and the stranger. I invested the sum of ten thousand dollars (the fruit of my industry) in real estate, for the use of my darling Miriam, and determined to withdraw myself as much as possible from the society of my fellow-men.

'One cold and stormy night in the month of February, near midnight, I was returning home from a political meeting, whither I had gone from the natural interest I felt in my country's welfare, when the cold, wet snow came down in whirling masses, and the searching wind rushed with hollow moan round the dark and vacant streets, I was accosted by a poor and miserable looking woman, begging an alms; having no change in my pocket, I walked under the light of a lamp to look for a small bill; when the light fell in my face I felt my arm seized with a convulsive grip, and on looking round saw the wretched being staring at me with a mingled expression of horror and agony.

'"Speak, for God's sake," cried she, in accents of unutterable woe. Your name?"

'Richard Shelton,' I answered, in astonishment.

'"Great heaven! my husband," she screamed, in so wild, so shrill, so unearthly a tone, that my very blood froze with horror.

'I grasped her in my arms and bore her with frantic speed to my house, but it was too late, the shock was too great for her weakened frame, she had burst a large blood vessel, and I was covered with her gore. She survived just long enough to inform me that she had been deceived and abandoned by her betrayer, and that for some years she had passed a life of woe and misery unutterable; she added that the scoundrel was even then residing in Philadelphia in splendor. She expired in my arms.

'I felt that the climax of my misery had been capped. My very soul was roused to fury and to madness. The next evening I called on the villain; I was received with politeness and urbanity, he having in the course of years entirely forgotten my person. I led him into a private room, locked the door, and then revealed myself to him. Never did I see such abject cowardice, such craven fear, such low-born dread as he exhibited; he kissed my very feet, and humbling himself in the dust before me, he plead hard for life, but my heart was adamant, and I slew him. Ay even there, in the bosom of his family, surrounded by luxury and apparent happiness, I sent his blackened soul to meet his victim at the bar of retribution. The next day, Miriam and I were on our road to the far west, where I intended to make a clearing and reside till my feelings were somewhat subdued and my equanimity restored.

'A year ago I settled on a spot about thirty miles to the southward of this place, and was just beginning to have things comfortable around me, when a chief fell in love with Miriam and made proposals of marriage for her; of course I peremptorily refused. He then gave utterance to the vilest threats, which I knew he would execute if he could. My daughter became exceedingly alarmed, and counselled our immediate return to the settlements. Accordingly some few days ago we abandoned everything and were on our road back, when we fell in with your clearing and were so kindly and nobly sheltered by you.'

Clare thanked the old gentleman for the confidence he had reposed in him, promising to give him in turn the outlines of his story on the following evening. Next evening, as they were again gathered round their social fireside, our hero thus began:

'I was the second son of a very wealthy family in the city of New York; after having derived every advantage which could be obtained in one of our best seminaries of learning, I adopted the medical profession as the one best suited to my acquirements and tastes. I attended the anatomical lectures of a gentleman at that time standing at the head of his profession, and by close application, study and attention, in a short time I became myself rather celebrated in my class.

'It was at that period I became acquainted with one of the most lovely and fascinating girls I ever saw. I met her first at the bedside of her sick mother, where her first appearance certainly created an impression on me; but it was her native sweetness of disposition, her amiable and fascinating manner, and her cultivated mind and understanding that led my heart and soul captive: true she was poor, but that was no objection. Her mother died, and she went to Philadelphia to reside with her paternal uncle; not, however, until we were formally engaged, and with the intention of marrying as soon as I should have completed my studies.

'Some six months elapsed, when one day the professor called upon me to inform me that several fresh and interesting subjects had been obtained, composed principally of some unfortunate "Filles des Paves," and that it was his desire that I should display before the College in the evening. Accordingly I prepared myself, and at the appointed time appeared upon the stand. The large hall was crowded, the gas lights burned brilliantly, the table stood before me with the glittering instruments spread out in dread array, and the cold body of the dead, habited in the cerements of the grave, with a large white cloth spread over it.

'I commenced my discourse, timidly at first, but as my mind became occupied and warmed up with my argument, I felt a glow of enthusiasm, a concentration of power and intellect on my subject; I felt myself carried on by an irresistible force, such as I had never before had any idea of; the words rolled from my tongue, and ideas rushed to my brain with a rapidity and an ease that seemed like inspiration. Not a sound could be heard in that large assembly; you might have heard a pin drop; every eye was fixed intently upon me with interest, admiration and delight.

'In the course of my lecture, I took up the knife, and approaching the body, I turned down the cloth that concealed the face.—Great God! do I live to tell it? There before me, a subject for dissection, an acknowledged prostitute, laid the object of my soul's fondest affections, the beloved being of my heart's core, the creature of my idolatry. One glance was sufficient—in that one moment I lived a life of woe! With one wild, ear-piercing cry I fell senseless on the floor. When I recovered my senses I found myself an inhabitant of the mad-house, and was informed that I had been a denizen of the place about eighteen months. As soon as I sufficiently recovered, disgusted with life, society and the world at large, I took my departure for the West. I liked the situation of this spot, settled, and have resided here nearly three years, and should probably have continued here the remainder of my existence, had fate not led you and this sweet flower here, who it seems is destined to be the means of restoring me to society and to happiness.' As he concluded, he pressed her fondly to his heart, while she repaid him by a look of unutterable love and confidence. Very shortly after, our friends were on their way to Cincinnati, which place they reached in safety; they were then married, and making it their future place of residence, they were respected, beloved and esteemed by all who knew them. From this happy union sprang one of our greatest men in the West.

[Written for The Flag of our Union.]

### The Storm Spirit.

BY ALVIN ROBINSON.

On the wings of the volleyed lightning,
Through the trackless depths of air;
Belching fire, and smoke, and thunder,
Breathing clouds that gloom and glare;
While the skirts of my sable garments
Trail upon the mountain trees,
Or are torn by the craggy summits,
Or whirled away on the angry breeze;
I tread o'er earth's fair bosom,
With hurricane, fire and snow,
And with oceans of watery torrents
O'erwhelm the world below.

The oak that towered for ages,
I grasp by its verdant locks,
And away down the granite ledges,
I dash it against the rocks.
The mountain torrent issues
From the brow of the cragged steep,
And is whirled away o'er the valley,
And loud thunders lulled to sleep.
And when night, with its dismal warning,
Calls the fisherman to his home,
I walk on the paths of the ocean,
And stamp its billows to foam!

Where the fierce Stromboli mutters,
In its untamed wrath and ire,
And from earth's hot, burning bowels,
Spouts its cataracts of fire,
And where Etna pierces heaven
With its forehead towering high;
Or Vesuvius hurls its thunders
To the gloomy, midnight sky;
There I hold my nightly revels
Mid the war of sulphurous hail;
And with smoke, and storm, and lightning,
Ride upon the blasting gale.

On the Simoom's driving sand-wings,
Yellow, hot, and plumed with death,
Oft I view the traveller sinking,
Gasping in the sand beneath.
Or, when over the trackless desert
Journeys the winding caravan,
While afar, on the dim horizon,
The green oasis greets each man,
I come with my sandy pillars
Across the desolate plain;
And the camel, the steed, and Arab,
Fall struggling in death and pain.

The earth, the air, and the ocean,
Are roads to my dismal car;
And suffering rolls like a billow
When the gates of storm unbar.
Then gather, ye happy circles,
While the fire in the grate beams high,
And laugh if ye will at my howlings,
As I sweep the wintry sky;
Or meet in the pleasant parlor,
While I shower the summer rain,
And talk of the growing gardens,
And fields of ripening grain.

[Written for The Flag of our Union.]

### NOT SO GREEN.

BY A. E. CHURCH.

One day last winter, a tall, lank specimen of the genus *homo* might have been seen walking along on the wharf in Troy, N. Y., and exhibiting such signs of genuine greenness as fairly won the attention of the whole community. Indeed a more awkward chap had not been seen for a long time, and his awkward actions were made to appear more awkward by the clumsiest suit of clothes that mortal was ever covered with. The substance was some kind of coarse homespun 'made up' by some young *tailoress* perhaps, or might be by his dear *mammy*. His pants were cut after a style of twenty years ago, gathered at the hips and puffing out like an inflated bladder below, the whole making much such a figure as a bag of meal tied at the top. His boots were of the clumsiest kind, and his coat and vest wore the resemblance of a blanket hung upon a bar-post. A hat was perched upon the top of all this, an old bell crown that should have been gathered to its fathers on the day of Burgoyne's surrender, and a huge hickory cane grasped firmly in no fool of a fist, made up the sum total of his equipments. He was gazing with mingled wonder, delight and admiration on the ferry boat that was coming across the river.

'Mornin', Mister,' said he, to a boatman that happened to pass along. 'Wot d'ye call that ere consurn comminin' 'crost the river thar with lots o' hosses and fokes on 'um?'

'That's the ferry boat, sir,' said the boatman, in reply.

'Wal, I swar, I wonder what I'll see next. If that aint the darndest, allfiredest curis thing I've seed, 'thout 'twas that tarnal snortin' steamboat, or the old locomoshun that liked ter skeert Black Betsey to death up there to Snectady,' then turning, so suddenly that he would have snapped his 'pigeon tails' off from his coat had they not been of the best material, he exclaimed: 'Have most everything drawn here, don't yer?'

'Almost,' replied the boatman.

By this time quite a crowd had collected around him and began to question him as to his whereabouts, &c., &c.

'Look-a-here,' said the 'green,' as soon as he could slip in a word edgeways, 'jes' you look-a-here, gentl'men, I don't know who a darned one of yer be, but I'll jes' say this much, I kinder think that you are a tryin' ter 'sult me. Now, gentl'men, I'd jes' like answer your kestions as not, but *I know yew.* 'Sides, mam says that 'tis darned sassy to be axin' a feller so many questions when they're mindin' their own business. So, now jes' keep away. *I* aint 'fraid of yer.'

'Wharr, wharr,' roared his hearers, with delight.

'What have you got here?' asked a new comer, 'the caged lion, or the roaring hyena from Kamtschatka?'

'None o' your darn business, cap'n,' said "green," laying a "huge paw" on his shoulder. 'It's a darn pity if a feller can't come here 'thout bein' run over. *I wont.*'

'No, no, my friend,' said the new comer, pleasantly, 'you are in mistake. We don't mean to insult you.'

'There, yeou look like a decent feller, cum' on an' take a drink. Cum',' and he dragged his new found friend through the crowd with the strength of a giant. On his way he nearly run down a respectable gentleman. 'Beg pardin, cap'n, 'n axdent, darned stick o' wood.' He stopped to spell out every sign and look at every pig and child in the street, and declared that 'sich a darned lot of fokes and stores,' and after blundering into every private house and every other place with a piazza near it, he was told that he could not get anything to drink in the place, and that moreover that his friend was a cold water man.

'A cold water man, d'ye say?'

'Yes, sir.'

'Then 'taint no use, is it?'

'None.'

'Wot's that?' said 'Green,' as he made out to spell 'Printing office' on a neighboring sign.

'Printing office,' was the reply.

'Printin' offis'?'

'Yes, sir.'

'Sartin, is it?'

'Certainly.'

'I'll go and see how them fellers make the papers. Good by tew yer, shan't see yer 'gin,' and off he went to the printing office.

He vowed ''twas allfired funny,' and after various other expressions, much to the amusement of the editors and devil, who expected to have something original in the next week's paper, he left. Scarcely had he gone, when in came his late friend and the respectable gentleman post haste.

'Have you seen a chap from the kedntry in here?' asked Portly, hastily.

'Yes, sir, why?' was the answer.

'He has robbed us,' continued the respectable man, and he went on to tell his story.

'He hasn't robbed me, has he?' said Typus, feeling in his pockets.

'He has, I know,' yelled the devil, in ecstasies, for he knew it would be light. He saw the Ed's eyes stick out.

Typus said nothing, but pulled a little scrap of paper from his pocket, on which was written, 'Not so green.' The original article in the next paper was headed 'Daring Robbery.'

### Beautiful Poem.

One of the Rev. Ralph Hoyt's prettiest poems is entitled "OLD," and in this is comprised a charming and natural picture. It portrays an old man visiting his native village after the lapse of many years. He is observed 'sitting on a mossy stone' by a knot of children, one of whom, pitying him for his forlorn appearance, addressed him. To her he gives the following reply:

'Angel,' said he, sadly, 'I am old;
Earthly hope no longer hath a morrow,
Yet why I sit here thou shalt be told.'
Then his eye betrayed a pearl of sorrow—
Down it rolled;
'Angel,' said he sadly, 'I am old!'

'I have tottered here, to look once more
On the pleasant scene where I delighted
In the careless, happy days of yore,
Ere the garden of my heart was blighted
To the core!
I have tottered here to look once more!

'All the picture now to me how dear!
E'en this old gray rock where I am seated
Seems a jewel worth my journey here;
Ah, that such a scene must be completed
With a tear!
All the picture now to me so dear!

Old stone school-house! it is still the same!
There's the very step so oft I mounted;
There's the window creaking in its frame,
And the notches that I cut and counted
For the game;
Old stone school-house! it is still the same.

In the cottage yonder was I born,
Long my happy home, that humble dwelling;
There the fields of clover, wheat and corn,
There the spring with liquid nectar swelling;
Ah, forlorn!
In the cottage yonder was I born.

Those two gateway sycamores you see
Then were planted just so far asunder,
That long well-pole from the path to free,
And the wagon to pass safely under;
Ninety-three!
Those two gateway sycamores you see.'

### Clerical Costume.

A certain American clergyman whose name we will not mention, while in Paris in the last days of Louis Philippe, was presented at the Tuilleries, to the citizen king. Not wishing to appear in a plain attire, among the brilliant uniforms and court dresses, he bethought himself that he had a right, having served as a chaplain to a regiment of American militia on field days, to wear something finer than a plain black coat. So he procured a suit, black indeed, but radiant with any number of United States buttons, and a chapeau with gold loop and tassels. Perhaps this was well enough; but our friend of the church militant thought it necessary to gird himself likewise with a sash of scarlet silk and a ponderous sabre.

The king came to him in turn, and received him politely—glancing, however, with a curious eye at his singular costume.

'You are the chaplain of the —th regiment, I understand,' said the monarch.

'Yes, sire.'

'Pray, sir, is that the regulation uniform?'

'I wear what I am ordered,' replied the chaplain, somewhat fiercely for a chaplain, but with true Yankee grit.

An almost imperceptible smile lighted up the face of Louis Philippe, as he inclined his head politely and passed on, but a titter ran round the court circle.

'The impudent old fox!' said our chaplain, in relating the story—'I know it was unchristian, but at the time I felt as if I should like to have kicked him down the back stairs of his palace.'

He lived to see the summary ejection of the monarch, and his departure from Paris in a cab, and in a hurry, never to return.—*Olive Branch.*

### Chinese Anecdote.

Hamiti, reputed one of the wisest and best of the Chinese emperors, after having gained great advantages over the Tartars, who had invaded his dominions, returned to the great city of Nankin, to enjoy his success. After he had rested some days from his fatigue, the people, who are naturally fond of show, looked for the triumphal entry that monarchs at such times are accustomed to make. Their murmurs reached the emperor's ears. He loved his people, and was willing to do all he could to satisfy their just desires. He therefore assured them that he meant at the next public festival to exhibit one of the most glorious triumphs that had ever occurred in China. The people rejoiced at his condescension, and on the appointed day assembled at the palace gate with the most eager expectation. There they waited for some time, without seeing any of those preparations that usually precede a triumph. The lantern with the thousand tapers was not yet brought forth, and the fireworks that usually covered the city walls were not lighted. The people were clamorous at this delay, when in the midst of their impatience the palace gate flew open and the emperor himself appeared in an ordinary habit, followed by the blind, the maimed, and the strangers of the city, all well clad and in their hands money enough for a year's wants. The people, at first amazed, soon saw the wisdom of their king, and that to promote virtue and make men happy was the summit of human glory.

### Time and Truth.—An Apologue.

BY J. K. PAULDING.

Among the daughters of Time, the youngest and best loved was a beautiful maiden, Truth. It was foredoomed at her birth that she should be incapable of fraud or deception; that wherever she came she should remedy the evils of falsehood and calumny, put to flight forever the errors of mankind, and banish doubt, darkness and uncertainty from the face of the earth. In short, she was to be omnipotent and eternal.

Time, who was forever in motion, and never staid a moment in one place, could not endure to be without the society of his favorite child, and as soon as she grew up, insisted on her accompanying him everywhere. Being about to make the circuit of the universe, he accordingly took her by the hand, and they journeyed together.

Time had wings, but Truth had none; and it was soon found she could not keep up with the old man, who, though his head was bald and his beard white as the driven snow, could travel day and night, over hill and dale, sea and land, through air and fire, without ever resting or being fatigued. Impatient of delay, and incapable of restraining the impetuosity of his motions, he soon grew tired of the slow and feeble steps of his daughter, who was timid as a young fawn, and looked about, before, behind, on every side, ere she ventured; and telling her he could not wait for her tardy motions, bade her join him without fail at the end of the world.

Time soon finished his tour round the globe, but Truth was far behind; and as he had sworn never to wait for any one, the old man turned round to make another tour, and met his daughter about half way on her journey. As long-parted friends love to tell each other all that has passed in their absence, they related their adventures.

'One day,' said Time, 'I met a wife whose rash husband had turned her from his door and divided her children, on account of some unfounded jealousy. I would have stayed to make up the quarrel and convince him of his error, but I knew you would come and set all right. I hope thou didst make my words good. Didst thou interfere in behalf of one of thy sex?'

'Alas! father, the abandoned wife was dead before I came. Grief and shame had driven her to despair, and she perished by her own hands.'

'What a pity! but let us go on. Next I met a young man who had been crossed in love in consequence of calumnies that had poisoned the mind of his mistress. A little onward and I encountered the young woman herself, who was pining away almost brokenhearted at the supposed infamy of her lover. I could not stay to remedy their sorrows, but told them my daughter Truth was behind, and would soon bring about a good understanding.'

'Alas! alas!' cried the maiden, with tears in her eyes, 'I came too late. The youth had become a sot and a gamester, and the poor girl died of a broken heart.'

'Thou art destined, it seems, to be always too late. I wish thou wouldst go forward instead of looking all round, and feeling thy way like a blind man.'

'Ah! father,' replied she, 'how should I be assured of being always right if I did not see which way I was going?'

'Next,' continued old Time, 'I came into a city where a man had been condemned to death for a crime of which he was innocent. I would have stayed to do him justice, but my moments were too precious, and I knew you were close at hand. Didst thou save him from the gallows?'

'No; I did not arrive in season. I saw his body hanging in chains; but I did justice to his memory. Better late than never, father.'

'Humph!' said the old man. 'After this I arrived in a country where the people were preparing to murder the governor and all his family, on account of a false report of his having attempted to betray them to his enemies. I looked behind, and thought I saw thee advancing, and being, as usual, in a great hurry, left it to thee to dispel the delusion.'

'I grieve to tell thee, O father! that I was a little too late. The virtuous governor, with all his family, had just perished, and the wicked calumniator was in his place. I told them the *true* state of the case, but the lie had done its work, and the consequences were irremediable.'

'I wish to the immortal Jove,' cried Time, 'I wish my youngest daughter, Truth, would keep pace with my eldest daughter, Falsehood.'

'How should I, my father, when she never stops to see whither she is going, and I am always seeking the *true* path?'

'Proceeding onward,' resumed old Time, 'I came to where the people were fighting and cutting throats, and burning each other, on account of a dispute about a word which each party interpreted differently. I thought it a great pity they could not find out which was the right meaning. But, said I, my daughter is just behind, and she will clear up the matter, I have not a moment to lose. I hope thou didst not come too late here as elsewhere.'

'Not altogether too late, father,' replied the virgin; 'but ere I came, one party had exterminated the other; and when I offered to tell the conquerors the true meaning of the word, they said they knew it already as well as I did. I asked them how they came by it, they answered by virtue of the right of the strongest, and then left me, shouting, 'Truth is great and will prevail!'

'Poor ignorant creatures,' exclaimed Time, and shrugged his brawny shoulders. 'As I travelled onward from thence, I came to a nation which sacrificed human beings to a great snake, and left particular directions with the priests to stop you when you came, and become convinced of their deplorable errors.'

'I stopped; but I grieve to say it was only to lament over their misfortune. The day before I arrived, they had all been exterminated by a people who came to convert them.'

'Sluggard!' exclaimed the old man, for he began to wax wroth. But he again resumed his narrative:

'A little while after, I came among a people who worshipped graven images, and was exceedingly angry at their foolish idolatry. But I could not stay to argue the matter with them, and proclaimed aloud, as I passed, that my daughter was coming to set them right.—Didst thou visit these ignorant people?'

'I did—but alas! father, the very day but one before I came they had been swallowed up by an inundation!'

'Out upon thee!' replied Time, no longer able to restrain his impatience at the dilatory pace of his daughter. 'Out upon thee! Of what use is it that thou art gifted with the power to correct error and remedy the mischiefs of calamny—of what consequence is it thou shalt even prevail where thou comest if thou art always lagging behind the events which I bring about! Better not come at all than too late.'

'Father,' cried the weeping daughter, 'it is not that I am too slow, but that thou art too swift. Remember that heaven has given thee wings and vigor to pursue an eternal flight, while the feet of thy poor girl are tender, and her limbs slow of pace. If thou thou wouldst only slacken thy speed a little, and—'

'Pshaw!' exclaimed the old man, testily, 'I have not a moment to waste in hearing you talk.'

So saying, he spread his wings, shook his hour-glass at her in anger, and vaulted forth on another journey round the world. His daughter ran after him as fast as she could, and entreated he would stop; but though she has ever since been trying, she has never been able to overtake the flight of Time. Those who know best, however, affirm that she will undoubtedly catch him at last, for 'Truth is great and must prevail.'

That was a good joke of a man who stopped at a tavern to pass the night. In the room were two beds; and when safely ensconced, and about to fall into a pleasant slumber, the landlord taps gently. 'What's the matter?' says the traveller. 'I wish to put a man in one of those beds.' 'Nobody can come here. Please put the bed in the hall,' says he.—'That wont answer my purpose,' said the host; 'I don't wish to put the bed into the hall; I want to put Bill into the bed!'

A certain man hit his toe against a pebblestone and fell headlong to the ground. He was vexed, and under the influence of anger and sense of sufficiency, he kicked old mother earth right sturdily. With imperturbable gravity he looked to see the "vast globe itself dissolved and come to naught." But the earth remained, and only his poor foot was injured in the encounter. This is the way of man. An article appears in the newspaper, touching him in a weak place, and straightway he sends word to stop his paper. With great self-complacency, he looks on to see a crash, when the object of his spleen shall cease to be. Poor fool, he has only hit his own toe against a world that does not perceptibly feel the shock and injures, to no extent, any one but himself.

We were amused with the spirit of a passage between General Taylor and some ragged little urchins, as the reception cortege was passing through the Fifth Ward. Half a dozen ragged, but merry little rogues were eagerly speculating as to the identity of the great hero of Buena Vista and Monterey, but were unable to assure themselves as to which of the four in the vehicle assigned to the President, was the great man. But the excitement of speculation rose to fever heat, and one little rascal in primitive shirt and trowsers, resolving to assure himself as to the real General, sung out at yell pitch, 'Take off your hat, Old Zack, so as we can see you for certain.'

At the examination of the children of the Windsor Infant school on Wednesday week, a little boy was asked to explain his idea of 'bearing false witness against your neighbor.' After hesitating, he said it was 'telling lies,' on which the worthy and reverend examiner said: 'That is not exactly an answer. What do you say?' addressing a little girl who stood next, when she immediately replied: 'It was when nobody did nothing and somebody went and told of it.' 'Quite right,' said the examiner, amidst irrepressible roars of laughter, in which he could not help joining, the gravity of the whole proceeding being completely upset.—*Liverpool Mercury.*

Father Mills astonished the boys of Torringford one Sabbath as he was giving an account of his journey to his congregation. Said he, 'I went up into Vermont and found many excellent farms, and was surprised to see so much fine fruit. So I said to the good people, how do you manage to keep your fruit? Don't the boys steal it? I lose nearly all mine that way. "What!" they exclaimed, "boys steal fruit! We never heard of such a thing. Pray, where do you live?" And I was obliged to tell them,' said the old man, hanging his head, 'that I lived in Torringford, in the State of Connecticut.'

'Waiter,' said one of our upper *ten*, stepping in at Milliken's eating saloon a few days since, 'one toast, two biscuits and a cup of green tea; and—d'ye hear?—see that it's almighty strong, will ye?'

'Yes,' exclaimed Dodge, the vocalist, sitting at the opposite table, 'and see that *all my tea's strong*, also.'—*Mercury.*

When we see a neat, pretty girl, with a firm, but innocent air—with cheeks which we can hardly help kissing, and with a pair of heavenly blue eyes, which seem to repose in perfect serenity beneath their silken lashes—we always wish that she was near a mud-puddle, and that we had to lift her over. Go away, strawberries, you're lost your taste.—*Albany Dutchman.*

A schoolmaster, 'who is abroad,' out West, of course, lately sent off to a mill house near the schoolhouse, and getting a jug filled, 'gin a treat' to the scholars. Quite a muss followed, and some of the parties got into the 'jug' in earnest. The teacher's excuse was, that he was tired of teaching a 'common school,' and thought he would try how a *high* school would go.

A late English paper says a coroner's inquest was lately held in Aberystwith, in Wales, on the body of a man found on the sea-shore. The verdict returned was, '*felo de se*,' although there was not the slightest evidence that the deceased had committed suicide. It was subsequently ascertained that the jury meant by their verdict, '*fell in to the sea!*'

'Did I not give you a flogging the other day?' said a schoolmaster to a trembling urchin.

'Yes, sir,' answered the boy.

'Well, what does the Scripture say upon the subject?'

'I don't know, sir,' said the other, 'except it is in that passage which says, "It is more blessed to give than to receive."'

*Horn's Latest.*—Happening in at the China tea-store this morning, Horn, the 'inveterate punster,' is said to have remarked, glancing at Amoy, the Chinaman, 'Why, he is very fond of billiards, isn't he?' 'Not that I know of,' replied Haliburton, innocently, 'what makes you think so?' 'Because I see that he carries his cue about with him,' said Horn.—*Transcript.*

A writer says: 'I knew an excellent old lady who always dated from the time "when their horses ran away;"' to be sure, it was a remarkable begira, and she used to remark, in describing it, that "she put the firmest reliance on Providence till the breeching broke," and then she gave up.'

Laph at my pholly if you will—you can hardly add a drop to the cup already phild. Itch man carries a little devvle in his buzzum, whose name is Remoss. Ertha demmistacious keept on me cannot engulf the hagny of self-repproach.—*Diary of Jeames.*

'Mary, my dear, I cannot comprehend why you should persist in spending your afternoons in Jenks' sleeping apartments.' 'Quite likely, my love, there are a great many things above your comprehension.' Here Mrs. Smith quietly closed the door, and allowed her duck to cypher it out.

It is reported that sub-marine explorations made in divers places along the coasts of Cuba, have resulted in the discovery that it is loose at the bottom, and that, if politically annexed to this country, it might be towed to New Orleans, and anchored off the mouth of the Mississippi!

A proverb of which the rhyme is somewhat more obvious than the reason, says,

'Calm weather in June, sets corn in tune.'

Corn has ears certainly, but we can hardly believe them to be musical.

Cimon says, that until Van Amburg & Co. added the beautiful lioness and her three little whelps to their collection of animals, we never had a menagerie fit to be witnessed by literary people.

What appointment do the majority of office-seekers get? Give it up! *Disappointment*, of course.

THE

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[WRITTEN EXPRESSLY FOR THE FLAG OF OUR UNION.]

## THE SPANIARD; or, THE CRUISER OF LONG ISLAND.

### A Story of Sunshine and Shadow.

BY FRED HUNTER.

[CONCLUDED.]

### CHAPTER XX.

*The mansion of Lord Wortley, in London. The company present, and the topics of conversation. Blanche enlightened. Her evident solicitude for the hero. The separation. Life on the road! 'Tom with his withered arm!' A rencontre. Tom Wirt finished. Clarence at Monsieur Chaffer's. The broker swindles him out of a hundred and odd pounds.*

To a splendid mansion at the West End of London, we will now invite the companionship of our reader for a while, where we shall meet with several friends whose faces are already familiar to those who have accompanied us thus far in our narrative. It was evening, some ten days after the arrival of Lord Wortley and his family in London—and the party present were his lordship, Mary, his beautiful wife, and Caroline Vanwert.

'She's a sweet creature, truly,' said her ladyship—the late 'Mrs. Mary D——,' alluding to the lovely 'daughter' of Old Willie, 'and I have rarely met with a maiden of her years, more thoroughly accomplished. Her governess has been devoted in her duties to Blanche, and she tells me that she has proved a most dutiful and ready scholar.'

'She appears a very promising young lady,' responded Caroline. 'What is her age?'

'My lord informs me that she is just eighteen.'

The parlor door opened at this moment, and Lord William Wortley entered, with his blooming *protegé*, the youthful Blanche, upon his arm.

None among the proudest array of England's loftiest aristocracy moved with a more refined grace, or a more appropriate bearing, than the fair being who now advanced to greet the wife of Lord William—the modest, fascinating, beautiful Blanche. Her form was slightly made, but her pure white skin, her admirably developed graces, her bland, confiding, open countenance—her brilliant eye, the delicate waist, the finely rounded arm—all rendered her one of those bewitching, enchanting creatures, whom all feel constrained to love when first they may be permitted to behold such charms! She advanced to the rich lounge upon which her ladyship was now sitting, and in a few minutes she had given a new and happy turn to the conversation, which was kept up most agreeably for an hour afterward.

Blanche expressed her unfeigned delight at meeting the long lost wife of her foster-father, and she did not omit to dwell in flattering terms upon the kindness she had received at the hands of his lordship. An interchange of thoughts, a rehearsal of the events in their histories, and an expression of their feelings in regard to the curious circumstances which had transpired to bring about their strange re-union, marked the converse during the evening; and the sunshine of prosperity seemed now to be at its meridian with the happy family—who had realized so much of the reverse, individually and collectively, in the few previous years!

'There is one face we do not meet here, Blanche,' said Lord Wortley, at last, 'and which I fancy would be welcome.'

'It is singular, dear father,' responded Blanche, 'that our thoughts should thus be wandering in the same direction.'

'I don't know that, sweet daughter. The person I was thinking of, I'm certain you would not be likely to remember.'

'That is likely. Tell me, father, notwithstanding—who it is you speak of and I promise you *I* will be as frank with you.'

'*My* thoughts, dear Blanche, were wandering back to the little cot upon the sea-shore.'

'And so were *mine*, dear father!'

'But *I* was thinking, Blanche, of the fair-haired youth who came one night to visit me, and left me quickly afterward in the Dart.'

'And so was *I*, dear father.'

'Is it possible?' continued his lordship, smiling.

'Yes, father, I shall never forget that face. And do you know that he is now in London?'

'How should you know that, daughter?'

'I have met him frequently of late, when riding out; I do not think he knows me, though.'

'I am most anxious to meet him, my Lord William,' said her ladyship, 'and I marvel that you defer so long the pleasure that you see it would give us all, to see him here.'

'Yes, madam,' said Blanche, not at all comprehending the interest her ladyship took in Clarence.

'Yes, Blanche. We have a surprise for you, of which you little dream, I fancy.'

'Madam, I pray you explain. Do you, too, know the youth?'

'I have seen him.'

'Then you will tell me all about him. Father Willie has been so mysterious about his history, that I have felt a growing desire to learn what romance surrounds *his* name; for scarce a day has gone by within the fortnight past, but some strange news has been developed. Tell me, madam, who is this Clarence?'

'He was born of worthy parents, who unfortunately were then poor. He passed some four or five years in this country (for England is his birth-place), when he went over to America. There he lost sight of his parents, and grew up in utter ignorance of their existence. He returned to London some months since, and when his lordship paid his late visit to America, the parents of young Clarence were discovered.'

'Indeed!' said Blanche, deeply interested.

'Yes. The father and mother had not met for many a weary year, and you may judge of their happiness, when they found each other at last, after a long and cruel separation, the particulars of which I need not detail to you. Suffice it, they were happy—and that happiness was immeasurably enhanced when they discovered, satisfactorily, that their only child was still alive and prospering.'

'Dear madam, tell me—did you know the parents?'

'Yes—they were our nearest friends, dear Blanche.'

'Madam—either!' exclaimed the girl—

'*You see them now before you*, Blanche,' said his lordship, calmly—and the affectionate girl threw herself in raptures on her ladyship's neck!

'Yes, Blanche—Clarence is our son, our only child—'

'Not an *only* child, dear Mary?'

'I forget—my lord! No, Blanche—you are our daughter, too.'

The interview was one of heartfelt joy to all concerned, and as the new found relatives and friends were about to separate for the night, his lordship promised that young Clarence should be presented to them on the following night.

'But you do not understand, perhaps, that up to this moment, Clarence does not know me?'

'Not know you?' asked both of the ladies, at once.

'No. You remember Mary, the Spanish mask I wore when I first called upon you, at your cottage in America?'

'Perfectly.'

'He has never seen my face, *but once*, in England; and he does not entertain the slightest suspicion that I am but a Spaniard, whom he values *now*, I think—though when I met him first, he feared me. He talks to me about Old Willie, very often—and Blanche, and Mrs. Mary D——; but I am certain he does not suspect me. For my own reasons, I have never met him, save with the Spanish mask upon my face. He knows, however, that Old Willie is now Lord Wortley, and I have promised to present him, at his lordship's mansion, at an early day. To-morrow night, then—Blanche, and you my lady—may anticipate a visit from him.'

'Thank you, dear father—I shall be rejoiced to see him.'

'His name, daughter is not Defoe. His father's name, before he assumed the title of Lord Wortley, was *Dufour*. The change of name occurred undoubtedly through mis-pronunciation, in his youth. But you shall see him to-morrow evening; and now, good night.' Blanche kissed her ladyship. Old Willie embraced the fair girl he so dearly loved, and the family retired.

While this scene was passing in the elegant drawing-room of Lord Wortley's mansion, a light-fingered young man, whom we have known as Tom Wirt, was busying himself in a scout upon the great Newington Road; for his funds had run extremely low, and he had not the wherewithal to supply his continued riotous excesses.

He was armed with a heavy pistol, and his depredations upon the highway, during the previous year, had been successful, and had caused him to become a bold and daring robber. He had also become dissipated, his long experience had so inured him to crime that he had become indifferent to consequences, and he was now known among the new acquaintances he had formed since the transportation of old Will Cracket, as 'Tom, with the withered arm.' He pretended, to his associates in crime, that his shrivelled limb was a natural defection in his making-up. But he had never recovered the use of his arm after his last encounter with Old Willie, near the chateau.

Tom had now watched for an opportunity upon the road till nearly midnight, when a sulky containing a gentleman going out a few miles from London, suddenly came in sight, and to whom the rash burglar and highwayman at once determined to introduce himself.

Darting into the road the instant the vehicle came abreast of him, he sprang upon the step of the sulky, seized the reins, and demanded the occupant's money—at the same time thrusting his pistol into the gentleman's face. The man put his hand into his pocket, as if searching for his wallet, and observed—

'You gentlemen of the road are not the bravest fellows in Christendom. You go thoroughly armed, and always have plenty of company to help you.'

'It wont do, sir? Your money or your life!' said Tom.

'Let go the horse's head!' shouted the gentleman again, reining up his roadster, and speaking as if some one had actually seized the animal by the bits.

Tom knew he had no accomplice, and quickly wheeling about to see who the other could be—the gentleman drew forth a pocket-pistol, instead of his purse, and sent a ball through his lungs, ere he had time to turn his head again! He fell heavily to the earth, a wagoner came up at the same moment, and the depredations of Tom Wirt were over, at last! He was not dead—but upon being taken to the city hospital, the wound was pronounced fatal. And so it proved; Tom Wirt died within a week, and was buried at the public expense! With his death, ceased all knowledge of the participation of young Clarence in iniquity, save to the bosom of his friend Old Willie—now Lord Wortley.

On the night preceding the interview at his lordship's dwelling, Clarence having attired himself so that he might not be readily suspected, ventured forth, with a hundred and fifty pounds in his possession, resolved to possess himself again of the diamond locket he had pledged at Monsieur Chaffer's, for the loan with which he liquidated his original debt to the Spaniard. Entering the dimly-lighted shop of the broker, he found the presiding genius of the establishment at his desk.

'A year and a half ago,' said Clarence, 'I left a small diamond-set frame here, upon which you advanced me, in cash, a hundred and fifteen pounds, monsieur.'

'Name, sir,' asked the broker.

'I left no name, monsieur, but I shall know the locket, and you will recollect it.' Clarence then described the trinket, which the broker remembered perfectly, from the first mention made of it, by his present visitor. But turning to his books, leisurely—he said—

'I see to what you allude; but I have charged against it, one hundred and twenty-two pounds, five shillings—interest and all.'

Clarence told down the money upon the counter, expecting the next moment to be placed in possession of the valued memento, when instead of this, the broker coolly took up the gold, and then turning to the youth, remarked, severely—

'Young man! You have placed yourself in a dangerous position, mind. The locket you left here, was claimed by a gentleman within twenty-four hours after you went out of my establishment, he was almost frantic at his loss—for he said it had been wrongfully obtained, and he would punish the person who left it in pledge, if he ever chanced to meet him. He would not pay me one penny upon it, and I should have lost principal and interest, had you not appeared as you have. I advise you to be very quiet about this affair, and save yourself trouble; for I assure you he was a desperate-looking man!'

'Who was this person?' inquired Clarence, instantly.

'I don't know; a Spaniard, I think.'

'Ah!' said Clarence, thoughtfully. Then turning to the broker, he said:

'I think, monsieur, you are lying to me. We shall soon meet again. If you have deceived me, the worse will be your own. Good night,'—and he left the broker to reflections anything but pleasing!

### CHAPTER XXI.

*The appointment. The youth suggests a call upon the broker. Monsieur Chaffer denies the assertion of the Spaniard. Restitution and punishment. The visit at Lord Wortley's. Clarence finds his mother. The Spaniard, Clarence, and Old Willie! A denouement.*

A FORTNIGHT only had elapsed since the return of Clarence's friend, and on the night succeeding that upon which he had paid his visit to Monsieur Chaffer, the Spaniard made his appearance, at an early hour, at our hero's lodgings. On this occasion, he came in a magnificent carriage, and he informed the youth that Old Willie had arrived, and if agreeable to him, his vehicle was then at the door, in which they would proceed at once to Lord Wortley's mansion, where his friends now awaited him. Clarence readily availed himself of the opportunity—though his heart fluttered in his bosom, as he thought again of the fact that Old Willie had recognized him on the highway! But he finished his toilette with care, and at length presented himself in readiness for his visit.

During the two weeks of suspense to which her ladyship had been subjected, she had most zealously and repeatedly urged it upon Lord Wortley to permit her to meet Clarence; but he assured her that he had important plans pending, which absolutely required delay, and she was obliged to content herself for the time being. The long-wished-for evening came at last, however, and Lady Wortley, Blanche and Caroline now awaited anxiously their visiter's appearance.

'Are you ready, Clarence?' inquired his lordship.

'All ready, my dear sir—but, though I am quite as anxious to see my kind old friend, as he can possibly be to meet me—I would ask before we start, if you know anything of the diamond locket which I pledged at Chaffer's, some year and a half since?'

'Why this question, Clarence?' asked the Spaniard, altogether unprepared for it.

'I think Monsieur Chaffer is a scoundrel, that is all—sir.'

'Why—scoundrel?'

'I left in pledge with him, as I told you at the time, a really valuable diamond case; on which he advanced me one hundred and fifteen pounds sterling.'

'One hundred and *fifty*, you mean.'

'No, sir—I mean precisely as I say; one hundred and fifteen pounds.'

'He *is* a scoundrel, then,' said his lordship.

'Well. Last night I called upon him, to redeem the keepsake; as, through your generosity in refusing the hundred pounds I saved for you, I had the means—and the broker said he had a charge of one hundred and twenty odd pounds against the trinket, principal and interest. I placed the gold upon his counter, expecting to receive the locket—when he suddenly gathered up the whole, and then informed me that a Spaniard had been there, the next day after I left it, who declared that it had been wrongfully obtained; and, as he had demanded it, he was bound to deliver it up—without receiving a single penny of the money he had advanced upon it!'

'The villain!' said his lordship, 'we will see. Clarence, I *did* procure that little bauble, and you shall soon see, my boy, what were my reasons for the act. But come; ere we visit my Lord Wortley, we will drive over to old Chaffer's. I paid him down, in gold, for the locket, one hundred and *fifty* pounds; the amount he declared he had advanced you on it, within the previous twenty-four hours.'

'He is a liar, sir!' said Clarence, warmly.

'I do not doubt it, Clarence—and a swindler, too. But we will soon see what he has to say for himself.' The order was given to drive forthwith to the broker's, and Clarence entered the carriage with the Spaniard, pleased, but surprised that his friend should have been so anxious about that little locket, as to feel disposed to pay the broker one hundred and fifty pounds for it! In a few minutes, however, they entered the shop of Mons. Chaffer, together. The Spaniard advanced directly to the counter—evidently somewhat excited, and demanded of Monsieur Chaffer—

'Do you know me, monsieur?'

The broker looked up, and started; but quickly recovering himself, he said—

'No, sir, I do not recollect—'

'Do you not remember that I came here, some eighteen months ago, on business?'

'No, sir. You see, we meet so many faces—'

'You do not meet so many faces, but that you can remember mine, monsieur. I will remind you. I came and purchased of you, a diamond locket—here it is! Do you recollect this trinket?'

'Ah, yes,' said the knave, endeavoring to smile.

'How much did I pay you for it?'

'Nothing, sir. I remember, now—not a penny!'

'You are a liar, monsieur!'

'Hear me, one moment,' continued the broker. 'There's the young gentleman, there. I know him, though he's dressed different. I understand it all—but my books wont show a penny from you; you may look for yourself. *He* paid me for my loss, last night. He's an honest young gentleman. There, you'd better go right away, now—and not make no disturbance, 'cause the people down in this street don't like forriners; and perticlar, Spanish gentlemen, sech as speak English so well as you do!'

But the veracity of Lord Wortley was in question, at least in the eyes of Clarence, and though he did not care the value of a rush for the amount of money involved, he never yet suffered himself thus to be duped; and he thought he was too old now, to make a beginning. Turning to the broker, after a moment's pause, therefore, he said, in measured tones:

'Look you, Monsieur! Your gray hairs protect you from a personal chastisement at my hands, for your insolence; but I let that pass, in consideration of your years. Yet your age will *not* protect you in villany like this. Mark me, now! I paid down upon that counter, less than eighteen months since, in British gold, one hundred and fifty pounds sterling; the amount which you assured me you paid to this young man, for the bauble I have just shown you.'

'You are mistaken, sir,' continued the broker, who was disturbed at length, by the determined manner of the Spaniard.

'I am not mistaken, neither are you ignorant of the truth of what I have now stated. You have swindled this gentleman out of upwards of an hundred and twenty pounds. I will give you three minutes to refund him his money in.'

'But look you, sir,' argued the cowardly villain.

'The time is up,' said the Spaniard, replacing his watch in his pocket. 'You have made your own election!'

'Here's the money,' said the broker, as the two visiters turned to go out, and Clarence having counted it, found it correct.

'Now, Monsieur Chaffer,' said the Spaniard, sternly; 'your business is finished in London. Your license will be taken from you to-morrow morning. If I find that you infringe upon the laws, without one, you may rely on it, I will send you to Bow Street!' and he was as good as his word. Ere eleven o'clock next day had struck, Monsieur Chaffer was a defunct broker, and his place was entirely closed within a fortnight.

On re-entering the carriage, the Spaniard gave the order to proceed to Lord Wortley's. On the way, the friend of Clarence informed him that he might expect to see other faces at his lordship's, which he had no doubt would be quite as acceptable as Old Willie's; for he learned that the lady who had befriended him in New York at the last moment—had come over with his lordship, and that she was accompanied by one Caroline Vanwert.

'Is it possible?' said Clarence, highly elated. 'Old father Willie (who, by the way, I suppose I must call "my lord)," and my beautiful deliverer, the lady; and Blanche, too—and my old nurse. This will be a delightful meeting, truly!'

How little did young Clarence know what was *really* in store for him, however!

'Here we are,' said the Spaniard, as they hauled up before the elegant portal of Lord Wortley's house. Peter opened the carriage door, and Clarence observed for the first time that the Spaniard's carriage and dancing grays were very much like Lord Wortley's, as he remembered them, at least, on the road, some months before! They entered the house and Clarence found himself, a moment afterward, in the splendid drawing-room, preceded by the Spaniard, who presented him to the lady, Blanche, and Caroline.

The Spaniard stood aside during the greeting, which was a warm and joyous one. Clarence had thrown off all reserve—he knew not why—and advancing to the lady, first,

'My kind deliverer!' he said; 'but for you, I should not have been vouchsafed this overwhelming happiness, to-night;' and throwing his arms round her neck, he was astounded at the hearty embrace the lady returned him—for Mary was *very* happy at that moment. And then Clarence kissed his old nurse, whom he thought he could recollect, distinctly. And then he advanced to Blanche, and would have kissed her, too; but he checked his ardor, and only raised her hand respectfully to his lips.

'And now, my dear madam,' said Clarence, half crazy with joy, 'pray tell me, in one word, why is it, that you have taken all this interest in me? Until I met you, *there*, I never saw that face, assuredly.'

'Did not your friend the Spaniard, yonder, tell you, Clarence, of an English lady, who many years since had lost her husband and her child?'

'Yes, I remember.'

'*I* was that lady, Clarence. I went to America, and after years of sorrow, by merest accident, I found both child and husband.'

'Madam!' said Clarence, starting to his feet.

'You are that child, dear Clarence, my son! *my only son!*' and falling upon his neck, the affectionate mother kissed him again and again!

'But, dearest Clarence, you forget, your father, too, is found.'

'O, *mother!* This is joy too great; say, when will my father come?'

'He is already here, dear son.'

'In this house?'

'In this room; behold him, there!' said Mary, pointing to the Spaniard, who advanced to receive young Clarence, whom he pressed closely to his breast.

'But you did not suspect me, Clarence,' said his friend, in tones so mild and kind, that the young man now loved the Spaniard far more dearly than ever.

'No, *father*, no!'

'I have been faithful to you, Clarence, have I not?'

'O, more than faithful; loving, kind, devoted, father! And if a life of penitence—'

'—sh! Clarence, not one word of what is past. All is forgiven, forgotten.'

'Thanks, dear father, a thousand, thousand thanks, for all your care. Well, this is joy, indeed! But, father—where is Willie? I came to see Old Willie—and I've seen everybody else but him!'

'Who is Old Willie?' asked her ladyship, affecting ignorance of any such person.

'*Old Willie!* Why, Lord Wortley—the proprietor of this mansion; my friend—and one of God's noblemen! I pray you show me *him*, and my joy, dear father, will be complete!'

'Clarence—*he is here!*' said the Spaniard, throwing aside his mask, and clasping the youth again in his arms. 'Old Willie first, the Spaniard next, and now Lord Wortley—welcomes his lost, his darling son, to Wortley Hall!'

Such an embracing, and laughing, and weeping as followed this announcement, was by no means of common occurrence; and it is doubtful if any mansion in all London held so happy a party as the one we now leave for the night to their enjoyment!

### CHAPTER XXII.

*Clarence at home. Blanche's feelings towards him. Clarence becomes a banker. Pete informs his master of the burial of Tom Wirt. The matter of the diamond locket explained. Disposal of the Dart. Grafton and Carter. Old Willie's joy. Marriage in High Life! Caroline and Mary. The finale of our story. A trip to the Continent.*

CLARENCE established his quarters that very night—*at home*; for his affectionate mother would not suffer him to go out of her sight, for days—scarcely. And the society in the elegant home of my Lord Wortley was perfectly agreeable to him, too! The charming Blanche was all smiles and kindness, for she loved the youthful Clarence, the first time she ever met him; and anxiously had she looked forward to the day when she might meet him again, her foster-father having frequently assured her that that day would come. And come it did—at last! O, how happy was Blanche in the society of Clarence—and how fondly did the youth give back her innocent, gentle, truthful affection!

Many a fine form and handsome face in the wide circle of her brilliant acquaintance, would have been proud to acknowledge the dominion of the beauteous Blanche—many a titled and wealthy young nobleman would have been happy to have been acknowledged her suitor. But the heart of Blanche had never known the feelings for another which animated it towards Clarence Dufour, and her lover was proud indeed to own himself conquered by her winning charms.

Matters continued to progress brightly. Clarence and Blanche passed much of their time in each other's company, they walked, and talked, and rode out together—and each day did his gentle friend grow more beautiful, more affectionate, more fascinating. At length, Clarence offered the maiden his hand and heart; she accepted his proffer—the proposal was approved by the father, and smiled upon by the mother—and the prospect for future joy grew brighter and brighter as the day approached, which was finally fixed upon for their union. Clarence had resigned the position he held in the mercantile house where he had been employed for a year and upwards, and his father now sought a place more befitting his present station in society, and in which he trusted—by the aid of the capital he was able to furnish his son, he would have the opportunity to live in a style agreeable to his feelings.

An opening offered in a few months, occasioned by the retiring of one of the principals in a banking-house of esteemed credit in London, and upon application of his lordship in his son's behalf—Clarence was at once introduced into the firm, as its junior co-partner—his father having put into the common fund to the credit of his son, the sum of one hundred thousand pounds. Thus his habits of business were kept in play, and the foundation was provided him at once, to build up for himself a splendid fortune.

Lord Wortley sat alone in his private apartment, at home, on the day Tom Wirt was publicly buried. Peter, his colored servant, entered the room, and without preface, communicated to his lordship the intelligence in his own way.

'He's gone, for sart'n, massa, dis time.'

'Who's gone, Pete?'

'De gemp'man dat called at de hous' in de night, long time ago—up dar'—'

'You mean the burglar, Wirt?'

'Do' no he name, massa; I mean de gemp'man wot have on'y *one ear*.'

'Yes, I know it. He is dead.'

'Yis, massa. He stop a gemp'man on de road t'oder night, an' de gemp'man pink 'im; dat's all.'

'He was a bad man, Peter—that Tom Wirt.'

'Well—he wasn't noff'n else, massa. But he wont break in no more houses. He gone into his own hous' now, what' dar ain't no room for no extry furnitur'.'

'You may leave me now, Peter.'

'Yis, sah,' said Peter, with a broad grin. 'Dat Massa Wirt no fool dis chile no more; he got de wooden surtout on 'im dis time, for sart'n,' continued Pete—as he disappeared in the hall.

His lordship took an early opportunity to explain to Clarence his course regarding the diamond locket. When he found that the youth had pledged it to Monsieur Chaffer, it occurred to him that it might be some memento of value, which might strengthen his belief in regard to his son's identity—for he remembered having heard Clarence say that the case was his mother's. He therefore called upon Monsieur Chaffer, and the moment he saw the bauble, he recognized it. It was a family relic, and secure in the false back of it, by a secret spring, was hid a life-like miniature of his long-lost wife; but which the boy had never seen. The sight of that picture was the occasion of his lordship's ecstacy in the shop of the broker, where, during his excitement, monsieur had taken the advantage of him, when he paid him the hundred and fifty pounds.

Some four weeks after Lord Wortley left America for the last time, the captain of the little schooner disposed of his beautiful vessel. He had been in command of the Dart—with an able and confiding crew, for a long period, and his fortunes had been sometimes promising, sometimes forbidding; but, at last he had accumulated sufficient means to place him above want, and his companions having agreed to it, the craft was sold, the company separated, comfortably provided for, after their precarious occupation for years—and the captain settled down to enjoy the property which he had gathered together amid many a hard buffet. He purchased a pretty estate near New York, upon the banks of the East River, and his house was long known as a hospitable and acceptable retreat to the wide circle of friends he made in the vicinity, very soon after establishing himself.

Grafton grew old in his employer's service. He was always the same, prompt, energetic, accurate, honest bachelor—and he lived and died respected and loved by a host of friends, with whom his business operations had brought him in contact. Grafton never had occasion to regret his strict fidelity to his eccentric old master, and up to the day of his death he never asked an unnecessary question in relation to his employer's origin or final good fortune. He was wrapt up in business, and was contented if his annual trial-balance came out satisfactorily at the first summing up!

Carter had been placed in easy circumstances by the munificence of his lordship, the money he presented him was judiciously invested, and he lived many years, to bless the name of William Dufour. He resided in his native city to the day of his death, and an interesting family grew up around him, who were taught to honor the memory of Lord Wortley and his son Clarence.

Blanche was quite as happy as the rest. From her earliest recollections at home, she had loved Old Willie; and she looked back to the days of her youth with a sigh almost, when she thought of the joyous hours she had passed on Long Island with her noble old friend! But for *his* kindness, her prospect would not have been now so full of promise; and then she thanked the kind Providence which had cast her lot in so pleasant a place. All was sunshine now, however—and though her early happiness was a pure, childish joy, she now felt that a brilliant path was open before her, and that more lasting, substantial pleasures were in store for her in the future, in her union with him she adored!

Need we inform the reader that Mary Dufour was now in the enjoyment of a happiness she had little dreamed of, during the past twenty years? The loving, still lovely wife of William Dufour had gained the pinnacle of her very brightest hopes. Hopes which had their realization only in her re-union with her dearly-loved husband. Her William had been found; Clarence was safe; she saw the father and the son in their prosperity, and she was content. Her after life passed pleasantly, she forgot the sorrows of the past, her joy was unalloyed.

Old Willie—or, rather, my Lord Wortley, had accomplished all his schemes. He had lived to see the vile man who had entangled his son, deservedly punished; he had recovered his wife and child; his fortune was ample to the maintenance of a splendid establishment for him and his; and he lived to enjoy it rationally, but heartily—for many a year after the re-union. It now remains for us to dispose of Blanche and Clarence, and our narrative is completed.

Six months or more after the return of Lord Wortley and his family to London, the following paragraph appeared in the Court Journal:

'MARRIAGE IN HIGH LIFE.—Yesterday, the only son of Lord Wortley, of Wortley Hall—Clarence Dufour, Esq., led to the altar at St. Stephen's, the accomplished and beautiful *protegé* of his lordship, known in select circles as Miss Blanche de Forest. The ceremony was performed at four o'clock, and the happy couple, with a splendid bridal party, departed at once for Bath; when the bride and groom will visit the Continent, we learn—passing the honey-moon in Paris.'

'And joy go with them!' exclaimed Caroline Vanwert, as she laid the paper down, after reading the paragraph to her mistress.

'They will be very happy, Caroline,' said Lady Wortley, 'for if ever two beings were devotedly attached to each other, I think it is Clarence and Blanche.'

'I agree with you, madam, and wish them joy with all my heart!'

Most assuredly did the newly wedded pair enjoy the best wishes of all who knew them. Blanche had endeared herself to every one who came in contact with her, by her artlessness and purity of character, and Clarence had grown to be a *man* in every sense of the word. His follies and errors were known only to himself and his father; these were forgotten by his parent; he had repented, and the future dawned brightly for the once wayward and erratic youth.

Thus, dear reader, do we close our narrative of the fortunes of 'The Spaniard.' We have had an occasional scene of *shadow*, we have seen the good triumph over misfortune, and the evil punished. We have had at times, a ray of *sunshine* to cheer us, as we journeyed along together—and in all, we have endeavored to depict things as they exist, without distortion or flattery. Trusting that we may meet again, anon—we have only to say our adieu! at parting, and to add, that we have reached

THE END.

### Penny-Wise and Pound Foolish.

The old saw, 'take care of the pennies and the dollars will take care of themselves, is hit thus facetiously by a correspondent of one of our city weeklies:

'In a very elaborate and pleasantly illustrated in an engraving I have somewhere seen of an elderly gentleman seated at his desk near an open window, through which a draught of wind is sending a scattered bundle of bank-notes, while he is clutching a pile of coppers. It is a dangerous maxim, and, for fear of accidents, should ever walk arm-in-arm with "Don't save at the spigot and lose at the bung." A few five-cent pieces penuriously cherished may cause many a heartburn in the end, and he who adopts it as a rule of conduct, runs a risk of earning the application of Bishop Earl's sentence :—"He will redeem a penny with his reputation, and lose all his friends to boot; and his reason is, he will not be undone."'

The preacher of this sentiment—(and his practice agrees with his preaching)—is in his element when chaffering and higgling with a strawberry woman; there is a fine 'I'm not to be swindled' look about him as he worries the poor worn-down creature from his parlor-window into parting with five sixpenny baskets for two shillings; but to see him in his glory, follow him into an auction-room, and behold him there, if not too much hidden by the dust from that second-hand carpet which he is so closely examining with a view to purchasing 'if it doesn't go too high;' that speculative look which he is now putting on is caused by a measurement in his mind of the third story back room of his palace in Waverley Place, and not from any misgivings as to small-pox; but his calculations are to no purpose; the woman in the rusty black dress will bid over him—God help her! she has no pounds to take care of themselves.

I can't sport on such a subject. Somebody, whose name I have not time to recollect, said that "a just man struggling with adversity is a sight with which the gods are pleased;" but the devil himself must sneer when he sees a rich man in an auction-room!'—*Albany Freeholder.*

ENTHUSIASM.—Pure, fresh enthusiasm is the bright and earnest evidence of a noble mind.

### Wordsworth at Home.

Here, Wordsworth is the social centre, surrounded by cultivated persons, who know his pre-eminent worth, and humbler dwellers in content, to whom he is no less a friend and benefactor. 'This is a charming neighborhood,' said my companion to him, as we surveyed it far and wide.

'It combines more advantages, is more desirable to live in, than any place I ever was in,' answered he. 'I have seen prospects,' looking around, 'that might as well adorn a canvass; parts of Switzerland and of Germany are as grand and beautiful; but here all nature is turned to human service and enjoyment. Every hill is accessible; every nook may be explored. To us, every considerable object is connected with our experience and our satisfaction.'

He passed the outer gate with us, and descended the hill towards the public road. This troubled me; it was too kind; he would be weary in mounting. But his natural force is protracted through his green old age. Shakspeare told why, when he described a man who subjected the animal will to the spiritual mind, and found the last stage of life 'frosty, but kindly.'

The common people of Ambleside are very good, honest, kind and primitive. This little town, a parish property of Grasmere, contains about 2000 inhabitants, but Mr. Wordsworth says, such has long been the distribution of property and of employment about here, that the 'gaunt wolf,' or as the Scripture says, with great force, 'the armed man,' poverty, has been kept off, and the misery and vice that follow in his train do not show their grim and forlorn visages here.

It is quite interesting to hear the common people talk of Wordsworth; those who have no notions at all of his genius and his eminence, but who perfectly understand his goodness; that quality self-evident, which needs neither trumpeter nor interpreter.

'He is a very good kind of man,' said one to me, 'a very fair man to deal with.' 'Poor gentleman, he is getting old, and has seen great trouble; he is quite feeble. You know he lost his daughter last year; she was a fine lady; everybody is sorry for him,' said another; and a third told me, when I inquired if he were at Rydal Mount:

'He is, lady; I was up at the mount yesterday working for the gardener, and I had a little talk with him.' Not a poor creature does he meet in the road, so I was told (for the Irish are also at Ambleside), but he speaks to them. 'How are ye to-day?' 'Thank your honor, very poorly;' and then follows the penny or the sixpence in the hand, and the 'God bless yer,' in profusion, till he is out of sight. How beautifully does this endearing compassion and considerateness pervade his poetry 'of the affections!'

I was loth to leave the sweet, quiet spot; but according to a previous arrangement, proceeded on the 6th of July to Kerwick, 16 miles from Ambleside.—*Correspondent of the New York Courier and Enquirer.*

### Hymeneal Bliss.

A beloved friend once said unto me: 'When a good man weds, as when he dies, angels lead his spirit into a quiet land, full of holiness and peace; full of all pleasant sights, and "beautiful exceedingly."' One's dreams may not all be realized, for *dreams never are*; but the reality will differ from, and be a thousand fold sweeter, than any dreams; those shadowy and impalpable though gorgeous entities, that flit over the twilight of the soul, after the sun of judgment has set. I never hear of a friend having accomplished hymenization, without sending after him a world of good wishes and honest prayers. Amid the ambition, the selfishness, the heartless jostling with the world, which every son of Adam is obliged more or less to encounter, it is no common blessing to retire therefrom into the calm recesses of domestic existence, and to feel around your temples the airs that are wafted from fragrant wings of the Spirit of Peace, soft as the breath which curled the crystal light

'—' of Zion's fountains,
When love, and hope, and joy were hers,
And beautiful upon the mountains,
The feet of angel messengers.'

No common boon is is—we speak in the rich sentence of a German writer—to enjoy 'a look into a pure loving eye; a word without falseness, from a bride without guile; and close beside you in the still watches of the night, a soft-breathing breast, in which there is nothing but paradise, a sermon, and a midnight prayer!'—*W. G. Clark.*

### The Worth of a Great Sorrow.

The course of a great sorrow is a thing of every day. There is the wild incredulity and the unreal composure, half excitement; there is the struggle, more or less vehement, of the will against the adverse power which is laboring to subdue it; the defeat and the victory, the brave effort, the helpless surrender. There are prayers, such as that prayer which was wrung from the agony of a great heart, and which is the voice of a new grief for all time, 'Lord, thou hast permitted it, therefore I submit with all my strength.' There is the heavy weariness, and the aching resignation, and the utter weakness, and the deep solemn calm, and the holy strength, and the melancholy peace so sweet in the midst of bitterness, when the vision of heaven draws upon those eyes which are too blind with tears to see any longer the beauty of earth; there is the slow, painful return to old habits and ways, the endeavor, now feeble, now vigorous, and gradual interrupted success, the shuddering recurrence of familiar images and associated sounds, and the final closing up of a memory into the heart's inmost temple, where it dwells and lives forever, which the world calls forgetfulness, or at least recovery. And the mourner goes back again to the outer world and common life, like one who has had a fever and is in health again, though somewhat wan and feeble, and needing more than heretofore to be cared for and considered.—*Seven Tales by Seven Authors.*

### A Beautiful Extract.

I saw a mourner standing at eventide over the grave of one dearest to him on earth. There memory of joys that were past came crowding on his soul.

In this hour of agony, the form of Christianity came by. He heard the song and transport of the great multitude, which no man can number, around the throne; there were the spirits of the just made perfect, there the spirit of her he mourned. Their happiness was pure, permanent and perfect. The mourner then wiped the tear from his eye, took courage and thanked God. 'All the days of my appointed time,' said he, 'will I wait till my change come.' And he turned to the duties of life, no longer *sorrowing* as those who have no hope.—*Boston Odd Fellow.*

THE FLAG OF OUR UNION.

[Written for The Flag of our Union.]

# CONSTANCE BEVERLY, or, LOVE AND PRIDE.

BY AGNES L. GORDON.

## CHAPTER I.

The setting sun gleamed into an apartment furnished with oriental splendor. The heavy purple velvet curtains were looped back from the windows by massive golden cords, and swept the gorgeous Persian carpet in graceful folds. Couches, rich in quaint and costly carvings, and luxurious in downy softness, filled the recesses. Tables inlaid with pearl, and holding crystal vases of rare exotics, books and musical instruments were scattered carelessly about the apartment; while the heraldic devices that graced the walls proved the noble lineage of the owner.

The air was heavy with fragrance, and the golden sunlight as it gleamed through the casements caught the hue of the draperies, and cast a rich purple glow throughout the apartment, like the radiance of an Italian sunset. Seated on a low ottoman was a lady in deep reverie. The book she had been reading had fallen unnoticed to the ground, and her clasped hands rested listlessly upon her lap. Well did the stately beauty of that lovely lady accord with the proud magnificence of all about her. The queen-like form, the haughty and chiselled features, the pure, unflecked brow, and beyond all, the deep, dark eyes, so fitted to flash with scorn, or melt in tenderness, and the bands of dark hair folded about the classically formed head, all betokened the noble race of which she came. But now those large, dark eyes wore an expression of sadness, and her whole attitude was that of one whose thoughts were wandering far away from the present, and revelling in recollections of the past, or visions of the future. The lady sat silently for many moments, and then a scornful yet saddened smile curved her beautiful lip as she murmured:

'Yes, they call me cold, and proud, and passionless. They think because I smile at what the world calls sentiment, that I cannot love! I, whose every thought and feeling are given to one! I, who would even die for him! O, Percy, could you but read my heart.'

And she bowed her head on her clasped hands and wept in uncontrollable emotion.—Presently she raised her face, and an expression of pride struggled with tenderness, as she continued:

'Yet why should I love one who thinks not of me. Shall I, the admired of brilliant crowds, thus fondly linger over a few fair words lightly spoken, and ere now forgotten? And yet, compared with the love of such a heart, how vain, how false this glittering incense to my vanity appears. Could I but win the heart of Percy Melbourne, no sacrifice would seem too great. But these are idle thoughts! It may not be, and I will fold the mantle of my pride about my breast, and mingle with the heartless crowd, to smile and act a part—to bury deep these feelings in this heart, which they think cold and passionless. O, would it were.'

And with an effort the lady roused herself from her listless attitude, and passed with a stately step to the inner chamber.

Lady Constance Beverly was the last of a noble family, who could trace their lineage back for many generations without a stain upon the escutcheon of their race. Her parents were long since dead; and emancipated at eighteen from the trammels of guardianship, she reigned sole mistress of her superb domain and princely fortune. Wealthy, high born and beautiful, surrounded by parasites, and amenable to no earthly guardian, Lady Constance stood on a dangerous eminence for one so young. But nature, in lavishing so many gifts upon her favorite, had endowed her also with deep, ardent feelings, and a pure, high toned spirit that despised everything mean and servile. She found so much of deceit and flattery surrounding her, that she early learned life's bitter lesson of distrust, and as the means of checking presumptuous flatterers, wrapped herself in an air of pride, that, while it repelled the fawning parasite, unfortunately checked the outpouring of true affection that dreaded a repulse. And thus, though flattered, courted and admired, Lady Constance, with a fountain of deep tenderness ever gushing in her heart, trod the gilded path of prosperity, denied earth's brightest boon of fervent love. While in the bright circle of which she was the centre, so many crowded about her with proffers of devotion, one stood proudly aloof.

Percy Melbourne came like herself of a distinguished family, but, unlike her, held no other heritage than his noble birth and the unsullied name he bore. He had distinguished himself in India at a very early age, and now in the early prime of manhood, had returned awhile to his native shores, to enjoy the laurels he had bravely won. He met Lady Constance in the gay circle of fashion, and appreciating at once her true force of character, loved her as only a strong, true heart can love. But she was courted by those with far greater pretensions than he could claim; and she spurned them. How, then, dared he hope to win so bright a gem? With a pride equalling her own, he refused to bend before her shrine an acknowledged worshipper. Had her position been lower than his own, how gladly would he have raised the jewel from the dust; and how proudly have worn it in his bosom. But now he might as soon

'Love some bright particular star,
And hope to wed it.'

And thus while rallied on his stoical indifference to such wondrous charms, he nursed in his bosom the flame that was consuming him; while the Lady Constance, at first piqued by his apparent indifference, then interested in his noble character, lavished on him the pent up treasure of her love, though believing it unreturned, and then became apparently more proud, more cold than ever, because she dreaded to reveal the secret it cost her such an effort to conceal.

## CHAPTER II.

A gay and brilliant assemblage filled the rooms of a noble mansion. Shaded lights, soft music and fresh flowers lent their aid to the enchantment of the scene. Joy and happiness seemed dancing in every eye; wit and merry laughter sparkled from every lip. Surrounded by a little coterie was the Lady Constance Beverly, the admired of all. Attired in a robe of costly satin, rich in its very simplicity, and perfectly void of all ornament, save a circlet of gems upon her raven hair, she seemed like a queen receiving the due homage of her subjects. Her soft laugh rose clear and sweet, and her wit, like a silver arrow, was keen and dazzling. And yet, while mirth seemed to have its dwelling place within her bosom, her tones were soft, even unto sadness, and though her lip wore a smile, no answering beam played from those dark eyes, so filled with sadness and beauty. There was a stir amid the group that surrounded her, and Lady Constance, moving toward the harp, struck a few chords, and then, as if forgetful of all around, poured forth a strain of thrilling melody. A burst of applause greeted her as she ceased, but she rested listlessly upon the harp, when a voice near her murmured involuntarily:

'Beautiful indeed.'

The songstress started, and her eye rested an instant on the speaker ere turning away, she fascinated all by her wit and smiles. The person who had momentarily attracted the attention of Constance was in the prime of manhood, tall and commanding in person, and dignified, and graceful in manners, with a head and face whose superb and intellectual beauty was a model for a sculptor. His gaze was fixed upon the songstress during her performance, and when she concluded, the expression of admiration escaped him, and with a smothered sigh he turned away.

'Lady Constance is very fascinating,' spoke a friend to him; 'but what a pity she has no heart. She is an animated statue, warm and glowing to all appearance, but in truth, cold and insensible. Her heart must certainly be ossified with pride. Do you think she could ever love?'

'Love! yes, and the love of such a being were worth a kingdom; he must be more than mortal to be worthy of it. Beneath that guise of idle seeming are buried thoughts beautiful and true, and it needs but the magical key of affection to unlock those hidden treasures.—Proud she is, and well may be, but cold and passionless—never!'

'Well done, Percy,' replied his friend, laughing, 'I can believe anything after this; so you too are an enthusiast! I must hasten to tell our friends of the discovery,'—and he moved away among the crowd.

But there was one other who heard his words. Constance Beverly heard them, and a wild hope sprung in her heart. The jest and laugh were hushed upon her lips, and she hastened to indulge in solitude the blissful feelings his words had inspired. He loved her! she was sure of it now; and O, how she regretted the proud and cold demeanor that had kept him from her side. Various were the schemes she imagined that might yet bring him to her feet and convince him that he had not loved in vain; each seemed unsatisfactory, but she determined to cast aside her chilling hauteur at least to him, when they met again, and so retired to dreams of happiness.

Several days elapsed, and Constance had not met the one who was ever present in her heart, when she called upon a mutual friend, with the hope, scarcely acknowledged to herself, of seeing, or at least hearing something of Percy.

'Have you heard the news?' said her friend Lady Cardover, after the usual compliments had been interchanged. 'Percy Melbourne has sailed for India, positively gone; it was most unexpected, and shockingly provoking too, just at this time. You know my fancy ball comes off next week, and Colonel Melbourne is so distinguished I had counted upon him. Do sympathize with me, you tormenting creature, you don't even listen to my intelligence. But by the way, what dress will you appear in, if it is not a secret? I wanted to prevail upon you to wear an eastern dress; it would suit your style admirably, and with Percy as a sultan, you would have been the stars of the night. Is it not too bad that he has left us?'

Constance suffered martyrdom while her volatile hostess chattered away, mingling regrets for Colonel Melbourne's absence, with descriptions of the coming fete. She collected herself enough, however, to reply consistently to Lady Cardover's remarks; but not daring to ask any questions about Percy's sudden departure, or to appear to take any special interest in that event. She hastened away as soon as possible to discover the truth of the report, and mourn over this sudden extinction of her cherished hopes.

Lady Cardover was correct; Percy Melbourne had left town with the intention of returning to India to remain for years, perhaps forever. But surprised as the lady had been at this intelligence, her astonishment and disappointment were as nothing to the positive dismay with which she read an elegant note received from Lady Constance, declining the invitation to the ball; upon the plea of an urgent engagement to a relative in a distant section of the country. With the note still in her hand she sprang into her carriage and drove to the home of Constance; bent upon dissuading her from leaving until the fete was over. But she was too late; the porter said that his lady had left the day before, and the time of her return was uncertain.

What a terrible disappointment it was to Lady Cardover! The *event* of the season was this grand fancy ball, and now the leading stars of the evening were both absent. It seemed as if the two brightest lamps had gone out and left the apartments shrouded in comparative darkness. She could compare it to nothing else, she said, and she was the most unhappy creature under the sun. Poor Lady Cardover!

## CHAPTER III.

The vessel in which Melbourne was to sail had been detained; and he engaged apartments in the hotel at the seaport, and busied himself completing the arrangements which his sudden departure had left incomplete.—His resolution had been suddenly made and impulsively acted upon, and was as unexpected to himself as to his friends. He loved Constance with all his soul, but believing her unmovable in her pride, resolved to spare himself the torture of constantly repressed emotion, and seek in absence and change of scene the balm of forgetfulness. With these feelings he took passage for India, willing to become a voluntary exile from his home. But the detention had allowed him time to reflect, and he doubted the wisdom of casting away all hope without even a trial. These thoughts passed rapidly through his mind, as he slowly paced his apartment with a troubled brow.

'If I only dared hope!'—burst from his lips convulsively. And then he started, to the consciousness that he was not alone, for seated at a desk near him was a youth whom he had engaged as secretary to assist him in arranging his affairs prior to departure.

Melbourne glanced rapidly towards the young lad to mark if he had noticed his exclamation, but the boy's head was bent low over his accounts and apparently heeded nothing else. There was something about the youth that attracted Percy's attention; he looked at him earnestly and sighed; then with an effort becoming himself, he said, with a slight smile:

'But tell me, Rupert, why you persist in wearing this fantastic dress? methinks it is more befitting a lady's boudoir, than the business desk,' and he glanced at his clerk's attire, which was in truth as he had said, rather fantastic.

A frock coat of murrey colored velvet, finished at the throat with a collar of rich lace that fell low on the shoulders, and a cap with a heavy plume shading his face, gave him the appearance of a page. His hair of pale auburn curled closely around his forehead, and a slight moustache graced his upper lip, while his hands were of feminine whiteness and delicacy. The boy colored as he glanced at his dress, and said hastily:

'Twas a lady's taste that decked me thus.'

'And a very graceful taste it was,' answered Percy, kindly, pitying the boy's evident embarrassment. 'And is it forbidden you to name the fair lady for whose sake you wear it?'

A deeper flush crossed the boy's face, and there was a tremor in his voice as he replied:

'It was the Lady Constance Beverly. I was once her page!'

Melbourne started, and exclaimed in a tone of doubtful surprise:

'Lady Constance! is it indeed so! Methought your countenance was strangely familiar. How long since did you leave her service?'

'But when I sought yours, sir; it grieved me much, for I have been with her since a child,' said the page, timidly.

'Thou art but little else now,' replied Percy; 'but you must love the lady passing well, thus to hold sacred her slightest fancy.'

The boy bent his head still lower, and now his voice trembled as he answered:

'I love her as myself, and would die to serve her!'

Melbourne looked at the speaker with surprise, and his voice had a tone of slight displeasure as he said:

'Your words belie your years, fair sir; this is more than a mere boyish passion.'

'And even if it were,' answered the boy, after a slight pause, 'you need not fear any rivalry.'

'I! what mean you?' exclaimed Melbourne, with flashing eyes.

'Simply that you love the Lady Constance, and would condescend to be jealous of even a simple page. Nay, do not look so angry,' he continued, archly. 'I know love's symptoms too well to be deceived, and could my lady but see you as *I* have done, perhaps you might *both* be happier.'

'You speak in riddles,' said Percy, in an agitated voice, 'or you mock me! No! it cannot be! Lady Constance! so beautiful, so proud, 'tis vain, impossible!'

The boy laid his hand upon his companion's arm, and looking in his face, said earnestly:

'The Lady Constance is proud, but that pride is humbled and subdued. A love, pure and holy, has grown up within her heart, and swept away every obstacle before it. You, Percy Melbourne, are its object, on you alone is lavished all the wealth of affection hoarded up for years. Question me not,' he added, seeing Percy about to interrupt him. 'It is sufficient that I have been with her always, and know her heart as well as she herself.—Go, hear from her own lips the secret I have perhaps unwittingly betrayed, and should the result meet your wishes, then plead for the pardon of the prophet page.'

There was a mingled tenderness and playfulness in the boy's words, and a burning blush upon his cheek that puzzled Melbourne, and as he concluded he left the room hastily, leaving Percy to draw such conclusions as he liked.

That very night, Colonel Melbourne told his clerk to await his return, as urgent business called him to the city, and the next day he started off without any farther explanation.—But the wilful page disobeyed his master, and early as Melbourne went, the page had gone before.

## CHAPTER IV.

Lady Constance sat alone in her balcony with an open letter in her hand, her eyes were bent thoughtfully upon the ground, and her parted lips wore an expression of hope and expectation. A hasty step approached, and rising hastily she extended her hand.

'Colonel Melbourne!'—broke from her lips. She had intended to welcome him warmly, but the words died upon her tongue, and she stood blushing and silent.

Melbourne seized the fair hand thus offered him; he forgot the proud and stately Lady Constance, and saw only a timid and lovely woman. In an instant he was at her feet, and in the eloquent words of truth and love poured forth the pent up feelings of his heart.

Constance did not speak, but she bowed her head upon his shoulder and wept, and her lover needed no other answer, for to hearts that deeply love, 'silence is eloquence, darkness light.'

'Do you know, my Constance,' said Percy, at last, 'that I owe all the rapture of this moment to a certain wilful page, who it seems had more care for our happiness than we ourselves? Nay, be not angry, dearest,' as the blood rushed tumultuously to her brow. 'I, at least, owe him eternal gratitude, but for his words I had not dared to solicit this interview. Would he were here, that I might thank him for the blissful fulfilment of his prophecy.'

'He is even now in the ante chamber and waits a summons to enter,' replied Constance. 'I know all, and if you forgive him, I will try.'

She left the room as she spoke, and in a few moments the page entered, enveloped in a cloak, and the heavy plume shading his face. He advanced to Melbourne and dropped on his knee before him.

'Rise, silly boy,' said Melbourne, kindly, 'you have nothing to regret, nor I to forgive; the felicity you prophesied is mine, and I have to reward and thank you.'

'Say that you forgive me,' murmured the boy.

His auditor started.

The page clasped his hands and raised his eyes imploringly.

'Constance!' burst from Melbourne's lips.

The auburn locks and moustache had disappeared, and the dark hair simply parted on the forehead betrayed the disguise. Constance removed the cap, and as the mantle fell at her feet, exclaimed:

'There lies all that remains of the wilful page; say that you forgive Constance as freely as Rupert, and I will be happy. Percy, I loved you; some light words bid me hope it was returned; but my pride seemed to set a barrier between us. Perhaps that pride was too much humbled by the course I have taken. You left England, it was supposed for years, perhaps forever. I could not bear that you should leave me thus, and hearing you were detained at the seaport, followed you with a wild hope of securing our mutual happiness. For the sake of this blissful moment forgive me, and do not love me less that I prized that love above all worldly forms.'

Percy pressed her to his heart, and gazing rapturously upon that lovely face, whispered impassioned words, but they were not of forgiveness, for there needed none.

Poor Lady Cardover was doomed to a third surprise when she heard of Percy Melbourne's return and the approaching bridal. Her astonishment was shared by all their mutual friends, for Lady Constance's pride and Colonel Melbourne's coldness had passed into a proverb. But the lovers kept their own counsel, and let the world speculate at will upon 'how it all came about,' while for years after their union, in a private closet of their splendid house, there was treasured among other precious relics the velvet dress and plumed cap of Rupert, the wilful page.

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[Written for The Flag of our Union.]

### The Exile's Lament.

BY LOUISE.

'Yes, I've left thee in my sadness,
That dear happy native land;
I've parted from scenes of gladness,
From your bright and flowery strand.

'Shall the grove where I have wandered,
Now by stranger feet be pressed?
Where in boyhood's time I've pondered,
Or have stilled this throbbing breast?

'Where the music of the fountains
Filled my childish heart with glee;
And the sunlight from the mountains
Wrapt my soul in liberty.

'There in childhood's joyful morning,
Oft my feet were wont to stray;
Dear ones watched the early dawning
Of the soul in wisdom's way.'

Such were the feelings that gushed forth
From the lone exile's heart;
But deeper, sadder strains found birth,
When he was forced to part.

'O Memory! some talisman,
Some parting token give!
In the sweet annals of my home
I would forever live.

'I've wandered through the summer wood
Full many a tedious day;
In fancy, sometimes, I have met
A bright and sparkling ray.

'Yes, I have been in foreign climes,
From childhood's home afar;
I've traced my sad, my weary way,
By heaven's unerring star.

'But with a faint and languid eye,
And disappointed tone;
I've turned again to childhood's vale,
My beautiful, my own.

'And sometimes, mid your revelries,
Think of the exiled one;
Farewell, farewell—each much loved friend!
Farewell, my childhood's home!'

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[Written for The Flag of our Union.]

# THE SKIPPER'S SCHOONER.

A RUNAWAY SKETCH.

BY FALCONBRIDGE.

No better specimen of the genus, genuine Yankee nation, can be found, imagined or described, than the skippers of along shore, from Connecticut river to Eastport, Maine. These critters give full scope to the Hills and Hacketts of the stage, and the Sam Slicks and Falconbridges of the press, to embody and sketch out in the broadest possible dialect of Yankee-land. One of these 'tarnal critters,' it is my purpose to draw on for my brief sketch, and I wish the readers of the 'Flag of our Union' to do me the credit to believe that for little or no portion of my yarn or language am I indebted to the fertility of imagination, as the incidents are real and quite graphic enough to give piquancy to the subject.

Last spring, just after the breaking up of winter, a down-east smack or schooner, freighted with cod-fish and potatoes, I believe, rounded off Cape Ann light, and owing to head winds, or some other perversity of a nautical nature, could no further go; so the skipper and his crew—one man, green as catnip—made for an anchorage, and hove the 'hull consarn' to. Here they lay, and tossed and chafed, at their moorings for a day or two, without the slightest indication on the part of the weather to abate the nuisance. So the commander of the schooner got in his little 'dug-out,' and giving the aforesaid crew special injunctions to keep all fast, he pulled off to shore to take a look around.

Now it so fell out that in the course of a few hours' time after the departure of the skipper, a snorting east wind sprung up, and not only blew great guns, but chopped up a short, heavy sea, perfectly astonishing and alarming to Hezekiah Perkins in the rolling and pitching schooner. It was Hez's first attempt at seafaring; and this sort of reeling and waltzing about, as a matter of course, soon discombobcrated his bean basket, and set his head in a whirl, and dancing motion—better conceived by those who have seen the sea elephant than described. Hez got dea-a-athly sick, so sick he could not budge from the stern sheets, where he had taken a squat in the early commencement of his difficulties. In the mean time, the skipper came down to the beach and hailed the victim.

'Hel-lo! hel-lo!'

Hez feebly elevated his optics, and looking to the windward, where stood his noble captain, he made an effort to say *over* something:

'Wha-a-t ye-e-e want?'

'What do I want? Why, yeou pesky critter yeou, go for'ard thar and hist the jib, take up the anchor, put your helm a-lee, and beat up to town!'

This was all very well, provided the skipper was there to superintend, manage and carry out his voluble orders; but as the surf prevented him from coming on board, and the stomach and lightness of Hez's head militated against the almost superhuman possibility of carrying out the skipper's orders, things remained *in statu quo*, the skipper ashore and Hez fervently wishing he was too.

'Gol darn it, aint you a going to stir round there, and save the vessel!' bawled the excited captain.

'How on airth,' groaned the horror-stricken mariner, 'how on airth am I to help it?'

'Wall, by Columbus, she'll go clean ashore, or blow eout to sea afore long, sure as death!' responded the skipper; and before he had fairly concluded his augury, sure enough the halser parted, the schooner slew round and made a bee-hive *for Cowes and a market!* This rather brought Hezekiah to his oats—he riz, tottering and feeble, on his shaky pins, and crawled forward to get up the jib.

'O ye-s, now yeou're coming about it, yes, yeou be,' bawled the almost frantic skipper, as the distance between him and his vessel was increasing. 'Put her abeout and head her up the ba-a-y!' But it was no kind of use in talking, for Hezekiah could not raise the jib; and his imperfect nautical knowledge, under such a snarl, completely bewildered and disgusted him with the prospect. So saying over the seven commandments and other serious lessons of youth, Hezekiah resigned himself to the tumultuous elements, and concluded it philosophical and scriptural resignation to let Providence and the old schooner fix out the programme just as they might. It is commonly reported, that our mackerel catchers, when a storm or gale overtakes them on the briny deep, lash all fast and go below, turn in and let their smacks rip along to the best of their knowledge and ability. They seldom founder or get severely scathed; and these facts or perfect indifference having entered the head of Hezekiah Perkins, he became perfectly unconcerned as to future developments. Night coming on, the skipper saw his schooner fast departing out to sea, and when she was no longer to be seen, he made tracks for Boston to report the melancholy facts to the owners of the vessel and cargo, and see about the insurance.

Next morning, the skipper having discovered that the insurance was safe, he found himself in better spirits; so he walked down along the wharves, to take a look out upon the bay and shipping—when lo and behold he sees a vessel so amazingly like his Two Pollies that he could not refrain from exclaiming:

'Hurrah! hurrah! By Christopher Columbus—if that don't come my old beauty and Hez Perkins, too—hurrah!'

The overjoyed skipper went off into a double hornpipe on a single string; and as the veritable schooner came booming saucily up the bay before a spanking breeze, with her jib spread, the skipper called out in a voice of thunder and gladness:

'Hel-lo! Hez Perkins, is that you?'

'Hel-lo! Cap'n, I'm coming, by pumpkins! Clear the track for the Two Pollies!' And putting her head in among the smacks of Long Wharf, Hez let her rip and smash chock up fast and tight. When the captain landed on his own deck, he rushed into the arms of his brave mate Hezekiah, and they had a regular fraternal hug all round—and Hezekiah Perkins, in behalf of his wonderful skill, perseverance and luck, was unanimously voted first mate of the Two Pollies on the spot. It appeared that a change of wind during the night had driven the wandering vessel back into the bay, and Hezekiah, having got over his sick spell by daylight, crawled forward, got up the jib, and actually made the wharf, as we have described.

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[Written for The Flag of our Union.]

### The Pilgrim of the West.

BY JANE GAY.

In a dear New England valley,
In a rugged spot and wild,
There stands a simple cottage—
The birthplace of a child!

Around that cottage ever
A Sabbath stillness rests;
And two lofty elms hang o'er it,
Where the blackbirds build their nests.

And the starlight there is holy,
And the moonbeams gently glide,
Like the noiseless steps of angels,
In the quiet eventide.

Through the long, bright days of summer,
There sport the zephyrs wild,
Around that lowly cottage,
The birthplace of the child.

And the young child often listed,
In the blessed starlit hours;
Gentle tones, like spirit whispers,
Soft and sweet as breath of flowers!

Murmurs of the low wind sighing,
Filled her heart with yearnings strong;
And she bowed her ear to listen,
Till she learned and loved its song!

But when she grew to womanhood,
She heard the voice of fame,
And left the simple cottage home
For a shadow and a name.

And now where truant fancy leads,
Or fancy bids her rest;
She goes unknown amid the crowd—
The pilgrim of the West!

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[Written for The Flag of our Union.]

### How Mr. Blinks was taken in and done for.

BY THE OLD 'UN.

Benjamin Blinks was a blooming bachelor of Boston; well-to-do in the world, and, as many bachelors are, of irreproachable morals, as all bachelors are supposed to be, living snugly on his income, and having apartments in a fashionable hotel, fitted up in style, and kept with a neatness and precision that showed how particular a person their occupant must be.—Mr. Blinks's age might have been found in the parish register; but then Beau Shatterly declares that 'parish registers are confounded impudent impositions, and no authority whatever!' So we will let the parish register pass. Neither needed one to inquire of the blooming cheek and fair face of the bachelor, for that, like hope, 'told a flattering tale.' Blinks was on good terms with his tailor, his conscience and the world. These three have the youth-giving power attributed to the fabled fountain of Florida so long sought for by Ponce de Leon. Not unmarked by mothers, not avoided by maidens, not unseen at soirees, Blinks yet basked in his single blessedness, like a butterfly in the sunshine. In truth, he passed the heyday of youth without losing his heart, and one ceases to be prodigal of his affections at middle age. When past thirty-five a little crust collects around the heart of a single man and prevents its undue expansion; while a thousand habits of living, and little indulged notions become so many impediments to a man's freedom of motion, and make up together a sort of moral strait-jacket.

Yet there were times when Blinks thought of bestowing on some fair damsel, 'his life, his fortune, and his sacred honor.' But the older he grew, the firmer he planted himself on one positive proposition, come what might, he would not marry an old maid. Old maids were so set in their ways—so fussy—so particular! Poor old bachelor! was thy charity, beginning at home, of that domestic sort that never stirs abroad?

But at length it was whispered in certain elegant circles, reported on Washington street, and intimated at the opera, that Blinks was in love. He had been seen purchasing bouquets—he was known to have indulged in a cashmere shawl at Warren's, and was suspected of investing sums in a lady's watch at Jones, Ball & Poor's. At length it came out that Blinks was engaged. The lady was named, Miss Emma Bloomington, a charming woman, very beautiful, very fashionable, and very accomplished. But rumor, in this case, as in many others, had outrun truth. Blinks was in love, but not engaged. Still matters were very fast tending to this happy consummation. Four German musicians achieved a serenade one moonlight evening in Mount Vernon street; and another evening a very interesting *tete-a-tete* was observed by an opposite lady, who, having no loves of her own, was very inquisitive with regard to the sentimental affairs of her neighbors.

The day after this *tete-a-tete*, Mr. Blinks was shown up into an elegant drawing-room, and paid his devoirs to Miss Bloomington.—He was a man of business, and aware that modern marriages are not made in heaven, but on Change. He spoke of his stocks, his investments, his income; hinted at a prospective carriage, and sighed as he depicted his forlorn condition.

Miss Emma's smiles encouraged him to proceed. But Blinks was not a man to be beguiled by a pair of rosy lips disclosing pearly teeth, though supported by the flying artillery of a pair of eyes as dark as night and radiant as stars.

'Miss Bloomington,' said he, 'I am a plain blunt man, like Mark Antony, in Shakspeare's play of Julius Cæsar—*vide* the oration of that gentleman over the dead body. And I wish to ask you one question.'

Miss Bloomington blushed.

'I am forty years old. A gentleman at forty is no older than a lady at twenty-five. I have told you my age—now pray how old are you? I dare not trust your face, and the answer is of vital importance.'

'Really, Mr. Blinks—'

'I know that women and music should never be dated, but—'

'You are a strange man, Mr. Blinks, but I'm sure I have no objection to answer your question. I am just thirty to-morrow.'

Mr. Blinks turned pale, deadly pale—and muttered the ominous words, 'Old maid!'—But they were lost in the folds of his cravat. He was silent for a minute or two, and then rose.

'Miss Bloomington,' said he, 'I am compelled to wish you a good morning. I merely called to inquire—whether you caught any cold in your promenade last evening. I am happy to find you looking so well. Good morning.'

And the gentleman bowed and retired.—Perfidious Blinks!

For a long time he gave up society, and seemed to be low-spirited. But he did not take prussic acid, or walk off the end of a wharf, leaving a full confession in his hat, and so in a few weeks was 'as well as could be expected.' Miss Bloomington shortly afterwards left Boston, to reside at the South.

Years rolled on—ten years. Blinks was now a bachelor of fifty, but in admirable preservation. He was on as good terms with his tailor and himself as ever; indulged in an occasional ball, took private lessons in the polka, and patronized the Italian opera.

The very last summer he was at Newport, and so gay and brilliant, that a certain belle gave him the soubriquet of 'Bachelor Butterfly.' But this belle was not the belle of the Ocean House. By no means. The cynosure of all eyes, the reigning star of the ball-room, the Cytherea of the surf, the Di Vernon of riding parties, was a certain lovely widow, Mrs Caroline Dashwood of Baltimore. By this dark-eyed, spirited and glorious woman, Benjamin Blinks was for a second time in his life fascinated. He was permitted to be her partner in the waltz, her cavalier on horseback, her companion in the surf. She renewed his youth, his hopes, his episodical longing after matrimony. He proposed—he was accepted—he was happy. With a bride young, beautiful and rich, Blinks was truly a mortal to be envied.

In the mellow honey-moon, the wedded lovers wandered out one evening on the Battery, for they were passing a few days in New York, during their bridal tour. The moonlight was sparkling on the crisp waves, and gilding the myriad sails of the bright bay, the music of an Italian band was rising from the magic ring of Castle Garden, and the cool breeze came through the 'rocky gateway of the Narrows.'

'Blinks, dear,' said the lady, as she hung upon her husband's arm, 'I want to ask you one question.'

'A thousand, if you please, my dear.'

'Well, then, were you ever in love before you saw me?'

Blinks coughed, but after a moment's pause he answered boldly, 'I was indeed once.'

'And who was the happy lady?'

'One Miss Emma Bloomington—but that was a long time—ten years ago.'

'And could she have rejected your suit?'

'O no. I fancy our attachment was reciprocal, but I never proposed.'

'Why didn't you?'

'Because, my love, I had determined never to marry an old maid. And just at the nick of time I found out that the lady was thirty. Poor Emma! she is forty now, if she lives—quite an old woman.'

A clear, musical laugh was the rejoinder to this speech. 'Why, how old do you think I am, Blinks?'

'Twenty-five or twenty-eight, perhaps.'

'Forty, by this hand!' replied the lady.—And the hand was a fair one.

'Forty!' exclaimed Blinks.

'Yes, love,' continued the lady; 'and I have another confession to make. I was not a widow when you married me.'

'Not a widow! And pray, madam, who, in the name of wonder are you?'

'I am Mrs. B. Blinks, the wife of the only man I could ever love—and I was Emma Bloomington, whom you deserted so cruelly ten years ago.'

Mr. Blinks's first impulse was to drop the arm that clung so lovingly to his; his next to press it closer. A loafer who was smoking a cigar on a bench under a locust tree heard something like the popping of a champagne cork, but the lady's ear alone caught the words:

'Emma, I have been a very foolish old bachelor—and I am a very happy man. I forgive your deception, for it has opened my eyes, and given me something to make my life worth living for. I have made a suitable match, and a much better one than I deserve.'

Mr. Blinks was satisfied—but the story got about, and the spiteful gossip who had witnessed the *tete-a-tete* in Mount Vernon street, when the happy pair came back to Boston, amused herself for an entire week by relating to the whole town *how Mr. Blinks was taken in and done for!*

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### The Women of Hungary.—Countess Csaky.

Patriotism and true love of country are the great characteristics of the noble matrons of Hungary. Ladies of the highest rank, as well as those of the humblest origin, all mingled together in a maternal bond of alliance, stand forth as the encouragers of the martyrs of the Republic. The young Countess Csaky has been foremost in the bloody struggle; she raised a regiment of volunteers at her own expense, and is actually in command of it. The adjutant is also a lady of rank, and is her sister. They dress in the uniform of officers—Hungarian jacket, blue pantaloons, and a large sword at their side. Watchfires surround their tent, and sentinels keep guard through the night. Before the countess retires to rest, she writes despatches to all her officers, giving them orders, and if any spy brings a report of an advance of the enemy, she is at once at the head of her divisions. With the most wonderful talent she lays the plans for the surprise of her enemy. To the discomfiture of the foe, her commands are carried out confidently and strictly. The animated patriotism of this noble woman inspires such enthusiasm among the soldiers, that each one becomes a hero in his contagious desire to out-do in deeds of daring, his compatriot. The skill in manœuvreing displayed by these admirable women is wonderful, and in many instances the enemy have surrendered to them without a blow. Not the less efficient are many other ladies who are not quite so famous in arms; everywhere the angelic presence of the women is visible saving the soldiers from the jaws of death.—*European American.*

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[Written for The Flag of our Union.]

### To Alice.

BY MATURIN M. BALLOU.

In Cuba's verdant, sunny isle,
A wild flower blossoms free;
In whose fragrant leaves the while,
Slumbers the honey-bee.

The butterfly soft fans it there,
To the hum-bird's lullaby;
And fragrant odors load the air,
'Neath the tropic's sunny sky.

Thus, Alice, in thy gentle breast,
May some good angel make,
Throughout thy life, its place of rest,
For thy dear spirit's sake.

And like the bee of golden store,
In plenty be thy share;
But richer far than golden ore,
Let *virtue* be thy care.

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[Written for The Flag of our Union.]

# A NEGRO QUILTING PARTY: or, THE SALTED WHISKEY.

BY ONE WHO HEARD OF IT.

In a certain town, not a hundred miles from Ware, Mass., there had gathered one evening at the house of a colored man, a large number of his colored brethren, including both sexes, to make a bed-quilt for a daughter of their worthy host who was soon to be united in holy wedlock.

Many may wonder what *men* can have to do with bed-quilts, in the way of making them, and for the benefit of those who are ignorant of the fact, it may as well be mentioned, that there is a good deal that men can do at quiltings, especially young men, whose services are so well appreciated by the young ladies. Their labors generally consist in threading needles, chalking the cord, snapping it,—kissing the (shall I say it) ladies, and, *pater patrei!* do not ladies appreciate this last kind of labor?

This quilting party was no common affair. It was what Jack Bunsby would call '*one of the* quilting parties and no mistake.' The good colored hostess had baked pies for a week beforehand, pumpkins had suffered unmercifully, and chickens in the general slaughter which had taken place in their ranks, at last ran at her approach, thinking her to be a dark cloud that omened no good to them, and whose white rolling eyes they imagined to be burning stars set loose, and her swinging arms, oscillating thunderbolts.

A little negro boy had been sent on foot five miles to engage the services of Lem—a noted player on the birch-bark; he was also to hunt up an itinerant one-eyed negro, by the name of Jake, who was to 'execute' on a fiddle with two strings. The little fellow done his errand to a charm. The birch-bark player, and the violinist, engaged to be 'on hand,' with a recompense of 'all they could eat and drink,' and the little negro hurried home, as fast as his 'walkers' would carry him, with the vision of a pumpkin 'turnover' (which his mother had promised him if he done his errand well) beckoning him onward like a 'will o' the wisp.'

The eventful, long-looked-for evening at last arrived. Lem and Jake had arrived before supper, and the fiddle was laid down in a corner of the room while 'they all drank tea together.' There being company, the young negro children were not allowed to sit down to the table, but were told they must 'stay away.'

They did stay away, they went as far as the fiddle and commenced snapping its strings, and trying to get their chubby hands inside of it to 'feel of the music.' Jake did not take much comfort eating his supper—for he had to leave the table every half minute, to call the little fellows away from the fiddle, and they were at last persuaded to let it '*quiescat in pace*,' by the promise of a tune played for their own particular benefit after supper.

The dark shades of night began to deepen, and with the dark shades, began to come dark beings, from far and near. The bed-quilt was spread on four chairs in what was called the 'sitting-room.' The big kitchen having been divested of its furniture, i. e., its four old chairs, a three-legged table, and a big, black lazy dog which might be called 'furniture,' as it seldom moved without the propelling power of the kind hostess. The kitchen was to be the grand theatre of action. The light fantastic toe was here to be brought into requisition, while the fiddle was to be 'executed' upon, and the birch-bark should be made to send forth music that

—'hath charms to soothe the savage
Rend the rock, and split the *cauliflower*.'

The floor had been well sanded, to guard against accidents, in the way of slipping down, while the dancers should be 'cutting pigeon wings,' and making 'double-shuffles.'

The bed-quilt was 'under head-way.' Needles were flying, and stitches were fast being made; the eyes of the damsels sparkled, like glistening stars, and their needles flew the faster, as visions of whiskey punches, pumpkin pies, double-shuffles, and pigeon wings floated before their imaginations. The 'young bloods' did their work to a charm. They threaded the needles without repining—they chalked the cord without grumbling, snapped it with indifference, and kissed the ladies without a—*murmur*. They told stories about matrimony, that they believed it to be the duty of all, as soon as age allowed, to be made 'flesh of one flesh, and bone of one bone.' Quite a discussion arose between them—the question argued being, whether Adam and Eve were not created negroes. It was decided at last by an unanimous vote, that Adam and Eve were created black, that Cain was their first child, who was black (this was considered by all to be a 'clincher' for an argument), and that when Adam and Eve ate of the forbidden apples in the orchard—that God out of revenge, turned them white, and they came to the conclusion that 'de colored population, were lords of creation, without a word of provocation.'

The bed-quilt was at last finished. The buxom daughter of 'de ebon hue' had the pleasure of taking the last stitch. The next thing in course, according to the 'order of exercises' was 'a piece of pumpkin pie all round, with a glass of sweetened water for each,'—an overture on the birch-bark and fiddle,'—'a grand dance by full company,'—'a country dance,'—'a jig,'—a grand supper, including a double entree of pumpkin pies, chickens, and a finale of whiskey punches sweetened with loaf sugar,—after which, by way of having their supper 'set well,' they were to have some pigeon wings, double-shuffles, to the music of 'Yankee Doodle, with variations,'—'Old Uncle Ned,'—'Dance de Boatman Dance,' &c. &c. It was thought by the time they got through with '&c. &c.,'—it would be time to go to their several homes and 'retire.'

The pumpkin pies were ate with great satisfaction. Encomiums were passed upon the unrivalled cooking powers of the hostess,—but the sweetened water was scarcely tasted, although all were half choked; they did not mean to satiate their thirst with sweetened water when whiskey punches were in perspective. They consequently conquered their thirst with the idea of a 'good time coming,' and commenced dancing—or as they expressed it—'shaving it down,' much to the danger of the crockery in the cupboards.

The dancing at last ceased. Luke West's and Peel's imitations of negro dancing were for once actually rivalled. Next in order came the supper. The young bloods took the damsels by the hand and led them into the refreshment room, where a table burdened with eatables—including hoe cake—awaited them; a long array of tumblers for the whiskey were stationed on the table like the wigwams of a tribe of Indians. But where was the whiskey? where?—echo answers 'where?' The hostess came into the room, her face nearly white, and with a quivering voice, told the assemblage that her 'old man' had forgot the whiskey and sugar. It had entirely slipped the observation of the whole family. What was to be done. The dancers had danced and sweat, and were nearly choked. They already 'spit feathers,' as they termed it. But the whiskey they would have, and they would restrain their thirst for a time longer. The host was despatched to the country store, a distance of some three miles, to obtain the desired articles, viz., whiskey and loaf sugar; and he started on his way, cursing his evil star of destiny.

'Hab you any good whiskey, sar?' said the negro, entering the store, puffing and sweating worse than he did after he got through with his jig at home; 'hab you de pure and genuine stuff?'

The store keeper told him that he kept nothing else.

'You'll please let me hab a gallon,' said the negro, and he presented a weather-beaten demijohn which like Napoleon's life guard, showed that it had seen 'action.'

The store keeper took it, and retired down cellar, where it was soon filled with whiskey. Having brought it up, he placed it before the negro, and received from him the amount due, in several small pieces of change, which the negro had obtained at home by a collection taken up to purchase the whiskey. And it may as well be mentioned, that the cause of the negro's memory failing him in the first place, was on account of his not having money to buy whiskey with.

'You are sure dat de whiskey is good, are you, sar?' said the negro, taking out the stopper, and tasting of its contents.

'There never was better whiskey made,' replied the store keeper, and he turned away to put up the shutters for the night.

'I say dar, I want dat lump of sugar to sweeten it with,' said the negro, pointing to a large piece of fine salt, which lay on a shelf back of the counter, and that had for some reason or other been left there.

'Exactly,' said the store keeper, scarcely restraining his risible organs, as the idea of a rich treat of fun flashed upon him in an instant. 'Good loaf sugar improves whiskey fifty per cent,' and he took the lump of salt, weighed it, wrapped a paper round it, and received his pay for '9 lbs. of loaf sugar, at 15 cts. per lb.' (*vide* a memorandum of sales on his slate.)

The negro took his whiskey and supposed sugar and commenced plodding his way homeward, which destination he at last arrived at, and found a choking, anxious assemblage awaiting his return.

'Hab you got de whiskey and sugar, eh?' were the first words that greeted his ears as he crossed the threshold.

Their anxious minds were relieved by being informed that he 'had got nothing else.'

It was not long before the whiskey was made. A large twelve quart pail was obtained, the pure whiskey poured in, water, '*quantum sufficit*,' and the lump of sugar was added whole.

The makers did not taste of it, as they wished not to dally with their appetites until all was ready.

The pail of whiskey was carried into the room where the refreshments had been waiting, and where all of the 'quilters' had assembled again, to satiate their half dying thirst, which they were determined not to spoil by drinking sweetened water, or water unadulterated.

The glasses were filled all round, and each one in the room stood with a glass of salted whiskey in their hands, waiting for the toast of the 'spokesman.' He was not long in getting it off.

'Here is to de health of our wordy host, an hostess, and to dare lubly darter. May dare lives be passed as sweet as dis whiskey punch. Ladis an gemman, we will now drink together.'

The glasses were raised to their lips, and their parched thirsty stomachs, like double force suction pumps or whirlpools, sucked down several swallows of the salted whiskey ere they could pull their lips away—and when they did—horror upon horrors! delirium tremens included,—if the immortal Cruikshank could have but seen their faces as they appeared then, he would have made an eternal fortune, and no mistake. He would have had a living picture before him, one that would cast entirely in the shade all the sketches that his fertile fancy ever imagined.

The tumblers flew at the 'wordy host an hostess,' who soon fled to 'parts unknown.' All the 'quilters' united in saying that it was done on purpose, and they did not leave the premises until all the windows and the crockery were broken to fragments. There was a story afloat that the 'quilters' drank their 'wordy host's' well dry; but how true it is the writer knows not, as he soon left those parts, and did not ascertain its veracity.

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### A Hundred Years Hence.

It strikes me as the most impressive of all sentiments—that it will be the same a hundred years after this. It is often uttered in form of a proverb, and with the levity of mind that is not aware of its importance. A hundred years after this! Good heavens! with what speed and with what certainty will those hundred years come to their termination! This day will draw to a close, and a number of days make up one revolution of the seasons. Year follows year, and a number of years makes up a century. These little intervals of time accumulate, and fill up that mighty space which appears to the fancy so big, and so immeasurable. The hundred years will come, and they will see out the wreck of whole generations. Every living thing that now moves on the face of the earth will disappear from it. The infant that now hangs on its mother's bosom will live in the remembrance of his grandchildren. The scene of life and of intelligence that is now before will be changed into dark and loathsome forms of corruption. The people who now hear me will cease to be spoken of, their memory will perish from the face of the country; their flesh will be devoured by worms and the dark and creeping things that live in the holes of the earth will feed upon their bodies; their coffins will have mouldered away, and their bones be thrown up in new made graves. And is this the consummation of all things? Is this the final end and issue of man? Is this the upshot of his busy history? Is there nothing beyond time and the grave to alleviate the gloomy picture, to chase away these dismal images? Must we sleep forever in the dust, and bid an eternal adieu to the light of heaven?—*Dr. Chalmers's Sermons.*

# THE FLAG OF OUR UNION.


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F. GLEASON, PROPRIETOR.

MATURIN M. BALLOU, EDITOR.

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### To our Correspondents.

'Night and Winter,' a poem from the German, by S. B. G. Corser, filed for the next number of the Flag.

'A Story,' by Lieutenant Murray, next week.

'The Forsaken,' a fine poem, by Mrs. Henry W. Allen, shall find a place in our next.

'Robbing a Peach Orchard,' a laughable sketch, by Paul Creyton, shall appear next week.

'Old Maids,' a prose sketch, by Mrs. E. Wellmont, filed for our next.

'Jairus's Daughter,' a poem, by A. B., is accepted for our next. The poem referred to by the author has passed from our memory.

'Eva Thornton, or The Heart Trial,' a home story, by Fred Hunter, shall appear next week.

'Man's Tears,' a poem, from the German, by L. Hunt, is accepted.

'The Old Elm Tree and the Fountain,' a poem, by Eliza, is capitally managed, and shows no little dramatic taste in the author. Our readers shall have it next week.

'Nonentum,' a poem, by Oscar G. Hughan, is accepted.

'The Black Knight, or The Wandering Bohemian,' a romance of the days of Chivalry. This is the title of an absorbingly interesting novellette, by J. H. Robinson, which will be commenced in the next number of the Flag. Its title is an index of the theme.

'The Sisters,' 'My Friend Mrs. Dashabout,' 'Lines to my Brother,' 'Lines to Kate,' and 'Slander,' are respectfully declined.

### The Peace Convention.

Of all modern humbugs, we are inclined to place the principles of the *one idea* people, who cleave so pertinaciously to the notions of what is called the peace society, as the greatest of all follies. The foundation of the great peace movement is as rotten as sophistry, and will not bear a moment's scrutiny by a calm, unprejudiced mind, while their congress, now in session in Paris, is a burlesque upon common sense. If these principles are just and proper now, so they were an hundred years ago—and yet what lover of freedom and republicanism will for a moment say that such a doctrine could have been adhered to by our fathers of '76—how long, think you, would it have taken for 'moral force' to have effected the independence of America? Eloquent speeches and pungent resolutions, *a la* peace society, would have had about as much weight and influence with the British crown, and the soldiers led on by Howe and Burgoyne, as would whistling against the wind. The fact is, our fathers had a price to pay for the inestimable blessing that they strove to transmit to their children, and the cost was cheerfully borne.—We would not for a moment appear to be an advocate for war and bloodshed, but we do believe that the strong arm must often be resorted to; all history shows it, all experience proves it. It has been aptly said, that 'moral force' is an excellent thing, but tyrants are, unfortunately, not accessible to it, generally treating it with contempt, while they are as impressible to the arguments of sabres and bayonets as other men.

Nicholas of Russia will favor the peace society, because if their doctrine prevails he can keep his serfs in continuous slavery without even maintaining a standing army; he can oppress and grind down to the very earth the brave Circassians without a fear of repulse, and he can laugh the patriotic fire of Poland to scorn. The emperor of Austria would gladly become an active member of the peace society, because he finds it hard work to keep the gallant Hungarians under his thumb, even with borrowing an army of his fellow autocrat of St. Petersburg. The king of Spain would hold up both hands for the prevalence of the doctrines of the peace congress, because then he could sit more securely upon his throne, while his sceptre was wielded with redoubled power and heartlessness. It would enable him to increase the already immense tax of the island of Cuba a few millions, and though he impoverished the people and brought them nearly to the grade of beggars, what would he care? *Resistance* is out of the question, and there is no fear of losing this rich gem in the crown of Castile. Louis Napoleon would like it, because it would enable him and his confreres, without fear, to overthrow the republic, and proclaim him emperor. Barricades would no longer possess a charm against oppression. Red republican, liberalist, and socialist would be alike disarmed. England, or rather the English throne, would subscribe most heartily to the articles of the peace congress, because their universal acknowledgment would cement the galling chain of Irish oppression and would enable the crown to extend its dominion over the entire east, as well as any other quarter of the globe that its mistress might covet. In short, tyrants and tyranny would rejoice at the success of the peace society.

Peace is a divine principle, a hallowed and lovely cause, but principles are good or evil, not in themselves alone, but with reference to their practical bearing upon mankind. To wear the chains of slavery simply because we desecrate the supposed spirit of peace by rising, and with the strong, manly arm of justice casting them off, is a doctrine only worthy of the meanest spirit. A truly independent soul can never subscribe to such a creed; it is servile in every bearing which it presents to the mind of a freeman.

General Taylor's Manners.—Some papers are loud in their exclamation of the President's lack of polish, and accuse him of not making a good impression; whereupon a contemporary says: 'Surely enough, he has not the manners of a dancing master, but it has been well said, that he gave a reception to twenty thousand strangers at Buena Vista in a style that few dancing masters could have equalled.'

Willis-y.—Willis, describing the dwellings at Cape Cod, about which there is neither tree nor shrub, says, 'this gives to their houses an *out of doors* look that is singularly cheerless.'

Nothing more than's right.—A Southern exchange says that the person who borrowed the editor's umbrella will please return the same, or file the owner's name off the handle!

Good Gracious!—An Albany paper talks about a new machine, just patented, for milking ducks!

### The Secret of Popularity.

Any one, reflecting for a moment, can recall the persons of some of their friends or acquaintances who are a vast deal more sought after and beloved than others; and the reason is, that they cultivate good temper and cheerful spirits. Their company is sought, and themselves looked upon with warm regard, because wherever they are, they impart pleasure and gratification. On the other hand, those who are constantly grumbling, and telling their troubles become bores, and are avoided by all. Young people, especially, should remember that their good temper will give them more esteem and happiness than all their genius and talent. A cheerful, happy temper keeps up a kind of daylight in the mind, excluding each gloomy prospect, and filling the soul with perpetual serenity. The man thus endowed, imparts the spirit that actuates his own breast to those about him, and the result is mutual happiness. Have a cheering word, a pleasant smile, or a kind salutation ever ready for all; nor do as some persons, who appear to have been brought into the world expressly to find fault and grumble, and render everybody uncomfortable about them. These people, who are constantly despairing, and telling their troubles to others, are cowardly and short-sighted, defeating their own aim, if indeed they wish to be happy.—As we depend greatly on others for our enjoyment of life, we should have a care that we do not make ourselves repugnant to them. Make yourself agreeable, as much as possible, to all; for there is no person so contemptible but that it may be in his power to be your best friend or worst enemy. The most trivial attentions to others have a weight; they cost us but little, and should not be forgotten. Politeness is like an air-cushion—there may be nothing solid in it, but it eases the jolts wonderfully!—The most agreeable of all companions is a simple, frank man, without any high pretensions to oppressive greatness; one who loves life too well to mar it by grumbling and complaining; who is obliging at all times, and above all, is of a cheerful and golden temper.

### Golden Sands.

*Gathered from the writings of Shakespeare for the Flag.*

Man is never undone till he be hanged.  
A lover's eye will gaze an eagle blind.  
A golden mind stoops not to shows of dross.  
Every true man's apparel fits your thief.  
A light wife doth make a heavy husband.  
Fire that is closest kept burns most of all.  
Advantage is a better soldier than rashness.  
The best men are moulded out of faults.  
Better a witty fool than a foolish wit.  
A noble nature may catch a wrench.  
Borrowing dulls the edge of husbandry.  
Calumny will sear virtue itself.  
A knavish speech sleeps in a foolish ear.  
Fat paunches have lean pates.  
Great men have reaching hands.  
He that sleeps feels not the toothache.  
What wound did ever heal but by degrees?  
Young bloods look for a time of rest.  
Venus smiles not in a house of tears.  
One bear will not bite another.  
Most subject is the fattest soil to weeds.  
Loan oft loses both itself and friend.  
If money go before, all ways do lie open.  
He that dies this year is quiet the next.  
How many fond fools serve mad jealousy!  
Love moderately! long love doth so.

### The Island of Cuba.

We look to see this beautiful island the scene of a vast deal of interest shortly. The day is not far distant that must see it freed from the chains of Spanish surveillance, and doubtless it will ere long form one of the stars of this confederacy. We see that all information relating to its peculiarities and resources is most eagerly sought for, and each fresh development but shows that its richness and beauty are far from being generally known. The inhabitants have lately evinced their inclination to rise against the foreign forces that govern them, and the soldiery, composed of home Spaniards, have in more than one instance sided with the people. This was lately the case at Principe.

### The Tyrants at Work.

We see by our foreign files, that the Austrian government has already commenced to revenge itself upon the leading Hungarians, for the part they have taken in the late struggle of their countrymen for liberty. Count Bathiany, former Prime Minister of Hungary, has been sentenced to four years imprisonment in a dungeon, and has been condemned to pay $250,000. Thus will Austria deal with such of the leading Hungarians as she cannot find a sufficient pretence for shooting or hanging.

What's to be Done?—The general subsidence of revolution and war in Europe will create quite a vacancy in the 'excitement' department of the newspaper business in this country. Since the close of the Mexican war, European politics have been the great staple for the manufacture of editorials. Add to this the almost entire disappearance of the cholera, and the dearth of subjects for exciting editorials and big stories, is perfectly terrific.

March of Mind.—The chaplain to the jail at Coventry, Eng., has been dismissed for holding a prisoner's hand over a lighted candle, with a view to induce penitence by impressing her with the torments of hell. The reverend gentleman admitted the fact, and said he committed the act because the woman was of such a stolid temper that she was only to be reached through her senses!

Pirates in the Mediterranean.—The latest advices from Europe state that pirates continue to scour the Archipelago, and had even attacked a large French vessel which was anchored at the entrance of the port of Olivetto (in the island of Mitylene), and stripped it of everything it contained, after having killed two of the sailors.

At Rome.—The pope seems dissatisfied with everybody and everything; and everybody in return seems to be dissatisfied with the pope. His holiness sits upon thorns, and like a certain long-eared animal, may be said to eat thistles.

A Fortune Yearly.—The Duke of Wellington has received from the British government about four hundred thousand dollars a year for the last thirty years. No wonder England groans under taxes.

The Eastern Argus thinks that one of the great pleasures of life is taking off new boots and putting on old slippers.—*Manchester Democrat.*

The Argus man (between ourselves) was probably *corned* when he wrote that.

It is.—The fourth page of the Republican and Argus, daily, Baltimore is a perfect picture book. It is.

Days of Steam.—Anciently men thought, and were marble statues; now they act, and are steam engines.

### Editorial Ink-Drops.

There arrived at the Revere House 160 persons in one day lately.

Miss C. McCorrin drowned herself at Willimantic, Ct., lately. She was insane.

Signor Blitz wouldn't stay killed, even by cholera. He has 'turned up again.'

It is said that Kossuth is now in England, with the crown jewels of Hungary.

An organized gang of burglars is known to be operating in Baltimore.

Victoria is still rusticating in Scotland—the 'royal family' are well.

The gold medal voted by Congress to Gen. Scott has just been completed.

Somebody raised a watermelon at Brattleboro', Vt., lately, weighing thirty-four pounds.

The cholera has swept off upwards of 5000 citizens of New York.

Five large steam manufactories are now in course of erection in Nashua, N. H.

One boy stabbed another seven times lately in Boston, with a pen-knife.

A poor widow woman in England recently became insane because $40,000 was left to her.

Yellow fever and mulattoes are said to be peculiarly of southern manufacture.

The delivery of newspapers from this country is prohibited by the authorities of Havana.

Portland is getting to be quite a place—they get up pretty tall riots there.

Robert Dolan cut his throat in New York, and died in presence of his wife.

Provincetown, Cape Cod, contains about two thousand inhabitants.

There is a piano-forte manufactory at Milwaukie, Wisconsin, away west.

Charley Greene says, you shouldn't say 'weathercock,' it's so *raw*.

There are a dozen vessels now fitting out at Boston for the gold diggings.

Edgar A. Poe the poet and lecturer has lately joined the temperance society.

In Burnt Corn, Ala., Dr. G. A. Wattle cut his throat. He was intemperate.

Counterfeit bills of all denominations were never more plenty than now.

The pope has been seriously ill, and is supposed to have been poisoned.

Louis Napoleon is to marry the daughter of the king of Sweden. Well!

A Mrs. Nichols hung herself in Farmington, N. Y., on account of religious excitement.

The value of the gold in the Scott medal is four hundred and fifty dollars.

## THE BLACK KNIGHT;
### OR,
## THE WANDERING BOHEMIAN.

BY J. H. ROBINSON.

This is a splendid original romance which we shall commence in the next number of our paper. The readers of the Flag are already acquainted with the entertaining and highly interesting style of the author, and we need hardly promise them a rich treat in its perusal. It is a story of the days of chivalry, ever a fruitful period for romance.

### A Lady's Answer.

When Philip Henry, the father of the celebrated commentator, sought the hand of the only daughter and heiress of Mathews in marriage, an objection was made by her father, who admitted that he was a gentleman, a scholar, and an excellent preacher, but he was a stranger, and 'they did not even know where he came from.' 'True,' said the daughter, who had well weighed the excellent qualities and graces of the stranger, 'but I know where he is going, and I should like to go with him;' and they walked life's pilgrimage together.

'Roderick the Rover, or the Spirit of the Wave.'—We have just issued a new edition of this popular story by Lieutenant Murray, making the fourth one that has been published, to meet the constant and growing demand for this and other works by the same writer. For sale at the depots.

The Way it was Done.—The Russians to the number of 220,000 foot, 28,300 horse, and 804 cannon, came in to the assistance of 95,000 Austrian foot, 11,600, horse, and 299 cannon, against a Hungarian army of 265,900 men—no wonder the heroic Magyars were crushed.

On Saturday morning last one hundred and fifty sail of vessel left our harbor.—*Portland Transcript.*

We have counted a larger number, during the past summer, going out of Gloucester, Mass., all in sight at the same time. Gloucester, though only a 'fishing town,' is still 'some pumpkins.'

A Specimen.—One of the critics, speaking of the farewell benefit of Biscaccianti at the Broadway Theatre, says that she 'exhaled away her being in one long, agonizing, exquisite whirl of pleasing melody.' Perhaps some of our readers will suppose by this that the fair vocalist is dead; but it means nothing of the sort—it's only *criticism!*

Slave Trade.—The slave trade, from all accounts, is carried on almost as extensively as ever between Brazil and Africa. A Baltimore clipper is said to have made eleven voyages to Bahia (where there are a dozen vessels engaged in the business) in four years, and cleared $400,000.

Uncle Toby is a very quiet, modest sort of an old chap, not over vain or presumptuous; but he suggested to us privately the other day, that it did seem to him as though, if his articles were worth copying, they ought also to retain the author's name. We thought so too.

Summary Justice.—Thieves stand a poor chance in California. Money and valuables are left exposed in tents, and untouched. If a man is detected in stealing at the mines, he is ordered to leave. If he does not quit the diggings, he is tied up to a tree and whipped. If after that he does not disappear, he is shot!

Married—At Concord, N. H., Mr. Samuel Herman, of Boston, to Miss Persis D. Virgin, of Concord.—*Ex. Paper.*

That's all right; who should she marry, if she didn't marry *her man?*

'The Skipper's Schooner.'—This sketch which was crowded out of our last number, though promised in the correspondents' list, will be found on the second page.

'You can take my Hat.'—The Hartford Times forgets to credit the Flag with this sketch written for us by Uncle Toby.

Another.—The Dover Gazette and Strafford Advertiser, don't give us credit for 'Not at Home,' written for the Flag by T. S. Arthur.

Martin Van Buren says he does not wish again to meddle with politics.—*Eastport Sentinel.*

A burnt child dreads the fire!

Nothing is sweeter than the warm, ardent kiss of the girl we love.—*Chassica Mirror.*

Unless it is molasses.

### From our Foreign Files.

The French government have sent men of war to Martinique, and martial law is to be proclaimed in Guadaloupe.

Letters from Rome of 13th ult. state that the pope had named Gen. Oudinot duke of Pancrazio, with a pension of 6000 crowns.

At a recent battle, among the dead, were found a number of Hungarian women, who fell fighting in the fore-rank.

The Stanfort Mercury mentions that an inn keeper at Werrington, lately took fifty-five lbs. of honey from a single hive of bees.

A bed of oysters, forty miles long by eight wide, has been discovered in the British Channel, fifty miles southwest of Shoreham.

Edicts of such a violent character have been issued at Gaeta, to be promulgated at Rome, that the French authorities have refused to promulgate them.

The present French administration is so desirous to proclaim its own folly and bad faith, that it writes them up in *Roman capital* characters.—*Punch.*

M. de Tocqueville, the minister of foreign affairs, gave a soiree Aug. 25th, to the members of the peace congress, which was attended by upwards of 1500 persons.

The priests of the Greek Church, in order to encourage the recruits raised for the Russian army, assure them that if they are killed in Hungary, they will rise the third day in Moscow.

Mr. Macready has entered into an engagement for four months at the Haymarket Theatre, and bound himself finally to leave the stage at the end of it. So says the London Standard.

At the attack on the works of Monosir, by the Austrians, in which they were defeated by the Hungarians under Gorgey, the emperor of Austria was present, and had to save himself by flight.

The London Morning Post contains an advertisement 'To Annette.' The sequel is curious: 'I can fully appreciate your delicacy, and I entreat you to let me know where my letters would reach you. I am five feet ten inches in height, with fair hair, blue eyes and white teeth.' The gentleman does not say who is his dentist.

### Dewdrops of Wisdom.

He that is little in his own eyes will not be troubled to be thought so in others'.

He that doth not know that he is weak, is but weak in knowledge.

There is no richer treasure than a collection of correct and beautiful thoughts and maxims.

A thousand probabilities will not make one truth.

A handsaw is a good thing—but not to *shave* with.

Every one knows best where his own shoe pinches.

An ant may work his heart out—but can never make honey.

The old proverb applied to fire and water, may with equal truth be applied to the imagination—it is a good servant, but a bad master.

Remember, says Dean Young, in one of his sermons, that God is as near to our mouth, when we speak, as that man is, who leans his ear to our whispers.

Bitter draughts are cleansing to the physical system; so grief, though bitter to our natures, is a purifying and strengthening cordial to the soul.

None are so seldom found alone, and are so soon tired of their own company, as those conceited coxcombs who are on the best terms with themselves.

A good rule is, not to let familiarity swallow up all courtesy. Many of us have a habit of saying to those with whom we live such things as we say about strangers behind their backs.

From the altar of Mammon a votary goes away, bearing as indelibly if not as conspicuously, the marks of the shrine at which he has bowed, as from the altar of Bacchus.

Humility is a grace that adorns and beautifies every other grace; without it, the most splendid natural and acquired acquisitions lose half their charm.

It takes away much of the savor of life, to live amongst those with whom one has not anything like one's fair value. It may not be mortified vanity, but unsatisfied sympathy, which causes this discomfort.

### The Joker's Budget.

'Is your name Long, sir?' 'Well, it is nothing shorter.'

What kind of fish is a young lady fond of? Her-rings.

When does a boy become his own mother's sister? When he is a truant (a true aunt.)

What is it that makes all women equally pretty? Putting the candles out.

Soft soap, in some shape, pleases all, and, generally speaking, the more *lye* you put into it the better.

'Pat, you are wearing your stockings wrong side outwards.' 'Och, and don't I know it, to be sure! There's a hole on the other side, there is.'

The papers say that an ingenious Yankee is about to take a large number of hens to California. We suppose he will keep them in the *hatch-way* during the passage.

—'What are you looking at from the window?' asked Judge P. of his son. 'At two men wrestling,' answered the young man. 'That is a *try-fling* affair,' observed the father.

'Well, Jeems,' said Zeb, 'I kissed Julia for the first time last night, and I declare it *electrified* me.' 'No wonder,' said Jeems, 'it was a *gal-vanic* battery.'

'How shall I sell my horse?' asked a certain doctor of a jockey; 'his tail came off in less than six hours after I bought him.' 'Sell him by *wholesale*, for no honorable man will re-tail him,' was the reply.

'Now, Sam, if you don't stop licking that molasses, I'll tell the man.' 'By chalks, you tell the man, and I'll lick you and the 'lasses too.'

A countryman sowing his ground, as two smart fellows were riding by, one of them called out with an insolent air, 'Well, honest fellow, 'tis your business to sow, but we reap the fruit of your labor.' To which the countryman replied, ''Tis very likely you may, for I am sowing hemp.'

### Miscellaneous Items.

*It is quite possible for a young lady to walk out of a room with a back as expressive of irritated feeling as her face.—Mrs. Ellis.*

A Brooklyn watchman, who was fined $15 for assaulting an orderly citizen, told the magistrate, 'Well, if that's law, it ain't justice,' whereupon the magistrate fined him $15 for contempt of court.

There is a negress on the estate of John C. Calhoun aged one hundred and twelve years. She was brought from Africa, and has been in his family for a century. She has sixty-three descendants, all living on the same plantation.

We understand that the Emperor of Austria, by the advice of the Czar Nicholas, intends to confer on Gorgey, ex-patriot and Magyar chieftain, in reward of his convenient and well timed surrender, an order of nobility with the title of Count Knocknnder.—*Punch.*

A gentleman of New London, in his letter from California, writes that he was absent from camp four days, and though he intended to go where no one had ever been before, yet all along he found *marks of civilization*, such as pieces of playing-cards and brandy bottles.

A man named Jackson, of Baltimore schooner Cecil, while searching for specie aboard the sunken frigate San Pedro off the Spanish coast, left the diving bell, and rose sixty feet through the water to the surface, but died soon after.

It appears by Domesday Book, there was a custom in Shrewsbury, 'that what way soever a woman married, if a widow, she should pay to the king twenty shillings, but if a virgin, ten shillings, in what manner soever she took the husband.'—*Gibson's Camden.*

### Quill and Scissors.

Capt. Tyson, an old and respected citizen of Henderson county, Ky., was recently shot in his bed, in the night time, with a double barrel shot gun, by one of his own slaves. The wound terminated fatally in about half an hour.

The Massachusetts railroad companies propose holding a convention for the purpose of raising the rates of fare on their roads, the present rates being found to be too low, they say, to afford any remuneration.

It is not always a mark of kindness to possess an open countenance. An alligator is a deceitful creature, and yet he presents an open countenance when in the very act of *taking you in.*

How does it happen that the St. Lawrence is not free to our Chicago vessels, whilst Lake Michigan is free to British vessels? Call Lake Michigan a river, and there is an exact parallel in the cases.

What illustrates most simply and beautifully the ingress, progress and egress of life?—Snow. Because in its ingress it is pure, its progress is precarious, and its egress is almost unnoticed.

Among the property destroyed by the late fire at Elmira were about eighteen thousand pounds of wool, valued at about $7000, belonging to the Elmira woollen company, upon which there was no insurance.

Gibbon, the historian, made it a rule to tell no man what he was worth. 'If it is much,' he said, 'I shall excite envy; if it is little, and I let it be known, I shall thereby bring on myself contempt.'

Two swift slave-steamers lately made their appearance on the west coast of Africa, and succeeded in embarking their human cargoes, and escaping the pursuit of several British cruisers.

Dr. Hardenbrook and Mrs. Nott, of Rochester, were married at Sandusky city, Ohio, on the 5th ult. Dr. H. had been two or three times acquitted of poisoning Mrs. Nott's husband.

The poor house in Carroll county, Ia., was set on fire by one of the paupers on Sunday evening the 12th ult. and entirely consumed. Loss about $1000 to the county.

The mammoth steamship Philadelphia was successfully launched from the foot of Palmer street, Kensington, on Tuesday afternoon.—She is to ply to Charleston, S. C.

A fire occurred in Elmira, N. Y., on the 3d ult., which consumed six stores and one tavern, besides other buildings. Loss estimated at $40,000 to $50,000—partly insured.

Madame Ronzi de Begnis, the wife of Signor de Begnis, who recently died in New York, is still living, and not long since appeared in London in the character of Norma.

An old bachelor, in counselling a young friend, cautioned him in this wise: 'Ne'er take a wife till thou hast a house (and a fire) to put her in.'

Virtue hallows the cottage, and sheds a glory around the palace. It is celebrated by the angels—it is written on the pillars of heaven, and handed down to earth.

Mr. Roberts, the President of the Republic of Liberia, has sent an agent to France to purchase a steamer and a war schooner for the navy of his State.

The Alta California, published at San Francisco, is in a flourishing condition. It has 700 subscribers at $12 per year, in advance, besides a large sale for the steamers.

Steamer May Flower, from Pittsburg for Cincinnati, burst her boiler at Longstown. Eleven persons were scalded, but none, it is supposed, dangerously.

It is a fact that three large steamers are nearly ready at Liverpool, to ply between Galway in Ireland and Halifax. They are expected to make the trip in six days.

The distance from Portland to Mechanic Falls, by railroad, is thirty-six and three-fourths miles, and was run on Tuesday in 56 minutes.

The civil engineers of New York have resolved to build a monument in Greenwood Cemetery, to the memory of the late Major Whistler.

The burnt district of St. Louis is rapidly being rebuilt. The buildings are handsome and very substantial, and many improvements have been made in the streets.

Mr. John Slack, a highly respected citizen of Guilderland, N. Y., fell from the loft of his barn, and was injured so severely as to cause his death.

Charles Lamb says very truly of loafers that the difference between them and genuine visiters is, that they 'give you their bad time, and take your good.'

A schoolmaster asked a boy, one cold morning, what was the Latin for cold? At which the boy hesitated, saying, 'I have it at my finger ends.'

It is estimated that there are 150 religious newspapers issued in this country, which together circulate above half a million of large sheets every week.

20,000 volumes have already been collected for the Astor Library, in New York, and they are now open for the daily *reading* of the people.

'A pocket full of rocks.' The literal meaning of this phrase is a pocket full of rupees, (hence, of any coin), *rupes* being the Latin term for rocks!

By examining the tongue of the patient, physicians find out the diseases of the body, and philosophers the diseases of the mind.

A young lady correspondent of the Inquirer complains of having too many beaux. Neither one can get a chance to 'pop the question.'

'Travellers in Turkey carry with them lozenges of opium, on which is stamped *Mash Allah, the gift of God.*'

The Cherokee Indians have now twenty-one Odd Fellows' Lodges. The twenty-first was organized a short time since.

Capt. Howard—whose wife killed his paramour in Cincinnati—died in St. Louis, of the ball shot into his back by Landsdown.

Capt. Bragg, of 'a little more grape' reputation, is at St. Louis, stationed at that post with two companies of Light Artillery.

Hon. Theodore Frelinghuysen has been appointed President of Rutgers College in New Jersey, and will probably accept.

The 'Pleasures of Hope' can be found in hoping that you are not five minutes too late for the cars when you know you are.

Intelligence has been received at New York from New Orleans, in the short time of three hours and forty-five minutes.

'Genius will work its way through,' as the poet remarked when he saw a hole in the elbow of his coat.

No less than thirty-six valuable steamers have been burned at St. Louis' wharf during the last eighteen months.

A widow lady has suddenly dropped her *weeds*, because *greens* are injurious to health this season.

The Nashua Telegraph says 'Mrs. Butler is a kind of Lady Gay Spanker, upon a brilliant scale!'

Mrs. Holbrook was drowned in Langley's factory pond, in Shirley, on Monday, by the upsetting of a chaise.

A submarine electric telegraph across the English Channel is in contemplation.

Israel Post, well-known in New York as a book publisher, died crossing the Isthmus.

The Milwaukie Sentinel says that the population of that city is close upon 18,000.

The most dangerous kind of bat that sometimes flies at night, is the *brick-bat.*

The telegraph between Cincinnati and Sandusky city, Ohio, is completed.

'Gen. Bem' is the name of a splendid steamer building to run on the Ohio.

The Grand Duke Michel, of Austria, died recently of apoplexy.

Daniel Webster is now in the *sixty-eighth* year of his age.

When all men say you are an ass, it is time to bray.

There is no better looking-glass than an old true friend.

### Local Matters.

#### Amusements.

During one evening last week, we dropped in at several places of public amusement, including four of the theatres, and we found fully five thousand persons in attendance, summing them all together. It was but an average evening, as it regarded attractions, and there was no theatrical star in town, so that it may safely be set down that five thousand persons attend our places of public entertainment each evening of the week. Mr. Thorne is a host in himself, at the Howard, and is filling the highest walks of the drama with distinguished success; as the Abbe Faria, in the new play of Monte Christo, he is inimitable, strongly resembling, in the power and force with which he enacts certain scenes, the performance of Macready in Richelieu. Warren is the bright particular attraction at the Museum, and is a universal favorite; but by this remark we would not slight the company generally, of this popular establishment, for it is composed of well tried and competent members. The National, depending mainly upon scenic and local pieces, is doing well, and the Panoramas seem to be as attractive as ever. Stockwell's, of the Mississippi, is without doubt the best one ever put upon canvass, and our readers should not fail to improve themselves by enjoying the exhibition which is afforded by this daguerreotype view of the father of waters, and the belongings of our western people.

#### Boston Horses.

We have more than once referred in our columns to the superiority of the horses of this city over those of any other part of the country. This is the case in every species of employment wherein they are placed, whether in the private coach, the hack, the cab, the let vehicle, express wagons, or trucks. We were led to remark a few days since, while walking upon some of our wharves and in the laboring and commercial section of the city, the extraordinary intelligence evinced by the horses employed in the trucks about the storehouses. The driver uses no reins, but guides the animals with the most perfect facility, and regulating his gait by the simple words of direction. Some of these movements are not a little complicated, especially when the heavy hogsheads are rolled upon the trucks by a rope and horse power. The intelligent animal takes his place of his own accord, as soon as the truck is backed up to the sidewalk, and at the word, deliberately and with a steady pull, starts the hogshead, and rolling it to its place, turns round and resumes his position for another load. He turns to the right or left as soon as the word is given, or if on the lead, and a load is to be backed up to the side of the street, immediately upon one of the chain traces being unloosed, he turns about, and by a steady pull, aids the fill horse in backing up the usually heavy load. This is not merely the case with a single truck, but hundreds of teams are equally docile and well disciplined.

#### A Fine Picture.

The following notice which we take from the Transcript, while it is very complimentary to the publisher of this paper, does not do full justice to Mr. Gerry, the distinguished and talented artist, who has furnished the excellent painting referred to. Mr. Gerry is well known in this community, enjoying a deservedly high reputation, and to those who desire to employ an artist faithful to nature, and devoted to his profession, we would most heartily recommend Mr Gerry:

In Mr. Balch's window, No. 10 Tremont Row, there is a very fine painting, representing Belvidere Hall, the elegant country seat of F. Gleason, Esq., publisher of the Flag of our Union, of this city. The artist has adhered as entirely to the original as though he had been painting a portrait; and the elegant mansion and its surroundings of fountains, arbors, and pleasure grounds, three acres in extent, beside orchards, aviary, and stables, are depicted with life-like faithfulness. A graceful, but classic fountain plays in the grounds that front the mansion, bubbling into an artificial pond peopled with rare and beautiful specimens of the finny tribe. The finely arranged gardens are loaded with bright and fragrant flowers, while the trees are bending under their juicy and luscious fruit. The artist, Mr. Samuel L. Gerry, has done himself much credit in this painting of Mr. Gleason's elegant and costly summer residence.

#### Debt of Boston.

The total debt of the city of Boston on the 1st of May last, was $5,334,845 56—of which amount the water debt was $3,787,328. As an offset to this the city owns the following property: Quincy Market, rented for $30,000 per annum; City Wharf, which rents for $10,000 a year until 1852, when the whole, together with ten brick stores, reverts to the city; 5,000,000 feet of land in various parts of the city; Old State House, which rents for $6500 per annum; stores under Faneuil Hall, renting for the same sum; Stone & Urann's wharf; 49 acres of flats at South Boston; Deer Island, comprising 134 acres upland and 50 of flats; Great Brewster Island, 16 acres; Rainsford Island, 11 acres; a gravel farm of 55 acres in Dedham; together with a great number of public buildings, etc., etc.

☞ The Greenfield Courier will find, by referring to the story of which it speaks, that it has needlessly troubled itself. No originality is claimed for it by the writer, who expressly states at the commencement that the circumstances are *true* and well known, and that they are even yet the theme of newspaper sketches at the west. The story was told to the writer by Hugh Mason, Esq., of Little Rock, Arkansas, and immediately written out, in a condensed form, for this paper. The character of the story admits of no romance, facts alone are given, and consequently there is no pretence to originality.

Boston vs. Gotham.—What would our citizens think of such nuisances as the following? Thank heaven we have no such annoyances in Boston. In the first election district of the Twelfth ward, New York city, there are two tripe factories, nine bone-boiling establishments, and two glue factories. What a delightful place it must be!—a veritable paradise!

The *Traveller* cautions young females from the country who are coming into the city to beware of theatres, and be cautious in forming acquaintances.

Let them get a copy of Mr. English's story entitled *Rosina Meadows*, and read it. It will give them a deep insight into what they should know, and a practical example of what they should endeavor to avoid.

Something New.—There is an exhibition now open at 221 Washington street, well worth the notice of our readers. It is composed of a very extensive collection of illuminated Paintings of American scenery, representing various points of interest and beauty.

Increase of Property in Boston.—The taxable property for 1849 is, real estate, $102,890,800, personal property, 71,218,100; total, $174,108,900. The aggregate of taxable property in 1848 was, 167,728,000—gain over 1848, $6,380,900.

## OUR OLIO COLUMN.

[Written for The Flag of our Union.]

### Stanzas for Music.

BY ROBERT GILMORE.

It's sweet tae watch the roses blaw,  
When zephyrs, light an' free,  
By mountain, greenwood, grove an' shaw,  
Pour forth their melodie.  
But sweeter far than bird or flower,  
That sings, or springs wi' glee,  
Is a bonny cot within a bower,  
And the ingle side for me.

To high-born maids, wi' tinselled gear,  
I canna bow the knee;  
The wealth o' mind's tae me mair dear  
Than a' this world can gie;  
Had I a wish, I'd ask nae mair,  
An' this my wish would be—  
A rural cot, my Emma fair,  
And the ingle side for me.

### To my Cigar.

Yes, social friend, I love thee well,  
In learned doctors' spite;  
I love thy fragrant, misty spell,  
I love thy calm delight.

What though they tell, with phizzes long,  
My years are sooner past,  
I would reply with reason strong,  
They're sweeter while they last.

And oft, mild friend, to me thou art  
A monitor, though still;  
Thou speak'st a lesson to my heart,  
Beyond the preacher's skill.

Thou'rt like the man of worth who gives  
To goodness every day,  
The odor of whose virtues lives,  
When he has passed away.

When in the lonely evening hour,  
Attended but by thee,  
O'er history's varied page I pore,  
Man's fate in thine I see.

Oft as thy snowy column grows,  
Then breaks and falls away,  
I trace how mighty realms have rose,  
Then tumbled to decay.

Awhile like thee earth's masters burn,  
And smoke and fume around;  
And then like thee to ashes turn,  
And mingle with the ground.

Life's but a leaf adroitly rolled,  
Time is the wasting breath,  
That late or early we behold,  
Gives all to dust and death.

From beggar's frieze to monarch's robe,  
One common doom is passed;  
Sweet nature's works, the swelling globe,  
Must all burn out at last.

And what is he who smokes thee now?—  
A little moving heap,  
That soon like thee to fate must bow,  
With thee in dust must sleep.

But though thy ashes downward go,  
Thy essence rolls on high;  
So when my body must lie low,  
My soul shall cleave the sky.

### A Gem.

BY WORDSWORTH.

She was a phantom of delight,  
When first she gleamed upon my sight;  
A lovely apparition, sent  
To be a moment's ornament;  
Her eyes as stars of twilight fair;  
Like twilight, too, her dusky hair;  
But all things else about her drawn  
From May-time's brightest, liveliest dawn;  
A dancing shape, an image gay,  
To haunt, to startle, and waylay.

I saw her upon nearer view,  
A spirit, yet a woman too;  
Her household motions light and free,  
And steps of virgin liberty;  
A countenance in which did meet  
Sweet records, promises as sweet;  
A creature not too bright or good  
For human nature's daily food;  
For transient sorrows, simple wiles,  
Praise, blame, love, kisses, tears and smiles.

And now I see with eye serene,  
The very pulse of the machine;  
A being breathing thoughtful breath,  
A traveller between life and death;  
The reason firm, the temperate will,  
Endurance, foresight, strength and skill;  
A perfect woman, nobly planned,  
To warn, to comfort and command;  
And yet a spirit, still and bright,  
With something of an angel-light.

### Ye Married Men of England.

In a late number of Eliza Cook's Journal, the following admirable parody upon Campbell's 'Mariners of England' appears. It will not be amiss in this region.

Ye married men of England!  
Each one whose wife will leave  
All buttonless a thousand times,  
A collar or a sleeve!  
Your desperate voices raise again  
To match the female foe;  
And keep murmuring deep,  
While your shirts unbuttoned go;  
While your collars fall you, short or long,  
And your wrists unbuttoned go.

Corsets need no bulwarks,  
No sleeve or front in heap;  
Their pride is simple fit and fold,  
And buttons that will keep.  
With common sense, in modern days,  
Fashion at length began  
To cut the cloth and make the shirt,  
According to the man;  
Yet her colors fall him even now,  
And his wrists unbuttoned go.

The snowy shirt of England  
Shall be the cause of strife,  
Till every button be sewed on  
In time by every wife.  
Then, then, ye female peace makers,  
Our song and feast shall flow,  
To the fame of your name,  
When our shirts well buttoned go;  
When our collars fasten, short or long,  
And our wristbands buttoned go.

### A Dunce.

BY J. R. LOWELL.

He meant well enough, but was still in the way,  
As a dunce always is, let him be where he may;  
Indeed they appear to come into existence  
To impede other folks with their awkward assistance  
If you set up a dance on the very north pole,  
All alone with himself, I believe on my soul  
He'd manage to get betwixt somebody's shins,  
And pitch him down bodily all in his sins,  
To the grave polar bears sitting round on the ice,  
All shortening their grace to be in for a slice;  
Or, if he found nobody else there to bother,  
Why, one of his legs would trip up the other,  
For there's nothing we read of in torture's inventions  
Like a well-meaning dunce with the best intentions.

### An Englishman's Picture of an Englishman.

Heywood, a quaint old English poet, in his 'Challenge for Beauty,' pays this tribute to his countrymen:

The thrifty Frenchman wears small waist,  
The Dutch his belly boasteth;  
The Englishman is for them all,  
And for each fashion coasteth.

Some love the rough and some the smooth,  
Some great and others small things,  
But O, your liquorish Englishman,  
He loves to deal in all things.

### Patience.

To struggle on his way, and strive and strain,  
Faintly and wearily, from hour to hour  
Came our first mother, then, with such a dower  
To gift her spouse! O, let us not complain—  
Alike they fell! Yet look, how rich his gain  
Who to the end endureth—knowledge, power,  
And holiness increasing, and a bower  
To rest him in at last, freed from all stain,  
Beneath the shadow of the tree of life.  
An uncontested prize were nothing worth,  
Nor heaven, if we had our all on earth;  
Nor peace to him who never heard of strife.  
If all were gained, then where would hoping be?  
If time held all, what were eternity?

### The Poor.

Open not your purse alone,  
Its lucre to impart;  
Of the two 'tis better far  
You freely ope your heart.  
That which wrings your bosom most  
Your money most allay;  
Sympathy's the sun that turns  
Its darkness into day.

### A Conclusion.

Is there a heart that never sighed?  
Is there a tongue that never lied?  
Is there an eye that never blinked?  
Is there a man that never drinked?  
If so, then heart and tongue and eye  
Must tell a most confounded lie.


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THE FLAG OF OUR UNION.

## MISCELLANEOUS.

[Written for The Flag of our Union.]

### ALBERT AND HERMAN.

BY PAUL CRETTON.

*Prologue.*

Now thirty years ago in the city of New York, a poor merchant named Sandler died and left two children, fortunless and friendless to struggle with the world. One of them was at that time eight years old, and his name was Albert. The other was called Herman, and he was two years younger than his brother. For different reasons they excited deep sympathy.

The elder was adopted by a rich old gentleman, who, having no children of his own, readily received the boy, and lavished on him affection, upon his foster child. Henceforth a life of ease and luxury entwined the fortunes of Albert Sandler. He was surrounded by everything with various accessories of fortune, was to be taken into the old man's business, and who confided to give the promising youth all the advantages of education, from a fair start in life and labor. This Albert was fed, clothed and educated by a rich and benevolent man, while his brother was compelled to feed, clothe and educate himself.

Both the brothers were endowed by nature with unconscious powers of mind, as well as with personal attributes and beauty. Both were naturally generous and bold, and they were alike in the characteristic of impulsiveness, but they would have grown up as like in each other as two flowers, if they were not so unlike for the vast difference in their education.

Albert was the spoiled child of fortune. His impulsiveness became haughty and selfish in the gratification of his passions. On the other hand, Herman, poor and friendless, was compelled to struggle with poverty, which, while he was possessed of different qualities, developed a character, and more gentleness of disposition and generosity of nature than his more favored brother, Albert.

Both grew up, and in time, Herman, who, though poor, possessed industry and ambition, had emancipated himself from the slavery of an attorney's office, and prepared himself, by his studies, to fill a station of influence and importance in the world. But still he had to struggle with poverty, whose icy hand was on him.

When the elder of the brothers had reached the twenty-sixth year his benefactor died, leaving him in the possession of a large fortune. On the very day when Albert became one of the richest men in America, Herman went to bestow of a friend, money to purchase for a poor fellow-mortal—for he was one of those natures profuse of the luxuries at the opening of our narrative.

### CHAPTER I.

*The union of the brothers. Jealousy and revenge.*

When Albert had fairly come into the possession of his wealth, he proceeded to live in a late benefactor, instead of squandering it as many would have done. He was not given to excesses in his expenses and his pleasures than before. While he was far from being miserly, he was not one that lavished his money upon those who were unworthy of it, but he was one to whom he could confide the scraps of his limited means. To obtain the first of these, Albert felt he had not to ask twice. Adopting his hands by those of a retired merchant, who possessed a large fortune, and accomplishments surpassed those of any of the fair daughters of New York the world can't better. The young man loved Lavinia Rivers at first sight, and from the moment that he was not indifferent to him, soon began to think seriously of offering her his hand. Still Albert longed for a further friend of his own age.

As he was thinking of this one day, and imagining the happiness of having a noble, intellectual, generous youth for a companion, he happened to think of Herman, whom he had loved a years of, amiting value. Albert was particularly struck with the article, because the author was the one brother Herman.

"My poor, neglected brother!" murmured Albert, "while I am rich, you are destitute among struggling men. You have talents, and a noble soul, if we may be allowed to judge of a man by the productions of his mind. Why have I forgotten you, and neglected you so long? You are my brother, Herman, and I am your brother."

That very day Albert wrote to his brother a note of invitation to call upon him at his house, and offered him every endorsement in the shape of friendship and brotherly assistance he could devise. With a heart overflowing with gratitude, Herman accepted the offer. The brothers met for the second time in private. They were mutually pleased with each other, and a warm attachment sprung up between them. Herman attained his brother's generous nature in freely offering him money, a suit of rooms and servants to attend him, and Albert loved him for his noble, independent character, and the brilliancy of his lofty intellect.

The intimacy and brotherly love of Albert and Herman increased as time rolled on, and they came to know each other better. The former father had everything to afford a good education and Albert gloried in his brother's success. Herman was happy now that he had a friend, and happy men of things would have continued we cannot say, but evil events conspired to estrange the brothers.

We have before spoken of Lavinia Rivers. Albert had paid his addresses long, and she was beginning to believe he had succeeded in winning her affections, when circumstances forced him to suspect he had a rival. That rival was no other than his own brother Herman! Often, when Albert, with a select company of friends of either sex, made excursions of pleasure among the scenes of the bay by sail, he observed that Lavinia and Herman sought every opportunity of getting together and of enjoying each other's society. At first he thought nothing of it, but soon, with a lover's quickness of apprehension, he read in their every action, look and word the fearful secret—love!

"They love each other!" muttered Albert to himself, as he watched them one day smiling through his garden. "My God! how can I suffer this?—But here is one remedy—he is to Hermany!"

Lavinia was leaning gently on the arm of her companion, and he, bending gracefully, was drinking love out of her eyes even! Albert turned away, cursing the hour which gave his brother his first open to his birth.

"Yet why should I fear him?" thought Albert. "Have I any ground for jealousy? Would she prefer the penniless Herman to the rich and influential Albert? Impossible! Yet love is capricious—and the night chosen him, though he were a beggar, and I offered him all my riches."

Albert wandered forth alone, his mind wholly occupied by such meditations. There are no gauge by to identify by a proud and haughty spirit, and especially by a passionate, jealous one. To think that the object of his affections loved with eyes of favor another, preferring him to us—neglecting us for him—longing for a change when none save ourselves are present, is a bitter cup to drink—a bitterness which we only taste—sighing for us to be with us, when in their company with his adored presence—this is the curse of love, and the curse of hell is not greater than the hatred in return!

Albert's soul was tinged by a temper of passion. At one time he meditated revenge; but he reflected soon that this was a crime unworthy of a gentleman and a man of honor. He could not blame Lavinia, for she was free to choose whom she would. Herman was a talented and noble character, for he knew one that Albert loved Lavinia and sought to win her for himself. Wherefore, then, should Albert think of resistance? Herman, who had only saved his life, merely he suffered—cure all the world and him! That night he lay tossing upon his pillow, and when the morning sun arose the resolve which was destined to destroy his happiness and that of others was formed. The morning he left soon calm; he thought it might be the effect of fatigue, but when he arose it was only a gelatin fireman, designed perhaps to be a little cooler.

"A nasty rain," thought Albert; "I will leave the house to-day."

He sought not Lavinia. He met her in a retired spot. With all the force of passion he expressed to her all the love he felt for her, and let her to throw not away the heart which was all her own.

Lavinia was pained and embarrassed. She was a stranger to deceit, and, in her innocence and inexperience, she expressed as well as she could her feelings.

"I am sorry, my respected Albert," she said, "she esteemed him as a friend—she would not lose his good opinion for the world—but she could not think of loving him in the way he asked her to do."

Albert rose to his feet. The flush of passion had given place to a pale and deathlike tenance became disquietly calm. With his wife lips compressed, his brow clouded, and his eyes downcast, he left a cloud of oppressions, he cast one strange, fiery glance at her and walked away. Lavinia looked after him from her presence. The nonpart of love, jealousy and revenge would have burst forth in terrible fury, but not Albert, with all his passions he was the self-contained and under Napoleon. He reached home, and although his bearing was not a little strange, no one noticed it, for he was alone in the secret of his suffering. He was eaten, gay at times, and he conversed with his brother freely and cheerfully as he was wont to do. Towards evening, he went out, and did not return for a day. Albert desired his brother alone in a small, well-furnished apartment from the land. Albert hailed him, and Herman drew in for the shore. Ten minutes after, the brothers were together in the skiff, and sailing out heavenly down the bay.

"Herman," began Albert,"I asked the quick-sighted Herman. "You seem changed of late, and I perceive a coldness towards me in sometimes inexplicable. Have I done aught to offend you?"

"It is your fancy, Herman," replied Albert. "Yet I have had some cause to be changed, as you say, since you left me. I thought that so long you will not question me. I should think something of a coldness on your part as well as myself, brother; for if I am more serious than I was of late, it is not without a cause to me."

"You are right," said Herman. "In truth, I have felt happier yesterday and to-day than I have for months. But I will not conceal from your melancholy, and you shall know the cause of my happiness."

"That is fair," replied Albert. "Let me hear your story first, and I will tell you of mine after."

Yesterday," began Herman, "I happened to be alone with Miss Rivers—"

"Lavinia!"

"Yes—but why do you repeat me so strangely? Do lionize your dark thoughts, brother; and listen to me even before Heaven with her. I was happy, because to a happier cause to be the possessor of those we love."

"You love her?"

"Yes—dearly—devotedly!"

Herman looked down into the water, else he would have seen the expression of hatred and jealousy that was on his brother's face.

"Excuse me, dear Albert, for not having spoken to you of your brother's confidence," Herman, without raising his eyes, "but I feared you would not encourage my suit. I knew that you, my dearest friend, loved Lavinia, and I feared that you would not look upon it with favor. I was afraid to speak to you, and I was afraid to speak to her. But yesterday I summoned courage, and—"

"And you did love?" said the deep, earnest voice of the stranger.

"I did—"

"Strongly?"

"Deeply and devotedly."

"And she loved you?"

"Did I tell it?" exclaimed Lavinia; from the depth of her heart—"I did tell it!"

"I pray you, pardon me," pursued the stranger, in an earnest tones, "but Herman was my friend, and I am anxious to know if he has been in Herman's place and did their selfishness. Albert, I will tell you my story. Albert's sky is yet unspoiled by a cloud, and I regret of him to go to the grave before the cause is one brother of the man I loved?"

"You do not, then, love Albert for himself? Is he only dear to you—"

"I do not love him as I loved Herman—O, I loved my brother! He was my friend, my all, a brother, and I trust as a husband, he is and will be my friend."

"O, misguided lady!" sighed Marion.

"Speak on," said the other, coolly.

Here was a pause, and the two husband and cloom ran not promiscuous when I say.

"But how—how now, O, I would—how could I escape?"

"And would you escape?"

I will be plain with you, for you have won my resolutions completely. I would have wealth if I had not given my assistance—of the wedding was not to take place."

"Then it shall not take place!" said the stranger, hastily. "I will not implicate you—you must know that I have seen or spoken with you—but I will snatch you from the prison which you are hastening. You may see me again. Adieu!"

Before Lavinia could speak to stop him, the stranger was gone. It seemed to her that she had been dreaming, and could she realize it that she had had the interview I have related to the reader. Lavinia, however, was not a person, although her fear and earnest tones told her that it was a reality. She resolved the thing was to be seen. Albert felt that there was a mystery about it, and he was resolved to see the spirit of blood on the bottom of the boat. He was alone, but the very God by whom he had called down, for the voice of the wind which came murmuring in the trees, and, as it were, spoke to her. The waves mingled him with terror; and the darkness of night, which was approaching, alone the horizon and on the waters of the bay, filled her soul with terror. Alone on the shore, he died, reprieved it, and pushing it out, he sprang into the bay, proceeded rapidly towards home.

### CHAPTER II

*The evening of the bridal.*

Passing over the space of a little more than a year in silence, let us visit once more the house of Albert Sandler.

It was a season of rejoicing at the magnificent mansion—and it was the 15th of June, and it anticipated joy and splendor was approaching. The time was to be a wedding there that night, and Albert, the lord of the palace, the country was to be present. The bridegroom was Albert Sandler, and the bride was Albert Sandler, whom he had once rejoiced; and Lavinia Rivers, who had once loved her better other the bridegroom of the guests were invited—all but one. Herman, who from his attendants to indulge in a brief season of solitary reflection, Lavinia needed time to prepare herself for the event. Herman was heard along the stairs now here. Suddenly, as she was sitting in the room of her future lord, she carried back with a cry of surprise, and fell to the floor. Herman, who had half concealed by the drapering shadows, raised the cries, and rushed to her assistance.

"Lady," said he, in a voice as low and graceful that it dispelled all her fears, "I am not one who has shocked her by my appearance. I am no rather accompany you back to the house. Allow me to offer you my arm."

Lavinia trembled herself in the bridal dressing room, but she was not long in procrastinating the garden at evening with none save the stranger for company.

"A word with you, I pray you," said Marion. "Your brother Albert is to be wed to-night, and I have a message for you."

Lavinia extended her hand, and the stranger, bending low, pressed it to his lips, and spoke to his lips.

"I am wared, he said, as the withdrew her hand.

"Speak."

"Nay, but hear me. I have that to say which may interest you. I am a stranger to one whom I know well—the brother of Albert Sandler."

"You would speak of Herman?"

"Yes."

Lavinia bowed her head to listen, and the stranger, who still held her hand, felt that it trembled.

"I know him well better than I ever knew Albert," continued the stranger, "for his innocence soon my own. Although dead, he is still a friend to me, and I would not for a minute's dear to me as my own. The very day on which he was drowned, while mourning on the shore for him, I met with him, and told me of his love. It was you who had the whole heart, and I was glad to hear it, for it gave him to understand that you returned his affection."

"It is true—true!" murmured Lavinia.

"And you fell here?" said the deep, earnest voice of the stranger.

"I did—"

"Strongly?"

"Deeply and devotedly."

"And you loved him?"

"Did I tell it?" exclaimed Lavinia; from the depth of her heart—"I did tell it!"

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*The evening of the bridal.*

Passing over the space of a little more than a year in silence, let us visit once more the house of Albert Sandler.

It was a season of rejoicing at the magnificent mansion—and it was the 15th of June, and it anticipated joy and splendor was approaching. The time was to be a wedding there that night, and Albert, the lord of the palace, the country was to be present. The bridegroom was Albert Sandler, and the bride was Albert Sandler, whom he had once rejoiced; and Lavinia Rivers, who had once loved better other the bridegroom of the guests were invited—all but one. Herman, who from his attendants to indulge in a brief season of solitary reflection, Lavinia needed time to prepare herself for the event. Herman was heard along the stairs now here. Suddenly, as she was sitting in the room of her future lord, she carried back with a cry of surprise, and fell to the floor. Herman, who had half concealed by the drapering shadows, raised the cries, and rushed to her assistance.

"Lady," said he, in a voice as low and graceful that it dispelled all her fears, "I am not one who has shocked her by my appearance. I am no rather accompany you back to the house. Allow me to offer you my arm."

Lavinia trembled herself in the bridal dressing room, but she was not long in procrastinating the garden at evening with none save the stranger for company.

"A word with you, I pray you," said Marion. "Your brother Albert is to be wed to-night, and I have a message for you."

Lavinia extended her hand, and the stranger, bending low, pressed it to his lips, and spoke to his lips.

"I am wared, he said, as the withdrew her hand.

"Speak."

"Nay, but hear me. I have that to say which may interest you. I am a stranger to one whom I know well—the brother of Albert Sandler."

"You would speak of Herman?"

"Yes."

Lavinia bowed her head to listen, and the stranger, who still held her hand, felt that it trembled.

"I know him well better than I ever knew Albert," continued the stranger, "for his innocence soon my own. Although dead, he is still a friend to me, and I would not for a minute's dear to me as my own. The very day on which he was drowned, while mourning on the shore for him, I met with him, and told me of his love. It was you who had the whole heart, and I was glad to hear it, for it gave him to understand that you returned his affection."

"It is true—true!" murmured Lavinia.

"And you fell here?" said the deep, earnest voice of the stranger.

"I did—"

"Strongly?"

"Deeply and devotedly."

"And she loved you

# THE ACE OF SPADES;

OR,

# THE LONDON JOURNAL.

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[WRITTEN EXPRESSLY FOR THE PLAY OF OUR TIMES.]

## THE BLACK KNIGHT;

OR, THE

## WANDERING BOHEMIAN.

### A Romance of the Days of Chivalry.

BY J. H. ROBINSON.

### CHAPTER I.

*The two knights. Their meeting. A trial of prowess. The castle. The stranger. The maiden. And shadows of the past.*

Who disembarks upon yon Sicilian strand,
With shattered bit and head of speed,
Beneath the discovering sun's mixed
The surrered echoes wake around,
It hath for lack, and bound for woe.
THE GHOSTS.

* * * * *

Nor much he loved long summer days of the grass,
Nor told of wondrous wilds, and deserts vast,
In those far lands where he had wandered free,
And—he himself would have it seen—unknown.
LARA.

A NOBLE knight, borne on noble steed, journeyed amid the hills of Castile. He was clad in mail of polished steel, and his helmet, and visor of steel, flashed in the sun. His crest was down as while with lance in rest he could be seen the unfeed Moor. Upon the crest of his helmet he wore the favor of his lady-love, according to the usage of that period. His broad bal-trick was studded with stones of value, and his belt of costly fabric depended therefrom, whose jeweled hilt displayed the form of a beautiful female. A formidable battle-axe hung at his saddle-bow. We to the knight who should feel its weight. The horseman was of goodly size. His features could not be seen. Proud and noble in his bearing, and knightly withal, he bestrode a powerful white steed, which carried him gallantly, obedient to the gentlest hand that o'ershook the rein. The strength to endure, and the fleetness of speed, were in the beautiful limbs. He went forward at an easy pace. A little in the rear of the knight rode the squire. Like his master he was clad in mail, though of a inferior less costly. He was of lighter figure, and was quite apparently fewer in number. His visor was up, and displayed features young and handsome. Especially so his round, and light and easy was his air. He bore the shield and lance, and displayed the posture of his lord with becoming pride.

"Who comes hither, Garcia?" said the knight, pointing to a horseman away in the distance.

"Some seems he like a knight of Calatrava," replied Garcia.

His combre appearance would favor the idea, good Garcia, and yet methinks he has not a monkish bearing."

"True, sir knight, and yet as he approaches, I see naught to hinder him from being a knight of the order of Calatrava. And look you, my master, he wears an hour of holy knight in his morning crest."

"By my lady! he rides gallantly, whoever he be. I would give a purse of gold to break a lance with the stranger knight, he be gentle or he be simple. He is mounted on a pale roan of a dark brown hue, and of tried steel and well fit vestal."

"Note you his haughty crest, Sir Hare? asked the squire.

"Yes, by my soul! it moves above all others I have seen, as in defiance. I am not pleased with the stranger's crest, good Garcia. See you the heraldry upon his shield?"

"Ay, Sir Hare, I see a knight in full armor, with a dagger in his hand, and his foot upon the neck of his prostrate foe."

"I must contend with this proud knight, if haughty courtesy will allow." The stranger approached.

"A fair day to you, sir knight," said Hare, courteously.

"And a fair day to you, if your interest be fair, and a knight of such goodly seeming can have no foul interest," replied the stranger gravely, yet with equal courtesy, and yet with an air that did not chiefly please Sir Hare.

Whereat content then, sir knight? to what order and from holding I and what are thou call'd?" interrogated Sir Hare.

"I come from whence I list—I go whenever there are wrongs to redress, or lowly women to protect. I am of the order of Calatrava. I am called the Knight of the Iron Crest. My face is toward Bergen, in old Castile."

"Then thou shalt not wend thy way, proud knight of the Iron Crest. Thy face is towards Leon, and thy haven's bid toward Castile."

"Then thou shalt not say right, courteous sir. But should I not, as it rightfully-ly, I trow, I will joust with thee, sir knight of the Steel Cross, and earthy thou will do me honor thereby, for who is not honored by an encounter with a true knight, and a bildalgo?"

"I accept thy courtesy as gracefully as it is nobly given, then by the Iron Crest. I know not thy estate or thy name, but if that are not born below thy seeming?"

"My deeds shall prove to thee what I am—thou of the Steel Cross, and the bold front."

Each knight received his shield and lance from the squire, and addressed himself to the friendly enemy he was to meet in an open space not unfavorable to the trial of strength and skill. They wheeled their steeds, and gallantly they were in opposite directions, with the usual and gracefulness that show familiar with the use of the weapons of chivalry. The charged of the stranger knight was of noble breed, and proudly trained, apparently, in bearing his noble burden. He was of deep blackness, and like that of Sir Hare, powerful of limb. Both steeds were fleet in their speed, for they had put a suitable distance between them, they turned their faces toward their foes, and hence in rest rushed to the encounter. The first midway, and Sir Hare was nearly lashed from his horse by the shock. The lance of Sir Hare the Iron Crest maintained his seat like a centaur. At the second course, the lance of Sir Hare was shivered upon the shield of Bertram Black-wing, and that he was unhorsed by the skill of the lancer.

"By St. Jago, Lord Garcia, is the squire of Sir Hare of the Iron Crest," yet bear stronger than a noble foe, he hath struck the crest of Sir Hare's helm with his lance, and driven it from his head. Never before have my eyes seen with the spear of Sir Hare so fell, and he called the Knight of the Crest."

Sir Hare, on foot, sprang to his master with weather brave. At the third course both knights put forth their prowess in such a manner, that horse and rider rolled in the dust.

The squires hastened to their respective masters, and assisted them to rise and mount. Neither was much hurt. They journeyed together towards Castile in seeming good faith, but the pride of the Black-wing would not permit despite his courteous bearing. He had prided himself highly on his superior horsemanship, and deemed there was not a lance in Castile that could match him. In war time, that he had not now been vanquished, but he had been numbed; and though he felt some admiration, he felt humiliation more than enough more.

Now you his haughty crest, Sir Hare?" asked the squire.

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His figure no longer looked bowed, and weary. He stood proudly erect. His visage was no longer solemn, though grave and dignified. He drew a silver call from his pocket, and blew a shrill blast. Before the echoes had died away, the sound of horses' hoofs was heard upon the flinty rocks in rapid approach. A squire appeared, leading a peerless Arab steed, barbed and housed. The palmer threw off his weeds—his long garment, cross and scallop-shell. Beneath his pilgrim dress was a coat of mail. Donning a helmet, boots and spurs, he stood the black knight, as he appeared in the listed plain. He shook his lance, and vaulted into the saddle without the aid of stirrup or rein. 'Hi!' and the black knight is off like the wind—over hill and dale, through pass and fell, away toward Castile. 'Twas more than noon. At nightfall he was in the environs thereof. A short distance from him in the outskirts of the city, a castellated mansion reared its frowning walls. When the night had fallen darker, leaving his Arabian in charge of his squire, he directed his steps towards the castle, bearing with him—strange accompaniment for the sword—a minstrel harp. Lofty was the structure he approached, and darkened by the busy cycles of time. For centuries had it been the dwelling of lord and knight, and dame and damsel of royal lineage. Kings had been born there. Now it was tenanted by women, and a few old knights and aged vassals. The knight gazed long and thoughtfully at the venerable pile—asked himself more than once if the Crescent would ever take the place of the Cross that rose from its highest tower, seen darkly in the dim moonlight.

'The triumph would bring me no pulses of joy should it bring scathe to Teresa, the peerless,' sighed the cavalier. 'This fabric has given birth to a line of kings, whose religion has been to scatter desolation and misery throughout the land of the Moslem. Would to heaven, the revelations of the Almighty had been more explicit, and limited to no race or people. Then had been more goodness, and less dissensions. But this is no time for such reflections. I have come to woo, and not to war. Like a true knight, feuds shall be forgotten in the smiles of lady-love. I will see if the hand that can hold the spear, can strike the harp, and the voice that is loud in battle, can improvise.'

The fingers that were wont to be gloved in steel swept skilfully the strings of minstrel harp. Wild was the prelude ere the strain was sung—eccentric and rhymeless the strain.

'Rest, lady, rest!
Far wanders the spirit of night,
Its shadows lie dark on the hills,
The night bird sings—sadly the unseen winds are sighing;
Dim is the waning moon, and dimly the stars look down on lady's bower,
Rest, lady, rest!

'Dream not of the Infidel Moor!
He is false to thee—he slumbers in the walls of Toledo.
His blade is rusted in its sheath,
Ne'er stray his thoughts to Castile—ne'er dreams he of thee.
Recreant is the Crescent knight to the daughter of the Cross.
He does battle for Moorish maid—for Infidel ears tunes he the minstrel harp,
Forgotten art thou,
Thy heart is sighing for the recreant knight,
Wake, lady, wake!'

There was a pause in the strange measure. A window was thrown up. In the pale moonlight the fair features of Donna Teresa were visible. She smiled and waved her hand. To her, the wild measure was no paradox. She secretly approved the cautious manner in which her lover had made known his proximity. She trembled for his safety. Again the knight improvised, and his words seemed to contain a mysterious warning.

'Danger lurks in thy path—there is sorrow for the daughter of the Cross.
Beware of a dark browed knight,
The dove strays not when the hawk is abroad;
When the wolf prowls the lamb should be in fold.
Wander not at nightfall—there is safety in the castle of thy sires, and the evil time is near.
My hour has come—my good steed waits—I fly to the dark mountains.
Rest, lady, rest!'

The cavalier turned on his heel to depart, when from the window he heard the sweet voice of Donna Teresa.

'Return! O return! to thy people again;
Thy warriors are waiting for thee:
O fly, or they'll wait for their leader in vain,
And thy people thou never shalt see.
'The knights of Castile are sworn foemen to thee,
And guarded are passes and plain;
Thy life is in peril—in peril for me—
O fly to thy people again.'

The song ceased. A moment the lady bent forward in the attitude of listening.

'Away, bold knight!' she said, in a low voice. 'I hear the sound of approaching feet. As thou lovest me, attend to thy safety.'

'Did I attend to my safety as I love thee, I should be safe indeed. I adore thee. I swear it here upon my knees that never before bowed to woman.'

'Then by that love, I entreat thee to fly. Each instant of thy delay is fraught with danger, O thou of the Crescent.'

'Fear not for the safety of the Moorish knight. He shall not suffer scathe. He quakes not at the shaking of a Christian lance. To him fear is unknown, and danger is pastime; but for thy sake, he will hoard his life. To him it will be priceless boon if valued by thee. I will away at thy word. Forget not thy warning. There is danger near thee. At eventide thou wilt be safe in the castle. In the hour of trouble the Black Knight will be near. Adieu, my life.'

The Black Knight had bounded away.

'Ho! who art thou?' said a stern voice, and a steel gloved hand was laid roughly upon his shoulder.

'Take this, thou insolent!' cried he of the Crescent, and dealt the intruder a blow with his gauntletted hand that would have brought a giant to the ground.

As he fell, the moonbeams darted across his face, and revealed the features of Sir Haro. 'Lie there, like a dog, thou of the steel cross!'

As the knight strode on, he muttered the word traitor, between his teeth.

When Sir Haro recovered his consciousness, his head was aching and bleeding. The light bascinet or casque which he wore, had not guarded him from the effects of such a buffet. His proud heart was bursting with rage. He smote his mailed breast—he ground his teeth in vexation.

Upon his bugle he wound a blast—a blast fierce and imperative. Scarce five minutes had elapsed before Garcia appeared with a led horse. Sir Haro took his good steed by the bridle.

'Fly, Garcia, fly like the wind! Arouse my retainers—lead them hither on swift horse. Away! Away!'

Garcia turned—struck the spurs deep into his horse's sides, and darted away through the darkness like an arrow shot from bow. In an instant the clatter of his courser's feet was not heard upon the rocky way. Ride, Garcia, ride!

Sir Haro waited impatiently. The tramp of horses was heard. A moment more, and full a score of cavaliers drew up beside him with a suddenness that brought their coursers' haunches to the ground.

'Thou hast sped well, Garcia,' said the knight.

'Ho! ye knights and squires, ride for your lives, beat every bush—watch every pass, and scan the plain, and when ye find a knight in dark harness bring him to me, dead or alive. Ride, cavaliers, ride!'

There was a clank of steel, a striking of spurs, and a thundering away.

For a brief space their course was marked by a stream of fire.

Sir Haro threw his bridle rein to his squire, and strode fiercely away to the castle. In poor mood was he to woo fair lady. He paused where the Black Knight had stood. Upon his bugle he blew a blast gentle as the summer wind. Fair fingers threw up a window.

'Thy lover is here, sweet lady!' said Sir Haro.

'He is imprudent, he will take cold in the night air,' replied Donna Teresa, lightly.

The Knight of the Steel Cross bit his lips.

'Nay! hear me, dear love, nor answer thou in mocking mood. Thou wilt drive a true heart to despair. Here upon my knees I worship thee. Never will I arise until thou shalt say me a kind word.'

'Then wilt thou stay there forever. After what has past why shouldst thou seek me thus, Sir Haro? Have I not told thee, I love thee not? Think not I will change.'

'It is said thou lovest an enemy of our faith.'

'And if I love an enemy of our faith, what is that to thee?'

'It is much to thee.'

'What meanest thou?' asked Teresa, eagerly.

'Ha! have I interested thee at length?' replied the knight, exultingly.

'If thou art done, I will close the window,' retorted the lady, carelessly.

'I can tell thee something of thy Moorish lover.'

'Perhaps I see his mark upon thy face,' laughed Teresa.

'Now by my soul, lady! this shall cost thee dear.'

Sir Haro sprang to his feet in a rage, and smote his gloved hand upon his mail.

'Nay! be not angry, sir knight, I meant not to vex thee,' said Teresa, soothingly. 'What canst thou tell me of my lover?'

'He is a prisoner. Long will it be ere he mount his courser, or shake a lance again.'

The lady Teresa uttered a cry of pain, and grasped the window casement for support.

'In heaven's name, tell me all,' she gasped.

'Not a word more.'

'I entreat of thee—by thy knighthood.'

'When I sued to thee on bended knee for one kind word, I sued in vain. Now is my hour; my ears are closed.'

'One word—'

'Not one.'

'In mercy—'

'Not in mercy.'

'Then begone. Thou art a craven, and no true knight. Generous and bold is he who has earned his spurs. Thou art neither.'

'His fate, lady—'

'What of his fate? speak!'

'Well mayest thou ask.'

'I will speak with thee no more,' replied the lady, disgusted.

'There is one condition, lady, on which I will tell thee all; but this is no fitting time.'

'Name it, and be quick.'

'Meet me to-morrow eve, in the rear of the castle, and I will withhold nothing from thee.'

'I dare not,' replied Teresa, in a tremulous voice, remembering the mysterious warning of her lover.

'Then thou shalt hear nothing. Fair dreams to thee, lady fair.' Sir Haro turned on his heel as to depart.

'Stay one moment,' cried Teresa. 'Is there no other condition?'

'None, lady, none; and if ere this hour to-morrow night thou meet me not alone in the rear of the castle, thy lover shall die.'

'I will! I will!' shrieked Teresa, as with difficulty she managed to cling to the window casement.

'*Remember*, if thou shouldst fail me!' said Sir Haro, in a menacing voice.

'I will not fail thee—I mean it. At this hour to-morrow, I will meet thee alone in the rear of the castle, but thou shalt promise upon thy knightly honor that no scathe shall befall me.'

'I swear it. No harm shall come to thee. To thy pleasant dreams, bright lady. Good night!'

Teresa was alone. She had ample time to reflect upon what she had done, and lament the fate of her lover. More than once she was disposed to doubt the truth of what Sir Haro had told her. It might be simply a ruse to betray her into his power. She knew he was wanting in honor, but deemed he would not be guilty of falsehood. By a falsehood he would forfeit his spurs, for such was the law of chivalry. He could not enter the lists who had been guilty of falsehood. Would Sir Haro incur such a risk?

To confirm what he had asserted, she now recollected of hearing the tramp of horses' feet, and the ringing of steel, soon after her Moorish lover had left her. Sir Haro might have been lying in wait for his coming, and with his men at arms made him a prisoner. And then she pictured him wounded, and dying for her. In any event he would have little to hope from the mercy of Sir Haro. The Moorish knight had been guilty of loving her, and that was crime enough to warrant his destruction. What would the infidel have to hope from the hands of a disappointed and malignant rival. Again, the tale might be a sheer fabrication, and then, the meeting would be attended with extreme danger to her person. Thus was the mind of Teresa tossed with conflicting thoughts. Like a true woman, she resolved to brave all for her Infidel knight. Come danger, come death, come captivity, the die was cast—she would meet the knight of the Steel Cross. Ere the dawn, the retainers returned, one by one, weary and unsuccessful.

Mounting his high mettled steed, when he turned from the donna, Sir Haro flew away through the dark night like the wild huntsman or a demon rider.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

## Order.

Order is a means, not an end; and it is not even a positive or active means; it is only auxiliary to the true originative energies of a people—their strong affections, developed arts and advanced opinions.—It is a truism to say that no nation was ever stationary; but not to be so, or to retrograde, a nation must have strong affections, in order that the influential classes who have attained their own comfort, may desire that of others; developed arts, that they may know the transition from good to better; and advanced opinions, that their purpose may keep ahead of their energies.

[Written for The Flag of our Union.]

## The Forsaken.

BY MRS. HENRY W. ALLEN.

She lingered near her casement,
While the evening shadows fell;
And darkness, like a dreary veil,
Crept over hill and dell.
She gazed into the misty woods,
The foliage brown and sere—
And the saddest music only
Fell on her waiting ear.
Naught but the raindrops falling
Upon the autumn leaves,
And the ceaseless, mournful dripping
From the overhanging eaves.

And her thoughts went back to summer,
To the lovely days of June,
When flowers without, and in her heart,
Were in their fullest bloom.
When her pulse beat quick in answer
To 'love words,' sweet and clear;
When sorrow was a thing unknown,
And heaven seemed very near.
And dreaming thus, she half forgot
That this could be no more—
That the wild charm which love can give
To life, for her was o'er.

She heard no more the beating rain—
Her thoughts were far away;
They rested on the sunny hours
Of one bright summer's day;
How hand to hand, and heart to heart,
Beneath the beechen tree,
Two lovers pledged their vows of faith
And endless constancy,
And lingered long till sunset came,
Within the quiet vale,
And still repeated words of love,
Beneath the moonlight pale.

She starts, awakes—the dream has gone—
Like cloud-rifts rich and rare;
Which live a moment near the sun,
Then show but darkly there.
So with the words that filled her soul
With love-tints rich and warm,
When they proved false, O how was life
Of all its glory shorn.
The wind sweeps by, night's shadows fall
Dark on the landscape dim;
She only weeps, for deeper night
Now dwells her heart within.

[Written for The Flag of our Union.]

## THE LIFE BOAT.

BY LIEUTENANT MURRAY.

The scene of the following story is laid on the coast of the wild and sea-girt country of Cornwall, where the never ceasing roar of the ocean seems to chime a melody in unison with the spirit of the hardy fishermen and wreckers who have been born and bred upon the spot. Sad stories are recorded, both in history and legend, of the early people who inhabited the coast, for it is known that false lights displayed upon the rocks and among the breakers, have lured more than one richly laden ship, homeward bound, to its ruin. But in modern times the rich mines of the country have given a surer and less dangerous employment to the hardy people, who have hence engaged in more worthy occupation. Still the character of the shore, forming as it does the extreme point of the south-west peninsula of England, is such that the natural employment of its inhabitants must relate to the sea, and a large portion are still engaged in the calling of fishermen. Nor can it be denied that when fierce storms and the angry sea cast a rich cargo upon the coast, the inhabitants, though yielding every consideration to the persons of all sufferers still have little scruple in appropriating most liberally any articles that may wash ashore from the wreck. Yet their humanity to those cast away thus, is also proverbial, and they are frequently known to risk much to aid them, and are rejoiced when success crowns their efforts to save life.

With this slight prelude, by way of introducing the reader to the locale of our story, we will go on with our tale.

Lucy Pentland was an orphan girl, and the adopted daughter of John Marsters and his good wife. They were an humble couple living upon the shore, but having been fortunate and frugal, they had saved a comfortable means to get on with in their lonely and simple way, and having no children of their own, when Lucy's father was on his death bed, he sent for his brother fisherman, John Marsters, and gave Lucy to his care and keeping. John and his wife cheerfully accepted of the boon, and most faithfully performed the trust. Lucy was now about nineteen, in the full possession of every womanly grace and beauty. An occasional attendance at a school in a neighboring town had served to improve her greatly, and indeed in the humble community where she lived she was deemed to be a very learned and remarkable person. Her form was not tall, but yet of the full height, slightly rounded in outline, and as free and unrestrained as the waves that break upon the shore of her native soil. Her hair was flaxen, soft and curly, and her eyes blue as the sky. Lucy was industrious, kind and gentle to all, and there was not a fisher boy on the shore for a league in either direction, who did not swear by the 'Star of the Coast,' as they had affectionately named her. She was the arbiter in every quarrel, with old or young, and she seemed to be endowed by providence with remarkable wisdom to rightly discriminate and to decide justly.

Looking upon Lucy as little less than sacred, of course the young men among the fishermen by no means aspired to her hand, but seemed content with a smile from her fair lips, or a kind word when they came to bid good-by ere they sailed on a voyage. Among them, however, there were two, William Gore and Charles Vance, who were much the most intimate with Lucy, and to a close observer of human nature, it was evident that she regarded either with more than a sister's interest.—The three formed many mutual schemes for improvement which they prosecuted together, and indeed they became almost inseparable at such hours as were not passed in necessary labor. Both William and Charles were, like Lucy, of the most humble parentage, but a spirit of emulation between the young men, induced doubtless by the charm of Lucy's society, had induced them to pass their leisure moments in the most profitable manner, until the two fisherboys at the age of sixteen had a wealth of intelligence that would have done credit to lads who had enjoyed the best advantages of the schools. They were of the same age, and their dispositions were remarkably similar, manly, gentle and generous to each other. No two brothers could be nearer at heart, and yet at the age of nineteen they felt within themselves that one was born to make the other miserable! They lisped not a word to each other, they could not speak upon the one subject.

The truth was, both loved Lucy Pentland better than their own lives, yet neither had ever breathed such a thought in words to any human being. The whole life of either seemed bound up in this one deeply-rooted affection, and though they were ever kind and courteous to each other, ever ready with a helping hand to assist in the labor when the united effort of both was of more advantage than when exerted singly, still at heart they felt the peculiarity of their situation. As to Lucy, if she had a preference for either, she never expressed it; the most scrupulous observer could not detect even a glance that might betray a partiality. If she cherished a warmer regard for one than the other, then had she most scrupulously disguised her feelings; but the opinion of her friends generally was, that she was indifferent to either, at least, as it regarded real love. But they knew not the human heart as well as you or I, gentle reader, else they would have known better.—They would have realized that enthusiasm and generosity of spirit, among the young and hopeful, are contagious; they would have known that there is an electricity of hearts as well as of metallic substances; they would have felt that it is natural for the heart to love, and that the youth of opposite sexes much together, unless repugnant to each other, must become dear. They would have seen that it was the nice sense of native delicacy in Lucy's character that prevented her *from* showing the preference that must have actuated her heart in the secret depths of her bosom!

The three sat one evening at twilight near old Masters's cottage door, tracing pictures in the golden clouds in the west, when Lucy called their attention to a peculiar color in a certain quarter, and the shape of the clouds that formed the background. All three saw it readily, and Lucy spoke of its strong resemblance to a certain part of a neighboring cliff which she had observed from the shore, where a stone blazed forth under the sun's rays, so as to look almost like gold.

'I have often thought,' said she, carelessly, 'that I should like to have that stone, gem, or whatever it is, if only for curiosity's sake, but the spot is inaccessible, so old Mr. Marsters says.'

After this, the conversation changed to other themes, and a pleasant game, calculated to practise the mental capacity, was played together, and finally they separated for the night.

As the gray of morning broke over the coast of Cornwall on the day subsequent, William Gore was struggling down the eastern side of Beacon Cliff, as it was called. So fearful and dangerous was the descent, that it required the exercise of all the physical power he possessed, not to be dashed to pieces at any moment upon the rocks that lay more than an hundred feet below him. To reach the front part of the ledge, where the singular stone was situated, that Lucy had referred to the night previous, it was necessary to descend on the side of the cliff for nearly fifty feet, and then to clamber along the front, which at that depth became barely accessible by the utmost exertion of strength. William was evidently struggling to reach the stone referred to, and actuated by the desire of procuring for Lucy a prize, which he had heard her covet, he labored on, not so much as looking up or down, but now pausing to cut a small foothold with an iron drill, and now a place for his hands, until, at the imminent risk of his life, he had nearly reached the little platform that was an arm's length below it. At last, panting with exhaustion, and the cold perspiration standing on his brow, from a realizing sense of his constant danger, William stepped upon the platform in safety, and looked up to see the position of the prize, when to his unbounded astonishment he met Charles Vance just landing upon the platform on the other side! Neither had observed the other until this moment, and now they stood gazing at each other in speechless astonishment! At last William said:

'How come you here, Charles?'

'By the western side of the cliff.'

'And I by the eastern.'

'How strange this is,' said Charles Vance, staring at his companion and about the spot where they stood.

'Thrice I came near losing my footing, when certain death must have been the result,' said William.

'Twice that number of times I had nearly given up in despair, but I struggled on,' said his companion.

'We have both come on this wild expedition,' said William Gore, after a short pause, 'for the same object; the possession of yonder brilliant stone.'

'I own that to have been my purpose,' replied Charles.

'And to give to Lucy?'

'Yes, since she expressed a desire to possess it.'

There was another pause; both sat down upon the ledge at that fearful height from the rocks below; both were musing, not upon the danger around, but upon the tumult that raged within their own hearts. At last William said:

'Charles, we have been friends from childhood; let no slight matter part us now. It is time that we should speak plainly to each other, in relation to Lucy, for both of us have done that to-day which we would not have done unless she was dearer to us than our own lives. I need hardly tell you how much I love, nay, adore her.'

'William Gore, it is well that this perilous undertaking has been accomplished, since it has led to an understanding that must have taken place sooner or later, and one which we not only owe to ourselves, but to Lucy. Shall I, too, say how dearly I love her? I think you know me well enough not to require many words to explain the matter.'

'I do, indeed,' said William, with a deep sigh.

'There is but one course for us to pursue, and that is one of strict integrity to each other. Lucy would countenance no other, and our early and constant friendship is a guarantee that we shall act as friends, let what may be the result.'

'Give me your hand, Charles,' said his friend, grasping it, while a tear wet his manly cheek. 'What course do you propose? what can we do in this strange dilemma?'

'I know not now; let us take this stone and send it to Lucy with a message that it is from William and Charles, and if we succeed in reaching to the top of the cliff in safety, we will this day devise some mode of conduct for the future.'

The singular and brilliant stone was detached from its bed, a spot where the hand of man had probably never before reached, and one of them securing it about his person, both shook hands and commenced their ascent by the same way that they had come. To descend was impossible except by one fall or leap that would have resulted in instant death. The ascent was even more difficult than the descent, but both at last reached the crown of the cliff in safety. Lucy received the stone, and learned the singular fact that both William and Charles had, unknown to each other, planned the dangerous expedition and accomplished it for her sake. She said not a word to any one, but in the privacy of her own chamber she wept like a child!

That night the two lovers decided to go together to Lucy's home, to see her together, and abide by her decision. They would ask her to say which she loved, and they bound themselves to submit unmurmuringly to her choice. What a momentous hour was that for them! Their future life and peace of mind was to be decided. They sought Lucy together, and after gently and delicately, yet earnestly explaining all, they told her of their resolution, and appealed to her to say which of them she loved—which she would acknowledge for her future husband!

Poor Lucy! They had never before spoken of love to her, and she was entirely unprepared for such a scene. She could not speak, but at last, when they gently pressed upon her the importance of her answer, she gave them each a hand, and looking into their frank open faces as frankly, with her soul beaming from her eyes, she said:

'I love you both, most sincerely; ask no more of me, for if there is to be any choice made between you, it must be made by yourselves, I cannot do it!'

William Gore and Charles Vance walked away together in a thoughtful mood. They sought a lonely spot where they would be free from interruption, and calmly and dispassionately reasoned upon the singular situation in which they found themselves. Both warmly protected their love, and neither counted life as valuable unless Lucy was to share it with him. It was many hours before the strange conference was finished, and when at length they had come to a full understanding, they resolved to communicate the same to the object of their affection; and they went together to Lucy for the purpose. They told her unitedly that since she had refused to make choice between them, they were forced to adopt some alternative whereby to settle the question of right to her hand. They told her that even now if she would but lisp the simplest hint as to a preference to one of them, the other, let it be which it might, would freely acquiesce and bid them farewell forever. But Lucy declared that she could not do so—that both had been alike dear to her from childhood, and that to say farewell forever to either of them, would render her miserable. The friends then told her that they had mutually agreed to embark for a distant part of the world, upon voyages which should employ them for a year each, when they were to return to the place of their nativity, in hopes that some new ties, some change of feelings, some unforeseen circumstance, should settle for them a question that they felt it out of their own power to decide. They had arranged it so that they should return about the same time, and had passed their word to each other that let what might occur, he who first reached home should take no undue advantage of the other's absence. Lucy could not but give her approval to this friendly arrangement, and William and Charles departed for Liverpool within the month, from whence the former embarked as a seaman on board a ship for India, and the latter for the north-west coast of America.

How long that twelvemonth seemed to Lucy! But to William and Charles it passed more quickly, because they were so busy in their profession, and so constantly called upon to witness new and exciting scenes, and to participate in various and hazardous duties. Both were most faithful in their memory of her they had left behind, and many a warm prayer was offered from their hammocks in behalf of 'The Star of the Coast!'

At the expiration of a little more than a year William Gore returned from his India voyage, and after being paid off, hastened to his home in Cornwall. Clasping a dear sister [illegible] pressing all warmly to his heart beneath his father's roof, he hastened to old Mr. Masters's cottage to see Lucy. She had heard of his coming and met him at the door with such unmistakeable delight beaming in her face, that William for the first time in his life, lifted her hand to his lips and kissed it. She blushed, but chided him not. They talked of old times, of what had occurred since their separation, and lastly of Charles, who was still absent, and a wanderer upon the ocean. Not a word was said of the singular agreement that had been entered into between them, but the moments flew happily by, and the relationship of the past was hourly renewed.

It was at this period that we first introduced Lucy to the reader. She was as we have said, nineteen years of age, and possessed of much beauty of person and mind, and when she was seen leaning upon the arm of William Gore, now returned from India, all his associates envied him her *friendship*.

On the seventh day after the arrival of young Gore the tempest was howling fearfully along the coast, and the fierce storm that had been for some hours raging was now fast ripening into a gale. As night approached, the storm became so fierce that some of the oldest wreckers declared it to be impossible for any craft to live that should be driven near the shore. A storm always drew them to the beach to watch among the breakers and along the shore for such spoils as the gale might send them. Just as the darkness was setting in, and daylight had fairly disappeared, a noble ship was seen struggling among the reefs and dashing on to inevitable destruction. The shore was lined with the wreckers, and even many of the females had come down to witness the exciting scene. The ship had already struck the reef, and was fast dashing herself to pieces among the breakers. Fifty voices were deploring the loss of life that all knew must be sacrificed. Suddenly William Gore rushed to the shore where the life-boat furnished by government was housed. It had been neglected because there was no one in that crowd but knew too well that even the life boat would be useless in such a fearful tornado as was then raging. Two or three persons joined William Gore in dragging the life-boat to the water's edge, but only one of all those hardy men would venture out in her against what they declared to be certain death. Just as William and one hardy fisherman were about to start from the shore, Lucy rushed to his side and said:

'William, William, for the love of Heaven, for my sake, do not, do not go!'

But William pressed her hand, and pointing to the distress signals of the ship, which in the flashes of the vivid lightning could just be discerned, he said:

'Lucy, it is the Northerner! and Charles Vance is there, doomed, unless we can give him assistance, to meet a watery grave!'

She said no more, but whispering 'God bless you, William!' she covered her face with her hands, and turned away.

Stoutly did Gore and his comrade ply their oars, and a dozen times did those on the shore declare 'they are gone—they have swamped!' But the next flash of lightning would reveal them all wet and dripping upon the mountain top of some wave, still struggling with the elements, though almost exhausted, until at last they were close by the reef and amidst the greatest danger. Then all was lost to those on shore—so fearfully did the gale increase, so madly did the waters rage, that it was impossible to discern aught, and William Gore and his brave comrade were given up as lost forever.

It was nearly midnight, and still the crowd lingered upon the beach, when a flash of vivid fire that forked athwart the sky, discovered the life-boat struggling for the land, and in another moment it was cast high upon the shore with five bodies clinging to its thwarts. They were quickly seized and conveyed to the nearest huts, where every means was used to resuscitate them, and all at last revived save one, the brave and noble-hearted William Gore.* He was dead! But Charles Vance lived. His friend had given his life to save that of his rival.

Charles did his memory justice. He told of the almost super-human efforts that he made to save him and a few of the crew from the wreck, and how his sinews seemed made of iron as he pulled their trembling boat towards the shore, until at last that gained, he died from exhaustion in his noble enterprise.

More than a year passed before Charles Vance and Lucy were married. Both had deeply and sincerely mourned the loss of William. Month by month Lucy grew paler and thinner; she never complained, was scrupulously anxious and assiduous to please her husband, and he loved her with the tenderest devotion; but the physicians told him that his wife was in a decline, and that she could not long remain with him. At last with a sweet prayer for his welfare and a hope for his constant happiness in life, she breathed her last on earth.

The mother of their mutual friend was called upon to perform the last delicate service to the body of Lucy, and as she wrapped her in her snowy shroud, she discovered upon her breast a miniature. It was one she had herself painted with exquisite care and beauty of him she loved best, William Gore!

Her secret was discovered, and, gentle reader, our story is told.

[Written for The Flag of our Union.]

## OLD MAIDS.

BY MRS. E. WELLMONT.

I wonder that anybody can consider the term 'old maid' a reproach. What should we do but for these single sisters, and these helpful aunts? My first recollections gather around 'Aunt Patty,' sainted woman, now resting in a foreign grave. My mother, often busied with a younger charge than myself, used to say, 'Sister Patty, you will see to Johnny,'—and the care she well sustained. I was past being entertained by 'Mother Goose's Melodies;' indeed my aunt said she never fancied them—they were silly, and not worth repeating. 'Who,' said she, 'would ever teach a child that "the cow jumped over the moon," or "the dish ran away with the spoon?"' Sure enough, how foolish such ideas, now we have put away childish things. And why not instil *better teaching?*

I remember those nursery hymns for 'infant minds' to this day, and many a moral have I been taught by them.

And then how independent my aunt learned me to be! Why, she taught me to sew on buttons, run up seams, and darn quite large holes in my stockings. Away at sea, years after, when no female friend cheered me or lightened my weary life, I used to sit on deck and do such things for myself. Was not the teaching worth more than to string kites and fire crackers?

My aunt used to tell me a great deal of a great man whose motto was 'never to ask another to do for you what you can do yourself.' Many a time have I been on the point of calling upon some domestic to get me some little thing or do some small service, and that precept would rise and rebuke me and away I would go and wait on myself. Afterwards it became a common saying, 'if you were as helpful as Johnny you might go from home.' In fact, it made me much more welcome at home and abroad that I could take care of myself.

Then a methodical arrangement was taught me about the keeping of my clothes. They were never to be thrown down, shoved under the bed, half hung up in the closets, giving a disordered air to the whole apartment—O no! My aunt even required me to turn back my bedclothes, open my window, and close the door after me. I wondered why she was so particular—but people told me *old maids* always were. What a blessed thing, then, it is, that this race is not extinct. I feel that I am all the better for my Aunt Patty's teaching, and I bless her memory every day, that I was early trained to orderly habits. Would that every child had such a friend; we should not then witness such slovenly specimens of humanity as we now do.

## A Turcoman Dinner.

The food was now brought in, upon a dozen wooden bowls, or platters, and placed before us. It consisted of boiled mutton, soured in its own soup. Bread and vegetables are quite unknown in these parts. Kuzzuks are exclusively carnivorous. The whole party fell on, like a pack of wolves: my own stomach, weakened by sight of the victim's face, was turned by the scene before me. Never did I see so much flesh devoured in so brief a space. Yet I have witnessed the feasts of tigers and wolves. The father and son would not partake until the guests had concluded, although I entreated them to do so. The women did not appear until chins had done wagging; but two of the senoras entered afterwards to serve out curdled milk [mahss] in large bowls. The broth of the mutton was also brought in and distributed, being swigged as if it had been beer. The bowls were handed to the women, who scraped them clean with their thumbs, then plunged those members into their mouths, and again into the bowls, with a rapidity truly admirable. The thumb and tongue are the only napkins in Khaurism; water is never thrown away upon bowl or person. The Tartars are right not to eat with their women. Imagine a pretty girl, with a sheep's head in both her lily hands, tearing off the scalp, picking out the eyes by the insertion of her fore-finger, cracking them between her teeth like gooseberries, thrusting the same pretty finger in after the brain, and sucking away at the apertures. All which I saw executed by one of the women in a most natural and edifying manner.—*Abbot's Mission to Khiva.*

## Haynau, the Austrian Butcher.

It appears that this sanguinary wretch is a son of that infamous elector of Cassel who sold his subjects at a per centage upon their equipments to George III, to prosecute the American war. He is the fit instrument for the young assassin, Francis Joseph, whose boyish sports consist in the burning of Magyar towns, the violation of Magyar women, and the disregard of all obligations of gratitude and of law. Haynau entitled himself to the consideration of this cub of a dissolute and beastly father, by shooting a number of the citizens of Brescia, the capital of Bresciano, a fine district of Upper Italy, in Lombardy. These people revolted against the Austrians, and fought bravely. Haynau was let loose among them, and he shot them down like dogs in hot weather. Truly does one of the British papers remark, 'We had some century and a half ago, an epoch called "the age of great captains;" our own epoch stands a chance of being called "the age of great butchers."'—*Pennsylvanian.*

[Written for The Flag of our Union.]

## ROBBING A PEACH ORCHARD.

A SKETCH.

BY PAUL CREYTON.

In a newly settled town 'out west,' there resided, no more than three years ago, an old farmer, who was notorious for his penuriousness, and his disposition for saving and turning everything into money. At the time to which our story relates, old Deacon Newcomb was the only man in the vicinity who raised peaches, which were a very scarce article, owing to the newness of the country. It so happened that the old deacon had an abundance of these, as his fine, young trees were just in their prime; but not a single peach did one of his neighbors taste unless it was paid for in advance.

This penuriousness on the part of the old gentleman excited the malicious propensities of many of the young men in the neighborhood, and they resolved to have a taste of the forbidden fruit at all events. At that time and in that part of the country, fruit-stealing was not considered a very grave offence, but was looked upon as a mere practical joke, and was laughed at in proportion with the degree of shrewdness manifested by the trespassers in committing their depredations.

Consequently, the young men who, while they coveted the deacon's fruit, despised his meanness, resolved without a single scruple of conscience, to help themselves. There were only about half a dozen privy to the plot, and they soon had everything satisfactorily arranged for carrying it into effect.

The six agreed to meet at the town tavern between the hours of nine and ten in the evening, in order to be ready to commence operations at ten precisely, which was the time appointed for setting out from the tavern.

Among the conspirators was one Ned Harvey, a bold, hot-headed, humorous fellow, who it may be premised, was an inimitable mimic. Harvey was the soul of the party, but owing to some severe practical jokes which he had perpetrated at the expense of his companions, they were all anxious, on the present occasion, to put a trick upon him. This there were none of them witty enough to invent, but accident afforded them an idea.

It happened that the whole party were assembled at the tavern on the night appointed, at a quarter before ten, with the exception of Harvey.

'What are we waiting for?' asked one.

'Ned Harvey,' replied another.

'True; Ned is behindhand.'

'No he aint; don't you see, it isn't time yet? Ten's the hour.'

'You're right. But I propose, boys—'

'Well, what is it?'

'That we give Ned the slip?'

'And go without him?'

'Exactly.'

'A splendid idea!' cried one.

'A fine joke!' added another.

The party accordingly silently left the tavern, and disappeared in the direction of Deacon Newcomb's peach orchard.

Five minutes after, Ned Harvey came in. Surprised at not meeting his companions, whom he supposed would be for the most part assembled, he looked at the clock, then at his watch, and finally inquired of the bar-tender if he had the correct time.

'It wants eight minutes and three quarters of ten,' said the gentleman addressed, 'to a fraction!'

Harvey sat down and remained quiet just eight minutes and three quarters, when, the hour having arrived at which all his companions had promised to be assembled, he began to suspect foul play.

'Has Dick W—— been here to-night?' he asked.

'Yes,' replied the bar-tender.

'And Charley B——?'

'Yes.'

'And Bill G——?'

'Yes; the three left here just before you came in. Ned L—— and Frank A—— were with them.'

Harvey bit his lips; he saw through the entire plot; and he asked himself—

'How the deuce can I come up with the rascals?'

An idea struck him, and he rubbed his hands and chuckled audibly. He left the tavern in hot haste, and proceeded homeward in high glee. He already felt his triumph complete, and saw his companions the victims of their own treachery.

Instead of alarming the deacon, as many would have done, he resolved to play the part of the deacon himself. The night was just dark enough to favor his design; although there was a moon, the sky was cloudy, and the light of the night-queen was obscured.

Harvey procured an old hat similar to the one Deacon Newcomb wore, pulled it over his eyes, and disguised himself still more effectually by exchanging his jacket for an old frock coat, which bore a striking resemblance to one the old gentleman was frequently seen to have on. Provided with this disguise, and being possessed, as before stated, of wonderful powers of mimicry, he had not a doubt of his ability to counterfeit the old gentleman so closely, that his companions would not discover the cheat.

Having armed himself with a strong, black whip, Ned set out to surprise the trespassers at their work of darkness. He was not long in reaching the deacon's orchard, and not many minutes had elapsed before he had discovered the whereabouts of his companions.

Four of them were sitting upon the grass, near the fence, and directly under one of the finest peach trees on the old gentleman's premises. They were enjoying a delightful feast on the luscious fruit, which one of the trespassers was shaking from the tree which he had climbed.

'Stolen waters are sweet, and so are stolen peaches, I should judge!' muttered Ned Harvey, as he crept stealthily towards his companions along by the fence.

He was soon so near that he could overhear their conversation, and stopped to listen.

'This is what I call rich—decidedly!' exclaimed Dick, swallowing a ripe, mellow peach as he spoke.

'What *delicious* rareripes!' whispered Charley.

'Excellent!'

'But not so good as the joke, after all,' said Bill.

'Ha! ha!' laughed Frank, who was on the tree.

'Ha! ha!' echoed Charley. 'Ain't it a rich joke. It tells beautifully on the old man's stingy disposition.'

'And pays up Ned Harvey, too!' exclaimed Dick. 'Oh! didn't we give him the slip, nicely?'

'Yes,' said Bill, 'but I'm afraid he'll expose us to the old deacon.'

'Never fear,' returned Charley. 'Ned Harvey ain't the chap to do such a mean trick as that. But wouldn't he be worked up if he knew how we are enjoying ourselves without his precious company?'

'Wouldn't he!' chuckled Ned to himself.

'And wouldn't it start the old deacon,' laughed Dick, 'if any one should tell him how we're enjoying ourselves at his expense?'

'Ha! ha! ha!' laughed the whole company.

'Have you filled the bag?' demanded Frank, on the tree.

'Yes—and our stomachs too!'

'Then I am coming down to have my share!'

'Now's my time!' thought Harry.

It is impossible to describe the consternation of his treacherous friends, as he sprang out upon them. Disturbed so unexpectedly and suddenly in the quiet enjoyment of the stolen fruit, they knew not which way to turn, but ran against each other, and knocked each other down, while the frightened Frank pitched headlong from the tree upon the backs of his fallen comrades.

'Here you are, are you?' cried Harry, imitating the old deacon's voice. 'Ah, you thieving rascals! I've caught you at it this time, and I'll give you peaches enough!'

So saying, Harry used his heavy black whip with all his force, striking the trespassers on their backs, and on their heads, and across their faces, and knocking them down as fast as they got up and attempted to run. At last, they scrambled away, he chasing them, and hitting first one and then another, and screaming, in the deacon's voice—

'Ah, you villanous whelps! I'll l'arn you to steal peaches out of my orchard! I'll l'arn you, you good-for-nothing, ungodly, splendid thieving wretches!'

At length, thinking he had punished them severely enough for their treachery, Harry appeared to give up the chase, while his companions hid in the corners of the fence; but, instead of leaving them thus, he dropped down on his knees, and with his black whip under his arm, crept along towards them under the fence, in order to hear what they said.

'Bill,' whispered one.

'What,' muttered Bill.

'Where are you?'

'Here, in the corner of the fence, with Dick.'

'Ain't you dead?'

'No! but I should be, if he had hit me once more—only just once—over the head, as he did!'

'He almost broke my back!' said a timid voice, in another corner of the fence.

'He drew blood on my face,' said Charley, 'and his unmerciful sharp lash has left a ridge on my cheek as big as my finger!'

'He made me see a whole constellation of stars!' whispered Frank. 'Besides, I broke my neck in as much as seven places when I fell from the tree.'

'Blast his pictur'!' growled Dick. 'His whip didn't hurt me much until he knocked me down, when I thought Satan himself had struck me.'

'Who thought the old man was so strong?' cried Ned L——.

'Who thought the old fool could run so?' retorted Charley.

Harvey listened to this conversation, and much more of the same sort, until Frank, who had not the consolation of thinking he had eaten a single peach, started off, telling his companions that if they wanted the bag, which they had left under the tree, they might go and get it, provided old Newcomb hadn't already taken care of it. They declined going for it, but withdrew from the field of their defeat together, leaving Harvey to laugh at the joke, and to enjoy a hearty meal on the peaches he found already collected in the bag. Having satisfied his appetite for the delicious fruit, he left the bag and its remaining contents for the old man, and quietly walked home.

Ned Harvey intended to keep the affair to himself, fearing the revenge of his companions, but when the deacon reported, that he had found a bag half full of peaches under one of his trees, and talked of the trespass in such a way that the trespassers knew that he had nothing to do with flogging them so soundly, their suspicions rested at once on Ned Harvey. Finding this to be the case, Ned immediately proclaimed the joke all about the neighborhood, and related the whole affair with such exaggerations, as served to show up his comrades in the most ridiculous light possible.

The traitors were emphatically 'used up.' The ridicule was worse than the punishment they suffered. Everybody twitted them; and even the old deacon, forgiving them the peaches they had eaten, chuckles over the rich joke of '*robbing a peach orchard.*'

## Champagne Wine.

Champagne wine takes its name from the province in which it is made. It takes much labor to prepare it from the juice of the grape suitable for the market. It also costs much money for bottles and corks, many of the former breaking during fermentation. Ten per cent. breakage is not regarded as a loss, because the wine is considered better, and rises in proportion.

Mr. Jacquesson, a wine merchant of Chalons sur Marne, it is said, has cellars in which he ferments his wine, more than a mile in extent. He alone pays for corks yearly $30,000, which is $5,000 more than the salary of the President of the United States. What all of the wine merchants of the old province of Champagne pay for corks would defray the salaries of the President and Congress, and what all the wine growers of France employ for that purpose would pay all the expenses of our government, including the Mexican war.

A bottle of the wine in the province of Champagne can be bought for about 40 cts. Now the jolly fellows of the United States think they get the best of this wine to drink. Why shouldn't they? Don't they pay two, three, and even five dollars a bottle? The following facts will show them the chance they have of drinking the pure wine. With a ticket a prize can be calculated on with more certainty than the purchase of a bottle of the wine pure from the vintage in this country.

There are 32,000,000 of bottles of false Champagne sent every year to Russia; about as much more is sent to England, and fully equal to that quantity to the United States. There is a company in Paris who make natural champagne wine. They take poor Chablis, for instance, sweeten it with candy, refine it, and then pass it through an apparatus which charges it with carbonic acid gas, and in fifteen minutes it is ready for the market.

Immense quantities are also made from cider, by the employment of all sorts of drugs, and in England a great deal is made from gooseberries and the stalks of rhubarb. It is not so good as the genuine, but nine out of ten of those who drink cannot tell the difference, and it will make them just as drunk, and give them the same horrid headache, and why then is it not just as valuable? True, some poisonous drugs are sometimes used in the fabrication, but none worse than alcohol.

The annual production of France in the article of champagne wine is about 20,000,000 of bottles. The annual consumption in the world in the same time is 300,000,000, so that 250,000,000 of false wine goes down somebody's throat in a year.

At Campania, in Italy, the vintagers, it is said let themselves to pick the grapes from the trees over which the grapes grow, on condition that if they fall and are killed, their employers pay the funeral expenses. If such an arrangement was made with the drinkers by the venders of wine in the United States, the trade would be anything but profitable.—*Newark Advertiser.*

# THE FLAG OF OUR UNION.

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F. GLEASON, PROPRIETOR.

MATURIN M. BALLOU, EDITOR.

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## To our Correspondents.

'The Robber Baron of the Styrian Alps,' a prose sketch, by EDGAR W. DAVIES, Jr., next week.

'Early Friendship,' a poem, by E. S. TRUXEL, filed for our next.

'The Spirit Land,' a poem by S. B. G. CORSER, shall appear next week.

'Agreeable Talkers,' a prose sketch, by Mrs. E. WELLMONT, filed for the next number of the Flag.

'With a Bouquet,' a poem, by the EDITOR, next week.

'If it aint right, I'll make it all right in the morning,' a funny prose sketch, by FALCONBRIDGE, shall find a place in our next.

'Phil Waters's Nigger,' a prose sketch, by BUT, filed for next week.

'To ***, with a Wreath of Flowers,' a fine poem, by FRANCIS A. DURIVAGE, shall appear in the next number.

'Get up, Sluggard,' a poetic effusion, by the GREEN MOUNTAIN BARD, shall appear next week.

'Lines to Miss Mary R.,' accepted.

'Village Curiosity, an interesting and affecting incident,' by W. D. WADE, shall appear next week.

'The Irish Felon,' a poem, by R. GILMORE, accepted.

'I went to gather Flowers,' 'The Bridal,' 'Poetical Enigma,' 'The Sailor's Burial,' 'Lines on the Death of ——,' are respectfully declined. The story, entitled 'The Bridal,' translated from the German, has been before published in English, and would not therefore be new to our readers.

## Railroads vs. Highwaymen.

The highwayman of the 17th and 18th centuries was the legitimate descendant of the knight-errant of the middle ages, and has been almost as widely celebrated in song, romance and story. Who has not heard of those daring knights of the road, who, not a century ago, were the terror of the great channels of travel and intercourse between London and the Provinces? What tyro but has read of Dick Turpin, renowned as a robber and equestrian, whose predatory exploits would fill a volume, and whose grand achievement of riding his horse from London to York, a distance of 204 miles, in a single night, between sunset and sunrise, is fully believed by every amateur of horse-flesh in canny Yorkshire? Or of Claude Duval, the French page of the duke of Richmond, who was the very mirror of chivalry of the road, and who once suffered a lady to redeem her property by dancing a corranto with him on the highway?

'It was necessary,' says Macaulay, 'to the success and even the safety of the highwayman, that he should be a bold and skilful rider, and that his manners and appearance should be such as suited the master of a fine horse. He therefore held an aristocratical position in the community of thieves, appeared at fashionable coffee-houses and gambling houses, and betted with men of quality on the race ground. Sometimes, indeed, he was a man of good quality and education. A romantic interest therefore attached, and perhaps still attaches to the names of freebooters of this class.'

But the highwayman flourished in times when stage-coaches made the journey between Oxford and London in two days, and when in our own country our own Franklin dreamed of the possibility of the mail being conveyed between Boston and Philadelphia in a fortnight. Stage-coaches gave a blow to the 'profession,' and railroads finished it. Since the introduction of conductors and iron horses, we have had no more Dick Turpins and Black Bessies. The car-borne traveller, as he is whirled along upon his way at the rate of forty miles an hour, is under no apprehension of meeting the fate of the bishop's coachman, stopped by the 'bold Turpin.'

> 'The bishop's coachman, not liking the job,
> Set off at a full gallop;
> But Dick put a couple of balls in his nob,
> And *persuaded* on him to *stop*.'

Let us imagine, for a moment, the result of an attempt on the part of a mounted highwayman, to stop a railway train, as the 'profession' used to stop mail coaches on the road. Let us resuscitate a knight of the road, in his historical costume, mounted on his 'bit of blood,' his mask, pistols, faultless leather-top boots, and huge spurs, all complete! The train perhaps is halting at a station. The robber rides up, and presenting his pistols, demands the conductor and passengers to 'stand and deliver!' adding, in the prescribed formula, 'your money or your life!' The conductor puts his tongue in his cheek and gives the signal. The bell rings, the whistle screams, and off goes the train like a rocket. The highwayman and his horse are either knocked to pieces by the engine, or the former is petrified with amazement as he beholds the magical disappearance of his intended booty. The last thing he sees is a brakeman in the distance, with his thumb applied to his proboscis, twirling his fingers in the air.

It is over with the knights of the road. Their glory has departed; the places that knew them shall know them no more forever. Steam has carried the day over horse-flesh. Saddles must make way for cushions—towels for pine knots; and whatever may happen in the vicissitudes of railway travel, we will venture to predict that future penny-a-liners will never have the felicity of recording among dreadful accidents, or perilous adventures, the stoppage and robbery of a railroad train by a highwayman. Those things belong to stage-coaches and to turnpikes, to the diligences and mountain passes of Mexico, but not to the railroads of Yankee-land.

GLAD OF IT.—Mrs. Beaman, the celebrated shirt manufacturer in New York, was so poor in the winter of 1844 as to have been in danger of starvation. She now employs 400 hands, occupies one of the Astor House stores, at a rent of $2000 per annum, and is on the high road to fortune.

'YOU CAN TAKE MY HAT.'—The sketch, thus entitled, and written for the Flag by Uncle Toby, is being copied from one end of the country to the other, and in almost every instance without credit.

The Home Journal says that a lady, writing from Lenox, mentions to a friend that she had 'just met Mrs. Butler *and another boy*, going out fishing.'—*Transcript.*

If clothes make the man, then is Mrs. Butler often one, for she 'dons the attire.'

## The Peace Congress.

This body of fanatics have at last got through their labors, and the mountain has brought forth a mouse. After three days' sitting, nothing was accomplished except a little self-glorification; and the Paris papers inform us that decidedly the most eloquent men who spoke were the two fugitive slaves, Brown and Pennington. A brilliant collection of orators surely, who found champions in such as they. So this congress, of which so much has been said, and of which so much was expected, has ended in gas;—well, what else could be expected of a one idea affair, with a false and ridiculous foundation? Imbue all mankind, in the first place, with the spirit of the Son of man, the meek and lowly Jesus, and then it will do to talk about non-resistance, but not until then. As long as there are tyrants in the world, there must be powder and ball to protect the populace against their arrogance; as long as bigots sit in high places, the sword of justice must be kept keen and bright to awe down oppression.

While we are upon this subject, touching the place where the congress was held, we may say, *en passant*, relative to French affairs, the increasing difficulties of the Roman question begin to be seriously felt. The French finances are embarrassed. The condition of the country demands a union of parties, and yet parties are separating more widely than ever. The opposition papers are assailing the government in a very sensitive point, by dwelling upon the fact that England and Russia have had the entire adjustment of the Hungarian question, France being left entirely out of the account. The Legitimists are circulating secretly petitions to the Assembly for an immediate appeal to the people, as to their choice of a *republic* or a *monarchy* for France. One such has been seized and made the subject of judicial proceedings. A new democratic movement is on foot, of which Geneva is the centre. Thus it will be seen of how much service the peace congress has been in France and other parts of Europe. We shall have startling news from Geneva anon.

## Golden Sands.

*Gathered from the writings of Shakspeare for the Flag*

> When maidens sue, men give like gods.
> Violent fires soon burn out themselves.
> There is no darkness but ignorance.
> Striving to better, oft we mar what's well.
> Most poor matters point to rich ends.
> Love reasons without reason.
> Uneasy lies the head that wears a crown.
> To die is to be banished from myself.
> Misery makes sport to mock itself.
> Jesters do oft prove prophets.
> By-and-by is easily said.
> Too light winning makes the prize light.
> At lovers' perjuries, they say Jove laughs.
> In a false quarrel, there is no true valor.
> Breach of custom is breach of all.
> He jests at scars that never felt a wound.
> Every fault's condemned ere it be done.
> Inconstancy falls off ere it begins.
> Blunt wedges rive hard knots.
> Care 's an enemy to life.
> He tires betimes who spurs too fast betimes.
> Our foster-nurse of nature is repose.
> Bondage is hoarse, and may not speak aloud.
> Duty never yet did want his meed.
> How poor are they that have no patience.
> Conscience does make cowards of us all.

## A Great Enterprise.

A national convention of delegates from every part of the republic is called to meet at Memphis, Tenn., on the 24th of October inst., for the purpose of aiding the project of connecting the Mississippi River (and thereby the whole country) with the Pacific Ocean, by means of a great central railroad highway.—This is the first step towards the consummation of the great scheme so long talked about, of connecting the Atlantic and Pacific Oceans by a railroad across the United States. An enterprise worthy of the intelligence and spirit of the age, and one that must prove of immense and universal advantage to the world.

LOUIS NAPOLEON.—Louis Napoleon, who was delighted out of his few wits, when the Czar recognized *his* government, is said to manifest the most marked dislike to the United States. It is pleasant to know that this feeling is most ardently reciprocated on our side of the water.

GOLD BY LETTER.—The steamer Empire City brought over eleven thousand letters from California. Among them were several neatly sewed linen packages, directed as letters, and weighing from four to sixteen ounces, which were, it may be presumed, well worth their postage.

CUBA.—All eyes are turned towards Cuba at the present moment, and news from that quarter is anxiously looked for. Many rumors are afloat, touching movements of troops, on the Island; and it is even reported that an insurrection had taken place.

MINERAL WEALTH IN IOWA.—New discoveries of lead ore have been made about two miles west of Dubuque, Iowa. It is said that there is between 70,000 and 100,000 lbs. of mineral in sight, with a good prospect for more.

AN ILLINOIS FARM.—There is a farm in this State which contains 27,000 acres. The proprietor of it, the present season, raised 13,000 acres of corn, 3000 of which is in one field. At 50 bushels per acre, this would give 659,000 bushels.

THE FLAG OF OUR UNION.—This newspaper we consider now the very best published in the country, and indeed we might say the world, and not be disputed. We cannot now find room to canvass its many merits, but we trust large additions will be made to it in this vicinity. Will the publisher please exchange?—*American Citizen.*

Of course we will—who would refuse, after so complimentary an estimation?

The daughter of the queen of Sweden, who is about to marry Louis Napoleon, has a dowry of £4,000,000 sterling, and is nineteen years old.—*Cape Ann Light.*

Twenty million of dollars, and nineteen years old! Wish we'd known of this a little sooner.

Mr. Great Barrington Courier, how did you learn about that *nodding business*? Have you been there?—*Northampton Courier.*

Why, yes, and have taken the second degree.—*Berkshire Courier.*

'We're all nodding, nid-nid-nodding.'

MORTALITY IN NEW ORLEANS.—During five weeks, ending Sept. 1st., the deaths in New Orleans were 1357. Of these, 255 were by cholera, 17 by yellow fever, and 109 by consumption.

THE CUBA VOLUNTEERS.—This is the name of a corps of citizen soldiery, principally exempts from other companies, who have been organized in Albany for drill and artillery practice.

Yesterday we had genuine summer weather.—The cool air enjoyed a few days previous seemed to have been dissipated.—*Albany Knickerbocker.*

Been on a spree, eh? and got a little muggy?

## Editorial Ink-Drops.

Hill, the Yankee comedian, has been very sick with dysentery at Saratoga.

Abbot Lawrence declined eating a complimentary dinner in Boston.

Only seven millions of letters pass through the London Post Office weekly.

Gen. Taylor continues very feeble at the White House. He needs quiet.

News from the East shows China to be ready for revolt and revolution.

Words undoubtedly make us a dozen enemies where deeds make one.

The Democrats of Massachusetts have nominated Geo. S. Boutwell for Governor.

A fanciful writer calls woman a cross between a rose and an angel!

There are four hundred and ninety licensed liquor establishments in Cincinnati.

A large lynx was shot in Uxbridge, Mass., a few days since.

On the bills of fare at San Francisco is found a new dish, musquito puddings!

Two men, Richardson and McQuesten, hung themselves at Hudson, N. Y., lately.

Charlotte Cushman, we learn, is soon to play a round of engagements through the States.

When will water stop running down hill, eh? When it gets to the bottom, of course.

In Little Water St., New York city, there are 200 negroes living in one house!

H. P. Grattan, the poet and actor, is now under engagement in New York.

The Cherokees have now twenty-one lodges of organized 'Odd Fellows.'

Bem and Kossuth are both on their way to settle in the United States.

Though hatred requires reason sometimes, yet love never does.

Park Benjamin is lecturing in Norwich, Ct. Park is a good lecturer.

Guess the trouble with the French Minister and his government wont amount to much.

Willis thinks the coming season will be the gayest winter New York has ever known.

The cholera is very fatal among the higher as well as lower classes in Ireland.

Miss Bremer, the Swedish authoress, will pass the coming winter in this country.

Mrs. Mowatt and Mr. Davenport are as popular as ever at the Marylebone theatre.

A man in Compton, Ga., got so drunk on whiskey that he died from its effects.

Those old favorites, the Ravel family, are as popular as ever in New York.

## As it should be.

The European American says that a magnificent monument to the martyrs of Hungarian and Roman freedom is about to be erected by the friends of liberty in this country. The New York Bay Cemetery Company have generously offered the highest spot of ground in their beautiful cemetery for that purpose—whereon is to be erected an altar to freedom and a pyramid to the defenders of Rome and Hungary. We like this well; all the oppressed people of the world look towards the United States for encouragement and example. Ours is the model government of Christendom, the hallowed spot where the exile flees for protection and sympathy; and therefore it is that we say this demonstration is as it should be. We honor General Taylor for the indirect influence he has exerted in the states of Europe, for the cause of liberty, by augmenting our naval force in the Mediterranean. Full well the old hero knew that a sight of the stars and stripes with the weapons and hearts to defend them, would have a cheering influence to those struggling against tyranny, and prove a like check to the spirits of their oppressors. While our men-of-war have lain quietly at anchor off the ports of the revolutionists, ostensibly to look after the interests of American commerce, a spirit of freedom has been wafted by the sea breezes to the shores of the Old World, and a beacon star has floated before their eyes in the glorious *Flag of our Union*.

## Farming in the Virginia Valley.

The Rockingham Register states that Mr Reuben Moore, of that county, last year made on his farm and hauled to market *over nine hundred barrels of flour!* besides what he used in his own family. With six hands and one wagon and team, he did the work on the farm, as well as the hauling to market! The crop was ground in his own mill, so everything was done by himself and upon his own premises. In addition to the large quantity of flour made and sold from his farm, Mr. M. also had one hundred and fifty fat cattle to sell!

## Our Naval Force

We have at present in the Mediterranean 192 guns, and 1700 men; in the North Sea, 50 guns; on the Coast of Africa, 78 guns, and 533 men; Brazil, 70 guns; and a home squadron of 126 guns, and 1149 men. As well for protecting our commerce in the midst of European revolutions as for the purpose of extending sympathy to the struggling patriots of the old world, the administration seasonably doubled our force in the Mediterranean, which accounts for the presence of such a force in that quarter.

EVERY LITTLE HELPS.—The Washington monument is now progressing finely. The voluntary contribution of blocks of marble is becoming quite popular, and bids fair to become a universal custom. Sundry associations are preparing to 'lend a hand' to its consummation by 'giving a stone.' Amongst others, the masonic order has moved in the business.

There is a man in Waterborough who makes a good living in the business of hauling cedar post holes to Saco for sale.—*Olive Branch.*

There is a man in this city who makes a good living by selling drill holes, and yet he '*blows up*' a *good deal* about it.—*Portland Transcript.*

The Waterborough man is dead; he fell down and stuck one of the holes in his side, and died soon after with the lock-jaw!

A NEW STATE OF THINGS.—A recent report of the Mexican Minister of War states, that six hundred women and children are annually carried off by the hostile Indians in these regions. The savages murder the men, but preserve the women as captives.

THE GREEK SLAVE.—Powers's great work has been purchased by the Cincinnati Arts Union, and it is expected that it will be put up as one of the prizes for the annual drawing.

All the baskets of peaches that have been sent us this season have been miscarried!—*N. Y. Mr.*

We are in just the same fix, friend Fuller, and that makes a *pear* of us.

There are three million five hundred and sixty-six thousand four hundred letters in the Bible.—*Universalist Watchman.*

If any one doubts it, let him count and see!

STATISTICAL.—The Boston Museum man has seen one of the legs of the multiplication table. Well, we never!

The press in the United States is quite as respectable as our own.—*Sir Charles Lyell.*

Hail Columbia!

## From our Foreign Files.

Queen Victoria has given £1500 to the public charities of Cork and Queenstown.

The Prince Royal of Sweden is about to marry a Princess in Holland.

Mr. Heald and his wife, the famous Lola Montes, have left Marseilles for Rome.

The government of Holland is about to repeal the duties upon all articles used in the construction of Ships.

In the course of 1848, France added over two millions sterling to the annual charge of her national debt.

The sale of fish and vegetables has greatly diminished in England and Ireland, through the prevalence of the cholera.

Louis Napoleon has written a letter to the Emperor of Russia, congratulating him on his success against the Hungarians.

Prince John of Saxony, it is said, is about to give one of his daughters in marriage to the Duke of Genoa, and another to the Emperor of Austria.

Liverpool, the greatest commercial city in the world, except London and New York, has at last resolved to have a Chamber of Commerce.

The Medical Times states that, as regards surgical operations, the use of chloroform is quietly settling down into an established practice.

Macaulay is now travelling in Ireland for the purpose of collecting information connected with his history of the Campaign of William III.

The thirteen metropolitan gas companies possess 22 establishments for manufacturing gas, and their annual consumption of coal is 350,000 tons.

A correspondent writing from Rome, says that the French soldiers are the only *lively* individuals in the place. The currency consists chiefly of paper, in sums as low as five pence, which are sold at a discount of 25 per cent.

The French find it very difficult to manage the Pope, now that they have conquered his people for him. All the promises made by the holy father are vague in their character. It is believed that he will at last go to Bologna, and remain under the protection of the Austrians, Neapolitans and Spaniards.

## Dewdrops of Wisdom.

Saying and doing do not dine together.

Temptations are a file which rub off much of the rust of self-confidence.—*Fenton.*

It is best not to be angry; and best in the next place, to be quickly reconciled.—*Dr. Johnson.*

Whoever saw a hod-carrier troubled with ennui! It is only the rich and comfortable that die of indigestion and enjoy misery.

Some men so dislike the dust kicked up by the generation to which they belong, that being unable to pass, they lag behind.

The heart of woman draws to itself the loves of others as the diamond drinks up the sun's rays—only to return them in tenfold strength and beauty.

He who sedulously listens, pointedly asks, calmly speaks, coolly answers, and ceases when he has no more to say to the point, is the fittest for business, and is sure to succeed.

If, O man, the adamantine rock will hear thy voice and return its echoing answer, canst thou believe God will hear thee not, nor send thee from His merciful hand a love-filled answer back?

It is a delicate secret, that of being attractive and charming in company. Some people think it requires beauty, or knowledge, or eloquence in the speaker; it requires no such thing. It is true that beauty brings the hearers near, but it does not keep them.

Every grace brings somewhat considerable. Love brings a flaming heart; repentance brings a bleeding heart; obedience brings a working hand; patience brings a broad back for the smiter; but faith brings only an empty heart and hand, to be filled with borrowed and gifted blessings; and yet faith is the highest and loftiest grace.—*Trail.*

## The Joker's Budget.

Why is a dentist like a melancholy man? Because he always looks *down in the mouth*.

'I say, Jim, are there any bears in your country, in the winter?' 'Yes, the *sea bears*.'

Why is a fool like twenty hundred weight? Because he's a simple-ton.

There is a man down east who has such a good temper that he hires himself out in summer to keep people cool.

All the difference between a 'Roman Punch' and a 'Greek' one, is that the latter you get 'over the eye,' and the other in a tumbler.

'Can you tell us when the cars leave for Newark?' 'As soon as the seats are all taken,' said Jem, 'that will make the car-go.'

A man by the name of Philo, who was married to a lady named Sophy, observed that, uniting his name with the lady's, put him in possession of philosophy.

The London Punch says, that much of the milk consumed in the metropolis is brought from the chalk cliffs of Dover, though the cockneys think it comes from Cowes.

An exchange paper says, 'the girls in some parts of Pennsylvania are so hard up for husbands, that they sometimes take up with printers and lawyers.'

A man once rushed into a fight, and after beating the combatants indiscriminately, some one asked him which side he was on. 'I beg pardon,' was his reply, 'I thought it was a *free fight*.'

Said a discriminating historian, 'In the first place, Ireland was divided into four kingdoms, then it was divided into three kingdoms, next into two kingdoms, and finally *it was divided into one kingdom*.'

'The man that minds his own business' arrived in New York on Friday. He is stopping at the Astor. One of his friends wished him to part a man and wife who were fighting. He immediately knocked him down.

## Miscellaneous Items.

At a recent bull-fight in Madrid, where the Queen assisted, the audience were so enraged at the cowardly conduct of a lion and tiger in the ring, whom the bull easily vanquished, that they—broke the chairs and benches!

Mr. Scoulder, foreman to Mr. Field, of Glasgow, has invented a self-heating shot for war purposes. It is hollow, filled with highly combustible materials, and the motion makes the ball red hot in a few seconds.

Every pound weight of cochineal contains 70,000 insects boiled to death; so that the annual sacrifice of insectile life, to procure our scarlet and crimson dyes, amounts to about 49,000,000 of these small members of the creation.

It is said that 60,000 tickets of admission to the late Fair at Syracuse were sold at 12 1-2 cents each, and 5000 at $1 each, making the total receipts at $12,500. This is several thousand more than the receipts of any previous Fair.

The death of Charles V. was actually owing to his lying in a damp coffin. He had himself laid out at the carnival and mass for the lead celebrated; but the coffin being of new wood, he caught cold and the solemn mockery shortly became a dread reality.

A correspondent of the London Times says, 'It will hardly be believed that the whole quantity of gold currency in the world, taking it at its usual estimate of 150,000,000 sterling, would only weigh about 1150 tons; and that in bulk a room 20 feet long, 12 feet wide, and 10 feet high would hold it all.'

At the Scientific Convention, recently held at Boston, a paper, written by Professor Horsford, was read, in which an account is given of a cave, situated about twelve miles from the Mammoth Cave, in Kentucky, and supposed to be larger than it. Mr. J. S. Stevenson, of Bowling Green, has penetrated it a distance of about five miles, and it then seemed still expanding.

## Quill and Scissors.

On Saturday afternoon the twelfth juror in the Astor Opera House cases was obtained, at New York. The difficulty in obtaining a jury was caused by a question put to each, as to what was his opinion of the character of Judson, alias Ned Buntline, and the answer being invariably that it was bad, the juror was rejected.—*Norfolk Herald.*

During the year ending September 1st, there were twenty-three steamboats built at the port of Cincinnati—tonnage 7280, cost $48,000. Last year there were twenty-nine boats built at this port—tonnage 10,233.

There were 490 licenses for tavern and coffee houses granted in Cincinnati during the year ending on the 1st inst. The greatest number were granted in the height of the cholera season.

It is stated that Mr. George Bancroft is about to take up his residence in New York, and devote himself to literary pursuits. He never ought to have taken to any other 'pursuits.'

Take a bit of ice, a bit of heart, a bit of wit, a bit of paper, a little time, a little license, mix it and put it into two persons of rank, and you will get a very good specimen of French love.

Two swift slave steamers lately made their appearance on the west coast of Africa, and succeeded in embarking their human cargoes and escaping the pursuit of several British cruisers.

We find it stated that Rhode Island has within her limited territory 163 Cotton Mills, consuming annually 560,000 bales of Cotton, and manufacturing 70,000 yards of Cloth.

The Illustrated London News contains a very fine sketch of the Peace Congress sitting in Paris. The flag of the United States is one of the most conspicuous ornaments.

Mr. George Griffin, who weighs 336 pounds, was thrown from a wagon in New York city, and dangerously hurt, but as he refused to go to the hospital, he may possibly survive.

Previous to 1418, iron balls were not used for cannon; as that year there is an entry extant for making at Maidstone in Kent, seven thousand stone bullets for the King's ordnance.

In Detroit four little girls fell into the river; two of them were immediately rescued by a large dog, and the other two were saved by a man; but the dog was the first to plunge in.

Freights are lower on the Lakes this season than in any previous year. Wheat is now transported from Chicago to Buffalo for from four to five cents per bushel.

Hecker, the German patriot, accompanied by some fifty of his countrymen, arrived at Albany on Wednesday evening, on his way to Illinois where he and they will settle.

The negro Alph, who killed his master, James Anderson, in Washington County, Ark., has been tried, sentenced and hung, by a Lynch Court. He confessed his guilt.

There have arrived at the quarantine, Staten Island, New York, from the 24 of April to the 12th ult., 150,713 steerage passengers, by vessels from foreign ports.

McIntyre's powder mill at Ithaca, N. Y., was blown to atoms on Thursday evening. The concussion was tremendous. There were nine persons killed or wounded.

A preacher, who advised a drowsy hearer to take a pinch of snuff occasionally at service, to keep him awake, was advised in return to put the snuff in his sermon.

A young man at the Syracuse House, St. Louis, undertook to blow out his brains before a mirror. He fired and fell, but had forgotten to load his pistol *with a ball*.

A boat made of gutta percha has been launched at York, and is said to answer so well that five others, of the same kind, are in course of construction.

The banks in New York are believed to have over eight millions in their vaults, which with what is in the Sub-Treasury, makes $11,600,000 in the city.

A new English paper says:—'It is a remarkable and significant fact that all the later improvements in cotton weaving machinery have come from the United States.'

To such an extent is veneration for the fair sex carried in San Francisco, that a party of Oregonians stopped to have a dance round an old cast-off bonnet.

Oscar, King of Sweden, has turned teetotaller, and is sending tetotal missionaries throughout his country to show the blessings of temperance.

An old French gentleman was robbed of $1000 in gold pieces and about $500 worth of jewelry, on board steamer Zachary Taylor, at Louisville, last week.

The Pittsburgh Chronicle says, 'nowhere is the place where the banks lend money to poor men who need it, instead of the rich who do not.'

The Pope and the King of Naples paid a visit to the U. S. ship Constitution, at Gaeta, and were received with the honors due to their rank.

A gentleman remarked to us yesterday that 'Widows resemble green wood, which, while it is burning on one side, is weeping on the other.'

'Mr. S——, is your customer B——, a man to be trusted?' 'I know of none more so. He is to be trusted forever, for he never pays.'

The superfluous spirits of youth are like the coverings of some insects, which afford them food and support in their transition.

A young man named Philip Petona died at one of the Wheeling Cotton Factories.—He was bitten by a *rat* two weeks before on the chin.

The Republic of Hayti has become an Empire. Soulouque, the late President, having, by consent of the Legislature, assumed the crown.

A needle swallowed *four* years ago by a young man in Boston, was recently extracted from between his ribs on the left side.

Charles Mullen, a sculptor, was drowned at Cape Girardeau, Mo., on the 25th ult., while out with a party in a sail boat.

A pinching, miserly system of management may keep a farmer out of *prison*—but it will never lodge him in a *palace*.

The net earnings of the Boston and Maine Railroad during the last year, amounted to the sum of $251,000.

Upwards of fifty have entered the freshman class in Amherst College. The total number of new students is rising sixty.

Bt. Lt. Col. Bragg, of Buena Vista celebrity, has been stationed at the Jefferson Barracks, Mo., with two companies of artillery.

Catharine Bowman committed suicide in New York with three cents worth of laudanum. She was but 15 years old.

The Boston sub-treasury has at this time in its vaults in specie between 700,000 and $800,000.

Fair weather cometh out of the north.—*Job xxxvii., 22.*

Spain is indebted to Great Britain in the sum of $45,000,000.

An iron bridge is in course of construction over the Chenango Canal at Binghampton.

The sanitary expenses of New York, this season, amount to $75,000.

The French Minister's name (Poussin) in English, signifies a 'young chick.'

Mr. Mooney has been very successful in giving concerts in St. John, N. B.

Wanted, a lot of gold knives to match the Forks of the Sacramento.

Four persons escaped from the Utica jail by overpowering the turnkey.

Yellow fever caused but sixteen deaths in New Orleans during the month of August.

The most distinguished anatomist in Calcutta is Pandit Madusuden Gupta, a native.

Irish printed linen cambric, being worn by the queen, has become an article of fashion.

The dog law is in full force in St. Louis, and all the loafing canines suffer accordingly.

## Local Matters.

### Amusements.

Monte Cristo, at the Howard Athenæum, has been put on the stage with great expense, and new scenery, new dresses, large additions to the stock company, and other matters, have all been most liberally resorted to, in order that the piece should lack nothing in effectiveness. Its great popularity, therefore, is well merited by the manager, and we rejoice at Mr. Thorne's success. Mrs. Barrett has as usual been delighting large audiences nightly at the Museum. She performs with the vigor and spirit of lang syne, and combines those rare qualities in conjunction, of a beautiful woman and a distinguished actress. Time sits as lightly upon her brow as moonlight shadows, and the rich brown of her hair, and the witching expression of her fine eyes, are unimpaired. We know of no female upon the stage, and indeed few off of it, who possess so noble a forehead and eyes as Mrs. Barrett. Supported as she is at the Museum, it is a rich treat to sit out the evening's performance. At the National, Manager Pelby keeps on the even tenor of his way, and does a sure business. The Mill Girls of Lowell is a play of no little merit, and it has drawn well. It is from the pen of Mr. English, author of Rosina Meadows, one of the most popular domestic dramas ever put upon the stage in this country. We understand that several stars in the theatrical hemisphere are already engaged to perform in our city during this fall and winter, and we are pleased to know that thus far the patronage to the houses now open, has been of the most encouraging character.

### A Sad Scene.

Coming down Tremont street a few evenings since, after the close of the performance at the Howard, we noticed a woman standing under the trees that line the Park Street Burial Ground, and gazing in through the tall iron railings upon the tombs and graves that were lit up in one spot, and deeply thrown in shadow in another, by the young moon. It was after eleven o'clock, and the streets were still and lonely. We paused for a moment in surprise, thinking perhaps it was a lady whose companion had stepped back into a neighboring house for some purpose and would join her in a moment. But there was something peculiar in her manner, so unmoved, and so fixedly standing there at that late hour, gazing in upon the home of the sleeping dead. Still we watched her in quiet for a few moments, until we were joined by another passer-by, and he, too, stopped at the singular sight. To our gentle address she made no reply, but after a few moments, she whispered: 'Wait a little; the moon will lie just across the spot, there, there, it lights up the stone now!' Our united efforts were required to urge her from the spot, and it was some time before she could be sufficiently recalled to the world about her, to give her name and residence. It was near by, however, and we found that the mother of a dear child that had just been laid to repose in this spot, had stolen out, unknown to her family, to watch the little grave!

### Progress of the Arts.

An exceedingly ingenious little machine for sewing, says the Post, is now exhibiting over Palmer's store, on School street, and we would advise all who are interested in any branch of business where sewing forms an important feature, to take a look at it, as well as those who have a taste for productions of inventive skill. It is very simple in construction, but perfect in its work, and must revolutionize the trades of clothing, caps, harness, boots and shoes, collars, bosoms, and a multitude of other branches of business now dependent upon the slow progress of human fingers. It will not be long before a sewing machine will be found in every lady's cabinet of domestic implements, and even the mystery of darning and buttonology be subdued by obedient steel and brass. The machine alluded to was patented by Bradshaw about a year ago, and is the *only* patent granted upon a firm, durable stitch.

### Town and Country Club.

We find the following little passage of Boston intelligence in the correspondence of the Literary World:

The Town and Country Club seems to succeed very well. It has a small but pleasant room, in Tremont Row, and the number of members is steadily increasing. Mr. Whipple is to read a paper at the next quarterly meeting in October, and Mr. James Russell Lowell follows him in January. In October, a series of weekly conversations is to be commenced, under the auspices of some good talkers, and, with their tongues going, they cannot fail of being most delightful meetings.

FOR CALIFORNIA.—The gold fever which seemed to have abated in some degree in Boston, it appears was only smouldering like half quenched fire, and has now broken out with redoubled force. Vessels are constantly starting from the shore towns of Massachusetts, and more or less every week from our own harbor. The stories from the diggings still continue to be of the most Aladdin-like character.

DECEASED.—We regret to learn of the decease of Mrs. S. B. Burnham, mother of Mr G. P. Burnham, of the American Union, of this city. There is no need of erecting stones over the graves of such, for their good deeds are a more enduring monument. Mrs. Burnham possessed all the sterling endowments, the tender traits, and the true characteristics of a New England mother.

CATTLE MARKETS NEAR BOSTON.—The Cambridge Cattle Market, at Porter's Hotel, is now fully established, and the sales will be kept up every Wednesday. The Brighton Market will, of course, be continued on Thursdays, and it is understood that the business is large enough to employ both.

HEALTH OF THE CITY.—By the report of the City Registrar for the present week, it will be seen that the mortality has decreased one half from what it was during the first part of last month. Boston may now be said to enjoy its usual good health.

NEW MILITARY COMPANY.—A new company called the 'Jackson Guards,' was organized in this city on Tuesday, last week. John Reily was chosen Captain; Thomas P. Williams, John White, Thomas Reily and William Pettigrew, Lieutenants.

'MUSIC MAD.'—The Commercial Advertiser, Dresden, Tenn., copies the above amusing sketch, from the Flag, without credit, of course undesignedly. It was written for our columns by Falconbridge.

COMMERCE OF BOSTON.—The value of merchandise exported from this to foreign ports for the week ending 15th ult., was—Domestic products, $93,865; Foreign products, $7,125.

THE BOSTON PATH FINDER is a well conducted and useful paper.

## OUR OLIO COLUMN.

[Written for The Flag of our Union.]

### The Old Elm and the Fountain.

BY ELIZA.

> Allow me, my friends, to present to your view
> The Elm on the Common, no stranger, 'tis true;
> But my object, to you, very soon will appear—
> I have a soliloquy for you to hear.
> So imagine yourself, on a warm summer's day,
> Just as the long shadows are stretching away,
> Reclining beneath the majestic old tree,
> And thinking of—never mind, though, what it be—
> When quite on a sudden a something you hear,
> And look round with wonder—there's nobody near.
> Still the murmuring sound on the stillness keeps breaking,
> And you hardly know whether you're sleeping or waking;
> But at length to your mind it becomes very clear,
> That a voice—unembodied it may be—is near.
> Then you're sure it proceeds from the branches above,
> And wonder if you are in Jupiter's grove;
> But this is an elm, and his grove was of oak,
> Where the doves, and the leaves too, had voices and spoke.
> Then you'll think, as trees have talked—of course it is true—
> That this may perhaps be a talking tree too;
> But you've been so determined the truth to withstand
> You must take the soliloquy now secondhand.
> It amounted to this, a review of his life,
> And a strong resolution to take him a wife.
> He talked of his early and palmier days,
> When he was not obliged to wear hard iron stays;
> When he was the slightest and gentlest of trees,
> And was swayed to and fro by a breath of a breeze;
> And he plainly remembered the first little nest
> That was made in his branches by robin-red-breast;
> And how the wee robins with him played bo-peep;
> And how every night he had rocked them to sleep;
> And how proud and fond of his treasures he grew—
> When lo, one bright morning away they all flew.
> Then he thought that he could from experience say,
> That the dearer our pleasures, the shorter their stay.
> But then he was of them not wholly bereft,
> For they often came back to the home which they left;
> While their sweet mellow voices in concert would raise,
> And pour forth their beautiful anthems of praise.
> He loved to look back to the days of lang syne,
> Though perfectly willing those days to resign;
> Then the sons of New England could not have the brow
> To the breeze of the morning so proudly as now.
> 'But then one might ask, what is all that to me?
> Why, I am a sort of personified tree.'
> He was proud enough, too, of the land of his birth,
> In the midst of the good and the great of the earth.
> For a kindred he felt for the sons of the soil,
> While he'd watched with delight their achievements of toil;
> When the spirit of freedom was swelling their veins,
> He had seen their impatience for bursting their chains.
> Full well he remembered the great cup of tea
> That was made in the harbor in seventy-three;
> And how, when their cup of oppression was full,
> They had stood and looked straight in the face of John Bull.
> But 'twas strange that John saw not in Jonathan's eye,
> The spirit that either would conquer or die;
> For Johnny, you see, was his father's own son—
> But the Rubicon crossed, the goal must be won;
> Although this had e'er been John's general rule,
> It had some exceptions—he learned them at school;
> And marks to detect them are often seen still—
> There's one towering up now from old Bunker Hill.
> Then their birthday of freedom was a day dear to him,
> Though their glad acclamations shook every limb.
> Great pleasure it had been, and ever would be,
> To see them flock round him in hours of glee.
> And he felt very sure that a strong cord was bound
> The hearts of the people and himself around:
> They would not wear mourning if he should depart,
> But their grief would be inward, they'd wear it at heart.
> Though he felt not at all now like leaving the stage,
> But of late had been rather reviewing his age.
> While he hoped most sincerely before he should go,
> Our hearts' pure affection for him would o'erflow.
> Of late he'd heard much of a being all bright,
> As fresh as the day, and as pure as the light;
> Her presence had sounded to him from afar;
> In a word she'd become his particular star.
> And he now had resolved, if she'd come to his side,
> He would hail her with joy as his beautiful bride;
> He wished in his heart he so see her might go,
> And resolved he would send her his best billet-doux.
> So the leaves left the tree in great numbers each day,
> And Zephyr was waiting to bear them away;
> For Zephyr, you see, was in Cupid's employ,
> Nor was it the first time he'd served the blind boy;
> And now, as the leaves were beginning to fall,
> He acted as penny-post, office and all.
> Now, if you will promise the secret to keep,
> Into one of the letters I'll give you a peep;
> But you'll not see the whole, for that would not be fair,
> But only a sentence or two, here and there.
>
> 'My dear Miss Cochituate,' here him begin,
> I hope my revealing this wont be a sin,—
> Says he, 'to the world this will seem very queer,
> They think I've no need of companionship here;
> They think I've enjoyment enough in my fame,
> But I've long since grown weary of hearing my name.
> I care not for honors conferred upon me,
> Unless I can share them, beloved with thee;
> I'm perfectly willing my son should decline,
> If I can but live in the glory of thine;
> Perfectly willing forgotten to be,
> By the world, if I'm only remembered by thee.'
> And then he went on, with great pathos, to say,
> That her presence would chase all his sadness away;
> Then he spoke of the rapture with which he should hear
> Her sweet, silvery music, refreshing and clear.
> Then he hopes that his joy wont be all on his side,
> But that she will be happy in being his bride;
> And adds that her kindness his heart would o'erwhelm,
> If she would but come to her fond, faithful elm.
> And he deeply regretted that it should be so,
> In the nature of things, he to her could not go.
> That she read this with pleasure, 'twere vain to deny;
> Else why came the frequent and the deep heart-felt sigh,
> Which no sooner was breathed than 'twas wafted above,
> Well laden with something—perhaps it was love.
> And when the first star in the twilight peeped through
> The sighs on the Elm were distilling their dew!
> But in spite of her sighs, she still thought he must be
> A strange inconsiderate sort of a tree.
> 'To think for a moment that I'd come to him—
> That, indeed, is a very strange, fantastic whim.
> And if in the nature of things it is so,
> That he can't come to me, how to him can I go?
> And if it were possible that it could be,
> That a lake should jump up and run after a tree—
> An indecorous thing I am sure 'twould appear—
> And I should be acting quite out of my sphere;
> I'm not anxious at all about changing my name,
> And contented should be were it ever the same;
> While, as for my place, I no better could find,
> So I'll just let the circumstance pass out of mind.'
> She made a slight effort, and soon she was seen
> With a face as untroubled, unruffled, serene,
> As if it had ne'er been and never would be
> Disturbed by a zephyr, a leaf, or a tree.
> And as she reposed in her beauty and grace,
> The stars all looked lovingly down in her face;
> And none would pass o'er a soft, gentle breeze,
> Perfumed by the breath of the flowers and trees.
> And at length, when the morning was bursting to life,
> The air all around her with music was rife;
> And as the sweet birds sang so joyous and free,
> She felt she was happy as happy could be.
>
> O, where is the man who never has known
> An impossible thing that has possible grown!
> Some mountain impassable towering on high,
> Whose summit seemed lifted quite into the sky,
> When lo, on a sudden, some cloud passed away,
> And the toil had become but the sport of a day.
> So it matters not what in the interim passed,
> But we'll see what the sequel reveals us at last;
> In the year '48, on a bright autumn day,
> When the bells' merry peal made bright faces gay,
> And music most joyful was greeting the air,
> And the crowd had assembled from far and from near,
> A beautiful stranger appeared to the view,
> And gently around her bright diamonds she threw.
> Full now does the heart of each gazer beat high,
> While to purity's emblem upturned is each eye;
> And a sight most majestic and graceful to see
> Was the *Fountain* beside the old *Liberty Tree*.
> And may purity e'er be with freedom allied,
> And so may the Elm with his beautiful bride.

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Right and Wrong.

From the Sermons of Chrysostom.

Whether shall the northern blast,
Or the noon's driving gust,
Which the cold clouds each southward cast,

Doth clouds fly along the sky,
Glimmers not a star in night,
Only moon rend the darkness

Heeds and shall the westward blown,
Crossing out the night's repose;
They but wend the night in glimmer,

As they bound o'er hill and plain,
Drop within my barren reign
Gloomy night and my storm

Blows the storm-out heath and chill,
Angry clouds the moon's fill;
Deep but smit the night so gloomy

Nor my head in life's young morn,
Nor my heart in life's young morn,
Storms have not been dispelled.

Yet, within my breast there is thing,
Loving well, and loss desiring,
Love is things hath it weather

Where my bathing passion, blighted,
All in longing sorrowful
Deep quiet in the heart is plighted,

Heeds the storm-out heath and chill,
Angry clouds the moon's fill;
And their gloominess not a one-beam.*

As they bound o'er hill and plain,
Deep within my barren reign
Gloomy night and my wanter

Echoing from afar I hear
Sounds which not the day is near;
Will the genial day then brighten?

Bringing joy to field and dale,
Day will bless, and night dispel
Joy winter, too, will vanish.

Swift, to turn the circling year,
Day the sun, young spring require,
Earth refreshed in love expiring

But for me, night's endless reign!
Winter endless—man and night!
Ah, no sleep, no sun-beam dawn!

["Within the Flag of our Union."]

Johnny Doughter

BY C. L.

The maiden slept the deep unconscious sleep
Of death,—as gently bearing of the breast,
By heaving of the pulse, we could not tell.
Of the eyelid met the mother's serene gaze,
All, all was serene—for death and life had fled
In repose in that youthful form. Where
The maiden was the mother, and she
Hung over upon the bosom over that thing
The mother's tenderness, and the best sacrifice
The mother as he fashioned mortality
Of the mother's love, and the mother's virtue,
The unpardoning mercy which all had given
The maiden slept. But, in a group of men
Are in the threshold of the sick house,
Their looks, low, solemn, yet upon each house
Is seen the holy lineaments which virtue
Ever leaves. They pass when the door,
And one stood forth with high dignity,
Invested with godlike majesty and power.
Silence deep, profound, as the darkness
Filled the place, and many underlying
Stars stood watching there, as with the calm
Eyes raised in heaven he prayed over the dead.
They gently bearing the maiden to the earth.
That by all nations, he spoke and said,
Brethren, I say, that the dead are blessed
Who die in the Lord's service and have the
Strong harbingers had cheered the Lord's life,
And, o'er the maiden's heart, through twenty-long
years.
She found in whatever spirit to them
Who loved her, with to the who gave her life
With faith, in heaven, and in the Lord's
Hall said, 'Arise from the dead, and the lamb
Have come, for the Son of Man is on Heaven
Hath set where to lay her weary head.'

["Within the Flag of our Union."]

Rich Thief.

From the Germans of Augustus Gross.

BY L. HOSE.

Maiden, how dost mean me away?
Ah! the town of gardens!
Like the pain and grateful drudgery,
In the heaven's top the dawn
Whether by the daily sight,
Or by tapping morning dew,
Scarcely drunk the dew the dewiness,
Never subdued in dawning hand
But the wane of sun and sun
Moon, in the fair the grass
Deep within the wet ground,
Golden all itself a flame.

Can you sun sun the back,
Even till the still square;
Then wander the cattle flock
Ah, ye golden, gaze and clear,

Rest, indeed, the hand is dry,
And the tree still above and green,
Many a spring-spot of greenness,
But the wind it cherry clear,

Maiden, in thy thought the tree
Of the fairest friend love;
Maiden, of the just behold thee,
Where thou can dost seek to weep;

MISCELLANEOUS.

[Written for The Flag of our Union.]

EVA TREMPTON;

OR,

THE HEIR AT LAW.

A HOME STORY.

BY JOHN HUNTER.

CHAPTER I.

*Hopes and Disappointments.*

A gorgeous stream of light gleamed from the fantastic Venetian drawing-room of a stately mansion at the west end of London, one evening, some time since—and, as the bright rays glanced through the nicely-tinted glass, its wavering figures upon the opposite inner shower might have discovered, were bestowed the heavy folds of two superb curtains, a gaudy picture, rare vases, and, in fact, a most gaudily-bed an interior; and whom I will introduce present at once.

It was Eva Thornton—the only child of an only parent—who, a few days had passed on all several years prior to the opening of our story, and the present occasion, when her father's dwelling, was one of joy and merriment, and whatever was in Eva's heart that night. It should have been a very happy night to Eva, for all that the precision of wealth could bestow upon her, or nature, with very temporal enjoyments, was, or might have been hers.

Yet, as upon of the splendor of the scene, the return of the day for now being commenced, the fact that the was surrounded by everything which heart could seem to wish—Eva Thornton was not happy, or seemed. For a few moments, at least, she had seen fit upon those the wish of her attendants, and alone, in the retired room we have described, the heiress of the mansion—the sorrow which already had well nigh severed her heartstrings.

But Eva was still young, as well as beautiful, though a worry period had passed since since the year of her birth, and the fact of her existence had first been ratified. Yet Time, on the minute of the night we have brought to our temporary notice. It was merely two years previously to the night of which we write, and at her father's window, as we have mentioned, Eva Thornton came in contact, for the first time, with Albert Moreland, and she was then scarcely thirteen; yet she loved him, and, the best acknowledge which she first—parents my mother—at that tender age!

But Albert Moreland, as he styled himself well versed in human nature, at the same moment—man and boy—

Ah! he knew—how—

Ah, he knew—how—

Ah, he knew—how—

Ah,

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A SPLENDID ORIGINAL ROMANCE.

Entered according to Act of Congress, in the year 1849, by F. Gleason, in the Clerk's Office of the District Court of Massachusetts.

[WRITTEN EXPRESSLY FOR THE FLAG OF OUR UNION.]

## THE BLACK KNIGHT:
OR, THE
## WANDERING BOHEMIAN.
### A Romance of the Days of Chivalry.

BY J. H. ROBINSON.

[CONTINUED.]

### CHAPTER IV.

*The dark valley. The Steel Cross, and the Bohemian. A short essay on villany. The cave. The commission. The departure. The ride. The gaunt woman, and the dying knight. The warning. The hour.*

Lady, a nameless life I lead,
A nameless death I'll die;
The fiend whose lantern lights the mead
Were fitter mate than I.
SCOTT.

On—on he hastened—and he drew
My gaze of wonder as he flew.
BYRON.

DEEP in the lonely recesses of the forest, away towards the Sierra Morena—made by the mighty mountain chain, was a valley profound and dark. By most of those who had knowledge of its existence, it was deemed uncanny, and was shunned on that account. But those who were better versed in the history of the secluded spot, entertained different and more reasonable views. Such doubted not that it was the resort of banditti. Indeed, the locality was favorable to such lawless purpose. Its basin-like depth was covered with trees, and accessible by only one path. The robber might despoil the wayfarer, and flying from the tents of civilization, find here an altar of safety. It was the day following the last scene. The sun looked down from mid-heavens. Two persons were seen entering the valley. The one seemed a knight. His steed was jaded, and his sides were lashed with foam. It was with difficulty that he advanced. How great was the contrast between the two horsemen. The one was covered with polished armor, with barded steel and gay housings, while the other was covered scantily with wretched rags begrimmed with dirt. In the first we recognize Sir Haro, in the last the Bohemian guide. The latter seemed to have lost nothing of his sullenness and irascibility.

'Thy miserable people find a home here, then,' said the knight.

'It is their home as much as any place,' replied the moody being. 'Few of them are troubled with homes. The zeal of the Christian will not allow them a long abiding-place.'

'Thou art an intractable knave. Thy tongue is full of bitterness.'

'It is not the fault of thy people that it is not cut out.'

'Wag it more quietly, or it shall be no person's fault that it is not cut out.'

'In that case, I might keep thy secrets better, perhaps,' retorted the Bohemian, bitterly.

'Beware how thou dost beard me, thou son of darkness. Thou knowest not my mood.'

'I care not for thy mood.'

'Thou wilt care, by St. James! I will transfix thee with my lance, if thou art not more civil.'

'Thou dost not dare, O thou busno,' replied the Bohemian, calmly.

'Ha! art thou so presumptuous?' cried the knight, raising his lance as to strike.

'Thou darest not strike,' said the Bohemian, without the least emotion.

'Why dare I not?' vociferated the knight, angrily.

'Thou wouldst but thwart thyself. I am necessary to thee. Thou canst not act without me. I am identified with thy plans. I form a part in the woof of villany thou art weaving. One word of mine will brand thee a ——' The Bohemian paused, and bending forward in his saddle, and looking steadily at the knight, raised his finger.

The arm of Sir Haro seemed palsied. The lance dropped quietly to its place. He bit his lips, and looked at the Bohemian with terrible malignancy.

'Thou art right. Thou art necessary to me,' he replied, in a hoarse voice.

'Now thou art reasonable. In this matter there should be an equality.'

'*Equality!*' and the knight looked at the miserable being at his side in sore amazement, as discrediting all his senses.

'In all matters of villany, sir knight, there is a kind of equality—a sort of fellow-feeling. It is true there is a species of respect which the lesser villain accords to the greater, but this conflicts not with my theory. In some instances, a question might naturally be raised, who is the greater villain, but there would be many ways of deciding this. To illustrate, *I*, a villain, employ a villain to help me do a deed of villany; the villain whom I employed would thenceforth be my equal, if so be he proved the villain I took him for. In this case, the villain would be bound to me forever. I could do nothing without the villain's approval, and the villain could draw on my purse at any time, because I should be in the villain's power.'

During this speech the features of Sir Haro were literally convulsed with rage, and the foam gathered upon his lips. To hear himself and fortunes identified with the Bohemian, was like living coals in his bosom.

*He*, a belted knight, compared with this vile scum! degradation indeed! But his hands were powerless. The villain said truly, he was in his power; and as Sir Haro rode on, he planned a *death* for the Bohemian.

They were now in the basin-like cavity. The Bohemian whistled loud and shrill. From the bosom of the earth, apparently, sprang up scores of ferocious-looking beings, who brandished long knives, and swords, and yelled discordantly.

'Back, ye vultures,' cried Sir Haro, as they pressed and thronged him.

'Fear not, Sir Haro; they are *our friends*.'

'*Our* friends!' muttered the knight.

'Away, my fellows, and make ready whatever is eatable among you. Sir Haro will dine with us; dine with us beneath the Greenwood bough.'

As the tumbling billows subside after the storm has passed, so was hushed the sea of turbulent tongues.

In a moment, the ruffians had walked quietly away. The Bohemian led on to the home of the lawless brood. It was a wild subterranean retreat, extending far back into the mountain-chain. It had its wild rooms, and its winding ways—its mysteries, and its crimes.

'You see that I have some power, and that this alliance will be likely to prove beneficial to both, courteous sir,' said the Bohemian.

'*What* alliance, thou son of Roma?' asked the knight, reddening with passion.

'That subsisting between us,' rejoined the fellow, calmly.

'How can I be benefited, knave?'

'Thou shalt protect my fellows when in difficulty.'

'And thus cheat the gallows. And what advantage will that be to me?' asked the knight, suppressing his rage.

'We, in turn, will do thy dirty work, and keep thy secrets. Thus will mutual good accrue.'

The knight with all his cunning was taken in the toils—the meshes of the net were about him. He had advanced too far to recede. Indeed to take a retrograde step was impossible had he been in the mood to do so. But he felt no disposition to abandon any of his purposes, much less that which had brought him to the robber cave. He had only to humor the whims of his villain, and trust to his own ingenuity to rid himself of him at some future time. Moreover, he might, as he had said, do his dirty work.

'Those fellows will obey thee?' he asked.

'To the death.'

'This service which I require of thee, will need boldness and despatch.'

'My fellows have both.'

'Thou knowest the castle where I met thee, near the walls of Castile?'

'Well, sir knight.'

'Knowest thou Donna Teresa?'

'I have seen her.'

'Thou and four of thy knaves must be in the rear of the castle this day at the hour of midnight. The lady Teresa will meet ye there. Seize her, mount her on a swift horse, and bring her hither. And look thou, if thou harmest a hair of her head, I will make thee food for the raven. If thou dost speed well upon thy errand, thy reward shall be in red gold, and no stinted share. Have ye fleet horses and coats of mail?'

'We have steeds swifter than a bird on the wing, and away yonder is bright armor.'

'Take thy best steeds and thy brightest armor, and do thou personate *me*; but harm not the lady on thy life. Go and choose thy fellows, and let them be thy boldest.'

The Bohemian obeyed, and soon returned with four ruffians, fitted, apparently, for any deed of daring.

'They look bold, and trusty, upon my soul,' said the knight, while he distributed the contents of his purse among them.

'Harkee, villain!' said Sir Haro, sternly, 'if ye harm the lady, or play me false, I will hunt ye to the death, and throw your carcasses to feed the crows. When ye have brought her hither, let her be attended as benefits her seeming till I return, and rich shall be your meed. Away, fellows! away.'

'Thou wilt partake of our cheer?' said the Bohemian.

'I cannot stay a moment longer for a kingdom. Ere an hour I must be far away. Let my horse be brought.'

'He has tasted our provender, and his tired limbs have been rubbed,' said the Bohemian, as the horse was led forth. The knight sprang into the saddle, and dashed away with fierce bounds along the narrow bridle path. The Bohemian turned to one of his men.

'I entrust this business to thee. At the hour the knight has named, I have an appointment which I must fulfil, or I hazard my neck. Do thou bring the lady hither, as yon rascally knight instructed thee. Bring her without scathe. Speed thou on thy devilry, and I on mine. Let us help these Christians tear each other.'

A few leagues from the dark valley, Garcia awaited his lord with a led horse of powerful mould.

'Thou hast brought me a horse in good need, Don Garcia,' said the knight. 'Meet me as I told thee.'

Mounting the led horse, he resumed his headlong career.

Speed! thou of the Steel Cross, over mountain and plain, across morass and meadow, river and stream, over hedge and stile, chasm and crag, through field and fell. Stay not where the way is steep, pause not where the chasm is wide, or the stream deep, falter not where the barrier is high, for knights and warriors are waiting for thee, and thy faith is doubted. Speed, lest they brand thee a double traitor.

Ha! thou knowest thy need, and dash it bravely. Right gallantly does thy courser bear thee, though his nostrils breathe foam, and his sides are streaming. Another hour like the last and thou wilt win.

As he pricked on, his attention was suddenly drawn to a wild, skinny being who seemed to hover like a goblin over the very summit of a beetling crag, under which he was to pass. For a moment the superstition of the time took possession of the knight, and it may be that his own wicked heart lent wild strength to such a feeling. The wild figure waved a scarf in her hand, like that torn from a warrior's breast, where the hand of woman had wound it ere the fray. Her long hair flew like dark streamers on the wind, and as she shook her bony hand, and called shrill, in the twilight seemed she as thing unearthly. The steed of Sir Haro snuffed the air, reared upon his hinder feet, and refused to move on. The knight crossed himself.

'Help, for the virgin's sake,' screamed the figure.

'In the fiend's name, what art thou?' shouted the Steel Cross.

'I am a woman in distress. By thy knighthood come hither, for here is dying knight to shrive.'

'Woman, my business is urgent, and the way is long,' replied Sir Haro.

'And urgent is the need of the dying cavalier, and longer the way he is going. Thy duty is first to the dying. Throw thy bridle rein to the nearest bough, and haste, *haste*.'

Sir Haro complied. A few hasty strides took him to the woman's side.

'Where dies the knight?' asked Sir Haro, suspiciously.

'Yonder, beneath the Eildon tree. It goeth hardly with him, for he is strong and dieth not easily.'

Sir Haro hurried whither she had pointed. A man in armor was stretched upon the ground. Beside him lay his cloven helmet. There was a ghastly wound upon his head. A half inch deeper would have sped his spirit without a struggle. The shadows of death were settling upon his upturned face. Its cold sweat stood in great beads upon his brow, or mingled with the crimson dye from his cloven skull. His breath came like convulsions. As the woman had said, he was a brawny man, and it went hardly with him.

'O, death is hard to him who dieth by violence, and in full strength,' she said.

Sir Haro bent over the dying man, and grasped his cold hand. He put his lips to his ear.

'Thou art dealing with death, brother. A knight is here; hast thou aught to say ere thou pass to the dark shore?'

The sound reached his dying ear. He opened his glassy eyes. For a moment memory struggled with the conqueror of all.

'It is the voice of Sir Haro,' he said with feeble voice. 'Thou hast come in my hour of utmost need; but thou canst not help me. I am battling to the utterance now with one stronger than thou, and there is no earthly armor that can save from the deadly thrust. I have entered the dread lists from whence no living warrior can ride in triumph.'

In the dying man, Sir Haro recognized one of his retainers.

'Who dealt thee this fearful wound?' he asked.

'The knight in black harness. I met him here, and you see his work. I never shall sit my good steed again—I never shall shake a lance.'

There was a pause. The dying knight was terribly convulsed. He went on with an effort, with his filmy eyes fixed upon Sir Haro.

'Have I been a true man, Sir Haro?' he asked, solemnly.

'Thou hast been a true man,' replied Sir Haro, with a voice that showed some emotion.

'I have been faithful in thy service?' he added.

'Thou hast been faithful in my service, as man could be to his fellow-man,' replied the knight, earnestly.

'Then I will be faithful in death. After this hour it will be beyond my power to serve thee. In this extremity my reason is not clouded by selfishness. Treasure up what I shall say, for *God*, and *this hour*, give me a far-seeing vision. Thou art doing a foul deed. Thou art getting such a stain upon thy soul as no water can wash away. If thou go on, there is a ruin to meet, and a *death* to dare. Two paths are before thee—choose which thou wilt, for I swear to thee as a dying man, that after this hour the power of choosing will not be thine. In the one path there is honor and happiness—in the other there is treachery and a grave. Look where the moon is newly risen. When it is one hour higher, thy destiny will be fixed. Within this brief space thou mayst decide whether thou wilt die a traitor, or a Christian. As one on the threshold of eternity, I charge thee ponder well. [illegible] I have been but too faithful, and as the reward of my wickedness, I die as the fool dieth. I feel that I am going—what a pang was that—hold up the holy cross—put it to my lips—God be good to thee, my master—forget not my warning—where is the cross? Christ's mercy on me—farewell—remember, an *hour* will—will—'

The limbs of the dying man straightened out convulsively, and with him there was no more time—it had lengthened into eternity. To Sir Haro it was a strange scene. He had seen knights, and nobles, die in the embattled field, with the flush of victory on their grim visages, but never death like this. He stood aghast over the stiffening corpse. His warning words rung in his ear—he pressed his hand in mental distraction to his brow. An awe stole over him. He felt that the dying knight had told him sooth, and this to him was the critical hour—*the hour* that was to shape his whole future existence. From the face of the dead he turned to the moon, and with pale lip watched its upward course. It was telling the moments of his precious mora. What should be his decision—should he abandon his projects? should he heed what he had heard? His steed neighed—he started from his reverie, and was moving away, when he was interrupted by the woman.

'Who art thou?' asked Sir Haro.

'It matters not,' replied the woman, sobbing aloud. 'It matters not who I *am*, or what I *was*.'

Sir Haro looked at the woman more attentively. Middle age was stamped upon her features—features that might in other days have been handsome; now they were deeply impressed with care. During the interview between Sir Haro and the retainer, she had held one of his hands, and wept upon it bitterly. There was something in the tones of her voice that jarred strangely upon the strings of memory.

The knight put money into her hand, and was going.

'Wilt thou leave the corpse alone?' asked the female.

'No, *thou* wilt tarry by it, or it will take no hurt [illegible] sals to take it hence.'

'I cannot leave it, Sir Haro!' sobbed the poor creature, kissing the cold hand she held.

'It is but dust, woman,' said the Steel Cross.

'And so art thou but dust, but thy dust will upon a time want Christian burial though thou die not like a Christian,' retorted the woman, bitterly.

'What was *this* dust to thee?' asked the knight, touching the corpse with his foot.

'Nay, touch him not with thy foot, for he was of gentle birth as thou,' shrieked the woman. 'This dust was much to me—more than thou canst tell—and he died for *thee*.'

'Thou knewest the young man?'

'I knew him well, Sir Haro. He came of gentle blood, though his noble father was an arrant villain. His mother was fond, and frail, and when the wretched creature brought the fruit of her shame to the light, he spurned her away. When years had passed, the boy was taken back to his father.'

'Who art thou?' again demanded the knight, in a husky voice.

'Thou hast forgotten! No wonder! I was young and blooming, then. Years of sorrow work sad changes with the features—especially of the erring. I was Mina—canst thou tell me what I *am*?'

'And that youth?' the knight's voice faltered—

'Was *thy son*.'

Sir Haro reeled as though he had received a crushing blow.

'My God!' he groaned.

He threw himself upon his knees beside the body, and gazed thereon with unutterable anguish. In the dead, cold lineaments, he recognized his own features. The knight sobbed aloud. With a prolonged cry of agony he sprang up, and snatched the almost lifeless hand of Mina—held it a moment in his—threw a heavy purse at her feet, and the next instant the clatter of a horse's feet was heard in headlong course.

For a time we will leave the *hour* and the man.

### CHAPTER V.

*The old castle. The meeting at night. Treason. The departure. The search. The unexpected adventure. The sliding panel, and the secret passage. An escape. Unwinding the secret way. A rencontre. The victory. The ring. The Bohemian, and the rescue. A piece of information. The Steel Cross. The conditions.*

'What had he been? what was he, thus unknown,
Who walked their world in mystery, and alone.'

IN the days of feudalism, it was no uncommon thing to find the castle of a feudal lord in some wild sequestered spot—in the deep glen, on the high rock—in the dense wood, far away from the peopled city. At the date whereof I write, many such could be found, but there was never one of more gloomy grandeur, and around which a profounder air of mystery and doubt was thrown, than the one we have now in our mind. It was many leagues from the walls of Castile, in the wildest and most unfrequented part of Spain. It had stood there in its loneliness many centuries, unknown, or known only as something uncanny. Curiosity seldom tempted any person to approach its crumbling walls. Those who had never looked thereon doubted its very existence, or regarded the tales that were told of it, as they did many other things of legendary lore, and doubtful authenticity. At the time to which we allude, no person knew its lawful lord, or indeed whether it had any. Few travellers passed that way, and those who had heard of it, preferred, if benighted, to pass the night in the open air rather than seek its shelter. Its great wings were crumbling, and some of its towers were fallen. Chilling and uninviting was its exterior. Some said that strange sights and sounds had been seen and heard there; and there unearthly revels had been held. The deep moat around it was choked with weeds. On the night of the last scene, steel clad men were seen entering its time-eaten portals. Upon the drawbridge which shook beneath the tread of belted knights, stood two men at arms, leaning upon heavy battle-axes. To these, the knights uttered a single word, before they entered the castle.

There was one among them whose sword-hilt had not the form of the holy cross, but of the crescent. He wore mail without plate, and a light casque was upon his head. His figure and his carriage were noble. The suns of thirty summers might have shone upon his handsome face. His step was firm and assured, and fearless the glance of his eye. Occasionally an expression of scorn seemed to play upon his lips. He shrank apparently from anything like familiarity with those about him.

The deference the knights appeared desirous of showing him was coldly yet politely received.

The steps of the cavaliers awoke dismal echoes in the deserted halls they traversed.

'Here ye may expect Sir Haro, soon,' said a man at arms who had led the way.

'Where is Lopez de Guzman?' asked the knight in the haubergeon and casque.

'He comes,' replied a retainer of Sir Haro. The door swung on its rusty hinges, and Don Lopez entered.

He bowed with distant dignity to the knight of the Crescent and those assembled. Sir Haro came not. The cavelleros grew impatient. He of the Crescent traversed the hall apart. His manner was thoughtful and abstracted. An hour passed. The cavelleros looked at each other for explanation. None seemed capable of giving it. Each spoke low [illegible] ... 'But Don Lopez de Guzman betrayed the most uneasiness. He paced the hall with visible agitation.

'I suspect treachery, Nugnez de Lara,' he said, turning to a knight.

'He dare not act the double traitor, Don Lopez,' replied Nugnez.

'He who dare betray his king and country, dare betray his friends,' rejoined the first speaker.

'You speak with bitterness, Don Lopez. In judging Sir Haro, thou art dealing hardly with thyself.'

'*I am*,' retorted Guzman, sternly. 'I was a fool to come hither, or to listen to the words of the traitor knave. I was ever loyal, noble Lara, till this night.'

'What mean you, Don Lopez de Guzman?'

'What I have said, my lord—no more and no less.' The speaker laid his hand on his sword.

'Nay, Don Lopez, keep thy anger to thyself, for by heavens! thou speakest my own thoughts. This night's work may brand us traitors.'

Don Lopez started at the word 'traitor,' as though a serpent had stung him.

'I like not the word traitor,' he exclaimed.

'And I like it not, Don Lopez.'

'Then let us leave this place ere it can be justly given us. Should Sir Haro prove a double villain, there is no power on earth that can save us. He may be even now with the king. Let us ride, my lord, let us ride.'

'Let our horses be brought,' said Nugnez de Lara, to his squire.

The Crescent Knight approached.

'Dost fear treachery, thou from Toledo?' asked Don Lopez.

'I fear nothing, sir knight,' replied the Crescent, calmly. 'Canst tell me what means this delay? I come not hither to loiter.'

'We know not why comes not Sir Haro. We doubt his good faith. We are about to attend to our own safety, and advise thee not to neglect thine. Our steeds are at the door. We shall tarry no longer for Sir Haro. If thou art wise, thou wilt mount and fly to Toledo.'

'Nay! but this is not as I had expected. I came hither, with the expectation that certain important matters were to be disclosed to me, and certain traitorous overtures were to be made on the part of Sir Haro, and other knights.'

The knights bit their lips at the word 'traitors!'

'We also were induced to come hither to listen to certain important disclosures from Sir Haro—propositions which he would fain have us believe, are greatly for our interest. You see now he has kept his faith.'

'Something unexpected may have detained him. Ye can attend to your safety if ye like. I shall tarry for the coming of Sir Haro. Will ye betray me?'

'Upon my knightly honor I will not,' said Guzman.

'Nor will I,' added Nugnez de Lara, warmly. 'I wish you a safe return to Toledo. I regret that we have been duped by a villain.'

With a bow the knights left the hall. These were soon followed by the others. In a moment they were heard thundering away. The knight of the Crescent was left alone in the castle. Knights, retainers, men at arms, all were gone.

'This bodes but little good,' said the knight. 'I may be betrayed by this knave, but as I reflect on it I think he dare not. Let it be as it may, I fear him not. Let me collect my thoughts—three hours from this, I meet the Bohemian. However, it is but a short way, and I shall have ample time to examine this deserted castle. What adventures may I not expect to meet—what mysteries unravel? With this torch in my hand I will mount these rickety stairs.'

The knight of the Crescent ascended the stairs, and examined many suites of rooms, whose chill loneliness partook of the dreariness of the tomb. Who had frequented these apartments in days long gone? Where were they *now*? They had passed on to their rest, and left scarcely a vestige of *what* or *who* they were. He entered a long gallery to whose crumbling wall pictures in antique frames were still hanging.

'These, perhaps,' said the knight, thoughtfully, 'were the inheritors of this decayed pile. Here is an old man with snow white locks, and this woman might have been his spouse. And here is a young maiden who might have been their daughter, and beautiful she was, by the prophet's beard! Here is a noble young man, half covered with dust, and a brother or lover of the girl, I dare say. Ha! I thought I heard a step; but no, it cannot be, I am alone. I will go up still higher. This might have been the bed-chamber of the lord of the castle. 'Tis cold enough now—here is a broken cross. What strange people are these Christians, to prize so highly a bit of wood. Hist! by the soul of Mahomet! I heard a footfall.'

The knight of the Crescent paused, and listened attentively.

'My fancy must be playing tricks with me. I heard but the echo of my own tread. I will go on again. This might have been my lady's private chamber. Here is a dusty image of the virgin. Why do these Christians worship images? I pass on. I will look into this closet. Perhaps I—' The Moorish knight was not permitted to finish the sentence. The light was dashed from his hand, and he was felled to the floor by a violent blow upon his head. When he recovered his consciousness, he was still lying upon the floor. His head ached violently. He was in total darkness, and scarcely knew what had happened. He arose to his feet, and stood a moment to collect himself. He drew his sword, and with its sharp point he felt about for the door. While thus groping in darkness, the wall seemed suddenly to open, and he felt a damp current of air upon his face. His sword-point had touched a secret spring. The knight hesitated; should he go forward, or should he recede? A sound below caused him to decide upon the former. He entered the secret passage, and drew the sliding panel. He had scarcely done so, when he heard steps upon the stairs, and the ringing of armor. He heard armed men searching rooms beneath him. He heard them again mount the stairs, and approach the apartment he had just left. They were no doubt looking for him, and were persons sent by the Christian king to apprehend him. A sense of his imminent peril came upon him. A cold sweat gathered upon his forehead. The extreme rashness of the enterprise wherein he had come, had never appeared so vividly as now. What had he not hazarded by leaving Toledo—not only his exalted position, but his life. The motive that had brought him into an enemy's country might also bear various constructions. He had come to treat with a traitor—a man who in his heart he despised.

But this was not all—he had come hither also to woo—to woo one hostile to his faith. The man with whom he had come to treat for the betrayal of his king, he had recently discovered, was his rival. He had met him but a few hours before—had dealt him a blow. The traitor might have recognized in his rival the Infidel Moor. Prompted by revenge, of what act might not Sir Haro be guilty? Would he hesitate at betraying him into the hands of his natural enemies—the Christians? Certainly not. This might possibly have been his purpose from the beginning? Such were some of the thoughts of the knight, as he lay in his place of concealment, and heard men in armor crowd into the apartment he had just left.

'This is the apartment,' said one of the men. 'And here is the closet where I was concealed. I rushed forward—extinguished his light, and struck him with my gauntletted hand, and by St. Jago! I thought he would never rise again. He is concealed somewhere hereabouts. He cannot escape.'

Several times they passed his hiding-place, and even touched the secret panel. At length, to the great relief of the knight, they left the apartment, and proceeded upward toward the central tower.

Thankful for his escape from danger, although he scarcely knew of what nature, he began to grope his way cautiously along the secret passage. He was obliged to go forward with extreme cautiousness for fear of a fall, and on account of the pitchy darkness.

The passage was very narrow, and wound gradually downwards towards the base of the castle. Sometimes his progress was partially obstructed by the decaying rubbish that had fallen and choked the way. It had been long, apparently, since human feet had followed its secret windings. It had been used in days far back in the past, for purposes that now could only be guessed of. How much mystery, adventure, crime perhaps, was linked with the history of that secret way. Fair maiden might have stolen softly from thence to meet her lover by moonlight—bold knight might have unwound its windings to meet his lady-love—midnight assassin to do a deed of darkness.

But this was no time for idle speculations—the knight must by some means leave the castle. Some considerable time had elapsed since he commenced the descent. He believed himself near the base of the castle, when the rotten structure gave way beneath him, and he was conscious of falling. Luckily the distance was not great, and he sustained but little injury. Somewhat stunned and bewildered by the fall, the knight regained his feet. There was something between him and the [illegible] and he was sure that he was at the base of the castle. He felt about him. The way was still narrow. A damp current of air came rushing to meet him; he went forward in the direction from whence it issued, feeling before him with his sword—its edge came in contact with something hard like mail or plate. Instantly a man in armor leaped to his feet, and in the deep darkness there was the crossing of swords.

Furious, though brief, was the contest that followed. The angry clash of their blades struck fire, and their edges were blunted upon each other's armor. The assailant was soon disarmed.

'Now yield thee, whoever thou art, or I will cleave thee from helm to cuirass,' cried the knight.

'I yield,' said the unseen, doggedly.

''Tis well. Canst thou lead me to the open air?'

'I can, if so disposed,' replied the voice, moodily.

'Then do so, and it shall fare better with thee,' said the knight.

'I fear thee not,' retorted the unseen, roughly.

The knight heard him feeling for his weapon with his foot.

'Lead me hence,' cried the knight, in a voice of thunder, 'or I swear by the Koran thou shalt die.'

'Come on then,' growled the unseen, and strode sullenly along the passage. The knight followed with his sword unsheathed.

'Who art thou?' he asked.

'No matter,' was the morose reply.

'Now, by the prophet! thou art not courteous.'

'Neither art thou, Infidel,' retorted the unseen, in the same unconciliating tone.

'Why shouldst thou set upon me in the passage unprovoked?'

'Why shouldst thou be in the passage, thou unsanctified and unbelieving?'

'Because it pleased me to be there, thou most uncivil.'

'Then let it please thee to find thy way out.'

'Thou art no philosopher—thou dost not bear defeat with manliness.'

'I care nothing about philosophy. I have other matters to think of.'

'That should not prevent thee from keeping a civil tongue in thy head.'

'I have done thy bidding. We are in the open air,' said the strange being.

The knight had now an opportunity to scan his unknown guide. He appeared, as he stood there moodily in the moonlight, a man of large proportions, and possessed of much brute strength. He was encased in rusty armor, which had seen much service. He threw up his visor, and the features that were left uncovered were coarse and savage. Both nether and upper lip was covered with dark grisly beard.

'What is thy calling?' asked the knight.

'I have no calling.'

'How livest thou?'

'I live by dale and down.'

'A hunter?'

'Thou sayest truly. I hunt men—ha! ha! Fine sport it is. Didst ever hunt men, Infidel?'

'I suspected thy calling, thou most savage. Thou art a bandit. This castle affords thee and thy fellows shelter. I'll wager my best steed in stall that I have met one of thy fellows within the hour.'

'Thou wert never nearer the truth. May perdition seize thee for thy intrusion. Hadst thou fallen in with my fellows, thou hadst been food for crows ere this.'

'Thou hast fallen into my hands, what then shall be thy fate?' replied the knight.

'I care but little. Do thy worst,' was the sullen and almost fierce rejoinder.

'How many villains hast thou in thy service, thou of the moody brow?'

'Twenty.'

'Are they bold and trusty?'

'They are as daring fellows as ever drew blood,' replied the bandit, with an air of savage triumph.

'If I harm thee not, and give thee thy liberty, wilt thou serve me in the hour of need?'

'I will, by my soul!' cried the freebooter, with a warmth he had not before manifested.

'On this condition, thou art free to go whither thou wilt. Here is gold for thee.' The knight put yellow pieces into the bandit's hand.

For a moment the bandit gazed on the generous knight in doubt. Then he drew a ring of value from his hand, and placed it upon one of the fingers of his vanquisher, giving him at the same time a small silver call, saying:

'When thou wouldst have aid in the hour of thy need, blow this call and show this ring. If thou art within these wilds, the bandit and his knaves will stand between the Moorish knight and death.' The bandit waved his hand, moved slowly away, and his herculean figure was soon lost to view.

Not far from the castle was the weird tree where the Bohemian was to meet the knight. Thither the latter now directed his footsteps. The night was deep on wild and wood. The moon was high in the heavens. Its pale beams with difficulty struggled down through the trees, and lighted the warrior on his dubious way. The ground before him was rugged and lonely. Seldom was it traversed by night save by freebooter, or wild beast in quest of prey. Well might the traveller expect at every uncertain step, to be greeted by one or the other. The Moor was soon on the spot. The Bohemian was not there. The knight seated himself beneath the tree. He judged it was near the time appointed for the meeting. Some minutes elapsed, and still he came not. The knight grew impatient—arose to his feet and walked forward to divert his thoughts. A sound came to his ear, borne upon the low night wind. He laid his hand on his sword, and hastened on in the direction from whence it proceeded. As he hurried forward, the sounds grew [illegible] soon apparent—two persons were engaged in fierce conflict. The knight paused, and watched the contest. In a moment a third person made his appearance, and there was two engaged with one.

'Cowards!' cried the knight, as he sprang forward to the aid of him who seemed to need it. 'Is not one to one enough. Have at you.'

The fellows were taken by surprise, and fled. The knight turned to the person he had assisted. It was the Bohemian.

'Ha! it is thou?'

'It is the wandering Bohemian—the hated of all races,' was the cold reply. 'He has come according to thy bidding.'

'And it has well nigh proved fatal to thee.'

'Well, what matters *that*. Who would have wept for the accursed wanderer, save a wretched woman?'

The knight gazed with pity upon the Bohemian.

'Thou hast been faithful to me—henceforth look upon me as thy friend,' he said kindly.

'What wouldst thou have of me?' he asked abruptly, without otherwise heeding the gentleness of the Infidel knight. 'I am here at thy bidding.'

'Strange being!' muttered the Moor. 'Thou dost want no friends, then?'

'None—none! This is my friend, and you see I tread upon it.' The Bohemian struck his foot violently upon the earth.

'Thou sayest well. The earth is the friend of all. It sustains us while living, and affords us a grave when dead. Dear and deep is its rest.'

'Where didst thou leave the knight of Calatrava and his bold squire?' he added after a pause.

'Far away, many a weary league from this, in the Uncanny Vale, where dwell an uncanny people. There they watch for Sir Haro and his treasonable friends. They will watch long ere they find them.'

'Knowest thou aught of this traitor, Sir Haro?'

'I know that this night he hath much business upon his hands.'

'What meanest thou?'

'He has king to betray, and maid to woo, and a child to earth.'

'Explain, and be quick.'

'Ere this hour, she thou lovest is sweeping like the wind over the wild moor, borne in brawny arms.'

'By the Koran! has Sir Haro dared—'

'Yes, he has dared—thy nest is robbed—thy pretty bird is caught.'

'This very night, thou sayest?'

'This very hour.'

'Tell me where—whither she is being carried, and I will fly to her rescue. Speak man!' shouted the knight.

'Be calm,' said the Bohemian, quietly.

'Speak to me again of calmness, and I will transfix thee,' retorted the knight, passionately.

'Be calm,' was the cold, impassive response, while not a muscle of the Bohemian's face told of emotion.

The Moor drew his sword half from its sheath—paused an instant—sheathed it, and said quietly, 'Take thy own way.'

'She thou lovest, is in the power of my ruffians. At this moment they are bearing her to our wild retreat.'

'Thou didst lend thyself to this transaction, then?'

'I did. Am I not in the service of Sir Haro?' he replied, with provoking coolness.

'Art thou not in my service, thou knave?'

'Is it not doing thee a service to tell thee where thy rival hath borne thy lady-love?'

'Why shouldst thou help him?'

'That I might help thee, and be cursed for my pains.'

'Ha! I see it all; thou hast done well. I have been too hard with thee. Much gold shall be thy meed.'

The Bohemian heard with a cold sneer upon his lips.

'Thou wilt take me to her?' said the knight.

'Ay! and be repaid with menaces?'

'No! thou and thine shall dwell in safety in the land of the Moor—within the walls of Toledo, if thou wilt—I swear it,' rejoined the Crescent, with deep earnestness.

'To-morrow, I will show thee the way.'

Here the Bohemian explained all that had transpired within the last twenty-four hours.

'Thou didst say he had child to earth,' said the Moor.

'And I spoke sooth. As I came hither upon my good steed, I heard the sharp cry of woman. I went thither. A woman wept over a dead youth. The youth had fallen by the hand of the Black Knight. It was the son of the traitor, and the woe-wild female was its dam. The young man died in his father's arms, and the latter with a heart full of agony mounted his courser, and dashed furiously away.'

The Moor grew thoughtful.

'I shall pass the remainder of the night at the castle. Thou canst pass it where thou wilt. Meet me here when the sun is up,' he said, at length.

'Is there not danger at the castle?'

'None for me, Bohemian—none for me.'

The Moor returned to the castle, and strode boldly in. At the gate stood a horse covered with foam, and panting as over driven.

The knight passed on, and entered the hall. A man was seated there with his face buried

THE LADIES' HOME JOURNAL

# MOONLIGHT ON THE POTOMAC

Illustrated by Howard Chandler Christy

in his beard pillow. He seemed to be suffering deeply.

"The scrub—the hour of destiny has gone forever. My fate is fixed. Henceforth must I be the villain I have ever been. The hour of my moral reformation is dead. My course is on. I will study to be successful, even in my wickedness. I will be a villain successful, and unsteady villain. I will be a villain successful, and unsteady villain. I will be a villain successful, and unsteady villain

THE LIFE OF THE PARTY

"Time is our very worst, gentle reader, and we cannot help but feel that you wish with pain at such weighty trifles."

—Extract from Publisher's Preface.

P. GLEASON, PROPRIETOR.

NATHAN R. SALLOW, EDITOR.

[C]The issue of The Flag of Our Union on [illegible] per annum, invariably in advance. The paper is always discontinued at the expiration of the time for which the money is paid. Specimen copies sent free.

[illegible] communications designed for publication in the paper, and all letters on business, should be addressed, Gleason's Publication Building, Boston, Mass. Proprietor of The Flag of Our Union.

## To Our Correspondents.

—The Fair Maid, or Mother Wit.—An original prose sketch, by FRANCIS S. DONNARD, and in the hands of the printer.

—"Twilight."—A fine poem, by a new contributor, is filed for our use.

—"Lines to a Visitor," a poem, sent by Mr. DAVID L. RAVEN, will be filed for use. It is a composition, and a well-conducted plot, shall appear in the columns of The Flag in a very few weeks. Miss BLAKE will find her asset awaits.

—"Lines to Mary."—By the incorrigible old joker, Mr. JOHN T. FOLSOM, of Boston, Mass.

—"Autumn," a reasonable poem, by EDWARD WILLIAMS, is well received, and shall appear very soon.

—"Death Married," a prose sketch, by Mrs. E. WHEELER, is filed for use, and shall appear in due time.

—The Blind Widow, a romance, by J. M. HOWARD, is also accepted for next month's paper.

—"Lines to Mary."—A poem, by ELMER WILLIAMS, filed, and will appear in due time.

—"The Voice of Love," a poem, by M. O. HOLMES, is received.

—"Old Nick" For Short" an exceedingly pretty poem, by a new contributor, Miss ANNIE E. CARTER, is received, and shall appear in due time. We hope to hear from her again. She is ripe in ability and must practice her pen.

—"Lines to a Lady Friend," a humorous poem, by KING, conveying a healthy mood, filed for the fifth number.

—"Lines to a Lady."—A very pretty poem, by ANON, we do not like the idea of comparing ourselves with insects. Still, the poem is filed for use, and shall appear in a month or two. Our correspondent is referred to the article "On Dying Child." "The Lover's Address," "The Mysterious Lover," "Lines to Mary," "Lines to Lucy," "To F. S.," are respectfully declined.

—"The Lost Child."—Declined, contributions so hasty that shall receive early attention.

## Thoughts in our Chair.

We would fain find in ourselves our feelings with those of a friend, but we cannot. Our pen has [illegible] to it. It must be copied fair to be an editor. "Let me see what," what do you see so attractive in it? "Oh, you can go to the [illegible] of the manuscript." was the reply, "all interesting exhibitions; you are made the recipient of numberless invitations to discern and society gatherings, and in short you can go next time wherever you please, and be more welcome than you are now." By & for all this, why, you have only to write a few leading articles on some new or old subjects, and scrutinize a few columns."

Now as this is just about the estimate that one half of the community put upon an editor's labors, it is worth while perhaps to undertake them. We think that a party or a certain *blonde* of advocacy to the theories is such a pleasant thing, that we can not help but say a word of the thing, if you visited them as a duty in order to keep a faithful record of their movements for others, or for the weal took upon an invitation in a public dinner as a perfect bore, in a short time, and sigh for a quiet rest of something good and homespun by yourself—

You would like a position which would enable you to move abroad without being bored to death by the author of some new invention that is absolutely natural, or talked half out of your sense of feasting by the adherent of some new idea of medicine that the stock brokers desire to coax down the public throat. You would like a position of interest to a situation where you would not run the risk of making a mental enemy each week by a single dash of the pen, and you would be very glad to find yourself no longer a *public target*.

You would not perhaps find it such fun to be a public servant, and to receive a score of anonymous letters of manner each week, each as well, glad or sorry, in pain or pleasure. Be there ever such a dearth of subjects, still your brain must serve the given quantity at matter. You must write cheerfully and pleasantly, though your head be bent in ashy, or your mind harassed by some severe domestic affliction. You must be logically and properly cut together, when the article is complete. It may be mid-perhaps in five minutes, it may be out the author has expended a thought and labor in originals. A little string of gems of thought, the most unexpected of themes below, but that require only a few moments to peruse, may have required hours of reading to cull from the extended writings of some great author.

And then we might go on and easily show you that although these matters are but below par in such an editorial and pleasant [illegible], yet, like the diamond that sparkles in its rich setting of gold, and represents in many divisions all radiating most brilliant and magical light, still it must have been in a rough state once, and there must have been a vast deal of mechanical labor, judgment, taste and skill expended upon it, before it could be laid before you in this acceptable and beautiful form.

CUBA.—The London Standard talks boldly about England's taking possession of the island of Cuba, and thinks she can "at will lock up the trade of the Southern States." Don't trouble your head about Cuba, Mr. Standard, it will belong to the country which has more men and guns, in spite of John Bull and all Europe.

A DEAR WORKER.—It is said that a girl in Frankfort, Maine, was struck dumb by the firing of a cannon. Since then, it is said that a number of married men have been struck with fervy compassion at home and discharge their pieces on their premises.

DELICATE COMPLIMENT.—Some one has presented the editor of the Lower Rock Gazette with a squash, signifying, we suppose, that he's "some pumpkins."

A HOG.—Measure should punish scamps even in every serious duty deliver—*Temperance Journal*.

If they go to mixing liquors in the dark they will make a hot of it at once!

THE ITALIAN OPERA SEASON is NEW YORK are giving twenty-five cent concerts.

## Ned Buntline's Sentence.

This notorious individual has at last been stamped with a legal brand as a villain for life. After a fair and impartial trial he has been found guilty of having been a ringleader and prompter in the late fearful riots in New York, relative to the Macready and Forrest tragedy, and is sentenced to the State prison for the officers. His sentence is most singularly light, being committed for but one year. which he chiefly deserved to be imprisoned for ten at least. The fine was also small—two hundred and fifty dollars. When it is realized how much property and human life was destroyed by the actions of this vile, we think that every one will exclaim in astonishment at the trifling character of Judson's penalty. Even Recorder Barnard, whose action of E. Z. C. Judson, alias Ned Buntline, has obtained for himself a most unenviable notoriety in various acts of ill treatment. We are glad that this session has been divested, but as to the sentence we have only to say that we had known but a fortnight, why, we can hardly seek our sympathy up in the earth.

## Golden Sands.

*Gathered from the writings of Shakespeare for the Flag*

A plague of opinion! a man may wear it on both sides, like a leather jerkin.

Happy are they that hear their own dereliction, and they are happy in avoiding.

If our virtues did not go forth of us, 'twere all alike as if we had them not.

A man may smile and smile, and be a villain.

Let us not burden our remembrances with a heaviness that's gone.

Heaven, that an honest wight towards earth, fashioned for the journey, dull and heavy.

It will fade out, to have what we'd have, we speak not what we mean.

Our compelled sins stand more for number than accent.

Small cheer and great welcome makes a merry feast.

Be thou as chaste as ice, as pure as snow, thou shalt not escape calumny.

A man may see how this world goes with no eyes; look with thine ears.

Civil dissension is a viperous worm, that gnaweth the bowels of the commonwealth.

Nature of sweet and sour of tone are worse than priests and fiares that lie.

Suspicion ever haunts the guilty mind; the thief doth fear each bush an officer.

Brevity is the soul of wit, and tediousness the limbs and outward flourishes.

Care is no cure, but rather corrosive, for things that can be helped are nonsense.

By medicine life may be prolonged, yet death will seize the doctor too.

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## Ideas of Happiness.

How vastly do we differ in our individual conceptions of what constitutes true happiness! it is so true that what's one man's meat is another man's poison, and that the path of duty is to be wondered at. It was Grey, the poet, we believe, who said that the greatest curse is the payment which he could imagine, was to be all day on a sofa and read books of romance. A Mr. Thompson, of the Bowery, a man not equally fertile, when he replied to a question of what were his ideas of a future state, he said, said he, he turned into a buffalo, and shall be down on a meadow of green grass two days my head, and eat all day long, and there won't be a single mosquito to annoy me."

Each person will find a quite a difference of the principle, was the remark of the little boy, who said he wished he was a Presbyterian, because then he could swing all day upon the gate, and eat 'lasses candy!

## The Sandwich Islands

So rapidly is the native population diminishing, that the probability is that by the end of the next ten or fifteen years not a native will be found on the islands. Indeed, one of the oldest residents of Honolulu says he remembered the opinion that this result will be reached within the next five years. Four-fifths of the natives have disappeared since the first visit of Capt. Cook, a period of seventy years, and about one-half of the remainder have died within the last year. The missionaries estimate the number of deaths during the past year at about six hundred, or nearly one per cent. of the whole population. A majority of the children born die before they are two years old. The present population of the islands is about eighty thousand.

## In a Mad House.—A case has occurred in Cincinnati of a nose woman being confined in a mad house. An order was obtained from a judge to falsely, and the authorities of the Mad House, incensed upon it. The keeper, however, had been taken in his presence one day, discovered that she had been made a victim of, and that she was not insane. He immediately released her, and she is now happily enjoying the boon restored to her.

## The Snarkers, or the *Cruiser of Long Island*.

A new fragment of reading is now circulated this popular story in book form, with a new chapter, and the original ending to the story. Those who desire to procure the tale complete can obtain a copy of the same, or do so by calling at any of the periodical depots.

A Cheap Offer.—We send any six of our twenty-five cent books to one address for one dollar. Any person can form a library, specifying those desired, which can be selected from the list contained in this paper, and the books will be sent by next mail, or by express.

A Hit.—A Texas paper gets off the following hit at Northern humbug:—"A Yankee patriot has recently petitioned Congress to pass a bill for the demolition of the great chain of mountains in Texas, which are an eyesore to the symmetry of a free country to bear away.

A Present for Jenny Lind.—Mr. Charles Scudder, of Philadelphia, has had a collection of her songs superbly bound, with rich morocco and gilt, expressly for his future country-woman. The Swedish nightingale will find it worth $100.

We are obliged to our friends Bunker, Gonic & Co., for a copy of their Almanac, containing much useful information.

What do you mean by that? Did they put you through a course of sprouts, sonny?

The Old Elm and the Fountain.—The fine poem by Elim in our last week's paper is a charming production. Will the intruder favor us let us hear from her again?

Gold.—H. R. M. ship Calypso arrived at Portsmouth, England, Sept. 13, from South America, with $3,000,000, $100,000 of which was California gold.

## Wit and Humor.

From our Foreign Files.

The increase of the clothes was leading to much expense and vanity, necessary laws were necessary in London.

The French Government have built, or have now in progress of construction, thirty-five first-rates, vessels of various classes.

Thiers is the name of a new musical artist, who has been made a great lion in Paris. *Paris* should be great on the piano.

The queen of Spain has given birth to a son and a princess, who has been baptized by Pius IX. Her names exceed thirty.

The early vines killed the cranberries in the meadows of Massachusetts.

The commissioners on the Arabbercum in Great Britain, estimate the value of labor lost through intemperance at one hundred millions sterling.

Robert Palmer, custom agent, of Nottingham, has just closed in this country with his wife. The queen of Spain is expected to purchase dies and cards to a large amount.

A new line of steamers to ply between Liverpool and the Mediterranean, has been established, and a daily express to Marseilles runs in nine ready for sea.

The Emperor of Russia has degraded one of the princes of the empire, Prince Gorgiatschikoff, to the position of a serf, for having been complimentary to the Emperor Napoleon.

It is rumored that the pope does not mean to resume his residence at Rome, but to Bologna. This city has many commendations over Rome, is more central by a well, and less exclusive gates.

Upwards of 1500 are lodge boys are employed in Dublin from the county of Mayo for the purpose of learning English and acquiring education ever-ed.

## Dewdrops of Wisdom.

A handful of *another* wit is worth a bushel of sense.

Every fine title you have, while the fool is raising for more.

We have little pity on others until we are in a similar case ourselves.

God love me from him whom I trust; from him whom I trust not, I shall keep myself.

Vulgars used to say that the heart never grew old, but that it became sad from being judged in a fool.

Many that have passed the rocks of gross sin have been cast on the sands of self-righteousness.

There is always hope in a man that actuals with unseemly wales, says Carlyle, 'tis idle that he is altogether contemptible.

Hundreds of gigantic heroes have been slain, and thousand of cowards survive, after making a little more wrath.

Let the man who has his causes into the world, to find unwillingly—lashes ready made for his mind as well as his back.

The glory of a good man is the testimony of his conscience, and the witness of his virtues have inward peace amidst troubles.

The best cure for a man who is lunatic—One half of the melancholy that you run through in this world, is occasioned by debt. The best fun in the world is society.

When you have lost your money, you lose only one; when you lose your character, you lose heaven you to recover it as you can.

Time, which accomplishes everything for the formation of intimate friendships in the higher walks of life, destroys them in the lower ones. The soul tones more rare and relished, the organ is one needs more than the wisdom of nature, than in ten years among those of society.

## The Joker's Budget.

The only way to obtain the *liquid* action of a full square a tight landlord is to visit his bar and drink it dry.

"I come to seek" as the rat said to the trap, when he entered the cupboard in which it was supplied to the rat.

Young gentlemen who would succeed in love should woo gently. It is not fashionable to be rough, but it is to be tender.

Some one says it's mighty cold business this going to law, for it is the lawyers who get no.

Mathew, you said your son was a physician—has he much practice? "Why, you see, he has a practice—of riding about in a chaise."

Aunt Betsey would like the shortest lady ever, if it didn't take so much of her to make a set we like. She thinks it quite shocking, for a friend say's she looked at both heels or, or else he's got the calm—he can't tell which, a kiss or a slap on the face, and always misses at some-nations.

Coxes say that when one paper complimented another, by speaking of the "fine industry of its contemporary," it was generally, no doubt.

A little boy using a drunken man prostrate before the door of a groggery, opened the door and exclaimed, "Oh, ma, here's a man drunk has come, neighbor, you'd ago has fallen down."

Every man in this country may be sure of a beauty was the ungrateful act of eating eggs; for he can never be sure whether he is eating the tenth to a blazing eat of hot corn—that's all.

A candidate for governor says he practiced in politics, and in order to succeed in the papers, a member of the legislature, a practising attorney, and thinks he will have a good deal of business near like a book.

"I never was in a scrape I harmed you," said a shortie to a wild chap the other day, "Oh, yes" says the Sheriff, you are right, for I never was in a scrape in you or your office, surely I should if you should ever commit a crime there is no virtue in you."

Better a selling at seventeen cents in January, and cause lately sold there was no strong call for it, than a purchase at twenty-five cents next to hold it in the wings. The buyer had to hold it to the wings, and then got a pleader-ure to drive it down into him.

## Miscellaneous Items.

A church structure in the old English Gothic style is going up in Brooklyn, which it is on the rise of St. Paul's church, lately burned, and for the same location, spire-ly will have a tower one hundred and fifty feet high, and steeple.

We learn from the Winchester (Va.) Republican that two or twelve negroes left that county on Saturday night, belonging to Messrs. Hollis & Newton. Six of these negro stealers, and in the effort they and seven of white men were severely injured.

Calomel, the British bargoon, gave £75 a year, to any child of an executed criminal, who can offered to turn off a criminal for nothing and in full up to a hundred years. The inducement could do it, but it was to no purpose. Calomel was refused.

An immense white or polar bear was recently shot by two sailors on board of a whaling vessel, on the north-eastern coast of Labrador. The bear was 12 feet 6 inches long and 2500 pounds. The skin was taken to Halifax to be stuffed.

Mr. Buchanan has pronounced to the National Institute, at Washington, a natural curiosity consisting of breast, back and bellies. They are captured in one of the battles of the Revolutionary War. The brisket bears evidence of several very severe sabre cuts, and a blow at once a musket. The weight of the three articles is twenty-six pounds; also, the coat of a dragoon leaver, taken at the storming of Monterey.

## Local Matters.

Quill and Scissors.

The Nashtuxpet Herald states that the steamer California, which has been running from that place to Havenhill during the season, has been sold for the purpose of being shipped to San Francisco.

The Lowell Courier is laboring in Albany, was found dead in a chair in his house; his wife with him in their chamber was absent, and he retired alone with a razor and laid to death. Jealousy was the supposed cause.

The Ledger says the Sheriff of Pittsfield, Mass., has received a writ of attachment on the United States Hotel, in that place, for the sum of $30,000 per year! The sheriff of New York would have attached $100,000 per annum!

It is very wrong to say that suicide is always the result of insanity. Many of the most intelligent seamen prevents it, for as many die by their own hands as by the hands of those they are afraid to die.

The Alta California, San Francisco, July 29, says, Professor Shepherd, of one of the most celebrated Italian Opera companies in America, Signora Rosa, and two young graduates of Yale are getting names about this place.

Martin Luther, canister of Cambridge Bank, was found dead in his room, on Saturday morning last, which has borne three crops this season, and is now in progress for the fourth harvest.

A young man being cured of a mental proclivities, by being present as a skimmish, a few days since, in which he had no skill in the art by distinction, but the small of *sulphur* cured him.

One hundred and fifty tons of iron have been shipped from Boston to California, in quality it is superior to the yield of Stafford's celebrated mines, and its merits as a superior iron are cited.

Robert Murphy, of Westerlies, acting on depository sheriff, was shot and dangerously wounded in the streets of Providence, Saturday, N. P. M. died on Wednesday, leaving an assassination unsolved.

Nonpareil Newcomb, inducted at Trenton, N. J., on Saturday last, by the Governor of that State, Governor Pennington, and is now one of the State of our father, and to be imprisoned for ten days.

Royal marriages are much upon the topic at present. The Queen of Spain is to marry a Count, a Saxon Princess, and Prince George of Saxony to the Princess Maria Antonia, of Portugal.

A woman named Smith, a performer in the different representations, died in a lunatic asylum of insanity, brought on by the use of ardent spirits, on Wednesday morning, in Boston.

There is not much association between the Irish and Scotch. The Irish are more of the Hutchinsons, less abandoned sensation, and much the 'swearing' portion of the community.

Gov. Rooney, of Minnesota, and Ex-Governor Ramsey, of Pennsylvania, appointed Commissioners to meet with the Sioux Indians for the purpose of making the individual treaty.

The whole of the public lands in Mississippi, belonging to the United States, have been surveyed and brought into the market. Of these lands 1,000,000 acres are pine.

The French ministers, according to a Washington letter, have left Washington, N. Y., and the case of dismissal was received. The electors of Pennsylvania, it is said, will support Buchanan.

At the Newburyport Court of Common Pleas, on Friday last, Mr. Jonathan Greenleaf obtained a verdict of $276, against Charles Greenleaf, for the sum of $1,000, damages was $600.

The weather having died when an infant was four months old, its grandmother, Mrs. Ann Weather, undertook to bring it up by hand, but the child died, and mixed it in the health.

The Boston Post says that a man named Hardy committed suicide on Saturday evening last, by cutting his throat with a razor, in the New York Hotel.

The Philadelphia Inquirer states that in the Pennsylvania Railroad Company's shops there are made per annum. In Baldwin, 60 locomotives; in Norris, 60; in Lancaster, 60.

Miss Francis T. Clark of Westerly, R. I., has entered a suit for breach of promise of marriage against Otis Pendleton, of Stonington, Conn., in the sum of twenty thousand dollars.

The Waverley House, in Rochester, N. Y., was burned on Wednesday night, and on the Saturday evening last, and partly consumed.

The New York Tribune says that the census on addition of 1850 volumes, from the Chancellor Livingston Library, and the collection of French authors.

Mr. Thomas Ess, an esteemed citizen of Sandusky, N. J., was killed on the 15th ult., by the accidental discharge of his gun while hunting.

The colored men in Louisville have organized themselves into a company to enlist in the Mexican war. They number about 100 men.

A man named Hardy committed suicide by cutting his throat with a razor, in the New York Hotel, on Saturday evening last.

The Springfield Republican states that a Mr. Bowers, while engaged in blasting rocks, was instantly killed by the premature explosion of a blast.

Commander Pinkus has been tried by court martial, and found guilty of neglect of duty in the naval service for cruelty and falsehood.

The Rev. Mr. Hamilton, formerly of Virginia, lived in Oregon, arrived at San Francisco August 4, after having been 18 days at sea.

A large quantity of furniture made in Philadelphia, to the order of an English gentleman, was destroyed by fire on the night of Saturday week last.

Two persons from Louisiana, Mississippi and Alabama, refusing to the ravages of the yellow fever, have arrived at Boston.

The Springfield Republican relates that a man named Hamilton, while drunk, fell from a lately, picked forty-five bottles of whortleberries.

A Western editor says that they have nominated a man by the name of Cass for the presidency, on account of his re-fusal.

The Rev. Mr. Hamilton, formerly of Pope's time thereafter the fact, that the first time he ever was in the same place of the pale, and saw about thirty feet in diameter.

In Green Bay on the 5th ult. McCarty, a Belgian Roman Catholic priest, was killed by a team by cutting his jugular vein.

The Lowell Courier says that Sam elected Prudence of the St. Louis University. He is now in the 18th year of his age.

Mr. Dooley, of West Zanesville, Ohio, has been a guest for the last 18 years, and is now in weight 14 ounces.

The Boston papers state that each leaf of a tree has a herd of insects grazing upon it like a flock of sheep.

Lorenzo Dow, Esq., member of the British Parliament from Sligo, has been appointed Secretary to the country.

The Boston society is a merry-go-round, but first makes to giddy and then sick.

To play a game of chess is to fight, not to pour pitcher for every thirst.

The Lowell Courier says that in Worcester two new sewing machines were produced.

Mr. Hiram Bowers, of Lyndon, Vermont, shot and killed himself in Olsen, N. York.

A beautiful kind of ornamental glass has been invented, called pearl glass.

Acorns is rife and healthy; repose is death everywhere.

The Acadian (N. S.) Recorder complains of the potato rot.

We do not find a pearl in every shell.

## Amusements.

Hierschfeld and a troupe of Italians have been delighting the Bostonians with rich vocal entertainments, combining rare talent with choice selections. The Howard Athenæum is very prosperous under Manager Barnes, and the best dramatic companies are on good actors. Mrs. Barnett, at the Boston Museum, is in great favor with the public and her house is always full, and the audiences in the very best humor. The Bowery Theatre has been opened, and promises well for the winter season. We saw Thomas Placide, formerly the stock company, exhibiting those of the favorite Mrs. Sefton, Mrs. Mace, Mr. Hoss and Mr. Wheatley. Mr. Placide is also lecturer in School street at the Horticultural Hall, of an evening, and we hear he is called on to do so by free drawings of Col. Fremont and other prominent surveyors. Stockwell's picture of the Father of Waters is as successful as ever, and deserves the popularity it has won. We understand that Mr. Ole Bull, of Bergen, Norway, is now in this city, is now writing a tragedy, portraying some of the most touching events in Roman history. Mr. Wyman is the author of a highly interesting work on the Indians of Florida, years since at one of our theatres. We are gratified to learn that Mr Wyman has just written an appropriate play for a prominent officer in the curious house of this city.

We observe the name of many of our old Boston favorites in various parts of the country. We see that Lewis Baker is in the southern and western tour, after which he goes to England. Field, late of the St. Louis Revivlle, is in Cincinnati, and Mr. Thompson, late of man, after performing in New York, goes to Philadelphia, and thence to Boston.

## A Voice to Universalists.

This is the title of a new work from the pen of a lady of Boston, which will be published by J. M. Usher of this city. The book is embellished with a fine steel portrait of the author, and embraces both for its artistic excellence and an admirable likeness. The letter press is of the very best kind, and the whole publication book is gotten up in the very best style. Mr. Usher deserves the name of making it out and receiving popularity, and this remuneration from his liberal publication. We have received a copy of the work, and we can assure the public that it is a work of great merit, and possesses additional attraction to all who know the author. The publisher has sold a large edition of the work in this week, a selection from Mr. Ballou's early poems.

## The Public Garden.

The Commonwealth of Massachusetts, in their recent report, treatis, in relation to the Public Garden, that the land in the public city of any city dictum ex ado, it may be laid out in such a manner with walk-ways ashamed with rows of trees, and shrubbery, which, a wall in the centre of each street, as would render it, not only a handsome, but also a very desirable spot for the most genteel residences, but also a very desirable spot for the most genteel residences, but also a very desirable spot for the most genteel residences

# MISCELLANEOUS.

[Written for The Flag of our Union.]

## VILLAGE CURIOSITY.

AN INTERESTING AFFECTING INCIDENT.

BY W. D. WADE.

In one of the sweetest parts of a rural inland county of England was a little hamlet, but seldom visited by tourists, being remote from the bustling commercial cities, and unfamed for anything particularly attractive to visiters. The population, therefore, consisted of the gentry farmers and laborers, whose forefathers had resided there for generations.

Now and then some adventurous mechanic or aspiring ploughman would leave the spot in hopes of bettering his fortune, and a new family might supply the place, but such changes were very rare. There was, of course, the 'Village Inn,' for though it might be supposed that if there were so little travel through the place, it could not afford support to such an establishment, nevertheless it was considered as indispensable in olden times, as the village church or parson, the village surgeon or village church-yard.

The public house was the evening *rendezvous* after the day's toil was over, full as much for the lounge, the gossip, as for the *fine old ale*. It was in lieu of the books, newspapers, the meetings of all sorts, debating clubs, etc., that in modern days have nearly superseded the rustic ale-house. Everything has its favorable as well as unfavorable aspect, and though no rational being would advocate *intemperance* or cry up *brutal* ignorance, yet one may safely affirm that in olden times there was real enjoyment in those humble hostelries. The mind was not harassed with dwelling on political troubles and grievances, and soured by the instigation of public agitators who embitter the feelings of their hearers, breed discontent and sow dissensions and ill-will amongst the different classes of society, as is too much the case now-a-days. Whether the people are as much happier now, as they think they are wiser than formerly, it is foreign to our purpose to discuss. Let all enjoy their own opinions. This we will advance, not to promote discussion, but merely as a circumstance necessary to our story, that there was an inn of the kind at the village of Merton Dale, and in the best or rather only parlor sat a stranger, in converse with the portly landlord.

Who could he be, and what brought him to the town? (the inhabitants of the place sometimes dignifying it by that appellation)—were the queries that passed eagerly round amongst the old cronies in the clean-sanded tap-room, where their nightly draughts were quaffed.—An important man was mine host to have so much to excite the curiosity of his customers. This was no visiter to the gentry, not one of them.

'What think ye, neighbors, the strange genman wants to hire the cottage where the old widow lady lived so long, and which has been shut up since her death? He asked me a main sight o' questions, I can tell ye, about t' ways o' t' folks. I tell't him it wur rather a lonesome place loike for such as he—for the great folks at all seldom spent more than a few weeks in t' year—when he stopped me quite sudden, saying, "So much the better, it will just suit me, I don't want to see company." He got I to go wie him to farmer Darley's, who has t' key o' t' house, and the long and short on't is—he be a cooming there next week.'

The news spread quickly through the village that a stranger had taken Rose Cottage, and various were the surmises as to who he could be, and what were his motives for choosing this retired spot. Neither the landlord nor farmer Darley was any wiser than the rest. He seemed a grand gentleman, they said, but so distant in his way, that somehow they could not ask him many questions. All they had learnt was, that his name was Everard, and that his family consisted only of himself, his wife and an old female domestic. It will be almost impossible to convey an idea of the gossip and excitement such a simple occurrence as a new family moving into the village could and did cause.

In this country of perpetual change and travel, and in a place of any size, such a trifling event would excite very little if any notice, but in that small, secluded, quiet, and, if we might be allowed a figure of speech, that sedentary spot, it was far different. Few ever removed to or from it without some visible and known reason; now, as these people had assigned no view in coming to a place where they had no friends or business to attract them to it, this was quite enough to arouse their curiosity. No one knew where they had previously resided. They rented the house furnished as it was, and made additional purchases (after their arrival) from the nearest town, of all that was wanting to make it comfortable—so that nothing of their previous history could be learned by the usual means.

It was evening when they arrived at the cottage, and thus the loiterers had caught but a glimpse of the lady, who was assisted, yea almost carried into the house. This was good news for the village doctor and apothecary. Mrs. Everard was, of course, in ill health, and he hoped very soon to be in attendance on her. But as day after day passed on and no summons came for him, he suggested to his worthy lady who was gifted with no small portion of the inquisitiveness generally, if ungallantly supposed exclusively the characteristic of the fair sex—that it would be but a proper and considerate attention to call on the newly arrived inmates of Rose Cottage, and that he would accompany her there after service on Sunday, to which she readily acquiesced.

The expectations of the villagers, that they would see the strangers at church, were disappointed. They might be fatigued, however, so nothing unfavorable could be augured from that as yet; but when week after week elapsed, and neither of the couple entered the doors of the sacred edifice, it became the theme of animadversion, and not a few uncharitable surmises were the consequence of the unusual circumstance—for there was scarcely a family in the neighborhood of any rank, station or condition, poor or rich, from which some of the members did not weekly resort to the house of prayer. The vicar had called, was politely received, and was much pleased with the manner and language of Mr. Everard, who appeared certainly to be a man highly educated, and one who must have mixed much in the world. The clergyman warmly pressed him to use no ceremony, but to come over and see them of an evening, as often as they were disposed for society, of which he mentioned there was very little, and that confined to formal dinner parties with the gentry scattered within the circuit of some miles. He said his wife and daughters would call as soon as they thought it would be agreeable to Mrs. Everard. The reverend gentleman was surprised, that instead of the usual courteous and commonplace, 'We shall be most happy, etc.,' there was embarrassment and vexation visible in the looks and manner of the stranger, for which he was not prepared, and which his words did not explain. He merely faltered in reply, that for the present they saw no company, as Mrs. Everard's health made it unpleasant to her to receive or go into company. The clergyman on this hint, of course could not, at that early stage of acquaintance, ask any questions, yet he felt surprised that an exception was not made in his favor at any rate, in virtue of his clerical capacity.

The doctor and his lady called as they proposed, and were received by the gentleman only. They were certain the lady was in the room when they rapped, for as the door was opened they caught a glimpse of her as she was ascending the stairs, and they observed that she had her handkerchief to her eyes.—It being customary for strangers to be thus called upon, these first visits could not be considered as intended to be intrusive. They were politely received, but requested to excuse a return of their civility, as neither he nor Mrs. Everard meant to enter into society, and in fact, that the object in choosing this retired village was to avoid the calls of acquaintances, as Mrs. Everard's health and spirits were weak, and society was irksome to her. A few vain attempts were made by doctor and Mrs. Hartwell to elicit something that might explain the cause of this state of feeling, but good breeding prevented any direct queries, and finding that no further information could be obtained at present, they took their departure after as long a visit as under the circumstances they could decently make.

Mrs. Hartwell protested, on taking leave, that she should be quite ready at any time to come up and sit with his lady, whenever she felt able to see her and desirous of company—that for her part she knew what it was to be nervous, and therefore could feel for her, and that it was by no means good for any such persons to be left too much by themselves—it made them melancholy.

Mr. Everard smiled mournfully, thanked the good lady kindly, but shook his head.

'Not at present, madam,' he replied, 'not at present can we accept your kind offer.'

The doctor was astonished that if she was in this nervous state his visits were not desired (professionally), even if his wife's attentions were declined. It was a mere pretext. She was able to walk about, that was plain. Why was she thus retired?

Of course, though presented to the reader at one view, it was several months before the various rumors and surmises gained ground and took a definite form. As the new comers had not appeared at church, only two of the neighboring families, besides those already named, had called on them, and these having been similarly informed of the wish for retirement, the strangers were for a while suffered to enjoy the seclusion they desired.

When the weather was fine, Mr. Everard would walk out with the lady in a retired lane, shaded by fine old trees, or in the meadows about the cottage, but always at such times and in such directions least likely to be met by any one. She was never seen unattended, either by the female who had come with them or her husband. This singularity was soon generally observed, and people thought it very strange. A country girl had been hired to do the work of the kitchen, but she had seldom been in the room with Mrs. Everard, as she was called, but was she really entitled to the name? Was she actually his wife? Was she not, more probably, some unfortunate deluded girl whom he had persuaded to elope with him? or might she not perhaps be the wife of another? Why should Mr. Everard not permit ladies to visit at the house, unless he knew of some such reason that compelled him to decline introducing her as his wife?

The girl had excited the pity and indignation of the community for this 'victim of man's treachery,' as she was beginning to be considered. She would say to her eager listeners at the little village shop, how she pitied the poor dear lady. It was heart-rending to hear and see her! Whenever Mr. Everard was out, she would cry as if her heart would break, walk up and down the room, wring her hands, and sometimes scream out dreadfully. Then the old woman would scold her and shut all the doors so that nobody might know how they were using her! When asked if Mr. Everard was kind to her, she could not say but he was—the lady seemed fond of him, and always appeared least sorrowful in his presence, and he spent most of his time in reading to her and walking with her.

The woman who attended on her in whatever capacity it might be, was a staid, respectable, stern-looking, elderly, but yet not an old woman. The lady seemed in dread of her, and it became the general opinion that she was employed to watch the unfortunate person, and prevent her escape to her friends. Whether the ill-usage that was supposed to cause the screams the girl had told of was sanctioned by Mr. Everard was doubted by some—but all became convinced that there was some foul usage and sad mystery.

Many a brawny fist was clenched as the sturdy yeomen talked of the hard fate of 'the poor lady of Rose Cottage,' and many a plan was spoken of for her rescue from thraldom, as they took their accustomed draughts of ale at the Village Inn. But they knew not how to set about her deliverance. It was a delicate job to undertake, as it was none of their business at any rate.

Three times had a carriage with post horses driven rapidly to the cottage, and from the post-boys it was learned that the vehicle contained but one person—the celebrated Doctor Willcox, from a town full twenty miles distant.

When this fact came to the ears of Doctor Hartwell, he was desperately angry to find that he was thus affronted in not being called in or even permitted to see the lady. It was mortifying to him, for it would lessen him in the eyes of the villagers, besides destroying his hopes of pecuniary benefit. He had restrained his own and his wife's wonder and indignation hitherto, but now that no hope remained, he gave way to the full expression of his anger.

Shrugs and insinuations it is well known will go farther to spread calumny than open charges, which may be denied, confuted and disproved—and which being tangible may entail trouble on the fabricator of them. As medical advice was secured, the village doctor had no chance or excuse to interfere, and he was too shrewd and too cautious to lay himself open to any serious consequences; but Mrs. Hartwell being intimate with Mrs. Rivers, the vicar's lady, who was a well meaning, enthusiastic woman, resolute in the performance of anything she fancied to be her duty—it was no difficult matter to persuade her that, as the clergyman's wife, she was the most fitting person to investigate the mystery.

Other people besides the servant had heard the screams, and noticed the melancholy of the unhappy lady, and the incessant vigilance that prevented her speaking to any one or going where she liked, as she was never left alone.

'If you could only manage to see her,' said the doctor's lady, 'you might find out who she is—and if she is really married—and what is the cause of this tyranny.'

'Truly, it does almost seem my duty to interfere,' remarked Mrs. Rivers, 'for I have already mentioned to Mr. Rivers, that I thought he ought to question Mr. Everard on the subject, and tell him the reports that are circulated—but he will not believe that there is any truth in the stories. My husband is prejudiced in favor of Mr. and Mrs. Everard. He met them out once in the lane, and he is convinced that whatever is the cause of the lady's seclusion—it cannot be that she is not his wife.—He may possibly be jealous of her. Mr. Rivers at all events does not like to meddle in the matter. They are not his parishioners, and he has no right to inquire into private sorrows which they evidently wish to conceal.'

'So he saw her?' replied Mrs. Hartwell. 'Was she young or pretty? for no two persons are agreed on that point, as she wears a veil.'

'My husband guesses that she is about twenty-five years old. He says she is very lady-like, but not decidedly handsome or pretty—her cheeks were so wan and her looks so melancholy. She spoke but a few sentences when Mr. Everard introduced her as his *wife*,' continued Mrs. Rivers, laying a stress on the word wife. 'So we infer that some of the gossip and scandal has reached his ears.—They pay for everything as they get it, and I hardly see how we can benefit the poor lady.'

This conversation passed at the vicarage two days after the third visit of Doctor Willcox, which had just reached their ears, as on the former occasions it was presumed to be a relative who had called to see the family.

On the plea of fancying that the stranger lady must be seriously ill, the doctor's wife prevailed on the well meaning lady of the vicar to accompany her to the cottage, in hopes that they might be of service. They went, and were politely told by Mr. Everard that his wife was better, but that the doctor did not approve of her seeing strangers. He was evidently much agitated by this officious call, for notwithstanding the ostensible friendliness of the proffer of service, he saw by their manner that they suspected that there was a necessity for concealment.

Mrs. Rivers, being now more than ever really convinced that there was something amiss, ventured to remonstrate at his continuing a seclusion which was evidently not attended with beneficial results.

'I do not doubt the kindness of your intentions or your assiduous care, my dear sir,' said she, 'but really, the assistance of one of our own sex is often of very great service in composing the nerves and rousing the spirits of an invalid. Permit me to try the efficacy of my nursing for a few hours at least.'

'Excuse me, Mrs. Rivers,' said the agitated man. 'You doubtless mean kindly, but I cannot disregard the advice of the medical man (under whose care my wife is at present), by admitting you to her room.'

'I never heard of any one who was so seriously ill, as I presume Mrs. Everard must be, to need such quiet, to whom the presence of any female acquaintance or relative was forbidden,' rejoined the persevering Mrs. Rivers. 'In the absence of any one related to her, I, as the wife of the clergyman, feel it *my duty* to have made the offer, and I beseech you to send for some of her friends, even if you will not accept of me in the meantime. If she should die would you not reproach yourself for your remissness? What would her friends say, if she has any?'

Mr. Everard had listened with much emotion to this speech, his countenance betrayed how severely his feelings were harrowed by it, yet assuming an ignorance of the suspicions that were too plainly perceptible to him, he replied, calmly and loftily:

'Rest assured, madam, that I will do all that is proper. Mrs. Everard is not in want of any care or attention that could be of service to her, neither is her life considered in any immediate danger.'

Here a wild scream caused him to pause suddenly and the visitors to start.

'Ladies, excuse me,' he hastily resumed, 'my presence is needed up stairs,' and he opened the door, as if he expected them to go away—but springing forwards, Mrs. Rivers caught his arm, and exclaimed, vehemently:

'For heaven's sake, what is the meaning of this? Is that woman to be trusted with your wife? You surely do not know what everybody says.'

'This is too much to bear,' said he. 'If you must and will know the melancholy secret, then follow me.'

Awed by his vehemence and evident grief, they ascended the stairs in silent trepidation. How were they surprised when the door was opened, to see the lady seated on the floor—her hair dishevelled about her shoulders—her eyes wildly strained—who started up to meet them, and exclaimed, franticly:

'Have they found my darling?' at the same time grasping Mrs. Rivers's hand—and then as quickly flinging it away, she said: 'No, no, I see you have not, you look so sorrowful,' then throwing herself into her husband's arms, she hid her face on his shoulder and piteously whispered, though loud enough to be heard by them: 'Why do these people come to mock at my misery?' then, completely exhausted by a paroxysm that had lasted longer than usual, she was laid (by her afflicted husband) senseless on the bed.

Motioning the nurse, as they now discovered the suspected woman to be, to approach and take care of her mistress, Mr. Everard beckoned the ladies from the room where they had not spoken a word, so completely petrified were they by surprise and commiseration.

'I will now explain the dreadful scene you have just witnessed,' said he. 'It is due to myself to do so, though I do not see what right any one has thus to interfere, or to calumniate another. Interrupt me not, for I must be brief in my recital of melancholy, the tale of my misfortunes. The cause of the deplorable state to which you see my beloved Lucy reduced, is the only part of our history that will possess any interest for you at the present moment. At another time, when less agitated than we all are now, I might have entered more at length into particulars that I will now omit. Suffice it, that I am rich and possess a handsome property in my native country. My Lucy is an orphan, and when I married her was wholly dependent on a cross, maiden aunt, who made her sensitive heart suffer the bitter pangs of poor relationship.—Meekly she bore with the capricious humors of the old lady, and won the love of all who came within the sphere of her sweet temper. We were married, and O how happily passed our days till that fatal one which blasted our hopes most completely.'

He paused and wiped the drops of agony from his brow. His listeners scarcely breathed, they spoke not, though they sympathized with his fearful emotion, and they ventured no syllable of consolation! Some dire disaster or fearful crime they knew was about to be unfolded, but they felt persuaded that the sorrowing man before them was not a criminal. The excitement was contagious, and it was a relief when Mr. Everard continued as follows:

'Our first dear babe was only spared to us a few months, and when it was the will of Heaven to recall its fleeting spirit, though we mourned, it was as Christians. Another boy replaced his image in the mother's heart.—Poor little Frank grew, and was the life and joy of our home till his third year, when for some trifling ailment we were recommended to go to the sea-side for the bathing season. My wife's health was delicate also, which was an additional reason for trying change of air. A young girl of about fourteen was with us, to wait on and take care of Frank in his morning walks on the beach, and perform sundry other trifling employments. We had furnished lodgings that overlooked the beautiful cliffs and the bright, gravelly beach on the opposite side of the town.

'One day this girl had been severely reproved by us both for a fault she had committed, and which she had told little Frank on no account to tell of. She had taken him with her when she went to see some girls with whom she had got acquainted, which we had positively forbidden her to do, having been informed by some people who had seen her there before, that they were dangerous associates, being of doubtful character—and that the street was in a sickly and obscure quarter.—Nevertheless she had again met them, and denied it when questioned, but we had gleaned the truth from Frank's artless remarks. We were the more severe in our reprimands and admonitions to the unhappy girl, because it was plain that she would otherwise influence the child to *deceive us*, and we feared that he might acquire a habit of falsehood and duplicity.

'This girl had been taken into the house by my wife soon after our marriage, having been left destitute, and was an object of pity and charity. We had counted on her being more affectionate to our child than a stranger, in consequence of the kindness she had herself experienced from us. She seemed sullen, and we feared that she had been exposed indeed to very hurtful influence, so we resolved to send her away in a few days, keeping in the meantime a good watch over her conduct.

'The next morning she went out as usual, with her little charge, to take their customary walk on the shore. Dinner time came, and still they did not return. Our alarm by that time was excessive, as neither of them was to be seen. We despatched messengers to search around—no intelligence could be gleaned of their fate, they had last been seen walking on the sands down towards some rocks that were bare at low tide (as supposed to gather shells), and it was surmised that they might have been surprised and swept away by the tide.

'The suspense was dreadful to the mother—a presentiment possessed her that some fatal accident had occurred—yet she bore up surprisingly as long as a ray of hope remained. She was surrounded by sympathizing females, who eagerly crowded in to suggest hope and keep up her spirits.

'As the tide came in, renewed search was made, for confirmation of the worst fears that had as yet entered the mind of any one.—Seeing the people assembled at a remote spot, I concluded that the body of one or the other had been washed ashore, and I left the house quietly to ascertain the dismal fact. I had returned a little before to see how my poor Lucy bore the trying anxiety, but could no longer endure the additional agony of witnessing her grief. As each one came in, she eagerly rushed forward with the inquiry she addressed to you just now, "Have they found my darling?" then reading the reply in their sorrowing looks, she would kneel and implore Heaven to preserve her reason and restore her boy.

'I thought she had not perceived the cause of my leaving her again, but seeing the females in the room all looking in the same direction, she sprang to the window. By that time it was plain that they had found one at least of the objects of their unremitting search. Between two men in advance of the rest, was borne along the wretched girl to whose care the dear boy had been confided. Desirous to break the shock, I relinquished the corpse of my darling to another, and came forward before she saw the lifeless body of our dear Frank.

'Having observed that the girl Mary was alive, my poor Lucy caught hope, and fell senseless in my arms from the effect of the sudden revival of it. We bore her to her room, and soon the physicians were in attendance. Alas for one, it was too late! Life had been extinct for many hours.

'As yet I had not learnt how the girl had escaped when the child perished, I was occupied in restoring the unconscious mother.—How was I to break the distressing news to her? The parson, however, undertook the melancholy and delicate task of communicating the intelligence of her sad bereavement. She seemed to bow submissively to the blow which she had been partly prepared to expect, and expressed a desire to see Mary and learn the particulars.

'This was what I also wished, and the doctor thought it advisable, as she had shed no tear, and the affecting details might afford her this relief. Accordingly Mary was brought into the room. She had been found hid in a cleft of the rocks that overlooked the fatal ledge, where it was supposed she had concealed herself from dread of returning to tell of the accident, and was thoroughly wet and stupidly silent and had not answered any questions. When told we wished to see her, she readily came. I asked her (for Lucy could not speak) how my child was drowned!—Truly, her reply was horrible indeed!

'"I drowned him," she said, in such a vindictive, savage tone that it froze my blood to hear. "He will never tell tales of me again. You scolded and lectured me, and I was determined to be revenged." "Great God, can such fiendish depravity exist in one so young?" said the appalled minister, who still remained.

'The doctor advanced to my wife's side—but she did not faint. She fixed her eyes intently on Mary, her lips were apart, her hands tightly clasped on her bursting heart.—"Wretch!" I exclaimed, "you invent this story to torture her," pointing to her mistress; "the child must have fallen in the water." "No, he did not," she angrily replied, "I coaxed him to look for shells, then I lifted him in my arms and carried him into the water till it reached above my knees—he was frightened and clung to me, but I told him it was no use—I was going to drown him for telling of me, and I plunged him under the water. He nearly pulled me down he struggled so violently—then I lifted him up in order to get free of him and take a fresh hold to put him under again—he cried terribly, and said he did not mean to tell—he would be so good—he would never tell again, if I would not duck him so. I loosed his hands and he clung to my knees, but it was no use, I held him under till he was dead." I heard no more,' said Mr. Everard, 'for I reeled and fell.'

Mrs. Rivers here taking advantage of a pause in this affecting narration, begged the agitated man to pardon the distress she had caused him, and not then to continue a story, that, however, she might desire to hear, must be so painful to him.

'No, madam,' he replied. 'As I do not wish again to recur to the awful event and its dread consequences, I will nerve myself to finish the recital and explain the circumstances that have appeared so strange and mysterious to this inquisitive neighborhood.

'On my recovery, I learnt that the wretched and guilty girl had been instantly taken into custody. An inquest was held and she repeated the same tale, and added that she had hid herself to see what would come of it, and had meant to have run away after the search was over. She had sat shivering all day in her wet clothes, terrified at what she had done, but not in the least ashamed or sorry for it. Hearing the outcry when the little corpse was washed ashore, she had peeped out, when she was seen and caught.

'My unhappy wife had neither fainted, screamed nor wept at the horrid story—she noticed not my fall, but terrified the beholders by the alarming appearance of apathy that seemed to have overpowered her faculties. Her dead boy was placed in her arms, and at last she recognized it, and tears and sobs gave a temporary relief to her grief. For some months subsequent, reason forsook its throne. Skilful treatment at last seemed to have mastered the malady, and she was restored to comparative composure and serenity.

'When it was found that she could bear my presence, and that it soothed her to speak with me of our former happiness, it was deemed prudent to take her from the asylum where she had the benefit of all the care, attention, skill and kindness that wealth could secure.—I meant to travel abroad for some time, but the sight of the sea brought on a violent paroxysm, that warned me to change my determination.

'I therefore sought a secluded place where no view of water or sight of happy children might distress my dearest Lucy—and this place promised to answer my hopes. The careful nurse, who has been so strangely misrepresented, was used to the charge of melancholy patients, she is particularly kind as well as skilful, and our unremitting care might have been successful, but for the officiousness of *Village Curiosity*.

'Twice before has Mrs. Everard had a relapse, by the sight of your youngest boy in the lane; he is not only about the age of our lamented little Frank, but unfortunately resembles him greatly in form and features.—The servant girl having often heard her mistress talking about children, thought to gratify the ill-used lady (as I believe she is generally considered to be) by contriving to bring the little fellow in her way—which she effected the other day whilst I was at the post office, and Mrs. Barney in the kitchen. But she knew not the harm that she was doing—he looked so like our lost one, that my wife suddenly fell into convulsions. The girl hurried out the child, told him not to tell that he had been there or else he would be whipped, and ran away to avoid detection. The ravings of the unhappy woman, however, revealed the cause. The whole scene has been perpetually present to her mind in all its distressing stages. The fit is over now for the present, but how am I to prevent a recurrence of them, when my watchful care and precaution is thus turned and rendered useless?'

'Be persuaded, my dear friend,' said Mrs. Rivers, 'to allow me to try what can be done. Let her also see my husband and converse freely with him. By degrees we must substitute judiciously chosen society for seclusion, and accustom her in time even to the sight of children. We will divert her mind from the contemplation of her own individual cares, and strengthen it gradually till it recovers a healthy tone, when we need not seek to banish the memory of her loss—but she will learn to view it in another light—merely as a wise and salutary, though trying dispensation of providence—and she will perceive the injuriousness of dwelling on the peculiar circumstances attendant on the melancholy occurrence.'

We will not describe all the rules laid down to effect this desirable change, but merely add, that the happy result was really attained, and within two years from the date of the story, Mrs. Everard became the mother of a beautiful little girl, and fully recovered her health, spirits, and quite a reasonable share of happiness, unbroken and uninterrupted by *Village Curiosity*.

### A Good Sermon.

It should be brief—if lengthy, it will steep
Our hearts in apathy, our eyes in sleep;
The dull will yawn, the chapel lounger doze,
Attention flag, and memory's portals close.

It should be warm—a living altar coal,
To melt the icy heart and charm the soul;
A lifeless, dull harangue, however read,
Will never rouse the soul, or raise the dead.

It should be simple, practical and clear;
No fine spun theory to please the ear;
No curious lay to tickle lettered pride,
To leave the poor and plain unedified.

It should be tender and affectionate,
As his warm theme who wept lost Salem's fate;
The fiery law, with words of love allayed,
Will sweetly warn, and awfully persuade.

### Barber Shop Scene.

At the barber shop opposite Smith's clock store, on Fifth street, a most laughable trick was played off on the boys in the shop.

The room was well supplied with customers, and the chance of getting shaved in a hurry was out of the question.

A small man with a waggish look came to the door, and after surveying the crowd, walked in and took a seat on the sofa.

'How far is it to a doctor's office?' asked the strange gentleman.

'Just across the way,' replied one of the boys.

'I feel bad,' said he; and at the same time a spasm took him, and his hands clenched, and his legs drew him up in a perfect ball, and he rolled off on the floor.

'That's a cholera case,' said one, and he took his hat and left. This was the signal, and all followed suit, except those undergoing the shaving operation.

The spasm seemed to subside; the stranger's arms and legs stretched out at full length, and the patient lay prostrate on his back.

'Wipe off the lather,' said the fat man, next the door, 'I'll come in again; I can't stop now.'

Just then another spasm took the stranger, and by some strange movement he bounced up on the sofa without any apparent effort, flat on his back, as he was laying on the floor. He rolled up in a ball again, and rolled backward and forward on the sofa in a style that would have done credit to a circus man.

This was a finisher; those that were shaved left, and not shaved hadn't time to stay; the boys looked at each other in astonishment.—The cholera subject uncoiled himself and asked them if his time had come, when he took his seat and had a good shave.

'What's the charge?' asked the stranger.

'Nothing,' said the barber, 'if you will leave your name.'—*Cincinnati Commercial*.

### Jenny Lind.

Numerous anecdotes are related to prove the kindness and goodness of her nature, but no one is more characteristic than the following, which we believe, has not been made public before: During her visit to Bath, she happened to be walking with a friend, in front of some alms-houses, into one of which she entered and sat down for a moment, ostensibly to rest herself, but in reality to find some excuse for doing an act of charity to the old woman who lived in it, and whom she had seen feeble and tottering at the door. The old woman, like the rest of her neighbors, was full of the Swedish Nightingale, whom she had heard was just then in Bath, entertaining with her voice all those who were so happy and fortunate as to be able to go to the theatre. 'For myself,' said the old woman, 'I have lived a long time in the world, and desire nothing before I die but to hear Jenny Lind.' 'And would it make you happy?' inquired her visiter. 'Ay, that it would,' answered the old woman; 'but such folks as I can't go to the play-house, and so I shall never hear her.' 'Don't be so sure of that,' said the good-natured Jenny; 'sit down, my friend, and listen;' and forthwith she sang, with all her richest and most glorious powers, one of the finest songs she knew. The poor old woman was beside herself with delight, when, after concluding her song, her kind visiter observed, 'Now you have heard Jenny Lind.' If she had given the woman a hundred pounds, she could not have afforded her half so much pleasure. It was an act of noble charity, of the tenderest and most delicate kind. Money it would have been easy for her to give, and money no doubt, she did give; but to sit down in an alms-house, and there to call up the enchantment of her voice, for the amusement of an obscure and poor old woman, was a touching proof of goodness of heart, which nothing we have heard of Jenny Lind surpasses. After this, we could readily believe of her any act of gentle and affectionate kindness, and we would be glad to see collected, for the honor of art, all the numerous proofs of sympathy and charity which she has given during her residence in England. It is a great thing to be universally admired. It is a still greater thing to be universally beloved, and we believe that the admiration of Jenny Lind's vocal powers, great and unrivalled as they are, is second to the admiration of her moral qualities. For this reason, we may be allowed to express a hope, that though she has now left us for France, England will be her future home. Her manners are already those of an Englishwoman, and the analogy between the Swedish character and the English character is so great, that the transition from Stockholm to London, would scarcely be felt, except for the change of language.—*London Athenæum*.

### The Three Callers.

BY CHARLES SWAIN.

Morn calleth fondly to a fair boy straying,
Mid golden meadows, rich with clover dew;
She calls—but he still thinks of nought save playing,
And so she smiles, and waves him an adieu!
Whilst he, still merry with his flowery store,
Deems not that morn, sweet morn, returns no more.

J. A. Smith


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## THE BLACK KNIGHT:

OR, THE

## WANDERING BOHEMIAN.

### A Romance of the Days of Chivalry.

BY J. H. ROBINSON.

[CONTINUED.]

### CHAPTER VI.

*The knight of Calatrava and his squire continue their journey. The visit. The exchange. The minstrel. The lay. The interview.*

> Up rose Sir Pierre, when morning shone;
> And Jacqueline, his child, was gone!
> O, what the maddening thought that came,
> Dishonor coupled with his name!
>
> JACQUELINE.

ON journeyed the knight of the Iron Crest, and he of the happy hour. The Bohemian guide pricked on and put himself before them.

'Where is the palmer?' asked Don Alfonso.

'The man in the woollen gown leaped from the croups, and I left him by the wayside mumbling prayers.'

'I thought he would have journeyed on with us. I would hold farther converse with him. Haste back, Gonsalez, and pray him to keep us company. Let thy speech be fair to the bearer of palms.'

The Bohemian turned his horse's head, and rode back, but returned as he came.

'Thou sped not well on thy errand, Gonsalez,' said the knight.

'The man of the staff and shell has gone his way,' replied the guide.

Don Alfonso mused.

'Observed thou aught singular in the appearance of the pilgrim?' he asked of Rodrigo.

'I observed nought in him unbecoming palmer, save strength. He is stronger than is wont for one who has traversed the burning sand.'

The knight made no reply, and thoughtfully they pursued their journey.

The way was rough and hilly—the same Alfonso had travelled a few days previously, on his way to the lists.

At nightfall, Rodrigo and the Bohemian guide took lodgings at an inn; but Alfonso having refreshed himself, rode towards the castle of Lopez de Guzman. Leaving his horse as on another occasion, he clambered up the cliff. 'Twas early night, and lights were gleaming from the castle.

'It will be long ere those fires are extinguished, and I must have speech with the Lady Maria, ere that,' mused the knight. At that moment the sound of minstrel harp came to his ear, borne on the winds of night.

'Ha! a thought strikes me. My hands have some cunning with the harp; and by my lady! the minstrel comes this way—the heavy portals open, and close upon him. Come hither, thou harper, for a knight hath word for thy ear, and gold for thy palm.'

'What wouldst thou, noble knight?' asked the minstrel.

'Change thou thy minstrel garb, and harp, for the warrior's mail and the warrior's sword.'

'Most uncourteous were I, most courtly knight, to refuse thy request so fairly urged. When there is lady to woo, and love to win, the minstrel garb becometh knight.'

'Right gallantly spoken, thou minstrel man. Thy tongue is acquaint with courtly phrase. May thy noble art never die. Lend thy hand to rid me of this case of steel. Now for thy garments, harper. I change—give me thy harp which thou hast tuned for lady's ear. Now I am in sooth a son of song. How look I?'

'Like harper good and true, and comely to gaze upon. Let's hear the prelude of thy strain. By St. James! well thou strikest the strings. One would swear thou wert harper born.'

'And *two* would swear that thou wert knightly born. Thou hast a warrior air—and stand like prince in armor. One would deem thou hadst worn knightly guise before. Ha! thou layest thy hand on thy sword as though thou wert familiar therewith. It were not strange and I should lay knighthood on thy shoulder yet. Wait my return, gallant minstrel. And now for the castle, and song for lady-love.'

A few notes upon his harp, and the massy portals swung again upon their hinges, for never among the knights and nobles sought minstrel shelter in vain.

'What would the minstrel?' asked the porter.

'Shelter for the night, and if it please them, he would fain tune a humble lay for the ear of lord and lady.'

The minstrel was ushered in, and refreshments were placed before him.

'Refresh thyself,' said the porter, 'for the way is long which thou hast come. Here is wine whose age is equal to thine. Drink, minstrel, and the spirit of song will be strong upon thee, and the strings of thy tongue, if not of thy harp, shall be unloosed. In this eloquent beverage will I pledge thee, thou man of song. Mayest thou never get worse, and thy hand grow never less cunning, or thy voice less musical.'

The porter grew loquacious.

Whence comest thou?' he questioned

'I am from Castile, and as thou sayest, the way is weary.'

'Thou wert there at the tourney?'

'Ay! I was there in good sooth.'

'Now by the saints! thou must tell me of this same tourney, whereof tales are in everybody's mouth. It is said that gallant things were done there—that a certain knight, known as the Knight of the Iron Crest, unhelmed Sir Haro twice by striking his crest, after which, he fought him to the utterance.'

'How fared Sir Haro, when they fought to the utterance?' asked Alfonso, with a smile.

'Badly enough, I trow. With a dreadful blow of his battle-axe, he clove Sir Haro from chin to chine, and he was carried from the lists in two pieces.'

'Wonderful!' replied Don Alfonso, again smiling.

'You may well say it,' rejoined the porter.

'What else affirm they of this fearful knight?' asked the minstrel.

'Ah! I dare not tell,' he answered, glancing cautiously about him.

'Another draught of this juice will make thee fearless. Here's a hale old age to thee, thou courteous porter. Now what more of the famous knight?'

'They say that my lady loves him, and that once on a night he sang beneath her window.'

'And believest thou this?'

'Every word of it.'

'Why thinkest thou she loves the knight?'

'For reasons good. Donna Maria changes color when I speak of the Iron Crest, and though she chides me and says: "What care I for the knight?" yet she lingers to hear me speak in his praise, and turneth oft to hear more.'

'Whence cometh the knight of whose prowess you speak, and what is his name?'

'It is said that he came recently from the holy city, and the sepulchre of our Lord. At the tourney he raised not his visor, and no one recognized him. The knight is unknown, although it is whispered that he is known to the king.'

'Had the knight sojourned long in the holy land, good porter?'

'I know not. I hoped thou might'st tell me.'

'I have heard of the knight, but know little of him. He is from the Saviour's sepulchre, yet I hardly wist how long he has tarried there. He is noble I ween, and no craven.'

'Hath Donna Maria suitors?'

'At present I believe she hath but one.'

'And who is he?' asked the minstrel, with earnestness.

'The noble Nugnez de Lara.'

'By St. James!' sayest thou so?' cried the minstrel.

'Ay! but why should it move thee? Thou carest not who the donna weds?'

'Thou sayest truly, I care not,' replied Alfonso, recollecting himself. 'Has the knight had speech with her lately?'

'It would be strange if he had not, for he hath seen her this day.'

Don Alfonso grew thoughtful, and silent.

'I have humble lay for thy lady's ear,' he said at length.

'I will see if my lady will hear thee,' and the porter went on his errand. He soon returned.

'Thou art favored minstrel, for thou shalt tune thy harp to the ear of Donna Maria, the fairest lady of Spain. Follow me. Skilful be thy hand—sweet thy voice. Here is my lady.'

The minstrel bowed low to Donna Maria.

She smiled, and bade him be seated, in gracious voice.

'My menial hath said thou hast lay for my ear.'

'He said truly, lady-fair. The wandering harper hath rude song, and rude measure for thee.'

'Thanks, minstrel! thanks! With pleasure will I list thy lay. Whence comest thou?'

'I am now from Castile, and recently from the Saviour's shrine.'

'Ah! sayest thou so—knowest thou—' The lady spoke eagerly, but checked herself, while a blush of crimson has suffused her face and neck.

'Of whom wouldst thou ask, lady-fair?'

'It matters not. I will list thy song,' she replied, with evident embarrassment.

With a short prelude he sang:

> 'A pilgrim came from holy land,
> No palmer's weeds he wore,
> Nor scallop-shell—and in his hand
> No pilgrim staff he bore.
>
> 'He came with helm upon his head,
> With cuirass on his breast—
> With his good sword upon his thigh,
> And his stout lance in rest.
>
> ''Twas thus he sought the listed plain,
> To joust for lady dear,
> And those who fell rose not again
> To wield the sword and spear.
>
> 'Thou shouldst have seen the stranger knight
> With scarf upon his breast
> He's called by lords and ladies bright—
> "Him of the Iron Crest."
>
> 'The knight was crowned by Beauty's queen,
> And her fair hand he prest;
> O tell me, maiden, hast thou seen
> "Him of the Iron Crest!"'

'It is a strange song thou hast sung. Knowest thou the knight?' asked Donna Maria, hurriedly.

'I know him well, lady,' replied Don Alfonso.'

'Art thou what thou seemest? The tones of thy voice sound not unfamiliar,' added the lady, with increased agitation.

'I am not what I seem, peerless lady,' replied the knight. 'Dost fear me?'

'Nay! ask me not. I will go if thy song be sung.'

'Stay! Donna Maria, stay!'

'Who art thou?'

'Let thy heart tell thee.'

'Bold man.'

'The bold should win the fair.'

'And thou wilt say I am fair?'

'I will run a course with him who dare affirm thou art not the fairest in Spain.'

'I must not hear this.'

'I love thee, bright lady.'

'Nay! 'tis unmaidenly to list to thee.'

'Say but one word—that thou dost not hate me.'

'Hate thee! I hate no person—hatred is unseemly.'

'Give me but the shadow of a hope, and there is no deed I will not dare for thee,' said the knight, with deep earnestness.

'It cannot be,' replied Donna Maria, with a sigh.

'Speak, dearest of thy sex—what meanest thou?'

'Listen, since it must be. Once on a bright summer-day, long, long ago, when the sweet birds were singing, and the sun smiled through the clouds, another came and kneeled at my feet.'

The dear lady paused, and her bosom swelled with a deeper emotion than wont.

'And thou didst love the young knight who kneeled at thy feet on the bright summer-day, when the birds sung, and the sun shone, long, long ago,' said the knight, with strange eagerness, as he gazed upon the maiden with an expression of unutterable love.

A deeper blush overspread her beautiful visage, and her head fell lower upon her bosom as she replied:

'I loved the brave young knight, who kneeled at my feet on a bright summer-day.'

'Where dwells he, maiden?'

'In the regions of ceaseless summer—he died in Palestine. He went to the holy city with lords, and nobles, and belted knights, to redeem the sepulchre of our Lord. He died in battle with the Saracen, doing his devoir like one who has earned his spurs.'

'And thou dost cherish his memory still?'

'And I cherish his memory still. Ask no more, lest I appear froward, and unmaidenly,' and Donna Maria turned away her head.

The knight buried his head in his hands, and was deeply moved.

'Am I indifferent to thee?' he said at length, kneeling to the lady.

'Nay! question me not—rise, leave me, I entreat of thee. Have I not dealt truly with thee?'

'Thou hast, by St. James!' replied Don Alfonso, fervently. 'I bless thee for thy candor, though it bars me from thy love. And now I have word for thy ear, and thine alone. Has Sir Haro been here of late?'

'Sir Haro was here this day,' replied the maiden.

'Lady!' and the knight advanced a step, and spoke in a low voice.

'Lady! let thy father beware of Sir Haro He will bring no good upon thy house.'

'My heart hath told me thus, noble stranger. I see him not without a sense of danger. Speak to me again of this cavellero.'

'Of him I can tell thee but little. He is suspected of treasonable designs. He is tampering, no doubt, with thy father's faith. God grant he listen not to him.'

'What shall I do?' cried Donna Maria, greatly distressed.

'Speak to thy father—tell him Sir Haro is suspected—that he is closely watched—that he will bring down ruin upon all who are connected with him.'

'I will, generous knight. I will tell him all thou hast said, and more. May it avail him much. For thy warning I will give thee kind thoughts.'

'Then shall I be amply rewarded. Knowest thou Nugnez de Lara?'

'He was here with Sir Haro. They conversed much apart, and earnestly.'

'Lovest thou Nugnez de Lara?' Don Alfonso looked searchingly at the maiden.

'I love him not.'

'I say to thee—and see thou forget it not—beware of *him*. And now, lady bright, I must away; but I will see thee again. When I learn more, I will tell thee more. Till then, farewell, and may all good saints attend thee.'

The knight bowed, and the porter showed him out.

The maiden had loved, and yet she sighed when he departed. How strange are the workings of the human heart. Who can account for its likes and dislikes—its antipathies and hatreds? Towards the unknown knight, Donna Maria felt herself attracted by some incomprehensible power; from Nugnez de Lara she felt herself repulsed.

### CHAPTER VII.

*The loss. The search. Disappointment. The meeting. The abduction.*

WHEN Don Alfonso returned to where he left the minstrel, he was nowhere to be found. He searched for him in vain—in vain he called. He saw naught save the sombre hues of night—heard naught save the echoes of his own voice. The minstrel had become wearied and gone—gone with his armor. There was no alternative—he must return to the inn in his minstrel garb. Annoyed at the circumstance, he returned to where he had left his horse. To his deep mortification his faithful steed was not there. Thinking it possible that the animal had broken his bridle, and strayed away into the woods, he looked about in every direction. He was no more successful than he had been in his search for the minstrel. His horse was not restive, and so well trained, that he was wont to wait his master's return with his bridle loose upon his arching neck. The knight at length abandoned the search, and pursued his way to the inn on foot.

We will now look after the minstrel. When Don Alfonso left him to enter the castle, he stood a few moments absorbed in deep thought. At length he started suddenly from his reverie.

'I have it,' he cried. 'A thought strikes me. I will accomplish two purposes at once. I will forward my cherished projects, while at the same time I punish the audacity of this unknown adventurer.'

Saying this, Nugnez de Lara—it was Lara, walked rapidly down the descent. 'His steed must be near,' he said. 'I will look mid yonder group of trees. Ha! fortune favors me. I see the knight's horse fastened to an elm.

Lara unloosed the beast, and mounting it, rode to the other side of the cliff of rocks. Having done this, he returned and secreted himself near the drawbridge of the castle, to watch the egress of Don Alfonso. Not long he waited. He saw him come out—look about him for the minstrel, and descend the cliff into the valley. Lara followed at a short distance—saw him search for his horse, and [illegible]

'Now will I play thee such a trick as shall do thee little good, proud knight of Calatrava,' muttered Nugnez, as he ascended once more to the castle. After a short pause, he walked boldly to the portals, and demanded admission.

'What wouldst thou?' asked the porter.

'Tell thy mistress, the Knight of the Iron Crest would see her alone, one half hour hence, without the walls of the castle. Let her fail not to come, for he hath important communications to make, and to him who makes the request time is precious. Here is yellow dust for thee, good porter—see thou doest well my bidding.'

'Well shall thy commands be obeyed, most worshipful knight. My lady, I trow, will be nothing loath to hear from so bold a cavalier, the fame of whose exploits has filled the land.'

'And say to Donna Maria,' added the knight, 'that which I have to communicate must be said to-night, for after this hour it will avail her nought. And look thou, tell her this, that no other ear may hear, and bring me word of thy lady's reply.'

The knight paced the court impatiently, till the porter's return.

'What said thy mistress?' he asked.

'She will meet thee on one condition.'

'What may *that* be?'

'That I attend her outside the gate.'

'Nay! that must not be. Our interview must be private.'

'Your interview may still be private. I will stand aloof, and thou shalt speak unheard by other ears to the fairest lady in Spain. What will it matter, if so be I hear thee not?'

'Can I see her on no other condition, sayest thou?'

'On no other condition, thou of the Crest. It was long ere she would consent to this. I told her the knight was noble, and meant her no scathe, and then she reluctantly consented, for she said, "let the knight meet me in the court, and I will hear him."'

For a few moments Nugnez was silent.

'What word shall I carry to my mistress?' asked the porter.

'Tell her the occasion is so pressing, that I will meet her as she has named; but see thou put a goodly space between us. I will allow of no eave's-dropping. Thy reward shall be in proportion to the distance thou keepest. Here is gold—thou shalt see its color again ere long. Just over the drawbridge, I will await thy return.'

Lara walked to the spot he had designated, the porter to his mistress. The interval of the latter's absence to the knight seemed very long. In a state of nervous uncertainty he paced to and fro. His position was one of peculiar embarrassment and delicacy, when considered in a certain light. Not only had he obtained another's armor unfairly, but his horse also. This was not all—he was personating the sufferer for a purpose most vile and cowardly, and his heart told him so. Nugnez de Lara had been too well schooled in the laws of chivalric honor not to feel some twinges of conscience at their palpable violation. He felt enough of the meanness of the part he was acting to make him dread detection and exposure above all things else.

So keenly was he alive to the infamy and unfairness of his course, that he started and laid his hand upon his sword, at every sound that was borne to his ears upon the fitful breezes of night. The fall of a leaf sent the blood to his brow—the sound of the swaying boughs hastened or retarded his footsteps—the scream of the night raven caused him to pause in his walk, or sent a cold thrill to his heart. Once he imagined he heard steps ascending the cliff, and his guilty thoughts told him that it was the unknown knight returning to look for the delinquent minstrel. He held his breath in alarm, nor moved until satisfied that his fears had deceived him. At length he heard the portals of the castle thrown open, and steps upon the drawbridge. Donna Maria and the porter approached. The former advanced with trembling steps. It is true that she relied firmly upon the honor of the knight she believed herself going forth to meet, yet she consented to the meeting with the greatest reluctance. The knight of Calatrava had left her but a short time before. Why had he not communicated to her the important matters he spoke of, then? Had he had opportunity to learn things of such interest in so brief a period? Perhaps he had, and the information promised concerned the conspiracy, and her father's safety. How then could she hesitate?

She went forward. The knight advanced to meet her—bowed low, and was silent. The porter at a motion from him, walked away at a quick pace.

'Stay,' said the lady, somewhat alarmed.

'Nay! fear not, lady-fair, there is no danger.'

Donna Maria started. The voice was not the voice of the unknown.

'This way, lady—a step farther.'

'Nay! I can hear thee as well here.'

'But other ears must not hear what I shall say to thee.'

The lady suffered herself to be led, or rather drawn still farther from the castle.

'If thou hast aught to say I will listen to thee, if not I will return.'

The knight had laid his hand gently upon her arm, and exerted a gentle force which he gradually increased, assuring her that no harm was intended.

He now put forth a degree of strength which justly raised fears for her personal safety.

'Unhand me! if thou art a true knight,' she exclaimed in alarm; 'unhand me! or I will call for help.'

Lara gave no heed to her words. The lady's fears were now thoroughly aroused, and she shrieked violently for aid. The words of entreaty and fear fell upon deaf ears. The [illegible] in his arms as though she had been an infant, and bore her swiftly down the descent. The aged porter was too far away to render assistance to his dear lady. With his precious burden, Lara vaulted into the saddle as soon as he had gained the valley, and putting spurs to his horse, dashed away as fast as the ruggedness of the path would admit. But he bore in his arms an insensible weight—the maiden had fainted ere she had reached his steed. When she recovered, she entreated him in the most touching manner to return with her, nor persist in an act which must end in ruin to both.

'Thou art not he I had thought. Thy voice is not *his* voice. Thou art a false knight, and deserve not the honors of knighthood.'

Lara made no reply. He was anxious to remain unknown to his fair captive at present, for reasons good.

'Thou hast dealt deceitfully with me—thou hast a craven heart.'

Still there was no reply. Reproaches were as ineffectual as entreaties. Finding it impossible to move her captor, she vented her grief in tears and sobs.

'Thou art thwarting thyself,' she said after a little pause. 'Hadst thou wooed me in knightly fashion, I might not have proved unkind. Yea! I might have learned to love thee; now thou hast put it beyond my power. I can for the future regard thee only with the contempt thou deservest.'

The knight could no longer remain silent.

'Lady!' he said in a broken voice, 'I have wooed thee as belted knight should woo fair maiden. My prayer arose unheeded. Thou didst hear as those that hear not, and turned away with scorn wreathed upon thy sweet lips, lips which should do nothing but smile forever.'

'Then thou art Nugnez de Lara,' and the maiden wept afresh. 'I scorned thee not then; but now I scorn thee from the depths of my soul. I would my scorn were a fire to burn thee—and my thoughts the lightning which blasts the overweening.'

'Then thou hast thy wish, for I swear by St. James, thy cruelty will drive me stark mad.'

'Would I had the power to soften thy heart, instead of driving thee mad.'

'The slightest accent of kindness from thy dear lips can do that.'

'Not so, false knight, for I have entreated with tears, and thou didst listen to me unmoved.'

'Maiden, I love—I worship thee.'

'Then take me back, and I will forgive the part thou hast acted, and lock the secret of to-night's doings forever in my own bosom.'

'That cannot be. Ask something I can grant thee?'

'Thou canst please me in no other way.'

'Then I cannot please thee,' replied Lara sadly.

'Then speak not again of thy love, and know that I can never, never be more to thee than I am. There is no hope so cold and remote, as that I shall ever be thine. Why then dost thou persist in this violence? Thou wilt bring ruin upon thyself.'

'I have gone too far to recede.'

'Nay! nay!' thou hast not—I will forgive the past,' urged the maiden, earnestly.

'My sterner nature prevails. I will not take thee back, until thou goest back the wife of Nugnez de Lara.'

'Then Maria de Guzman will never return,' cried the lady, with deep feeling.

'But the wife of Lara will.'

'The wife of Lara, and Maria de Guzman, will be two persons. I swear to thee by the moon over our heads, by the stars above us, and by Him who rules them, that I will sooner be heaven's than thine.'

'Thou wilt be more merciful anon,' said Lara, much moved.

'Never to thee.'

'Force me not to be cruel, lady,' he added, in a subdued voice.

'Imagine I have repeated what I last said, for thy answer.'

'Suffering will teach thee kindness.'

'Never.'

The knight made no reply, but wrapping his mantle about her, rode on in silence.

* * * * * *

Don Alfonso reached the inn on foot. The next morn he resumed his journey. Before night he arrived at the valley where bivouacked the Bohemian horde.

'We are at the end of our journey,' said the guide.

'I see no castle,' replied the knight.

'I will tell thee a secret—the conspirators meet not always in the castle of which I spoke.'

'Where meet they, then?'

'In the dark valley before us there is a cavern deep and spacious. There, during the hours of night, come they to hold their meetings oft. Not far from hence, is the castle of which I told thee, but if I understood thee rightly, it is not the castle thou dost want, but those who are hatching treason.'

'My eyes are on thee, thou wandering son of Bohemia, see thou playest me no tricks. And thou deal not truly with us, we will make short work with thee.'

The Bohemian evinced the same contempt of danger as heretofore.

'Talk to the wind,' he replied. 'It will heed thee as much.'

The party soon stood at the entrance of the cave.

'Here ye will dismount, cavelleros,' said the guide.

They looked at each other inquiringly.

'There can be nothing to fear from this strange being,' said Rodrigo. 'Let us submit to his guidance still. Though he be wayward, I believe he is not vicious.'

Dismounting, the knights followed the Bohemian.

The latter lighted a torch at the fire that was blazing there, and holding it aloft, plunged into the dark abyss that seemed yawning to receive them. On, and on they wound, while the glare of the blazing brand fell with ghastly effect upon the earthy floor and the earthy walls. Damp as the breath of the tomb was the air they respired.

'I believe thou art leading us to Hades?' said he of the happy hour, to the guide.

'When thy hour hath come, it shall be another's to lead thee thither,' was the rejoinder of the imperturbable Bohemian.

'May it please the saints, that he be more courteous than thou.'

'And may the saints grant that thou mayest soon know which of us be the most civil.'

'How much farther wilt thou carry us, thou earth-worm?'

'Art thou *afraid*?' asked the guide, with a sneer.

'Not of *thee*, unless thou art the fiend. We fear not the wretched worm we can crush with our heel,' replied Don Alfonso.

'The vile worm may be crushed, but beware how thou treadest upon the serpent, for it hath a venom for its destroyer.'

'Thy venom is hurtless. It cannot penetrate an armor of steel.'

'It can destroy thee—thou proud knight.'

'Ha! tempt me not. I may forget the distance between us.'

'I will quicken thy memory, that thou shalt never forget.'

The Bohemian put a silver call to his lips, and blew. Before the echoes had died away, a score of armed men thronged the cavern, and arose about the knights on all sides.

'We are betrayed,' cried Rodrigo. 'Let us sell our lives dearly.'

In a moment their swords gleamed in the torch-light, and one of the banditti had fallen.

'Hold,' cried the Bohemian. 'No harm is intended you. I wish only to teach your pride a fitting lesson. Have no person in contempt, whatever may be his outward seeming, for thy destiny may in some way be linked with him. You perceive you are in the power of the despised and despising Bohemian. At one word from his lips ye are dead men—and this very hour have ye cast burning scorn in his teeth. Ye know no gratitude—ye curse those who serve ye.' He waved his hand. The blades that had gleamed in the dim light an instant before, sought their scabbards, and the armed men disappeared as by potent charm-power. The knights regarded each other with astonishment.

'Thou art a cleverer rogue than I thought thee. Verily, I like thee better. Thou hast some wit—more than I had given thee credit for,' said Don Alfonso, with more respectful tone than he had used heretofore.

'Thou shalt have more convincing proof of my wit anon. But here is your place for the present. Make known your wants at any time while my guests, and ye shall be served. Here shall ye await the meeting of those ye suspect.'

The strange guide left them. They found themselves in a small compartment, which they had reached by a way they could not retrace. What was more, a sort of rude door was closed upon them, and they seemed more like prisoners than guests. They looked at each other, as if the idea had obtruded itself upon them, however unwelcome it might be. They tried the door, or gate, that closed the only entrance to their cell. The Bohemian had fastened it after him.

'By St. Jago! if this fellow hath not made us prisoners, I am greatly mistaken,' cried the knight of Calatrava. He hath cooped us up like swine in the earth.'

'He is a wayward being. Let us be patient, Don Alfonso. Thou knowest he is of strange mood. He may mean us no ill. Still, as thou hast said, this seems not unlike captivity.'

'What else canst thou name it? We are trapped like a rat in his hole. Bars are drawn upon us, and we cannot go forth. We have been deceived by this cursed son of Bohemia. I will trust *never* again this faithless people. If they speak thee fair, they mean thee ill.'

'But this knave hath not even [illegible] fair [illegible] tongue knows no courtesy. His speech is foul, and his deeds it seems are foul also.'

After some farther conversation the knights concluded to make the best of what had happened, and having eaten of a comfortable entertainment that was brought them, they lay down to their dreams; and in them, Don Alfonso went back to Palestine, and fought over again his battles, and traversed the burning sands—kneeled and sighed at the feet of his lady-love. As for Rodrigo, he cared but little what his fate might be. His thoughts were of his lost Ximena, and in his troubled night-thoughts, he gazed on her beauty once again, and yet once again he heard the voice which was dear music to him.

### CHAPTER VIII.

*The two maidens. An interview. Saracena, and the Bohemian woman. A communication, and a prediction. The meeting at the midnight hour, and its fearful results. Help when least expected. The hut.*

> 'She stops, she pants, with lips apart—
> She listens—to her beating heart!
> Then o'er the aged drawbridge stealing,
> The darksome night her track concealing,
> She flies, nor casts a thought behind—
> She gives her terrors to the wind.'

WITH bosom torn by a thousand distracting thoughts, Donna Teresa awaited the hour of appointment with Sir Haro. Numberless, and before unthought of objections arose in her mind, as the time of midnight drew on. If the Knight of the Steel Cross had aught to tell concerning the fate of her lover, why had he not improved the opportunity he had already had? If his designs were good, the meeting was uncalled for. If he was base enough to destroy her Moorish lover, *he was base enough to commit any act*, and her person could not be safe if she trusted herself in his power. To go forth then, at the lonely hour he had named—to pass portal and drawbridge, and seek the eildon tree, was little better than madness. She knew, she felt this, and yet she would keep the assignation.

She loved, and what will woman's love not dare—danger, insult, violence, all. She had not retired to rest after her interview with Sir Haro. It is true, she threw herself upon her bed without divesting herself of dress, as the weary night crept on, but a few moments of troubled dreaminess could not be called rest. Rest is a slumber of the mind—a forgetfulness of its cares. The sun, which had risen upon her so many times with joy in its bright beams, came up, and had no gladness for her. Teresa arose, and sitting by the ample window whence she had looked in happier days, upon fertile valley and rugged waste, felt the rays unheeded which were wont to bring warmth to her cheek and light to her heart.

A beautiful waiting-maid, whose soft cheek showed the deep olive brown of sultrier suns, came and nestled down at her feet, and laying the head covered with dark luxuriant curls upon her mistress's knees, gazed up into her face with her large melting eyes.

'Thou art sad, lady, and there is a deep sigh in thy heart that would struggle up,' said the dear girl.

'And so art thou sad at times sweet Saracena, when thinking of thy own land where thou hadst thy early dreams, and thy first sunshine. Canst recollect of the people of the turban, and ataghan?'

'Not much, lady fair. I was young, thou knowest, when brought hither. I remember their worship was different from thine, and they prostrated themselves upon the earth at night and morn, for to them it was the hour of prayer. Still methinks thou art right, and my people are wrong.'

'Why thinkest thou thus, Saracena?'

'Because thou art good. But at times my heart yearns for my people, and I wander away to the burning sands, and sit at another knee, gaze into another face, and list another voice; yet the face I view, and the voice I hear, is not more dear than thine.'

'Wouldst thou go to Palestine, my girl?' and the lady stooped and kissed the beautiful brow, and toyed with the beautiful curls.

'And leave thee?'

'And leave me.'

'O no! my home and my country is where thou art. Never send me away, for beside thee there is none to love me.'

'Thou shalt never leave me.'

'Speak it again, and I will be thy slave always. Who can serve thee like Saracena?'

'Nay! thou art not my slave. Thou art free. Thou art my friend—my sister. This shall be the bond between us—thou shalt be my sister.'

The fair Saracen girl nestled closer to the lady's feet, and kissed her hand again and again, and her black speaking eyes sparkled with delight.

'This is the crowning act of thy goodness, and deeply, earnestly the poor Saracen maiden thanks thee. And now may I speak to thee freely as though I were indeed thy sister born?'

'Ay! speak to me freely as though I were thy sister born,' murmured the lady, while a half conscious blush arose to lend a deeper hue to her features.

'Thou lovest!'

Again Teresa blushed, and made no other reply than to kiss the Saracen girl.

'Thou lovest one of my people?'

The fair lady was still silent nor chided her new sister.

'He is handsome and brave.'

The lady looked gratefully at Saracena.

'He was at the tourney.'

And still Teresa answered not.

'He has been here.'

Still no reply.

'He was here last night.'

Teresa toyed nervously with the jetty tresses upon her knee.

'Thou thinkest him in danger?'

The fair auditor shuddered.

'Thou hast seen the knight called Sir Haro, him of the Steel Cross, and sinister look. He hath put thee in fear. He hath spoken thee falsely.'

'How knowest thou he hath spoken falsely?' asked Teresa, eagerly.

Saracena paused, somewhat confused.

'Wilt thou not chide me, if I tell thee?'

'Never will I chide thee so hardly as I chide myself,' replied the lady, in low, sweet voice.

'Recently, I have been often to the eildon tree thou knowest of. Ask me not why I went thither.'

Saracena averted her eyes.

Teresa stroked her round olive cheeks with her hand, and smiled, saying:

'Fie upon thee, Saracena—I have found thee out.'

'As I said,' continued the confused maiden, 'I have been oft to the tree thou knowest of. As I was on my way thither this morn, ere the sun had risen—'

'Why shouldst thou go so early?'

'Nay! thou must not interrupt me—thou wilt get my tale quicker. As I was on my way thither, I met a brawny woman, whom I have met before. She *had* coarse, long hair, a tawny face, and, fierce flashing eyes. She is straight as a reed, and masculine in her strength. She hath a wild look, and talketh a wild, harsh jargon at times. I feared her at first, for she hath a strange air, and looked at me so sternly. I was flying away from her like a frightened hare, when she strode after me, and seizing my arm roughly, bade me stay, and fear not. I obeyed, trembling in all my limbs. For a moment, she seemed to take pleasure in my fear.

'"Child, thou wert born in other lands," she said. "Thy face hath its rich olive from hotter suns than those that shine on thee here. Thou art away from over sea."

'I looked timidly up at the wild woman. She was contemplating me apparently with deep interest—almost sadness.

'"Child," she continued, "thy complexion is like mine, and if thou wert *wholly* friendless I could love thee; for the poor and despised take to the poor and despised. Thou art comely, and I would that thou wert a daughter of Roma, but thou art too tenderly reared to learn our wild and wandering habits now. Thou art a busno—thou wert born over sea. Wouldst thou return again to thy land, and dwell with the worshippers of the prophet?"

'I could not return, weird woman, for my heart is with my lady,' I replied. My fears had vanished.

'"Is thy lady like me," she asked, with a strange smile.

'O, no! my lady is not like thee, for she is gentle, and comely,' I answered.

'"And I am ugly, and savage," she added, quickly. "Thou sayest well—thou from over sea, thy mistress is not like me, more than the hawk is like the pigeon. Yet she is a woman, and so am I—she might have been thy mother, and so might I. There are some pulses that beat in unison in all human bosoms. There are none so bad that they have no good, and none so good that they have no bad. I love those of *the blood*, but I hate the Gentile of every land, and name."

'Dost hate me, woman?'

'"No, child! I hate thee not, and yet the law of the Calees teaches me to hate thee. Thou seemest not like a busno."

'Lovest thou not my lady?'

'"I *hate* her not, and that is much. But it is of her I would speak. Tell her that her lover is not in danger—that he is not in the power of Sir Haro. He is free as air."

'The weird woman paused, as doubting whether to tell me more. She seemed struggling with her better feelings.

'Thanks, thanks, good woman, I cried. I will tell my lady all thou sayest.'

'"I had thought to tell thee *more* a moment since, but I will not tell thee. My mood has changed. What thanks should I get and I revealed to thee all I know of what is before thy mistress. None! *none!*"

'Speak! I entreat of thee, if thou knowest aught concerning my mistress,' I cried, grasping her brawny hand, and pressing it with both of mine.

'"Thou wert ready to fly from me a moment ago, as from the presence of the fiend; now thou clingest to me as if I were a princess. 'Tis thus with human beings—they fly from those who cannot serve them, and kneel to those who can do them good. Thou showest the selfishness of all."

'Nay! I plead not for myself. I kneel for another; and if thou knowest aught that concerns the safety of my dear lady, tell me as thou hopest for pardon in the last hour,' I said, pleadingly.

'"What would it avail and I should warn thee that danger is before her thou lovest. She would rush into it the same. It is written thus—she would not shun the danger that lurks in her path."

'She will! good woman, she *will*!' I urged.

'"I tell thee, she will not," replied the wo-

# THE FLAG OF OUR UNION.

A WEEKLY JOURNAL DEVOTED TO LITERATURE, SCIENCE, AND THE ARTS.

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mies, stoutly. "Can I not need help? Thy mistress will come here this night. Yet by my sake, I will tell thee, for thou art sweet like a grass, and of a pleasant countenance. Thy mistress hath an appointment here this night, and she will be with her lord." And he will come before or after midnight, alone, and yet not all alone; but two men will be between. I have said."

The word woman was silent.

And what will Isolde her love? I asked.

"No matter—rather it is time to despair for her, and she will need it," said Ysel, and he is too late to smile. The mistress hath a strong spirit—and the mistress not in vain. As for thee, thy fortune shall be changed at last, but bright is the future."

And what of my lady?

"Like thine, her fortune shall be dark as thine. She hath a cup of bitterness to drink, and its taste is in her mouth even now. Where this is drained to the very dregs, ignorance and power, and happiness, such as wisdom holds in the lap of woman, shall be hers. The future, and then the present—the darkness and then the light. Black clouds herald the storm, and fierce lightnings the thunder. So every thing hath its herald—and 'wise' is he who can read herald in the storm-cloud, and omen in a look. As for thee, thy fortune shall be changed at last, but bright is the future."

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"Say, my lady is gentle, and of a kindly heart. Go with me, that she will not be alone for thy friendship."

"Yea! but servants might leave the dogs out. Knowest thou not that my people are hunted like beasts. They have not rest in the city, in the valley, or on the mountain side. . . . . no one cares."

"I will drive this dagger to his heart, who dare let loose a dog upon thee, were it to hurt blow I should ever strike, I cried; passionately, grasping the dagger beneath my mantle.

"The stern dark nature of the female seemed to melt. She seemed on the point of admitting me to her wretched secret.

"Thy hand would make poor work with the dagger. Thy feeble strength would spend but a short way towards the heart;" she said sadly, and in grade tone that sounded not unlike those wes at home.

"Then not a woman yet," I muttered, "and between woman and woman there is no bond of sympathy. Come with me. I will give thee a home. Thou shalt lay aside these wretched rags, and these never-dark locks shall be combed out, and thou shalt look like what thou art."

"It cannot be, simple child. They people would come not for us evil-ing. There would be rebuke and blow for the unsunny woman. My destiny is to wander—to wander. Even the days of my weary pilgrimage will soon be told, and I shall rest with those whose rest is in the grave. My dwelling shall be in the side of the valley—and the eyes of the world I am not that which dost art, one can be. The blindness in my pilot is not as that in those—the path of my feet is not as that which I am. A sea of those who wander in darkness, and die in the darkness of the killer. My heart is in my grave shall be with the wild goats of the rocks."

"Say, fellow not these wild imaginings. Thy brain is warped. Come with the Saracen girl, and she will be thy friend."

"Girl! between us there can be no sympathy. Our paths will diverge forever. The mistress will widen the distance, and the day following will see the girl's ground, as the day sees it wider than yesterday. I should flow for the kind words they have spoken, but for them I will screw them in the dark hour. I have power over thy destiny then little green-eye. Thou hast left determined me to make it for thy good. When thou art in grief, and there is none to help thee, then I will be true. And now, adieu, thou of the olive skin, and the kind words."

"The weird woman drew her tall figure to its proud height—covered her silvery head, and walked slowly and majestically away toward the mountains."

Sarazens paused, and looked inwardly at her lady. There was a long silence.

Dame Teresa seemed lost in thought.

"What thinker then of the weird woman?" asked Saracen, at length.

"I know but little fault in her sayings. She hath some good ones," was the reply.

"I half believe her," rejoined Saracen.

"I know then dost. She said truly when she told thee I should disregard her warnings."

"Then will not mention to-night, my lady? I shall keep my word, as the sin right shall need."

"Then may the saints defend thee, for I feel that there is danger for thee, beached the widow, too, at the hour of deep midnight with the master knight."

I will dare it.

The very words of the weird woman. She hath said some truth. My faith increases. I suspect of that not to keep the appointment. Or if there guest, let thy servants go with them."

Urge me not, my girl. The conflict between duty and prudence has been severe. I'm not to change, nor will I change, what is passed. I must abide the consequences of my decision. If I have been rash, I must reap the fruits of my rashness."

The conversation was dropped for the present. Saracen saw that her words could not impression, and hoped that a more favorable opportunity might arise for renewing the assignation.

The sun mounted to mid heaven—it sought the regions of the west—it waned—it sank behind the hills—twilight came, and night followed in its wake.

Then the revelation and firmness, the heart of Dame Teresa followed more than once. The words of the visionary woman, and more than all, the warning of her Moorish lover rang in her ears. The night fell darker than usual. The wind howled around the castle with a hollow, moaning sound. The thunders rattled in the aged mountains, and each seemingly drops of rain fell upon the windows.

It is a dreary night, said Saracen, seeming closer to her mistress.

The lady shuddered as she replied with affected indifference.

"The wind shrieks unusually, I will allow."

Yes, and look! how dark! I fear it will like to venture forth on such a night," added the girl.

"Not to meet thy lover, Saracen?"

The girl blushed.

"I will not I lied a lover."

"Neither dost then affect thou hast one."

"Then wouldst scarcely believe me if I should."

Nay! then come not inside me. They are fairly caught. Wouldst thou not go forth to meet thy master on the night not know that he, and the rain fell ten times faster, and the winds shrieked ten times more fiercely if he

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(Written for The Flag of our Union.)

## For Sale! For Sale!

BY JENNIE.

A feast for sale!—a feast for sale!
Come, hear and decide your choice.
Come, say this precious gem of mine,
Or this is worthless dross.

There once my life, my hope, my all,
The only friend I knew,
Who'd but utter a word you thought,
The least will find out true.

Who like—like you, my friend, have been—
No longer there in my mind;
Your every act, your every word,
Are now to me unkind.

But now my sight is clear, and I
Can see you as you are;
And now my heart is free from pain,
And now my soul is free from stain,
And now my mind is free from care,
And now my life is free from fear,
And now my hopes are bright and fair,
And now my joys are dear.

Will no one buy—no one accept
The gift I have to give?
Will no one take my heart and love,
And bid me live and live?

Will no one buy—no one accept
The gift I have to give?
Will no one take my heart and love,
And bid me live and live?

Will no one buy—no one accept it as
A feast should be so pure
That none dare feel the slightest grief—
They can't in truth endure.

Well then, I'll have to—now I give;
And I shall live to change,
And live to suffer and to grieve,
And live to—live to range.

To-morrow, sad and empty,
To-day, so full of pain,
To-morrow, sad and empty,
To-day, so full of pain.

"To-grow," to-grief—and one—for Free
To love, to sad and pain,
To-free to the sole I please,
To-love to the sole I please.

"My friends can call, I am at home,
To sit, and chat, or please,
And ever ready, as they are,
To flatter, cajole, and tease.

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## THE OFFICE HUNTER.

BY DAVID E. SMITH.

It was just after the inauguration of the President of the United States—to use metaphorical figure, the "political pot" began to simply an expressive and much used phrase, to be flying about in all directions—the date was unrolled in his seat—the sheets of his happy absorbers had died away—the last of the cannon and the last of the fire-works had ceased. But now commenced another stirring scene—the office-seeker's harvest.

Washington was filled to overflowing with office-seekers. The Senate Chamber, the halls, crowded the men of seventy—his head buried the corners of the Capitol, the White House, the in the sheets of his bed, and his feet resting lounging with age and anxiety—eagerly pursuing on the great scramble for place and power. The place for which he was to be a candidate was given to caucus. The hope by which he has to be elected was given to party. The office which he was to be elected was given to party. The office which he was to be elected was given to party. The office which he was

# THE FLAG OF OUR UNION.


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F. GLEASON, PROPRIETOR.

MATURIN M. BALLOU, EDITOR.

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### To our Correspondents.

'The Young Husband's Flirtation,' a tale for the newly-married, a prose sketch, by PAUL CREYTON, shall appear next week.

'Lines to ——,' by OSCAR S. HUGHAM, accepted.

'A Leaf from Mr. Shatterly's Journal,' a prose sketch, by Mrs. E. WELLMONT, filed for the next number.

'When are the happiest days?' an old man's tale in poetry, by MAC MYRTLE, accepted for next week.

'Marrying 'em over again,' an hymeneal sketch, by FALCONBRIDGE, shall find a place in our next.

'A-i-Elle,' a little thought in verse, by O. G. W., accepted.

'Glimora Menzini,' a prose sketch, by JULIA HENRY, is filed for our next.

'Jesus,' an exceedingly pretty poem, by Mrs. HENRY W. ALLEN, filed for next week.

'We two must part,' a poem, by the EDITOR, next week.

'We weep for absent Nell,' a fine poem, illustrating a touching incident in real life, from the pen of GEO. P. BURNHAM, shall appear next week.

'To Annie,' a poem, by HAMILTON G. DU BOIS, accepted.

'Kosciusko,' a republican poem, by BENJAMIN H. FERNALD, is filed for insertion.

'The Pythoness,' by C. Is this original? We require strict evidence of originality, especially in poetry.

'L'Epee,' 'The Light has fled,' 'Cornelia,' and 'My First Folly,' are respectfully declined.

### France to-day.

Just at the present time the position of the French nation is the most interesting subject to which we can refer. Unfit for self-government, it has been struggling for years to throw off the yoke of tyranny, and establish popular rule, and though often deluded for the moment by the shadowings of success, even to the present hour the desired object is unaccomplished. From Louis to Napoleon, to Louis again; from Charles to Louis Philippe, and from the latter to Napoleon *the second*, of the present day, the changes have ever resulted in the renewed establishment of tyranny. The cause of this constantly recurring failure on the part of the people of France, is to be found alone in their unfitness for self-government.—Generations of ignorance, carefully excluded from the light by priestly domination, have so paralyzed the French mind, that it has not the capacity to exercise the powers of government, or use aright the privileges of liberty. The most extravagant excess is always the result of any movement towards self-government, and over the prostitution following this excess, the fabric of tyranny is again erected.

When the last popular revolution occurred, and the egotistical and Utopian Lamartine was placed at the head of affairs, and entrusted with the guidance of the future political destinies of France, the mind of the country was in as great a fermentation as it was in the days of the famous Directory. The absurd dreams of 'socialism' were put forth as the legitimate doctrines of popular government, and publicly and generally embraced by the people. Lamartine, a mere dreamer himself, with little or no knowledge of human nature, and only distinguished from the mass of the people by his superior ability in clothing his dreams in attractive diction, most unwisely affected to recognize the practicability of the schemes of socialism, hoping to strengthen himself thus in his new position. But he was utterly disappointed; for the slight encouragement thus given to the follies of socialism only served to increase the demands of its most unreasonable advocates to such a pitch, that even Lamartine could not think of complying with them. The consequence was, that having excited hopes in the public mind which he could never realize, his government proved a complete failure, and nothing but the ingenious device of opening sluice-ways for popular resentment through the ballot box, saved France from renewed scenes of bloodshed and anarchy. Lamartine and his government were abandoned to insignificance, and through the forms of republican election, and under the deceptive title of President, a new sprig of tyranny, Napoleon *the second*, now wields the bloody knout over the bare backs of Frenchmen.

The career of this new tyrant has been commenced by arbitrary rule under martial law, the abrogation of all public expression of adverse political sentiment, whether by acts, public meetings, or the press, the rapid restoration of monarchical names and emblems upon public streets and edifices, the use of French arms to suppress liberty in Italy, and the bestowal of the national influence to depress Hungary and encourage Austria and Russia in their merciless crusade against European freedom. Nay more, this same Louis Napoleon addresses congratulatory letters to the autocrat of Russia upon the success of his heartless and audacious interference to crush the liberty of Hungary, and at the same time instructs his emissaries to provoke a quarrel with the republican government of the United States of America, so eager is he to testify by every means his profound veneration for tyrants, and his hatred for republicanism. The cords are again about the limbs of France, and they are being rapidly tightened to the tension that galled so deeply in the days of Louis and Charles, and the emperor Napoleon. Every day brings us some new disclosure of the purpose of the present ruler of that nation to restore arbitrary government, and the days of the empire. Will the people submit to it? Yes, for a while. Ignorant, fickle, dazzled by the tinsel glare of a mighty name, tired, too, with their recent vain exertions to realize impossible dreams of popular government that should feed, clothe and make happy every man, rich or poor, industrious or idle, they are ready to fall into the snare of Napoleon and his cunning supporters, and little by little make him the imperial despot of France. Despotism or anarchy seems to be the destiny of this people, and the world may look perhaps to see even the pope visiting Paris to crown the mongrel emperor. But anarchy will follow full soon, and the second Napoleon will be made to bite the dust, while the burning palaces of the capital light up the crimson streams that course in torrents through the streets! Such is France, and such she seems destined to be.

THANKFUL FOR VERY SMALL FAVORS.—A Georgia editor makes grateful acknowledgements of a 'ball of thread' presented to his wife by the proprietor of a factory in the vicinity.

### France and America.

By the tone of the Paris journals, we see that matters look more warlike between this country and the French than was at first supposed. Ever since that gross misstep of Louis Napoleon in sending his army to crush the flower of liberty that had just budded under the walls of St. Peters at Rome, the French have seemed to hate themselves and everybody else, and like an enraged boy who has broken or lost his toy, are looking about for some object to vent their spleen upon. The French people are the most degraded at this moment of any nation of the old world, and they know it! They envy the brilliant success of America, and this envy is fast ripening into hatred. The following extract from the 'Gazette de France' will serve to show the predominating spirit in Paris:

'The people of the United States yet belong to the age of Clovis. Slavery still exists among them. It is in this country, possessing four times more territory than population, that we have lately seen, in its very capital, the people attacking in broad daylight, the *white crowds*, that is to say, the rich. Forty men were slain in the first skirmish. Others will necessarily follow. This people which has been in existence now for forty years, *has not produced a single great man, nor a single book, nor a single thought*. Its great men, Franklin and Washington, were brought up under the vigor of hereditary power. It is peculiar to democracies to produce only generals: for democracy is war in permanence. This is the happy country whose representatives must be skilful boxers, and *which does not possess a single journal of the force of our provincial sheets*.'

### Golden Sands.

*Gathered from the writings of Shakspeare for the Flag.*

Men are April when they woo, December when they wed.

A surfeit of the sweetest things the deepest loathing to the stomach brings.

Conceit, more rich in matter than in words, brags of his substance, not of ornament.

Travellers ne'er did lie, though fools at home condemn them.

Friendship is constant in all other things, save in the office and affairs of love.

A little fire is quickly trodden out; which, being suffered, rivers cannot quench.

Every subject's duty is the king's; but every subject's soul is his own.

That man that hath a tongue, I say, is no man, if with his tongue he cannot win a woman.

Full oft 'tis seen our mean secures us; and our mere defects prove our commodities.

Against ill chances men are ever merry, but heaviness foreruns the good event.

Every inordinate cup is unblessed, and the ingredient is a devil.

Foul deeds will rise, though all the earth o'erwhelm them, to men's eyes.

Gnarling sorrow hath less power to bite the man that mocks at it, and sets it light.

How bitter a thing it is to look into happiness through another man's eyes!

Anger is like a full-hot horse, who being allowed his way, self-mettle tires him.

The most forward bud is eaten by the canker ere it blow.

How quickly nature falls into revolt when gold becomes her object.

O that men's ears should be to counsel deaf, but not to flattery.

Thieves for their robbery have authority, when judges steal themselves.

A fish hangs in the net, like a poor man's right in the law, 'twill hardly come out.

### Poverty in France.

Money appears to be scarce in all quarters among the French. While the representatives of Louis Philippe are selling the palace and grounds of Neuilly, to pay the debts contracted by the last representative of the monarchy, during his tenure of the throne, M. de Lamartine, the father of the republic, and the destroyer of the monarchy, is selling his patrimony of Milly and Monceaux to pay the debts which he incurred while in office. But this is not all. Louis Napoleon, who has inherited the power of both, has been obliged to relinquish his balls and dinners, and has dismissed half his household.

### National Compliment.

The Emperor of Russia, after the death of Major Whistler, our lamented countryman, very naturally turned to America for his successor, as chief engineer of the great railroad from St. Petersburg to Moscow. Major T. S. Brown, the chief engineer of the New York and Erie railroad, has received the appointment through the Russian minister at Washington. This complimentary offer he has conditionally accepted. Major Brown was educated at West Point, and in his profession is known to have few equals.

INTELLIGENCE.—At this writing, there are upon our table, papers from every State in the Union, from the Aroostook in Maine, to the swamps of Florida, and from New Orleans to the northern tributaries of the Mississippi in the new territory of Minnesota. No town is too small, no spot too new in America, for a printing press. It advances into the backwoods with the very axe itself, and the varied, and by no means ordinary talent displayed in these papers, shows how broadcast is intelligence in this country.

CHEAP POSTAGE.—Here is the matter in a nut-shell; what we want, and what we must eventually have. A penny rate of postage on letters, always to be prepaid, and newspapers *free*. That incubus upon the department, the franking privilege, to be forever abolished. Let these measures be urged upon Congress by every suitable means, and when once accomplished, our happy Union in the matter of advancement, will have on her seven league boots.

DOWN EAST WOMEN.—In Troy, on the day of the election, Mrs. Emeline Prescott shot two large hawks, which had nefarious inclinations towards her poultry. One of them was struck at the distance of seventy yards, and was nearly four feet and a half from tip to tip.

PLEASE EXCHANGE, says the American Union and Weekly News, Steubenville, O., and just underneath the request is an uncredited column from the FLAG. What queer people there are in this world.

A CURIOUS FACT.—The whole population of the United States could be compressed into the space of one mile square, and each individual be allowed sufficient room to breathe in. Fifteen inches square would suffice for this.

Byron said the greatest trial to a woman's beauty was the ungraceful act of eating eggs.—*Exchange.*

He never saw one 'bolting' peaches and milk, we reckon, it's the greatest sight 'out of jail.'

YOUNG MAN, STOP.—You, young man, on the way to the ball-alley or billiard-room, with a cigar in your mouth, and with an appetite for a mint-julep—stop a moment. Are you not in a dangerous way?—*Salem Gazette.*

Echo answers—dangerous way!

RATHER TICKLISH.—We find in the Court Circular that the name of the Prince of Wales's private tutor is *Birch!*

### Editorial Ink-Drops.

A little girl was badly poisoned by eating some candy in New York lately.

Fanny Kemble's readings are not so fashionable as they were last winter.

The U. S. sloop of war Germantown is still at anchor off Havana.

The French seem to anticipate a long residence at Rome—11,000 beds ordered for use.

Fanny Forester, Mrs. Judson, we regret to learn, is again most seriously ill.

It is stated on pretty good authority that Santa Anna is striving to return to Mexico.

The American consulship at Paris is worth only about fifteen hundred dollars.

Mr. Wm. Abbott of Lynn has raised a tomato this season, weighing over two pounds.

It is said that Forrest is about to publish a democratic paper in New York.

The mint has coined about half a million of gold dollars up to this date.

Would Heaven have given women sweet voices if it intended them to scold and fret?

The population of New York city is estimated to exceed 425,000.

Maria Curtis drowned herself in New Orleans from some unknown cause.

Have we mentioned the destruction of the Cleveland, Ohio, theatre lately?

It is estimated that there is about $40,000,000 of specie in the country at this time.

A slung shot affair in Broadway, N. York, resulted in the death of a cab man lately.

Henry K. Hood was burnt to death with hot iron in a New York foundry.

A new hotel at Bellows Falls, Vt., was lately consumed by fire—loss, $10,000.

Col. Fremont is now digging gold with a large party on the banks of the Sacramento.

Mrs. Partington, seeing a specimen of California gold, thought all wasn't gold that 'glistered.'

The western papers complain that the plank roads *squirt* you to death.

The small pox has been making ravages in Cincinnati, but is now less prevalent.

The newspapers are making it out that Coolidge the murderer has really escaped after all.

The White Mountains have been covered with snow for some three weeks.

Miss Rosa Jacques is the name of the new prima donna so noted in the Seguin troupe.

There are already nine churches in San Francisco, and another erecting.

### Naval Matters.

The frigate Congress is shortly to be sent to relieve the frigate Brandywine, on the Brazil station. Two sloops of war are now fitting out, one destined for the coast of Africa and the other for the Pacific. The steamship Saranac has been ordered to be ready for sea on the first of November, destination unknown. A storeship is being made ready at Norfolk to convey supplies to the squadron on the Pacific. The U. S. schooner Taney has been ordered to proceed to the coast of South America, for the purpose of testing Lieut. Maury's wind and current charts.

A letter from California says that a joiner, just arrived from the States, had been offered steady employment at five hundred dollars per month, or *six thousand dollars per year.*—*Saturday Post.*

It is such paragraphs as the above that deceive the thoughtless, and lead them to tramp off for the diggings. The man who gets fifteen dollars a day for labor has to pay some ten or twelve of it for his daily board, and contingent expenses are enormous, so that in the end he is no better off than as though he were receiving from one to two dollars per day in New England. Such is the healthy and righteous law of compensation.

HAYTI.—The territories of the new emperor are not very extensive, neither are his subjects very numerous. He now exercises dominion over about 15,000,000 acres of land, and about 150,000 inhabitants. He is, however, about making an attempt to increase his territories, in a manner becoming an emperor, by sending an army to conquer the Spanish portion of the island, which contains a population of about one hundred thousand.

ANNEXATION OF CANADA.—The Montreal Herald, in an able article on the comparative advantages to Canada of annexation with the United States on the one hand, and on the other of a federal union of the British provinces, with independence both of Great Britain and the United States, pronounces the former to be the only probable remedy for the evils of its present condition.

PAPAL GRATITUDE.—Sweet is it to chronicle acts of thanksgiving and gratitude of the great ones of the earth, among whom it is undeniable are Pius the IX. and Louis Napoleon the last. The President restores the Pope to Rome, and the Pope restores the Holy Inquisition. And the Pope, out of conscience and tender heart, offers to his champion, when his Presidency shall have expired, the post of Secretary of the Holy Office.

ROYALISTS.—The gentle and moderate party are whipping, hanging and shooting in Baden, Pesth, Milan, &c. All who aspire to the dignity of freedom, such as we enjoy in America, are to be shut in or out of battle, or subjected to hemp or thongs. In the meantime, England looks on in apathy, and France smiles encouragement at this diabolical conduct.

MISS DAVENPORT.—This young lady, who is now playing a star engagement in New York, is attracting no little attention, partly by reason of her professional talents, and partly from the fact of her being the original of Dickens's 'infant phenomenon,' in Nicholas Nickleby.

A HINT.—We don't pretend to be much of a philosopher, but we have always found that to learn a man's weak points, you have only to observe the failings which he has the quickest eye to discern in others, and 'when found, make a note of it;' you have got him there, *sure*.

SUICIDE.—A poor girl in New York city opened a vein in her arm and bled to death a few days since. The old story of desecrated confidence applies to her case. This is a wicked world!

WAUKEGAN FREE DEMOCRAT, (ILL.)—Our hearty thanks are due to this western cotemporary for his kind remarks, and we desire also to express our sympathy with him for the jaw-breaking title of his paper.

COMPELLING CREDULITY.—The editor of the New York Mirror has been sued by George Gordon Byron for a libel, in doubting that he is the son of Lord Byron.

GRAPHIC.—A western editor, noticing the disappearance of the cholera, says it has 'gone glimmering through the dream of things that were.'

MELON-CHOLY.—The editor of the Albany Argus has seen a watermelon that weighed seventy-five pounds and a quarter.

### From our Foreign Files.

Dr. William Sparks, U. S. consul at Venice, died at that place August 17.

The Bank of France has agreed to grant a loan of three hundred millions of francs to the government.

Nine thousand one hundred and twenty-nine persons have died of cholera in London during the present season.

About 35,000,000 gallons of water are daily supplied to the inhabitants of London by the several metropolitan water companies.

It is reported that a small mosque is to be built in Paris, for the use of such residents as profess the Mohammedan faith.

The propriety of the resumption of specie payments by the Bank of France is now urged. It has not less than 78,000,000 of bullion against only $82,000,0000 of note circulation.

Among the timber sold in London recently, were 3980 pieces of oak from Mount Olympus. Where were thy thunderbolts, mighty Jove! when they 'cut stick' from thy mountain.

A German paper mentions the death of a police sergeant from tetanus, produced by a bite on the thumb from a drunkard whom he was taking into custody.

At North Shields, England, there has been recently extracted from a woman's shoulder, a needle, which fifteen years ago entered one of her fingers.

A new line of steamers to ply between Liverpool and the Mediterranean has been projected. The first of the line, the Bosphorus, is now ready for sea.

The French ministry are making great efforts to pay Louis Philippe's private debts.—They have sold quite a number of his forests, at his request.

In St. Petersburg, where the population is barely one-fifth of that of London, the mortality by cholera has been more by twenty thousand, and in Paris, with about half the population of London, the victims have been over fifteen thousand.

### Dewdrops of Wisdom.

Experience is a torch lighted in the ashes of our delusions.

To the poor man poverty greater than his own never appealed in vain.

He who peeps through a keyhole may see what will vex him.

How much he knew of the human heart, who first called God our Father.

Some are very liberal even to profuseness, when they can be so at the expense of others.

It is good to know much, but 'tis better to use well what we do know.

Remembrance of an injury often does more harm than receiving it.

Pride may sometimes be a useful spring-board to the aspiring soul, but it is much more frequently a destructive stumbling-block.

He who swallows up the substance of the poor, will, in the end, find that it contains a bone which will choke him.

Gluttony has killed more than rum, pestilence, or the sword. It has been said that a drunkard may live to be old, but a glutton can never.

The goodly outside is excellent, when not falsely assumed; but the worst natural face that nature's journeyman ever left unfinished is better than the bravest mask.

Dr. Franklin says, a man as often gets two dollars for one he spends in informing his mind, as he does for a dollar he lays out in any other way.

Alexander the Great valued learning so highly, that he used to say he was more indebted to Aristotle for giving him knowledge, than to his father Philip for life.

Every fresh generation, like every fresh little boy, must be put to school to its own experience. No history of former Tommies will avail to keep the new Tommy's fingers out of the fire, a piece of wisdom which a live coal will ineffaceably inculcate in a second.

He is the greatest man who chooses the right with invincible resolution, who resists the sorest temptations from within or without, who bears the heaviest burden cheerfully, who is calmest in storms, and most fearless under menace and frowns; whose reliance on truth, on virtue, on God, is most unfaltering.

Men of the world hold that it is impossible to do a disinterested action except from an interested motive; for the sake of admiration, if for no grosser end. Doubtless they are also convinced that when the sun is showering light from the sky, he is only standing there to be stared at.

### The Joker's Budget.

Why is a chap without his clothes on like a feudal lord? Because he is a *bare 'un.*

The youth that was kicked so badly by a hobby horse last week is recovering. New Haven papers will please copy.

The Alleghany river is so low at present, that they have to fence it in to keep the cows from drinking it entirely dry!

A lady friend thought that she should avoid a certain dry goods store because they advertised undressed linens.

Why is the State of New Hampshire like a horse's neck? Because it has a Maine (*mane*) on one side of it.

'That's a thundering big lie,' said Frank. 'No,' answered Bemus, 'it is only a fulminating enlargement of elongated veracity.'

Barnum has secured the man, who, although hailing from Virginia, does not belong to 'one of the first families' of that immense State.

A simple country lady, hearing that a nephew of hers had been made Bachelor of Arts, said that these artful bachelors sometimes played the deuce with the girls.

'Pray, Mrs. Zabriska, why do you whip your children so often?' 'La, Mr. Worthy, I does it for their enlightenment; I never whipped one of them in my life, that they did not acknowledge it made them *smart*.'

There was a 'little nigger' in our city, says the Arkansas Intelligencer, who had such long heels, that a wit observed that 'he was ten years old before it was decided which way the fellow would walk!'

'Applause is the food of an actor,' said a foppish fellow the other day. 'I don't believe it,' answered his friend, 'for I saw one of them picking his teeth on the steps of an eating house yesterday.'

### Miscellaneous Items.

It is very interesting to see two persons get into a passion and scold half an hour, and then to discover that the whole quarrel arose from a mistake, and that neither of them knows what he has been talking about.

The Cincinnati horticultural society have received from Santa Fe some seeds of a berry like both the gooseberry and currant; cuttings of the grape from which the famous El Passo wine is made are to be sent.

The Maltese papers state that letters from Tricola, the capital of Thessalonia, announce that a dreadful conflagration, supposed to be caused by incendiaries, had destroyed 320 houses, 640 shops, and the whole of the Jewish quarter of the town.

The Turkish government has established a system for gratuitous medical aid throughout the empire. Physicians are appointed, with salaries, to visit and attend the sick, and prohibited from taking any fees from the poor.—They are to report their cases every three months, officially.

The French M. P.'s have a guinea a day. If they are disorderly during the debate, or appeal to physical force, the President has the power of docking their stipend to starve them into reason. He exercises this power not unfrequently.

The same object, seen from the three different points of view—the past, the present, and the future—often exhibit three different faces to us; like those sign-boards over shop doors, which represent the face of a lion as we approach, of a man when we are in front, and of an ass when we have passed.—*Longfellow.*

### Quill and Scissors.

Deputy sheriff Reed, of Norwalk, Conn., had to shoot W. A. Lewis before he would surrender. Mr. Lewis and others were digging oysters contrary to law. The ball took effect on the top of the skull, and the wound bled freely.

A man was found on rather too intimate terms with a married lady at Camden, N. J., lately, when the husband and friends seized him, and having plentifully coated him with tar and feathers, left him to fly.

The steamer Germantown was burned near Raleigh, just above Shawneetown, Ill., a few days since. The fire originated in the after hold, among some paper, supposed to be the work of an incendiary.

The Washington Republic says, ninety thousand land warrants have been issued to soldiers who served in the Mexican war, giving away to them as a bounty 13,800,000 acres.

Phrenologists are not laughed at so much as they used to be. Even animal magnetizers are treated with some show of respect. It is the balloon travelling which is laughed at now.

The Newfoundland fishery has turned out more successful than for many years past.—The necessary instructions have been issued for the repeal of the 'imperial' customs duties.

Capt. Joseph Weldon, of Dartmouth, has remitted $3000 in gold from California to his family. With his schooner Favorite, 30 tons, he was earning $1000 a month on the Sacramento.

A gentleman who was present at the late crowning scene at Hayti, states that the crown was made of *pasteboard*, and that the 'glittering jewels,' spoken of in some letters, were all false.

The census of Texas, for 1848, exhibits an increase of 11,972 over that of 1847, without including four counties not returned. The actual increase is at least 22,000.

Chicago is growing like a young giant. It has increased 3300 in population during the last twelve months, and has a total population of 23,500, the growth of only fourteen years!

It is said tomato vines, taken up before frosted, put in pots, treated as house plants, and set out in the spring, will bear earlier and richer fruit for several successive years.

Twenty-two newspapers have been started in Manchester, N. H., and but four have survived. To establish a paper requires no small amount of labor, talent and capital.

Queen Victoria has raised her eldest son Albert Edward, Prince of Wales, to the dignity of an earl of the United Kingdom, under the name and title of the Earl of Dublin.

A grand squirrel hunt, composed of two parties of thirty on each side, came off at Washington, Pa., on Friday last. The whole number of squirrels killed was 673.

Punch says there is no man, however high, but who is jealous of some one; and there is no man, however low, but who has some one jealous of him!

*Experimental philosophy*—asking a young lady to marry you. *Natural philosophy*—looking indifferent and saying you were only in fun, when she refuses you.

The Newburyport Herald says if the California news continues favorable for the next three months, that town will be largely represented at the gold mines.

The London papers contain cautions against the purchase of lands in the United States, except from well known agencies.

Judge Hart, of Cincinnati, lately caused the 'criminal box' to be taken out of court, on the ground that no man need be disgraced before he is found guilty of crime.

Potatoes sell in Skowhegan for 25 cents per bushel—in Bangor at 50 cents, and in Hallowell the nicest potatoes that were ever raised at 40 cents per bushel.

The wife of Franklin P. Conant, aged 25, of Williamsburg, L. I., died from injuries caused by her clothes taking fire from the ignition of alcohol which she was heating.

The steamer Andrew Jackson, from New Orleans to St. Louis, struck a snag, carrying away five state rooms, and some of the passengers narrowly escaped.

A law student, who is preparing for his examination, has discovered that the only way to avoid being hauled over the coals is to stick to Coke.

The cotton crop has been very much injured by the worm and excessive rains in Texas, so that in the western part there will not be more than half a crop.

The gipseys preserve their family color in every part of Europe, and Jews preserve the same complexion, though dispersed for 2000 years all over the world.

3520 dogs have been killed in New York this season, since the ordinance of the Common Council, setting a price upon their heads, came in force.

At Gettysburg, Pa., recently, Frederic Smith, under sentence of death for murdering Frederic Foster, anticipated his doom by hanging himself in his cell.

Workmen at the various arsenals of construction of the United States are now busily engaged in the alteration of the flint muskets into percussion.

You can go to Europe now for $60, first cabin, or $30 second, in Train's elegant line of packets. It will soon cost more to stay at home than it does to travel.

A down east editor says there is a girl in his section, with a breath so sweet that they talk of boiling it down for molasses.

In Bath, New York, R. Gee went to Joseph Parker's house to tar and feather him. Parker stabbed and killed him, and was arrested.

Fashion, the celebrated racer, has been withdrawn from the turf, after a career of unrivalled brilliancy, at the age of ten years.

No fewer than 20,000 Austrian soldiers are said to have perished in Hungary from sickness and fever alone.

When the world has once got hold of an untruth, it is astonishing how hard it is to get it out of the world.

Fifteen families from the neighborhood of Wilmington, Del., have emigrated to Chicago, Illinois, within a few months.

A little girl hearing it remarked, that all people had once been children, artlessly inquired, 'Who took care of the babies?'

One of the most respectable public houses in Bleecker street, N. Y., is famous for its rows—as they have a man (Amos) there every night.

It is doubted whether Sir H. L. Bulwer will ever come to this country, as British minister, his health not being good.

Signor Blitz is at St. John, puzzling crowds of our provincial friends with his astounding feats of magic.

Sixteen families recently started in one company from a town in Maine, to settle in Minnesota.

The receipts of the Salem mechanics' fair, for admission at its doors, were $1933 70.

A paper in Canada that publishes the births, heads them 'new arrivals.'

A man down east has invented a sort of paste to mend broken hearts.

Our safety as eulogists lies among our commendations of the dead.

There is now over four millions in specie in the New York sub-treasury.

Alcohol is the high priest of death; tobacco is his chief deacon.

Mr. Calhoun, it is rumored, will shortly resign his seat in the U. S. Senate.

'Take your time,' as the man said, when he returned a stolen watch.

Is there a word in English which contains all the vowels? *Unquestionably.*

Two omnibus lines in Philadelphia have reduced their fare to three cents.

Massachusetts now contains three hundred and eleven towns and cities.

Thanksgiving in Massachusetts Thursday, November 29.

There are about 25,000 Indians in the Minnesota Territory.

Milton was born in London, Dec. 9, 1608.

### Local Matters.

#### Amusements.

Biscaccianti and Truffi, with Benedetti, Rosi and Strakosch, have left us, after giving a number of highly popular musical festivals.—Biscaccianti is an 'immense' favorite in Boston. Collins, the capital delineator of Irish character, has been winning fresh laurels at the Howard Athenæum, and Mrs. Barrett has been performing a re-engagement at the Museum, with her customary success. She is queen of the Boston stage. The Lyceum Theatre is doing a good business. By the by, if the very charming Mrs. Skerrett would moderate her rhetorical powers a little, it would add to the general excellence of her performance; words are like *mules*, stubborn things to *hurry* with—but Mrs. S. is such a charming actress that she can afford to have some faults. The National Theatre shows the master hand of its manager, Mr. Barry, and matters go on at this house with a reliable and professional exactness that commands respect, and ensures good entertainments. We understand that Miss Davenport, of whose fame we have heard much, is under engagement here, but at which house we do not learn. The New York critics compare her with Ellen Tree, and declare her Juliet to be the best of that of any actress now upon the stage. Some of our readers may remember Miss Davenport when a mere child, in her performances at the Lion Theatre, which occupied the present site of the Adams House in Washington street. Soon after the close of that establishment she went to England, and performed through the various cities, and on the continent. We have mentioned in another place that she is the original of Dickens's 'infant phenomenon.' We look forward with interest to her appearance in Boston. It cannot be denied that there is a growing and evident taste for theatricals in our community. The large attendance at the various places of dramatic entertainment show this to be the fact, and it only remains for the wise and good to countenance and direct this popular species of amusement, to render its results of good effect.

#### The Late Gale.

When the equinoctial storm *did* reach us, it came in earnest, and the damage that was done on our coast and off the harbor is of the most serious character. Over one hundred lives are known to have been lost, most of them by the wreck of the British brig St. John, Capt. Oliver, from Galway, Ireland, off Minot's Ledge, Cohasset. There were only twenty-one persons saved out of all her crew and passengers, numbering 120 persons, being the most fearful shipwreck that has occurred upon *our* coast for forty years. Much damage was sustained by shipping anchored in the harbor, by the dragging of anchors, breaking fasts, and parting cables. We hear of much injury done to vessels all along shore.

THE TEMPLE CLUB.—This long-established association have just erected a superb house, with an elaborate and highly-finished freestone front, in West street, just opposite Mason street. The building strikes us as being something quite original in design, and is an ornament to our city architecture.

A singular lusus naturæ has presented itself in a border county of North Carolina, in a child which has a foot, a hand, and one side of the face entirely black.—*Evening Post.*

What a coincidence! There was just another such a circumstance happened in Boston the other day, at the birth of a negro boy.—To be sure, the other side of the boy was black too.

Miss Harriet Farley, of the Lowell Offering, has been kissed by the President, and has arrived safe at home.—*Home Journal.*

As affection's tribute, the kiss seems to us almost a holy thing; but there is a good deal of *Judas* in this promiscuous and public kissing.

RETURNING EMIGRANTS.—The packet ship Washington Irving, which recently sailed for Liverpool, carried back 134 emigrants, whose expectations of the new world have been disappointed, and who therefore 'retire in disgust.'

OUR NEIGHBORS.—The total valuation of real and personal property in Cambridge, as estimated by the assessors of the present year, is, $10,666,272. The whole number of voters is 3722.

THE GERMANIANS.—We are pleased to learn that this excellent company of musicians are to pass the winter in Boston. They are great favorites here, and will be cordially welcomed back from their summer tour.

FRANCIS W. RICE—late junior editor of the Olive Branch, has dissolved his connection with that paper, and goes out to follow the same profession in California. Mr. Rice is an able and popular writer.

NEW YORK CUSTOM HOUSE.—According to the New York Sunday Atlas, the Custom House of that city must be a terribly bad place, a sort of Augean stable. But, then, perhaps the editor is a *leetle* prejudiced.

QUICK PASSAGE.—The barque Eureka came from England into our port in the short space of sixteen days—the quickest passage across the Atlantic that has yet been made by a sailing vessel.

MUSICAL.—Miss Fanny Frazer is engaged for the choir of Trinity Church in this city.—Her natural powers and high cultivation render her professional services most valuable.

FALL BUSINESS is very prosperous and lively in Boston. Domestic goods are advanced in prices, and the arrival of flour, grain, coal, etc., through the various channels is very large.

HENRY B. STANTON, ESQ., formerly a lawyer in this city, has been nominated as the democratic candidate for Senator, for Yates, Seneca and Tompkins counties, New York.

MRS. KEMBLE—according to sundry papers, will give three readings from Shakspeare before the Mercantile Library Association this winter.

CHEAP ENOUGH.—Potatoes can now be had within fifty miles of Boston, on the lines of railroads, for 37 1-2 cents per bushel, for the best sorts.

MISS BREMER.—We observe by the papers, that this distinguished authoress lately arrived in this country, will pass the winter in Boston.

THE CHOLERA has entirely disappeared from the city; we have much cause for thankfulness therefor.

ROBERT HAMILTON, of this city, is said to be now in London, preparing for the press a new work on the United States.

ONE HUNDRED AND SIX vessels arrived at this port in one day lately, coastwise and foreign.

## OUR OLIO COLUMN.

[Written for The Flag of our Union.]

### The Life of Poor Barleycorn.

BY [illegible].

Poor Barleycorn! Poor Barleycorn!
He's buried in the earth;
And there, in darkness all forlorn,
He struggles into birth.

At last, uprising from the ground,
And waving in the air,
With conscious pride he looks around,
Because he's wondrous fair.

But lo! the reapers quickly spy,
Their envy is so great;
They swear by all that he shall die,
And quit his happy state.

With sickles keen they cut him down,
To wilt beneath the sun;
Then with their forks they hurl him round,
Nor yet their malice done.

For soon they drag him to the barn,
And stretch him on the floor,
And flay and beat him skin from bone,
And curses on him pour.

Then gather up his crumbling bones,
And send them to the mill,
And grind them there between two stones,
With unrelenting will.

Imprisoned then in barrel strong,
He's rolled and kicked about,
Till some old baker comes along
And lets poor barley out.

Nor is this all—through wire sieves
He squeezes him and mauls him,
While bitter draughts of yeast he gives,
And with hot water scalds him.

Meanwhile, within a trough he's cast,
With many a thumping blow,
Till his identity is lost
In soft and yielding dough.

At last he's in an oven bound,
All glowing with the heat;
In fiery torments kept, till found
Well done and fit to eat.

Thus tumbled in his youthful pride,
Thus loaded with abuse,
By sufferings sore poor Barley's tried
Ere he is deemed of use.

Poor Barleycorn! a truth is taught
By thy eventful life,
That bringeth good cheer to the heart
Weighed down with toil and strife.

It teacheth, though we suffer pains,
And trials and distress;
'Tis well, for thus the soul attains
To real usefulness.

### He's got another Girl!

And so he's got another girl,
That faithless swain of mine!
He often swore 'he'd never wed,
If me he did resign.'

He said 'he thought it very hard,
When he so long had tried
To calm the fears of all my friends,
And win me for his bride;

'And when he had persuaded them
Such idle tales to spurn,
That I, the one for whom he'd fought,
Should be the one to turn.

'But still, if I requested it,
The sacrifice he'd make,
And give me up, though in the strife
He knew his heart would break.

'But evermore to him,' he said,
'Would others' charms be vain,
For if I thus refused his hand,
He ne'er should love again.'

How soon forgot! though since that time
Two months have scarcely flown,
He lingers by another's side,
And fondly lisps 'my own!'

They say that she is beautiful,
With black eyes sparkling bright;
With rosy cheeks and ruby lips,
And teeth of pearly white.

And beauty is a charm, to which
I never could lay claim;
And as I bade him cease to hope,
Of course he's not to blame.

But still I wonder that his love,
So seemingly sublime,
Could be transferred even to her,
In that short space of time. *Rambler.*

### Louis Philippe and Louis Napoleon.

AN ODE TO THE FORMER.

Ex-monarch of the Gallic race,
Poor dear old a *revenge* out of *place*,
With me you once were in disgrace,
I used to scold you:
In reconcilement's fond embrace
Now let me fold you!

You were a little sly, indeed,
Inclined to avaricious greed,
Preferred the interest of your breed
Before your nation;
And sought its welfare with less heed
Than their donation.

True, with your subjects faith you broke,
And your vexatious galling yoke
Their patience did at length provoke
To send you packing.
Your dynasty, dissolved in smoke,
Your whiskers lacking.

But as to jet is driven snow,
As is the swan under the crow,
Louis Philippe, are you e'en so
To your successor;
Beside the President you show
A mild transgressor.

France has not you, old boy, to blame,
For tarnished arms and blackened fame,
Of that eternal scorn and shame,
As the occasion,
Which he has brought upon her name
By Rome's invasion.

See her with priestcraft's powers allied,
And ranged upon the despot's side;
You ne'er your country stultified
In such a manner,
Causing all nations to deride
Her sullied banner.

Although you bore with rigid stress
On public speaking and the press,
Discussion you restricted less
Than this mere ninny,
The author of his country's mess
Of ignominy.

Who now rejoicing with the Czar,
Victorious in tyrannic war
Against the rights of the Magyar,
In freedom's ruin—
Yokes France and Frenchmen to the car
Of rampant ruin.—*Punch.*

### A Neat Parody.

The following parody is very clever; the sewers of the metropolis empty into the Thames, whereupon Punch thus addresses it:

Flow on, thou muddy river,
And ere thou reach'st the sea,
Seek London's streets and give her
The stench she flings o'er thee;
And tell her thus, if she's supine,
The current of thy filth shall be,
With odors which the sewers combine
To concentrate on thee.

But if, in wandering thither,
Thou find'st a purer air,
Some refuse leave to wither
Upon the moist bank there;
And tell her thus, when more and more
Malaria shall extended be,
The filth thrown by upon thy shore
Will trace the cause to thee.

### Epitaph on a Dog.

Goodness and virtue pass away,
Talent and virtue bright;
And 'every dog must have his day'
Exchanged for gloomy night.

Yet o'er the dust of him who sleeps
Within this narrow space,
How many a sorrowing puppy weeps
The noblest of his race.

### Pleasant, very.

To feel in dreams the kiss you give your sweeting,
And see her blush again like damask rose;
To wake well pleased from that ecstatic greeting,
And find a 'skeeter biting at your nose!'


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[Written for The Flag of our Union.]

### Autumn.

BY EDWARD WILLARD.

Autumn is here, with its sweet livery,
Flinging its tints o'er wood and o'er plain;
Autumn is here, with its hazy atmosphere,
Fast usurping the summer's reign.
The oak deep crimsoned, the golden-leafed maple,
Serenely glows in the sun's pale beams;
While high on the hills in silent majesty,
Towers the cedar in its robe of green.
Shorn of his beams, and paler than planet,
Through the faint colored horizon wanders the sun,
Languidly beaming o'er autumn's decay;
Its glory fast losing, as winter comes on.
Autumn is here! the husbandman hardy
That toiled through the summer, now reaps his reward;
Prepares for the season now ruthlessly coming,
When storm follows storm, and the rude tempest blows.
The clustering grapes twine purple and gushing,
The fruit trees bend beneath their ripening load;
The fields, tossed by winds, like a sea in commotion,
Shine in bright colors of green and of gold.
O, Autumn, I love thee! plainly thou showest
How all earth-begotten shall dwell with the past;
Where nature's great God is reigning I'll seek me
A happiness ever, a home that shall last.

[Written for The Flag of our Union.]

### The Blind Man.

BY F. M. BREWER.

Stranger that passeth,
Be generous and kind;
Grant a small pittance—
For, alas, I am blind!

I see not the fair things
Of this beauteous earth,
Nor commingle with men,
In revel and mirth.

The world is all darkness
And sorrow to me;
Its joys and its pleasures
I never can see.

My lot is a sad one—
Lone, friendless and blind;
To linger in darkness,
Unblest by mankind.

I soon shall surrender
My spirit to God;
And leave this cold world—
Sad sorrow's abode.

But while I shall linger,
Be generous and kind;
Grant a small pittance
To the feeble and blind.

[Written for The Flag of our Union.]

### Home.

BY ELLEN WATERS.

If o'er the sea my thoughts will roam,
To look on realms sublime or rare,
Home ever, to my native home,
It comes with deep and longing care.
It comes to those long-loved and dear—
And as the needle to the pole
Turns back, however oft it veer,
So turns to home my loving soul.

Though foreign lands be proudly fair,
Though newer forms charm awhile—
Though graces ever rich and rare
O'er many a distant country smile—
Still, still my own, my native land,
I cling to thee, and would not roam;
While swells my heart, as here I stand,
With joy and pride that 'tis my home.

[Written for The Flag of our Union.]

### The Voice of Her I love.

BY M. S. HUDSON.

How sweet at the hour of silent eve
The harp's responsive sound;
How sweet the vows that ne'er deceive,
And deeds by virtue crowned!
How sweet to sit beneath a tree,
In some delightful grove;
But O, more soft, more sweet to me
The voice of her I love.

Where'er she joins the village train
To hail the new-born day,
Mellifluous notes compose each train
Which zephyrs waft away.
The frowns of fate I'll calmly bear,
In humble sphere to move;
Content and blest where'er I hear
The voice of her I love.

[Written for The Flag of our Union.]

### Twilight.

BY EDOUARD.

When eve her darkening mantle spreads,
And robes of gray enrol the east;
When lingering beams the bright sun sheds,
And myriad stars from heaven peep;
'Tis then, the twilight o'er me stealing,
I hear strange whisperings in the wind;
And breathings stir my inmost feeling,
That bid this earth's frail sway unbind.

Thou art my hour of purest bliss,
The hour to calm reflection given;
In close communings with the heart
The spirit converse holds with Heaven.
As after thee comes darkest night,
So souls would err mid darkness born;
But holy writ leads to His light,
As midnight ushers in the morn.

[Written for The Flag of our Union.]

### I cannot love.

BY MISS M. E. H.

I cannot love! I cannot love!
The very thought is pain;
My fondest hopes were blighted once,
I ne'er can love again.

I cannot love! I cannot love!
My life is drear and lone;
Those broken vows so fondly pledged
Have turned my heart to stone.

I cannot love! I cannot love!
The words but give me pain;
My fondest love was blighted once,
I ne'er can love again.

### An Emblem.

A butterfly basked on a baby's grave,
Where a lily had chanced to grow;
Why art thou here with a gaudy dye,
Where she of the bright and sparkling eye
Must sleep in the church-yard low?

Then it lightly soared through the sunny air,
And spoke from its airy track;
'I was a worm till I won my wings,
And she whom thou mourn'st like a seraph sings:
Wouldst thou call the blest one back?'

## MISCELLANEOUS.

[Written for The Flag of our Union.]

## HIS FIRST AFFAIR;
OR,
PISTOLS FOR TWO.

BY FRANCIS A. DURIVAGE.

### CHAPTER I.
*The Bay State.*

A soft, delicious evening in June! Nowhere do the rays of the declining sun linger more lovingly as loath to leave the land and water, than in Narragansett Bay, whose wooded and villa crowned shores, indented with many a cove, and battlemented with many a gray rock, make up a panorama which fills the eye with visions of beauty. Newport, quaint old Newport, was bathed in a crimson haze, its many paned windows blazing as with sapphires and diamonds in a deluge of departing light. The stern, gray ramparts of the fort, above which streamed the Flag of our Union, and the figures of the soldiers upon guard, distinctly defined against the roseate sky, threw their deep, dark shadows far upon the surface of the waters. A hundred sails fell like crimson draperies in graceful folds from the taper masts that sustained them. Here and there the placid mirror of the bay was broken into its glassy sparkles by the plashing oars of some returning barge. The steamboat Bay State, huge as a castle, was blowing off steam from the pipe of her safety valve, as she lay for a few moments at the wharf, discharging and taking in passengers. At last the bell rang, farewells were interchanged between those on shore and those on board, the huge paddle-wheels began to paw the water, and the vast fabric moved majestically away, bearing in safety her precious freight of five hundred souls. Among the passengers on deck was a little group, consisting of an old gentleman and his wife, with a young man in the striking undress uniform of the U. S. Dragoons. We may as well at once introduce our readers to Major Cannister, Mrs. Major Cannister, as she liked to call herself, and Lieut. Walter Severn, a high-spirited young man of twenty-one, who had just received a commission in the army, and was dreaming of laurels to be won in Mexico under the veteran Scott, whose column he was to join upon the march from Vera Cruz. His uncle, the major, had served in the war of 1812, and had retired from the service with a brevet majority, a pension and a cork leg; of which he was reasonably proud.

'What a lovely landscape!' exclaimed the young officer, who had the eye of a painter, and the heart of a poet.

'What a strong position!' said the major, gazing on the fort with the admiration of a military man.

'No chance for dragoons here!' said the lieutenant.

'So much the better!' said the major, who had served in the infantry. 'But what do I see?' he added, with sudden animation—'Hallo! old fellow! Come into court and give an account of yourself.'

The last phrase was addressed to a gentleman of his own age, who, with a pretty dark-eyed belle hanging on his arm, was standing a few paces apart, and listening, amused, to the gay prattle of his companion.

On hearing the lively appeal of the major, the gentleman turned, and his eye immediately lighted up with a gleam of pleasure as he approached the first group.

'Major Cannister! I'm delighted to see you! Mrs. Cannister, this is indeed a pleasure!' 'Where have you been this century, Burton?' were the salutations of the major and his old friend, a retired merchant of Providence, the father of the fair Julia, who was a 'very creditable style of young lady.'

After mutual compliments and inquiries, Burton presented his daughter to the young lieutenant; whereat that youthful officer colored up to the eyes and bowed with great embarrassment, while the young lady blushed excessively and cast her eyes to the deck, as she curtsied very low. Burton scarcely noticed her confusion, but the major kicked his nephew very quietly, and whispered to him 'not to behave like a blockhead, and discredit his uniform.'

'The boy,' he said, by way of apology, 'didn't look much like a bold dragoon. But what could you expect of a fellow who had never smelt powder? A month's campaign would make a man of him.'

'So you are going to Mexico, sir?' said the young lady, in the course of conversation, venturing to raise her eyes to the young man's face.

'I am ordered to join my regiment immediately,' replied the lieutenant.

'I have heard the war was almost ended,' said Miss Burton.

'Don't be afraid of that,' said the major.—'These Mexicans have all the pride and obstinacy of the Spanish race. Like the Dutch in Clarendon's time, they can endure to be beat much longer than we can endure to beat them. No! no! Walter will have a chance to see service. Depend upon it, Scott will have to fight every inch of the way from Vera Cruz to the capital—and those guerilleros are ugly fellows to deal with. They say the rascals are armed with escopetas that carry ounce balls, and that they give no quarter. I hope Scott will return them the compliment.'

A fine moonlight evening followed the gorgeous sunset in which the boat got under way from Newport. The air was so mild and bland, that all who were not invalids remained on deck till a late hour. Julia and the lieutenant sat apart conversing together.

'I did not expect to meet you here to-night, Julia,' said the young officer.

'Perhaps you did not desire it,' said the young lady.

'You are cruel.'

'What am I to think when you leave for a dangerous service without a word or adieu?'

'What am I to think, Julia, when you have not answered one of my last letters?'

'I have received none.'

'And yet I directed them regularly to Providence.'

'That accounts for it. We have been staying at Newport for a month.'

'Then you had not forgotten me?'

'Forgotten you, Walter?' A tear glistened on her fine cheek in the moonlight.

'Enough!' replied the dragoon. 'I have been unjust. But how fortunate to meet you! And to think of your father's formally introducing us, not knowing of our acquaintance and intimacy at Nahant during that happy summer of last year. Ah! Julia! can we hope for better times? How often have I reproached myself for having dared to address you. I—a poor orphan—having no expectations except from my uncle—you are rich and distinguished, beautiful, sought for and adored.'

The reply we are unable to state, as it was uttered in a low voice; but that it was not unpleasant may be inferred from the fact that the lieutenant imagined that his *tête-a-tête* had lasted but ten minutes, when he was startled by the voice of the major:

'What the deuce have you two been talking about for these two hours? We lost sight of you entirely. You've missed your supper, and it's half past ten o'clock. Your father has gone to bed, Miss Julia, and Mrs. Major C. is waiting for you in the ladies' cabin.'

The major and his nephew escorted the fair Julia to the threshold of that mysterious sanctuary of beauty which no male footstep is permitted to cross, and there they bade her good night.

'A very fine girl!' said the major to his nephew, as they descended to the gentlemen's cabin.

'Do you think so, sir?' replied the lieutenant, in a tone of indifference.

'To be sure I think so,' retorted the major, 'and so do you, if you have got eyes in your head. I tell you, sir, that after six months among the chocolate-faced senoritas of Mexico, you'll think Miss Julia Burton a very fine girl. And you'd better believe it now—for you're got to pass a week with her in New York.'

The lieutenant made no reply, but retired to his berth. He dreamed that night that he had made the campaign of Mexico, had been promoted to a colonelcy, and was married to Miss Julia Burton.

### CHAPTER II.
*The fire-eater.*

The Burtons and Cannisters went to a private boarding-house in the upper part of Broadway, kept by one Monsieur Vautrien, an old Frenchman, who had formerly been a confectioner in Boston, and who, like all Frenchmen of his age and political complexion, had served under the emperor. He now, however, served under his wife, a strapping marseillaise, who might have been a legitimate descendant of one of those poissardes who rode on cannons from Paris to Versailles and brought back the king and queen on the famous 6th of October.

The boarders in Monsieur Vautrien's house were few in number, but heterogeneous in nationality. There were one or two Americans and their wives, a couple of Spaniards, a pair of Frenchmen, and two or three single gentlemen of no particular nation.

Every boarding-house has its autocrat; a man who talks loud and lays down the law on every subject, finds fault with the dishes, bullies the waiters, lectures the chambermaid, flatters the landlady and berates mine host.—Monsieur Vautrien's establishment was not an exception. His John Jones was a tremendous fellow, who answered to the name of Captain Rifle. This formidable gentleman was full six feet high, and abounded in beard and mustaches. He wore a half military dress, and professed to have seen service in South America; a black patch on his cheek was said to conceal a sabre wound. He was a great favorite with the buxom landlady, and of course held in equal horror and aversion by her hen-pecked husband. He patronized or snubbed the boarders according to his humor. He held commercial integrity and punctuality in the most sovereign contempt, despised the rule of paying his board weekly as something beneath his dignity, and preferred long credits, which he demanded as a right, rather than received as a favor. He ate like a Cossack, smoked like a Swiss and swore like a pirate.

He received the new guests with ferocious cordiality; patronized the major and his lady, slapped Burton furiously on the back, and grinned through his mustaches on Julia.—To the lieutenant he merely nodded; and after having surveyed him superciliously from head to foot, glanced at his own image in the large French mirror with a smile of satisfaction. Nothing could have been more contemptuous.

After dinner, among the gentlemen, he drank the health of the Providence belle, as he termed Miss Burton, and swore, with an oath of the heaviest calibre, that she was the finest girl he had ever set eyes on. Walter's cheek burned with indignation at hearing Julia's name mentioned by such lips, but as yet there was nothing in the braggadocio's conduct tangible and recognizable. He resolved, however, to watch him narrowly and call him to account for any actual insult.

With the exception of the annoyance caused by this *tête noir*, the young lieutenant passed his time very pleasantly. He was much in Julia's society, and his love increased hourly in warmth and fervor.

One day he happened in to a pistol gallery, and proved his skill by a few shots at the target. There were two or three persons present, whom he scarcely noticed on entering.—He made a few very indifferent shots, and finally threw aside the weapon, despairing of ever becoming a marksman. What added to his mortification was his discovery that Captain Rifle was among the spectators.

'You'll make but a poor dragoon,' said the captain, 'if you can't handle the sabre any better than you do the pistol. Boy! hand me one of those shooting irons, and load for me; I want to show the young gentleman how we did up this sort of thing when I was in the service.'

The captain took his station at twenty paces from the target, and requested the attendant to give the word. His first shot was a liner—very near the bull's-eye. Walter would have been proud of such a shot, but the captain cursed his own awkwardness. The second shot was a decided improvement. The third struck the bull's-eye, and the concealed flag flew up. The fourth and fifth met with the same success. Walter was astonished.

'I'm out of practice,' said the captain, 'but I tell you, young gentleman, and you'd better believe it, that anything in the shape of a man would stand but a poor chance before the muzzle of my pistol, even if he were as slight a figure as yours.'

Walter made no reply, but bit his lip till the blood came.

That day, after dinner, he went to the ladies' drawing-room to ask Julia if she would like to take a stroll with him in Broadway.—He had scarcely entered the drawing-room when Miss Burton rushed towards him with an agitated air, and laying her hand upon his arm, burst into tears.

'What is the matter, Julia?' asked Walter, earnestly.

Miss Burton could not speak, but pointed to Captain Rifle, who was standing in the recess of a window.

'Nothing's the matter,' he said. 'I did but joke her, and attempt to snatch a soldier's privilege—a kiss!'

'You are an insolent rascal!' exclaimed the lieutenant; and springing towards Rifle, he struck him in the face.

The captain did not return the blow, but he bent a glance of deadly hatred upon his slight but fiery assailant.

'Young man,' he said, in a low, hoarse whisper, 'you have dug your own grave.—*Remember the pistol gallery.*'

### CHAPTER III.
*Hoboken.*

'Father! dear father! you must prevent it!' cried Julia, some hours afterwards, rushing into the room where her father was seated, smoking a cigar, and taking a comfortable view of an adjacent graveyard.

'Prevent what?' exclaimed the old gentleman.

'The meeting! the meeting!' said the poor girl.

'What meeting?'

'Mr. Severn's and Captain Rifle's. They have had words together—blows. A challenge has passed between them. Walter—I mean Lieut. Severn has agreed to fight that dreadful captain, and they are to meet at the duel-ground at Hoboken to-morrow morning at daybreak. O, it is a dreadful business!'

'It's a very foolish business—but I should like to know what concern you have with it. I suppose I'd better consult the major.'

'O, no! no!' said Julia. 'He is as high-tempered as his nephew, and he'd insist on having the affair carried through. Dear father, Lieut. Severn's life belongs to his country, and I see nothing better to be done than for you to go to the ground and make it up. I'm sure they'd listen to you.'

'Why, I think Rifle would. I lent him twenty dollars yesterday, and he has no right to trifle with his life. Make your mind easy, girl. I'll arrange the matter.'

Julia tried to find comfort in this assurance. She had already used all her eloquence on Severn but found him inflexible. He had replied to her that his honor was concerned in this affair—that he had been the aggressor, and that if he failed to give the captain satisfaction, he should be ruined for life, for he should never be able to show his face in his regiment. The only resource was then to appeal to her father.

Let us pass over a night which was a sleepless one to more than one of the parties of our story.

The gray dawn of the next day found the ferocious captain and his second on the ground. The captain's companion was a slim, sandy-haired fellow, with a downcast look, dressed very flashily in a green sporting-coat, with enormous gilt buttons, a buff vest and plaid pantaloons.

'We are first on the ground, Trifle,' said the captain.

'Business is business,' said the second. 'Do you think your man will come up to time?'

'I think so. He can't have slept a wink last night, for this is his *first affair*.'

'Do you propose to drop him?'

'Most certainly. If he were out of the way I think I should stand some chance with the girl. She is pretty, and an heiress. I think I can win her.'

'By fair means or foul?'

'Either or both.'

'Shall you practise the usual dodge, captain?'

'Firing simultaneously with the word? Yes. That cuts these novices out of their chance for a return shot. But hush! here comes my man, I think.'

A figure was seen approaching through the mist. He was waving a white handkerchief with frantic gesticulations.

'By heavens!' cried the captain, 'It's that old fool Burton, and he thinks he must approach us as one does an enemy's line, under a flag of truce.'

By this time Burton had come within speaking distance.

'Gentlemen! gentlemen!' he exclaimed, earnestly, 'will you hear me?'

'For a little ball-practice,' answered the captain.

'To break the laws of the land, rather,' rejoined Burton. 'Take care, captain, I shall appear against you, if you go on with this affair.'

'Threats!' exclaimed the captain, in a tremendous tone. 'This becomes a personal matter. Trifle, hand him a pistol.'

'Gentlemen! gentlemen!' exclaimed Burton, in tones of agony, 'I'm a non-combatant.'

'Take your distance, sir,' said the captain, sternly.

'Messrs. Trifle and Rifle!' stammered the wretched peace-maker, 'I come on a pacific errand. I carried a flag.'

'Curse your flag!' exclaimed the captain. 'Stand off, will you? I don't like to drop a man at a short shot. Give me a chance to wing you, like a gentleman.'

With a pistol forced into his hand, Burton stood the picture of despair—meditating a retreat, but not daring to run, for fear of that dreadful catastrophe, a 'fire in the rear.' The captain and his second amused themselves with his agony, but their sport was cut short by the appearance of Lieut. Severn, a young naval officer, and a surgeon.

'Just in time, sir,' said Trifle to the sailor, 'to prevent your substitute from being shot.'

Burton surrendered his pistol with alacrity, and then commenced an expostulation with the lieutenant, which was cut short by that gentleman's second, who quickly remarked:

'Old gentleman, if you are not particularly anxious to be shot, I advise you to step out of the line of fire, for we are going to work directly.'

Burton adopted the hint and removed to a safe distance whence he contemplated, with feelings of anxiety, the chilling preparations for mortal combat—the charging of the pistols, the measurement of the distance, the placing and arming of the combatants.

'I have the word!' said Walter's friend—'You are to fire at one—two—three. Now, then, gentlemen, are you ready?'

'Ready.'

'Ready.'

'Fire! one—two—three!' said the second.

At the word *fire*, Rifle's pistol exploded—but Severn, standing unharmed, responded by a quick shot, and his gigantic antagonist fell, the blood gushing from his breast. Walter, remorseful and terror-stricken at his own deed, rushed towards the fallen man, followed by his second and the surgeon. Trifle knelt over his friend. Burton ventured to approach the spot.

'I forgive you!' said the captain—'the chance is yours—fly—leave me with my friend; he can attend to me.'

'But I have a surgeon,' urged the lieutenant.

'No matter—I am past surgery—go!'

'Walter,' whispered the lieutenant's second, 'I believe that fellow's playing possum. He tried to murder you—he fell before the word, and I can almost swear he fell before your bullet left your pistol. Look to him, Sawbones!' he added to the surgeon.

The surgeon insisted on opening the wounded man's breast. There was blood there in abundance but no wound. On searching further he discovered a sponge saturated with blood which the captain had evidently concealed beneath his shirt.

'The fellow ain't even scratched!' said he, rising in disgust.

'You're an artful dodger, aint you?' said Walter's second, addressing the crest-fallen captain. 'And now I'm determined to see whether that patch upon your ugly mug conceals a scar or not.'

With these words the sailor pulled off the huge piece of court plaster from the captain's cheek and disclosed the letter D branded in his flesh.

'I thought so!' he exclaimed, bestowing a hearty kick upon the prostrate bully. 'This letter D, gentlemen, stands for Deserter, and it's a way they have in the army of marking their black sheep. What shall we do with this fellow?'

'Let him go to the deuce!' exclaimed Walter.

'Amen!' said his second. 'Pack off with yourselves, both of you, if you don't want to be marched up to the Tombs to-day, to the tune of the rogue's march.'

The discomfited rascals moved off in double quick time, glad to escape thus cheaply.

'And now,' said Burton, 'we shall reach the city just in time for breakfast.'

So the party left Hoboken, and a merry breakfast they had that morning at old Vautrien's. The Frenchman waited on the table in person, and was in the highest spirits. 'Zat raskaille Riffe is gone away!' he kept exclaiming, 'to come back some time nevair—nevair, nevair! *jamais! jamais! jamais! Autrefois* he vas here always, always, always—*toujours—toujours—toujours*. It was Rifle for breakfast, Rifle for dinner, Riffe for souper—*toujours* Rifle! *Vivent les honnêtes gens! A bas les coquins!*'

The lieutenant had acquired a twofold interest in the eyes of the fair Julia, since he had actually fought in her behalf, and it is believed that she made a promise that sent him to Mexico with a heart as light as a plume upon the wind. Certain it is that about a year afterwards, a certain Boston paper announced the union of *Captain Walter Severn* of the U. S. A., to Miss Julia, only daughter of Seth Burton, Esq., of Providence, R. I. And such was the result of 'his first affair.'

### Change.

Change! change! The mournful story
Of all that's gone before,
The wrecks of perished glory
Bestrewing every shore.
The shattered tower and palace,
That frowned o'er every glen,
In broken language tell us
The fleeting power of men.

Change! change! The scythe is sweeping
O'er many a cottage hearth;
The sickled hand is reaping
O'er scenes of household mirth;
The sheaf is bound where daughters
Round their mothers used to spin,
And where little feet did patter
Full often out and in.

Change! change! For all things human—
Kingdoms, states of ample wing,
Have their flight and fall in common
With the meanest mortal thing—
With beauty, love and passion,
With all of earthly trust,
With life's smallest wavelet rushing,
Curling, breaking into dust!

Where arose in marbled grandeur
The mighty cities of the past,
The sullen winds now wander
O'er a ruin-huddled waste.
Rent is the palace splendid—
The owl in silence wings
O'er floors where, eye attended,
Paced the sandaled feet of kings.

Still change! Go then and view
All desolate and stark,
The circle of the Druid,
The cloister of the monk,
The abbey, bold and squalid,
With its grass-mossed, crumbling wall;
Ask by whom these were unhallowed—
'Twas change that did it all.

But *Mind*, the ever-living,
From Time's each succeeding birth,
Will receive some more of heaven,
Will receive some less of earth—
More of truth and less of error,
Less of hate and more of love;
Till the world below shall mirror
All the purity above.—*Edinburg Magazine.*

### Hint on Kissing.

By the last word we do not mean the embrace of vice; but that indiscriminate facility which some young ladies have in permitting what they call a *good natured kiss*.

These good natured kisses have often very bad effects, and can never be permitted without injuring that fine gloss of exquisite modesty which is the fairest garb of virgin beauty.

The Count M——, one of the most accomplished and handsome young men in Vienna, was passionately in love with a girl of almost peerless beauty. She was the daughter of a man of great rank and influence at court, and on these considerations, as well as in regard to her charms, she was followed by a multitude of suitors. She was lively and amiable, and treated them all with an affability which still kept them in her train, although it was generally known that she had avowed a predilection for the count, and that preparations were making for their nuptials. The count was of refined mind and delicate sensibility; he loved her for herself alone; for the virtues which he believed dwelt in her beautiful form; and like a lover of such perfections, he never touched her without a fire shooting through his veins that warned him not to invade the vermillion sanctuary of her lips.

Such were his feelings, when one night at his intended father-in-law's a party of young people were met to celebrate a certain festival; several of the young lady's rejected suitors were present. Forfeits were one of the pastimes and all went on with the greatest hilarity, till the count was commanded by some witty mademoiselle, to redeem his glove by saluting the cheek of his intended bride.—The count blushed, trembled, advanced to his mistress, retreated, advanced again—and at last, with a tremor that shook every fibre in his frame, with a modest grace he put the soft ringlet which played upon her cheek to his lips, and retired to ask his redeemed pledge in evident confusion. His mistress gaily smiled, and the game went on. One of her rejected suitors, who was of a merry, unthinking disposition, was adjudged by the same indiscreet crier of the forfeits, (at his last trust behind the door) to salute the fair object of his recent vows. A lively contest between the lady and the gentleman lasted for a minute; but the lady yielded, though in the midst of a convulsive laugh; and the count had the mortification, the agony to see the lips, which his passionate and delicate love would not allow him to touch, kissed with repetition by another man. Without a word, he rose from his chair, left the room and the house, and by that good natured kiss the fair beast of Vienna lost her husband and her lover. The count never saw her more. The affair disturbed him, the circumstance retired to content, and thus secluded himself from the world.—*Albany Freeholder.*

### Domestic Telegraph.

The extraordinary despatch of railways and electric telegraphs seems to have given an impetus to the national economizing time in an infinite variety of ways never even dreamed of a few years ago. A scientific member of the Society of Friends has rendered the novel material of Gutta Percha Tubing subservient to an important saving of time and footsteps to the domestic circle. In consequence of the peculiar power possessed by this tubing for the transmission of sound, he has applied it for the conveyance of messages from the parlor to the kitchen. Even a whisper at the parlor mouth-piece is distinctly heard when the ear is applied at the other end. Instead, therefore, of the servant having to answer the bell, as formerly, and then descend to the kitchen to bring up what is wanted, the mistress calls attention by gently blowing into the tube, which sounds a whistle in the kitchen, and then makes known her wants to the servant who is able at once to attend to them. By this means the mistress can not only secure the execution of her orders in half the time, but the servant is saved a double journey.—*London Daily News.*

### 'Jesus of Nazareth passeth by.'

BY MRS. L. H. SIGOURNEY.

Watcher!—who wakest by the bed of pain,
While the stars weep on in their midnight train,
Stifling the tear for thy loved one's sake,
Holding thy breath lest his sleep should break;
In thy loneliest hour there's a helper nigh—
'Jesus of Nazareth passeth by.'

Stranger!—afar from thy native land,
Whom no one takes with a brother's hand,
Table and hearth-stone are glowing free,
Casements are sparkling, but not for thee;
There is one who can tell of a home on high—
'Jesus of Nazareth passeth by.'

Sad one in secret bending low,
A dart in thy breast that the world may not know,
Wrestling the favor of God to win,
His seal of pardon for days of sin;
Press on, press on, with thy prayerful cry—
'Jesus of Nazareth passeth by.'

Mourner!—who sittest in the churchyard lone,
Scanning the lines on that marble stone,
Plucking the weeds from thy children's bed,
Planting the rose and myrtle instead;
Look up from the tomb with thy tearful eye—
'Jesus of Nazareth passeth by.'

Fading one with the hectic streak
In thy vein of fire and wasted cheek;
Fear'st thou the shade of the darkened vale?
Seek, for, the Guide who can never fail;
He hath trod it himself, he will hear thy sigh—
'Jesus of Nazareth passeth by.'

### John James Audubon.

A few years ago, there arrived at the hotel erected near the Niagara Falls an old looking man, whose appearance and deportment were quite in contrast with the crowds of well-dressed and polished figures which adorned that celebrated resort. He seemed just to have sprung from the woods, his dress, which was made of leather, stood dreadfully in need of repair, apparently not having felt the touch of the needle-woman for many a long month. A worn-out blanket, that might have served for a bed, was buckled to his shoulders; a large knife hung on one side, balanced by a long, rusty tin box on the other, and his beard, uncropped, tangled and coarse, fell down upon his bosom, as if to counterpoise the weight of the dark, thick locks that supported themselves on his back and shoulders. This strange being, to the spectators, seemingly half civilized, half savage, had a quick-glancing eye, an elastic, firm movement, that would, no doubt, win its way through the brakes, both of the wilderness and of society. He pushed his steps into the sitting-room, unstrapped his little burden, quietly looked round for the landlord, and then modestly asked for breakfast. The host at first drew back, with evident repugnance, at the apparition which thus proposed to intrude its uncouth form among the genteel visiters, but a few words whispered in his ear speedily satisfied his doubts; the stranger took his place in the company, some staring, some shrugging, and some even laughing outright.

Yet, readers, there was more in that single man than in all the rest of the throng. He was an American woodsman, as he called himself; he was a true genuine son of nature, yet who had been entertained with distinction at the tables of princes; learned societies to which the like of Cuvier belonged, had bowed down to welcome his presence; kings had been complimented when he spoke to them; in short, he was one whose fame will be growing brighter when the fashionables who laughed at him, and many much greater even than they, shall be utterly perished. From every hill-top and every deep-shady grove, the birds, those blossoms of the air, will sing his name. The little wren will pipe it with its matin hymn about our houses; the oriole carol it from the slender grasses of the meadows; the turtle dove roll it through the secret forests; the many-voiced mocking bird pour it along the air; and the imperial eagle, the bird of Washington, as he sits in his craggy home, far up the blue mountains, will scream it to the tempest and the stars. He was John J. Audubon, the ornithologist.

### Consolation in Affliction.

FROM THE GERMAN OF LAVATER.

Though bitter tears and frightful woes
Thy life for years assail,
Though friends desert, life bring thee foes,
Still never, never quail.
A day shall speed, a holy day,
With peace thy soul to calm,
To heaven's high portal point the way,
And shed a sacred balm.

Delight to sorrow soon succeeds,
In this all-priceless hour;
No more the heart in torment bleeds,
Afflictions lose their power.
How sweetly shines the clinging hope
Of consolation's aid;
When virtues with temptations cope,
The latter fly dismayed.

Why then despond, thou weeping man?
Hath heaven no charms for thee?
Hope on, hope on, life's shortest span
From trouble ne'er was free.
Bright joys await thee, shouldst thou bear
In peace all evils here;
Woe misery afflicts not *there*,
Nor ills, nor pains appear.

### The Divorced Man.

It is a common accusation against the Americans, that they are the most inquisitive people in the world. The charge has some weight, but is entirely too broad. We have an instance in an incident, not new, but none the worse for that, which occurred in Scotland.

Two gentlemen fell in together, both travellers on horseback, and strangers to each other, when the following conversation took place:

'Raw evening, sir, rather,' observed the one with an Aberdeen accent.

'Yes, rather,' replied the other.

'You will likely be a stranger in these parts?' continued the Aberdeenian.

'If I can,' laconically replied the other, looking, in the meantime, neither to the right nor the left.

'Perhaps, like myself, you may be going to the Banff?'

'Perhaps,' responded the other, yawning.

'In that case, perhaps you will put up at Cullen?'

'I may, or may not,' answered his companion.

'Pardon me the liberty of the question, sir; may I ask if you are a bachelor?'

'No!'

'O! married?'

'No! no!'

'Sir, I beg your pardon; I may have unintentionally touched upon a painful subject; your black dress ought to have checked my question; I beg your pardon, sir—a widower?'

'No! no! no!'

'Neither a bachelor, a married man, nor widower! In heaven's name, then, sir, what can you be?'

'A divorced man, and be hanged to you, since you must know!' exclaimed the stranger, clapping spurs to his horse, and dashing out of sight in an instant.—*Inverleath.*

### Practical Use of Lake Winnipiseogee.

The Land and Water Company, owning the factories at Lowell, and elsewhere on the Merrimack, purchased a few years since, the right to the water of Lake Winnipiseogee. The lake now constitutes a vast reservoir for the supply of water to the Merrimack, during the months when the river is at low ebb. To obtain the command of the water a new channel has been excavated, parallel to the old one. This enables them to command eight feet of water in depth of the whole surface of the lake. The supply thus obtained is invaluable. For some weeks past, the Merrimack has been so low that without this supply many of the cotton mills could have worked but a portion of their machinery. Some one has calculated that by this means there is a supply of water equal to the power of about a thousand dollars a day to the manufacturing companies. A single inch per day from the surface of the lake will equal all that is required, and hence the vast value of this supply for many years to come. It will be remembered that the lake is above 22 miles in length, and from one to ten in breadth, and besides this, by a depression of a single inch upon the surface an immense quantity of water is drawn, which gives additional value to the water power of the Merrimack.—*Manchester Democrat.*

### Honey-Moon Conversation.

A correspondent of the *Delawarean*, writing from a watering place, gives the following report of a conversation between a newly married couple from Virginia. There is a depth of affection in it, which is quite refreshing to contemplate:

'William—dear William,' said the wife, with a world of affection in her eyes.

'Speak, heavenly charmer,' replied the new husband, returning with interest the expressive glances of his spouse.

'Dear William!'

'Adored Eliza!'

'Sweet Salome!'

'Angelic creature!'

'Dear—dear William, pardon me—but do you think a short walk would hurt us, as the divine William says?'

'I fear, loveliest of thy sex, that you may be fatigued.'

'Fear not, dearest!'

'Heavenly consolation—bright dream of my precarious existence—I cannot help fearing.'

'Sweet William—'

'Celestial Eliza!'

Here they fell to violent kissing, which lasted about fifteen minutes. Almost breathless, the lady exclaimed:

'William, dear William, why are you so sweet? Oh, the joy, the ecstasy of wedded bliss! Best beloved, will you ever love me thus?'

'By yonder fearful—I say tremendous orb—I swear!' he exclaimed, pointing to the setting sun.

'And as a memento of our wedding day, will you yearly bring me here—will you, cherished one?'

'Yes, my only pet—my life—my love—I will bring you here every year—if my capital holds out!'

'O! bravest and best of thy noble sex, talk not of capital to this, our hour of bliss.'

How much longer they talked the writer cannot say, for he was called away at this moment to welcome some friends from Maryland. But he is firmly of the opinion that none but married people know what real happiness is. While the above happy couple were talking, he felt as if immersed in molasses, and everything since has looked, felt and smelt sweet.

### Lines to an Infant.

The following beautiful lines, on the death of a child, are from the Charleston Courier.

Sleep, little baby, sleep!
Not in thy cradle bed,
Not on thy mother's breast
Henceforth shall be thy rest,
But with the quiet dead.

Yes, with the quiet dead
Baby, thy rest shall be!
O, many a weary wight,
Weary of life and light—
Would fain lie down with thee.

O, could I gaze forever
Upon that waxen face,
So passionless, so pure!
The little shrine was sure
An angel's dwelling-place.

And when the hour arrives,
From flesh that sets me free,
Thy spirit may I meet
The first at heaven's gate
To meet and welcome me!

### The Sayings and Doings of our 'Devil.'

Our *devil* came up to us yesterday, and asked if we would be so kind as to advance his wages, as he was a very steady boy. Knowing him to be a very sly rascal, we asked him what made him think he was steady. 'Why,' said he, 'don't I mind my P's and Q's?' We, without hesitating a moment, complied with his request.

Our *devil* says it is no wonder hardware is so cheap in England, when the papers are all the time talking about the amount of *tax* (tacks) there.

Musing over the loss of our hat, which we had given to a punster, who made a great *pun stir* in our office the other day, our *devil* said he would go to his cap case, and get *A cap!* We pronounced it an excellent pun, and he said it was a cap-A-tal joke.

Our *devil* says that, like the widow's meal we read of in the Scriptures; the more he uses it the more it won't go. He says that in his opinion a smutty editor cannot be a temperance man, because he often forces a '*smile*.' We gave him a half dollar for this splendid joke, and he thanked us, at the same time hinting that we were a noble specimen of *man-kind*.

Our *devil* says his mother is a *distant* relation of his—living in New Orleans. His daddy is about to go there, by order of his mother, and he says she is far enough off without moving father's.

Our *devil* says we ought to put a ☞ at the commencement of each of the 'novelties,' so that we can boast of having 'wit at our finger's end?' He says he likes ☞ some jokes!

About a couple of hours before noon, yesterday, the clock in our office struck. Our *devil* immediately asked us if we allowed ten-pin rolling in our office. We replied in the negative. 'Then,' said he, 'remove that clock, it has just made a '10 strike!' Where's Horn?'

One of our compositors asked our *devil* which was the luckiest number in the lottery. 'I should think the number always *won*,' was the answer. He purchased number *one*.—*N. Y. Literary American.*

### Calumny refuted.

One of the defeated candidates in Tennessee has come out with an address, in which he represents the sundry charges which were brought against him in the course of the canvass. He says:

'I understand the gentleman speaks of me personally, and not politically—he says that he and myself were college mates together, and goes back into particulars. He says, as I understand, that when at college, I never changed my shirts, but as one became unclean, instead of taking it off, I placed a clean one over it; and that recollection furnishes him with the following facts, viz: That when I returned from college, upon one occasion, my mother ordered me to undress myself, when to her astonishment, I doffed at one shocking thirteen shirts, the one on the other. This calumny I deny, and challenge the gentleman to the proof.'

He then confesses to wearing *seven* shirts at once, and gives the following explanation:

'But I will now inform the gentleman that I never had on at any one time more than seven shirts—and I adopted it as an economical way of saving, in my youthful days, to save the expense of washing, while I was off from home at college; and also I will take this occasion to tell the gentleman who is my honorable competitor, that at the time of which he speaks, I know of my own certain knowledge that he himself was quite scarce of shirts, and I know that there never had so many as one.'

As for thirteen shirts, he declares that there is not a man in the country who ever had so many.

### Dignifying Monarchy.

While we have been lamenting over the downfall of liberty in Europe, behold 'negro liberty' has received a fatal blow; and monarchy has triumphed in the person of the black emperor Faustin I., of Hayti. No doubt Napoleon will feel indignant at the conduct of his colored cousin in having taken precedence; but it has been hinted that he has been moving secretly in the business, and will shortly recommend a similar reform in France. When he is created emperor, we suggest that his title be Faboome I. The ceremony of the crowning the black emperor must have been one of the richest burlesques ever witnessed; and we would recommend Mitchell to get one up as soon as possible. 'Hoke Poke Wankey, King of Borrioboola Gha,' or 'The Coronation of the King of the Cannibal Islands,' would be worthy of the time. We should like to see the titles of some of the nobles who are to be created forthwith, and a contemporary remarks, that the titles will resemble those of the old times when Christophe proclaimed himself king, or a list of his dukes and Marquis de Marmalade, Le Compte de Lemonade, Le Duc de Sangsues, Le Prince de Poivre, Madame la Duchesse de Coquin, Madame la Comptesse de Smallbeer, Peau de vin, Princesse de Sherry Cobbler, &c., &c.—*Sunday Mercury.*

Miss Martineau used to tell a pleasant story about a certain *quidnunc*, who, taking advantage of the interest excited amongst scientific men in relation to the Ross and Back expeditions, was more than usually annoying, by his fussy questions. 'Sir David! Sir David!' he called out at the top of his voice, one fine morning in London. Sir David Brewster, who was riding down the street in somewhat of a hurry, drew up his horse, and approached the speaker. 'Any news from the north pole, Sir David?' 'D—n the north pole!' was the angry reply of the philosopher, as he hastily pursued his way again, leaving the quidnunc transfixed with amazement. 'What is the matter, Mr. ——?' inquired the Rev. Sidney Smith, who came up immediately after the occurrence. The unfortunate man told his story, and dilated upon the style of the answer he had received—so unbecoming in a man of his standing—so abrupt, not to say profane. 'D—n the north pole!' 'Poh, poh! my dear sir,' said his comforter, 'you must not mind all that Sir David says. He is a singular man. You would scarcely believe it, but I assure you it is only a few evenings ago that I heard him, before a large company, speak in the most disrespectful terms of the equator!'

When Lamb's farce of Mr. H. was acted, he gave a curious instance of one of his singular traits. It must be at once conceded that there were small evidences of humor in it, and the construction was undramatic; still there was much to show it was written by a man infinitely superior to all the farce writers in the kingdom. Towards the end of the performance, when it was evident to all that the piece was unmistakably damned, the attention of some of Lamb's friends was drawn to a very loud and violent hissing, which, like a stormy petrel, seemed to ride on the whirlwind, and to direct the storm, or as Talfourd said, it was the most prominent fact of the evening, '*by word raised to that crescendo*.' What was their astonishment to find that this vigorous expression of dissent came from Lamb himself, who, when questioned as to his motive after the fall of the curtain, stammered out in his peculiar pop-gun manner, 'I was so d—nedly afraid they would take me to be the author!'

'People may say what they will about country air being so good for 'em,' said Mrs. Partington, 'and how they fat up on it; for my part, I shall always think it's owin' to the vittles. Air may do for cameleons and other reptiles that live on it, but I know that men must have something substantialler.' The old lady was resolute in this opinion, conflict as it might with general notions. She is set in her opinions, very, and in their expression nowise backward. 'It may be as Solomon says,' said she, 'but I lived at the parsonage in a country town all one summer, and I never heerd a turtle singing in the branches. I say I never *heerd* it; but it may be so too, for I have seen 'em in brooks under the tree, where they perhaps dropped off. I wish some of our great naturals would look into it.' With this wish for light the old lady lighted her candle and went to bed.—*Post.*

Punctuality is the very chief of virtues. Jem, a few days ago undertook to reprimand a friend, for not having kept his appointment to meet him at a stipulated time. The friend excused himself on the ground that his *help* had all gone to the country, and he had been entirely alone for upwards of a week.

'Alone! *alone?*' said Jem, 'that is fortunate. I should like to get a-loan myself, for a week or upwards—the longer the better.'

'Pa, is beach good to eat?'

'Certainly not, Cimon. Why do you ask me such a question as that?'

''Cause the newspaper says that during the hot weather, the rich people all go and live on the beach.'

'Phebe, be quick and grease this boy's temples, and put him to bed, or he'll die with the brain fever.'

We see a paragraph 'going the rounds,' to the effect that the Bishop of Oxford, having sent round to the churchwardens in his diocese a circular of inquiries, among which was, 'Does your officiating clergyman preach the gospel, and are his conversation and *carriage* consistent therewith?' The churchwarden near Wallingford replied, 'He preaches the gospel, but does not keep a carriage.'

Mr. Jonas B. Phillips told the jurors who are trying the Astor Place rioters, that 'justice' had 'entrusted to their solemn charge the scales.' We are glad to find they are 'entrusted' to somebody. We feared they had been lost altogether, as they have been missing from our criminal courts for a long time past.—*N. Y. Mercury.*

Mrs. Price, before her second marriage with an alderman of that name, was a widow of large fortune, by the name of Rugg. On being asked, a few days after her second marriage, how she liked him, 'O, very well indeed,' said she, 'I have sold my old Rugg for a good Price!'

'STRIKE' EXTRAORDINARY.—One of our city tailors was on a 'strike' yesterday. He struck his wife, upset his eldest boy into the slop-pail, knocked his little daughter into the frying-pan, split open his dog's head, and threw his cat and tea-cups out of his attic window.—*Bee.*

'Are you a Methodist?' we inquired the other day of a fellow who had sought the side wall of a meeting-house to steady by.

'I lean that way,' replied the chap with the most imperturbable coolness.

We conclude he was not so very drunk after all.

'I am in favor of Jo King,' exclaimed a political enthusiast, pushing his way through the crowd, up to the ballot-box.

'Well, if you're in favor of joking,' replied Mose, 'this is no place to practise, so yer'd better scud, or yer'll get lam'd.'

A tippler being asked the reason of his incessant use of ardent spirits, said, 'To get the cursed stuff out of the country.' There are a good many people besides Rechabites and other teetotalers, who obviously consider rum a thing to be put down.

A landlord recently called out to a temperance man at Blackburn, 'Why, you are looking yellow with your abstinence.' 'Yes,' said the man, putting his hand into his pocket and pulling out some eagles, 'and my pocket is looking yellow too.'

THE FRENCH LOUIS.

Dame Fortune queerly plays her cards,
And dearly loves a prank;
She turned one Louis up a knave,
Another, out, a Blanc.

Jem, hearing a man repeat the old saw, 'You can never squeeze blood out of a turnip,' remarked that he had seen blood squeezed out of a turn-up nose. The philosopher mizzled.

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[WRITTEN EXPRESSLY FOR THE FLAG OF OUR UNION.]

## THE BLACK KNIGHT:

OR, THE

## WANDERING BOHEMIAN.

### A Romance of the Days of Chivalry.

BY J. H. ROBINSON.

[CONTINUED.]

### CHAPTER IX.

*Ximena. Presentiments. The death. After thoughts. The page. The disguise. The journey. The palmer again. Mina. The weird woman. The warning. The pass. The brigands. The fight, and the victory. The old castle, and a cold welcome.*

Of higher birth he seemed and better days,
Nor mark of vulgar toil that hand betrays;
So femininely white, it might bespeak
Another sex, when matched with that smooth cheek.
LARA.

TROUBLED were the thoughts of Ximena, as she lay down to rest the night preceding the fatal combat. A nameless fear oppressed her. A premonition of an unhappy morrow, brought unwelcome dreams. That which was to be—the thing that was written, had cast its shadow. It is often thus when evil is hanging over the path of human destiny. The mind hath a vision of tears, and a glance at the coming sorrow. It may invoke the aid of reason and philosophy, but both fail to do away the impression that Heaven would make. When the Power that made us speaks, let none refuse to hear.

Ximena would have banished the nameless dread, but a will higher than hers had sent it, and she had no power to drive it hence.

From a restless dream she was aroused by the sound of minstrel harp. Her heart told her who was at the window. She arose and looked out. The deep voice of song was borne to her ears. It contained words of strange import. It smote like a dirge upon her heart. What meant her lover?

'The good steed that bears me
Is saddled in stall—
By the hand of Rodrigo
Lozano shall fall.'

Why sung he, 'neath the window of his lady, words of such singular import. She listened more intensely, and the shadow fell more darkly upon her heart. The nameless fear assumed a more tangible form. The 'coming event' took its proper shape.

'Ximena! Ximena! 'tis night in Castile,
But tis day to the darkness thy spirit shall feel—
When waking from slumber thou hearest with dread,
Lozano is sleeping the sleep of the dead.'

Fearfully palpable was the danger that threatened. There had evidently been a quarrel of a serious nature, and the affair was to end in blood. Her lover and her father were involved in the quarrel, if the language of the song would bear a literal interpretation. It ceased, and she heard her lover depart with slow and sorrowing steps. Her heart told her that he had gone to return no more. She turned from the window, and knelt low at the image of the virgin, and felt at that moment, that she had lost a father or a lover—perhaps both. The next few hours would determine. She could not doubt that which Rodrigo had sung had a deep meaning. She flew to her father's chamber. He was not there. She passed rapidly through the different suites of apartments. He was not within. With livelier fears, she returned to her own chamber and knelt again before the virgin.

She resolved to seek her father on the first appearance of daylight, and if possible prevent the meeting. She passed a sleepless and anxious night. As she was preparing to put her plans in operation, she heard an unusual commotion in the hall among the servants. Wild with fear, she flew rather than walked thither. The servants were running to and fro. A leech and several knights were seen in a group at the extreme end of the hall. Ximena by an irresistible impulse rushed towards them. They gave way in surprise as she approached. What a fearful sight met her vision. Pale, bloody, mute, motionless, dead, lay the once proud figure of her father stretched along the floor.

With a piercing shriek which rang out like the shrill scream of the night raven, she threw herself upon the body, and her hair was dabbled in her father's gore. The next moment she was borne away as insensible as the corse itself.

Little by little, her waiting maid made known to her the particulars of her father's death. The grief of Ximena was deep, and greatly aggravated by the circumstances of her father's unhappy end. With sorrow unfeigned, she followed him to the family vault, and saw his cold ashes deposited with those of his ancestors. In one fatal night she had lost a father and a lover! Grief indeed! How could she unite her destiny with one whose hand was red with her father's blood? Was it not sinful, yea, almost impious to suffer her thoughts to dwell upon him? Great and painful was the warfare in her breast.

'Thou sayest my father dealt the aged Vivar a blow?' said Ximena, to her waiting maid, the day after the funeral rites.

'He dealt the father of thy lover a disgraceful blow,' replied the maid with a sigh, and kissing the hand of her mistress.

'Was there no remedy for this but blood, Zara?'

'My lady, there was no remedy for such insult but blood, and the aged Vivar was too old to hold the lance and sword.'

'Could not Rodrigo avoid the meeting?'

'Thy lover could not avoid the meeting, without deep stain to his knightly honor. Who but the son should avenge the father's wrongs?'

'What will the world say of this act?' inquired Ximena, earnestly.

'The valor and filial piety of Don Rodrigo is in the mouth of all. They say he hath done well his devoir in avenging his aged parent,' replied Zara.

'Say they so? Surely thou art not jesting with my sorrow?'

'I tell thee, my lady, that all Castile rings with the praises of Don Rodrigo. Parents hold him up as a pattern to their sons and say, "be thou like the son of Vivar." Thy lover hath done only what the laws of chivalry hath forced him to do. Why shouldst thou hate him?'

'I hate him not. I cannot hate. I have tried in vain to do so, and yet he hath slain my father,' sobbed the sorrowing maiden.

'That was his evil fortune. He deplored the necessity that called him forth, as deeply as thou, and hath gone hence to fall by the Infidel Moor, for he said: "What is life without Ximena? There will be no music in the song of the singing birds, and no sweetness in the waters of the murmuring streams."'

Ximena sighed.

'Thinkest thou he will perish by the hand of the Infidel?' she added.

'He went hence in such pitiful state that he cared not longer to live. He will fall in battle, doing great deeds, for he is the doughtiest youth in Castile. What need that thou shouldst lose a father and a husband at the same time?'

'Thou reasonest strangely, Zara,' sighed Ximena.

'And do I not reason rightly, dear lady?'

'Perhaps my heart might say thee yea, while duty might admonish me to say thee nay.'

'Dost thou not love him, my mistress?' said the faithful creature.

'I love him most dearly, Zara.'

'And thou mayst do so without sin,' rejoined the girl, fervently, 'for so said a holy friar, this day.'

The countenance of the peerless Ximena brightened, and she half smiled through her tears, to hear her lover exculpated from blame, and to hear it said that she might love him without guilt.

She spent the day in deep thought. She seemed meditating some great purpose—something that would require all her energies.

'Zara,' she said, earnestly, 'my lover must not perish. I must, and will save him.'

'How canst thou save him? Ere this, he is doing battle with the Infidel. He will be found where the fight has been thickest.'

'What maiden has dared can be dared again. I have heard of ladies going forth in disguise to find, and aid, a lover,' answered Ximena, with a searching look at her maid.

'I have heard of such things, and read of them in the books, but methinks, it would be a wild and dangerous enterprise. One might fall into the hands of the banditti, or the wandering people, (gipseys.) What remedy would there be for such a sad mishap. The brigands might slay one alive.'

'A love which will risk nothing, is worth nothing. What is a love that will make no sacrifice, and incur no danger? The one who would accomplish much, must dare much. Everything has its price, and love has its offerings and sacrifices.'

Wild and incoherent were the dreams of Ximena that night. She formed a thousand plans to save her lover. Early in the morning she sent for her father's page.

'Order two of the best steeds from stall, and then come to me with a suit of thy clothing. I have a purpose which I will tell thee, anon.'

The page bowed and withdrew to fulfil his mistress's commands. He brought the suit of clothes as desired, and again withdrew.

Laying aside her costly robes, she proceeded to put on the garments of the page. To her this was an awkward and unwonted task, and she made her toilet with difficulty. It was completed at length, and she stood before her mirror a very handsome page. She contemplated herself for a moment, and then sitting down, covered her face with her hands and wept bitterly. She felt the rashness of the act she was about to do, and the construction her conduct might bear. She might be thought unmaidenly and froward, and even wanting in respect to the memory of her dead father. She recovered her calmness at length, and rang. The page made his appearance. Ximena blushed crimson, and Jean the handsome page was embarrassed. To see a pretty woman in such guise, was to him a novel sight, and yet he thought he had never seen her look more interesting.

'Where are the servants, Jean?' she asked, with some confusion.

'In the hall and kitchen, my lady,' replied Jean.

'Thinkest thou we can get egress, without being discovered?'

'I think we may, lady.'

'Dost thou love thy lady, Jean?' she continued.

'Heaven knows I love thee dearly,' cried the page, kneeling at the feet of his mistress.

'Wilt thou go with me, and be my protector?'

'I will go with thee to the world's end—to death, if need be,' he replied with fervor.

'See! my arm is not so weak as it might seem. I could fight a good battle for lady-fair,' and Jean drew forth his sword, and held it up in the sunlight and fenced about the room.

'Thou wilt make a valiant knight, I doubt not. Thou hast not a puny arm, as thou sayest, and thy steel is of goodly length. Thou shalt be my champion.'

'And I will endeavor to deserve the honor,' said Jean.

Ximena put a purse of gold beneath her girdle, and with Jean made her way to the court by the most unfrequented way. They reached it without being discovered. Two noble steeds were there saddled and housed. Jean assisted his mistress into the saddle, and then mounting the other horse they galloped away.

'Mend thy pace,' said Ximena, to the page.

Giving the steeds spur and rein, they dashed through the streets like the wind, and were soon without the walls of Castile in the open country.

'Whither wilt thou go now, my lady?' asked Jean.

'I scarcely know whither I would go,' she replied with confusion. Let us proceed in the direction we are now journeying, and afterward we will determine upon the matter.'

'I read thy purpose, lady,' said the page, modestly.

'Tell it me, then,' Ximena replied, with a blush.

'Thou wouldst see thy lover?'

'Who taught thee to read?' murmured the maiden.

'Thy confusion and blushes taught me to read what I have said.'

'Then thou must look at me no more, for thou wilt know too much.'

'Nay! I cannot turn from thee. I am happy only when I gaze upon thee. Thou wouldst not rob me of my happiness.'

'Thy young tongue hath learned flattery already. What wilt thou be when older?'

'Truth is no flattery, lady, mine—'

'Worse and worse. Thou wilt say many gallant things to thy lady-love, when a belted knight.'

'Now thou art flattering. Do not make me love thee better.'

'Jean, thou lovest me not.'

'My lady, I would die for thee.'

'Thou thinkest then I would see my lover?'

'I do, in good sooth.'

'Why should I seek Rodrigo.'

'Because thou thinkest him in danger.'

'Would it not be unmaidenly for a maiden to go forth thus, thinkest thou?'

'Not to save a lover in despair.'

'Then thou dost not reproach me, Jean?'

'I reproach thee! far be it from me. Thou art doing only what other maidens have done. It is a generous and noble sacrifice thou art making.'

'Thank thee, Jean. Thy faithfulness shall avail thee much. I will buckle on thy armor when thou art knighted.'

They kept on at an easy pace till noon, without meeting with any adventure worth relating.

'I see a man yonder in palmer's weeds,' said Jean. 'Let us approach him, and it may be he can tell us of the knight.'

The palmer paused, and observed them attentively, as they advanced.

'Hail pilgrim!' said Jean.

'Hail, thou page, and a fair day to thee!' replied the palmer, crossing himself, devoutly. 'Whence comest thou?' he added.

'We come from gallant Castile, good pilgrim. Thou art from the tomb of the Christ, and the sands that burn, I trow?'

'I am, courteous page, and it is a weary way. But he who wanders for his sin, must heed not the sultriness of the sun, or the weariness of the way. He who sacrifices to the Lord must bring an offering without blemish. The firstlings of the flock are his. Were the way to the sepulchre paved with sapphire, and thou couldst journey thither in a chariot of beaten gold, thy offering would not be acceptable to the Lord.'

'I doubt thee not, thou bearer of palms. Heaven is pleased with our self-denials, and our mortifications of the flesh, I trow,' answered Jean.

'Whither are ye journeying?' inquired the palmer, with a searching look at Ximena.

'We are travelling towards Leon, whither the noble knight we serve, has gone. "Hast thou seen a knight upon the way, in dark brown mail, and plate, with a towering crest, and a goodly presence, with a squire of gallant bearing?'

'Three days ago I saw the knight you describe, and he was attended by a sullen Bohemian, and a swart woman,' replied the pilgrim.

'Which way went they?'

They journeyed yonder toward the hills. A goodly distance is between you. They are far in the mountains toward the Sierra Morena, ere this. Thou wilt need whip and spur to overtake them. There are banditti in the wilds and woods whither ye are tending—fear ye not?'

Again the eye of the pilgrim rested attentively upon Ximena.

'I never was taught to fear, palmer,' replied Jean, proudly.

'Thou art a gallant and well spoken youth, by all the saints. Fortunate is the knight who hath such pages as thou and thy friend.'

Ximena felt her face in a glow, and bending forward to the saddle-bow, affected to adjust her bridle rein.

'Whither goest thou, thou pilgrim with the staff?'

'I go to the mountains to fulfil a vow, and I would gladly journey in thy fair company.'

'Thou shalt go with us with right good will, and thou shalt show us the way whither the knight went. The steed that bears me is swift and strong, and my weight is nought. Do thou mount with me. It will rest thy weary limbs. We will be of mutual advantage to each other.'

The palmer mounted with the page. As they went on, a wild being met them. Her hair was braided with mountain broom, and the valley flower lay upon her faded and sickly cheek. The wandering woodbine was wound about her waist, and the amaranth was in her bosom. She sang in a voice cracked and wild:

'He sleeps! he sleeps! but they say he's dead,
And they say that his dreams are o'er;
And they have raised a mound above his head,
And they think he will wake no more.

'They say that the sleep he is sleeping now,
Is the dark and final rest;
And they say that the coldness on his brow
Is the coldness that death impressed.

'And they say that I am a moonstruck one,
And my senses have wandered away,
But I only watch for my sleeping son,
He will wake with the early day.

'And they say that I must not wander and sing,
And sleep on the mound at night;
But a mother's love is a sleepless thing,
And my boy will awake at light.

'But I heed them not, for I know he's asleep,
And I know that he soon will wake—
And the icy spell that is on him now,
The [illegible] will break.'

'She is crazy,' said the palmer, when she had ceased.

'Come with me,' she said, 'and I will show you the mound where he sleeps.'

They turned their horses' heads whither she pointed, and stood beside a new made grave.

The skinny, faded creature was Mina.

The son of Sir Haro had been laid away there to moulder in obscurity and neglect, as he had lived.

'He had a deep wound upon his head, but it will be healed when he wakes,' she said.

'Who gave him the wound?' inquired the palmer.

'A wicked knight in black armor, wounded my boy. May an evil demon smite him.'

The palmer started, and looked with pity upon Mina. He put his hand beneath his woollen garment hastily, and drew gold therefrom, and threw it to her.

She gathered it up with childish eagerness, saying, 'I will keep it for my handsome boy, when he awakes.'

'Let us go,' exclaimed the palmer. 'Let us go hence in the prophet's name. I would look no longer upon this poor creature.'

'Thou art a comely page,' she said to Ximena, and laughed strangely. 'But thou art not used to hardship and danger. Return! return! Wild and weary is the mountain way, and the wandering people are abroad,' and again the poor creature laughed close in the ear of Ximena. Her words and air had a strange significance.

'What is thy name?' she asked.

'Alvarez,' replied Ximena, with an effort.

'Ha! that was my boy's name. Wait here till he wakes, and thou shalt see him.'

Advancing closer to Ximena she spake in a whisper:

'*Beware!*'

The maiden started as if a serpent had stung her. Had the crazy being guessed of her sex?

It would seem so, from the remark she had just made, and like the palmer she was anxious to move on. When they left her she was singing in a shrilly voice:

'He sleeps! he sleeps! but they say he's dead,
And they say that his dream is o'er;
They have raised a mound above his head,
And think he will wake no more.'

'Poor creature!' said Jean, 'she will watch long for her boy to awake, if the black knight sped the blow that sent him hence.'

'Who is this black knight, of whom so many speak?' inquired the palmer.

'Would I could tell thee. Thou art not the first that hath put the question. There are many knights in Castile that would give their best steed from stall to know. He is the flower of chivalry, but none know whence he came, or whither he went. He hath been seen several times in these parts. He rises up when least expected, like a thing uncanny, and departs as mysteriously as he came. It is believed that he wooeth Donna Teresa, the sister of Don Alfonso, and kinsman of Ferdinand. Moreover he is an Infidel.'

'A wonderful being is this Moorish knight,' answered the bearer of palms. 'Fearest thou not he will rise in thy path?'

'I told thee, good pilgrim, that I never was taught to fear. Were he before me now, I should not fear him. It is unknightly to harm a page.'

'If he be so terrible and uncanny, he would heed little the laws of chivalry. I dare say he would cleave thee from chin to chine, with his ponderous battle-axe,' rejoined he of the escallop shell.

Ximena shuddered, and looked furtively about, to see if the dread apparition were not near.

'I think he would not harm a page,' she said.

'Why thinkest thou thus, handsome Alvarez?' asked the palmer, with a smile.

'Because he is brave, and the brave scorn to take advantage of the weak and defenceless.'

'Thou sayest well, Alvarez, but this knight is an Infidel,' and the pilgrim looked intently at Ximena.

'That matters not. Knightly honor is the same in all countries. The brave, of whatever name, or creed, are noble, and generous,' she answered, warmly.

'Who learned thee such doctrine as this?'

'Nature taught it me, good pilgrim.'

'Then nature hath taught thee a good lesson, Alvarez. The saints grant that thou mayest never forget it. Upon the long, and oft times weary pilgrimage of life upon which thou hast entered, it will avail thee much. It is a thing which hath entered into the philosophy of few. Human understanding is usually bounded by different views.'

'The views of the multitude have little to do with the truth of a theory,' replied Ximena.

'Very true. Thou speakest with the wisdom of riper years. Thou art a strange page. Hath thy master more like thee?' There was something peculiar in the tones of the pilgrim.

Ximena could not command the blood that rushed to her face. She felt it tingling there as if it were coming through.

'Thy fingers are not used to the bridle-rein,' he continued.

'He hath been ill of late,' said Jean, quickly, 'and he hath barely recovered. He hath been long within doors.'

'That will account for it,' rejoined the palmer, 'and yet his cheek hath the hue of health.'

Again the maiden felt her cheek burning. Fortunately for her, their attention was arrested at that moment by another object.

A tall woman with a flashing eye, stood suddenly in the path before them. Her dark locks fell in disordered and tangled masses over her tawny bosom and neck. She folded her arms upon her bosom and manifested no disposition to move on as they advanced.

'*La buena ventura*,' she cried, 'let me tell the *buena ventura* to this fair company.'

The party drew up. The wandering weird woman fixed her eyes for a moment on the pilgrim, and the maiden. 'Stretch forth thy hand,' she said to Jean.

'There is little upon thy palm, as yet. Thy way hath been very smooth, and thine hath been a spring of flowers. The future for thee hath something—something of joy, and something of wo. Let thy hand be upon thy sword when thou windest the mountain-way, and be thou courteous to men of God, and those who wander for their sin. Look thou never behind thee in battle, and when thou strikest, strike to the heart. Thou wilt make a bold knight should Heaven lend thee length of years.'

She turned to Ximena.

'Thy hand, fair page, with money to cross myself with.'

Ximena hesitated, saying, 'I care not for the *buena ventura*, good woman, but here is the money with which to cross thyself.'

'Nay, but I must view thy palm.'

The maiden stretched out her white hand, and the wandering woman held her taper fingers in hers, wrinkled and dry.

'Thine is as comely a hand as grew ever to the body of page,' said the weird woman. 'Thy palm is as soft as is the palm of lady-fair, and thy fingers as delicate as woman's. Thy service hath been light, and thy master indulgent. One would think thou hadst oftener held the needle, than the stirrup. I see here the life line, and it is deeply traced, showing that thy position will be a prominent one, and thy days many. Here are the shorter lines running transversely, standing for the respective years of thy pilgrimage. They commence here with these first lines for infancy, and childhood, counting this way as we grow older. I will number them. Thou art older than thou seemest, or there is no truth in my art. Thou art sixteen, according to the lines, and yet thou seemest but ten. The sixteenth line almost crosseth the life-line, which shows that thy life will be in danger. I bid thee beware of the sixteenth year, for therein there is danger for thee to shun, and according to the reading of thy fortune it is close upon thee. Beware of rugged passes, and lonely wild-wood, for thou knowest not what may be here. I advise thee to keep in the path that turneth to thy let, for him thou seekest hath gone thither. Be courteous to pilgrims,' and the wandering woman glanced meaningly at the palmer.

'And now mine?' said the pilgrim, as the woman turned away.

'Thy fortune is already read. It is written upon thy brow. Thou wilt make thy fortune anywhere.'

The pilgrim held out his hand.

''Tis a mighty hand,' said the weird woman, 'and might well hold the lance. There is power in thy palm. Thou art one born to be obeyed. There is some spot on earth where thou art supreme, and thy voice is as the voice of Heaven. Thou wouldst be safer there than here, and yet thou art safe in all places. Thou art ever in the midst of danger, and still thou art safe. Thou art a favored one, and bearest a charm with thee always,' and then in a low voice, 'attend thou to the safety of this page, for his hand hath grasped seldom the stirrup, or held often the rein.'

They exchanged glances, and the wandering Bohemian woman went her way.

The day wore away; the sun was declining behind the hills. The party were winding slowly through a lonely pass. The faint rays of the dying sun-light threw an additional gloom over the wild scenery, and struck a deep dread to Ximena's heart. The dark forebodings which had haunted her imagination hitherto, assumed a more terrible form. A sense of evil so acute in its nature grew upon her, that from every bush, or frowning rock, or overhanging cliff, she expected to see some horrible figure start with uplifted hand. A vision of the wandering people arose, and she saw herself borne rudely away to wilds unknown, dishonored, and shamed. She shuddered, and drew closer to Jean and the palmer. The sun went down, and the darkness settled more heavily in the pass; there was a sound of coming feet—a clatter of hoofs, a wild cry, and the party were surrounded by a band of brigands.

'Down!' cried the palmer, to Jean, and in an instant Jean slid from the horse, and as quickly the bearing of the pilgrim changed. He sat firm, and erect in his saddle, and his countenance was terrible to look upon. The fire of battle gleamed from his eye—he reined the mighty horse with a magic hand, and from beneath his palmer's gown he drew a sword of fearful length.

'Hence, ye craven-hearted villains!' he cried, in a voice which made the boldest quake, and pressing close to the side of Ximena, he cleft the arm from the shoulder through plate and mail, that was laid upon her bridle-rein. Down came again his ponderous steel—down through helm, and skull, and visor, and gorget, and there was a riderless horse flying through the pass, with mane erect, distended nostrils, and fiery eyeballs turned sidelong toward the fight.

'Have at you again!' he thundered, and darting amid the score of ruffians that poured upon him, another, and another, bit the ground, and other saddles were empty, and other steeds riderless. His sword rang upon the helmet of a gigantic brigand, and broke at the hilt.

'He is gone!' shrieked Ximena, as she saw him weaponless. 'Now may the virgin protect him.'

Before the words had died upon her lips, the palmer had snatched a ponderous battle-axe from the saddle-bow of one of the ruffians, and grasping it with both hands, he fought like a lion, and cleared for himself a bloody arena. The noble horses leaped from side to side, or bounded forward to favor his blows, as if rider and beast were governed by the same impulse. While the palmer was thus engaged, doing nobly his devoir, another of the brigands pressed towards the maiden, Jean saw the movement, and dashing like lightning from the side of his lady, buried his sword in the horse's flanks, and horse and rider rolled upon the earth.

'Curse thee for a young Satan!' cried the balked bandit, and extricating himself from his dying steed, he rushed upon Jean. The bold youth recoiled not at his approach.

'Now leave thy mistress's side, or, by St. James, I will cleave thee from chin to chine!' he cried in a voice hoarse from passion.

'Thou shalt walk over my body ere thou lay thy hand upon her,' he exclaimed, fearlessly, while his features glowed with indignation.

'Then take this, and the bandit raised his sword to strike. Ere the blow fell, the terrible battle-axe of the palmer shivered his skull, and scattered his brains upon the rocks. The brigands had fled—the pilgrim was master of the ground, and Ximena was saved; from she scarcely knew what. The peril of that hour had passed. Ximena had nearly fainted with fear when she saw the danger of the faithful page, and pressing to her side, the doughty palmer supported her in his arms.

She soon recovered, for the maidens of that period were inured to scenes of blood.

The palmer now caught one of the riderless steeds, and mounting, the party moved hastily on, for fear the brigands might again return.

The maiden was conscious that her sex was known to her deliverer, although he had not alluded to the subject. She felt grateful for the kindness and delicacy of the unknown. It is true, he wore palmer's weeds, but he was evidently a knight of great prowess and rank. And then the dark sayings of the weird woman occurred to her mind, and lent deeper mystery to the pilgrim. He was in her idea a hidalgo born, and from him she had nought to fear, but on the contrary was safe under his protection.

She thanked her deliverer warmly for his timely aid, and prayed that the saints, and his lady-bright might reward such valor.

'I am already rewarded,' replied the pilgrim, in most courtly style, and bowing low.

'My reward is here,' and he laid his hand upon his heart.

She gave him an approving smile.

'And to thee, Jean, I owe a debt of gratitude for your fidelity and bravery,' she added, turning to the page.

'The consciousness that I have served thee, is more than enough for Jean,' he replied, kissing the hand that was held out to him.

The conversation was turned by Jean's asking the palmer, 'how far it might be to an inn, or if he had any knowledge of one in the vicinity?'

'There is none within a half day's ride,' replied the palmer, but a ride of two hours will carry us to an old castle of which tradition hath not been silent. If it be thy pleasure, we will travel thither?' he answered, looking at Ximena.

'Let us go to any place where we can find shelter, be it hut or castle,' she replied.

The parties now went forward at a rapid rate, and had but little opportunity for conversation. Two hours' hard riding took them to the castle. It was the same we have visited before in company with Sir Haro, and other knights. Its gray walls and falling towers, as seen in the moonlight, offered but a cold welcome to the benighted travellers. No lights or watchfires gleamed a greeting from the lofty battlements or the crumbling terraces. An air of grand and chill desolation was over all, and Ximena shuddered at the sound of her own light footsteps upon the drawbridge. The crazy portals creaked mournfully as though sighing for their former lord, and their past splendor. Like all earthly things, this great monument of human labor was passing away.

The weary steeds were lightened of housing, barding and bit, and suffered to provide for themselves. They entered the dreary hall—it was still and breathless, like the dead. Its darkness was as the darkness which shall close over us all—the darkness that shall shut down upon us in the land whither we are tending.

No porter showed the way, and the voice of greeting had died long ago in that old hall. By dint of much exertion a fire was lighted upon the long deserted hearthstone, and its warmth seemed a mockery of the tomb.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

[Written for The Flag of our Union.]

### To Annie.

BY HAMILTON G. DU BOIS.

The rose-bud I give thee,
Sweet, beautiful one!
Has basked 'neath the rays
Of a bright summer sun;
And stars have wept o'er it
Their dew-tears at night,
While watching it from
Their ethereal height.

And when the pale moon
Shed her silvery ray,
The night-bird has warbled
Over its soft lay;
While the breeze that came sighing
From hill-top and grove,
Has thrilled every leaf
With its breathings of love.

Thus sunlight, and music,
And zephyrs, and showers,
All combined to form it
The fairest of flowers.
Now take thou this flower!
'Tis an emblem of you;
O tend it with care,
And its frail life renew.

And on thy soft bosom
Let it gently lie,
Thy warm heart its heaven,
Its sun thy bright eye;
And let but the notes
Of thy soft voice be heard;
'Twill think 'tis the melody
Of the night bird.

Breathe upon it thy breath,
Its leaves gently thrill,
'Twill think that the soft wind
Is wooing it still;
And drop but one tear,
And like dew from above,
'Twill glisten and sparkle
With beauty and love.
Thus tears and bright smiles
Will its beauty renew,
And 'twill live by the life
It borrowed from you.

[Written for The Flag of our Union.]

## GLENORA MENZINI.

BY JULIA HENRY.

### CHAPTER I.

'Yes, it *shall* be so! I swear it by the blue heavens, and the stars that now shine over us—I swear it by the soul that dwells within me, by the angels above, and the holy ones now listening to my voice, I *will* be thine, and thine forever!'

This was spoken by Glenora Menzini, a young girl of but seventeen summers, to a man of tall and noble form, who stood beside her. Her hand was clasped in his, and as she pronounced the words, she gazed into his face with such an expression as it had never before worn, for she felt, with a full consciousness, that she had indeed bound herself to a stranger by a most fearful oath.

Roland Galignani was actually frightened as he looked upon Glenora, for her face in the calm moonlight was pale as death, and her dark eyes were fixed upon his as if forever set. A few moments of silence passed, and then she fell upon the ground, as though the soul had indeed gone out with the fearful words that had fallen from her lips.

It was a beautiful garden in which the lovers stood, a few steps from the splendid mansion of the noble Menzini. They had just descended some stone steps, leading from a sort of temple, where they had been for a few moments, that they might be screened from the observation of servants. There they had plighted their faith and love, and the few blissful moments they were together there seemed more sweet, because that meeting was unknown, save to the God above them. They were strangers—at least they had met but few times—yet these were sufficient for the purposes of the 'mysterious god'—and with a devotion equalling the innocence of Glenora's young years did she love him, whom she had learned to invest with a thousand glorious perfections.

With a joyous heart she told her proud father of her love, and with all the enthusiasm of a confiding nature, she spoke of the object of her affection. She dreamed not of opposition—for she had ever been her father's only idol—and her slightest wish had never been ungratified. But her father laughed at what he termed her foolishness, and told her, that within the space of one short year she should be the bride of none other than his old friend Monersline. Glenora, thinking him in jest, smiled at the absurdity of such an idea, but when her father, becoming angry, told her it *should* be so, that it had been his determined purpose for years, her proud spirit rose in rebellion, she looked at him steadily, and said, firmly:

'I have a spirit within me proud as thine own, my father, and my love shall *not* be sacrificed. I will *not* marry Monersline, whose head and whose beard are white as the summit of the Alps, and I swear by the blessed virgin and all the saints—I will wed none but Roland Galignani.'

With these words she left him—astonished. She had never betrayed such a spirit before, and this sudden change seemed to him very strange—from one usually so gentle and affectionate. He regarded it, however, as a passion natural to youth, and her love for the young stranger only as a foolish whim. In this he was mistaken. She was too young to regard it as an impropriety, in trusting herself so entirely with the unknown loved one, in opposition to her father's commands, but considering his requisitions unjust, she found means of meeting Roland unknown to him.—Their last meeting, previous to the time of their meeting spoken of above, having been discovered by Menzini, he positively forbade her ever seeing him again. The command was but an idle word with her, and when she met Roland again, she again, as we have seen, most solemnly promised to be his forever.—Had Glenora had more experience, or had she been differently educated, or perhaps, we should say, had she possessed less warmth of nature to have loved less, she would have pursued a different course of conduct; but, thinking her father unjust in having engaged her to one, without her knowledge and consent—one, too, whom she could never love, and his insisting on the fulfilment of that engagement, roused a spirit of independence, which she carried but too fully out.

The great, the proud, the noble; the base and ignoble love, and Roland Galignani loved with the intensity of a full heart. But to return to the meeting in the garden. Hearing footsteps approaching, Roland imprinted a kiss upon her cold and almost *lifeless lips*, and hastily left the garden. She was borne into the castle still insensible—but soon recovering, she again experienced feelings similar to those which had struck her to the earth. Her father was bending over her with an expression of the most tender anxiety upon his countenance, and when he looked at her tenderly, and said, in a low voice, 'Glenora, my child!' that look and that tone went to her heart, and she then felt the first feeling of remorse. She closed her eyes and clasped tightly her hand, as if she would confine within herself those strange and undefinable feelings, with those remembrances of the few past moments, which seemed crushing the soul, so lately departed from its truth. A night of remorse and bitterness of spirit was Glenora's—not that she loved Roland less, but how could she bring herself to incur the displeasure, perhaps the curse, of her father? How could she leave him, too, in his old age? With the departure of her, would not, for him, sunshine have left the castle, the blessing of life, *his* life? But what to *her* henceforth was life, without him she loved more, by far, than all the world beside? Again she met Roland, and with him departed from her father's home, not, however, without a heart full of conflicting emotions, and eyes flowing over and over with tears, as she cast a last look at her childhood's home. They went immediately and secretly to a priest and were married. Glenora was happy—ay, happy in the hour of her bridal, and when Roland placed the ring upon her finger, she raised her dark and swimming eyes to his, filled with an expression of the most perfect confidence and devoted love. Her husband took her to his own proud home, an ancient castle upon the banks of the R——. Far from her home, Glenora was happy, in the love and devotion of him for whom she had sacrificed all.

### CHAPTER II.

Roland Galignani was about twelve years Glenora's senior; descended from a family of honor, yet owing to the careless prodigality of Roland's father, it had suddenly and lamentably become deficient in power of wealth. Yet what was strange to all was, that his successor, Roland, still kept up an appearance of almost royal splendor. The castle, which had become old and dilapidated, was repaired, and immense sums expended in re-furnishing it.—For several years previous to his father's death, Roland had been in a foreign country. He had in his youth been called a wild, strange boy, and various had been the predictions concerning him, by more than a half score of dark-fated prophetesses. When called home at his father's death, he seemed an altered being. Instead of the sprightly joyousness and wildness of his youth, his manner was steady and reserved—dignified and somewhat haughty. Indeed one could scarcely recognize in the tall, proud, sedate man, the flying, wilful boy, whom it was thought no one could tame. It was not long after this period of Roland's life that our story commenced.

They were the brightest days of Glenora's life—the first three months of her wedded days—and wilder and stronger became her love for the being her young heart so fully and so proudly worshipped.

'Twas a still, starlight evening, and Roland and his lovely bride were seated in a beautiful Italian grove—not far from the castle, and but little removed from the gliding waters of the river. Glenora's eyes were glistening with tears, for she had been listening with a variety of emotions to some portions of the history of her husband, which, though full of interest in themselves, produced a powerful effect upon the mind of the young wife, when related with the winning eloquence and rich, melodious voice of Roland. Suddenly a splash of

water was heard—a boat was seen to shoot under the bushes, and a man leaped ashore.—A shrill whistle was heard. Glenora felt the arm about her waist to tighten, and raising her eyes to her husband, she trembled beneath their expression, intensely deep and wild.—Hastily rising, he turned from Glenora, and taking the stranger aside, spoke to him in an under tone—which she could not understand. The excited words of the stranger, however, fell upon her ear:

'Roland Galignani, is this, then, the fulfilment of your engagement? There's work for you to do, and how much longer will you suffer it to remain untouched? You are not unwatched. Away with this foolishness.—When will you cease dallying with that silly girl?'

'By the virgin, you shall suffer for that,' cried Roland.

A scuffle ensued. Soon the stranger, in humble, supplicating tones, said:

'Your pardon, your pardon, sir, but this long silence on your part was rather too much. Pardon my rashness; but indeed, you have been absent from us so long, I had almost forgotten the respect due to our chief.'

'Hush, hush,' said Roland; then followed a short consultation, in so low words as to be inaudible to the wondering, astonished ears of Glenora.

The stranger departed. Roland led Glenora into the castle, and telling her he must be absent for a few weeks, began to make preparations for departure.

'I may go with you, Roland; surely you are not going to leave me alone?'

He flung his arms around his young wife, pressed her to his heart, and kissed her pale forehead, and then her pale lips, and said:

'It grieves me to part with thee, dearest, for thou art truly my own, my only one—my love—my life—but it is only for a little season. Valuable services rendered me, a few years since, by a dear friend, now in distress and great danger, demand a return on my part; and you would not have me so ungrateful as to fail, when my aid would be of essential benefit. Nor do I leave you alone. Egbert, my faithful and tried servant, will guard thee with his life; and mind thee, Glenora, go not out of the castle except when you know that he is within call. I will feel more at ease about thee, my love, if you will promise me this; and if thou art lonely, as doubtless thou wilt be, think that I will be with thee soon again—and know we will be happy as have been our hearts through these few blissful months.'

Glenora heard him in silence—then wept passionately, as she felt how utterly cheerless she would be during his absence. Roland was gone—Glenora was alone—*alone*—the first shadow of her married life resting on her brow—the first grief, on her heart. Various questions and conjectures as to the cause of this sudden event arose in her mind. Why had her husband never spoken to her of this friend, or the important service he had rendered him? Why could she not accompany him to express *her* gratitude—for surely should *she* not be grateful for every good action performed for him she loved? And, notwithstanding the very partial explanation of her husband, she could not resist the conviction that there was something very mysterious in everything connected with this unexpected absence.

After two weary months, daily monotonous to Glenora, Roland returned—and with his presence, returned the bloom upon her faded cheek, the light to her eyes, and merry gladness to her heart returned—to be again banished after a few weeks by Roland's absence, more protracted than before. Glenora in her loneliness had many reflecting moments and sad hours, in which the scenes of her childhood came back upon memory, among all of which none was more vivid than the sweet, pale face of an angel mother, by whom she just remembered to have been looked upon with dark, languishing eyes—and who, she remembered to have been told, had passed to her spirit home too *early* for those to whom she was dear. Glenora had never known how deep was the love her father had borne her lost mother, or how tenderly was she herself loved when she became his *only* idol.—Had she known it, keener would have been her regrets, that she thus had doomed him to go about mourning for his lost child—the noble, the proud, the envied Menzini; alas! the broken-hearted Menzini!

* * * * * *

Two years with their lights and shades had gone by. Roland having been absent but a few weeks, returned to his castle late one night, sooner than he had been expected, to the great joy of his wife, who had with the servants been thrown into great confusion and fright during the last few days—rumors being afloat of daring robberies having been committed on the highways not many leagues from the castle, and orders had been issued for the searching of the country far and near.—Roland's frequent and prolonged absences from home had created suspicions among the gossiping ones of the neighborhood, and the authorities were beginning to be awake to everything bearing the appearance of mystery.—Yet this was unknown to the young wife, who, alone with her infant boy, had been unaware of the extent of the danger—yet felt uneasy and unsafe till Roland came so unexpectedly. With no less fervor of affection than on his return after his first absence did the warm-hearted wife fly to the arms of him she yet idolized—then, carrying to him the little boy, whom she loved more fondly, because he had his father's brow and eye, she told him she never felt so fully, how wholly her life was centred upon him and their child. In the excess of her feeling, a tear flowed and rolled down her flushed cheek. Scarcely more than a child herself, the one, Roland, was to her an object of reverence, of worship—the other, of intense love and devoted care.

'You are sad, my love,' said Glenora, as on the following morning she laid her little hand on the brow of Roland, and smoothed back his soft hair.

He regarded her with an earnest look, and said:

'Would you love to go to your father's castle, Glenora?'

For the first time since their marriage had he referred, even in the most distant manner, to her home—and the suddenness of this question caused her, for an instant, to turn deadly pale, then a tear dimmed her eye.

'Do you ever think of your father?' he at length said. 'Do you never regret having left him, and come with me in a strange land—to have been left alone, too, so much as you have been, in the care only of servants—say, do you not regret it, Glenora?'

Glenora looked into his face, then turned her eye upon the sleeping boy, and in the fulness of her heart, exclaimed:

[CONCLUDED ON FOURTH PAGE.]

Love is the shadow of the morning, which decreases as the day advances. Friendship is the shadow of the evening, which strengthens with the setting sun of life.

[Written for The Flag of our Union.]

## Jessie.

BY MRS. HENRY W. ALLEN.

Jessie was our village belle,
  Lovely as a half-blown rose;
E'en the churlish mind of none
  Could only some new charm disclose.
Sunbright were her auburn tresses,
  Waving to the wind's caresses;
And sweeter than the song of birds
  Were her simple-hearted words.

Jessie had her suitors too,
  Many came from far and near;
And one more rich than all the rest
  Whispered love within her ear.
She only smiled, and softly said,
'Within my station I will wed;
A wild rose 'gainst a braid of pearls,'—
So spoke the flower of village girls.

But when May buds were in their bloom,
  Then Jessie chose an ardent lover;
And following fortune's beckoning smile,
  With hope they sailed the wide sea over.
And rumor now, with glowing tongue,
Recounts the triumphs they have won;
How wealth and honor, fame and glory,
Have made their life a tale of story.

And Jessie is a lady now—
  But in her heart no taint of pride
For any of her wondrous gifts,
  Is to her grateful heart allied.
And oft, when cottage fires burn clear,
And merry hearts are gathered near,
They wish that to this wild-wood dell
Again would come 'our village belle.'

[Written for The Flag of our Union.]

## THE YOUNG HUSBAND'S FLIRTATION.

### A Tale for the Newly Married.

BY PAUL CREYTON.

One fine morning in the month of June, the principal inn in the little town of L——, was honored by the arrival of a gentleman of a very distinguished appearance.

After giving his horse into the charge of the stable-boy, the stranger strolled leisurely about the grounds adjoining the inn. L—— is a very pretty country place, and abounds in fine orchards, tasteful gardens, broad and undulating fields and pleasant woodlands. The traveller delighted in such scenery, and prolonged his walk until near the dinner hour, when he sauntered back towards the inn. His meditations were nearly as follows:

'Here I am, fifty miles from home! My horse and I will be sure of good accommodations as long as we stay here, and I have nothing to do but to enjoy myself while I wait for a letter from Charles G—— in Philadelphia. 'Pon my word, L—— is a pretty place. I could spend a week here very pleasantly—that is, if it were not for one thing; I shall have no female society. O, woman! woman! how can I live without you? What a wilderness this world would be without your smile!

'But hold! what am I about? I'm talking treason. I'm a married man,—(a woman's man at six-and-twenty!)—and I have no right to think of any woman except my lawful wife.

'But what's the difference? My wife and I have quarrelled—foolishly enough, it is true, but we have quarrelled. I have not seen her in two months, and during this time I have been travelling in hopes to forget my domestic troubles in the excitement of new scenes. The last words she said to me were, "Don't hurry yourself to come back! I shan't miss you!" She spoke it in an angry moment, and she didn't mean it, for she loves me, I am sure she does. I should be a more miserable man than I am if I thought she didn't. Yet she was to blame in our quarrel, and I mean to punish her by remaining away from her till she'll be glad enough to welcome me back again. Moreover, I'll revenge myself on her, and at the same time afford myself a little innocent gratification by thinking of other women, just as much and just as often as I please. Besides, I ain't sure that I should find myself possessed of the Christian-like spirit of forgiveness and self-denial, to a sufficient degree to enable me to resist the temptation to engage in an innocent little flirtation with a pretty girl, should an opportunity present itself. That would be the most pleasant revenge I could have on my wife, for as well as I love her, I do delight to flirt with other women. Ha! what's that?'

The stranger's attention was attracted by the sudden appearance of a young lady, who was culling flowers in a garden over the way.

'A woman, by Cupid!' exclaimed the adventurer. 'What a form—it even rivals that of my wife Julia, in symmetry and grace! And she is young and pretty, doubtless—I'd give a half-eagle if she'd turn and let me see her face. It must be angelic! I wonder if she resembles Julia in feature as closely as she does in form? But what am I thinking about Julia for? It's my business to forget her, and think of other women, out of pure vengeance.'

At this moment, the stable-boy from the inn broke in upon our hero's philosophico-sentimental meditations.

'Dinner, sir,' he began.

'Dinner be blowed!' exclaimed the traveller. 'Look ye here, sirrah. D'ye see that lady?'

'That 'ere finnified thing—'

'Hush, you clown! don't call a lady a thing in my presence!'

'But you mean that 'ere gal that's smellin' o' the pinks in the garden, eh?' said Jonathan.

'Yes, that lady,' replied our hero.

'I see her; what of it?'

'O, nothing—nothing at all—that is, nothing in particular. But can you tell me who she is—that is, if she's married or single?'

'I don't keep the run of strange women—'

'What's there strange about her?'

'O, nothing as I know of—only she's a stranger here.'

'Ah! a stranger—'

'Yes, sir. She's a relative, I'm told, o' the family that lives in that house.'

'How long has she been in the neighborhood?'

'Only three or four days.'

'What's her name?'

'Jones.'

'Jones! what an unromantic name! Jones! yet if 'twas only *Miss Jones*, I don't know as I should think it bad.'

'Dinner, sir—'

'In a minute,' said the traveller, impatiently. 'Just have the goodness to tell me, whether that lady—that female member of the numerous family of Joneses—is usually spoken of as *Miss Jones*, or as *Mrs. Jones*?'

'That's hard tellin', sir,' replied Jonathan. 'You see, sir, people in these 'ere parts, ain't pertic'lar 'bout pronouncin' their words. We gin'rally say *Miss* for *Missus*, 'cause it's shorter; so we'd say Miss Jones, though she might be a *Mrs.* Jones. But if you're itchin' to know whether she's married or not, I'd say that we've kinder got the notion here, that she isn't.'

'Hem! very well!' said the stranger. 'Now, then, for dinner. And after dinner,' he added to himself, 'we'll know something more about Miss Jones.'

Mr. Arthur Woodbury—such was the name of the traveller—made a hasty meal. He didn't do justice to the ham and eggs, and nice Indian pudding, as was his wont. He didn't know why it was, but whenever the landlord spoke to him, he started, thinking he was going to say something about 'Miss Jones;' and while he was feeding himself mechanically, he was all the time thinking of the pretty lady over the way. In every egg he visited with the depredations of his knife, he saw an imaginary cheek or chin; every slice of ham was transformed into a beautiful rosy lip; the top of the pepper-box became, in his fancy, a large, flashing, melting black eye; every plate and platter reflected the features of the imaginary lady, and while engaged in the trifling, little romantic occupation of mashing his potatoes, our hero was dreaming of giving utterance to honeyed words of love, and of breaking tender hearts.

'It's a strange circumstance,' said Arthur, to himself, after the dinner was over—'I can't think of anything but Miss Jones. Her name runs in my mind continually, and my imagination is full of eyes and lips beautiful enough to compare with her angelic form. I must do something, or I am afraid I shall lose my reason altogether. I presume if I should get a fair view of that lady's face, 'twould cure my love completely. "Tis distance lends enchantment," &c.; and fancy has something to do with the matter. Now the truth is, if I don't speak with Miss Jones—(what a very unromantic name!)—and if I don't have an ocular demonstration of the fact that she ain't an angel, I shall go away with this impression, and remain eternally in love with her imaginary beauty. Hence, I can arrive at but one natural conclusion. I must see the lady; I must speak with her. Now the question is, how can I effect this object? But one method suggests itself to my mind. I must write to her, and make known to her in a respectful manner my desire to make her acquaintance.'

Arthur Woodbury, in the heat of his impatience, did not stop to reflect on the course he had resolved to pursue, but sat down to the table and began to write. His duty to his wife was forgotten, and the danger of inditing epistles to 'fair unknowns' was not thought of.

The note was as follows:

'LADY:—Excuse my boldness in thus addressing you, and read this billet without resentment or alarm. I have seen you, and have a desire to see you again, to speak with you, and to learn who you are. Although I confess myself smitten by your matchless charms, my intentions are honorable. If you do not disdain to grant me an interview, please address a note to Mr. Clark, at Wilson's Tavern, stating when and where you will be pleased to meet me. Devotedly yours,

'TIMOTHY CLARK.'

'That's what I call a respectful as well as respectable note,' said Arthur, to himself, glancing over what he had written with a smile of satisfaction. 'The opening apology is good; my desire to see her face to face is most skillfully and delicately expressed; the "matchless charms" is classical, and the winding-up is capital. I'm sure Miss Jones can't resist such a note. One thing I'm doubtful about. The name I have signed. It isn't romantic enough; but then it wouldn't be policy to choose a very romantic name, for Jones is not of the romantic order, and it is known the world over that comparisons are odious. Clark is on a par with Jones, and it'll have to go.'

Arthur called the ostler.

'I've been informed,' said he, to that worthy, 'that you are nobody's fool.'

'You'll find I ain't yours,' retorted Jonathan, with a grin.

'Just as I expected; I hope you are not,' said Arthur. 'But I mean to say, you are considered rather smart—that you are known to have your eyes open and about you. Now, if you'll do a little thing for me in a delicate and skillful manner, you shall be suitably rewarded.'

'What?—sir?' stammered Jonathan, puzzled to understand the meaning of our hero. 'You don't mean to say—'

'I mean to say,' interrupted Arthur, 'that if you'll put this letter into the hands of Miss—that lady, you know—Miss—hem! Jones—if you'll put this letter into her hands, I will give you something to drink her health and mine.'

'Yes, sir. Thank'ee,' said Jonathan, extending his hand for the letter.

'But hold, young man,' returned Arthur, in a tone of deep seriousness.

'Hey?'

'It is of the highest importance, that the fact of my sending this letter should be kept a profound secret. Do you understand?'

'Don't want folks to know it, hey?' grinned the youth. 'Fraid of gitting laughed at, I s'pose?'

'Silence!' muttered Arthur, looking very black about the brows, and very red about the cheeks. 'I don't much relish such jokes.'

''Skuse me, sir,' returned Jonathan, with ludicrous gravity. 'I didn't mean to joke you, sir. Indeed, sir, I said jest what I thought.'

'Hem!' coughed Arthur, biting his lips in perplexity—'I see you're a'cute customer.'

'They say I'm one of 'em,' added Jonathan, 'and perhaps you'll find I am.'

'But will you take the letter?'

'Yes, sir.'

'And keep it all to yourself?'

'All but the letter, sir; I'll give that to Miss Jones, if you please.'

'And nobody shall know of it?'

'Nobody but you and me and Miss Jones, sir, unless she tells of it—'

'That will do. Here, take the letter, and be off. But mind you, Peter—'

'Jonathan, sir, if you please. Peter ain't my right name, sir.'

'Well, Jonathan, if that's your name, I want you to bear in mind that it depends upon the way in which you do this errand, whether you receive a quarter, or a half, or a dollar for your trouble.'

'I understand, sir,' said Jonathan, vanishing through the door.

Arthur relieved himself by taking a long breath, and throwing himself upon the sofa.

''Twill be an age before I get an answer to that tender epistle,' he sighed, 'but when it comes—if it comes at all, it shall find me here.'

Half an hour—an hour—two hours—three hours passed in tedious succession, and Arthur could not divine the fate of his amatory epistle. Jonathan had returned, and stated that he delivered the note into the lady's hands, but that she did not open it in his presence; and this intelligence was by no means of a satisfactory nature.

'Can it be,' thought the young husband, 'that Jones despises Clark? Is there no romance in her disposition? Is Jones cold, as Clark fiery? What would my wife say if she knew of this? Ha! ha! wouldn't she be in a passion—but wouldn't she laugh at the revenge I am meditating! Wouldn't she say Jones was a sensible girl, and Clark a senseless jackass? But she mustn't know of it, and if Jones don't take pity on poor Clark, she can't make capital out of the affair.'

Our hero's quiet meditations were interrupted by the entrance of the landlord.

'I believe you said, sir, that if any letters came for Clark—'

'They are for me!' exclaimed Arthur, with a start.

'Yes, sir, so you said, and so—'

'But is there a letter? Ah! that you have in your hand—'

'Is for Clark—'

'Thank you, sir; thank you.'

Arthur snatched the letter eagerly. It was the most coquettish little billet-doux, he had ever seen, neatly folded, perfumed and beautifully superscribed. He broke it open, he glanced his eye at the signature—it was from Jones!

He read as follows:

'Mr. Clark—sir:—Your letter has occasioned me the greatest astonishment.'

'Quite natural,' thought Arthur.

'And I don't know yet hardly what to think of it. If I had really believed you sincere, I should have answered it immediately; and if I had deemed you a mere trifler, I should not have thought of answering it at all. Halting between these two opinions, I have delayed sending you a reply until this late hour.

'Supposing you to be the gentleman whose appearance I was so much struck with this morning, seeing you across the street, I cannot but feel both pleased and flattered by your notice. I fear that an interview would destroy the illusion you seem to have indulged in, but if you still desire a meeting I cannot refuse to grant your wish.

'This evening, at eight o'clock precisely, I shall be walking alone in my friend's orchard. You will easily find me.

'Adieu—until we meet,

'SUSANNA JONES.'

'Delightful! admirable!' exclaimed Arthur. But what a singular, unromantic name! It is even worse than Timothy Clark. Tell me, O ye gods! is her face like her person, angelic, or is it like her name, plain, unattractive? At eight o'clock I shall know. Would it were eight now.'

Arthur looked at his watch.

'Only six!' he muttered. 'Two hours to wait! How tedious!'

The bell rang for supper. At the table, our hero suffered from a still greater degree of absence of mind than at dinner. He buttered his cheese, poured his tea out into the cup-plate instead of the saucer, ate sweet cake instead of bread, and dipped his spoon into his neighbor's sauce-dish as often as his own. Some thought him a crazy man, and others thought him a philosopher or a genius.

The hour of the interview arrived. At the moment the clock struck eight, our hero was in the orchard of Miss Susanna's friend. True to the appointed time, Miss Jones herself was upon the spot. Clark saw a fairy-like figure not far off among the trees, and thinking it was Jones, he flew to meet her; and Jones, beholding a manly form approaching, felt sure it was Clark, and glided timidly towards him.

'Miss Jones,' whispered Arthur.

'Mr. Clark,' murmured Susanna.

'We have met at last!' exclaimed our hero.

'At last!' sighed the female.

It was a soft, sweet voice, and its silvery accents thrilled Arthur with tenderness and pleasure. He took the lady's hand. It was slender, and beautifully formed, and its touch inspired him with love's gallantry and devotion. He would have pressed it to his lips, but the owner withdrew it in a manner which he thought most provokingly cool.

'Lady,' murmured Arthur, bowing with respect and admiration for her graceful, queen-like manner, and her majestic form—'I cannot express my gratitude for this interview. You were right in thinking me sincere.'

'Don't be too fast,' interrupted Susanna; 'wait till you know more of me, before you talk about sincerity or anything else.'

All this time our hero had been trying to get a glance at the lady's face. It was a cloudless, moonlight evening, and he could easily have distinguished her features had she not kept them scrupulously covered by a veil. Arthur knew by the fair proportions of her form and the melodious tones of her voice, that her face must be lovely, and longed to see the veil removed.

He was about to make a request to this effect, when she spoke:

'Before I allow you any liberties with me,' said she, 'I must know something of you, and you must know something of me.'

'Certainly.'

'Promise to be frank.'

'I will.'

'Well then, answer me one question.'

'If it is a reasonable one, I will,' replied Arthur. 'What is it?'

'Are you married?' asked the lady.

Arthur coughed and stammered.

'Now, do be candid,' said Susanna. 'If you are married, don't hesitate to tell me so. I am not afraid to tell you I am a married woman.'

'Ah! ah!' muttered Arthur, feeling a momentary pang of jealousy. 'You have a husband then somewhere—a husband—'

'Yes, sir, I own I have. And you—have you such an incumbrance as a wife?'

Arthur confessed he had.

'I'm glad of it,' said the lady.

'Why?' demanded Arthur, in astonishment.

'Because we are even then,' replied Miss—or rather *Mrs. Jones*. 'Neither of us can complain on that score. If I were single, 'twould be another thing, but since I've a husband, I'm glad you've got a wife. I wonder if she has given you as much cause to favor others as my husband has given me?'

'It is through her fault that we have separated,' said Arthur.

'I'm glad of that. It makes us even again. It is through my husband's fault that we do not live together now. Now don't you think we two can carry on an innocent flirtation together very properly and very unconscientiously?'

'That is my sentiment precisely.'

'I see we are well matched,' pursued the lady, with a light laugh. 'But I feel interested to know about your wife—just enough so that I shan't be jealous, you know.'

'And you will tell me about your husband?' said Arthur.

Susanna said she would.

Arthur went on to give a pretty accurate description of Julia's tastes, manners and personal appearance, omitting to tell the plain truth only when he feared his companion would be alarmed.

'Now tell me,' said he, in conclusion, 'what sort of a chap is your dear husband?'

'He's handsome,' replied the other.

'Ah! ah!'

'And high-spirited—'

'O, certainly.'

'And generous to a fault—'

'The man that could win your heart,' said Arthur, 'must be possessed of all those noble qualities.'

'You are paying a very fine compliment to yourself,' returned the lady, slily.

'Then I am happy enough to have won your heart—'

'I was telling about my husband.'

'Ah! yes!'

'He has his bad as well as his good qualities. He is a flirt. This disposition in him is the origin of our quarrel.'

'Madam, if he favors other ladies, you have a perfect right to retaliate.'

'I think so. But as I was saying, he is a flirt. Now tell me candidly, Mr. Clark, what would you think of a man who has had no cause to be dissatisfied with his wife, yet who deliberately makes love to another woman?'

'He is a monster!' exclaimed Arthur. 'And when that wife is young and pretty as yourself, he is a wretch and a fool.'

'So I think,' said Susanna, gaily. 'And don't he deserve to be punished?'

'Cowhiding is too good for such a man!' exclaimed Arthur.

'Well, sir,' laughed Susanna; 'you are condemning yourself. My husband is a wretch, a monster, a fool! he deserves all you say; and I am thinking *you are just like him!*'

Arthur would have cried—'How so?' but at that moment, the lady withdrew her veil, and turning her face towards the moon, said:

'Julia!'

'Arthur!'

The husband and wife stood face to face! Arthur was struck dumb with astonishment and shame. Julia folded her arms and laughed.

'I will not reproach you,' she said. 'I have found you out, and now all I have got to say is, you may leave me as quick as possible.'

'O, Julia!' exclaimed Arthur, falling on his knees before her—

'Not a word. You are a fickle man. You never deserved my love.'

The indignant wife turned away, as if to go. Arthur seized her arm.

'Dear Julia!' he exclaimed, earnestly, 'I acknowledge my fault. But can you not forgive me? Will you not believe that I truly love you?'

'How can I?'

'True, how can you? But believe me, this is but a thoughtless act—I could never have been unfaithful to you, had another lured me here. Forgive me, and I swear that you shall never again have occasion to find fault with me on the score of flirtation.'

'If I could believe you!'

'Believe me, for I speak the truth. I will henceforth be all your own. I love you devotedly; and if you will forgive this fault—'

'Arthur,' interrupted Julia, 'I am terribly jealous of Miss Jones, although she is no other than myself. Yet I cannot but pardon you, for I believe you are sincere. You do really love me?'

Arthur clasped his young wife in his arms, and kissed her passionately.

Before the close of the interview, the little affair was settled, and all was forgiven. Arthur promised solemnly and sincerely never afterwards to forget his wife for another, and she pardoned him on those conditions.

'And now,' said Arthur, 'explain to me how we have happened to meet in this little village?'

'It is one of the coincidences of life,' replied Julia. 'Sometime after you left me, I resolved to seek for diversion among new scenes, as well as yourself. I remembered I had a friend in this place, who had often urged me to visit her and spend several days. After some delay, I came hither. I saw you this morning, at the same time you saw me; I had then only time to conceal my own features from your view. I also recognized your hand-writing, in the note you sent me, and determined to grant you an interview. I resolved to remain unknown to you, until I had learned your real intentions and your true disposition, and I very fortunately succeeded in my designs. Are you satisfied?'

'Yes,' replied Arthur, since I am forgiven.'

The two walked to the house of Julia's friend together. From that time Arthur never gave his wife occasion to be jealous, and in consideration of the good result of the adventure, neither had cause to regret the young husband's flirtation.

[Written for The Flag of our Union.]

## A LEAF FROM MR. SHATTERLY'S JOURNAL.

BY MRS. E. WELLMONT.

*Monday, June 21.*—The doctor came and prescribed for Mrs. Shatterly a more generous diet and out door exercise, with a cheerful companion, to wear off her nervous debility.

*Tuesday.*—Mrs. Shatterly desired permission to go to the sea-shore. I objected, as I mortally hate crowds. She remarked 'what was her element was my bane,'—a remark which so troubled me that I settled my accounts and went and secured board at a fashionable watering-place.

*Wednesday.*—The last intelligence so recruited Mrs. Shatterly that the physician discontinued his visits. She suggested, however, this day she must make a thorough review of her wardrobe. This being done, I was solicited to accompany her a shopping. Being unused to contradiction, and very nervous when crossed, I surrendered myself to her dictation. 'Mr. Shatterly,' said she, 'you must take this thing easy,—if you ever expect me to recover, it will be by indulgence;' and her voice was very faint. I was soon in the interior of a shop, where 'selling off cheap' was placarded in twenty places. Mrs. Shatterly was in pursuit of embroidered pocket handkerchiefs.—'What price?' 'Ten dollars, and very cheap—such as formerly sold at fifteen and twenty dollars,' said a mustachoed lad of twenty-one. I looked—my wife was pleased, and of course I ought to have been. 'Now,' said she, 'I will look at those capes. How much?' 'Here is a very magnificent one,' said this same little dapper gentleman, in a low tone, with his face right in my wife's bonnet; 'you may have it at the low price of eighteen dollars—a decided bargain, truly.' Mrs. Shatterly looked at it; the same clerk adroitly hung it over his shoulders to show the effect, which was so irresistible that Mrs. Shatterly concluded to take that too, and to my great joy she rose from the shop seat and seemed disposed to go out. I seconded the motion, and finally prevailed, urging she must be too tired to look farther; whereupon, suggesting to her the propriety of going home and taking a little wine negus, she consented to do so. Strange to say, she did not look at all tired!

*Thursday.*—Mrs. Shatterly proposed shopping again, to which I demurred, from the cloudy state of the weather and her being of an invalid turn. She remonstrated, saying she must be fitted for the sea-shore. I was next in a large silk and shawl store. How they glittered. Mrs. Shatterly walked right up to the highest cost articles. It seemed like intuition in her always to put her eye upon the richest article in a store and admire it the most. There lay a splendid satin, four dollars per yard, just fit for vesting; but as I suggested that idea, my wife grew nervous, and it was all over. 'She must not be crossed,' the doctor said. (I never shall employ that man again.) The satin was the article—and twelve yards were cut, to be sent at one o'clock to B. Shatterly's, —— Avenue. I was decamping, under pretence of exhausted funds, when those same nervous symptoms returned upon my wife again with more violence. We hurried out and took the coach home. At midnight she announced to me she must have a crape shawl to go with that satin, and in a half wakeful state she affirmed I said 'to-morrow.'

*Friday.*—An unlucky day. Went to the shawl store and purchased one, for which I paid forty-five dollars—richest one in the store. Mrs. Shatterly better than ever—busy with dress-makers, and wanting a little change every few minutes for trimmings.

*Sunday.*—First appearance of Mrs. S. at church since her late illness. All the new articles on in acknowledgment of 'mercies received.' Much staring—sermon on conformity to the world. Heard Mrs. Green say right behind us, 'how applicable to *some* people was our sermon!' Mrs. Shatterly went all day, and seemed very happy; great abatement of nervous excitement. I staid at home in the afternoon to prepare for starting for the sea-shore to-morrow morning. Looked over my shirts—all decayed; my dickeys—not one fit to wear; my satin vest very shabby and fretted at the watch-pocket, but my wife says 'they look very well, and she cannot consent to postpone going another day *for me to get my outfit*.' She adds, 'the doctor says I must not be crossed.' Well, I'll go—but if Mrs. Shatterly should grow worse, and should—I wont say it—but I *never would marry a nervous woman* again; for '*I don't like to be crossed*.'

*Monday.*—Rather short of funds, but must go.

And here the journal breaks off for one week. When we get a sight at it, you shall have the rest.

*From Mrs. B. Shatterly's private diary.*

*Sept. 1st.*—Mr. Shatterly proposes returning home. I cannot bear the thought, and have told him so. I shall send a note to my doctor and ask his advice; and if he says a jaunt to Niagara had better be taken than remain longer on the sea-shore, I shall go.

Last evening a nice 'hop' came off, the best of the season. I have learned to waltz, and dance the polka, and find the exercise congenial to taste and health.

Mrs. L. spoke to me of appearing in short sleeves—said ladies much older than I did so.

*Sept. 2d.*—Mr. Shatterly says I am getting to be a mere butterfly. I have spoken to him about appearing as a Greek flower-girl, but he says it is a character never heard of—wish I knew more of the classics. The 'fancy ball' promises to be a *recherche* affair. I shall have a new costume, cost what it may. If disappointed, I shall feel terribly nervous. Mr. S. is not as indulgent as when I first came; says he shall go home and open the house.

*Sept. 5th.*—Awful nervous. Mr. S. has actually gone up to the city to open. He says he thinks some of having the boys return. O, horrors! Those noisy boys will craze me—besides, they are so much better off in the country. Received a line a few minutes ago, in reply to mine, from Dr. Flathead. Merely says I must be my own judge of what course to take, but thinks a journey to Niagara would do no harm. Wish he had been more explicit; then I could have shown it to my husband—but it is so non-committal it amounts to nothing.

*Sept. 10th.*—At home again. Cook and chambermaid far happier than mistress to return. Have a fit of the 'blues' this morning —drank a bath tea which recalled old associations and bad feelings. A city life does not agree with me; that is, housekeeping is not to my taste. If I could only board in winters at hotels, and ruralize in summer, my health would not suffer. Proposed it to Mr. S., who shook his head and replied, that a man and woman in middle life needed a home all the year round. He is old fashioned, and likes long winter evenings without excitement, and that is my perfect horror.

*Sept. 15th.*—The boys are returned to spend a few weeks. They are so noisy, and have so many questions to ask, I am worn out. Poor boys! They have not been at home for six months, but my nerves are too weak to bear their society. Their wardrobe is submitted to a seamstress for inspection, who says everything is out of order. I never sew; the doctor says I require more active exercise.

*Sept. 20th.*—Mr. Shatterly says I must go a shopping and help him fit out the children. I replied I could not do it; upon which he referred to my bearing so much fatigue in preparing for the sea-shore. Unfeeling man! I was then excited with the prospect of change; but now all is over, I sink——

Here Mrs. Shatterly's diary ceases, and whether she sank on a feather bed, or in a slumber, or a fainting fit, you, kind reader, can judge as well as myself. Her physician says he always prescribes something exciting for women of her temperament, and recommends journeying when the purse of the husband can afford it; and no man in the city is more popular with the ladies.

## Gems of Thought.

Here are a few scraps from turned down leaves in our reading. Willis would call them 'spice islands passed in the sea of literature.' At any rate, they are pearls worth the stringing.

All our distinctions are accidental; beauty and deformity, though personal qualities, are entitled neither to praise nor censure. Yet it so happens that they color our opinion of those qualities to which mankind have attached responsibility.—*Zimmerman.*

Whatever is highest and holiest is tinged with melancholy. The eye of genius always has a plaintive expression, and its natural language is pathos. A prophet is sadder than other men; and he who was greater than all prophets, 'was a man of sorrows and acquainted with grief.'—*Mrs. Child.*

To a good man, who has wisely spent his days, years will steal on him insensibly; he will grow old by degrees, and without feeling it. Nay, when he comes to break at last, the house will crumble gently, and fall down so slowly, as not to give him any great pain.—*Cicero.*

A little neglect may breed great mischief. For want of a nail the shoe was lost; for want of a shoe the horse was lost; for want of a horse the rider was lost, being overtaken and slain by the enemy: all for want of care about a horse shoe-nail.—*Franklin.*

The real object of education is to give children resources that will endure as long as life endures; habits that time will ameliorate, not destroy; occupations that will render sickness tolerable, solitude pleasant, age venerable, life dignified and useful, and death less terrible.—*Rev. Sydney Smith.*

A man falls in love just as he falls down stairs. It is an accident, perhaps, and very probably a misfortune; something which he neither intended, foresaw nor apprehended.—But when he runs in love, it is as when he runs in debt; it is done knowingly and intentionally, and very often rashly and foolishly, even if not ridiculously, miserably and ruinously.—*Dr. Smith.*

[Written for The Flag of our Union.]

## We too must part.

BY MATURIN M. BALLOU.

*Written impromptu at a separation.*

In childhood's joyous, sinless years,
  What kindly ties were wound round the heart!
But broken oft, quick welling tears
  Attest 'tis hard to part.

In schoolboy days, fresh ties again
  Spring up and blossom in the breast;
But scarce full fragrance they attain,
  Short-lived are they at best.

In riper years, new friends we form,
  And love them well, yet sadly see;
For, though our hearts beat e'er as warm,
  We soon must bid adieu!

And thus it is with us, dear friends,
  So brief the happy hours we've passed,
When fortune cold her mandate sends,
  We too must part at last.

[Written for The Flag of our Union.]

## MARRYING 'EM OVER AGAIN; OR, A JOKER FORESTALLED.

### A HYMENEAL SKETCH.

BY FALCONBRIDGE.

Some time last summer, while canvassing the 'down east' States, Dodge—need we particularize *what* Dodge—Ossian E. Dodge, *of course*, ran afoul of a young gentleman quite noted for his off-hand, practical jokes, and having heard of Dodge, our amateur joker made up his mind that when and where he met the extensively known and thorough bred wag, there would very probably be *flies* about, and somebody's eye teeth would be *cut*.—When Dodge appeared in our amateur wit's diggings, he straightway went to work to introduce himself to Dodge.

'I understand, sir,' says the amateur, 'that you are not to be caught napping. I've read and heard a great deal of your practical joking, and though I don't profess to be very *smart* that way, yet I've made a bet with some of my friends, that in less than six months I will show you a new kink or two—*I intend to show you the elephant!*'

'Ah, indeed!' says Dodge. 'Well, sir, I'm tolerably conversant with that species of quadrupeds, having studied animated natur for sometime, but I shall always be pleased to learn something *new*, although I fear, sir, that the critter you mention would hardly, with my experience, come under the head of *novelty* with me. However, I don't want to damp your enthusiasm, so you may figure it up and fetch along your entertainment whenever you feel like it.'

The amateur made several small flirts at Dodge during his stay in the amateur's neighborhood, but his efforts scarcely amounted to anything with a good 'rub' to it, and hence we shall not take any pains to illustrate them. Time and Dodge passed along, and by casually meeting each other in other parts of the country, in vicinity of the city of notions, quite an intimacy sprang up between the two 'sawyers,' and finally one day, says the amateur joker:

'Mr. Dodge, I'm going to be married.'

'Sho! you're joking!' says Dodge, poking his friend in the side with the butt of that high-falutin cane of his.

'Am I though?' says the other, 'guess not, it's all arranged—the old man don't like me,—the young lady does, and that makes it all right you know—we're going to New York to-morrow evening—to be there married the next day, and, if you have nothing serious to prevent you, I wish you to join a small and select party of the young lady's friends and mine, and go along.'

'Nothing would give me more pleasure,' says Dodge, 'than to accompany you, but really, I—I—that is, the notice is somewhat short, the—the—parties, excepting yourself, sir, are a—a—strangers to me, and I would be a little kind of awkward, in short I must decline your invitation.'

O, no, 'twouldn't do, Dodge *must* go, couldn't get off; so next day a small party of some four or five ladies and gentlemen met in at the Marlboro Hotel, and a few hours afterwards the coach drove them down to the Providence railway depot, where they soon embarked, and next morning, just as the sun began to peep over the eastern part of creation, the bride and bridegroom, and their male and female attendants, with our facetious and self-sacrificing friend Dodge, who was to act as grand master of ceremonies, cicerone, &c., coupled with a young lady, a relative of the bridegroom's, found themselves at the pier number one, North River, New York.

'Now, Mr. Dodge,' says the amateur joker, 'we are all strangers here in New York, and we put you in command of our affairs, and to direct our movements.'

'Exactly, that's all right,' says Dodge, 'leave all to me. Say, you, look here,' brawls Dodge, to one of the noisy, brawling, pushing, red faced drivers of one of the hundred and fifty cabs, coaches and trucks usually besetting the steamers landing their passengers at the New York piers, 'you, I mean, we all go to the Irving House—fly around—get the baggage—allow me, Miss ——, to assist you to this coach; so—all in,—drive off.'

In course of ten minutes the bridal party were housed at the 'Irving,' private parlors, and snug and merry as grigs. Dodge stepped out to get the parson and arrange the minutiæ of the marriage. At eleven A. M. the parties were spliced, good humor, a few tears and kisses prevailed, and the party, under charge of Dodge, started out to see the lions of Gotham, and thus merrily passed the hours away, until the hour of retiring came around, the parties separated for the night.

'Mr., a—a—but no matter.'

'Did you wish to speak to me, Mr. Dodge?' said the happy bridegroom, turning back as Dodge made the broken call.

'Yes, that is, but no matter, some other time will answer, good night, God bless—' and as if laboring under some undigested trouble, Dodge disappeared and took a stroll around by himself. Returning about midnight at the 'Irving' with a mysterious looking companion, they took seats in the drawing-room and sent for the landlord; he came, a brief whispering took place, the landlord grinned and grinned, and finally broke out into something of a laugh, and said:

'Well, I don't care, you're all friends, it's rather a good joke, it will surprise them some, do as you please, sir.'

The landlord disappeared, a servant came in and intimated if the gentleman was ready he'd 'show 'em up' to No. —.

Tap, tap, tap, gently went Dodge's knuckles on the door of number —.'

'Who's there?' says a quick voice.

'Me,' says Dodge. 'Get up, quick.'

'That you, Mr. Dodge?'

'Yes, sir, get up, quick?'

'Heaven's sake, what's the matter, Mr. Dodge?'

'O, get up, sir, quick, open your door.'

'The house on fire? Heaven's sake, what's the matter?'

Then was heard a finer strung voice harmlessly making the same inquiry, and soon the door was opened and the outlines of a gentleman *en dishabille* thrusting out his nose and night cap.

'Heavens and earth, Mr. Dodge, do tell, what's all this noise?'

'Why, sir, but I—I hope you'll pardon me, I—I confess that a', a', I was wrong, very wrong to a'—'

'Well, but, sir,' said the excited and impatient husband, 'what is it all about? Come, let me know the worst!'

'The fact is, sir, I couldn't—'

'Well well?'

'I couldn't go to sleep, I got up, determined to ask your pardon, but you'll never forgive me, but a—'

'Go on, go on, out with it!'

'Mr. Dodge, are we in danger?' said the fine, small voice of the little bride, her bright eyes and pretty little night-cap appearing faintly in the back ground.

'Awful! too bad, marm, I shall never forgive myself,' and here, Dodge actually threw up the whites of those big eyes and sighed twice!

'What danger, how, where?' said the married couple, in one breath. 'Tell us all, sir,' sharply asked the husband.

'Yes, yes, for mercy's sake do,' said the wife.

'Then if I must, I must,' said Dodge,—'*You are not man and wife!*'

'What?' said the husband.

'Mr. Dodge!' said the wife.

'Fact, I ought to be hung and quartered, my fault.'

'What do you mean, sir? You don't pretend—'

'Yes I do, it's a fact, sir!'

'What's a fact, Mr. Dodge?' inquires the alarmed bride.

'Not married man—all a sham, my fault.'

'O-o-o! I'm—I'm,'—here the husband, as he supposed himself, caught his wife, as she supposed she was, just as she was about to swoon.

'Mr. Dodge, this is a shabby business, sir,' said the supposed husband.

'I know it,' says Dodge, 'I confess all, I regret it severely, sir, I could not a—a—I could sleep, sir, I—I got up, sir, determined to make all the—'

'Misery you could, sir,' said the supposed married man.

'Not at all, sir, I did it as a joke.'

'A joke, sir? It's villainous, sir!'

'But I'll *repair* it, sir, I'll run off to the minister's.'

'Don't meddle any more, sir, take yourself off, sir, and leave us to ourselves—go.'

The husband was about to shut the door, this brought the lady too, she rushed to the door:

'Go, Mr. Dodge, go, do go and get the minister, at once, do, sir!'

'Never mind now, it's almost morning, my dear, then we'll arrange the matter without his intervention,' said the husband.

But the lady was determined, insisted—Dodge desired them to dress and come down into the drawing-room immediately and he would have the real parson there, and there should be a *prima facie, bona fide*, and veritable wedding. So he left, the discomfited votaries of Hymen had their other friends aroused from their downy couches, and the amazed and vexed parties assembled in the drawing-room and were soon confronted by Dodge and a new parson, who put them over the ground again in good and substantial shape. The performances, however, took up the time until daylight began to peep in through the windows at the sombre looking wedding party, when Dodge and the parson left.

After breakfast, the entire party being again assembled in the drawing-room, Dodge and his handkerchief about his lips a few times, and with a slight *ahem* he addressed the wedded parties:

'Mrs. and Mr. ——s, I've had my *joke*, I will not be greedy and enjoy *all* the fun myself, but share it liberally among you. Mr. —— threatened sometime ago that he would certainly introduce to my especial observation a well known quadruped in less than six months. There is yet a short time left him to carry out his determination, and I beg leave to say that this wedding has afforded me probably the only opportunity I shall ever have to assure Mr. ——, that the joker who intends travelling with me must rise early in the morning and be well loaded with saws, in order to show to my vision a new species of the elephant. I regret, Mrs. ——, the inconvenience and alarm I may have caused you, unnecessarily, perhaps, for the *first* matrimonial performance was genuine, *the last was merely a little bit of my nonsense!*' and with the entire party close upon his heels, the *mortified* joker made his exit.

## Harvest Hymn.

BY MRS. L. H. SIGOURNEY.

God of the year! with songs of praise,
  And hearts of love, we come to bless
Thy bounteous hand, for thou hast shed
  Thy manna o'er our wilderness;
In early springtime thou didst fling
O'er earth its robe of blossoming,
And its sweet treasures day by day
Rose quickening in thy blessed ray.

And now they whiten hill and vale,
  And hang from every vine and tree,
Whose pensile branches bending low,
  Seemed bowed in thankfulness to thee;
The earth with all its purple isles
Is answering to thy genial smiles,
And gales of perfume breathe along
And lift to thee their voiceless song.

God of the seasons! thou hast blest
  The land with sunlight and with showers;
And plenty o'er its bosom smiles
  To crown the sweet autumnal hours.
Praise, praise to thee! Our hearts expand
To view the blessings of thy hand,
And on the incense breath of love,
Go off to their bright home above.

## Church Bells.

There is something beautiful in the church bell. Beautiful and hopeful! They talk to high and low, rich and poor in the same voice; there is a sound in them that should scare pride and envy, and meanness of all sorts from the heart of man; that should make him look on the world with kind, forgiving eyes; that should make the earth itself seem to him, at least a holy place. Yet there is a whole sermon in the very sound of the church bells, if we have only the ears to understand it. There is a preacher in every belfry that cries, 'Poor, weary, struggling, fighting creatures—poor human things, take rest, be quiet. Forget your vanities, your follies, your week-day craft, your heart burnings! And you, ye human vessels, gilt and painted, believe the iron tongue that tells ye that for all your gilding, all your colors, ye are the same Adam's earth with the beggar at your gates. Come away, come, cries the church bell, and learn to be humble; learn that, however daubed, and stained and stuck about with jewels, you are but grave clay!—Come, Dives, come, and be taught that all your glory, as you wear it, is not half as beautiful in the eye of Heaven, as the sores of the uncomplaining Lazarus, and ye poor creatures, livid and faint—stained and crushed by the hardness of the world—come, come, cries the bell, with the voice of an angel—come and learn what is laid up for ye. And learning, take heart, and walk amongst the wickedness, the cruelties of the world calmly as Daniel walked among the lions.'—*Jerrold.*

# THE FLAG OF OUR UNION.

F. GLEASON, PROPRIETOR.

MATURIN M. BALLOU, EDITOR.

☞ The terms of The Flag of our Union are $2 00 per annum, invariably in advance. The paper is always discontinued at the expiration of the time paid for. See imprint on the last page.

☞ All communications designed for publication in the paper, must be post paid, and addressed to F. Gleason, Boston, Mass., Proprietor of The Flag of our Union.


### To our Correspondents.

'The Eighteenth Birthday,' a fine prose sketch, by Mrs. Caroline Orne, shall appear next week.

'The Lapse of Time,' a poem, by W. Wallace Lambkin, is filed for use next.

'A Fond Mother's Letter,' a prose sketch, by Mrs. E. Wellmont, filed for the next number.

'An Epigram,' by Paul Creyton, accepted.

'Margaret More,' a story, by Lieutenant Murray, shall find a place in our next.

'A Song,' by Hamilton G. De Bois, accepted.

'My Friend the Colonel, and why he went to Paris.' This is a capital humorous sketch, by The Old 'Un, and shall appear next week.

'I'll think of thee,' a poem, by J. P. Southworth, accepted.

'Beauties of Nature,' a very pretty poem, by Devalin, filed for next week.

'A Scene,' in verse, by A. Elliott, accepted.

'The Home where I was born,' a poem, by J. M. Brewer, next week.

'The Age of Wonders,' a humorous poem, by Raphael, is filed for the Olio column.

'The Connecticut,' a poem, by Sigma, accepted.

'Lines to Zelia,' 'The Life of a Sot,' 'Conferring Degrees,' and 'Home,' are respectfully declined.

### The Gentle Sex.

It is only in America that women, of all classes, receive that respect and consideration which they are so unquestionably entitled to by nature. This is so markedly the case that foreigners notice it at once on arriving from abroad. Now, rightly viewed, and its bearings properly analyzed, this is one of the strongest tokens of civilization that can be adduced, and actually amounts with us to a national characteristic. In Vienna, women dig cellars, and carry hods; in Paris, they clean the streets; in England, they drudge in the fields at manly labor, for sixpence a day; in America alone, is their task confined to the domestic circle, and about the sacred hearth of homes they render so cheerful and happy.—We are led to draw these comparisons, because by each arrival from the old world we are so impressed with the misery that all the humble classes suffer under monarchy; and then we turn to contrast their deplorable lot with that of our own people. It is the natural result of a monarchical form of government to separate society into just two divisions, the high and the low, the rich and the poor. There can be no intermediate grades. Creation is a sort of see-saw, in its goings on, like the board over a barrel, which two schoolboys tilt upon; first, one is uppermost, then the other. Such has been the late scene in Europe during the revolutions of 1848 and 1849. When monarchical power prevails, we see one class high up in the air basking in sunshine, while the other is sunken amid the dirt and filth. Republicanism is the only true balance. It hangs the scales in the hands of justice, and nothing can turn the beam to favor one class of humanity over another. Great reforms cannot be consummated in a day; and we do not yet despair of seeing the fires of the old world lighted upon republican altars.

### Canadian Annexation.

The ablest and most respectable journals in the provinces now openly and almost daily discuss the subject of annexation with our government. The calm, dispassionate and well conceived manner in which they refer to the matter, shows that the fruit is fast ripening, and foreshadows the almost certain result. The utmost dissatisfaction with the home government exists all over the provinces, and complaints are loud and deep. The Montreal Herald, considering the advantages of annexation over a Federal Union, says:

> The great advantages to be looked for, in either case, arises from enlarged markets for our produce—an increased field for our future industrial enterprises. Now a Federal Union of the British Provinces would add, if they were all customers only, five hundred thousand people to our commercial system. Of our two staples, lumber and breadstuffs, these five hundred thousand people would require nothing but breadstuffs. But annexation to the United States would add twenty millions to our commercial system; would give us markets wherever railroad, canal, sea-going ship, or packhorse could transport our present produce, and would open the same vast region to our manufactures, protected from foreign competition by a high deferential tariff. Instead of taking our breadstuffs only, this immense population would, even, require more and more the produce of our forests, while the funds which came here in return, would accumulate till they grew into capital, and were reinstated in the manufacture of fresh sources of profit. Finally, the Federal Union would give no privileges to our Canadian vessels, steamers or otherwise, which they do not now possess; annexation would give free entry to our craft in every water of the Continent.

### Fanny Elssler.

Fanny Elssler has a son, a young officer in the Austrian army. He deserted to the army of Charles Albert, during the war with Sardinia, and served in all the campaigns as a simple volunteer. His mother has been compelled to pay heavy sums for him, so heavy that her fortune has been materially impaired. Kendall of the Picayune says Fanny must be not far from fifty; yet, so kindly has time dealt with her, that on the stage she does not look more than twenty-five.

### A Pertinent Query.

The Montreal Courier makes the following pertinent reflection and query: 'We learn that fifty respectable workmen left Quebec recently for the Western States. The Canadian Independent suggests a public meeting to inquire into the cause of this emigration and to suggest some remedy. If the people are all going to the United States, may not the country go too?'

Peculiar Characteristics.—A western editor says of Mr. Littlejohn, candidate for governor of Michigan, that 'he possesses the power of lashing himself into a fury with his own tail, and then looking like a galvanized idiot.' The inventive genius of these political editors is perfectly wonderful.

Celebrity.—A beautiful wild *white dove* was shot near this place last week. It would have been a rare pet if it could have been taken alive.—*Clear Spring Sentinel, (Md.)*

The Last Rose of Summer.—A gentleman who came over the Salem turnpike yesterday, was struck by the profusion of wild flowers still blooming by the road side.—*Advertiser.*

'We weep for Absent Nell.'—The poem promised, from the pen of G. P. Burnham, is crowded out, but shall appear next week.

### Ocean Steamers.

We rejoice to see that our merchants and the government also, are awaking to the importance of the construction of a goodly number of large and capable sea-steamers, with which we may be able to compete with the rest of the world in matters of commercial enterprise.—We might refer to several instances of new and commendable enterprise in this respect.—Among the more prominent at the present moment, is, we perceive, a great steam mail communication between the United States and different parts of the world, supported and directed by the government. Take the following: Early next year we shall have five steamers of 1000 horse power, and 3000 tons burthen each, to run between New York and Liverpool. Some more of the same description are nearly ready for the New York and Havre, Southampton and Bremen line. A government contract line is nearly ready, to run between New Orleans and Vera Cruz. Splendid steamers now run regularly and frequently between New York and New Orleans, calling at Havana, and making the passage each way in seven days. Beside the splendid steamers of 600 horse power each, such as the Crescent City, two more still larger, the Ohio and the Georgia, are nearly ready to ply twice each month between New York and Chagres. The steamers on this line now make the passage between New York and Chagres, calling at Jamaica, within nine days each way, and arrangements have just been concluded to call regularly at Jamaica. Five large steamers are now on the Pacific side, to run between Panama and Oregon, calling at San Francisco, Mazatlan, Acapulco, etc. Large steamers are to be got ready to run between Panama and Valparaiso, along the west coast of South America. American companies have obtained exclusive privileges for navigating the Maranon and Orinoco, and a short time will see fine American steamers running between the States and the whole east coast of South America, as far as Buenos Ayres. In case of war with a foreign nation, these steamers can all be armed at once, and go to increase the regular and effective naval force of the country. This is well, and in encouraging these advancements, we are but keeping pace with the times and the requirements of the age.

### Golden Sands.

*Gathered from the writings of Shakspeare for the Flag*

What's in a name? that which we call a rose, by any other name would smell as sweet.

Virtue itself turns vice, being misapplied, and vice sometimes by action dignified.

Trifles light as air are to the jealous confirmations strong as proofs of holy writ.

All places that the eye of Heaven visits are to a wise man ports and happy havens.

Cowards die many times before their death; the valiant taste of death but once.

Have more than thou showest, speak less than thou knowest, lend less than thou owest.

Infected minds to their deaf pillows will impart their secrets.

The robbed that smiles, steals something from the thief.

Degree being vizarded, the unworthiest shows as fairly in the mask.

Fell sorrow's tooth doth never rankle more than when it bites, but lanceth not the sore.

Jealousy—it is a green-eyed monster, which doth make the meat it feeds on.

The more fair and crystal is the sky, the uglier seem the clouds that in it fly.

Most dangerous is that temptation that doth goad us on to sin in loving virtue.

One sorrow never comes, but brings an heir that may succeed as his inheritor.

Plenty and peace breed cowards; hardness ever of hardiness is mother.

Since the affairs of men rest still uncertain, let's reason with the worst that may befall.

The grief that does not speak, whispers the o'erfraught heart and bids it break.

Maids are May when they are maids, but the sky changes when they are wives.

We may outrun by violent swiftness that which we run at, and lose by overrunning.

### A Battle in Yucatan.

The Indians made a desperate attempt to retake Bacalar on the 29th June, but were repulsed after several hours' fighting. They then attacked Tihosuco, on the 7th and 8th August, but with no better success. According to official accounts, the Yucatan soldiers fought bravely in both of the engagements, and the journals of that country entertain the hope that their savage foes will not again succeed in overrunning the country.

> Ewing was once an ostler in Cincinnati, and Meredith was raised in his father's tan-yard.—*Richmond Enquirer.*

The above paragraph is, doubtless, pointed by political malice, but whether true or otherwise, we would remark that it is not the pampered children of luxury that produce our great men. We must ever look for them from the bone and sinew of the land. Our past history shows them to have been born among the 'hewers of stone, and the drawers of water.'

The French.—They are a polite people, are they? Politeness is a national trait with them! O, yes! Read the account of their behaviour among the Italian ladies at Rome—their forcible entrance upon the stage, compelling a poor affrighted prima donna to receive a bouquet with honors from a French officer. The French as a nation, are a set of low bred puppies.

Hit him again.—The London Herald calls the United States, 'the non-religious nation.' The Boston Post thinks that to become a religious nation, we must follow Great Britain, and have its pious establishment, its tithes, its crushed masses, its Ireland and India.

Manufacturers at the South.—The Graniteville, S. C., Manufacturing Company commenced operations in May last, and, according to the Augusta Constitutionalist, the profits of the business thus far are at the rate of 18 per cent on the capital.

> Why would one of Grace Greenwood's effusions be like the act of the editor of the Post's dodging out? Because it would be Greene-would-leave, (Greenwood Leaf.)—*Yankee Blade.*

The editor of the Blade is still at large, and appears openly in public.

> There is a gentleman in this city whose nose is so red that no insurance office will insure a house in the street where he lives.—*N. Y. paper.*

Of course they wont. As he's addicted to the practice they are afraid that he'll carry off the 'bricks, in his hat.'

Query.—Do people generally believe the 'last importation' about men with monkeys' tails growing upon their bodies? We merely ask for information.

Expensive.—A Kentucky paper speaks of a man's being appointed to office in that State, 'who swears oaths as large as a Universalist meeting-house!'

### Editorial Ink-Drops.

The average number of steamboats built in this country per annum, is about two hundred.

Poor Edgar A. Poe has died at last of his constant and degrading use of spirituous liquors.

The whigs begin to talk about Hon. Robert C. Winthrop as the next presidential candidate.

Velasco, an American play, has been produced with marked success lately in London.

London contains 2,500,000 inhabitants, 400 hotels, 8000 boarding-houses, and 137 hospitals.

A Mrs. Belt actually starved herself to death in Baltimore lately. Particulars not given.

Five steamboats, each with full freight, were burnt at the Levee in New Orleans lately.

The tea-plant is being cultivated in South Carolina, near Greenfield, with good success.

A celebrated brigand, supposed to be dead, has 'turned up again,' in the island of Cuba.

The U. S. ship Ohio was last heard from at Honolulu, Sandwich Islands—all well.

Since the adjournment of Congress, three members of that body from Ohio have died.

Jacob Thompson, aged 58, hung himself on a tree in Amesbury, Mass., and died there.

The authorities of London will permit no more burials of the dead within the city proper.

Liverpool, the first commercial city of England, has but one daily newspaper—think of it.

The Artesian well in Charleston, has reached a depth of about 1000 feet—no water yet.

Gutta percha is now extensively used in making picture frames, in imitation of carving.

Imprisonment for debt is abolished in Virginia. Georgia will soon follow suit.

Henry Manvers, once a smart mechanic in New York, cut his throat lately—cause, rum.

We have observed lately several instances of horses being stung to death by bees.

French boots are said to be excellent *corn cribs*. We have a farmer's authority for this.

In Prussia, the telegraph wires are laid under ground. Why don't our companies try it?

One of the latest curiosities we have heard of is a pair of spectacles worn by the blind staggers.

An Albany paper hoists the flag of Henry Clay for whig candidate for president in 1852.

Prosperity is no just scale after all; adversity is the only balance to weigh friends.

Five large steam manufactories are now in course of erection in Nashua, N. H.

The number of organized Odd Fellows in the United States is said to exceed 160,000.

The Portland Transcript man has seen a suit of clothes for the 'naked truth.' Good.

### Minesota Territory.

We've a child out at nurse, where the waters run clear,
And the Falls of St. Anthony ring on the ear;
And there, where the breezes are bracing and free,
She's as healthful and happy as baby can be.
*Mrs. Sigourney.*

We have before us the message of Governor Ramsey, of the new territory of Minesota, and shall give our readers a synopsis of it, to show them the growing strength and civilization of our extreme western frontier. We feel a national pride in chronicling these matters, in which we are confident our readers will sympathize. The governor proposes a revision of the electoral law, and the appointment of a committee to frame a code of laws, to be submitted to the legislature at its present session, as the laws of Wisconsin are not only insufficient, but are not very well known among the people. He advises an organization of the militia of the territory with a view to future Indian difficulties, with a special care to the formation of a corps of mounted rangers; suggests that great good might be done by the general government opening a military road from Fort Snelling to the Missouri river, and marching a considerable force over it every year, there being 25,000 warlike Indians in the territory, some of them discontented; urges the formation of a system of finance simple and expansive enough to serve in the present and future; insists with force on laws to suppress the liquor traffic with the Indians.—The governor farther recommends buying the land of the Sioux Indians west of the Mississippi, building sundry roads; making the Mississippi navigable above the Falls of St. Anthony; goes for taking means to increase the trade with Lord Selkirk's Red river settlement, building jails, increase of mail facilities to the extent of a territorial mail three times every week, keeping in the archives of the territory files of its newspapers, and the encouragement of agriculture. All this is well. It is more than well, it is excellent—and evinces the true spirit of enterprise. Success and prosperity to the new territory of Minesota.

### Revolting Business.

One of our English exchanges describes a late execution that took place at Liverpool, when the sentence of the law was performed upon the person of a man named Wilson, for the murder of a Mrs. Henderson and her children. Twenty thousand persons assembled to witness the revolting sight, and fully ten thousand of them were females! The most noisy mirth, ribaldry and jest prevailed among the immense concourse, and when the platform fell that launched a human life into eternity, they cheered with enthusiasm. It will require many a well-applied lesson of morality to wipe away the influence of this bloody scene upon the minds of those spectators!

> He was the father of eleven sons—five of the sons having married five sisters. He had also one hundred and eighty-nine great grandchildren, and at his funeral, two weeks ago last Sabbath, *two horses were stung to death by bees, and another came near losing his life by the same!*—*Athens Messenger.*

The above obituary notice of a deceased citizen of the country, by the Messenger man, is perfectly unique—but he forgot to give us the genealogy of the horses, that came so near being stung to death.

Sixty Ministers hung.—We learn from the London Commercial Advertiser that the Austrians have hung sixty Hungarian ministers of the gospel, charged with praying for the success of their country's arms. We have no words to express our indignation when we learn of these acts of tyranny in the old world.

At last.—The Confidence Man has been convicted of grand larceny. They could do nothing with him for his confidence tricks, but it was proved he had stolen a watch. Such is the fate of genius.

Good News.—The Jersey buckwheat crop has escaped the frost, and promises abundance. Corn and potatoes in the neighborhood of Mount Holly exceed anything of the kind heretofore known.

> An industrious insect is the 'bee,' Philadelphia ale is 'beer.'—*Spirit of the Times.*

Don't you see the wit of that? No? what, and it came from the 'Spirit' too—why, how stupid! But live and learn.

> Hope has been called a rattle, which nature provided to still the crying of the fond child, man.—*Portland Ensign.*

And misfortune we suppose is the coral for him to chew, and cut his eye teeth with.

> The 'forty thieves' held a meeting at the Astor House on Thursday.—*Boston Post.*

Where were Ali Baba and Morgiana? and where were the 'star' police on the occasion?

### From our Foreign Files.

Prince Albert, husband of Victoria, has just completed his thirtieth year.

Sixteen guillotines have been constructed in Paris, during the last year, for different States of Europe.

All over Germany, in France, Holland and Belgium, the harvest has turned out far better than was at one period expected.

Maurice Power, son of Tyrone, died of cholera at Bath, England; Fraser, the vocalist, of the Seguin troup, died in London.

According to Russian accounts, the vaults of the fortress Petro Paulowski contain $101,528,595 in platina gold and silver.

Mr. Layard has returned to Nineveh to prosecute his researches. He will visit Mount Ararat, Lake Van, and other parts of the east.

A celebrated chess player, M. Harwitz, a German, plays without seeing the board. His memory enables him to compete with the greatest players with the board before them.

There has been a great flood in the Yang-tee-Kiang river, China, which inundated five provinces. Whole villages were destroyed, thousands of lives lost, and great numbers of vessels wrecked.

The Constitutionnel says the Russian government have offered to the pope a loan of 5,000,000*f*, guarantied by the king of Naples to be paid by annuities bearing interest of two and a half per cent.

A whale hunt took place at Weasdale, Zetland, recently, when there were captured about one hundred and fifty monsters of the deep. The blubber readily sold at £13 10s per ton, a high price.

The daughter of Lord Nelson and Lady Hamilton is the wife of a laborious and exemplary clergyman, the Rev. Philip Ward, who holds the small vicarage of Tenterden, and has eight children.

### Dewdrops of Wisdom.

Good intention is not reformation.

A truism misapplied is the worst of sophism.

The abuse of riches is worse than the want of them.

He who makes an idol of his interest, will make a martyr of his integrity.

Let reason go before every enterprise, and counsel before every action.

When pride leads the van, beggary brings up the rear.

For a cure of ambition go into the grave yards and read the inscriptions.

Better get into the right path late, than never.

If the counsel be good, no matter who gave it.

Youth indulges in hope — old age in remembrance.

He who reckons without his host, must reckon again.

Poverty wants many things—avarice all things.

Do all the good you can, and make but little noise about it.

Two things we should never be angry at: what we can, and what we cannot help.

Our ancestors' virtues will not honor us if we do not imitate them.

Beauty eventually deserts its possessor; but virtue and talents accompany him to the grave.

Birds are the poor man's music, and flowers are the poor man's poetry.

The pharisee may blow the trumpet at every corner while simplicity may pass through the streets unnoticed.

If the best man's faults were written on his forehead, it would make him pull his hat down over his eyes.

The object of all ambition should be to be happy at home. If we are not happy there, we cannot be happy elsewhere. It is the best proof of the virtues of a family circle, to see a happy fireside.

Divine wisdom, intending to detain us some time on earth, has done well to cover with a veil the prospect of life to come; for if our sight could clearly distinguish the opposite bank, who would remain on this tempestuous coast.—*Madame de Stael.*

### The Joker's Budget.

The necessity of buckets having bans, exerts a *bale-ful* influence on society.

Steam is about to be introduced in the concentration of public opinion.

An exchange heads an account of the shooting of a sheriff by the anti-renters, with the words, '*commencement of the sporting sea*.'

Some men so dislike the dust kicked up by the generation to which they belong, that, being unable to pass, they lag behind.

It is said that 'necessity is the mother of invention.' Wonder who the father was—must have been a rouser.

A schoolmaster driving oxen, and wishing to express himself classically, addressed them 'Haw *Buck* and *also Bright*.'

It has been remarked that 'the climax of human indifference has arrived, when a woman don't care how she looks.'

Here is a laconic epitaph, a perfect model for penny-a-liners.

Here I lays,
Killed by a chaise.

'I say pa, why isn't it safe to enlist humpback soldiers?' 'I don't know, my boy; come tell your father why it is.' 'Cause they'd all be turn backs, sure.'

When a man's self-love is so great that he thinks his faults are better than other people's virtues, one may say he has a pretty good opinion of himself.

When you are asked to hold the baby, trot it hard, pinch it, and make faces at it when the mother is not looking. You will soon be relieved of the precious charge.

Somebody very wickedly says, two blooming young ladies got caught out in a shower very recently, and when they arrived home, the rain had washed the very *color out of their cheeks*. What a pity!

We heard a gentleman remark lately, says the Spirit of the Times, that he was growing weaker and weaker every day. He has got so weak now, he says, that he can't raise five dollars.

When a woman rigs herself off in fancy style, and loads her cheeks with paint, she ought not to complain if men stare at her. It is a fair presumption that she thus shows out that she may attract observation.

### Miscellaneous Items.

Mr. Reuben Langdon, one of our old and respectable citizens, and for many years treasurer of the savings bank of this city, died on the 9th ult. Mr. L. was a printer by trade, and worked upon the first printing press that was introduced into the United States.

Hume the historian, in his own auto-biography, says: 'I was ever more disposed to see the favorable than the unfavorable side of things—a turn of mind which is more happy to possess, than to be born to an estate of a thousand a year.'

The occupation of the port of San Juan by the English, under the pretext of protecting the Mosquito nation, is denounced by the Nicaraguan as an outrage on the rights of the State of Nicaragua, and the English are freely branded as 'pirates, bandits, and corsairs.'

A declaration in favor of annexation to the United States has been drawn up, and in the space of five hours it received the signatures of three hundred of the first merchants and professional men, and others of high standing. A meeting was afterwards held, which took ground against seignorial tenures.

A Chinese belle bedaubs her face and hands with a white stone, ground to powder, used as a cosmetic, until her complexion is an agreeable mixture of dry white and saffron. No nation in the world relies so much on foreign aid as the Chinese women do, for they are literally one mass of paints, false hair, oil and fat.

### Quill and Scissors.

On the evening of the 27th ult., the river bank at Morganza, in Point Coupee, La., caved in, carrying away about two acres of ground. Mr. Bissett, proprietor of the hotel, Mr. Boyd and two negro men, lost their lives by being engulphed.

The late Rev. Henry Coleman, who died at Islington, England, was buried with much pomp by his English friends. The place of interment was the gift of Lady Byron, who has also undertaken to erect a monument to the deceased.

Eighteen sailors and the coxswain, in the morning watch, escaped from the U. S. ship Ohio, in a boat alongside, and when some forty rods off were fired upon by the marines. They fled on reaching the shore, and proceeded to the 'diggings.'

Soulouque, the black emperor of Hayti, we see it stated, has forwarded $38,000 to London, to purchase a crown for his woolly head. The Senate fixed his salary at $150,000, but subsequently added $50,000 for 'pin money' for the empress.

Accounts from Lisbon state that the crop of wine and oil will be very limited. In the greater part of Portugal the quantity of grapes fo shippers had proved barely equal to half th usual average.

There is talk of a new line of steamers between New York city (says the Post) and Antwerp, and that the merchants of the latter city are ready to take half of the needful capital, $400,000.

The scarcity of women in California is taken advantage of by the unmarried females of the Mexican States in that vicinity, who are finding husbands in plenty among the gold seekers.

A number of Poles in Paris, desiring to quit France and proceed to America to establish Polish colonies in that country, have been assisted by the police with the preparations for their departure.

It is stated that nearly all the porter, ale and brown stout, shipped from the United States to California, during the past year, has been lost on the passage by the bursting of the bottles.

Mr. Willis says, 'I never saw so many handsome old men in any country in the world as upon Cape Cod. The landladies are pretty women from one end of the Cape to the other.'

An elegant block of marble has been got out of the quarry at Dorset, Vt., intended to be shaped into a monument for the late Silas Wright. It is twenty feet long.

Crough, the singer and composer, has been overhauled for shamming a marriage with Lady Burdett's maid, and afterwards deserting her and two of his children.

The Williamsport and Elmira railroad, in Lycoming county, Pa., valued at $700,000 has been sold for $10,000, on condition that the purchaser finishes it in five years.

The American ship Grey Hound, of Philadelphia, from San Francisco, bound down the coast, was seized on charge of smuggling, and the captain was fined $2000 and let off.

The Louisville Journal establishment, having failed, was advertised to be sold under the sheriff's hammer, Oct. 9th, according to the Courier of that place.

There is an antiquated volume in the library of Congress—a prayer book, we believe, which is over four hundred years old. It was printed by Caxton.

By a letter published from the former slave, Douglass, to his late master in Maryland, Mr. Auley, it appears that Mr. A. has recently emancipated all his slaves.

Mr. Frisbee, a flour dealer in New York, had half his head accidentally shot off on Long Island on Saturday afternoon, while, with others, firing at a mark.

Near Shreveport, La., A. J. Lee shot twenty-five or thirty buckshot into the breast and side of his wife, and escaped to the woods.—They sold liquors, and he was jealous.

A political editor talks about the camp fires of his party burning brightly. Whereupon another editor retorts that *campfire* wont save them, and recommends chloride of lime.

C. H. Sprague, the young married printer, who knocked a lady down and stole her shoe, in Brooklyn, N. Y., has been acquitted, on the ground of monomania.

Miss Frederika Bremer will pass a year in the United States. She speaks English sufficiently well to make herself agreeable and intelligible to all.

A young woman, at Syracuse, New York, named Susan Ford, last week gave birth to five living infants—two boys and three girls—all alive and doing well.

The amount of capital invested in manufacturing at Manchester, N. H., is $5,450,000. Number of hands employed, 5,575.

It is rumored that Mr. Bulwer, the new British Minister to this country, is greatly out of health and does not feel disposed to visit the United States.

Major J. P. Gaines, of Kentucky, has been appointed Governor of Oregon, in the place of Mr. Lincoln, who declined the appointment.

John L. Barret, charged with circulating abolition documents at Spartanburg, S. C., has been admitted to bail in the sum of $1000.

We shall soon have nineteen steamers in our government service, ready at a moment's warning to be converted into war vessels.

The pope, after being at Gaeta, has concluded to try the 'dogs' at Bologna. This is a queer age, as well as a sausage.

A well-informed person may generally be known, not so much by what he tells you, as by what he does *not* tell.

Miss Sarah Margaret Fuller, who for some years past has been starring it in the Tribune, has become the wife of an Italian Count.

In Purgatory Mills, Littlefield, Me., Hamden Davis, a young man formerly respectable, hung himself in the woods, a victim of rum.

Under the new constitution five clerks of the district court at New Orleans, receive salaries amounting to $50,000 per annum.

Free schools have been rejected in Albemarle county, Virginia, by 450 majority! A 'progressive' county, that!

Calvin Upton, aged 16 years, eldest son of Capt. Joseph Upton, Jr., of Fitchburg, accidentally shot himself and bled to death.

Snow fell on Sunday in Temple, N. H., ten miles from the Massachusetts line, to the depth of two inches on a level.

The custom of seeing females lying on the walks in Covington, Ky., is becoming no strange occurrence. Shocking.

The London Shipping Gazette expresses the belief that more potatoes will be saved in a fortnight than last year.

A man in St. Louis, named Edw. Parker, was lately fined $10 for putting his boots over the ring in a theatre gallery.

The life boats on the Jersey coast, which have been put there at a cost of 10,000 by government, are said to be of no use.

In York, Pa., Jacob Louck, deranged, shot and killed Henry Ilgenfritz, a young man who was ironing him.

The city council of San Francisco had set apart Wednesday, Sept. 6th, for funeral obsequies to President Polk.

Archbishop Cranmer, it is said, on receiving an injury from any one, ever after became his friend.

The Jersey buckwheat crop has escaped the frost, and promises abundance.

Laziness grows on people; it begins in cobwebs and ends in iron chains.

Robert Evans was burnt to death in Philadelphia by an explosion of camphine gas.

A merry heart doeth good like a medicine, but a broken spirit drieth the bones.

Berlin, of all the cities of Europe, has always escaped the ravages of the cholera.

The literary fund society in England, has now an accumulated capital of $160,000.

It is said that Mme. Rachel intends to visit the United States.

Why are seven days like hot weather? Ans. Because they make one week (*weak*).

Dates have been successfully cultivated in New Orleans.

### Local Matters.

#### Amusements.

Miss Davenport has made a great impression in Boston, and her admirers compare her to Miss Ellen Tree, in her palmiest days, and to the early performances of Miss Fanny Kemble. For our own part, we think she plays Juliet in the Hunchback better than either, or, indeed, better than we have seen it done by any other person. The Howard has reaped a golden harvest in her engagement.—The Boston Theatre, Federal street, the Museum, the National, and Bland's Lyceum, are all operating successfully. It does not seem as though Boston could support them all, but they thrive at present, beyond a doubt. We observe some excellent names underlined at the Howard, where a capital stock company is becoming thoroughly organized. An old favorite, Mr. Neafie, is among the new additions to the company. At the Museum, the company requires pruning in some of its minor assistants; a poor serving man may, by an unlucky blunder, dash an entire performance with ridicule; and yet it is strange that managers will almost invariably trust these parts to such stupid fellows, picked up apparently on the spur of the moment for the occasion. A vast deal depends on these minor characters.

#### Scene at the Museum.

'How beautifully Mrs. Barrett looks and plays to-night!' said a lady just behind our seat, to a gentleman friend, the other evening. 'She bears herself so queenlike and graceful, I declare she is my beau ideal of a lovely woman; such a forehead and eyes!'

'It's all very fine,' replied her companion; 'but then these actresses owe so much to foreign aid in their personal appearance, that one is quite at a loss to judge fairly of them.'

'Not if you exercise discretion, surely—They conform to the necessary requirements of their characters, that's all. There—she looks like an angel now, and how sweetly she reads her part.'

'An angel, indeed,' replied her friend, 'why you are quite infatuated—she's *painted!*'

'Painted! what of that?' said the lady, with not a little show of spirit. 'Did you ever see an angel that was *not* painted?'

#### A Picture of Patience.

The most striking picture of patience we remember to have seen, is that of the Irish apple women in the Mall, and at the corners of some of the large thoroughfares of the city. Their whole stock in trade rarely exceeds a dozen apples, a few sticks of candy, and perhaps a half peck of pea-nuts. There they sit, generally smoking a pipe, while they watch their little store, waiting for a penny customer. Probably the whole day's sale rarely exceeds two shillings, and hardly half of this can be profit. Yet they never appear restless; they are at their posts, rain or shine, early and late, never showing the least signs of impatience, but enjoying apparently a philosophical rumination amid the rank smell of tobacco and the fumes of the pipe. Talk of 'patience on a monument,'—it's no comparison at all; we shall always affirm in future by Irish apple women!

#### Boston Water Works.

The great reservoir for water on Beacon Hill has been almost completed during the summer, and it is expected that the directors will be enabled to 'let on the water,' both at this reservoir and at that in South Boston before winter. We have examined with much interest the reservoir on Beacon Hill, and advise all our readers to do so before the water is permitted to flow into the immense vats designed to hold it. Externally and internally, this immense piece of work is a great curiosity. The reservoir to be erected at East Boston, we learn from the Advertiser, is already partially contracted for, the land selected, and the pipes also engaged for its conveyance across the harbor. Our country friends visiting Boston must make these water reservoirs an object of examination, as we assure them they will be richly repaid for their trouble.

#### Father Mathew.

This venerable apostle of temperance has, after a short period of rest, again left the city on his good mission, and is at this time in the State of Maine, administering the pledge to thousands. He had become very much fatigued by his unceasing exertions, and needed the rest and quiet that he enjoyed at his quarters at the Adams House. His friends are moving for the purpose of raising a fund to place him beyond the annoyance of pecuniary necessity, and also to enable him to dispense with the pension now allowed him by queen Victoria.

Penobscot Indians.—This tribe, now almost entirely extinct, has a few representatives on an island opposite Oldtown, Me. We remember to have passed a half day among them pleasantly some few years since, and to have been particularly struck with the beauty of one of the females of the tribe, known as the 'Evening Star.' A friend informs us that she died lately, with twenty-five others of her tribe, of cholera.

Old Lang Syne.—The first Boston Directory was published in 1789, and contained 1474 names. Of this number only five persons, it is believed, who were engaged in business at that time are now living; these are Major James Phillips, Dr. Eliakim Morse, Daniel Greenleaf, Thomas Greenleaf, Samuel Adams.

The Common.—The chilling blasts begin to strip our beautiful park of its green vesture, and to turn the verdant carpet to a sere and yellow hue. But in spite of the cheerless aspect of the vegetation, the fountain plays merrily, and hundreds throng about the spot to enjoy a sight of its graceful and enlivening performances.

Refitted.—Nearly $8000 have been expended on the interior of Old South Church. A carpet made in England, and imported by the society, lines the aisles and the pews uniformly. It costs a good deal of money to worship the Lord genteelly.

A Smart Woman.—A thief undertook to pick the pocket of a woman at the Maine depot, she having just arrived from the east.—The lady seized him, and calling for assistance, the offender was arrested and handed over to the police.

Gone to the Diggings.—T. B. Battelle, Esq. better known in this city as 'Corinthian Tom,' and a gentleman intimately connected with the turf, has started for the golden valley of the Sacramento.

Still they go.—The barque Oscar sailed from Mattapoisett, on the 6th inst., for San Francisco, with 73 passengers; and barque Gold Hunter cleared at Bangor same day with 55 passengers.

> The President's health being re-established, and the cholera having disappeared, he intends before long to resume his northern tour.—*Sat. Post.*

No you don't, Mr. Post; that has been tried on to us too many times already.

## OUR OLIO COLUMN.

[Written for The Flag of our Union.]

### Lines to —.

BY OSCAR S. HUNMAN.

At the foot of a gently sloping hill,
Close to a brooklet's swell,
There lives a maiden whose gentle name
I really dare not tell.

Her eyes are bright as the evening star,
Of a soft and liquid blue;
Like two fresh violets at early dawn,
Bathed in crystal dew.

The blush of the rose is on her cheek,
It slumbers there night and day;
And when she sings, on her silvery voice
The soul is borne away.

She has wavy tresses of rich brown hair,
Which float on the balmy air,
Like the silken scarf of some noble knight
Woven by lady fair.

Her neck is formed of a graceful mould,
Her bosom is white, I know;
But her heart's as cold as the snow that sleeps
On a mountain's heavy brow.

You ask her name, but I cannot tell—
Nay, do not ask me why;
The letters that spell it are few and soft,
And end with the vowel y.

### Lament of the Irish Gold Hunter.

Tune—*I'm sitting on the stile, Mary.*

I'm sitting on the stile, Mary,
Away up in the mines,
A looking out for lumps of gold,
And pockets all I finds.
But the lumps I find is precious small,
And very few at that,
And I feel that I have been, Mary,
A most deluded flat.

There's lots of change up here, Mary,
Though you'll find none in me;
For I spent all that I was worth
In coming o'er the sea.
And though they say you've only got
To take your pan and pick,
A pocket full of gold you'll find—
It isn't quite so thick.

I bless you for that nice hung beef
You put into my trunk,
For when I got it 'tween my teeth,
I felt that I was bunk.
I bless you for the sausages
That lasted me so long;
Though I'm thankful they are gone, Mary,
They were a little strong.

I'm very dirty now, Mary,
For water's hard to get,
Unless it rains, and then you're sure
Of getting pretty wet;
For there are no umbrellas here,
And the rain comes through the roof;
Then you will have a cold or cough,
Unless you're water-proof.

I bless you for the bottled beer
That you put in my head
To take, to keep my spirits up,
Though I found it very dead!
I bless you for the friendly cheese
You put into my locker;
But then 'twas all alive with jumpers,
And one a perfect whopper.

I'm bidding you to keep quite well
Until the time arrive,
That I return again to you,
If I should be alive.
For though there's bread and work for all,
I would a great deal rather
Die in old Ireland once a week
Than live here all the year.

And often right into the woods
I'd go, if I could get—
For here it is so awful hot
I'm always in a sweat;
For there is neither tree nor shade,
And I find but little gold;
And so, upon the whole, I think
I'm regularly sold.

### Bravo, Mazzini!

Though brutish force the game has won,
Triumvir, thou hast nobly done;
Calm courage in a rightful cause
Gains thee a loftier world's applause;
And Rome's old heroes from their spheres
Shout, chiming in with freedom's cheers,
Bravo, Mazzini!

He who, as now, in time of yore,
Tyrannic rule when to restore,
In Rome a fierce invader sought,
Accounted pain and death as nought,
His hand unshrinking in the flames,
He Mutius Scævola, exclaims,
Bravo, Mazzini!

He who the fearful gulf defied,
Which in the Forum, yawning wide,
Gaped for a victim to appease
The ire of wrathful deities,
A self-devoted sacrifice;
Behold, the dauntless Curtius cries,
Bravo, Mazzini!

And they, the grandsire, sire and son,
Who each their country's safety won,
By meeting voluntary death;
They too, with one united breath,
The plaudits of their brethren swell;
The Decii cry aloud as well,
Bravo, Mazzini!

The martyr to his plighted word,
He who a thousand deaths preferred,
Braving unmoved the direst doom,
To tampering with the weal of Rome;
Regulus also joins the call—
While all true hearts applaud them all,
Bravo, Mazzini!—*Punch.*

### Chinese Republican Chant.

*To be sung on the 'three days' prior to the fall of Pekin.*

Ching-a-ring a chopstick—crinkum crankum!
Mourir pour la patrie—bongs and gongs;
Vive la republique—winkum wankum!
Liberty, equality, and ding dongs!

Hereditary bondsmen, don't you know that
He that would be free must strike the blow?
Twang-a-rank a ting-ring, we will show that,
Chong-chow, tyranny is no go.

March, brave Chinese! twingle-twangle—
To victory, or, wiski-dinki, to your graves;
Chick-check—Kuf-Foo's sold his mangle;
Chinamen never will be slaves!

GRAND CHORUS.

Ching-a-ring a chopstick—crinkum, crankum!
Mourir pour la patrie—bongs and gongs;
Death to the tyrant—winkum-wankum!
Twang-twiddle, victory, and ding dongs.
*The Inveterate.*

### A Neat Parody.

John Alcohol, my Joe John,
When we were first acquaint,
I'd money in my pockets, John,
Which now I know there aint.
I spent it all in treating, John,
Because I loved you so;
But mark me how you've treated me,
John Alcohol my Joe.

John Alcohol my Joe John,
We've been too long together,
So you must take one road, John,
And I will take the other;
For we may tumble down, John,
If hand in hand we go;
And I will have the bill to foot,
John Alcohol, my Joe.

### Force of Habit.

Old Sampson was a terrible liar;
At length he began to feel contrition.
And, fearful his 'fat would be in the fire,'
He 'saved his bacon' by getting religion.

'Ah,' said he to some waiting friend,
'Sad was my life, with peace not a wink of it;
For which reflection remorse doth lend—
*I shed barrels and barrels of tears to think of it!*'
*Boston Post.*

### Out of Sorts.

An editor off towards sunset, has fallen into the hands of the Philistines, and utters the following heart-moving appeal.

Sheriff, spare that press!
Touch not a single type!
Don't put me in distress,
To stick to me through life!
'Tis all in all to me—
If lost, what shall I do!
Then, why not let it be!
O, sheriff, boo! hoo! hoo!

### The Inquest.

A hint to clever men employed on such occasions.

Poor Peter Pike is drowned, and neighbors say
The jury mean to sit on him to-day;
Knows this for what? Ennis replied, 'no doubt
'Tis merely done to squeeze the water out!'

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# THE FLAG OF OUR UNION.

[Written for The Flag of our Union.]

## When are the happiest Days?

AN OLD MAN'S TALE.

BY MAC MYRTLE.

When are the happiest days?
I asked an aged man,
Whose head was silvered o'er, and life
Seemed dwindled to a span.

'Ah!' said he, 'mine have passed,
Passed when I knew it not;
But I read their tale on memory's page,
Unsullied by a blot.

'I read of childhood's hours,
When the heart was full of glee;
When days were years, and years—now gone—
Seemed an eternity.

'I remember, oft in play,
As from sport to sport I ran,
I'd tire, and sit me down and think,
And wish I were a man.

'Twas then the first foul spark
Of discontent was lit;
Then visions of life's fairy train
Through my young mind would flit.

'The days grew shorter then,
And years flew swifter past,
And time soon brought the wished-for day,
I was a man at last.

'I climbed ambition's heights,
I soared for wealth and fame;
Both came, as if by magic touch,
Nor was I happy then.

'Still there remained a void,
I sought a sunny clime;
I sought and wooed, and wedded too,
When I was in my prime.

'Now I had reached the goal—
I thought the victory won;
There was no other prize to gain—
I was a happy man.

'But scarce had I begun
To dream of earthly bliss,
Ere disappointment hurled my hopes
To oblivion's dark abyss.

'My riches fed the flames,
My friends fled by their light;
My loved ones death took one by one,
From my bewildered sight.

'Of memory's faithful book
This is the last true page;
I lived, and longed for the peaceful hours
Of imbecile old age.

'But, alas, my happy days,
They passed when I knew it not;
It was when I chased the butterfly
Round my father's humble cot.

'When beneath a mother's eye,
I basked in the sun's bright rays;
Nor thought it true, when she said to me
"These are thy *happiest days*."'

[Written for The Flag of our Union.]

## Kosciusko.

BY BENJAMIN H. FERNALD.

Thou art freedom's now and fame's;
One of the few immortal names
That were not born to die.—*Halleck.*

Brave Kosciusko! not a nobler name
Than thine is writ upon the scroll of fame;
It thrills like music on the patriot's ear,
And bids the hearts of tyrants quake with fear.
Thine was the lofty soul, the daring mind,
That sought the liberty of all mankind;
And when oppression with its iron heel
Had trampled on a people's rights, the steel,
Loud clashing on Columbia's distant shore,
Across the dark expanse of ocean bore
The sound of conflict to thine ear, thy blade
Was drawn in freedom's sacred cause, thine aid
Was given unto a land unknown to thee,
Save by the one great tie of liberty.

But scarcely hadst thou seen the tyrant hurled
From his proud throne within this western world,
When o'er thine own unhappy land there hung
A threatening cloud like a huge mantle flung.
The sacred fire of freedom, burning bright,
To smother, causing anarchy and night
Three hostile nations in a league combine,
Three bloody despots all their forces join;
On Poland's plains resounds the clang of war,
Where smiling peace triumphant reigned before;
Through her fair land the fierce invaders poured,
And Poland's fate hung pendant on the sword.

But vain was valor in that dismal hour,
When Poland fell before the tyrant's power;
E'en hope's bright star sank down in midnight gloom,
And freedom found no refuge but the tomb.
Yet not in vain their life-blood has been shed,
Their freedom slumbers, but it is not dead;
Her chains shall fall, and Poland yet shall rise
In the stern strength of mightier energies,
Her night of gloom and bondage fade away
Before the dawning light of freedom's day.

Though tyranny hangs o'er her like a shroud,
A ray of brightness tinges the dark cloud;
For she has many a throbbing bosom still
That seeks deliverance from the despot's will,
And hearts that still impatient wait the day,
The appointed time her children shall essay
To burst their chains, and break the oppressor's rod,
And bend the yielding knee to none but God.
And, Kosciusko, long shall live thy fame,
Shedding a glorious halo round thy name;
And future ages, when their gaze is cast,
Back through the gloomy annals of the past,
Will hail with rapture and with proud delight,
Thy deeds of glory bursting on their sight;
And trace, in characters of living flame,
Thy name immortal on the arch of fame.

[Written for The Flag of our Union.]

## A-t-Ella.

BY O. G. W.

The loadstone gives the steel a soul,
And turns it trembling to the pole,
Though far it be
O'er land and sea;
So 'neath thy spirit's sweet control,
I learned to know I had a soul.

Quick as thine eyes' inspiring glance
My fired heart felt the absorbing trance;
And now the steel
Thy power must feel;
My magnet soul, where'er I be,
Turns trembling evermore to thee.

## An Autumnal Memento.

The yellow foliage trembles,
The withered leaflets fall;
Alas! the fair, the lovely,
Must share the lot of all.

A sombre radiance lingers
Around the greensward's crest,
As though the parting summer
A kiss had there impressed.

I gaze—and mournful feelings
My troubled heart o'erpower;
The fading scene before me
Recalls our parting hour.

'Twas sad that I should leave thee,
When death was on thy brow;
I was the parting mourner—
The fading woodland, thou.—*Literary World.*

# MISCELLANEOUS.

[Written for The Flag of our Union.]

## GLENORA MENZINI.

BY JULIA HENRY.

[CONCLUDED FROM SECOND PAGE.]

'You are all the world to me, my husband and my boy; what have I elsewhere?' After a pause, she added, 'I would fain wish, my dear and noble one, that I might never leave this castle. This is now the only home my heart loves. I am sure, should I leave it, I should pine for a return—for though I have passed many lonely hours within its walls, I am sure *they* were happier than they will be without them, wherever it may be, even though in my proud father's castle. Your presence and even my thoughts of you while absent have made it the dearest spot in all our own sweet Italy, in which I would love to dwell forever. Besides, think it not strange, Roland, I have presentiments no good will come of breaking up our home—and think of me, O think of me, if anything should befall you, my husband, or our child!'

'Glenora, your's are childish *fears*, believe me. You need be absent but a few months, then the country may be more settled, and it may be safe for you to return and remain here—'

'But will my father receive me?' interrupted Glenora.

'You may be assured he will, for I have certain intelligence that he mourns even to this day the loss of his child, more than either you or I have thought of. Make ready, and we will set forth to-night.'

And that night they went from the castle. And Glenora looked back, through her tear-dimmed eyes, with an earnestness that seemed ominous of a *last* look.

### CHAPTER III.

Night came upon the travellers. They were nearing the castle of Menzini slowly—for the driver had need of all his caution to guide his weary horses in the darkness, and their ignorance of the way. The rain was pouring in torrents, the thunder was abroad in its terrible reverberations, and the lightning flashes were frequent and vivid. Tempest without and tempest within. Roland, surrounded with the beings dearest to him on earth, was yet weighed down as with an invisible yet mighty pressure, and the presentiments expressed by Glenora ere they left the castle on the R——, had their full *force* now upon the heart of that strong man. Glenora crept close to him in the thick darkness, and placed her trembling arm around his neck.

'Are you frightened, my Glenora?'

'O, no,' she softly answered, 'am I not with thee?'

'But the storm is terrible.'

'Yet we have not far to go. I saw by the last flash of lightning that we shall soon reach the bridge—you should tell the driver to beware the bridge—many carriages have gone down over its sides on nights like this.'

Scarcely were the words spoken, when a fearful, appalling change came with the quickness of lightning. The bridge had been gained—alas, the wheel of the carriage upon its very edge—a gleam of lightning had revealed the danger to the terrified driver, but—too late—in an instant, horses, carriage, servants, Roland and his all were plunged in the depths below. Egbert was the only one uninjured. Roland escaped with a broken arm; but as he looked upon Glenora in the vivid gleam that darted from above—he exclaimed:

'My God! Glenora!'

The child was found alive and uninjured in the dead nurse's arms. With all haste, Egbert proceeded to the castle for assistance. It was close by, and a long time did not elapse before several servants came, with orders from their master to render all assistance to the unfortunate travellers, and bid them welcome to his castle. The faithful Egbert took his young mistress in his arms as if she had been a child, to the very castle whence she had gone two years before, under circumstances at once happy yet painful. Tears streamed down his aged, wrinkled face as he laid down his beautiful burden on a low couch, by the side of which he knelt—rubbing her small, cold hands in his large, brawny ones—and uttering most mournful lamentations—as he looked upon the pale face, from which he saw life had forever departed. Galignani having fainted, was borne by the servants to another apartment.

The old lord came forward, and being struck with the wild grief of the devoted servant, fixed his gaze upon the face of its object—when he too became pale as the breathless one before him—and then, the feelings which for an instant had suspended all visible emotion, rushed over him like a wave, and he cried: 'My child! my lost child!' while, like the afflicted king of old, he bowed his face and wept. He gave orders for his daughter to be conveyed to the chamber formerly her own, and for the physician to be called in attendance. Scarcely had she been removed, when Galignani rushed into the room, demanding to see his wife. The old lord bade him follow him, and when at the bed-side, in as harsh a tone as he could command, said:

'Take your last look of her—of whom God in his never-failing retributive justice has deprived you forever;' then, seeing the strong agony that shook the bereaved husband's frame, he said, 'My prayer is granted—I see you now suffering the anguish that you have caused me to suffer, and may it consume thy heart, and brain, and soul! Now go—go from my house forever.'

Yet Galignani turned not—he grasped the cold hand—he kissed the pale lips—laid his hand upon her heart—that had ever beat so fondly true to him, and he murmured:

'Yes, thou art dead—angel—brightness and glory of my life, thou hast left me! Glenora—my own Glenora—my precious—my beautiful one and only—' And madly he rushed from the room.

He passed Egbert, who had the child in his arms, and bidding him follow him, he passed from that unexpected, but dreadful scene of the desolation that was henceforth to weigh down his soul with heaviness, whithersoever he should go.

The doctor, who from the first had been almost certain life was extinct, said:

'It is barely possible she is only stunned, perhaps, by applying proper stimulants, she may be restored.'

The utmost exertions were made, and after half an hour of the most painful anxiety to the father, she exhibited some signs of returning life. Life! yes, life, but *what* a life!

'I tell thee, death were far more merciful
Than such a blow!'

Like a pale and drooping lily, over which the storm hath moved, Glenora lived from day to day. Never was Italian beauty more perfect than in that stricken flower. Her cheek was like the chiselled marble—only more beautiful—inasmuch as the hand of God fashioneth more perfectly than the sculptor's hand. Her dark lashes hung like deep fringes over those large soft eyes, that beamed with a saddened spirituality. Her angelic beauty would have taught one to wonder if she were not already a translated spirit—returned for a season, eloquently though mutely telling by that unearthly, chastened, spirit-thrilling expression, what a divine change spirit-fingers had wrought. She had made a grave of her heart, in which she had buried her husband and child; for they told her—'*O mortalia pectora!*' that that fearful night had been fatal to them both—that they had been brought lifeless to the castle—and when she would not be convinced, they led her to a mound of newly covered turf and told her they were sleeping there!

Glenora—pale, beautiful Glenora—thou loved—thou idolized being—where *now* is the heart that worshipped thee—the noble *one* who would have shielded thee with his life-blood—and periled for thee his hopes—his *all* in life, ay, his all beyond the grave! A lament for thee, Glenora! A requiem for thy woe! Alas! it is thrilling in deep agony upon thy spirit's *chords*! Glenora, we have no words for thee!

### CHAPTER IV.

Never a day passed, that Glenora failed to visit that mound of earth at the foot of the garden. It seemed the only occupation in which she delighted, or in which she could console herself. 'Deep rivers move with silent majesty;' deep *feelings* have their 'still small voice.' Her grief was not expressed in tears; but in the pale, sad face, it powerfully revealed itself. Three years passed without seeming to leave any traces of their flight on that still girlish form, or that quiet, pure spirit, that had nothing on earth to hope for, but that the flowers she strewed upon the grave might be to Roland a pledge of her continued love.

About this time there came a young English nobleman to the castle. He had been several years in Italy, admiring the chief works of the great artists (for he, *too*, was a painter), and in his love for the new and beautiful, he had wandered to Menzini's. He was struck, as with a vision of celestial beauty, when his eyes first rested upon that pale face, and his soul was thrilled when he met the first glance of those dark eyes.

'In my soul, but not on canvass, can that image be painted,' thought he; 'lovelier than poet ever fancied, or painter ever pictured—can my hand portray it? But I aim at excellence.'

And thus, by the consent and even wish of Menzini, Clarence St. Leger commenced a portrait of the lovely Italian. Glenora, at first, refused to comply, fearing it would interfere with her daily visits to the grave.

One day, Clarence requested to accompany her.

'O no;' she quickly replied, 'no one has ever been with me there, you are the first who has ever spoken to me of it—it is a very sad place there—you do not know *how* sad—yet to me it is the sweetest beneath all Italy's skies,' and her voice was 'like the sweetest, saddest tones, heard long ago.'

'I know it must be sad, Lady Glenora. I have left in England sisters' graves,' said Clarence.

'O, have you,' said Glenora, with the first tone of enthusiasm which had escaped her for three long years—and the first tear wet her long, dark lashes that had glistened there for many and many a weary day.

'Few are the hearts, whence one same touch
Bids the sweet fountain flow.'

And they went down together to that holy place, and wet the bright flowers with their tears—uttering no words. Thenceforward, she sat daily for her picture—and daily they bore away their flowers together. It is not necessary that I speak minutely of Clarence. What Lamartine says of 'Julia,' I may with peculiar propriety apply to this English artist: 'He was poetry without a lyre, true as the heart, simple as the untutored thought, *dreamy as night*, brilliant as day, swift as lightning, boundless as space. No rules of harmony could have bounded the infinite music of his mind; his very voice was a perpetual melody, that no cadence of verse could have equalled.' His acquired knowledge bore a proportion to his deep love for all things beautiful. To Glenora in her lonely state, he was by his gentleness and amiability of manner, ever attractive and polite, a most fitting companion; diverting her mind from the gloominess of the memories of her lost ones, to a brighter association of thoughts, as joining them in an eternal re-union beyond the skies.

Menzini was pleased to see, by whatever means, his daughter's gloom gradually become less and less, for she was his only child, the only heiress of his name and fortune. A picture was completed, which so delighted the proud old noble that he desired another, conceiving the design of lending that already executed to Florence for public admiration. So another and another was finished. In this manner months passed away—passed to Clarence like a dream—a dream the sweetest, the loneliest, yes, saddest that had ever thrilled him. To Glenora, he had been indeed a friend, a brother—a separation from whom would have been as the last drop in the cup of her grief. He was to her as a spirit—a bright one—who would commune with *her* spirit, and talk with her of that sacred grief that was still fresh in her heart.

As Clarence and Glenora were entering the gates one evening, they were met by a servant, bearing a request to meet her father in the library. As this was unusual, it somewhat startled them; and as the evening was one of the loveliest, Glenora asked Clarence to wait for her in the orange grove, where she would soon communicate to him whatever she received from her father. After, perhaps, half an hour she returned—with a strange wildness in her look and manner, her dark eye glowing in a strangely excited state, and she said, as she folded her lily hands tightly one within the other:

'Clarence, you are the only friend I have in the world. I believe Roland's spirit sent you hither to preserve me from the terrible fate that were otherwise mine. Monersline, my father's friend, and for aught I know my grandfather's, for he well might be, so white and wasted is he with age, has returned from a five years' tour in the east. He is in the castle now—spirit of darkness that he is—to have haunted my childhood and youth, and thereafter my widowhood—and, Clarence, my father bids me prepare to wed him within three days.'

'Your father cannot surely insist upon such a thing, if you decidedly refuse,' said Clarence.

'Ay, but he *will* insist. Alas! that he has not learned by his past painful experience!—He forgets his love in his sterm, unyielding pride, and would sacrifice my peace, my life, for the gilded and renowned name and fame of Monersline! Clarence, there is but one spot in Italy—yonder where they lie buried, that is dear to me—*that* I would leave to escape this fate so many times worse than death.' Hesitating a moment, she resumed with a still more trembling voice: 'Clarence, will you not take me with you to England, take me as your sister? Clarence, you do not answer me?'

'Glenora, I *will* answer you—it is for you to listen. Since first I met thee, I have deeply, purely loved thee, but never have I dared hope to win thee from thy buried love—to call thee mine—*mine*, Glenora. Yet I knew that *thou* must truly needed a strong arm to protect thee—a warm heart to shield thee, in a world of whose coldness thou hast learned but too much. I would feel but too proud if *mine* might be that arm, mine that heart, and thou mine own sweet bride. Yet I will take thee to England, but not as my sister!' and his face, in the clear moonlight, glowed with an earnest heart-love.

Glenora's eyes grew softly mild as she listened to his words, and she replied:

'If a heart that has once lavished its best pure affections can satisfy you, then am I thine. Yet, Clarence, may I carry with me as your bride, the memory of my Roland and his dark-eyed boy? You would not have me forget them in a new love?'

'O, never, Glenora! As to you, so to me are their memories entwined with all my most sacred associations. They will never be forgotten.'

Ere again the morning sun made golden with his rays that orange grove, Clarence St. Leger and Glenora Menzini Galignani were fleetly pursuing their journey over the vine-clad hills.

### CHAPTER V.

In a sweet English cottage, surrounded by beautiful parks and extended lawns, lived Clarence and his fair Italian. His home was the resort of the learned, the noble, the beautiful and the happy, all of whom admired the dazzling, or rather the soul-entrancing beauty of Glenora. Of all the pictures that adorned the artist's walls, there was not one half so fair, so much praised, certainly not so much loved, as this fairest specimen of the workmanship of the Eternal. Five years passed, and never brought more of happiness to earth's beings than to the inmates of that cottage. Life passed like a fairy dream. Twin children, Guano and Gita, for three years had brightened in beauty. Gita had the Italian eye and beautiful complexion of Glenora. Guano had the blue eye, and that spiritual expression of poetry and beauty that was so characteristic of his father. Unlike as they were—still there was a strong resemblance which could not be defined. The *tout ensemble* similarity was more striking than would be thought possible, considering the dissimilarity of their leading features.

Meanwhile, Menzini had left untried no means to gain knowledge of the fugitives.—He succeeded, and had many times assured them of his forgiveness and favor, if they would return to Italy. The idea of leaving their pleasant situation in England was particularly painful to each. To Glenora it recalled all the terrible consequences that had followed her departure from the castle on the R—— more than eight years before. The idea of returning to her father's thrilled her with terror. Yet, when about this time news was received that her father was fast declining in health, and he requested her to come and see him once more before he died, she endeavored to overcome her fears, and with her husband and children left that lovely cottage—left the shores of merry England, and once more stood upon the threshold of the castle of Menzini. As they were entering the gates, Glenora leaned more heavily upon her husband's arm, and shivering in every nerve, she feebly articulated:

'My Clarence, it chills me to enter here.—There seems no spirit of good invisibly hovering around us *here*. Would we had not left your own dear England. O, if these are fairer skies, it is dark—all dark to me.'

'Well, my love,' answered Clarence, 'we will remain here but a little time. I feel myself that we shall be happier than ever when we find ourselves within our cottage once more. But cheer up. Come, there is your father coming to meet us. Why, how is this. He must have recovered.'

And sure enough, the old noble himself came out, and gave a hearty welcome to the new comers, seeming in as good health as when he had called Glenora to his presence. The children seemed much to delight him, as he sat with them upon his knee till long after their usual time of rest, pleasing them with marvellous tales. To Clarence, for many successive days, he endeavored to make himself particularly agreeable, so much so as to render his attentions rather offensive than otherwise. In allusion to his past long sickness, he said he believed his late rapid recovery was owing in a great measure, to their promised return.

Weeks passed, and though both Clarence and Glenora sighed for their home in the north, yet the latter had, to a considerable degree, banished the fears and presentiments that had so involuntarily possessed her.

'I am going to accompany your father to-day, Glenora,' said Clarence, one early morning, 'we are going to cast our nets, and expect multitudes of fishes. You must make yourself cheerful. I regret to see you so downhearted of late.'

'O, I would you could never leave me,' said Glenora, bursting into tears. 'I know I am very childish, but my spirit are weighed down, "as if coming events were casting their shadows before;" dark shadows that have no space of light, and, Clarence, this morning they are doubly dark.'

'I have promised your father, Glenora, or I would not go out to-day, since you are so disposed to sadness, but I will hasten our return, so farewell,' said Clarence, affectionately kissing the tears from that cheek of snow paleness.

Glenora watched his tall form till it disappeared from her view, then calling her children to her, she tried to direct her mind from its painful anxiety.

'Mamma,' said Guano, 'may Gita and I go with you to carry the flowers to the altar?' for Glenora had had, since her return, a simple altar and cross erected over the grave. 'We have gathered beautiful flowers, mamma,' and he ran and brought a little basket of flowers all fresh and sparkling with dew.

Guano, child of innocence, the flowers were *all* beautiful to thy eye, nor hadst thou the faintest dreaming of the *other* language than beauty that the sad heart of thy mother read in them!

'I cannot go to-day,' said Glenora, laying her hand on the child's soft, glossy hair tears suffusing her eyes, 'but Margaritta will go with you. Will Gita call Margaritta?' and both the children sprang to call her out.—'Be sure that you do not lose sight of the children,' said Glenora to Margaritta, 'nor let them wander from you alone in the groves; and remember, bring them back to me in an hour;' and kissing them affectionately, she let them go, returned to her room, and threw herself down upon the couch, wishing, if possible, to lose in sleep awhile the heavy feelings that oppressed her. Nearly an hour had elapsed, when she was aroused from a slight forgetfulness by the shrill voice of Margaritta; and the pale face of Guano, down which the tears were fast flowing, aroused her worst fears.

'O, mamma, mamma, Gita—a man carried off Gita,' faintly heard above Margaritta's volubility, struck her as with a bar of ice.

'Yes, Lady Glenora,' said the weeping girl, 'when we got down to the altar, after we had twined it beautifully, O, most beautifully with flowers, so that it looked to be growing all right up out of the ground at once, and I thought I never had set my eyes on anything half so handsome—'

'Margaritta, tell me of Gita,' said the mother, who was still and quiet as a statue, 'tell me of Gita.'

'Well, mistress, a man, I suppose, has carried her off, and O, I do feel dreadfully about it, ma'am, for I am sure you will blame me, and I never shall cease to blame myself, as long as I have life, neither;' and here the girl poured forth a flood of tears and cried aloud.

Guano drew close to his mother's side, and leaning his little head against her, seeing she did not weep, ceased his tears, and remained motionless as she.

'Tell me all,' gasped Glenora, pale, O how pale and tearless!

Margaritta hushed her sighings, and proceeded thus:

'Guano, and Gita, and I sat down, near by the path, to look at the beautiful flowers we had woven, when a man rode up on horseback; never, I am sure, saw such a man, or such a horse before. He was a very large man, covered with a black cloak, with golden fringes. A plume, black as night, was waving in his silver-laced cap. His eyes were so dark and piercing that they frightened me; but O, they grew blacker and blacker afterward. His teeth were very white, and his lips were very red. His horse was the hugest thing a man ever sat upon. His eyes were like rolling balls, and I expected they would hiss like serpents as they rolled; but they did not, and that frightened me the more. And his nostrils were like deep wells, and the foam of the sea dropped from his mouth. And he stamped and pawed the ground, as if it had been made only for his coarse hoofs, instead of for the sweet flowers to grow there. But the man's eyes were upon Gita, and Gita's were upon his, and I wondered she did not fear and tremble as I did. I never looked upon her so pretty as she looked then. I thought she was most lovelier than the flowers. Then the man spoke to me, and said, "Whose children are these?" and I said, "The Lady Glenora's." And then he looked at Gita, and his eyes glowed darker and darker, and he bit his lips till the drops of blood flowed down on the silver facings of his cloak. Then I hid my face in my hands, and prayed the holy virgin to protect us from this dark spirit, for I trembled as the leaves do in a tempest. And then I raised my eyes, and the terrible man was looking still at Gita, and Gita had risen and stood nearer the dark man than before, and she was looking with her large, dark eyes into that man's terrible eyes! and my blood chilled, and I thought I should have frozen. And then Guano went up to Gita and took her hand, and said, "Are you not afraid, Gita?" But Gita said, "I see papa and mamma every day, but I see this man every night." And I was astonished the more and more; but I looked up, and the man smiled a strange smile. He then flung to me a silver cup, and commanded me to bring him some water from the spring. I dared not go and dared not stay, and neither went nor stayed, but rose upon my feet and stood still; whereupon he told me fiercely to bring the water, and then I went, and when I returned, Guano was standing *alone* among the flowers,' and Margaritta sank down upon the floor overcome.

'Did the strange man bear away Gita,' asked Glenora of Guano.

'Yes,' answered Guano, 'he said he would carry her away to ride, and then he would come back and get me. Gita was not afraid to ride away on that great horse, I should not have been afraid, I wish he would come back. Margaritta says he will not bring back Gita, will he not, mamma?'

But the mother, heart-stricken, fell back upon the couch, unconscious of the evil past—of the greater evil to come.

While all was confusion in the household, servants running to and fro, a murmur of voices was heard without, and soon consternation was at its height. Clarence was brought in lifeless. He had received a ball in the heart, from some person unknown, and died instantly. At least, such was Menzini's account of the dreadful affair, whose face nevertheless exhibited no signs of sadness or regret; on the contrary his step was lighter than usual, his voice more firm. On being informed of the unfortunate disappearance of Gita, he merely said:

'Well, the girl could be spared better than the boy, the boy must be taken good care of, a while longer at least.'

Glenora returned to consciousness just long enough to be made acquainted with the irreparable loss that had succeeded so trying a one, when she relapsed again into insensibility, and awoke no more to suffering for weeks and months.

### CHAPTER VI.

Little Guano brought flowers daily, and scattered around the pillow of his unconscious mother. It was the only being left for him to love. He had forgotten his father, and remembered not Gita. The sunny curls clustered about his sweet face, and his eye had heaven's blue. Following the custom of his mother, he yet, accompanied by Margaritta, carried flowers to the altar over the grave (and there was *another* grave there now), and watered them from his favorite silver cup.

By-and-by, Menzini, becoming impatient at the state of his daughter's health, sent to Florence for a physician, under whose more skilful treatment her faculties gradually resumed their sway.

'Ye may break, ye may ruin the vase, if ye will,
Yet the scent of the roses will hang round it still.'

And Glenora was lovely even yet, amid all the chill of desolation. Twice widowed, twice afflicted by the loss of her children, Roland's boy and Clarence's favorite Gita, what was left her but sad, bitter memories of her loss, and love for Guano, till she, in her youth, and beauty, and sorrow, should follow her lost ones to the 'pale realms of shade.' But Menzini had watched the return of life to Glenora. Age had sharpened his will and hardened his heart. Monersline was still alive. There was no Roland, no Clarence in the way. Glenora should be his bride yet. He could not die in peace till then. So he planned it in his cold heart, and one morning told Glenora that on the following eve she would stand at the altar with Monersline. Glenora made no reply, but there was a slight compression about the mouth, and a firmness of purpose plainly discernible in her eye.

'Time imparted
Such power to her, she became fearless hearted,
Her eye and voice grew firm, calm was her mind
And piercing——'

She resolved, with Margaritta, Adelbert, and a few other servants whom she could trust, to leave the castle that night. At midnight all was ready. Margaritta had already taken in her arms the sleeping Guano, the foot of Glenora was upon the stair, when the words 'Monersline is dead' was heard resounding through the hall. The intended fugitives returned to their respective places. The necessity of departure was removed. Yet Glenora was disappointed. She had desired to go, especially as she had determined on going to the castle of Galignani. She had thought it would give her the last sad pleasure of life to spend a portion of time where she had been so happy. But Monersline was dead.

On the following morning she looked upon him sleeping quietly his last sleep. Death had been his only bride, and the fond, foolish heart of the old man was fast locked. To Menzini, his death was as a stroke from Heaven. It brought him to a state of reflection. He became moody and silent. Something deep and weighty seemed preying upon his mind. Glenora, after the lapse of a few weeks, finding his malady increasing, proposed travelling. He readily consented. Arrangements were made, and Glenora, pursuing her original intention of visiting the castle of Galignani, gave orders for a journey to the province of M——.

Their days of travel were lonely ones.—The old lord would ride the whole day, uttering no word, unless a curse on the badness of the roads, or the carelessness of the driver.—Glenora was buried in sad memories. More than nine years had passed since she had travelled those grounds with him who had been her first love. Many and fearful had been the changes since that period. Now she was returning, alone, as it were, and broken-spirited, where all would recall thoughts of the happy season of her first wedded life. What wonder that her bosom swelled with emotions, that it would have been mockery to have spoken of, to have breathed about even. Guano only could direct her mind by his admiration of everything lovely upon which his eye rested, and by his repeated attempts to elicit from her a smile.

'Mamma,' he would say, 'do you know that you look so beautiful when you smile? I am sick here,' placing his little hand upon his heart, 'when you look so sad, and when your eyes are full of tears. You are pale, mamma, pale like an orange blossom, and you tell me *my* cheeks are red, like the fresh rose-leaves. Give me your pocket-mirror, please, mamma, and I can show you how pale you are, and you can see how dark your eyes are, and how unlike mine, that are like yonder blue,' pointing his finger to the sky. 'Why, mamma, how dark it is, shall we not stop soon; and we are going down such a hill, are we not? are you not frightened, mamma?' and as Guano spoke, the carriage was overturned, the horses were frightened and broke loose, and a terrible scene ensued. Margaritta, who was uninjured, was the first to discover a light in the distance, and gave orders to a servant to hasten forward and procure assistance. At that instant, two men came up, struck a light and proceeded to search for the scattered travellers. Menzini was the first discovered and taken up, groaning dreadfully. Glenora seemed only stunned, as no wound was discernible. Guano was only frightened. The driver's wrist was dislocated, the horses had ran away, and nothing seemed to be done, but seek lodgings at the nearest house. This, Menzini entreated them to do, expressing his conviction that he was mortally wounded.—They bore him and Glenora to the cottage; the latter soon recovered and hastened to the bedside of her father. The doctor, who was travelling with them, said he could live but a few moments. His eye grew wild upon hearing this, and he commanded all but his child to go out from him. When alone with her, he said:

'My child, I have loved you, but have wronged you most cruelly; beyond your forgiveness, or the forgiveness of the Great Judge, before whom I am soon to be presented. Your first husband is not beneath that altar in the garden. He looked upon you as dead, on that night which we both fearfully remember, and with his servants and his child he left you as such. For aught I know, he yet lives. I wished you to be the wife of another, and so pretended his death, and that you might be the better convinced, I caused that mound to be raised near the garden, which you have so much watered with your tears. Nor is this all. Would to Heaven my heart had to acknowledge no deeper crime.—It was I, at whose instigation your second husband was killed, for my heart was set upon your marriage with Monersline. God thwarted my unhallowed purposes. O, I have brought misery upon you, my child. I had no mercy on you, and now God will have no mercy on me, a hardened wretch. If I could but restore to you your happiness, I would endure without a murmur God's avenging wrath.'

Glenora had remained as one thunderstruck, yet reason remained to her, and seeing her father's eyes closing, she said:

'But, father, I beseech thee, one thing more. What of my lost child? what of Gita?'

'With my dying breath, I declare I know nothing of her. Have I not sins enough to answer for? May God return her to you.'

The pain from his wounds increasing, the doctor was called in again, a few minutes after which, he breathed his last, and the soul of that wicked old man passed unprepared into the presence of its God.

### CHAPTER VII.

Again we find Glenora and her child approaching that castle, whose towers in the distance are like sharp points, piercing the heart of the mourner. Since the revelation of her father, strange thoughts and fears haunted her. Again and again did she question Margaritta upon the appearance of the stranger who had borne away her lost Gita. If Roland had not died on that fearful night, might he not be living yet, and might not her *son* be living too? Again, if Roland was alive, might he not be living at his castle, or at least, would not his servants know *where* he was, or what had become of him? With so many crowding thoughts, it was with fear and trembling she found herself *almost there*!—The first to meet her was Egbert, who poured forth a torrent of tears, and uttered a few broken words of welcome.

'May we enter the castle?' tremblingly asked Glenora.

'O, yes, ye may enter, though lonely enough will ye find it within. It is cold and gloomy in your blue room, though I've had a brisk fire burning there for hours, not that I was expecting you, Lady Glenora, but I thought it would do my poor old heart good to see light there once more.'

Changed as had become Glenora, and many as had been the changes elsewhere, there was no change there! The same drapery lined the rooms, the same pictures hung upon the walls. 'Like the ghost of a dream,' seemed the present and the past, and before it, Glenora was chilled with a death-like coldness. On entering the blue room, formerly her own, no change was there, save one. The portrait, painted by Clarence, sent to Florence, hung up over the marble mantle! Words will not express the emotions of Glenora *then*. Guano was the first to speak:

'Mamma, there is you too. How came your picture here?'

'Egbert,' said Glenora, 'tell me of Roland, of your master, tell me he is not dead.'—With the very words she fainted at his feet.

A hand withdrew the drapery, and Roland stood forth and caught Glenora in his arms.

* * * * * *

Glenora's and Roland's meeting, their words, and happiness, and sadness, and love, and regret, on her return to consciousness, may be fancied, but not described. The history that Glenora related to Roland is known and need not be repeated, but he spoke to her briefly, thus:

'I left you in complete bitterness and agony of heart, as dead. I never had a thought to the contrary. With our boy I returned to this place, with only one emotion thrilling my heart, *Glenora was dead.* I have here something to reveal to you, of which I would gladly have you ever ignorant, but you must know it. When very young, as you are aware, I left home. I left in poverty, in want, knowing that my father had squandered the most of his fortune. Poverty galled me to the heart. I was wild and adventurous. I was taken captive by some banditti, and in defending myself was wounded. For three months I remained helpless in a large subterranean cavern, the hiding place of the band. My eyes were dazzled with the treasures brought in night after night by these lawless men. Every effort was made by them to induce me to join them, indeed they threatened my life if I did not.—On my recovery I refused to comply. Three months longer I was confined, till I became weary of life. I pined for the free air and for the light of the day. The hours, the moments became to me exceedingly irksome.—Finally, in despair, I consented to join them, if I might be released from this close prison life. Once linked with them it was not easy to escape. Knowing I was compelled to become one of their number, and that would escape if possible, they watched me narrowly. Years passed, and I was with them yet. I became one of their bravest and boldest. I thought if I might become their chief, I could have power soon to leave them. I was their chief when called home at my father's death. I was a bandit chief, Glenora, when I first saw you. I loved you, my heart was yearning for you, and equally yearning for a release from that desperate band. I had appointed one to take my place while I should be absent. The time had much more than expired. It was this second in command that disturbed us, as we sat by the river, that night you will remember, that first night of my departure. I determined to return soon as possible, *free*.—Not one of the band would consent. They swore to kill me if I did. I knew they would fulfil their word, and, Glenora, life was then dear to me, for your sake. Scarcely would they consent to temporary absences. It was this band that, without my knowledge, created those disturbances in this province that obliged me to remove you at a distance. Often and often, after my marriage with you especially, I regretted most bitterly my connection with this band, with whom, however, were connected some of the most noble and *daring* of Italy. After your supposed death, my want of energy, my incapacity for fatigue, and some appearances in me which they mistook for insanity, induced them to select another in my place, and I left them, with a promise of eternal secrecy in respect to every individual and place of concealment of the band. I left our boy here, in the care of old Leonore, and travelled through every country on the continent. On my return to Florence, after an absence of many years, I visited the galleries, and you may imagine my astonishment on finding your picture. I knew it was yours, notwithstanding the sadness of expression. Then, for the first time, a doubt of your death took possession of me. My heart thrilled through hope and fear. I purchased the picture at an enormous price and directed it to be brought here. I made my way swiftly to the Menzini.—Your two children were with the servant standing by my supposed grave, as you tell me it was. At the first glance I knew Gita was your child. I knew you had been married. I, then, had been forgotten. Anger took possession of me. I formed the idea of bearing away your little girl, partly for revenge on you, for, Glenora, I boast not of the virtue or the goodness you ascribe to Clarence, partly because I thought she would be a comfort to me in my deserted loneliness. I little thought then how bitterly I had been mourned as the dead. Forgive me, my Glenora, the injustice I did thee. Gita was a remarkable child, and interested me exceedingly.'

'Was,' exclaimed Glenora, 'does she not yet live?'

'She does,' answered Roland.

'And our boy Roland,' she inquired, 'who had your face, and who bore your name?'

'He lives too,' answered Roland, 'and that your impatience to see them may be gratified soon, I will pass over light events and tell you that one of the men who bore you and your father from the broken carriage by the road-side was myself, and the other our faithful Egbert. Overhearing a servant speak of your place of destination, I abandoned my first intention of revealing myself to you, and hurried home to prepare a place for you. And now, Glenora, once more and forever mine, we will live in the castle as long as we live, and fill up the measure of our days with that happiness that was ours before these troubled waves of sorrow came.'

## 'Ned Buntline.'

The Albany Express thus notices this man:—The wife of Judson has obtained a divorce for bad treatment from him. His career in N. York has been short. He is a native of Connecticut, was once a midshipman in the navy, a post which he resigned to save himself from expulsion. He killed a man in Nashville a few years ago, whose wife he had seduced, and was hung by the enraged populace. The rope broke, and he made his escape, after breaking his arm by jumping from the third story window of an hotel. Take him all in all he is probably the most unmitigated scoundrel in the country.

When a celebrated Scotch nobleman was embassador to the court of France, king Louis was always very anxious to learn from him the character of his nation, [illegible].

'Well, my lord,' cried the king, 'how would an Englishman be found after a hard fought field?'

'O, sleeping away the fatigues of the day,' replied the ambassador.

'Very prudently,' rejoined his majesty—'and the Irish?'

'O, he'd be drinking away the fatigues of the day.'

'Good? good!' laughed out the royal Louis. 'And now, though not the least in glory's annals, your own countrymen—the bonny Scot?'

'Why, your majesty, I ken Sandy's honest—he'd be just darning his hose, perhaps, and thinking of the siller he could save.'

'Cider!' said Mrs Partington, as she withdrew the mug from her face, containing her favorite beverage, and smacked an admiring tribute; 'cider was a great drink with my Paul while he was a sojourner here; many a time has the dear creature called to me, "Mrs P., take the old black bowl and go down cellar and draw a mug of cider." I never shall cease to forget him!' and with much emotion she drained the mug and pensively replaced it on the table. Her knitting was resumed instinctively and pursued, but soon a stitch was dropped and then another and another, and her specs fell suddenly from the saddle of her nose, sleep overtook her, and her head bowed upon her hands. Strange the effects of grief! some thought it was the cider.

BUTTER MAKING.—Scene up in Vermont.—(Aunt Deborah salting butter. Enter Mrs. Noodle).

*Mrs. Noodle.* Now then, aunt Deberry, that is just like you, for all the world. You salt the butter that you sell better'n what you eat. Why, Mr. Noodle always tells me that salt costs money.

*Aunt Deborah.* So it does, but our Bill is pretty cute, and he says, when salt don't cost mor'n a cent a pound down in Boston, and we git twenty-five cents a pound for it in the butter, we can afford to put in some.

'Bob,' said a tormenting friend to a bachelor acquaintance, 'why don't you get married?'

'Well, I don't know; I came very near it once. Just missed it.'

'You did? Let's hear it.'

'Why, I asked a girl if I should see her home from a party one evening, and she said no! If she'd said yes, I think I should have courted and married her. That's the nearest I ever came to getting married.'

His friend was satisfied.

'What news to-day?' said a merchant to his friend, lately.

'What news?' responded the other—'nothing, only times are growing better, people are getting on their legs again.'

'On their legs?' said the first, 'I don't see how you can make that out.'

'Why, yes,' replied the other, 'folks that used to ride are obliged to walk now; is not that getting on their legs again?'

Most blank verse reminds me of a story I have somewhere heard, of an old lady's illustration to her daughter of the difference between the two kinds of style. 'For instance,' said the old lady,

'I went down to the mill-dam,
And when I got there I fell down slam.'

That's poetry. Now, this is blank verse:

'I went down to the mill-dam,
And when I got there I fell down whop!'

Some unknown cholera reporter states, that a lady who had *died* of cholera in Sandusky city, and was laid out by her friends, was found the night following standing at the cupboard eating cucumber pickles, or in other words

'They left her "a laying" in white
Prepared for the grave's quiet slumbers,
But they found her the very same night,
A *laying* in pickled cucumbers.'

A sailor dropped out of a main-top of a man-of-war, and after in some degree breaking his fall by catching at the rigging, fell on the lieutenant's head, knocking him down on the quarter-deck.—The sailor jumped up, as did the lieutenant.

'You rascal,' said the lieutenant, 'where did you come from?'

'From the north of Ireland, please your honor,' said Jack.

'I see,' said a young lady, according to one of the funny papers, 'that some bookseller advertises blank declarations for sale. I wish I could get one.'

'Why?' asked her mother.

'Because Mr. E. is too modest to ask me to marry him; and perhaps if I could fill a blank declaration with the questions, he would sign it.'

A father asked a lazy son what made him lie in bed so long. 'I am busied,' said he, 'in hearing counsel every morning. Industry advises me to get up, sloth to lie still; and so they give me twenty reasons, for and against. It is my part to hear what is said on both sides; and by the time the case is over, dinner is ready.'

A lady handed us the following, after demolishing the *secret* it was entwined around. Draw your own conclusions.

When Beelzebub first to make mischief began,
He tempted the woman, *she* gulled the poor MAN,
This Moses asserts, from hence we would infer,
That woman rules man, but the devil rules her.

Hear the outpourings of an honest heart in regret for the dilapidated condition of his unmentionables:

Farewell, farewell, old trowsaloons,
Long time we've stuck together—
Variety of scenes gone through,
And braved all sorts of weather.

'What is the state of morals in your district?' said a long-faced reformer to a farmer who recently visited town.

'Pretty good,' replied the farmer. 'Every one seems disposed to mind his own business in our parts,' and he left the reformer in a quandary.

A temperance lecturer in England a short time ago, finished his discourse thus:

'And, finally, my hearers, why should any of you drink ardent spirits? My son Thomas, just round the corner, has got as good root beer as any in the country, at only sixpence a quart.'

'Pa, at the time Santyanny made a sally *charge* on Gen. Taylor, what kind of pay did the old General send him?'

'Can't say, Cimon; what was it?'

'*Cart-ridges*, dad; now give me some pea nuts.'

Blessed are the young girls who have no beaux to plague them, for they shall not be kept awake Sunday nights.

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[WRITTEN EXPRESSLY FOR THE FLAG OF OUR UNION.]

## THE BLACK KNIGHT: OR, THE WANDERING BOHEMIAN.

### A Romance of the Days of Chivalry.

BY J. H. ROBINSON.

[CONCLUDED.]

### CHAPTER XIV.

*The Denouement.*

We will now look after our other characters. The knight of Calatrava reached the castle of Guzman without accident. Don Lopez received him coldly.

'I have the pleasure of restoring thy daughter, noble Guzman,' he said.

'Those who hide can find! and it is an old saying,' replied Lopez, with a frown. Then turning, he embraced his daughter with right good will, at the same time adding:

'Thou art now protected by the arm of thy father, my child. Scruple not to tell me all, as no promises extorted from thee by threats, and while thou wert in bodily fear, are binding. Speak, my daughter, unmask the villain.'

At that moment Lara entered the hall. His quick perception took in all at a glance. His ruddy visage grew pale as marble. He grasped a chair for support. A wild surprise shot from his eyes.

'Come and congratulate me, noble Lara, on the recovery of my daughter,' said Guzman, turning to the knight.

'Ay, step forward, and congratulate thy friend on the recovery of his child!' repeated the knight of Calatrava, ironically.

'Welcome, noble Lara, to my father's hall!' cried Donna Maria, advancing a step with much courtesy. 'Thy former services render thy presence peculiarly agreeable and opportune! Why linger thy footsteps? Hast thou no word of greeting for the daughter of Guzman?'

Guzman gazed first at one, and then at the other, in mute astonishment.

'How! what means this?' he cried.

Donna Maria laid her hand on her father's arm, and held up the other toward Lara, who stood like one transfixed.

'Look! behold him who hath done this wrong—the abductor of thy daughter. Looks he not like a craven heart, and a false knight?'

The features of the noble grew black with rage. 'Begone!' he cried, in a voice of thunder, 'begone, dissembling villain! begone, ere I order my menials to lay hands on thee—begone! and enter never again the halls of Guzman—away! ere I have thee scourged. What! ho! ye menials—seize him, and take from him his spurs.'

The menial throng rushed forward to put their master's orders in execution, but Lara turning, sprang away like lightning, covered with shame, and burning with mortification.

Guzman turned to the knight of Calatrava, and putting his daughter's hand in his, said:

'Whoever thou art, brave knight, I have wronged thee much, and whoever thou art, my daughter is thine. Thou shalt wed her to-morrow.'

The knight bowed low, and replied without raising his visor, which he had kept closed from the first.

'I thank thee, noble and generous Guzman, for the priceless gift. It shall be mine to deserve the precious trust thou art this day reposing in me. Believe me, the house of Guzman will never be dishonored by the knight of Calatrava. According to thy word, if it please the lady, let our nuptials take place ere this hour to-morrow.'

'Well mayest thou believe the lady has no objections,' replied Guzman, with a smile. 'I read no unwillingness in her manner—no loathing in her eye.'

'I have much to say to thee,' said the Knight of the Iron Crest, 'when a fitting opportunity offers.'

'At thy own pleasure, sir knight; but at present rest is needful. When you both have refreshed yourselves with food and sleep, I will hear you.'

A servant was about to conduct Alfonso to a chamber, when a page in rich attire entered the hall.

'I would see the knight of Calatrava,' he said, bowing low.

'I am he. What wouldst thou?' replied Alfonso.

The page approached. Bending his knee to the floor, he drew a ring from his bosom, and presented it to the knight of Calatrava, saying:

'My master sent thee this ring.' Alfonso started back as though a viper had stung him. There was a momentary silence. Recovering himself, the knight took the ring and placed it on his finger, saying:

'My word is sacred.'

And then to Guzman—'Matters of the first importance—matters which will admit of no delay, force me to tear myself from your society for a time, I know not how long. Suffice it, that my honor and my word would suffer by a moment's delay.' He took the hand of Maria; 'Doubt me not—fear not—question not, and if aught should happen to prevent my return, attribute it to my wayward destiny, and not to me. Farewell, my life—farewell, noble Guzman.'

Bowing, the knight of Calatrava followed the page. Mounting a horse fresh from stall, he rode away with the page without question.

The feelings of Alfonso we will not attempt to portray. In a moment the cup of happiness was dashed from his lips—his union with Maria deferred for an indefinite period—perhaps forever. Heavy was his heart when after a tedious journey he saw the wall of Toledo rising before him. To crown the unhappiness of Alfonso, he learned from a peasant what he knew not before, viz—that his sister had been decoyed into a meeting with a knight, since which time nothing had been heard of her. This, as may well be imagined, alarmed him beyond measure. He would gladly have hastened to the paternal castle, to learn how far this report was true, and take some step for her recovery. But his promise to the unknown knight with whom he had jousted, and by whom he had been overthrown, prevented any movement in the matter at present.

Many questions arose in his mind to perplex him. Who was the unknown knight with whom he had jousted? What were his intentions? Many a worshipper of the prophet gazed in wonder at the Christian knight, who rode through the streets of Toledo, nor was their astonishment lessened when they saw him at the gate of the royal palace—the residence of Ali Maimon, the descendant of the great Abdalrhaman. A forest of lances waved in graceful courtesy, as he passed through the court of the royal residence.

'This, then,' said Alfonso, as he entered the palace, 'is the dwelling of the magnificent king—the generous monarch. How the world was cheated when Ali Maimon was born a follower of Mahomet. Here in this sumptuous palace hath been born a line of Infidel kings, but none like him who now fills the throne—none so brave, none so noble, none so magnanimous. O thou follower of the Crescent, when wilt thou be a follower of the Cross? When wilt thou ride forth to do battle for the King of kings?'

The knight of Calatrava passed on, dazzled on every hand by the glory of the Moorish sovereign. Wealth and splendor met his vision at every step. Slaves prostrated themselves, and gallant knights in armor bowed to the worshipper of Christ, as he followed the page.

'This Moorish monarch will outdo us Christians in courtesy,' said Alfonso to himself, as he beheld the respect tendered him at every step. 'This might well bring shame upon the court of Ferdinand. In Ali Maimon, the Infidel king, the Christian Ferdinand hath a noble enemy.'

'Tarry thou here, noble knight,' said the page.

The knight was left alone in a sumptuous apartment. He busied himself by examining the paintings that graced the walls. While thus engaged, he did not hear the footsteps of the belted knight, who entered unannounced. For a moment the knight regarded the noble figure of Alfonso with evident admiration.

Scorning to remain longer unseen, he struck his sword-hilt, as by accident, upon his cuirass. It sent forth a sharp ringing sound.

The knight of Calatrava started, and laid his hand upon his blade. There was no cause for alarm. The Knight of the Crescent was before him. He stepped forward, and greeted Alfonso with the kindness and courtesy of an old friend.

'I forget that I am not a guest, when the Knight of the Crescent speaks,' said Alfonso, with a smile, pointing to the ring upon his finger.

'And so I would have thee, thou of Calatrava. Thou art from this moment my guest.'

'The Knight of the Crescent is still the same—still generous—not to be outdone in courtesy. I can scarce regret my journey to Toledo. But for one circumstance, I could wish myself in no other place.'

The Moorish knight bowed low, and smiled significantly, saying:

'Thou wilt conquer me again, thou of the haughty crest.'

Then after a pause.

'Hast seen the Moorish monarch?'

'I have seen the noble Ali Maimon in mid-battle fighting like a lion, but never upon his throne like a king. I would fain see him thus.'

'And thou shalt be gratified. To thy name and thy fame he is no stranger, and he hath oft spoken of Alfonso, the brother of Ferdinand, the king of Castile and Leon. I will first announce thee to the king, and thou shalt come after.'

The knight of Calatrava was again alone. A few moments only had elapsed, when the page again made his appearance, saying:

'Thou wilt follow me to the presence of Ali Maimon.'

A few paces took them to the audience-chamber of the monarch. He was seated on a gorgeous throne, surrounded by all the insig-[illegible]; upon either hand was a wall of shields, and a forest of spears. Two stalwart knights with battle-axes stood near the throne, and still nearer as many pages attentive to the want of their royal master. The king arose, and motioned Alfonso to approach. A cry of wonder passed his lips! He recoiled as if he had received a blow with a battle-axe. The Knight of the Crescent was upon the throne of Toledo—and his gallant foeman was the Moorish monarch.

'Approach, my gallant foeman, and brother of the Christian king,' said Ali Maimon; and he stepped down from the throne, and took the knight by the hand.

'Nobly hast thou redeemed thy word. Thou hast followed my ring from the altar, and from lady's bower, and much shall it avail thee. Read this.'

The king handed Alfonso a paper. He grew pale as he read it, and gasped for breath. It was a proclamation of Ferdinand his brother, denouncing him as a traitor, and offering a reward for his head. Alfonso was astounded. He looked up at the Moorish monarch for the explanation his tongue refused to ask.

'It is the work of Sir Haro,' said Ali Maimon, 'and thine would have been a bloody bridal, hadst thou tarried but an hour at the castle of Guzman. The serpent hath filled the ears of thy sovereign, and thy brother, for thou art no traitor, or I no king.'

Alfonso turned away his head, and his heart was heavy. The word traitor grated harshly upon his ear.

'Ah! it grieves thee to be branded a traitor, but let it pass. I swear by the tomb of the prophet, that this stain shall be wiped away, and the real traitor shall suffer.'

'I thank thee, generous king. Thou wert noble as an unknown knight, and thou art noble as a monarch. I would to God, thou wert a Christian,' cried Alfonso, warmly.

'Thou wilt conquer me again,' replied Ali Maimon, with earnestness. 'But though thou bowest to the Christ, and I to the prophet, it hinders us not from being friends. Thou shalt be my guest until the king hath seen his [illegible]. I make terms for thee not as a king, but according to our compact when I was an unknown knight.'

'All thou doest thou doest like a king,' answered Alfonso.

'Flattery is the bane of monarchs, and yet I love to hear the knight of Calatrava,' rejoined the king.

'Didst thou not say to me, that but for one circumstance thou couldst wish thyself in no other place?'

'I did, king of Toledo.'

'Name it, thou of Calatrava.'

'As I journeyed hither, I met a peasant. He told me that Donna Teresa, my sister, had suddenly and mysteriously disappeared. It was rumored that she had been abducted by a Moorish knight, known as the Black Knight.'

'Thou hast heard this but recently?'

'But recently, king.'

'Knowest thou aught of this cavellero, called the Black Knight, thou of the towering crest?'

'I know nought of him, save that he is not of my creed—that he is an accomplished knight, and that he hath appeared at sundry places when least expected.'

'Hast seen him ever?'

'I have seen him in the listed plain only. Gallantly he sat his horse, and nobly he did his devoir, and though he be an enemy to my faith, he is nevertheless the flower of chivalry.'

'Did this knight presume to love the sister of thy king?' asked Ali Maimon.

'So I have reason to believe,' replied Alfonso.

'Did the fair lady, thy sister, love the presumptuous Black Knight?' continued the king of Toledo, earnestly.

'So it was rumored, and I fear with too much truth,' replied the knight of Calatrava, seriously.

'I will put this Black Knight face to face with thee, and if he hath done this deed, it shall be thine to name his doom.'

The king of Toledo receded a pace, and throwing off his polished steel plate, he stood before the wondering Alfonso, the Black Knight, in simple haubergeon and hood of mail.

Alfonso was dumb with amazement.

'Thinkest thou the Black Knight has done the deed thou hast named?' asked Ali Maimon, with a smile.

'I will strike him dead at my feet who dare affirm it!' cried Alfonso with warmth, laying his hand on his sword.

''Tis well! Thou art still the same, and the soul of chivalry.'

The king turned, and made a signal to the knights who formed a solid phalanx near the throne. They opened to the right and left, and in the centre stood Donna Teresa.

Again the knight of Calatrava was speechless with astonishment. By what agency was she there? What was to be the end of all this mystery?

Donna Teresa came forward, and embraced her brother, saying, gaily:

'Let nothing perplex thee, for this Moorish king is a magician.'

'So it would seem,' replied Alfonso, dubiously. 'But sister, how camest thou hither?'

'I came in goodly company—with the king of Toledo, and a score of dashing knights.'

'Camest thou willingly?'

'Ay, with right good will!'

'Thou speakest darkly. Explain, lest my thoughts do thee wrong.'

Ali Maimon interposed.

'It has been Ali Maimon's good fortune to wrest the most beautiful of women from the power of a villain. Sir Haro decoyed her from thy castle under the pretence of making certain important communications, and [illegible] to the valley which thou knowest of. The wandering Bohemian whom thou hast reason to remember, is the leader of the lawless men who dwell there, and was in my service. To me he hath proved faithful, and by my orders he hath also been faithful to thee, or thou wouldst ere this have been in the power of Sir Haro. I went to Castile to woo thy sister, whom a strange chance had once thrown in my way. I went thither as the Black Knight, and there I wandered in various disguises. The prophet hath given me the power of thwarting a false knight—of serving fair lady—of saving thy life, and of doing service to thy king. False to a false knight, the wandering Bohemian has proved true to true men. While in thy service, and mine, he was also in the service of Sir Haro. For the purpose of serving the brother of Teresa, I affected to listen to the traitorous proposals of Sir Haro—a villain whom every true man will despise. I see thou art filled with wonder and gratitude; but not to me, but to the bright eyes of Donna Teresa, dost thou owe all this.'

'This is indeed strange,' said Alfonso, with the air of one dreaming.

'To thee, indeed, the whims and adventures of a monarch must seem strange.'

'And the palmer?' added Alfonso, hesitatingly.

'And the palmer I will show thee as soon as I can wave my wand,' rejoined the king, gaily. Throwing off his harness of mail quicker than I write it, the palmer, in his woollen gown, with his pilgrim staff and escallop-shell, stood before the knight of Calatrava.

'This Moorish monarch is indeed a magician,' said he, turning to Teresa. 'It may be that he hath the gift of second sight also?' he added.

'Thou shalt see, O thou of the order of Calatrava,' responded Ali Maimon. 'Again I wave my wand, and yet again I change.' The long woollen garment with its cross and shell fell from the shoulders of the king! and drawing the pilgrim cap from his head, long white hairs [illegible]. The old man of second sight was before them.

'When will wonders cease?' cried Alfonso. 'Knowest thou aught of the magic ring and the letter, thou most potent magician?'

'Look! and judge for thyself,' replied the king, and from his bosom he drew a copy of the missive Alfonso had found in the secret passage. 'The ring I received from the captain of brigands.'

'I have no words!' said Alfonso. 'Thou hast outdone me in all things. Sister, come hither. Give me thy hand. Generous monarch, thy hand. As the only gift in my power, I give thee the sister of a king, and may God bless thee as I would bless thee were I God.'

The knight of Calatrava placed Teresa's hand in that of Ali Maimon, and turned away his head to hide his emotions. There was a momentary silence. All hearts were full.

'Thou hast outdone me again in generosity,' said the king, in a subdued voice, and leading Teresa to the throne, he seated her thereon, saying, 'henceforth thou shalt share our throne.' And the forest of spears and the wall of shields sank down and rose again, and the gallant knights of the king's court hailed her queen of Toledo. Among the first to kneel at her feet, and kiss her hand, was Saracena and the handsome page. The noble countenance of Ali Maimon beamed with goodness and pleasure.

'The grand secret of being happy,' said the monarch, 'is to strive to render others so. In seeking to do good, I have made myself the happiest of sovereigns.'

'And I shall be the happiest of queens,' added Teresa, with a smile of joy.

'But the knight of Calatrava is not quite happy,' continued the king; 'is there nothing we can do for him?' and he made another signal to the forest of lances on his right. Again they opened to the right and left, and Don Lopez de Guzman, Donna Maria, Don Rodrigo, and Ximena stepped forward.

With an exclamation of delight and surprise, Don Alfonso sprang forward and greeted Maria. Bowing to Guzman, his squire, and Ximena, he said:

'There is nothing too great for Ali Maimon. I shall henceforth be astonished at nothing that may transpire.'

'Let me explain again, O thou of Calatrava. Thy journey hither hath purposely, and by my orders, been by a circuitous way, by reason of which a day longer was required to perform it. During this time, I acquainted the noble Guzman, and the peerless lady his daughter, together with the valiant squire, with what was going forward. I knew by my secret agents, that an order was issued for the arrest of Guzman at the same time thou wert charged with treason. I warned him of this, and bade him fly hither with his daughter for safety. The day succeeding the rescue of Donna Maria, a man in palmer's weeds journeyed with two pages. One of them was very comely to look upon, and his cheek and his hand were like the cheek and the hand of lady bright.'

The king looked at Ximena. 'They questioned the palmer in right comely phrase of a certain knight whom they served, and they questioned not in vain. The palmer was weary, and he mounted with one of the pages, and journeyed to a certain castle.'

'The brigands! good king—thou hast said naught of the brigands!' interrupted Ximena.

'To the gallantry of the bearer of palms, do I owe my life,' and Ximena bent the knee to Ali Maimon.

'Arise, I command thee, and here, thou enchantress, am I obeyed,' said the king, with a smile.

'As I said, the palmer, and the delicate page, and the page I see there,' pointing to [illegible] reached a deserted castle at deep midnight [illegible] image of the virgin, he knew there was a secret to unwind. Thither he conducted the pages, and kindled a fire upon the long deserted hearth-stone. Thou knowest that the castles of feudal lords were built in troublous times, and have secret ways and sliding panels which have been used for various purposes.' Ali Maimon looked significantly at Alfonso and Rodrigo.

'The very words!' said the former, in a low voice.

'The man of the pilgrim staff and escallop-shell and the pages had not been long in the chamber where lieth the broken image of the virgin, when by some strange magic, the wall suddenly opened, or seemed to open, and out sprang a gallant youth in armor from head to heel, with sword in hand, and demanded an explanation of what he saw. The page with the woman's voice, and woman's hand, and woman's cheek, flew to his arms, whereupon the fiery youth dropped his weapon and—and—'

'Stop! I command thee, king as thou art,' exclaimed Ximena, putting her hand playfully upon his mouth.

'Wilt allow this tyranny?' cried the king, turning to Teresa.

'Ay! truant monarch, I will allow it all, and look well that thou hast not worse tyrant to command thee.'

'The youth,' resumed the king, 'who sprang from the wall, was not unlike this youth,' pointing to Rodrigo, 'and the page with the woman's hand was not unlike this fair lady,' looking at Ximena.

'And the palmer,' added Ximena, 'was not unlike this noble Moorish knight,' pointing to the king.

'When greetings and mutual explanations had passed between the page and the youth,' continued Ali Maimon, 'the palmer warned the latter of the danger that menaced his valiant master and himself, and that the knight he served had already sought safety with the king of Toledo.

'Fly thither at once,' said the pilgrim, 'and [illegible]. At a short distance from the valley thou knowest, where the man of second sight met thee, thou wilt find a troop of Moorish lancers. Give them this,' and the palmer gave the youth a ring—'and bid them escort thee to Ali Maimon. Ye gallant knights, and fair ladies, is not the riddle read?'

'It is read!' they responded with one voice; 'and there is no king like Ali Maimon, the descendant of the great Abdalrhaman.'

'I perceive there is yet one thing wanting to complete our mutual happiness. Let me wave my wand again and for the last time.'

Again there was an opening in the forest of spears and the wall of shields. Forth stepped a man of God followed by the Bohemian and his gaunt spouse—the wandering weird woman.

'Welcome, thou man of God! welcome, thou son of Roma! and welcome, thou wandering woman of the fierce eye and the strange spirit!' exclaimed the king. The welcome was reiterated with right good will by the goodly company.

'Thou sullen, and yet faithful son of a wandering people, and thou his spouse, henceforth your homes shall be in the walled cities, or in the fertile valleys, or upon the sunny mountains of our dominions, as shall suit your mood. Ali Maimon hath gold in his coffers; when ye need it, ask, for he hath never been branded a niggard—and those who have served him, he forgets not,' said the Moorish monarch.

The wandering Bohemian advanced a step, and stretched out his hand. His manners had in nothing changed from the first. The same waywardness of spirit—the same wild moodiness gleamed from his eye.

'I thank thee, O thou king of the Burnoo, for the words thou hast spoken; but the swart son of Roma needs nothing. He will not tarry within the walled cities of the munificent king, but he will wander in the fertile valleys, and dwell upon the sunny mountains, as he has been wont from childhood. The leopard cannot change his spots, nor the Ethiopian his skin, neither can he change his nature. What Undebel (God) hath made him, he must remain. If he hath served thee, he is glad. The wound in his bosom will heal no sooner for thy gold; but for the kindness he hath received at thy hands, he would gladly dare another death.'

The Bohemian bared his dark bosom, and displayed a frightful wound thereupon.

'Heed it not, thou upon the throne, heed it not, and let it not cause thee, or thine, one pulse of joy the less. The dark son of Bohemia will away to the hills of the Moorish monarch—to the cliffs of the valleys, and the caves of the earth.'

The Bohemian receded from the throne, and ere the king had time to reply, the gaunt woman stepped forward. Her tall bony figure was drawn to its highest proportions. She stretched out her tawny hand. Her eyes flashed with a wilder fire than ever before.

'Listen! O thou upon the throne! Listen to the woman of the strange spirit. For the last time I will speak to thee, for the stars and the moon admonish me that my hour is near. To me the scream of the night raven hath voice, and the shriek of the evil bird hath meaning. I hear words in the wind—and language in the moaning of the sea. My feet will soon cease to wander among the mountains, and my voice will be heard no more amid the hills. I read thee thy fortune, once on a time, though thou believest not in Sorna creatures. I told thee there was power in thy hand—that there was a spot of earth where thy voice was as the voice of Heaven. Thou seest the words of the evil hag were sooth. I speak again. Thy future shall be more glorious than thy past. Thy sons shall be most happy [illegible]. Away in the future, farther than my old vision can well see, many books, and many bards, shall celebrate thy deeds. Be kind to the dark children of my people—let thy hand be over them in mercy—let their home be forever in thy realm, and undisturbed.' The wandering woman paused, and motioned Saracena to approach.

'Come hither, thou from over sea, and from the regions of sultry suns,' she said, in a commanding voice. The Saracen maiden obeyed.

'Look thou upon this maiden—let thine eyes dwell long upon each lineament,' continued the woman, earnestly.

'Look upon her well, for she is thy brother's child. In the wars in Palestine between the Crescent and the Cross, thy brother Abdallah fought and fell; but ere then, he had loved the mother of this young creature. The wandering woman was there. She saw the knight dying upon the battle-field, and he charged her, and he gave her gold to bring his love-child to Toledo, and lay it at thy feet. But the weird woman grew weary, and entrusted her charge to a Christian knight. He bore it in safety to Castile, and gave it to the lady who will be thy queen. The dying knight, thy brother, gave me these baubles, and I have kept them for the love-child of the Moor.'

The woman drew a casket from her bosom, and gave it to Ali Maimon. 'These are for the love-child, and will prove my tale sooth. Seek not for the mother of the love-child, for she sleeps beneath the burning sands, away over sea, near the tomb of the Christ. Thou wilt be a father to this darling creature, and may the spirit, Undebel, rest ever upon her. She gave kind words to the evil hag. And now I go out from before thy face, O thou king of Toledo, to return no more. I go to fulfil my days in the pleasant land.'

Saracena was kneeling at the feet of the king. The weird woman caught her in her brawny arms, and for a brief moment strained her to her wrinkled bosom. 'Bless thee! bless thee! thou from over sea, and may the way of thy feet be thornless and smooth. My work in the walled city is done.'

The wandering woman drew her coarse garments about her, and strode rapidly away after the Bohemian.

'Stay! good woman, stay!' cried the king. His words fell on heedless ears. The woman had gone.

Ali Maimon and Teresa eagerly examined the casket. It contained jewels of immense value, with a note traced by the hand of the dying warrior. It read thus:

'My king, and my brother, be a father to my love-child, and the blessing of Alla, and the smiles of the prophet reward thee. My eyes grow dim, and the giddiness of death is in my brain—I can write no more—the wandering woman who brings thee this, will tell thee all. I die—I die—farewell.'

The king caught Saracena to his bosom, and his feelings struggled up to his eyes. There was a breathless silence—all heads were averted and uncovered. The forest of spears and the wall of shields sunk down. Happy thoughts were in all hearts. Entrancing strains of music from unseen performers filled the chamber.

* * * * * *

And now the man of God did his work. Marriage contracts were drawn up and signed. Teresa was made in reality a queen, and what was far better, the wife of Ali Maimon. The knight of Calatrava was wedded to Donna Maria. Don Rodrigo was knighted by the king, after which he was wedded to Ximena. Saracena was betrothed to the handsome page who sung beneath her window once on a time. Thus all the parties had their happiness consummated, and such bridals were never before in Toledo. And 'the dance and the song' went on, and there was not a pulse of sorrow in that goodly presence. The nuptial festivities lasted many days.

* * * * * *

The day after the festivities were at an end news was brought to Toledo of the death of Ferdinand, and that Don Alfonso, his brother, was to be his successor to the throne. When the knight of Calatrava left Toledo, he left it to reign over Castile and Leon. Nugnez de Lara joined the brigands who dwelt in the castle, and soon after fell in a fray with the Bohemians. Sir Haro was condemned and executed for treason before the death of Ferdinand.

Poor Mina wandered and sang, for many months among the wilds, but finally became rational, and the evening of her days passed in comparative happiness. Leaving all parties happy, and content, I bring my romance to a close, hoping in my heart, that the reader has been amused by the foregoing delineations.

THE END.

### Santa Anna.

El Lucero, published in Panama, states that information had been received from Jamaica, representing that Santa Anna is concocting schemes for his return to Mexico. Once there, says this paper, he will have himself proclaimed Dictator, will annul the treaty of Queretaro and renew a war with the United States. It is also stated that he has distributed $200,000 among his partisans, and is making an effort to obtain 500 Irishmen to land at Tampico and unite with his party there, which is very numerous.—*Boston Times.*

[Written for The Flag of our Union.]

### The Poet's Dream.

BY ROBERT GILMORE.

One calm and tranquil autumn night,
When moon and stars were beaming bright,
I found myself beneath a shade—
At least in fancy there I strayed.
Sweet balmy zephyrs filled the air,
And nature never seemed more fair;
Hung glistening on the willow boughs;
The [illegible] bird the [illegible]
Wild warbled forth its tiny song;
Gay flowers that bloomed on every side,
In fragrance with each other vied.
Such was the night, and such the scene,
When on the fertile velvet green
A female form, of angel grace,
Walked gently forth with easy pace,
And 'neath the grape-vine's arching shade,
The [illegible] goddess I surveyed.
I first beheld within her eyes
A little sparkling paradise;
Her brow portrayed no furious storm,
But just the rainbow's lovely form.
Her damask cheek might well oppose
The lily or the crimson rose;
And from her lips' vermilion hue
The honey bee might sip the dew.
No cloudlet dim was seen to rise,
But [illegible] bestud the clear blue skies;
The [illegible] each crevised vine gleamed through,
As if some sacred scene to view.
Here fancy, on its towering flight,
Had reached its very utmost height;
For, hapless luck, a wily snake
Crept slowly from a neighboring brake,
And thought no crime to intervene,
And mar the sweetness of the scene.
I could descry the reptile sling
Around the vines with venomed sting,
As if to wound, perchance dismay,
Or chase love's visions hence away.
Though wild with dread and half despair,
I yet could view the charming fair,
And thought, much sweeter than the vine
'Twould be to press those lips to mine.
The thought scarce passed, when, wild delight,
The reptile vanished from my sight;
Then for a pledge of lasting bliss,
I snatched with joy the longed-for kiss;
But O, alas, that kiss did make
A wound far worse than sting of snake.

### Modern Chivalry.

Our readers have doubtless often seen notices of 'Tournaments' at the various fashionable watering places in the 'Old Dominion.' A correspondent of the Pittsburg Chronicle gives an account of the imposing nature of one of these 'Tournaments,' which will doubtless fill our lady readers with admiration of 'modern chivalry.'

During the afternoon of the same day a grand tournament came off in the barn-yard near our hotel. It was a spectacle of no ordinary interest. The ladies, arrayed in all the colors of the rainbow, were seated in a large hay wagon, some eating green apples, while others were regaling themselves with some excellent Scotch ale. Some of the gentlemen were engaged in preparing their horses and knights for the contest, and a few of the sporting gentry were employed in betting 'two dollars and a half' on their favorites.

All being now ready, two horsemen suddenly appeared at the sound of a tin horn. *Bois Gilbert* issued from the interior of a dilapidated barn, and Ivanhoe emerged from an old stable at the other end of the yard. The fair umpire of the day, a rosy-cheeked widow of twenty-six, from a neighboring barn, now waved a red cotton handkerchief as a signal to begin. The horses started at a gentle trot; the knights couched their lances, the ladies clapped their hands, and the crowd of spectators cheered. When the animals, by which I mean the horses, were approaching each other, the charger on which our modern Bois Gilbert was seated, took a sudden 'sheer,' and made all speed for a bundle of hay, which unfortunately had been thrown out of the stable that morning. Reaching it, he commenced eating with an appetite which would do honor to a good Catholic after keeping Lent, nor could the spur and cowhide of his rider drive him away. Ivanhoe, highly incensed, spurred furiously towards his opponent, but an old hen flying from the barn, frightened his Rosinante, and threw him headlong among the ladies seated in the wagon. And thus ended another farce.—*Saturday Post.*

### Improving Church Music.

By the way, a good story may be told of our chorister's attempt at improving the psalmody as well as the music of our church. He set some music of his own to one of the Psalms of Watts, in which occur these lines:

'O may my heart in tune be found,
Like David's harp of solemn sound.'

Calling on his pastor, who has more music in him than you would think, the chorister asked his approbation of a new version of these lines, which would render them more readily adapted to the music he had composed. He suggested to read them as follows:

'O may my heart be tuned within,
Like David's sacred violin.'

The good pastor had some internal tendencies to laugh in the singing man's face, but maintaining his gravity as well as he could, he said that he thought he could improve the improved version, admirable as it was. The delighted chorister begged him to do so, and the pastor, taking his pen, wrote before the eyes of his innocent parishioner, these lines:

'O may my heart go diddle diddle,
Like uncle David's sacred fiddle!'

The poor leader, after a vain attempt to defend his own parody, retired, and I guess he will sing the psalm as it stands.—*Newark (N. J.) Advertiser.*

### Short Accommodations.

Old Major S., of Arkansas, relates that while on a journey, some time since, he came to a house one evening, and being weary and in need of refreshments, he inquired of a boy whom he found at the door, if he could procure supper.

'I reckon not,' replied the boy, 'for we haint no bread, nor we haint no taters.'

'Well, you can give me a bed, can't you?'

'I reckon not, for we haint no bed clothes, nor we haint no floor in our house.'

'Well, can you give my horse something to eat?'

'I reckon not, for we haint no hay, nor we haint no corn, nor we haint no oats.'

'Why, in the name of human nature, how do you do here?'

'O, very well, I thank ye, how d'ye do yourself?' The Major 'vamosed.'—*Grenada Republican.*

### Pretty Thoughts.

What is joy? The honey of existence; really beneficial and agreeable when partaken of in moderation, but highly injurious when used to excess.

What is contentment? The philosophy of life, and the principal ingredient in the cup of happiness—a commodity that is undervalued in consequence of the very low price it can be obtained for.

What is happiness? A butterfly, that roves from flower to flower, in the vast garden of [illegible] by the multitude, in the vain hope of obtaining the prize, yet it continually evades their grasp.

What is ambition? A fierce and unconquerable steed, that bears its rider onward in the high road to preferment; but it oftentimes throws him such a fall that he rarely ever recovers.

What is crime? A wretched vagabond, travelling from place to place in a fruitless endeavor to escape from justice, who is constantly engaged in hot pursuit. A foe to virtue and happiness, though at times the companion of poor innocence, which is too often made to suffer for the guilty.

What is justice? A pair of scales, in which the actions of mankind are often weighed; the true weights being sometimes bought up by power and wealth, whilst others that are incorrect are substituted.

What is idleness? A public mint, where various kinds of mischief is coined and extensively circulated amongst the most despicable of the human race.

What is fear? A frightful and dangerous substance to the really guilty, but a vain and harmless shadow to the conscientiously honest and upright.

What is fortune? A capricious dame, who often rejects those who are most anxious to solicit her favors; whilst others, more unworthy, are the recipients of her bounties without their solicitation.

What is fashion? A beautiful envelope for mortality, presenting a glittering and polished exterior, the appearance of which gives no certain indication of the real value of what is contained therein.

What is wit? A sparkling beverage, that is highly exhilarating and agreeable when partaken at the expense of others; but when used at our own cost, it becomes bitter and unpleasant.

What is thought? A fountain from which flows all good and evil intentions; a mental fluid, electrical in the force and rapidity of its movements, silently flowing unseen within its own secret avenues; yet it is the controlling power of all animated matter, and the chief main-spring of all our actions.

What is knowledge? A key that unravels all mysteries, and which unlocks the entrance, and discovers new, unseen and untrodden paths in the hitherto unexplored fields of science and literature.

[Written for The Flag of our Union.]

### The Lament.

BY E. S. TRUSEL.

I mourn the loss of one bright star,
Which from my sky hath fled;
And wander from my home afar,
To mingle with the dead.
It was the first whose waking light
Broke in upon my heart,
Like morn when it dispels the night,
And bids each shade depart.

Within the soul where sorrows weep,
Yet dwell the lingering strains,
As hidden treasures of the deep,
Now in it still remains;
While for those strains this earth no more
As it has been may be;
A gloom I never knew before
Broods o'er each leafy tree.

Behold the surface of a lake
That once was clear and blue,
Is nought but one deep changing surge
Of dark and turbid hue:
E'en thus, when those we love are gone,
The fount of life is stirred;
The winds now breathe an altered tone,
And murmurs now are heard.

But ah, there is a better land,
A region of the blest,
Where all who mourn may dry their tears,
Their weary spirits rest:
There we shall know no parting hour,
No chilling doubts or fears;
No perished hopes, no sin, no death,
No withered joys or cares.

### Cinderella's Slipper.

At the accession of Francis II. (husband of Mary Queen of Scots) Paris was involved in continual broils by the struggles for precedency between the confraternities of the drapers, the mercers, and the furriers, in which the furriers finally triumphed. We may be permitted so far to digress as to explain the cause of this triumph. Two centuries ago, furs were so rare, and therefore so highly valued, that the wearing of them was restricted by several sumptuary laws, to kings and princes. Sable, in those laws called *vair*, was the subject of countless regulations. The exact quality permitted to be worn by persons of different grades, and the articles of dress to which it might be applied, were defined most strictly. Perrault's tale of *Cinderella* originally marked the dignity conferred on her by the fairy, by her wearing a slipper of *vair*, a privilege then confined to the highest rank of princesses. An error of the press, now become inveterate, changed *vair* into *verre*, and the slipper of sable was suddenly converted into a glass slipper.—*Dublin University Magazine.*

### Sickness.

In sickness the soul begins to dress herself for immortality. First she unties the strings of vanity that made her upper garment cleave to the world, and sit uneasy. She puts off the light and fantastic robe of lust and wanton appetite. Next to this, the soul by the help of sickness, knocks off the fetters of pride and vainer complacencies. Then she draws the curtains, and stops the light from coming in, and takes the picture down, those fantastic images of self-love, and gay remembrances of vain opinion and popular noises. Then the spirit stoops into sobrieties of humble thoughts, and feels corruption chiding the forwardness of fancy, allaying the vapor of conceit and factious opinions. Next to these, as the soul is still undressing, she takes off the roughness of her great and little angers and animosities, and receives the oil of mercies. She receives the oil of mercies and smooth forgiveness, fair interpretations and gentle answers, designs of reconciliation and Christian atonement in their places.—*Jeremy Taylor.*

THE FLAG OF OUR UNION.

[Written for The Flag of our Union.]

# THE PIONEER'S DAUGHTER, or, LOVE IN THE FAR WEST.

BY HENRY HAY.

On a gentle, sloping declivity, overlooking the silvery waters of a gentle stream, and embowered amid a world of drooping foliage, stood the cabin of a hunter—Thomas Gordon by name. Before the rude yet vine-clad hut, stretched a green savannah for miles and miles away, unbounded save by the distant blue horizon; a rippling and musical brook swept past the cabin gracefully, and back, for many leagues, extended a deep and boundless forest, which the white man's foot had never penetrated, and which only gave echo to the whoop of the Indian, the howl of the wolf, or the scream of the eagle.

A wife and one child shared with Gordon his rude home. Mrs. Gordon was a woman of refined and gentle manners, much physical strength, great presence of mind, and well-fitted for the somewhat precarious and perilous sphere which she occupied. Minnie Gordon was just sixteen, just on the threshold of womanhood, timid and graceful as a fawn, fair and beautiful as the lily of her own native prairie, and as loving and beloved as one in her situation could well be. Her voice was like the noon breeze among harp-strings, her step as buoyant and bounding as the young deer's, and her heart as pure and joyous, as sinless and happy, as the white dove which nestled in her bosom.

A league from the cabin of Gordon, in a deep, sequestered valley, where the sunbeams seldom penetrated, and the winds of heaven never blew fiercely, a tribe of Indians had built their wigwams. Thither Minnie often repaired, for it was a friendly band, and Thomas Gordon had won their friendship by his many kind acts and good deeds.

The chief of the tribe was a young brave by the name of Wondaga. His form was tall, proud, and athletic. His features, though partaking in some measure of the peculiar cast of the aborigines, were mellowed and softened, till they bore the appearance of the European. His voice was deep, manly and thrilling, like the wind among pine branches, and his heart noble, upright, and tender. He was ever the first in the chase, the red deer not swifter than he; his arrow, when it flew from the bow, never missed the object for which it was intended, and whether in the wigwam, the dance, the chase, or the battle, none was so good, so merry, so fearless, or so brave, as Wondaga. His tribe loved and esteemed him, and more than one fair Indian maid sighed in secret over the hopeless affection for him which was consuming her.

From her infancy up, had Minnie Gordon known Wondaga. He had ever been a friendly visiter at her father's cabin, and often, when he was but a tall and slender stripling, and she a young and tender child, had he taken her upon his knee, and related to her tales of Indian bravery and daring, till her blood was fired by the recital. Often in the sultry hours of a summer noontide, when scarcely a breath of air stirred the sleeping branches, and the long tendrils of the drooping willow hung breathlessly over the stream, would Wondaga moor his canoe by the cabin, lift little Minnie in, and paddle her away down the stream, till the home of her childhood was lost to view; and often, in the long days of golden autumn, would he take the fair girl by the hand, or lift her in his sinewy arms, and roam with her through the dim old forest, listening to the gay twitter of the birds, or pointing out to her the innumerable beauties of primeval nature.

Years rolled on, adding strength and courage to the Indian lad, and beauty and joyousness to the pale-faced girl, and sixteen summers had flown over the head of sweet Minnie Gordon, and given new grace and vigor to the fine yet stalwart form of Wondaga. Each year had Wondaga grown dear to the maiden's heart; each day, each *hour*, had Minnie grown more necessary to Wondaga's very existence. Yes, he loved the pale-faced maiden! she was dearer to him than aught on earth beside; his affection for her was so deep, so ardent, so intense, that it almost amounted to idolatry. Yet he never mentioned the subject to her. He dreaded the scorn with which she would inevitably regard his passion, and that would have been worse than death to his proud and sensitive nature. He concluded, therefore, that the wisest course for him to pursue, would be to say nothing of his ill-fated attachment, and live as long as possible in the smile of the gentle Minnie, for many, many years must necessarily pass away, ere she would leave the home of her childhood, or be united in marriage with one of her own race and color.

Matters were thus standing in *statu quo*, when an event transpired which effected a perfect understanding at once between the parties. Natella, a young Indian girl, whose fair brow and clear olive cheek bore the impress of but seventeen summers, loved Wondaga, and had made Minnie a confidant of her almost hopeless affection, imploring her, at the same time, to entreat the Indian brave to listen to her attachment, and bestow on her the love which her nature craved from the object of her deathless devotion.

Minnie, trembling and blushing, she knew not wherefore, for she had ever conversed with him as a friend and brother, essayed, one day when alone with Wondaga, to urge him to wed the fair Natella.

'Wondaga,' she said, and her voice, usually as clear as the song of the nightingale, was low, subdued, and almost inaudible, as if wrung from her very heart—'Wondaga—Natella loves thee,—she would crave thy love in return; is it impossible?'

The gaze which Wondaga fixed on the agitated girl, thrilled her very soul, and was replete with melancholy tenderness. It was sometime ere he spake. At last, as if struggling with some uncontrollable emotion, he said, in tones of deep, intense feeling, 'Wondaga loves her not—he never can. Can he bestow his heart on her, when it is another's?'

'And does Wondaga love another?' asked Minnie, mournfully.

Wondaga was silent. His eyes were fixed vacantly upon the ground, his very existence seeming absorbed in deep, deep thought. At last, with a heavy sigh, he turned his eyes upon the trembling girl by his side, and taking her hand, murmured tenderly:

'Shall Wondaga tell thee all? Shall he unburden his heart to the pale maiden who was ever his friend?'

'Yes,' said the young girl, faintly, 'speak, Wondaga, and I will listen.'

'And you would know all?'

'All.'

'Listen, then. Wondaga loves *thee*, maiden. Nay, do not fly from me. Yes, he loves thee, sweet Minnie, far better than his own life. If thou wilt share his wigwam with him, if thou wilt become *his own* forever, if thou wilt even listen to his words of love, he will be the happiest person whom the Great Spirit hath created.'

Minnie remained silent—the pearly tears trickling slowly down her cheek. She seemed stupefied by the words of the young brave.

'Speak!' cried Wondaga, at last, in tones of the utmost tenderness. 'Speak! and say that you forgive me for my rashness and folly.'

Slowly and tenderly, turning her soft, dreamy eyes, glistening with a world of happy thoughts, upon him, and smiling faintly through her tears, did Minnie place her soft hand in the young Indian's. Her words were few, but they bespoke the fulness of a blissful heart.

'Wondaga, I love thee. We will be happy.'

Had Minnie Gordon but analyzed the emotions of her inmost soul, had she but searched far down into the almost unfathomable depths of her pure heart, to discover the motives which influenced her conduct, she would have there found feelings of friendship and esteem, of respect and *sisterly* love, which, in her present excited state, she construed into the same passionate attachment which Wondaga felt for her. But, alas! she did not do this. She fancied that she could be happy with one through life, who, though kind, noble, and affectionate, was totally unlettered, uneducated, and untutored. She fancied that she could be to him a loving, gentle wife, heeding his slightest wish, and anticipating his merest need; and, in the sweet guilelessness of her nature, she fancied a thousand other things equally as improbable if not impossible. Wondaga was happy, unutterably so, and sweet Minnie was happy in the thought of contributing to the happiness of another.

Bitterly, most bitterly, did Thomas Gordon and his good, strong-minded wife oppose this strange contemplated alliance. They could not endure the thought. They reasoned with her, they pleaded with her—as a last resort, they threatened her—her who had been given them by the Almighty as a pledge of their deep mutual affection. Yet all in vain; one answer, one unswerving, unvarying, steady answer, passed her lips in reply to their prayers, their entreaties, their arguments, and their threats:

'I love Wondaga.'

It was enough for the simple maiden to believe that she loved, and was beloved in return. It was enough for her to know that she would cause the deepest gloom and despair in as noble a heart as ever beat, if she swerved from the course which she had taken, and it was these feelings which actuated her. She did not wish to grieve and agonize the hearts of her kind parents; she was almost frenzied when she beheld the sorrow and despair which her seeming waywardness caused them; yet that one great passion, that predominant, singular attachment, reigned in her bosom paramount to all other emotions.

At last, they made her promise that two years should be permitted to pass away, ere she gave her hand to Wondaga, who also reluctantly acquiesced. They were to remain as betrothed lovers in the meantime, and if any event transpired to cause either to desire a release from the ties, it should be done without a murmur or a bitter word.

To this, Minnie willingly consented; and Wondaga, secure in the love of the gentle girl, and confident that his affection would never be less ardent, or change to another object, also complied. Each day did Wondaga steal away from his tribe to visit Minnie; and each day did Minnie wind her arm in Wondaga's and roam with him through the forest which had been as a home to her since her infancy, and whose deep glens and rocky glades were as dear to her as the cabin of her father.

In this manner, nearly a year of the time of probation glided away, and the lovers still remained firm in their determination, when a young Virginian, handsome, unwedded, educated, and of refined and winning deportment, by the name of Harry Devon, having been 'possessed' by the spirit of emigration, suddenly appeared at the house of Gordon, and announced it as his intention of building a house near by, and obtain a livelihood by hewing the immense trees, tilling the fertile soil, and hunting the abundant game.

That this proposition was hailed with pleasure by honest Thomas Gordon, would be almost superfluous to state; for in his lonely condition, with no friend of his own race and sex near at hand, he had often felt most keenly his isolation from his fellow mortals, and the want of a companion to cheer his lonely hours, or to assist him in his manifold precarious duties.

With the assistance of Gordon, therefore, a rude cabin was soon reared in the shadow of a large oak tree, scarcely a rod from the dwelling of the pioneer; and the interior, after having been decorated by the kind hands of Minnie and her mother, with pieces of coarse cloth from their own loom, until it resembled a 'kingly hall, all tapestried,' was laid with bear, bison, and wolf skins, by Wondaga—trophies of his own skill and valor in the chase; so that, when winter set in with unusual violence and severity, it had been made quite a comfortable domicil for the adventurous Virginian.

From the first moment Minnie had seen young Devon, so noble, so full of grace, so strong in his manly vigor—a change seemed to have 'come over the spirit of her dream.' She no longer welcomed Wondaga with her usual happy and cordial manner—she no longer listened engrossedly to his soft and tender language—she no longer likened his love for her, like that of an eagle for a dove; but when she was with Harry Devon—when she heard the tones of his deep and thrilling voice, when she noticed the thousand fascinating expressions which played over his animated and prepossessing features—when he sat by her side and conversed feelingly on many a topic which would have been as Egyptian lore to Wondaga—then did a new and marvellous existence begin to dawn on the soul of Minnie Gordon.

The dreary winter months passed slowly away, and spring, with its gay warblers, its balmy breezes and spicy breath, and its exhilarating music of awaking nature, danced over the earth; and Harry Devon, whose heart had been deeply smitten by the guilelessness and purity of Minnie's nature, had offered his hand to her who had long possessed his heart,—to our young heroine. Minnie loved him. She no longer doubted it—for the feelings which animated her bosom were such as she had never experienced before. Yet she could not doom Wondaga to hopeless, deadening disappointment; and she told young Devon thus. She loved him—she could not deny it; yet she could never be his.

Perhaps a more ardent, persevering, devoted affection for another never existed in the breast of a mortal, than that which Harry Devon felt for gentle Minnie Gordon. His attachment for her was of that enduring kind which will encounter and surmount all obstacles—which is fed by the very opposing currents which it meets with in its course. He resolved, after having first gained Minnie's reluctant consent, to tell Wondaga of the true state of her feelings, and of his own love for her, thereby appealing to the heart of the young brave. He did so; and if ever the heart of man was wrung and broken by another's seeming perfidy and inconstancy, it was that noble Indian's. His answer was characteristic of his upright nature, and told of the horror and despair which had seized upon his very vitals.

'If Minnie Gordon loves another, then will Wondaga die.'

Devon felt sure that he spoke the truth; for the agony stamped on that pale and ghastly face—the unutterable anguish expressed in those deep and mournful eyes—and the air of hopeless, dejected, pleading sorrow about him, told of the truth of his sad words. Wondaga sought not Minnie; he could not bear to look on those still and gentle features, fixed immutably on his heart of hearts; and to have heard the sound of her soft, childish voice, would have caused him far greater pangs than those of death.

'Tell Minnie to forget me;' were the only words he uttered in reply to Devon's last appeal.

But Minnie could not forget Wondaga, although she consented to become the wife of him who loved her so truly and so well; and even on the morning of the bridal, when she, pure and white as the folds of her muslin robe, or the white rose which nestled in her hair, stood by the side of Harry Devon, and vowed to love him through time and eternity—there even there, before the sacred nuptial altar—a dark and mournful memory came creeping, serpent-like, through her heart, chilling the world of blissful feelings there, and withering the first happy emotions, which she had felt for months.

On the night of the bridal, as Minnie and her husband sat [illegible] side, unheeding the wild storm which raged without, and talking over their plans for future happiness and enjoyment, the door was opened slowly by a soft hand, and Wondaga, the brave, stalked in.

Without uttering a word, and unheeding the form of Devon, who had arisen to his feet to greet the singular intruder, Wondaga went to the side of Minnie, and taking her hand in his own, murmured in tones of the utmost melancholy:

'Minnie, Wondaga is dying! bless him ere his soul joins those of the spirit-land.'

Minnie Devon extended her hands, and laid them on the bowed head of the Indian. A holy silence pervaded the apartment. Minnie endeavored to speak, but her feelings overcame her, and bowing her head in her hands, she—'wept like one who would not be comforted.'

A strange, quiet, earnest calm stole over the features of Wondaga, as he raised his eyes slowly to the face of the weeping girl.

'Minnie, Minnie! bless me, ere I go!' there was a faint, choking gurgle in his throat, and a dull blue film was gathering rapidly over his eyes.

Minnie turned towards him just in time to hear one groan—one wail—one gasp—and see him fall backwards upon the floor. They looked on his icy and rigid features, sealed by a mighty and incorrigible monarch; they gazed on the countenance of death.

[Written for The Flag of our Union.]

## I lived in a Dream!

BY JULIA A. A. SARGENT.

I lived in a dream!
A glorious one;
Bright as the beam
Of the golden sun.
But sometimes the beam
Is all darkened o'er,
So with my dream,
It is bright no more!

I lived in a dream!
All soft as the flow
Of a quiet stream
That's murmuring low.
But often the stream
Hath its waters dry;
So my pleasant dream,
How it flitted by!

I lived in a dream!
As sweet as the song,
Whose soft gushes seem
From an angel throng.
The song softly dies—
Hushed is the strain—
My faded dream dies,
Ne'er to waken again!

Never, O never!
'Twas too bright to last;
Adieu for ever,
Thou dream of the past!
O glorious dream!
I will bless thee yet;
Life's only sunbeam,
How soon thou hast set!

## Women in Russia.

A gentleman who went out to Russia with Major Whistler, on railroad affairs, and has recently returned, informs the writer, that in a very important branch of education and usefulness, the Russian women are somewhat in advance of the American. They participate in the duties of the medical profession, by managing the department of the obstetric practice—a vocation for which some pretend to think our women are, and must continue to be, incompetent.

The gentleman, during his ten years' residence there, principally in St. Petersburg, had occasion to employ an attendant for his lady, and, with his American ideas of what was necessary to safety, he applied to a medical man of eminence to officiate. The physician laughed at him, and remarked that his attendance would be entirely superfluous, and he should feel somewhat out of his sphere; but he would refer him to a professional woman, for whose ability and skill he would be responsible.

Institutions are provided by the government for the qualification of these females. Their education and practice are under judicious regulations, and they are employed by all, from the empress to the wife of the serf. The gentleman remarked, that having become enlightened in reference to the matter during his residence abroad, he felt a deep interest in the subject, and was very happy to find, on his return, that measures were in progress to supply educated female practitioners among us. He accordingly contributed something to the Society for promoting the object.—*Cor. of the Boston Traveller.*

## How it Originated.

We were not a little amused the other day, sitting at dinner in the princely banqueting-hall of the New York Hotel, the finest in the United States, with a discussion touching the origin of the phrase, 'It ain't nothing else,' or 'He wasn't anywhere else,' etc. One quoted Watts, as having been the first to suggest this negative style of affirmation, in the lines

'Tis heaven to rest in thine embrace,
And nowhere else but there.'

Another contended that the first use of it was by Lamb, who in his reply to Coleridge's query, 'Charles, did you ever hear me preach?' replied, 'I never heard you do anything else,' etc. We remember to have heard 'Jim Grant,' say one morning when it was not known whether Mr. Van Buren had or had not received the nomination of the Baltimore convention, and in reply to a question whether he would be likely to get it: 'Get it?' said Jim; 'get the nomination? He wont get nothing else!'—and he didn't!—*Knickerbocker.*

[Written for The Flag of our Union.]

## Lines to Leona.

BY ZENDIE.

I will love them fondly,
Though their beauty has faded,
Their fragrance around me,
No longer is shed;
With dust they are mingling,
Their blooming is ended,
To me they are living,
Though life's from them fled.

I regard them more fondly,
For scenes they awaken;
Which once my fond heart
With emotions could fill;
Though now I'm dejected,
All sad and forsaken,
When wrapt in sweet memory,
They're dear to me still.

For the kind one who gave them,
They e'er shall be cherished;
They gladdened my heart,
When I drank their perfume.
Now all that is left me,
Though faded and withered,
The first and last token
Of memory's fond boon.

[Written for The Flag of our Union.]

## UNFOUNDED SUSPICION.

BY MRS. E. WELLMONT.

Some people are never easy unless they know all about other people's business. Mrs. Flyabout was just such a personage. She was forever *insinuating* about her neighbor Allright—she wondered how it happened she could dress better than anybody else; she always had plenty of money, too, in her [illegible] besides starting many herself, 'And how on earth,' exclaimed Mrs. F., 'does she do it? Captain Allright is no better off than other people—all her relatives are poor, that fact I've ascertained to a dead certainty; now, how is it such things are done?' was the burden of her song; and finally, she sung it so long, other neighbors began to wonder too; for curiosity and suspicion are contagious diseases.

Not long ago, Mrs. Allright appeared at church with a white crape shawl and a silk dress, new and elegant. This fact set her jealous friends all in commotion, especially as Captain Allright told old Mr. Flyabout that he never advanced a cent towards purchasing his wife's finery. Upon this announcement, Mrs. F. rolled up her eyes and exclaimed, 'Bless me! then the woman has some way to get it you don't know of;' upon which, she declared the captain gave a knowing smile and said not a word.

Mrs. Flattering told Mrs. Flyabout that *she* thought such things ought to be looked into. She hated to tell what she had thought for sometime back, may be it wasn't so; but then, actions speak louder than words, and a few such hints really put our friend's character in quite a questionable light.

Mrs. Allright never regarded ignorant people's suspicions as worth anything—she never quoted them, for she had resources within herself to talk about and meditate over, vastly more improving. Still, scandal will follow in the steps of suspicion, and sometimes the fairest characters will suffer. Mrs. Allright, without knowing it, was jealously watched by her neighbors. One affirmed she saw a light in the chamber she occupied all night; but that was accounted for by the captain's sickness.—Another saw two gentlemen walk away, and as they went, they shook hands at the door with Mrs. Allright; but then they were her two brothers, and for a time it *did* seem as if they never could find a peg to hang their suspicions upon. But at length one circumstance could not be accounted for. Every Saturday morning, just after the captain went out, a young man was seen to enter. He did not look other than a common mechanic; but Mrs. Flyabout said, people could disguise themselves these days and she meant to watch and see; and if things went on as they *had done*, she would report the matter to the church; for she saw no reason why any one should heed Mrs. Allright's standing any more than a less popular woman. She guessed the minister would stare when she told *him*, for he was mighty intimate with Mrs. A.

'Let's know for a certainty,' said Debby Slater; 'you know we were suspicious of Prudence Dashall, and after all, she turned out well; don't let's assert what we see till we are sure we *do* see it.'

This advice rather damped Mrs. Flyabout's jealousy; so she invited aunt Debby to happen in to her house of a Saturday morning and see if that *very man* was not seen going in soon after the captain went out. She did so; and by-and-by a common sort of personage appeared, and after remaining a few minutes left, carrying a little package away. Debby suggested it might be the penny postman, but Mrs. Flyabout said she knew *that* man as well as her own husband. She knew things were not as they ought to be, and it haunted her thoughts day and night. She thought it over and over, and it magnified worse and worse, and the day that Mrs. Allright appeared in church with a new drawn silk bonnet, she resolved she would let out her suspicions whether or no. To be sure, she had mentioned some things to one and another, but then she had always enjoined on them 'not to tell' what she surmised, but women that love to gossip, you know, are not great for keeping secrets.

The next day, Mrs. Flyabout was in the minister's study. She remarked as she entered, she wanted to see him *alone*, for she had a very delicate office to perform. She began in this strain:

'I fear, Mr. Saveall, our church is not what it ought to be;' and she wiped her eyes.

'Unquestionably not,' said the divine, 'but each one to remedy that, must set about personal amendment.'

'But I grieve for backsliders, Mr. Saveall; so many peril their everlasting interests.'

'We must each look to our own standing, Mrs. F.'

'And not to their neighbors at all, I suppose,' said Mrs. F.

'Why, yes, madam; look at home *first*, and having done our work there, we shall be less censorious.'

'But it grieves me to see professors so much like other people, Mr. Saveall. Our church has some very strange members in it.'

'Undoubtedly most churches have.'

'But, sir, I refer to—I hate to tell, but the truth ought to be spoken.'

'Why, yes; if it is an *essential truth*.'

'Do you know my neighbor Allright *thoroughly*, Mr. Saveall? There, now, I've asked a plain question.'

'I think I do, Mrs. Flyabout; but I cannot tell you all her worth. As a wife, mother, friend and professor, her example is beyond suspicion.'

Mrs. F. groaned in spirit—took out her handkerchief and began her narrative, '*How* the man was seen going *every* Saturday morning, and how long he had followed it up—how much she dressed, and how the captain said he never gave her a cent towards it,' and then turning to the minister, she exclaimed, 'what can you make of it, Mr. Saveall?'

He smiled—yes, actually laughed at what made Mrs. Flyabout weep!

'Well,' said she, '*popular people can do anything*, but just let a poor person try it—'

'They could not do it, Mrs. Flyabout.'

'Do what, Mr. Saveall?'

'Why, write for the newspapers, and get money enough to support themselves!'

'Who does it?' asked Mrs. F., all in a twitter.

'Mrs. Allright does it, and that is the boy after copy every Saturday morning you have seen.'

Had Mrs. Flyabout been pierced right through by a cannon ball, she could not have felt more prostrated. She begged Mr. Saveall 'not to tell' her suspicions, and the good man having administered to her a wholesome rebuke, bade her 'good morning,' with his opinion of her piety not all strengthened by her 'conversation alone in his study.'

After that day, Mrs. Allright's character was never called in question, although her abilities made her a subject of some envy among a certain class. Mrs. Flyabout, however, had her mouth hermetically sealed ever after upon this subject.

There was a meeting of the sewing circle soon after; Mrs. Flyabout sat next to Mrs. Allright, and they were conversing very fluently; the remark was distinctly heard from Mrs. Flyabout, that she despised *suspicious people*; everybody had enough to do, to watch over themselves, and for her part she knew nothing about her neighbor's business any more than [illegible]

I have only to add, if all the Flyabouts abide by this rule, unfounded suspicions will never put in jeopardy the character of the innocent. 'A good name is better than precious ointment,' says the proverb. 'Tell what you know,' said the judge, 'it will save a great deal of unnecessary talk.'

[Written for The Flag of our Union.]

## Stanzas.

BY O. O. W.

I sought in dreams the ocean bed,
Where grew the orient pearls;
Far down in caverns dark and dread,
O'er which the white wave curls.
Around me lay the glittering gems,
In robes of darkness furled,
Destined for future diadems,
To awe a subject world.

And prone upon the black earth lay
Treasures unheard, untold,
And crumbling wrecks of argosies,
Freighted with yellow gold.
Yet though so deep in ocean's breast,
So hid in gloom and night;
My hand had power the prize to wrest,
And drag it to the light.

So there are pearls and gold of thought
Deep in the human mind;
Whose wealth by labor might be brought
To raise and bless mankind.
These truths still slumber far below,
Unseen by mortal eyes,
That might upon our darkness glow,
Like stars that gem the skies.

[Written for The Flag of our Union.]

## THE DEAF FISHERMAN.

BY GEORGE W. BUNGAY.

'Once upon a time,' in a busy and beautiful city in the Empire State, there lived and thrived a merchant tailor, who by persevering industry, and rigid economy, accumulated a handsome sum of money. When he became flush with funds, he wisely determined to leave the smoke, noise, dust and vice of the city and purchase an estate in the country. He bought a small farm in the thriving town of Penawanda. He likewise became the proprietor of a fishing-ground, and during the fishing season, his mind was so intensely interested in the welfare of his finny subjects, he made many ludicrous mistakes when responding to the conversation of others. He was quite 'hard of hearing' withal, and of course such an impediment in the way of social communication, rendered it exceedingly difficult for question and answer to go together harmoniously.

For instance, if you inquired the time of day, ten to one if he would not say 'suckers at this season of the year.' If you paid him the compliments of the day, and asked him if he enjoyed good health, more likely than not he would reply—'wholesale and retail.'

One day, a spruce young gentleman (who had fallen deeply and desperately in love with a beautiful young lady at a boarding school), whilst on his way to the residence of the parents of his lady-love, met this leaden-eared fisherman, and politely inquired of him, if the cars had commenced running to the Falls of Niagara?

'Principally pike and mullet,' was the answer.

'You misunderstand me,' continued the traveller; 'I wish to know if the cars have begun their trips to Niagara, and what the fare is?'

'From three to four cents a pound,' was the response.

'Do you design to insult me?' inquired the stranger.

'I will let you have a large quantity for two cents,' replied the ex-tailor, with imperturbable gravity.

The young man, who had with his eyes open been dreaming of the radiant eyes, and rosy cheeks, and sylph-like form of the idol of his affections, did not relish the absurd answers given to his civil questions. The sudden step from the beautiful to the ludicrous, was as shocking to his feelings, as the fall from the sublime to the ridiculous, is to a man of sense and sensitiveness.

'I have a mind to give you a cowhiding, for your impertinence,' remarked the stranger.

'If you do not choose to give it, I know who will,' said the man of fins and scales.

'I should like to know if there are any more such fools as you, in this village,' continued the stranger, menacingly; whilst his flushed face, flashing eyes, and clenched fists, gave unmistakeable indications of an impending storm, which threatened to fall on the unprotected head of the poor, deaf, stupid, innocent, fisherman.

'Tell me, are there any more such fools as you, in this town?'

'We shall make another haul in the morning, before daylight,' was the response he received, from a face as grave as an owl's in an ivy-bush.

Just as the stout young fellow was about to lay violent hands on the unfortunate person who was so anxious to sell his fishes, another trader in eels and suckers came that way, and desired an explanation of the matter.

'Why,' observed the stranger, 'I asked this impudent loafer a civil question, and he has treated me with great incivility.'

'O,' said the third person, 'he is a little hard of hearing. You had better explain your business on paper, then he will see his mistake and make an apology. He is a jealous-pated man, and probably thinks even now that I am striving to undersell him.'

The young stranger tore a scrap of paper from his memorandum, and began to write, when the fisherman cried out 'I will not receive a due bill—my terms are cash on the nail.' The new comer, knowing that his fellow-townsman could hear a little better at one ear than the other, approached him, and at the top of his voice told him he was preparing a *note*.

'Call me a *brute*, do you?' said the deaf man, drawing back a step or two, and springing like a tiger upon his neighbor, and choking him until he was red in the face.

Soon the note was written, and the knight of the shears was so astonished and mortified in consequence of the sad blunders he had made, he hardly knew what to say, or what to do. Finally, he determined to invite the stranger and his neighbor to his house, which was handsomely situated on the bank of the river. Before they reached his dwelling, the young gentleman who was over head and ears in love, ascertained that his anticipated father-in-law lived there, and not at the Falls, and that the deaf fisherman was the father of his heart's idol.

The poor love-smitten man was tossed and tortured on the horns of a strange dilemma, but he had a brave heart, and was resolved to win a fair lady.

In front of the cottage stood a favorite old cow. When the young man ventured to break the silence of this singular meeting, he said with a strong voice, 'I am acquainted with your daughter, sir.'

'She is a fine heifer,' said the old man, looking directly at the cow.

'Your daughter at school, is a particular friend of mine.'

'She is fat as an ox.'

'I allude to your daughter, sir.'

'She gave twelve quarts of milk a day, last summer.'

'You misunderstand me, sir.'

'I think I shall let the butcher have her, for she will never be so good again as she has been.'

'Why, sir, I am speaking to you about your daughter.'

'I will let any man take her for thirty dollars.'

By this time, the lovesick swain began to think of his pencil and paper, and he employed them to such advantage, in due time he married the fisherman's daughter.

[Written for The Flag of our Union.]

## 'Tis lonely now.

BY ISABEL ASHTON.

'Tis lonely now, and mournfully
The evening zephyrs float around;
And fancy's ear is strained to hear
The broken echo of each sound.

'Tis lonely now—would I might wake
Some sweet, some 'dear remembered strain,'
To still the throbbings of my breast,
And bid hope's sunshine beam again.

It may not be—then let me weep
O'er one bright gem, one day-dream fled;
That o'er the darkness of my life
A pleasing, soothing light hath shed.

It may not be—and I must turn
Me to the cold, cold world again;
A smile shall light my brow the while,
Secreted in my heart the pain.

And all my wealth of buried love
Shall in my soul its vigil keep;
And sadly, coldly, gleam the echo
That now with feeling pure doth weep.

[Written for The Flag of our Union.]

## THE BLUFF GAME.

BY UNCLE TOBY.

In a former sketch we gave the reader a slight specimen of the character of one Beau H——, a person as well known between New York and Washington as the telegraph. Beau was not a swindler, but a philosopher rather; for although he never paid, and yet enjoyed always the best to be had, still he played his cards so scientifically, that his victims were forced to laugh at their own losses.

A few summers since, the spring races, being announced for the Long Island course, had drawn together a number of sporting gentlemen from the South, who made their head quarters at the Astor House, New York. One of these gentlemen meeting Beau at Baltimore, knew him to be possessed of information upon every theme, and thought it worth while to invite him to the races with him, offering to pay his passage there and back, for the sake of a pleasant talking companion. This was just what Beau desired; with the countenance of Col. ——, he foresaw at least a month of sport and good living in embryo, and cheerfully started with his patron for New York.

Beau was a stranger at the Astor, but he boldly called for one of the best rooms, where his trunk was duly deposited, and himself installed for a month. The races went on, Beau now and then brought home two or three friends to dine with him, and always called on plenty of champagne and rare wines, until a fortnight had passed, when the office keeper of the hotel, observing that the gentleman's bill was getting rather large, thought it best, in accordance with the custom of the house, to make it out for payment. This was accordingly done, and the bill, amounting to some two hundred dollars, including wines and extra dinners, was laid upon the table in his room. Beau found it there, and although he had not five dollars in the world, or credit for half that sum, yet he was not in the least disconcerted. Stepping into his friend Col. ——'s room, he said:

'Col. ——, lend me your pocket book.'

'My pocket book?'

'Yes.'

'What for?'

'I'll show you.'

'But it's full of bills—there are over thirty thousand dollars here.'

'I know that; it's just what I want.'

'If you will tell me what for, Beau, I don't mind doing it,' replied the Colonel, for he knew among all Beau's sins that he was most scrupulously honorable with his friends, and could be trusted to any amount, when the obligation was of such a nature as the present.

'Why, you see, Col.,' said Beau, 'they have sent in my bill, and I want to bluff 'em off.'

'Well, there's the money, my boy, hand it back soon, for I'm going over to the course this morning.'

'Certainly, all right.'

Summoning an aspect of indignation in his face, Beau went down to the office, and called for the clerk, throwing down his bill with angry demonstrations, and demanded to know if the house was generally resorted to by such a class of travellers, that it was found necessary to send them their bills for payment after the expiration of two or three days.

'Weeks, sir, two weeks,' mildly suggested the clerk.

'Weeks, or days, it's but a trifle, and I don't wish to be bothered in this way.'

'You see, sir, it is necessary for us to have a rule in this matter, and to use all strangers alike.'

'Very well—you shall not have a chance to use me so again; just take the pay out of that,' said Beau, unrolling a thousand dollar note from the 'pile' belonging to his friend; 'and send for my trunk; I'll go where I can be treated like a gentleman.'

The clerk was taken a little aback at the sight of so much money. He took up the thousand dollar note, satisfied himself that it was genuine, and looking at Beau, thought what a profitable boarder he was, how much wine he called for, etc., and that it would be a downright loss to have him go away to another house, then handing back the money, and tearing up the bill, he said:

'You will please excuse me, Mr. H——, but really, I am placed in rather a delicate situation here, and I am compelled to look to the best interest of the house. Don't trouble yourself about the matter, there shall be no farther annoyance to you.'

'Certainly, if there has been a mistake, I am perfectly ready to overlook it,' replied Beau, quietly pocketing the money—'good morning, sir,' and thus saying, he returned to the Colonel's room, and gave back his pocket book.

'Well, my boy, did you fix it completely?'

'Never better, believe me,' said Beau, ringing the bell for cigars and a newspaper.

At the end of the month, the sporting men one by one took up their departure, and none were left behind save Beau, who appeared loth to leave such comfortable quarters. One of the partners of the house, observing that his bill was very large, and perhaps suspecting something from the habits and general manners of Beau, asked the office keeper if he was safe. Whereupon, he was informed of the circumstance of his boarder's offering a thousand dollar note to pay for his first fortnight's board; and the reasons that induced the clerk to decline it. 'Well, well, keep an eye on him,' said the landlord, to his assistant.

In the course of a day or two, Beau was not found at his accustomed seat at table, whereupon the clerk took the precaution to lock up the gentleman's trunk as security. To a second inquiry from one of the partners of the house as to the gentleman's bill, the clerk remarked that it was safe, as he had seized the gentleman's baggage as security. Finally, after the expiration of some days, a search warrant was taken out, and the trunk opened, as the owner seemed to have stepped out, when the landlord and his shrewd assistant found its contents to be a *dirty dicky, and a pair of socks!*

Though Beau sometimes visited New York after this circumstance, the reader is assured that he did not stop at the Astor!

[Written for The Flag of our Union.]

## The Light of a mild blue Eye.

BY A. ELLIOTT.

Give me the light of a mild blue eye,
The throb of a gentle breast;
Its liquid glance and its speaking sigh,
And I'll do all the rest.
I'll woo her in her secret haunt,
I'll win her for my bride;
I'll wear her in my heart of hearts,
I'll cherish her in pride;
My love shall kindly lodge her in
From all the ills of life;
She shall be everything to me—
My star, my friend, and wife.

Give me the love of a blue-eyed girl,
The worship of her heart;
I'll gaily laugh though fate may hurl
Her keenest, bitterest dart.
'In the tempest of life,' should dark clouds fill my skies,
Should my bark in its eddies be cast;
Content will I live, if the light of those eyes
Will but beam on me true to the last.

[Written for The Flag of our Union.]

## THE HUMBUGGED.

BY E. C. D.

I will venture a few remarks upon a summer humbug. Almost as soon as the first green leaf is seen upon the puny tree rearing itself from the tree-box in the street, and the unfrozen Croton bubbles forth, our 'bon ton' commence preparations for a summer jaunt. Carpets are torn up, curtains are torn down, and soon Niagara, Saratoga, Ballston are alive with drones from the New York hive.

Numbers of merchants yet remain, however, who, though unable to rusticate for the season, are unwilling to consent themselves entirely in the city. Half-a-dozen children look hungry for a mouthful of fresh air; accordingly they all set off to gaze upon the graves and tombs of Greenwood—get the vertigo on the swings and wooden horses of Hoboken—suffocate themselves with the smoke, and deafen themselves with the din of the railroad as far as Harlem—walk out of the city in the vicinity of the odorous bone-factories to take a view of the Hudson—then return and settle down with the comfortable conviction that they have been laying in a store of health for a year. Now these deluded individuals I consider victims of a consummate humbug.

With regard to our republic. A republic indeed! Why, everything in New York is *imprisoned*—excepting Satan. Turn out on a fine day for a walk and you see nothing about you but prisoners. Birds swinging from third story windows, peer out at you through the wires, and pour forth shrill wails of lamentation, to the excessive delight of the happy miss—the possessor, who persuades herself that the sweet little creature is singing. You may perhaps catch a glimpse of some beautiful flowers, which, though the very emblems of pure, uninnovated nature, are here guarded by strong iron railings; even the very trees in the street are confined by tree-boxes, after having found their way through the *super-stratum* of paving stone.

The student is a prisoner in his study.—Crime—love of fame. The merchant is a prisoner in his office. Crime—love of money, which, though the 'root of all evil,' is a *very* captivating root nevertheless, when obtained it is imprisoned in a safe, and the next thing a burglar is imprisoned for trying to steal it thence. There's a *republican humbug* for you! But the minor humbugs are innumerable. An unfortunate monkey, for instance, is caught and divested of his skin, which affixed to the tail of a fish, forthwith becomes a *mermaid* and attracts the attention of crowds. A horse is confined and subjected to the operation of having his hair curled all over his body; then with his biography in the newspapers, is suddenly transformed into a newly discovered astonishing animal from terra incognita, and stands up to be looked at by hundreds of curious eyes.

Anon, every fence in the city is adorned with huge placards, announcing the arrival of the first 'living crocodile ever seen in this country,' twenty feet long, etc. You pay your 'quarter,' go in and behold a stuffed alligator-skin. You remonstrate against the cheat, when they swear it's alive, but at present in a 'torpid condition.'

Enough said, however! Every one ought, by this time, to have a very clear understanding of the system of humbuggery, if the quires of paper and bottles of ink bestowed upon the subject have been expended to advantage. And now I will conclude forthwith; for I am just becoming conscious that I am humbugging myself, in supposing I have advanced anything new for the perusal of readers.

## The Bells.

BY EDGAR A. POE.

[POE'S LAST POEM.]

Hear the sledges with the bells—
Silver bells!
What a world of merriment their melody foretells!
How they tinkle, tinkle, tinkle,
In the icy air of night!
While the stars that oversprinkle
All the heavens, seem to twinkle
With a crystalline delight;
Keeping time, time, time,
In a sort of Runic rhyme,
To the tintinnabulation that so musically wells
From the bells, bells, bells,
Bells, bells, bells—
From the jingling and the tinkling of the bells.

Hear the mellow wedding bells,
Golden bells!
What a world of happiness their harmony foretells!
Through the balmy air of night
How they ring out their delight!
From the molten-golden notes,
And all in tune,
What a liquid ditty floats
To the turtle-dove that listens, while she gloats
On the moon!
O, from out the sounding cells,
What a gush of euphony voluminously wells!
How it swells!
How it dwells
On the future! how it tells
Of the rapture that impels
To the swinging and the ringing
Of the bells, bells, bells,
Of the bells, bells, bells, bells,
Bells, bells, bells,
To the rhyming and the chiming of the bells!

Hear the loud alarum bells—
Brazen bells!
What a tale of terror, now, their turbulency tells!
In the startled ear of night
How they scream out their affright!
Too much horrified to speak,
They can only shriek, shriek,
Out of tune,
In a clamorous appealing to the mercy of the fire,
In a mad expostulation with the deaf and frantic fire,
Leaping higher, higher, higher,
With a desperate desire,
And a resolute endeavor,
Now—now to sit, or never,
By the side of the pale-faced moon.
O, the bells, bells, bells!
What a tale their terror tells
Of despair!
How they clang, and clash, and roar!
What a horror they outpour
On the bosom of the palpitating air!
Yet the ear it fully knows,
By the twanging,
And the clanging,
How the danger ebbs and flows;
Yet the ear distinctly tells,
In the jangling,
And the wrangling,
How the danger sinks and swells,
By the sinking or the swelling in the anger of the bells!
Of the bells—
Of the bells, bells, bells, bells,
Bells, bells, bells—
In the clamor and the clangor of the bells!

Hear the tolling of the bells—
Iron bells!
What a world of solemn thought their monody compels!
In the silence of the night,
How we shiver with affright
At the melancholy menace of their tone!
For every sound that floats
From the rust within their throats
Is a groan.
And the people—ah, the people—
They that dwell up in the steeple,
All alone,
And who, tolling, tolling, tolling,
In that muffled monotone,
Feel a glory in so rolling
On the human heart a stone—
They are neither man nor woman—
They are neither brute nor human—
They are ghouls:
And their king it is who tolls;
And he rolls, rolls, rolls,
Rolls
A pæan from the bells!
And his merry bosom swells
With the pæan of the bells!
And he dances and he yells;
Keeping time, time, time,
In a sort of Runic rhyme,
To the pæan of the bells—
Of the bells:
Keeping time, time, time,
In a sort of Runic rhyme,
To the throbbing of the bells—
Of the bells, bells, bells,
To the sobbing of the bells;
Keeping time, time, time,
In a happy Runic rhyme,
To the rolling of the bells,
Of the bells, bells, bells,
To the tolling of the bells—
Of the bells, bells, bells, bells,
Bells, bells, bells—
To the moaning and the groaning of the bells.

*Union Magazine for November.*

## Anecdote of Horn.

We regret to notice the death of the distinguished composer, Charles E. Horn, in the Boston papers. A thorough master of the art and principles of music, he did not meet that success in this country, which his merits deserved. We have heard the following characteristic anecdote touching this composer, and the singer Henry Russell. The two were acquainted in England. Russell came first to this country, and discovered somewhere out West that singing to the public was his most profitable vocation. Successful as he was, and is, it is well known to those posted up in musical matters, that Russell is more a charlatan than an artist of merit. He is what is professionally called a 'gagger.' Soon after Horn came to the United States, Russell met him in a street in this city, and knowing that he had not been successful, seized his hand with great warmth, exclaiming, 'I say, my boy, you don't succeed, hey?' 'Not as well as I had hoped,' said Horn. 'Well,' replied Russell, 'you know, my boy, that Henry Russell is now all the go. Nothing is sung, nothing is popular but Russell's songs. I say, what'll you give me to write you a real Henry Russell song, and set you a-going?' Horn looked at him a moment with his bright, keen eye, and said: 'Henry Russell, *I will give you a lesson in music.*' The conference was ended, and Russell never again sought to set up Charles E. Horn.—*N. Y. Sun.*

## Napoleon's Tomb.

The tomb of Napoleon at St. Helena is for sale! It is offered to the highest bidder, through the columns of the *St. Helena Gazette*, in the following advertisement:—'SALE OF NAPOLEON'S TOMB. VALUABLE LANDED PROPERTY. For sale, the estate called Napoleon's Vale, comprising the dwelling house and the tomb, with about twenty-eight acres of fine arable land, the whole formerly let on a lease to Mrs. R. Tarbell, at one hundred and ten pounds per annum, with about three acres of land situated near the tomb, and entered upon from the Longwood Road, well known as "The Grand Marshal's Retreat."' We presume that the removal of the body of Napoleon has deprived the tomb of its value as a show. No one cares to look upon the place where the dead emperor is *not*, when it is so easy to go to Paris and see his magnificent mausoleum in the church of the *Invalides*. Yet after all, it seems like desecration to put even the empty sepulchre of the 'foremost man of all his time' up at auction. This, however, is a utilitarian age. The bones on the field of Waterloo were sold to make manure of, and why not sell the tomb of the chief whose ambition strewed them there? Meanwhile the Napoleon that *is*, is courted and complimented by his uncle's old foes, thus fulfilling the adage that 'a living ass is better than a dead lion.'—*Noah.*

## Influence of a Praying Youth.

Rev. John Angell James, of Manchester, Eng., has publicly stated that all his usefulness in the ministry and the church of God, may be traced 'to the sight of a companion, who slept in the same room with him, bending his knees in prayer on retiring to rest. Nearly fifty years have since rolled away,' he says, 'but that little chamber, that humble couch, that praying youth, are still present to my imagination, and will never be forgotten, even amid the splendors of heaven.'

# THE FLAG OF OUR UNION.

F. GLEASON, PROPRIETOR.

MATURIN M. BALLOU, EDITOR.

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☞ All communications designed for publication in the paper, must be post paid, and addressed to F. GLEASON, Boston, Mass., Proprietor of The Flag of our Union.

### To our Correspondents.

'The Fisher Boy of Cross Island,' a tale, by J. H. ROBINSON, shall appear next week.
'The Pythoness,' a poem, by C. accepted.
'A Pampero of Buenos Ayres,' a capital yarn, by BRACEBRIDGE, shall find a place in our next.
'Kate,' a pretty token in verse, by O. G. W., accepted.
'Living in the Country,' a prose sketch, by Mrs. E. WELLMONT, filed for the next number.
''Tis past—the Dream of Life is o'er,' in verse, by OSCAR G. HUGHMAN, accepted.
'Hooking a Doctor, or the two-edged Joke,' a humorous sketch, by PAUL CREYTON, shall appear next week.
'The Whirlwind,' a poem, by J. A. R., accepted.
'Hope,' a poem, by PETER PEPPER, accepted.
'Lines by the EDITOR,' (crowded out of a former issue,) shall appear in the coming number.
'War and the Warrior,' a poem, by J. F. WEISHAMPEL, Jr., accepted.
'The Peri-l,' a poem, by A. ELLIOTT, accepted.
'My Sister Lou',' a pretty contribution in verse, by JULIA A. A. SARGENT, shall appear in our next.
'Crest,' a fine poem, by H. BENJAMIN accepted.
'The Sea-Lark, or The Quadroon of Louisiana.'—This is the title of an original novellette, from the pen of a new contributor, which will be commenced in the next number.
'Happiness,' 'The Fairy's Song,' 'In the Glance of the Eye,' are respectfully declined.

### Wit and Humor.

'Mirth is the medicine of life.'

There is so much real misery all around us, so many melancholy clouds shadowing the walks of life, that he who administers medicine to the sad heart in the shape of wit and humor is most surely a good Samaritan—Open, unrestrained merriment is a safety valve to the heart and disposition. If overburthened by noxious gas in the shape of care, pull the strings of wit, up flies the valve of fun, and out goes the trouble and vexations of life to the four winds of heaven. It is a fact beyond dispute, that mirth is as innate in the mind as any other quality that nature hath planted there. It only wants cultivation, and the more we cultivate it the more fruitful it becomes. Your true philosopher jests as well as preaches, and often indeed enforces his strongest points most forcibly by appealing to our natural sense of the humorous.

Now, although wit and humor are almost universally represented as twin brothers, and indeed are so, to the thoughtless world, yet they are very far from being related by blood. Wit is cold and calculating, yet sharp and heartless, while humor is all heart and good will, and when the laugh is raised, it laughs *with* you, not *at* you. Wit is often destructive, humor is creative. A philosophical writer has compared the former to the lightning, the latter to the genial sunshine! Wit rather demands the unhealthy climate of malignant passions, whereas humor thrives only in the atmosphere of good feeling and fellowship—Now the Flag, for instance, may be said to be humorous, for, running over with fun, yet its fun is not pointed with wit to hit any one, but is rather steeped in humor, and is thus congenial to every reader. We must not forget to give to satire a place in our humble sketch. It is perhaps so nearly allied to wit that it may be called 'one of the family,' though not exactly a twin brother. We will give an example of each of the three powers we have referred to. The discriminating reader will at once appreciate the destinction and see the bearing of our analysis. A *satirist* told a friend who was about starting for the golden valley of the Sacramento, that the name California is derived from the Greek words *kalos* and *phornia*, meaning *beautiful moonshine.*—A *wit* told the same adventurer a story of a Frenchman who dug thirty-two thousand dollars in one afternoon, but, unfortunately, dying three days subsequent, the lumps he left were all so large, that his friends could not find one *small* enough to pay his funeral expenses. A *humorist* told our adventurer the story of a man who was seen sitting by the banks of a small stream, upon a lump of the precious metal, so very large that he dared not leave it, offering twenty thousand dollars for a plate of beans!

In the first example we see the keen, bitter satire which calls the California enterprise *beautiful moonshine*, in the second, the gratified malignity as to the death of a miser, and the exaggerated idea of the impossibility of meeting even his *funeral expenses*; but in the last we have a picture of the ludicrous, exciting our sense of the ridiculous, and challenging a good-natured laugh over the humorous picture of a man seated upon a mine of wealth, offering twenty thousand dollars for a plate of beans!

### A Soldier's Death.

Lieut. Col. Dickenson, of the Palmetto Regiment, being wounded at the storming of Cherubusco, was left in the hospital at Miscoac. In the delirium of fever he heard a drum beat the reveille at early morn. Raising himself with an effort, he looked calmly toward the window, and said, in his deep tones of command, 'Battalion, halt! order arms! rest!' and, falling back, immediately expired.

### Belvidere Hall.

We shall give a spirited and life-like engraving in our next paper, of Belvidere Hall Dorchester,—the summer residence of the proprietor of the Flag. It is done in Manning's best style, from an original painting by Gerry.

A NEW WORD.—One of the Philadelphia papers announces that a firm in that city threw open their magnificent *Dry Goodery* to the public, on Monday morning last. 'Dry Goodery' is good!

A FAIR EXCHANGE.—The female teacher of a country school once said to one of her visiters: 'It's but little they pays me, and it's but little I teaches 'em.'

LIQUID STYLE.—A paper in speaking of a temperance address, says it abounded with *oceans* of sentiment, *rivers* of love, *torrents* of feeling, and a perfect *deluge* of sense.

POWER OF MIND.—'Beware,' says a brilliant essayist, 'when the great God lets loose a thinker on this planet. Then all things are at risk!'

An egg to-day is much better than a hen tomorrow.—*Philadelphia City Item.*

Not if the former has 'outlived its usefulness.'

### Editorial Ink-Drops.

Washington Irving received a severe hurt the other day by the upsetting of his carriage.

A freight train lately passing thro' Keene, N. H., for Boston, numbered 123 cars.

Miss Cushman cleared $5000 by fifteen nights' performances at the Broadway theatre.

Mr. Buchanan is going to New Orleans this winter, to visit his friend, Mr. Slidell.

Remember, young ladies, that the proof of true love is respect, not freedom.

Massachusetts manufactures over $18 000,000 of boots and shoes for the other States.

The knowing ones say that Santa Anna is striving to make fresh trouble in Mexico.

Father Mathew is going south, and has engagements to fill at Charleston and N. Orleans.

The papers are still agitating the scheme of a great railroad from the Atlantic to the Pacific.

The Spaniards are paving the streets of Havana with Boston granite.

A recent census shows the white population of South Carolina to be 280,385.

Eleven thousand three hundred and twenty bales of cotton arrived at N. Orleans in one day.

The ratio of deaths by cholera in N. York city the past season, is one in every eighty.

They have spiders in Cincinnati as large as a quarter of a dollar. Are they web-footed?

Asa Amory, a citizen of Medford, Mass., died of hydrophobia recently, in great agony.

The largest sized elephants are met with in the overland route to California.

New York city collects an annual tax of $7000 for omnibus licenses alone.

Christopher Lilley, the notorious prize fighter, was lately killed in an affray at Albany.

There have been one hundred deaths by the stranger's fever, in Charleston, the past season.

At Nice the priests have publicly burnt the Protestant Bible—God forgive them!

Ten thousand drunkards are said on good authority to die annually in London.

Sydney Smith once called Daniel Webster a steam engine in breeches. Rather personal.

The Heron family are playing successfully in the western cities. They merit it.

### The California Fever.

Looking coolly and calmly upon the California gold discovery, we find that so far from its having proved a profitable investment of capital and time thus far, the balance is largely against the enterprise and in favor of commerce and hard dollars. Sufficient time has transpired to give the business a pretty fair trial, and the experience of earlier pioneers has been amply improved upon by adventurers who have followed in their footsteps, seeking for the glittering ore. One hundred thousand persons at least have left good trades and professions in the United States, that were thriving under their hands, to seek for gold—Of course the community at large—insensibly perhaps—suffers from this drain upon the bone and sinew of the country. These hundred thousand emigrants have carried away a capital in hard money, of more than a million of dollars, and goods to *six times* that amount.

Commodore Voorhees, at San Francisco, August 31st, writes to his brother in New York, that there are about two hundred and fifty vessels in San Francisco harbor, many of them large ships, and mostly abandoned and going to ruin. If they are not taken care of in time, he thinks they will all be wrecked the coming winter. Before winter arrives, the number will probably increase to four or five hundred—and the loss, if they are permitted to suffer the fate which he predicts, cannot be less than five or six millions of dollars. Here we see an investment of some seven millions of capital, saying nothing of the contingent circumstances, and in return but about three millions of dollars have been realized. This is the *present state* of the enterprise; there may be, and we trust there will be, a more flattering result in the future.

### Fanny Forrester.

N. P. Willis, speaking of this gifted authoress, in reference to the report of her continued ill health, utters the following eloquent and richly merited eulogy to her character. We observe, by-the-by, that Mrs. Judson has another 'bird' in her 'Indian nest.'

That the constitution of this sweet child of genius was of consumptive tendency we knew; but had confidently hoped that the change of climate and the air of a warmer latitude would have the beneficial effect they often do, and give her better health than she had hitherto known. If she dies there, her grave will be well placed, in a path of duty; but there are those here to whom a certainty of not seeing her again in this world will be heavy to bear. Her day will have been bright and brief, but it sets with a rosy promise of a still fairer tomorrow; for the light of a soul like hers sends its brightness downlike, before the pure spirit's descent below the horizon of the grave, when we know that, as the light pales on this side of that dark limit to our vision, it kindles on the other side in the glowing welcome of angels.

### THE SEA LARK; OR, THE QUADROON OF LOUISIANA.

BY ALBERT W. SUMNER.

This is the title of an intensely interesting novellette, to be commenced in the next number of the Flag. It is one of the best written stories, and embraces one of the best arranged plots, that we have ever given in these columns, and we feel confident will prove highly popular with our readers. The scenes partake of both sea and land, and afford a variety, in style, locality and character, rarely met with in modern stories. We bespeak a hearty welcome for 'THE SEA LARK.'

BEER.—In Bavaria the public tranquillity depends on the price of beer. When the king taxes it a little too high, a great fermentation arises, and revolution is threatened. All he has to do is to reduce the tax, and everything becomes quiet. At the last accounts, revolution was daily expected in Munich, the people demanding a reduction in the price of beer.

BEAUTIES OF MONARCHY.—The Austrians, in their animal fierceness, still appear to keep up their war against the women and children of the vanquished. According to the Cologne Gazette, the aged mother of Kossuth had been brought to Pesth a prisoner of war.

RANK AND FILE.—The Derby (Conn.) Journal, speaking of the parade of the 'Derby Blues,' says, that although they numbered but *about* twelve muskets, yet their new uniform and soldier-like appearance were universally admired!

By a reference to our Bank Note List, our readers will perceive that *five* banks have failed since our last publication. A great country, this!—*Saturday Post.*

O, banks are a great invention, *they* are. Hard money is a humbug; *it* is!

MORE TEACHERS.—Gov. Slade, the agent of the Board of National Education, went west a short time since in company with some twenty-five young ladies on their way to take the charge of schools in the West.

NEW SCHEME.—The Tribune correspondent says a new Pacific railway scheme is to be brought forward that will take the wind out of all others. Well, the less *wind*, the better.

## VOLUME FIFTH OF THE FLAG OF OUR UNION.

On the first of January, 1850, we shall commence a new volume of the Flag, under the most flattering auspices, with an unrivalled circulation, a well-organized corps of contributors, an experienced editor, and with new type throughout.

The main features of the paper will be as heretofore, the publisher having found the Flag in its original style and plan to be popular beyond precedent. The head will be newly engraved and highly improved and altered.—The emblematical designs at the heads of the columns will give place to new and ingenious ones prepared expressly for this paper, and in short we shall put on with the new year,

### AN ENTIRE NEW DRESS.

Maintaining the same neutral position in politics and sectarian matters, we shall freely discuss the current topics of the day, and aim to be as acceptable and agreeable to the reader as in the years bygone. As the new volume will commence with an

### Original and Brilliant Novellette,

from the pen of

LIEUTENANT MURRAY,

it will be important to those who desire to secure all the numbers containing the story, to send in their names at the earliest moment, and especially for clubs to complete their organization at once.

Our readers will bear us witness that we have never promised in these columns more than we have performed; and we now assure them that the Flag shall be fully equal to its past character, and that the coming volume shall evince an improvement on its predecessors, embracing all its former enterprise, with the renewed exertion that is prompted by continual success and popularity.

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All orders must be addressed, *post paid*, to the Publisher of The Flag of our Union.

### Sands of Gold.

*Gathered from the writings of Shakspeare for the Flag.*

He that is giddy thinks the world turns round.
Knavery's plain face is never seen till used.
If money go before, all ways do lie open.
A beggar's book outworths a noble's blood.
Bounty, being free itself, thinks all others so.
Honest as the skin between his brows.
A friend should bear his friend's infirmities.
Few love to hear the sins they love to act.
Sweet mercy is nobility's true badge.
There is no darkness but ignorance.
Hanging and wiving go by destiny.
Beggars mounted run their horses to death.
The whirligig of time brings in his revenges.
O world, how apt the poor are to be proud!
Honor's train is longer than his foreskirt.
Assume a virtue, if you have it not.
Forbear to judge, for we are sinners all.
Some falls are means the happier to arise.
How full of briers is this working day world.
How hard it is to hide the sparks of nature.
Silence is the perfect herald of joy.
Every one can master a grief but he that has it.

### A Rare Fisher.

They tell, now and then, a tough story about fish, and dogs, and others animals. Here is one from the Newburyport Union to match. Verily, Pussy's piscatorial feats would do honor to Izaac Walton. 'Cats take peculiar care to avoid getting wet; but there is one domiciled near Coffin's Wharf at the north part of the town, as we are informed by those who have witnessed her aquatic feats, who is not only not afraid of water, but seeks it for the purpose of obtaining food. Small fish congregate near the wharf; and this cat is often seen making her way there, and to plunge into the water after them, which she does successfully, seldom emerging from the liquid element without a trophy of her skill in pursuing this unusual employment for one of the feline race.'

### Practical Abolition.

It is stated that an application has been made to the Colonization Society at Washington, for a passage to Liberia of a family of about sixty persons, whose master left them the privilege of going, provided the Society can defray the expenses. It will cost three thousand dollars to settle them in Liberia, and the Society are endeavoring to raise the funds. One gentleman in Alabama has offered to be one of thirty who will give one hundred dollars each towards this object.

NEWSPAPER POSTAGE.—The Clearspring Sentinel suggests the only feasible argument that we have ever yet heard given, why newspapers should not be transmitted free through the mails. But still, friend Sentinel, local papers are too valuable intrinsically, not to be supported.

RUSSIAN AND TURKISH NAVY.—The emperor of Russia has 17 ships of the line in the Black Sea. The Sultan of Turkey has 12, nearly all of which were built by Henry Eckford and Mr. J. F. Rhodes of New York, and are among the most superb specimens of naval architecture in the world.

The Republic is quite a match for the Union, and half the Locofoco papers in the country.—*Ohio State Journal.*

Call it a 'locofoco match,' then, and done with it.

FROM EXPERIENCE.—'The Way the Widower popped the Question,' is the title of an original article in the Pittsfield Eagle, whose editor has just taken to himself a second wife.

CAPE ANN LIGHT.—This is one of the most industrious and pleasantly conducted papers in New England.

Within a few days back, the flour market has recovered.—*Troy Budget.*

That's good, but what's been the matter with it? The 'prevailing epidemic?'

EXPEDITION.—The Rappahannock Canal, Va., which was begun twenty years ago, was completed last week.

PRESCOTT, the historian, is at Pepperell, N. H., engaged on a new historical work.

### From our Foreign Files.

James King, the weaver poet, of Paisley, died on the 27th ult., aged 75.

The Hungarian refugees were permitted to go whither they would. Some had sailed in American and French vessels.

The Austrian government is preparing a new tariff. The monopoly of tobacco is to be abolished.

A proposal for establishing the electric telegraph in India is under consideration of the East India Company.

Russia has thirty ships of the line in the Baltic, and fifteen in the Black Sea, with as many frigates.

They are reviving the old humbug in Ireland, of collecting 'the rint,' under the lead of John O'Connell.

The queen has commissioned Mr. Deane Butler to prepare plans for a royal residence in Ireland, and they are now ready.

The emperor Nicholas, in his contemptuous opinion of the crescent of Turkey, evidently thinks the Ottoman moon to be made of *very* green cheese.—*Punch.*

La Presse, which accomplished more for the election of Louis Napoleon than any other journal, now sets up the Prince de Joinville as its candidate for the next occasion.

Some of the pupils at the military school in the Rue Blanche, Paris, are now taught to sing, with a view of introducing singing into some descriptions of military music.

The Italian Theatre of Paris will shortly re-open, under the management of Lumley and Merchant, this last person being the named manager. The troupe will consist of Mmes. Jenny Lind, Sontag, Alboni, and Messrs. Marda Lablanche, Ronconi, and others.

A reputed old witch died recently in Fife, after having enjoyed the perquisite of a fish from every fisherman who desired good fortune; and on searching her dwelling, 2000 sixpences, 1020 shillings, 9 sovereigns, £7 in bank notes, and £40 in addition, were discovered in bags.

### Dewdrops of Wisdom.

Where the world rebuketh, there look thou for the excellent.

Nothing but may be better, and every better may be best.

Keep out of a hasty man's way for awhile; out of a sullen man's all your life.

Those smiles which we assume when we go into public, are more frequently wanted at home than abroad.

A sound faith is the best divinity; a good conscience the best law; and temperance the best physic.

A letter timely writ is a rivet to the chain of affection; and a letter untimely delayed is as rust to the soldier.

The surest and most effectual gold diggers are those who use the plough and spade, in the pursuit of agriculture.

It is easy to exclude the noontide light by closing the eyes; and it is easy to resist the clearest truth by hardening the heart.

He that is only real had need have exceeding great parts of virtue; as the stone has need to be rich, to be set without foil.

The only argument against the immortality of the soul is drawn from our own experience. We cannot but feel we are not fit to live once, much less twice.

The most criminal of all men is he who takes advantage of unsuspecting confidence, to work out any ends but those for which that confidence was given in full faith.

Phidias made the statue of Venus at Elis, with one foot upon the shell of a tortoise, to signify two great duties of a virtuous woman, which are to keep at home, and be silent.

He that thinks himself injured, let him say, 'Either I have deserved this, or I have not; if I have, it is a judgment; if I have not, it is an injustice; and the doer of it has more reason to be ashamed of it than the sufferer.'

Thou canst be brought to no situation in life, be it ever so untoward, where Providence has not been before thee. It has its lesson for thee. Therefore faint not, nor murmur; for He who brought thee thither will grant needed strength and guidance if thou seek it.

### The Joker's Budget.

Why are four roods like a decayed tooth? Because they are an acre, (acher.)

'What does your husband deal in, madam?' 'He deals cards chiefly, sir.'

Whose best works are most trampled upon? A shoemaker's—because good shoes last longer than bad ones.

All the seamstresses in London, except the public sewers, have been removed into Threadneedle street.

A western editor says a theatrical manager nightly gives Shakspeare and Bulwer '*fits*,' for the amusement of his audiences.

If a man reap 'whatsoever he soweth,' what a harvest of coats and breeches the tailors will have one of these days.

'Jim, you young rascal, where are you going?' 'Fishsin, mam.' 'What have you got in your mouth?' 'Nothin' but vorms.'

If you cannot inspire a woman with love for you, fill her above the brim with love of herself, and all that runs over will be yours.

The only philosopher's stone that ever proved of much value, was the one with which David killed Goliath. It was a settler.

A girl in Greenwich, during the holidays, being asked to play at kiss in the ring, replied that she should like to play at kiss after the ring—and was soon taken at her word.

'I'm not afraid of a barrel of cider!' said a toper to a temperance man. 'I presume not, from your appearance; I should think a barrel of cider would *run* at your approach,' was the reply.

It is said that every boy servant on a farm requires a man to look after him. The following is also a rural saying; 'One boy is a boy—two boys are half a boy—three boys are ne'er a boy at all.'

'Whatever God has made is perfect,' said a Western preacher to his hearers. 'What do you think of me?' asked a hunchback, rising and exhibiting his own deformity. 'Think of you!' replied the preacher, 'why, that you are as perfect a hunchback as I ever saw in my life.'

### Miscellaneous Items.

Foote, the young man who, while inflamed by intoxicating drink, murdered his niece at North Bradford, Ct., first committed rape upon her, and afterwards so beat and abused his mother that she died in consequence, has been found guilty of murder in the first degree.

That is not a very bad idea of Campbell's (who writes from California to the Times) upon the toleration of slavery in the new country. 'Sir,' he says, 'in a state where every white man makes a slave of himself, there is no use in keeping niggers.'

God has placed upon earth, says St. Pierre, two gates which lead to heaven. He has put them at the two extremities of life, one at the entrance and the other at the exit. The first is that of innocence—the last is that of repentance.

A watch mine was discovered in Utica, N. Y., some days since. A man engaged in setting out trees struck upon a vein of eight watches, seven of which were silver and one gold cased. They were antique, and no clue has been found as to where or whom they belonged.

By the Reveille, we find that Miss Jane Boswell, of St. Louis, was married on the 23d of August, at Bull Falls, Wisconsin, to Mr. Benjamin Single. Thus, though the young lady was married, she still enjoys *Single* blessedness.

At Birmingham fair, recently, a brass-founder, named John Deval, paid a visit to Batty's menagerie, and incautiously leaning on the same work of the den in which the leopard was confined, the animal seized hold of his arm, and lacerated it so severely that death resulted.

### Quill and Scissors.

The committee appointed to procure from Michigan a stone for the Washington monument, have been tendered by one of the mining companies a *solid block of copper*, as a type of the most valuable natural production of the State!

The oldest man in France, M. Jean Baptiste Robillard, died October 1, at Fontenay, near Paris, at the age of 113 years, 4 months and 2 days. He was born in June, 1736. Robillard retained the use of his faculties till the last moment.

The Staunton (Va.) Vindicator states that Mrs. Bell, the widow of Francis Bell, deceased near Long Glade in that county, has liberated all her slaves, 83 in number, with a view to their settlement in some one of the free States.

Mrs. E. Oakes Smith has written a comedy, called 'the Doctor,' which has been played at Portland. The Advertiser says the piece is pretty and humorous, and may be made effective and successful on the stage.

If a girl has pretty teeth she laughs often, if she's got a pretty foot she'll wear a short dress, and if she's got a neat hand she's fond of a game of whist; and if the reverse, she dislikes all *these small affairs.*

Louisa F. Corning obtained a verdict at Syracuse for $3000 against Richard S. Corning for assault. She is his niece, a respectable maiden lady of 32 years, and the assault consisted in horse-whipping.

An explosion took place in London on the night of the 12th, at a firework maker's in Bermondsey. Thirteen persons were in the house. Two bodies were found in the ruins and several more were missing.

A schooner supposed to be the Mobile, a regular packet between Mobile and Pensacola, went to pieces on Sand Island, near Mobile, in the storm of the 15th, and all on board are supposed to have perished.

Eldrin Wells, for setting fire to the barn of Mr. Richard Kimball, in Haverhill, Mass., on the 5th of July, has been sentenced to two days solitary and four years in the State Prison.

On Monday of last week, the new engine 'Salem,' just placed on the Essex railroad, ran the distance of *four miles in four minutes*, on her last trip from Lawrence to Salem.—*Salem Register.*

Punch teaches how to do the obstreperous colonies: 'They wont take our paupers after they have become convicts. Let us send them out as emigrants before they get into prison.'

There is now living in the Colon quarter of the city of Havana a native of Guanabacoa, spinster, aged 116 years. Her health and bodily strength are still in excellent preservation.

Increase Thorp, a respectable farmer in Westport, Conn., committed suicide by cutting his throat. Mr. T. was about fifty years of age, and leaves a wife.

A Scotch pupil being asked 'who David was, that killed the muckle giant?' replied, he was the son of Jesse, and that Jesse was 'the flower of Dunlane.'

Alexander the Great valued learning so highly, that he used to say, 'that he was more indebted to Aristotle for giving him knowledge, than to his father Philip for life.'

W. C. Bryant, the poet, has returned from his tour through England, Scotland, France and Germany, and has resumed his duties as editor of the New York Evening Post.

The editor of the Plymouth Rock has had presented to him apples from a tree planted by Peregrine White, the first child born in New England of the Puritan stock.

In Normandy and Brittany the apples used for cider are in extraordinary abundance. In the memory of man the trees were never seen so abundant.

The Universalist Society in Manchester have commenced building a new and splendid church, in one of the best locations in the place.

A new railroad is projected at the south, from Mobile to Charleston, which, if constructed, would allow a gain of 40 hours over the present mail route.

The first divorce in Minesota Territory has just been made by the Legislature—that of Lewis Larammine from Wa-ken-ya-ke-wings, an Indian woman.

C. B. Ives, Esq., sculptor, who for the last ten years has been in Italy, devoting his time to the study of his art, has returned to this country.

Professor James C. Booth has received the appointment of melter and refiner, at the Mint at Philadelphia, vice McClintock, resigned.

An English astronomer having seen a negro for the first time in his life, exclaimed, in great astonishment, it was a man in a state of eclipse.

The office of the Democratic Union, Harrisburg, was burnt on Sunday morning, causing damage to the extent of $4000, which is fully insured.

At Xenia, Ohio, Jesse Ramsbottom has been found guilty of cutting his wife's throat with a razor, and sentenced to be hanged on the 25th of January.

John G. Ponder, a negro trader, was murdered with an axe while asleep in his tent near Hawkinsville, Georgia; he had sixty negroes with him.

Nine gold medals, out of the thirty awarded at the annual Fair of the American Institute, just closed, were borne off by New England men.

At present (as the common saying here is), there are but two things really in demand, viz: women and lumber.

The British Museum has paid $250 for one coin—the only crown piece in existence bearing the effigies of Darnley and Mary.

The largest packet ship ever built in the country is now on the stocks at Williamsburgh, New York. Her burthen is 1700 tons.

The American Art Union in New York took $1000 in one day last week. The visiters average 4000 per day.

Gen. Shields was elected U. S. Senator in the Illinois legislature, having 72 votes to 21 for Cyrus Edwards.

It is understood that cigars are terrible dear in France and England, as Spain has no Cuba to back her.

Horace Eaton, formerly Governor, has been chosen Superintendent of Common Schools in Vermont.

The Home Journal says that Frederika Bremer is betrothed to a gentleman named Downing.

A land slide has occurred in Cleveland, taking an acre or two of valuable property into the lake.

Seven bears were seen on Sunday on the hills about Bennington, Vt.; three had been shot previous.

In Chicago there is a drinking establishment for every sixty of the inhabitants! Who wonders at the mortality there last summer?

Under the new bankruptcy law of England, the bankrupt's family is supported until he has passed his final examination.

The circulation of bank notes in Ireland, during the present year, has been reduced from seven millions and a half, to four millions.

There are 18 different papers published in Texas, equal to one for every 850 voters. The press is generally well conducted.

Mr. *Macready* re-appeared at the Haymarket on the 8th ult., with *extra* applause, on account of his sudden exit from the country.

The steamer Ocean Wave sunk in the Illinois river on Friday night.

Money in San Francisco is loaned at five per cent a month.

Why are railroads like school-boys? Because switches are used on them.

Upwards of 30,000 emigrants have landed at the Canadian ports this season.

Sir John Franklin sailed from England on his Arctic expedition, May 19, 1845.

A Dry Dock is about to be constructed in Halifax harbor.

'If you stop at me, I want stay with you,' as the bullet said to the percussion cap.

### Local Matters.

#### Amusements.

The success of theatricals in Boston at this time, when compared to the period that saw that beautiful temple of the drama, the Tremont Theatre, turned into a church, presents a great contrast. Three or four theatres now do very well, and the two best do an excellent business. By the by, while upon this subject, we see that the old Baptist church, in Genesee street, Syracuse, N. Y., has been converted into a theatre, called the 'National.' Thus we go. Mrs. Barrett's engagement at the Museum has proved so profitable, that it has already been twice renewed, and she is still delighting large audiences.—Chanfrau has been drawing well at the Howard, since Miss Davenport left.—Hudson, the Irish comedian, is soon to appear at this house.—Dumbolton's Serenaders have been giving concerts at the Lyceum Theatre.—Miss Charlotte Cushman, who has been performing so successfully at New York and Philadelphia, is soon expected here. She has just sent, we see by the papers, fifty dollars to the Dramatic Fund Society.—The Beach Street Museum has been doing a moderate business; and the National keeps on the even tenor of its way. Report says that we shall have Forrest at the Howard some time during the winter.

### His Native City.

A correspondent of the St. Louis Reveille, writing from Boston, under a late date, thus describes his sensations upon returning to his native city, after a long absence:

'I shall not attempt to describe the delight with which I looked once more upon my native city, after an absence of eight years. What changes! What vast improvements meet the eye on every side! Look about Boston!—Listen to the distant rumbling sound and the shrill whistle that from every point pierces the ear. You become aware of those "iron arms" that stretch in all directions, you see long trains of magnificent cars constantly moving in and out of the city. The noble railroad depots on all sides, are among the grandest architectural ornaments to be seen in Boston.'

The Liberator, of this city, publishes a memorial, asking the Legislature for the repeal of all laws in this Commonwealth which enforce the observance of the first day of the week as 'the Lord's day,' or the 'Sabbath.'—*Transcript.*

Isn't it enough that Garrison and his clique should go mad about abolitionism, without their seeking to interfere with more sacred things?

INSTINCT.—It is a curious fact in natural history, that we have never seen laid down in books, but of which we have had ocular demonstration in the West Indies, that there is a species of crab which lives in the mountains, but spawns in the sea, and travels there for the purpose; after being hatched, the young crabs instinctively travel to the mountains.

ROBBERIES.—The daily papers show crimes of all sorts to be sadly on the increase in our city, and the police are busy in arresting counterfeiters, burglars, thieves, and highway robbers, almost by the dozen. A sad state of affairs.

BOSTON INVESTMENTS.—By an estimate recently made, the amount of investments in various enterprises, by the capitalists of Boston, since the spring of 1846, reaches the sum of $50,000,000, exclusive of stock taken in the United States loans, amounting to about nine millions more.

COMMERCE OF BOSTON.—For the week ending November 3d, merchandise was exported to the value of $296 554 58 in domestic products, and $58 825 99 in foreign products.—Same time in 1848, foreign products, $28,105 91, domestic, $157,906 73.

THE GRANITE STATE.—Natives of New Hampshire, now residents of Boston, ate a grand festival dinner together at the immense hall over the Fitchburg depot a few days since. Citizens of other New England States now residing in this city propose to follow suit.

EAST BOSTON RESERVOIR.—The contractors have broken ground in East Boston preparatory to the erection of a grand reservoir to supply the people of this section of the city with pure Cochituate. A high spot of ground has been chosen for this purpose.

PROCLAMATION.—Our governor has issued his proclamation appointing Thursday, 29th inst., for the annual celebration of our good old New England thanksgiving. An occasion that calls home the wanderers from the social circle, and makes happy the parental roof.

DONATION.—We see that Mr. Greeley, of the New York Tribune, has sent one hundred dollars to the committee for the benefit of the 'striking journeymen tailors' of this city.—The said tailors are still standing upon their 'reserved rights.'

RECOVERY OF BODIES.—Dead bodies are still almost daily picked up, washed ashore, doubtless being a part of the crew or passengers wrecked in the ill-fated brig St. John, that went ashore on Cohasset rocks a few weeks since.

CHOLERA ON SHIPBOARD.—The ship Michael Angelo, arrived at quarantine below this port, lately, lost one seaman and twenty-five passengers by cholera, on the passage from Liverpool.

PROLIFIC.—Mr. C. D. Noyes, of Waltham, raised from two seeds 27 squashes this season, ten of which weighed 582 lbs. One of them is on exhibition in this city, which weighs 106 pounds.

SHIP PLYMOUTH ROCK.—This fine packet ship, of Train's line, sailed from our harbor a day or two since, with one hundred passengers for Liverpool, and a cargo valued at over fifty thousand dollars.

Father Mathew has in a good measure recovered from his illness.—*Troy Whig.*

In 'a good measure?' You don't mean in a horn, do you, neighbor?

THE DANCE.—Preparations are making for a gay winter in Boston, and many public balls are already in course of arrangement. 'First two couples forward.'

POTATOES.—Cargoes of potatoes are daily arriving from the British provinces. There has been an excellent crop this season, and the probability is they will be cheap.

THE MAIL.—Our neighbors of the Daily Mail have donned an entire new typographical *dress*, and look as neat as a pin. The Mail is an entertaining and popular paper, hard to beat.

CURIOSITY.—Kimball, of the Boston Museum, is in negotiation for the chair in which the sun sets.

EAST BOSTON.—A movement is in progress to establish a Mercantile Library in this flourishing section of our city.

## OUR OLIO COLUMN.

[Written for The Flag of our Union.]

### The Fate of Sir Hetrick Heine.

A BALLAD WITH A MORAL.

BY WILL WINKLE.

Sir Hetrick Heine, a Florentine,
In service of the queen,
In enmity with her majesty,
Resolved upon a scheme.

To well repay, upon a day
Allotted for the crime,
For insults he from her majesty
Received from time to time.

At his command, a ruthless band
Of ruffians raised he,
And slyly sought to gain the court
That held her majesty.

With torch in hand, that bloody band
Gained access to the court;
And there was she, her majesty,
The victim that they sought.

'On, on!' cries Heine, the Florentine,
'Dispatch your sovereign power;
Great wealth to he who instantly
Makes this her dying hour.'

'Thou traitor Heine!' exclaims the queen,
'How dare you thus appear?
Away, foul man, with all thy clan,
Or sure 'twill soon be here.'

'I'll not depart, till through thy heart
This trusty sword is thrust;
And on its blade thy blood has made
The glistening steel to rust.'

'Why should I die? what infamy
Demands my blood by thee?
Thou miscreant, Heine, 'tis some foul scheme,
Some dark conspiracy.'

'Madam, abate your idle prate;
Prepare yourself for death;
But minutes three I'll give to thee,
To use e'er more your breath.'

'As you persist, so I resist;
Prepared am I for death;
But, sir, I swear your comrades there,
Nor you, shall take my breath.

'If I must die, my dignity
As queen, shall ne'er be sped;
Ten thousand pounds I offer down
For his foul, treacherous head.

'To any man that's in your clan,
That brings the same to me;
Shall by my hand exalted stand,
And that right royally.'

No sooner said, than Heine's old head
Went rolling on the floor;
And every man in that bold clan
Subordination swore.

'Long live the queen! and cursed be Heine!'
Each shouted loud and long;
The weak o'ercame the strong again—
So endeth now my song.

[Written for The Flag of our Union.]

### The False Heart.

BY INCOGNITO, JR.

They told me not to love her—
And said she would deceive;
But, bright as stars above her,
I then could not believe.
They warned me, ere I met her,
And said she would beguile;
But I with trusting fondness let her
Delude me with her smile!

At noonday I'd be dreaming—
At night would be awake;
Her vision always seeming
Its shrine within to take.
My labor was a pleasure;
I lived in sanguine joy;
Adored her as a treasure,—
A cold and heartless toy!

Ah, yes! but I must sing it—
Her shame and my disgrace;
And innocence may fling it
Back in her syren face.
While I was thus believing,
While I of true love dreamed—
Her false heart was deceiving,
'Twas not the gem it seemed.

Too mean for woman's spirit,
Too vile to know the same,
Though memory still may hear it,
My lips breathe not her name.
Yet oft at noon I'm dreaming—
At midnight cannot sleep—
That heart, so truthful seeming,
Doth cause my soul to weep!

### Take Time by the Forelock.

Shun delays—they breed remorse—
Take thy time, while time is lent thee;
Creeping snails have weakest force;
Fly thy fault, lest thou repent thee;
Good is best when soonest wrought,
Lingering labors come to nought.

Hoist up sail while gale doth last;
Tide and wind wait no man's pleasure;
Seek not time when time is past;
Sober speed is wisdom's leisure;
After wits are dearly bought,
Let thy fore wit judge thy thought.

*Yankee Blade.*

### Dignity of Labor.

Honor the man whose unremitting toil
Spreads smiling harvests o'er the stubborn land;
Who to the use of man subdues the soil,
And tames the wild beast to his true command;
Who through the mountain delves his desperate way,
Levels the yawning valley with the hill;
Who bids the myriad-fingered engines play,
Fire, air and water bending to his will;
Who toils in depth of many a gloomy cave,
Bringing rich treasures to the eye of day;
Who builds the ship, who guides it o'er the wave;
Who throws the shuttle glancing on its way.
O, give to labor honor as its due,
For 'tis of Providence the only endless true.

### Glory and Fame.

What is glory? what is fame?
The echo of a long-lost name;
A breath, an idle hour's brief talk;
The shadow of an arrant nought;
A flower that blossoms for a day,
Dying to-morrow—
A stream that hurries on its way,
Singing of sorrow;
The last drop of a bootless shower,
Shed on a sere and leafless bower;
A rose, stuck in a dead man's breast—
This is the world's fame at the best!

*Motherwell.*

### Organ Grinders.

Italia, O, Italia! thou who hast
The fatal gift of music, which thy sons
Grind out for pennies to the gaping crowd
Of dirty urchins of male plebeian blood,
Fed from the fount of freedom—why dost send
Thy lazzaroni to our peaceful shores,
To din the public ear with horrid sounds,
And make us hate thee with a bitter hate,
To see thy wild hand-ill loaf from State to State!

### Sentimental.

How queerly does a lady feel,
A walking in the street,
When just below her pantalets
You see her naked feet.
Her stockings are not darned a mite,
They are darned full of holes;
I'd rather a darn-sition right
See shoes without their soles.

### Epigram.

'Tis strange, amid the many trades
By which men gather riches,
That ridicule should ever attach
To those who make our breeches!
But so it is—yet so the saw,
Rich is the harvest made;
They call not theirs, unseemly wags,
A sew-er sort of trade.

### A Timely Rhyme.

When children to the ancestral mansion turn,
That dear retreat where best affections burn,
Where puddings, pies, and all good things abound,
At Christmas or Thanksgiving day comes round;
'Tis hard to say which most attracts them there,
Respectful love, or love of bounteous fare.

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# MISCELLANEOUS.

[Written for The Flag of our Union.]

## The Desperado's Daughter;

OR,

## THE WAY A WIFE WAS WON.

A TRUE SKETCH OF WESTERN LIFE.

BY PAUL CARTYON.

### CHAPTER I.

#### *The bold ranger.*

In a newly settled district in the State of Kentucky, which had never distinguished itself by manifesting an extraordinary propensity for order, peace and justice—each man assuming himself to settle his own difficulties—and being armed with fire arms—there resided some years ago, a very lawless and very rough old hunter.

Daniel Collett, or Bloody Dan, as he was more frequently called by those who feared and feared him, was a man near fifty years of age, tall, not long, stout in proportion, dark as an Indian, and possessed of a face that would attract the attention of a stranger by its almost savage expression. To a bold, prominent forehead, projecting brows, beneath which flashed the fire of two black, glaring, deep-set eyes, a large nose, lips which seemed always compressed with fierce determination, a set of fine white teeth and a heavy beard unshaved, for it is a law in the woods, a jet black circle, compared of long, heavy whiskers and locks of short, straight hair.

Collett was one of those iron, passionate, fiend-driven men, whom a curse of life, and as that led by the passions of Kentucky, spoke of the full blooded bold, reckless and cold-blood-thirsty. Frequent skirmishes with the Indians always found him in the front rank—he'd not a taste for strife, and driven bloody, quarrelsome and fierce, he gloried in it—he was second to none his spirit mantled and tenor. Yet Collett was considered a man of honor, and his word was known to be a sure tie with Collett, although a terrible enemy, was a noble and generous friend; and with all his faults, Collett possessed many good qualities. Likewise, Collett was at once respected, hated, loved and feared.

The hunter lived in a framed house situated in the midst of a district that had been for sometime under civilization. His family had been unfortunate—he was killed by the Indians, another was stabbed in a quarrel, and a third was drowned while falling through the ice on a deep river. A daughter, whom we next to the care for her health, died of consumption—the most promising of the family—then, when but three years old, was crushed to the killing of a tree. The last remnant of his fortune continued towards making Collett the half civilized desperado he appeared.

Collett but six only daughter left. Jane was a tall, well-shaped, bright-eyed creature with as lovely a form and as beautiful a face as you often meet with among the daughters of Eve. More than this she was spirited, intelligent and kind-hearted. Of course Jane had many lovers; but all her lovers had a enemies, one formose and terrible rival. I refer to the grim spirit of death.

In truth, Collett was as jealous of his daughter's affections as the most devoted husband or the most fastidious lover of his mistress' heart. His daughter was all he had; when his wife died, he manifested the affection he had possessed to Jane; and as his children, one by one, were taken away, his love centered, and gradually and effectively, in the person of his only remaining child. But his was a selfish love; and his watchful, jealous, restless soul took good care that none should rob him of the heart's treasure, those, as he was not greatly to be envied. For the old man would not give his permission to any of those to visit his daughter; and he had said, Whoever even but ventured to petition him for it, must—Collett had said this, and all knew that he meant, and ought to have known.

Moreover, Collett was a dead shot. Jane's lovers, therefore, had two grand objects to accomplish. The one was a desperate undertaking, the other an almost hopeless task: the one was to overcome the old ranger's opposition, the other to overcome the young girl's indifference. Jane, in fact, appeared to look upon her admirers with as little favor as her father.

Jane was eighteen, and there was not an unmarried youth in the settlement who did not covet her love or hand. It is said that in viewing the short space of one week; nearly a dozen had called on her, and had inquired for Collett, who had no idea of making the acquaintance, replied to the visitors in a surly, gruff, rude and in no better a tone, as he pronounced the unwelcome—"No!"—that the bravest of them dared not to repeat the question. The bravest of them, I said; but I must make an exception. There was a daring youth in the wealthy landholder, who lived near by, was as handsome as Absalom, and as brave as Cæsar. That he loved Jane will be seen hereafter. He possessed a brave and noble heart, I can assert to prove.

Walter, then, had asked the hand of Jane of her father; and Collett had replied as roughly as any of his rivals. But Walter was the only one who had ever again ventured to see Bloody Dan? Collett regarded him as a man of more than ordinary courage and firmness.

What do you mean? he stuttered.

"I mean," replied Walter, frankly, drawing up his noble form to its full height, and looking the ruffian eye for eye—"I mean, Collett, I mean that I love your daughter, as I said that, and that I am not afraid to tell you that I intend to allow me at least to visit her."

Audacious!" muttered Collett; but he could not help admiring the young man's bravery; "audacious! how dare you make such a demand?

Do you think me a coward? returned Walter, with a smile of his handsome face betraying any emotion.

No, by heaven!" exclaimed Collett.

"Then tell me not how I dare do anything," said the young man. "I ask you to visit your daughter; and I am sure it requires no great strength of nerve to make such a simple request of a man like myself. I have asked what is your reply?

That!" thundered Collett, striking the ground with the rifle in the violence of his passion. That! and his eye flashed as fire, anger aroused by the young man's coolness and self-possession—that! and he was about to attempt to use my daughter, I will shoot you!

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That very afternoon, the old hunter being absent from home, Walter Webb, armed with his rifle and hunting knife, knocked boldly at the door of Collett's house.

It was in the month of September, and the door was not closed. Immediately Walter heard movements within, and then light footsteps approaching. It was Jane, who beheld Walter with astonishment.

Twice—My World's! she exclaimed.

I, myself, dear Walter, smiling, said Jane seemed confused.

And dear father—dare he believe—then you are here?

Yes.

The eyes of the two met. Jane, from blushing, became deathly pale.

Ah! she murmured, "you do not know them, that father has threatened—

Oh, no! I know all! interrupted Walter, with a sigh and a sad smile.

You know it?

Yes.

Then why are you here?

Because I love you?

Jane, trembling in it was made, did not appear greatly to astonish the maiden. She only sighed, sighed, either for Walter's safety or her own.

You have acted rashly! she muttered.

Be not alarmed, dearest! said Walter. You have visited your father?

It was done by my father, Collett?

In spite of her alarm, the young girl experienced a thrill of pleasure.

Oh, but you must go, sir, at once! she exclaimed, in alarm, during which her eyes met those of Walter.

Not until you assure me that you are not offended with my visit, dearest Jane.

Alas! I am not offended!

Then you will permit me that I may visit you again?

Will I answer yes?

Then I will remain until your father returns!

And risk your life!

I relies not my life, since I am not to be sacrificed to the wishes of—

Jane clasped her hands and regarded Walter with a look of fear.

But I raise it! she exclaimed. You are not aware of the danger you have to encounter. It is because I feel certain of this—it is because I love you, that I have resolved alive you to risk it again in coming here.

Thanks, thanks! murmured Walter. But see, if it were not for the unfortunate fact of your father's consent, would my visit displease you?

No, indeed! exclaimed the maiden, flushing deeply.

Then I am satisfied. This is all I wished to know. Now I will go, and return when you are not here, and that you have some regard for me, I shall see you again.

The young man hastily raised Jane's hand to his lips, a moment held it unwilling in his own, and then, with a sweet look of delight at her soft black eyes, then bidding her adieu, plunged into the shades of a forest near at hand. As he gazed through the leafy screen of his covenant retreat to catch, if possible, another glance of Jane, he saw Collett's son-in-law, who in hand, approaching his house with the confidence of one who had been invited.

I am in time? thought Walter. I have not been discovered; and I am glad of it, since Jane has said no, I begin to think my life has some little value."

### CHAPTER II.

#### *A miraculous escape.*

Walter's meditations were not productive of two quite important results. Firstly, the young man, having never seen Jane, was not indifferent towards him, loved her more than ever, and was quite hopeful that Collett's hate possessed a deadly ette, in addition to a lovely daughter. He was prepared to risk his life for her—the ample satisfaction of upholding again and frequently the object of his affections; secondly, Walter's heart had received an impression, the nature of which may be easily imagined. To reflect on Jane's bravery, his devotion, his manly look, became the subject of his thoughts as he made retreat to the young girl, she had never felt before.

A month passed, during which time Walter had many visits to make to Jane, and he never succeeded in winning her entire heart. Yet Jane had many meetings of these clandestine meetings. He even believed that Walter had gained the affections of the young girl. Jane's father was not destined long to be deceived; the lovers were not destined long to enjoy their happiness—a cloud was about to darken the sky, and Walter was to be the victim of the storm.

It was a pleasant night in October. The moon, in its second quarter, shone brightly in the earth, except when her light was obscured by the dark, fleecy clouds which floated at intervals over the face of the heavens. The forest was silent, scarcely a breeze was heard, save that which sighed through the trees, a dark figure passed.

What's to pay? muttered the hunter.

The figure approached Collett's house. A cloud shut out the light of the moon, and Collett was unable to distinguish the features of the figure unperceived. Collett extended his rifle, and, as the form came more near, and her religious light upon the earth, the hunter recognized Walter. Jane's lover was approaching one of the windows, and apparently endeavoring to open it, and his body in the shadow of the house—Collett determined to shoot the intruder dead.

Here is fun! he muttered. That man is a fool to come here. I am up to his game, and intends to take advantage of my absence; I'm glad I came home. Walter, I am at home, and thinks to murder me in my sleep. In either case, he will in all probability meet with desperate resistance. But I am not sure that I am not at home. I must watch him."

It was a strange circumstance Collett did not suspect that instead of being a thief or a robber, the man he thought a lover visiting Jane secretly not at midnight. The man, in fact, was a friend, with the utmost caution, in a short time had opened a window.

Jane! Jane! exclaimed Collett, shrilly. That window was fastened on the inside and he has opened it!

The hunter did not reflect that somebody within could have opened the window for the stranger. A moment after, the figure was seen creeping noiselessly through the window. Collett laughed audibly.

I will shoot the wretch! he muttered.

When the hunter waited from his hiding place, the third, or the moment, or the lover had disappeared in the house. Collett then hastily approached a door on the other side of his dwelling. It was not locked, but he fastened it on the inside, as he did all the windows. Then with the utmost caution he opened it and entered. He had heard the creep towards the door leading into the apartment which the figure had entered through the window. He listened. What was his surprise to hear whispers, yes the hunter heard not a mistake.

The thief can't be talking to himself, he muttered. Hence, there must be two in the room; hence, one of two Walter, stealing Jane secured confused.

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Yes.

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[WRITTEN EXPRESSLY FOR THE FLAG OF OUR UNION.]

## THE SEA LARK:

OR, THE

## QUADROON OF LOUISIANA.

### A Thrilling Tale of the Land and Sea.

BY ALBERT W. SUMNER.

### CHAPTER I.

*The clipper schooner and her beautiful model. The secret armament. The crew. The cabin of a slaver. A French count and a younger brother. A bold stroke to mend a fortune. Ill-gotten doubloons!*

> Their preparation is to-day by sea.
> ANTONY AND CLEOPATRA.

IN the latter part of the year 1811, a plain fore and aft schooner cast loose her moorings at the wharf in Havre, and with the early flow of the ebb tide fanned herself towards the English Channel. The wind was from the northward and westward, and as she made her offing, her bows were headed more to the northward, her sheets were hauled flat aft, and she looked almost in the wind's eye, as seamen say. Though close hauled, she cut through the water at an eight knot rate, with a little mound of foam under her fore foot, and a lively wake behind her. The schooner might have been of about a hundred and thirty tons burthen, and built more like a yacht than a fighting vessel; she was narrow and long, with a high waist and bulwarks, and while her bows curved off sharply to a wedge-like form, her stern also narrowed gracefully aft. Her decks were clear, flush fore and aft, the quarter being only raised a few inches above the waist. A sight to delight a true seaman's eye, a roomy deck, no cook's galley, nor rubbish amidships to knock against in stormy weather, but plenty of sea room, and a chance to work. The graceful cut of her sails, the roguish rake of her masts, and the business-like manner in which she was handled, gave to the schooner altogether a knowing and cunning look, that would have raised the curiosity of a sailor.

Every rope was made fast as it should be, and the slack coiled away in true nautical style. Three or four stout, able-bodied seamen now came on board over the bows, having fished the anchor, a token that the schooner was clearing for a distant port, and a gaff topsail rose gracefully and steadily to its place at the fore topmast, and in a minute after, another at the main, completing that most beautiful and symmetrical rig of the plain fore and after. She fell off a point as these lighter and more lofty sails began to draw, and bending gracefully to leeward, she pressed on with renewed speed. A tall, stately form was by the man at the helm, and by the manner in which he cast an eye aloft at the running gear of the schooner, and directed him by his side, he was evidently the master of the beautiful craft we have described. Having opened the headland of *Cape de la Hogue*, the schooner tacked boldly to the southward, bringing the wind almost directly aft. Her foresail was jibed to starboard, and the boom forced out until it took the wind on that tack, and with its sails spread thus, wing and wing, the fore and after looked literally like a bird skimming the waves. With a glance at the signs of the weather, the captain disappeared down the hatch that led to the cabin.

*The Sea Lark*, which was the name of the schooner, had cleared that day at the custom house for Cadiz, in Spain, but evidently under such peculiar circumstances, as to cause no slight degree of curiosity among the shipmasters in port, as a crowd of them gathered on the pier from whence she departed, and did not separate until she had disappeared from their sight. The Deputy Collector of the port had visited the schooner with his posse of officers, and evidently held an examination aboard; but finding nothing ostensibly improper, he could not detain her. Still the knowing crowd upon the pier gossipped on with tongues so loose that no possible surmise remained untold. The Yankee captain of yonder brig was sure she was to become a pirate, and had gone to Cadiz for a Spanish crew. The English captain of the ship lying next the brig thought her a slaver, and backed up his opinion by some shrewd arguments, but the schooner having shut in the group on the pier, they gradually dispersed once more to their several vessels.

In the meantime, the master of the schooner, who had sought his cabin, was now seated there alone. He had thrown himself upon an ample sofa of rich material, which ran the entire width of the cabin, and half reclining here, he was smoking a cigar and looking listlessly out upon the wake his swift-footed craft left behind her. He was a noble figure, rather above the ordinary height, broad and massive across the chest and shoulders, but with a light and graceful outline in body. His features were commanding in expression, very regular and handsome, and you could read there at once a spirit of recklessness and daring, induced evidently by some cross or mishap of fortune that had encountered him. The rich and handsome style in which the cabin was furnished, showed the occupant to be a man of taste and refinement. The only signs of any armament at all on board the schooner, were to be seen in a pair of heavy pistols, and a long dirk that lay upon the table beside some charts and books.

As the captain of the Sea Lark went below, a half dozen seamen under the direction of the second mate, busied themselves for some time about the heel of the bowsprit, where they seemed to be tearing the spar itself to pieces. But a few moments soon disclosed their purpose, as after removing some frame work and canvass, a long thirty-two pound gun became visible and was conveyed upon rollers amidships. It had been so spliced to the bowsprit's heel, as to appear to be a part of the braces that form its support, and bound over with old canvass with such neatness as to completely challenge detection. An iron frame was let into grooves in the deck prepared to receive it, just forward of the main hatch, and by means of a whip rigged aloft, the gun was easily hoisted to the pivot that was its support, and rested firmly in its revolving socket. An half hour had thus turned the apparently peaceable deck of the Sea Lark into a warm and well arranged battery!

A few minutes later and a gentle knock at the cabin door being answered by an order from the inmate to enter, the second mate followed by his gang of men came in, each bearing a couple of muskets which were brought from some hiding-place that had escaped the custom house officers, as well as the hidden thirty-two pounder. While the men disappeared for more weapons, the man arranged these on hanging slings on either side of the entrance to the cabin against the bulwarks so as to represent an outspread fan, the bright, shining bayonets making the point of the half circle, a score of pistols arranged in the form of a diamond here, and a dozen boarding axes in the style of a star opposite, ornamented the sides of the cabin, and along the whole length of the transom were placed in sockets a line of cutlasses. Having arranged all this with a readiness and prompt activity that showed he was acquainted with the bestowal of their arms, the mate turned to withdraw, having embellished the cabin with a stern and wild elegance, upon which the captain looked with an expression of satisfaction.

'Stay, Mr. Prior,' said his captain. 'Have you let that bull dog out of its kennel, on the forecastle?'

'Yes, sir, the gun is mounted, and ready in working order.'

'Rig up the canvass covering on its standards at once—we don't want to create any curiosity by showing that piece needlessly.'

'Yes, sir,' said the mate, remaining uncovered until he left the cabin.

Everything about the schooner seemed to be of the most complete and perfect character, and in fifteen minutes after leaving the cabin, the mate had rigged a canvass covering over the gun, supported upon four standards firmly fixed, and so painted on the outside, as completely to represent a cook's galley, and occupying the place on board, that such a fixture almost universally fills, and unless closely examined, no one would have doubted for a moment that it was a regular caboose. The schooner's rig was of so simple, yet beautiful and serviceable a character, that it required but few hands to manage it. Still, the deck of the Sea Lark showed a crew of some sixteen all told. They were mostly men of middle age, sober, steady, and tried seamen, evidently, by their appearance, and it was now plain enough that so large a number were not employed to trim the sailing gear of the craft alone.

The Sea Lark had left port with her hull garnished in true French style, with three or four colors of paint, fancy ports, and a couple of stripes, blue and white. But having cleared Lizard Point on the English coast, and laid her course to the south, an order was issued that covered her outside with a dozen men in slings, and she soon appeared with a hull as black as night to her water line to which she was coppered, a narrow streak of deep red only relieving or rather heightening the roguish and suspicious look of her hull. Thus arranged, she seemed to be finely dressed for her voyage, let it be where it might, and she danced over the sea as merrily as the bird whose name she bore.

To analyze the character and purpose of the schooner, we must look to her officers. The captain we have already spoken of; the first mate, Mr. Lord, as he was called, was an old, weather-beaten seaman of near fifty years. His frame was as though cast of iron, and in his wrinkled and bronzed face one might read a spirit of stern self-possession and discipline, but nothing actually forbidding or villanous. Mr. Prior was, as we have before said, second mate, a laborious berth, but he was a good officer, and having the good sense to avoid all familiarity with the men, he was respected and promptly obeyed. Altogether, he was a quiet but resolute man, with a most respectful mien to his superiors. In the faces and bearing of the crew, also, there was much of the same spirit evinced, and one would have looked in vain for any blood-thirsty or piratical demonstrations. These things duly weighed, and the secret and peculiar movements of the schooner remembered, her armament and full complement of men bespoke her to be a *slaver!*

Twenty years since, the traffic in negroes and the slave trade, on the coast of Africa, were held by men, to be a legitimate commerce, or at least, there was no systematic effort made to suppress it, though even at that time it had been rendered illegal, by parliamentary enactment. Still the meagre force kept upon the coast by the English was altogether insufficient to prevent an evil that engaged the daring spirits of all maritime nations. It is matter of history that many of the largest and most influential firms of Liverpool were indirectly concerned, even up to a much later period, in this slave traffic. It is not to be wondered at, therefore, that in the year 1810 we see a well found and ably-manned slaver taking her departure from the port of Havre. Unquestionably, had the custom house authorities found unmistakable evidence of the schooner's character, they would have been bound by the laws to seize her. But we have seen how adroitly she had concealed her armament, and doubtless other implements, peculiar to the trade in which she was engaged, were as securely stowed away as the small arms had been. Such being the character of the Sea Lark, she avoided as much as possible the chance of falling in with other sails, and therefore ran more to the westward than any honest trader would have done, bound on the same course.

Jerome Bouve was the eldest son of one of the proudest houses in all France. His father, having by some mishap incurred the displeasure of his sovereign, was publicly disgraced by him, and soon after died of a broken heart. Jerome, who took by right the title of Count Bouve, was then just of age, and he secretly swore the bitterest enmity to his king, and passed his entire time in plotting and scheming to overthrow him. His position and wealth [illegible] he exerted them both to the utmost, to create disaffection and trouble among the people. In these efforts he was not a little successful; indeed the trouble he occasioned was keenly felt at Paris and about the court, though his own agency in difficulties was not for some time ascertained. At last, however, by means of the secret police and other officers, Count Bouve was detected, and, like his father publicly disgraced. Besides which, the family property was seized and confiscated, and the eldest son, Count Jerome Bouve, banished from France.

Count Bouve was now but twenty-five years old, and he mainly regretted this stroke of ill-fortune for the sake of a younger brother, the only remaining member of his family. This brother, Louis Bouve, was yet but nineteen years of age, and having scarcely completed his collegiate education, he felt of course most acutely the loss of all pecuniary resources. He had a perfect passion for the fine arts, and indeed possessed a good deal of talent as a painter, and now, foreseeing that he would be obliged to support himself by personal industry, he resolved to apply himself to the study of this art. The temporary pecuniary assistance that his brother Jerome was able to render him, was sufficient only to give him a partial advance upon his road to fame and fortune; but with a youthful and buoyant heart, he was little affected by the loss of home and station.

Count Bouve had always lived in munificent style, and it was one of his bitterest reflections, that his younger brother whom he so fondly loved, should be made to pay for his imprudence. He therefore resolved, by some daring speculation, to win for himself means to aid Louis, as well as to rebuild his own fortune. Thus influenced, and being a perfect adept in maritime life, having owned and sailed a yacht for several years, he determined, with the small means he could raise, to purchase a clipper craft, man and arm her, and make a couple or so of voyages to the coast of Africa, as a slaver.

One voyage had already been made, when our tale opens, and its large profits had been paid over to his brother Louis, in heavy Spanish doubloons. The means were thus afforded to him, through the generosity or rather the strict justice of his brother, to pursue his favorite study, and also to live like a gentleman.

Such is the history of the Sea Lark and her commander, up to the period to which we have followed her down the English Channel to sea.

### CHAPTER II.

*A homeward bound India ship. The strange sail. The Yankee privateers-man, and a brief action. The fairy little Sea Lark. The trick of a bold enemy. The 'Flag of our Union' victorious.*

> The great contention of the sea and skies
> Parted our fellowship;—But hark, a sail!
> CASSIO.

IT was fully a year subsequent to the scene described in the first chapter, that a homeward bound East Indiaman was coursing on her way over the broad ocean towards the continent of Europe. She was a full rigged ship of fine proportions, and as she now bent gracefully to the breeze, she seemed a perfect picture of nautical beauty. She was held in hand with true seaman's skill, and a single glance at her rigging and hull told that a true sailor commanded her. Her yards were swung to just the right point, and her sails drew finely. The ship bore some tokens of a long voyage about her, and from the course in which she steered, and the depth of water she drew, was plainly from India. St. George's cross floated from her peak, and a near view showed that she was well armed. Some half dozen twelve pounders were ranged on either side of the ship, and the watch on deck numbered some twenty men. All of which showed that the cargo that was below decks must be a valuable one, to induce such precautions in matters of strength.

It was morning when the ship first descried a tiny fleece of white, far off in the horizon, to windward. The lookout aloft declared it a sail, but the mate, after ascending the shrouds to obtain a more elevated view, pronounced it merely a flyaway or white cloud. The captain, however, was not long in satisfying himself that the lookout was right, and that the object to windward was indeed a sail. The result was a long and careful examination by the officers.

'Mr. Marline,' said the captain, of the East Indiaman, 'yonder sail is coming down upon us with the speed of a race-horse. Do you mark how fast she has lifted within these few minutes?'

'She does come up, with a will, sir, but she's got it all her own way, and takes this wind over her taffrail.'

'True, Mr. Marline, she is running before it,' said the captain, with his glass at his eye. 'Take this glass up aloft, sir, and see if you can make her out any better. We must not be taken aback, but prepare for this fellow if necessary. Stay, sir, pass the word forward to the boatswain, and pipe up the watch—we must have all hands on deck.'

These orders were obeyed with nautical promptness, and the mate hailing the deck, soon described the stranger as a brigantine or schooner, but as she was bows on he could not exactly say which. However, all the while the stranger was nearing them fast, and a closer view seemed to create no slight uneasiness on board the ship. The crew, consisting of some forty seamen all told, were placed at the guns, which were cast loose, and balls and cartridges were handed ready for action. The officers were at their respective stations, and it was as still as death on board the ship. [illegible] feeling of uncertainty that prevailed with regard to the character of the stranger.

'Too small a tonnage by far, Mr. Marline,' said the captain, 'to be in these seas for any honest purpose. She must be a pirate or a privateer, which is about the same thing, according to my reckoning.'

In the meantime, the schooner still neared them, and her rig was now apparent, but no signal that the ship had made was at all noticed.

'What a witch of a craft that is, sir,' said the mate; 'she's a perfect little fairy, and sails like a bird. Are you sure, sir, that she touches the water at all?' continued he, half in earnest, as he wondered at her almost supernatural speed, and the swan-like grace of her movements.

'To be sure, sir,' replied his superior, 'she comes down though, hand over hand, and is getting too near for an enemy. Give her a gun, and see if she will answer that, as she does not seem to like our peaceable signals.'

A moment after, a gun was fired from the ship, and the ball went skipping over the sea, a mile or more astern of the schooner. She had now come within fair gunshot, and it was easy to see her most minute arrangements fore and aft. There were as many upon her deck, as on that of the ship, but only one gun was to be seen, and that was a long thirty-two amidships. A dozen men stood about this piece, evidently the crew that belonged to it, while others were scattered here and there, with cutlasses about their waists, and boarding pistols stuck in their belts.

'By Heaven! Mr. Marline, this can be no other than a pirate. He shows no colors at all, though by-and-by we shall have the black field and death and cross bones floating at his mast head, I warrant.'

'No, no, sir, it is a shrewd Yankee,' replied the mate, and at the same moment, the gun amidships in the schooner was discharged, so as to throw its contents just under the ship's forefoot, and with the cloud of smoke that curled aloft and floated away to leeward, the stars and stripes of the '*Flag of our Union*' rose gracefully, by a steady pull of the halliards to the schooner's main peak, and unfurled its broad, bright field to the eye!

The schooner had gracefully diverged from her course, as she fired, and now, running on the same course as the ship, hailed her.

'What ship is that?' came booming over the waves to the East Indiaman.

'The Londoner—what schooner is that?'

'The Sea Lark! heave to, and send a boat on board of me!'

'Bear away, or I will fire into you,' was the reply of the captain of the ship, who did not at once resort to violence, because he saw and realized the strength of the schooner's crew, and hoped to frighten her away.

The schooner seemingly heeding the captain's injunction sheered away at once, and working herself up to windward, appeared to be quietly getting away as fast as possible, in the direction from whence she came.

'I thought the cursed Yankees would not have the pluck to fight. They saw we were too strong, Mr. Marline—egad—but I wish I had given them a try, and if it were not for risking the cargo I would have done it. She is a little beauty, and I should like to have carried her in for a prize. Stay, what is that?' continued the captain, as the schooner gently lay her head to the north'ard, and east'ard in the same course as the ship, and took in a couple of gaff-topsails, to check her speed, and also to keep her abeam of the ship.

'By Heaven! she is putting herself in fighting trim, Mr. Marline,' said the captain, 'and there goes her foresail, to make room to work that infernal long gun amidships. The fellow has tricked us, sir; try him with a double charge, and see if you can reach him at that distance.' At the same moment, the schooner sent an iron messenger to the ship, that tore her bulwarks fearfully, and laid a seaman upon the deck with the loss of an arm. It was very evident that the schooner knew her power, and the best mode of using it. She chose her distance, and for ten minutes kept up an incessant cannonade upon the ship, that told fearfully upon her decks. In vain were all the manœuvres of the East Indiaman—the schooner was by far the most easily handled, and she turned on her keel like a top. Almost maddened into frenzy, the captain of the ship could effect nothing upon his enemy, and he stood on the quarter-deck, grinding his teeth and gazing on the work of destruction going on about him, like one struck with despair.

He had been fully aware of the war then raging between his own government and that of the United States, and for his better protection had shipped more men and guns at Calcutta. But what could these avail him in his present dilemma? He could not even reach the schooner with a single shot. At last calling his mates aft, he consulted with them as to the best course to be pursued. The second mate, a reckless dare devil sort of a man, proposed that some trick be played upon the schooner, such as lowering the flag in token of submission, and when her people came on board to take possession, to fall upon them and cut their throats. Though this counsel was not a little repugnant to the captain's ideas of honesty and humanity, yet he was goaded on to comply with it, by the sight of his own wounded crew, and the danger that beset them.

The ship was accordingly hove to, and the Flag of St. George lowered. The schooner at once ceased firing. Her foresail was set, and in few minutes she had run down again to within hailing distance of the ship.

'Have you surrendered?' hailed the captain of the Sea Lark.

'Ay, ay,' replied the captain of the East Indiaman, in reply.

'Then send a boat on board of us, with your manifests and papers.'

'Our boats are stove,' replied the captain of the ship, 'your shot have let them open on all sides. I have got nothing that will float.'

This was true with regard to the boat that swung aft, and also that on the weatherside of the ship, and these were the only ones that those on board the Sea Lark could command a view of. There was another on the larboard quarter, but out of sight from on board the schooner. The reader will see that the captain of the ship at once seized upon this circumstance to draw the schooner's crew on board of him, and thus carry out the treacherous plan, concerted between himself and mates.

Seeing that the boats were stove, the captain of the schooner sent his first officer with a dozen well-armed men to take possession of the East Indiaman. As the boat left the side of the Sea Lark, a man was sent aloft to reeve a rope through a block that had got started during the firing. As he reached his station at the topmast, he turned his eyes on board the ship, the decks of which he could overlook, and in an instant the man saw that a trap was laid for his comrades, as he discovered a score of forms with arms in their hands secreted behind the huge bulwarks of the ship, ready to fall upon the schooner's boat's-crew as soon as they should board. The man was an experienced seaman, and seizing a rope, he slid down to the deck, and told his commander what he had seen. The boat had not yet got quite half way between the two vessels, when the captain of the Sea Lark, jumping into the shrouds, hailed his officer:

'Lay by on your oars there for a moment—flat—every one of ye—down!'

Disciplined to implicit obedience, the boat's crew, drawing their oars inboard lay flat in the bottom, as quick as thought, and the next moment, the schooner's gun was well charged with grape and canister, and fired at the spot designated by the sailor from aloft, and the yells of agony that came across the sea to the schooner from her enemy's deck, told how fearfully accurate had been the aim. A dozen able-bodied men were wounded by that single but close and fatal discharge.

After this evidence of the determined character of his conqueror, the captain of the English ship sprang upon the bulwarks, and with handkerchief extended, signified his entire submission. The schooner's boat was hailed, and ordered to proceed, while the gun was loaded in readiness for time of need. The captain of the ship at one period might have renewed the contest to his own advantage, perhaps, when the schooner was a second time so near him, by bringing all his guns to bear upon her. But he seemed to prefer first to entrap the boat's-crew; but being discovered, he was placed in a condition where further resistance would have been little less than madness.

The delicate little Sea Lark with every line as beautifully accurate, and every appointment as perfect, as when we saw her leave the port of Havre, now rose and fell on the long swell of the ocean, nodding and bowing as gracefully as a master of ceremonies to the company at court. Her captain, Jerome Bouve, after a second successful voyage to the slave coast, had become disgusted with the vile traffic, and gladly seized upon the chance of taking out letters of marque from the United States government, and cruising against the English, for whom he entertained a national hatred. This was the second prize he had taken, the former an English West Indian trader, which he had sent with a prize crew to Charleston, S. C., and this he resolved to take charge of in person, for he had laid on the course of homeward bound East Indiamen too long in order to catch one to let it now slip away from him. No! no! he knew the immense value of these vessels' cargoes, and that once safely in an American port, she would prove a fortune for himself, and officers, and crew.

The carpenters of both vessels were busied with their gangs upon the English ship, repairing her at all parts. A portion of the ship's crew were sent on board the schooner, and the remainder of those fit for duty were retained to assist in working the ship. Her course was turned to the northward and westward, and three hours after the commencement of the action, the English ship Londoner, and the American privateer, Sea Lark, both bearing the stars and stripes aloft, were sailing amicably together for the United States.

### CHAPTER III.

*The queer manœuvres of a male coquette. The fair signoritas of an Italian court. The intrigue, and a lady-loving artist. The blind girl, and the painter, or paying a gallant in his own coin.*

> But they who blunder thus are raw beginners.
> DON JUAN.

LOUIS BOUVE, the brother of Jerome, furnished with ample means, on the return of the Sea Lark from her first slave trip, resorted at once to Florence, the home of the arts, and the grand rendezvous of painters and poets. There he found everything to delight and engage him, and passionately devoted to his art, he improved every means to perfect himself in it, under competent instruction, and his pictures soon became the theme of warm criticism; and with his growing fame as an artist, Louis also grew in favor with the higher circles of the city, and having gentle blood in his veins, and the education of a gentleman, he was not unappreciated as a handsome, intelligent, and vivacious companion. He was remarkably handsome in features, and his form was the very mould of manly beauty. His countenance was radiant with good humor, and his piercing, expressive black eye, sparkled with wit and spirit. But Louis was young, perhaps too young to be thrown into such giddy society, as that in which he moved in Florence, without steadier friends to advise him. It was not long before he became aware of the sensation that he created among the gentler sex of the city. Indeed, so handsome, so young, so intelligent a fellow, was the star for all to catch at, and struggle for.

When he first came to Italy, Louis had at once formed an intimacy with the daughter of Signor Vallmsi, to whom he had letters of introduction. Her father was a painter in high repute, and wealthy withal, and as he lived in fine style, Louis was of course happy to pass most of his leisure hours at his house. Signora Bianca was a beautiful girl of about his own age, and a few weeks of pleasant association between the two, led to an engagement, or at least a tacit mutual understanding. Louis, with his usual impetuosity and fickleness, two qualities frequently united, thus thoughtlessly bound himself to Bianca at once. But by degrees, as he became more intimate in fashionable society, he found higher game for his gallantry, and poor Bianca was soon forgotten, notwithstanding that she had given him her entire affection—or in other words, all the affection that an Italian woman of fashion possesses—but it is really surprising how quickly such wounds heal in the fashionable world.

Louis next laid siege to the affections of Signora Monetta, daughter to a high functionary of the court, and indeed, a very beautiful woman, though some months Louis's senior in age. Unlike Bianca, La Signora Monetta was not to be won at a breath—but envied by half the ladies at the court, she kept Louis at her feet for nearly a whole season, until he grew thin with anxiety, or at least appeared to do so. His artillery of wit and accomplishments seemed to produce no effect upon the incorrigible Monetta. She encouraged him just enough to fire his love and zeal in her service, but yet she would not commit herself. At last, the court season was over, and they met more frequently alone, and at her father's, where Louis's eloquence and devotion seemed finally to conquer; for the fair Signora Monetta appeared now to be as devotedly his slave, as he had before been hers.

The goal once attained, Louis seemed to have no longer any actuating motive or incentive, and Monetta was left as summarily as Bianca had been; while Louis became the devoted and assiduous cavalier of a lady still higher in rank, and beauty, who formed one of the household of the Grand Duke. Though with all his gallantry he never seriously neglected his darling art, yet this last connection seemed completely to absorb our young enthusiast. If he was not really in love with the Signora Laura, he at least thought he was so, and he paid the most assiduous attention to the fair object of his ephemeral regard. But his fickleness in relation to the Signoras Bianca and Monetta was already the subject of court gossip, and Laura, having their example before her eyes, chose not to deceive herself needlessly. She told Louis, when he protested with such earnestness the depth and sincerity of his love, that he had done just so before, perhaps in the self-same words, to others. But his cunning sophistry finally proved too much for her, and it was presently whispered, that the Signora Laura was affianced to the artist, Louis Bouve.

But just at this time a new star appeared in the firmament of the duke's household, in the person of a young and lovely female just from a convent, and now making her debut in society. Our butterfly artist at once flew to her feet, to the no small consternation of the Signora Laura. Such fickleness was too much for the ladies of the court to submit to, and after allowing Louis to captivate the new victim, out of pure love of mischief, and perhaps too, in part from jealousy of the extreme beauty of the new comer, they resolved to put a stop to such wholesale jilting in a man; for who does not well know, that men have no right to meddle with this strictly feminine accomplishment! Louis Bouve soon found himself the butt of remark, and that he was no longer invited to many of those places where he had been so long a welcome visiter. Of course, he could not but understand the meaning of this, and so trusting that the trouble would shortly blow over, he applied himself with redoubled energy to his profession, and left society almost entirely.

It was at the close of a glorious Italian day, in the suburbs of Florence, that a young artist sat on the banks of the Arno sketching, and with a nervous brush attempting to depict upon his canvass the sublime combination of gorgeous colors that glowed in the western sky. So absorbed was he, that he did not observe that a peasant girl was wandering listlessly about the river's banks, until she approached so near as almost to impede his view. He dropped his pencil, and gazed with astonishment at the figure before him. She was dressed in the humble costume of a peasant, but its very simplicity displayed to the greatest advantage her exquisitely formed person. Her face seemed so beautiful in Louis's eye—for he it was, as the reader has already surmised, who gazed upon her—that he thought it almost angelic, and he stood for the first time in his life struck with awe by the beauty and loveliness of the human face. The beautiful eyes of the peasant girl were bent upon the ground, and she held a light delicate staff, with which she sportively attempted to guide her steps.

It was some minutes before the artist gathered sufficient courage to address her. Rising, just as she came nearest to where he was sitting, he said:

'Have you lost anything, my good girl, that you gaze so intently upon the ground?'

'Ay,' said she, in a voice as melodious as he had anticipated from those beautiful lips, 'I have lost a dear and valued prize.'

'Indeed—perhaps I can help you to find or replace it,' said Louis.

'No human art can do that,' replied the girl, sighing.

'Is it possible that you have lost anything so precious?' asked Louis, with deep interest, and wondering at the downcast eyes of the lovely girl.

'Ah! yes indeed,' sighed she.

'And what can it be, if a stranger may be so bold as to ask?'

'My sight! My sight!'

'God be merciful to us,' exclaimed Louis, in unaffected horror. 'Can it be that you are blind?'

'Behold, sir,' she said, looking him full in the face, with eyes that pierced his very soul, sightless though they were. 'These eyes that are turned toward you, reflect back no image, all is vacant and dark!'

'O, my God!' exclaimed the artist—the big tears starting from his eyes; 'so beautiful, so glorious in thine own image, and bereft of sight! Ah! let me lead you to your home. You are very near the river, and may meet with some accident.'

'Nay, I am familiar with these grounds, I have no fear; besides, I sometimes almost wish I might fall into the water that I hear rolling by us, for what is life to me?'

'Talk not thus, my gentle girl, there are a thousand beautiful realities that even you may enjoy. Is not the sense of hearing, the companionship of beloved friends, a father's protecting arm, and a mother's loving voice, more dear to you for your great privation? Do not say you are tired of life—you who are so beautiful.'

'Ah! flatter not me, good sir,' she said, turning those orbs again full upon him. 'I have learned to forego the worldly feelings of the breast, and rather to cultivate those which are more lasting.'

'Lean upon my arm,' said the almost trembling artist, 'and I will guide you.'

'To the little cot on the north hillside.'

'Yes—I see it—shall we go thither?'

'Nay—I will not take you hence—I can find the way I have so often trod.'

But Louis insisted, and in the tenderest manner led the blind girl to her home; the mother stood at the door anxiously awaiting her, and thanked 'my lord,' as she called Louis for his kindness, and loaded him with expressions of gratitude for a purse that he handed her, and assured him that it should be appropriated entirely for the comfort and happiness of Netty, whom he had so kindly led to her humble house. Louis took the hand of the beautiful blind girl to bid her good-by, and he fancied that she pressed his gently—perhaps, merely in token of thanks.

To say that the young artist was captivated, would be but faint language to express the passion that at once filled his heart. 'Blind!' cried he to himself—'Ah, she is only the more captivating. Who would—who could believe, when looking upon those glorious eyes that they are devoid of sight! Yet—alas—it is really so.'

He could scarcely think of his studies or of his art. He was daily at the peasant's cottage. Sometimes he would see Netty, and sit and talk for whole hours with her. At these times, he never failed to be charmed with the stores of intellectual wealth, which the conversation proved her to possess, and to wonder at such cultivation of mind in one who labored under so painful a disadvantage; but he was told that a priest had befriended her, and that she had been taught in the convent of St. Stephen. Sometimes when he called, she was sleeping, and her mother would by no means wake her—not even for 'my lord,' and he would go away miserable because he had not seen her; indeed his source of unhappiness now seemed to be, that he could see her so seldom. Nothing could equal the secrecy and care with which he guarded his discovery of Netty. He breathed not a word of her to any one, but sat all day writing sonnets, or musing upon the idol which filled his heart. He made many rich presents to the parents of the blind girl, and he gave them a portrait of her that he had painted from memory. Indeed, the whole of Louis Bouve's time was occupied in thinking of the lovely blind girl of the north hillside. It was now at last his turn to lose his heart in good earnest, and he felt that he would gladly take this beloved one, and cherish her as his wife.

Of course the altered manner and habits of our artist caused much remark, and he was narrowly watched by his companions; but they interrogated him in vain for any information concerning the cause of his peculiar behaviour. It was at last hinted in certain fashionable circles, in such a manner that it reached Louis's ears, that he was in love with a blind peasant girl, and he saw that his secret was now discovered. But he cared not, or at least so he tried to convince himself, for Netty had acknowledged that his love was returned, and he was happy. Indeed he would have preferred a cottage and obscurity with her, to the throne of the grand duke himself, without her he loved.

But now the monthly private concert of the duke was to be given at the palace, and the artist was honored with a ticket, the first attention he had received from that quarter for a considerable period. He went out that afternoon to Netty's cottage to see her, but he was told that she was sleeping, and must not be disturbed, for that she had been honored with an invitation to the concert at the palace, through the kindness of a lady patroness. Louis, though wondering much at this intelligence, yet said nothing, as he knew he should meet her there. But he trembled to think that his beautiful hidden flower was to be exposed to public gaze.

All the beauty and wealth of Florence were collected at the palace that night, and the young artist entered the halls amid a dazzling array of magnificence. In vain did he look for Netty. He dared not inquire for her. He was soon desired by the grand chamberlain to follow him to the presence of some ladies who desired to see him. Wondering much at this summons, he complied, and soon found himself before the Signora Laura, and the young lady to whom he had last paid his addresses, who had then made her debut from a convent to court. Abashed, he bowed low, and asked for what purpose he had been honored with their commands.

'I have a sister to whom I wish to introduce you,' said his last inamorata. Louis bowed, as a beautiful lady approached the group, and the signora who had sent for her, said, with the blandest smile conceivable:

'Monsieur Bouve, my sister Netty.'

The lady made a low courtesy with the most perfect self-possession, while Louis, who recognized in her his *blind* girl of the north hillside, felt as though he would sink to the floor.

'Are you—not—not *blind*, lady?' gasped he, in amazement!

'Not I,' replied Netty.

'And the cottages by the north hillside.'

'Were hired by me to play a ruse upon you, in return for your fickleness with the ladies of Florence. I believe, sir, our family are now even with you. I need not refer to your intimacy with my sister?'

Louis saw the trap that had been set for him, and as he was jeered at by the whole court, Florence became exceedingly disagreeable to him. He speedily arranged his affairs and returned to Paris, perhaps a wiser, if not a better man.

### CHAPTER IV.

*New acquaintances and match-making on the ocean. The rise of the prisoners, and a fearful contest! Courage and prompt energy triumphant in the struggle. The captain of a privateer turned planter.*

> The ship is here put in,
> A Veronese: Michael Cassio,
> Lieutenant to the warlike Moor, Othello,
> Is come on shore.
> OTHELLO.

ON board the Londoner, Jerome Bouve, the captain of the Sea Lark, found Monsieur Pinteau, with his daughter, a fellow-countryman, returning from Calcutta, whither he had been for his child's health. This having been completely re-established, they were again on their way to their native land, when the East Indiaman fell a prize to the Yankee privateer. Marie Pinteau was scarce twenty years of age, but her classically beautiful forehead, and the intellectual expression of her countenance, showed that the soul reflected from her eyes was one of no ordinary character. There was a sweetly dignified air about her, a retiring grace and loveliness, that at once touched the heart of Le Capitaine Bouve. He was at first sight transfixed with a passion such as he had never before experienced, and he loved the fair Marie with an ardor that at once betrayed itself.

Monsieur Pinteau was a retired and wealthy merchant of Lyons, and he had been able to give his daughter peculiar advantages of education. Her mother's early death by consumption, the disease which had threatened Marie, had thrown her upon her father for all aid and counsel, and he being fortunately a

strongminded and sensible man, had guided and tutored her aided in the most judicious manner. Music, surprised to find in the captain of the schooner a polished gentleman, was favorably impressed by their first interview, although she could not avoid looking upon him in the light of an enemy, as he had taken forcible possession of the vessel that she was conducting them home. However, all was soon explained and understood. The captain of the Sea Lark, to which Montrose Fenton and his daughter had removed, became the source of much pleasant social entertainment.

Marie was pleasantly impressed by the handsome and manly character of Count Dorio, whom, however, she only knew as Monsieur Le Capitaine. The weather was fine, and the two vessels in close proximity generally on their way. Captain Bowne and Marie passed many happy hours in the delightful change of sentiment that so entire one congenial spirit with another, until at last warmed by his passion he knelt at her feet and declared his love. He was not refused, but begged to wait for his suit, by a cheerful and kind assurance of regard. But a suggestion, that neither was yet entirely separated from the other to decide upon a connection that was binding for life, left Jerome to see that he had perhaps been a little too hasty. But he left satisfied himself that the prize was secured, and guided him at least with tenderness.

The action between the Sea Lark and the Lansdowne had taken place more than two thousand miles from the shores of America, and as westerly winds prevailed for the greater part of the year, the two vessels must of course be some months in making their way to port. In the meantime, toward of the close of the first February, the Lansdowne had recovered from the damage she had received in the engagement, and was allowed to run about the ship and schooner much as they pleased. Captain Bowne was too much taken up with the light necessary of his duties to be quite so attentive as usual, and his best officer—the mate of the Sea Lark was in charge of the prize. In this state of things the English crew began to make an attempt at recapture. The captain was overpowered while he was at dinner and severely wounded in his leg. The first mate had been killed, but the second, who was now in command, had on the companion in their arrangements. A calm had fallen upon the vessels, and the prize enemy was ahead of the ship, was on old vessel, and could not keep a sharp lookout to windward. The consequence was therefore, plainly to know that they should catch him napping. But nothing that they must be but nearing the United States, they resolved to bring matters to a crisis. So early one morning the flag of distress was hoisted, and the schooner was soon in those on board the schooner that canvas had been cut to pieces, and a vessel was seen after the signal was answered by a full measure on board the schooner. Then, when the officers were at breakfast had been seized upon for the armory, and they were so soon locked and barred into their cabin. In the meantime, after but little resistance, in each case the crews of the prize and the Lansdowne had been bound and shut down in the forecastle, on board the ship, for the schooner's people had been served in like manner.

The big gun aboard the ship spilled at the moment in other that if the schooner's people proved too strong for the attempt, still they would be unable to reach the Lansdowne's cabin or the Sea Lark, to which Montrose Fenton and his daughter had removed, before the alarm of such pleasant social entertainment.

Marie was pleasantly impressed by the civilities and manly character of Count Dorio, whom, however, she only knew as Monsieur Le Capitaine. The weather was fine, and the two vessels in close proximity generally on their way. Captain Bowne and Marie passed many happy hours in the delightful change of sentiment that so entire one congenial spirit with another, until at last warmed by his passion he knelt at her feet and declared his love. He was not refused, but begged to wait for his suit, by a cheerful and kind assurance of regard. But a suggestion, that neither was yet entirely separated from the other to decide upon a connection that was binding for life, left Jerome to see that he had perhaps been a little too hasty. But he left satisfied himself that the prize was secured, and guided him at least with tenderness.

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# THE FLAG OF OUR UNION.

This is our sunny corner, gentle reader, where we shall hold our fire-side talk with you at each weekly visit.

F. GLEASON, PROPRIETOR.

MATURIN M. BALLOU, EDITOR.

☞ The terms of The Flag of our Union are $2 00 per annum, invariably in advance. The paper is always discontinued at the expiration of the time paid for.

☞ All communications designed for publication in the paper, must be post paid, and addressed to F. Gleason, Boston, Mass., Proprietor of The Flag of our Union.

### To our Correspondents.

'Blanche of Milan, or The Fisherman's Revenge,' an Italian story, by Francis A. Durivage, shall appear in the coming number.

'To Fredrika Bremer,' a fine poem, by Eliza, filed for next week.

'The Old Bachelor,' a poem, by A. Elliott, accepted.

'Hold On, or Pat's Visit to the Bank,' a laughable, double-distilled funny story, by Uncle Toby, shall appear in our next.

'Song for the Shoemakers,' by Dr. E. Thayer, accepted.

'The Landsman's Watch,' a sea sketch, by Sylvanus Cobb, Jr., filed for next number.

'November,' a poem, by J. F. Southgate, accepted.

'Major Boggs, the Man of Wealth,' a prose sketch, by Mrs. E. Wellmont, filed for the next number.

'The Home of my Childhood,' a poem, by Louise, accepted.

'I'll think of Thee,' a poem, by A., accepted.

'The Indian Summer,' a poem, by J. W. Nye, shall appear next week.

'The Winds,' a parody, by the Green Mountain Bard, shall find a place in our next.

'Lines to Frances,' by Oscar G. Hudnan, accepted.

'Taking the Census,' a humorous sketch, by J. W. G., shall appear next week.

'Hush my Heart,' a poem, by Peter Pepper, accepted.

'My Early Home,' 'What though my Heart,' 'The Song of the Rose,' 'A Fantasy,' 'A Picture of Life,' 'Twilight Hours,' 'Lost, Lost,' 'Lines on the Death of ——,' 'Forgiveness,' 'There's one I love,' 'The Wanderer's Return,' and 'Aspiring Poets,' are respectfully declined.

### Railroad to the Pacific.

The rapid settlement of the United States possessions of Oregon and California, on the Pacific Ocean, the immense mineral wealth of those regions, the superior advantages possessed by them for commercial intercourse with Asia, and the islands of that ocean, and the great facilities which their ports offer for the prosecution of the whale fisheries, all call loudly for the establishment of means for a sure and rapid transportation of passengers and merchandise from the Atlantic sea board to the Pacific. Most surely the greater portion of the commerce of Europe with Asia, is destined to take this route across the American continent just as soon as such a means of communication between the two oceans is provided; for the great saving in time and expense that would thus be effected, would give this new route a most decided preference.

It becomes then a matter of primary importance that a railroad should span this continent with the least possible delay. We are aware that this work would be an immense undertaking, but the genius and enterprise of our people are equal to the task, and the obvious necessity for the work itself is a sufficient guarantee that it can be done. Public attention is already called to this subject, and two great national conventions in reference thereto, have recently been held;—one at St. Louis, Mo., and the other at Memphis, Tenn. But the enterprise and capital to give force to this movement, exist on the Atlantic seaboard, in our great commercial cities and manufacturing States and districts, and the impulse to this immense national work must be given from the East. New York, Philadelphia, Boston, Baltimore, and Charleston, the important foci of the wealth and public spirit of the Atlantic seaboard, must push forward the enterprise.

For so great an undertaking as a railroad to the Pacific, individual enterprise is altogether inadequate; the work must be done by government, either by direct action, or by adequate aid to companies incorporated for the purpose. Of all the plans yet proposed for providing this great highway for nations, we have seen none that looks so practicable, or that bears such fair promise of success, as that submitted by Senator Douglass, of Illinois, to the St. Louis Convention, and adopted by that body. Mr. Douglass is a sound, practical statesman, and a man of excellent business capacity, and such an one we delight to see coming forth from the crowded arena of party strife, and taking a bold and manly lead in a question of such vast national importance.

Railroad lines are already in rapid progress, and in some cases nearly completed, from the Atlantic seaboard at various points to Chicago, Ill., St. Louis, Mo., and Memphis, Tenn., and these cities, approaching comparatively near the present western frontier of the States proper, are taken by Judge Douglass as the starting points for three branches of railroad (the first sections, as it were, of the great National Railroad), to centre at Council Bluffs, on the Missouri river, on the western border of the State of Iowa. The road from Chicago to Council Bluffs will run about west, across Northern Illinois, and Iowa; that from St. Louis to Council Bluffs, northwest, through Missouri and the northwest corner of Iowa, and that from Memphis, north-northwest, through Arkansas, Missouri, and Iowa. These three branches will abundantly accommodate the Northern, Middle, and Southern sections of the Atlantic seaboard, in their approach to the Pacific, and happily harmonize all sectional rivalry as to the eastern commencement of the line of the national railroad.

For the construction of these branches, Mr. D. proposes that Congress make liberal grants of the public lands on the lines of said branches to the States through which the lines shall pass, to be applied by the Legislature of the respective States solely to the construction of the said branch roads. The prosperity of these States to result from the construction of the national road and its branches, will induce them to come forward promptly and liberally to the construction of that part of the great chain within their limits, and the lands thus acquired from Congress will furnish abundant means to remunerate the States for the expense thus incurred. Thus far, then, the plan avoids the constitutional objection entertained by some, as to the power of Congress to make internal improvements within the limits of the States, by giving the work to be done by the States themselves, and at the same time furnishes the means whereby the work can be accomplished.

Having thus provided for the three branches to Council Bluffs, the next feature of Mr. Douglass's plan, is the construction of a main trunk of railroad from Council Bluffs, through the South Pass of the Rocky Mountains, to the Pacific Ocean. As Council Bluffs is on the west bank of the Missouri river, it is without the limits of the States, and consequently the whole route of the main trunk will be over territory under the jurisdiction of the United States government. Hence no question as to the constitutional power of Congress can arise with reference to the construction of this part of the work by the general government itself, or by a company under its authority. The proceeds of the public lands through which this main road would run, would in a few years after its completion, be ample to pay the debt which Congress might thus contract or guarantee.

We have thus briefly sketched the plan adopted by the Memphis Convention for the establishment of a railroad chain which shall stretch across our Union, and unite the Atlantic with the Pacific. The main features thereof we commend to the attention of our readers as being practicable and well calculated to meet all the wants of all sections of our country upon this subject. As to the details of termini and routes, they are of course to be left for determination by accurate and scientific surveys, by which it will probably appear that Council Bluffs, on the navigable waters of the Missouri, and of course in direct communication by steam navigation, with all the cities and towns on the Mississippi and its tributaries, is the best point for the branches to culminate at, and for the main trunk to start from, and that the South Pass of the Rocky Mountains, most eligibly situated on the confines of Oregon and Upper California, is the only practicable passage for a railroad through the Rocky Mountains. Whether these surveys will decide it to be most expedient to pursue one line from the South Pass to the Pacific, or to separate into two branches, one to run to San Francisco, in Upper California, and the other to the mouth of the Columbia river, in Oregon, is a matter of doubt.

Let the necessary steps for commencing the undertaking be made at once, however, or else the creation of new States on the Pacific may throw embarrassments upon the project, of which it is now clear. We should be glad to see the whole people aroused upon the subject, and memorializing Congress at the next session, and to see that body give orders for the necessary surveys.

### The Island of Cuba.

The New York Sun, which is presumed to be well informed in relation to all matters concerning the late proposed descent upon Cuba, by a party of adventurers, states that the organization for freeing that island from the dominion of Spain is at this moment as vital and formidable as on the day when the proclamation was uttered from Washington against it. This expedition has been in contemplation for many years, and originated on the island, and among the people themselves. The organization in Cuba is far more extensive than was at first supposed, and embraces the families of many of the most noble planters, and even many old Castilian emigrants from Spain to this gem of the ocean. So high does the revolutionary feeling run, that the late ball given in honor of the queen's birthday, was a total failure, and did not come off. On the night of the 10th, everything was prepared for the national ball—orchestra, decorations, door-keepers, attendants, etc., were there, but no company—one or two families, with the governor, excepted. At ten o'clock, finding themselves alone, they quitted the ball-room, still in great perplexity as to the cause of the non-assemblage of the Matanceros for the enjoyment of their favorite amusement. Therefore the indignation of the governor-general has led to the arrest of several young men as accessary to this trouble, and they have been torn from their families, and sent to Spain, where certain death awaits them.

For the present, the proposed expedition has been abandoned; but Cols. White and Biscoe, the leaders, entertain no doubt of its ultimate success. It would be a great thing for Cuba and the United States both, could the annexation honorably take place. The property of the Cubans would immediately equalize with that of similar property in the United States, and the sugar planters of Louisiana would find, in the hitherto untouched soil of Cuba, the means of underselling the world in sugar; while the capacity of Cuba to purchase and consume beef, hams, flour, and other supplies of the Western States, would develop itself in almost limitless degree. The twenty millions of dollars now drawn from the island annually for remittances to Madrid, accumulating in the island, as a capital in the employment of its free industry, would draw desirable settlers from all nations, to avail themselves of its limitless advantages, while our own channels of trade would at once feel the effects of so large a sum of money thrown annually into current.

That's the Talk.—Says the Genesee Olio, 'We go for cheap postage, let the consequence be as it may to the national treasury. In a government like ours, intelligence is the life of liberty—the life of the government; and the more easy and frequent the interchange of views among the people the better.'

You should.—To preserve your health, drink water and get married early. Putting off matrimony has broken down more constitutions than consumption ever did. Think of this, and set your heart on dimity without loss of time.

U S Treasury.—The net amount in the treasury and several depositories, subject to draft on the 1st of November, was $7,577,962 96. The amount of treasury notes at the same date outstanding, $2,905,389 31.

Fourth Page.—By the request of a number of his friends and readers of the Flag, the publisher has placed on the fourth page of the present number an engraving of his country residence at Dorchester.

Thanksgiving.—In Florida, Nov. 1; New Hampshire, 15; New York, Maine, Maryland, North Carolina, Massachusetts, Pennsylvania, Rhode Island, Ohio, 29.

Agricultural Bureau.—It is stated that one of the prominent features in the report of Mr. Ewing will be the establishment by law of an agricultural bureau at Washington.

Forward.—The movement in favor of the annexation of Canada is steadily progressing. It is even intimated that the mother country favors the measure.

Rather Fast.—Resolutions in favor of the annexation of Cuba to the United States have been introduced into both houses of the Vermont Legislature.

Long suffering is one of the graces which the Free Soil party has to cultivate.—Salem Freeman.

That's a kind of agriculture we shouldn't care about excelling in.

A Big 'Un.—The editor of the Denton Journal says he has a sweet potato in his office three feet long. Whew—that is a long one!

In New Orleans they call rum shops 'volcanoes' because they cause eruptions on the nose.
*Albany Freeholder.*

Yes, and they have so much of the *crater!*

### Editorial Ink-Drops.

Laziness grows upon people; it begins in cob-webs, and ends in iron chains.

It is calculated that the Austrians have lost by sickness and war lately, 50,000 men.

What does a man die of when he is twenty-one years old? Dies of age—of course.

Western papers talk of Wm. Allen, of Ohio, for next democratic presidential candidate.

Judge Houghton and Major Weightman fought a bloodless duel at Santa Fe.

Who has not observed silence more eloquent than brilliant rhetoric?

Cassius M. Clay has entirely recovered from the wounds he received in his last fight.

Abdel Medschid, the present Sultan of Turkey, is only twenty-six years of age.

A quaint writer says:—Wise men are like black swans—they are seldom found.

The negro emperor of Hayti has already made five princes and forty-five dukes.

Henry Brown of Dighton, Mass., was drowned in Taunton, while intoxicated.

A coffin-maker in New York is at work day and night to supply the California market!

There's a talk of uniting Roxbury, Charlestown, Cambridge and Boston, in one city.

John DeHoul was shot by a slave in Lovell, Tenn. The slave was lynched and killed.

The Rutland line and Vermont Central Railroad folks are racing their engines.

S. Cobb, Jr., we see, has left the N. Eng. Washingtonian. Mr. C. is an able writer.

It is the careful study of the best artists, perfectly to *conceal* art.

An editor, speaking of a wet day, says it was as sticky as a trousers' full of molasses!

There is a sign over a tailor's shop in New Orleans, designating it as a *pantaloonery.*

Charlotte Cushman gets only $500 a night for performing, since her return from Europe.

Did you ever see a person *pare a pear* with a *pair* of scissors? Eh?

Twenty boys were lately arrested in Detroit for demolishing a school-house.

We are always sure to find 'something good' in the Baltimore Republican & Argus.

It takes a 'full blown' Californian story to try a man's credulity—*it does.*

A young girl in Savannah, Ga., strangled herself with a bed-cord. Disappointed love.

John *Waters* fell into the *waters* at St. Louis, and thus found a *watery grave.*

Though honesty is comparatively rich in praise, yet how often it starves for bread.

### Russia and Turkey.

Whether the late trouble between these two governments lead to an open rupture or not, the sultan seems to be determined to protect his rights by every means in his power. We see by the last news from Europe, that the Turkish fleet is anchored across the Bosphorus, in the most advantageous manner, to dispute the passage with the Russian ships, should they attempt it. The English and French fleets have also anchored at the mouth of the Dardanelles, having only the Sea of Marmora between them and the point at which Russia would naturally commence the attack. The first gun from the Russian ships will be a signal for the weighing of the anchors in the two fleets at the Dardanelles, and steamers are ready to tow them up the Sea of Marmora, against wind and current if necessary, and then the Russian bear will be glad to skulk back into the waters of the Black Sea again. There'll be fun in those inland seas yet!

### The Great Turncoat.

Brownson the reviewer, since his last sectarian somerset, out-Herods Herod in his contempt for people struggling for their liberty.—He calls Mazzini, Kossuth and Blanc 'enemies to God and man, vile wretches, deserving nothing but the extreme vengeance of the law, and the execration of every man who has a human heart.' Brownson should receive a pension from Russia and Austria, for sustaining so boldly their cause against the general sentiment of detestation of their policy which fills every liberal mind. By the by, Brownson should have completed his list of names while about it, and added Washington, Lafayette, Wallace, Tell, Kosciusko, Bozzaris, and other heroes.

Clubs.—Now is the time to begin to form clubs for the new volume of the Flag. By reference to our terms it will be seen that persons clubbing together can obtain the paper at a most trifling cost. The new volume will be commenced with a novellette from the pen of that universal favorite Lieutenant Murray.

Very Natural.—A writer over the signature of 'Heroic Age,' in the Washington Union, says he would as soon steal a sheep as hold office under General Taylor. May be he's used to sheep-stealing, and lacks the capacity to fulfil the requirements of the other occupation.

The Portsmouth Va., Pilot publishes the births as they occur in that place, under the line from Tupper: 'A babe in a house is a well-spring of pleasure.'—Times.

That *water* comparison is in particularly bad taste; it reminds one so forcibly of *squalls.*

A Mrs. Ross of Cincinnati, has a St. Bernard dog, six months old, that stands two feet seven inches high from the shoulder blades; measures three feet one inch round behind the fore legs, and six feet long from the tip of the nose to the tip of the tail.—Courier.

What a tremendous lump of hydrophobia!

The truth is we want and must have money!!!
*People's Advocate, York, Pa.*

That's right, Mr. Advocate. Do you remember the old man's advice to his sons? Boys, said he, get money, get it honestly if you can, *but get it!*

Query.—How many of our subscribers intend to make us a *new year's present* by sending an additional subscription, and the name of a friend, with their own, at the commencement of the new volume?

The Black Knight, or, *The Wandering Bohemian.*—By J. H. Robinson. This interesting Tale is now published in book form, and is for sale at all the periodical depots.

The Sea Lark.—We think the reader will agree with us that the novelette commenced on the first page, is one of the best we have yet given in these pages.

The two great Themes.—The talk of the day is the Pacific and Atlantic railroad—and the grand subject of Canadian and Cuban annexation.

Is that a † that I C B 4 me? Come, let me clutch it.—Exchange.

It's a fan'-t-I-cee. (Fantasy.)

The Corn Crop in Virginia, though very light, is better than was sometime since anticipated. So we learn from the Virginia papers.

New Party.—The New York Clarion tells of the 'cocked hat-clique.'

You can't squeeze blood out of a turnip.—Ex.

Did you ever try it on a turn-up-nose?

### From our Foreign Files.

The English fleet, at Malta, has gone up to the Dardanelles.

Large deposits of coal have been found near Malaga, in Spain.

The Earl of Malmesburg has been wounded in an encounter with a deer.

Prince Metternich has arrived in Brussels, to pass the winter in that capital.

The Austrian army is henceforth to be composed of 450,000 men in time of peace, and 800,000 in time of war.

The Sardinian government contemplates establishing a line of steamers from Genoa to New Orleans.

Three large firms in Manchester have failed: Charles Pooley for £25,000, John Spencer for £14,000, and Robinson a like amount.

The three children of Count Pulski have escaped from the Austrians, and arrived safely at London, where M. Pulski is now residing.

Portugal exported during the first six months of the present year 21,451 pipes of wines, against 3,144 exported last year.

Further executions of the Hungarian patriots have taken place at Arad and Pesth. One of the first nobles in Hungary has been condemned to death.

Mr. Carew's basso relievo illustrative of the death of Nelson, has been placed on the south side of the pedestal of the column of Trafalgar square, London.

The cultivation of cotton in Egypt has increased so rapidly, that within the last few years, 200,000 bales have been exported to Great Britain alone.

Mlle. Charlotte Grisi has obtained great success at the Academie Royale, in a new ballet, entitled 'The Grand-daughter of the Fairies,' said to be a charming piece.

A whale has been captured in the Thames. It was fifty-eight feet long and thirty feet round. It got aground on a shoal, and was captured by some laborers.

In London, there are 100,000 good mechanics seeking employment every Monday morning, and that excellent house-servants out of place, any day in the year, are from 10,000 to 12,500.

At Constantinople, the Turks were active in preparing for war, hostilities between the Porte and Russia being thought unavoidable. The Turkish army in Constantinople and its environs, amounted to 120,000 men.

### Dewdrops of Wisdom.

A wise man makes more opportunities than he finds.

Without frugality none can be rich, and with it very few would be poor.

It is hard for the good to suspect evil, as it is for the bad to suspect good.

Reason loses the race, if it sits on the fence while competition rushes by.

Knowledge is proud that he has learned so much—wisdom is humble that he knows no more.

He whose first emotion, on the view of any thing excellent, is to undervalue it, will never have ought of his own to deserve esteem.

Men learn to talk virtue without loving it; like the English, who learn to talk French, yet hate the French nation.

A humble soul, like a white sheet, must be prepared to receive that which the hand of Heaven shall imprint upon it.

Good-nature, like a bee, collects honey from every herb. Ill nature, like a spider, sucks poison from the sweetest flower.

The sun is like God, sending abroad life, beauty and happiness; and stars like human souls, for their glory all comes from the sun.

Strange protestations of friendship are often made at convivial meetings. Trust not, however, to the friendship which is cemented by wine. Those whom Bacchus unites are soon separated.

A religious professor of Antinomian sentiments, boasting to Rowland Hill that he had not felt a doubt of his safety for many years, was answered by Mr. Hill, 'Then, sir, give me leave to doubt for you.'

It is a mistaken doctrine, that inspiration is confined exclusively to theology. He who inspired Moses in divinity, inspired Newton in philosophy; and Michael Angelo was not less gifted in the fine arts than was Balaam in prophecy.

As the smallest average for the making of a single rich man, we make a thousand whose life long is one flood tide of misery. The charnel-houses of poverty are the shadow of the palace; and as one is splendid, so is the other dark and gloomy.

### The Joker's Budget.

When is a house not a house? When it's *afire.*

Why is the letter L in civility like your nose? Because it is between two eyes (i's).

On what part of a ship would you inscribe astronomical diagrams? The *starboard.*

A writer in the Salem Register says that the wedding dress of 'Miss Nancy Free Soil' was *changeable* silk.

One of the best cross-bow shooters in New York is a lady. She feeds on *arrow*-root. This probably accounts for it.

Bell hanging has been prohibited in a certain town 'down east' on the ground of opposition to capital punishment.

Why is a conscientious physician like a man prone to anger? Because he will be apt to lose his patients (patience).

There are four things very awkward for a woman to do, viz.: to whistle, throw stones at a cow, smoke a cigar, and climb a garden fence.

Why is a cat that hasn't caught a rat for six weeks like Noah's ark? Because it didn't light on *e'er a rat* (Ararat) for forty days and nights.

'Husband, do you believe there ever was a case of everlasting constancy?' 'Yes, a number of them.' 'Where did they happen?' 'O, you will find them in books.'

Our venerable friend Digby was in town yesterday, complaining of 'another anti-rent outrage.' It seems that Mrs. D. had undertaken to mend his vest, and had sewed up the pocket in which he kept his money.

An account of a party in a London paper says, one of the distinguished personages was the Duke of Pork. A Boston paper lately gave a detailed account of the Court of Common Fleas.

The question before the Stumptown Debating Club, to be discussed at their next meeting is, which is the mother of the chicken, the hen that laid the egg, or the one that hatches it. Able speakers are expected to take part in the discussion.

### Miscellaneous Items.

Gilbert F. Hayes, the well known police officer, was knocked down with a slung shot in New York, Monday evening, producing a serious fracture of the skull. His jaws were set by the concussion, so that he was unable to speak.

Oft repeated tests leave no doubt of the superiority of the American over Russian hemp. The relative strength of the American and Russian has been frequently tested at the hemp agency in Kentucky, and in every instance, the former has come off triumphant.

A female of great personal attraction and bewitching address, has been passing herself off at Cincinnati, as the authoress, Mrs. Ellis, by which means she collected about $500 for subscription to a periodical, which she alleged she was about to publish in Philadelphia.

Robert Halliday, a sailor, was taken to the hospital, having had his leg cut off by a coil of rope, which twisted him round the figure-head. He fell into the Welland Canal, upon which the accident happened, seized the disjointed member, and swam ashore.

A Virginia paper records the marriage of one couple on the rocks in the Potomac, and of another on the Natural Bridge at Harper's Ferry. Where next will the romance of two willing hearts seek to have the silken knot tied?

### Quill and Scissors.

Three free negroes were sold, each into twelve months' bondage, for sojourning in Louisville, contrary to the statutes of the law in regard to the free negroes of all other States.

A friend of ours discovered, in a conversation with Miss Bremer the other day, that she had, as yet, heard of only three American poets—Emerson, Bryant and Longfellow.—*Home Journal.*

A gang of counterfeiters have been arrested in Hudson, two brothers named Knickerbocker and Mr. Snyder. They have been operating principally with a New Haven bank.

Henry Scarlett was killed in Trigg county, Ky., a few days since, by being stabbed in the groin by Elias Knight. The difficulty arose out of a dispute at a game of cards.

The freight house recently completed at Greenbush, is probably the largest building in the United States. It is 750 feet in length and 135 wide, covering two and a half acres.

The merchants of Baltimore are thinking of establishing a line of steamers between Liverpool and that port. They estimate that the voyage can be made from 11 to 13 days.

Miss Kimberly, of Connecticut, who has the courage to follow Fanny Kemble in the reading of Shakespeare, is said to be as highly gifted with personal charms as with talents.

Mr. Sanford, a few days since, in Centreville, Con., fell from an apple tree and injured his foot in such a manner as to bring on lock-jaw, of which he died in 48 hours.

A remarkable specimen of Indian corn is to be seen in Baltimore. The stalks are about eleven feet in height, and on the four exhibited there are 18 ears, large and well filled.

On Saturday week Mrs. Eliza Barker, of Sandusky, Ohio, took a dose of strychnine by mistake instead of morphine, from which she died in fifteen or twenty minutes.

A woman in Baltimore, had her 'responsibility' taken from her, by her landlady, because she owed her four weeks' board. It was a little 'pledge' for its parent's debt.

A disgraceful instance of flogging female emigrants on board the British ship Ramilies, bound for Australia, has been brought before the Board of Commissioners.

A miserable story was got up lately by some of the American correspondents in France, that Lamartine was becoming deranged. This is all humbug.

The United States storeship Iris, Lieut. W. D. Patten, 27 days from New York, with stores for the American Mediterranean squadron, arrived at Gibraltar Oct. 5.

The challenge made by the pacha of Egypt is likely to be accepted by the turf clubs; the stakes are £15,000 a side for the fleetest horse, English or Arabian.

The Catholics in this country have sent $25,970 15 to the aid of the Pope, who does not need it, while thousands of their own countrymen are starving in their native land!

The New York Post says there is a Miners' Bank in California where your check is paid in gold dust turned out of a bottle with a spoon into a bit of brown paper.

The single item of cigars for the Common Council of New York, from May 1st, 1848, to November 1st, 1849, is *two thousand nine hundred and sixty two dollars!*

The definition of a 'kind husband' is one who sits and smokes after breakfast, while his wife, with a child in one arm, and a pail of water on the other, pursues her washing.

A thousand wild ducks were killed at Havre de Grace in one day last week, most of which were brought to our market.—*Balt. Paper.*

Mazzini, President of the late Roman Republic, has left Switzerland for London, where he will publish a monthly review, with the title of 'Review of the People.'

N. P. Willis, says that everybody in America does a great deal more and considerable less than they ought to. Willis never said a better thing in his life.

One of the most noted gamblers in San Francisco is said to be a Spanish woman. She has been known to put up twenty-five pounds of gold at a single stake.

Some workmen sinking a well on the land of Allen Fuller, in Mansfield, have found a vein of lead, of which specimens have been submitted to chemical analysis.

The noble bridge across the Susquehanna river at Towanda, Pa., caught fire on Wednesday, and one span was destroyed before the flames could be extinguished.

The monument erected at Old Point Norridgework to the memory of the Jesuit father Rasles, was thrown down a short time since by some persons.

It is said that young ladies pick up their husbands at Cony Island by venturing into the surf and getting drowned. Their deliverers become their wooers.

The Brattleboro Democrat is edited by the wife of the editor, during his ill health. She has the credit of making a most attractive sheet.

The wife of Hon. John Reed, Lt. Governor of Massachusetts, died suddenly, a few days since, at Bridgewater, while on a visit to a relative.

Mr. James, the novelist, has just published the fourth and concluding volume to his 'Life of Richard Cœur de Lion.'

Paul T. Warley, returning from Charleston to his plantation in Pineville, S. C., was thrown from his sulky and killed.

Two lads, from the Onondaga tribe, have been received into the preparatory department of the New York Central College.

The amount of imports at New York for the week ending Nov. 5, was $1,031,616, of which $995,239 was dutiable goods.

Papineau, the French leader in Canada, has written a letter strongly in favor of annexation of Canada to the United States.

Mr. Smith, tried for abducting slaves at Richmond, has been sentenced to imprisonment four years and a half in the penitentiary.

Jesse Rambottom, convicted of cutting the throat of his wife, at Xenia, Ohio, was sentenced to be hung on the 25th of January.

Major Chauncy B. Sidney, of Newburgh, N. Y., was drowned in the Hudson river, on the 6th inst., by accidentally walking off the dock.

All that the Cincinnati pork butchers receive for slaughtering hogs is the offal, and they find it very profitable.

An American black eagle was lately shot at Farmington, which measured 7 1-4 feet from tip to tip of its wings.

The removal of the Canadian seat of government to Toronto, caused house rents to rise from £40 to £75.

The tunnel through Breakneck Mountain was completed at Cold Spring, N. Y., on the 5th, after two years labor.

It is said that Mr. Crittenden, our Consul at Liverpool, will be appointed Charge to Naples, at his own request.

The city of Portsmouth, Va., is to be supplied with water from Lake Drummond, by means of pipes and a reservoir.

A peck of counterfeit half dollars was found buried in the earth, near Cincinnati, some days since.

A catfish was recently caught in the Illinois river, which weighed one hundred and thirty-six pounds.

Wise, who killed Hart in a fit of jealousy has been restored to his place in the St. Louis post-office.

Another steamer, the S. B. Wheeler, has begun to run between St. John, N. B., and Eastport, Me.

'We will drink no wine; we, nor our wives, nor our sons, forever.'—*Bible.*

The people of Nashua propose to light their streets, and establish a night-watch.

The town of Lower Sandusky, Ohio, is henceforth to be called Fremont.

United States ship Germantown is refitting at Norfolk for a six months' cruise.

Mr. Wallett, a celebrated English clown, has arrived in New York.

A new 'African Theatre' is about being established in Cincinnati.

The State Bank of Morris, N. J., suddenly closed its doors on Wednesday morning.

## VOLUME FIFTH
OF THE
## FLAG OF OUR UNION.

On the first of January, 1850, we shall commence a new volume of the Flag, under the most flattering auspices, with an unrivalled circulation, a well-organized corps of contributors, an experienced editor, and with new type throughout.

The main features of the paper will be as heretofore, the publisher having found the Flag in its original style and plan to be popular beyond precedent. The head will be newly engraved and highly improved and altered.—The emblematical designs at the heads of the columns will give place to new and ingenious ones prepared expressly for this paper, and in short we shall put on with the new year,

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Maintaining the same neutral position in politics and sectarian matters, we shall freely discuss the current topics of the day, and aim to be as acceptable and agreeable to the reader as in the years bygone. As the new volume will commence with an

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from the pen of

LIEUTENANT MURRAY,

it will be important to those who desire to secure all the numbers containing the story, to send in their names at the earliest moment, and especially for clubs to complete their organization at once.

Our readers will bear us witness that we have never promised in these columns more than we have performed; and we now assure them that the Flag shall be fully equal to its past character, and that the coming volume shall evince an improvement on its predecessors, embracing all its former enterprise, with the renewed exertion that is prompted by continued success and popularity.

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### The Fowl Fair.

A very interesting and novel exhibition came off in the Public Garden, during the last week, which attracted numerous visitors. The number of entries exceeded the calculations of the proprietors of the Fair, and there was hardly room in the pavilion for the display of the representatives of barn-yard and other domesticated fowls. The number of specimens was near three thousand, embracing peacocks, swans, turkeys, China geese and other fowls from that region and Cochin China, wild geese, Poland, Dorking, Bolton grey, Dominique, frizzled and bantam fowls, Spanish game fowls, doves, fan-tailed pigeons, golden and silver pheasants, Guinea hens, &c., &c. Altogether the scene was of the most unique and amusing character, and what with the obstreperous crowing of the chanticleers and the noisy demonstrations of the various other feathered bipeds, each in their own dialect, the occasion furnished a peculiar concord of sounds, new to the city of notions. But, by the way, we consider this exhibition one of great practical utility, and hope to see it continued in years to come.

### Worthy Gift.

We see that our excellent mayor, Mr. Bigelow, is about to receive a rich piece of plate from his fellow-citizens, as a token of their increased confidence in him as mayor of the city, and also as a slight memento of their appreciation of his remarkable services during the ravages of the cholera in Boston. It is a fact, not generally regarded, that Mr. Bigelow exerted himself in his official capacity to alleviate the ravages of the fell demon, as well as to stay its progress, to such an extent as to injure his own health materially. Our citizens may thank his assiduity for the short stay of the disease, and the comparatively trifling mortality that attended its progress in Boston.

### Amusements.

We have nothing new to note in the way of amusements. The theatres are well filled nightly. T. D. Rice, the great original 'nigger,' is drawing well at the National. Mr. Hudson, the delineator of Irish character, has proved very successful at the Howard. Mrs. Barrett, last week, closed one of the most successful engagements at the Museum that she has ever performed in this city. Dumbolton's Serenaders have made a good investment by taking the Lyceum Theatre. The panoramas are still well patronized, forming a reliable and instructive source of entertainment for all classes.

### Miss Charlotte Cushman.

This distinguished actress has opened the Boston Theatre, Federal street, and is performing there to crowded houses. To witness her classic delineation of character, one can hardly realize that it is the same lady who a few years since made her debut on our boards as a vocalist in operas. Charlotte is a peerless woman, with a remarkable dash of the masculine in her nature, and a voice that renders her performances highly attractive.

### Ominous Cargo.

A large marble manufacturer, on Harrison Avenue, in this city, has shipped, during the last week, ten tons of gravestones to San Francisco. Without disparagement to our enterprising fellow citizen, we may be permitted to express a hope that it will be long before our Californian friends will have occasion for his melancholy cargo. We may say the same of the consignment of coffins, that have been sent from New York.

Scientific.—Professor Locke, of Cincinnati, has been in this city, superintending the construction of one of his newly invented magnetic clocks, for the National Observatory, at Washington. Congress appropriated 10,000 dollars to purchase and set it up. It is one of the most important of modern discoveries.

Squares.—Some fine parks and squares have lately been laid out in the southern part of our city—or what is known as the Neck. These squares are each to be supplied with a graceful and classic fountain, and will add greatly to the beauty and health of the city in that quarter.

Attempted Suicide.—A colored prisoner in Leverett street Jail, named Wilson, attempted to commit suicide in his cell, on Saturday by strangling himself with a handkerchief; but he was rescued by the officers, on the alarm being given by other prisoners.

Old Lang Syne.—Tileston street, in this city, in old times, used to be called Love lane. The thoroughfare now known as High street, was then called by the euphonious title of Cow lane.

## OUR OLIO COLUMN.

[Written for The Flag of our Union.]

### The Petrel.

BY A. ELLIOTT.

My home is on the billow,
Upon the briny wave;
The ocean is my pillow,
Its depths will be my grave.

I love it in commotion,
I love it when at rest;
But O, I love the ocean
Most, when in tempests drest.

I sport upon its flashing crest,
I boldly dash away,
Where timid ships can find no rest,
I fearless float and play.

I bathe me in its briny spray,
I plume my jetty wing,
Where boldest sailors dare not stay,
And o'er the breakers spring.

The tempest has no awe for me,
And the lightning is my guide,
As I speed along the raging sea,
Far o'er the waters wide.

What are the ills of life to me?
I leave them in the chase;
They cannot live upon the sea,
Or reach my resting-place.

They cannot catch me in the race,
Or touch my spirit free;
The ocean is my dwelling-place,
My home is on the sea.

Its waters kindly bear me up,
Its tempests guard me round;
No niggard nature holds my cup
Of joys that know no bound.

I dip my pinions in the deep,
Where monsters sport and play;
The foam all dancing as they sweep
Along their watery way.

They know me as their winged mate,
They own me with their eyes;
Their scaly sides each other grate,
As they in crowds arise.

Perpetual is my motion,
My rest is on the wing;
All changes are my portion,
All joys that changes bring.

At length, when life is waning,
When death enfolds my wings;
Bleak, dark, oblivion chaining,
Its chains round me flings.

### Reasons for Laughing.

Sweet coz, I'm happy when I can,
I'm merry when I may;
For life's at most a narrow span,
At best a winter day.
If care could make the sunbeam wear
A brighter, warmer hue,
The evening star shine out more fair,
The blue sky look more blue—
Then I should be a graver man:
But since 'tis not the way,
Sweet coz, I'm happy when I can,
And merry when I may.

If sighs could make us sin the less,
[illegible] I were not glad;
If mourning were the saint's dress,
My garb should then be sad.
But since the angels' wings are white,
And e'en the young saints smile—
Since virtue wears a brow of light,
And vice a robe of guile;
Since laughter is not under ban,
Nor gladness clad in grey—
Sweet coz, I'm happy when I can,
And merry when I may!

I've seen a bishop dance a reel,
And a sinner fast and pray;
A knave at the top of fortune's wheel,
And a good man cast away!
Wine I've seen your grave ones quaff,
[illegible]
But I never heard a hearty laugh
From out a villain's throat.
And I never knew a mirthful man
Make sad a young maid's day;
So, coz, I'm happy when I can,
And merry when I may.
*Sag Harbor Corrector.*

### The Declaration.

BY BROWN.

I met her mid the festive throng—
A gay, and fair, and happy girl
As ever graced a poet's song,
Or knew the magic of a curl.

In form and mien the lady shone
A very star of queenly grace;
And then the music of her tone,
And all the glories of her face.

The bliss of love now filled my heart—
Alternate seized with love's alarms,
I fell, delighted with the dart,
A willing captive to her charms.

United in the circling dance,
We waltzed away the joyous night;
And many a word, and many a glance
Spoke mutual love and twin delight.

My bosom now I quite unmasked,
With every warm emotion rife,
I pressed her hand, and boldly asked
To join her in the dance of life.

She smiled, and seemed perplexed to choose;
A moment paused, as in reflection;
Then answered thus, 'I can't refuse,
If husband should have no objection.'
*Boston Post.*

### Vat I Vants.

I vants a little vife, I dus,
To cheer me vhile at 'ome;
To comb my 'head and brush my clo'es—
O, vouldn't I love 'er 'some!'

I've ha'most passed the Rubicon,
My cheeks begin to sink;
My 'air is growin' gray, it is—
My chance is slim, I think.

For, as I passes through the streets,
The gals—O, who'd think it?—
Say, 'there he goes, the wicked brute—
Vat a vorn out trinket!'

I dare not look a gal in face,
It sets my eyes a winkin';
And then vat's vorser still, you know,
She is sort o' thinkin'—

That I'm a 'poor, deluded wretch,
A thing not worth a straw;
Fit food for nothing but the worms,
Or some wild creature's maw.'

But now I think I'll pack my duds,
And start for Kaliforny;
Yes, sail right out around the cape,
Though it's rather 'Horny!'

And when I gets to Francisco,
I'll dig out all the gold;
Then charms I'll 'ave to vin a vife,
Though I am somewhat old.
*Manchester Democrat.*

### The Season.

BY THOMAS HOOD.

Summer's gone and over!
Fogs are falling down!
And with the russet tinges,
Autumn's doing brown.

Boughs are daily rifled
By the busy thieves;
And the book of Nature
Getteth short of leaves.

Round the tops of houses,
Swallows as the flit,
Give, like yearly tenants,
Notices to quit.

Skies of fickle temper
Weep by turns, and laugh—
Night and day together,
Taking half-and-half.

So October endeth—
Cold and most perverse;
But the months that follow
Sure will pinch us worse!

### Memories.

Be it weakness, it deserves some praise—
We love the play-place of our early days.
The wall on which we tried our graving skill,
The very name we carved subsisting still;
The bench on which we sat while deep employed,
Though mangled, hacked and hewed, not yet destroyed;
The pleasing spectacle at once excites
Such recollections of our own delights,
That viewing it, we seem almost to obtain
Our innocent and simple years again.

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THE FLAG OF OUR UNION.

[illegible]

[Written for The Flag of our Union.]

## The Whirlwind.

BY F. A. RAMSAY.

[illegible]

[Written for The Flag of our Union.]

## The Pythoness.

BY C.

[illegible]

[Written for The Flag of our Union.]

## Hope.

BY PETER PEPPER.

[illegible]

## A Song.

[illegible]

# MISCELLANEOUS.

[Written for The Flag of our Union.]

## GREGORY'S PALACE;

OR,

## The Fisher Boy of Cross Island.

BY J. H. ROBINSON.

Eight or ten miles from the mouth of the Machias river there is an island, known as 'Cross Island.' Whether it derives its name from its shape, or from some former owner, or occupant, we are unable to say. It is a highly romantic spot, covered with a great variety of trees. It is of a uniform breadth, and quite long in proportion, although the whole of it embraces but a few acres. That portion of the island that stretches out toward the open sea, rises in a bold and rocky headland. When the sea is agitated it breaks upon this headland with a deafening noise. Other parts of the island have a sandy and delightful beach. Near its centre is a little cove, where small boats can land with safety. It is one of those spots which once seen can never be forgotten. The deep solitude of its woods, and the hoarse music of its waves have a nameless charm for the day dreamer. One tired of the world might wish to dwell there forever. Free from the storms of the world, we might behold with indifference the storms which sometimes lash the sea to madness—Alone with nature and his God, what more could the lover of solitude desire.

Many years ago a poor fisherman dwelt on this wild, yet enchanting spot. He lived there because it was congenial to his nature, and gave him every facility to practise his favorite pursuit. Andrew McPeterson supported a wife and several children by his lines and nets. He toiled early and late. The sea supplied them with food, and the cool spring with drink. His oldest son—Gregory—was now of an age to bear a proportionate part in the labors of his father. He could tend a line, or pull at an oar. He had reached the age of sixteen—a thoughtful, dreamy youth, living in a world of his own creation. Knowing but little of the real world, he supplied the deficiency by the fruitfulness of his imagination. His mother had taught him to read, but, unfortunately, his library was a small one. It consisted of a family bible, a small thumb-worn volume of the Arabian Nights, Robinson Crusoe, and Alonzo and Melissa. Of all these, 'Alonzo and Melissa' was his favorite, although the story of Sinbad, the sailor, stood very high in his estimation. He loved to fancy himself Alonzo, but was terribly perplexed to find his Melissa. Sitting under the shadow of a jutting rock, he read them over and over again. Thus he grew up a visionary lad. He thought more of genii and beautiful ladies than of nets and fishes. He peopled the sea with mermaids and maids; and the little island with genii, who walked unseen, because he had no lamp to rub to make them visible. He would have been but little surprised while fishing to have pulled up a box with one of those puissant beings within, who, upon its being opened, would curl out in the shape of smoke. In short, Gregory believed he was born to some singular destiny—that good luck would come to him sometime when he was asleep—that fortune would shower her bounties upon him some day when he least expected it. He was continually dreaming of finding treasures in the sea, or where buccaneers had buried them on shore, long ago. Some of his dreams made such an impression that he actually searched for those imaginary hoards, even when he should have been seeking the scaly wealth of the deep.

One evening as he was sitting in his favorite retreat he saw a fire kindled upon the main land opposite. The flames mounted up in red jets, casting a lur[illegible] [illegible]ht upon surrounding objects. He saw several figures moving about the fir[illegible] in [illegible] [illegible]ad strange looking dresses. A[illegible] a sho[illegible] [illegible]stance from the fire he could dis[illegible] [illegible]r outline of a small boat. Men passed to and from it several times. Gregory strained his eyes until they seemed starting from their sockets, in the vain hope of learning how they w[illegible] [illegible]oyed. The darkness was too thick, and [illegible]istance too great to see anything distin[illegible]. He was at a loss to know whether they were genii, pirates or fishermen. He much preferred that they should prove genii instead of pirates, and pirates instead of fishermen. At first he thought of unfastening his father's boat—which was drawn up at the other side of the island—and crossing the waters between him and the unknown parties, that he might better observe their movements. But they might be gone before he had time to row half the circumference of the island, so he abandoned the idea. He sat and watched the strangers for an hour, when the fire was torn to pieces and the burning brands thrown into the sea. The night was very still, and Gregory believed he could hear them drag the boat from the beach, bail out the water—that had run in at the stern—and the working of the oars between the thole-pins as they rowed away. Whether he was correct in his fancies or not, no persons were to be seen in the morning on the opposite shore.

This little incident was an event in the monotonous life of Gregory. He went home and related with considerable importance what he had seen. He did not fail to color the matter with his own romantic ideas. Greatly to his mortification he was only laughed at for his pains. Old Andrew told him he had probably seen a poor fisherman like himself. His mother said with a smile, 'that he had doubtless seen a genii; but whether a good or bad one she was unable to tell.'

One morning, a few days after this occurrence, his imagination was again taxed to the utmost. He saw several persons employed in erecting a cottage at a little distance from the spot where the boat, which had called forth his wonder, had landed. The site they had selected was some twenty yards from the water. A fine growth of trees were close in the rear. In a few days a very neat and cosy-looking cottage could be seen, half shaded by a gigantic birch that had been left near the door. Had there been a few barren, half cultivated acres near, it might have resembled the residence of Paul and Virginia. The sea murmured pleasantly upon one side and the trees upon the other. Gregory wondered if Robinson Crusoe's dwelling had not been very much like it.

The next day after the cottage was finished, a small yacht touched the shore near the new cottage. A man, more elegantly dressed than any person he had ever seen, stepped from the yacht and assisted two females over the side, one of whom appeared quite young—a mere girl. They entered the charming new cottage, after which a great many things were landed from the yacht. When everything was taken out, the graceful little craft trimmed its tiny sails, and was soon gliding away over the waves, leaving the three persons we have mentioned, with the addition of a colored man, who busied himself in carrying the stores to the cottage. Gregory saw the well dressed man and the two females walk up and down the beach, as, and it appeared to him, delighted with everything they beheld. Our hero recollected that his father had a telescope, and ran and got it. He was now able to see the parties more distinctly.—The first glimpse through the glass was enough to convince him that they were not people who lived by fishing. The man, he judged, might be near forty years of age, and the eldest of the two females a few years younger. Gregory shrewdly guessed that these two bore the relation of husband and wife, and that the other and younger female was their daughter.

Our hero had in his intercourse with the world seen but very few of the 'sex,' and those of his own condition in life. They lived as he and his parents lived, and wore garments of the same coarse texture. It will not be deemed singular then that his youthful curiosity was excited at beholding those who appeared so far above him in station. He sighed sadly when he thought of the difference. He looked at his own coarse garb, and then through the glass at the rich stuffs of the strangers. For the first time he shed tears at the meagreness of his own resources. He passed the remainder of the day in dreaming, and said nothing of what he had seen, resolving this time that others should make their own discoveries, in which event he should not be ridiculed for his trouble. He could not forget the strangers on shore, but kept thinking and dreaming of them all night and all the next day. The ensuing night he resolved to become better acquainted with the new comers. As soon as his people had retired, he crept softly from the humble dwelling and noiselessly pushed off his father's boat. Familiar with the oar from childhood, he was not long in passing round the headland, and putting the bows of the boat toward the shore where the new cottage had been erected. Taking advantage of the swell, his long and regular pulls propelled him rapidly toward the place of his destination. He landed just above the cottage, and carrying the anchor 'high and dry' upon the beach, to prevent the influx of the tide from putting his slight vessel beyond his reach before he returned, he commenced reconnoitering the premises.

It was not late. The air was balmy and delicious. Soft breezes were blowing from the sea. The beauty of the night was favorable to the purpose of the fisher boy; it wooed the strangers forth to walk. Secreted at a little distance from the water, he had a fair opportunity to observe them, himself unobserved. The well dressed man and the elderly female walked first with a slow, measured step, pausing often to notice and make some comment on the beauty of the scenery. At a little distance behind them was the young girl. Gregory had eyes only for her. The moonbeams falling upon her face, as she gazed out upon the sea, revealed to him features of surpassing beauty. The attitude and ex[illegible]sion with which she regarded the swelling waters seemed to him like silent worship.—He wondered why he—who had been reared by the sea—had never looked upon it with such ecstasy.

The object of his attention was very young—not more than fourteen or fifteen at the most. He heard them call her Lucia, and knew he should always like the name. He was quite certain he had found his Melissa at last. In the course of five minutes he was deeply in love. He felt all the devotion that a youth of sixteen, of his temperament, would be likely to feel. He resolved to devote himself to the pensive Lucia from that very moment.

Meantime she passed on in her walk, leaving the gently sloping beach for a bolder shore. The tide was flowing in, and nearly at its flood. The waters had already reached their limit in those places where the shore terminated abruptly in masses of rocks piled up like a wall; or the shelving ledges, whose upper surfaces were covered with soil bearing trees and shrubbery. Lucia paused upon one of these spots where the rock rising perpendicularly confronts and seems to bid defiance to the sea. Grasping with her small, white hand the branches of a slender willow, she gazed dreamily down into the blue waters.—As she bent forward, the frail tenure by which she held gave way. The roots lost their precarious hold upon the insufficient soil. Lucia, unable to regain her equilibrium, was precipitated into the sea. A cry of terror made her parents acquainted with the accident too late to prevent it. The lady shrieked frantically, and the man ran toward the spot where Lucia had disappeared. Before he had reached it, however, Gregory was in the water. He had sported with that element all his days. To swim well was what he had learned in his childhood. A receding wave had carried Lucia several yards from the shore. The fisher boy glided through the water like a fish. He put his arm under her, and the returning billow helped to bear him back. A single minute had not elapsed from the time of the accident before he placed Lucia safely again upon the shore, hardly the worse for a wetting.

She soon recovered from her fright, shook the water out of her long hair, and laughed to reassure her mother. When she had done this, she turned and looked at Gregory with a great deal of interest. He, poor youth, looked down and blushed, as though he had been doing something criminal. The thanks and gratitude of the well dressed gentleman and lady, as well as the gaze of the girl, overwhelmed him with confusion. It was very evident, even to the fisher boy, that the latter was full of admiration for his bravery. This filled him with delight. He considered himself one of the most fortunate of youths. He thought it would be a great privilege to leap into Charybdis or some such ugly place, to save and serve such an interesting girl as the one whose face was beaming so kindly upon him.

The father of Lucia shook him warmly by the hand, and the lady embraced and called him a brave youth. It was the happiest and proudest hour of the fisher boy's life. Well it might be. No such event had ever before broken the monotony of his life. A new existence had dawned on him. Henceforth Lucia would form another self in his ideal world. No chance or change could ever drive her thence.

When Lucia took his hand in both of hers, and thanked him and asked him to come again, he felt an excess of pleasure. He saw her gazing at him as he rowed back to his island home. She appeared to him like something too good for the earth, as she stood there in the moonlight. From his delicious dream of happiness he did not awake, till he saw his own humble cottage, as he swept round the headland. Then he thought of the vast difference between them, and wept.

The next day he did not fail to row over to his new friends. He was received as though they felt themselves deeply in his debt. Contrary to his expectations, he walked with Lucia alone on the beach. He learned something of her history. Her father's name was Merton. He had come to spend the summer months there, in hopes the sea air might have a beneficial effect upon her mother, whose health was delicate. Their home was in a distant city. Lucia was delighted with their retreat. She said it reminded her of places she had read about in romances.

The fisher boy was glad that she read romances. The very fact that she did, seemed to form a new bond between them. It opened a medium of communication. They could make known their sentiments and feelings.—The first awkwardness of Gregory gradually wore off. He spoke of his favorite works with enthusiasm. He extolled Robinson Crusoe, and, in fact, all the volumes in his possession. But he soon had reason to blush at his limited knowledge; for Lucia had read ten volumes where he had read one. A very good understanding was soon established between the parties. The poor fisher boy went home more deeply enamored than ever.

He repeated his visit again and again. She trusted herself in his tiny vessel. Giving the white sail to the wind, they swept over the waters together. What joy for Gregory to be so near the object of his worship. What a contrast in the girl of fourteen and the youth of sixteen—the one tastefully and elegantly arrayed, the other dressed in the coarse garb in keeping with his low estate—the one graceful and accomplished, the other ignorant of all the conventionalities of life, save what nature and his own good sense had taught him—Sometimes abandoning the boat to the tide, he knelt at her feet, while she sang all the songs she could remember. His fixed yet respectful gaze often called a deeper color to the cheek of Lucia.

Thus time flew away, and the fisher boy forgot all in the presence of his beloved. One day Lucia spoke of leaving their rural retreat and returning home. Gregory dropped his oars and burst into tears. He ventured to look at his divinity. She was weeping also. The sight gave him inexpressible pleasure. It proved to him that he was not entirely indifferent to her—that she, too, regretted that they must part. With a suddenly inspired courage he fell upon his knees in the bottom of the boat, and told all his love. He knew that it was hopeless—that it was presumptuous, and he expected she would hate him, but he could not help it.

Contrary to his expectations, she was not angry. She wept more profusely, smiled through her tears, and allowed the fisher boy to take her hand and kiss it, and press it to his heart. For the first time the idea that Lucia loved him flitted through his brain. He had never dreamed of such a possibility, the distance between them seemed so great. His happiness knew no bounds. Growing bolder, he embraced her, and saluted her lips—a pleasure which he had supposed would never be his. It is a pity such a moment could not last longer. They occur but once or twice in the course of human life. When they parted they were sworn lovers.

We will not dwell upon their grief when the hour of parting came. Lucia agreed to write to him, directing her letters to the nearest post-office. She was to return again with her parents next summer. Long and dreary were the cold, icy winter months to Gregory; and like a wilderness was the peopled city to Lucia.

Old Andrew McPeterson discovered the secret of his son's frequent excursions. He told him of the folly of raising his thoughts to Lucia Merton. He set his poverty before him, in all its terribleness, and pictured the wealth of Mr. Merton in glowing colors. This was not all. He, Gregory, was not only poor, but ignorant. Such conversations had a powerful effect upon our hero. The desire to become rich took possession of his thoughts, and was second only to his attachment for Lucia. If he had a good geni, he wanted to see him, on particular business. If the pirates had ever buried money, or were ever going to, he wanted to find it! He never thought more about the treasures buried in the sand than he did during that winter. His mania upon this subject was increased by a company of money-seekers, who came to examine the island with instruments which would indicate the presence of precious metals. These strange visitors, after digging a few holes, left suddenly; but whether they found anything he did not know for a certainty, but firmly believed they did—He learned from some fishermen that great sums had been found upon several islands on the coast.—The warm spring came at length, and the fisher lad resolved to seek for hidden treasures himself. But it puzzled him to know where to begin. He dug a great many holes, however, on the island, and found—what a great many people had before him—nothing. He bore the ridicule of his friends with exemplary patience. He won and wore the appellation of 'Gold Seeker,' without a murmur.—His searches had hitherto been confined to the island. It now occurred to him to carry his operations to the mainland, where he saw the boat land in the night about a year before.—He found the very spot where the strangers had kindled a fire. It was not a great distance from the Merton cottage, and recalled the memory of many happy hours he had spent with Lucia. He sighed when he thought of the past. To banish unpleasant thoughts, he began to look about for some place where the earth had the appearance of having been moved. He found such a spot.

There are strange freaks of fortune, whereby people grow suddenly rich or suddenly poor. There is no other way for accounting for such things, than by saying that there is a destiny in the affairs of men—a hand that directs—a power that governs.

There is an excess of joy as well as of grief, and Gregory experienced it when he lifted a small keg from the excavation, and found it full of gold coin. He fell fainting upon his prize. His mad antics the reader must imagine, for it surpasses our power to tell them.—When his joy had so far subsided as to enable him to act reasonably, he carried the keg of coin, with some difficulty, and secreted it in a safe place, where he resolved to let it remain until he had decided upon the best course for him to pursue in the premises. When he had done this, he returned home. Complaining of a violent headache he retired early.

The next day found him near his wealth.—How to dispose of it to the best advantage he could not tell. While perplexing himself upon this subject, he felt a hand softly laid on his arm. He started with surprise, and looked behind him. The object that met his eyes was L[illegible]—[illegible] smile was on her lip, and a blush was on her cheek.

With an exclamation of delight the fisher boy caught her to his heart. She was the very person whom he wished most to see.—Nothing could be more opportune than her unexpected arrival. They had hastened their return on account of Mrs. Merton's ill health. They sat down by the spot where his prize was secreted. He took her hand in his, and told her how long the winter months had seemed; and how much he had thought of his poverty; and how ardently he had longed to be rich for her sake. Then he imparted to her his great secret. In proof of his good fortune he produced his treasure, and displayed it before her astonished eyes, and together did they laugh and weep. Before they parted, they had agreed to select a beautiful site at no great distance from her father's cottage, and employ some workmen in building a handsome house.

Old Andrew McPeterson was to be kept in ignorance of what was going forward until it was completed, when he would be invited to visit and take formal possession of it. This would be a most agreeable surprise. After the McPeterson family had moved into the new house, they would take such measures to secure their union as seemed most expedient.

Gregory hastened to put this plan into execution. A great number of workmen were employed, and the building went forward rapidly. Old Andrew McPeterson saw an elegant structure going up on shore, and wondered 'what rich man they was going to have for a neighbor now.'

Gregory asked him one day, 'how he should like to have such a dwelling?'

Andrew replied, that 'it was of no use to talk of such a subject, as there was no possibility of such a piece of good fortune, unless,'—he added, maliciously—'he should happen to find Robert Kidd's money in the sand.'

Our hero knew well what this meant, but said nothing. The dwelling that had attracted so much attention was finished and furnished in the most approved style. A more beautiful and tastefully arranged house could not be found in the country. The workmen were paid off promptly, and dismissed; and though the whole cost amounted to a large sum, Gregory scarcely missed it from his keg. He was not a little proud when he looked upon his work. He might well feel proud—it was a home for his parents.

Mr. and Mrs. Merton were now let into the secret by the parties principally interested.—They were speechless with amazement. It seemed to them more like a romance than anything real. When they had recovered a little from their surprise, they both shook hands with Gregory, and said 'they should be proud of such a son.'

'Then let me be your son,' cried the fisher boy, falling upon his knees. 'I have enough gold for us all; and I will love you all the days of my life;'—and he pointed to the keg which he had brought with him.

'Don't refuse him,' said Lucia, 'for I shall be very happy with him.'

Merton looked at his wife.

'He is a noble young man,' said Mrs. Merton. 'I am sure our daughter loves him.'

'If you do not marry Lucia,' added Mr. Merton, with a smile, and taking Gregory by the hand, 'it shall be no fault of mine.'

'Or mine,' said his lady, leading forward Lucia, and joining the hands of the youthful lovers, who shed tears of real happiness.

Old Andrew McPeterson and his family were immediately sent for, and came, wondering not a little what it could all mean.—They were taken through the house, and they admired every part of it. They declared that never in their lives had they seen anything half so nice and comfortable.

'How should you like to pass your lives here?' asked Gregory.

'Nothing would suit me better,' replied the old man.

'This house, and all you see here, is yours,' said Gregory, with a smile of triumph.

McPeterson looked at his son to see if he was crazy in reality.

'He has been thinking of Captain Kidd's treasures,' he said, turning to Mrs. Merton.

Gregory replied by putting a deed of the whole establishment into his hand.

The old man ran over it with his eyes. It was all in due form. He handed it to Mr. Merton, who examined it and gave it back, saying:

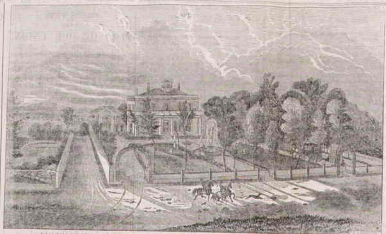
'It is a bona fide transaction. The house is yours, Mr. McPeterson.'

McPeterson turned to ask an explanation from Gregory, but he had gone. That task fell upon Mr. and Mrs. Merton. The whole was soon told, and the McPeterson family did not sleep a wink for crying that night.

The next day they took possession of the new house, or 'Gregory's Palace,' as old Andrew called it. Happy people were they.

It is needless to dwell longer on the fortunes of the fisher boy. His union with Lucia took place one year from that time. He was prosperous in business, and respected by those who knew him. He spent his winters in the city, his summers at the Merton cottage. In the society of Lucia he found all that happiness and contentment which he had anticipated.—All the parties had reason to bless the hour that made them acquainted. Thus fortune sometimes lavishes her choicest gifts upon mortals; and that comes to one without exertion, which another toils a life to get, and dies without attaining. Few persons would recognize the fisher boy, at this day, in the Hon. Mr. McPeterson.

The 'McPeterson house,' as it is called, though somewhat dilapidated by the wear and tear of time, is still to be seen, and is often pointed out to the traveller.



BELVIDERE HALL—F. GLEASON'S SUMMER RESIDENCE, DORCHESTER, MASS.

[Written for The Flag of our Union.]

## War and the Warrior.

BY J. F. WEISHAMPEL, JR.

The battle-field! The battle-field!
What wounded lay about!
The foemen has been forced to yield,
And met a dreadful rout.

A battle day!—a battle day!
O, War! what dost thou cost?
Ten thousand limbs are shot away,
And thousand lives are lost.

Give room! give way! the conqueror comes!
With victory on his brow;
He saw the foeman while ago,
Where are those veterans now?

Some stand upon the gory plain,
And some in terror kneel;
And some are writhing in their pain,
Beside the victor's heel.

Some cry aloud in maddening rage,
And curse themselves with woe;
And vainly dare again to wage
A conflict with the foe.

And others fling aloft their arms,
And shriek a thirsty cry;
For water-drops to cool their heat—
Then stagger back and die!

O, what a dreadful picture there!
No man saw such before;
The plain all strewed with dying men,
All stiffened in their gore!

A battle day!—a battle day!
O War, how dear thy cost!
Ten thousand limbs are blown away,
And thousand lives are lost!

## Obeying Instructions.

A good-natured, humorous and honest citizen, not ten thousand miles from Fairfield, Mo., was once left in charge of the public moneys, and acted as deputy receiver in the land office while the principal officer in the establishment went to St. Louis for the purpose of making a deposit. Before his departure, the receiver instructed his deputy how to detect spurious money, cautiously telling him if he was not satisfied with the purity of money presented, to test it with aqua fortis kept in the office for that purpose. At this time Missouri paper was received. But a few days had elapsed, when a good old honest farmer, wishing to secure himself at home, presented himself at the office, made his entry, came into the august presence of Mr. Deputy Receiver, and put down the money for a quarter section, fifty dollars in specie, and the balance in Missouri paper. The deputy takes the money, blinks with his little twinkling eyes, examines the bills cautiously, shakes his head, keeps his winkers travelling—at last thinks of the invaluable test. On the cool hundred and fifty he pours the contents of the aqua fortis bottle, and no sooner was it touched than consumed, and the exclamation, 'dod rabbit all, spurious, counterfeit,' came in rapid succession from the faithful deputy, who stood the personification of wisdom, and the detector of spurious money, while a grin of satisfaction could be seen lighting up his face, as he says to himself,—'you can't fool me with your counterfeit note, by a dog'd sight.' The receiver paid the $150 upon his return, and the honest deputy to this day thinks he did his duty, his whole duty, and nothing but his duty, and goes to bed confident that aqua fortis is proof against bad paper as well as silver.—*St. Louis Reveille.*

## Curious Phenomenon.

There are numerous issues of inflammable gas on the farm of Michael Faulkner, in Brecksville, in this county. About an acre of the bottom lands on the Chippewa give forth the gas, the soil being exceedingly porous, and filled with cracks, from which the gas escapes. Place a tin horn over one of these cracks, apply a match to the top, and a brilliant flame of yellowish appearance breaks forth, which will burn steadily for weeks. The proprietor made an excavation some twelve feet deep at one of the gas openings, and flung in burning hay. Quite an explosion followed, the hay was scattered in the air, and a blaze issued several feet high. It continued to burn until the ground caved in and smothered the flames. The ground from which the gas escaped never freezes, and nothing will grow upon it, although the soil is rich. The location is fourteen miles from Cleveland, and has attracted many visiters to see the earth burn. The existence of the gas has been known there for a dozen years or more, and the quantity escaping, which is large, seems to be increasing rather than otherwise.—*Cleveland, Ohio, Herald.*

## Punch on the Nile.

Punch has been making a cheap excursion down the Nile. He saw the Sphinx in Egypt, 'the greatest blockhead that was ever known.' As no phrenologist has ever examined the bumps of the Sphinx, Punch recommends the British Association in Europe to hold its next sitting expressly on that head. If disappointed with the Sphinx, he says, 'they might have a Matinee Musicale with Memnon, and listen to his singing, "I have dreamed that I dwelt in marble halls."' We have been told that there is but one fault in the style of Memnon's singing, and that is, like many of our singers, he sings too much from the head;—otherwise, when he is in good voice and has not a cold, he goes higher than any one else.'

[Written for The Flag of our Union.]

## Eva.

BY G. BENJAMIN.

Like autumn's leaves, all strewn and sere,
When chilling winds are moaning drear,
The leaves of love are scattered round,
And cover thick life's dreary ground.

Yet, dear one, seek not for the past,
I know thy young heart was o'ercast
Full suddenly—and round thee fell
The hopes that youth had nursed too well—

The tendrils of an early love
Cling fast, and scarcely will remove;
Yet must they from thy heart be torn,
And though it break, the pang be borne.

Why should it ever fated be,
That love's first dream must pass away?
Is it the doom of youth forever,
To nurse a bud that blossoms never?

And thou, sweet Eva, I can trace
Unuttered sorrow in thy face;
And by thy soft eyes' pensive light,
Read thy heart's secret all aright.

Thou, too, hast loved—but for thee came
Naught, save love's echo, back again;
Thou deepest now, and tremblingly
The tear-drop falleth from thine eye.

In every ray that lights thy gloom
As starlight quivering o'er a tomb!
And every tone of music blending
With thy pure soul, and circles ascending!

O, Eva! as I press, e'en now,
My lips upon thy placid brow,
With what a strange intensity
Of love my spirit yearns for thee.

## Anecdotes of the Fox.

Pontoppidan informs us, that when a fox observes an otter go into the water to fish, he will frequently hide himself behind a stone; and when the otter comes to shore with his prey, will make such a spring upon him, that the affrighted animal runs off, and leaves his booty behind.

In Smith's Directory for destroying vermin, we find it said that the fox exhibits a great degree of cunning in digging young rabbits out of their burrows. He does not try to enter the hole; for in this case he would not only have to enlarge it, but have also to dig several feet along the ground, under the surface of the earth; but he follows their scent above till he comes to the end, where they lie; and then scratching up the earth, descends immediately upon them, and devours them.

Buffon considered that the fox ought to be placed among the higher order of quadrupeds, from the great care and dexterity they show in the construction of their habitations. Some of them are placed in extraordinary situations, a fox having been known to let himself drop from the edge of a precipice on a projecting piece of rock just below it, from which he got into his hole or den. The dens are sometimes provided with outlets, by which the fox may effect his escape.

Buffon says that foxes are so fond of honey, that they will sometimes attack bee-hives, and even the nests of wasps, and that they frequently meet with so rough a reception as to be obliged to roll themselves on the ground, to get rid of the insects that are stinging them. They then return to the charge, and generally succeed in securing the combs. I have, however, kept bees where there were many foxes in the neighborhood, who could have gained access to my hives without any difficulty, and I never had reason to suspect that they in any way molested them, nor did I ever hear of an instance of this having happened in this country.—*Plough, Loom & Anvil.*

## Quaker Wit.

A late letter from a Baltimore correspondent of the Republic, has the following, which is both new and good:

Quite a funny anecdote is told of an elder member of this brotherhood. On Monday, while one of the omnibuses was going down town, the driver was stopped by a plain looking old gentleman in drab, who took a seat inside, with the intention of going to Fell's Point. The vehicle had not gone far until it turned up North Gay street, quite a different direction. The Friend inside observing that he was being carried towards the north, when he bargained for the east, told the driver he was carrying out of the regular route, and entered complaints. 'No matter,' said the man with the reins, 'we'll come right at last.' 'But I'll get out,' said the Quaker. 'Not until you have forked over a "fip,"' was the driver's reply, pulling the strap that held fast the door. Putting his hand into his pocket, the old man in drab said, 'Friend, we will not quarrel, thy strap will cut,' and applying his jack-knife, severed it and walked out. 'Thee cannot swerve me from my course, but thou mayest go thine.' The driver looked rather nonplused for awhile, and after studying a moment, said, 'Well, you are "some pumpkins"—I guess you can pass.' The Quaker took the next omnibus, and went on his way rejoicing, while the outwitted driver pulled ahead minus his 'fip.'

## Judge gently.

O, there has many a tear been shed,
And many a heart been broken,
For want of a gentle hand stretched forth,
Or a word in kindness spoken.

Then, O, with brotherly regard
Greet every son of sorrow;
So from each tone of love his heart
New hope, new strength shall borrow.

Nor turn, with cold and scornful eye,
From him who has offended;
But the language of reproof
With kindest tones be blended.

The seeds of good are everywhere,
And, in the guiltiest bosom,
Should, by quickening rays of love,
Put forth their tender blossom.

While many a tempted soul has been
To deeds of evil hardened,
Who felt that bitterness of grief—
The first offence unpardoned.

*Providence Transcript.*

## What's a Gentleman.

We are constantly reading cards of thanks to the *gentlemanly* captain, the *gentlemanly* steward, the *gentlemanly* clerk, the *gentlemanly* bar-keeper, *et cetera, et cetera*, and we have often asked ourselves what constitutes a gentleman of the present age. In old times it was birth, manners, gentility of appearance; then it was fortune, living without labor and with ease and comfort; now it appears to be a title only conferred in return for some favor, and indiscriminately bestowed. Thus, the captain of a ship is termed gentlemanly if he treats his passengers with courtesy; the clerk of a steamboat who hands the printers some newspapers, is gentlemanly; and the steward who pops you champagne is called gentlemanly. We are the nation of all others for titles, and we confound them all. Whenever we talk with Dr. Francis, he always calls us doctor; when the recorder is speaking to us he calls us judge; the lawyer calls us counsellor; the general never forgets to call us major; the countryman never forgets to call us 'capting,' and the downeaster as 'stranger.' The title heard among us is *mister*. We were once dining with our old consul at Falmouth, Mr. Fox, and were quite startled at a sweet Quaker girl asking us, quaintly and demurely:—'Mordecai, what wine wilt thou drink?'—*Noah's Sunday Times.*

## Live Hogs for Boston.

The steamer America took down between four and five hundred live, fat hogs, *en route* for the Brighton Market. These hogs were fattened at a distillery twenty miles from Springfield, were driven to that place, put on board the cars, shipped at Sandusky, will be transferred to canal boats at Buffalo, and to cars again at Albany.

The porkers, averaging about 250 pounds, are delivered at Brighton in less than two weeks after leaving their pens, and at a cost that leaves a fair margin of profit to the dealers. The live hog trade with the East, will become a great item when the contemplated railroads are completed, and afford of itself, a large freight business.—*Cleveland Herald.*

# WIT & HUMOR.

[illegible]

There is a noted stall contractor in Rumney, N. H., who can tell as big a story as most of 'em, and who possesses one of the best natured, most accommodating dispositions in the world.

'I was passing through New Jersey,' said he, 'a few years since, and there came by us, in the air, a flight of crows, over miles long, and so thick was the flock, you couldn't see the sun, for 'em!'

The contractor told this in a tavern, where several persons were standing about, one of whom—a coarse-limbed, heavy-featured son of the Granite State, ventured to query the correctness of the assertion.

'*How* long did you say, mister?'

'Nine miles, sir.'

'Don't b'lieve it,' was the reply.

'Wal, look 'ere—you,' said the contractor—'you're a stranger, and I don't want to quarrel with yer. So, to please you—I'll take off a quarter of a mile from the *thinnest* part!'

The stranger was perfectly satisfied.—*American Union.*

Couldn't help laughing, the other day, at an anecdote of a man accustomed to make long prayers, who had over-persuaded a guest, greatly against his inclination, to stay to breakfast. He prayed and prayed, till his impatient guest began seriously to think of edging away quietly and walking off, but in attempting it waked up the old man's son, who was asleep in his chair.

'How soon will your father be through?' whispered the guest.

'Has he got to the Jews yet?' asked the boy, in reply.

'No,' said the other.

'Wal, then he aint half through!' answered the boy, and composed himself again to his nap. Whereupon the guest bolted at once.—*The Bay State.*

Punch has seen with alarm 'ladies' vests' advertised in the newspapers. This gradual invasion of male attire by the other sex ought to be looked to. Punch says they have already stolen our paletots—they now seize upon vests. Gracious goodness! what will they not take next? What will be left us?

Sure enough!—what will be done with the "what d'ye call-ems?"—

When coats, boots and jackets are taken
By our precious acquisitive spouses,
Our confidence well may be shaken
In respect to retaining our tr—houses!

Friends are in the habit of warmly greeting their acquaintances, upon the arrival of the passenger trains, at this, as well as all other station-houses. It was only the other day, that a young gentleman rushed through the crowd towards a lady, seized her hand, and gave her a hearty kiss, the smack of which sounded above —— we were going to say above the din of gongs; but it's enough to state that the report startled a country lass hard by, who exclaimed to her 'feller,'—*Merry, Jack! what on earth's got way on the lovers!*—*Springfield Post.*

A miller who attempted to be witty at the expense of a youth of weak intellect, accosted him with:

'John, people say that you are a fool.'

On this John replied, 'I don't know I am sir.'

'Well, John, what do you know?'

'I know that millers always have fat hogs, sir.'

'And what don't you know?'

'I don't know whose corn they eat, sir.'

There is something rather pungent in the following 'Epitaph on an Ugly and Lean Old Woman,' which we took down the other day from the lips of the writer:

So old and so ugly, so mould'ring away,
Like a hillock of beans hardly covered with clay,
That Death in his ravage still passes her o'er
Supposing, no doubt, that he killed her before!

A dispute once arose between an English officer and a French one, as to which of the armies they respectfully belonged to won a certain battle.

'I think the victory remained with us,' said the Englishman, 'for a very large portion of our force kept the field.'

'A very large portion indeed,' replied the Frenchman, drily—'the killed and wounded.'

It is hard for a man to amass riches by selling in his shop, while there is a leakage at home in his kitchen. 'What a small kitchen!' exclaimed Queen Elizabeth, after going through a handsome mansion. 'It is by having so small a kitchen,' replied the owner, 'that I am enabled to keep so large a house.'

An editor, at the South, boasts that he is a self-made man. A brother itemizer remarks:—we are glad to hear it, for we should be sorry to think that such a compound of venality, corruption and political rascality, came in the right line of descent from the first Adam.

A young fellow by the name of *Wisely*, residing somewhere 'out west,' in a fit of jealousy, recently attempted to stab another by the name of *Trowell*. It seems the young lady who caused the dispute, was

'One who loved not *Wisely*, but *Trowell*.'

A 'cullur'd pussen' in Pittsburg, is exhibiting a wild badger, which he announces as follows:

A BAGER
From the Rocca Mountns,
A curus anmel
Ètes rats, &c.! &c.!!

An old lady once said, that her idea of a good man was—'A man what is keerful of his clothes, don't drink no sperits, kin read the Bible without spelling the words, an' kin eat a cold dinner on wash day, to save the wimmin folks from cooking.'

MOST TYRANNICAL.

Of all things I ever knew,
From old King Cole to jolly Jo King,
Including him whose beard was blue,
The most tyrannical was Smo King.

'Henry, love, I wish you would throw away that book and talk with me—I feel so dull.' [A long silence and no reply.] 'O, Henry, my foot is asleep!' 'Is it—well don't talk, dear, you might wake it.'

THE BEST WIVES.

Daughters intelligent,
Gentle and dutiful,
Make the best wives,
And the most beautiful.

What is that which, if a man has, he would not wish to lose? If he had not, he would not wish to have? And which, when he has gained, he has it no longer? D'ye give it up? A law suit.

'Ma, do you know why horses don't wear hats?' 'No, Johnny.' 'Cause it would give them a *hoss*-tile appearance.'

THE

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[WRITTEN EXPRESSLY FOR THE FLAG OF OUR UNION.]

## THE SEA LARK:

OR, THE

## QUADROONE OF LOUISIANA.

### A Thrilling Tale of the Land and Sea.

BY ALBERT W. SUMNER.

[CONTINUED.]

### CHAPTER V.

*New Orleans and the pretty florist of the St. Charles. Some new characters. Gambler's boasts. Monsieur Francois Rouillet. A novel and romantic way to make an acquaintance.*

Why look you, how you stare,
I would be friends with you and have your love.
SHYLOCK.

THE reader must now pass over a lapse of years with us to a clear afternoon in New Orleans in the balmy month of May. A young man of about twenty years of age sat under the lofty stone portico of the St. Charles Hotel, inhaling the rich perfume of a regalia. While thus engaged, his attention was attracted to a flower girl, who had taken a seat at the foot of the long flight of stone steps, where with some half dozen others, she was displaying her beautiful bouquets to tempt the passers-by to purchase. She was of very delicate and graceful figure, and the young man observed that she exhibited none of that forwardness displayed by the rest to those disposed to buy. But while she gracefully arranged her flowers, she seemed to shrink from the very attention it was for her interest to attract, than to take the usual advantage to press her bouquets upon those who stopped to examine them.

Having finished his cigar, the young man descended the steps to where she was seated, apparently for the purpose of purchasing some flowers. Until now, he had been seated behind her—and as he paused before her and she raised her eyes to his face, he was struck at once with their poetic beauty. They were very dark and large, plaintive in expression, and screened by dark lashes, so very long as to form a decided feature of the countenance. Her face was oval in form and classically beautiful, with a decidedly Grecian cast of features, and her complexion was nearly olive, though perhaps a shade lighter than that term would indicate. Her long, luxuriant hair was black—jet black, and braided—and arranged in a style the New Orleans Creoles excel in. It was the only coquettish part of her dress, and her head being loose (for the flower girls wear no bonnets), it was very conspicuous. Her form was a trifle above the medium height, rather slight, yet gracefully rounded in every line, presenting just enough of fullness to please the eye, yet avoiding the least approach to grossness.

These details of beauty which have required some space in description struck the young man at once. He was himself a fine specimen of American youth. He was nearly six feet high and very finely proportioned, broad across the chest and shoulders, though rather slim at the waist, showing distinctly the framework that riper years would fill. His face was decidedly handsome, and his high forehead and his mild, yet thoughtful blue eyes, gave an intellectual cast to his face that would have attracted the notice of a casual observer. His air and manner was that of one conscious of his position, and of the possession of means to maintain it. A slight pause ensued as he stopped before the girl, and each regarded the other with undisguised interest. The florist was the first to speak:

'Will you buy, sir? they are but a single dime each,' she said, with a pleasant smile, as she tendered a pretty breast knot to him.

'Are they of your own gathering, mademoiselle?' he asked, evidently desirous to prolong his interview with her.

'All but the magnolias; those I got at the market. They are gathered at Lake Pontchartrain—the sweetest in Louisiana.'

'It is a fragrant flower,' he said, pressing the rich glutinous leaves of one. 'Almost too fragrant, but it wilts very quickly. Give me a bunch of those others,' he continued, tossing a dollar into her lap. 'Never mind the change,' said he; as she took out her purse. 'These flowers would cost twice the sum at the North. I have a full equivalent for the money.'

'Are you from the North, sir?' she asked, earnestly, as she tied the flowers together with taper fingers, that impressed upon her companion still more earnestly the beauty of her form.

'Yes—that is—I am lately from Yankee land, though not a native of New England,' replied her customer.

The girl looked down and completed her bouquet, while the gentleman said, as he noted her manner:

'Have you friends there, that you ask so earnestly, my good girl?'

'No,' she replied, sighing; 'but I have always loved those States since I was old enough to know that all are free there.'

The customer made his purchase an excuse for conversing some time longer with the flower girl, and he found that she was no stranger to Flora's language, but that she could interpret the language of her flowers as well as arrange them in tasteful clusters. Delighted with her intelligence and beauty, the young man noted not the flight of time. At last, with an apology for so long occupying her attention, he bowed and withdrew to his room at the St. Charles, where he sat musing upon his new acquaintance, and for the first time recollected how much he desired to know her residence, and hastening out he resolved to learn it of her. But on arriving at the spot where she had been seated, he perceived that she had left it, as the dusk of evening was now settling over the city.

Having disposed of her bouquets, the flower girl passed down St. Charles street, towards the Plaza d'Arms; she had got but the distance of a few squares, when a person suddenly stepping from the door of a restaurant, said:

'Stay, Pauline, why in such a hurry?'

The girl half shuddered as she turned and met the eye of the speaker. He was a man in the prime of life, and had perhaps seen some forty years. But his light youthful figure, and dark curling hair, gave him the appearance of being much younger. His countenance was remarkably handsome, and was even noble in expression, but there was an air of dissipation about him that bespoke him a person of reckless habits. His tone as he spoke to the girl whom he called Pauline, was softened to the gentlest cadence of persuasiveness, and his eyes were bent in warm admiration upon her. It was very plain that the girl was very uncomfortable in his presence and she seemed to feel a fear of him and an unwillingness to offend him.

'I must go home directly, Monsieur Rouillet,' she replied, turning to leave him. But he approached still nearer, saying:

'Then I will walk your way, my good girl, for I have been thinking of you the whole day, and cannot lose this opportunity for some conversation with you.'

With evident reluctance the girl assented to his offer, and they walked on.

'Pauline, will you not go with me to the masquerade ball to-night? It is to be a brilliant affair, and really quite *recherche*.'

'Nay, Monsieur Rouillet, you know I do not attend such places.'

'Where then, Pauline, will you make an appointment with me? Come, dearest, say where shall it be?' As he spoke, he drew her reluctant arm within his own, and the two walked along in the dusk of twilight.

'You promised, monsieur, that you would talk thus no more,' replied the girl, in evident embarrassment; 'I pray you, monsieur, let us separate here. I must hasten home.'

But he walked on with her, quite to the door of her dwelling, a neat, but humble house in the French quarter of the town.

That night when the lateness of the hour had given a silent, shadowy cast to the streets of the Crescent City, where all was wrapped in silence, save the masked ball rooms and the gambling resorts—there stood watching the game of a couple of card-players, the man we have seen with Pauline—Francois Rouillet. He seemed quite at home in this den of iniquity. At this moment a comrade approached and slapping him familiarly on the shoulder, said:

'Well, Rouillet—I saw you with that pretty wench again this evening. Where the deuce did you pick her up?'

'Never you mind that, my boy. She is my game, and you must look elsewhere.'

'O, jealous—hey—well now—I didn't intend to cut you out—not a bit of it.'

'No danger,' said Rouillet, sneeringly.

'But seriously, Rouillet, have you arranged matters to please you. I thought there seemed some little coldness on the girl's part.'

'To tell you the truth, my dear boy,' he replied, 'I have not. She is a queer girl, that Pauline Hazwell, 'pon my honor, I feel queerly towards her. I've made love to girls enough before, but, zounds, she nonplusses me altogether, so stubbornly and delicately virtuous, but *n'importe*.'

Francois Rouillet was a Frenchman by birth, and of fine and even liberal education. But he lived in New Orleans without any ostensible profession or means of livelihood. His habits were of the most dissolute character, that is to say, he indulged freely in wine, gambled much, and in short made his companions of a class of men, universally known as blacklegs. He had chanced some months previous to meet with Pauline Hazwell—a poor girl, or rather one who resorted to humble means for a living, and he had at once marked her for a victim to his passion. He had approached her cautiously, and became intimate, before his designs were suspected by the girl or her parents. In the meantime, by some singular agency, he had so worked upon the feelings and susceptibility of the girl, as to obtain a strong and peculiar influence over her, and which, while it was not sufficient to induce her to do wrong, was yet so strong as to cause himself to wonder at it. Indeed he felt himself impelled towards her at last, by something like honorable regard. But if he had any manly or honorable intentions, his dissolute habits drove them away.

Pauline, though she did not love Monsieur Rouillet, yet felt as we have intimated, drawn towards him by some singular power, that in his presence, led her at times to almost shudder and tremble. It might have been his wit, or his bright intellectual abilities that overpowered her, but Pauline could hardly say what it was. The family were English, and Mr. Hazwell, a sort of broker's agent for the produce of the up river plantations, was able to earn only a moderate living—while Pauline kept school during the forenoon, and sold flowers in St. Charles street in the after part of the day.

The following afternoon found Pauline with her magnolias and other flowers, seated at the foot of the St. Charles steps. Scarcely had she made her appearance when she was joined by her liberal customer of the preceding day. The eloquent glance with which she met his eye, told at once that the recognition was most pleasurable to her.

'You are punctual at your post, my gentle girl,' said the young man, 'but I have been waiting for you.'

'Waiting for me,' she said with surprise.

'Yes—that is, I have been waiting to get some flowers,' he replied, a little disconcerted at the earnest, innocent manner, with which she had received his remark.

'You will be my best customer, if you are always so prompt,' she replied, arranging her bouquets as she spoke.

'Yes, and I wish you would at once put me on your books as a regular one.'

'I do not even know your name—so how can I?' said Pauline, smiling as she spoke.

'Ah—yes—a name is necessary to be sure. Well—Henri—Henri May.'

'Henri May,' repeated Pauline, pretending to write the name on the granite step, with a little bunch of daisies.

'But your name—I have not heard that yet?'

'Pauline Hazwell,' she answered. 'Shall I make you a breast knot? There is a pretty one,' she continued, 'which I will give you in consideration of your liberal purchase last night.'

'By no means, my good girl, or rather, yes, I will accept and treasure them, for your kindness in the gift. But those of yesterday's gathering have wilted. I must renew them from your beautiful collection.'

As he spoke, he handed a dollar to Pauline, who earnestly refused to receive such a sum for so small a quantity of flowers. But he prevailed upon her by his sincere and gentlemanly manner, to take it. Again he chatted for a considerable time by her side, and soon found himself talking upon themes and subjects that would have made the passers-by laugh outright, as topics of conversation between a gentleman and a humble flower girl. It was only the second time that Henri May had seen Pauline, yet he felt as though he had known her for years, and before he left her that evening, she too felt as if he were an old and intimate friend. Both were young and impressible, and a congenial spirit seemed to assimilate between them at once. Have not you, gentle reader, found now and then in life one with whom you felt a secret and indefinable sympathy on a first introduction? And have you not marked that these natural predilections, as it were, have proved prophetic, and that the friend thus found, has never ceased to share your warm regard?

### CHAPTER VI.

*Henri May and Pauline the florist. The attempt of a villain frustrated. The fearful encounter. A peculiar duel scene. A good and ancient mode of suppressing such troubles.*

Hurt in such a cause is no harm at all.
THE MAN AT ARMS.

THE young man who had given his name to Pauline Hazwell as Henri May, was the son of a wealthy southern planter, and had but just returned from the North, where he had graduated with honor at Harvard College. Indeed most of his life had been passed at the North, for the purpose of acquiring a more thorough education than southern schools afford. During the latter part of the term, he had been reading law, and his father, having some legal business which required strict attention, Henri was stopping at the St. Charles to attend to it. He was a young fellow of fine manly feelings, and captivating address, and at just that age when a trifle may turn one, either to evil or good associations. He had never been guilty of a mean action, or a really guilty one, knowing it to be such, in his life. But he was of a warm and ardent temperament, and liable to be led by associations or circumstances into imprudences that he would himself regret as soon as committed. At the first sight of Pauline Hazwell, he had been struck with her remarkable personal attractions, and afterwards he was captivated by the refinement and intelligence of her mind.

He did not pause to consider the great difference between her station and his own, but seemed to prosecute his plan of becoming intimate with her, without a thought as to any ultimate object. At their first meeting, he was forced to acknowledge to himself, her entire respectability. What then could induce him to press his society upon Pauline? Her beauty had completely captivated his mind if not his heart, and let his [illegible] what it might, his thoughts were filled with her. Actuated by such feelings, his meetings with her became more and more frequent, and he even visited the house of Mr. Hazwell very often, where he would pass the evening in reading to Pauline in the little parlor she occupied, and where he rarely, if ever, met any other member of the family while she industriously plied her needle.

Pauline, on her part, gave the entire wealth of her young heart to him at once, and although no word of love had ever been exchanged between them, still the depths of her lustrous eyes had shadowed forth the tenderness of her soul more than once when deeply interested in his words; she forgot perhaps, for a moment, the maidenly reserve that seemed natural to her. Could Henri May design that beautiful and gentle girl aught but good? Was there a base thought mingled with the constant attention he paid her?

On two different occasions, Henri had met Monsieur Rouillet at Pauline's, where he each time rose with a frown and look of defiance, and left the room at once. Henri marked and wondered at the man. He said to Pauline:

'Is this man a friend of yours, or your parents?'

'He has visited here often, but I cannot say for what reason. He has made us some presents—but I am sure I wish he would not come. Do you not feel almost like trembling when he is here? I do.'

'Indeed I rarely feel in that way at all, Pauline, and never before any man. Why do you fear him? Has he ever dared to molest you?'

'No—that is—he sometimes talks strangely, and I cannot tell why, but I fear him in spite of all I can do.'

'The next time I meet him, Pauline, I will make him promise to stay away from here.'

'O, do not threaten him, I fear I have done wrong to say so much—do not say anything harsh to him,' said Pauline, entreatingly.

'I will not, if such be your wish,' said Henri, thoughtfully.

It was a few evenings subsequent to this conversation, that Henri May, [illegible] the dwelling of the Hazwell's, when he observed a close carriage at the door with a driver and outrider, and a third person holding the door of the vehicle. It was quite dark, but Henri noted these things with some curiosity, and finding the door open, he entered without knocking. He thought that he heard a slight struggle, and a smothered cry in the little parlor, and placing his hand upon the door he entered at once. Here a sight met his eye, that stirred every drop of blood in his heart. Francois Rouillet stood in the centre of the room, with one arm about the waist of Pauline, while the other was placed over her mouth to prevent any outcry, and he was evidently endeavoring to force her towards the door, into the carriage. Henri May saw at a glance the meaning of the arrangement that had attracted his notice outside, and if he had needed further incentive, he found it in the imploring look that Pauline cast towards him as he entered.

A single step brought him to her side, and with a blow, to which the excitement of the scene gave almost superhuman force, he dashed Francois Rouillet half across the room, upon the floor, while he gently supported Pauline to a seat. Hardly had he raised himself from a recumbent posture after seating the trembling girl, when the sharp report of a pistol rang through the room, and he fell senseless at Pauline's feet, while the Frenchman calmly walked away and seating himself in the vehicle, it drove off.

The report of the pistol brought Mrs. Hazwell into the room, her husband being absent. Every effort was made to revive the wounded man, but it was found that he was rather stunned, than seriously hurt, the pistol having been fired so near to his head. The ball had grazed his temple and then buried itself in the pannellings of the wood-work about the window. Henri himself could hardly regret a circumstance, which rendered a temporary residence under the same roof with Pauline necessary, and she was only too happy to nurse and tend him.

It subsequently appeared that Monsieur Rouillet had urged Pauline to fly with him, and after offering every inducement that suggested itself to his mind, had actually resorted to force, to place her in the carriage that was awaiting them without, when Henri May arrived so opportunely to save her. This adventure served to endear Henri and Pauline still more tenderly to each other, and to awaken in Henri's mind the question which he now asked himself—'What are my intentions in regard to this beautiful girl? Can it be that I, too, would betray innocence like hers? Can I place myself in such a position as I have so lately seen this detestable Rouillet in, towards Pauline? Never, never!' said he to himself. 'And yet can I marry her? I, upon whom so much wealth has been lavished, and on whom a proud father looks to perpetuate the family name, by an honorable alliance? Alas! I begin to fear that I have been too blind, too thoughtless, in this matter.'

As to Mr. Hazwell, he was rarely at home, and he was so much occupied with business matters, as to think of little else, while Mrs. Hazwell was a simple, kind-hearted body, whom a single word could deceive, or satisfy, and a trifling gift would make a firm and devoted friend of her. Not that she was particularly mercenary, but rather because she was quite simple, and unsuspecting, and pleased with any attention paid her.

Henri May knew very well, that the encounter between Monsieur Rouillet and himself could not be permitted to pass over without further result—and though he determined to make no move in the matter himself, he also knew that he must hold himself in readiness to receive a challenge from the Frenchman, who lived among a class of men that would incite him to such a course, even should not his own feelings prompt and suggest it. It was not long before the expected summons was received, and Henri, though quite inexperienced in such matters, resolved to accept it without hesitation, and he referred the bearer of the challenge to a friend with whom he had already had an understanding. These affairs, so common in New Orleans, caused but little remark, and were only talked over at a cafe, by the individual friends of either party. The public were too well accustomed to them to wonder.

The seconds had selected a place, where they were not liable to meet with any interruption, just over Lake Pontchartrain, upon the broad, sandy beach, where they could get the shade of the trees, and yet exchange their shots with a fair, open space about them. Morning was the time appointed, and Henri addressed a few brief lines to his father, explaining the whole matter, and leaving another note to be given to Pauline, if he fell, started from the city for the appointed place of meeting. Here he found his antagonist, with several of his friends, of a class whose personal appearance betrayed their character and habits. For himself, he brought only his second, and a surgeon. The agreement had been made, that a throw of dice should decide which should have the first shot, at sixteen paces. This was the proposition of Rouillet's second, and it was acceded to by Henri's, who would, however, have preferred a simultaneous shot, but gave way to the wish of the other party, after consulting his principal.

The parties were placed, the two seconds cast their throws of the dice, and fortune favored the gambler, who by his throw was entitled to the first fire which Henri would be obliged to receive passively. It is a cold-blooded thing, for two human beings to stand thus opposite each other, with deadly weapons in their hands, and in cold blood, deliberately design to take each other's life! The most honorable mode—if there be any such thing as [illegible] in which a duel can be fought, doubtless is when both parties fire at the same time, at the word. But this gambling for the first chance at another's life, is the most blood-thirsty mode of conducting such an affair. However, this duel was so arranged, and Monsieur Rouillet won the first chance—thereby obtaining every advantage.

Henri May stood calm and collected, for the blood that flowed in his veins, was of no mean stock. He was a stranger to cowardice, and when he found that his antagonist had gained the right of the first shot, he calmly gave himself up for lost, shook his friend's hand with a cheerful farewell, and stood firm at his post. The word was given, Monsieur Rouillet calmly and deliberately took his aim, and fired. A pause of deadly silence ensued; those present, almost held their breaths, in their excitement for the result. But Henri stood erect, he did not even change his position, though the blood ran in a stream from his left hand. He was unmoved, and calmly awaited the direction from the seconds, for him to proceed to his turn of firing.

The friends of the gambler whispered together in admiration at the nerve and bravery of Henri, while his antagonist coolly remarked to his second:

'If I had gone a little more to the left, say a hair or so, it would have been the heart instead of the arm!'

In a moment more, all was silent again, not a word was spoken, not a movement made, as the parties were told to prepare!

It was then that Henri May asked permission to speak to his antagonist, which was granted.

'I have no wish to take your life, sir, although you have twice wounded me—once on an occasion that it is not necessary to mention, and again to-day. Now, sir, give me your word of honor as a gentleman, that you will never seek to speak to, or communicate with Pauline Hazwell, and I will forego my fire, and withdraw on these terms.'

'I will make no such promise,' said Rouillet, warmly. 'Have I not known her much longer than you, sir, and are not you the intruder there?'

'Not if the lady speaks truly.'

'Lady!' repeated Rouillet, sneeringly, 'a pretty title for the wench, truly.'

'Stay, sir, I had wished to give you a chance for your life, not to listen to insult. If I fire, Monsieur Rouillet, you are a dead man! Still I would be glad to take your promise to avoid Pauline Hazwell for the future, and let this matter end. What is your final answer, sir?'

'That Pauline Hazwell is a miserable courtezan, and that—'

'Stay, sir, that word has sealed your fate—seconds, I am ready!'

The distance was again measured, the agreement made once more, the witnesses appealed to, as to whether all was fair, and as it should be. The preliminaries settled, the word given to fire!

Henri May raised his weapon as quick as light, seemingly, without taking any aim at all, and the report followed so closely upon the word fire, that it seemed accomplished at the same instant. Monsieur Rouillet reeled, and fell into the arms of his second. The ball had entered his breast, just above the heart, and the surgeon declared, that he could live but a few hours, at farthest. Henri returned sadly to the city, though feeling that he had tried to do, as he conceived, for the best, yet the taking of human life, under any circumstances, is a fearful and a solemn thing! It was his first duel—the first time he had ever shed his fellow-creature's blood. His feelings were not as those who have become hardened men, of whom there are not a few at the southwest, who have killed their half dozen men, in what they denominated honorable combat—fearful and vile though it be! Would to God such a law were everywhere enacted and enforced, as the wise king of old, established. His courtiers knew his repugnance to the practice of duelling, yet one had challenged another to mortal combat, but neither dared to fight without the king's sanction. He was therefore appealed to, for the desired liberty. 'Yes,' said the monarch, 'and my headsman shall be present, to cut off the head of the survivor!' It is a matter of history, that duelling was no more practised in that king's reign.

### CHAPTER VII.

*The mystery of the beautiful florist. Singular reverie. Resort to the bottle for courage. A strange tale of love. 'Though my whole heart is yours, still I can never marry you.'*

Be patient, for the prize I'll bring thee
Shall hoodwink this mischance.
TEMPEST.

THE last words of the gambler Rouillet, declaring Pauline to be a courtezan, rang fearfully in the ears of Henri May. He could not, in reason, doubt the purity of the gentle girl, but the obstinate and bitter declaration of his antagonist, at such a peculiar moment, strangely affected him. Not a breath of this, however, did he give utterance to, in his frequent visits to her house. He kept his secret to himself, which from the fact of his unwillingness to divulge it, became the more annoying and harrowing. Still, while in her presence, he felt that the charge was entirely groundless, though Pauline had shown great consternation, and even grief, when she heard of Rouillet's death. Henri had himself informed her of the result of the encounter, and when he saw how much she was affected by the intelligence, the demon of jealousy fired his heart as he asked:

'Pauline, did you love this man, that you regret him thus?'

'Love him—ah, no Henri!' for he had taught her to call him thus. 'I never felt even a common friendship for him, and yet I feared him strangely, and felt that he possessed a peculiar power over me. It is not for love of him that I regret his death. But alas! that it should have been at your hands, that is fearful!'

There was an air of mystery about Pauline, some secret that seemed to hang over her, which greatly puzzled Henri. He was very sensitive and thoughtful, nor would he refer her to the peculiar feelings by which he was sometimes agitated, lest he should give Pauline pain. Mrs. Hazwell was, as we have said, a very simple person, having only a year since recovered from a very dangerous fever, that had greatly weakened her mind; while her husband was so much occupied in business, as rarely to be seen at home. Though he knew that Pauline's heart was of a most tender and susceptible nature, still he thought it strange that there seemed to be so little evidence of affection between her and her parents. True, she never mentioned them but with respect, but there was a want of that tenderness and affectionate sympathy, that one looks for in all classes, between parent and child. Henri yearned to speak more fully of these matters, and once he did express a feeling that seemed to startle Pauline, and she at once rose and left the room in tears. Though this behaviour heightened the mystery in his mind, yet it showed that he was treading on forbidden ground; and he never again referred to the subject, though it was often in his mind.

Then at last came to him the thought as he sat analyzing these things; 'What relation do I bear to her? What are my designs concerning her, that I have a right thus to catechize and question her? Why am I so very particular about Pauline's virtue? Is it in my care and keeping? Am I its protector? Or am I not rather like a thief striving to steal it away? Good God! What a wretch I am! Surely I know full well that I cannot marry this girl, and yet I go, day after day, and sit by her side, thus knitting my own heart and hers more firmly together. Am I blind—a fool, or deranged? Surely I am either losing my wits, or my honor. Can it be that I would ruin the innocence of that dear, confiding girl, and betray the confidence she reposes in me?'

Henri thus talked to himself, and paced the room with hasty steps, until the hour came round for his usual evening visit. But he walked his room only the more rapidly; now he looked at his watch, and now turned again in his restless movements. He seemed hesitating between some good resolution and strong inclination. Suddenly he reached his hand to the bell-rope, and rang furiously. The bell was answered.

'A bottle of brandy,' said Henri, to the waiter, hastily.

Thus do men fly to the bottle, to drown the nice sense of right and wrong that conscience awakens within them! And thus did Henri May drink freely, and at each glass became more and more at his ease. He whistled gaily, put on his cap, and taking his cane, wended his way carelessly towards the Hazwells. It was later, considerably so, than his usual time for calling, and as he entered, Pauline looked inquiringly at him, but with a look so laden with love and pleasure at his coming, that his heart sunk within him, and he stood abashed, before the gentle and beautiful face of her, who was the object of his regard. Not of his love; for had he truly loved, he would never again have seen her, unless with the honorable purpose of marriage. It is foolish to talk of love, when we seek the gratification of our own passions, at the cost of another; true love is devoted to the good of the object it loves—that object is its all. There is no consideration paramount to the affection it has excited, and all must be sacrificed for the loved object—else it is selfish and untrue.

Henri found that even the foreign stimulant he had taken would not still his heart when in that beloved presence; and he even feared for himself, lest he should say that which in honor he could not revoke. Pauline saw that he was peculiarly agitated; her quick discernment detected that all was not right with him, and she asked him seriously if he was well. He told her he was not, and indeed his brain was on fire with the contending emotions that actuated him and the spirit he had drunk. How gently she bathed his heated temples—how tenderly parted the hair from his forehead, and how innocently she begged to know if she could in any way alleviate his pain! It was too much for Henri; he could restrain his feelings no longer, and had his life depended upon his silence, he would have spoken as he then did, to her by his side.

It was a soft summer evening, and they were together alone in the little parlor of the house. Henri had drawn her to a seat by his side, and the beautiful eyes of the young girl were already red with weeping, and her bosom heaved with a quickened emotion. He rose and walked the apartment with a troubled step, and anxious brow, pausing now and then for a moment only to resume his hurried and excited movement.

He had been telling her of his love—it was the first time he had ever spoken to her upon the subject; and now he told her, also, that while his whole heart was hers, yet he could never marry her, for his position in society was such that this would be impossible. He showed her how the cold and calculating world looked upon these things, and the restraint that a proud and aristocratic family placed upon him. Yet he loved her too well to make the slightest dishonorable proposal to her. Now that he knew her so well, he felt that it would be impossible for him to entertain such a thought.

'Ah, Pauline,' said he, 'your purity, and the chasteness of your soul, has given birth to a new feeling in my heart. It has taught me to respect you and myself. It has purified the feelings that possessed me towards you at the first moment of our meeting, and placed an image in my heart that no time can efface.'

Pauline, all unused to such passionate expressions of feeling, could only answer to his ardent language by her sobs and tears. Never before had she appeared so beautiful to Henri, as she did now, with her hands [illegible] tightly together upon her lap, as if to aid her in suppressing the violence of her feelings, her eyes resting upon the floor, and big tears coursing over her fair young cheeks, quickly one upon another! How he longed to press her to his heart and swear [illegible] to part from her at any hazard. Indeed, he could hardly restrain his feelings sufficiently to keep from betraying himself at once. His intercourse with Pauline had been of a peculiar character. High-minded and honorable at heart, he had never attempted familiarity to produce any improper relationship between them, but had ever behaved towards her with the utmost respect, and he could not have been more punctilious had she been far above him in station. But now he sat down by her side with her hand held tenderly within his own, while he pressed it gently and asked her:

'Pauline, we have never talked of love before, and though my own heart has told me that I am in turn beloved, still give me the assurance, Pauline, do you love me?'

She still sat with her eyes resting upon the floor; the only token of life she gave was the quick rise and fall of her fair bosom, and the little rivulet of tears that coursed over her cheeks, fed by the very fountain of her heart.

'Say, Pauline,' continued Henri, 'if you love me, or has this announcement I have been forced to make, turned your regard to hatred?'

'No, no, no!' said she, with startling energy, 'indeed, indeed, it has not.'

'You do not despise me for this, then,' he asked, earnestly.

'You have spoken honestly, Henri, and I honor you for it. I can see a darker picture than even this presents. No, Henri, I am sure I honor you more than ever.'

'Must this be so?' said he, half aloud, and half as though musing to himself. 'Now at the moment I have first learned to appreciate the prize, must I lose it?'

'I have little of deceit or evasion, Henri,' said the beloved girl, by his side. 'I have never learned them. I can tell only the truth, though it should even be unmaidenly to do so. I do love you, far better than I ought, far better than I knew myself capable of loving. I have known that there was too wide a barrier in our different positions, to admit of a union between us. I tell you frankly, Henri, I have thought of this. How could I do otherwise? loving you as I have, with little less than adoration, how could I do less than dwell upon that affection in all its phases? Love is so blind, and I have found it so impossible to guard my heart. Indeed, indeed, I could not help loving you, Henri.'

'Dearest, talk not thus,' he said; 'I alone am to blame, and I feel that I have been most culpable and even wicked, in the course I have pursued towards you.'

'Nay, Henri, until this hour you have never spoken of love, and no brother could exercise more delicate consideration towards me than you have done. You have saved me too, from worse than death itself, at the risk of your own life, and have a second time risked it for my sake. Ah! why has Heaven been so kind, so very kind to me—I have not merited your love; and I was happy, or at least I thought I was so, before. But the brief period during which I have known you has been intoxicating to my heart, so fraught with joy has it been.'

He pressed the hand he held to his heart, and told her honestly, that she had reclaimed him from the fickle passion that had at first prompted him towards her, that as he had grown, day by day, more intimate, and had learned to know her better, a feeling of reverential love had possessed him, and that worlds would not now tempt him to breathe into her ear an unholy thought, nor to save his life would he betray such pure and unalloyed affection as she had bestowed upon him. There was no deceit in his words—they were the true reflection of his soul. He spoke to her honestly and from his heart, and a tear stood in his beaming eye.

He saw how tenderly Pauline had learned to love him. He told her he fully realized how guilty he had been, in indulging in her captivating society when be knew that he was nurturing a passion that he could never in honor acknowledge. He blamed himself bitterly, and begged her forgiveness so ardently and humbly, that she felt she would gladly suffer every pang in silence, if she could but see him happy again. As they sat thus together, they felt themselves so completely united in heart, that both could have willingly breathed their last there together, without a single sigh for life since it was that which must part them.

Henri had thrown his arm about her delicate waist, and her head rested upon his shoulder, while his face was buried in his other hand, and supported by his knee, his foot resting upon a stool. It was a very affectionate, yet a sad picture this young couple presented, as they sat thus together upon the little couch in the parlor. The soft twilight that struggled through the curtained windows, seemed to harmonize with the feelings of the lovers.

The reader must now go back with us through the period of years we have overstepped, that we may gather up the woof of our story, and bring each part forward even with the bearing of our plot.

### CHAPTER VIII.

*Louis Bouve a guest at a southern plantation. The Quadroons! The peculiar beauty of the race. Scenes on a Louisanna plantation. A singular affection between an artist, and a slave.*

Why did she love him? curious fool, be still!
Is human love the growth of human will?
BYRON.

IT will be remembered that Louis Bouve, Count Jerome's brother, after having coquetted for a season in Florence, had a trick played upon him, by a beautiful lady of the court, under the disguise of a blind girl. Louis then returned to Paris, where he pursued his art for a period, but discontented and restless, and naturally fond of adventure, he resolved to visit his brother Jerome, at his plantation in America, and he consequently sailed, from Havre, for New Orleans, and soon joined the count, at the model plantation on the Mississippi. Hardly yet twenty-five years of age, Louis Bouve was ardent, enthusiastic and highly impressible. His figure was slight, yet well-formed, and his manners peculiarly French, easy and communicative. He had laid aside something of the fickle disposition that had actuated him some years before, in Italy, and there was more sincerity and manliness about him now. Delighted with the wild scenery of the Mississippi, and the abundant sport that a thinly settled country afforded, he sketched and hunted by turns, until time quite domesticated him at his brother's plantation.

It is a well-known fact that frequent crosses of the colored race on many of the southern and western plantations, has produced a class among the slaves, known as Quadroons, which actually are not more than one fourth African in blood. The females who are the offsprings of this promiscuous intercourse, are almost without an exception very handsome in features, and beautiful in figure, besides possessing a natural grace that is very remarkable, and a delicacy of person, as well as of health, that renders them very often the victims of consumption. Their color is the lightest shade of mulatto, a sort of Spanish complexion, the hair dark, straight, and of singular luxuriance. Altogether, you would never suspect them of African descent, unless versed in the peculiarities of these races, as known in our Southern and Western States, and in the West India Islands.

There was one of the class we have described, belonging to the plantation of Count Bouve, known as Lucille, and a remarkably beautiful and captivating person. Madame Bouve, on her first arrival at the plantation, had appointed Lucilla to the situation of house-maid, and personal attendant upon herself, thus removing her from the contaminating influences contingent upon field labor among the ordinary slaves of the plantation. Lucille was made a perfect pet of, by her mistress, who found herself isolated from companions of her own sex and condition in life, and was at the time to which we refer, just seventeen years of age. Possessing naturally a quick and comprehensive mind, she was very intelligent, and improving by the situation she held as her mistress's immediate attendant, she soon acquired manners so lady-like, yet so respectful, as to be quite charming. Indeed one of the most captivating qualities we know of, is that of one's entirely understanding and behaving in accordance with one's own position, never seeking to overstep it, nor, for the sake of effect, pretending to fall below it. Now Lucille knew her exact position, and she never presumed upon it. She was but nominally a

ras, as it regarded her desires, but from the very [illegible] of her better intelligence, in comparison with her companions, she was the more unhappy, for she fully realized that which others thought but little of—she was not free. And often when alone by herself, the tears would be streaming from the handsome eyes of the Quadroone, and her rich, ruby lips would tremble with emotion, as she sighed to herself—'Alas, I am a slave!'

In unpleasant weather Louis Bouve was of course unable to pursue his out-door sports, and he was thus thrown much upon his own resources for amusement within, killing his leisure moments as best he might. He was not without literary taste, and his brother's library afforded a rich feast for his mind to feed upon, but at times he would tire of books, and become restless and filled with ennui. Then he would get up some light game, in which Madame Bouve would join, and Lucille, too, would perhaps be pressed into the service to make up the party. Thus for want of some more exciting amusement, Louis, after taking the portraits of his sister-in-law, her child, and the count, made Lucille sit, and he produced a painting truthful in the highest degree, and therefore very beautiful. The artist had grown enthusiastic in his work, and had given his very soul to the truthful delineation of the picture, and when at length it was completed, he seemed, Pygmalion-like, to have fallen in love with the work of his own creation?

How fascinating was such an intercourse, how inevitable the result! For hours they were alone together. Louis talked in a familiar manner of tales of adventure, of curious sights he had seen or read of, and entertaining Lucille as though he possessed the power of an enchanter over her.

'Sit more directly fronting me, Lucille, thus—with this arm upon the table, and the other resting upon your lap,' said the artist.

Thus he would place her, for the purpose of correctly painting her portrait, while she, passive and happy, observed his simplest desire, and strove to comply with it.

'There, Lucille I will not keep you longer, I know you must be tired, but I had got very much engaged in my work, and I sometimes forget how long you have been sitting.'

'Indeed, sir, I am not tired, nor could I feel so, while you tell me of these singular and entertaining things.'

'Then turn to that position once more, my good girl, for it was just right, and you look like a queen this afternoon.'

Lucille made no reply to this. It would not have been respectful in her to do so. But Louis had told the simple truth, and he spoke without any intention of flattering her. She did indeed look like a queen in her peerless beauty, and he dashed on with his picture, completely absorbed in his art, until at length, it was completed, and then, as we have said, he fell half in love with the beautiful creation of his own pencil, as copied from Lucille.

The simple-hearted Quadroone was flattered and delighted by such attention, and to repay her master's brother for his interest in her, she strove in various ways to do him every little service a grateful mind could suggest, and would even anticipate his wants in her desire to please him. The reader cannot suppose that the young Frenchman was unmoved by such notice on the part of Lucille. At first he had gazed upon her beauty with merely the eye of an artist; but with his ardent temperament, it was impossible that he should not experience warmer sentiments towards one of whom he saw so much, and under circumstances so interesting. Thus he found himself each day growing more and more intimate with the beautiful slave, until at last, even his unsuspicious brother noticed it, and though he good-humoredly alluded to it, yet Louis, who knew him well, saw that he did not relish it, and neither did Madame Bouve. But artists at twenty-five are not proverbial for their prudence and strict adherence to the paths of wisdom, and the intimacy between Lucille and himself continued, notwithstanding the blank looks of the count and madame.

This tended to make the Quadroone quite miserable, for she was placed, as it were, between two fires. Her mistress, too kind to blame her directly, yet intimated her wishes by movements and directions, that Lucille understood as well as though she had said in so many words; 'I do not wish to have you pass so much time with your master's brother.' But what could the inexperienced Lucille do? A single kind word from Louis uttered as he knew only too well how to express himself, turned her to himself at once.

'Come, Lucille,' he would say, walking into the sitting-room, where she sat sewing on some delicate needle-work for Madame Bouve, and laying his hand gently upon her shoulder. 'Come, let us go out to the Cypress field, and I will give you a lesson in botany.'

'Yes, sir,' replied Lucille, timidly, 'but madame has given me this work to do, and she desires to have it finished at once.'

'Never mind, never mind, this once—tell her I wanted you to carry my implements for botanizing. Tell her I took you away, Lucille, and it will be all right.'

'Yes, monsieur,' said the slave, 'but had I not better finish this, as she has ordered me? Another time I shall not be so busy, perhaps, if it should please you to want me.'

'Fie, Lucille, you don't wish to go—now I will go in, and lay by my things, and look at the painting, and say the pretty, gentle, kind Lucille would not go with me. Well, well Heigh-ho, it is so dull, I must go away from here to some place where I can get a companion to roam with me.'

Then Lucille would look up with her beautiful eyes into his face, and say as clearly as expression could speak, that she wanted very much to go with him, and then he would take away her work, and slipping his little bag of tools into her hand, would tell her, that she must go—and she would follow him.

The greatest annoyance his brother experienced from the conduct of Louis, was the effect produced upon the strict line of discipline, drawn between the slaves and the family. Although Lucille had for long been treated more like a member of the family, than like one of the slaves of the plantation, yet this intimacy between the count's brother and the Quadroone, so evident to all, tended not a little to relax the discipline of the establishment. The slaves, especially the females, seeing one of their number thus petted, did not hesitate to assume airs, and evince tokens of feeling that could not be permitted by a master. Count Bouve saw at last, that he must resort to some mode whereby he could induce his brother's departure, and feeling a strong desire to re-visit his native country, and believing that he could do so now with little if any personal danger, relative to the feud between himself and the royalist party some years previous, he proposed to Louis to accompany him back to Havre.

'But when do you propose to start, brother?' asked Louis of Jerome, when he mentioned the subject to him.

'Shortly, say in a couple of weeks,' replied the count.

'A couple of weeks? So soon?' asked Louis, with some token of surprise in his intonation.

'Why, if you cannot conveniently get ready so soon, we will make it another week. Say in three weeks from this time,' replied the count.

'The shooting season is just in its prime,' said Louis, 'and I had hoped to bag some capital game during the coming month. Egad, Jerome, this is very sudden.'

'I do not mean to hurry away, Louis,' said his elder brother, 'but the fact is, I must go now if at all, and therefore I have named so early a time.'

'Very well, then, in three weeks,' said Louis, but not without evident tokens that he assented to the proposition most reluctantly, 'I will be ready to start.'

Despite the better judgment of the Quadroone, she had learned to love her master's brother as tenderly and truly as though not a slave, while Louis Bouve gave way to all the tenderness that really possessed him for the time, though his heart was not moved like hers. He loved her, but only as he had loved many another before, and yet, far more sincerely than he had done, the wealthy and beautiful ladies of the Florentine court. He was the child of impulse and passion, and his regard for Lucille was, after all, but the transient daughter of circumstance.

Such is the heart of man; so easily is it moulded to change, so pliant is it to new impressions, unlike—ah—how unlike to woman! Louis broke to Lucille the intelligence that he was about to leave her, and he read in her subdued sobs, yet passive and uncomplaining manner, the real strength of her affection for him. He felt guilty then, not exactly that he was forsaking her, for he knew full well that his brother's family was her home, and that she would always be well-cared for. He pressed a purse heavy with gold into her hand, and bade her, as both realized too truly, farewell forever!

The Quadroone watched from a secret place the departure of her master and his brother down the river, and as they passed out of sight from the bluffs of the Mississippi, she sank down, and wept, how bitterly, none may know!

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

### Short Patent Sermon.

BY DOW, JR.

I shall discourse this morning upon the following:

How calm, how mild, how beautiful,
Are th' Indian summer days!

My hearers,—The smoky fortnight is over; the Indian summer has departed, to visit us not again for a twelvemonth; but the recollection of it is accompanied with the pleasantest, the softest and the most soothing of sensations. What can be more calming to the troubled spirit than those still, mild days that wedge themselves in between autumn and winter? They spread peace and quietness over the face of the earth, and say, 'Peace, be still,' to every turbulent wave that ruffles the waters of the human soul.

My friends—why this little blue patch upon the trowsers' legs of the year is called the Indian summer, is more than I can tell. I suppose, however, it is because it is not cold enough to be called winter, and too warm to be classed with the days of autumn, the same as the Indian is not sufficiently dark to be denominated a negro, nor pale enough to be termed a white man. A most lovely notch is it in the year, nevertheless—the still, sweet Sabbath of the seasons. The wind scarcely dare whisper among the dying foliage—the squirrel thinks it is [illegible] to chipper, and shells his nuts with as little noise as possible; and Nature herself appears to have nothing to do but to sit down and smoke her pipe in peace. How pleasing is the quietness that reigns around! Every lake, pond, river and rill is as calm as the conscience of a good Christian, and the heavens above are beautified with a perpetual smile. Then look at the woods!—don't they seem as if they were powdered with dust of a thousand pulverized rainbows? How they turn all sorts of colors at the thought of being stripped of their raiment and standing naked through a long, cold and dreary winter! They blush like Aurora when she first turns out of bed to meet the gaze of an admiring world.

But, myfriends, the Indian summer is past for 1849 and old winter will soon be down upon us with two bushels of wrath and frozen turnips. Yet we shall be occasionally favored with a decent and agreeable day between now and the advent of spring; but, should we happen to find none with a polish equal to those just departed, we mustn't complain, but consider that it is contrast which gives effect and beauty to the pictures in the book of Time. Who would have it all sunny, mild pleasant weather? Why, its very pleasantness would tire after a while, and we could no more appreciate it than a man who is never sick knows the value in dollars and cents of the health he is permitted to enjoy. For my part, I think the way the year is made up is a most admirable contrivance. When it is winter we look forward with cheering anticipations to spring; in spring we behold ahead the glorious prime of summer, and long for its approach; when the hot summer arrives, we think of the cool, peaceful days of autumn, and wish that we were in the midst of them; and even winter has attractions that show in the distance, much brighter than they really are, like a sunset tinging with crimson the summit of a snow-capped mountain.

My hearers—now, as the gentle Indian summer has left, put yourselves in readiness to grapple with old Boreas. He is a rough customer to handle, but, if you make proper preparations to receive him, you may ward off many a blow that he might otherwise inflict upon you. And so in the autumn of life, prepare for the dreary winter that must shortly arrive; and there is no danger but you will weather it pretty comfortably till an eternal spring shall dawn 'on the night of the grave.' So mote it be!—*Sunday Mercury.*

### City of Moscow.

The city of Moscow, rendered famous by Napoleon's expedition, was built in the eleventh century, and now contains 400,000 inhabitants. It is situated in a great valley, and the houses are mostly built of wood, the roofs of sheet iron. In the centre of the city stands the walled hill of Kremlin, surrounded by a brick wall 50 to 70 feet high and a mile and a half in circumference. Within these limits are several public buildings. The popular opinion that the Kremlin is a palace is erroneous. It is simply, as its name signifies, a walled enclosure, and was built as a defence against insurrection. It could no more be blown up by powder than could a great hill. In the church which stands within its limits is a bell weighing 140,000 lbs., but this is eclipsed by a large bell standing at the foot of the tower. This is 19 feet high, 65 feet in circumference, 18 inches thick, and weighs 400,000 lbs. A large piece has been broken out of it, and it is sometimes used as a chapel. Around the city is a public garden or boulevard, and outside of this is a wall of turf 30 or 40 feet high. Three hundred churches, each with five or six domes, are scattered throughout the city. The domes are pear-shaped, and are surmounted by a spire and a cross, with the crescent beneath. They are painted sometimes brown, and often a blue color with large spangles of gold. As there are from 1600 to 2000 domes in the city, the effect, when the sun is shining on them, is extremely brilliant. About nine-tenths of the city was burnt by the Russians when they evacuated it in 1813.—*Rambler.*

### Happiness.

If solid happiness we prize,
Within our breast the jewel lies,
And they are fools who roam;
The world has nothing to bestow,
From our own selves our joys must flow,
And that dear hut—our home.—*Cotton.*

[Written for The Flag of our Union.]

### The Indian Summer.

BY JOSEPH W. NYE.

Has the sweet spirit of departed summer
Returned to linger amid the fading scenes
Of former joy and beauty? Thus it seems;
For now, methinks a more than earthly beauty
Crowns groves and bowers, and gilds the forest wilds.
I feel again the same soft air, that, fraught
With fragrance and with nature's harmony,
Regaled our senses in the summer hours
With happiness untold. Again is felt
The gentle zephyrs' touch, again they play
Along the fields and gambol in the groves,
And in the forest vast, their last fond kiss
Upon the leaves imprint. The latest flower
That smiles in brightest of the train, and now
Seems lovelier still, and brighter smiles, as if
It conscious were that the sweet time of youth
Again had come to keep it from decay.
But ah, delusive hope! for thou, sweet flower,
Must fade, and like all else of earthly beauty,
Mingle with the dust. More lovely nature now
Than when arrayed in spring's bright, verdant robes,
Or summer's flowery mantle, for now she wears
Her sweetest smile—it is the smile of death!
I've seen a loved one on the bed of death—
One who in health and youthful strength was fair
And beautiful to view; upon whose cheek
The crimson tint surpassed the blushing rose;
The love light in whose eyes was brighter far,
Than the pure lustre of the richest gem;
And yet, as there she drooped, and the last hour
Drew softly nigh, upon that marble brow
Reposed a radiance, wondrous, calm and pure;
The last sweet smile from out those dying eyes
Seemed not of earth—perchance the spirit then,
In its fond lingering on the verge of time,
Caught a bright glimpse of heaven, and that smile
Reflected back its pure, unnatured bliss.
And thus seems nature now, for all around
Minds me of lovely summer—the murmuring rills,
The silent, glassy lake, the soothing strain
Of gentle music from yon shining strand,
And Sol, now blushing through the hazy veil—
Quite modest grown—all, all conspire
To fill my breast with 'rapture, love and praise.'
I sigh to think that winter's stormy blasts
Must come, and o'er this lovely, gorgeous scene,
Cast the dense, icy shroud, fling to the earth
This many-tinted robe, and howl and rage
Amid the ravaged scene! Must thou depart,
Sweet spirit? O, couldst thou longer stay,
Mild, pensive one, methinks I see thee stand
By those bright rills which soon will cease
Their gentle song; methinks I hear thy sweet,
Sad voice, passing from tree to tree, in tones
Of love, whispering the sad farewell—
Farewell, loved spirit, fare thee well!

[Written for The Flag of our Union.]

## THE LANDSMAN'S WATCH.

### A SEA SKETCH.

BY SYLVANUS COBB, JR.

It was a cold night in the early part of March, at that time when the British troops had possession of Boston, that two men, muffled up in thick warm cloaks, stood upon the sidewalk in front of Gen. Howe's quarters, engaged in an animated discussion.

'I tell you, Sir William, that I cannot spare one of them, and if you want the errand done, you must take the brig.'

'But, my dear admiral, the brig is the property of private individuals, and I have every reason to believe that the principal owner is friendly to the king, and it would not do at present to lose any of our influential friends.'

'But there's no need of losing them,' returned the admiral, who was no other than Shuldam, the commander of the naval forces then in the harbor. 'I can contrive a way to send her off upon this mission, and her owners shall be none the wiser for a six-month.'

'And how can that be done?' asked Sir William Howe, ever ready to adopt any measure that could serve the cause of king George.

'The brig is in want of men, and I think I can manage to let some of my men ship on board of her.'

'Ah, yes; I see,' returned Sir William,—'so you would have them take possession as soon as they get outside, eh?'

'That's it exactly,' gruffly replied the admiral, 'and I think the brig couldn't be put to a better use than in serving the king.'

'Well, admiral,' remarked Sir William, after a few moments' reflection, 'you may do as you please, and if you succeed in getting a sufficient number of your men on board to make the plot safe, I will trust them with the despatches. Of course you will see that some experienced hands are selected.'

'Leave that to me. In three days the brig shall have on her papers the assumed names of eight of our best men, with a lieutenant at their head.'

After a few moments' conversation upon some other subject, the two men separated, and at the same time a dark form glided stealthily away from behind a neighboring tree, and was soon lost to sight in the darkness. The king's officers knew not that they had been watched, and that a third person was possessed of their secret.

The next morning, as Capt. Buzzel came on board his vessel, which lay moored in the harbor, he was informed that a countryman had come off in a boat and was waiting to see him. The reader will probably understand that this is the brig to which allusion has been made. As the captain entered the cabin, he was somewhat struck by the appearance of his visiter, who was a genuine specimen of the *genus Yankee*, standing over six feet—or rather six feet doubled up, for the space between decks would not admit of his standing—and wearing a face which would have puzzled a modern professor of physiognomy to have traced out anything but shrewdness from its delineations.

'Hallo, capting, is this yew?' exclaimed the Yankee, as the former individual made his appearance.

'I am the captain of this brig, sir, *if that's* what you're after.'

'Well, railly, capting, that's *jest* what I'm after. I've taken a kind o' fancy to bein' a sailor, and I want tew go to sea; and I'll be darn'd if I shouldn't like tew go in this ere vessel o' yourn.'

'Well, my good fellow, I hardly know what answer to give you. We want men, but then we want those that know something about the business.'

'O, git eout; I wasn't born on the Kennebec for nothin'. I reckon what I couldn't larn in a week wouldn't be wuth knowin'. My name's Seth Doolittle, and I guess yew know that the Doolittles have the name of bein' putty all-fired smart.'

Suffice it to say, that the captain was persuaded to hire Seth, and also that ere two days had passed, eight more men had been shipped, and the brig Matilda was ready for sea. The crew consisted of fifteen men, besides the captain, six of whom had for some time sailed in the vessel. Some objection was made to the unusual size of the chests brought by the new men, but as sufficient room could be made in the forecastle for them, the captain passed it by without further note.

The Matilda was bound for a southern port, and with a fair wind she stood out from the harbor, and soon rounded Cape Cod and had her head towards her destined port. The new men worked well, and soon proved themselves thorough seamen, and Capt. Buzzel began to think himself very fortunate in his possession of their services.

The next day after the brig sailed, the captain noticed an unusual amount of whispering going on between the new men, but thinking that they might have been long together as shipmates, and consequently have many little secrets among themselves, he took but little notice of the circumstance. At night the first watch consisted of five of the new men and Seth Doolittle, which latter personage had kept a pretty strict watch over the actions of the new comers during the day, and appeared to have something on his mind of more than ordinary importance. As soon as the rest of the hands had turned in and had fallen asleep, Seth crept down into the cabin and obtained the key to the padlock which secured the main hatch, and returning to the deck he went and sat himself down upon the combings of the hatchway, and in a few minutes he had contrived to remove the stout iron bar and to so arrange the hatch that a person in attempting to tread upon it would be sure to fall into the hold.

'Come, you chaps there by the wheel,' exclaimed Seth, as he finished his operations, 'if you'll come and sit down here side of me, I'll tell you a first rate story, such a one as you don't hear every day.'

'Let's go,' said one of the men, 'we shall have plenty of time,' and lowering his voice into a whisper, he continued, 'we don't call the lieutenant till eleven o'clock.'

'Here, set right down on this 'ere thing,' said Seth, pointing to the combings of the hatch as the four men came toward him, 'and I'll tell you how old Nat Sawyer and I come it over a tarnal Britisher that showed his face down in Kennebeck.'

In a moment the men sat crowded close to Seth, waiting anxiously to hear the recital of his exploits.

'Hold on a minute while I git this cussed old thing out of the way,' said the Yankee, as he rose and pulled a long handspike out from under his feet, and before the four men suspected that he was up to mischief, Seth seized the heavy bar by the middle and dashed it with all his might against their breasts, tumbling them instantly into the hold, and before they could regain their feet or thoroughly comprehend what had happened to them, our hero replaced the hatch and securely fastened it; then drawing a pistol from his pocket he went to the man at the wheel, who was just on the point of leaving his station, and placing the weapon against his head soon obtained from him a promise that he would remain at his post till he was relieved.

Having thus disposed of the men on deck, Seth descended to the cabin and awoke the captain, to whom he communicated as briefly as possible what had taken place. Capt Buzzel was soon on deck, and just as he started to go forward the English lieutenant made his appearance through the forecastle companion way, and glancing hastily around the deck he took two or three stealthy steps aft, when the noise of the men in the hold caught his ear, and he would have started suddenly to the spot, had his progress not been arrested by Seth, who was well aware of the fellow's intention.

'Hallo, mister; I say, what are yew dewin' on, up here this [illegible] o'night? Wont you catch cold?'

'What the devil do you mean?' exclaimed this somewhat surprised individual as he made another start toward the main hatch.

'Guess you've forgot your errand, haint you?' remarked Seth, and the pistol came in close proximity with the lieutenant's face.—Neow don't move, 'cause if you dew you are a dead man. Guess you'll take this ere vessel to England, eh? Perhaps we'll take you to Boston.'

The discomfited man raved and swore, but it did him no good, for he could make but feeble resistance in the hands of Capt Buzzel and Seth, and he was soon securely lashed and bound. The noise had awakened the other men, and they came tumbling on deck to see what was the matter; the Englishmen supposing that the effort to take the brig had already been made, and the Yankees knowing not what to think, but yet ready for any emergency. The three remaining men were easily overcome, and with their arms securely pinioned they were stowed away in the long boat. The brig's men soon understood the whole matter, and went to work with a will to secure those in the hold. When the hatch was lifted Seth stood by with his pistol and threatened to shoot the first one who made any resistance, and before midnight Admiral Shuldam's eight heroes were lying, bound hand and foot, in the long boat of the good Yankee brig Matilda, and that vessel's head was pointing for the city of Boston once more.

Seth explained to Captain Buzzel that he had overheard the conversation between Sir William Howe and Admiral Shuldam, and that he had made up his mind that the scheme could not possibly succeed. Before dark the next day the brig came to anchor in Boston harbor, and Capt. Buzzel immediately lowered his boat, and having placed the eight captives in it, he sent them alongside the admiral's ship with the message that he had brought them back and delivered them up as deserters.

The despatches, although they would have been of importance to king George, were of no consequence whatever to the Americans, as they only contained intelligence which was already known to every one on this side of the water. Seth Doolittle remained in Boston till after the British had evacuated the city, and though there were those who would have taken pleasure in revenging the part he played on board the 'Matilda,' still he was never troubled.

### Sending an Umbrella by Telegraph.

Among the very gentlemanly conductors on the Erie railroad, none is better known for his politeness and humor than Mr. Ayres.—Not long since, an old lady from the neighborhood of Binghampton on the upward train of cars, when they had passed Cochecton and were upwards of 100 miles from Piermont, suddenly missed her umbrella. 'There! I do declare, I've left my umbrella aboard the steam-boat down to Piermont,' and continued bewailing her great loss till Ayres entered.—She repeated her grievance and sorrow to him. 'Bless you, madam,' said he, 'is that all? We can put all right in a minute. Send for it by telegraph, ma'm'—and so saying he reached up his hand to the bell rope that passes through all the cars and jerked it once or twice and then went to another car, where by a wise arrangement, all articles picked up on the boat are carried along with the train. He returned a moment afterwards with the umbrella—'Lord-a-massy!' exclaimed the old lady, in a fever of delight and astonishment, 'I knowed they sent letters and newspapers by telegraph, but it's the fust time I ever heard of sending an umbrella!'—*Journal of Commerce.*

### Golden Procession.

On the 15th ult., seventy tons weight of gold-dust from California, and dollars from Valparaiso, were placed in the vaults of the bank of England, brought by her Majesty's ship Calypso. The specie arrived by special train from Portsmouth, and was removed from the London bridge terminus in twenty vans, drawn by eighty horses, and escorted by the police. It was contained in 1,400 boxes; value 6,000,000*l.* sterling.—*Home Journal.*

[Written for The Flag of our Union.]

### To Fredrika Bremer.

BY ELIZA.

With pleasure, Miss Bremer, we learn you intend
The winter in our good city to spend;
And you'll not be a stranger, you've nothing to fear,
Your *Home* and your *Neighbors* already are here.
And more—what has made all our hearts to expand,
Your *Brothers* and *Sisters* we've had by the hand.
Here's dear sister Hedvig, so loving and kind,
So generous and noble, forbearing, resigned—
And brother Augustin who cheers her the while,
Amid all her cares, with his angelic smile;
And Ivar, poor Ivar,—her so [illegible] now—
His sadness is gone, and love sits on his brow;
And Ligord, and Gerda, no longer [illegible],
And the merry Gothilda, is here with the rest;
Then here is brother Brut, to intend something new,
With Cadet '31,' and Cadet '32.'
But Engel, who seemed like a whisper of love,
Too pure for the earth, has ascended above;
While our hearts following after, are purified too;
And we felt she was present, though not to the view,
For she's done what, when here, was beyond her control,
She has opened the window of Umo's dark soul,
And the glorious light of the world without sin
Has burst, with its soul-cheering radiance, in.
Then we've seen uncle Hercules, too pass away,
As he sat at his Bible upon his birth-day.
Then we saw his Gothilda up to him creep,
To crown him with flowers as he sat asleep,
Asleep, to awaken no more on that spot,
For lo, 'twas his birth-day where sorrow is not.
Then they have one kind Friend, who is loved and adored,
And is [illegible] be so—it is 'our Lord.'
To [illegible] they have not in thought e'en to roam,
For He every ever present to bless them, at home.
And, I think, were the charm of the Swedish home known,
It is this gives its loving and beautiful tone.
Then we've seen all the Brothers and Sisters combined,
In their efforts to live for the good of mankind;
Till our own faint exertions we are forced to condemn,
And find ourselves striving to emulate them.
And then the H—— Family—they are here too,
With the President's Daughters—all waiting for you.
So I hope you'll endeavor to hasten the day,
For we rather impatiently brook the delay.

[Written for The Flag of our Union.]

### MAJOR BOGGS, THE MAN OF WEALTH.

BY MRS. E. WELLMONT.

Everybody envied old Major Boggs. He was a rich man, both by inheritance and 'accumulation on his own hook,' as he used to call it. But he was close, pinching, and some said decidedly mean. But rich men are generally thus branded, let them give as they may. He was, however, a useful citizen in many respects; but large institutions, where the donor's gift would be heralded, seemed to be the especial channels upon which he lavished all his bounty. It was said he never gave his washerwoman an extra fee, nor any of his domestics, because he feared the example was not good. It always led people to live in expectancy. But then there was the 'Boggs Institute,' the 'Boggs Infirmary,' and the 'Boggs Seminary,' away down east in the obscure town in which he was born.

The major married late in life, and all his children died in infancy; so it bothered more heads than one to devise what would ultimately become of his property. Mrs. Boggs once said the will was made, and she had a life-lease of all he owned, but her mouth was sealed if you inquired any further about it.

The major did have one mean way about him, I must confess; a peculiarity, of which the poor are never guilty—he would move out of the city very early in the season, *to avoid paying his taxes!* Nobody could tell how many bank shares he owned; how much railroad stock, or insurance stock, nor yet how much [illegible] but his tenants always paid the taxes upon the premises they occupied. He used to try letting on long leases, and insert, 'repairs to be made by the occupant thereon;' but people grew more cunning, and avoided this clause, after a while.

And now, in all this description, I have not said whether the major was a *happy man;* or whether Mrs. Boggs was an amiable woman. Let us look in upon them to ascertain that fact, for common rumor does not always speak truly.

The major rises very early. Mrs. Boggs says, 'My dear, you have passed a very restless night.'

'Curse that Fleming, my old tenant. I received a line from him last night, just before bed time, saying unless I expended a hundred dollars in repairs he should quit the premises; and it's very hard to let such a house as that, Mrs. Boggs,' said the major, wiping the sweat off his brow.

'Don't fret, Mr. Boggs,' replied the wife; 'all things will work right in the end. Just keep quiet, and that will make the tenants so.'

The major calms down, and goes to breakfast. A note is handed him.

'Just take your coffee first, Mr. Boggs, and read the note afterwards. The day is before you.'

But no, he will read it first. It runs thus:

'DEAR SIR:—Unless the Cochituate water is introduced in my house, and other necessary repairs are made, I shall vacate your premises at an early day.

'Yours, G. SNUFFLES.'

Hallo, here comes another:

'MAJOR BOGGS:—In reply to your note, I would say, no dividend will be declared for the next six months, the stockholders having passed such a vote January 1st.'

The major's appetite not at all sharpened by the 'tonics' which his mind has just taken, he merely swallows his coffee, and takes the omnibus to the city. On his way he is addressed by a gentlemanly personage with a subscription paper, asking the payment of the fifty dollars he last fall subscribed to the 'Boggs Institute.' He wishes in secret the 'Institute' was in the bottom of the sea, but then he has remaining a little self-esteem and love of praise, which obliges him to pay the sum without an outward murmur.

And now he has arrived in the city, and landed in State street. He is met by his broker.

'Major, that stock you purchased last week is destined to fall; supposing you sell out, or exchange it for some better.'

'At how much loss?' inquires the major.

'O, a trifle in your pocket; only two hundred loss to-day, but I went vouch for the same to-morrow.'

'You knave, how came you to mislead me at this rate? Sell, yes, sell at any price, and bring me the proceeds, if 'tis only fifty cents. You rascally brokers are all a set of cheats.'

The man of 'stocks' decamped.

The major is now seated in an insurance office. A set of old cronies gather around him, and finding him quite sensitive this morning, begin on 'stocks.'

'Major,' says one, 'how many shares have you in the Milledgeville Manufacturing Company?'

'Fifty,' replies the major; 'I wish I had a hundred.'

The newspaper is shown to him, which shows a depreciation of nearly one third in consequence of the Hungarian movement.

'The effect on wool must be felt, major.'

Major Boggs takes a large pinch of snuff, and makes no reply.

He next goes to his tenants. Mrs. Snuffles says, 'I am so glad to see you, landlord. I want so many repairs; there is my chamber wants papering, and the cellar must have a new floor, and the furnace must be repaired, and whitewashing and painting must be done in those back rooms, or I tell you what it is, major, we must vacate these premises, as my husband wrote you.'

He next calls in Hatter's Avenue. Six swelled front houses, all owned by the major, present themselves; and let us hear from their occupants.

'Major Boggs, if I had your property, I would not be so penurious about repairs.'

'Mr. Boggs,' says another, 'we have paid rent enough to make you willing to do whatever we wish.'

A third—'We think, sir, of vacating this house.'

A fourth—'There is a dreadful nuisance which must be abated.'

A fifth—'We have just purchased a place out of the city.'

The sixth and last—'Major Boggs, we must have our dining-room enlarged, our chambers renovated, and sundry improvements, if we remain here.'

The major took the omnibus and went home.

'Well, Mr. Boggs,' said his wife, 'our minister has been out here, and says you must head the paper for a new meeting-house.—Here is a little bill left since you went away; and O I forgot to say to you that my cook wants her wages, and Sally the chambermaid, that suits you so well, is going away to be married. What do you think of that?' asked she, thinking she had surprised her husband now.

But the major was too far spent with vexations, to be moved at trifles. Indeed his stomach was greatly disturbed, and he felt the need of some panacea. His wife ordered a strong cup of tea (no nerve quieter), a slice of Graham bread, and a bottle of London porter.—The major took his bed soon after, and meditated upon human life, and tried to feel that in another world he should be better off. But then some old fraud would harrow up his conscience; some family difficulty would rise, some accusing spirit seemed ever whispering to torment him. He wondered if he was doomed to live so always. He even grew so nervous that he mentioned his case to a few pious friends, who repeated 'how hard it was for a rich man to enter the kingdom of heaven,' and recommended him to give his wealth just as their several creeds dictated. And it is said that the major has actually made a new will, but few know its contents.

And this is the envied rich man, whom his poor neighbors are constantly quoting as so much better off than themselves. They have a good appetite, and a cheerful heart, sleep soundly, and are seldom irritated, while the individual they envy lives nearly every day as we have sketched the description of one. Depend upon it, riches must be used as treasures lent, for which we are responsible, or they will yield little pleasure. Let us learn never to envy another for his possessions; remembering the anxiety, corroding care, and oftentimes the uneasy couch which bolsters up an aching head.

Riches may minister to happiness or misery, just as we use or abuse the possession of them. I suppose Major Boggs is in State street every day.

[Written for The Flag of our Union.]

### The Home of my Childhood.

BY LOUISE.

'Tis the same—'tis the same—
Every hillock and glade;
The willow-tree, under
Whose branches I played;
When life was all sunshine,
In childhood's bright eye,
And the things of the earth
Seemed too lovely to die.

Yes, yonder's the grove,
Where in gladness I roved,
And the green sunny hillock,
Whose softness I loved;
And the streamlet still ripples
The rough pebbles o'er,
With the same merry music—
I've heard it before.

All, all are the same—
But the dwellers are changed!
The grave hideth some,
And the living estranged;
The voices that cheered ye,
In silence are hushed;
The hearts that beat joyously
By sorrow are crushed.

The eyes that once brightened
The heart with their light,
For ever are quenched
In the darkness of night.
O, thou art the same—
But thou canst not restore
The loved, the departed—
Those dear ones, no more!

Youth's loved ones, your memory
Can never depart,
Though others may take
Your place in my heart;
I weep for the lost,
Whom time cannot restore
To this once much loved home—
'Tis now theirs no more.

[Written for The Flag of our Union.]

### TAKING THE CENSUS.

BY J. W. G.

'Madam, will you please inform me of the number of inhabitants in this house?'

'Sir?'

'The population in this mansion.'

'Well, there is eight in the room over head.'

'How many? eight; are they all adults?'

'No: they are all Smiths, except two boarders.'

'Smiths; black or white smiths, madam?'

'I'd have you know I don't live in a house with niggers.'

'I didn't allude to color—I meant their calling.'

'O, that's it, is it. Well, if you had been here last night, you'd have found out, for they were calling the watch as loud as they could scream.'

'Madam, I merely wish to know how many people you have in this house, and what they do for a living.'

'Yes, yes, now I understand. Well, let me see, there's the two Mullinses—that one.'

'That makes two, madam.'

'Well, if you know best, count 'em yourself.'

'It is my business to inquire, madam.'

'Well, you'd better attend to it, then, and don't bother me.'

'Madam, I am out with the census, and—'

'Well, you act out of senses, I should think, to come into my house asking such questions.'

'It is in accordance with an act of Congress, madam.'

'Well, you tell Mr. Congress, or whatever his name is, that he acts very foolish, sending you round axing sich shaller silly questions.'

The man left.

### Dedication Hymn.

The following beautiful hymn was written a few weeks since by that true poet, WHITTIER, to be sung at the dedication of a school-house in Newbury, Mass.

The south-land boasts its field of cane,
The prairie boasts its heavy grain,
And sunset's radiant gates unfold
On crowded marts and sands of gold.

Rough, bleak and cold, our little State
Is hard of soil, of limits straight;
Her yellow sands are sands alone—
Her only mines are ice and stone.

From autumn frost to April rain,
Too long her winter woods complain;
From budding flower to falling leaf,
Her summer time is all too brief.

But on her rocks, and on her sands,
And wintry hills, the school-house stands;
And what her rugged soil denies,
The harvest of the mind supplies.

The treasures of the commonwealth
Are free, strong minds and hearts of health;
And more to her than gold or grain,
Are cunning hand and cultured brain.

For well she keeps her ancient stock,
The stubborn strength of Plymouth rock;
And still maintains, with milder laws,
And clearer light, the good old cause.

Nor heeds the skeptic's puny hands,
While near her school the church-spire stands;
Nor fears the blinded bigot's rule,
While near her church-spire stands the school.

[Written for The Flag of our Union.]

### 'HOULD ON!' OR, PATRICK'S VISIT TO THE BANK.

BY UNCLE TOBY.

Not the Suffolk, dear reader, nor the State, nor the Mercantile, nor any of those fallible, fail-able affairs. No, sir-ee. Patrick Peters went to a bank whose deposits are always on hand, and drafts are never protested; where, if you only hand a *line* to the cashier, the ready is always forthcoming. Patrick Peters went to the Bank of Newfoundland. But let him tell his own story. Said he:

'Faith, I'd just cum out o' the bush, an' 'twas little I know'd about it any way. They ax'd me would I like to go fishin' to the Bank, an' have tin dollars a month, an' do nothin' but fish all the while. Sure an' I would, thinks I. It may be throut I'll be catchin', and it's betther fun it is than diggin' paraties for nothin' and find meself. So I wint; an' its little I got in goin'. In first, I felt dhreadful bad at the sthamick, an' whin I stood up I fell down. Well, by-an'-by I got used to that, and thin afther we had been tumbled about for lots o' days, the ship stopped; becaze they sed they'd got to the Bank.

'"Where is it?" sez I.

'"Here," sez they.

'"I don't see it," sez I.

'An' thin they all burst out a-laughin'. An' thin one of 'em called to me and pintin' his finger to the wather:

'"There's the Bank, Pathrick," sez he,—"down two hunderd foot deep."

'"Och, honey," sez I, "an' is that the Bank? Shure, I tho't we was to stand on the bank of a nice river an' fish into the wather; and is it this ye call a Bank?"

'Well, thin they put me a clothes-line in me hand, and tied on a big lump of lead an' two big hooks, big enuff to hang a pig on.—"Faix," sez I, "niver a throut 'll put that in his mouth." Well, they throw'd a whole mess of line overboard, an' tould me to hould on to the other ind of it. Well I did; an' I felt somethin' on the other ind that was in the wather. "Sure," sez I, "it's stuck in a rock."

'An' thin sich a shindy as they kicked up. You'd think it was a wake. An' sez they, "pull away, Pat." An' I did pull; an' I pulled, an' I cut me hands, bad luck to the same, [illegible] my fingers. But thin, the ould man tuck hould o' the line and he pulled it hand over fist—an' there was as big a fish on the end of it as meself was. "Shure an' that's a big throut," sez I. "Why don't ye put yer fist in," sez the skipper, "an' take the hook out uv him?" So I put my hand into his bluddy mouth, an' he bit me—the divil! An' whin I turned mad becaze I know'd thim a pokin' fun at me, an' tould thim I was a broth of a boy, an' could lick any father's son of 'em all, they only hullaballooed the louder,—an' I niver had no pace afitherward intirely, becaze uv that big throut, as they sed, an' the hook in his mouth.'

'Ah, Patrick,' says I, 'it's nothing more than was to be expected: such people don't know how to treat a gentleman.'

'True for yez. But may be I'll cross a shillalah wid some of em one of these days. Troth tho', they did git some as it was, to pay 'em for their desarvin' thricks. One day whin they wor all at work about sum fish which they had had caught, an' the vessel was sailin' along aisy, the skipper tould me to come and take hoult of the big pole that they call the tiller.

'"Now, Patrick," sez he, "whin I say starb'rd the hilm, mind an' move it this way (makin' a motion the same wid his hand), an' whin I say larb'rd yer hilm, jist move it the other way."

'"So I will, yer honor," sez I.

'Well thin, the skipper he went to where the rest wor to work upon the fish.

'"Starb'rd yer hilm," sez he by-an'-by. "That's right," sez he.

'Then pretty soon, sez he, "Larb'rd yer helm." So I moved it again clean back the other way.

'"Hould on!" sez the skipper.

'"I've got him," sez I, and kept the thing agoin'.

'"Hould on, I tell yez!" cries the ould man agen.

'"Yes, yer honor, I've got hould of it," sez I, singing out louder, thinkin' he'd not be hearin' me before. An' thin all at onst, the booms what the sails are tied to, come flyin' over t'other side from where they wor, and the one forenenst tuk the skipper by the side of the head and knocked him flat on his back. But he jumped up an' come at me like mad.

'"You fool," sez he (for he had no manners intirely), "why didn't ye hould on whin I tould ye to?"

'"I did, yer honor," sez I, as innocent as a lamb.

'"Yer didn't;" sez the old man, blazin' away like a hot paratie.

'"Hould on means *stop;* now mind that, ye blockhead. Whinever I say 'hould on' afther this, mind an' stop what yer doin', no matter what it is. So recollect, yer fool."

'"So I will, yer honor," sez I, paceable-like; not mindin' his bad language, for I know'd him a bad-timpered man, and I was willin' to forgive a natheral infirmity.

'Well, as luck would have it, that very night there blew up a great wind and a roarin' rain. So, as ye know, the ship was anchored; and they was afeard that she would break her big cable, a-plungin' and tearin' away as she was, jist as if she wor alive, an' she didn't like bein' tied out in the wet an' storm.

'So the skipper he called us an' tould us to come an' heave up the anchor. So the men they tuk their han'spikes an' stuck 'em into the windlass an' begun to turn it round; an' the skipper tould me to take hould of the cable an' draw it back on the deck as fast as they made it come in.

'"Pull hard, Pathrick," sez he, "and don't let slack."

'So I pulled away. But by-an'-by, whin they was all tuggin' away like sindhaws (for 'twas mighty hard work), the skipper sez he:

'"Pull back hard, Pathrick: now mind an' hould on wid all yer might."

'Well, as soon as he said "hould on," in course I stopp'd what I was doin', and let go intirely. But murther!—afore I could look, there wor half-a-dozen han'spikes a-flyin' in the air, for all the world like the clubs at Donnybrook fair; and the win'lass was whirlin' round like a spinnin' wheel, an' some of the men was lyin' clean across the deck. I wor frightened enuff ye may depind. Faix, 'twas little I tho't the ould man's "hould on" meant two ways, like Father Leary's prayer-book, that wor Protestant at Connor, and three Catholic at Donnemara!'

'Don't wonder you were frightened, Patrick,' said I, interrupting him. 'But what did the skipper say to this new performance of yours?'

'Faix, he didn't say much at all; for he wasn't able to open his mouth for a week, by raison of the han'spike in the face. But he niver ax'd me to hould on to enny thing agen.'

'Rather a hard voyage you had, Patrick; but never mind so long as it's over, and you've got your wages.'

'Divil a bit I did. Whin we got back to Fishin' Cove, they put a kick in the seat of my pantaloons an' tould me to go ashore: an' that's all I ever saw of my tin dollars a month. Faix! may I live a thousand years an' niver put eyes on salt wather agen!'

### Snuff-taking.

Yet snuff is an odd custom. If we came suddenly upon it in a foreign country, it would make us split our sides with laughter. A grave gentleman takes a little casket out of his pocket, puts a finger and thumb in, brings away a pinch of a sort of powder, and then, with the most serious air possible, as if he were doing one of the most important actions of his life (for even with the most indifferent snuff-takers there is a certain look of importance), proceeds to thrust—and keeps thrusting it—at his nose! after which he shakes his head, or his waistcoat, or his nose itself, or all three, in the style of a man who has done his duty, and satisfied the most serious claims of his well-being.

It is curious to see the various modes in which people take snuff; some do it by little fits and starts, and get over the thing quickly. These are epigrammatic snuff-takers, who come to the point as fast as possible, and to whom the pungency is everything. They generally use a sharp and severe snuff, a sort of essence of pins' points. Others are all urbanity and polished demeanor; they value the style as much as the sensation, and offer the box around, as much out of dignity as benevolence. Some take snuff irritably, others bashfully, others in a manner as dry as the snuff itself, generally with an economy of the vegetable; others with a luxuriance of gesture and lavishness of supply, that announces a munster article, and sheds its superfluous honors over neckcloth and coat. —*Leigh Hunt's Journal.*

### Heroism in a Boy.

A few days ago an incident occurred at Biloxi, in which a boy named Garabeau, between ten and eleven years of age, evinced extraordinary intrepidity and presence of mind. Two little fellows about ten years old, one of them the son of Capt. Samuel Griffin, of the steamboat California, were fishing on the edge of the wharf, when, overreaching themselves, they fell into the water, which was of considerable depth. They were unable to swim, and of course, in eminent danger of being drowned, when Garabeau, who stood near, threw a plank toward them, stripped, and plunged off the wharf to their assistance. With admirable presence of mind he avoided getting in front of them, thereby preventing either from locking him in an embrace which would have proved fatal to all three; but grasping behind the shoulder of the first he came to with one hand, and swimming with the other, he pushed him towards the plank, and thus enabled him to sustain himself. After this he returned to the other and repeated the manœuvre. When he found they had both firm hold of the plank, the young hero went behind and pushed it toward a fish car, which was thirty or forty yards off, when, having gained it, he aided them to mount thereon, and thus placed them out of danger. Young Garabeau's noble action is the theme of universal admiration at Biloxi, and, taken in connection with his tender age, is perhaps as fine an example of devotedness as can be found in the records of the Humane Society.—*N. O. Picayune.*

### Too much Care.

We must pay for being too intellectual, as they call it. People are not as light-hearted for it. I think men never loved light less. I question if care and doubt ever wrote their names so legibly on the faces of any population. This ennui, for which we Saxons had no name, this word of France has got a terrific significance. It shortens life, and bereaves the day of its light. Old age begins in the nursery, and before the young American has got into jacket and trowsers, he says, 'I want something which I never saw before;' and 'I wish I was not I.' I have seen the same gloom on the brow even of those adventurers from the intellectual class, who had dived deepest and with most success into active life. I have seen the authentic sign of anxiety and perplexity on the greatest forehead of the State. The canker worms have crawled to the topmost bough of the wild elm, and swing down from that—Is there less oxygen in the atmosphere? What has checked in this age, the animal spirits which gave to our fathers their bounding pulse?—*Emerson's Lecture on the Times.*

### Jokes by the Albatross.

The following are taken from the last batch of news 'by the Albatross.'

From California we learn that plain earth is in demand at $750 a bushel, for the cultivation of pumpkins. Gold dust is a drug, taken in smaller doses than people suppose.

Such is the scarcity of women at the mines, that one female has been married 113 times. Efforts are making to give her a new Constitution, and admit her into the Union.

A dilemma has been hung upon Cape Horn, and people sounding it find themselves in disagreeable straits.

The Frenchman that dug $32,000 at the mines, in one afternoon, is dead! The lumps were so large, that they couldn't find one small enough to pay his funeral expenses.

An elephant's tooth has been found in Egypt containing $7,000 worth of gold. It is supposed to have been filled about the time Sphinx was a dentist. Some think it the identical 'wedge of gold' that Achan the Hebrew stole, and hid in his tent.—*N. O. Delta.*

### Origin of Bottled Ale.

Alexander Newall, Dean of St. Paul's, and master of Westminster School, in the reign of Queen Mary, was an excellent angler. But, says Fuller, while Newall was catching of fishes, Bishop Bonner was catching of Newall, and would certainly have sent him to the shambles, had not a good London merchant conveyed him away upon the seas. Newall was fishing upon the banks of the Thames, when he received the first intimation of his danger, which was so pressing, that he dare not go back to his own house to make any preparation for his flight. Like an honest angler, he had taken with him provision for the day; and when, in the first year of England's deliverance, he returned to his country, and to his old haunts, he remembered that on the day of his flight, he had left a bottle of beer in a safe place on the bank: there he looked for it, and found it no bottle, but a gun—such the sound at the opening thereof; and this, says Fuller, is believed (casualty is mother of more inventions than industry) the origin of 'Bottled Ale' in England.—*Liverpool Mercury.*

When Fenelon's library was on fire, he said, 'God be praised that it is not the dwelling of some poor man.'

# THE FLAG OF OUR UNION.

VOLUME FIFTH OF THE
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THE FLAG OF OUR UNION

Then in our country's cause we stand,
we, whom we shield, hold out for aid,
And to our flag repair, to see our foemen driven back dismayed.

P. GLEASON, PROPRIETOR.

WATSON H. BOTTLER, EDITOR.

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**To our Correspondents.**

"The Poet Printer, or the Broker's Daughter," a poem, by Mr. W. Cornwell Baker, shall find its way into our columns.

"Eugene d'Aubigny to Lelia Tregarvon," accepted. "Lines to Mary," by Mrs. Ann S. Stephens, "Lines to Mary," by Mrs. Ann S. Stephens, "Lines to Mary," by Mrs. Ann S. Stephens,

THE FLAG OF OUR UNION.

[Written for The Flag of our Union.]

**November.**

BY J. FREDERIC SOUTHGATE.

The gloomy month of November,
With faded leaves, is here;
The trees are stripped of foliage,
The fields are brown and sere.

The summer birds no more are seen,
Carolling on the spray;
They've winged their flight on pinions light,
To regions far away.

Scarce smiles the sun through lowering clouds,
To cheer us with his light;
The driving rain and shrieking blast
Howl round our cot at night.

The sky is changed to ashen hue,
While all the dismal day
The drifting clouds sweep swiftly by,
Of dull and sober grey.

The whistling wind, with dirge-like strain,
Sighs through the leafless trees;
While withering and blighted leaves
Are borne upon the breeze:

Whose melancholy cadence tells
Of darkening gloom and fear,
And seems to mourn, with sighing voice,
The waning of the year.

At night, the pale, wan moon looks forth,
With transient, fitful beam;
And veiling clouds sweep o'er her face,
Like shadows in a dream.

Anon the blasts come rushing on,
Like [illegible] in a race;
Presaging the furious storm,
That's sweeping on apace.

How cheerful seems the fireside now—
While gathered round the hearth,
We pass away the evenings long,
With tales and jocund mirth.

We heed not how the tempest roars,
While all is snug within;
Though thunders crash and torrents roar,
We care not for the din.

But if some poor, deserted ones
Should wander to our door
With kindly hand we'd shelter them,
Until the tempest's o'er.

For hospitality should rule
In every humble cot;
And though life's comforts we enjoy,
They should not be forgot.

[Written for The Flag of our Union.]

**Lines to Frances.**

BY OSCAR G. HUGHAN.

I would have sung of thee before,
The song that friendship loves to sing;
But envy's withering fingers tore
From off my heart the willing string.

All now is past, and I am free
To wake my lyre to mirth or woe;
And from my heart there comes for thee
The words that long have yearned to flow.

When first we met, our hearts were gay
As birds upon a summer day;
But mine, since then, has throbbed to pain,
It could not feel and throb again.

Thou know'st not what it is to bear
Days, weeks and months of ceaseless care,
Till every wish, and every sigh,
Was that the heart might break and die.

No sorrow yet has filled thy breast—
Peace is its undisturbed guest;
But thou, methinks, canst feel for those
Crushed 'neath a giant weight of woes.

I know thou canst, for in thine eyes,
So soft and bright, the spirit lies;
And on its brow the glance may trace
Virtues that would an angel grace.

Give me thy smile in lonely hour—
'Twill be like dew upon the flower,
Whose fragile form the sun's fierce gleam
Has withered ere its sweets were seen.

[Written for The Flag of our Union.]

**I'll think of Thee!**

BY A.

When the moon doth rise on high,
And stars are gleaming in the sky,
When every flower asleep doth lie—
I'll think of thee!

When the trees all bare appear,
Casting their leaves so dry and sere,
Whispering gently winter's near—
I'll think of thee!

When spring doth come with lovely flowers,
Wakening the heart to happy hours
Of the long-forgotten past of ours—
I'll think of thee!

When summer days draw to a close,
And hushed all flowerets in repose,
And peacefully the streamlet flows—
I'll think of thee!

[Written for The Flag of our Union.]

**Hush, my Heart!**

BY PETER PEPPER.

Hush, my heart, thy bitter wailings!
Let thy murmurs all be stilled!
Tears at least are unavailing,
Since the fate you've met was willed;
See it, read it in each action,
And O, ponder o'er it well;
This great truth, unmixed with fiction,
Hollow hearts with coquettes dwell.

Yet, my heart, I'll not upbraid thee,
If thy murmurs still should flow
Against one who did betray thee,
While she claimed thee for her beau:
For there is a tender solace
In the heart when tears do flow,
That will heal its wounds in gladness,
And give triumph o'er the foe.

**The Shoulder to the Wheel.**

BY CHARLOTTE YOUNG.

The shoulder to the wheel,
Thou mortal, faint and low!
Children may sit down and weep,
But man must up and do.
In thy mind are idly lying
Powers that all thy foes outnumber;
For a purpose never dying,
Thou canst rouse them from their slumber.
Rouse thee, then, begin to-day—
Man who rules, or man who drives,
Upward look, but ever say,
God helps those who help themselves!

Then shoulder to the wheel!
For there's work enough to do,
For thy country, for thyself,
For the [illegible] that [illegible] you.
Naught the drooping heart cheereth;
All the active spirit gaineth;
In his trial strength he [illegible],
[illegible]
Rouse thee, then, begin to-day!
Man who rules, or man who drives,
Upward look, but ever say,
God helps those who help themselves!

# MISCELLANEOUS.

[Written for The Flag of our Union.]

## BLANCHE OF MILAN: OR, THE FISHERMAN'S REVENGE.*

### An Italian Story.

BY FRANCIS A. DURIVAGE.

Know'st thou the land where the cypress and myrtle
Are emblems of deeds that are done in their clime;
Where the rage of the vulture, the love of the turtle,
Now melt into sorrow, now madden to crime!
BYRON.

### CHAPTER I.

*The Crime.*

It was an evil day for the citizens of Placenzia, when the younger Visconti, son of the Duke of Milan, was appointed by his father to be their governor. This was somewhere about the year 1425. In those feudal days, the character of the sovereign was of the highest importance to his vassals; for in his will, in the absence of laws and constitution, was reposed the power of life and death, of liberty or confinement, of happiness or misery, honor or disgrace.

In the young Duke Visconti, the Placenzians soon found they had an enemy and tyrant, instead of a friend and honest ruler. He vexed them by his feudal exactions, he prostrated them by his odious edicts. Neither the liberty of man nor the honor of woman was safe under his sway.

Among his vassals were three friends, whose intimacy was the result of a similarity of character. They belonged to the humblest classes. Raphael was a fisherman, a frank, brave, and light-hearted fellow, who spent with a free hand the coin he earned with a laborious one. He was married to a beautiful girl, named Catarina, by whom he had one child, a boy, at the commencement of our story about two years of age. Guiseppe was a man of the people, but one step removed from the class of lazzaroni. The third of the trio was named Pietro, a laboring man betrothed to Beatrice, the sister of his friend Guiseppe.

The three friends were among the first to suffer from the atrocious character of the new governor. One of Visconti's earliest acts was to carry off Beatrice by force, after money and entreaty had failed to make her forget her honor and the claims of her betrothed. The poor girl died of shame and despair in the splendid palace of the governor. The bereaved brother and the wretched lover now lived only for revenge, and Raphael, the fisherman, bound himself by a solemn compact to aid them in procuring the downfall of the tyrant. He himself, however, was destined soon to be enlisted in this pursuit by an event the most terrible that could have befallen him.

Visconti, having heard of the beauty of the fisherman's wife, made a visit to his hut, and was soon as deeply enamored of Catarina, as he had been of the unfortunate Beatrice. He adopted the same measures to secure her; first, flattery and bribes, then threats and violence. One night he found her alone, and insisted on her accompanying him to his palace. She refused. He menaced her with the destruction of her husband, who had been compromised in a recent revolt of the Condottieri; but this was of no avail. He next attempted to bear off her infant son. But here he was foiled by the despair of the mother, who guarded the cradle of her boy as the tigress does the covert of her young. At last, finding him summoning his hireling guards to make her prisoner, the wretched woman, after committing her soul to God and her child to his protection, [illegible] her husband's stiletto from the wall, and stabbed herself to the heart, thus repeating in the person of a poor fisherman's wife, the heroic act of that Lucretia, who escaped by death the persecution of a Tarquin.

Visconti, overwhelmed with horror, fled with his attendants. Raphael returned to find his home desolate—his wife dead upon his hearthstone—her babe motherless. A diamond star which Visconti had dropped in the hurry of his flight, revealed to the fisherman his agency in this dreadful tragedy. A softer nature would have been overwhelmed with this catastrophe; Raphael's became as hard as steel at the contemplation of his misery and wrongs. Lifting to heaven his stiletto, stained with the yet warm life-blood of his beloved Catarina, he renewed his oath of vengeance, and swore to lay the Duke of Placenzia as low as the poor victim whom his licentious passion had driven to her fate.

It was yet in the excitement of this terrible feeling, when a man, evidently flying from pursuit, sprang into the window of the fisherman's hut, and demanded of Raphael, in the name of heaven, instant means of flight. The fugitive was no other than Jacoppo Sforza, a standard-bearer in the ranks of the Condottieri, who, now that their revolt had been suppressed, was flying from the ducal archers and the vengeance of Visconti.

Raphael pointed to the broad lake which lay before his door, and showed the fugitive his boat and oars, which afforded a certain means of escape. These he offered to Sforza, on one condition, that he should take with him to Milan, his place of destination, and where he was sure to be well received by the elder Visconti, the infant boy now lying in his cradle.

'If you owe your life to the father,' said the fisherman, 'pay the debt to the son. Take him with you in your flight. If, in eight days you do not see me at Milan, take pity on the child of the condemned. Give him your name—his portion of your bread—your roof shall be to him a place of refuge, and if, in after years, he chance to hear of Raphael the fisherman, tell him he was a poor man, who died after unexampled suffering.'

Sforza took the child tenderly in his arms and swore to protect it. As he got into the boat, he looked back and said:

'You will find him at Milan.'

'God willing,' answered the fisherman.

'In eight days—at Milan,' were the last words of the standard-bearer.

Raphael remained a long time plunged in a gloomy reverie. He was aroused by the sudden entrance of Guiseppe and Pietro. They had anticipated the vengeance of Raphael—they had just stabbed Visconti to the heart. Another heavy blow for the sufferer! That life belonged to him. He showed them his dead wife—he told them of the absence of his child—of his despair—they agreed to fly together to Milan.

But it was difficult for Guiseppe and Pietro to tear away their friend from the remains of all he had loved on earth. It was terrible to witness the convulsive agitation of his manly frame, the throes of an agony which was the more intense, because he shed no tear. He called the departed one by name; her mute lips answered nothing. He grasped her marble hand—but when he relinquished it, it fell like lead by her side. At last he rose from his knees and crossed himself.

'It is all over!' said he. 'The souls of the just have their abode in heaven. And now, my more than brothers, to Milan! to Milan!'

'In the name of the governor Visconti!' said a deep voice, and turning, Raphael and his companions beheld a file of men-at-arms, sheathed in steel, and wearing in their helmets the cognizance of the duke. They were prisoners.

### CHAPTER II.

*Love and Intrigue.*

Twenty-five years have passed away—Twenty-five years! It is a long space; and how many changes of fortune, feeling and position does a quarter of a century produce. Let us see how they have affected the personages of our story.

The three friends, arrested in the fisherman's hut, were tried as rebels against the Governor of Placenzia, as connected with the revolt of the Condottieri, and sent into exile. In the meantime, Riccardo, the friend and confidant of the duke, had found his body lying in a heap of briars in a ravine at no great distance from Raphael's dwelling, where it had been cast by the assassins. But on a close examination he found that the body still retained the breath of life. In fact, a coat of mail which Visconti always wore beneath his doublet had saved his life. The dagger-strokes he had sustained, however, were so violent, that they had fractured his breast bone, and although he had recovered, the effects of his wound were felt to the last day of his life. A lapse of twenty-five years found him seated on the throne of Milan, rendered vacant by the death of his father. He was also a widower, and the father of a lovely girl, Blanche of Milan, whom he had just married to Count Contarini, the procurator of the duchy. The beautiful Blanche had married Contarini at the command of her father, from whose stern will there was no appeal, and it was evident that her heart had not been bestowed with her hand.

A singular condition of the marriage was that for four months the lady should be permitted to live apart from her husband, at a villa he possessed on the borders of a beautiful lake at some little distance from the city. Her principal confidant and friend was a Franciscan friar, who was no other than Guiseppe, the friend of Pietro and of Raphael. The three friends again met; Pietro as esquire to Jacoppa Sforza, who had risen to the rank of constable of Milan, having been protected by the elder Visconti, and too much loved as a victorious general to be displaced by his son; and Raphael as chief gondolier of the count Contarini. Into his service Raphael had entered because he knew that the count was the deadly enemy of the constable Sforza and his reputed son Francesco, now commandant, and hence requiring to be closely watched.

With what exultation did Raphael learn that Francesco Sforza, in reality his own son, was now returning with the constable to Milan in triumph, after having vanquished the Venitians, and humbled the splendid gonfalon of the Bride of the Adriatic in the dust. He almost forgot his vow of vengeance against Visconti, in tracing the splendid career which the gratitude of Sforza had permitted the fisherman's son to pursue.

It was a night of rejoicing for victory in Milan. The Contarini palace blazed with lights, rang with music, and shone with beauty, for there the count received the court and the nobility as his guests, and all in honor of the victorious constable and his son. Visconti was there, and welcomed back the aged general and the youthful heir of his prowess and his fame. For a brief space, too, a vision of radiant beauty graced those princely halls, for the Countess Contarini, Blanche of Milan, consented to leave her retirement for some hours, and preside at the table and in the ballroom.

But amid this general rejoicing, the brow of Francesco was sad. The countess, who found herself alone with him a moment on the balcony, asked him the reason. She then learned, with terror, that for years he had cherished a devoted passion for herself; that he had concealed it because he deemed it hopeless; that he had gone to the wars to win a name that would render him worthy of her; and had come back to find her wedded to another.—The agitation, the blushes, the trembling of the countess, betrayed to the young soldier the secret of her own heart. She, too, had loved Francesco—his image was in her heart even when she received the hand of Contarini in marriage.

After this mute avowal, Blanche avoided the commandant, and at an early hour retired from the festival, and was escorted to her gondola on the Tesinello canal, by which she gained the seclusion of her suburban retreat.

The heart of Francesco Sforza was on fire. He had seen enough to know that he was beloved, that Contarini did not possess the heart of Blanche, and he resolved to follow the countess.

At midnight he sought out Raphael, the gondolier.

'Gondolier,' said he, 'thou art a good fellow: the night is cool, and after the fever-heat of the ball, I think it would not be amiss to sport awhile on the canal. Have you a light gondola, that I can row myself?'

'Signor,' answered Raphael, whose heart beat violently in the presence of his son, 'I have one beneath the window that flies like a shooting star. I call her the Swallow.'

'Good!' said the commandant; 'and here is a purse full of sequins.'

'I want no money,' said the gondolier.—'But I would give all that I am worth to press the hand that has struck so bravely for the honor of Milan.'

'Is that all?' asked Francesco, smiling.—'Here is my hand; and when you need either the purse or protection of Francesco Sforza, ask freely and either or both shall be freely bestowed. *Buona notte!*'

And the young man was soon plying his oars on the Tesinello canal.

Some time afterwards Riccardo came to Raphael and ordered him to prepare a gondola for Count Contarini. The gondolier obeyed the order without inquiring the object of this midnight excursion. He soon learned, however, from Pietro and Guiseppe. The latter, being the confessor of Blanche, was acquainted with her secret love for Francesco; but he had only just learned that Francesco was in love with Blanche, that he had followed her, and that Riccardo had also discovered all, and denounced the young commandant to Contarini. He had only time to warn Raphael, to tell him that from the chapel at the count's villa there was a staircase leading into the countess's apartment, and to bid him take arms with him, when Contarini appeared, followed by Riccardo and two men, all being armed, and embarked in the gondola. Raphael sprang to his oar, and the party were soon on their way to the count's villa, gliding swiftly and noiselessly over the water, tossing the reflected stars upon their surface like golden spray-sparkles from the iron beak of their fragile little vessel.

### CHAPTER III.

*The Contarini Villa.*

Blanche of Milan was seated alone in her apartment, looking out upon that beautiful lake which is the charm of the environs of Milan. Her fair head was leaning on her lovely hand, and she was lost in contemplation—in a reverie, half painful and half pleasing. She was roused by a light knock at the door. Was it not Father Guiseppe come to offer ghostly counsel? He alone could tell her whether to dwell for a moment with complacency on the memory of Francesco's avowal were a mortal sin. She bade him enter. The door opened; and Francesco entered. The countess uttered a faint scream.

'Fear not, lady,' said the youthful commandant. 'I come not to insult or wrong you; but because here alone I can speak with you in perfect freedom; and by my tears, my sufferings, my fruitless love, I conjure you to hear me.'

'It was wrong of you to follow me,' said Blanche.

'I could not rest,' replied the commandant, till I had told you all—how, in the hour of battle, the thought of you had nerved my arm—and how the standard of Milan would have fallen in the dust, had not the thought of Blanche sustained the standard-bearer.'

'I prayed for you, Sforza,' said the countess.

'You prayed for me!—and yet you wedded another.'

'My father trembled on his throne. He required all the aid and influence of Contarini; Contarini yielded them on one condition—my hand.'

'You love him not then?' cried Francesco joyfully.

'That is not a question for a wife to answer,' replied Blanche. 'Go; Francesco, in your absence, to think of you kindly is surely not a sin.'

'And will you do so, lady?'

'Can you doubt it?' replied Blanche—'but go: you have compromised me by coming here. Retire while you may. Stay—I hear footsteps. Don't leave me yet, Francesco—I am afraid.'

The door opened. Contarini entered. He was sheathed in steel from head to foot: but his face was uncovered, and that was calm and defiant of scrutiny. He bowed to Francesco.

'Signor,' said he, 'I saw you in a gondola taking your course to my villa, and I hastened after you in hopes of finding you waiting for me—a pleasure which I did not promise myself in vain. The council will soon assemble to deliberate upon the answer which Milan should make to the propositions of the Venitian ambassadors for a five years' truce. You doubtless consider it a grave question, which two statesmen like ourselves ought to discuss together before hand. The duke is for granting the truce—but I consider it bad policy.'

Here Contarini interrupted himself in his harangue, to address the trembling countess.

'Madam,' said he, 'a purely diplomatic discussion could hardly prove interesting to you, and the presence of the duke's daughter might embarrass us in canvassing the actions of her father. Allow me to lead you to your apartment.'

With these words the count led Blanche to her chamber, and then closing the door, returned to the apartment where Francesco was standing, and fastened every outlet.

'Francesco,' he exclaimed, 'you knew not that my eye was upon you—that my spies were on your track. You came hither to dishonor me.'

'It is false,' said the commandant. 'Still appearances are against me—I am a soldier—I will give you satisfaction. But I am unarmed, as you see. I will seek your guards, and get a sword from them—a sword is all I ask.'

'You shall not leave this room,' cried the count.

'What! would you assassinate me?' exclaimed the commandant.

'I would have your life,' replied Contarini, in a tone of deadly hatred.

'All the doors closed!' cried the commandant.

'Ha! would you flee?' exclaimed the count with a sneer.

'I would but go to beg or steal a sword, and to come back with head and breast uncovered, and fight to death against you, barbed in steel—this is all I ask.'

'You go not hence,' said the count.

'Now I know,' said Francesco, 'that it is not your wife, but the people, you are jealous of. You hate me for my popularity. You know that the Milanese love me—you see the throne tottering, you fear that I would mount where you would climb.'

'You insult me!' said Contarini.

'I will insult you to my last sigh,' answered Francesco.

'Think of your soul,' said the count. 'You have fallen into a fatal snare.'

'Is there no outlet?' shouted Francesco.

'None!' replied the count, and rushed forward with uplifted sword. But at this moment a door leading to the chapel was burst open, a man shrouded in a cloak rushed in, and exclaiming, 'this way, commandant!' thrust Francesco out of the apartment and saved his life. Then dropping his cloak, Raphael the gondolier stood revealed to the eyes of Contarini.

'Raphael!' cried the count.

'The same!' said the gondolier, drawing his sword. 'It is Raphael who has saved the life of the commandant, Francesco.'

'To-morrow the law shall hold him in its grasp.'

'The law shall not attain him,' answered Raphael.

'Who will prevent it?' asked the count.

'I!' replied the gondolier.

'You—slave!'

'I am something more—I am Francesco's father.'

'Francesco's father, charlatan!'

'Yes—the father of him who is believed to be the constable's son. And I tell you this secret—because the man who knows that secret must die—and I desire your death. Now, defend yourself! I would not assassinate you, as you would have assassinated my son. I leave assassination to nobles—I strike like a soldier. Defend yourself.'

'Nobles defend themselves against insolent vassals by summoning their guards,' replied Contarina; and he rushed to the window.

'You shall not summon them,' cried the gondolier.

'Back,' cried Contarina, throwing himself on guard.

Their swords crossed and struck fire. They fought furiously, thrice the point of Raphael's weapon recoiled from the Milan steel of Contarina's casket, but a fourth lunge took effect in his throat, and with a bubbling groan he fell heavily to the marble floor.

'Farewell, Contarina,' said the gondolier, as he wiped his blade. 'I killed you to save my boy. And now to secure my safety.'—He sprang upon the window-seat, put his sword in his teeth, and clasping his hand over his head, then threw himself into the lake.

Francesco rushing into the room found Contarina stretched in death beneath the window. Blanche found him standing there gazing on the fallen man. She uttered a piercing cry.

'Blanche!' he exclaimed, 'I did not kill your husband.'

At this moment, Riccardo, followed by Michielli and Brabantio, the former, attached to the service of the duke, the latter to the household guards of Contarina, made their appearance. It had been agreed between the count and Riccardo that the opening of the window should be the signal for their entrance.

'The commandant alive! the count dead!' muttered Riccardo. 'Curses on the chance!' Then he added aloud to the guards, 'seize this man—the murderer.'

Blanche wrung her hands in agony. Father Guiseppe arrived at this moment.

'You come in time,' said Riccardo, 'to be a witness that we arrest the commandant Francesco with arms in his hands' (for he had procured a weapon) 'near the body of Count Contarina.'

'Good heavens!' exclaimed the commandant, 'what can I do?'

'Signore,' continued Riccardo, 'you will bear witness at the trial. Until then, you, Michielli, render to the dead procurator the honors that are due him. You, Father Guiseppe, will console the duke's daughter, while I will prepare the [illegible] of the constable's son and heir.'

### CHAPTER IV.

*The Gondolier.*

Riccardo, who in Milan occupied a post equivalent to that of our attorney-general, drew up an accusation of murder against the unfortunate Francesco, and he was brought before the duke and the senate for trial and sentence. Blanche, despairing of being able to save him from condemnation, by the offer of all her jewels, purchased a promise from Michielli, a spy in the service of Riccardo and Visconti, that he would deliver him from prison. Brabantio who would be one of his guards, was sounded, but proved incorruptible, for he was a personal enemy of the commandant.

The heart of the constable was torn with anguish when he found Francesco accused of a crime so horrible; and when he saw the deadly effect of the circumstantial evidence produced against him he implored the duke, by his gray hairs, by his long military services, to spare his son and withhold the sentence of death which seemed suspended over his head.

But Visconti was inflexible. He saw that the preliminary examination had satisfied all of the guilt of the commandant, that conviction was sure to ensue, and he rejoiced at being thus able to strike at one blow the older and the younger Sforza.

But at this crisis, a tumult was heard at the great entrance of the trial chamber in which the duke and his senators and nobles were seated. A man rushed into the room, struggling with the sentinel whom he succeeded in disarming and throwing off. It was Raphael, the gondolier.

He rushed to the foot of the ducal throne and exclaimed:

'Noble duke! has sentence been pronounced against Francesco Sforza?'

'Not yet,' replied the duke, 'but the evidence against him is unimpeachable, he must die.'

'He must not die,' replied Raphael. 'He is innocent.'

'Who then is the murderer?' said the duke.

'He stands before you,' said the gondolier. 'Yes, duke and senators of Milan! I followed Contarina and I struck him to the heart. Riccardo found my mantle on the scene of death, though he has not produced it—and here is my sword, rusted with the blood of Contarina.'

'He speaks the truth,' said the commandant.

'Then he was your accomplice—both shall be tried for murder;' said Visconti.

'Duke of Milan,' said the gondolier, 'I have a secret for your ears alone.'

'Speak!' said the duke, descending from the throne and beckoning Raphael out of earshot of the spectators, 'but be brief.'

'Last night,' said the gondolier, speaking in a low tone, 'Francesco Sforza went to the Contarina villa, because your daughter loved him and opened her doors to him at midnight. Bring him to trial and you brand your child with infamy. On the rack will I tell the truth.'

'That must not be,' said the duke, in great agitation. 'This secret—'

'Dies with me, if you liberate the commandant, and take my head off in the place of his. I swear it on the cross.'

'Enough,' cried the duke, returning to his throne. 'Senators and nobles, hear me.—Francesco Sforza, unjustly accused of the crime of murder, is at liberty. Let this man be loaded with irons; he is the assassin and dies in his place.'

'Duke!' cried Riccardo, 'weigh well what you are doing.'

'I have spoken,' said the duke, 'the assembly is dismissed.'

Surrounded by his guards, the duke left the chamber. Raphael was loaded with chains and marched off under the escort of a file of halberdiers. The assembly dispersed, there remained only the constable, Francesco, and Pietro, the brigadier of the elder Sforza.

Francesco and the constable embraced, but the joy of the former was dashed by the reflection that Raphael, self-accused and self-sacrificed, must die in his place. He would fain have made an effort to free him by force, but the constable would not listen to a scheme fraught with destruction to himself and his son, and Pietro seemed to side with the elder Sforza.

'Commandant,' said he, 'this man condemned himself for you this morning, but in striking Contarina he was accomplishing a personal vengeance; twenty-five years ago Visconti killed his wife. He killed Visconti's son in turn, out of revenge!'

'O memory!' cried the aged constable, striking his forehead, 'what a scene of horror dost thou recall!'

'You would be wrong in drawing the sword to release him. Am I not right, constable?' continued Pietro.

'Visconti killed his wife, you say?' said the constable.

'In his hut at Placenzia, twenty-five years ago,' replied Pietro, fixing his eye inquiringly on the constable.

'And his name is Raphael?'

'The same.'

'Raphael the fisherman—Raphael the gondolier. I knew him not, so changed is he.'

'What is the matter, father?' asked the commandant. 'You are pale—you tremble.'

'And he devoted himself for you!' said the constable. 'I see it all; it is the same man.' Here a soldier crossed the hall.

'Halt, comrade!' said the constable. 'Is the trial over?'

'It is,' replied the soldier. 'The court have ordered the scaffold to be erected before sunset.'

The man saluted and retired.

'We must save this man!' exclaimed the constable. 'You must do it, Francesco—and I will—I must.'

'We will save him, father—but how?'

'Hush! these palace walls are full of spies. Follow me, Francesco. And Pietro, can I rely on you?'

'As in the hour of battle, general,' replied the brigadier.

'Enough!' replied the constable. 'Raphael the fisherman! Quick! Follow me.'

'Whither?' asked Francesco.

'To the arsenal!'

### CHAPTER V.

*The Bell of St. Peters.*

The constable prepared a rising of the army the signal for which was to be the tolling of the great bell of the cathedral of St. Peters. Francesco was entrusted with the execution of the details of the insurrection. The army in revolt, Visconti would be in the power of the insurgents, with no reliance but the fidelity of his household troops, the archers and harquebusiers, too few in number to make head against their opponents. The army would then destroy the scaffold, and demand, as the sole condition of their returning to duty, the liberation and pardon of Raphael the gondolier.

The plan formed, the constable sought out Raphael, and was readily admitted to his presence by his guards. In the long interview which followed, the constable learned from the condemned the story of his life since their parting at Placenzia, and the fact that the friendship between the three vassals, Raphael, Pietro and Guiseppe still subsisted, and that their oath of vengeance was still considered binding.

'It is easy to die for Francesco,' said the gondolier, 'but hard to think he will never know the story of his father.'

'Be easy on that point,' said the constable. 'You shall not die upon the scaffold; the army shall secure your liberation. You shall keep the secret of Francesco's birth till the day after my death. Then my will shall reveal all, and Francesco shall call you father. Farewell, Raphael—hope and confidence.'

'A thousand blessings on your head!' cried the prisoner, sinking on his knees.

But when the constable attempted to depart, he found his progress prevented by the sentinel; and at the same moment Visconti entered the apartment, followed by Michielli.

'Constable,' said the duke, 'for the present you are my prisoner. Michielli,' he added, turning to his follower, 'let the commandant be conducted to a hall which looks forth upon the cathedral. When the bell of St. Peters strikes, let him be put to death.'

Michielli bowed and retired.

'Now, Sforza,' said the count, 'your son is in my power, and the bell shall be his death-note.'

The constable was silent from despair.

'Raphael,' said the duke, 'you asked for the consolations of religion. I have allowed Father Guiseppe to wait on you as you desired. Come, Sforza, I will do the honors of my palace for you.'

As the duke and constable retired, Father Guiseppe made his appearance.

'Courage, brother,' said he to Raphael.—'Francesco's guards are plunged in the sleep of drunkenness. Michielli has sold himself to us; but Brabantio, who is incorruptible, will taste the steel of Pietro.' With these words, he glided away.

Visconti and the constable again made their appearance.

'Sforza,' said the duke, 'you are free to depart. I have given you my word. If you are wise, you will go to your soldiers and disarm them. Renounce their command in my favor, and thus save your son from death.'

'Abandon my old veterans!' said the constable—'and to you? I cannot do it.'

At this moment the heavy tolling of the cathedral bell was heard.

'Listen!' said the duke; 'that sound summons the rebels to arms!'

'And my son to death!' exclaimed the constable in agony. 'Visconti, withhold thy bloody hand! I yield—I lay my sword at thy feet.'

'Hold!' cried Raphael. 'Keep your sword.'

At this moment Riccardo rushed into the presence of his sovereign.

'My lord duke!' he cried, 'we are betrayed. Brabantio is killed, and Francesco has escaped us.'

'Curses on the chance!' exclaimed the duke in fury.

'Ha! ha!' shouted the constable. 'My sword is still my own. Farewell, Visconti!'

'You are safe only within these walls!' cried the duke. 'Without, death awaits you.'

'Death, perhaps,' replied the old warrior, 'but death in victory. Back there, sentinels! room for the constable!' And he rushed out, sword in hand.

'Who can have betrayed us?' cried the duke.

'I will tell you,' said the gondolier. 'The man whose betrothed was betrayed twenty-five years ago by Duke Visconti. The man who slew Brabantio was one whose sister was dishonored by Visconti. And I am Raphael the fisherman—Raphael the exile—Raphael of Placenzia, whose wife was killed by the governor of Milan. Hark to the bell, Visconti! Am I not avenged?'

'You shall die upon the wheel!' cried the duke.

But Raphael remained, gloating over the the agony of the duke, who, now plunged in despair, was busied in giving orders, listening to the firing and shouting in the streets, the tolling of the bell, and the crashing thunder of the heavy cannonade that shook the very walls of the ducal palace. At length Fabricio, the captain of the royal archers, rushed into the presence of the duke.

'What news?' exclaimed Visconti.

'The constable is killed!' replied the captain.

'Victory!' shouted the duke.

'Alas, your highness!' replied the captain, 'my soldiers have revolted, and disarmed me. Francesco Sforza is master of Milan.'

'Life! Liberty!' cried Pietro and Guiseppe, rushing in. In a moment they struck the irons from the limbs of Raphael, and he stood erect and free once more.

The hall was now filled with officers, soldiers, senators and the people of Milan. A herald came forward, and announced that the senate had dethroned and banished Visconti, and proclaimed Francesco Sforza duke and sovereign of Milan.

'O, joy! O, vengeance!' cried the gondolier. 'Hear me, nobles, senators and citizens of Milan! Your new duke, the liberator of Milan, is my son!'

'Thy son!' exclaimed Francesco, who had just entered, escorted by a detachment of the troops, and leading by the hand the lovely Blanche. 'Can this be true?'

'It is indeed true,' said the faithful Pietro, advancing to Francesco. 'Here are the tablets of the constable, containing his last words.'

Francesco snatched them eagerly, and read as follows:

'Thou art the son of Raphael the fisherman and a poor woman of Placenzia. I took thee from gratitude—I gave thee my name from love. I would have died for thee. Sometimes think of thy aged friend, who loved thee as a father. Farewell, Francesco.'

Francesco rushed into his father's arms.—All hearts were melted at the meeting; but none regarded it so tenderly as the faithful Pietro and the good Guiseppe.

'Francesco,' said the fisherman, 'I am sufficiently avenged upon yonder bad man. For the sake of his pure and stainless daughter, I renounce my oath to take his life. Go, Visconti, and within a monastery's walls repent the past, and look to Heaven for forgiveness.'

And the people shouted, 'Long live Raphael!' and 'Long live Francesco!' And as the young duke took the hand of Visconti's daughter, they added, 'Long live Blanche of Milan!'

* The authority closely followed in this narrative is a drama by a French author, M. J. Bouchardy.

[Written for The Flag of our Union.]

**The Winds—A Parody.**

BY THE GREEN MOUNTAIN BARD.

Hear the gentle summer winds—
Pleasant winds;
What a world of genial thoughts their melody contains.
How they whisper, whisper, whisper,
In the balmy air of night;
While the stars that oversprinkle
All the heavens, seem to twinkle
With a crystalline delight,
Keeping time, time, time,
In a sort of Runic rhyme,
To the soul-entrancing rhythm that so musically winds
From the winds, winds, winds,
Winds, winds, winds,
From the breathing and the whispering of the winds.

Hear the mellow autumn winds—
Mournful winds;
What a world of pensive thought their monody combines!
Through the frosty air they call,
How the mournful echoes fall;
Nature's dying, dying notes,
And all in time,
What a saddened ditty floats
To the turtle-dove that listens, while she gloats
On the moon!
O, from out the autumn winds,
What a gush of euphony voluminously winds!
How it winds!
How it binds
On the future! and combines
The melancholy that inclines
To the sighing and the crying
Of the winds, winds, winds, winds,
Winds, winds, winds,
To the sighing and the crying of the winds!

Hear the raging winter winds,
Angry winds;
What a tale of terror now their turbulency brings!
In the startled ear of night,
How they scream out their affright!
Too much horrified to speak,
They can only shriek, shriek,
Out of tune,
In a clamorous defiance to the warm and genial fire,
In a mad expostulation with the warm and genial fire,
In the chimney leaping higher,
With a desperate desire,
And a resolute endeavor,
To expel them now and ever,
From the quaint old-fashioned room.
O, the winds, winds, winds,
What a tale their terror brings
Of despair!
How they clang, and clash, and roar!
What a horror they outpour
On the bosom of the palpitating air!
Yet the ear it fully knows,
By the lashing
And the clashing,
How the tempest ebbs and flows;
Yet the ear distinctly finds,
In the rattling
And the battling,
How the storm his power combines,
By the sinking or the swelling in the anger of the winds!
Of the winds,
Of the winds, winds, winds, winds,
Winds, winds, winds,
In the rushing and the roaring of the winds!

**Dream Book.**

It is very lucky for an editor, or in fact, any business man, to dream of mosquitoes; it betokens *customers* that will *settle their bills*.

To dream of books is unfavorable; it denotes that you are '*booked*' for a small amount.

When a young married lady dreams of walking out, it is an omen that augurs no good to the husband; he may expect a *bustle* to follow.

If a young lady dreams she is a saint, it is ominous that her stockings are *holy*.

For a tailor to dream of being imprisoned, is a gentle admonition that his last lot of *cabbage* was altogether too extensive.

When a young man who has spent a goodly portion of the night at an inn, dreams of seeing the devil, it denotes that other *spirits have fallen*.

To dream you are a pig, behooves you to guard well your tongue, lest you turn out a *bore*.

If a fashionable lady dreams that she was asked to sing, it is a token that she is undoubtedly *catching cold*.

If a printer dreams of starving to death, it foretokens an abundance of '*pi*.'

For a coquette to dream of a large waist, admonishes her that she is *wasting* away the best part of her life in idle flirtations.

To dream of colors is bad; as it most generally turns out to be a *dun*.

For married people to dream of music, or attending a ball, forewarns them that there is a *band* in the 'little angel's throat.'—*Ballston N. Y. Democrat.*

**Nothing but Fish.**

Jemmy Whitley, as he was familiarly called, the itinerant Irish manager, who flourished about eighty years ago, was celebrated for his eccentricities and his whimsicality. In the course of his professional tours he often played in small villages where cash was not over abundant, and in such cases Jemmy was not particular as to whether he received the public support in money or in kind. He would take meat, fowl, vegetables, &c., value them by scales, and pass in the owner and friends for as many admissions as they amounted to. Thus his treasury very often on a Saturday resembled a butcher's shop rather than a banker's. At a village on the coast, the inhabitants brought him nothing but fish; but as the company could not subsist without its concomitants of bread, potatoes, and spirits, a general appeal was made to his stomach and sympathies, and some alteration in the terms of admission required. Jemmy, accordingly, having admitted nineteen persons one evening at a shad apiece, stopped at the twentieth, and said, 'I beg your pardon, my darling, I am extremely sorry to refuse you; but if we ate any more fish, by the powers, we shall be all turned into mermaids.'—*Model Courier.*

**Egyptian Characteristics.**

A curious race of people the Egyptians must have been! Their great end of life was death. They were no sooner born than they thought about dying. The whole nation seemed to live in a sort of lasting pyramid. An Egyptian did not care so much where he lodged, so long as he knew where he was to be buried. His greatest comfort was the idea of being made a nice mummy of. His card was an epitaph. He was walking about with a tombstone continually in his hand. In fact, the largeness of the pyramids is a standing proof, if proof be wanting, what a set of tremendous undertakers the Egyptians were! Their present was the future. This may partly account for their being so much in advance of other nations. To speak extravagantly, they seemed to calculate time with a death-watch, which they wound up with a skeleton key! They made themselves, in fact, so familiar with death, that they invited him to all their feasts, and put him at the head of the table at all their weddings, anniversaries, pic-nics, and grand dinners.—*Punch.*

An epitaph, said to have been written by Dr. Franklin, will bear repeating here, though often published.

The body
Of Benjamin Franklin, printer,
Like the cover of an old book,
Its contents torn out,
And stripped of its lettering and gilding,
Lies here food for worms.
Yet the work itself shall not be lost;
For it will (as he believed) appear once more
In a new and more beautiful edition,
Corrected and revised by
The author.

Akin to this is the following, said to be taken from a tombstone in England:—

Here lies in horizontal position,
The *outside case* of George Routleigh, Watchmaker;
Integrity was the *main-spring*, and Prudence the *regulator*
Of all the *actions* of his life.
His *hand never stopped*, till he had *relieved* distress,
So well *regulated* were all his *movements*,
That he never *went wrong*,
Except when *set-agoing* by other people
Who did not know his *key*.
He departed this life *wound up* in hopes
Of being taken in *hand* by his Maker,
And of being thoroughly *cleaned, repaired*
And *set agoing* in the world to come.

Lord Brougham has kindly consented to appear in the following:—

Here, reader, turn your weeping eyes,
My fate a useful moral teaches;
The hole in which my body lies,
Could not contain one half my speeches.

And the Ex-Secretary of War, for this time only:

How small, unmentionable things
Oft lead to power—my story teaches;
Fame puffs aside the statesman's *duds*
And fills her trump with—breeches! breeches!

We give another in the thread-and-needle line—

Here lies the body and the bones
Of a poor tailor—Roger Jones—
Who has cabbaged cloth for every limb,
But now grim death has cabbaged him.

Pope's celebrated epitaph on Lord Coningsby will serve to close with.

Here lies Lord Coningsby—be civil!
God knows the rest—so does the devil!

One of the greatest necessities of our physical and moral nature is employment. It is alike essential to health, virtue, and contentment. It is one of the hardest things in human nature to do nothing. A lady in Connecticut, not long since, employed a stout young man, fresh from Ireland, for the service of the kitchen. When Sunday morning came, Bridget hung on a large kettle of water. 'What are you going to do, Bridget?' 'I'm going to wash, ma am.' 'But we do not wash on Sunday.' 'What *shall* I do, then?' 'Nothing at all; we do not work here on the Sabbath day.' 'Dear me! I shall be tired o' keeping aisy.'

Mr. Walker, speaking of St. Giles' churchyard, in London says, 'in less than ten acres it contains 48,000 bodies. A London churchyard is very like a London omnibus. It can be made to carry any number. If there is no room inside—no matter, there is always plenty of accommodation outside. The same with a London churchyard—number is the last consideration. There are three things, in fact, which are never by any accident full. These are: The pit of a theatre, an omnibus, and a London churchyard. The latter combines the expansiveness of the two former, with the voluminousness of the carpet bag.—*Punch.*

'When will the Father of Waters come along?' asked Mrs. Partington, as she sat looking at Stockwell's panorama, in the last hour of its exhibition. 'The Father of Waters!' replied the individual addressed, 'why this is it that you see before you.' 'Goodness me!' is it!' said she, 'why I've depressed my specs to look after a big man with the dropsy, and its nothing but a river, after all. How I wish they'd call things by their right names.' There was something of disappointment in the tone; but when, afterwards, she remarked to herself, 'I wonder if that water will wash?' it was a beautiful tribute from Benevolence to Genius.—*Post.*

The dexterous leap of thought, by which the mind escapes from a seemingly hopeless dilemma, is worth all the vestments of dignity which the world holds. It was this readiness in repartee which continually saved Voltaire from social overturn. He once praised another writer very heartily to a third person. 'It is very strange,' was the reply, 'that you speak so well of him, for he says that you are a charlatan.' 'O,' replied Voltaire, 'I think it very likely that both of us may be mistaken.'

How many gallons of water goes over Niagara in an hour we dunno, as we have no slate. However, a good many, we *do* think, and probably *more* than we think. A friend of ours has made a calculation how many miles all creeping things in God's world would creep in *one hour*, provided they took it easy. And the total summum bonum, if we remember right, was extremely much.

The ladies of Pittsburg, if we may believe one of their own papers, cannot keep their faces clean, in consequence of the coal soot which is constantly falling, in the American Birmingham. When a lady's face receives a descending flake, her nearest *friend blows* it off. To wipe it off, would only make bad worse, and singular to say, the greatest kindness shown by the ladies to each other *is when they come to blows!*

We see there is a steamship belonging to the government, called 'The Monkey.' We hope the poor sailors get something more than 'monkey's allowance' when they have to get the monkey's steam up? By the by, if the Governor General of India should ever be recalled, the Monkey will be the very ship to bring back a Napier (*an ape here*).—*Punch.*

'The boy at the head of the class will state what were the *dark* ages of the world.' Boy hesitates. 'Next. Master Jones, can you tell me what the dark ages were?' 'I guess they were the ages before spectacles were invented.' 'Go to your seats.'

Robert Hall did not lose his power of retort even in madness. A hypocritical condoler with his misfortunes once visited him in the mad-house, and said, in a whining tone, 'What brought you here, Mr. Hall?' Hall significantly touched his brow with his finger, and replied, 'What'll never bring you, sir—too much brain!'

Young Moses took me for a dunce,
For all night long I spoke but once;
On better ground I think him such,
He spoke but once, yet once too much!

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OR, THE

## QUADROONE OF LOUISIANA.

### A Thrilling Tale of the Land and Sea.

BY ALBERT W. SUMNER.

[CONTINUED.]

CHAPTER IV.

*The Quadroone and her plighted love. The slave and his mistress. A threat in the wood of our story. The slave and her offspring. The noble lounge of Pauline.*

"Pass the bread."

Yet cheerful; though nothwithstanding one of us twins the wicked array a war that would be coming.

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MADAME BOUVE noticed minutely the change of Lucille's mind after the departure of Louis, and in the gentlemen of her mansion she spied the Quadroone secretly, and endeavored to make her let as light and pleasant, by admit management, pretensing that she would soon forget the affair. But she had not correctly estimated the feelings of her slave. She little knew how deeply rooted was the affection, that throbbed in the female breast for Louis, and as time progressed, Madame Bouve found to her great disappointment, that Lucille grew more pensive and more melancholy every day. At length she was not a little surprised by a request from her thaught she might be permitted to go down to New Orleans for a short time, as her health was not good, and she would see some friends there who she knew would benefit her. Madame Bouve had never hinted to Lucille a single thought concerning her intimacy with Louis, though as we have said, she thought much upon the subject, and knew that it was an his account that her husband had honored his departure. But when the Quadroone made this request, she knew it was a stratagem which was so extraordinary, yet so extremely powerful, she consented to it.

In it not under the mind than the body that it is, Lucille? asked, she, as the slave stood before her.

"Both, madame," replied the Quadroone, sadly, "my health is not good, and my heart ever kept upon the floor.

"What is the thing of this, Lucille?

"Madame, I cannot speak," said the slave, her breast heaving visibly.

"Was discontent sown in your heart, Lucille, by Monsieur Louis Bouve?" asked her mistress, kindly.

"Not discontent, yet great unhappiness, madame," replied the slave, her head drooping, her eyes from the floor.

"I had thought you too intelligent, Lucille, that you understood your position better than to have misconstrued his attentions, or have been thus affected by the kindness of your master's brother.'

"I had not the experience, madame, that I now possess," replied the slave, while a deep sigh escaped her lips.

"You would go to New Orleans, Lucille? Do I understand you aright?

"If it pleases you, madame, I wish very much to go there."

"I think I have always been kind to you, Lucille? and her manner, in a half inquiring tone of voice.

"Indeed you, madame."

You would then leave me entirely, Lucille, would you not?

"Madame, as? said the Quadroone, while her eyes sank upon the floor, and a slight sob the expression, were mixed to her mistress's face.

Then I can trust you, Lucille? You may go, Lucille, and when you shall find yourself better in health, I shall expect your return."

May Heaven bless you for your goodness, madame," said the Quadroone, advancing, and kissing her mistress's hand affectionately, and then with disappressed emotion she left the room.

Madame Bouve entertained Lucille very highly having, as we have said, acute almost a companion of her, and never she had become so sad, she felt that she was quite another person. She hoped that by parting her request, as well as removing this melancholy and remove her former cheerfulness. But the slave, therefore promptly agreed to her request, as we have seen, and supplied her in the most liberal manner with the means for her transportation down the river, besides giving her a purse for her personal wants. The sincere gratitude of the Quadroone was but too evident, and Madame Bouve felt sure that she had an ornament to fear that her slave would betray the confidence she had placed in her concerning her return.

Almost two years previous to this time, the city agent of Castle House had, during the fever season, accepted an invitation from the count, and had passed some period of time at the plantation. Here his wife was seized with the yellow fever, and during a critical and protracted illness, was attended constantly night and day, with the most untiring kindness by Lucille, until her recovery. Both the agent and his wife acknowledged the warmest feelings of gratitude towards the Quadroone, making her many acceptable presents, at the same time telling her that if she could ever in any way serve her, she would find her unhappy to do so, and Lucille never call upon her unhesitatingly as her best friend. The evening upon this service and the consequent friendship Lucille, as has been said above, had been, directed her steps at once to the residence of the agent, which she easily found. She unhesitatingly wrecked to her friend the circumstances of her situation, and begged most earnestly that she would conceal her return. The good-hearted wife of the agent being overjoyed seeking to see Lucille, and begged most sincerely that she would remain with her. She accordingly the proper method for so doing, and then ordered the immediate arrest of the services of the city as a teacher in the public school. She accordingly made the proper applications, and pronounced fully qualified to take the charge of pupils in the higher branches of learning. She was therefore elected as a female salary, and had continued in this situation almost two years, during which time she had, by the utmost economy, saved nearly sufficient money to purchase her mother's freedom, though unknown to the Quadroone herself.

And this girl was Pauline Harold, who had left Miss Bouve at the agent as their adopted child! She was one of

"Love's servants on the earth,
The child of home—inspiring and beloved,
The blossom spread in the spot's shade."

How prudent she was in her expenditure! How saving of every cent, that by her she saved at night, and how early she was up in the morning, that she might not lose a part of any honorable means that suggested themselves to her mind to earn a small sum each day! How she would economize in preparing for her secret purpose—that of buying her mother's freedom! Her dress was of the plainest fashion, since she had left her situation as teacher, and her appearance at the St. Charles with a basket of beautiful flowers, and then by a pleasant and easy traffic she earned more money than at her school.

It was thus that Henri May had first beheld her, the beautiful and accomplished daughter of a slave! Her form first captivating to womanly loveliness, and the more than ordinary intelligence quietly manifested. It would be difficult to conceive of a more pure and moral mind than she had thus acquired this young girl. How sweet must have been her influence upon the agent, although there was a something in her appearance which gave him the idea that she had more experience of a more mature age. She was delicate in her person and of perfect proportion, and her sweet, young face beamed with the hue of health. Her eyes were a deep blue, and her hair the richest brown, and hung down upon her in a manner with no little interest, that would have attracted the notice of any one had she not been so much engrossed with her own thoughts.

You must be very quiet, and endeavor to lie still until your strength is restored,' she said, gently smoothing his pillow, and spreading the coverlet more closely over him.

'But where am I?' asked he.

'You are safe, sir, without any questions,' replied the girl.

'I owe much more than my kind to need remember seeing you or dreaming of you at my bedside. Have I been long here?

'Some days.'

'You—you. I remember that affair on the day of the fire of the steamer, and had left me as if so much for scattered thoughts. 'Did the fellow die and get away?

'Hush! you—and they have threatened your life, but you must not talk.

'Do you know my name or pecule nurse?' persisted he, kindly.

'Express,' she replied, blushing at his manner of questioning her.

'I first remembering here that I was not? I am half fatisfied.'

That is a good sign, sir, but you must not sparingly—I will see.

Saying which, the pretty little nurse rapidly left the room, and returned with a draft in a short time returned with some pounds nicely arranged and prepared, which she placed before of milk artfully, although she repeatedly cautioned him to take it slowly and sparingly, lest the fever should return. Every day she prudently taken the whole of it, he heeded each the bowl with a long spoon, declaring that it was surely nectar. The fact was, he had taken no kind of nourishment for nearly the eight days except cold water, and during that time he had been under the influence of a powerful opiate, more dreamy than a lovely reality. There were no refreshments then as now from the city to the hills, and hunger by accustomed to exercise in the opposite shore, and Henri pursued his route on foot.

No person invests for any distance in the country in the region were now without weapons. Henri's were on his person. At one point was to place a couple of goods in his hands, and mounted on a powerful black horse. In set off for the town of Covington. It was in the after part of a fine day in early summer that he found himself entering one of those dense cypress-swamps that are sprinkled over the southern part of Louisiana, and which are so closely wooded as nearly to shut out the light of day. He was encouraged at this point on some rather which made him a little uneasy, as he had been informed that he was having gone some distance, when he looked around, and apparently collecting his thoughts upon his present position, he paused up his reins, and speaking to his horse, the animal bore a sound trot and dashed on.

The sun had scarcely risen on the next the twilight was getting lighter and lighter, when Henri heard the clattering of hoofs afoot. It was nothing strange; still, in so lonely a place he fortnight himself that he ought to be prepared for any danger, and loosing the pistols in his holsters, he rode on. A few moments he brought him in sight of several horsemen, who on perceiving him halted at once, and formed in together, but he dashed ahead at an easy speed as though he heeded them not. But the horsemen observing themselves an escort the road, bade him halt as he came up towards them. But suspecting their character, he put spurs to his horse, and dashed impetuously through them, exchanging them with the sword on one, who received from him a slight wound.

Another shot was fired after him, and a horseman came on in full pursuit, when a new took place that was kept up for nearly a mile. Henri, thinking his pursuer was at a sufficient distance from the others, reined in his horse and held up his horse to meet him, at the same time drawing and discharging a pistol at his pursuer, having apparently but one pistol, and that the one he had already discharged. Upon the weapon itself at Henri with such precision that it was shattered in his hand.

When he again became conscious, he found himself in the hands of a party of the most specious dimensions, which was divided into several parts. One devoted to culinary purposes, and the cook was busily employed upon those that sewing in a rough deal partition. Others he supposed to be cutting firewood, and hanging from the rafters or frame of the roof, were legs of wrecked-bear, dried deer tongues, and other provisions of this nature, with a rack of meat or three here and there. In a corner of the hut was a bed, on which here some days, and he remembered a vision of being watched by a kind and gentle being whose soft hands smoothed his pillow and fed him with nourishment. He remembered nothing more. A sense of painful oppression was upon his brain, and he felt stiff and sore about the head. As he turned to look around him about him, he saw a female form before the door that led to the open air, and she moved towards him and noticed his half raised position, and hastened to his side, saying:

'You are better indeed, I do not mistaken; do you know whom you are, sir?

'I do not, madame,' replied he, as if confused he, raising himself still further upon his arm upon upon his head. 'I do not, though he recognized in her the embalmment of an indigenous nation. She was a young girl of apparently some fifteen years, though there was a something in her appearance which gave her the idea that she had more experience of a more mature age. She was delicate in her person and of perfect proportion, and her sweet, young face beamed with the hue of health. Her eyes were a deep blue, and her hair the richest brown, and hung down upon her in a manner with no little interest, that would have attracted the notice of any one had she not been so much engrossed with her own thoughts.

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THE FLAG OF OUR UNION.

[Written for The Flag of our Union.]

# THE POOR PRINTER;

or,

## THE BROKER'S DAUGHTER.

BY GEORGE W. BUNGAY.

### CHAPTER I.

'I should like to know the name of that handsome young fellow who accompanied you to church last Sunday,' remarked Clara Mullins, to her amiable and beautiful cousin, Maria Sedgeland.

'That's a pretty question to ask. Do you imagine I am so simple as to tell all I know in this age of secret societies? The next thing you will want an introduction; by-and-by you will set your cap, and who knows but you may steal away my gallant beau, and then leave me alone in the glory of single blessedness.'

'Now, Maria, stop poking fun at me, and let's know the name of that nice young man.'

'Well, Clara, if it will afford you so much gratification to ascertain his name, I will not be so cruel as to withhold it: here is his card.'

'George Raymond. What a pretty combination of names. George is the Greek word for farmer, and Raymond signifies sunlight on the mountains.'

'So you admire the name, and think he who wears it is personally handsome.'

'Yes, Maria, I think he is a perfect model of a man. How neatly, and yet how plainly, he dresses. What a fine figure, broad forehead, and beautiful eyes he has. Is he a lawyer, or doctor, or professor, or merchant, or student? What is he?'

'He is a printer.'

'A publisher, you mean.'

'No, he picks up types in a newspaper office.'

'O, now I understand; you intend to say that he is the editor and proprietor of a newspaper.'

'No, my dear cousin, he is a journeyman printer.'

'You don't say he is nothing but a journeyman.'

'He is a poor man who works for a livelihood.'

'How could you consent to allow him to sit in our pew, and beau you home from church? I would not permit a mechanic to touch my arm with a pair of tongs. I think you ought to be ashamed of such vulgar society. I shall inform ma this very day, and so long as you remain under this roof, I am quite sure she will not allow that plebeian printer to pay any attention to you.'

'I declare,' observed Maria, pleasantly, 'you have given me a Caudle lecture. If that distinguished foreigner, who fell in love with you at the museum, and who has been so assiduous in his attentions ever since he obtained an introduction, could have heard you, I have no doubt he would highly commend you for looking down on what he calls the common herd.'

'I wish you to understand that Mr. Fitzgammon is a real gentleman by birth, and that he has the advantages of an ample fortune and a refined education,' continued Clara.

'I am heartily sorry, my dear cousin, that you encourage the addresses of such a fop. I am sure he does not display much good breeding, and as for his education, he seldom speaks without murdering his mother tongue. For my part, I should prefer the society of one who works for a living, providing he is honest, virtuous, sober and intelligent. I have been acquainted with Mr. Raymond ever since he was a child—indeed, we were schoolmates. I know his parents, and although they are poor, they are quite respectable, and have given George a good common education, and he is now occupying his leisure hours in acquiring a knowledge of the languages. Even you admire his personal attractions, and all who are acquainted with him unhesitatingly acknowledge that his intellectual endowments are far superior to his physical beauty.'

'I am much obliged to you for that sermon, Miss Maria Sedgeland; it does not require the assistance of a microscope or a spy glass to discover your state of feeling in regard to this vexed question. The truth is, you are envious or jealous, because I have made an impression on the heart of dear Mr. Fitzgammon, while you can only pick up a poor, shiftless fellow, who picks up letters in a printing-office. Ma will put a stop to your courtship, and if you were at the altar, pa would rise and forbid the banns.'

The next morning, immediately after breakfast, Maria was requested to go into her aunt's room. She had been seated but a few seconds, when the aristocratic old lady came into the apartment, and observed, 'I have been informed that, without my knowledge or consent, you have accepted the attentions of a young man employed in a printing-office.'

'Why, aunt,' remarked Maria, blushing to her temples, 'Mr. Raymond came from my native town, and we have been acquainted with each other ever since we were children. He is a respectable young man, and a welcome guest in some of the best circles of society.'

'Well, miss, I shall put an immediate stop to such interviews as you have had with him. You shall not go with him to the theatre, nor drink wine with him at parties.'

'He never goes to the theatre, and he never drinks wine. He belongs to a division of the sons of temperance.'

'So he is a cold water rat, is he? Now I hate him more than I did before; and if he ever comes to my house, I will drive him away with a broomstick.'

### CHAPTER II.

'John,' said Mrs. Mullins to her servant-man, 'take this *billet-doux* to the hotel where Mr. Fitzgammon boards, and give it to him yourself, with my compliments.'

It was past nine o'clock, and yet Mr. Fitzgammon was still in the embrace of Morpheus. The waiter, however, glad to awaken the sleeper, and feed him, so that the dining-room might be got in readiness for the next meal, awoke him at once.

He usually spent an hour at his toilette, washing his hands, powdering his face, unpapering his curls, lacing his stays, etc. Whilst he was dressing, and decorating his person, John commenced conversation with an intelligent waiter, who was an old chum of his.

'I guess missus is agoin to have a party tonight, and this note is to ax the gentleman you have just called to attend.'

'You do not call him a gentleman, I hope. He is as cross as a bear with a sore head, and is more trouble at the table than any other six boarders in the house. He smells of the soup until his mustache dips into it, and then pronounces it unfit for pigs; he says the beefsteak is tough as leather—the butter strong as Samson—and the pies and puddings not to be compared to such luxuries in London. We have to be as careful in feeding him, as though he were a wild beast, gnashing his teeth on the keepers of the menagerie.'

'Why, how you talk, Bob. Miss Clara takes quite a shine to him, and she would have thrown a bottle of hot water on you, if she had heard what you said just now. I shouldn't wonder if they got married before long. She says he is the son of a lord.'

'Son of the devil, more likely.'

'Well, if they should pair off, after billing and cooing a while, I hope he will make Miss Clara stand around—for she has a horrid temper, and Miss Sedgland has to put up with her ill humor. She is half the time scolding her, because a working man went with her to meeting on Sunday.'

'Are the old folks rich?'

'They are well to do in the world, but they need not turn up their noses at poor folks, for I remember the time when old Mullins couldn't cut such a swarth as he does now. He used to keep a barber's shop, and had some idea of taking my father into partnership with him; but father refused to have anything to do with the old skinflint. He held on to every sixpence until it squealed, and soon saved change enough to commence brokering on a small scale. Folks used to laugh, and say that one pole would answer for both branches of business. Now he uses soft soap, and shaves notes and is ashamed of the more honest and honorable calling of shaving faces. I wish the old man would try his hand on the face of the dandy who is after his daughter.'

'Yes, John, I think he could improve his looks; but, then, if a man makes a beast of himself, I can see no earthly nor heavenly reason why he shouldn't look like one. I believe this stranger, who palms himself off as a distinguished foreigner, is an impudent impostor, without either wit, money or morality; and I should be sorry to have him marry your young mistress.'

'Bob, you talk like a book.'

'Well, John, I read books, and study human nature; and if I am not easily mistaken, the ill-looking, ill-natured and ignorant fopling of whom we have been speaking is a vile fellow, and ought to be exposed. I think it would be a good idea to get Mr. Raymond to publish him.'

'Do you mean Raymond the printer?'

'Yes.'

'He is the very man who went to church with the graceful and lovely Miss Sedgeland last Sunday, and missus has vowed he shall never darken her doors again.'

'What an old goose she must be. Mr. Raymond is loved and respected by all who know him. Several of our oldest, most wealthy and influential citizens have clubbed and raised funds enough to buy a press and types, and have engaged him to edit a newspaper they design to publish. He is the famous author of the thrilling sketches published over the initials of G. R.'

'Miss Clara says she wouldn't touch him with a pair of tongs, and that he is a low fellow, fit only to go with the vulgar people.'

'Pshaw! that's all moonshine. The time may come when she will be glad to be in his company. There is an accomplished and pretty young lady boarding here who gave the mitten to Mr. Fitzgammon, but she would be delighted to have Mr. Raymond accept her hand, her heart and her fortune.'

### CHAPTER III.

As John surmised, that very evening there was a grand soiree at the house owned and occupied by the haughty, homely Mrs. and the hard-fisted, dignified Mr. Mullins.

At an early hour the washed, combed, brushed, curled, dressed, perfumed and decorated Mr. Fitzgammon might have been seen ascending a flight of granite steps; and, after spelling out the name engraved upon the silver door plate, pulled the bell with such violence that the lap-dog howled with the ear-ache, and the servants started with alarm, and the busy old mistress wondered what on earth was the matter.

He was escorted into a pleasant room, which was handsomely furnished with the most fashionable furniture. After being introduced to the company present, he made a low bow; tried to smile, scraped his feet upon the carpet, and then awkwardly tumbled like a bale of dry goods upon the sofa; after which he looked up with an air of wondrous wisdom and great importance, which seemed to say, what think ye of this imported specimen of gentility?

He really was a remarkable looking object. His coarse hair was oiled, curled and scented. He stared at every person in the room through his quizzing-glass. He wore on his unintellectual face moustaches, whiskers, imperial and goatee, and looked like an ass that had swallowed a horse and left the tail sticking out of its mouth. His red, carrot fingers were hooped with huge rings, and a brooch large enough for a looking-glass stuck upon his ruffled shirt bosom.

Most persons could have seen at a glance that he was one of those nondescript creatures, who know but little of themselves externally, except what they learn from the looking-glass, and who know nothing of themselves internally, except what they feel from the liquor-glass. The following conversation between the parties will afford a view of the mental calibre of the distinguished gentleman.

'It is a beautiful evening, sir,' remarked one of the company.

'Very foine.'

'How do you like our climate, sir?'

'It's very foine.'

'What do you think of American scenery?'

'It is very foine.'

'You have seen the Falls of Niagara, I am told. What do you think of that sublime and beautiful water wonder?'

'It is very foine.'

'I think I saw you at the meeting which was recently addressed by the Hon. Daniel Webster; what did you think of his eloquent and magnificent speech?'

'It was very foine.'

'How do you feel, sir, when excited by the thrilling, electrifying eloquence of our Demosthenes?'

'Very foine.'

'The sensation must be akin to that occasioned by the trumpeting of the storm when the winds and the waves do battle. What are your sensations during a storm at sea?'

'I am sick at the stomach, at such times; but when we have a smooth sea and fair wind I feel very foine.'

The conversation was just then interrupted by the appearance of Mrs. Mullins and her daughter. They were richly dressed and gorgeously bejewelled, and Clara, notwithstanding the unmistakable lines which ill-temper had traced upon her countenance, was beautiful to look upon. The moment they entered the room Mr. Fitzgammon arose from his seat—and squeezed the hand of Miss Clara and told her she looked very foine. In the course of the evening, he ventured to say to her that she was a charming girl, fit to be the wife of a lord, and that he meant all he said, upon honor.

Maria was present at the party, and her aunt availed herself of an early opportunity to ask her how she would like the attention of such a man as Mr. Fitzgammon.

'Best at a distance,' said she! 'I could not endure such a head-less dandy, whose head is as empty as his hat.'

'You rude thing, how dare you speak so disparagingly of my company in my own house?'

'Why, aunt, he has been winking at me and leering at me most impertinently through his quizzing-glass. He is not a gentleman, and ought to be requested to leave the house. If he does not leave, with your permission, I will retire to my room.'

'I suppose you are anxious to see the journeyman printer, but if he dares to show his face within the reach of a poker, I will drive him into the street. I have a will and a way to punish upstarts who do not know their own place, and have no regard for the higher orders of society.'

At a late hour that night, or rather at an early hour the next morning, the party broke up;—but the unfortunate Mr. Fitzgammon had partaken too freely of wine, and sober John was nominated and appointed a committee of one to lead the eminent stranger to his lodgings.

The next day it was rumored in different parts of the city, that a lord, duke, knight, baronet, or earl, or something else, had fallen in love with Miss Mullins the broker's daughter. Maria received a severe caudleing from her aunt, and ditto from her cousin, because she spoke so contemptuously of Mr. Fitzgammon.

Miss Mullins's jealousy induced her to believe that several young ladies were not only smitten, but dead in love, with the golden calf she worshipped, and in order to make sure of the idol of her affections, she and her parents went to work in good earnest to bring about a match and have the parties united in matrimony.

The landlord to whom Mr. Fitzgammon was indebted for board and borrowed money did not press his claims for fear he might lose a customer.

In a short time, arrangements were made for the wedding. Milliners, tailors, shoemakers and confectioners were busily at work. The day was selected, the guests were invited, and all the interested parties were on the tiptoe of anticipation, when an event occurred which is related in the following chapter.

### CHAPTER IV.

'Wife, did you see this new paper?'

'Yes, I saw it, but you know as well as I do, that I have no time to read newspapers. Clara is to be married next Monday, and I shall have to be as busy as a dress-maker, or cut a sorry figure at the wedding.'

'But here is a fist pointing to a paragraph about Mr. Fitzgammon the distinguished foreigner.'

'Do read it, pa,' said Clara, smilingly. 'I knew he would make a noise in the world. A man of his rank in society, having such a princely fortune, and a variety of accomplishments, such fascinating manners, and such superb talents, cannot fail to make a great sensation among a people competent to appreciate his genius. Let us hear it, pa.'

'We have received the London Times.'

'Hear this, ma, the news is from England. Now I suppose my envious, jealous saint of a cousin, who told me she believed somebody was an impostor, will see her mistake.'

'Do let me read without further interruption, if you please.'

'We received by last night's mail a copy of the London Times, which contained the following startling and unexpected announcement: "John Gammon, who was a groom in the service of William Fitz, Esq., has robbed his master of considerable jewelry and clothing, and it is supposed has sailed for America. He is about thirty years of age, of medium size, has dark eyes, and coarse, curly hair, and a scar on his left cheek, which he received from a watchman who arrested him in the act of whipping his wife. One hundred pounds shall be given to the person who will secure the thief." Early this morning one of our efficient police officers read the announcement and at once put the Fitz and the Gammon together, went to the hotel, where he found a sleeping beauty with a scar on his left cheek, and the name of Fitz on some silver spoons in his trunk. He awoke and arrested Mr. Gammon, alias Fitzgammon, and escorted him to jail.'

Clara fainted when she heard the sad tidings, and after she came to her senses, she exclaimed:

'O, ma! O, pa! what shall I do? My dresses are made, our friends are invited, everybody will laugh at me! I wish I could be shut up in a nunnery!'

'What a villain he must be,' said Mr. Mullins. 'He has a wife now living. He has been stealing spoons. I shouldn't wonder if he stole that silver cup off the mantel-piece, for I missed it the day after he first called here. I hope the authorities will hang him by the neck until he is choked to death.'

'Mr. Mullins, who is the editor of that paper?'

'Mr. George Raymond.'

I wonder if that is the young man who gallanted Maria to meeting that Sunday?'

'I suppose it is,' said Mr. Mullins.

'Well, go and ask him concerning the particulars of this singular and most unhappy affair.'

Mr. Mullins went to the office and inquired if Mr. Raymond was in.

'No sir,' was the answer; 'he has gone to the State House. He has recently been elected to the Senate, and consequently spends much of his time in the Senate-chamber.'

'Is this Mr. Raymond the young man who used to work in the brick block across the way?'

'Yes sir.'

'When he returns, give my compliments to him, and say that my name is Mullins, and that all the members of my family would be happy to see him.'

Mr. Mullins returned and informed the family that the journeyman printer had become, not only an editor, but also a prominent member of the Senate, and that the news respecting Mr. Fitzgammon was, alas, too true.

The intelligence spread like wild fire through the city, and afforded a rich feast for tale-bearers and scandal-mongers; and those who carry the devil's mail-bag from door to door, had their hands, hearts and mouths full for a fortnight.

The Hon. Mr. Raymond,—the low-born journeyman—the plebeian printer, who belonged to the vulgar herd,—called frequently to see the charming and beautiful Maria Sedgland, and although Clara set her cap for him, and tried all the skill of an experienced coquette, she failed to win the heart of the printer, who became the happy husband of Maria Sedgeland. Clara improved in wisdom as she increased in years, and finally became the contented wife of a worthy and respectable man who worked as pressman in Mr. Raymond's office.

It is said that a coward can be insulted with impunity; but it [illegible] a brave man who insults a coward because he can do it with impunity!

[Written for The Flag of our Union.]

## Thanatos.

BY [illegible]

Not yet, not yet! I cannot yet depart—
Hold back, grim Death! look on my youthful brow,
My full, warm cheek, my clear and flashing eye,
And form unbowed by age or weary care.
Hold back thy dart, and turn it on some head
Grown [illegible] and bleached beneath the sun of time;
Hurl it upon some heart grown sad and old—
Some heart whose love fire has all burnt out,
And left it but a cinder cold and void;
But not on me hurl yet thy fatal shaft.
My head is covered yet by silken locks,
Amid whose life no death has dared intrude;
My heart is all too young to die—too full
Of hope, of love, and high ambition's fire,
And would not now lie down into the grave
To crumble into dust, and be forgot.

Hold back, grim Death! I cannot yet depart—
I know, and feel within my inmost soul,
I have not yet fulfilled my destiny—
That yet my race is to be run, the goal to win—
And yet a crown of laurel for my brow
And yet these fingers in the hand of fate.
A pure and happy love to bless my heart,
That never yet, but in a dream, was blest;
And yet in Fortune's hand these fingers yet
The gold she promised in my youth's fond dream—
The gold, that like a proud magician's wand,
Dissolves e'en mountains, scatters obstacles—
Annihilates at once both time and space,
And leads his master o'er the heads of men,
And plants him firmly on the throne of power.
That mighty talisman remains to win.

And where, too, has it fled, the life-long dream
Of fame and glory that I should acquire!
It whispered, as I mused through many a day,
In the ravine beside the waterfall,
That I should be most great, and wise and good.
O Death! come not to wake me from that dream!
Hold back awhile, and pass to hoary age,
To the ripe corn that wooes the reaper's hand;
But leave me yet awhile to do the deeds
Of high emprise, which in that early day
Ambition gave me for a welcome task.

I feel and know my fate is unfulfilled—
Pains I must suffer yet untold, undreamed,
And bitter sorrows of the soul as well;
But yet I would live on for life alone—
To feel I live—the luxury deep to taste—
To breathe the air—to drink the cooling stream—
To satisfy the sense. O, life itself,
Though all made up of woe, is yet most sweet;
And I would rather live in sleepless pain,
With pangs untold, unknown of man before,
Than give up this existence, and to die.

Perchance in after life—some later day—
I may more willing be. I shall have felt
The insufficiency of life below
And from the earth go forth without a tear.
But now, what worlds of busy thought unfold;
How many and how various the tasks
Ambition sets before me; and how sweet
The air, the life I breathe, as thou, O Death,
Dost stand, a dreadful vision, in my sight;
And all that I have thought, or felt, or hoped—
All dreams of love and life—all proud resolves
To work and win an everlasting name,
All seem dissolving from my startled soul;
All melt away from my relaxing grasp;
And even my very spirit, that should be
Prouder and mightier than the will of death,
Seems sinking powerless to the dread abyss.

But, cheer and rouse thee, fainting soul!
Death cannot lay his freezing hand on thee!
Thou art above him and beyond his power;
And if, mortal, he shall strike the heart
That beats within thy tenement of clay,
'Tis an inglorious conquest. Fear thou not!
Thy glance, at thy uprising from the grave,
Thy glance immortal shall as glorious be,
That Death, before its look, will blanch away;
Then rise, my spirit, and grim Death defy;
Or rather woo the stroke that sets thee free,
The chain that binds thee he alone can break;
And though in terror's garments he appears,
He yet is but an angel in disguise,
That on a mighty and upsoaring wing
Shall bear thee to the bosom of thy God!

[Written for The Flag of our Union.]

## A MODERN WIFE.

BY MRS. E. WELLMONT.

'You're a pretty girl to be married,' said an aged aunt to her niece; 'why, what do you know about house-keeping, just from a boarding school. I'm sure your husband has need of a mint of money.'

'La, aunt, I expect to *board*; you need not think I shall bother myself with domestic concerns. Everybody boards now that gets married *genteelly*—the first year at least.'

'What shall you pay a week for such kind o' living?' inquired the aunt.

'Mr. Hodge says we can get first-rate accommodations for fifteen dollars: two rooms beautifully situated, and I am sure that is cheap enough.'

'What is Hodge's salary?'

'Why, six hundred, aunt, now, and the promise of promotion—perhaps eight hundred, before the year is out.'

'So you are going to live on the *perhaps*, are you? Now let me tell you, Belinda, you talk foolishly; if your husband is at present receiving five hundred, do you lay by one of them—it's all nonsense to go beyond your means.'

'Why, aunt, nobody would respect us if we did not live as stylishly as other people—there is a great deal in beginning.'

'True, child: that is what I want to impress upon you.'

The year passed away. Belinda lived in style, paid her fifteen dollars for board, received her 'genteel' acquaintances, worked some tabourets, drew a few sketches from old paintings, grew tired of boarding, and was just entering upon fashionable house-keeping, when lo, a defalcation came out! Hodges had taken money unlawfully, was arrested, held to bail, and a prison stared him in the face! Belinda did not believe him guilty, they had always lived 'economically,' and it *could not be*. But the trial proved otherwise, and he was convicted, and sentenced to imprisonment.

'How came you, Hodges, to do so?' inquired the same old aunt.

'To please my wife's fancy,' was the reply. 'She wanted to live like other people, and I wished to gratify her, and in this way I committed my first breach of trust.'

The broken hearted wife lamented the beginning she had made, when it was too late to rectify it. She found *respectability* preferable to *gentility*. She now lives at her father's, with a worse than widow's sorrow to harrow her feelings, and takes in sewing for a livelihood!

The plain road to ruin is here clearly marked out. We see what *must* have been the result of such a course;—but are not thousands of others sacrificing their husbands' reputation by less obvious, but still as certain, courses of extravagance? Away with the nonsensical thought, that *gentility* demands such a sacrifice beyond one's ability. If you value the opinion of the truly worthy and estimable, you will find them always on the side of prudent expenditure and economical living.

'Cut your garment according to your cloth,' is an old maxim, but the sentiment is as true now as ever. A life of gaudy show may do for a butterfly, but never for a man and woman who expect to survive one season.

### How to be Happy.

O, who so merrily sleeps or wakes,
Of all the sons of [illegible],
As he who a good paper takes,
[illegible]

[Written for The Flag of our Union.]

## THE LAST DREAM OF THE OTTAWA CHIEF.

BY J. S. [illegible]

We may suppose that the spirit of man, when about departing from its tabernacle of clay, to look back upon the past life, as the traveller, at the end of his journey, looks back from the mountain top, over the country which he has traversed. That the hours are condensed into minutes, and a few short hours may be sufficient to retrace the scenes and events of a long and eventful life. Such we may suppose to have been the case with a dying Ottawa chief, in the last moments of his earthly stay. The mighty array of his life is inter-[illegible]—and he lives again in the past. He wanders back to the humble home of his childhood—sports again with his youthful comrades, along the banks of the forest river—and paddles the light canoe along the shores of the tideless lake. Again he rambles through the dense forest, in pursuit of game—chasing the frightened doe along the rugged mountain path over hills, and through valleys, and along the deep and solitary ravine. Again he listens to the instructions of a kind Indian father—or with pleasure hears of the tragic legend of 'long ago.'

He arrives at manhood, and his native band honor him with the same title with which they did his father before him. The young chieftain sees the Indian fortresses sink before him, and the helpless victims smouldering in the crackling flames. Again, in vision, he fights the bloody battle; again he is victorious—and he becomes the chief of chiefs. Even now, as he dreams his last dream, his face brightens, as he sees the defenceless victims scalped.—Even now, as his spirit is poising itself on the wings of its final flight, a smile wreathes his lips, as the victim of the bloody tomahawk appears before him. Again the scene changes. His warrior days are ended,—he leaves the bloody battle field, and seeks repose in his own dear mountain home. But he feels that he has but a few short days to live in peaceful retirement—that ere many moons, he must leave his warrior band. Weary and fatigued, he welcomes the day that sets him free from earth. It is fast approaching—he sickens—he is dying—and he dies.

Peaceful as his last dream was his resting place. They gently laid him in his cold, silent grave, with his war club and bow by his side.

### Pearls for Stringing.

If your bosom friend beggar himself by haunting lotteries, chide, moralize, be very indignant—if he draw ten thousand dollars, congratulate, eulogize, embrace him, failing not to hint at the loan of a few hundreds. Luck, mere luck, makes even madness wisdom.—*Lover*.

If prayer were not enjoined for the perfection, it would be permitted to the weakness, of our nature. We should be betrayed into it, if we thought it sin, and pious ejaculations would escape our lips, though we were obliged to preface them with, God forgive me for praying!—*Mrs. Barbauld*.

What is this world? A dream within a dream—as we grow older, each step is an inward awakening. The youth awakes as he thinks from childhood—the full-grown man despises the pursuits of youth as visionary—the old man looks on manhood as a feverish dream. Death the last sleep? No; it is the last and final awakening.—*Sir Walter Scott*.

Some critics have the habit of rowing up the Helicon river with their backs turned, so as to see the landscape precisely as the poet did *not* see it. Others see faults in a book much larger than the book itself; as Sancho Panza, with his eyes blinded, beheld from his wooden horse the earth, no larger than a grain of mustard-seed, and the men and women on it as large as hazel-nuts.—*Longfellow*.

There is nothing more impertinent than ill-timed or uncalled-for condolence, unless it comes from those who may be expected to share equally with us, the loss or misfortune we deplore. Commonplace expressions of sympathy, coming from friends, however dear, aggravate the grief which they are intended to lessen. In all cases of real suffering, the true language of friendship is silent sorrow.—*James Aldrich*.

Hold fast, therefore, by this sheet anchor of happiness—religion. You will often want it in the times of most danger, the storms and tempests of life. Cherish true religion as precisely as you would fly with abhorrence and contempt from superstition and enthusiasm. The first is the perfection and glory of human nature; the two last the depravation and disgrace of it. Remember the essence of religion is a heart void of offence towards God and towards man; not subtle, speculative opinions, but an active principle of faith.—*Earl of Chatham*.

### British National Debt.

It was not Mrs. Partington, we believe, but some equally transcendental old lady, that left by will the sum of ten pounds for the purpose of paying off the British National debt. The present Lords of the British Treasury seem to be old ladies of the same respectable class; for they have recently decided to appropriate one fourth of the surplus revenue of the year, amounting to some £41,000 pounds, towards liquidating the principal of what the government owes. The entire National debt is about £900,000,000, or say $4,300,000,000! At the rate which the Lords of the Treasury propose to commence paying this enormous debt, it would take 21,951 years and upwards to liquidate the whole—that is not reckoning the increased diminution of the principal, in consequence of the yearly decrease of the interest. We have not time to go into an exact calculation of the number of years which this would facilitate the liquidation of the debt; but suppose it would cut short the time one half, and then we have about eleven thousand years for the British government to pay its debt. Unless the Lords of the Treasury can contrive to 'hurry up the cakes' a little faster, it is not likely that many of the present generation will live long enough to see the debt cancelled.—*Daily Mail*.

### Maternal Solicitude.

We are amused and annoyed, pleased and half disposed to be angry with an instance of maternal solicitude of which we were made the innocent victim, a few days since. We had spent the evening from our boarding house, and on the following morning were subjected to a catechising after this manner:

'You were out last night?'

'Yes, madam!'

'Was you to the office?'

'No, madam.'

'Was you far away?'

'Not very.'

'Spending the evening with some lady friends, perhaps?'

'Yes, madam.'

'Ah! very pleasant to do that?'

'Very.'

'Who was she, Mr. S——?'

'Lord, madam,'—we began to be a little impatient—'if you and your amiable daughter must know, I called on the washerwoman to get my [illegible]!'

The landlady vanished.—*Cincinnati Enquirer*.

### Prudential Consideration.

The lady of a distinguished officer died in one of the colonies, just previous to which she expressed a wish to be buried in England, and was accordingly deposited in a cask of rum, for the purpose of transport home, but remained in the cellar after the officer's second marriage; the [illegible] being occasioned by his expectation that the duty on the spirits imported into England, in which the dear departed was preserved, would, in a few years, be either lowered or taken off altogether! [illegible] as this may seem, it is true!—*American Courier*.

[Written for The Flag of our Union.]

## Pull a stout Oar!

BY MATURIN M. BALLOU.

Don't be ever fault-finding,
Embittering life,
There are burthens enough,
And plenty of strife;
When penury and sickness
Our pathway obstruct,
Ah! then we must struggle
Our lot to endure:
Yes, the tide sets against us,
On life's changeful sea;
*But pull a stout oar, boys!*
And strive to be free!

Regrets are but folly—
The past is now o'er;
We may learn by its teachings,
But weep ye no more;
O, there's so much of sorrow
That falleth to man—
Be ye no longer moody,
But smile when you can:
Yes, the tide sets against us,
On life's changeful sea;
*But pull a stout oar, boys!*
And strive to be free!

Be courageous and cheerful—
With conscience clear,
We need only remember
That God's always near;
Let's smile at his rod, then,
Thankful's for the best,
Still doing our duty,
To Heaven leave the rest:
Yes, the tide sets against us,
On life's changeful sea;
*But pull a stout oar, boys!*
And strive to be free!

### Flint Soup.

'Now, Mary,' said my husband, when we were first married, 'I must lay by for rent, and for firing, and for clothing; and here is the remainder for you to make the best use of for our supply through the week. But mind you do not run in debt, and have always a fresh loaf in the house before you cut the last. We cannot afford to eat new bread.' I got things very comfortably, and, as I thought, very frugally; but the next Friday evening, after supper, I had to say to my husband, 'What must we do? the money is all gone, and we have nothing in the house for to-morrow's dinner. I am sure I have made it go as far as I could.' My husband was very kind; he found no fault, but said we could have some flint soup for dinner. He asked if there was bread in the house. 'Yes,' I said, 'a whole loaf and a piece.'—'That's well,' he said, 'and perhaps you have a little oatmeal or flour?' 'There is a little.' 'Good again, and plenty of herbs in the garden—we shall do.' So he washed a couple of flints very clean, and set them on with some water and onions, and a carrot or two. When the roots were tender he put in the meal, and some pepper and salt and parsley and thyme, and a piece of stale bread, and I assure you we had a good dinner. 'But what was the use of the flints? Why not leave them out and call it herb porridge?' That's what I could not understand at first. Well, next Saturday, matters were much the same, so we again contentedly dined on flint soup.

In the course of the week, having picked some bones of meat, I was going to throw them away, when the thought struck me, that if they were chopped up and put in the soup, they would give at least as much goodness as flint. My husband thought so too; so we tried, and found they greatly improved the soup, and from that time we never wasted a bone; and in the course of a few weeks we found the money held out for Saturday's dinner, and even allowed a trifle to lay by. My husband was pleased when we got into this course; and we were thoroughly settled in frugal habits, and not before. He then told me the real use of flints in soup. 'There are two things,' said he, 'which I have always resolved against, as being the ruin of many poor people—*debt* and *waste*. So, from the day I took providing for myself, I determined always to keep bread in the house, and to live on bread and water, rather than run in debt. But instead of eating dry bread, and drinking cold water, I set myself to make it into soup; for I thought, if I tried to boil down the flints, which could not enrich the liquor, it might sharpen my wits to make the best use of anything that could.' 'I believe,' continued the good woman, 'it was to sharpen my wits rather than his own; and I can truly say, that making flint soup has taught me to turn to good account many things that are often thrown away as if they were worthless as stones.'—*From the Family Economist*.

### Lord Brougham in a Fix.

During the recent agricultural dinner at the London Athenæum, Lord Brougham had occasion to leave the room to speak to a person who wished to see him, and on his lordship's return he had rather an amusing *rencontre* with the door-keeper. He was walking deliberately into the room, when the official abruptly stopped him and demanded his ticket.

'My ticket!' exclaimed his lordship; 'why, I have just eaten half my dinner.'

'I can't help that, sir,' replied the door-keeper, who did not recognize the dignified personage he was addressing; 'you cannot pass without a ticket.'

'My good man,' said his lordship, 'I have only this moment left the room, and am now returning to finish my dinner.'

'I am very sorry for it,' rejoined the obstinate official, 'my orders are imperative, and if you were my own father I could not allow you to pass without a ticket.'

At this moment, Mr. Breach, the proprietor of the Bush hotel, who happened to be in the passage and heard the dispute, stepped up, and helped his lordship out of the difficulty, by telling the man in office whom he was obstructing; and it is needless to add that the door-keeper was as much abashed as his lordship was amused at the mistake he had made.—*London paper*.

### Where they learn it.

'I don't see where my children learn such things,' is one of the most common phrases in a mother's vocabulary. A little incident, which we happened to be an eye-witness to, may perhaps help to solve the enigma. We smiled a little at the time, but we have thought a good deal of it since, and we trust not without profit.

'Bub,' screamed out a little bright eyed girl, somewhat under six years of age, to a youngster who was seated on the curb-stone, making *tasty* pudding of the mud in the gutter, 'bub, you good-for-nothing little scamp, you come right into the house this minute, or I'll beat you till the skin comes off.'

'Why Angelina, Angelina, dear, what do you mean? where did you learn such talk?' exclaimed her mother, in a wondering tone, as she stood on the steps, courtesying to a friend.

Angelina looked up very innocently, and answered, 'Why, mother, you see we are playing, and he's my little boy, and I am scolding him, just as you did me this morning, that's all!'—*Pennsylvanian*.

### An Irish Blower.

A good story is told of a verdant Irishman, who was left in charge of the bellows of the organ in one of the churches, while the regular 'blower' was attending to other duties. Before his return, 'Gloria in Excelsis' came in the order of the service to be chanted and Pat was desired to blow. The organist ran his fingers over the keys, but all was silent.—'Blow,' whispered he. 'Blow,' said the leader; but still not a puff woke the slumbering harmony. 'Blow, blast you!' said the choir; but still the organ was as mute as the harp in 'Tara's halls.' An investigation thereupon took place, and Pat was found with both hands holding on to the handle of the bellows like a mammoth clarionet, with one end stuck in his mouth, his eyes and cheeks distended, and the perspiration running down his face, engaged in a vigorous but vain attempt to force his breath into the body of the instrument! The bystanders could scarcely restrain their mirth, but Pat was speedily put in the way of it, and found that blowing with his hands, when compared with the mouth, was very 'purty' exercise.—*N. Y. Atlas*.

### The Stranger in New York.

A correspondent of that admirable paper the N. Y. Spirit of the Times, gives the following conversation as that of a 'raw hand,' never in New York before.

'This ere York is an all fired great place, and beats Orleans all to tarnal smash. It is a very picture-show place, and some of the folks is very sentimental, and ri-dickerlous. The first day arter I 'rived yere from Cincinnaty, I 'cluded to take a little second squint a bit, an' as I was walking long Broadway, I seed all them stage drivers a keep a hittin up thare hands at me, and I axed a feller what they was a doin that fer, and he says 'certainly, or course, wot is it?'

'D'ye know wot them fellers means?' sez I.

'Yaas, I don't know,' said he.

'Wal, I'm a going to know suthin bout that myself, I cal'late,' sez I. So next time a driver done that to to me, I sez—

'Hello, sailor, wot's cont?'

'Git in, sir?' sez he, stopping his team.

'In what?'

'Inside, sur; room for twelve.'

'Wot for?' sez I.

'Ride up, sir?' sez he.

'Wall, yaas—don't keer if I du,' sez I, gettin in.

He took me clean away up, e'en amost cout of teown, and I sings out to the driver—

'Hello there, sailor! ware the darnation are yeou goin to stop? Ware are yeou going to take a feller to?'

Then I tried to git eout, but the cussed dore wouldn't come open.

'Gall darn yer hide, wot in thunder are yer beout?'

Then he stopped his cattle, and sez—wen I told him to let me eout—'sixpence, sir, if yer please.'

'Wot for?'

'The ride, sir.'

'Why, darn yer ugly picture! du yeou ax a feller to take a ride an then expect him to pay for it?'

'Allers charge sixpence.'

'Wal, yere's yer coppers,' sez I, 'and next time yeou git this individooal inter won or them ere wehicles, I cal'late he'll know summthin beout it. Youre a smart feller, yeou are; don't yeour lace hurt yeou, sarter?' sez I, and cleared eout.

Nuther time, I went to be shaved, and arter the feller was dun sez, 'Sham-pule ye, sir?'

I didn't know wot he meent, but I wasn't goin to tell him so, else he might think I was fresh. 'Sartingly,' sez I. Then he begun to rub my head like all'wrath, and wen I looked into a glass afore me, he was making a suds all over my hare. I jumped right outen that cheer, and sez—'Looker yere, yeou, wot in nature ez you tryin to du?'

'Shampule yeou, to be sure,' sez he.

'Get eout, you cussed foule yeou! Do yer think I want my head shaved, to? Sham foule not beout. Lookee yere, Hez,' sez I, to myself, 'yeou'd a darnation sight better keep eouten them thare barber places, cose them fellers think you're soft, with this yere blew coat on, an so I'm going right deown to Chatham street to swop it off for won more city like, but I'll see yeou agin, and tell yeou all beout it.—*Troy Budget*.

### William the Conqueror.

Great William spread before him
All his stores of wealth untold;
Diamonds, emeralds and rubies,
Heaps on heaps of minted gold.
Mournfully he gazed upon it,
As it glittered in the sun,
Sighing to himself, "O treasure,
Held in care, by sorrow won,
Millions think me rich and happy;
But, alas, before me piled,
I would give thee ten times over
For the slumbers of a child."

Great William from his turret
Heard the martial trumpet blow;
Saw the crimson banners floating
Of a countless host below;
Saw their weapons flash in sunlight,
As the squadron trod the sward;
And he sighed, "O mighty army!
Great thy miserable lord;
At my word thy legions gather,
At my nod thy captains bend;
But with all my power and splendor,
I would give thee for a friend."

Great William stood on Windsor,
Looking from its castled height,
O'er his wide-spread realm of England,
Glittering in the morning light;
Looking on the tranquil river,
And the forest waving tree.
And he sighed, "O land of beauty,
Fenced by the circling sea,
Mine thou art, but I would yield thee,
And be happy, could I gain,
In exchange, a peasant's cottage,
And a conscience free from stain."

### A Good Moral Character.

In one of our courts the other day, an Irishman appeared with his papers to become naturalized, and two friends were sworn to answer questions and to vouch for the applicant. One of the vouchers was a red haired child of Erin, and was thus interrogated by the judge.

'How long have you known this man?'

'Known him! All me life yer honor, sure we were both raised in Ballyraggin at the same time.'

'Well, how long has he resided in the United States?'

'Iver since he came from the ould country, yer honor.'

'How long has that been?'

'Seven long years, your honor.'

'Do you know that he bears a good moral character?'

'To be sure I do; faith he's the boy that can play the fiddle, and he is the prettiest behaved lad at a dance yer honor ever saw.'

The court at this response could hardly maintain its grave dignity, and turning to the witness with some severity of manner said:

'What do you mean, sir, by moral character?'

'I beg your honor's pardon; I don't mane the laste harm in the world, only that Terrence, your honor—'

'Stop sir. What do you understand by a good moral character?'

'What do I understand by a good moral character?'

'Yes, what do you understand by it?'

'O, to be sure, it's goodness itself he is, barin' the time he tastes the whiskey, for its going to church he is every Sunday.'

The clerk was ordered to make out his papers, and Pat was forthwith Americanized.—*N. O. Picayune*.

### Inconsistencies of Genius.

Of the relations of authors to social life, of their habits, manners, dispositions in society, as contrasted with those displayed in their writings, a great deal that is interesting might be said. A man of letters is often a man with two natures,—one a book nature, the other a human nature. These two often clash sadly. Seneca wrote in praise of poverty, on a table formed of solid gold, with two millions of pounds let out as usury. Sterne was a very selfish man; yet a writer unexcelled for pathos and charity. Sir Richard Steele wrote excellently well on temperance, when he was sober. Dr. Johnson's essays on politeness were admirable; yet his 'you lie, sir!' and 'you don't understand the question, sir!' were too common characteristics of his colloquies. He and Dr. Shebbard were both pensioned at the same time. The report immediately flew, that the king had pensioned two bears, a he-bear and a she-bear. Young, whose gloomy fancy cast such sombre tinges on life, was in society a brisk, lively man, continually pelting his hearers with puerile puns. Mrs. Carter, fresh from the stern, dark grandeur of the Night Thoughts, expressed her amazement at his flippancy.—'Madam,' said he, 'there is much difference between writing and talking.' The same poet's favorite theme was the nothingness of worldly things; his favorite pursuit was rank and riches. Had Mrs. Carter noticed this incongruity, he might have added, 'Madam, there is much difference between writing didactic poems and living didactic poems.' Bacon, the most comprehensive and forward-looking of modern intellects, and in feeling one of the most benevolent, was meanly and wickedly ambitious of place.—*Whipple's Lectures*.

'What salary do you expect?' inquired a down town merchant, on Saturday last, of a youth, who was applying for a situation.—'Enough to keep me from wishing to steal,' was the frank rejoinder, and it pleased the merchant so well that a bargain was soon struck.—*New York Globe*.

### Interior of an Assyrian Palace.

The interior of the Assyrian palace must have been as magnificent as imposing. I have led the reader through its ruins, and he may judge of the impression its halls were calculated to make upon the stranger, who in days of old entered for the first time the abode of the Assyrian kings. He was ushered in through the portal guarded by the colossal lions or bulls of alabaster. In the first hall he found himself surrounded by the sculptured records of the empire. Battles, sieges, triumphs, the exploits of the chase, the ceremonies of religion, were portrayed on the walls, sculptured in alabaster and painted in gorgeous colors. Under each picture were engraved in characters filled up with bright copper, inscriptions describing the scenes represented. Above the sculptures were painted other events; the king attended by his eunuch and warriors, receiving his prisoners, entering into alliances with other monarchs, or performing some sacred duty. These representations were enclosed in colored borders of elaborate and elegant design. The emblematic tree, winged bulls, and monstrous animals, were conspicuous among the ornaments. At the upper end of the hall was the colossal figure of the king in adoration before the Supreme Deity, or receiving from his eunuch the holy cup. He was attended by warriors bearing his arms, and by priests or presiding divinities. His robes, and those of his followers, were adorned with groups of figures, and animals, and flowers, all painted with brilliant colors.

The stranger trod upon alabaster slabs, each bearing an inscription recording the titles, genealogy, and achievements of the great king. Several doorways, formed by gigantic winged lions or bulls, or by figures of guardian deities, led into apartments, which again opened into more distant halls. In each were new sculptures. On the walls of some were processions of colossal figures, armed men and eunuchs following the king, warriors laden with spoil, leading prisoners, or bearing presents and offerings to the gods. On the walls of others were portrayed the winged priests, or presiding divinities, standing before the sacred tree.

The ceilings above him were divided into square compartments, painted with flowers or with the figures of animals. Some were inlaid with ivory, each compartment being surrounded by elegant borders and mouldings.—The beams, as well as the sides of the chambers, may have been gilded, or even plated, with gold and silver; and the rarest woods, in which the cedar was conspicuous, were used for the woodwork. Square openings in the ceilings of the chambers admitted the light of day. A pleasing shadow was thrown over the sculptured walls, and gave a majestic expression to the human features of the colossal forms which guarded the entrances.—Through these apertures were seen the bright blue of an eastern sky, enclosed in a frame, on which were painted in vivid colors the winged circle, in the midst of elegant ornaments, and the graceful forms of ideal animals.

These edifices as it has been shown, were great national monuments, upon the walls of which were represented in sculpture, or inscribed in alphabetical characters, the chronicles of the empire. He who entered them might thus read the history and learn the glory and triumphs of the nation. They served at the same time, to bring continually to the remembrance of those who assembled within them on festive occasions, or for the celebration of religious ceremonies, the deeds of their ancestors, and the power and majesty of their gods.—*Layard's Nineveh*.

### Peter Grip and the Grave Digger.

There lives in a city down South, an old bachelor, by the name of Peter Grip, who has amassed a large fortune by loaning money at five per cent per month. A short time since, he was afflicted with a severe attack of pneumonia. His doctors had given up all hopes of his recovery, and communicated the fact to him. He immediately despatched a messenger for the grave-digger; that worthy functionary attended; and the following dialogue ensued between him and Mr. Grip:

'Are you the grave-digger?'

'Yes, sir.'

'What do you charge for burying a man?'

'Ten dollars, sir.'

'Ten dollars! will you give me a bill of your charges?'

'It is easily made out; I charge five dollars for digging the grave and covering it up, and five dollars for the hearse.'

'Five dollars for hauling a man from here to the grave yard! Why, I never heard of such a charge! I can get a hogshead of molasses hauled up from the wharf for twenty five cents, and that will weigh ten times as much as a man! Can't you take less?'

'No, the city council allows me to charge that much, and I think it little enough.'

'The people of this town are a little too smart, anyhow. In Dauphin county, in North Carolina, where I came from, they never thought of charging a man to bury him. I suppose I can't employ a dray to haul me out?'

'I guess not; for if you did, the drayman would be subject to a fine of ten dollars.'

'Well, old fellow, can't you fall a little? times are hard.'

'No, not one copper, for I guess when the old fellow sends for you, you will have to pay for it, as I have no competition.'

'I can't afford it, and I ain't a going to, neither, so you may travel, old Skinflint.'

After the grave-digger left Mr. Grip soliloquised—'I don't care what the doctor says—if I'm to be shaved in that way, I'll not die at all!' And sure enough, he is again to be seen sitting at the door, looking for some poor unfortunate man with a constable after him.—*Spirit of the Times*.

### Tropical Scenery.

The scenery up the river from Chagres to Cruces is very beautiful. The foliage is of such a beautiful green, and there is so much of it, and such a beautiful variety, that you cannot help being pleased, and if it was in a healthy climate, like New England, it would seem a perfect paradise; there are plenty of wild beasts, birds, snakes, and alligators. The trees send their branches over the water which hang down so that the leaves come upon the surface, and we have paddled for some distance underneath the branches. If we had only had the moon when we came through at night it would have seemed more beautiful. We saw plenty of cocoanut, banana, orange and lemon trees, besides a great many other kinds, which we know not the names of. We saw sugar cane, fields of wild rice, and maize. Everything that a person wants to live on seems to grow here, and the natives are not obliged to work; they wear but little clothing. We all have eaten the fruit and drank the water ever since we arrived, and have felt perfectly well during the time.—*Correspondence of the Gloucester Telegraph*.

### Religious Custom.

There is a custom that has long been prevalent throughout Peru and Chili, which to the stranger is quite imposing. It is this: at 9 o'clock in the morning, at noon, and at 6 in the evening, the great bell of the cathedral is tolled for one minute; during this time all business is suspended, every one takes off his hat, is expected to kneel, cross himself, say his prayers, and the more devout to kiss the pavement. In the street, shop, private dwelling, and hotel, all business, all motion, all conversation, is suspended, until the great bell ceases to toll; then all is life and activity again; the bugles at the palace gate and the convent bells sound merrily, and business and conversation are resumed at the point where they were dropped.—*Baltimore Argus*.

### How to Marry.

When a young woman behaves to her parents in a manner particularly tender and respectful, from principle as well as well as nature, there is nothing good and gentle that may not be expected from her, in whatever condition she may be placed. Were I to advise my friend as to his choice of a wife, my first counsel would be, 'look out for one distinguished by her attention and sweetness to her parents.' The fund of worth and affection indicated by such behaviour, joined to the habits of duty and consideration thereby contracted, being transferred to the married state, will not fail to render her a mild and obliging companion.—*Tirdyes*.

# THE FLAG OF OUR UNION.

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F. GLEASON, PROPRIETOR.

MATURIN M. BALLOU, EDITOR.

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## To our Correspondents.

'The Sea-Storm,' a tale of Love and Salt Water, by Benjamin Cobb, Jr., filed for next week.

'The Two Songsters,' in verse, by Will Winkle, accepted.

'Tommy the Pet Child,' a prose sketch, by Mrs. E. Wellmont, filed for the next number.

'The Orphans,' in verse, by Charles E. Stiles, accepted.

'Jock and the Game,' a Highland sketch, by that old joker, The Old 'Un, filed for next number.

'To my little Nephew,' a fine poem, by Louise, shall appear in our next.

'A Story,' by Lieutenant Murray next week.

'Olivia Benschoofl to Sidney Erskine,' in verse, by E. R. B. W., accepted.

'Spring,' a poem, by Miss H. Dunning, accepted.

'The Song of the Ocean Sprite,' a fine poem, by J. Frederic Southgate, accepted.

'The Spirit of her I love,' a capital thought in verse by Emo, filed for insertion.

'Lines to A. E. H.,' by J. M. T., accepted.

'The School Boy, by A. Elliott, filed for the Olio column.

'Musing,' 'I would that I were far away,' 'Doing a Sheriff,' and 'Woman's Devotion,' are respectfully declined.

☞ Those of our correspondents who wish to appear in the first number of the new volume—a 'star' number—must send in their contributions as soon as possible. Let articles be brief and to the point—seasonable, and appropriate to the occasion.

## American Aristocracy.

To an observer who is well accustomed to the strongly marked and almost impassable lines which distinguish and separate different classes of society in Europe, the heterogeneous jumbling of classes in this country, presents a formidable difficulty in solving the question, what constitutes American aristocracy? We often hear indeed of the 'codfish aristocracy,' particularly in New York and Boston. Upon observing the appearance and deportment of those who are designated by this term, and learning their history and the circumstances of their situation, we find that they are illiterate persons, with a coarse and vulgar taste for show, who possess large pecuniary properties, which have usually been accumulated by the niggardly savings of themselves or their immediate predecessors, at an earlier period. Like the flaunting and gaudy butterfly, they have sprung at once, as it were, from the grovelling and loathsome worm. But these people are merely the butt for the well-deserved ridicule of sensible people, and are only distinguished by the term of the 'aristocracy,' in derision, whatever their own self-satisfied opinions may be upon the subject.

Then, there are the eminent literati of our country—a class by themselves, exclusive, and mingling but little in the society either of the aforesaid codfish gentry, or of the common run, everyday people of the world. This class is composed of conceited men, with a huge pile of book lore to boast of, and but a very small modicum of common sense to leaven it with. They are what are called the 'one idea men' of our times, who start some favorite hobby in politics, philosophy, literature, or religion, and ride it to death. Occasionally, however, among this class, we find some of the best intellects of the country; men, whose works have won the respect and admiration of the great mass of readers both in this country and in Europe. But these 'bright particular stars' in the literary firmament are too few and widely separated, to form an effective, influential class, such as controls society under the name of an aristocracy.

As vainly do we seek in high political eminence for the aristocratic element of American society. A great politician, that is, a sound statesman, with strong and well balanced mind, prompt and settled determination, and social capacity to win the confidence and support of the people, is by no means a rarity among us. In fact, we think it may be said, without boasting, that, owing to the peculiar freedom of our institutions, we have among us (among an enormous mass of small trash, it is true), more truly great politicians than any other country of the civilized world. But there are two parties in politics, and this diversity of interest prevents that cordial union and amalgamation of influence necessary to give these eminent characters an acknowledged and permanent control over society. If anything could result from this, it would be a double-headed aristocracy, the one progressive, the other conservative. But that, in the kingdom of taste, fashion, and opinion, could never be, for divided against itself, as it thus would be, such a kingdom could not stand.

We are to seek, then, for the constitution of American aristocracy, in some other quarter than those already alluded to. It will be found, we think, upon careful examination, that *refined female society* is the aristocratic element of America. And for the proof that our position is correct, we will refer every doubter to his own experience. Let him analyze in his own mind what it is that gives the law to him in his tastes, manners, and opinions, and our word for it, he will discover that he is able to trace these controlling influences to the best female society with which he mingles. Where the queen of this aristocracy may be no one can say; perhaps here to-day, or upon one topic, and there to-morrow, or upon another. Nor is it easy to trace the current of that influence as it runs from one female mind to another, and from one circle to another, until it pervades all, according to their capacity, from the highest to the lowest. But we feel assured that every man's experience, upon critical self-examination, will prove to him, that the aristocracy of America is,—refined female society. We are glad that it is so, for in it we see hope and progress for our beloved country.

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Why is a desire to make a thing common, like a female with a military title? Because its General-ize, (General-Lize.)—*Yankee Blade.*

You will have to read the above several times, to see the wit of it, but it is presumed to be very funny.

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Story of a Daring Burglary.—Couldn't Neal's Gazette *afford* to credit *Uncle Toby's* sketch, thus entitled, to the Flag?

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'The Fat Girl's Jump.'—This is the euphonious title of a story going the rounds of the papers. There's no accounting for taste.

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Literary American.—This excellent weekly, edited by G. P. Quackenbos, N. Y., is one of our favorite exchanges.

## Don't be Lazy.

We saw a new book announced not long since, entitled 'A Lift for the Lazy,' which we thought an ill chosen title, inasmuch as lazy people are the last persons in the world who deserve a 'lift.' Society abounds in croakers, people who have nothing else to do, apparently, but to go about grumbling, and obtruding their imaginary troubles upon other folks—Such people need employment. The fact is, leisure is a very pleasant garment to look at, but it is shocking poor stuff to wear, and the ruin of many a naturally good disposition and fine character may be traced to it. Your friend who complains so bitterly of low spirits, ennui, and the blue devils, needs business, something to do. Doubtless half his imaginary ills may be traced to indolence and feather beds.

The idler,—or perhaps we should give him the more legitimate and descriptive name of loafer,—is a sponge on society, a mere vegetable, a sort of toadstool, and quite as useless. He never produces a single thought, his hands are never turned to anything; but he lolls about, lazy and miserable, from morning until night. Fie! fie! man—what is life without activity? Only a door groaning on its rusty hinges. The best fun in the world is activity. Who ever seen a wood-sawyer or a hod-carrier troubled with the 'blues?' It's only the rich and comfortable that die of indigestion. We never set our eyes on a lazy, complaining man, but we think seriously upon Zimmerman's words. 'If you ask me,' says the shrewd old philosopher, 'which is the real hereditary sin of human nature, do you imagine I shall answer pride, or luxury, or ambition, or egotism? No; I shall say "indolence will conquer all the rest." Indeed, all good principles must stagnate without mental activity.'

## Freaks of Drunkenness.

The freaks of drunkenness are oftentimes exceedingly amusing, notwithstanding the melancholy picture they present of humanity. Such, for instance, as the fast young man who was discovered in a state of *spiritual* hallucination, vainly but most earnestly endeavoring to light his cigar at the town pump; or the circumstance of an elderly gentleman, and a member of the church, by the by, though that is between ourselves—who, having had somewhat of a 'time' at a friend's house, staggered towards his own place of abode; and having at last discovered, by some accident, the street in which he lived, went to ringing the neighbors' bells, and asking them where Mr. ——, naming himself, lived! 'Why,' said one person, thrusting his head out of the window at the untimely interruption to his slumbers, 'why, you are Mr. —— himself.' 'I know that!' hiccupped the tipsy man, 'but where's my *house*?' These instances are very well in their way, but we think the best we have heard of lately, is that of a toper who was arrested in Syracuse, N. Y., some days since, while frantically endeavoring to convey to the watch house a *sign-post* which he said was disorderly! For bewildering people, gin and sugar has a great deal to answer for.

## 'Please Exchange.'

Yes, with all our heart, as a general thing. We receive every week a number of papers from all sections of the country, marked '*Please Ex.*' Now we have already an exchange list of several hundreds, more than we can possibly find time to examine; but still we shall never refuse to respond cheerfully to a request for exchange, when the paper asking it inserts our prospectus, or says a friendly word editorially for the Flag. A vast number of our present exchanges have not yet found out that we commence a new and splendid volume of the paper in a few weeks; and as we shall be forced to prune our exchange list at the end of the year, only those can be remembered who remember us.

## The New Volume.

Three more numbers will complete the present volume of the Flag, when we shall come out with a superb new dress, and much beautified in all our departments. The volume will commence with a vivid and beautiful original story from the pen of Lieutenant Murray, as will be seen by referring to our prospectus for Volume Five, in another column. Now is the time for clubs to complete their organization, and send in their names, so as to commence with the first number of the new volume.

## Rather Doleful.

The New York Express says, a gentleman residing at Worcester, Mass., who arrived from California in the Empire City steamer, gives a melancholy picture of affairs in California, and predicts that the next steamer will bring intelligence of a general smash up there. Property, he says, is tumbling down, wages are reduced, and hundreds of persons are begging for chances to work their passage home in the steamers, guaranteeing at the same time to pay their passage after their arrival here.

## Moolraj's Sentence.

The sentence upon Moolraj, the Sikh defender of Moltan, in India, has been commuted from death to transportation, and the court by which he was tried has published a statement of the grounds upon which they had arrived at the conclusion of his guilt. If we had transported a Mexican general, after ordering him to be shot, what an outcry the London Times would have raised.

## Cincinnati Agency.

John Freeman, the enterprising and popular periodical agent, No. 115 Main Street, Cincinnati, has been appointed our agent for the Flag. Mr. Freeman has a full supply of all our new books on hand, which he will furnish at wholesale or retail, on the most reasonable terms.

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Malachi Fallon, the alcade at San Francisco, writing to the Police Gazette here, chronicles the death of a New Yorker, at 'the diggings,' of whom he says: 'This man has dug as much gold as any other man in this country, and *yet died of want!*'—*N. Y. Sunday Mercury.*

Who goes next?

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Toleration.—In Turkey a firman has been issued, inviting the communities who do not profess Mahometanism to choose their own members to the divan. Jews and Christians participate in the civil privileges.

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Subterranean Tour.—The engineer of the New York water works lately entered the aqueduct and made his semi-annual examination, passing through the whole distance of thirty-three miles.

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Novel Occupation.—A Mr. Townsend is examining heads, 'for a consideration,' in Pittsburgh, but whether he finds anything in them worth while, the papers do not mention.

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There is a shoemaker in this town, who is so decidedly musical, that, whenever he makes a shoe, he always *performs a sole-o!*—*Lynn News.*

Gracious! Well, music has charms, etc.

## Editorial Ink-Drops.

Mr. Churchill, of Troy, N. Y., writes home that there are 6000 beggars at San Francisco!

Some hundred persons lost their lives by the steamer Louisiana bursting her boilers.

A woman in New Orleans strangled herself with her apron string after a drunken fit.

Fourteen thousand five hundred persons died of cholera in London the past season.

Strikes seem to be the rage in every department of labor or mechanics.

There are 17,164 post-offices in the United States at the present time.

Over 300 square-rigged vessels are lying in the harbor of San Francisco idle.

Charles Roberson died lately at Carroll co., Md., nearly 104 years of age.

The English lately destroyed 1200 Borneo pirates. Bloody business that!

A negro slave who insulted a young lady at Natchez, had a stone tied to him and drowned.

Kimball, of the Boston Museum, has got a few pieces picked up after the morning broke.

A drunken man fell into the river at Chicago the other day, and was drowned.

Over 1000 barrels of flour were lately packed in one day in a mill at Oswego.

John Dorton drank so much whiskey on a bet, in Baltimore, that he died in consequence.

The military force now in the island of Cuba does not exceed 20,000 men.

A contemporary has found a *horse-shoe*, that he says was lately cast by the *night mare.*

The Philadelphia police are to be armed. This should have been done long since.

The first lot of gold dollars that arrived in California sold readily at three dollars apiece.

An ox lately sold at Brighton market weighed a little short of four thousand pounds.

Queen Victoria has publicly expressed her admiration of American ice.

The vote in New York State at the late election amounted to four hundred thousand.

A hospital is about to be established at San Francisco by the Odd Fellows for the craft.

Grave stones are being shipped from Boston to California in large numbers.

Flowers are the butterflies of the vegetable world. So says Jean Paul.

Ten thousand buildings have been erected in St. Louis during the past year.

A fine buck was shot near Sandwich, Mass., the other day, weighing 255 lbs.

## Judicial Independence.

The importance of this high quality in judges is always insisted upon by counsel, when they have the least apprehension that the court may be swerved against them by any extraneous influence. Not, however, by direct avowal of apprehension, and direct appeal to the judges, to guard themselves against it, does the cunning lawyer undertake to prevent the evil effect which he apprehends. Such a course, by calling the uprightness of the judges in question, would be sure to incense them, and render them unfavorable to the counsel and his cause. The adroit lawyer, therefore, takes occasion to show that though there may be such a thing as improper influence, yet he believes the honorable court to be so entirely upright and wise, that he cannot for a moment suppose the necessity of cautioning *them.*—Thus the sly fox puts the black gowns on their guard, not only without giving offence, but with positive gain of advantage to himself, through the mollifying influence of his compliment.

A most striking influence of the perfection of this legal art, occurred in William Wirt's argument for the government, on the celebrated trial of Aaron Burr, for treason against the United States, during the administration of Mr. Jefferson. Mr. Wirt was fearful that the pressure of popular opinion against the administration might force the court to look with too indulgent an eye upon the motives and acts of Burr, and he therefore, after briefly alluding to the state of the popular mind, dismissed the subject with the following bold and beautifully conceived hyperbole:

'But I have the pleasing assurance, as to this court, that the beam of their justice will be steady, though the earth itself should shake under the concussion of popular prejudice.'

## Cheap Postage.

We are gratified to learn, from the government papers, that the grand feature of the President's message, or rather that one of the most important recommendations it will contain, will relate to a further reduction upon letter postage. This is a matter of immense importance to the country at large, and we rejoice that the administration has resolved to take it in hand, and thus keep pace with the advancement of public opinion and general civilization. When the present rates were adopted, that class of the community who seem to fear anything that looks like liberality or improvement in the laws, prognosticated that the post-office department would forthwith become a heavy and lasting drag upon the treasury. But what has been the result? At the end of the present fiscal year, the *surplus* of the post-office revenue will be over *half a million*; under the old rates of postage, it used to draw upon the national treasury for just about that sum, going yearly through a process of bankruptcy. Now, it not only supports itself, but it adds to the national income! We still hope to see the franking privilege abolished, newspapers sent *free* through the mails, and a penny rate of postage established in this country.

## A Female Politician.

A Paris correspondent of the London Atlas describes the influence of a certain Madame d'A. as being all powerful with Louis Napoleon. She is said to have written the famous letter on Roman affairs. She seems to be a rival of Madame Dudevant (George Sand), in literature and politics, and of the Princess Lieven in the affections of the President, with whom she drives almost daily in the Bois de Boulogne.

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A Curiosity.—It is said that Barnum is at present in full chase after a chap who helped his wife at a steamboat table, in preference to another lady who sat near him. He is considered the greatest curiosity extant.

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'*Gazing with a timid glance.*'—*Longfellow.*

Fun aside, Mr. Poet, how the deuce can that be done?

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As a matter of course.—A contemporary says that Turkey is threatened. Turkeys always are, about thanksgiving time.

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Poetical.—That's a pretty thought of Jean Paul's, who says: 'The moon is a light house on the shore of the other world.'

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Miss Cushman has closed her brilliant run at the Walnut.—*Model Courier.*

What sort of *time* did she make?

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Bullock describes a fossil lizard 150 feet long. If Bullock did not fib, then he told a 'whopper.'

---

A long One.—A gentleman from St. Louis was recently relieved in Boston of a tape worm more than one hundred feet long.

## From our Foreign Files.

The cause of liberty and humanity appears rather gloomy in all parts of Europe.

Under the new navigation act, British ships are required to take out new certificates of register.

In Great Britain and Ireland, during the last half year, there have been 96 persons killed and 75 injured on the railroads.

The empress of Russia recently ordered of a Parisian milliner, twenty bonnets, for the use of herself and the ladies of her court.

An American merchant, Mr. James Miller, committed suicide in London from fear of a relapse of the gout.

Three hundred tons of potatoes, and two tons of alum, are sold weekly to the London bakers, to help the manufacture of wheaten bread.

Louis Napoleon rides about Paris escorted by a squadron of cuirassiers. The republicans are naturally enough displeased at this display of regal state.

The Dumfries Standard states that a small gray plant found in mossy situations, and popularly known as the 'flower of the moss,' has proved efficacious in curing hydrophobia.

Her majesty's brigantine Dolphin arrived at Portsmouth on the 20th October, from the coast of Africa, 15th September. The slave trade was as brisk as ever.

A young girl of twenty, in man's attire, is said to have been actively engaged in sixteen conflicts, during the late war in Hungary, as aide-de-camp to one of the Magyar generals.

The accounts from Hungary for the past week have been truly heart sickening. The bloody deeds of that foul hyena, Gen. Haynau, have shocked the feelings of all Europe.

At Naples, arrests of persons engaged in the revolutionary struggles, are constantly taking place. The king has removed to the palace of Caserta to avoid the consequent commotion.

The disarming of the Hungarians has been accomplished by the military police, and has placed in the hands of the government 666,151 guns and 216,000 sabres, besides a large quantity of pistols, lances, &c., and 500 cannons of different calibre.

## Dewdrops of Wisdom.

Light cares speak—great ones are dumb.

A word spoken in season, at the right moment, is the mother of ages.

Women are like gold, which is tender in proportion to its purity.

One mistake in principle is worse than a thousand errors in opinion.

Judgment, for the most part, ripens very slowly; fancy often expands her blossoms all at once.

Mr. Weller told his son Sam, that the great art of letter-writing was to make 'em wish there was more of it.

Music is a prophecy of what life is to be; the rainbow of promise, translated out of seeing into hearing.

The Germans call a churchyard God's field—a beautiful name, suggestive of hopeful thoughts. So we should ever be taught to see it—think it.

Money is the fool's wisdom, the knave's reputation, the wise man's jewel, the rich man's trouble, the poor man's desire, the covetous man's ambition, and the idol of all.

Man is greater than a world—than systems of worlds. There is more mystery in the union of soul with the physical, than in the creation of a universe.

The dying charge of the late Alfred Bishop of Bridgeport to his sons, was, 'Serve God and your country, and be benevolent.' The substance of many essays is embraced in this short sentence.

Martin Luther said: Wealth is the smallest of the gifts of God. What is it to be compared with His word, or corporeal gifts, such as beauty, health, and activity? What is it to the gifts of the mind, such as intellect, science, and taste?

## The Joker's Budget.

What part of a ship is like a farmer? The tiller.

'Did you ever see a weeping willow?'—'Yes, I've heard them boo-hoo right out.'

'John, is my coffee hot?' 'Not yet, mam—one spit in him and he so sizzle!'

Why is a rider in a certain vehicle like a certain room in a ship? He is a cab-in.

One of the candidates for a county office is named Bowie. He ought to go in like a knife.

They say an oyster six feet in length has been taken at Nahant. Who swallows that?

Why were Cain and Abel like two of the b'hoys? Because Abel was slewed and Cain was brand(i)ed.

Why is the last day of February like one of Shakspeare's plays? Because it is winter's tail.

Why is the great Russian bear like a half-starved fox? Because he's got Hung(ary), and wants Turkey.

Don't be surprised if, after you have sailed smoothly eight or nine months on the voyage of matrimony, you are suddenly overtaken by a *squall.*

A hog fight in Cincinnati attracted great attention. 'That hog has mettle in him,' said a man, pointing to the winner in the contest. 'Pig metal, I suppose,' suggested a punster.

A debtor's jail, as defined by a musician, is a stone instrument, with additional keys, where a man is sent till he can make a satisfactory overture to his notes.

At the Liverpool police court an Irish woman charged with an assault upon one of her countrywomen, palliated her conduct by saying that she 'never interfered until she was murdered with a poker!'

'Ah, Mr. Simpkins, we have not chairs enough for our company,' said a gay wife to her frugal husband. 'Plenty of chairs, ducky, but a little too much company,' replied Mr. Simpkins, with a knowing wink.

## Miscellaneous Items.

A young woman named Fanny Lee Townsend, represented as possessing great powers of oratory, is now lecturing on temperance at Covington, Ky., to crowded audiences.

The postmaster general has issued a circular which requires the most rigid enforcement of the laws against all outside attempts to carry mailable matter by express, or by private conveyance, to California.

An artist at Stratford-upon-Avon, has lately shipped five hundred casts of the head of Shakspeare, taken from the monumental bust. This novel shipment was consigned to an eminent firm at New York.

The four passed midshipmen, who were tried on board the U. S. ship Albany, at Pensacola, for disobedience of orders, in refusing to light the candles of the relief watch of lieutenants, have been dismissed from the navy.

A Californian, who has seen the elephant, writes home—'Should William and Stephen feel at all inclined to come this way, let them ask mother for a blanket, a little hard bread and poor water, and then let them sleep out doors for one week before they start.'

A new town, called Abbaseyeh, a little to the north of Cairo, ordered to be built by the Viceroy of Egypt, is making progress, as the pasha constrains the several grandees and principal government officers to build palaces on the spot.

The Wetumpka State Guard states that a gentleman, on the lower part of the Alabama river, is now constructing, and will soon have in operation, a floating saw-mill, to be propelled by steam, so as to travel to any point on the river and deliver orders for lumber. This, no doubt, will prove a profitable investment.

They tell of big rats on the line of the Ohio canal, and one of them is said to have towed a boat, using his tail as a towline. That's a whopper—of a rat, we mean. If we should attempt to beat this rat story, we would tell of a mosquito in the Montezuma country on the Erie canal, who stole a boat pole for a tooth pick.

## Quill and Scissors.

About 300 English and Scotch emigrants arrived at St. Louis on the 24th, from New Orleans. They are of the Mormon persuasion, and on their way to the Great Salt Lake settlement.

Some Yankee sailors, who landed in a boat from the Alert on the coast of Tartary, were taken by the natives, exhibited through the country, and then set free without damage.

Harriet Livermore, well known as a female preacher in various parts of the world for twenty-eight years past, is in New York, on her way to Jerusalem, where she expects to die.

Lieut. John Taylor, for striking Lieut. Grayson, of the marine corps, has been sentenced to three months suspension. He was tried on board the Brandywine at Rio.

A woman was recently convicted of being a common scold, at Reading, Pa., and sentenced to pay a fine and be imprisoned. The punishment was formerly *ducking!*

A little boy, only son of Geo. H. Dubois, of Burgundy street, New Orleans, fell while carrying an earthen pitcher, and was killed by one of the fragments cutting the carotid artery.

It is said that Jenny Lind would come to this country if she were not afraid of getting sea-sick. Why, such a singer should be able to dwell on the high C without difficulty.

Andy Brown, the soldier who kicked a man to death at Fort Adams, last summer, has been sentenced, at Providence, to two years' imprisonment in the State Prison.

Three million seven hundred and thirty thousand dollars of California gold had been received at the U. S. Mint, in this city, up to Saturday last.—*Pennsylvanian, 10th.*

The New York Sunday Mercury speaking of Barney Williams, the comedian, says he has one fault, and that one fault is, he cannot act, and never could.

A little son of Anderson Moore was drowned at Richmond, Va., on Sunday week, by falling from a bridge in presence of his father, who could not swim.

A shopkeeper was asked how he had obtained the appellation of little rascal; he replied, 'To distinguish me from the rest of the trade, who are all great rascals.'

The boilers and machinery of the steamer Neptune have been raised by diving bells, in the Mississippi, below the mouth of the Ohio. She was sunk in 1829.

An original portrait of Mozart, by Tischbein, has been discovered. It has been supposed hitherto that no authentic likeness of the great composer was in existence.

Wm. P. Sanders was sent to the Penitentiary last week, from Tuscaloosa county, Ala., for bigamy. The Turk had four wives at one time.

The Chinese are in San Francisco in large numbers, putting up houses in their own fashion, and bring along the most sober and industrious of all the immigrants.

In Philadelphia Mrs Ripover, an old lady, has recovered a verdict for $1500 against Mr. Wattson, a baker, by whose cart the plaintiff was knocked down and injured.

In Pegah, Ohio, young Devers stabbed and killed another young man named Alexander, and Devers's mother has become insane in consequence.

Josiah Morton, aged about 17, a hand on board the schooner Vermont, fell overboard on Tuesday at Albany, and was drowned. He belonged in Barnstable, Mass.

Prof. Liebig, the celebrated agricultural chemist is about to visit this country, where his writings have had a very extensive dissemination.

Fredrika Bremer, the Swedish novelist, is short in stature, with fair complexion, light hair, and blue eyes, not unlike her countrywoman, Jenny Lind.

It is reported that Thomas Edward Lytton, son of the celebrated novelist, is appointed, Attache to the British Embassy at Washington.

A lot of sixty head of fine cattle from Fauquier county, Va., were shipped last week in brig L. W. Maxwell, from Alexandria for Bermuda.

United States frigate Independence (60), Capt. Blake, and Cumberland (54), Commodore Morgan, were at Naples on the 7th ultimo.

A fellow named Dodson, at New Albany, Ind., has been imprisoned, in default of $1000 bail, for compelling his young daughters to steal.

Henry Seaton, late of Boston, and William Meservey, of Greenville, Me., both young men, were drowned on the lake near Skowhegan, on Sunday.

Why are coquettish females like sentinels? Because they are liked all the better when candid (candy-ed.)

John Abernethy, the eminent surgeon, used to tell his scholars, that all human maladies arose from two causes—stuffing and fretting.

In Lower Canada there are five Annexation prints,—among them the Montreal Herald, once the most ultra-royal paper in the Province.

People are now dying of hydrophobia, without being bitten by mad dogs. No doubt it is all owing to eating sausages.

Persons selling portraits of the Hungarian chiefs in the Austrian dominions are made subject to trial by court martial.

It is estimated that 3000 persons have died of cholera at Durango, in Mexico, up to the last accounts.

The object of Sir John Franklin's expedition, was to find a north-west passage through Lancaster Sound and Behring's Straits.

Capt. William B. Archer, who commanded a company in the Virginia regiment in Mexico, is on trial for forgery.

The manufacture of turpentine is beginning to excite attention in Florida. It is said to be more profitable than cotton.

The beautiful homestead of the late Governor Strong, in Northampton, is about to be cut up into house lots and sold.

Sir Henry Bulwer was to leave for the United States in the steam sloop-of-war Hecate, to sail from Portsmouth.

Dickens says that a thief, a liar and a forger is a very likely man to form a connection with the American press!

In Philadelphia on Friday, a young painter, named James Kane, fell from a roof and was fatally injured.

A man in New Orleans has performed the remarkable feat of marrying three wives in thirteen months!

It is stated that Col. Magruder of the U. S. army, has been ordered to California with his command.

At Staunton, Va., Henry Eulson has recovered a verdict for $4595 damages in a case of slander.

A new line of fast stages between Vera Cruz and Mexico, has just commenced operation through in four days.

Mr. Clifford, our late Minister to Mexico, arrived in Portland a few days since, and intends to make that city his residence.

Slung-shot-ism is making great head-way in Pittsburg—persons are knocked down most every night. Civilization progresses.

Fehrman, arrested for stealing $2400 from the mail at Troy, Ohio, has been convicted, and sentenced to the penitentiary for ten years.

Young 'Hernandez' had a benefit in Paris, which was attended by 7000 people. So a recent letter says. He realized over £700.

One hundred Irish emigrants left New York on Monday for their native country, after a six months sojourn in this 'land of liberty.'

In new colonies, the Spaniards begin by building a church—the French a ball-room; and the English a tavern.

Louis Napoleon the less, is called a 'diminished resurrection of Louis Philippe.'

Queen Victoria is reviving the fashion of wearing ear-rings.

A paper in the English language, called the Advertiser, is now published in Paris.

Carbonized gutta percha is now used for sharpening razors.

Grace Greenwood is not to be married—at present.

The Free-Will Baptists in the United States now number 50,000.

## VOLUME FIFTH OF THE FLAG OF OUR UNION.

On the first of January, 1850, we shall commence a new volume of the Flag, under the most flattering auspices, with an unrivalled circulation, a well-organized corps of contributors, an experienced editor, and with new type throughout.

The main features of the paper will be as heretofore, the publisher having found the Flag in its original style and plan to be popular beyond precedent. The head will be newly engraved and highly improved and altered.—The emblematical designs at the heads of the columns will give place to new and ingenious ones prepared expressly for this paper, and in short we shall put on with the new year,

### AN ENTIRE NEW DRESS.

Maintaining the same neutral position in politics and sectarian matters, we shall freely discuss the current topics of the day, and also try to be as acceptable and agreeable to the reader as in the years bygone. The new volume will commence with an

### Original and Brilliant Novellette,

from the pen of

### LIEUTENANT MURRAY,

entitled,

### THE TURKISH SLAVE:

or,

### The Mohammedan and his Harem.

A STORY OF THE EAST.

It will be important to those who desire to secure all the numbers containing the story, to send in their names at the earliest moment, and especially for clubs to complete their organization at once.

Our readers will bear us witness that we have never promised in these columns more than we have performed; and we now assure them that the Flag shall be fully equal to its past character, and that the coming volume shall evince an improvement on its predecessors, embracing all its former enterprise, with the renewed exertion that is prompted by continued success and popularity.


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All names for clubs must be sent in at one order.

All orders should be addressed, *post paid*, to the publisher of The Flag of our Union.

F. GLEASON, Publisher.

*Boston, December 1, 1849.*


## Amusements.

Miss Cushman has had crowded houses at the Federal Street Theatre, and the critics are in ecstacies, as usual. They are playing a splendid scenic piece at the National, entitled The Serpent of the Nile. The great moral play of The Drunkard still draws well at the Museum, where, indeed, everything is successful. The Ethiopians have been well patronized at the Lyceum Theatre. Mr. J. R. Scott has been delighting the frequenters of the Howard, where some strong casts have been given in opposition to Miss Cushman, who wouldn't accept Manager Thorne's terms, to play at his house.

## New Year's Gifts.

Those of our city readers who would make an acceptable and constantly recurring New Year's Gift to their friends in the country, should subscribe for the new forthcoming volume of the Flag, and send it to them. They can thus, for a trifling expenditure, supply them with a very large amount of entertaining and instructive reading for the coming winter evenings, and cause themselves to be held in grateful remembrance at each weekly visit of the paper. Think of this.

---

A Scotch Monster.—The Atlas relates, that Dr. A. P. Richardson, of No. 38 Green street, lately relieved a St. Louis gentleman, who came hither for treatment, of a tape worm more than 100 feet long! The gentleman, whose life had long been made miserable by the presence of this monster, returned home in the enjoyment of perfect health.

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Boston Almanac.—Coolidge & Wiley have got out this well-established annual for 1850, in superior style, though hardly sustaining the high reputation its preceding numbers have gained for it. We know of no book of this character that can compare with it for valuable and useful information.

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Influx of Immigrants.—Sunday week there arrived at this port, from Europe direct, and the British provinces, over *one thousand* immigrants. Ship Hope brought 330, and the Anglo American 275—all *Irish* steerage passengers.

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New Banks.—Several new banks are under contemplation in this city; one to be called the Bank of Commerce, with a capital of $500,000; another to be located at East Boston, and to be called, as we learn, the Maverick Bank.

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Ball Hughes's New Statue.—We learn that the statue of the Neapolitan Fisher Boy, now at Amory Hall, is likely to prove profitable, in the exhibition, to the artist. All the friends of art in the city are flocking to see it.

---

Change of Names.—One half of the streets of Boston have changed their names within a few years past. Water street was called Pudding lane; Boylston street, Frog lane; Summer street, Seven Star lane, etc.

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Hurrah for the Gold.—Vessels are still clearing from this port almost daily for the diggings. The unfavorable accounts from that region do not seem to discourage adventurers in the least degree.

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Stealing.—A great deal of petty thieving is going on in the city at the present time.—House-keepers, store-keepers, and others should exercise unusual caution.

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Malaga Fruit.—A very large amount of grapes, figs, and raisins has arrived at this port, within the past few weeks, seven heavily laden vessels since our last paper.

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Express to Cincinnati.—Messrs. Adams & Co. have extended their Express, under their own name, to Cincinnati.

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Fireman's Ball.—The Boston firemen had a grand ball, at the hall over the Worcester depot, a few nights since.

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Library.—The Boston Athenæum Library contains over forty thousand volumes, and is constantly increasing.

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Potatoes are arriving at this port from Nova Scotia, whole cargoes at a time.

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Ministerial.—There are 114 clergymen permanently settled in this city.

## OUR OLIO COLUMN.

[Written for The Flag of our Union.]

### The Old Fashioned Farmer.

BY WILL WINKLE.

When the toils of the day
Are all passed away,
And the farmer is homeward returning,
And the cottage is light
With the ember-all bright,
On the old-fashioned fireplace burning,

What pleasure he knows,
As onward he goes,
And to meet by his hale-hearted wife;
O what can compare
With that loving pair—
Or an old fashioned husbandman's life.

When the cold chilling snows
Have their regular blows,
And the winds are whistling around;
Too happy to roam,
You'll find him at home,
Where every good cheer should be found.

Give me such a life,
With a fair, blooming wife,
And my cottage home ever shall be
A spot here on earth
That cage-all-the-life birth
Of cong[illegible]

### Away Down East.

BY ANTHONY HOBBLES.

[illegible]

*Hutchinson's Songs.*

### The Popular Creed.

BY CHARLES P. SHIRAS.

Dimes and dollars! dollars and dimes!
An empty pocket's the worst of crimes!
[illegible]
Dimes and dollars! dollars and dimes!
An empty pocket's the worst of crimes!

[illegible]
Dimes and dollars! dollars and dimes!
An empty pocket's the worst of crimes!

[illegible]
Who will not bow to the people's gods!
Dimes and dollars! dollars and dimes!
An empty pocket's the worst of crimes!

So get ye wealth, no matter how!
No questions asked of the rich, I trow;
Steal by night, and steal by day,
Doing it all in a legal way;
Join the church, and never forsake her,
Learn to cant and insult your Maker;
Be hypocrite, liar, knave and fool,
But don't be poor—remember the rule:
Dimes and dollars! dollars and dimes!
An empty pocket's the worst of crimes!

*Chronotype.*

### Affecting, very.

Here is a most pathetic, heart-rending tale of a young lady who didn't want to, but couldn't help it. The climax will surprise many readers into—tears!

'Twas morning, and the golden sun
Was through a half drawn curtain streaming;
With such a mellow light, that one
Might almost think 'twas glory beaming;
And on the maiden's form it fell,
Half raised from rest and half reclining,
As though it loved to linger well
Upon a cheek so smooth and shining.

One small white hand upheld her brow,
Her arm the yielding pillow pressing;
While on her breast, like stainless snow,
The tears fell fast, her heart distressing.
What grief had then this fair girl stirred,
What ruthless hand her hope been killing;
What burning wrong—what scornful word,
Had her young heart with pain been filling?

Had some stern parent's voice severe
Forbade the love she could not stifle?
Or had some heartless one, too dear,
With her fond feelings dared to trifle?
O no! 'twas grief more deep and drear,
Than father's rage or mother's chider;
Last night, in coming down Lake George,
The captain made her pay two dollars!

### A new Way of adoring.

A certain green horn,
Touched with love to the core,
Called on a fair maiden,
Who opened the door.

He made a low bow,
And thus he began—
'O, I adore you,
My charming Susan!'

'I'll a-door you too!'
She answered at once,
And slammed the door to
In the face of the dunce.

### Boots.

[illegible]

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## MISCELLANEOUS.

[Written for The Flag of Our Union.]

## MARCOLINE,
OR, THE
## OLD SOLDIER'S BAPTISM.

BY JULIA DANE.

On a silvery branch of the Tiber an olive-crowned dove. Small, and smooth yet, in all its beauty of symmetry, magnificently stern and bold. Pride immortal mount serene with its wood of cedars, under many and many ivy hearts of lesser men, and of youth and beauty, that have been gladly wither in vain, to lay their branches in shadow, it resists the storm and wind of passing years, and glories in its proud existence. The glorious sunlight and the gently gliding moonbeams, how have they glanced there and battlements, and those lofty turrets, beneath which light eyes have beamed upward, with hope and happiness, on the waving clouds and the gentle stars! The eyes are closed in darkness, but the starlight and moonlight linger yet, and the river is bright in its flow at the old castle's foot, and the wind is in the pines, to moan and dream amid the strange graves and the creeping vines, going at the castle, lifted by the summer's soft waters, one listening somewhile to the spirit-voices that tell of the days gone by. Here are the legends told of this same old castle, that, if remembered in written leaves, would fill volumes; but there is one to which I long ago listened, with childish eager interest, that I pressed to them.

Old as the castle now is, it was old one hundred years ago, and the Countess Marcolini was a worthy possessor of the princely domain. Yet her years were not the glory of the castle, for her lady lord long since gone united to the more worthy-sainted dead, and she, denied his heirlooms, and one son, proud, sullen, and cruel, was thought so hateful, was in only hair and complexion.

Occasionally, it is true, Edoardo Marcolini thought fancy with him, and his mother loved him, when for a few days, or even weeks, the spoiled child was remanded with the short and sorry jest, and the bright old wise friend lovely and joyful memory, to the nurse's body succeeded by months of sullenness and gloom. The old servants regretted in vain, that neither their old nor young master would condescend to brighten the dreary aspect of existence; and the young boy grew on, not from upon the nurse's slope, leaning their elbows on their knees, and their chins in their hands, and, looking out for each other's eyes, mourn that their love should have been denied in such a time of sorrow, and declare a castle without a lady was like a world without a sun.

More than once they had dared, half jestingly, to hint their wishes to their masters, but the old lord would only smile sadly, and say the young one would curve his lip with contempt, and grow sweet to his disconsoled soon for the whole female sex.

A little distant from the castle was a small village, once embosomed in an orange grove. It had been occupied many years by old Vali-ni, and his gentle housewife, the former of whom had become stone blind, and the latter bent, and broken, and tottering, in the service of Marcolini. But the eyes of the blind man, long since closed to light and beauty, and to the sight of Valetti's face, which he loved best, was the sweetest affection of all, was closed evidently not in vain, in the days of his youth, and Violetti, in her grief, wept so inconsolably, and appeared to be so ignorant of all, that she would have become blind, had not the same angel of death hovered near, and mercifully borne her away to her old husband's side.

And the cottage was silent and desert, except for a short space, till one day there came an old man to the castle—an old soldier bidding on a staff—to rest the cottage. The world was grassed, and henceforth strangers filled the places of Valini and Violetti, who were, alas! as to see the faithful and beloved no more forgotten! The servants of the old castle made many attempts to gain acquaintance of the new tenant, and sometimes with successive failures, gave up, laying this happy section to their souls.

Well, that way those somewhere up in their pride;—I is sure they are no better than we, for they have the same flesh, and the same body as a lord; and I'd rather have two arms than one, and two legs than a wooden one, and a sound eye by nose, rather than one lactured up with leather; and besides he is lame, this old frightful soldier, and something to be pitied for. That he might be sure is a beauty, but that is only her misfortune, for she can never be a proud lady."

A servant one day came to Marcolini, saying:—I do not know whether you will be pleased for I saw him, only last night, standing in the prospect on the outer wall of the castle, and I expended with a warm spirit of darkness, when the lightning glance showed it was the old soldier himself, looking round on the castle, the terrible look, and muttering something which I believe had to do with you."

Marcolini, for a year they lived quietly by themselves, the old soldier and Marcia his daughter. The former had been a prisoner for several weeks, when one day, feeling very much enervated and oppressed, he solicited his daughter to accompany him to the river side, that he might bathe in the cooling waves, he leaning on her for support. Feeling faint, he requested her to sit down, and then, first tying on a moss-covered stone, supported the head of her aged, afflicted father. Watching as she had been accustomed to do lonely, the workings of his countenance, she saw that his eyes were upon the castle opposite, which was dark, with gloomy making their way down his face. Nothing speaking, her own eyes filled with tears, and flowed over, mingling with those of the old man. He took her hand in silence, and seeing her emotion, he said serenely:

"Marcia, my child, I am very weak to-day. This conviction would be pleasing to me, but that I see in those eyes that would be a trouble for you. I see the dangers to which you are exposed, dear child, and how they should be left thus! Marcia, I have something to tell you of this, which I have longed to tell you many times, but my tongue has refused to speak what my heart and my eyes have! You are the image of her whom I loved, and whom I so early lost! and how he raised his eyes to the stars that seemed to burn in cheeks, when an appalling change came over his countenance. Casting upon Marcia a look of unutterable, yearning love, and sinking instantly into a deep sleep, he groaned, struggled, and died.

Marcia, for a few moments, comprehended not the truth; suddenly the emotion overwhelmed her, and uttering a piercing shriek, she bent over him to see if he breathed not yet, and frantically called him by name. He, however, had left the attention of Marcia, and recognized the old soldier, having frequently met him in his rambles, and was shocked to see someone in which he found him. His emotions were him to the cottage, and Edoardo accompanied Marcia, who was almost stupefied with grief and horror.

Edoardo, who had ever been insensible to every charm of woman, was saddened for Marcia, in his first irreparable bereavement, and his heart was moved to pity and sympathy for her desolate situation. He addressed kind words to her, which awoke in her all the gratitude which a young heart, under such circumstances, could feel of expression.

The last sad duties to her father having been performed, Marcia's following days with the were unparalleled in her hitherto darkened existence. She had no protector, no companion, no youth delights to return to, and dwell upon. Her childhood had been spent in a charitable school, in a small village, not far distant from London, where she had been placed by order of the government, at whose military service her father was engaged. Here she had remained until her sixteenth year, but of her soldier cares, and claiming her as his child succeed her in positive boy.

Maitland as he was, deformed and disfigured, she, who never had seen in her father's arms, she, who never had seen in her father's arms, she, who never had seen in her father's arms

Jos A Smith


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[WRITTEN EXPRESSLY FOR THE FLAG OF OUR UNION.]

# THE SEA LARK:

OR, THE

# QUADROONE OF LOUISIANA.

## A Thrilling Tale of the Land and Sea.

BY ALBERT W. SUMNER.

[CONTINUED.]

### CHAPTER XII.

*The second journey. The beautiful child of the chapparal. The secret escape of Eugenie with Henri. The terrible scene of a father's revenge. The fearful murder!*

This is most strange! your father's in some passion
That works him strangely. — TEMPEST.

HENRI MAY, on returning to the city, met his associate counsellor in the legal business before referred to, and learned from him that it was of the utmost importance that he should complete the journey commenced four weeks previous, and which had proved so disastrous. No time was to be lost, and he was obliged, without even waiting to see Pauline, to start again for Covington. He thought to himself that a cannon ball never strikes twice in the same place, and he had no fear of being again attacked—so on the same well-tried horse, and with his weapons at hand, he started the same afternoon for the place where he was to obtain information and valuable papers. At noon of the second day, he came to the spot where he had before been attacked, and passed on unmolested towards the path that led to the cabin where he had been so kindly tended by the young and beautiful Eugenie.

But it was of the utmost importance that the papers of which he was in quest, should be secured at once. So he dashed on, though his inclination strongly tempted him to enter the secret path, and see again the lone child of the chapparal. That night he reached Covington, where he was engaged with business a week or ten days, and he then started for New Orleans, after having successfully consummated his purpose. The gentle little nurse with her soft blue eyes, and her mysteriously engaging manner, was constantly in his mind, and he resolved to do everything in his power to induce her to flee with him from the barbarous place where she was now living. And yet what could he do with her—could he take her to New Orleans? There his protection would be interpreted unfavorably to her character.

At all events, thought he, the sweet girl has been very kind to me, and it is my duty to endeavor to place her in a different situation. Her father must be a highwayman, and probably also a counterfeiter, and surely it will be no wrong to take her away from protection such as his. Thus did the young and ardent Southerner reason with himself, and thus did he decide as he drew near the secret path. It was just nightfall, and the thought stole over Henri that he was running no small personal risk. But the inducement of again seeing and perhaps being of some service to Eugenie, overpowered all else. He was a little puzzled to find his way, but giving his horse the rein, the sagacious animal took the most direct route to the stable where he had been so well fed a short time before, and half an hour brought Henri to the cabin. The noise of his horse's feet had drawn both Eugenie and the female slave to the entrance, and as he dismounted, he said:

'Are you alone here to-night, Eugenie?' at the same time warmly pressing her pretty hand, while he parted her soft auburn curls from her cheek.

'Quite alone, sir, fortunately,' with eyes full of grateful affection at his gentle and kindly salutation. 'If any of the party were here, I should fear for your safety, but I know that they are in the city to-night.'

They went in, and Henri seated himself in the room where he had so long been confined by his injuries. Everything in it was scrupulously neat and clean, though generally very rude in material, and Henri looked about him saying, how strongly that apartment, and his gentle nurse were impressed upon his mind. How sure he was that neither would ever be forgotten—and he thoughtlessly ran on in a strain of tender and honestly-expressed feeling, but which, perhaps, it would have been more seemly in the lover of the beautiful Pauline Hazwell to have left unsaid—especially to the young and impressible girl before him.

He learned from Eugenie much of her history, who having become satisfied that he desired the information for no object detrimental to her father, was less guarded than before. She had lived in this manner during the past three years, and often was many days without seeing her father. But not long since, he had been fearfully wounded, and had remained at home for nearly three months. Henri showed to her that she was growing up sadly deficient in the experience and information that her sex, beauty, and natural intelligence entitled her to enjoy, and he drew a fearful picture of her forlorn situation. He detailed to her the advantages she might share in the city, its pleasant comforts and attractions, and in fine, he drew a picture of such fascination before the innocent eyes of Eugenie, that she cast her eyes upon the floor for a moment, and then said:

'Alas, these pleasures never can be mine!'

'Yes, Eugenie, they may be, if you will come with me.'

'What—and leave this place?'

'Ay, never to return—surely there can be no attraction in so vile a spot.'

'But my father—what will he do for a home?'

'Where he passes most of his time now, at some place in the city. You are not bound by any ties to continue with a parent who so grossly neglects you.'

'I never thought until now that he neglected me, but it is true that he cares but little for me,' she replied.

'Come then, Eugenie—come with me. I will be your protector, and you shall have masters to teach you all lady-like accomplishments; music, dancing, drawing—everything that can amuse or instruct you.'

'I think I would like to go anywhere with you, sir,' she replied, 'and yet something tells me I should not do so.'

'Nay, fear not that I will faithfully protect you, Eugenie. I will be a brother to you,' he said, drawing his chair closer to her, and taking her hand.

She was very artless—that young, inexperienced girl; with no female companion but an elderly negro slave, she had no chance for improvement, though the few French and English books in the cabin seemed to indicate that she could read, and Henri found that she was equally familiar with both languages. But these were school books, such as would be suitable for a child of ten or twelve years of age. Eugenie sat for more than an hour looking with her soft, confiding eyes seemingly into Henri's very soul, and listening to his conversation with absorbed delight.

Henri was a frank, free-hearted, imaginative fellow, and following the spontaneous promptings of his heart, he talked away the hours until both forgot the time, and it was nearly midnight when Henri kissed and bade her good-night, and threw himself upon the couch where he had suffered so severely but a few weeks before. He fell asleep dreaming of Eugenie and Pauline. He could not rest, but tossed on his pillow unrefreshed for hours. The beautiful, confiding Pauline seemed upbraiding him, and contending emotions possessed his breast until nearly daybreak, when at last exhausted nature conquered, and he was overcome by profound and unbroken slumber.

When he awoke in the morning he found a little table already prepared with appurtenances for breakfast, and the savory flavor from the kitchen told him that his comforts had been cared for. He sprang hastily up, and after having refreshed himself with water from a natural spring near the cabin, he sat down with Eugenie, whose bright eyes and rosy cheeks seemed like some morning flower opening afresh cherished by the golden dew of night. Henri's eloquence prevailed over the artless girl, and she consented to leave her father's protection, such as it was, for his, and accompany him to New Orleans. A couple of hours after saw Eugenie and Henri seated on his powerful charger together, and slowly wending their way towards the city. Eugenie did not depart without giving copious instructions to the slave, and Henri made her his friend for life, by presenting her with a handful of dollars.

A more suitable conveyance was procured for Eugenie at the first opportunity, and the next night she found herself in a small, neat room in St. Charles street, which Henri told her would be her home for the present, and where he would often come to see her. Her apartments he had procured for her at a very respectable house, kept by a matronly lady, into whose charge he gave her, with such an explanation as he deemed necessary. She was at once supplied with every comfort and convenience that money could procure, and suitable teachers were engaged for her, and in this respect, Henri kept his promise faithfully to the lone child of the chapparal. But although she studied diligently, and endeavored to improve in her studies and upon her guitar, it was but too evident that she thought only of them as a means whereby to please Henri, and make her more worthy of his regard—for her thoughts were ever filled with her protector's image.

Henri, on his part, felt her to be little less dear to him than Pauline, though he hardly dared to acknowledge so much to his own heart. He had scarcely seen Pauline for some weeks, so absorbed had he been in the press of his legal business, and having told her that he should be so engaged for a short period of time, she did not wonder at his not calling as heretofore upon her at the Hazwells. And indeed she almost dreaded to have him do so, for she knew that an explanation must take place, that would, perhaps, estrange him from her forever. She realized that her real parentage must now become known to Henri, and that he, perhaps, would despise her—first, for the deceit that she had practised in maintaining her secret, and secondly, from the fact that she was the daughter of a slave!

Though Henri had not found time to call upon Pauline, yet he had done so several times upon Eugenie, and the fair young girl had learned to pour out the entire wealth of her young heart upon the man who had led her away from her rude home in the woods. Henri was as careful and tender of her as a mother could have been, himself strangely puzzled at the position in which he thus found himself placed by chance, but feeling an unaccountable fascination in her agreeable company.

Her extreme youth and beauty, her entire confidence in Henri, and her unaffected simplicity and artlessness with him, threw a singular spell about their companionship with each other, that mystified and yet delighted him. When he came to see her, she would come to him, and placing both her hands within his, would look into his fine expressive eyes with such earnestness and affection that his heart would beat with quickened fire. He could not have betrayed that confidence for a kingdom, and no unholy thought entered his breast. If his first friendship for Pauline had been perhaps, of a questionable nature, with Eugenie it was different from the outset. Why, he knew not—but there seemed to be in his heart some strange sympathy for them both which had sprung up so spontaneously, it must be pure.

One day as Henri entered her room, she ran to him in tears, and trembling with fear, exclaimed:

'Ah! Henri, what shall I do? I have just seen my father go by the house, and I think he saw me, for he looked up at the window where I was sitting, and since then I have thought once or twice that I heard his voice below.'

'Indeed, Eugenie,' said Henri, [illegible] need not fear him—do not tremble so, my dear girl. Surely you have done nothing that need make you fear him.'

'Ah! you do not know him, Henri. Sometimes he is so very violent, and at such times he cares no more for a human life than he would for that of a dog.'

'Well, well, Eugenie, you need not feel so frightened. I will see him and explain to him that it is I and not you, who am to blame for your leaving home.' And as he spoke, he led her to a seat, and parting the hair from her forehead, gently soothed her.

At this moment, the door of the room was thrown open, and a man entered, exclaiming in a voice hoarse with passion:

'Eugenie!'

'Father, O father! do not be angry—I am sure you will not be when I explain all; hear me, father,' she exclaimed, beseechingly.

'Monsieur Rouillet!' exclaimed Henri, in astonishment, as he beheld in Eugenie's father his old antagonist in the duel!

'Henri May, by Heaven!' exclaimed the gambler—'and it is you, who are the thief that stole away my child, and ruined her! You, who set yourself up as a pattern of purity and virtue in the case of Pauline Hazwell!'

'This is very strange, sir,' said Henri; 'I had thought that duel proved fatal to you. And as for Eugenie, true, I did entice her from the vile spot where I found her, because I thought it my duty to do so. But as to her honor, it is unsullied.'

'Stuff, stuff, sir, sheer hypocrisy, to blind me. Stand back, Eugenie, don't hang so upon my arm, stand back, child.'

'Father, father, do not be rash—indeed, he has been as a kind brother to me, and never has he uttered a rude word.'

'Kind!' echoed the enraged gambler, 'kind, to rob me of my child and ruin her—and this in return for the hospitality that was shown him in my house, and the tender nursing that you bestowed upon him night and day. Call you this kind?'

'Ay, but father, you wrong him. I know not what you mean. He has not injured me in thought or deed, and never has he breathed a dishonorable word to me,' sobbed she, still clinging frantically to her father's arm.

'Let go my arm, child—I tell thee, let go,' said Rouillet, fiercely.

But Eugenie, as if knowing her father's purpose, held fast by his side, until he impatiently threw her off, and at the same moment drawing a pistol from his breast, he aimed it at Henri. But the devoted girl saw it instantly, and quicker than thought, she threw herself with outspread arms before the person of him she loved! It was all done instantaneously, the father fired, and Eugenie fell a corpse at his feet!

'Inhuman monster!' exclaimed Henri, as he raised the lifeless form of Eugenie, 'thou hast murdered the purest being that ever blessed this earth. And it was I she died to save! O, God! for what am I reserved at such a cost as this?'

As he thus spoke, he bent over the lifeless body and wept bitterly—while the wretched father sat gazing vacantly at the work he had done, like one whose brain was reeling, and who, if he had not already lost his senses, would soon do so—it was frightful, the agonized expression of that man's countenance.

'This is the deepest draught of damnation I have yet drunk,' said he, as he walked out of the house, the cold perspiration starting from his brow, and his limbs tottering under him.

### CHAPTER XIII.

*The diamond brooch and its story. The unburdening of the heart. The startling discovery that turns a hinge of our plot. My father's slave, as there is a God in heaven!*

Or have we eaten of the insane root
That takes the reason, prisoner? — MACBETH.

THESE events cast a gloom over Henri's mind that caused him to keep his room for several days, refusing to see any one. He reviewed the singular connection that had so suddenly sprung up between Eugenie and himself—he dwelt upon her youth, her devotion to him, her soft, and winning style of beauty, and then he remembered that she had sacrificed her life to save his—with such musings as these he became very sad and unhappy. He mourned her more as a brother than as a lover, for he had never seriously thought of giving her his heart. His love for Pauline had taken too deep root in his breast for him ever to prove really inconstant to her. Though he might for a time be turned aside from the devotion that he really felt, still his thoughts returned to her with all his original love. It would be incorrect to say that he had not been imprudent in his association with the poor girl who had yielded up her life for him; but we may plead for him the remarkable circumstances which had seemed to combine to produce such a result. Indeed, how could he have done otherwise? Would not you or I have done the same, gentle reader?

There was a delicate, maidenly feeling in the breast of Pauline, that led her to keep her love a secret even from her mother, though it was impossible to keep from herself knowledge of Henri. Pauline had told her that this beautiful book, and that chaste and elegant ring were the gift of Mr. May—until at length, Lucille began to reason in her heart, that such munificent liberality must be significant of something more than mere friendship, and she wondered that she had not yet seen this Mr. May, until which time she resolved that she would neither speak to Pauline of the thoughts that had suggested themselves to her mind, nor come to any definite conclusion herself. The reader will remember, [illegible] the period when Henri had first become so much engaged with his law business, and afterward by melancholy oppression at the death of Eugenie, and therefore he had not been to the Hazwells for some time—though he had during that period sent two or three letters to Pauline, which she had not mentioned to her mother.

One morning, as Pauline was wrapping her shawl about her, and pinning it about her throat by a simple, yet costly diamond brooch given her by Henri, its great beauty and evident costliness struck her mother's eye, and she asked of her daughter, thoughtfully:

'Pauline, is that too a gift of this May, who has given you so many presents?'

'Yes, mother,' she replied, smiling innocently; 'is it not beautiful?'

'It is indeed, my dear child, and must have cost much money,' she answered.

'But why do you speak so sadly, mother, of a thing so beautiful?'

'Ah! Pauline, you must forgive me, if my jealous affection for you leads me into error, but I sometimes tremble to think of this Mr. May, who seems to have been so generous to you. What object has he, my child? Nay, do not turn away, Pauline, for my heart has ached these many days with fear and jealousy lest all these gifts but forbode evil.'

'Nay, mother, you need fear nothing—surely you do not suspect me of any imprudence. Have you ever had occasion to doubt my discretion?'

'No, no, Pauline, but where is Mr. May? I have not seen him at all.'

'He has been sick, mother; but he is now engaged in some law business at court. He will come here soon, though, he has sent me word that he will.'

'Pauline,' said her mother, in a tone that startled her child, 'do you love this Mr. May? Speak honestly, my child.'

'Mother—at some other time—I cannot—speak about this subject now.'

'In whom can you confide, Pauline, if not [illegible] approaching her.

'True, very true,' said Pauline, thoughtfully; 'then, mother, she continued, as though a load had been taken from her mind, 'I do love him.'

The reader will remember that we left Pauline and Henri, at the close of the seventh chapter, sitting side by side, after he had told her of his devoted love, and also that he could never marry her. It will be remembered, the picture they presented at that precise moment nor had they met since that night, the events we have described having occurred in such quick succession as to prevent it. But it was now some time since the death of Eugenie, which had so dashed Henri's spirits, and from this shock to his feelings he had mainly recovered, when one evening he turned his steps towards the Hazwells. Though very far from happy—indeed his relationship with Pauline was of a character to render him far from contented—his heart was devotedly hers, but could he ever give her his hand? He knew full well that his father would as willingly see him laid in the grave as married to a poor girl, without fortune or name. He felt half guilty as he approached the house, and thought of how long a time had elapsed since he had seen Pauline, and of his intimacy with Eugenie in the meantime.

He entered the little parlor quietly, and found Pauline sewing, and so unmindful of everything but the love that prompted her, she ran instantly to him, and he clasped her in his arms. His heart beat quickly, and he said to himself, 'Ah, this is indeed the true object of my devotion.'

'Pauline, have you not reproached me in this long absence?'

'Nay, Henri, I could not do that, but the time has seemed very long.'

'It has been long, and O, that I can say we shall never part again. I have had strange experience since last we met, Pauline. I wrote you that I had been wounded and ill, and you know, too, that I was witness to that fearful crime committed by Francois Rouillet, which I referred to in my note to you. I could not explain at that time my connection with the affair, but I now wish to do so. On my trip to the country I was waylaid by robbers, wounded and carried to a cabin in the woods, where I lay for several weeks too ill to be moved. There I was nursed, Pauline, by a young girl, beautiful and gentle as yourself; and while I look upon your face, I understand why I felt so singularly drawn towards her. She had many of your peculiar expressions of countenance, and indeed I can now trace her strange resemblance with an image in my mind that so entranced me. Well, I recovered, and wishing to remove so gentle and kind a being from the strong chains of vice and wickedness that surrounded her in that wild cabin, I prevailed upon her to leave the dissolute home of her father, and come to New Orleans. I then procured for her a respectable home, and made such arrangements for her as I thought would render her happy.

'In the meantime, my father's suit at court was contested day by day, and my time was absorbed in its management. One day I called for a moment to see that Eugenie was well, and in the possession of every necessity, when her father having discovered her residence, entered the room, fiercely calling upon her. Then occurred the painful tragedy that I described to you, and Francois Rouillet, he who so grossly insulted you, Pauline, murdered his own daughter. O Heaven! Pauline, it curdles my blood to think of it.'

'And was she really his child?'

'Yes, without doubt. For her I felt a brother's affection, she had been so kind to me in sickness. But there ever seemed some mingling of your looks in her that puzzled me.'

'This is all very strange [illegible] through which you have passed.'

'Yes, Pauline, and I think I am much changed by them. They have made me feel that I have done wrong towards you, that I have deceived you,' he said, 'and that though I did so at first through thoughtless levity, yet my continuing it, shows a wrong on my part. I refer to—'

At this moment steps were heard approaching the door—it opened, and the Quadroone stood before them. Pauline and Henri were sitting together upon the sofa, her hand within his, but both rose at the interruption, and Henri advanced to the centre of the room, apparently much agitated at the appearance of Pauline's mother.

'Lucille!' he exclaimed, in much surprise.

'Monsieur Henri!' said the Quadroone, with undisguised astonishment.

'Do you know him, mother?' asked Pauline, with surprise depicted on her countenance.

'Know him, my child!' replied the Quadroone, with emphasis, 'I fear it is you who do not know him.'

As she spoke, her eyes glared with the fierceness of a tigress, and strange, wild thoughts seemed to be glancing through her excited mind, while she stood there glaring from the one to the other of the two before her. Pauline looked on in amazement, while Henri seemed possessed by some fearful spirit, and struggled for words to express himself.

'Is this your mother, Pauline?' he asked at length, pointing to Lucille, while he grasped with the other hand a chair for support.

'Yes,' replied Pauline, affectionately going up to the Quadroone.

'My father's slave, as there is a God in heaven!' exclaimed Henri.

'What can this mean?' said Pauline, drawing still nearer to her mother.

'Not so, Monsieur Bouve, no longer a slave, but free like yourself. True, this is my daughter, but she is also your cousin!' said the Quadroone.

Pauline seemed to lose the power of [illegible] and could only look from one to the other.

'This is impossible!' replied Henri, in amazement.

'It is even so,' said the Quadroone, calmly. 'Explain this mystery while I have sense left to comprehend you,' exclaimed Henri Bouve, for it was truly the son of Count Bouve, who had won Pauline's heart under an assumed name! And it was this very deceit concerning his true title that he was on the point of explaining to Pauline, when they were interrupted by her mother.

'You know me too well, Monsieur Henri, not to feel sure that I would not be guilty of a falsehood,' said the Quadroone, 'and I will convince you of the truth of what I have said.' As she spoke, she drew nearer to his side, and whispered a few hurried sentences in his ear.

'It is true, it must be so!' said Henri, as his head sunk upon his breast.

'What object, Monsieur Henri, could induce you to seek my child? If not a dishonorable one, why assume a false name?' asked the Quadroone.

'I was but this instant about to tell her my real name and station, when you interrupted us. She will herself, Lucille, tell you whether I have ever given her cause to blush for me. When chance first threw us together, I, in a playful or thoughtless mood, gave her an assumed name—but more from levity than by serious design. Then followed a friendship most delightfully pleasant, in which I never paused to analyze the relationship between us, until, in saving her from the insulting treatment of a villain, I was led to ask myself what were my own intentions concerning Pauline? Then I came to her, and honestly told her the truth—that although I loved, I could never marry her, but that I had never had a dishonorable thought towards her. I have not seen her since that night until now. Do I not speak truly, Pauline?'

'You do indeed, Henri, and if you deceived me as to your true name, have I not also tacitly done the same? Though you never inquired concerning my parentage, it was left for you to infer that Mr. and Mrs. Hazwell were my father and mother.'

'Has he spoken truly, Pauline?' asked the Quadroone, of her child.

'Upon my soul he has done so, mother, and never has an impure word passed his lips to me,' said Pauline, earnestly.

'Then may Heaven bless you, Henri Bouve, for had ruin fallen upon my child, it would have driven me mad,' said the excited mother.

'I care not for your birth, Pauline. If you were a slave it would be the same with my heart, and before God I declare that I love you, and you alone.'

To his query of Lucille, concerning her freedom, she told him how by patient and untiring industry, Pauline had laid by a sufficient sum to purchase her freedom, but that Madame Bouve had given it to her. Then did Henri understand the secret of Pauline's selling flowers at the St. Charles, and some other things which had appeared strange to him, but to which he had not liked to refer. And he loved Pauline the more for her devotion and energy in behalf of her mother, who had been his father's slave.

Then Pauline first told her mother how Henri had saved her at the risk of his life from being carried off by Francois Rouillet, and had fought a duel to prevent his again troubling and annoying her, and much more of Henri's thoughtful kindness to her, until the little party, who a few moments before were casting angry glances at each other, and excited with angry emotions, now sat composed and cheerful together.

Until Henri was fourteen years of age (at which period he was sent to school at the North), Lucille had been in as intimate con[illegible] and cherishing him with the warmest affection, though since that time, she had seen him but twice. After his return home, he became immediately so much engaged in business relating to his father's lawsuit, that he was obliged to remain in the city—yet Henri was no stranger to the Quadroone.

Strange events had so crowded themselves upon Henri Bouve for some days past, that he hardly realized his true situation. He had learned, too, that his feelings were to be harrowed up by his being obliged to appear as witness in the late murder, which was to come on for trial in a few days. Francois Rouillet had been at once arrested, but he was admitted to bail, which was readily obtained from his gambling associates. This business Henri would have gladly avoided if possible, but this he knew could not be. The denouement of Pauline's birth, and the singular fact of her mother being his father's slave, and the nurse who had protected and guided his own infancy, all seemed almost like a throng of miracles.

He told Pauline and her mother as he parted from them, that he wished for time to collect his thoughts, and to consider his situation calmly, and that in a few days they should see him again, when he should have decided as to the nature of the relationship between Pauline and himself. But Lucille knew the proud spirit of his father, and she warned him to do nothing in haste, nothing rashly. She knew of the bright prospects that Count Bouve had arranged for his son and only heir, and her heart sunk within her at the knowledge that Pauline, her poor nameless child, loved him.

It was nearly daybreak the next morning, before Henri Bouve threw himself upon his bed to rest his almost crazed and over-charged brain. He had thought over his situation calmly, and he resolved at last to see his father, and tell him his exact situation. The Quadroone retired to her room, where she sat for hours with her face buried in her hands, thinking over her own life, of Louis Bouve, of Pauline and Henri, until she fell asleep praying [illegible] and gentle Pauline, wept long and bitterly at the thoughts that crowded upon her, but with childlike simplicity and trustfulness, she knelt down and prayed fervently, and was soon wrapped in the sweet sleep of innocence.

### CHAPTER XIV.

*The den of the counterfeiters under ground. The conspiracy. Henri accused as a murderer. The power of money to effect evil. The sentence for murder, and the prisoner's words.*

Let us lift up the curtain and observe
What passes in that chamber. — ROGERS.

THE reader will come once more with us to the chapparal where Henri had been robbed, and came so near losing his life. It is night, and we must tread daintily through the thick undergrowth, or else we may lose our way. Let us follow this beaten path—it must lead towards the cabin of Francois Rouillet.

Through a slightly raised mound some half mile from the cabin, there streamed a faint light, as if through the crevice of a poorly-hung door. Approaching this, one could easily see that it led to some hidden or secret excavation in the earth. This door opened upon a flight of rude stone steps, and on descending, the passage led one several feet in a straight direction, and then turning abruptly to the left, opened into a subterranean cave or cellar, built round with stones on the sides and floor, while a few timbers rendered the roof sufficiently firm to hold the earth and sod above it, and even to support the weight of a horse or of a number of persons, should they chance to pass over it. This spot, the entrance being hidden by clumps of bushes, was quite secure from discovery, save that the light straggled through the loosened door, which the settling of the earth had started.

In this place were assembled five persons, who were busily engaged, apparently in some peculiar manufacture. They were by no means ill-looking men, but they rather appeared on the contrary, to be persons well acquainted with society. A little closer scrutiny would have shown an observer that these men were engaged in counterfeiting money! The steel dies stood in regular lines for their various purposes—these for silver dollars, these for golden eagles, half eagles, &c., while here were the crucible and furnace close at hand. Close by each one, there lay a heap of counterfeit money, either finished or nearly so. They worked industriously and silently, and he at the gold eagle die might have been easily recognized as Francois Rouillet! He was the leader of the reckless gang who made the chapparal their head-quarters, and their principal business was this in which we now see them engaged—except at times, when they thought it an object to waylay and rob some passing traveller.

This latter business Rouillet would not countenance at all, knowing full well that it would tend to draw the attention of the authorities towards their place of operation, and it was this that led him to save the life of Henri, fearing lest the public mind should become excited and the place pointed out. He trusted to Eugenie's influence to prevent Henri from exposing the cabin, on the plea of disgracing her should he do so. To further his plans, he was careful, as the reader will remember, to keep out of sight of Henri, in order that he might not know who the owner of the cabin really was.

It was now nearly morning, and at a signal from Rouillet, the counterfeiters laid down their tools, and gathering up the coin that they had finished, into little bags, they quietly passed out of the cellar, and by a footpath through the woods, sought the cabin. Here the old negress had prepared a supper [illegible] the well-spread board gave evidence that the outlaws had not neglected to prepare comforts for the inner man. The table was covered with fried ham and eggs, dried deer's tongues, and roasted fowls, flanked by pots of coffee, cream, and bottles of spirit and wine. Before partaking of their meal, the counterfeiters changed their dresses, washed their hands carefully, and disposed of their labor in some secret place, and then sat down and ate heartily, washing down their meats with heavy potations of wine and spirits. Pipes and cigars followed, and then followed such a strain of conversation as such men would be supposed to indulge in.

'Rouillet,' said one, 'that trial comes off soon—how stands the case?'

'Why, simply thus; unless I can prove my innocence, I must pay for it, or run while I am able to do so, and leave my bail, Willis, & Hall, to pay $20,000.'

'Is there not some way to bluff off the business—can't something be done?' asked another of the party.

'Ay,' said a third, 'why can't it be made to appear that this Henri May, whom you treated so cleverly here some time since, did the thing in place of you, Rouillet?'

'By the way, Rouillet,' said another, 'it's lucky for you, that this affair happened in Louisiana—they wouldn't let you off on bail in the puritanic Northern States.'

Rouillet had been sitting a little apart from the rest, moodily sipping a glass of spirits, but when his companion suggested the idea of accusing Henri as the murderer, he started, and looked around upon the gang, and then sat, apparently musing upon the idea.

'I say, Rouillet, why could not such a charge be brought against that Henri May?'

'Perhaps it might,' replied Rouillet, bitterly.

'Was there any one present but you and him?' continued the last speaker.

'No one,' answered Rouillet, uneasily, as the scene appeared before him in its fearful reality.

'Then I see no reason why your word is not as good as his, and to tell the truth, Rouillet, it does seem more probable that he should kill her, than you.'

Rouillet covered his face with his hands at this remark, as if to shut out some horrible vision, and remained thus for some minutes, when he rose and beckoned the last speaker away from his comrades, and entered into a long and whispered conversation with him. The earnestness with which they talked together, and the interest they seemed to feel in their subject, showed that some matter of more than ordinary import was being discussed.

Two days subsequent to this scene at the chapparal, Henri Bouve found himself arrested and imprisoned under charge of murder! And the case having been put in a very strong light before the accusing magistrate, all bail was refused, and he was committed to prison to await the approaching trial. Taken completely by surprise, he hardly knew what course to pursue. The idea had never suggested itself to him, that he might possibly be charged with the murder of Eugenie. But he now saw, that to secure his own safety, he ought immediately to have entered a complaint against Rouillet, at the time the murder was committed; instead of which, he left this to be done by some chance person, and he had not thus far taken any legal steps in the business, until summoned on a charge of having himself committed the bloody deed!

Conscious of his own innocence, Henri could not for an instant believe that the least plausibility could be made to appear in the charge brought against him, until he heard the argument before the court. Then he saw how easily suspicion may attach itself to any one, and how much more readily one can bring an accusation than disprove one. But the time was fast approaching for the trial to come on, and he found that he must at once secure eminent counsel, for he had received friendly admonition that a strong case would be made out against him.

The idea once started by the counterfeiter, Rouillet, as we have seen, seized upon it in hopes to clear himself, though, in truth, his comrade rather than himself arranged all the matter; for a sort of listless spirit seemed to have possessed him. As director of their work, he was invaluable to the counterfeiters. His superior education and pleasing address, his judgment and coolness, and above all, his indomitable bravery in the time of danger, all combined to render him one whom they would not willingly part with. Therefore his companions took the matter in hand energetically, though not without their captain's consent.—Another mode of safety for Francois Rouillet was, that, if necessary, Henri could be removed, and as he was the only eye-witness, there would then be no one to appear against Rouillet. But after some consultation, this second murder was decided to be unadvisable, and they resolved to accuse him of the crime.

This vile gang were not lacking in the means to carry out their object. Of money, their illegal mint gave them any desired quantity, which being shrewdly mixed with genuine coin, passed as well as the pure metal itself.—And what will not money accomplish? It would secure for them the services of the best lawyers, and even of important witnesses, if they should be necessary. After all, gold is a potent agent, and often is the means of hiding villany and oppressing the innocent. The counterfeiters were fully aware of their power, and they procured at once the most eminent legal advice in Louisiana. Henri thus found that it would be more difficult than he at first imagined, to prove his innocence of the accusation brought against him.

Count Jerome Bouve was at this time so ill with the gout, as to be unable to visit the city; but he wrote to Henri, and received from him the true version of the story, and then communicated with several eminent lawyers upon the subject, to tell Henri to draw on him for any requisite sum of money for the trial. The time appointed for the trial soon arrived. The beautiful Pauline had visited Henri every day in his dreary place of confinement, and her cheerful and loving spirit had done much to amuse and cheer his mind, which had become so melancholy, from the late sad events, that he suffered much from depression when alone. It was now that the purity of Pauline's love shone forth so bright before him. Condemned as a murderer, and in a transaction where, by his own admission, he was engaged in a questionable connection with a young girl, and now incarcerated in a gloomy prison with vile wretches, yet hither did Pauline visit him daily, and bring him fresh flowers, and cheer him with loving words, until Henri almost worshipped her for her tenderness to him, and her almost angelic beauty.

His lawyers told him that this was a very peculiar case, and it was impossible to tell how strong an argument the state would be able to make out against him. Indeed, Henri saw plainly that his legal advisers felt much anxiety with regard to the result of the trial; but cheered and encouraged by Pauline, and a clear conscience, he calmly awaited it. At last the day arrived, and he found himself before the twelve men who were to decide upon his life! A fearful chance, he thought—but he nerved himself for the worst.

It was very plain that the prosecuting counsel had been informed of everything that could possibly bear upon the fact of Henri's peculiar intimacy with Eugenie, and this was proved before the court in the most undeniable manner. Also, that he had induced her to fly from her father's house, and take lodgings, provided by him, in the city. All this was easily proved; also, that he visited her often, to which the boarding-house keeper testified. It was also declared by the landlady, that she saw the prisoner go up to Pauline's room but a few minutes before the occurrence of the fatal deed, and having occasion to pass the door, heard her crying, before the father had seen her at all. This seemed to have much weight with the jury, and the prosecuting attorney looked towards them with a significant expression.

Francois Rouillet, who, at this period, was also in custody, his time of bail having expired, was now brought into court to give his testimony. He had been two nights alone in prison—long enough to review his own conduct, and to think of the whole of his past life, and the retrospective glance had left traces on his countenance that seemed to have added several years to his age. His friends saw that his spirits must be aroused, or all was lost—and a number of them spoke to him, telling him to exert all his energies and close the business by decisive language in the witness-box. It had been decided, after much argument, that his testimony should be heard, although Henri's counsel strenuously opposed it, and he was placed in the witness-box. We regret that we cannot give in full the reasons adduced by the court for so unusual a decision.

As he stood there, there seemed to be so much misery written upon his forehead, that Henri could not behold him without feelings of pity. He was greatly changed, and apparently much subdued, since he had last seen him. But he was startled, when the court addressed him, to hear him break out at once in almost vehement language. His testimony was remarkably clear and distinct, going to prove the murder upon Henri. He said that as he opened the door, Henri exclaimed to his daughter, 'He shall never take you from this

place alive,' and putting a pistol to her breast, shot her dead upon the spot! After having given his testimony, he seemed to sink again into a state of unconsciousness, and was led back to the custody of the sheriff, and committed to prison.

The excitement was tremendous—public sympathy seemed to be entirely with Rouillet, the father of the murdered girl. Henri's counsel was obliged to admit the truth of nearly all that the other side had tried to prove, and could only adduce evidence of Henri's former good conduct and unimpeachable habits. The character of Rouillet was also assailed, but nothing could be proved against him, and it appeared that the indictment which had been brought against him had been drawn in such an illegal and careless manner, that it was not even specified for what crime he was arrested, and it was in part in consequence of this flaw, that the judge was enabled to admit his testimony—for he had been legally charged with the same offence, it seemed impossible that he could be admitted as a witness, even in Louisiana. Moreover, good care had been taken that the state attorney should bring the suit against Henri, and no friend of Rouillet's appeared in the matter.

As the case was presented to the jury, they could hardly doubt Henri's guilt. Indeed, such seemed to be the unanimous opinion of all who were in the court at the time, save his few most intimate friends. The jury retired, and in a short half hour returned, and the foreman announced the verdict to be:

'That the prisoner at the bar is guilty of wilful murder!'

When Henri heard this verdict, his heart sunk within him—not, as we know, from any feeling of guilt, but none but the most hardened could have been unmoved by such a result. There was no appeal. The court of his country had found him guilty of murder, and he must suffer the penalty.

The court called upon the prisoner at the bar, in the usual form, to know if he had aught to say why sentence of death should not be passed upon him; whereupon Henri replied:

'I am too well aware, your honor, that nothing I can say will influence the result, as my fate is now inevitable; but still there is a feeling which I have been taught to cherish above even life itself, my honor. Though I may lose the former, I am anxious to leave an untarnished memory. My trial has been a remarkable one; a man presumed to be charged with the very crime for which I have been tried, has been admitted as witness against me; and he the only witness that could be made to swear to anything positive against me. If Francois was not arrested on accusation of having murdered his child, why is he now kept in the custody of the sheriff? I know it is alleged he has been charged with uttering counterfeit money, but will the prosecuting attorney say he was arrested on that charge? And again, what credence should be given to the evidence of a man of his known habits? But I pass over this, to request the court to hear from my lips the honest, plain facts of this singular affair.'

The stillness as of death reigned in the court-room. Henri possessed naturally the powers of an orator, and his words flowed so easily, his emphasis was so calm and deliberate, and his points so forcibly impressed by appropriate and graceful gesticulation, that all were deeply interested, and even the members of the legal profession were charmed at such unusual eloquence in one of Henri's age. Having thus engaged the attention of the court, he felt his advantage, and was resolved to improve it to the utmost.

He went on to relate the particulars of his capture by the highwaymen, of which band he had every reason to believe that Rouillet was the captain, of his detention in the chapparal, of the gentle nurse who attended him there, and of the sentiments of brotherly regard that she inspired by her devotion. He described the fearful associations around the lovely Eugenie, and acknowledged that he had urged her to leave them and fly with him to New Orleans, and also that he selected her a home, paid for her accommodation there, and that he frequently visited—but only as any brother might have done.

He described their last meeting in a trembling voice, the sudden appearance of her father and his vehement passion, of the prayer of the young girl that he would hear her story before blaming her, of the rude manner in which her father cast her from him—and finally, how in the fond devotion of her maidenly heart she threw herself between her father's weapon and his own breast, and thus perished a victim to her sincere devotion to him!

The story was told too feelingly, too unaffectedly, not to produce a change in his favor in the sentiments of nearly all present—but it could avail him nothing now as to the result of his trial. His sentence was irrevocable—but he felt when he sat down, that conviction had followed his remarks. Yet how dark and fearful was the fate now impending over him. His days were numbered, and he must die the death of a murderer upon the gallows!

A terrible fate for the son of the proud Count Bouve!

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

### A Horse Case.

The N. O. Picayune tells the following rich story of one Judge S——, of East Tennessee, who was noted for his firmness and decision of character, as well as for his laconic style of speaking:

One morning, after the court had opened, a 'decided character,' with a white hat, green coat, with flat brass buttons, a pair of striped pants, which hardly reached his ankles, and boots with brass heel taps, entered the court-room (the floor of which was paved with brick), with both hands in his pockets, and, with a very consequential air, commenced walking up and down. The click of his heel taps seemed to delight him mightily, but which, echoing through the room, disturbed the equanimity of the judge, who called out, 'Mr. Sheriff, who is that making that noise?'

'It's me, judge,' said the evident 'case,' with great composure, walking up to the judge and looking in his face.

'Who are you?' asked the judge.

'I'm a horse,' replied the character.

'Eh-hem, a horse, eh!' said the judge.

'Yes, sir, an alligator horse.'

'Eh-hem—Mr Sheriff,' said the judge, 'put this horse in the stable till to-morrow morning at ten o'clock.'

Jimmy Green was forthwith seized by the sheriff, and installed according to the injunction.

### A Welcome.

A worthy matron in an adjoining town whose husband sailed as mate on board a whaleship from this port in 1844, but who subsequently left his vessel for another, and yet another, until all traces of him have been lost for the last eighteen months, has recently received from him a remittance of about a thousand dollars in gold dust from the mines in California,—where he is now successfully engaged. The remittance was accompanied only by a verbal message, and a considerable portion of it has been promptly applied to the payment of debts incurred for the support of the family during the absence of the husband, in a satisfactory assurance of a further and seasonable remittance from the same source.

*New Bedford Mercury.*

[Written for The Flag of our Union.]

### The ——— of her I love.

BY ENO.

I know a bright bird—
'Tis a fairy-like bird—
With plumage so radiantly white,
And it flits aye so softly
And gracefully round,
That it seems like a spirit of light.

And then it appears
Such a gay, gladsome bird,
As it hovers around my lone way,
Pouring forth on my ear
Such ravishing strains,
Unceasing by night and by day!

But a twelve-month ago
To my bosom it came,
And builded its chosen home there;
While charmed by its presence,
My soul, from that hour,
Has known neither sorrow nor care.

Would ye ask me the name
Of this fairy-like bird?
'Tis the spirit of her I love!
And as dear unto me
Is its soul-soothing strain,
As harp-songs of seraphs above.

For, mid the harsh din
Of earth's ceaseless strife,
When its fearfullest storms round me fall—
Its sweetly-tuned song
Comes stealing along,
And is heard far o'ertopping them all.

Thus, in sorrow and sadness,
In peace and in gladness,
Its sweet song is ever the same;
When temptations try me,
It always is by me,
To lure me from error and shame.

God grant that through earth's
Weary pilgrimage dark,
Its presence may ever be given!
And O may I find it,
When summoned away,
A bright, guardian spirit in heaven!

[Written for The Flag of our Union.]

## CARL LIPPI.

### A STORY OF LOMBARDY.

BY LIEUTENANT MURRAY.

In days lang syne, there reigned in one of the Italian dependencies a king named Zipoli, a proud and arbitrary prince, whose court was the centre of regal pleasures and knightly games. The king was now an old man, but not so gray as to have lost the fire and ardor of manhood; and there were many dark stories whispered of his secret amours and unholy ties. But let the old king be as wicked as he might, there was one redeeming star that beamed in the centre of his court, whose radiance outshone all the rest, and dazzled the eye of scrutiny that came to look for subject of complaint. It was the peerless Mazetta, only child of the legal wife of the king Zipoli.

Mazetta was young, too young to know the wild folly and dissipation of the court, but being his only child, and so surpassingly lovely, the proud father had cast his daughter into the maelstrom of dissipation, while yet scarcely sixteen. Italian suns and Italian atmospheres are remarkable for their genial influence upon the gentler sex, and Mazetta was at that age, in all outward development, in the bloom and beauty of womanhood.

Of all the proud and high-bred followers to the court, there was not one that dared to overstep the lines of strict etiquette with this brilliant gem of beauty, for the king's jealousy, relating to his child, was such, that he would have sacrificed a score of the proudest families in his dominion, before he would have permitted the first advance towards an alliance of Mazetta with any one beneath the rank of an accredited prince or reigning king. He doted on his lovely child; his whole heart seemed wrapped up in her being, and in return, the beautiful princess loved her father with the most undivided fondness and affection.

The mother was dead these many years, and thus Mazetta had been left almost solely to her father's immediate control, and perhaps lacked that sort of education which finds its source in a maternal relation. But she was not a spoilt child for all that, since nature had blessed her with a strongly marked character, and a vast deal of good, sound, rational judgment—qualities which a different course of education, doubtless, might have vastly improved.

Did the king think he could control the fancy of such a girl as Mazetta? Did he suppose that a father at sixty was equal to the cunning and caprice of a girl of sixteen?—Doubtless he did, but he was most sadly mistaken—for his child already loved the person who, perhaps, was the very last the king would have suspected. True, the father sometimes wondered at the calmness and apathy of his child, as it regarded the admiration bestowed upon her by the court, but as it was quite in accordance with his views and intentions, he did not speak of it, or, indeed, question the subject at all. It was true, that many a proud youth sighed in secret for the love of the peerless beauty of king Zipoli's court, dreaming of her dark olive complexion, her eye as dark as night, and her lips as red as painter's pictures on the canvas. The sweet grace of her person, and its rare delicacy and captivating voluptuousness, were all incentives to love that fired the noble youth of the court. To say that Mazetta was blind to all this, would be to call in question her power of analyzing the human heart, and to charge her with want of common observation.

But though she saw and realized it fully, yet, at heart, she cared not for all the homage that was secretly indulged for her, because her heart was so fully occupied with Carl Lippi, her father's humble but noble-hearted secretary, whom she loved as a heart like hers, young and untainted, only could love.

There was noble blood in the veins of the secretary, but he was the last of a long line, and the house of his forefathers had gradually become impoverished, until, in him, it found one so humbled, that he must labor for an ordinary subsistence. Of brilliant literary ability, a fine linguist and student generally, he had, by some lucky chance, obtained the post of private secretary to the king, and thus had remained there five years. He was a trifle older than Mazetta, and was not unfrequently called upon to superintend her studies, from time to time; and how could it have been otherwise than that he should love her, hanging now over her to point out the massy lines, and now guiding her hand in the chirographic art, now prompting and aiding her memory, now translating for her some olden legend of love and romance? Nor was it strange that his love was returned.

His figure was noble and commanding; he excelled in all manly sports, and he was the champion of all meetings where strength and agility were the powers called into action. Now he touched the light guitar beneath the window of his dearly loved Mazetta, and now lifts his voice in clear and manly tones, in notes rich and full in articulation. Hark! he is answered by a silvery voice, but so low and gentle are the notes uttered, that one must listen carefully to hear at all. They are meant for his ear only! For two whole years was the intimacy of Carl and Mazetta sustained, unsuspected and unquestioned. Their love was pure, the love of the heart. The head had taken no cognizance of their doings—it was young love's first dream, romantic, ardent, and true.

The old king grew ill day by day, and childish. The free and dissipated life he had led in his youth, now proved to be a heavy draft upon old age, the penalty of which he was paying. Day by day he grew worse, and at last dropped away, regretted by few; for he had been a stern and unrelenting monarch, and his deeds left no kind record behind to recall him to the hearts of his people. The sod was piled above him, and Mazetta became queen!

But where was Carl Lippi now, the loved and cherished object of her young affection? The secretary was the first to feel the power of the queen's new authority. He was banished from her dominions! The cunning counsel of her father's ministers prevailed, and her regard for the secretary was shrewdly suspected by the prime minister, who made it his first duty to persuade her majesty that she owed his banishment to her own dignity. The same policy that had induced her to discard the lover of her youth, also led her in time to espouse one whose only recommendations were wealth and station.

Years passed on; the proud young queen ripened into the stately woman. Twenty odd years of peace were followed by war and emulation. Two rival houses of Lombardy claimed the throne, and revolution and civil war raged in the land. The army of the Queen Zipoli was sadly beaten, and worsted on the very outskirts of her capital. The enemy at last drove in the troops and bands, and besieged the city. It was then that famine stared herself and subjects in the face. Then she reviewed her past life, and mourned over many an act that she would have given her throne to recall.

Fierce was the siege and unrelenting the besiegers. Fruitless were the gallant efforts of the bands who now and then dashed out of the gates and gave desperate battle for a little while and then returned to the shelter of the walls, until at last, the besiegers, led on by a brave and dauntless officer, attacked and carried the walls. The city fell at once, and the leader of the victorious army pressed on with his flushed and gallant followers to the palace gates, and entering the royal halls, he stood before the queen.

What makes her turn so pale, and tremble as she gazes upon the young commander of that glittering host? She essays to speak,—

'Who—who are you?'—she utters at last in a whisper.

'I am the commander in chief of this army,' replied the soldier.

'So young?' said the queen, regarding him intently.

'Ay, most of my officers are not older.'

'Thy name?'

'General Lippi.'

'Lippi!'

'Exactly.'

'Thy first name?'

'Carl!'

'Carl Lippi!' repeated the queen in amazement.

'You have said, lady.'

The queen pointed to the soldiers with a trembling hand.

The officer knew the meaning, and with a wave of his sword cleared the hall of his followers, while the queen did the same with her train by a single word. Then turning to the officer she said:

'In the name of Heaven, who are you that bear that name?'

The officer looked at her with an expression of bitter scorn upon his handsome face, and with a proud curl to his lip, he replied:

'I am thy son!'

'And he, thy father, where is he?'

'He is dead! banished by thy cruelty, and worn out by hardship and toil.'

'Gracious God! do I hear aright?'

'He did not die till he had told me all thy perfidy.'

'All?'

'Ay, even that you would have killed *me!* killed thy child, while yet an infant, so young that I had not seen the light but a short month, and only by strategy did he save me from thy hired butcher. Then I swore that thy pride and thy house should fall. Revenge was all I lived for; it gave me eloquence; it gave me military skill; it gave me command; and it has crowned my efforts with success, and completed your destruction.'

'Horrid! how unnatural is this! A child arrayed against his parent!'

'It would have been well hadst thou thought of that years gone by.'

'It would—it would indeed!' said the queen—completely humbled, and sobbing.

'Nay, dry up those tears—they ill become one like thee. I shall conclude such a treaty with the city as shall grant thee honorable protection. But you are no longer a queen. My vow is completed—my revenge is satisfied. Mother, farewell!'

'Stay—whither do you go?'

'It matters not. Far, far away. It is not fitting that we should ever meet again.'

'One word of forgiveness?' said the queen, imploringly.

'To thee my heart is as steel!' was the calm, bitter reply.

And thus it was. The sword of the young general, Carl Lippi, often led forth the fighting men of Lombardy, but his mother he never saw again. And thus ends our story of the early civil commotions of Italy.

### Popping the Question.

'Sally, don't I like you?'

'La, Jim, I reckon so.'

'But don't you know, Sally. Don't you think I'd tear the eyes out of any tomcat that dare look cross at you?'

'I s'pect you would.'

'Well, the fact of it is, Sally, I—'

'O, now don't, Jim—I feel all overish.'

'And, Sally, I want you to—'

'Don't say anything more—I shall—'

'But I must—I want you to—'

'O hush, don't I, O—'

'I want you to-night to get—'

'What, so soon? O no, impossible. Father and mother would be angry at me.'

'How, be mad at you for doing me such a favor as to m—'

'Yes, dear me, I'm so agitated.'

'But there is some mistake; for all I want to have you do is to—*mend my shirt!*'

*Portland Transcript.*

### Newspapers.

The reading of a good and well-conducted newspaper in a family, even for the short space of one quarter of a year brings more sound instruction, and leaves a deeper impression, than would be acquired, probably, at the best school in twelve months. This is easily proved. Talk to the members of a family who read the papers, and compare their information and intelligence with those who do not—the difference is beyond comparison.

*Cambridge, Md., Democrat.*

[Written for The Flag of our Union.]

## JACK AND THE 'SAME.'

### A Highway Sketch.

BY THE OLD 'UN.

*Dogberry.*—You shall bid him stand in the king's name. *Much Ado About Nothing.*

Who that ever paid his dimes for admission into the pit of the old Federal Street Theatre, or the Park, N. Y., or the temples of the drama anywhere, north, south, east or west, twenty years ago, can fail to remember old Jack Barnes? That nose! it identified its owner wherever it was exhibited. It was the greatest nose ever appended to a human countenance; and that countenance was mirth-moving; its dismallest expression was convulsive.

Old Jack came on to Boston for the first time, many years ago, to fulfil an engagement at the Federal Street Theatre. He and Hackett played the two Dromios, and they were so much alike, that no one could tell 'tother from which.' Finn was at that time at the Federal street; in fact, the green-room exhibited a galaxy of talent.

A week elapsed before the 'comedy of errors' was to come off; a week to be occupied in busy rehearsals. The Sunday after his arrival in town, Barnes made an appointment with Hackett to ride in the environs, Jack furnishing the horse and chaise. But, for some reason or other, the Baron was prevented from going. Barnes, who had all the irascibility of genius, drove to Finn's, to get *his* company. The wag declined, adding with his gravest face (a face he wore in Megrim), that he never rode on Sunday.

'Why not?'

'My conscience will not suffer—and then the consequences.'

'The consequences?'

'Yes, the law-fine and imprisonment.'

'Nonsense!' cried old Jack. He lived in the Bowery, and there are no Sunday laws on the N. Y. Avenues. 'Come—will you go?'

Finn shook his head.

Jack swore he wouldn't put himself in the way of another rebuff, and started off alone, without compass, chart, or pilot, as the church bells were ringing for afternoon service.

Jack was alone and uncomfortable—the day was raw and unpleasant. He lost his way, and drove along through pine woods and swamps, and over the worst roads. The dismal croak of the bull-frogs sounded ominous. One deep voice was heard distinctly to mutter:

'Jack Barnes! Jack Barnes! Ridin' Sunday! Ridin' Sunday!'

Jack became fidgety—night was falling—he laid on the lash, and drove ahead. The appearance of a steeple and a distant swing-board gave him hope and appetite.

'Hie way! old fellow!' he shouted to his nag; 'we shall soon have our oats.'

At this moment the figure of a man appeared in the road, so suddenly and mysteriously that it seemed as if he had risen from the earth.—He was pale and cadaverous—his eyes were deep sunken in his head—his cheeks were hollow—his dark, moist black locks fell in flabby masses over his ears; he wore a rusty ram beaver—he was clad in threadbare black. On his feet were enormous square-toed shoes. In his right hand he held a short staff, which he held aloft in a menacing attitude, while, with a voice as harsh as the creaking of the gate of the sepulchre upon its iron hinges, he exclaimed:

'Stop!'

'Who are you?' stammered Barnes, almost sharing the fright of the horse, who recoiled before the spectre.

'The Tithin' Man!' was the terrific answer.

'And what do you stop me for?' asked Barnes.

'Ridin' Sunday! It's agin the laws of God and man. Natur shudders at the sacrilege, and the buzzum of the airth is nauseated at the wickedness.'

'My good fellow,' pleaded the comedian,—'let me go.'

'And make me a *partizan crimini*, as Squire Dobbs says. Shan't do it.'

'Do you know what I am?'

'My prisoner!' said the tithing man.

'But you wont keep me all night,' said Barnes.

'Not all night! Have you read the law?'

'No.'

'Then I pity your ignorance. If you get off with less than two weeks, I'm a gone goose.'

Barnes uttered a groan of despair. Two weeks! the thought was madness—professional ruin!

The tithing man sprang into the chaise, and took the reins from the unresisting hands of the actor.

'Some folks,' said he, in his nasal tone, 'would throw you into jail. But I aint agoin' to throw you into no jail. The deacon says, we've skripter authority for temperin' justice with mercy—about half-an'-half say—rayther more mercy than justice.'

By this time they had arrived at the tavern. The prisoner was conducted to a private room, and allowed to order his own supper, the tithing man feeding at his expense in another apartment. The next day he smuggled a letter to his friends in town, out of the window, to a hostler, whom he seduced by throwing out half-a-dollar in a piece of gingerbread.—That very day, Baron Hackett, Finn, and a young lawyer from Boston, arrived to condole with the prisoner, and take his case into consideration. The lawyer pronounced it a serious affair. Barnes stamped and swore at his own folly, and the severity of the laws. At the close of the dinner, ordered on the occasion at the prisoner's expense, the lawyer proposed bribing the tything man. Barnes said he wouldn't mind standing ten dollars, which he handed to the lawyer.

'I'll try him with this,' said the lawyer, offering the money to Finn.

'What are you offering it to him for?' asked Jack.

'Because, beloved,' said the mimic, rising, snuffling and speaking in the sanctimonious tone of Mawworm, 'it was I that arrested thee. Ridin' Sunday! It's agin the law of God and man. Natur' shudders at the sacrilege—eh, Jack?'

It was well for Finn that he had a quick eye—for the plate that flew from Jack Barnes' hand was launched with such fury that it would have felled a giant. As it was, Finn dodged, and the plate shivered on the opposite wall. Dire was the wrath of Jack, but he was finally appeased, and promised forgiveness, on condition that the 'sell' should be kept mum, and no more games of that sort practised on his innocence and age. The pledge was faithfully kept, but Jack was completely cured of 'Ridin' Sunday.'

### Fictitious Piety.

Religion is too often but a cloak,
That hides a mind teeming with evil thoughts;
As oft we see some marble sepulchre,
With outside gilded, sculptured, fair to view,
Within, all rottenness and rank corruption.

[Written for The Flag of our Union.]

### To my Nephew.

BY LOUISE.

He is my mother's cherub—
Her life's untarnished light;
Her blessed joy by morning,
Her visioned hope of night:
His voice, like singing waters,
Falls softly on the ear;
So sweet, that hurrying echoes
Might linger long to hear.

His days pass off in sunshine,
In laughter and in song;
As careless as a summer rill,
That sings itself along;
For, like a pretty fairy tale,
That's all too quickly told,
Is the young life of a little one,
That's only three years old.

He's dreaming on his happy couch,
Before the day grows dark;
He's up with morning's rosy ray,
And singing with the lark;
Where'er the flowers are freshest,
Where'er the grass is green,
With dark locks waving in the wind,
His fairy form is seen.

He cares not for the summer heat,
He cares not for the cold;
My own dear little nephew,
That's only three years old.
How touching 'tis to see him
Clasp his dimpled hands in prayer,
And raise his little rosy face
With reverential air.

How simple is his eloquence!
How soft his accents fall,
When pleading with the King of kings,
To love and bless us all;
And when from prayer he bounds away,
In innocence and joy,
The blessing of a smiling God
Goes with that gentle boy.

[Written for The Flag of our Union.]

## 'TOMMY,' THE PET CHILD.

BY MRS. E. WELLMONT.

Major Beers had one child born late in life to him, for the fact was, the Major did not marry till he was upwards of fifty years old. He then made a singular choice, as old bachelors are often guilty of doing, in the person of Miss Sophronia Winch, a young girl just turned of twenty, a lively, comely, flaxen-haired girl, from a poor family, and whom report says, she married on account of the Major's wealth. At any rate it was a great promotion, and Sophronia felt it. The Major liked high life, and his wife, and he, during the first year of their married life, travelled. At the expiration of that time, the boy of whom we spoke was born. Although delighted with the 'little mewling, puking baby,' yet they could not agree upon one thing, and that was, *his name.* Sophronia wanted him called Eldad Winch, after his 'Grandpa.' The Major insisted upon plain Thomas Beers after himself. Then, 'said the wife,' he'll be forever nicknamed 'Tommy.'

His grandmother said Zephaniah was a good scripture name, and, an aunt proposed Barak, as a pretty cognomen, having had a lover who died, by that name. In fact, the child was nine months old, before his father had him baptized, because he could not have his way in the matter.

'Tommy Beers,' however, was all he was ever called after his christening, save by his own family. The Major was determined, however, to 'bring up' the child well, as the phrase goes. He always said a child properly trained, might be made perfect. We will see how well he succeeded.

We will now introduce little 'Tommy' as a boy of four years of age;—a fat, vain, headstrong, ungovernable fellow, with whom his mother has little comfort, and, whom 'papa' says, was spoiled by other people's indulgence.

Mrs. Beers thinks of visiting her parents, and the Major, having an awful aversion to steamboats, insists upon her going alone. He even offers to keep Tommy at home, and take care of him, but the mother resolutely declares he shall accompany her down east. For once, she has prevailed in the matter, and the Major is about fitting them off.

Let us look in the travelling bag and see its contents. It can do no harm so long as we will leave all we find. A bottle of 'essence of peppermint,' in case Tommy has a pain in his stomach. A small phial marked 'Laudanum,' in case Tommy has a tendency to dysentery. 'Acid drops' to cure Tommy's sore mouth. A wash of 'Oak Bark' for Tommy's teeth;—three kinds of soap for washing Tommy;—four flannel night gowns for *dog-days*, six linen cambric shirts for day service, three pairs of boots, two of rubbers, four silk sacks, fifteen pairs of drawers, and other etceteras to match; a bundle of lozenges,—one of sugar plums, three plumcakes, and six oranges to be eaten on board.

They are fairly off—it is night and the boat is encountering quite a sea,—not a passenger in the cabin can have a moment's peace on account of 'Tommy.' He kicks and stamps, then vomits his oranges, cries, calls for father, threatens to jump over board, slaps everybody in the face that speaks kindly to him, says 'I will' and 'I wont' to his mama, throws a tumbler at the stewardess, and by daylight is left alone with his mother in the cabin, all the passengers scolding the captain for carrying children. At length the boat stops, and passengers land.

Mrs. Beers and her hopeful heir take a coach and proceed to Grandpa's. Upon arriving, Tommy insists upon it he has not rode far enough, and declares he will not get out. An aged man with crutches meets them at the gate—Tommy protests 'it aint *his* Grandpa' and calls Grandma 'old nurse' because she wears a cap. But he soon begins to amuse himself. He opens the drawers, pulls down all the books, puts his miniature ship to sail in a pan of new milk, dips the cat's paw in the cream pot, breaks Grandmother's spectacles, and finally ends by setting fire to a haycock, and burning his own fingers most alarmingly. In twenty-four hours, the Grandparents feel as if they were living in Bedlam! Mrs. Beers declares the child *never did act so before*, for they can neither restrain his appetite nor temper, and he begins to show symptoms of dysentery. The mother is frightened, gives a large dose of laudanum. Tommy goes into a profound stupor;—she sends for a physician, who gives him a vomit, and pronounces him very sick. Major Beers is sent for, and arrives, not to see him die, but to hear him fret as he recovers. After a while he is taken back, and such a child is rarely found.

Losing sight of this 'pet child' for a few seasons, when I returned to his place of nativity, I inquired for 'Tommy.' His mother had died in a consumption—the Major had married again, and the mother-in-law protested she would not have such a boy in the house—so he was sent to a boarding-school, the father in the meantime, set sail for California, and nobody was responsible for the 'pet's' behaviour. He was adrift in the world, the unhappy victim of over indulgence,—a sad warning to all parents possessed of 'one treasure' to be cautious how they manage it, that it may not prove a *bad investment.*

### Anecdote of Lorenzo Dow.

Standing near a post-office, in one of our Southern States, I was introduced to a very respectable looking and intelligent Methodist clergyman, with whom I entered into conversation.

He proved a cheerful man, and the discourse fell upon the eccentricities of preachers. I owe the ground-work of the following anecdote of the celebrated Lorenzo Dow to this rencontre.

Dow was very exact in the appointments he made, and sometimes arranged them a long way ahead. He once preached near one of the small towns of Upper Georgia, and told his congregation, on that day one year he would preach to them again!

The next season, on a Saturday afternoon preceding the Sabbath of the appointed time, the old man was jogging along the main road in the direction of the congregation.

He noticed before him a stout little negro boy, of peculiarly active step and manner, who carried in his hand a small tin horn, such as are used to call the people to their meals.

The custom among many in the South is to allow married men to go to their wives' houses, and children to visit their parents, on Saturday evening, to stay with them on Sundays, and as the negroes are musically inclined, they carry a fife, or a horn, or a banjo, to give notice of their approach, and to beguile the way. In other cases, they whistle, sing, or shout. A healthy, cheerful negro, of honest intentions, uses generally some means of association, even if he is obliged to talk to himself!

Dow, according to his usual manner, entered into conversation with the boy, and found he was about to visit the congregation he had appointed to meet.

If the truth must be told, Lorenzo had an idea that the character of his flock was that of a reckless, frolicksome, kind, careless people, upon whom it was necessary to make a very decided impression, or his time would be thrown away among them.

'What is your name, my lad?' asked Dow.

'Gabriel, sir,' replied the boy, lifting a new straw hat, and showing his ivory, while he actively stepped along to keep pace with the preacher's horse.

'Can you blow upon that horn?'

'O yes, massa, I can toot a little.'

'Well, let me hear you.'

So the negro inflated his velvet cheeks, and made the woods resound.

'Do you know a tall pine tree near the stand at Sharon?' said Dow.

'Yes, that I does, very well, massa.'

Lorenzo then put his hand in his pocket, and pulling out a silver dollar, showed it to the boy, and told him if he would climb up into the pine tree before the people met at the meeting, and keep quiet there until the preacher called out his name, and then blow loudly his horn, as he had just done, he would give him the silver dollar, if he did not tell anybody about it.

The negro expressed himself highly delighted at such an offer, and promised punctuality and entire secrecy. On the Sabbath, a large meeting assembled at Sharon to hear the famous Lorenzo Dow. Serious old men and their wives, wild boys and their sweethearts, almost all on horseback, sometimes by twos and threes, besides negroes from a great distance, on foot, being readily captivated by the naturally eccentric, for they love anything that has a good laugh attached to it, and they knew that Lorenzo was good for a joke, even if it did hit hard. Dow selected rather a brimstone text, and made the application as strong as possible, but he forced his way slowly among the mercurial, healthful, honest-hearted people, who were hard to frighten. He enumerated the enormity of the vices he thought to prevail, but they were so used to them, that the words slid over them like water on a duck's back.

At length he boldly described, in the plainest kind of language, the appearances and character of 'the last day,' and what would be their condition when that day came! 'Suppose,' exclaimed the preacher, suddenly, and then he paused, 'that this were the day!'—He saw that some of the women were a little fidgety, and nudged the fellows into silence and attention. 'Suppose,' repeated he, elevating his voice, 'that this day Gabriel should blow his trump!'

At this moment the little negro showed he was 'a trump,' and from the top of the lofty pine, a loud, clamorous blast overwhelmed the audience. The women shrieked, the men rose in great surprise—the horses, tied round the camp, neighed, reared, and kicked, while the terrified negroes changed their complexion to a dull purple color. Never was alarm, surprise and astonishment more promptly exhibited.

Lorenzo Dow looked with grave but pleased attention upon the successful result of his experiment, until the first clamor had subsided, and some began to estimate the character of the artificial angel, and were about to apply a little hickory after the pine! But this suggestion was arrested by the loud and solemn tones of the preacher, who, looking very firmly into the faces of his disturbed audience, as he leaned over them to continue his discourse, impressively remarked:

'And now, if a little negro boy, with a tin horn, on the top of a pine bush, can make you feel *so*, how will you feel when the day does come?'—*N. Y. Spirit of the Times.*

### Anecdote of Dr. Franklin.

At my first admission into the printing-house, I was working at press, imagining I felt a want of the bodily exertion I had been used to in America, where press-work is mixed with the composing. I drank only water; the other workmen, nearly fifty in number, were great lovers of beer. On one occasion, I carried up and down stairs a large form of types in each hand, when others carried up one in both hands—they wondered to see from this, in several instances, that the *water American*, as they called me, was stronger than themselves, who drank strong beer. We had an ale-house boy, who attended always in the house to supply the workmen.

My companion at the press drank every day a pint before breakfast, a pint at breakfast with his bread and cheese, a pint between breakfast and dinner, a pint in the afternoon about six o'clock, and another when he had done his day's work. I thought it a detestable custom, but it was necessary, he supposed, to drink strong beer, that he might be strong to labor. I endeavored to convince him that the bodily strength afforded by beer could only be in proportion to the grain or flour of the barley dissolved in the water of which it is made; and that there was more flour in a penny-worth of bread, and it would give him more strength, than a quart of beer. He drank on, however, and had four or five shillings to pay out of his wages, every Saturday night, for that vile liquor—an expense I was free from.—*Life of Franklin.*

### Dancing.

The following nautical method of dancing was found among the papers of the late Admiral Sir Joseph York, of facetious memory:

Third figure. Heave ahead and pass your adversary yard arm and yard-arm—regain your birth on the other tack in the same order—take your station with your partner in line—back and fill—fall on your heel and bring up with your partner. She then manœuvres ahead—heaves all back—shoots ahead again, and pays off alongside you. Then make sail in company with her till nearly astern of the other line—make a stern board—and cast her off to shift for herself—regain your place by the best means in your power, and let go your anchor.

### Modesty's Charm.

There was once to be a meeting of the flowers, and the judge was to award a prize to the one who should be pronounced the most beautiful. 'Who shall have the prize?' said the blushing rose, stepping forward in all the consciousness of rare beauty. 'Who shall have the prize?' said the other flowers, advancing, each filled with conscious pride, and each imagining it would be herself. 'I'll take a peep at those beauties,' thought the violet, as she lay in her humble bed, not presuming to attend the meeting; 'I'll see them as they pass;' but just as she raised her lowly head to peep out of her hiding place, she was observed by the judge, who immediately pronounced her the most beautiful, because the most modest.

### A fine Illustration.

The following is the conclusion of Hon. Horace Mann's speech before the National Convention at Philadelphia:

He who now visits the north-western part of the State of New York, to see one of the wonders of the world—the Falls of Niagara—may see also a wonder of art not unworthy to be compared with this wonder of nature. He may see a vast iron bridge spanning one of the greatest rivers in the world, affording the means of safe transit for any number of men or any weight of merchandize, and poised high up in the serene air, hundreds of feet above the maddened waters below. How was this ponderous structure stretched from abutment to abutment across the raging flood? How was it built so strong so as to bear the tread of an army, or the momentum of the rushing steam car? Its beginning was as simple as its termination is grand. A boy's plaything, a kite, was first sent into the air; to this kite was attached a silken thread, to the thread a cord, to the cord a rope, and to the rope a cable. When the toy fell upon the opposite side, the silken thread drew over the cord, and the cord the rope, and the rope the cable, one after another, great bundles of fascia, of iron wire, and these being arranged side by side and layer upon layer, now constitute a bridge of such massiveness and cohesion that the mighty genius of the cataract would spend his strength upon it in vain.

Thus, my friends, may great results be educed from small beginnings. Let this first meeting of the national association of the friends of education be like the safe and successful sending of an aerial messenger across the abyss of ignorance and superstition and crime, so that those who come after us may lay the abutments and complete the moral arch that shall carry thousands and millions of our fellow-beings in safety and peace above the gulf of perdition, into whose seething floods they would otherwise have fallen and perished!

### Common Things.

The sunshine is a glorious thing,
That comes alike to all,
Lighting the peasant's lowly cot,
The noble's lordly hall.

The moonlight is a gentle thing,
That through the window gleams
Upon the snowy pillow where
The happy infant dreams.

It shines upon the fisher's boat,
Out on the lonely sea;
Or where the little lambkins lie,
Beneath the old oak tree.

The dewdrops on the summer morn
Sparkle upon the grass;
The village children brush them off,
That through the meadows pass.

There are no gems in monarchs' crowns
More beautiful than they;
And yet we scarcely notice them,
But tread them off in play.

There are so many lovely things,
As many pleasant tones,
For those who sit by cottage hearths
As those who sit on thrones.

### Remarkable Rock.

One of the most remarkable rocks of which we have any knowledge, has lately been discovered in the middle of the inland sea, Lake Superior. By a gentleman who has lately returned from Copper Harbor, we learn that a shaft of trappe-rock has very lately been discovered rising in the lake, from 150 to 200 miles from land, and ascending above the surface of the water, a distance of not above four feet. What renders it more extraordinary is, that it stands alone, and all around it, so far as examinations have been made, no bottom has been reached by any of the lead-lines used on the lake, and the point of the rock itself does not exceed an area of more than six or seven feet square, and as far as observation of it has extended, it does not appear to enlarge in size as it descends. It has already, he states, become a source of alarm to the mariners who navigate the lake, who take special care, in passing, to give it as wide a berth as possible.

It is too small—too remote and dangerous, to admit of a light, and therefore its removal will doubtless pertain to the duty of government. A single blast from a bore of sufficient depth, would probably do it; but the surface of the rock being so near that of the water, and the space so narrow as to forbid any regular lodgment for workmen, they would have to be attended constantly by a vessel of sufficient size to resist any sudden storm on the lake; and would also have to be kept constantly under way, as no harbor, or even bottom for an anchor, is within a day's sail.

The discoverer relates that the rock appears to be a place of general resort for the salmon trout of those lakes, as they found them there in almost incalculable number, having, during their short stay, caught several barrels, with no other instrument than a rod of iron, on one end of which they turned a hook. They tried, with all their lines on board, for sounding immediately around the rock, but without success. Such a vast column, could it be exposed to view, would laugh into ridicule Cleopatra's Needle, Pompey's Pillar, the Colossus of Rhodes, or any production of ancient or modern art.—*Detroit Free Press.*

### Keep your Temper.

'I never can keep anything,' cried Emma, almost stamping with vexation. 'Somebody always takes my things away, and loses them.' (She has mislaid some of her sewing implements.)

'There is one thing,' remarked mamma, 'that I think you might keep if you would try.'

'I should like to keep even one thing,' answered Emma.

'Well, then, my dear,' resumed mamma, 'keep your temper: if you will only do that, perhaps, you would find it easy to keep other things. I dare say, now, if you had employed your time in searching for the missing articles, you might have found them before this time; but you have not even looked for them. You have only got into a passion—a bad way of spending time—and you have accused somebody, very unjustly, too, of taking away your things and losing them. Keep your temper, my dear; when you have mislaid any article, keep cool, and search for it. You had better keep your temper, if you lose all the little property you possess; getting into a passion never brings anything to light except a distorted face; and, by losing your temper, you become guilty of two sins, when you get into a passion, and accuse somebody of being the cause. So, my dear, I repeat, 'keep your temper.''

Emma subdued her ill-humor, searched for the articles she had lost, and found them in her own work-bag.

'Why, mamma!' she exclaimed, 'here they are; I might have been sewing all this time, if I had kept my temper.'—*Penny Journal.*

### Rail not at the World.

BY CHARLES SWAIN.

Never rail at the world!
It is just as we make it;
We sow not the flower,
If we sow not the seed:
And as for ill luck,
Why, it's just as we take it,
The heart that's in earnest
No bars can impede.
You question the justice
That governs man's breast,
And say that the search
For true friendship is vain:
But remember, this world,
Though it be not the best,
Is next to the best
We shall ever attain.

### 'Your Baggage, Sir?'

The Albany boat had just arrived, and the landing was as usual crowded with cab-men, porters, loafers, &c. When the passengers commenced landing, a colored porter stepped up to a country-looking chap, saying:

'Carry your baggage, sir?'

'No, I rather guess not,' was the reply.

'Shan't I carry your baggage?'

'No! darn ye! I ain't got any baggage.'

The porter looked at him a minute, then very coolly stooped down, and taking hold of his foot, said with an air of astonishment:

'Why, massa, that's one of your feet, aint it? hang me if I didn't thing it was a leather trunk!'

### Indian Jugglers.

One of the men taking a large earthen vessel, with a capacious mouth, filled it with water, and turned it upside down, when all the water flowed out; but the moment it was placed with the mouth upwards it became full. He then emptied it, allowing any one to inspect it who chose. This being done, he desired one of the party to fill it; his request was obeyed; still, when he reversed the jar, not a drop of water flowed—and upon turning it, to our astonishment, it was empty. I examined the jar carefully when empty, but detected nothing which could lead to the discovery of the mystery. I was allowed to retain and fill it myself; still, upon taking it up, all was void within, yet the ground around it was perfectly dry, so that how the water had disappeared, and where it had been conveyed, were problems which none of us were able to expound. The vessel employed by the jugglers on this occasion was the common earthenware of the country, very roughly made; and, in order to convince us that it had not been especially constructed for the purpose of aiding his clever deceptions, he permitted it to be broken in our presence: the fragments were then handed round for the inspection of his highness and the party present with him. The next thing that engaged our attention, was a feat of dexterity altogether astonishing. A woman, the upper part of whose body was entirely uncovered, presented herself to our notice, and taking a bamboo twenty feet high, placed it upright on a flat stone, and then, without any support, climbed to the top of it with surprising activity. Having done this, she stood upon one leg on the point of the bamboo, balancing it all the while. Round her waist she had a girdle, to which was fixed an iron socket; springing from her upright position on the bamboo, she threw herself horizontally forward with such exact precision, that the top of the pole entered the socket of the iron zone, and in this position she swung herself round with a velocity that made me giddy to look at—the bamboo all the while appearing as if it were supported by some supernatural agency. She turned her legs backwards, till the heels touched the shoulders, and, grasping the ankles in her hands, continued her rotations so rapidly, that the outline of her body was entirely lost to the eye, and she looked like a revolving ball. Having performed several other feats equally extraordinary, she slid down the elastic shaft, and, raising it in the air, balanced it upon her chin, then upon her nose, and finally projected it a distance from her, without the application of her hands. She was an elderly woman, and by no means prepossessing in her person, which, I conclude, was the reason that the rajah, though he applauded her dexterity, did not give her a proof of his liberality. We, however, threw her a few rupees, with which she appeared perfectly satisfied.—*Oriental Annual.*

### The Lady and the Cobbler.

Some years ago, the husband of an old lady residing in a country village, happened to die very suddenly, without a will, for the want of which very necessary precaution, his estate would have passed away from his widow, had she not resorted to the following remarkable expedient to avert the loss of his property. She concealed the death of her husband, and prevailed upon an old cobbler, her neighbor, who was somewhat like the deceased, to go to bed at her house, and personate him, in which character it was agreed that he should dictate a will, leaving the widow the estate in question. An attorney was accordingly sent for to prepare the required document; and the widow, on his arrival, seemed to be realizing the greatest affliction at her good man's danger, but forthwith proceeded to ask questions of her pretended husband, calculated to elicit the answers she expected and desired. The old cobbler, groaning aloud and looking as much like a person going to give up the ghost as possible, feebly answered—'I intend to leave you half of my estate; and I think the poor old shoemaker, who lives over the way, is deserving of the other half, for he has always been a good neighbor.' The widow was thunderstruck at receiving a reply so different from that which she had expected, but dared not to negative the old cobbler's will for fear of losing the whole of the property, while the cunning old rogue in bed, who was himself the old shoemaker living over the way, laughed in his sleeve, and divided with her the fruits of a project which the widow had intended for her own sole benefit.—*English paper.*

### Calef in Boston, 1692.

Calef was the author of a spirited pamphlet exposing witchcraft, and condemning the acts of some of the Boston clergy respecting it. He was proscribed and denounced by Cotton Mather and other defenders of the delusion.

In the solemn days of old,
Two men met in Boston town;
One a tradesman frank and bold,
One a preacher of renown.

Cried the last in bitter tone,
'Poisoner of the wells of truth,
Satan's hireling, thou hast sown
With his tares the heart of youth!'

Spake the simple tradesman then—
'God be judge 'twixt thee and I;
All thou know'st of truth hath been
Unto men like thee a lie.

'Falsehoods that we spurn to-day
Were the truths of long ago;
Let the dead boughs fall away,
Fresher shall the living grow.

'God is good, and God is light,
In this faith I rest secure;
Evil can but serve the right,
Over all shall love endure.'

When the thought of man is free,
Error fears its lightest tones;
So the priest cried 'Sadducee!'
And the people took up stones.

In the ancient burying-ground,
Side by side the twain now lie;
One with humble grassy mound,
One with marbles pale and high.

But the Lord hath blessed the seed
Which that tradesman scattered then;
And the preacher's spectral creed
Chills no more the blood of men.

Let us trust to one is known
Perfect love that casts out fear;
While the other's joys atone
For the wrong he suffered here.

*National Era.*

### Worth Remembering.

One cold night in February a traveller entered the log-house of a Georgian planter, in an unsettled part of the State. A glorious pine-knot wood-fire blazed on the hearth, but the apartment was nevertheless exceedingly uncomfortable, from the fact that all the doors and windows stood wide open, admitting the full current of cold air upon one side of those within, while the other was fairly roasting.

'Well, stranger,' said the planter, 'I don't know how it is; I keep these tarnation great fires a-going all day long as you see, but somehow or other the rooms aint the thing no how.'

'Shall I teach you how to make them comfortable?' asked the traveller.

'Why I reckon I wish you would.'

The stranger rose and closed the doors and windows.

'Well, I declare, that is more comfortable any how. I tell you what, old woman,' he added, turning to his wife, '*you must recollect that!*'—*N. O. Picayune.*

### Quick Digestion—Healthy Food.

Of all the articles of food, boiled rice is digested in the shortest time—an hour. As it also contains eight-tenths nutritious matter, it is a valuable substance for diet. Tripe and pigs' feet are digested almost as rapidly. Apples, if sweet and ripe, are next in order. Venison is digested almost as soon as apples.—Roasted potatoes are digested in half the time required by the same vegetable boiled, which occupies three hours and a half—more than beef or mutton. Bread occupies three hours and a quarter. Stewed oysters and boiled eggs are digested in three hours and a half—an hour more than is required by the same article raw. Turkey and goose are converted in two hours and a half, and an hour and a half sooner than chicken. Roasted veal, pork, and salted beef, occupy five hours and a half—the longest of all articles of food.—*Scientific Am.*

Strong passions work wonders when there is stronger reason to curb them.

# THE FLAG OF OUR UNION.

F. GLEASON, PROPRIETOR.

MATURIN M. BALLOU, EDITOR.

☞ The terms of The Flag of our Union are $2 00 per annum, invariably in advance. The paper is always discontinued at the expiration of the time paid for. See imprint on the last page.

☞ All communications designed for publication in the paper, must be post paid, and addressed to F. GLEASON, *Boston, Mass.*, Proprietor of The Flag of our Union.


### To our Correspondents.

'Ramon d' Augusta, the Mexican Saltleader,' a romantic story, by FRANCIS A. DURIVAGE, filed for next week.

'Lines on the Death of an Infant,' by J. M. BREWER, U. S. A., accepted.

'The Intrusive Yankee,' a boarding house sketch, by PAUL CREYTON, shall appear in our next.

'To a Katydid,' in verse, accepted.

'The Unwelcome Visitor,' a prose sketch, by Mrs. E. WELLMONT, filed for the next number.

'The Little Grave,' by HENRY BUGGLES, accepted.

'Curiosity cured, or a Husband's Trick,' a prose sketch, by CORPORAL TRIM, filed for insertion.

'The Maiden's Shrine,' in verse, by J. B. M., next week.

'The Burial of Phelim O'Fliggs,' a funny sketch, by JOHN, filed for next number.

'The Happy Man,' a capital thought in verse, by P. PEPPERGRASS, filed for the Olio column.

'The Father's Oath,' a poem, by D. F. RICKETTS, accepted.

'Dorchester Heights,' a fine poem, by OSCAR G. HUGMAN, accepted.

'Lucille,' a poem, by HARIZ, accepted.

'Terpsichore,' in verse, by J. FREDERIC SOUTHGATE, accepted.

'Oppression,' and 'Anecdotes of Jonathan Jenkins,' are respectfully declined.

☞ Those of our correspondents who wish to appear in the first number of the new volume—a 'star' number—must send in their contributions as soon as possible. Let articles be brief and to the point—seasonable and appropriate to the occasion.

### Close of the Volume.

As we draw towards the close of the present volume of the Flag, we are led to turn back and review the past numbers—in doing which we are satisfied that we have not only kept the liberal promises that we made to our readers at the commencement of the year, but that we have even exceeded them, in the improvements that were contemplated at the outset of the volume. Two more numbers will complete volume five, when we shall again commence upon a new one, which we are resolved shall be better than any of its predecessors.—The same care and liberality will be shown in the literary department of the paper, and the volume will be opened with a splendid oriental romance, from the pen of Lieutenant Murray, who has proved so popular with the readers of this paper, and with the public at large. We shall still pay more liberally for literary service to our columns than any other paper, and of course shall still be able to excel all others in the character and originality of the matter, which is weekly presented to our patrons. The unprecedented popularity of the Flag, and its unequalled circulation, are evidences of appreciation that cannot be mistaken, and having found that our original plan of conducting and arranging the paper is so popular, we shall continue our former course through the coming volume, with such improvements as will, from time to time, be made to appear.

At the outset, we shall come before our myriad of readers in a beautiful new dress from top to toe, with new and original designs for the various departments of the paper, and with our head much improved and beautified. To those who would commence with the first number of the new volume, we would say, send in your subscriptions at once. There is yet time to complete clubs, and to forward the names, before the first number is printed. To our old subscribers, we need hardly say, by way of a reminder, that no name is continued on our list, unless the subscription is renewed. Last year, on the commencement of the volume, our friends gave us a glorious lift, bringing our circulation up to *over* forty thousand. Let a like effort be made among our old readers, and we shall show a list of fifty thousand on the first of January next.

### Our Original Novellettes.

By referring to our published list of books, in another column, it will be seen that we offer a large variety of entertaining stories from able pens. Every one of these romances was written expressly for us, and are gotten up in the neatest and most agreeable form. We send any *six* of them that may be selected to one address, for *one dollar*. Enclose the money to this office, enumerating those that are desired, and the books will be sent by return of mail, or by express, as may be wished; the postage is but a mere trifle.

### The Light Artillery.

The lamented Col. Duncan, of the United States Army, had drilled his men to such perfection in artillery, and to such celerity of movement, that on one occasion, when his guns were under their sheds, the horses of the light battery in the stable, and the harness hanging up, he accomplished the feat of harnessing up, moving his guns two hundred yards, forming in battery, and firing a round, in a space of a minute and a half from the time the first command was given. We doubt if this feat was ever equalled.

### Real Poverty.

On Sir Sidney Smith's invasion of the South American coast, in 1808, the Marquis of Alorno returned the following laconic answer to the enemy, the commander of which asked for safe passage and supplies—wishing, at the same time, to know if he and his troops would be received as friends or enemies: 'We are unable to entertain you as friends, or to resist you as enemies.'

THE COAST SURVEY.—A Washington letter says: 'Professor Bache, of the coast survey, has arrived, and is now preparing an elaborate report of his progress and success in this important national work.'

QUITE COMFORTABLE.—The papers, after having 'got off' their thanksgiving leaders, all round, seem to be 'as well as could be expected.'

The health of Mrs. Judson was restored at the last accounts from India.—*Mammoth Gazette.*

Fanny Forrester (Mrs. Judson) has got another 'bird' in her 'indian nest.'—*All the papers.*

Put this and that togethe and it don't require a Capt. Bunsby to solve the riddle.

Female lips are but the glowing gateway of so much beef and cabbage.—*Neal's Paper.*

Now, who'd have thought it?

BLOODTHIRSTY.—In Bienville, La., a fellow named Ratcliff shot and killed a young woman who refused to marry him.

### The Canadas.

That the spirit of annexation is every day spreading in Canada no well informed person will attempt to deny, but what the result of the present movement among these citizens will be, is yet a problem. Eventually they are bound to form a part of this great republic, but will it be peaceably accomplished? Will the mother country supinely allow these gems in her regal crown to be plucked away? The tone of the English press has for a while seemed to indicate that the government would make no show of resistance in the premises, but let the colonists settle the matter for themselves. But late advices from London give a different aspect to the business altogether. It is stated in military circles in Montreal, that advices by the last steamer are to the effect that England intends keeping the Canadas, and will not give them up without a struggle. Four regiments, it is said, are under orders for Canada, and also that a military governor is to relieve Lord Elgin, and to save these colonies, if not 'too late.' If it comes to blows, may Heaven speed the cause of freedom and civilization, by aiding these foreign dependencies of the British throne to shake off the scourge of monarchy. We know not the policy of this government, but we can vouch for it that the hearts of the great mass of the people will be with the cause of Canadian independence.

Those persons that once predicted that the entire continent of North America would one day be under republican government, and united in one great bond of Federal Union, were not so far from the truth, after all. The whole world has been taking strides towards liberty and universal freedom; is it to be wondered at, then, that the Canadians, with our successful laws, and our glorious constitution within their very grasp, should be a little restive, a little envious? We think not, and every true-hearted American will gladly extend the right hand of fellowship to our brethren of the north, when the proper time shall arrive. You will live to see it, reader of the Flag, thousands upon thousands of you, and many more remarkable developments of the proud example of young America, both in the New and the Old World.

### Sands of Gold,

*Gathered from the writings of Shakspeare for the Flag.*

How much better it is to weep at joy than to joy at weeping! There are no faces truer than those that are so washed.

Love's heralds should be thoughts, which ten times faster glide than the sun's beams driving back shadows over lowering hills.

Nor stony tower, nor walls of beaten brass, nor airless dungeon, nor strong links of iron, can be retentive to the strength of spirit.

Flattery is the bellows blows up sin; the thing the which is flattered, but a spark, to which the blast gives heat and stronger glowing.

O place! O form! how often dost thou with thy ease, thy habit, wrench awe from fools, and tie the wiser souls to thy false seeming!

He was a wise fellow, and had good discretion, that being bid to ask what he would of the king, desired he might know none of his secrets.

Glory is like a circle in the water, which never ceaseth to enlarge itself, till, by broad spreading, it disperses to nought.

He that filches from me my good name, robs me of that which not enriches him, and makes me poor indeed.

Oft expectation fails, and most oft there where it most promises; and oft it hits where hope is coldest, and despair most sits.

The man that hath no music in himself, nor is not moved with concord of sweet sounds, is fit for treasons, stratagems, and spoils.

Who can speak broader than he who has no house to put his head in? Such may rail against great buildings.

Could great men thunder as Jove himself does, Jove would ne'er be quiet; for every pelting petty officer would use his heaven for thunder.

### Curious Circumstance.

One of the French National Guard, who was supposed to have died from indigestion, produced by drunkenness, was recently buried in the department of the Mayenne. He was buried with military honors, and, on the firing of the last volley, a groan was heard to proceed from the coffin, which was instantly taken up and opened, when the supposed dead man rose up, and, on examination, it was found that the sergeant had negligently loaded his piece with ball cartridge; the ball had passed through the thigh of the man, and thus prevented his premature interment. The resuscitated man, who was soon cured of his wound, has evinced his gratitude by commencing an action against the sergeant, to recover damages for the injury.

### Fearful Tragedy.

The citizens of Boston have had their nerves shocked beyond all experience, by the disappearance of a Dr. Parkman, a worthy and well known individual of the city of Boston. A professor of chemistry, named Webster, connected with Harvard College, has been charged with the fearful crime of murdering the doctor, but the matter is yet to be decided, and the evidence is very imperfect. The details that have transpired are too sickening to be admitted into our columns, but suffice it to say, that the like has rarely been known.

AT THE CAPITOL.—The court season has commenced at Washington—and Congress is in the full tide of successful experiment. God grant them wisdom, and save them from the folly that has characterized some of the preceding sessions.

AWFUL FATALITY.—A father named Sirres, who was out hunting in the woods in Iowa, a few weeks since, near Keosaugua, shot his own son, mistaking him for a deer. The little boy never spoke again!

SARCASTIC.—A New Jersey paper, in alluding to the statement that the Rev. Mr. Maffit was holding revival meetings in Arkansas, says he may save *others*, but as for himself, the case is doubtful.

OLDEN PREJUDICES.—The marquis of Worcester's idea, a century and a half ago, of navigating the earth by steam, got him the reputation of a lunatic. It did.

JEALOUSY.—Gen. Thomas Holland, of Mobile, was shot dead by H. G. McClintock, his clerk. The cause assigned was jealousy. The murderer has surrendered himself.

GARDINER, ME.—This enterprising down east town is to become a city, assuming all the good, we hope, without the evil belongings, appertaining thereunto.

GOLD.—British steamer Dee, at Mobile on the 23d, had on board $2,120,000 in specie, of which $1,778,000 were for England.

The Boston printers still keep their backs up.—*Belfast Signal.*

*Cat*-egorically speaking, you mean.

### Editorial Ink-Drops.

Men's evil names, says Shakspeare, live in brass; their virtues are writ in water.

The police arrangement of New York city costs the treasury over half a million.

We send bills by post, but a man who sticks bills is known to be a poster.

They are playing at Barton's Theatre, New York, a piece, called 'Jersey Monopoly.'

The journeymen printers of Boston have started a paper on their own account.

A boy in Burlington, N. J., was choked to death while eating a piece of raw turnip.

Thomas Thumb and Father Mathew have met—Tommy took the pledge!

In Saxony, the law compels a parent to send his children regularly to school.

New Orleans is no longer the capital of Louisiana—Baton Rouge takes the place.

There will be some hard fighting with the Indians in Florida, yet.

The par value of land warrants is now one hundred and twenty dollars.

We are soon to have the new twenty dollar gold pieces issued from the U. S. mint.

Sickness and gold are still found in abundance in California.

Mrs. Barrett was very successful in her engagement at Portland, Me.

A young lady has made her debut at Charleston, S. C., performing on the *violin.*

Though a rabid dog is called mad, still a certain vegetable dye is madder.

The last news from abroad looks as though Russia meant to fight the Swiss next.

A. F. Haig, aged 21, hung himself at Baltimore. Cause, unrequited affection.

There's a man 22 years old in Cincinnati, who weighs but *forty-two* pounds.

A large number of southern negroes have taken it into their heads to live over 100 years.

Who has not felt that when sorrows come, they come not single spies, but in battalions?

An historical society has been organized in the territory of Minesota.

### The Love of Gold.

We cut the following paragraph upon the California fever, from the London Times, and give it to the readers of the Flag because we think it sound philosophy—though we are not sufficiently credulous to suppose that people who have made up their minds to go to San Francisco, will be influenced by reason. That is a quality that seems to actuate them not at all. They must learn by experience, and we fear dear experience too.

Our age is steadily advancing towards good in much, but in one thing it shamefully goes astray. In its humanity, it is grand; in its lust of gold, most pitiful, most mean. With us the great social sin is poverty, the great incentive to crime the possession of wealth. As a stimulus to this modern vice the discovery of California threatens to be disastrous to the higher morality of society; and it is with much the same sorrow as we feel in reading the statistics of pestilence that we hear of tens of thousands flocking out to dig for gold rather than gain their bread in manlier and nobler ways. For there is much to be done yet in the world. There are vast regions of untrodden waste, which, with industry could be made fruitful fields; and *this* conquest of man over nature, instead of perplexing the world with fears for the 'currency' and misgivings about the 'depreciation of the circulating medium,' would give food to the famishing and labor to the unemployed.

### The Coming Volume.

We intend to make volume five of the Flag decidedly the best family miscellany published, and have completed our arrangements to give, as we have heretofore done, more original matter than any other paper in the country, and from the most popular and talented authors. The fact that our original contributions are constantly copied in every State in the Union, shows in what estimation the paper and its contents are held by those persons who preside over the newspaper press of the country, and who cater for the public taste. If you would read these articles fresh and original, subscribe for the Flag at once. Two more numbers end the volume, when we start, with a new dress, and otherwise beautified and improved, with the new year. Form your clubs, and get the Flag for a mere trifle. See prospectus.

### Rare and Curious.

The most interesting curiosities that we have lately heard of, are some that Barnum & Kimball lately purchased with the Peel Museum, Philadelphia. They were quite neglected, and found on a side shelf out of the way. There was a razor to shave notes with; the vehicle wherein ideas are conveyed; two buttons from a coat of paint; and a pin with which to pick a quarrel. These are all that have come to light, but there are doubtless many 'more left of the same sort.'

HON. HORACE MANN.—Mr. Mann is an eloquent speaker, of liberal acquirements and much sound philosophy, but when Mr. Mann said at Albany, in a lecture there, that a well known citizen of New York State, John Jacob Astor, not long since deceased, was the poorest soul that ever went out of this world, Mr. Mann violated the rules of good taste, and said a very foolish thing.

DEXTERITY.—In punching the eyeholes of needles by hand, children, who are the operators, acquire such dexterity as to be able to punch one human hair and thread it with another, for the amusement of visitors.

LADY FRANKLIN is at present endeavoring to organize a scheme to relieve the expeditions in the polar seas, in the course of the ensuing spring.

COAL IN RHODE ISLAND.—A vein of good anthracite coal has been discovered in digging a well in Bristol, R. I.

GOLD IN NEW HAMPSHIRE.—The Boston Transcript says that some scientific gentlemen have lately discovered iron, silver and gold in Weare.

The bill for gas for the Tribune office, for the month of October, 1849, was $102.—*N. Y. Tribune.*

Judging by the quantity used in your editorials, the sum strikes us as particularly small!

Upwards of 4000 hogs had been packed at Chicago, Illinois, up to the 10th inst.—*Perley's Picnic.*

That's definite. We will bet there have been ten times that number packed there.

A NEW REASON.—A Philadelphia paper urges on the public the duty of subscribing, because it would increase the revenue of government in the way of postage.

'THE SEA STORM.'—Don't fail to read this story on our last page, by Sylvanus Cobb, Jr. It is all about love and salt water, and is capitally told.

CLUBS are coming in from all quarters, but we wish to remind subscribers that in order to secure the terms offered to clubs all the names must be sent in at once.

A Gas has been invented in London which immediately distinguishes fire.—*Am. Lit. Gazette.*

Discriminating gas that!

### *From our Foreign Files.*

The Roman finances exhibit a deficit monthly of three millions francs.

The prince of Schaumberg Lippe, Germany, has dismissed his ministry!

There are symptoms of a renewal of the war between Prussia and Denmark.

The annual expense of the police force of London is about a million and a quarter of dollars.

The Emperor of Russia has incurred debts to the amount of 28,000,000 roubles by his Hungarian interference.

Thackeray is recovering from his severe illness. His usual Christmas book will be published at the regular time.

More than 700 fires, which have consumed property estimated to be worth about £150,000, have happened in London since the beginning of this year.

A Florence correspondent of the Morning Chronicle estimates the number of Roman Catholics in Europe, exclusive of Great Britain and Ireland, at 92,250,000.

Three thieves were lately caught, near Sheffield, by the aid of a bloodhound, who traced them for several miles, until they took refuge up an apple tree, where they were captured.

The censorship of the press has been re-established in Vienna, and the booksellers are warned not to publish any book before it has been sanctioned by the police.

Lola Montes is the subject of many a paragraph in the Barcelona papers. She goes to a pistol gallery every day, and astonishes the officers of the garrison with the precision of her fire.

Accounts from Bermuda state that a riot had occurred at Hamilton, in consequence of the legislature introducing a clause into the ordinance subjecting debtors to the same prison discipline as criminals.

One of the officers on board H. M. S. Enterprise, just returned from the unsuccessful expedition in search of Sir John Franklin, says, in a letter to a friend—'We were without the sun for about eight days, and had the temperature eighty degrees below freezing, by Fahrenheit.'

### *Dewdrops of Wisdom.*

The jealous man poisons his own banquet, and then eats of it.

The greatest gift we can bestow on others is a good example.

There is this paradox in pride—it makes some men ridiculous, but prevents others from becoming so.

The strait gate of religion is wide enough to admit any sinner, but too narrow to admit any sins.

Before God, there is no difference in person or condition; and Providence watches equally over all mankind.

Pure benevolence is a flower of beauty rare, of fragrance sweet—it seldom blooms on earth, whose climate is too cold; in heaven, its native soil, it grows luxuriantly.

He hath run long enough who hath touched the prize; he hath sailed long enough who is come safe into harbor; and he hath lived long enough who is ready to die.

So quickly sometimes has the wheel turned round, that many a man has lived to enjoy the benefit of that charity which his own piety has projected.

Men generally look with distrust upon each other. The wealthy one, like a dog in the possession of a good bone, watches it jealously, and snarls, if a lean, half-starved cur approaches within smelling distance.

The stream of court favor is like a stream in an alluvial country. The banks by which it is to be reached are muddy, and whoever would drink of the water must wade through mire to reach it, and stoop for the draught.

The Spaniards have a proverb, that he who would make a fortune in six months will be hanged in a year. This is a coarse interpretation of the Scripture text, 'He that hasteth to be rich shall not be innocent.'

A man without decision can never be said to belong to himself; since, if he dared to assert that he did, the puny force of some cause about as powerful, you may suppose, as a spider, may make a captive of the helpless boaster the very next moment.

### *The Joker's Budget.*

Why is a cat's tail like the world? Because *it's fur to the end of it!*

What kind of bones are used for musical instruments? Trombones, of course.

Why is a railroad stopping-place like a river in Italy? Because it is a depot (deep Po.)

Why should a sailor always know what o'clock it is? Because he's always going to sea (see.)

What is the difference between there being conscience enough in all women, and women enough in all conscience?

The best bracelet the ladies can use is a lover's arm. Mrs. Fantadling says it makes you feel like champagne.

A man recently tried soft-soap to smooth the harshness of his wife's tongue; it took off a little of the roughness, but made it *run* faster, and a little more glibly.

John was enlarging on the mortification he felt on a certain occasion, when he stumbled and fell while walking with two young ladies. 'But,' said he, 'may be I didn't jump up in five minutes!'

'Who is that?' inquired a greenhorn at the opera-house one evening lately, pointing to the great tenor. 'That! why that is Forti.' 'And who is she?' changing the finger to the magnificent Duchess. 'O, she is Forti too.'—*Era.*

Aunt Mary, whilst going along the street the other day, saw over a tailor's door a sign bearing the inscription, 'Fountain of Fashion.' 'Ah,' said she, 'that is the place where *squirts* come from.'

Falconbridge, in King John, recommends Austria to 'hang a calfskin on those recreant limbs.' At the present day he could hardly have recommended such a binding in calf, as Austria is already bound to Russia.—*Punch.*

'Father, aint you opposed to monopoly?' shouted a little fellow, as his parent took up the brandy bottle. 'Yes, my boy.' 'Then give me a drink too.' The father broke the bottle on the floor, and since then has not tasted liquor.

### *Miscellaneous Items.*

In all societies it is advisable to associate, if possible, with the highest; not that the highest are always the best, but because, if disgusted there, we can at any time descend; but if we begin with the lowest, to ascend is impossible.

Nature made us individuals, as she did the flowers and the pebbles, but we are afraid to be peculiar, and so our society resembles a bag of marbles or a string of mould candles. *Why should we all dress after the same fashion? The frost never paints my windows twice alike.*

We do not believe that the following story is true, although we saw it recently in print: 'A Connecticut family, on a visit to the south, to save postage, drew on the margin of a newspaper, a child's face, an owl, and well with buckets, &c., thus interpreted, 'We have an infant, all are well.'

The willow in England was planted by Pope the poet. He received a present of figs from Turkey, and observing a twig in the basket ready to bud, he planted it in his garden, and it soon became a fine tree. From this stock all the weeping willows in England and America originated.

It is said that Count D'Orsay occasionally seen in Paris amusing himself, and the cause of amusement in others. At night he presides at many *lansquenets*, and is the life and soul of all; by day he retires to Chambourcy, near St. Germain, where he is occupied in chiseling with his own hands a magnificent monument to be erected to the memory of the Countess of Blessington.

### Quill and Scissors.

Among the ancient nations, the husband purchased his wife. Among the Assyrians, the women were put up at auction, and the prices obtained for the rich were given to the homely.

The California correspondent of the New Orleans Picayune says, that an illiterate Irishman passed himself off in the mines for a doctor, and made about $100,000.

A telegraphic despatch announces that Austin's powder mill, at Xenia, Ohio, exploded yesterday morning (29th), killing two men. This is the fourth explosion in two years.

There are sixteen mills at Oswego, N. York, capable of making 9000 bbls of flour per day; in 1848 the mills of that city turned out 600,000 bbls of flour.

John Randolph, while in Congress, declared that a disputed point was 'as clear—as clear as—rather more clear than—the light of that window—which is not very clear.'

Miss Dix is in Montgomery, Ala., and has written a memorial to the legislature on the subject of the prisons and the treatment of the insane in that State.

Somers, who was injured by the upsetting of a stage coach in Ohio, some time ago, last week recovered $2500 damages from the proprietors, in the U. S. Court at Cleveland.

Six monks died of cholera on board the steamboat Constitution near St. Louis, on the 15th ult. They were from Waterford, Ireland, and bound for Dubuque.

By the death of the late John Porter, his son-in-law, Com. Stockton, has received an addition of $24,000 per annum to his already enormous income.

Dick says, about the prettiest thing to behold is an accomplished woman, after she has upset and broken her lamp, gathering up the fragments, and wiping up the oil.

In Providence, the father of a boy named Yates, has recovered a verdict of $2800 against Rev. Dr. Pohlman, whose son accidentally shot and crippled young Yates.

Miss Duncan has been arrested in Ypsilanti, Michigan, for setting fire twice to the house of her former lover, who married another girl.—She meditated his death.

Davis and McCloskey had a horrid fight with pistols and knives on a steamboat near the mouth of the Kentucky, in which Davis was mortally wounded.

John Dunn, on trial for the murder of his wife on the 13th of July last, at Hoboken, has been found guilty, and sentenced to twenty years in the penitentiary.

It is stated that of the numbers who have left New Bedford for California, from 800 to a 1000, intelligence has been received of the decease of over fifty.

The oldest manuscript book in the Royal Irish Academy, is the 'Book of Armagh.'—Its date is 809, and it is written in Latin and Irish.

There is a fair prospect for the building of a suspension bridge, at St. John, N. B., across the falls. About one half of the stock has been taken up.

The pillory punishment is still in use in Sweden. Drunkards are punished by it.—They are exposed on Sundays in front of the churches.

Mrs. Levin was fined $30 for cowhiding Master Fite in Baltimore, and her servant $10 for holding Fite's horse during the operation.

Portraits in oil, of any size, are now taken by a phonographic process, in a sitting of half a minute. The process is called Photos Prosupon.

The steamer Bell blew up Saturday evening, between New Orleans and Mobile. The engineer and several hands were killed and others wounded.

M. de Lamartine is said to be about to retire to the East, on a large tract of fertile land near Smyrna, it having been assigned him by the Sultan.

Mr. Kellogg, the artist, is at present in Baltimore, engaged, by request of the Baltimore bar, on a full length likeness of Chief Justice Taney.

Mad. Augusta, the beautiful danseuse is making an immense sensation in Havana at the Theatre de Circo. In the ballet of the 'Giselle.'

About 180 tons of ivory are used in Sheffield (England) annually. It is supposed that 18,000 elephants are killed annually to make up the supply.

The New York Albion of the 24th says that the island of Tigre is a valuable acquisition to any naval power. It is well wooded and watered.

Father Sewall, the well known itinerant missionary of Maine, is the oldest Congregational minister in that State. He will complete 90 years on the 1st of January next.

There is one American in the list of the prisoners made, of those who fought for the Frankfort Constitution.

Miss Mary Henderson, of Philadelphia, has recovered $300 of James Cassey,—he didn't do as he agreed to in a promise of marriage.

A wild cat was shot near Lambertville, Hunterdon county, N. J., last week—rather a strange animal in that region.

I never see a town or city in a map, but I figure to myself many agreeable persons in it, with whom I could wish to be acquainted.

Mr. Eben Stebbins, of Chicopee, a man with wife and children, recently eloped to parts unknown with a female of that place.

In Troupville, Georgia, Seaborn Jones, a worthy citizen, was accidentally shot and killed by his son, aged nine years.

The survey of the Isthmus of Panama by Col Hughes cost $50,000, though the strictest economy was practised.

Malibran left five children, three boys and two girls, who are now living in France. She was never married to De Beriot, the father.

The homestead of every man is a holy thing which no law, no monopoly, should be able to wrest from the family.

War, intemperance, famine and pestilence, are four of the greatest evils which shroud the earth with gloom.

Father Mathew has administered the pledge to 100,000 persons since his arrival in the United States.

John J. Jones, of Virginia, has been appointed purser in the navy, vice Kennon, who it is reported is a defaulter.

The seaman's boarding house of William H Coombs, Fore street, Portland, was somewhat damaged by fire on 30th ult.

The Charleston papers announce that the health of the Hon. George McDuffie is failing fast, and that he cannot long survive.

The steamer Savannah, with a valuable cargo, was sunk in fourteen feet of water, near Cincinnati, on the 28th.

An Anti-Smoking and Chewing Society has been formed by the young men of Newbern, North Carolina.

A bull belonging to the almshouse farm in Ipswich was killed in a conflict with the railroad engine.

Rev. William H. Steel, of Albany, for seven years a missionary to Borneo, has returned to his home.

The Providence Transcript says the captain has recovered his dog. *Who'd a thunk it.*

Charles A. Snyder, carpenter, returning from his work in Philadelphia, was shot by a ball, and fell dead.

Hostilities in Yucatan between the whites and Indians have ceased.

Commodore Bullus has been appointed to the steamer Michigan, on Lake Erie.

Gov. Crittenden's pardon of Fairbanks makes a great stir in Kentucky.

Keep your head cool by temperance, and your feet warm by exercise.

Jerome the express man has gone from Bangor to California.

A new Congregational church has been organized in Woburn.

If you would have a faithful servant, and one that you like, serve yourself.

A courtier's dependant is a beggar's dog.

## VOLUME FIFTH OF THE FLAG OF OUR UNION.

On the first of January, 1850, we shall commence a new volume of the Flag, under the most flattering auspices, with an unrivalled circulation, a well-organized corps of contributors, an experienced editor, and with new type throughout.

The main features of the paper will be as heretofore, the publisher having found the Flag in its original style and plan to be popular beyond precedent. The head will be newly engraved and highly improved and altered.—The emblematical designs at the heads of the columns will give place to new and ingenious ones prepared expressly for this paper, and in short we shall put on with the new year,

## AN ENTIRE NEW DRESS.

Maintaining the same neutral position in politics and sectarian matters, we shall freely discuss the current topics of the day, and aim to be as acceptable and agreeable to the reader as in the years bygone. The new volume will commence with an

**Original and Brilliant Novellette,**

from the pen of

LIEUTENANT MURRAY,

entitled,

## THE TURKISH SLAVE:

OR,

## The Mohammedan and his Harem.

A STORY OF THE EAST.

It will be important to those who desire to secure all the numbers containing the story, to send in their names at the earliest moment, and especially for clubs to complete their organization at once.

Our readers will bear us witness that we have never promised in these columns more than we have performed; and we now assure them that the Flag shall be fully equal to its past character, and that the coming volume shall evince an improvement on its predecessors, embracing all its former enterprise, with the renewed exertion that is prompted by continued success and popularity.

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F. GLEASON, Publisher.

*Boston, December 1, 1849.*

### Amusements.

There has been nothing worthy of note in matters of public amusement since our last. Miss Cushman has played her round of characters at the Boston theatre with good success. The Howard has kept up a succession of stars and variety in its bill of fare, that has filled the house in spite of much bad weather. The Drunkard still draws well at the Museum, and the Serpent of the Nile at the National is also highly successful. The Ethiopian Serenaders have done unusually well at the Lyceum theatre.

### Miss Bremer.

This distinguished lady has been stopping at the Revere House, where many of our *dilettanti* have visited her. She is a plain, easy body, rather *passee*, good natured, and intelligent. She visited church at the Melodeon on Sunday, and listened to a sermon from Theodore Parker. A few days since she visited Ralph Waldo Emerson at his residence in Concord, and has attended some social gatherings among our citizens. Miss Bremer, we understand, will remain in our city through the present winter.

### A Useful and Rich Gift.

We learn from the South Boston Gazette, that the Hon. John P. Bigelow has purchased and caused to be erected upon the new schoolhouse which bears his name, a costly and beautiful clock. Owing to the height of the building, and the elevated ground upon which it stands, the clock may be conveniently seen from nearly all parts of that section of the city, thereby essentially conducing to the comfort and convenience of its inhabitants.

### Peal's Museum, Philadelphia.

Our enterprising townsman, Mr. Kimball, of the Boston Museum, has secured one half of the immense collection of curiosities gathered in the far-famed Peal Museum, and the same is to be forthwith added to his already immense and superb array of the wonders of art and nature. There are said to be two or three paintings in the collection, the value of which exceeds the amount for which the whole was sold.

### Incendiary arrested.

One Wm. Howard was last week arrested in this city, on the charge of attempting to extort money from various persons by sending them threatening letters to fire their dwellings. He is a young man about 21 years of age. Several of these letters were read in Court. He was required to find bail in $1500 to answer in the higher court, in default of which he was locked up.

DR. PARKMAN.—The excitement attendant upon the horrible disclosures relative to the disappearance of Dr. Parkman, and the arrest of Professor Webster, seems to have almost entirely subsided. The crowd, ever restless and fickle, are already looking for new subjects for gossip and amusement.

BEACON HILL RESERVOIR.—The increase of head gained by the use of this reservoir is such as to cause the high jet of the fountain on the Common to rise several feet higher than heretofore, to the estimated height of about 94 feet.

PACIFIC RAILROAD.—The Post states that many of the most influential men of this city have signed a petition to Congress for a Pacific Railroad chartered on the plan of Mr. Degrand—$2,000,000 private and $98,000,000 national subscription.

COOMBS & BLANCHARD.—These gentlemen have opened a periodical depot at No. 15 State street, where they keep all of the latest papers and periodicals. The FLAG may always be found at their counter.

IMPROVED OUT.—A number of old watering machines which were to be seen about the city before the Cochituate water was introduced, are to be shipped for San Francisco.

PETITIONS for the pardon of Miller, the forger, and Phillips, the escaped convict, were presented to the Governor and Council at their late session, but were not granted.

BARTLETT WHARF.—in this city, at the North End, has been purchased by Messrs. Neal & Co., of Salem, for $125,000.

## OUR OLIO COLUMN.

[Written for The Flag of our Union.]

### The School Boy.

BY A. ELLIOTT.

Snugly beneath the trees beside the lake,
Where fishes play and pebbles glitter,
Where willows meek their lowly branches shake,
In breezes made by their own flitter;
In rustic beauty, modest, unadorned,
The village school-house—footstool of all arts,
And place where ignorance is early warned—
Stands forth confessed in all its parts;
This is the place by all the young revered,
The mystic fountain of all future fame,
The school-boy's dread, the hard-approached and feared;
The place of whippings, where each holds out—'game,'
The spot prognostic of a mother's hopes,
The moulding-board of mind, of honors,
The manufactory of future Popes,
Of Shakspeares, Byrons and O'Connors.
At early morn, while dews are glittering,
And older sisters free can stay at home,
While swallows at the eaves are twittering,
And brothers older are allowed to roam;
The youngest starts, with 'lingering steps and slow,'
Fresh from his mother's last commands and fears,
With new spread butter on his bread 'just so;'
With shining pail, new book, and half-seen tears;
With new-bought ribbon in his collar tied,
To quell emotions muttering on his tongue,
To choke his grief and stir aspiring pride,
And wake brave thoughts of fame in one so young.
The place reluctantly attained at length,
With many rushing tumults in his breast,
He rallies—and gathering all his strength,
His inward goes, like awkwardness possessed;
The threshold entered, he hangs up his hat,
Adjusts his pail securely on a peg,
Resets his straying collar, and all that,
While every muscle quakes in either leg.
The inner shrine must now be entered;
The 'school-marm's' eyes must be endured;
The whole school's tittering, too, be ventured—
No trifling thing for one not yet inured.
Within, on seats arranged around,
Are gathered there the pride of mothers;
While flowers from neighboring fields abound,
Pinks, lilacs, violets and others.
The rustic mistress of this little realm,
In pert array and smiling face,
Though all unconscious, guides the helm
Of future rulers of their race;
Some future hero—all inglorious here—
Perhaps is swapping knives or catching flies,
Whose soon is destined, it may be, to hear
The tongues of thousands laud him to the skies.

[Written for The Flag of our Union.]

### The Two Songsters.

BY WILL WINKLE.

As I lay on my couch,
At the close of the day,
A songster enchanted
My ear with his lay;
The strains were so pleasing,
Each beautiful note
Enraptured me quite
From his clarion throat.

I flew to the window,
Threw open the blind,
But, alas, the fair bird
I had pictured in mind
Was the worst looking one
Of the whole feathered crew,
And at once from the scene,
I, disgusted, withdrew.

I'd scarce reached my pillow,
When a terrible cry,
From the same spot aroused me
To look out and see;
And lo, where had warbled
The ill-favored bird,
Was one of gay plumage,
Whose screech I now heard.

'Tis so with mankind;
Where there's dazzle and show,
Full often are they found
Unlovely to know;
While the plain-looking man,
By his manner and grace,
His appearance forbidding
May wholly efface.

### Constancy.—A Dialogue.

BY BROWN.

JIM.

Julia, need I say I love thee?
Have loved thee long and loved thee well?
If so, I swear by all above me,
I love thee more than worlds can tell!

JULIA.

And wilt thou never, never turn,
Nor leave me, dear, to mourn and weep?
Will thy affection ever burn,
Not ever for a moment sleep?

JIM.

Believe me, dearest, I'll be true,
Through all the scenes of life's short race;
If friends be many or be few,
If fortune smile or hide her face.

JULIA.

Enough! forgive a maiden's fear;
You will not, sure, inconstant prove;
I cannot think you insincere,
With such assurance of your love.

[*One week later.*]

JIM.

Julia, what news? I think you spoke
About a letter from your mother.

JULIA.

O, very sad—my father's broke!
So I'm dependent on a—brother!

JIM.

Your father's broke?—he's broke my heart!
The news, my dear, must give you sorrow;
It's getting late, and we must part;
I'll call again, pre-haps, to-morrow!

*Boston Post.*

### Attend to me a Minute.

*A Medley, composed and sung by a seamstress of Mrs. Beman's Shirt Store, Astor House.*

Attend to me for a minute,
A shirt I'm going to begin it,
The finest of stitches are in it;
Nimbly taken by fingers expert:
'Tis a superfine unpared shirt,
As every good judge will assert.
The linen so fine I have bought it,
And to No. 1 Astor I've brought it,
While singing the chorus of a shirt.
S—H—I—R—T! Shirt!
I'll a million of stitches insert.
If you're fond of courts and palaces,
And through their halls would roam,
Of shirts here make your purchases,
Then courts may be your home.
A gloss from starch and spermaceti
Shows a beauty rare,
Which, sought in country or in city,
Can't be found elsewhere.
Shirts, shirts, nice, fine shirts!
There's nothing like a shirt.
There is not in the wide world a garment so sweet,
As the shirt in whose bosom the bright plaits lay neat.
O, the last rose of summer
No muse can inspire,
Like the shirts at 1 Astor—
Come, see and admire!

### Lize Eyes-Pies.

Of all the girls below the skies,
Give me Lize, O give me Lize!
She has cherry lips and coal black eyes,
And then she's sweet on berry pies!
Give me Lize!
Eyes!!
Pies!!!

It is for her I daily sighs,
To gain her love I nightly tries;
For her I swan I almost dies,
While constantly I cries,
And sighs,
Give me Lize,
And berry pies!

### Let them talk.

Not all they say or do can make
My head, or tooth, or finger ache;
Nor mar my shape, nor spot my face,
Nor put one feature out of place;
Nor will ten thousand lies
Make one less virtuous, learned or wise;
The most effectual way to balk
Their malice is, *to let them talk.*

### A Gentle Hint.

Men brandy drink, and never think
That girls at all can tell it;
They don't suppose a woman's nose
Was ever made to smell it.


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THE SATURDAY UNION.

## MISCELLANEOUS.

(Written for The Flag of our Union.)

### A Tale of Love and Bell Ringing.

BY RICHARD COBB, JR.

CHAPTER I.

*Lost. The midnight watch. The strange encounter.*

Among the list of those American born merchants who, professing nationality with the country of their adoption, have inherited a sum of property sufficient to render them comparable with their adopted creed, was Mr. Mortimer, a wealthy citizen of Boston, who not only carried on an extensive trade by land, but was also extensively engaged in shipping. He had but one child, a daughter, seventeen years of age, upon whom was expended all the affection which a parent's heart can possibly withdraw from his moneybox, his wife having died when Julia was only eight years old. To say that Mr. Mortimer would have willingly given anything which could insure his child every thing that was best, would but fall far too many letters, he allowed the sum to increase year by year, which excited all his attention, to endow her also in the shifting table, and even her earliest happiness was not of sufficient weight to turn the scale against gold and silver. Perhaps Mr. Mortimer did not consider that his daughter's happiness could require any other ministering angel than the same which daily whispered golden fancies into his ears; but he was deceived, ere long, to find out his mistake, and that love was not to be overcome is by no means de-pendent upon what the world generally denominates wealth.

About two years previous to the opening of our story, the merchant had taken under his care a boy, the son of an old seaman who had spent a considerable years in-knowledge. Charles Marston was then about fifteen years of age, and until his father's death, had spent most of his time upon the briny deep. Wife he married Mr. Mortimer's home, he was thrown years younger than himself, and the same school and classmates. He was remarkably intelligent.

One chilly morning in November, Mr. Mortimer entered the room where Charles sat and remarked:

"Charles, you will have to watch in the store tonight."

"I most humble thone, sir!" inquired the boy, laying down his book, and turning to his master.

"There is something the matter somewhere, and I am apprehensive that my store is the object of the particular regards of some evil character."

"At what time do you wish me to go, sir?"

"You may as well go now as any time, for I suppose the matter is about closing." Complied Mr. Mortimer, as he drew a chair to the fire, and seated himself.

"What am I to do for reason of defence, in case of emergency?" inquired Charles.

"Mr. Mortimer smiled, at the boy with all the interrogation, and also give you sufficient means of defence."

"Then I suppose I watch alone."

"Certainly, my dear lord, you can alarm the watch."

As Charles left the apartment, Julia entered by another way, and was upon the point of following him, when her father called her back.

Julia was about the old gentleman's knee, and sitting somewhat at a stern look upon his daughter, "where were you going?"

"Going, sir?"

"Yes."

"Why," replied Julia, half unconscious that even by a shade of deception she was to cause for enquiries. "I was going after Charles."

"And what could you want with him?"

"To say good night, I suppose, sir, this evening."

"Julia," said Mr. Mortimer, in a tone that made her start, "you had better be cautious in your intercourse with young Marston."

"Why, father?" exclaimed the surprised girl, utterly unable to comprehend the meaning of her father's remarks.

The merchant looked his daughter steadily in the face for several moments, and then calmly and ominously asked:

"Do you love him?"

"Father!" exclaimed the trembling girl, laying her head upon his shoulder, "I certainly do not know the answer you!"

"My heavens," ejaculated the old merchant, rising from his seat and looking down upon the fair form, "if I thought that Charles Marston had dared to presume to love my child I would tear away from my house to-morrow. What! I, one of the merchants in Boston, see my daughter the companion of a—"

"Hush, father, you should not!" trembling, interrupted the fair girl.

"Julia, you have disobeyed my wishes, and I command you to leave the room!"

"Father, exclaimed the trembling girl, laying her head upon his shoulder, "I certainly do not know the answer you!"

"My heavens," ejaculated the old merchant, rising from his seat and looking down upon the fair form, "if I thought that Charles Marston had dared to presume to love my child I would tear away from my house to-morrow. What! I, one of the merchants in Boston, see my daughter the companion of a—"

"Hush, father, you should not!" trembling, interrupted the fair girl.

"Julia, you have disobeyed my wishes, and I command you to leave the room!"

"Father, I—I—"

"Not a word, I say, or I will not be responsible for my actions

J A Smith


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[WRITTEN EXPRESSLY FOR THE FLAG OF OUR UNION.]

## THE SEA LARK:

OR, THE

## QUADROONE OF LOUISIANA.

### A Thrilling Tale of the Land and Sea.

BY ALBERT W. SUMNER.

[CONTINUED.]

### CHAPTER XV.

*The loaded dice. The gambler challenged by a victim. Remorse leads to a confession. A singular contest. The broken-hearted counterfeiter, and his affecting story.*

Truth will come to light.
Murder cannot be hid long, a man's son may,
But in the end truth will out.
LAUNCELOT.

HENRI BOUVE, now condemned to die, saw no means of avoiding the fearful sentence that had been passed upon him. His mother sought on her knees, as only woman can plead, to obtain a reprieve from the Governor of the State, but in vain were all applications, and all interest exerted in his behalf. There was but one answer to all entreaties for his pardon,—'If he is guilty, he must suffer—if innocent, how could the court and jury be deceived?' There was one who was ever by his side, the gentle, faithful, beautiful Pauline, unchanged in her sentiments towards him, by his adversity, and the foul crime imputed to him. She knew no difference in her ardent love. She sat by his side and read to him from that holy book to which the afflicted may always repair for consolation. Ah! how doubly dear she became to Henri, and how gently and fervently they mingled their prayers together on the cold, damp floor of his prison! Ah, woman, woman, what were the world without thee? How instinctively does man turn to thee in the hour of affliction and trial, for consolation.

In the meantime, Francois Rouillet was tried on the charge preferred against him, which had been adroitly construed into a gambling trouble by means of his lawyer's cunning, and heavily fined; this his confederates at once paid, and he was again at large in New Orleans. But already, a great change had come over him; his career of iniquity was too terrible for even himself to look back upon unmoved. The death of Eugenie had deeply affected him, leaving him without any one to care for, or who cared for him—except for some selfish purpose of their own, and he grew each day more morose and gloomy. To drown his sorrow and obtain forgetfulness, he drank very freely for several days, until one evening he found himself at his old haunt, the gambler's retreat, and being well-skilled in all their deceptive trickery, he at once joined the players, and soon forgot himself in the interest of the game. Having found a young and inexperienced person from whom he determined to win a large sum, he played adroitly, and with his former skill and calculation exerted for this object.

His antagonist was a young Virginian, who had come to New Orleans to purchase cotton for shipment, and therefore had large funds at his command. He had dropped in more to see others play than to play himself, but being observed by some of the gang, they resolved to set their most expert player upon him, who was, of course, Francois Rouillet, and he, taking his cue at once, made the necessary advances. He induced Mr. Rivers, the new man, to stake a trifle with him, and allowed him this time, to win. Rivers proposed to double the stakes—it was done. Rouillet then suggested doubling them again and so on, Rivers winning nearly every time, and Rouillet exclaiming that his luck was not in hand, but shy enough to-night; until at last, they got to playing pretty largely, and the Virginian became more and more excited and elated by success, especially after being plied with a few glasses of wine by Rouillet, who knew how best to operate upon an unsophisticated victim such as Rivers proved to be.

Mr. Rivers had been permitted to win a couple of thousands, and was in consequence in excellent spirits, when Rouillet proposed to double the stakes, and make them four thousand dollars. Rivers after having won so largely, could not refuse. Rouillet threw the dice and won! Rivers seemed uneasy, and appeared much concerned at the loss, whereupon Rouillet said:

'You must have a chance to win that back again, and I shall not object to put down the whole amount. There are my four thousand—you put down a like sum, and we will see who wins the whole.'

Young Rivers had now gone too far to recede, and he hoped to recover his money. So he gave his note for the amount required, in drafts at sight upon the city banks, and Rouillet and he both threw again, when the gambler again won! A thought seemed to strike Rivers at this moment, and he reached forward, saying to Rouillet:

'Let me see your dice, if you please, sir?'

To which Rouillet replied, 'certainly,' at the same time handing him a set.

'Not those, sir—I mean the ones I saw you place in your pocket,' said Rivers, with emphasis.

'You are mistaken,' said Rouillet, turning a little red in the face as he spoke.

'You have played unfairly, sir, and must refund me the money,' said Rivers, with much warmth.

'Never!' replied Rouillet, firmly; 'if you charge me with cheating, sir, you are a liar!'

'Ha, has it come to this?' said the Virginian, striking him a blow that made him stagger.

A scene of noisy violence ensued, in which both parties came in actual contact more than once, and those in the room taking sides either pro or con, soon raised such a melee as can be sustained in a gambling room alone, where the heart's worst passions are over-excited, and fed by their unholy occupation. Rouillet was backed by his gang, while the transient visiters of the place took sides with the Virginian, and wanted a fair hearing. The excitement at last became so general and so warm, that a knowing one of the gang extinguished the lights, and the whole party were forced to make their exit from the room in the best way possible, under the circumstances.

The inevitable result of the business was a duel between Rouillet and the Virginian, and this was soon in course of adjustment. Rouillet was, as we have seen, no coward, and he in no way objected to the contest, yet he seemed to have a firm presentiment that it would prove fatal to him. He remembered the wound which had nearly proved fatal that he received from Henri, on a similar occasion, and he seemed to feel confident that his time had at last arrived. Besides, it was said by those who had seen young Rivers practise, that he could cut a string five times in six, and of course, Rouillet felt that with so skilful an antagonist, there was little if any chance for him. And thoughts stole over him, such as he had been a stranger to heretofore, or rather until very lately.

The hardened gambler, as he sat alone in his chamber, with his face resting in his hands, thought of repentance. As he reviewed his past life, and turned each leaf of crime and iniquity, he shuddered—but what should he do to repent? 'Ah!' said he, to himself, 'I know not what course to pursue. Yet stop, I can undo one evil that I have wrought, and that will be something towards it. Yes, I will at once take the first step.' He drew writing materials towards him, and after a few moments of thought, wrote as follows, in a clear, bold hand:

'To whom it may concern:

'Know all men by these presents. That I, Francois Rouillet, did falsely bear witness against one Henri May, as to his having murdered my daughter Eugenie, when it was my own hands that did the deed—though accidentally, in aiming at the life of the said Henri May. This confession is written at a moment when I am contemplating an act that must end my career in life, and therefore I can have no purpose to speak other than the truth. I hope it may be the means of freeing the man whom I have falsely accused, and whom, on my hopes for forgiveness, I declare to be innocent. (Signed,)

FRANCOIS ROUILLET.'

This important document was sealed and directed to the high sheriff of the city, and Rouillet then adjusted some of his private papers. Then throwing himself upon his bed, he slept uneasily until morning, when his second came to accompany him to the spot appointed for the contest. It is singular to observe the coolness with which men go to such business as a duel, after they have become used to it. Rouillet's second remarked to him:

'I find after trying these pistols, that they are apt to carry over—so you had best aim a little low, Rouillet, say about the knee!' And as he spoke, he commenced aiming at various objects in the room, in order to get about the right sight for the weapon he held.

'Yes, I understand,' replied the gambler, turning away from him, moodily.

'And I think by using a trifle less powder than the regular charge, you will be able to bring him down handsomely,' continued his second, while glancing his eye, with professional exactness, along the barrel of the pistol.

'Yes,' said Rouillet, abstractedly.

'Yes!' repeated his second, 'why the deuce don't you wake up, Rouillet, and be yourself again? Hang it, man, ever since that girl's death, you have seemed half asleep.'

'It is all very well, Rogers. I am a little thoughtless,' replied Rouillet, sighing.

A couple of hours subsequent to this conversation found them on the field, where they met young Rivers and his friends; and the final arrangements were at once made for carrying out the object of the meeting. The rules adopted were, that both should raise their weapons at the word, 'fire,' and discharge them simultaneously. With this understanding, and other preliminaries being settled, the two principals were placed opposite each other at sixteen paces distance, and directed to await the word from the seconds.

This was soon after given, and at the word 'fire,' Rivers brought his weapon on a line with Rouillet's breast, and fired, while Rouillet himself did not even raise his weapon. The seconds and Rivers, much astonished, inquired if he were hit—to which he replied, 'No,' and asked if his antagonist was satisfied, to which he received an unhesitating answer in the affirmative. Young Rivers then advanced towards him, saying:

'I feel that I must have been in the wrong, sir; one who could act so nobly as you have done at so important a moment, could not have been guilty of the dishonorable action of which I accused him.'

'Appearances are often deceptive, Mr. Rivers, and you may now, perhaps, judge as erroneously as at any time in your life. I had supposed this affair would end my life, but it seems I am still reserved for some unknown purpose. You will find at the hotel when you return, the amount of money that you lost on the night we first met!'

Then drawing still nearer, and speaking in a very low tone, as though to avoid being overheard by those about them, he said to his antagonist:

'Take my advice, sir, and never again gamble for a single dollar!'

'This is strange advice from you, sir.'

'It is honest, nevertheless,' replied Rouillet.

Astonished at this counsel from such a source, Rivers held out his hand, and shaking Rouillet's warmly, told him that he had shown him a new leaf in the book of human nature, and taught him a lesson that he should never forget. Saying which, each party withdrew from the field, and thus closed this singular duel.

The confession of Francois Rouillet being duly received by the sheriff, was at once laid before the Governor of the State, who after satisfying himself of its genuineness, and looking into the particulars of the case, wrote out a full discharge for Henri Bouve. One trouble occurred in the fact of the gambler having written Henri Bouve's name as Henri May; but it was easily accounted for,—he had passed by that name at the time Rouillet first heard Pauline speak of him, and thus it got fixed in his mind. Before the court nothing occurred in his hearing to call forth the mention of Henri's true name, as he was always referred to as the prisoner at the bar. This discrepancy got over, Henri Bouve once more found himself at liberty.

A fruitless search was instituted for Rouillet—he was nowhere to be found. It was but indifferently conducted however, from the fact of his having mentioned in his confession that he was contemplating an act that must end his earthly career. This was construed into the idea that he had committed suicide, and the authorities also reasoned that even should this not have taken place, he would not have made such open confession until he had previously made arrangements for his own safety.

In the meantime, Rouillet wandered about his old haunts with a sort of idea that concealment was necessary, and yet lacking the energy to take any steps to insure it. He was apparently fast sinking into imbecility, and was so dejected in spirits that the efforts of his former companions to arouse him were all in vain. He presented the wreck of a once noble form, and his body was bent with suffering, both mental and bodily. His eyes seemed to have receded far into his head, and the once handsome, vivacious, and witty Frenchman, now seemed but the ghost of his former self, so much was he changed from his appearance when we first introduced him as speaking to Pauline in the streets of New Orleans. Such are the consequences attendant upon following the broad and oft-times alluring path of vice!

A short time subsequent to the release of Henri Bouve from prison, he one evening met Rouillet in a by street, and the gambler, observing him approach, showed evident signs of a desire to speak. Henri paused to give him an opportunity, though he wondered much at his desiring to address him at all.

'I did you at last what little justice I could, Mr. May,' said the broken-hearted man, 'and now I want to thank you for your care of poor Eugenie;' as he spoke, he dashed a tear from his eye. 'You can hardly conceive, sir, how dear that child was to me, when I was myself, and how much I now suffer on her account, and from my own accumulated guilt.'

'You are very pale, sir, and tremble very much; step into this cafe, and take some refreshments,' said Henri, kindly, as he drew him towards the house.

'I have not tasted food to-day,' said the gambler; 'indeed I have not thought of it!'

They entered the refreshment saloon, and some hot coffee and rolls, with other refreshments, made at once a visible difference in the appearance of Francois Rouillet, who was exhausted from want of nourishment.

'You were kind to Eugenie, sir. I have heard all about it—and she loved you too. Ah! she was so like her mother. Both are now angels in heaven,' continued the heart-stricken man.

'Was she born in New Orleans, Monsieur Rouillet?' asked Henri.

The good cheer had warmed the heart of the gambler, and Henri had added a bottle of wine to the refreshments, the effect of which had been to revive some of the old fire of Rouillet's spirit, and he thus replied to Henri's question:

'I will tell you, for she loved you, and you were like a brother to her, though I could not then see your intimacy with her in that light, as I have since done. Sixteen years ago, I married her mother in Paris. She was the daughter of a marquis, and our marriage was clandestine. Had that beloved being lived, I should never have become what you now see me. But in giving birth to Eugenie, she died, with a gentle sigh upon her lip, and a prayer for her babe. I swore to her that our child should be the object of my constant care and love, the link that should bind me to her love and our spirits together, in unseen but ever present union. Though I had led a gay life, and had been pleased with many women, still I have loved but one truly and devotedly, and that one was Eugenie's mother. Her loss preyed upon me fearfully, and I became misanthropic and dissipated. I drank to drown care, and at last commenced to gamble. In this hellish occupation, I found the excitement necessary to keep me from self-destruction, and I pursued it until I became an expert and successful gambler, which means, that I learned to cheat as adroitly as the most experienced.

'Well, time travelled on, some ten years or more, and I became engaged in a conflict with a young nobleman, who fell by my hand in a duel. The populace became incensed, and I was at once forced to flee my home, and taking Eugenie hastily on board a packet vessel which happened to be bound for New Orleans, we came hither. Here I fell in with a gang of counterfeiters, and they, finding me to possess the requisite qualities to lead them in their illegal occupation, induced me to join them, and to locate in the chapparal, where you were attacked and wounded.

'Here, for four or five years I have been engaged in this disgraceful trade, and when not so employed, I was gambling in the city. I know not what has led me to open this book of self-reproach to your eyes, except that I have felt drawn near to you through the memory of Eugenie, and an interest that your manner wakens within me. I had hoped for death ere this, and sought it in a duel, but the messenger passed me harmlessly by, and I am still alive, to suffer every hour worse tortures than those of death.'

In vain did Henri, who was much moved by the picture he presented, endeavor to encourage him to repent and reform—in vain were all his expressions of sympathy and hope. The gambler only prayed for death to relieve him from misery, and, said he: 'I know of no one of whom I would so willingly ask as you, to see me placed, when you hear of my death, in the same grave as my poor Eugenie. Ah! she was a pure, bright spirit, and had fortune placed her in her proper sphere, where her noble blood entitled her to move, she might have been a queen. Will you promise to see me laid beside her?' continued he, earnestly.

'I will,' said Henri, solemnly, and the broken-hearted man warmly pressed his hand.

'There is something about you which has always attracted me, though we have been enemies,' continued Rouillet, thoughtfully.

'I too, have felt a singular interest in you,' replied Henri.

'I may depend upon you?'

'I will remember my promise.'

'Then farewell,' said the gambler, turning to depart. 'When next you hear of me, it will doubtless be, that I have gone to the last, long, silent sleep that knows no waking.' He waved his hand solemnly to Henri, and turning down the open street, was soon lost to his sight.

### CHAPTER XVI.

*Henri Bouve tells the count of his love. His father's bitterness and threat. A new lady-love, and the singular mutual discovery. Frank Mannor, the architect. Emily Winslow. A laughable declaration.*

Come, the plot thickens' and another fold
Of the warm cloak of mystery wraps us round.
BANNER OF TYRURN.

OF course, Henri Bouve had never intimated to his parents that his heart had become engaged to the daughter of their slave. Indeed, at this period, he knew that overtures were being made between the planter who improved the grounds contiguous to those of his father and his own parents, for an alliance with his daughter, a beautiful girl, of eighteen or nineteen years. Though he had fully made up his mind that Pauline should become his wife, he yet hardly dared to consummate so important a step, without first consulting his father, upon whom in a pecuniary point of view, he was wholly dependent. After favorably closing up the suit which had engaged him so long in his father's behalf, he resolved to return to his home, and counsel with his proud father, Count Bouve. 'If I can but get my mother on my side,' he thought, 'then I may hope to carry my point with my father.' But he forgot that his mother's pride also would require that he should form an alliance worthy his birth.

With Pauline, he was now more intimate than before, and as he consequently knew more of her gentle beauty of soul, and her delicacy of mind, so he loved her the more dearly. On her part, she seemed to live only for him, and to have poured out the entire wealth of her virgin heart upon the altar of his love.

After a tender leave-taking of Pauline, Henri left the city for the plantation near Vicksburg. After having first sought, though in vain, to influence Madame Bouve in his behalf, he frankly explained the state of his heart to the count, his father, declaring that unless he married Pauline, he should be unhappy for the rest of his life, and that his future hopes were all centered in her he loved. No language can depict the rage of Count Bouve, at the idea of the ignominious connection, as he called it, that was proposed by his son, and he at once told him, fiercely, that if he married Pauline, he would disinherit and cast him off forever, without a second thought upon the subject.

'Know you, sir, who that girl's father is?' asked Count Bouve, bitterly, of his son.

'But too well, sir,' replied Henri—'he was my father's brother!'

'And you should not forget the rest,' said the count, tauntingly—'her mother was a slave!'

'And yet,' replied Henri, 'in the sight of Heaven, she was my uncle's wife.'

'You may practise upon me with your sharp retorts, sir, but I am unchanged. Marry this daughter of Lucille, and you are no longer son of mine.'

'I have already gone too far to recede from my engagement with honor,' said Henri.

'Honor! Fy, sir, what is an engagement with one of that class?'

'You forget, sir, that the word of a gentleman, once passed, is binding as much to a menial as to a lord. I have promised to marry Pauline, and my honor is concerned in the fulfilment of my engagement.'

'Here, sir, is Emily Winslow, a girl of unusual beauty and attainments, and with every accomplishment becoming one of her birth and station, whose broad lands joins these, and whose father stands ready to give her to you in marriage. Now is this opportunity to be lost? This chance for uniting the fortune that may be yours with one equally large and available? Henri, Henri, I can hardly contain my feelings at the thought, that like an inconsiderate boy, you would dash to the ground all the high expectations I have formed for you, and leave in their place, a blank, or rather a great sorrow in my heart.'

'Indeed, sir,' said Henri, moved by the evidences of feeling on his father's part, 'the heart is not controlled by conventional rules. I know you think me headstrong, but my heart alone must plead for me.'

But Count Bouve was determined in his position, and would not hear a word to the further argument of Henri. He told him he had said once that if he became the husband of Pauline, he would immediately disinherit him, and would never again see him beneath the parental roof!

Mr. David Winslow, whose plantation joined that of Count Bouve, was a man of some influence in the State, and of acknowledged wealth; one, whose prime had been passed in political service at various times, but who had now retired to private life. He was getting old, and wished to see his only child, Emily, settled in life. He was a liberal, free-hearted man, and preparatory to the marriage of his daughter, concerning whose engagement to Henri, he had for several years had an understanding with the count, he was erecting an elegant residence, with elaborate architectural beauty and excellence, and in short, quite renovating the large and finely cultivated plantation that had grown up under his care. For this object, he had for several months past engaged the services of a gentleman, who combined the knowledge of engineering and architecture, a young Englishman, who had for a short period made New Orleans his home. This young man, whose name was Frank Mannor, was a well-educated, and fine-looking fellow, and he had become quite domesticated at the Winslow plantation.

Emily Winslow was a fair, young Southern girl, who knew about as much of the world as a child. Her utmost experience did not extend beyond the company of her music-teacher, and the other instructers, who at various seasons had attended her. She had a taste for reading, and had perused just enough of the romance of literature, to fill her heart with tender longings for some object on which to place its wealth. Hardly had the young architect, Frank Mannor, made his appearance, before his fine manly figure and pleasing address won her goodwill, and he, at once struck with the delicate beauty and the innocence of Emily, strove in every way to make her his friend, never dreaming of inspiring for himself a warmer sentiment, for he felt that her fortune would place her beyond his reach. With no companions of her own age or sex, and surrounded only by slaves, she had heretofore depended entirely upon the society of Madame Bouve, her own mother having been dead these many years.

But Frank Mannor, she found to be a most agreeable and interesting companion, and entirely devoted to her amusement and pleasure. She regularly took her evening walk by his side, talking of the wild beauties that the country afforded. Sometimes they would dash off for miles on an equestrian tour, to some distant spot of interest. Old Mr. Winslow was so absorbed in carrying out his plans and alterations, that he paid little heed to these things, so long as his architect did not neglect the business for which he had engaged him. Indeed, he had told his daughter explicitly, what were his intentions for her settlement in life with Henri Bouve, and to his mind that was quite sufficient. She would not, of course, think of forming any other attachment, and as to her having a will of her own in opposition to his, that was quite out of the question in her old father's strict idea of filial obedience. So, as we have said, Frank Mannor and Emily were much together, often on horseback, and as often on foot, strolling through the plantation and the cypress groves that flanked the broad lands of her father's estate, and along the course of the swift-gliding Mississippi.

The natural consequence of these two young and romantic persons being so much together, was that a kindly sentimental feeling at first sprung up between them, which ripened gradually into tender expressions, and soft, meaning glances, until at the close of a four months acquaintance, Emily and Frank had secretly plighted their love to each other, though both realized fully, that it would never be sanctioned by her father. Indeed, they might be said to have loved without hope at all, [illegible] exist without this, its natural aliment. All unsuspecting, Mr. Winslow jested and laughed with them, and really enjoyed the society of Frank, with great good-humor.

Matters were in this condition when Henri Bouve returned to his father's house. He had scarcely seen Emily since they were children, he having been at home but a very brief period, since he first left for his scholastic career at the North. To his father's expressed wish that he would ride over to Mr. Winslow's and see Emily, Henri could hardly object, even though he knew the purpose his father had in view in thus urging him thither.

'Henri, I have ordered your horse for after dinner, when we will ride over to Mr. Winslow's.'

'I will be ready, sir,' said Henri, though with an expression of anything but satisfaction.

Henri Bouve was really a very fine-looking young man. His hair was inclined to curl just enough to wave gracefully, and was very dark and glossy; a jet black moustache and imperial added expression, and the rosy color of youth glowed upon his cheek. His address was exceedingly polished, at once evidencing that he had already mingled much in good society. His father looked upon him with secret pride as they mounted their horses and dashed off for the adjoining plantation. Not a word was exchanged between them. Henri felt too sad at heart to speak, and the count too angry, or rather he wished to appear so, towards his undutiful son. He hoped by some fortunate turn of circumstances, yet to bring Henri to accede to his wishes. He counted much upon the beauty of Emily, whom he knew Henry had not seen for a long period, and thus both intently engrossed with their own thoughts, they rode on in silence towards the Winslow plantation.

Henri and Emily met, of course, as old friends, though each felt the constraint their peculiar relationship toward each other must naturally induce. Still no true-hearted man can fail to pay due homage to beauty in the gentler sex, especially when it is accompanied by intelligence and true delicacy of heart; and it was but a few moments before each, forgetting that there was any peculiarity in their situation to each other, existing, were conversing cheerfully, and with the utmost ease, and seemed evidently interested in each other. Observing this, Count Jerome at once proposed to Mr. Winslow that they should leave the young folks to themselves, and go out to view the new buildings and improvements that were in course of progress on the estate.

Of course, neither Henri nor Emily was aware that the other had entered into a different engagement of the heart from that proposed by their parents. Emily presumed, the moment that Henri entered the house, that he had come heart in hand, to lay it at her feet, and to breathe most ardent vows of love to her, while Henri, on his part, supposed that Emily, having been brought up to consider him as her future husband, had, without doubt, learned to think of him with affectionate regard, and was, of course, ready to love him as soon as he should give her a fair opportunity to do so. The reader knows them both to have been completely mistaken in their ideas of each other's views.

They walked over the estate together, looked over Emily's library, her paintings, and in short, were quite assiduous and entertaining to each other. Henri, from fear of injuring the feelings of Emily, was even more than polite in his attentions to her—he was even impressive; and she, actuated by the same kind-hearted motive, was more than usually kind and thoughtful, and her voice was as gentle as the whispers of love itself. Henri was introduced to Frank Mannor, to whom Emily spoke kindly, but whom she evidently rather avoided, for fear Henri Bouve should notice her interest in him. Thus will lovers oft disguise the true feelings of the heart. Thus was Emily paying open and particular attention to Henri Bouve, whom she really almost disliked on account of his position in regard to her, while she turned coldly away from the man she sincerely loved.

'These are charming engravings, in this book of beauty,' said Henri, turning over the leaves.

'I am glad you think so,' replied Emily, 'for there is not a head among them that I do not like.'

'This with the harp is truly exquisite,' continued Henri, 'what a glorious expression of countenance!'

'The forehead is lofty, and the eyes so thoughtful,' said Emily, looking over his shoulder, as she spoke.

'Why, now I look again, this resembles you, Emily—it certainly does most strikingly,' he said, turning round, and gazing at her really lovely countenance.

'O, you flatter me, Henri,' said the fair girl, for the first time addressing by the name she had always called him by when they were children together.

'By no means, Emily; there is a real likeness, and now I observe more closely, I see the very expression of your childish days—the laughing eye, the dimple, and the same roguish curl of the lip,' said Henri, seemingly recalling old recollections.

Emily pleased in spite of herself at the delicate compliment, and the recollections of her childhood that Henri seemed to retain, uttered a sigh thoughtlessly.

'Do you remember,' continued Henri, 'the time when you entered the skiff, and got afloat far out in the river, how terrified you were, and how you trembled after coming back to the shore?'

'I remember it as though it happened yesterday,' said Emily, her handsome eyes glowing with admiration. 'And how you swam out to me with an oar, and paddled us back to shore again,'—a grateful smile lighting up the beauty of the eye as she spoke.

'That was mere sport, Emily; we were both very young then. I think I was only twelve, and you were a little lisping miss, with privileged tongue.'

Thus Henri and Emily conversed for a time pleasantly together, while Frank Mannor was on thorns. He could hardly understand why Emily should devote herself with such apparent assiduity to Henri Bouve, while he was left to pass the time as uncomfortably as could be imagined. He strolled to the card-table where the count and Mr. Winslow were playing cards together, but though he appeared to be observing the game with the utmost interest, yet his eyes wandered with his thoughts, constantly to Emily and Henri, until at last he began to think that she had deceived him, and had only favored his addresses, and assented to his protestations of love, because she had no one else to share her regard with.

The moon was shining gloriously without, and Henri proposed to Emily that they should walk out into the open air, along the clear, bright paths of the plantation.

'With all my heart,' replied the gay and apparently happy Emily, and in a few moments they were walking arm-in-arm, over the same spots where she and Frank Mannor had interchanged vows, while he, poor fellow, looking out of the balcony window, thought he had been completely deceived by Emily.

Could it be that Henri was so fickle in his love for Pauline, as to be seriously captivated by Emily's beauty? Was this the reason that he drew her arm so gently within his own, and strolled with her, so absorbed in conversation? Let us follow them in their solitary walk to the cypress grove. They had talked of every indifferent subject that suggested itself to their minds, and now there was a pause. At last Henri made a resolve to speak out upon the subject that was struggling at his heart, though he hardly felt sufficient courage to undertake the task.

'Dear Miss Winslow,' he began, 'there is a subject upon which I must speak to you, though it is, as you will realize, extremely disagreeable to me to do so. I am sure your generosity of heart, and your ready appreciation of my position, will excuse me for it. But at any rate, will you promise not to be offended with me?'

'What is he about to say?' thought Emily. 'O, the declaration is now coming, of course. What can I say to him?' then turning to him:

'I hope you will speak plainly and honestly to me, Mr. Bouve,' she said, blushing deeply.

'Well, then, Emily,' he continued, taking her hand, as if to belie the very words he was about to speak, for so the heart often accomplishes its purpose. You know that our parents have long destined us for each other, and that your father and mine have quite set their hearts upon the joining of our estates.'

'I know they have always said so,' replied Emily, casting her eyes upon the ground, and tossing her little foot in the moonlight.

'Well, Emily, to say that I do not appreciate your great personal beauty, and the sweetness of your disposition, would be false—but—but—then, you see, Emily, I have—that is—'

Henri here found himself completely at fault. He did not know what to say, until Emily helped him a little by saying, timidly:

'What would you say, Henri? We have been friends from childhood; let there be no reserve between us now.'

'Well, I wanted to say to you, that although I fully appreciated your charms, Emily, yet, perhaps, unfortunately, my heart has long been engaged elsewhere.'

Henri almost trembled as he closed this sentence, while Emily gazed into his face with an expression of so curious a character, considering the circumstances, that he was thoroughly puzzled. At last, fearing that he had irretrievably wounded her feelings, he said, earnestly:

'I fear I ought hardly to speak thus, my dear Miss Winslow. Perhaps I have been very rude, but I thought I ought to speak honestly to you.'

Emily turned away her head, and hid her face in her handkerchief.

'Just my luck, she's weeping,' thought Henri; and scarcely knowing what to do, he asked:

'Have I made you feel unhappy, Emily? Pray speak to me, and tell me, what shall I do?'

'Unhappy,' echoed Emily, in a tone of voice that seemed to come from her very heart.

'Ay,' I feared you would despise me,' said Henri, really agitated.

'Despise you,' again echoed Emily. 'On the contrary, sir, I never liked you so well before in all my life. I really now see an attraction about you, Henri, that I have not before observed.'

'What do you mean, Emily? You seem to be strangely elated or depressed, I can hardly tell which.'

'Mean? Why, that you have made me the happiest person in all Louisiana.'

'Is it possible that you—'

'Yes, indeed,' said Emily, with the utmost animation and cheerfulness. Have I not long loved another, myself, and ever dreaded being forced into a union with one to whom I could not give my heart? There's my hand, Henri, and now let us both laugh over this capital finale, to what I had feared would prove a tragedy rather than a farce.'

It did not require more for them to understand each other, and after they had entered into a mutual explanation, and talked themselves into a state of the utmost satisfaction, each agreeing to help the other in his dilemma, Henri stole a kiss playfully from Emily, for which she was very [illegible] him, and they returned to the parlor in such evident good spirits, and in apparently so good understanding together, that the old count and Mr. Winslow exchanged knowing glances, as much as to say—'Ah! it is all right—they have been arranging the matter for themselves. Well, well, it's all very natural,' and hemming once or twice, they resumed their cards, until finally they all bade good-night; and Henri, as he mounted his horse, kissed his hand to Emily, with a very knowing look, and rode home with a much lighter heart than he had brought from thence—with the satisfaction of knowing also, that the result of their visit was no less agreeable to Emily than to himself.

But we must on with the reader to a more startling and vivid scene than we have yet depicted!

### CHAPTER XVII.

*A strange denouement among our characters. An old acquaintance returned. Pauline is your daughter! 'My cup of misery is full to the brim. God forgive me!' The story of a sad and eventful life.*

Did Heaven look on—
And would not take their part,
—Heaven rest them now.
MACBETH.

THIS was only about ten days subsequent to that on which Henri had met Francois Rouillet in the street, as we have related in the fifteenth chapter. The very next day, business called Henri to New Orleans, and he left the plantation immediately. No duty was now paramount with him to that of seeing Pauline, and he drove at once to the Harwells. Pauline's mother, just after his arrival, happened to be coming down a by-street which crossed that in which the Harwells lived, when she was met by a man muffled in a short Spanish cloak, who started violently on seeing her, and pronounced her name in a manner as if doubtful whether he was right in his conjecture as to her identity. She paused and looked towards the speaker, who, dropping his cloak from his face, stood before her. Both seemed agitated by some powerful emotion, and it was a full minute before Lucille was able to say, while she trembled in every limb:

'Monsieur Louis Bouve!'

The Quadroone trembled so perceptibly that the gentleman feared she would fall, and extending his arm, he partially supported her, at the same time inquiring whither she was going, and if he could not conduct her to some house near by, until she became stronger.

'I am nearly at home,' said the Quadroone, speaking with difficulty; 'it is just round this nearest corner. I would that I were there.'

'Lean on me then, Lucille, and I will go with you,' replied Louis Bouve, for it was indeed the brother of Count Jerome Bouve who spoke to her.

A few moments after, Louis Bouve found himself in the little parlor of the Harwells, gently chafing the hands and temples of the Quadroone, who had fainted. He knew very well that she would soon breathe again, and therefore did not alarm the household, but resorted to the simple restoratives which were at hand. She was in a few moments sufficiently recovered to be able to speak.

'Are you better, Lucille?' he asked, in a tender voice, 'look up, do you recognize me again?'

'Ah! yes, monsieur, how could I ever forget you?' replied the Quadroone.

'Have you been well, Lucille, during this long interval of years?' he asked, gravely.

'Yes, monsieur, always well.'

'And the count and madame, how are they, Lucille?' continued he, apparently musing abstractedly to himself; 'and the little boy,' he added, abruptly.

'All well, monsieur, all of them,' replied Lucille.

A pause ensued, and Louis Bouve covering his face with his hands, seemed to be reviewing the past in his mind, and recalling recollections of her before him. He sighed heavily, while Lucille watched him with painful anxiety. Before her was the man who had caused her so much sorrow, and for whom she had stepped aside from the path of virtue. He who had won the love of her young heart, whose image she had almost worshipped, and whose many kind attentions to her had almost made her forget she was a slave! Nearly twenty years had passed since they had met—had he ever been forgotten in that long period of time? Had her earnest prayers ever been withheld for him? Never! nightly had she prayed fervently for him, and for their child together, and besought the choicest blessings of Heaven for him whom she still loved, and held almost sacred in her heart, despite the wrong he had done her.

He looked up, and his heavy blue eye rested upon her face. How changed he was; there were deep wrinkles across his manly brow, his cheek was hollow, and he looked upon her with such a vacant stare of unhappiness, that she almost shuddered. At last, unable to bear it any longer, she approached still nearer to him, and turning his face towards her own with her hands, said:

'For heaven's sake, Louis, are you mad? Speak to me, if only once more.'

He looked at her still vacantly, as if half aroused by the earnest appeal she made, and slowly shook his head from side to side, in meaningless and almost idiotic expression!

'How you are changed—how fearfully changed,' sobbed the Quadroone, sinking at his feet, and weeping bitterly, as she looked at his altered countenance, and convulsively clasp-

THE FLAG OF OUR UNION.

ed his knees. Strange meeting for Louis Bouve and Lucille the Quadroone!

At this moment the door of the room opened, and Henri and Pauline entered. It would be in vain to attempt to depict their astonishment at the scene which met their eyes. The Quadroone rose to her feet, while Louis Bouve seemed completely aroused by the sight of those who had just entered. How singular a picture did they present!—the Quadroone, her fine dark hair loosed in the excitement, stood with clasped hands, still gazing at Louis. He had risen now, and with one hand upon the chair, confronted those before him; while Henri and Pauline stood by each other, almost bewildered by surprise—all seemed unable to speak. At last Henri asked:

'Monsieur Rouillet, what has brought you here, and what means this strange scene?'

'Rouillet!' echoed the Quadroone, 'this is your uncle, Henri, M. Louis Bouve.'

'What do I hear!' exclaimed Louis, starting. 'Henri May my nephew? What does this mean, Lucille—am I indeed mad?'

'My name, sir, is Henri Bouve,' said Henri, advancing towards him.

'Good heavens, is it possible that we have known each other for so long a time under assumed names? Lucille is right, Henri; I am indeed your uncle, if you are Jerome's son.'

'Monsieur Rouillet your uncle!' exclaimed Pauline, in astonishment. 'How can this be?'

'You have not asked for—for—' said the Quadroone, hesitatingly, to Louis.

'What,' said Louis Bouve, startled at the tone in which Lucille addressed him, 'for what —for whom?'

'For our child,' said the Quadroone, solemnly, with her eyes upon the floor.

'Speak, quick!' said Louis, 'in the name of heaven, what do you mean?'

'*That Pauline is your daughter, Louis Bouve!*' said the Quadroone in a whisper, yet with an intonation that rendered her words strangely distinct to all in the room.

'Merciful heaven—the girl whose innocence I would have ruined, my own child!' he exclaimed, averting his face, and trembling in every limb, like a leaf in the wind.

'Mother, mother,' said Pauline, hiding her face in her mother's bosom, 'this is the Monsieur Rouillet of whom I have told you, and from whom Henri released me at the risk of his own life.'

'Terrible visitation of Providence upon thy parent's sin,' said the Quadroone, solemnly.

'This is fearful, indeed,' said Henri, gazing from one to another, in amazement.

'Now is my cup of misery full to the brim. God forgive me!' said Louis Bouve. As he said this, a bright dirk gleamed for a moment above his breast, and was then buried deep in his body! A simultaneous shriek burst from the lips of the Quadroone and of Pauline, while Henri ran to him just in time to catch his falling body. Pauline started to bring assistance, but a motion from the dying man arrested her, as he said with the utmost exertion of his remaining strength:

'It is of no use—I struck home. I can live but a few moments. Lucille, in my pocket-book are thousands of dollars—buy your freedom, and—and—'

He sank back with exhaustion and loss of blood, moaning 'Eugenie! Eugenie!'

Who can look upon such a picture as this, the sad monument of crime, and not exclaim, 'How fearful is the inevitable lot of the unholy! How surely is sin punished, sooner or later, and how terrible is the retribution of justice!' The fearful experience of such as Louis Bouve should be an example to others, and teach us to follow those gentle ways of wisdom, which the holy book tells us are ways of pleasantness, and all whose paths are peace.

But we must again ask the reader to go back a long period of years, while we follow up the thread of Louis Bouve's history, and thus complete the chapter of his life. But first we may remark, that it was now plain to Henri what had acted so peculiarly upon his mind in relation to Eugenie, when he first saw her in the cabin, and he could understand, also, the secret influence that touched his heart in her gentle and loving expression, and the train of thought it gave rise to in his mind—for Eugenie and Pauline were sisters! For this reason, too, it was plain to him, how Rouillet, afterwards found to be Louis Bouve, her father, had obtained so singular an influence over her when they were first acquainted—a fact which proved a native instinct in the heart, although the mind was unconscious that obedience should be rendered to him as his right.

It will be remembered that Louis Bouve accompanied his brother, Count Bouve, back to Paris, after Louis had passed some months at the plantation. Returning to the most dissipated and gayest capital of all Europe, his spirits a little dashed at leaving Lucille, whom he really loved far better than the rich and proud dames with whom he had coquetted at the court in Italy, he sought in the thousands of dissipations the city afforded, to find excitement and pleasure. His means were still sufficient to enable him to live like a gentleman, and the six months subsequent to his visit to his brother's plantation were passed on the reckless principle of a short life and a merry one, until, by chance, at some place of public amusement, he saw the daughter of the Marquis de la Tourne. Though Eugenie was far above him in birth and rank, yet so ardent became his passion for her that he did not despair, and, by assiduity and intrigue, he became introduced to her. With the experience and polish acquired by travel, a fine figure, and handsome face, and possessing much natural vivacity, it is not surprising that in a short period of time he succeeded in winning the heart of the marquis's daughter.

This was discovered by her jealous parent, and fearful were the anathemas that he showered upon the head of his child, vowing that he would lay her in her grave before he would allow her to marry the man she loved. He was forbidden the house, and Eugenie was confined by key in her own suite of apartments. But love laughs at locksmiths, and Louis was thus only incited to cunning and adroit management to accomplish his object.

Had the old noble left his daughter at liberty, under prohibition of her seeing or conversing in any manner with Louis, he would have been throwing them both, in some degree, upon their sense of honor; but when the father condescended to plot, they thought it was their part to counterplot. When he constituted himself a jailer, in place of a parent, then his daughter considered herself authorized to endeavor to escape as soon as possible. And thus did Louis reason with the inexperienced girl of seventeen years. How easily was she persuaded to yield to his proposal, and a rope ladder and a post chaise accomplished the rest.

Once united to the refined and beautiful Eugenie, Louis was ready to relinquish his foibles, and became a faithful and trustworthy man, happy in his domestic life. In their little cottage at Versailles, he fitted up a studio, and renewed his former avocation as an artist. He wrought diligently at his easel, and fitted his room with choice emanations of his fancy, while by times he read, sang, and walked with his young bride. They were ever together, and ever happy. The better points in his nature seemed to have found a genial soil in the society and love of his Eugenie, and they burst forth and blossomed in his heart; he was happy—he was constant—he was virtuous. His letters to his brother Jerome were replete with the outpourings of a grateful heart, and Madame Bouve and her husband were rejoiced that Louis had at last so fortunately and pleasantly situated himself. This was the midday, the broad, sunshiny noon of Louis's eventful life. But there was a fearful change yet to come!

Eugenie and Louis had, for some length of time, been looking forward to an event which should add still another link to their golden chain of love—that darling tie which Heaven sends to bind still nearer the hearts of those whom the tenderest love has already united. How quickly beat the father's heart, when he pressed to his breast the lovely babe. What proud and heartfelt satisfaction beamed from his eye, and how softly and tenderly he kissed the fevered brow of the mother. It was a heavenly day in autumn—the sun had traversed all day an unbroken field of deepest blue, and now slowly and silently sank down the western sky. Fainter and fainter grew the strength of the young mother, and in vain was the skill of the medical attendants. As the sun sank lower and lower, so the pulse of the heart beat more and more feebly, and as the last of its broad disk vanished in the horizon, so did Eugenie cease to breathe. But as the light radiated on the western sky, so did a soft smile linger on the mother's lips!

O God, in thy supreme wisdom, thou dost sometimes see fit to afflict most fearfully, and yet thou chastenest whom thou lovest!

Louis Bouve sought in vain to forget his affliction. The pencil, the pen, the secular affairs that would naturally surround, all failed to interest him—he became wretched. He looked back and thought upon his intimacy with the Quadroone, and said to himself, 'Is this to punish me for the ruin of Lucille?' and, like Cain, he bowed his head, and said, 'My punishment is greater than I can bear.'

Ever unreflecting and impetuous, he did not consider within himself what he should do to retrieve his former sins, and obtain the smiles of heaven. No: he dashed once more into the vortex of dissipation that a great city, and particularly Paris, affords; and found in the gambler's hazardous existence the excitement he desired. Once fairly initiated, he paused not at the many advantages a professed gambler will take of the inexperienced, and learned their tricks and modes of deception so well, that he soon became exceedingly adroit. For years he practised in Paris, in the highest, as well as the lowest, hells of the metropolis, until, on one occasion, a young nobleman had been enticed into a net prepared for him, and, being plied with drugged wine, was induced to play largely, until he was made a beggar! Louis Bouve, brought by his vile associates to the lowest vices of their hateful employment, was the one who had fleeced him. The nobleman challenged him, charging him with having cheated and taken advantage of him, after having made him intoxicated. They met, and the nobleman fell, a victim to the gambler's intrigue and villany.

All Paris was aroused at this dark transaction, and had Louis Bouve been found by the excited populace, he would have been sacrificed in the open streets at midday. Well aware of the danger of his situation, he suddenly left, with his daughter Eugenie, for Havre, and thence took passage in an American vessel for New Orleans. He found himself, as if by some fatality, approaching a spot so near to his brother, that he feared he must be discovered and recognized. This he would, if possible, avoid. He had long since ceased corresponding with his brother, and his dissolute habits were no secret to Count Jerome.

To escape recognition, therefore, he assumed the name of Francois Rouillet, and on landing, he soon fell in with some of the class of men with whom the reader has more than once seen him in company. He never sought information of Jerome, nor did he let his proximity to them be known by the count and madame, and among his companions he was only known as Monsieur Rouillet. The memory of Lucille would sometimes pass across his desolate heart, but he too much feared recognition to seek even to hear from her, and once thoroughly enwrapped in the intrigues of a counterfeiter, he no longer thought of her, or, indeed, of any one, treating his child, Eugenie, more like a slave than a daughter.

Thus did the once fascinating gallant, who began his career of deception at Florence, and who committed a sin at the outset, in the betrayal of Lucille, after a transient glimpse of true happiness in his union with Eugenie, at last end his dark and sinful career by his own hand!

The Quadroone had for so many years sought forgiveness of Heaven for her great sin, and counsel and guidance from above, that even this sad event produced but a transient effect upon her. She had dearly and truly loved Louis Bouve, but that was now past. She had learned, as she grew older, to centre her affections upon her beloved and dutiful child, and never was mother more blessed in a daughter than was Lucille in Pauline. And as she gazed on her peerless beauty, and thought upon the sweet purity of her heart and character, she reasoned within herself, 'Ah! with such a child, I surely cannot be unhappy.'—And it was always Pauline's care to endeavor to chase all sad reminiscences from her mother's mind.

A nice sense of delicacy had prevented both Pauline from questioning her mother, concerning her parentage, and the Quadroone from informing her of it, until the discovery was made as we have described. This startling scene had more effect upon Pauline than upon her mother. It raised a saddened and reflective spirit in her mind, that Henri in vain endeavored to reason away. When she had ever permitted herself to think at all about the matter, she had presumed that her father must have been of a class similar to that of her mother. But to know that she was of noble birth, and yet under such painful circumstances, was a source, as we have said, of melancholy musings.

Then, too, the singular adventure she had met with in connection with her father, made so strong an impression upon her mind, now that she knew the relationship existing between them, and it appeared to her in so fearful a light, that a serious illness at last ensued from the state of her over-taxed brain, and Pauline hung for weeks, as it were, on the very brink of the grave. But after all, the affliction had but the effect of a refining fire, and purged her mind of the ill that might otherwise have been induced by the peculiar circumstances of her life. Once more the rosy hue of the cheek returned, the brightness of her loving eyes, and the tender and confiding look, that made her look so lovely, and Henri so happy.

[CONCLUDED NEXT WEEK.]

'Loving goes by haps; some, Cupid kills with arrows, some, with traps.'

[Written for The Flag of our Union.]

### Dorchester Heights.

BY OSCAR H. DUNHAM.

'What's hallowed ground?' 'tis not where skill
Has wrought the marble to its will,
Bidding its stubborn form arise
To mock the conflict of the skies.
'What's hallowed ground?' 'tis not the bed
Where sleep the world's immortal dead—
A countless host, whose deeds shall shine
Bright in the dying hour of time.
'What's hallowed ground?' 'tis where the brave
Their bosoms to the conflict gave,
When vile oppression sought to bind
The dictates of the freeborn mind.
'Tis hallowed ground, where they unfurled
The stars of freedom to the world,
And bade the weeping nations stand
As men upon their native land.
'Twas here, at lonely midnight hour,
When storms were muttering sad and low,
Columbia led her infant power
To battle with the tyrant foe.
Beneath them, on the whispering brine,
Rode the proud strength of England's might;
A dark, unbroken, dreadful line,
Prepared for battle's withering blight.
Night passed away—that little band
Stood ready, at the dawn of day,
To save by blood their native land
From bowing to the invader's sway.
They fought not, bled not, yet we trace
Their purpose stern on every soul
Left to record a noble race
That struck for liberty and God.
And shall we teach with grasping hand,
Those shadows of a glorious past,
Reared to defend our father land
Against the battle's threatening blast?
[illegible]
On Bunker's height, where stones arise,
Plucked from the rock, their deeds to tell,
In awful grandeur in the skies?
Ungenerous deed! to bear away
Mementoes of departed worth;
The shrine from whence the holy ray
Of freedom quivered round the earth!
Soon shall we seek (I blush) in vain,
A trace of those whose hands unfurled
The stars that light the darkling main,
And beam with lustre o'er the world.

[Written for The Flag of our Union.]

## RAMON D'ANGUERRA,

### THE MEXICAN SALTEADOR.

### A Romantic Story.

BY FRANCIS A. DURIVAGE.

[The following narrative, notwithstanding its air of romance, is strictly true in all essential particulars, and might even be authenticated by legal documents.]

Many years ago, a young captain of cavalry, stationed in the city of Mexico, flourished very extensively in the most brilliant circles of that splendid capital. His youth and manly beauty, the magnificence of his uniform, the grace of his bearing, and the witchery of his horsemanship, captivated more than one heart among the belles of the city of the Aztecs. He was one of those chivalric cavaliers, in mien, at least, who proved to us that if the age of chivalry has passed away, its beauty survives in the persons of some of the lineal descendants of some of its knights. Captain Ramon d'Anguerra, for such was his name, was the very leader of the *gente dorado*, the 'golden youth of Mexico.' He rode, he danced, he intrigued, he smoked cigarrettos, with a peculiar grace; and last, but not least, he played desperately high at *monte*. His luck at games of chance was so extraordinary, that at last it began to be whispered that Captain Ramon was in league with the Father of evil, and had disposed of his soul to the demon, the purchase-money being a course of uninterrupted luck at the gaming-table for a certain period of time.

Thus the secret of his success was finally discovered. A young Spaniard, whose last *peso* had been lost to Ramon, watched his destroyer narrowly, and finally detected him in cheating at cards. He charged him with fraud, and d'Anguerra replied by giving him the lie. A blow followed from the accuser, and a challenge was the rejoinder. Young Melendez, for so the ruined gamester was called, accepted the challenge, and named pistols as the weapons. The parties, with their seconds, met at San Antonio, on the following forenoon. The conditions of the combat were somewhat singular; the parties being stationed opposite each other, face to face, at fifteen paces distance, and being required to wait in this attitude, pistol in hand, ten minutes before receiving the signal to fire. This was a terrible ordeal. Melendez, who had nothing left to live for, went through with the most imperturbable *sang froid*. He fixed upon his adversary a deadly look of hatred, terrible as fate itself. For five minutes Ramon sustained it, without betraying, by any outward signs, the perturbation and even horror of his spirit. But cold drops of sweat broke forth upon his brow, his knees, his whole frame, trembled, and finally, just at the decisive moment when the seconds were about to give the word to fire, he turned and fled, rushed to his horse, which was tied in a thicket hard by, loosed him, sprang into the saddle, and plunging his heavy rowels deep into the flanks of the tortured animal, was out of sight in a moment.

Melendez was at first astounded at this pusillanimity; but when recovered from his first surprise, burst forth into imprecations on the cowardly villain, who had first ruined him, and then fled from his righteous vengeance.

But Ramon was not a coward. Under ordinary circumstances he was brave as steel, and his behaviour on the duel ground only added one to the numerous instances of courageous men being seized with sudden panics in extraordinary circumstances.

The fugitive was not heard of for many years, and then he re-appeared in the ranks of an insurgent party, who 'pronounced' in the State of Durango, against the existing government. The movement was speedily suppressed, and the leaders, deserted by their cowardly troops, were soon at the mercy of the government forces. Tried by a drum-head court martial, Ramon, with five colleagues, was sentenced to be shot, and was immediately led out to the plaza, an immense crowd being collected on the square, and at the windows of the houses, to witness the thrilling spectacle of a military execution.

At that awful moment, when the thoughts of the other culprits were directed to the fearful mysteries of the world beyond the grave, to which their souls were so soon to be consigned, Ramon was revolving in his mind the chances of escape. His plan was speedily formed. Gazing steadily at the soldiers who were drawn out to execute the sentence of the court, he waited for the officer's order; and the moment the word '*Fuego!*' (fire!) parted from his lips he fell, and almost at the same moment his comrades dropped dead beside him at the volley.

The commander of the firing party, either because he had noticed his movements, or because he wished to be personally certain of the death of so notorious a villain, approached the spot where Ramon lay on his back, motionless, with closed eyes. Drawing his sword, the officer passed it twice through his neck, and d'Anguerra, though suffering the agonies of death, did not betray his anguish by a cry or movement. Satisfied with this examination, the officer withdrew, and the firing party was marched off.

When night had fallen, and the streets had become deserted, Ramon, who had twice fainted from loss of blood, began to drag himself slowly, on his hands and knees, across the plaza. By great exertions, he was at length able to rise upon his feet, but even then his progress was slow and painful, and at sunrise he was only a couple of miles from the city.

However, seeing a *rancho* at no great distance, he dragged his weary limbs thither, and entering the house, or rather hut, sank exhausted on a bench. A very beautiful young woman, engaged in her domestic avocations, uttered a slight scream at beholding a stranger of so ghastly an appearance, and asked what he wanted.

'*Pan y agua por amor de Dios!*' (Bread and water, for the love of God), was the reply.

The woman hastened to supply his wants, and then asked him how he came to his present condition.

'Woman,' said the sufferer, 'day before yesterday, I was Ramon d'Anguerra, a rebel in arms against the government, strong, healthy, and full of hope. Yesterday, I was led out to die in the plaza, and received these ghastly wounds in my neck. To-day, I am nothing. No one knows of my existence—shelter me—and I will repay you by a life of gratitude.'

Margarita Mendez was as kind-hearted as she was beautiful. She dressed the wounds of Ramon, and gave up a small room to him, where there was a bed, for the repose of his shattered frame. When Pedro, her husband, came home from the *corral*, she told him the stranger's story, and enlisted his sympathy in his behalf. It was agreed that Ramon should remain with them until he was fully restored. With kind treatment and care, this event was soon brought about. But Ramon still lingered at the *rancho*. There was some charm about it which seemed to render it difficult for him to part from his entertainers' roof.

One day, after Pedro had been absent many hours, he came back at night-fall and found the house deserted. Neither Ramon nor his wife was there. Where could they have gone at such an hour? The house, too, was in confusion. Terrible suspicions flashed upon his mind. He instituted a search, for the purpose of dispelling or confirming them. He went to his cattle-shed—his two fleet mules were gone, with their saddles and equipments. He re-entered the house wildly; a chest in which he kept his few treasures, was broken open, and a purse of doubloons, the fruits of years of economy, was missing. The drawers of his wife's wardrobe were open, and most of her clothes had been abstracted. Ramon d'Anguerra had fled with Margarita. When the conviction of this black act of ingratitude and domestic treachery burst upon his mind, with a cry of indescribable anguish, the unhappy husband fell senseless on the floor of his deserted dwelling.

Hours passed, and the gray light of another day pierced the windows of his desolate home. Pedro arose; he went to an image of the Virgin that stood in a niche of the apartment, and fell upon his knees.

'Santa Maria!' he exclaimed, 'hear me swear by thy purity and glory, that I will never know rest or joy, till I have overtaken the violator of my roof, and wreaked upon his head the deadliest and surest vengeance.'

Some weeks after this, the robberies of travellers upon the road from Vera Cruz to Mexico increased to an alarming extent, and were characterized by extraordinary audacity.—Trains of merchandize were robbed almost at the gates of garrisoned towns and cities. No force seemed adequate to protect the convoys and the diligencias. The Mexican government, always willing to concede a liberal percentage to the salteadors, or mounted highwaymen, were piqued at the enormous levies they made. The commerce between the capital and Vera Cruz began to be seriously menaced. It seemed at one time as if the communication between the two cities would be cut off, as in time of war.

Hence, instead of sending weak and inefficient detachments to operate against the robbers, as had generally been the custom, President Santa Anna, who was then at the head of the government, detailed for this duty, some of the best officers and troops in Mexico. Much to his rage and mortification, a large detachment of these troops encountered a band of robbers vastly their inferior in numbers, and after a sharp skirmish of an hour, were badly beaten and fell back in complete disorder, and with a loss of several men in killed and wounded. But this affair, mortifying as it was, disclosed the secret of the extraordinary vigor and audacity displayed by the robbers. In the heat of the engagement, the mask having fallen from the face of the leader of the salteadors, he was recognized by a Mexican officer, who carried to the capital the news that the bandits were commanded by the notorious Ramon d'Anguerra, condemned to death at Durango, and whose body had been missing from the plaza on the morning after the execution.

Ashamed of their defeat, the Mexican troops determined to retrieve their honor, and a plan was laid for bringing Ramon and his band once more into action. A rich convoy of merchandize and specie was permitted to pass over the road without any apparent escort, while a strong detachment of Mexican troops contrived to flank it by marching through a parallel path. The richness of the booty attracted the robbers, and they fell upon the train. At this moment, the troops issued from their ambuscade and were instantly engaged with the brigands. A severe battle ensued. The robbers were led by Ramon, and beside him rode a woman in male attire, splendidly mounted, and fighting with desperation. It was Margarita, who refused to be separated from her paramour. Her guilty career, however was soon brought to a close. An ounce ball from an escopeta brought her from the saddle. After this incident, Ramon fought with redoubled desperation, but, badly wounded, his band cut to pieces, he was finally made prisoner, and carried in triumph to the city of Mexico.

It will be easily understood that his fate was speedily decided. He had escaped the bullet and sword, to die by the halter. A gallows was erected in the plaza in front of the cathedral, and at the hour fixed for his execution, an immense concourse assembled in the square to witness the close of his infamous career.

Among the troops who guarded the scaffold was the ranchero, Pedro Mendez, who had recently enlisted for the purpose of joining in the pursuit of the man he hated with such cause.

The criminal, disdaining the services of a priest, and thereby increasing tenfold the horror and disgust of the Catholic spectators, ascended the fatal ladder with a firm step. On reaching the scaffold, he surveyed the growling multitude with a defiant eye. The executioner adjusted the noose and retired. The criminal gave the signal, and the drop fell. But, instead of meeting instant death, Ramon, owing to the slipping of the noose, fell to the ground. Unstunned by his descent, he sprang instantly to his feet, and seizing an axe which had been used in the construction of the gallows, he brandished it aloft, and swore that his capture should cost more than one life. The soldiers sprang forward to despatch the desperate ruffian, but one of them, who was in advance, called out to his officers:

'Keep the men back! this man belongs to me.'

It was Pedro. Armed with a short sword only, he rushed to the encounter. The eyes of Ramon encountered his, and he faltered for a moment. But recovering his desperate courage, he aimed a deadly blow at his assailant. But Pedro sprang aside in time to avoid the stroke, and repaid it by one so trenchant, that the right arm of the villain fell powerless at his side. The next moment he had his enemy by the throat.

'This, dog,' said he, 'for your treachery and ingratitude!' and he passed his sword through the heart of the salteador.

A writhing of the features—a convulsion of the frame—a gush of blood following the withdrawal of the sword, and Ramon d'Anguerra, the soldier, the cheat, the adulterer and robber, was a corpse!

[Written for The Flag of our Union.]

### THE BURIAL OF PHEELIM O'FLIGGS.

BY JOHN.

During the year 1838, our readers will all recollect that an unusual number of laborers were employed on the Chesapeake and Ohio Canal, among whom was Pheelim O'Fliggs. Now Pheelim, in the course of his work, met with an accident that caused his death. His numerous friends met to have a wake over Pheelim's body; as usual, a large quantity of the critter was used, and the many virtues of poor Pheelim was talked over, and the larger party of the friends became pretty much how came you so. Now to get a hearse to convey the corpse to consecrated ground was impossible; so after the priest had said mass and the company had taken a few drinks, being a very cold morning, poor Pheelim was duly secured in his coffin and placed in one of their dirt-carts, and the company started for the nearest burial ground, some twelve miles off. On reaching the Gen. Jackson tavern, some four miles, the procession came to a halt for the purpose of securing the inner man from the extreme cold. After imbibeing to a considerable extent, they started, and as the road was very rough, Pheelim's body got many a jolt and tumble, and at last the coffin containing poor Pheelim was tossed out of the cart in going over a deep rut in the road. Either the liquor that had been drank, or the extreme cold, had taken such a hold on the mourners, that they did not perceive their loss but kept on their way, until they came to the sign of the Black Bear, where a halt was ordered for the purpose of patronizing mine host. After the usual drinking was indulged in, the company prepared to depart, when lo, the coffin was missed. Numerous were the suggestions started as to what had become of poor Pheelim, when they espied a funeral procession coming down the road for the purpose of burying an old lady that had died in the neighborhood. The friends of Pheelim at once thought they had stolen Pheelim from them and was having the burying on their own hook. They immediately demanded the coffin, and swore they had worked with him and had waked with his body, and they were determined they would bury him. Explanation on this occasion was of no use, and from words they were about to use the shelalah, when the company with the body of the old lady made out at last to get the attention of the soberest of the party, and told them some three miles back they had found a body laying in the road, and had put it in the fence corner and they would send a committee back with them as hostages. This appeared to satisfy them; they returned, and found the coffin and placed it in the cart, put a guard around it, and succeeded at last in safely covering the sod over poor Pheelim O'Fliggs.

[Written for The Flag of our Union.]

### Terpsichore.

BY J. FREDERIC SOUTHGATE.

O come with me, and stroll
Through the illumined hall,
Where graceful nymphs are dancing,
And flashing eyes are glancing,
Where pleasure beams on all.

How lovely and how fair
Are all assembled there;
Where nimble feet are springing,
And merry laughter ringing;
For banished is dull care.

How happy and how gay,
How blithesome all are they!
The dazzling lights are glowing,
And liquid music flowing,
As the bright hours glide away.

Where incense-laden flowers,
Culled in sweet rosy bowers,
By gentle lovers plaining,
Adorn dark tresses shining;
While joy doth gild the hours.

And swiftly gliding o'er
The shining marble floor,
They dance the merry hours away,
Until the blushing dawn of day—
At the shrine of Terpsichore.

### Experiments with the Pear.

Rev. J. P Richardson, of Otisfield, Me., in a communication in the Christian Mirror, says that five or six years ago, he grafted the St. Germain pear into a forest tree, called the sweet pear, and this year gathered from it half a bushel of most delicious fruit. The tree, as it grows wild, is one of the first that blossoms in spring, and bears a fruit about the size of a chokeberry. The writer of this article grafted one of these bushes with a Bartlett, last spring, and it has grown finely, and thrived better than the original stocks. He also grafted the same pear on a common thorn-bush, which grew very thriftily, to the length of eighteen or twenty inches. A small mountain ash was also successfully budded with the same fruit. As pear trees sell very high, it may be to many an interesting fact that they can make as good trees from useless bushes in the woods as they can purchase from the nurseries at $1.25.—*Traveller.*

### Influence of Newspapers.

Small is the sum that is required to patronize a newspaper, and amply rewarded is its patron, I care not how humble and unpretending the gazette which he takes. It is next to impossible to fill a sheet with printed matter without putting into it something that is worth the subscription price. Every parent whose son is away from him at school, should supply him with a newspaper. I well remember what a marked difference there was between those of my school-mates who had not access to newspapers. Other things being equal, the first were always decidedly superior to the last, in debate, composition, and general intelligence.

*Dover Gazette.*

Love is said to be like a child who longs for everything that he can come by.

[Written for The Flag of our Union.]

### To a Katy-did.

BY MISS H. CUNNING.

O, Katy-did! dear Katy-did!
I've found the secret you have hid
So long a time;
My heart is very, very cold,
And I am very, very bold,
With pen of mine.

Sweet Katy lived in a thatched cot—
In humble life was cast her lot—
The happy child,
And often through the livelong day
She'd wander through the woods away,
Or pastures wild.

Sweet Katy loved the flowers so fair,
And with them decked her golden hair,
In pastime free;
And the bright butterfly would chase,
With eager childhood's restless pace,
And happy glee.

Sweet Katy grew from day to day,
Till girlhood's bright and sunny ray
Did o'er her shine;
And wooing hearts would often come,
And seek, blithe Katy, at thy home,
That hand of thine.

Sweet Katy smiled, but wild and free
It was her maiden choice to be,
She gently said;
So sought was she the village round,
That not a single lad was found,
But wooed the maid.

Sweet Katy loved by the still stream
To wander when the evening came,
And sing alone;
And often to her airy note,
An echo gently back would float,
An echo—not her own.

Sweet Katy, look then to thy heart;
E'en now that echo shares a part
In its deep cell;
And evening after evening came
That singer to the brook the same,
To woo her well.

Sweet Katy felt at last that she
Could wish no longer to be free
From love's bright power;
And to the youth her promise given,
Was heard and sealed in highest heaven,
In that still hour.

Sweet Katy thought her heart so deep,
The new-made promise would keep
From mortals hid;
When lo, from each surrounding tree
Was heard to echo merrily—
Ah ha! sweet Katy *did.*

O Katy did! O Katy did!
I know not what it was she said,
What wizard spell,
That then the secret fire did keep,
When broken-hearted youths did seek
To know it well.

O Katy did! 'tis even now
Thou keepest sleep from many a brow,
And heavy lid;
For thou dost say, each maiden heart
Must bend to love's bright polished dart—
For Katy did!

[Written for The Flag of our Union.]

### THE INTRUSIVE YANKEE.

### A Boarding-House Sketch.

BY PAUL CRESTON.

Charley H—, the subject of this sketch—and an intimate friend of ours, by the way—was not only fond of a good joke, but he was as dry a joker himself as it has ever been our good fortune to meet. He delighted in all sorts of jokes, and such was his passion for the class called *practical jokes*, that he would spend both time and money, hand-labor and brain-labor, and put himself to the greatest trouble and inconvenience, for the bare pleasure of seeing and perpetrating a little fun. Moreover, Charley was remarkably patient to endure sport made at his expense, and he could laugh at it as heartily as any, although he was never known to neglect an opportunity of returning, with interest, any joke of which he had been made the victim.

Charley once lived in boarding-house, and occupied one of two single beds, located in the same apartment. It so happened, at one time, that the other bed remained vacant for several weeks; and Charley was beginning to think that he was destined to have the good fortune to reign sole lord of his apartment for many weeks to come. He had everything arranged, old bachelor style, to suit his convenience or caprice—thankful that there was no one to disturb the tranquillity of his *sanctum!*

One night, however, on coming home late, he observed that a change had taken place in the appearance of the other bed, and, on nearer inspection, he saw that a stranger had been thrust unceremoniously into the room he had begun to consider his own. The stranger's trunk was there, and the stranger himself was snoring in the most unconcerned and deliberate manner.

Charley felt perplexed—yea, grieved; but he said nothing. Getting into his own bed, he addressed himself to slumber, and was soon as sound asleep as the stranger.

On the following morning, our friend was awakened by the occupant of the other bed, who had arisen, and was making a most uncharitable racket, in overhauling Charley's nicely arranged articles of the toilet.

'Here, yeou!' said the stranger, who Charley saw at a glance was one of the rough, independent, half-civilized Yankees, we read of frequently, and occasionally meet; 'Here! yeou! can't yeou tell me whar I kin find su'thin in the shape of a har comb?'

Charley began to smell fun, and replied very coolly:

'There's a comb, I believe, in the drawer; if that wont do, you can call the chamber-maid, and order a better one.'

'O, this is as good as new,' said the stranger, endeavoring to straighten his snarled locks. 'Is this your comb.'

'I bought it and paid for it,' replied Charley.

'Did yer though? Its a consarned slick 'un, it is. Now, hain't yeou got a razur somewheres about these 'ere diggins. Eh?'

Charley told the intruder where he could find the desired article; upon which, the said intruder very coolly made use of it, to remove his superfluous beard. Having done this, he unceremoniously borrowed Charley's blacking and brushes, and commenced polishing his clumsy boots!

'This blacking's no great shakes,' he remarked, being unable to make the cowhide shine. 'Hain't yer got sum better, somewhar, ole cock?'

'No!' replied Charley, 'but if you'll wait half an hour, I'll sent out for a box on purpose for you!'

The stranger said something about being unwilling to put his new acquaintance to so much trouble, and proceeded to brush his clothes with Charley's brushes, and to make himself perfectly at home in the midst of Charley's property.

'Mighty nice cologne water, this!' observed Jonathan, pouring a quantity of the article from one of Charley's bottles upon his hands, 'best I believe I ever seed!'

'Yes, that's tolerable,' replied Charley, 'but I've got some better in my trunk; shall I get up and get it for you?'

'No, thankee; this'll answer,' said Jonathan, sprinkling himself profusely.

Thus far, Charley had borne the stranger's impudence patiently, laughing in his sleeve; but when he saw Jonathan take up his *tooth brush*, and make preparations to defile it with the washings of his great black teeth, he could restrain himself no longer.

'Here, Mr. What-you-call-'em—'

'Hallo!'

'I'd rather you wouldn't use that brush, if 'twould be the same thing to you.'

'Yeou don't though!' exclaimed Jonathan, looking first at Charley and then at the brush. 'Yer mighty perticklier, 't seems to me.'

'Yes, but don't use the brush.'

'Lor! d'ye think 'twould hurt it to scrape a leetle of the dirt off my teeth with it? I want to look as slick as possible, now I've come tew town.'

'Certainly,' said Charley; 'I'll try to accommodate you. There's another brush.'

'This one?'

'Yes, you can use that.'

'It's a good soft brush,' remarked Jonathan, using the article with a vengeance. 'Mighty soft, I declare!'

'And sweet, too, I should think,' added Charley, 'for I've used it to clean my nails for more than a month!'

'The furies!' muttered Jonathan, dashing the brush upon the floor, and spitting as though his mouth was full of mustard. 'Why didn't yer tell me o' that afore? Blast yeour nail brush!'

Charley made no reply, but smothered his laughter in the bed clothes, while the intruder hurried out of the room.

After breakfast, being in the parlor during the absence of the stranger, Charley related the foregoing incidents to his fellow-boarders, who, giving due credit to the joke of the nail brush, decided that, after all, Jonathan had given Charley rather more than he received in return.

'By Bacchus!' exclaimed Charley, 'if you think so, I'll pay him off with a trick, if it costs me fifty dollars!'

Shortly after Jonathan came in. Charley said but little to him, but walked to and fro in the room, absorbed in deep thought, for he was racking his brain to invent some trick for the sole benefit of the stranger. He could think of nothing, until the stranger interrupted him with:

'Here, yeou Mr. What's-his-name, kin yer tell a feller whar he kin git a drink o' water, or su'thin of the sort?'

An idea struck Charley so forcibly, that he almost laughed outright; but he restrained his risibilities, and answered coolly:

'I'll go and see if there's any water in the dining-room.'

Charley went out, and was gone so long that Jonathan began to be very impatient. At last Charley returned.

'There's no water in the house,' he said, in the most candied tone of voice, 'but there's a basin of fresh milk on the table you can drink as well as not. Step right in there, and say nothing to anybody, and drink the milk in spite of the girl, who may scold a little, perhaps. Never mind her, she should have had some water for you.'

'Thankee,' said Jonathan, proceeding to the dining-room.

Finding the basin of milk, he took it up and approached it to his mouth.

'Don't drink that!' cried the table girl.

'Yeou git eout!' returned Jonathan, swallowing the milk greedily.

The girl protested, but Jonathan continued to drink off the liquid until—mystery of mysteries!—something dark and hairy made its appearance on the bottom of the basin!

'Lor a' massy!' exclaimed Jonathan,—'what's here?'

'I was going to tell you,' said the girl.

'A rat, true as the book!' roared Jonathan, holding the drowned animal up by the tail.—A nasty rat! and I've been drinkin' the milk!'

At this, a roar of laughter from the boarders, who had approached the door, burst upon Jonathan's ears, and with a curse, he rushed from the house, to the infinite delight of Charley H—, who not only had his joke, but henceforth had the large bed-chamber for his own individual accommodation.

### How to make Wine.

When the wine is about half fermented, it is transferred from the vat to tunnels, and brandy, several degrees above proof, is thrown in, in the proportion of twelve to twenty-four gallons to the pipe of *must*, by which the fermentation is greatly checked. About two months afterwards, the mixture is colored thus: a quantity of dried elder berries is put into coarse bags; these are placed in vats, and a part of the wine to be colored being thrown over them, they are trodden by men till the whole of the coloring matter is expressed; from twenty-eight to fifty-six pounds of dried elder berries being used to the pipe of wine! Another addition of brandy, of from four to six gallons per pipe, is now made to the mixture, which is then allowed to rest for about two months. At the end of this time, it is, if sold (which it is tolerably sure to be after such judicious treatment), transferred to Oporto, where it is racked two or three times, and receives probably two gallons more brandy per pipe; and it is then considered fit to be shipped to England, it being about nine months old; and at the time of shipment one gallon more brandy is usually added to each pipe. The wine, thus having received at least twenty-six gallons of brandy per pipe, is considered by the merchant sufficiently strong—an opinion which the writer at least is not prepared to dispute.—*Forrester's Word or Two on Port Wine.*

### Extension.

An old political song, sung in the days of Thomas Jefferson, contains these lines:

'From Georgia to Lake Champlain,
From seas to Mississippi's shore,' etc.

How vastly has our country been extended since? What empires have been added to its domain? The Mississippi no longer bounds our territory. It is rather the intersecting line, that penetrates about the centre of our dominions. From the Atlantic to the Pacific, from the St. Croix to the Rio Grande, our flag waves over every foot of land. We should sing now-a-days:

'From the Rio Grande's waters,
To the icy lakes of Maine;
From the broad Atlantic's billows,
To Nevada's golden chain;
The banner of our country
Over all dominion holds,
Making one the million hearts
Beating high beneath its folds.'

*Saturday Post.*

### An Idea.

When a man has run all lengths himself with regard to dress, there is but one means remaining, which can add to his appearance; and this consists in having recourse to the utmost plainness of his own apparel, and at the same time richly garnishing his footman or his horse. Let the servant appear as fine as ever you please, the world must always consider the master as his superior. And this is that peculiar excellence so much admired in the best painters as well as poets; Raphael as well as Virgil; where somewhat is left to be supplied by the spectator's imagination.

[Written for The Flag of our Union.]

### THE UNWELCOME VISITER.

BY MRS. E. WELLMONT.

The widow Nancy Slocum owned just two shares in the Vermont and Massachusetts Railroad. Somebody persuaded her it would be an excellent investment taken at par value; that was at fifty dollars per share. Now the widow felt richer with what she called her 'tew sheers,' than most men with their thousands. She used to smoke her pipe away off in the farther end of Vermont, and tell her neighbors 'she guess'd she could afford to ride as well as anybody, and when the stock fell so prodigiously it worried the old lady so, she felt determined to come to Boston and visit a cousin who lived somewhere at the north end, and married somebody she had forgotten whom. This idea preyed so strongly upon the old lady's mind, that her own son Sam was obliged to fit her out for this expedition. Sam was a plain, blunt farmer, and he knew the whereabouts of this cousin, and ticketed his mother with the conductor, and gave him directions to have her driven to such a number in —— St., where she would find her friends. It was amusing to see her start from the depot. I never make fun of old people;—O no, Mr. Editor, it's very wicked business to do so;—but sometimes I tell funny incidents just as they occur, and let others laugh over them.

There she stood on the platform with her bandbox in one hand, and a red flag handkerchief in the other, beckoning the conductor to stop; and as if fearful *this time* he would omit to do so. 'Now you *will* see about my chist; I'm going all the way to Bosting; say, conductor, have you any passengers aboard going so far; I'm a lone woman, but I have stock in this ere road. I'm concarned about it tew. They say it's fell down. I hope 'taint dangerous to go all the way—may be 'tis mended now,'—and upon this assurance, the conductor sheered his talkative companion right by my side. She gave a searching glance at me—says she, 'I'm een a most scared to death. I never was aboard one of these things afore. Lord bless me—how swift we go—I'm dizzy headed now—how we leave the trees behind, and I could scarcely look at our old pond,—something glittered, and 'twas gone in a minute. They say, lady, this road is down, up our way. Has it fell in, or what's the matter? Seeing I smiled, said she, 'twas a week ago I heerd so; may be 'tis all right now—but I own tew sheers in it, and I want to know all about it. There,' said she, showing her card, 'is the name of my cousin. He lives in Bosting; has been up to our house time and agin when his children had bowel complaints in dog days; and they always axed me to come and see 'em, and I'm going now, if I ever live to git there.' Singular enough the name and person was an old friend of mine in the city, and I thought to myself they will be bored enough with a 'country cousin' this time. Pretty soon the old lady commenced eating some doughnuts and cheese, and begged me to partake, which I respectfully declined. Having answered all sorts of questions, to my great joy I found her nodding, and hardly did she awake till we were fairly in Boston depot.

'Massa sus,' says she, 'where are we now? Aint this muster day, lady. What on arth do them men want who keep axing for something?' 'O, they are hack drivers.' The old lady pondered over the word 'hack' till all her fears were suddenly started lest she had lost her baggage. 'My trunk, conducter,' she hallooed—'my chist painted blue, and iron handles both sides; where is it? I shall be jostted to atoms'—and away in the distance, I saw the old lady getting in a carriage to be driven to her cousin's.

My curiosity prompted me a day or two after to call on my friend. Said she—'my dear Mrs. Wellmont, we have a real scourge sent upon us, in the shape of an old woman nearly eighty years of age. *Such a trial I never saw.* Last night, hearing the whistle of the engine as it started about midnight, down she came right into my chamber, to know who was in 'sich distress.' 'She heerd a groaning worse than ever a dying Irishman give!' and it was a long time before we could make her understand the meaning. Then the fire bells rang, and down she hobbled again, disturbing us the whole night. To-day she wants to go out to see the city. I protest, I wont stir an inch with her.'

'But you have visited her?' 'Well, I never expected it returned, if I did; I went because she lives in a mountainous country, has a large farm, and *we* can do as we please up there.'

Poor old woman, thought I—this is a fair sample of some people; they can take attentions, but are never willing to *bestow* any. How she got home, or when she went, I never knew, for calling at the house a week *after*, it was closed and 'not at home' placarded on the door. As the stock, however, has not risen, it is to be feared the old lady heard nothing satisfactory about her 'tew sheers,' and her case is a warning to all aged women never to travel alone to visit city cousins.

### The Bottle Trick.

The good people of several of the towns in Scotland have been delighted by the performances of Professor Anderson, 'the Wizard of the North,' as he is termed, whose necromantic skill, and dealings in the 'black art,' surpass anything of the kind ever before witnessed. The *Caledonian Mercury* thus describes his experiments with the 'Inexhaustible Bottle,' at the festivities at Balmoral (Scotland), in honor of Prince Albert's birthday, during the queen's tour:

'On receiving the royal command to perform it, he called for a champagne bottle, and handed a number of glasses round, and asked Lord Portman what he would drink. His lordship replied whiskey,—whiskey was poured out. Mr. Anson preferred brandy, which he got.—Several demanded wine, which passed freely; and one of the proprietors of the royal distillery, Mr. Begg, thinking to baffle the professor, asked him if he could give him a glass of his best Lochnagar whiskey. No sooner said than done; and the Lochnagar whiskey became in great demand. A large number of additional glasses were distributed, and some called for Irish whiskey, numbers brandy,—the Highlanders patronized Mr. Begg; when Lord John Russell, perhaps like Mr. Begg, wishing to try the wizard's skill, asked for a glass of rum, which was immediately supplied, and his lordship pronounced it excellent. The London portion of the domestics and police called for gin, which was freely poured out of this extraordinary bottle; and the wizard was returning to his seat, when his royal highness, anxious to test the bottle—presuming, as he was returning, that it was exhausted—asked if more could be poured out. Glasses were brought for her majesty and Prince Albert, and, on being asked what they preferred, requested Begg's best Lochnagar, which immediately ran forth, and her majesty and the prince, tasting it, acknowledged its purity; and the wizard gave the bottle to the prince, and asked him to look if it was empty—it was. Mr. Anson brought some water, and, in the prince's hand, filled it, ordered glasses, and asked the prince what wine he preferred.—Port was selected. The prince poured port, and then sherry, then milk, then champagne, then broke the bottle, and in it was discovered a beautiful turtle dove.'

THE FLAG OF OUR UNION.

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F. GLEASON, PROPRIETOR.

MATURIN M. BALLOU, EDITOR.

☞ The terms of The Flag of our Union are $2 00 per annum, invariably in advance. The paper is always discontinued at the expiration of the time paid for. See imprint on the last page.

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### To our Correspondents.

'The Little Beggar Girl,' a Christmas Story, by G. W. Bungay, filed for next week.

'The Country Girl,' in verse, by J. Frederic Southgate, accepted.

'A Night in the Black Forest,' a prose sketch, by J. H. Robinson, filed for insertion.

'Lines to my Mother in Heaven,' by M. M. Glover, accepted.

'The Close of 1849,' a prose sketch, by Mrs. E. Wellmont, filed for the next number.

'The Little Mendicant,' in verse, by Miss C. Allen, accepted.

'A Watch House Sketch,' by Uncle Toby, shall appear in our next.

'Stanzas,' by Myron, accepted.

'I would not live alway,' by M. E. G., accepted.

'An Emblem,' a poem, from the Italian, by Hafiz, accepted.

'Love,' in verse, by J. M. Thompson, accepted.

'We have parted,' a poem, by Oscar G. Hubran, accepted.

'The Beggar Man, in verse, by G. W. B., accepted.

'Fit a-bleep,' a poem, by J. W. Nye, accepted.

'Buying a Horse,' a humorous sketch, by S. L. C., filed for the next number.

'Brother, come home,' in verse, by Julia A. A. Barbery, accepted.

The poem, entitled 'The Mind,' contains many good ideas, but its great length precludes its appearance in our columns. In poetry, brevity and point should be studied; and we would here suggest, that, as a general thing, poems of much length, and especially subjects dressed in the more prosaic forms of metre, or in blank verse, fail to interest the reader; and defeat one leading design of the Flag, which is, variety, freshness and vigor in its articles.

'The Storm,' 'The Soldier Boy's Return,' 'Lines to Lucretia,' 'Ambition,' 'Miss Kitty Bell,' 'My Love is kept,' and 'Virtue,' are respectfully declined.

### Our Beloved Country.

In the railroad-like speed with which we dash along the highway of life, do we pause often enough to realize the progress we are making, and to inform ourselves of the growth and improvement of our dear country? The fact is, we are a dashing, go-ahead people,—there is no doubt of that; and the thing to be feared is, that we shall be apt, in our speed, to pass by many objects worthy of note and comment. Without creating scarcely an extra throb in the great heart of the body politic, within the last three years there have been added to this Union, territories more extensive than the united kingdoms of Great Britain, France and Italy. Add to this fact the more brilliant one, of three more States already organized, and ready to join our constellation of stars—Minesota in the northwest, Deseret in the southwest, and California on the shores of the Pacific. These three States alone cover an area of earth equalling one half of the European continent!

These additions of territory are not mere fancy map work, but the actual and positive growth of the country, in its increase of strength and new and extended resources.—No lawless spirit rages in the newly attached States. On the contrary, cities are founded, churches and school-houses built, presses established, and the most minute details of the more thickly settled portions of the country observed. Nor does this extension of territory detract from industry and business in the older States. Indeed, it has rather seemed to improve them, and of late, the South seems to have taken a fresh and vigorous start, and, for the first time, we see the cotton mill rising beside the cotton field. Thus, while inland we are thriving and growing so rapidly, the cities on our Atlantic coast never evinced so much enterprise, such heavy investment of capital, such commercial success, or such general and unprecedented prosperity.

What a lesson is all this to the old world! How it makes the crowned heads stare—ay, and tremble too, for the example, and for their own positions. Nicholas of Russia, a man who does the thinking for seventy millions of people, must look with peculiar feelings upon young and blooming America. The mistress of England, too, sits uneasily on her throne, while her colonies struggle to break their allegiance, and join this glorious confederacy. Yet America is in its infancy, and as it goes on ripening to the stature of manhood, fresh honors, increased greatness, and more abundant prosperity must still crown its progress. God bless our country!

### Temperance in Sweden.

The punishment for drunkenness is very severe in Sweden. For the first time the offender is fined three dollars; for the second, six; for the third and fourth times, a much larger sum; he loses besides the right to vote and be voted for. The following Sunday he is exposed in a sort of pillory at the parish church. For the fifth offence he is confined in a house of correction, six months at hard labor; and for the sixth, the punishment lasts a whole year. A person convicted of having tempted another to drunkenness is fined three dollars, or six, if the victim be a minor. An ecclesiastic loses his place on the first offence; a civil officer is suspended and sometimes removed.

### A Novel Idea.

What will not ingenuity and invention accomplish?—The Republic states that a gentleman from New York, now in Washington city, proposes to connect the President's house and the capitol and the several departments, with gutta percha speaking-tubes laid under ground, and to guarantee that ordinary conversation can be carried on between these remote points with as much fidelity as if the different parties were in the same room.

Heavenly.—The sensation that passes 'up the leg of your trousers and then out of your hair,' on first taking into your hand the hand of the girl you love.—*Portland Transcript.*

The sensibilities of the Transcript man, it seems, are located in his 'trousers.'

The Vermonters have passed a law prohibiting circus performances in their State.—*Watchman.*

They have done a very silly thing, then. The legislators should remember the words of the elder Buckingham, who said, 'fathers had their day; let the children have theirs.'

Educational.—There are now one hundred and nineteen colleges in the United States. The means of education are broadcast and open to all in this happy land.

Lady Editors, (not editresses.)—Mrs. Lydia Jane Pierson, of the American Literary Gazette, 'speaks like one having authority.'

Louis Napoleon says he desires to 'preserve' France.—*Evening Gazette.*

He's got her into a *pickle* already.

### California.

The tide seems at last to have turned, the fever abated; but it has run high and strong, and has severed many happy domestic ties and creditable business connections. Every reasonable person has been anticipating this re-action. It was evident from the first that it must come, in the very nature of things; and come it has, with somewhat of a rebound into the bargain. The miners have dug gold, but they have lost their health and in many instances their lives; they have, the luckiest of them, got their pockets well filled, but they are rushing away from a place that no money could hire them to live in. Those who dig the dust in California, *earn* their money, but more dig without success than there are who make even passable wages. We see that vessels up for California, hang fire, so to speak, and are tardy in getting off. They don't fill up readily with passengers now, as they have done, while the returning steamers bring back men with long faces and weary bodies, who have paid dearly to see that huge animal the elephant. Experience is a dear mistress, but many people have doubled Cape Horn of late to learn of her. Supposing all the wild stories of California riches were true, and people could get rich in an hour or a day with a trifling exertion, there is still a good proverb that would damp a wise man's ardor in a crusade for the glittering metal; for truly hath it been said, the choicest pleasures of life lie within the ring of moderation!

In a sober second thought of the gold bubble, we find the following facts present themselves; 100,000 persons will be in California by the first of January. The cost of outfit and passage cannot be less than $300 to a man or $30,000,000. Will it not cost them $500 a year to live in California? If so, there are $50,000,000. Would they not think their *time* cheaply sold at $200 a year, clear of board and clothes? This would be $20,000,000: or $100,000,000 of *gold; nothing* but *gold* must come from California to bring the miners off *square* with the world. One in a thousand may get a prize! One half of the hundred thousand will break up, and stroll about the wilds, gaining a precarious living, hunting, and living Indian fashion, while we must prepare to welcome home the balance crowned with disappointment and want.

### Sands of Gold,

*Gathered from the writings of Shakspeare for the Flag.*

How oft the sight of means to do ill deeds makes deeds ill done!

An honest man is able to speak for himself when a knave is not.

It is a witness still of excellency to put a strange face on his own perfection.

Beauty is bought by judgment of the eye, not uttered by base sale of chapmen's tongues.

A stirring dwarf we do allowance give, before a sleeping giant.

Experience is by industry achieved, and perfected by the swift course of time.

Grief boundeth where it falls, not with an empty hollowness, but weight.

Heat not a furnace for your foe so hot that it do singe yourself.

Every good servant does not all commands; no bond, but the do just one.

Greatness, once fallen out with fortune, must fall out with men too.

He that of greatest works is finisher, oft does them by the weakest minister.

A very little thief of occasion will rob you of a great deal of patience.

Golden lads and girls all must, as chimney-sweeps, come to dust.

He that stands upon a slippery place makes nice of no vile hold to stay him up.

Indeed a sheep doth very often stray, an if the shepherd be awhile away.

Let us be keen, and rather cut a little, than fall and bruise to death.

A prodigal course is like the sun's; but not like his, recoverable.

If angels fight, weak men must fall, for Heaven still guards the right.

Men must endure their going hence, even as their coming hither: Ripeness is all.

Ignorance is the curse of God; knowledge the wing wherewith we fly to heaven.

An thou canst not smile as the wind sets, thou'lt take cold shortly.

### Matrimonial.

Of all themes, perhaps that of the sorrows of matrimony has been most subservient to the turning of jokes and anecdotes. The subject would seem to be inexhaustible from the abundant yield and the immense draft upon it. One of the best hits, of a calm, satirical character, that we remember, is that of a funeral. In passing through the street a bier was struck against the corner of a house, and the corpse, re-animated by the shock, was restored to life. Some years afterwards, when the woman died in good earnest, her husband called to the bearers, 'Pray, gentlemen, be careful in turning the corners.'

What's Sauce for Goose, is Sauce for Gander.—A southern paper arguing upon the subject of certain ministers endeavoring to obtain the passage of a law stopping the mail on the Sabbath, gravely proposes to stop the salaries of the said clergy on the same day, and for the same reasons. We never thought of that before.

A Reflection.—Our readers will remember that we mentioned a short time since, that Napoleon's tomb, at St. Helena, was advertised for sale. Why not? asks Major Noah; the bones on the field of Waterloo were sold to make manure of, and why not the tomb of the chief whose ambition strewed them?

Fearful Mortality.—A clergyman of New Orleans, in a sermon upon the recent catastrophe on board the Louisiana, stated as a well ascertained fact, that 1400 persons perished yearly on the Western waters from steamboat casualties.

The Emperor of Hayti.—This dignitary is gathering about him all the ex-barbers and negro cooks that ever officiated in the steamers upon our rivers and lakes. He shows them great respect as foreigners!

Russia and Turkey.—The rumors of war between these two powers, by last accounts, were dying away. The English fleet were anchored within the Dardanelles, and the French fleet was near Smyrna.

Fatal Accident.—People seem to die very easy lately. A young man at Albany run a pin in his arm the other day, and died in consequence before the expiration of a week!

Week after Next.—Look out for number one of the new and splendid volume of the Flag of our Union.

The Drunkard, now performing at the Boston Museum, has been performed at that establishment over one hundred and eighty times!

### Editorial Ink-Drops.

Miss Hays, the English actress, is about to write a book on this country.

A mother died at Toronto a few days since, from excitement on account of her child's arrest.

San Francisco, California, contains a population of over thirty thousand souls.

Silver is now the only legal tender in Holland. Gold is not current there.

Have we forgotten to mention that the queen of Madagascar is dead?

A negro died lately in Duchess co., N. Y., aged one hundred and sixteen years.

One or two female pickpockets have lately been detected and punished in Boston.

A man named Wilder hung himself at South Reading, a few days since.

The postmaster general reports 2103 removals in his department since Taylor's election.

There is an idiot in New York city worth one million of dollars.

The Columbian, Cincinnati, Ohio, is as courteous a sheet as it is handsome.

Where does a man go to when he is burnt? Goes to ashes, the Boston Post says.

A railroad could be built to California for about seventy-five million dollars.

A boy in New York was run over by an omnibus in Broadway, and both legs broke.

Geo. C. Watts of Quebec cut his throat and died. Gambling and drinking did it.

There is not one Smith in the present House of Representatives in Congress.

A man in Chicago, Ill., struck another a blow in an alehouse, which killed him.

Good sleighing has been enjoyed in various parts of New England for some time.

The city mills in Rochester, N. Y., fell in, and 11,000 bushels wheat was lost in the river.

Mrs. Miller, who pretended to have drowned herself at Niagara, stepped off with a lover.

We count four weekly newspapers dead since our last number.

A man in New Orleans pretends to cure all sorts of sickness by charms *a la* wizard.

Talk of republics and all that, why there are actually six Kings in the present Congress!

### Don't Forget!

This is the last number, but one, of the present volume, and persons who are forming clubs must not be tardy in sending in the names at once, if they wish to secure the new volume from the commencement. Our regular single subscribers, both six months and yearly ones, will please remember that no subscriber's name is continued on our books unless the subscription is renewed, and the money sent, therefore they will see the importance of at once renewing the same. To persons who are about to select a weekly paper for the coming year, we would say, examine the Flag, compare it with any and all other weeklies, and then choose for yourself. Any subscriber to this paper will bear witness that we have always kept our promises to the readers of the Flag, and we now promise that the coming volume shall be a gem in newspaper literature. The volume will commence with an original and brilliant novellette, by Lieut. Murray, written expressly for this paper, to be followed by other original tales, of the same character, from standard and popular writers. Look out for number one of the coming volume. It will present a splendid array of original matter, besides appearing in a new dress from top to toe, new designs, and a mass of valuable reading matter, editorial and selected.

### Telegraph Plough.

This is the age of invention, and when there is a necessity, there is an invention. We have just been shown, says the New York Express, species of a sub-marine plough, which will plough a furrow under the bed of a river, to put the telegraph wire in, and cover the furrow. The wire, so to speak, is *sowed* in the furrow by an ingenious movement in machinery. All looks practicable, and if it works, there is a way found out to put telegraph wires under rivers, safe from anchors.

### A Model Town.

There is a model town in Wisconson, called Cerresco, which has not now, and never had, a drunkard or a pauper in it. It has been incorporated five years, and during that period not one drop of ardent spirits has been retailed within its borders, nor have any suits of law occurred between the inhabitants. They all live by labor, and are a happy and contented people. How few such towns are to be found in the republic!

### Milky Way.

A novel match took place recently near Hereford, England, in which a young gentleman undertook for a wager to lap up a saucer of milk in less time than a cat. They both commenced at the same time, but on account of the gentleman being seized with a violent fit of laughter, which greatly impeded his progress, the cat was enabled to obtain a great lead; however, the gentleman soon came up with her, and won by two table-spoonsful!

'The Light of a Mild Blue Eye.'—If the editor of the American Union will take the trouble to look back to No. 46 of the present volume of the Flag, he will find the poem entitled as above, and written by A. Elliott, to have appeared as original in this paper. Yet we find it with the heading, 'Written for the American Union,' and as original in the last number of that paper. Either Mr. Elliott or the editor of the Union has made a sad mistake.

So it is.—It is impossible, said wise old Jeremy Taylor, to make people understand their ignorance; for it requires knowledge to perceive it; and therefore he that can perceive it, hath it not.

To Stop Mouse Holes.—Take a plug of common hard soap, stop the hole with it, and you may rest assured you will have no further trouble from that quarter. It is equally effectual as regards rats, roaches and ants.

Hard on the Trade.—There is a temperance lady in Boston, who wont speak to a shoemaker because he uses punch in his business.—*Globe.*

Is that the *sole* reason? We thought that shoemakers used a *little* 'black strap.' Be this as it may, *awls'* for the best!

Wooden Shoes.—There are two establishments at Cincinnati, employing three or four hands each, engaged in the manufacture of wooden shoes. This is a new item in the manufacturing history of our country.

More Wonders.—The Yankee Blade man has seen a chest made from the Board of Aldermen, he says, but then he tells such *rousers* there's no believing him.

English Justice.—Four lads were recently sentenced, at Buckingham, England, to one month's imprisonment, with hard labor, for stealing a few walnuts, valued at one penny!

Twins!—A Hoosier critic says, Charlotte and Susan Cushman as Juliet and Romeo, were 'twin apples on *two* stems.'

### From our Foreign Files.

Gen. Changarnier is said to be the chief adviser of Louis Napoleon.

The religious order of the Dominicans has been officially reinstalled in Paris.

Telegraphic wires are about to be laid in Vienna, from the principal police station to all its various branches.

There are at present in Austria, 703 monasteries and 113 nunneries, containing about 61,888 inmates.

Mdlle. Rachel, the celebrated Jewish actress, is about to be married to M. Rodrigues, a merchant of Bordeaux.

By a new law on sporting in Prussia, no one is to have the right of shooting, unless possessed of three hundred acres of ground.

It is calculated that since 1800, more than 20,000 human beings have been killed in the coal mines of Great Britain.

The Vienna Times has been suppressed by the Austrian government, for having deprecated the punishment of the bastinado.

Mrs. Mowatt has been playing the character of Imogen, in Shakspeare's play of Cymbeline, with very great success, at Mary-la-bone, London.

The order of Jesuits has been solemnly re-installed at Naples, in all its former rights and privileges. Another decree at Naples forbids the employ, by dancing girls, of red in their stage dresses, as that color is not in favor.

Among the deaths announced in the London papers, are those of the Earl of Albemarle, aged seventy-eight, Lord Talbot de Malahide, eighty-three, and Chopin, the eminent pianist and composer in Paris.

By a proclamation of the 13th ult., the inhabitants of Venice are once more warned to give up all their arms within forty-eight hours, after which period no more clemency will be shown delinquents.

Advices from St. Petersburg, by the last steamer, state that Russia has commenced negotiations with Circassia, for the termination of the war which has for years been waged between the two countries. It is said that Russia has offered to make large concessions to secure peace. This looks as if the Czar was seriously contemplating war in other quarters.

### Dewdrops of Wisdom.

God and eternity are the two pillars which uphold the universe.

Poverty wants some, luxury many, and avarice all things.—*Cowley.*

The extremes of hatred, love and virtue are alike silent.—*Jean Paul.*

Pleasure is like cordial—a little of it does not injure, but too much destroys.

I think it not fit that every man should travel. It makes a wise man better, and a fool worse.—*Feltham.*

A poor spirit is poorer than a poor purse. A very few pounds a year would ease a man of the scandal of avarice.—*Swift.*

Very few public men but look upon the public as their debtors and their prey: so much for their pride and honesty.—*Zimmerman.*

Many a man lives a burden upon the earth; but a good book is the precious life-blood of a master spirit, embalmed and treasured up on purpose for a life beyond life.—*Milton.*

There is something on earth greater than arbitrary power. The thunder, the lightning and the earthquake are terrific, but the judgment of the people is more.—*Webster.*

The evening came. The setting sun stretched his celestial rods of light across the level landscape, and, like the Hebrews in Egypt, smote the rivers, the brooks, and the ponds, and they became as blood.—*Longfellow.*

The noblest and highest of our nature is useless for our fellow-creatures, as the highest mountains are barren; and our best actions are but imperfect fragments of the lofty ideas that conceived them.—*Jean Paul.*

### The Joker's Budget.

When a joker dies, what sort of a carriage does he make? A wagon (wag-gone.)

Cool weather. Man caught stealing wood from his neighbor. Certain specific for the removal of the *piles*.

When is a steamer from Europe liable to be converted into a white frost? When it is *due* at Halifax in December.

Why would a daddy's pinch on his son's cheek be like a vegetable? Because it would be *pa's snip* (parsnip.)

If you have lost your pig, steal your neighbor's, and hide it. He will make search, and perhaps find your pig.

A New York paper, after eulogizing a certain article in the fair, hoped that its proprietor would become 'as rich as *Lazarus*!'

Poor drunken loafer picked up in the street; no *sense* in his head, no *cents* in his pocket, a powerful *scent* to his breath—*sent* to the watch house.

Never give a boy a shilling to hold your shadow, while you climb a tree and look into the middle of next week—it is money thrown away.

The young lady who kissed us by mistake the other night, is respectfully informed that we dare her to do it again. A dark doorway provided on the shortest notice.

A desperate chap down east recently made the determinate resolution of marrying the *gal* he was in pursuit of, if he never had another as long as he lived.

They have had a fall of a meteor in South Carolina, and our devil remarks that if we had a fall of *meat here*, it would be a god-send to a great many families.—*N. Y. Sund. Mercury.*

'Mister, I don't say that you stole my watch, but if I had heard any other watch tick like that which you carry in your pocket, I should have said it ticked just like mine.'

The following is a correct copy of a sign on a bridge not a thousand miles off, says the Indiana Reveille: '*$2 fine to ride or drive over this brig. faster. then a Walk.*'

A manufacturer in New York has succeeded in making such an improvement in manufacturing Britannia metal goods that it is said he is obliged to warrant them not silver.

### Miscellaneous Items.

The friends of that remarkably nice young man, Mr. Heald, have offered some $50,000 to any lady who will estrange his affections from Lola Montes. This is rather a rich specimen of English morals.

The U. S. mint at Dahlonega, Georgia, coined in October, $33,438 50, in half and quarter eagles and gold dollars; only $600 of it was from California. The last assayed at 862-1000, while Georgia gold averages 995.

A man who had become rich by his own unaided exertions, was asked by a friend the secret of his success. 'I accumulated,' said he, 'about one half of my property by attending to my own business, and the other half by letting other people's entirely alone.'

Joe Dun, an English bailiff, living in the reign of Henry VII., was so indefatigable in his business, that it became a proverb when a person did not pay his debts, 'Why don't you Dun him?' Hence originated the word *dun*.

An eccentric old bachelor, who died lately at Madras, has left the interest of $1000 to be divided into five portions, and distributed annually by the minister of S. Cyrus, Kincardineshire, as follows: one to the tallest, a second to the shortest, a third to the oldest, and a fourth to the youngest woman married in the parish during the year, and the fifth to be distributed in groceries to the poor.

Tallemant has a story of a Baroness de Panat, who was choked by a fish-bone, and duly buried for dead. Her servants to get her jewels disinterred her by night, and the lady's maid, who bore her a grudge, struck her in revenge several blows upon the neck. The malignity of the maid was the preservation of the mistress. Out flew the bone, set free by the blows, and up rose the Baroness to the discomfiture of her domestics.

### Quill and Scissors.

The wife of a German citizen of Rochester, became the mother, a few days since, of three boys at a birth. About a year ago she had in like manner three boys at a birth. The whole six are alive and doing well.

Cæsar desired the death which was most sudden and unexpected. His words were spoken at supper, and the following morning the senate-house witnessed the fulfilment of the wish.

Commodore Smith, for several years past Chief of the Bureau of Yards and Docks at the Navy Department, is soon to repair to the Pacific, to assume the command of our naval force on that coast.

A boy named Charles Raenhal, ten years of age, was killed at Martinsburg, Va., by falling as he attempted to jump upon the cars from Baltimore, which passed over both his legs.

The state normal school for Michigan has been established at Ypsilanti, by the commissioners. The citizens of that place subscribed the very liberal sum of $14,000 towards the erection of the necessary buildings.

A young man by the name of Pollock, a gambler by profession, was shot recently at San Francisco by a watchman while in the discharge of his duty.

The Stamford Mercury states that a tetotal meeting in Boston, to which the Rev. S. W. C. Pennington was invited, was expected to be *a bumper.*

On a sailor's gravestone, in the Brooklyn Navy Yard, are the following words to be seen: 'Nobly he did his duty below, and now he has gone aloft.'

Four ships recently started from Liverpool together, and arrived at New York together, having never lost sight of one another during the passage.

At Newport, N. H., Ezra Stowell, Esq., committed suicide by hanging himself in his barn. He was in easy circumstances, and highly esteemed.

'Over-shoes and an umbrella should form a part of the outfit of every young lady,' says the concluding paragraph of a catalogue of the students at a country academy.

People who are always talking sentiment have usually no very deep feelings. The less water you have in your kettle, the sooner it begins to make a noise and smoke.

A few days ago, a respectable wine and spirit dealer at Brussels, named Mattens, committed suicide by hanging himself to an iron cross placed on his wife's grave.

Everybody is predicting a hard winter. When did that same *everybody* ever predict otherwise, at this season of the year? The winter may turn out softish, after all.

Mr. Haynes, of Sudbury, between eighty and ninety years of age, while on a gunning excursion last week, killed two ducks and wounded a third at a single shot.

An English paper says of D'Israeli, that 'it is impossible not to admire the colloquial smartness which has made head *against the want of a grandfather*.'

A child of Mr. McGown, of Russell, Mass., was burnt to death on the 24th ult., by fire snapping into the cradle while its mother was absent.

Signorina Tedesco was lately reported married. We are assured by one who ought to know, that such is not the fact.

Midshipman Kemp, and nine of the crew of her Majesty's Ship Bellerophon, were drowned by the swamping of a boat at Leghorn, lately.

Six passengers were shot by the accidental discharge of a shot gun, on board a steamer at Memphis, Tenn., a few days since.

W. H. Prescott is said to be engaged upon a 'Life of Philip the second of Spain,' which will be published during the coming year.

Mr. Henry Yerby, of Old Town, Ark., was brutally murdered on the 9th ult., while gunning on his plantation, by two of his negroes.

An Irishman, named James McGuire, was run over in the streets of Cleveland, lately, while in a state of intoxication, and killed.

Old Fuller, having pondered all the modes of destruction, arrived at the short and decisive conclusion—'None please me.'

Frederick Billings, who went from Boston about a year ago, has been appointed Attorney General of California by Gen. Riley.

Sir Henry Lytton Bulwer, Minister to the United States, is accompanied by his wife, who is a niece of the Duke of Wellington.

W. J. Duval, for many years a lawyer at Fort Smith, was killed by a fall from his horse, soon after starting to return to Florida.

Mrs. Swisshelm, editor of the Pittsburg Gazette, boasts that she holds a baby on one arm, while she scribbles away with the other.

'That's a thundering big lie,' said Frank. 'No,' answered Bemus, 'it is only a fulminating engagement of elongated veracity.'

The first explorer of the Mississippi to its head must have been St Anthony, as we read of his having several *Falls* there.

Why is a ship the politest thing in the world? D'ye give it up? Because she always advances with a *bow*.

The Presbyterian church at Bethesda, Montgomery county, Md., was destroyed by fire on Friday week.

Samuel Thompson, extensively known as the 'Confidence Man,' died in Sing Sing Prison, Tuesday.

A law is now in operation at St. Louis, Mo., by which all produce from other States is taxed $4 50 on every $1,000 sold.

The Massachusetts Humane Society have expended along the coast, about $5000 for life boats and life preservers.

A dry-goods pedler named Nathan Aider, has been found murdered near Auburn, N. Y. He was 23 years of age.

A little daughter of Mr. M'Cadden was burned to death in Pittsburgh, by her clothes accidentally taking fire.

Mrs. Swisshelm says, that a man in regimentals always makes her feel as if somebody had lost a monkey.

A man has been arrested at St. Louis, having in his possession one hundred counterfeit soldiers' land warrants.

Ex-Secretary Walker has established himself at Washington, and resumed his practice in the Supreme Court.

Mr. Whitney's Pacific Railroad is exciting a good deal of interest among the citizens of St. Louis.

Cholera is spreading along the coast of Africa. At Oran some thirty persons died daily of it.

The cholera has broken out at Bombay, and was continuing its ravages in other parts of India.

A letter from San Francisco says breadstuffs and provisions have risen within one week full 100 per cent., and the market is quite bare.

The lieutenant governor of Nova Scotia appointed Thursday, the 20th inst., to be observed as a day of general thanksgiving.

William Hunter, late ambassador to Brazil, died at his residence in Bristol, R. I., on Monday, at the age of 75.

A cauliflower from the garden of Mr. Felton, near Philadelphia, weighed, with the leaf stocks, 17 1-2 pounds.

A Southern editor talks of 'a bright streak, sandwiched between gloomy storms.'

Miss Bremer has visited and spent a short time with Mrs. Sigourney at Hartford, Conn.

Dr. Semple, President of the California State Convention, is seven feet high.

Monroe Durgin was arrested in Ætna, Maine, for forgery, and is held at Bangor.

The Freewill Baptists in the United States now number 50,000 members.

There was sleighing for a short time at Martinsburg, Va., on Monday.

Accidents seem to be contagious among the western steamboats.

Abbott Lawrence is cordially received by the London press, generally.

Dicken's anti-capital punishment letter made a stir in England.

Gonzales county, Texas, raises 1000 bales of cotton this year.

Other people's eyes are what ruins many.

VOLUME FIFTH

OF THE

# FLAG OF OUR UNION.

On the first of January, 1850, we shall commence a new volume of the Flag, under the most flattering auspices, with an unrivalled circulation, a well-organized corps of contributors, an experienced editor, and with new type throughout.

The main features of the paper will be as heretofore, the publisher having found the Flag in its original style and plan to be popular beyond precedent. The head will be newly engraved and highly improved and altered.—The emblematical designs at the heads of the columns will give place to new and ingenious ones prepared expressly for this paper, and in short we shall put on with the new year,

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Maintaining the same neutral position in politics and sectarian matters, we shall freely discuss the current topics of the day, and aim to be as acceptable and agreeable to the reader as in the years bygone. The new volume will commence with an

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from the pen of

LIEUTENANT MURRAY,

entitled,

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OR,

**The Mohammedan and his Harem.**

A STORY OF THE EAST.

It will be important to those who desire to secure all the numbers containing the story, to send in their names at the earliest moment, and especially for clubs to complete their organization at once.

Our readers will bear us witness that we have never promised in these columns more than we have performed; and we now assure them that the Flag shall be fully equal to its past character, and that the coming volume shall evince an improvement on its predecessors, embracing all its former enterprise, with the renewed exertion that is prompted by continued success and popularity.

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**F. GLEASON, Publisher.**

*Boston, December 1, 1849.*

### Emigration.

Train's splendid line of Liverpool packets, that sail regularly from this port, have diverted not a small portion of the emigrant transportation business from New York, besides turning a heavy amount of freighting into the same channel. The vessels of this line are a credit to Boston, and are actually unsurpassed, and rarely equalled, throughout the world, either in size, excellence of finish, or beauty of model, while their speed has given even the steamers a try in the long run from port to port.

### Ornamental.

An elegant full-length marble statue of Aristides the Just, was put up in Louisburg square in this city, a few days since, and is placed on a handsome granite pedestal. The public are indebted to the good taste and liberality of our respected fellow-citizen, Joseph Iasigi, Esq., for this addition to the attractions of the West End.

Close Packing.—There is a spot in this city, being a section in Ward 8, bounded by Hamilton, Oliver, Batterymarch and Broad Streets, and Washington Square, containing 3131 inhabitants, where the people are crowded upon each other in the ratio of more than 526,000 to a square mile. On this spot in Boston the cholera prevailed most severely during the past season.

Miss Cushman.—We are not a little surprised to see in our New York exchanges, remarks to the effect that this lady's engagement in Boston has been a failure. You are as much mistaken, gentlemen, as you can 'cleverly' be. The Boston Theatre has been crowded nightly, since her engagement, and on the occasion of her benefit, was 'jammed full.'

A New Museum.—We notice that the establishment of a free Scriptural Museum is talked of in this city, and in aid of the object there is now exhibiting at hall No. 3, Tremont Temple, a new and beautiful model of Jerusalem and its adjacent country, on an enlarged scale, in connection with illustrative lectures from competent gentlemen.

The City Proper.—Boston is probably double its original size, the growth being accomplished by made land, filling up low marshes, the 'Back Bay,' so called, and even by building out into the harbor, where many acres of land have been gradually made, a cart load at a time.

Incendiaries.—If there is any class of criminals for whom we feel less sympathy than another, it is for those cold-blooded villains who carry the incendiary torch. No punishment is too severe for them. There have been several incendiary fires in Boston lately.

To New York.—The old Long Island route to New York has been resumed, making *five* distinct routes between the two cities of Boston and New York.

City Subscribers.—Our city subscribers will not forget to drop in and renew their subscriptions for the coming year in good season, so as to secure number one of the new volume.

Miss Davenport.—This talented and charming young actress is again delighting our citizens by her chaste and beautiful performances at the Howard Athenæum.

The City Election.—We take pleasure in referring to the re-election of Mr. Bigelow, the worthy Mayor, to fill the office for another year.

Commerce.—Arrived in Boston in November, 206 foreign vessels, 533 coastwise; cleared 303 coastwise, 228 foreign.

Tall Prices.—Poultry brought from fifteen to twenty cents per pound in this city, the day before Thanksgiving.

East Boston.—Our citizens in this part of the city are seriously talking of a post-office for their section of the city.

Mortality.—Our city is remarkably healthy. Deaths during the past week, eighty.

## OUR OLIO COLUMN.

[Written for The Flag of our Union.]

### A Happy Man.

BY PETER PEPPERGRASS.

An Eastern caliph, at whose board
 A wise man sat, though richly blest
With all that fame and wealth afford,
 Complained of ennui to his guest.

'Go, find the man,' replied the sage,
 'Whose life from care is wholly free;
Change shirts with him, and I'll engage
 That you a happy man will be.'

'Tis good,' the caliph answered straight;
 'I'll search the country far and wide.'
But long he searched, and long did wait,
 Before a happy man he spied.

At length he found the man he sought;
 Ah, then the caliph's heart was glad;
Alas! his triumph was but short—
 No shirt the happy fellow had!

### Orpheus and Euridice.

*A classic story, popularized by Jerne.*

In my classical reading, when I was a youth,
And fond of romances, and comic. Ruth,
No story so touching pleasantly did I see,
As that of young Orpheus and his Euridice.

Young Orpheus he was a famous musician,
At least for a chap in his pagan condition;
 For historians tell
 He played on his shell
From morning to night so remarkably well
That his music created a regular spell
On the trees and the stones in forest and dell.
What sort of an instrument his could be
Is really more than is known to me;
For none of the books have told, d'ye see,
Whatever it was, those heathen awoke
Know nothing, it's certain, of oyster shells;
And it's clear that Orpheus never could own a
Shell like those they make in Cremona.
But whatever it was, to 'move the stones,'
It must have shelled out some powerful tones.

But alas, for the joys of this mutable life,
Young Orpheus lost his beautiful wife,
Euridice—who departed one day,
From home in a very unpleasant way.
It happened, as near as I can determine,
Through one of those 'pesky pisen' vermin
That lie in the grass so prettily curled,
Waiting to 'snake' you out of the world.
 And the poets tell
 She went to—well—
It wasn't exactly down to hell,
But a place where Greeks and Romans dwell
After they burst their mortal shell;
A region that in the deepest shade is,
And known by the classical name of Hades—
A different place from the terrible furnace
Of Tartarus, down below Avernus.

Now having a heart uncommonly stout,
Young Orpheus didn't go whining about,
Nor marry another, as you would, no doubt—
But made up his mind to fiddle her out!
 But near the gate,
 He had to wait;
 For there in state,
 Cerberus sate—
A horrid big dog, as cruel as fate,
Guarding the entrance early and late;
And—what our city fathers would puzzle—
Wearing three heads without any muzzle!

But Orpheus, not in the least afraid,
Turned up his shell, and quickly essayed
What could be done with a serenade.
In short, so charming an air he played
That he quite succeeded in overreaching
The cunning cur by musical teaching,
And put him to sleep as fast as preaching!

And now our musical champion, Orpheus,
Having given the janitor over to Morpheus,
Went groping around among the ladies,
Who throng the dismal halls of Hades,
 Calling aloud
 To the shady crowd,
 'Euridice! Eu-rid-i-ce!'
He cried as loud as loud could be,
A singular sound, and funny withal,
In a place where nobody visits at all;
 'Euridice! Euridice!
O come, my dear, along with me!'
And echo, taking up the word,
Kept it up till Euridice heard,
And came with joy to meet her lord;
And he led her along the infernal route,
Until he had got her almost out,
When suddenly turning his head about,
To take a peep at his wife no doubt,
 He gave a groan,
 For madam was gone,
And had left him standing there all alone!
For by an oath the gods had bound
Young Orpheus not to look around
Till he was clear of the sacred ground,
If he wanted Euridice safe and sound;
For the moment he did an act so rash,
His wife would vanish as quick as a flash!

MORAL.

Young women, beware, for goodness' sake,
Of every sort of 'sarpint snake;'
Remember the rogue is apt to deceive,
And played the deuce with mother Eve!

Young men—it's a critical thing to go
Exactly right with a lady 'in tow;'
But when you are in the proper track,
Just go ahead, and never look back!

*Boston Post.*

### Mary.

The graceful and the beautiful,
 The gentle, kind and airy,
Together met, to mould the form,
 And gift the mind of Mary;
There's nature in each careless curl,
 In every grace a moral;
Her mouth—'tis Cupid's mouth—sweet girl,
 And full of pearls and coral.

She's like the keystone to an arch
 That consummates all beauty;
She's like the music to a march,
 Which sheds a joy on duty.
All happy thoughts and feelings rife
 Seem evermore to guide her;
The very ills and cares of life
 Forget themselves beside her!

Each sweet expressive glance appears
 Of nature's best selection;
It took the world six thousand years
 To perfect such perfection.
All gifts divine that could combine,
 With charms of nymph and fairy,
Agree to grace one beauteous face,
 To witch the world with Mary.

She speeds as if with wings so fleet
 No birds could e'er surpass them;
Yet none can ever spy her feet,
 Though 'tis believed she has them!
She lends a spell to every scene,
 Her step makes winter vernal;
A something half divine, between
 The earthly and eternal!

### What becomes of the Pins?

A blank occurring in a late number of the Lady's Book, Mr. Godey filled with the above question; offering, for the best essay a splendid bouquet. Among the answers returned was the following:

What becomes of the pins?—
 You ask for an answer.
What becomes of our sins?
 Tell me that, if you can, sir.

Every hour of the day,
 Every moment that's to n,
What we do, what we say,
 We forget it next minute.

Our actions, if good,
 We remember them long;
They're our mind's daily food,
 Like childhood's first song.

But the fruits of bad feeling,
 We remember them never;
Still hiding, concealing,
 We banish them ever.

What becomes of the pins!—
 The answer is plain;
They're lost, like our sins,
 Nor remembered again.

### Just Seventeen.

Just seventeen! the sweetest age
That's entered on fair beauty's page;
Lips like the rosebud cleft in twain,
With pouty gems the cleft to stain;
Eyes like twin stars 'neath snow aloud,
That come their sparkling light to shroud;
Rich tresses of the auburn grow,
Free waving o'er a brow of snow;
And the bosom heaving, swelling,
Where tickling Cupid holds his dwelling;
Of women's life, no year, I ween,
Like soft, sweet, pouting seventeen!

### California.

The following is from Wither, an English poet of the sixteenth century. If there is not much poetry, there is a good deal of truth in them.

I've heard them say that travel to the west,
Whence this beloved metal is cocreast,
That in the places where such minerals be
Is neither grass, nor herb, nor plant, nor tree.
And like enough—for this at home I find,
Those who too earnest employ the mind
About that trash, have hearts, I dare uphold,
As barren as the place where men dig gold.

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THE BALTIMORE SUN.

Hark! how wise the insects seem,
How severe the ant look into her beings!

[Written for The Flag of our Union.]

## The Mother's Gift.

BY ELLEN LOUISE.

'Twas one, and every one so bright
Shone forth upon the silent night;
Cynthia gazed with wistful eye
Upon the beauties of the earth,
When from the father's mouth fell
A lady to her mother dressed,
And one she knew, with her mother's light,
Her chosen one, a gallant knight.

The noble youth had fortune none,
But by his gallant deeds had won
The love of one who by his side
Her pensively in youthful pride;
But time rose upon the ground,
And golden sunlight flowing round
Her sweetlike smile—but how the shade
A shade of sadness lingers soon.

He spoke—O, through the world
That seems to charm the bride around,
For they have plighted their troth ere go,
As though enrolled in unholy;
And, ah! the day my father owns
That I should never join their arms,
And with his wish I must comply,
And quell the hopes once raised so high.

"I am now I've braved by many will
For my late love, by his help I've fled;"
And as she spoke, her brow revealed
Her thoughts, her heart did tell—
To lady who by all this ill,
Who was she, dwelt in peaceful love,
And gains one time all else above?

Then spoke the youth—but she was weak,
And took a glance—a caution,
On him, who now could plainly see
That sought was left her weary
For him, and his wife joined him more
Than of Cynthia's woes with tears.
Again they rose in fond confusion,
Forgetful all of the sad passion,
And all this watery and pain
Were gone, and joy returned again;
Alas, such joy soon departs—
As sense passed him through the heart
One long wild shriek, and all was o'er,
The knife fell, the lover bore

A father's hand had sped the dart!
The first deed had cast such beauty,
The youth, the maiden, both as mourn,
The father's angel soon was o'er,
His tears fell fast, and tears remorse,
As there he fell beside her corse,
With anguish rent his guilty breast,
And both all power had departed;
He turned his pride, to dark despair,
By his own hand he perished there!

[Written for The Flag of our Union.]

## Lucille.

BY SOPH.

The bird of passage spreads her wing,
And seeks some warmer region,
With cloudy skies and nights of gloom,
And chilling cold sensation.

A lord of passage is Lucille,
She glances but to slay it;
Cold, cruel and unfeeling still,
With clouds, and snow, and night.

The bird returns, and tells anew
Her charming voice—the loveliest title
Their summer comes—the loveliest title
Spurt unrestrained, to be sung.

Lucille returns—her charming by
Flown on the balmy air,
The chills of pleasure in my heart
Are kindred—by summer there.

Forest is the chaos of cooing bells,
Sweet is the summer breeze,
But oh, the arms of Lucille
Is sweeter by their chase.

O for a cage—for a'er upon
My breast laid empty sweet;
For now it would be sweeter there
Within my heart by me.

[Written for The Flag of our Union.]

## Lines on the Death of an Infant.

BY J. M. HOPKINS, U. S. A.

Slumber, sweet infant,
The eyes of love,
The portals of heaven
Are opened to thee.

Thy glittering robe
No more shall we hear
Thy voice of melody
Hail life on the air.

The hopes of Dad pinions
Lie buried in grave;
For the pride of our hearts
Is cold in the earth.

The brow that was cheerful,
And gentle and mild,
And crowned the hearts
That were joyous and glad.

But soon thou shalt meet
Where sorrow is not;
And the voice of the life
Is heard in the land.

Then slumber, sweet babe,
Nor wake from thy rest,
Sleeping in Jesus' arms,
Thy spirit is blest.

[Written for The Flag of our Union.]

## The Little Orphan Grave.

BY HENRY STUDLEY.

She sleeps beneath a little mound,
A little girl with silken hair,
And gentle spirit that now beyond
The sacred spot, the hallowed ground,
Where weeping flung with me to-day?

Her lips are closed, her voice is hushed,
Her eyes are closed to earth and day,
She'll wake no more—and so for that land he has
Departed to prepare her lodging place,
Death's coolness she's slumbering.

A mother weeps as above child,
Her little girl, whose voice was sweet,
Her little girl, whose voice was sweet,
Is sleeping in the churchyard wild—
A father weeps for falling tear,

The grass grows, and the violets blue,
O'er the little grave are growing;
So softly there they weep with dew,
Like early friends forgotten and true,
Where they first affection showing.

## Love.

Lost you be lonely? Then love not me!
Love, golden-hearted, is fairest to see;
Love, pure and gentle! Then love not me!
Love is the fairest, love is the best,
Love for love! Then love not me!
Love the bright gentle in the deep blue sea,
Love not me! Then love not me!
Love me, and strangers will love thee!

VOL. I. BALTIMORE, SATURDAY, JULY 28, 1849. NO. 4.

## MISCELLANEOUS.

[Written for The Flag of our Union.]

## CURIOSITY CURED:

OR,

## A HUSBAND'S TRIALS.

BY CHRISTOPHER TREE.

To-morrow morning, then, if you please, Mrs. Fellon," rejoined Mr. Simpson, "at any time between eleven and one o'clock. If I do not happen to be there when you call, you are kind as to go in and answer yourself in the parlor till I come. I hope we shall be able to call on to-day, at some arrangement in this matter. Good morning, madam!"

"Good morning, sir!" replied Mrs. Fellon, and Mr. Simpson closed the door of the little parlor, in which she was the end of a somewhat long conversation, and walked off to his counting-room.

Mr. Simpson was a wealthy merchant in New York. He had risen to his present high position entirely by himself to the exclusion of his father, who, within a few years, had come with their mother from the interior of this State to reside in the city. Mr. Simpson was a handsome, well-to-do bachelor, and was considered a "catch" by many a mother with a marriageable daughter. Madame Hourigan early on their arrival became the acquaintance of Mr. Simpson, and was at the same largely engaged as an importing merchant, and gladly availed themselves of the offer Mr. S. made them to take their ward into his establishment. Years had run off, and Frank was fast growing into manhood, and getting the mastery of the mercantile calling. Mrs. Simpson, the mother, had died, and her unrest his hope remain with a young wife, and like a sensible man as he was, was not in the country for one of the tonnor brides he could find. He brought back to the city with him from one of those first excursions the long looked for Mrs. Mary Simpson, from the little village of P——.

As we said, Monsieur Hourigan called in upon Mr. Simpson the morning after the close of this conversation between Mrs. Fellon and Mr. Simpson in the parlor.

"Monsieur Hourigan," said Mr. Simpson, "to-morrow we have made a promise to visit our country friends. I will not be able to call before six, and follow on as soon as this affair is arranged. I shall have Frank, however, known. Call at my house, then, to-morrow morning, and you will be able to meet them there, for I have exacted the promise from her. It would be much more proper to settle this at once, but I have no hurry or pause. To-morrow at about, twelve."

And the interview ended.

Morning came, and with it the bustle of departure at the residence of Mr. Simpson.

"My dear," said Mr. S., when he peeked from his breakfast table, "I think you had better take the horses and drive you to P——, since this morning. I have business of importance to attend to this morning that I did not think of yesterday. I don't see how I can go as you to do it. I think a more lively mare I have be obliged to wait till four."

"I would like that," inquired Mrs. Simpson.

"By no means," replied her husband; "you have never yet driven yourself more than two or both of us shall be there by two o'clock to-day. And as Lucretia go early enough to get there so soon, you must go without me. I will go by the next train afterwards, and will be with you from the depot over. It is but a short drive."

"But, my dear," said Mrs. S., "I do not like to drive that far unless I am with you, and I am afraid I shall not get there in time for the ceremony. I don't see how I can go so early to

J. A. Smith

# THE FLAG OF OUR UNION.

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A SPLENDID ORIGINAL ROMANCE.

Entered according to Act of Congress, in the year 1849, by F. Gleason, in the Clerk's Office of the District Court of Massachusetts.

[WRITTEN EXPRESSLY FOR THE FLAG OF OUR UNION.]

# THE SEA LARK:

OR, THE

# QUADROONE OF LOUISIANA

## A Thrilling Tale of the Land and Sea.

BY ALBERT W. SUMNER.

[CONCLUDED.]

### CHAPTER XVIII.

*Henri faithfully performs his promise to the gambler. The letter. The robber on the highway. The elopement of the planter's daughter. A wedding in the old cathedral of the Plaza d'Armes. The happy family.*

Much sweeter to honey
Is other men's money.

OLD BALLAD.

HENRI BOUVE, true to his promise, transported the remains of both Louis and his daughter to the plantation, and there both were buried with this simple inscription over the grave:

'LOUIS AND EUNIE,
*Father and Child.*'

Count Jerome mourned for his brother, who had been lost to him for so many years, and who now again became known to him under such fearful circumstances. He could hardly realize that his dearly loved brother had sunk so low in the paths of vice, and he shuddered within himself as he looked back and remembered the starting point of his evil career, the betrayal of the Quadroone.

But time, that most potent healer of the severest griefs, assuaged the sorrows of the mourners' hearts, and the ordinary events and purposes of life assumed their wonted importance. The count was anxious that Henri should close his suit with Emily, and Mr. Winslow desired to see his child settled for life as he for so long a time anticipated. He began to suspect that there was no other reason for this delay, than those that were adduced, and even hinted to the count that he knew well enough that a girl of Emily's accomplishments and expectations need not go begging for a husband. This annoyed the count very much, and he again broached the subject to Henri, who saw that he could now no longer avoid coming to some definite arrangement concerning this affair.

Matters were in this state, when Henri one morning received the following letter from Pauline:

'DEAR HENRI:

'Since the last strange and solemn discoveries relating to my father and your uncle, my mother has told me much about your family; and among other things, of the long standing intimacy that has existed between its members and those of a Mr. Winslow. And also of an understanding mutually agreed upon between him and your father, concerning your marriage with his daughter. I will own that the consideration of this subject has been a source of grief to me. Nay, I will acknowledge that it has caused me the utmost anguish of heart. But after much reflection, and earnest prayer, I can see so plainly that your future prospects will be much benefited by a union with Miss Winslow, while, on the other hand, that the fulfilment of your engagement with me, can only lead you into embarrassments, and, perhaps, unhappiness, that I have resolved thus formally to relinquish any claim I may be supposed to have upon you, from the promises and vows we have interchanged. I have only to hope that you will remember me as one who will ever take a deep and kindly interest in your welfare. With my mother, I shall seek the protection of the Ursuline order, whose convent will afford us a peaceful home.

'May Heaven's choicest blessings rest upon you, Henri, and may your bride love you as tenderly and devotedly as it would have been my pride to do. Farewell.

PAULINE.'

This letter was received at a time when Henri's father was annoying him by constantly urging the propriety and even necessity of an immediate union with Emily; and if Henri had any feeling in his heart of inconstancy to Pauline, it must have been developed at this time. But no, he could easily see that Pauline had listened to her mother's story of the proposed connection between Emily and himself, and also that the Quadroone would naturally give it the coloring that her own impression of the certainty of its consummation would occasion in her mind. But he did not, after all, regret having received the letter, for it gave him additional proof of Pauline's nobleness of soul, and true generosity of spirit. That very day he sent her the following letter, by a special messenger:

'DEAREST:

'Your kind and considerate epistle made me both sad and happy. Why, I will tell you more particularly when we meet. Ah! Pauline, do not for a moment think that any consideration of a pecuniary character—any brilliancy of worldly prospects, could at all influence me, where my heart is concerned. I am sure you know me too well to believe this. No—no—if I hesitated, it would be from the dread of incurring a kind father's curse, and of being banished from the home of my childhood. But, dear one, think no more of the possibility of a separation between us. I love you too fondly, Pauline, to hold any consideration equal to the happiness of calling you my wife.

'I have not said as much as I would do, for I shall be with you shortly—not again, I trust to part.

HENRI.'

We need hardly say that this frank epistle fully re-assured the devoted and high-minded girl of his unchanging love for her.

Henri, of course, visited often at the Winslow plantation, if for no other reason, for the purpose of quieting the anxiety of his father. Here Emily met him with the confidence of a sister, and she appealed to him when occasion required, as she would have done to a kind brother. Never before had she felt so friendly towards him as now, and she talked freely to him of the peculiar state of their mutual affairs. Frank Manor, now that he understood the true state of the case, felt as grateful to Henri as he had before felt jealous of him; though he did still sometimes think that Emily was very kind to Henri, although, perhaps, in a sisterly way. With such anxious and jealous eyes do we watch those whom we truly love.

'Frank,' said Henri, to the young Englishman, one day, 'why the deuce, don't you elope with Emily?'

'Elope! Ah! yes, with all my heart, my dear fellow, but what should I do with Emily, after I got to New Orleans, for instance, or any designated place? I'm poorer than Job's mice.'

'I did not think of that,' said Henri, 'though I'm not much better off myself.'

'I'm convinced the old gentleman would never sanction our engagement; and I'm at a loss to know what to do. Emily would consent to go with me, I think, but zounds, I haven't the means.'

'As to the old gentleman's consent, marry her first, Frank, and ask that afterwards. I think I can manage to help you to the necessary funds, if you bring her down to New Orleans. I start for the city to-morrow, and shall be there before you. You might get off any night by a flat boat.'

Mr. Winslow was exceedingly fond of playing cards, and was frequently in the habit of riding over to Count Bouve's plantation, to have a few games with him. Returning on horseback rather late one evening, after having been thus engaged, he was suddenly met at a turn of the road which ran along the banks of the river, by a horseman, who fiercely ordered him to halt and dismount, while at the same time held a heavy horseman's pistol to the head of the old gentleman, who trembingly obeyed him. Resistance in such a case is all very well in youth, or men in their prime; but for an old man of nearly sixty, it is almost out of the question, and it was certainly so with Mr. Winslow. The muzzle of the pistol so near to his face, caused him to tremble, lest by some unlucky chance, it should explode, and kill him on the spot.

'I know that such men as you,' said the robber in his overhanging moustache, 'generally carry but very little money about them, so you see it will answer my purpose—'

'Yes,' interrupted the planter, 'very true. I have not five dollars about me.'

'As I was saying,' continued the highwayman, sternly; 'I have foreseen this, and so have provided pen, ink and paper. There, sir, is a draft for five thousand dollars on your bank in New Orleans. Here is a pen and ink to sign your name with, and this gunpowder will do for sand.'

'But—I haven't half so much in the banker's hands. Such a draft wouldn't be honest.'

'That's my lookout; just sign, if you please. I have no time to spare in waiting for you.'

'Why, this will almost impoverish me—it will indeed,' said the old man, terrified at the idea of losing in this way, so large a sum.

'You miserable old rascal, you, impoverish indeed! Why you are a perfect gold mine, and are worth less than a million. Come, be lively, or I'll put a brace of bullets through your old head, will let in more light than your eyes do.'

'Say four thousand,' said the old man, trying to lessen the sum a little, and to gain time. 'Say four, and I'll sign. You will say four?'

'Hang me, if I do. Not a picayune less will I take—and fire away, or I will.'

It was no use to try to avoid the act; the old man saw that he was completely in the robber's power, and, after a little more hesitation, he signed the draft, and the moment after had the satisfaction of seeing the horseman dash off on the river road towards the city, with a speed that defied pursuit. Hastening home, however, he dispatched a trusty slave with orders to the city banker not to pay the draft, and then went to bed, first thanking his stars that his life was spared, and then cursing his luck that he had been robbed of so large a sum of money.

It was this very night that had been decided upon by Emily and Frank for the proposed elopement; but old Mr. Winslow locked every door and window himself that night having been made doubly cautious by the above-mentioned circumstance. This being the case, Frank was at a loss how to get Emily out of the house, the keys being in the old man's room. But the boat, well-manned and arranged, was awaiting them on the banks of the river, and it must be done now or never. So Frank sought Emily's apartment, where he found her attired for the trip, and they held a council of war as to how they should effect an egress from the prison-like fortress. At last, Frank persuaded Emily to consent to his lowering her from her own window by means of the blanket made into a sort of rope, and here he soon joined her. Ten minutes more placed them in a good boat in the mid-channel current of the Mississippi, the natural speed of which would carry them from four to five miles towards the levee of the Crescent City, while four sturdy oarsmen pulled the boat, with a trusty hand to guide her at the helm.

Poor Emily—how her heart beat at the thought of what she was doing, but she knew full well that it was the only way in which she could marry him she loved, and Henri's urgent counsel had done not a little to influence her towards taking this step. But now that the time had come when it must be attempted, she sobbed like a child, at the thought of leaving her old father, surrounded by menials only. But it was too late to retract—she must now go onward to the consummation—the resolve she had made to marry Frank Manor.

It would be difficult to depict the consternation that reigned at the Winslow plantation the next morning. The planter was nearly beside himself, raving at the loss of his money, and the loss of his child alternately, until he worked himself into an alarming state of frenzy. Then mounting his horse, he dashed off to Count Bouve's plantation to seek for counsel. Here his story could hardly be credited.

'The young architect gone with her, do you say?' asked Count Jerome, in amazement.

'Yes, the ungrateful dog; he has been treated like one of my own family for months in my house, and he has repaid me by running off with my daughter. O, Emily, Emily, how could you have thus grieved me?' and the old man fairly shed tears.

Count Bouve, at once seeing that here was an end to all his cherished plans for uniting the two estates, and settling his son in life, walked the room with a hasty step, but little less agitated than was old Mr. Winslow himself. The latter, as if seeking a vent for his over-excited feelings, at last said:

'This comes of delays, sir. Long, long ago should Henri and Emily have been married. But for needless procrastination, all this might have been prevented, and you have only yourself to thank, Bouve.'

The count, a little nettled, replied:

'Perhaps it is quite as well as it is. If your daughter must needs run away with her father's architect, it is preferable that she should do so now rather than to have also compromised my son's honor.'

To this remark, Mr. Winslow replied by some slur concerning Henri's connection with the murder case in New Orleans; the true result or issue of which, none knew, save the Bouve family, and the Quadroone and her daughter. Count Bouve retorted sharply, and thus these two old gentlemen, instead of seeking to advise with, and console each other, fell, like one half the world in like circumstances, to quarrelling, till, at last, Mr. Winslow mounted his horse and returned to his own house, there to feel more desolate than when he left it to seek the sympathy and advice of his old friend.

In the meantime, Henri had arrived safely at the city, and at once hastened to Pauline. He sat with her now on the same little sofa where he had first told his love, and at the same time acknowledged frankly its utter hopelessness. But he now sat with his arm tenderly round her, while she was gazing artlessly into his face, her full, dark eyes beaming with love for him, and her lips trembling from the very fullness of her heart.

'Say, dearest, that to-morrow you will go to the altar with me. Come, Pauline, think no more of these worldly speculations, but prove to me that your love is stronger than all else.'

'O, if I were sure that you would never repent it, Henri, if thus much of the future could be satisfactorily revealed to me, how cheerfully should I consent to be your wife. But now, ah! I tremble, lest this irretrievable step might cost you much misery.'

As she spoke, she looked so fondly upon him, and the thoughts that agitated her breast were so plainly depicted upon her truthful countenance, that she seemed the very picture of unselfish devotion.

'Nay, no more forebodings, my dear Pauline, we will look for happiness only, in the future, and with its brightest side before us, we will live for each other.'

'I have fears only for your happiness, Henri, and it is only for your sake that I have spoken. I am only too happy—too much blessed in your dear love,' she said, as he pressed her tenderly to his breast.

'Then to-morrow we shall stand before the altar together, Pauline?'

'I can no longer refuse,' she replied, as a tear stole down her cheek, a tear of pride.

In the old cathedral, the next Saturday, there was a fair sight. Tall candles burned brightly upon the massive and elaborately-furnished altar, and priests were swinging fragrant incense that rose and curled away above the heavy architecture of the galleries, and spread about the roof. The queer, dark shadows cast by the flickering light of the burning candles, and that of day which struggled in through the richly stained windows, gave a mysterious, but yet fascinating appearance and glow to everything around. Soft voices in an adjoining alcove chanted an evening hymn, and their clear notes rose and reverberated through the old church. It was Saturday, and masses were being offered for the soul of the founder of this temple, erected for the service of God—the weekly custom since the death of Don Andre Almonaster. For years, this requirement of the desire of the cathedral has been faithfully performed, and still each Saturday at set of sun, the mournful sound of the tolling bell recalls the memory of the departed Spaniard.

The mass is closed: the priests, chanting an ave, retire to their cells through a little door behind the altar, and a small group of persons make their way up the broad aisle to the altar rails, where the venerable Pere Antonio de Sedella, curate of the parish for more than half a century, meets them. It is a bridal party, and had our readers been present, they might have recognized Pauline and Henri, and Emily Winslow and Frank Manor, with the Quadroone and Mr. Harwell. The devout prayer was offered, the church rites were solemnly pronounced, and the brides were given away! Again was the voice of the venerable old priest raised to Heaven in blessing on the newly-married couples, and the solemn rite was over.

Henri and Frank, with their brides, took apartments together, and Pauline was most happy to find in Emily one with whom she could feel a sisterly companionship, and who knew so much of Henri, and was ever ready to speak kindly of him. They were nearly of an age—neither had mingled much with those of their own age and sex, and a warm friendship was at once cemented between them, to the great joy of Henri, who saw Pauline sensibly improved by the advantages of social intercourse. Frank Manor was the happiest fellow alive—at least, so he said, though Henri would not acknowledge it. They were all sitting together one evening, chatting merrily, when Henri suddenly slipped a purse into Emily's hand, saying:

'There is some pin money for you, Emily; it is yours of right, so you need not thank me for it.'

'What do you mean, Henri?' she asked. 'You cannot have earned this large sum in your profession, and we all know that your father has declared he will not give you a cent.'

'I have discovered a gold mine,' said Henri, laughing. 'Never mind where, Emily—that sum belongs to you, so say no more. Don't give that profligate Frank of yours any of it,' he continued, playfully.

'I do not know what to think of this, Henri. I do not see how this money can be mine by right, as you say it is,' said Emily.

'Did I not tell Frank, that I would find the means, if he would only take you off my hands?' said Henri, laughing good-naturedly, while Emily pretended to be offended with him.

Pauline looked on, only too happy and proud of Henri, let him say or do what he would.

Ah! young hearts can be so light and so happy, even when they know that there is trouble in store for them. What though Henri felt perfectly sure that his father, as he had threatened, would disown and disinherit him? Still with Pauline by his side, and her devoted love to bless and encourage him, his heart was light. Emily, it is true, sighed now and then, at the thought of her poor, fond, old father left cheerless and solitary, and grieving for the society of his beloved child, but she had already sent him so dutiful and affectionate a letter, so full of love and of gentle regrets that she could not be with him—and such praise of her dear husband, who was so very kind to her, that her mind was much relieved, after having written it, and she felt assured that her father would soon forgive her. She began to feel quite contented, and she went frequently to the opera and other places of amusement with Pauline and Henri. She had already learned to love Pauline as dearly as she could an own sister—and their cheerful, loving dispositions made their home a little paradise for their husbands, when they returned to it from their business about town.

In the meantime, the reader will turn with us to the closing chapter, and follow us to the completion of our story of the Quadroone.

### CHAPTER XIX.

*Madame Bouve and the Quadroone. The count's return to France. Possession of the old family estate. The reconciliation between the planter and his child. The finale and happy issue of our story.*

Tarry a little—there is something else.

MERCHANT OF VENICE.

IT was with peculiar feelings that the Quadroone started, not long after Henri's marriage with Pauline, to visit Mrs. Bouve at the plantation. Though in truth she had done nothing for which she need reproach herself, yet she felt that perhaps she should not be welcomed at her old home, but she recalled to her mind the kindness with which Madame Bouve had ever treated her, and she resolved to make the attempt. At length she found herself in the presence of her mistress, who kindly extended her hand to her, and welcomed her back! This was too much for Lucille, who felt that there was so much reason for Madame Bouve to feel estranged, if not angry toward her, that this kind treatment came with double force, and she cried like a child, sobbing out:

'I do not deserve such kindness from you, madame, though indeed I have not been to blame.'

'I know you have not, Lucille; you have been sorely tried, and have done all for the best, and I have thought with a wisdom beyond your experience.'

'Of course, Henri has communicated with you, madame,' said Lucille, inquiringly.

'We know all, Lucille—that Henri has married your daughter. It nearly cost the count his reason when the tidings were first communicated to him; but he is more composed now, and we have talked much upon the subject. I think it has bent his proud heart sorely. For myself, I feel differently about the matter from the count. I would forgive him willingly for what has taken place, and receive Pauline as a child.'

'Ah, madame! I have always said you were an angel,' said the Quadroone.

'But the count declares that he will never see his face again. The plantation is already offered for sale, with all the slaves, and we intend very soon to return to France. Will you go with me, Lucille? I much desire that you should do so.'

'I fear, madame, that the count will not entertain towards me feelings so kindly as he has heretofore done,' replied the Quadroone.

'You are mistaken, Lucille; the death of his brother Louis, and the strange revelations attendant upon it, have altered him much. He has spoken kindly of you a number of times of late, and I know, blames no one.'

'Madame, if you wish it, I will always remain with you, go where you may,' said Lucille.

Madame Bouve gave her hand to the Quadroone, who pressed it respectfully to her lips, to seal this promise.

Count Bouve had been very fortunate in his plantation, and also in the investments he had made, and now in settling up the affairs of his estate, he found himself master of a princely fortune. The expiration of a few months saw all his business arrangements completed, and himself, Madame Bouve, and Lucille, on their way to France. Count Bouve found that he could again make his home in that country, without fear of political oppression, and he succeeded without difficulty, in repurchasing the chateau of his ancestors, and the broad lands that were his by heritage, and here he once more found himself settled in the halls of his fathers.

In the meantime, Henri, somewhat shocked at his father's thus coolly casting him off, and leaving the country, yet devoted himself with the utmost assiduity to his profession. At home he studied diligently, not a little assisted by the superior natural talent and the liberal acquirements of his beautiful wife, until he gradually rose, step by step in his profession, so that it afforded him, not merely a good living, but also a handsome yearly surplus.

Frank Manor, too, incited by Henri's example, attached himself strictly and devotedly to his profession, and he also was making an excellent livelihood, and daily blessed Heaven for the sweet companion it had bestowed upon him in his beloved Emily. The two families had continued to live together, for Pauline and Emily were inseparable.

Only those who have themselves experienced the same joy, can realize the feelings kindled in Frank's breast when he became a father. This was a trying time to old Mr. Winslow; the news was despatched to him by one of Frank's firm friends, who shrewdly managed to choose a favorable moment for his communication. He pictured to himself his child, languid and ill, and thought how happy it was in his power to make her. All that night he lay awake and restless, thinking over what he should do, and in the morning he wrote and despatched to Emily the following letter:

'MY DEAR CHILD:

'I have just received intelligence of the happy event that has occurred. God bless you, Emily, and if you have cost your old father many unhappy moments by your desertion of him, you have also been deservedly his pride and darling for years. Make haste to get well, for you must come at once home where you can have your native air to recruit you. Of course, Mr. Manor can accompany you—I shall harbor no hard thoughts—I am very lonely, and want you here. So cheer up, Emily, and come as soon as you can, with your husband, and the little one.

'Your father, D. WINSLOW.'

No medicine which could have been administered, would have done Emily one half the good that this letter did. When we are ill, our wrong doings come before the mind in vivid colors, and Emily had not ceased to censure herself for leaving her father. But this letter was a source of great comfort to her, and though she cried heartily over it, every tear she shed was a panacea to her heart.

It was but a very short period subsequent to this that Frank was constituted director of all Mr. Winslow's affairs, and despite the misunderstanding that had occurred, there was not a happier family circle to be found than that which now nightly assembled in Mr. Winslow's cheerful old hall. Sometimes the old gentleman would say half-jestingly to Frank:

'It was rather a hard trick, though, to play upon an old man; eh, Frank?'

'Why yes, sir. Not quite right, but you must make allowances for our extreme youth, and for the hopeless nature of our love.'

'Well, well, my boy, I've forgiven you long ago, so we wont fret about it now.'

Emily insisted that Pauline and Henri should be frequent guests at the plantation, and they much enjoyed the happy society of the Winslow family.

'There is one thing, Frank, which I never could understand,' said Mr. Winslow, one day, as they were all seated round the luxuriously-spread board. 'How the deuce did you manage to live when you were first married? For I am sure you had no means.'

'O, our friend here, Mr. Bouve, supplied us,' said Frank, turning to Henri.

'Who, Henri?' asked Mr. Winslow.

'Yes, father,' said Emily; 'he gave me a purse of five thousand dollars.'

'Five thousand dollars! you accepted—'

'Yes.'

Mr. Winslow looked rather hard at Henri for a few moments, and then asked:

'Is it possible that I can be on a right train of thought, now?'

Henri, fairly blushing, replied:

'Ten to one you are, Mr. Winslow. Queer things take place sometimes. You know I was actually tried for murder, in New Orleans.'

'And should have been for *highway robbery also*, hey? you cunning dog, you.'

'I confess the deed,' replied Henri; 'but the money I made you draw from your banker that night, was all paid over to Emily. It was for her that I got the funds. Will you forgive me, *sir?* It was a bold, and I fear a wrong deed, but I thought it pardonable under the circumstances, as without the money, Emily and Frank must have suffered, as I had no means of my own, with which to assist them.'

'Well, well, Henri, there's my hand—you did frighten me a little, pointing that big pistol at my head, but it was all for the best, after all.'

'As for the pistol, Mr. Winslow, *there was nothing in it;* and if you had shown fight, I should have ran like the greatest coward imaginable. My only ammunition consisted in fierce words.'

Step by step, Henri had risen in his profession, until his great eminence as a pleader, and excellence as a practical lawyer, brought him far more business than he could attend to. At the expiration of a few years, Henri's name was enrolled as a State senator, and soon after, he represented his constituents in the halls of Congress. Henri felt that his father must have forgiven him in his heart, and he longed to hear it from his lips, and to meet his mother once more. A noble boy now called him father, and Pauline was the happiest mother in the world, or at least she thought herself to be so. Henri had often written to his father, but his letters had been invariably returned unopened. If his stern, old father experienced in his heart a desire to receive again his child, his pride would not yet allow him to acknowledge it.

* * * *

It is twilight, at the close of a soft, summer's day around the hills of Rouen. In yonder stately old castle, stretched upon a bed of sickness lies the form of Count Jerome Bouve. At his bedside, watching to administer to his every want, is the Quadroone, while Madame Bouve stands near her, preparing some medicine. Hark! the sick man speaks:

'Ah, Marie, I feel that I am fast approaching my end—and I cannot die happy until I have forgiven Henri.'

'My dear husband, I rejoice to hear you speak of him,' said his wife, her eyes filled with tears.

The Quadroone comprehended the workings of the sick man's mind, and she asked:

'Will monsieur have pen and paper, to say a word of forgiveness in his own hand to Henri?'

'Thank you, Lucille—I will, I will. I think I can still write—let me try.'

The materials being placed before him, and his sinking frame supported by his wife and the Quadroone, he wrote in a feeble but legible hand:

'DEAR HENRI:

'I have long yearned in my heart to see you, but the solemn vow I had made has prevented me. Your letters have all been pressed to my heart before I returned them to you; you will see by my will, that I have remembered you—you are my son, the only representative of our proud line. I forgive you, Henri, and in the last words I shall perhaps write, I ask your forgiveness also. I have watched with a father's pride the honorable preferment that you have enjoyed at the hand of your fellow-citizens. It was what I have looked forward to for you, but it did not please Heaven that I should participate in your happiness. I do not mean to reproach you, or my lot. God bless you, Henri, and God bless your wife and child. Farewell.

J. BOUVE.'

'P. S. Come to your mother, Henri—she will need you soon.'

Henri sailed at once, on receiving this letter, with his family for Havre, hoping that he might possibly see his father before he died; but in this he was disappointed, for he had survived the writing of the letter but a few hours. But his mother was only too happy to clasp her son once more to her heart, at such a time, too, when she needed every earthly consolation.

Henri Bouve found himself endowed with the title of count, and possessor of one of the finest estates of Norman France. Broad lands, full coffers, a dear wife and child, and a fondly loved mother, made his home a happy one. Lucille had long been considered more as a sister by Madame Bouve, than in the light of a dependent. Madame Bouve and the Quadroone, happy in the happiness of their children, lived pleasantly together until a gray old age.

THE END.

[Written for The Flag of our Union.]

## Winter.

BY O. G. W.

I feel upon my cheek chill winter's breath
Cold as the brow that has been kissed by death;
And nature seems in this her winding sheet
As though her mighty heart had ceased to beat;
And moaning winds from far are gathering here
To hymn their requiem over her icy bier.

Yet on the brow alone his touch may rest;
It may not reach the heart within the breast,
But there's a season in the spirit's year
Colder than snows on nature's wintry bier;
When sadder, darker, is the human soul
Than the long night around the northern pole.

It is when spring has passed uncheered by flowers—
Summer unjoyous through his ardent hours—
Autumn unfruitful to the past is sent,
And we are left to mourn a life misspent—
Then the sad heart, in winter's deepest gloom,
Goes down unblest and sorrowing to the tomb.

But never cheerless is that heart whose flow
Is warm with genial love for all below;
That beats in charity for all mankind,
Of merit mindful and to errors blind,
And when dread winter's storms around us rave
Seeks for the suffering it can cheer or save.

Such love is sunshine mid the storms of life—
A sun of peace mid hate's embittered strife—
Though all be dark around, and cold and drear,
Its cheering ray warms all within its sphere;
Were there more human hearts that felt its glow
There were no terror in the winter's snow.

Though winter's sun may scarcely warm the sky,
And earth seems in her winding sheet to lie;
Though every leaf and every flower be dead,
No more to rise from their oblivious bed;
Nature but sleeps, and she will rise at morn
With newer wreaths her beauty to adorn.

Thus hope oft, in her winding sheet arrayed,
Seems cold as hearts whereon death's hand is laid;
But she, like nature, cannot long remain
Chilled and benumbed in winter's icy chain:
She springs at morning with the new-born hours
To lead our life-march o'er a path of flowers.

## British Power in 1849

It must be remembered that, should England again become involved in a general contest, failure and defeat will seal her doom as a nation. She could not recover, like France or this country, from the effects of an overthrow, and 'rise refreshed from her fall,' upon that grateful earth which rewards nations of agriculturalists with immortal youth and vigor.—She bears now upon her flag the *prestige* of a thousand years of victory. Wherever it has waved, by land or sea, its red cross has floated in triumph over all the crowns in Europe.—Let but the charm of British invincibility be broken, and England will become the sport, as she is now the dread, of the world. Seven millions of Irishmen would rise as one man to redress centuries of wrong. Rebellion at home would at once unfurl its banner. The circle of colonial gems which surround and surpass in dimensions the central pearl, would be scattered at once as by the blow of a battle axe. To-day, Great Britain is an empire 'upon which the sun never sets.' Four divisions of the globe echo to the tramp of her soldiery, and witness and admire her supremacy in art and arms. Not only outstripping the Portuguese and the Dutch in her foreign settlements, she has advanced in Asia at a pace which makes the most wonderful strides of Greek and Roman ambition appear a snail's progress. This wonderful island, justly called a mere speck on the ocean, and with a population but little larger than that of our own country, extends her sceptre over two-thirds of the globe in longitude, and over a population of one hundred and fifty millions. Such is the magnificent spectacle of British power to-day!—Yet to-morrow it may have vanished as a dream—a year of unsuccessful war would lay the axe at the root of the majestic oak of British supremacy, which, long as it has braved the tempest, and imposing and beautiful as it is to the eye, has, in the national debt, a fearful worm at its centre, eating away its strength, and rendering it no longer able to wrestle successfully with the fury of a winter storm.

*Richmond Republican.*

## A Mob Quelled by Prayer.

Some time in the course of the past year, he, Mr. Forsyth, was called upon to exercise his authority for the suppression of a large disorderly meeting, somewhere in the suburbs of the city. At the time of his arrival on the ground there was every manifestation of an immediate and violent outbreak, and while he was deliberating about his duty in the premises, he was approached by the Rev. Mr. Kirkland, who acted so conspicuous a part in the late trials in our court, with a request that he would let him try the efficacy of prayer on the excited passions of the throng.

The sheriff replied that he doubted much the success of such an expedient, but that he was willing to make the experiment. Mr. Kirkland immediately assumed a station, a little elevated above the multitude, and poured forth, apparently from the fullness of a Christian spirit, a prayer most appropriate to the occasion. Immediately after he commenced, those around him became calm, some of them very reverently took off their hats, and when, at the conclusion, he raised his hand, and in the most solemn manner pronounced the benediction with which congregations are usually dismissed, the mob dispersed as quietly as a congregation retiring from church, leaving the sheriff no further necessity for the exercise of his authority.—*Pittsburg Gazette.*

## Liveries.

The fashion of dressing up servants in livery has been condemned as anti-republican; and some of the costumes displayed on the boxes and footboards in Broadway are not the most graceful that could be imagined. We perceive that an eccentric leader of the *haut ton* has taken upon himself to reform this usage. His servants are dressed with the utmost exactness, and with perfect elegance, in the fashionable costume of the day; hats, coats, boots, gloves, just what might be worn by the most accomplished gentleman. Their very whiskers are trimmed to a hair, and their black, curling moustaches are the envy of half the dandies in Broadway. The gentleman's dress does not differ from his servants' except in being plainer, and he wears no moustache. This ought to satisfy complainers of this un-American fashion of liveries. But what is the complaint? Why, that men are made to wear the badges of servitude. Well, why need we quarrel with the sign, so long as we tolerate the thing signified? So long as men do serve each other in menial capacities, where is the harm in their being marked accordingly?

*Noah's Messenger.*

## Buying Land on new Principles.

A friend at the West, who has watched pretty closely the policy of that unbounded region, states that he never knew but one man there who had become rich upon purely philosophical principles.

A tall, lank specimen of the species 'Hoosier' came on board the steamer, on board which our friend was embarked, at Chicago, and throwing down his pack, wiped the perspiration from his brows, as he stepped to the window of the office to settle his *fare*. He was clad in tow trowsers suspended across one shoulder by a piece of list, and a yellow flannel shirt, the rents in which disclosed beneath what might have been either buckskin or the natural hide of the animal himself, probably the latter. His hair was red, and sunburned at that, and his boots were of the toughest and roughest, as was his manner and general bearing.

Pulling out a bag of squirrel's skin he thrust in his hand, drew it forth full of eagles and other gold coin, and demanded to know the fare to some port on the lake. The steerage price was communicated to him, but at this he was exceedingly irate, and insisted upon his right to go in the cabin if he paid his fare. The clerk dared not remonstrate, and reluctantly gave him the ticket he desired. Our friend, amused with the Hoosier's manner, watched him closely, and finally got into conversation with him, in the course of which the man told his history. He had come to the West quite early in life, had met with many reverses—had tended a saw-mill on the 'Sen Clear' River; had driven an engine over the southern railroad; had tried to hunt bear in the interior of Michigan; had been at the Copper Mines, and afterwards at Galena; had taught school at Waukegan, and driven canal horses on the Illinois and Michigan, 'and,' said he, 'at last, when clean beat out, dead broke and ne'er a pair, I sot down on the pier at New Buffalo, en hove stans at the ducks. You can bet your life, mister, I was jest about shelled out, en when I thought of Connecticut en punkin pies, I e'en amost wished I hadn't tried to come out West. Jest as I was a thinkin' whether it was best to make another deal en try to get a hand, I looked up, an idea struck me! I follered it out en I am as rich as mud!'

'What was that?'

'I went right into the spekelation of buying land with the privilege!'

'How with the privilege, I don't understand?'

'W'all, 'taint likely you do. You see, possession of a strip of sand beach, and wait for a fair wind; then it naterally blows back into the country, on some man's good farm, *and there I claims my land!* D'ye see, stranger?'

Our friend saw, and walked forward immediately.—*Buffalo Courier.*

## The Butcher Boy.

The shade of a young butcher rises, like the apparition of an armed head in Macbeth. Who is this young *butcher?* He is the terror of the youth in Canterbury. There is a vague belief abroad, that the beef suet with which he anoints his hair gives him unnatural strength, and that he is a match for a man. He is a broad-faced, bull's-necked young butcher, with rough red cheeks, an ill-conditioned mind, and an injurious tongue. His main use of this tongue is, to disparage Dr. Strong's young gentlemen. He says, publicly, that if they want anything he'll give it them. He names individuals among them (myself included) whom he could undertake to settle with one hand, and the other tied behind him. He waylays the smaller boys, to punch their unprotected heads, and calls challenges after me in the open streets. For these sufficient reasons I resolve to fight the butcher.

It is a summer evening, down in a green hollow, at the corner of a wall. I meet the butcher by appointment. I am attended by a select body of our boys; the butcher, by two other butchers, a young publican and a sweep. The preliminaries are adjusted, and the butcher and myself stand face to face. In a moment the butcher lights ten thousand candles out of my left eyebrow. In another moment, I don't know where the wall is, or where I am, or where anybody is. I hardly know which is myself and which the butcher, we are always in such a tangle and tussle, knocking about upon the trodden grass. Sometimes I see the butcher, bloody but confident; sometimes I see nothing, and sit gasping on my second's knee; sometimes I go in at the butcher madly, and cut my knuckles open against his face, without appearing to discompose him at all. At last I awake, very queer about the head, as from a giddy sleep, and see the butcher walking off, congratulated by the two other butchers and the sweep and publican, and putting on his coat as he goes, from which I augur, justly, that the victory is his.

*David Copperfield.*

## A Highland Echo.

In the course of last summer, some strangers of distinction were induced to visit a wild and unfrequented retreat in a distant part of the Highlands, chiefly from a report they had heard of an echo, remarkable for the clear and distinct nature of its reverberation. On reaching the spot from whence the trial of its powers is usually made, their guide put his hand to the side of his mouth, and bawled out with the lungs of a Stentor, a salutation in Gaelic, which was repeated with a precision that seemed beyond the expectations of the party. One of the gentlemen, by way of trying the strength of his voice, put his hand to the side of his mouth, in the same manner as the guide, and called out, 'How far are we from home?'—These words, much to the surprise of their conductor, were also repeated, when poor Donald, with a simplicity that brought a smile over the features of all present, observed, 'You may think it strange, gentlemen, but this is the first time I ever heard our echo speak English.' 'I have no doubt,' said the gentleman, 'but it can repeat other languages if put to the test,' and instantly bawled out some French, Spanish, and Italian. Donald looked more bewildered than ever. 'Weel, I must say that's very queer; my own father and my own self have known that echo for more than seventy years, and we never knew it use no language but the Gaelic language before.' 'Your echo is more learned then, than you supposed,' said the gentleman, laughing, though at a loss whether to impute Donald's remarks to archness or simplicity. 'You may say that: but can you tell me, sir,' said the poor fellow, with an expression of earnestness that appeared highly amusing to those present, 'as the echo has never been out of the country, where can she have *got all her education?*'

*Laird of Logan.*

AN AXIOM.—Penny-wise is that man who pays a shilling for four cigars, and borrows his neighbor's newspaper.

THE FLAG OF OUR UNION.

[Written for The Flag of our Union.]

# THE LITTLE BEGGAR GIRL.

## A CHRISTMAS STORY.

BY GEORGE W. BUNGAY.

### CHAPTER I.

Boston is a world in miniature, where may be seen the great panorama of human life, in all its various phases. The American lord in B— street has his name engraven in silver on the door-plate, and lives luxuriously on the fat of the land. His magnificent palace is gorgeously furnished. He is clad in fine linen and fares sumptuously every day. His larder is filled with the dainties and substantials the season and the market can supply. He sleeps on a bed of eider-down—robes himself and family in the regalia of fashion—rides in a gilded coach—to the exchange, the opera, or the church. He toils not, neither does he spin, yet Solomon in all his glory was not arrayed like him. His horses live in better houses, and have a more plentiful supply of better food, than his unfortunate and unhappy tenants in Broad street—and as they, in his estimation, are *worth* more, they are treated more compassionately.

Whilst some of the wealthiest citizens of this modern Athens are supremely selfish, and behave as though they believed the earth and the fulness thereof belonged to them; that spring with its green beauty, and summer with its birds and blossoms, and autumn with its golden fruit, and winter with its ice and snows, come and go for their special accommodation, there are others, who cheerfully and secretly contribute most bountifully of their abundance, for the relief of their less fortunate fellow-men. They are faithful stewards, who strive to make the moral world as happy, as the natural world is beautiful.

Such a man was the Hon. Joseph Sunley. It seemed to afford him greater pleasure to give than to receive. He not unfrequently denied himself the pleasures and advantages of the library and social intercourse at the fire-side, that he might visit the sick, clothe the destitute and feed the hungry. He was a firm, and not a fair weather friend to the charitable institutions of the day. He was economical in his own expenditures that he might be munificent to others. He never turned his back upon beggar because he was born in a foreign land, or because he did not reside within the radius of his beat of benevolent effort. His open countenance, mild eyes, and pleasant smile, seemed to say to every applicant for favors, 'God bless you, can I do anything to help you?'

Within a few doors of his dwelling, lived Ebenezer Grubb, Esq., a man of opposite character. He inherited a princely fortune and lived like a duke. He was liberal only to himself and family. He looked upon poor people as necessary evils, designed by Providence to wait upon the rich.

One cold Christmas morning, when the sidewalks were crusted with frozen snow, and men were passing to and fro wrapped up in warm broadcloth—and women of fashion, folded up in silk and fur, were hurrying along—a poor little pale-faced, bare-footed girl was seen with a basket on her arm—standing at the door of the house where 'old Ebenezer Grubb' lived. She stood on tiptoe and touched the bell handle slightly, as though she was [illegible] pulling it.

While this delicate-looking child stood there blowing her hands and folding her thin and [illegible] shawl around her shivering body, one of Mr. Grubb's daughters, a pretty girl, ten or eleven years of age, was sitting by the window and saw her ascend the ice-crusted steps.

'Father,' said she, 'there is a beggar at the door, a little girl, and she has neither shoes nor stockings this cold morning. May I not go and let her come in and warm herself?'

'No, you must never speak to such miserable wretches; when she rings the bell, the servants will go and drive her away, as I have instructed them to do in all such cases.'

'Perhaps she has not taken breakfast this morning. Let me go to the door and lead her in far as the hall stove, and give her the pretty things that Santaclaus put in my stockings last night? I have enough without them.'

'Why, Amelia, you talk like a crazy child. The poorhouse is the place for such folks. I have to pay heavy taxes every year to support them there, and cannot afford to give anything besides. Go to the window and see if she is standing there all this time, for do not want such an ornament in front of my house.'

'Yes, sir, the poor little girl is crying, and wringing her hands in the cold.'

'It is not cold this morning, and I suppose she puts on a sorrowful face to excite pity. Poor folks are very deceitful. I will order her away myself.'

Mr. Grubb, who had been toasting his shins and cheeks at the grate, arose from his mahogany chair, walked slowly over his Turkey carpet, and opened he front door.

'Who are you?' said he, so gruffly the little girl became so frightened she could not speak at first.

'Tell me what your name is?'

'My name is Sarah Waynor.'

'Where do you live?'

'In Broad street, sir.'

'What do you want?'

'Ma says you are a good man to the poor, and would help us if you knew we have no wood to burn—no bread to eat—and that father has not been home for three days.'

'Your father has not paid his rent for the last quarter, and tell your mother if she does not go to work and cash up, I will have her and the rest of you sent to the poorhouse. Start home and tell her that, and never show your face at my door again.'

The child burst into a flood of tears, and went sobbing down the street in the direction of home. She unfortunately made a sad mistake, and went to the wrong house. Had she remembered the directions given by her sick mother, and called on Mr. Sunley, she would have met with different treatment. She would have heard kind words from a pleasant face. Instead of having to stand out doors on the cold steps, she would have been led to a seat in front of a cheerful fire—and her feet would have been sheathed in stockings and shoes—and her basket would have been loaded with provisions, and a Christmas box would have been sent to her little brother.

When she reached the dilapidated rookery where her mother lived, she put the basket down upon the floor, and hid her wet face in her mother's lap. When a shower of tears had relieved her heavy heart, she told her mother that the man was cross and ordered her away, and threatened to send all the family to the almshouse, because her father had not paid the rent.

'O, my dear child,' said the poor woman, 'you went to the wrong place; Mr. Grubb is a hard-hearted man. He obtained a mortgage on our little farm in the country, and closed up when the rates were due, and drove us out of house and home as soon as he could. Ever since we came to this city, we have been growing poorer, and it so happened that we hired a room last year in this old rickety house which is his property. If you had called on Mr. Sunley, he would have assisted me I am sure. Your grandfather and his were old acquaintances. What is that in your basket, Sarah?'

'I did not know that there was anything in it until now. It is a stocking full of nice things.'

Whilst Sarah was engaged in taking the treasures from the stocking, a burly-looking police officer, who was in search of stolen goods, came into the house.

'Here is part of the property I was looking for. Where did you get these costly things, my good woman?' he inquired.

'My little daughter just discovered them in her basket. She cannot tell where they came from.'

'She is quite young at the business of snatching. Let me see, here is a string of pearls—a golden locket—a silk shawl, a pair of silk gloves, a silver pencil and a five dollar gold piece. I shall have to take your child to the police court.'

'Sir, you must not take my child there. You will scare her senses from her; I am sure she did not steal the things you have found here. What have I done, that I must suffer so? I am too feeble to be able to go with my child; besides, I cannot leave my little boy and infant here.'

'I am sorry it is my painful duty to arrest this child; but if she is not guilty, I will bring her back to you, as soon as the examination is concluded.'

The next morning, Mr. Sunley, who frequently visited the courts to assist the unfortunate, saw the little girl who was not more than nine years of age, and had the benevolent curiosity to inquire into her history. She told him where she had been the day previous, and what a mistake she had made, and that whilst she was looking at the pretty things found in the stocking, a man came in and took her away to jail. Mr. Sunley obtained leave of the court to stay proceedings in her case until he returned. He hurried down to the residence of Mr. Grubb, and inquired if a little girl with a basket on her arm had called there on Christmas day.

'Yes,' said Amelia, 'and when father sent her away, I threw all my Christmas presents into her basket, and I never had such a happy Christmas before.'

'You had no right, to do so,' exclaimed Mr. Grubb.

'You said they were mine. I did what I pleased with them.'

'I am in great haste,' remarked Mr. Sunley, 'to return to the police court, for that child has been arrested on suspicion of having stolen the articles your kind child gave to her, and I want to get her clear and take her home to her parents. I am right glad to find how she obtained the articles.'

### CHAPTER II.

Mrs. Waynor had seen better days, and when she married Robert Waynor, he owned a snug little property, and had several hundred dollars in the bank. He, however, became acquainted with a clique of gamblers, and continued in their society until he lost his pocket money, and watch, and a note for three hundred dollars. His wife became alarmed in consequence of his long and frequent absences from home, but the passion for gaming seemed to grow with his growth and strengthen with his weakness. He drew his money from the bank, and lost it. He mortgaged his farm for about half its worth, and lost the money he received from Grubb—who accepted the mortgage. He went on from bad to worse, drinking and gambling. Over and over again he promised to reform and return to his former habits of honest industry. He finally left his native town, and came to Boston to seek a living, where he had lost a fortune. But he made no progress whatever in the way of improvement. His broken-hearted companion took in washing when she was able to do it, and it was with the utmost difficulty she could procure bread for her children. Her heart bled with anguish at the thought that they were growing up in the society of those who were familiar with crime, and yet her pride would not submit to the humiliating suggestion of going to the poorhouse. Her house was poor enough. The building looked as though a tolerable gust of wind would blow it to pieces. There was a family in almost every room. The old hive was so crowded with tenants, it yielded heavier rent than many mansions of marble and mortar more advantageously situated.

It was enough to melt a heart of stone, to see the sorrow of that pure-minded, noble-hearted woman in consequence of the absence of her affectionate child. She could not forget how convulsively she clung to her knees when the officer dragged her towards the door, and how bitterly she wept while he pulled her towards the police office. Poor woman, she spent most of that long night in prayer; and when the leaden hours had passed away, and the faithful light of day dawned once more upon her, she wished from the depths of her heart, for strength and health sufficient to go and search for her child. The little boy got up off his pallet of straw, and stood by the low window straining his eyes, looking in vain for the return of his sister.

'When father comes home he will go and take Sarah away from that old ugly man, wont he, ma? And he will make a fire and bring us some bread, wont he, ma?'

'My dear child,' said the mother, 'come and lie down with me, and keep warm. I fear it will make you sick to stand shivering in the cold there.'

The roads were paved with snow, and the merry sleigh bells were heard jingling in every street. Washington, Tremont, and other thoroughfares, were crowded with the fashion and beauty of the metropolis of New England. It was holiday week, and everybody appeared to be brim full of happiness; but, alas, 'the heart knoweth its own bitterness, and a stranger intermeddleth not with its joy.'

It was nearly twelve o'clock, when Mr. Sunley and Sarah met Ebenezer Grubb in Broad street, at the door of the room occupied by Mrs. Waynor; but they met for different purposes. Mr. Grubb came to get the presents Amelia had given to Sarah, and, if possible, collect his rent, or make the occupants quit his premises. Mr. Sunley came to pilot the child home to her mother, and furnish the family with some of the comforts of life. There was no smoke issuing from the chimney, no music of merry voices in the room. Mr. Sunley knocked at the door, but no one opened it, or invited him in. He pressed the latch and pushed the door open—and O, what a picture of poverty and suffering was presented to his astonished sight. There was not a brand of fire on the frozen hearth—not a particle of food in the closet. The room was silent as a sepulchre. On a mattress which rested on the floor, lay the poor, sick and suffering woman. Her eyes were upturned, glary and glassy, but she was not quite dead. She had partly disrobed herself to keep her infant alive, but its little limbs were frozen hard as marble. It was cold to the embrace, and no spirit breathed from its lips. The boy was asleep, and had it not been for the timely interference of that true philanthropist, Mr. Sunley, he never would have opened his eyes again. A fire was soon made, a cord of wood purchased—the neighbors were set to work—one was sent to the butcher's stall—another to the bakery—a third to the grocery—a fourth run after a doctor. In the mean time, old Grubb stood looking on; his hands were stuck into his pockets as though he determined nothing should get out of his purse. By-and-by he opened his lips, and asked for the stocking and its contents.

'Why, Mr. Grubb, your darling daughter, Amelia, bless her soul, gave those trifles to the child; and surely you will not be so childish as to take them away'—said Mr. Sunley.

'The trinkets are worth at least twenty dollars, and my daughter does not know the value of such articles. I must and will have them.'

'Well, rather than Sarah should be disappointed, I will pay you for 'em,' said Mr. Sunley.

'Who will pay the rent of this room? I must have security, or the tenants must leave forthwith.'

'I will be responsible for the rent, sir,' continued Mr. Sunley; 'and will have the family quit the premises as soon as convenient.'

### CHAPTER III.

'Happy Christmas, mother!' exclaimed Sarah Waynor, who had now grown into womanhood—and who had been engaged as a teacher in the seminary in the native town of her parents. 'Who would have thought, fourteen years ago, when dear Mr. Sunley, God bless him, came to our room in Broad street, that we should live to see such a joyful day as this? It looks like a miracle. He sent Robert and me to school—was instrumental in securing the reformation of father—then helped him in business—and he succeeded so well, that in ten years he bought back his old place. You look as well to-day as though you had never been afflicted.'

'We have reason to be grateful for the innumerable and invaluable blessings we have received. I have just been thinking of the little angel I have in heaven. It seems to me it has been our guardian angel ever since it took its flight from this world.'

'Mother, I have been thinking of poor Mr. Grubb, and I am really sorry he has been so unfortunate. You know he was too close to insure his property even, and when he lost that ship at sea, he almost became a madman. Since then, his house has been burnt to the ground, and he lost all that he had, and in a fit of delirium tremens he cut his throat. But the strangest thing of all is, that Robert, during his clerkship, became acquainted with Amelia Grubb, in consequence of his wearing the golden locket she gave to me that cold Christmas morning when I stood trembling on the steps, with a basket on my arm. When I put a lock of my hair into that little keepsake and threw it around his neck, I did not dream that it would lead to an introduction, and result in an engagement between the parties. I think Robert is too young to get married next January.'

'You are only complaining because he has got the start of you,' observed Mr. Waynor, who came into the room just in time to hear the remarks respecting the candidate for matrimonial honors.

'Why, pa, I would not consent to marry the best man in the world.'

'Robert,' continued Mr. Waynor, 'has been more assiduous in his attentions to Amelia since her loss, than he was in the palmy days of prosperity.'

'Well, ma,' said Sarah, 'I would not own him for a brother if he could love her when she was a rich heiress, and neglect her when she became a poor orphan.'

'She seems to be reconciled to her situation as teacher in a private family, I understand,' observed the father.

'Robert told me it was rather mortifying to her at first, to be cut by the Miss Snails, and slighted by the Miss Boggs, and sneered at by the Miss Owls, and pointed at by the Miss Briggs, for they were her most obsequious friends when her father had a princely fortune at his command,' said the mother.

'It is about time for the stage to arrive, and I trust our venerable friend, Mr. Sunley, will comply with our invitation, and come here with Robert to-day. Hallo, there is the horn! The coach has just turned the corner. There comes Robert. There comes the old gentleman,' exclaimed Sarah.

The family met together, and had a merry Christmas around the social table. Old Mr. Sunley's face shone with benevolence, for he saw some of the results of his own labors of love. Those who would enjoy a happy Christmas, must not spend all their time in eating plum pudding and roast beef, but go about, like ministering angels, and light up the fire on the cold hearthstone—and then they will be as happy as Mr. Sunley was at the house of Mr. Waynor.

## Desire to be Eaten.

'I've been among the New Zealanders,' quoth Jack, 'and there they use each other for fresh grub, as regular as boiled duff in a man-of-war mess. They used to eat their fathers and mothers, when they got too old to take care of themselves; but now they've got to be more civilized, and so they only eat rickety children and slaves, and enemies taken in battle.'

'A decided instance of the progress of improvement, and march of mind,' said I.

'Well,' replied Jack, 'but it's a bad thing for the old folks. They don't take to the new fashion—they are in favor of the good old custom. I never see'd the thing myself; but Bill Brown, a messmate of mine once, told me that when he was at the Bay of Islands, he see'd a great many poor old souls going about with tears in their eyes, trying to get somebody to eat them. One of them came off to the ship, and told him that he couldn't find rest in the stomachs of any of his kindred, and wanted to know if the crew wouldn't take him in. The skipper told him that he was on monstrous short allowance, but he couldn't accommodate him. The poor old fellow, Bill said, looked as though his heart would break.—There were plenty of sharks round the ship, and the skipper advised him to jump overboard; but he couldn't bear the idea of being eaten raw.'—*Kaloolah.*

## Beauty.

Beauty, thou art twice blessed, thou blessest the gazer and the possessor; often at once the effect and the cause of goodness! A sweet disposition, a lovely soul, an affectionate nature, will speak in the eyes, the lips, the brow, and become the cause of beauty. On the other hand, they who have a gift that commands love, a key that opens all hearts, are ordinarily inclined to look with happy eyes upon the world, to be cheerful and serene; to hope and confide. There is more wisdom than the vulgar dream of in our admiration of a fair face.—*Motherwell.*

Temptation is a little rill, which forms at first drop by drop—but follow its course, and it swells until it becomes a mountain torrent, which sweeps all before it. 'Lead us not into temptation.'

[Written for The Flag of our Union.]

## 'Brother, come home!'

BY JULIA A. A. SARGENT.

> Would I could send my spirit o'er the deep,
> Would I could wing it like a bird to thee:
> To commune with thy thoughts, to fill thy sleep
> With these unwearying words of melody—
> Brother, come home!
> *C. H. W. Esling.*

In the years long gone by, I sent him o'er the seas
This simple message, earnest, oft-repeated—
'Brother, come home!' My young heart fondly yearned,
Even as did my mother's sad, for him,
Her darling, first-born child. I heard his voice
In all my childish dreams, and waked to weep
That he was still away.

'Brother, come home!'
How beautiful, methought, those words of love
And music. How I wondered if the prayer
Of the sweet postman was answered, and
If she loved her brother, as I did love
My absent one!

'Brother, come home!' I wrote
Upon the earnest lines, o'er and o'er, and
Still again—'Brother, come home!' and sent it
With my mother's message, which also said,
And earnestly, 'Come to the hearts that love thee.'
Could he resist appeal like that, methought,
That had so fully thrilled my own young heart,
And made it tremble with emotion wild!

He came—but he had changed so much that when
My mother clasped that stranger-youth, and wet
His darkened hair with tears of grateful joy,
I wondered if our idol for away
Was all forgotten. But it was he, changed
Was his voice—more stern, and unusually deep;
And deeper was the blue of his soft eyes,
So dreaming, and his young, boyish form
Had grown a manlier one, and pride
Was mingled with our fond gaze of love.

Again he wandered to a distant land,
A roving, dreaming one, where peaceful are
The seas and flowers are strange and glorious.
The bright years have flitted by, bearing with them,
Each hour, the increase of our boundless love,
And holiest prayer for him. Now, how oft
'Brother, come home,' is thrilling in our hearts.
Again for his return we weep, and pray
For his sweet presence. O God, how vainly weep!
Pray and long how vainly!

He has gone home!
Gone where the starless skies are radiant with
The glory of the Eternal—where shining orbs
Beneath his feet are dimmed by lustre
Of the spirit-land. He has gone home!

Now in my dreams I see him— bright one,
In beauty inconceivable, perfected,
In knowledge earth-transcendent, and I hear
His voice with melody angelic thrilling
'*Sister, come home!*'

Then do I hush
The murmurs of my heart, and bow before
The 'hand that doeth all things well,'—and still,
Serene and calm, await my spirit's passage
To its translated idol in the skies.

[Written for The Flag of our Union.]

## THE CLOSE OF THE YEAR 1849.

BY MRS. E. WELLMONT.

Whence came the custom of singing requiems over the departed year? Why does this period of time so frequently close with a note of lamentation? Surely we are all living in the hope of a 'better time that's coming,' and everybody feels the past has been sufficiently trying, not to wish to live over the like again; and so, with no reluctant farewell, do we part company with 1849.

Who the past year has not felt the pressure of pecuniary affairs in some form? Will not the merchant tell you of 'depressed trade,' and the difficulty of procuring 'discounts?' Does not the manufacturer speak of small profits? the man of stocks, of [illegible] investments? the mechanic, of Californian enterprise which expended at home brings but slow returns? And, then, the bill of mortality which cholera and its kindred woes have inflicted upon hearths where a short time ago health and cheerfulness predominated, what a tale is here presented! In one word, who would live over again such a year as the past?

In 1850, we are hoping for better things. First of all, for surely every one counts it as important as anything, we expect an easier *money-market*; a more healthful business activity; greater returns, and heavier clouds of gold dust from California; a speedier return of interest on invested capital; a greater rise in 'fancy stocks,' be they *Norfolk County*, or other railroad shares; a greater elasticity in bodily spirits, and a more confident expectation of better health in our muscular frames; all these, and countless other forms of interest, we are hoping to realize in the new period of time that's coming. Why then sigh, or put on weeds of mourning, at the exit of the past? Let us rather be of a merry countenance, for that always accompanies the hopeful heart.

Who can predict what blessings will strew our pathway? Others may croak over needless fears, and thorny bushes which nettle them; but let us keep hoping and doing, working and singing, and, it may be but few thunder gusts, and few eclipses, will overshadow our mortal career. But should they unexpectedly arise, let us not despair. Wailing serves little purpose. We often hear about repentant *tears*, but give me the repentant *life*; if we have missed a figure, repair the waste, and diligently strive to build up what has fallen down.

But hark! I hear a word of remonstrance against such preaching. It comes from an unhappy, man however. He looks on the dark side of things, and talks to me about bloodshed in Europe, and cholera in Asia, and bad government at home. He wonders if the tariff will be amended by Congress so as to increase his wealth; and if some favorite charter for a bank or a railroad will pass in our State Legislature. He sees dark clouds [illegible], while we see only indications of wind, and the sun is close behind [illegible].

Now I ask you, reader, are there not *real calamities* enough [illegible] *imaginary troubles?* [illegible] feebly throb or [illegible] strange tragedies, without conjuring up any more in our fertile brains? And is it any sort of wisdom to unnerve ourselves by superfluous fears? If we are thrown into straits and difficult places, we shall need all that a healthful body and mind can impart, of both mental and bodily vigor, to surmount the trials—so bear up manfully, hope steadily, and *despair never.*

Begin 1850 according to the above maxims; call upon your friends with congratulations in your hearts; if you are a bachelor, think of some female companion who would experience a 'happier New Year,' to lean on you for support; if you are a widower, wipe away your gloom, and resolve to speak to some heart that will gladden your fireside; and if you are a young man, why here, I would utter a word of caution; be firm, active, and useful, and almost any lady will go shares with you, and run for luck.

We hear much of 'New Year presents;' the utility of giving, and thus conferring obligations is questionable. Make that matter of conscience, with an eye to the weight in the purse, and if you can afford it, and desire to do it, give something that will be worth receiving. A *book* is preferable to an *opera fan*, to most people; friend Gleason, our proprietor, has some pleasant books on hand which he rarely puffs, and certainly never asks me to herald, to obtain purchasers.

[Written for The Flag of our Union.]

## THE INCENDIARY.

### A WATCH HOUSE STORY.

BY UNCLE TOBY.

During the winter of 1839, the excitement in Boston relative to incendiary fires arose to so great a height, that in addition to the regular watch of the night, organized bands of citizens patrolled the streets at midnight, for mutual protection. Large rewards were offered by the mayor, for the arrest and detention of any person guilty of the heinous offence, but in spite of all the vigilance manifested by the police, houses were almost nightly fired.

It was at this time that a party of four sat smoking at the 'Shades,' after partaking of a Welsh rabbit, and a tankard of the General's best, (poor General, he's gone now!) when the conversation turned upon all the boyish larks and reckless sprees in which either of us had ever participated. George P— happened to be the only one of the [illegible] who declared that he was never 'nabbed,' or in other words, had never been put into the watch-house over night, [illegible] with a loud noise and daring [illegible] the streets, after a spree—a row [illegible] kers, and tin [illegible].

George was rather vain about this matter; not that such things are a subject to boast of, or indeed to add to the credit of any one, but he was emphatically one of the 'white kids,' and denounced everything of this sort as 'devilish vulgar.' The conversation relating to watch-house adventures drew him out, and he laid it on rather thick as to gentility, and that sort of stuff, all very well in their place, but in rather bad taste coming from George P—, whom we all knew up to a trick, provided he could do it in the dark; and when he boldly bragged that no gentleman was ever in danger of being arrested, or even suspected of any high impropriety, Horace L—, one of the mess, whispered to me:

'I'll bet you a basket of champagne, I'll have George in the watch-house before twelve o'clock to-night.'

'Done,' said I.

'Only we must get him a little warmed up, that's all.'

'Good,' said I, calling for a bottle of port, and inviting the party to join me with fresh cigars.

We smoked and sipped, until the bottle had been renewed three times, each one insisting upon his turn, and by half-past eleven, we were all rise for almost any fun. In the meantime, Horace had slipped out on some excuse or other, and returned after an absence of some ten or fifteen minutes, when we all rose to go. It was rather a dark night, and very cold, and as we turned the corner of Winter and Tremont Streets, we separated, half numbed with the chilly wind. Horace, however, said he would keep on to the head of Park Street with George, and leave him there.

A fourth party and myself were in the joke, and so we followed at some distance to see the fun. Hardly had the two reached the corner of Beacon and Park Streets,—a dark spot, by the way, for the gas was not then brought so far up town,—when a cry of fire burst upon our ears, so shrill and sudden as to almost startle us, who were anticipating something of the sort.

Out started a couple of watchmen from a neighboring doorway, and sprung their rattles, then rushed towards George P—, who was struggling in the grasp of Horace; the latter seemingly endeavoring to arrest him.

'Hallo, what's this?' said the watchmen.

'Why, I saw this man fumbling in that alley, and I thought all might not be right, so I secured him.'

'What do you mean, Horace?' asked George P—, astonished, half out of his wits, and quite too much surprised appear natural or self-possessed.

'What's this?' said one of the watchmen, picking up a bundle of stuff from the sidewalk.

'Matches, shavings, and splinters!' exclaimed both.

'Did he drop these?' asked one of the guardians of the night, of Horace, who now stepped aside, and left his friend in their grasp.

'I thought I saw something drop,' said Horace, coolly.

This is a pretty business. We've caught one of you at last,' said the watchman who had him. 'Come, my fine fellow, just step with us into Derne Street—we'll give you lodgings without charge.'

'But—but I tell you—'

'Pooh, nonsense,' said the watchman.

'Horace, Horace, for Heaven's sake—you wont leave me in this way?' said the victim.

'Does he know you?' said one of the watch to Horace.

'Know me—why, didn't you hear him call me Horace? My name's John; why, he's drunk or crazy. You'd better look out for him.'

'We'll see to that, never fear,' said both, collaring their victim. 'But we shall want you in the morning—what's your name?'

'My name? O, yes—Smith! John Smith! There's my card, No. 44, Washington street. I'll be on hand—the villain!' said Horace, with assumed indignation.

'But—but—' interrupted George, [illegible] with surprise.

'Don't let us, sir; just you keep quiet, will ye?'

'Horace! Horace!' called the victim, after the receding legs of his late companion.

'Be quiet, will ye,' said one of the watch, 'what's the use of pretending?'

You should have heard George tell the story afterwards—how he begged to be let off, strove to fee the indignant officials, and what a tremendous job he had to get off in the morning, and to convince the captain of the watch that he had been duped. He was obliged to send for his father, and half the family besides.—But it was not a bad lesson for him, and taught him not to boast of his never having been even suspected of an impropriety again.

I paid for the champagne, and over a sparkling glass, George P— acknowledged finally that he half deserved the practical joke, and that he could never say again, that he had not been 'locked up for the night.' Indeed, the joke, as it proved, was of practical benefit to him. This circumstance, which is actually true, formed a theme for pleasantry among the friends of the parties for awhile, but George is known to this day by the nom de guerre of the *incendiary!*

## Love of Gold.

> Gold! gold! gold! gold!
> Bright and yellow, hard and cold,
> Molten, graven, hammered and rolled,
> Heavy to get, and light to hold;
> Stolen, borrowed, squandered, doled;
> Spurned by the young, but hugged by the old
> To the very verge of the churchyard mould;
> Price of many a crime untold;
> Gold! gold! gold! gold!
> Good or bad, a thousand fold.

Though the crop is one half less than usual, yet raising raisins must be a good business, for the fewer the raisins, the more raisins rise. See 'Laws of Trade.'—*Boston Post.*

[Written for The Flag of our Union.]

## Friendship.

BY JOSEPH W. NYE.

> There is a hand hath power to close
> Each wounded heart and sorrowing breast;
> Wipe from the mourner's eye the tear,
> And give the weary spirit rest:
> That hand is friendship's—may its power
> Be felt by all in sorrow's hour.
>
> There is a stream which gently glides
> Amid the hills and vales of time;
> A stream which knows no changing tides,
> Whose waves have sweetest music chime:
> That stream is friendship's silvery tide,
> O, may it e'er in beauty glide!
>
> There is a fount whose waters bright
> Forever gush, the soul to cheer;
> To give the thirsty mind delight,
> And dissipate each lingering fear:
> That fount is friendship—those who drink
> Love long to linger on its brink.
>
> There is a star whose radiance bright
> Will beam through all the storms of life,
> Will guide us in life's darkest night,
> Though with the fiercest tempests rife.
> That star is friendship—may it shine,
> Till all shall see its light divine.
>
> There is a flower which e'er shall bloom,
> That never [illegible]
> Whose beauty lives beyond the tomb,
> To grace immortal bowers on high.
> That flower is friendship, fresh and fair,
> May all at last its fragrance share.
>
> There is a gem whose lustre far
> Outshines the richest, proudest gem
> That e'er adorned a tiara,
> Or sparkled in a diadem:
> That gem is friendship—sweetly set
> In each immortal coronet!

[Written for The Flag of our Union.]

## BUYING A HORSE.

BY S. E. CHURCH.

Mr. Josiah Mudd, the gentleman of whom we shall endeavor to relate a few anecdotes, was an inhabitant of a little town up among the mountains of western Massachusetts, and although he talked large, told very large stories, felt large, and weighed two hundred, yet he was not much thought of by the good people who knew him; and those who resided in the immediate vicinity of his habitation at once gave him the name of liar and boaster. He was full of all kinds of the smallest tricks, and sometimes, by his great bluster and pretence of knowing a great deal, which, unfortunately, was not the case, he would come out to suit himself. But when he bought old Doctor Green's horse, he did not make much in any way. Doctor Green was as clever an old man as one would wish to see, and although he was out of practice, he owned a horse.—Mr. Mudd was trying to play the gouge game, only he was the gouged one, instead of the gouger.

Last Friday evening, Doctor Green came up from C—, to the village where Mr. Mudd lived. Such a horse as the doctor drove never was seen before—about the size of a big dog, and it had, in all probability, been fed on barrel-hoops, as they shone so plainly through the skin. His gait was a gallop and a trot both at once, altogether not unlike that of a broken rocking chair over a pile of stones. While Doctor Green was driving his Bucephalus around the streets for the amusement of the bystanders collected at the store, Mr. Mudd, with all his swelling pomposity and importance, came along.

'Wot'll ye take for yer hoss, doctor?'

'What'll you give, sir—make me an offer.'

'I'll give yer a second-hand pair of steers—and—one box of Brandreth's pills, a paper of sewing silk, all colors, and—hurrah! here comes a man on hossback. What'll yer take for your hoss, Doctor Green?'

'Five dollars, sir.'

'Done, I'll take him. Hello, mister, how'll you swop hosses?'

'How much boot will you give?'

'Forty dollars.'

'Shan't do it,' replied the stranger, 'not for that.'

Then he muttered to himself, 'this beast is worth a hundred and fifty, and that one!—nothing.'

'I'll give you fifty.'

'He said a hundred and fifty, didn't he?—Golly, you may have him.'

'Well, then, get off your horse.'

Off got the stranger, and Mr. Mudd carried himself into the store, and counted out fifty dollars in bills, and proffered them to the stranger.

'Here's yer fifty.'

'Fifty!' echoed the stranger. 'I said a hundred and fifty.'

'No, but you didn't.'

'Where shall I put your horse, Mr. Mudd?' now chimed in Doctor Green.

'Up to my barn, sir,' said the stranger.

'I misunderstood you, and so let me have my horse, and I will pay the treat.'

'There's no liquor in this place, sir; I have this horse in my possession. You can't have it, not by a long shot.'

The stranger looked wild; he did not know enough about the law to show him whether Mudd could hold the horse or not. 'But, sir,' he began.

'None o' yer buts; I have got the hoss, an' offered ye the fifty.'

'Mr. Mudd,' shouted Dr. Green, 'where I'll put your horse?'

Soon, however, the stranger began again; he was assured that his claim was good. But Mudd would hear no arguments. At last he was told of his error, and advised to give up the horse.

'Give me a dollar, and you may have your horse.'

'No, I guess not. I have but little money with me. I'll take that horse.'

'No, sir-ee; I am going off with him;' and sure enough, he did ride off to his barn.

'Where'll I put your horse, Mr. Mudd?' screamed the doctor, after him.

But Mudd rode to his barn—and thither a crowd followed him. At last he was forced to give up the horse, and after insulting the stranger as well as he knew how to do it, he was roused to his senses by Doctor Green yelling, 'Here's your horse, Mudd!'

And sure enough, with the help of a subscriber to the Flag, and several others, Doctor Green had managed to get his horse up to Mudd's barn.

'Here's your horse, Mudd!' and the horse was pushed partly into the barn, and would have been thrust clear in by some of Mudd's friends, in spite of the backsliding propensities of said horse, had not Mudd forcibly ejected him with the toe of his boot.

'Here's your horse, Mudd,—and I'll turn him in the road if you wont have him in your barn.'

'Clear out with yer ole shell of a hoss.'

'If you don't pay me before to-morrow noon, I'll sue you;' and off marched Doctor Green, leaving his horse in the road.

The next morning Mr. Mudd went to C—, and paid Dr. Green two dollars to take back his horse.

## The Lake of Alligators in Scinde.

This curious place is about eight miles from Kurrachee and is well worth inspecting by all who are fond of the monstrous and grotesque. A moderate ride, through a sandy and sterile tract, varied with a few patches of jungle, brings one to a grove of tamarind trees, hid in the bosom of which lie the grisly brood of monsters. Little would one, ignorant of the locale, suspect that under that green wood, in that tiny pool, which an active leaper could half spring across, such hideous denizens are concealed. 'Here is the pool,' I said to my guide rather contemptuously, 'but where are the alligators?' At the same time I was stalking on very boldly, with head erect, and rather inclined to flout the whole affair, *nais adsum*. A sudden hoarse roar or bark, however, under my very feet, made me execute a pirouette in the air with extraordinary adroitness, and perhaps with more animation than grace. I had almost stepped on a young crocodilian imp, about three feet long, whose bite, small as he was, would have been the reverse of pleasant. Presently the genius of the place made his appearance, in the shape of a wizard-looking old Fakeer, who, on my presenting him with a couple of rupees, produced his wand—in other words, a long pole—and then proceeded to call up 'his spirits.' On his shouting 'Ao! Ao! Come! come!' two or three times, the water suddenly became alive with monsters. At least threescore huge alligators, some of them fifteen feet in length, made their appearance, and came thronging to the shore. The whole scene reminded me of fairy tales. The solitary wood, the pool with its strange inmates, the Fakeer's lonely hut on the hill side, the Fakeer himself, tall, swart, and gaunt, the robber-looking Belochee by my side, made up a fantastic picture. Strange, too, the control our showman displayed over his 'lons.' On his motioning with the pole they stopped (indeed, they had already arrived at a disagreeable propinquity), and on his calling out 'Baitho,' 'Sit down,' they lay flat on their stomachs, grinning horrible obedience with their open and expectant jaws.—Some large pieces of flesh were thrown to them, to get which they struggled, writhed and fought, and tore the flesh into shreds and gobbets. I was amused with the respect the smaller ones showed to their overgrown seniors—One fellow, about ten feet long, was walking up to the feeding ground from the water, when he caught a glimpse of another much larger just behind him. It was odd to see the frightened look with which he sidled out of the way, evidently expecting to lose half a yard of his tail before he could effect his retreat. At a short distance, perhaps half a mile, from the first pool, I was shown another, in which the water was as warm as one could bear it for complete immersion, yet even here I saw some small alligators. The Fakeer told me these brutes were very numerous in the river, about fifteen or twenty miles to the west. The monarch of the place, an enormous alligator, to which the Fakeer had given the name of 'Mor Saheb,' 'My Lord Mor,' never obeyed the call to come out. As I walked round the pool, I was shown where he lay, with his head above water, immovable as a log, and for which I should have mistaken him, but for his small savage eyes, which glittered so that they seemed to emit sparks. He was, the Fakeer said, very fierce and dangerous, and at least twenty feet in length.

*Dry Leaves from Young Egypt.*

## A Second Ulysses.

An old man of very acute physiognomy answering to the name of Jacob Wilmot, was brought before the Police Court in Philadelphia. His clothes looked as if they might have been bought second-handed, in his youthful prime, for they had suffered more from the rubs of the world than their proprietor himself.

'What business do you follow, Wilmot?'

'Business! None. I'm a traveller.'

'A vagabond, perhaps.'

'You are not far wrong; travellers and vagabonds are much the same thing. The only difference is, that the latter travel without money and the former without brains.'

'Where have you travelled?'

'All over the continent.'

'For what purpose?'

'Observation.'

'What have you observed?'

'A little to commend, much to censure, and [illegible] laugh at.'

'Umph! and what do you commend?'

'A handsome woman that will stay at home; an eloquent preacher that will preach a short sermon; and a fool who has sense enough to hold his tongue.'

'What do you censure?'

'A man who marries a girl for her fine dancing; a workman who believes in the sympathies of professional gentlemen; a youth who studies law or medicine, while he has the use of his hands; and people who elect a drunkard or blockhead to an office.'

'What do you laugh at?'

'I laugh at a man who expects his position to command that respect which his personal qualities and qualifications do not merit.'

'O, I perceive, you are an utterer of pithy sentences; now I am about to utter one that will surprise you.'

'A pithy sentence from your honor, would, indeed, be a matter of astonishment.'

'My sentence is, that you discontinue travelling for the term of thirty days, while you rest and recruit yourself at Moyamensing.'

This retort was a poser, and Mr. Wilmot submitted to the requirements of the 'vagrant act,' and retired from the halls of justice, in company with the sheriff, without uttering another syllable.—*Pennsylvanian.*

## Daring Exploit.

Our villagers were taken agog a few days ago on discovering a sail boat with a solitary voyager, ascending the rapids of the St. Mary, at this place, with all coolness and apparent self-possession as though floating only in the most quiet portion of our majestic strait. Had a spirit risen from the vast deep, it could not have excited the more special wonder of our towns-people. Even the little white shallop was unknown to our citizens, and it was evident the fearless and intrepid voyager was equally a stranger to them, if not to the foaming waters and narrow channels that surrounded him.

Yet there he stood, the fitful breeze filling his little sail—steering the gallant wherry, as it ambitiously contended for supremacy amid the leaping waters, or shot with unerring certainty through their winding channels. On he went. The Indians along the shore threw down their paddles in surprise, and wondered that 'white man could do even what Indians never dared.' Such a feat had never before been performed—scarcely dreamed. The grandeur of the exploit and the temerity of the unknown voyager, were alike the theme of wonder and delight, as the mounted shallop danced on the spray of the foaming waves.

Still onward she swept her way in spite of the rushing current, as it spends its force over the rocks beneath, until at last, in safety and unharmed, the frail bark with her steady commander floated on the serene waters above the rapids. This extraordinary adventure, safely performed, can be appreciated only by those who have visited the Sault de Ste Marie; and we could hardly have credited the exploit ourselves had we not been an eye-witness to the perilous ascent. The name of the gentleman who performed it we have not learned.—*Lake Superior News.*

## Antiquities.

One of the most beautiful specimens of tesselated pavement ever found in that country has just been discovered in the principal street of the old town of Cirencester, (Eng.) the site of ancient Corinium. A piece was found some weeks ago, which was taken up, with a view to its preservation, by laying it down again as the floor of a museum; and on pursuing the excavations, at the suggestion of one of the Archeological societies, the present fine specimen was discovered. The room measured twenty-five feet square, and contains nine circles of nearly five feet diameter each. Four only are at present exposed to view. They contain bold and well executed heads of Ceres and Flora, and exceedingly spirited representations of Actæon and his dogs, and of Silenus riding on his ass.—*Rochester Guardian.*

A wood-chopper is always a polite man—when he wants wood he goes and axes for it.

## Whale's Back Light House.

Near the entrance of Portsmouth harbor, about a mile and a half southeast of Fort Constitution, this light house rises amid the waves, showing nothing of the rocky basis upon which it is reared, except at low water. Being open to the ocean, the storms beat heavily against it, at times throwing the spray over the lanterns and sweeping the threshing from its side.

A few months since, Capt. Jedediah Rand, of Rye, was appointed keeper. It not being a very desirable place for a family, he has usually kept one of his children with him, making a change every few weeks, each desirous for an opportunity to visit the romantic resort. Early in September came the turn of his only daughter, Elizabeth Jane, a young lady who had been three years in her teens.

After spending three weeks with her father, on the 25th of September they prepared to go to the main land. The boat was lowered in which they proposed to go to Newcastle, and the daughter seated awaiting her father, when a high sea upset the boat, and she was thrown into the ocean. Her father sprang in, swam to his daughter, caught her got on the bottom of the boat, and drew her up to his side. In a few moments another sea turned the boat over right side up, and threw them again into the ocean. The daughter sunk—her anxious father caught her as she came up, swam with her to the boat, got in himself, and while endeavoring to get her in, another sea again turned the boat bottom up—leaving them in the ocean. Again the young lady sank, and when her father reached her as she came up, she was so exhausted that she could make no farther effort to sustain herself. Once more on the bottom of the boat, her father held her by the right arm and kept her head above water, but was unable to prevent the surf beating continually over her. Here hope of rescue departed from her and she looked upon death as inevitable. 'Father, do I not love you?' said she, at this moment; and 'I want to go to heaven'—were her last expressions before she became insensible.

The cry for help was heard on board a schooner, which was going at that critical hour out of the harbor. A boat was instantly dispatched from the schooner by Captain Frisbee, and in a short time the father and daughter were relieved from their perilous position, taken into the boat, and brought to Newcastle. The father sitting on the side of the boat laid his apparently lifeless child across his knees, with her face down, and as the boat proceeded she vomited and revived so as to speak before reaching the land. And notwithstanding the perils she had undergone, her attachment to her father led her to choose to return with him to his post of duty that afternoon rather than remain with strangers separated from him.—*Portsmouth (N. H.) Journal.*

## Matrimonial Speculation.

Some years ago, when all the world were mad upon lotteries the cook of a middle aged gentleman drew from his hands the savings of some years. Her master, curious to know the cause, learned that she had repeatedly dreamed that a certain number was a great prize, and had bought it. He called her a fool for her pains, and never omitted an occasion to tease her upon the subject. One day, however, the master saw in the newspaper that the number was actually a prize of £20,000. Cook is called up—a palaver ensues—had known each other many years—loth to part, &c.; in short, he proposes marriage, and is accepted. They were married the next morning; and as the carriage took them from church, the following dialogue took place:

'Well, Molly, two happy events in one day. You have married I trust a good husband; you have something else. But first, let me ask you where your lottery ticket is?'

Molly, who thought he was beginning a banter on the old subject, replied:

'Don't ye say any more about that. I thought how it would be—I never should hear the end on't—so I sold it to the baker for a guinea profit. So you needn't make any more fuss about it.'—*Blackwood's Magazine.*

## Angling Anecdote.

In 1822 two young gentlemen of Dumfries, while enjoying the amusement of fishing at Dalswinton loch, having expended their stock of worms &c., had resource to the well-known expedient of picking out the eyes of the dead perches and attaching them to their hooks—a bait which the perch is known to rise at quite as readily as any other. One of the perches caught in this manner struggled so much when taken out of the water, that the angler, though not unfelt hook had no sooner been loosened from its mouth, than it came in contact with one of its eyes, and actually tore it out. The pain occasioned by this accident only made the fish struggle the harder, until at last it fairly slipped through the holder's fingers and again escaped to its native element. The disappointed fisher, still retaining the eye of the aquatic fugitive, adjusted it on the hook, and again committed his line and cork to the waters. After a very short interval, the latter substance began to bob, when, pulling up the line, he was astonished to find the identical perch that had eluded his grasp a few minutes before, and which literally perished by *swallowing his own eye!*—*Fish Stories.*

## Remarkable Experiment.

Colonel Townshend, described as a 'gentleman of great honor and integrity,' was in a dying state. One morning he informed his physicians, Dr. Cheyne and Dr. Baynard, and his apothecary, Mr. Skrine, that he had found for some time 'he could expire when he pleased, and by an effort come to life again.' He composed himself for the trial, while one felt his pulse, another his heart, and the third applied a looking-glass to his mouth. Gradually the pulse ceased to beat, the heart to throb, the breath to stain the mirror, until the nicest scrutiny could discover no indication that he lived. Thus he continued for half an hour; his physicians believing that he had carried the experiment too far, and was dead beyond recall, when life returned as it had receded, by gradual steps. It was at nine o'clock in the morning that the trial was made, and at six in the evening Colonel Townshend was a corpse. The post-mortem examination did nothing towards clearing up the mystery. His only disorder was a cancer of the right kidney, which accounted for his death, without accounting for his singular power of suspending at will the functions of life.—*Home Journal.*

## Love Tokens of the Horraforas.

A young man, before he can possess his bride, must present her with a human head, which must not be mutilated, but, on careful examination of it by her father, bear the true marks and ornaments of one of an enemy. For this purpose, two or three young men who wish to have a wife, will start off in the direction of the enemy's tribe, and be out perhaps two months, skulking about, before they can surprise one of the enemy, and possess themselves of the desired head, which, when obtained, is carefully enveloped in damped leaves, then a deep covering of grass, and rolled over and over with twine and cord made of cocoa nut fibre sinnet, so that it looks like a large ball. In the march home it is frequently dipped in water, to prevent decomposition as much as possible, until the presentation of it to the family of the intended bride. All this is done for love.—*Evening Gazette.*

## Conjugation and Agreement.

In a lesson in parsing the sentence, 'Man courting in capacity of bliss,' &c.' the word 'courting' comes to a pert young miss of fourteen to parse. She commenced hesitatingly, but got along well enough until she was to tell what it agreed with. Here she stopped short, but the teacher said, 'Very well, what does courting agree with?' Ellen blushed and hung her head.

'Ellen, don't you know what that agrees with?'

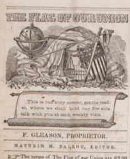
'Ye—ye—yes, sir.'

'Well, Ellen, why don't you parse that word? What does it agree with?'

Blushing still more and stammering, Ellen says:

'It—a-grees with *all the girls, sir!*'

THE FLAG OF OUR UNION.




F. GLEASON, PROPRIETOR.
MATURIN M. BALLOU, EDITOR.

☞ The terms of The Flag of our Union are $2 00 per annum, invariably in advance. The paper is always discontinued at the expiration of the time paid for. See imprint on the last page.

☞ All communications designed for publication in the paper, must be post paid, and addressed to F. Gleason, Boston, Mass., Proprietor of The Flag of our Union.

## To our Correspondents.

'The Perfidious Guardian,' a story, by Mrs. Caroline Orne, shall appear in our next number.

'The Terrible Child, or Little Pitchers have Long Ears,' a humorous sketch, by the inimitable Old 'Un, shall appear in No. 1 of the new volume.

'Passing Away,' a poem, by J. M. Thompson, filed for the next number.

'The New Year,' a seasonable poem, by O. G. W., filed for insertion.

'Angel Voices,' in verse, by J. Frederic Southgate, accepted.

'One Year Ago,' a very pretty poem, by Julia A. A. Sargent, accepted.

'The Yankee Sachem, or, how they took the Pelucca,' a prose sketch, by Sylvanus Cobb, Jr., filed for our next number.

'The Snow Spirit,' a Song for the New Year, by Hamilton G. De Bose, shall appear in our next.—To your question we would say, yes, with pleasure.

'My New Dress, the Flag's Talk with the Reader,' a prose sketch, by Mrs. E. Wellmont, filed for the next number.

'Contrition,' a fine moral poem, by A. B. Stanley, accepted for next week.

'Birthday Tribute to a Friend.' This is a sweet little bijou from Eliza, of whom we have spoken before to our readers; they will remember her as authoress of 'The Old Elm and the Fountain.' The poem shall appear next week.

'My Country forever!' the last words of Count Bathyany. A fine excellent poem, by F. A. Durivage, filed for the next number.

'Lines to ——,' by Myron, accepted.

'Stop Thief, or Lines for a Lady's Album,' by G. W. Bungay, accepted.

'Happy New Year,' in verse, by S. E. Church, accepted.

'A Poem,' by the Editor, in our next.

'Impressions of Winter,' in verse, by E. S. Troxel, accepted.

'The Deacon and the Bass Viol,' a humorous sketch, by Jane, accepted.

'The Ladies.' The verses thus entitled are too sarcastic for our columns; even the gilding of the pill at the closing verse is not sufficient to take off the irony of the whole.

'Winter,' a humorous thought in verse, by Mrs. E. R. B. Waldo, is filed for the Olio column.

'A Mother's Love,' 'Lines to Melinda,' 'Those we love,' and 'The Dying Girl to her Lover,' are respectfully declined.

☞ We have a large number of favors that we are unable to examine this week, some written evidently for the first number of the new volume; but we have room for only those noticed above. Those that came first were first considered, and no favoritism has been shown. We shall endeavor to answer all our correspondents in the next number.

## End of Volume Fourth.

With this number of the Flag of our Union we close our fourth volume, and with the next number commence a new one under more flattering auspices than we have ever before enjoyed. Our warmest acknowledgments are due to our many subscribers for the regularity with which they have renewed their subscriptions every year, and on our list we count thousands who have been with us from the very first. Though our rule, to which we invariably adhere, compels us to discontinue every name where the subscription is not renewed, yet we feel confident that our first subscribers will not be willing to part with the weekly visits of the Flag which they have enjoyed for the year now closed. Parents have learned justly to value the influence of a refined weekly paper in the family circle. They see the improvement it creates in the taste of the younger portions of the family, and the instruction it imparts to all; and we venture to say, there is no New England fireside where at least one good weekly paper is not read. The same appreciation is spreading in the South and West, and a family without this source of amusement and instruction, is looked upon as being behind the age.

We shall appear next week with a new suit from crown to foot, as the immense edition of the paper that we print compels us twice yearly to renew our entire dress, for no single font of type would withstand the wear that is thus brought upon it. We shall not only be vastly improved in the mechanical appearance of the paper, but the good things that we shall serve up in our literary department will be of the rarest, best, and most original character. Retaining the best of our old contributors, we shall be constantly adding to our corps, and constantly improving in excellence.

It will be seen, that the volume commences with an original oriental novellette, by Lieutenant Murray, besides which, the first number will contain a variety of brilliant original tales, sketches, poems, etc.

Those who wish to obtain the volume fresh, and from the first, should not fail to send in their subscriptions at once, that their names may be registered, and the paper sent as soon as published.

## The United States Mint.

The Director of the Mint has sent in his official report, by which it appears that the appropriation required to meet the expenses of the fiscal year, ending June 1851, will be $56,000. He says, in his report:—'The California gold, brought to the Mint in the present year for coinage, has increased our expenses, not only by its large amount (exceeding $3,200,000 in value), but by the character of the gold itself, which contains combined with it a large portion of silver, which must be separated from it. This is done by a chemical process, requiring, for operations upon so grand a scale, a great and expensive increase in the laboratory, and the employment of additional workmen. In consequence of this, the funds available for the present fiscal year must certainly fall short of the expenses, so that there will not only be no balance on hand at the end of the year, but there will be a deficit, which must be supplied by an extra appropriation.'

Whiskers.—Mrs. Swisshelm, editress of the Pittsburg Sunday Visitor, says, 'A smoothly shaved or beardless man meets our idea of manhood about as well as a square-shouldered, shingle-shaped woman meets our notions of womanhood.' Let grow the whiskers now, ye lords of creation: here is one lady at least, who does not set 'her face against them.'

The New Volume.—We shall shake every reef out of our sails at the commencement of the new volume, in our next number, and show our readers what a first class, literary weekly should be. Don't forget to renew your subscriptions in season to get the first number while it is fresh.

The Park Theatre Property.—Mr. W. B. Astor is about to erect three large stores on the old Park Theatre lot in New York.

Mr. Lynn News, is that a cockerel on top of the Ipswich church?

## Lady Editresses.

It is quite fashionable of late, for publishers to procure some lady's name to append to the editorial department of our weekly papers, for the purpose of rendering them more popular. In many cases, these names are assumed ones, and the articles purporting to come from a female pen, are regularly supplied by the editor himself. In other cases, known writers are employed, and then we naturally look for that degree of delicacy and refinement that is supposed to be in consonance with the mind and feelings of the gentler sex. But in a large literary paper before us, whose publishers make no small boast of its columns being presided over by a lady, whose name indeed appears in full at its head, we find, for instance, a half dozen paragraphs, sprinkled here and there, in the columns, any one of which we should hardly think a *lady* would give circulation to. The true place for a modest woman to shine, is the domestic circle; there she may be little less than an angel, if she will; but when she attempts to don the armor of a knight errant, and do battle with sword and lance, she belies the sweetest traits that God has given her. We would not be understood to disparage literary pursuits among the gentler sex; on the contrary, we think them particularly calculated to shine in this graceful occupation; but as a newspaper editress we think few can sustain their true modesty of character. The following we cut at random from a number of the papers referred to.

'There appears to be a great gathering about these premises,' said a pretty damsel, as she put on her new skirt.

'Yes,' quickly added her cousin, 'and a great *bustle*, too.'

If you find it necessary, at any time, to chastise your husband, you should be careful to perform the painful duty with the soft end of the broom, and not with the handle.

A gentleman on placing his hand too familiarly on a lady's knee, was told by her that he was rude enough to be a savage. 'Of what tribe, madam?' 'The *Paw-knees*, to be sure.'

The reason women so seldom stammer, is, because they talk so fast a stammer has got no chance to get in. People 'stutter' because they hesitate. But who ever knew a woman to hesitate about anything?

'Would it were lawful to marry two wives!' exclaimed an enthusiastic young bachelor, desperately in love with a couple of country cousins. 'Try one to begin with,' was the remark of a sorely old benedict.

A servant girl was requested by a lady to go to a dry goods store and obtain a bed comforter for her. About an hour afterwards she returned with one of the clerks.

The lady fainted of course.

## THE TURKISH SLAVE,
### OR,
## THE MOHAMMEDAN AND HIS HAREM.
*A Tale of Constantinople, the Black Sea, and the Dardanelles*

In the next number of the Flag, being the first of the new volume, we shall commence a splendid original romance, thus entitled, and written expressly for this paper, by *Lieutenant Murray*. The author says, in the preface to the story, that he has chosen for his locality a spot of no common interest, its principal scenes being laid in the city of Constantinople and the waters of the Bosphorus and Ægean sea. The stirring events of European politics of late, have added peculiar interest to the Turkish empire, and the inland waters of Marmora, the Ægean, and the Black Sea. The pictures drawn in this oriental tale, whether of locality or character, are faithful and unexaggerated, the author having endeavored, in all cases, to copy nature, and honestly to represent the characteristics of the nation to which his characters belong. We promise our readers a rare intellectual treat in the perusal of this, the best of the author's productions.

Below we give the contents of the first four chapters:

CHAPTER I.

City of Constantinople. The Bosphorus. Seraglio Point, and the Greek horseman. A full blooded Arabian. A misshapen dwarf. The Sultan and his page. Emmah, the pearl of the East. Love in a palace. Moonlight view of Stamboul. A lover's leap.

CHAPTER II.

The star of the Sultan's harem. Indulgence in the dreamy drug. The page and the princess. A dangerous situation. The Turk and the Greek. The faithful dwarf. Scene on the Bosphorus. The Trebizond slave ship. Turkish sailors and fatalism.

CHAPTER III.

The slave market of Constantinople. The Greek slave, our hero. The growth of love. Pupil and teacher. A hopeless affection. Who are you, Emmah?—a princess; and what am I?—a slave. Perilous situation of Alick, the Sultan's Greek page.

CHAPTER IV.

An eastern dwarf. Reason for gratitude. The Turkish slave made master of the royal lugger, The Golden Horn. The harbor of Constantinople. The lugger and her young master. 'A slipped bird longeth for its wings.' The Sultan's page turned pilot.

## Meat and Drink.

A man in Texas has invented a new kind of bread, which is a combination of concentrated meat and biscuit. It is made into small cakes and put up into small tin cases, one of which will be food enough for a stout man for a week. One ounce of it, by crushing and mixing it with three pints of water, if boiled for a few minutes, makes a most excellent soup, enough to make a very decent meal for one person. We have tried some of it, says the editor of the Scientific American, and reasoning it properly, we found it both palatable and nourishing, good meat and drink for any person.

## A Novel Voyage.

The schooner Diamond, Capt. E. Stone, of 100 tons burden, sailed on the 22d ult., from Chicago, on Lake Michigan, for Havana. She goes through the Illinois and Michigan Canal to Illinois River, where she takes a load of corn, and sails thence down the Mississippi, to the Gulf, and her port of destination. Her masts, &c., were packed away for the canal passage. This is a trial trip for the Diamond, and if she makes it in a given number of days, she is to be sold for the Havana trade.

The Sandwich Islands.—It is said that Mr. Edward Conner, who has arrived in the Crescent City, brings a new treaty negotiated by Mr. Gibbs, our commissioner with the government of the Sandwich Islands. One of its articles contemplates a line of steamers from California to China, touching at the Islands.

*John Smith* has located himself at 132 Washington street.—*American Union.*

You have mistaken the number; he lives *four* doors above there, besides he's gone to California, and died last week in Lowell!

The Golden Emigration.—Thirteen thousand six hundred and seventy-seven had arrived at San Francisco in the months of August, September and October.—*Dollar Weekly.*

That's a good many, but what were they, vessels, monkeys, or men, women and children?

A writer of a love-tale, in describing his heroine, says:—'Innocence dwells in the rich curls of her dark hair.'—*Exchange.*

An *ivory comb* will cure that!

## Editorial Ink-Drops.

Model artists still evade the law, and exhibit themselves nightly in New York city.

Our present extent of country could easily accommodate 500,000,000, of people.

Even our Canadian and Nova Scotia friends have adopted the Yankee Thanksgiving.

Mrs. Barrett has been performing at Lowell, Mass., to the delight of its good citizens.

We go to men for philosophy, says a pungent critic, but to women for consolation.

Our government disgraces itself by sustaining diplomatic intercourse with the Austrians.

Lady Bulwer, author of 'Cheveley' has, we see, written a new novel.

The speaker dispute in Washington costs the country $25,000 per week. Bad business.

It is said that the Cuban expedition is about to be revived under better auspices.

Several slavers have been captured on the coast of Africa. The 'Whig' had 600 on board.

What's got into the postmasters lately? Two in Pennsylvania have been robbing the mail.

Mrs. Walbridge, aged 82 years, drowned herself near Rochester—no reason assigned.

The man that doesn't believe that Dr. Coolidge is dead, has arrived at the Revere House.

A young Italian on being refused in marriage by a lady in New Orleans, shot himself.

Mayor Jones of Philadelphia broke his arm by a fall upon the sidewalk the other day.

The tea plant introduced into South Carolina, is still in blossom, but requires much care.

European politicians give dark hints about Russia's not being so very sick.

The cholera has made its appearance again in some of our western cities.

A smart shock of an earthquake has lately been experienced at Kingston, Jamaica.

The Northwestern Indians have suffered severely by the late visit of the cholera.

There are four hundred convicts in the Massachusetts State Prison at this time.

They have been eating strawberries of a second growth this season, at Skowhegan, Me.

## Scraps of Natural History.
*Gathered for the Flag of our Union.*

The horns of the Abyssinian ox are nearly four feet long, and seven inches in diameter at their base.

Two reindeer drag a sledge 50 or 60 miles a day. The traveller is tied in it, and poises it, as is necessary.

The sloth crawls on its belly, and does not advance above 100 yards in a day. It is two days in climbing and descending a tree.

Marmots are known to make spacious and convenient habitations of several chambers,—some of them several feet in diameter.

The dam of the northern foxes will follow those who kill her young 60 or 70 miles, and howl around them by night and day, till she has in some way revenged herself.

The Urone seals live in communities, every male having ten or twelve females, protecting his own family, and preserving social intercourse, with great interest and sagacity.

In mountain flocks of sheep, a ram or wedder takes the lead, and will kill a dog or resist a bull; and at times, the whole draw up in battle array, and fight without retreat.

Herds of cattle, when attacked by a wolf, regularly place the calves in the centre of a circle, and resist in military form; or the bull advances, and drives away the enemy.

One pair of pigs, according to Allnut, will increase in six years to 119,169, taking the increase at fourteen times per annum. A pair of sheep in the same time would be but 64.

A fish in Java, called the jaculator, catches flies and insects by squirting from its mouth some water, and seldom misses its aim. At six feet it will bring down a fly with a single drop.

## The Parkman Tragedy.

We have avoided all details relating to the horrible murder of Dr. Parkman, which took place at the Medical College, Boston, lately, because we think the less said about such examples of human depravity the better; but it may be very well to inform the general reader that Professor Webster has been found guilty of the murder by the coroners' jury. It yet rests with a higher court to say whether the evidence adduced before the coroners is of sufficient legal weight to condemn the Professor. In the meantime, Mr. Webster lies in jail, calm, unruffled, and exhibiting the greatest philosophy, of course solemnly declaring his entire innocence, and occupying his time in corresponding with his family and friends. We cannot but think that those who have so readily admitted Professor Webster's guilt may, at the trial, find reason to think they were over-hasty. But it is of no avail to anticipate.

## Our Original Novellettes.

By referring to our published list of books, in another column, it will be seen that we offer a large variety of entertaining stories from able pens. Every one of these romances was written expressly for us, and are gotten up in the neatest and most agreeable form. We send any *six* of them that may be selected to one address, for *one dollar*. Enclose the money to this office, enumerating those that are desired, and the books will be sent by return of mail, or by express, as may be wished; the postage is but a mere trifle.

James A. Hicks, Esq., recently a merchant of Boston, and acting Spanish Consul, was lost overboard, off Bermuda, on his passage from New York to St. Thomas, whither he was going with his family for his health. It is thought that the deceased jumped overboard, during a fit of insanity.

Melancholy Accident.—Two brothers, named Champion and Henry DeSaussure, were hunting near Camden, S. C., on the 1st inst., when the former was killed by the accidental discharge of his brother's gun.

A New Law.—A man in New York has been sent to the Tombs for stealing snuff from a tobacconist's shop. We never knew before that there was any law against *taking snuff*, but 'live and learn.'

A gold mine has been discovered in Columbiana county, Ohio. It was found digging a well.—*Troy Budget.*

Digging a well, was it? That beats the California mines all hollow.

So He is.—The editor of the Saturday Post says he's like a railroad engine, because he has a *tender* attachment.

Gen. Vanderhoff advertises to read Hamlet in New York, dressed in the costume of William Shakspeare.—*Boston Post.*

Isn't this running the thing into the ground?

Significant.—A critic, speaking of Mr. Macready's Othello, says, that it is Mr. Macready with his face blacked!

Bank Robbery.—On Sunday night, 16th inst., the Phœnix Bank, Westerly, R. I., was robbed of $15,600.

Fact.—A friend of ours says he recently heard the '*groan of a festive board!*'

## From our Foreign Files.

Executions for political offences still continued in Hungary.

The whole number of persons sentenced to death by the Vienna court martial is seventy-two.

On the 1st November there were seven hundred and fifty persons in the jails of Ireland, committed as dangerous lunatics.

The widow of Louis Bathyany recently passed through Vienna, on her way to Switzerland. It is said she will embark to this country in the spring.

A silver mine has been discovered in the department of the Herault, which produces fine silver of the value of 88f. from 200 pounds' worth of ore.

Popular opinion is becoming strong against capital punishment. A public meeting in London voted almost unanimously in favor of the extinction of the hangman's office.

A London paper says, that portraits in oil of any size are now taken by a photographic process in a sitting of half a minute. The process is called photo prosopon.

The London Times, in speaking of the 'noble order of the garter,' says, 'a dozen emperors, kings, princes and reigning dukes, constitute the rabble of the order.'

The crown of Hungary has not been discovered by the Austrians. Kossuth concealed it, no one knows where. It was received by the first king of the Magyars from Pope Sylvester I., in the year 1000.

M. Demidoff has arrived at Constantinople, and is regarded as a secret emissary from St. Petersburg, whose mission is to sow discord between the English and French ambassadors, and to upset the cabinet of Reschid Pascha.

Mr. Davenport is astonishing and delighting the Londoners, with his talent and versatility. He plays 'Virginius' one night, Brandes the next, and on the third, William, in Black-Eyed Susan, and winds up with a hornpipe!

## Dewdrops of Wisdom.

A little genius is obliged to catch at every witticism indiscriminately.

It is a miserable thing to love where one hates; and yet it is not inconsistent.

Almsgiving never made any man poor, nor robbery rich, nor prosperity wise.

A man of remarkable genius may afford to pass by a piece of wit, if it happen to border on abuse.

The more sand has escaped from the hour-glass of our life, the clearer we should see through it.—*Jean Paul.*

Like marriages, which are half made when there is one consenting party, poetry is half written in every woman's heart.

It is a custom in some countries to condemn the characters of those (after death) that have neither planted a tree, nor begot a child.

In all waters, there are some fish which love to swim against the stream; and in every community, persons are to be found who delight in being opposed to everybody else.

Universal love is a glove without fingers, which fits all hands alike, and none closely; but true affection is like a glove with fingers, which fits one hand only, and sits close to that one.—*Jean Paul.*

There are certain shapes and physiognomies, of so entirely vulgar a cast, that they could scarce win respect even in the country, though they were embellished with a dress as tawdry as a pulpit cloth.

There ought, no doubt, to be heroes in society as well as butchers; and who knows but the necessity of butchers (inflaming and stimulating the passions with animal food) might at first occasion the necessity of heroes. Butchers, I believe, were prior.

Fear is implanted in us as a preservative from evil; but its duty, like that of other passions, is not to overbear reason, but to assist it; nor should it be suffered to tyrannize in the imagination, to raise phantoms of horror, or to beset life with supernumerary distresses.—*Johnson.*

## The Joker's Budget.

Why is a beautiful lady's foot like a romantic tale of olden times? Because it is an interesting *leg-end!*

The printers of Washington city are about to contribute towards the National Monument. They are the right sort of men, as a waggish correspondent remarks, '*to set up a column!*'

A teacher in Virginia, giving lessons in geography, asked a boy,—'What State do you live in?' The urchin hit the fact, when he drawled out, 'A state of sin and misery.'

It is said that the city ordinances, in regard to the discharge of fire-arms within the limits, is to be extended to the trees in the spring, when they *shoot* forth their leaves.

A wag observing a person, who was something of a gourmand, eating heartily, asked him his weight; and being told,—'Sir,' said he, 'do you weigh before or after breakfast?'

Very many people complain bitterly of hard times and great distress; but we consider that the judges in our courts have the most *trying* time of it.

'It's *time to wind up*,' as the watchmaker said, when he found he couldn't pay his debts. 'I'm going all to *smash*,' as the crockery merchant said, when in the same predicament.

'I suppose,' said an arrant quack, 'while feeling the pulse of his patient, 'that you think me a fool?' 'Sir,' replied the sick man, 'I perceive you can discover a man's thoughts by his pulse.'

The Toledo Blade says, 'a young lady out there is said to be too lazy to get married.' Pooh! that's nothing! We know more than one young lady too lazy for any sensible man to think of marrying.

*Another name for it.*—The honorable Henry Clay, who is a great man, visited Father Mathew last week, and if the report in the Herald be correct, they exchanged—platitudes.—*Sunday Mercury.*

## Miscellaneous Items.

Capt. Russell, of brig Wakolla, arrived from Malaga at New York, reports that the price of raisins was very high—there not being half the usual crop.

Four vessels cleared lately at St. John, N. B., for California, with cargoes of sawed lumber and scantling, shingles, window frames, doors, door pieces, &c. Several more were up for the same destination.

There was a rule in an old debating society which might be advantageously recommended to some of our public bodies, that 'any gentleman wishing to speak the whole evening, should have a room to himself.'

By exact calculation, it is found that news could be sent to our antipodes by electricity, in less than a 500th part of a second. This is rather quicker than Puck could 'put a girdle round the earth'—and yet Shakspeare doubtless thought he was 'some.'

Burton says of sickness, that it is the mother of modesty, as it puts us in mind of our mortality, and while we drive on heedlessly in the full career of worldly pomp and jollity, kindly *pulls us by the ear*, and brings us to a sense of our duty.

'At the collection of fowls, says the *Courier*, there was a venerable old goose belonging to Col. Jacques, of Charlestown, which, for progeny and profit, may hold up her head with any thing that ever went to grass. Five thousand of her descendants have been sold at five dollars a piece. A rather tough one—the goose, we mean, not the story.

We noticed some thirty or forty shoeless and ragged juveniles, of African descent, says the *Daily Treatmenter*, engaged in racing and tumbling in the ring recently vacated by the circus company. A continuous shout of laughter attested the genuineness of their enjoyment; and as we gazed upon the happy and careless troupe, a sigh stole out from its hiding place in our heart, at the thought that we were not a young nigger!

## Quill and Scissors.

Francis Salevue and his wife have recovered, in a New York city court, a verdict of $1000 against Jose M. Reese for a libel, in having written to a person in Cuba that Mrs. Salevue had been guilty of infidelity to her marriage vow.

The hanging of the Mannings had caused a strong demonstration in London against capital punishment. Dickens has written another letter advising private executions with great solemnities, the suspension of business, tolling of bells, &c.

An Indian, who was very poor, and very much addicted to play, used to apostrophize Fortune thus:—'Treacherous goddess! thou canst make me lose, but thou canst not make me pay.'

The London Times, speaking in the same connection of the three mile panorama of the Mississippi exhibited in that city and the railroad to the Pacific, remarks that life indeed was short, but American art is very long.

There is before the Mexican Congress, a proposition made by a citizen of the United States, to build a railway from Vera Cruz to Acapulco, on the Pacific, passing through the city of Mexico.

The Boston Chronotype is 'almost sure to see Dr. Parkman back again, safe and sound, after his property has been comfortably disposed of and somebody has been hung for murdering him.'

In Birmingham, near Pittsburg, Pa., a pious matron has been arrested for burning with a red hot poker the limbs and chest of a little female orphan whom she took out of charity.

Dr. Mills, who was tried at Harrisburg and convicted on the charge of seducing three sisters, was sentenced to five years imprisonment in the penitentiary, to $200 fine and costs.

'Are those bells ringing for fire?' inquired Simon of Tiberias. 'No, indeed,' answered Tibe; 'They have got plenty of fire, now—bells are now ringing for water to match.'

Cast-iron cents have been put in circulation again. The fellow who would be guilty of counterfeiting copper in this golden age, should be sent to the penny-tentiary.

A man named Moore lately recovered $3,000 damages from Mr. George W. Watson, of Philadelphia, in consequence of having his leg broke by the fall of defendant's sign board.

The territory of the United States is nearly as large as that of Europe; its population, including that of the Aborigines and immigrants, may exceed 23,000,000.

The Literary World, reviewing Horace Mann's lecture in New York, concludes that the effect was to 'produce a ringing in the ear rather than a melting in the heart.'

Twenty-two thousand two hundred and twenty-four permits have been procured this season to take the Croton water. This is a great increase over last year.

A bill was reported, in the Senate of the Illinois legislature, granting the Catholic Sisters of Charity $10,000, in aid of their Orphan Asylum at Chicago.

The Literary Gazette states that prepared ginger is made in London of lettuce stalks, compressed into shape by steel moulds, and sweetened and flavored.

Whaleship Gem, of Sag Harbor, was wrecked in January last, on Saw Arrows Islands, on sand banks surrounded by large reefs, 500 miles N. E. Navigator's Islands.

A female, calling herself Ann Smith, was recently committed in Philadelphia, on a charge of stealing a piece of mourning crape from a door knob.

Schooner Diamond, 100 tons burden, has arrived at St. Louis from Chicago, via Illinois and Michigan canal and Illinois river, and is loading for the West Indies.

At Newport, N. H., Ezra Stowell, Esq., committed suicide by hanging himself in his barn. He was in easy circumstances, and highly respected.

A Daguerreotype picture of the moon has been taken by a Canandaigua artist. It was sent to the President of Harvard College.

Ambition often puts men upon doing the meanest offices; so climbing is performed in the same manner with creeping.

A child of Mr. McGown, of Russell, Mass., was burnt to death on the 24th ult., by fire escaping into the cradle while its mother was absent.

Mrs. Mowatt, authoress of the very successful play of 'Armand,' and the comedy of 'Fashion,' is writing a new Drama.

The Wilmington Delawarian says, that the large number of marriage notices in its paper indicates that cold weather is approaching.

Sterne says that every animal in creation, as it grows older, grows graver, except an old woman, and she grows frisky.

His excellency, Mr. Abbott Lawrence, the American minister, has taken the earl of Cadogan's mansion, in Piccadilly, for a term.

Mr. Bosler, editor of the Uniontown Democrat, charged with robbing the mail, has been honorably acquitted at Pittsburg.

A boy fell under a cart at Cincinnati, on the 29th ult., in consequence of the driver flourishing his whip at him, and was killed.

If a man is not rising upwards to be an angel, depend upon it he is sinking downwards to be a devil.

Some think that the accession of population in the United States, by immigration, will soon reach 500,000 a year.

A young man who undertook to stop a runaway horse in Charlestown square on Friday, was knocked down and instantly killed.

Schooner Mohawk was wrecked while endeavoring to enter Oswego, and Captain Carmichael and one of the crew were drowned.

The lower house of the Georgia Legislature has adopted a resolution in favor of electing judges by the people.

The young man who has learned a trade, has still another thing to learn. It is, that if he would thrive, he must work at it.

Lake Champlain is frozen over for some distance below Whitehall, and the steamboats are withdrawn for the season.

The last Illinois legislature did not 'pass a homestead exemption bill. Wisconsin voted against negro suffrage.

The usual average yield per month of the Griffin gold mine in Georgia is from 1800 to 2000 pennyweights.

An inexhaustible bed of sand for the manufacture of glass, has been discovered in the vicinity of Cumberland, Md.

In New Buffalo, Michigan, William Mandlin, aged 16 years, cut his throat because his mother chastised him.

The elegant country residence of Mrs. Hugh Boyle, near Baltimore, has been destroyed by fire. Loss $6000.

The Lord Mayor of London receives £8,000 per annum, and has to expend £4,000 to keep up its dignities.

A cauliflower from the garden of Mr. Felton, near Philadelphia, weighed, with the leaf stocks, 17 1-2 pounds.

The first step towards virtue, is to abstain from vice. No man has true, sound sense who is immoral.

A committee of the South Carolina legislature have reported in favor of winding up the State Bank.

The Mormons have discovered a more favorable route to California, across the Sierra Nevada.

Mrs. Kemble has completed a most successful second series of Shakspeare readings in Pittsburg.

A revolution in Yucatan, is apprehended. The U. S. sloop-of-war Porpoise is at the port.

Mrs. Webster, wife of Prof. Webster, is a niece of Prescott, the historian.

Sugar is first mentioned in 625; introduced to West Indies, 1510.

The revenue of the established church of Mexico is $250,000,000 per year.

The glory of a good man is the testimony of a good conscience.

It is a miserable thing to live in suspense; it is the life of a spider.

A man in Baltimore was badly bitten by his horse, and died of lockjaw.

All pride is willing pride.

## VOLUME FIFTH
### OF THE
## FLAG OF OUR UNION.

On the first of January, 1850, we shall commence a new volume of the Flag, under the most flattering auspices, with an unrivalled circulation, a well-organized corps of contributors, an experienced editor, and with new type throughout.

The main features of the paper will be as heretofore, the publisher having found the Flag in its original style and plan to be popular beyond precedent. The head will be newly engraved and highly improved and altered.—The emblematical designs at the heads of the columns will give place to new and ingenious ones prepared expressly for this paper, and in short we shall put on with the new year,

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from the pen of

LIEUTENANT MURRAY,

entitled,

## THE TURKISH SLAVE:
### OR,
## The Mohammedan and his Harem.

A STORY OF THE EAST.

It will be important to those who desire to secure all the numbers containing the story, to send in their names at the earliest moment, and especially for clubs to complete their organization at once.

Our readers will bear us witness that we have never promised in these columns more than we have performed; and we now assure them that the Flag shall be fully equal to its past character, and that the coming volume shall evince an improvement on its predecessors, embracing all its former enterprise, with the renewed exertion that is prompted by continued success and popularity.

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F. GLEASON, Publisher.

*Boston, December 1, 1849.*

## Our Rich Men.

On the decease of John Broomfield, Esq., of this city a short time since, it was found, on opening his will, that he had made the following liberal bequests. It is a noble example to the rich, and is a species of liberality that our rich men, we are glad to see, incline to, of late.

| | |
|---|---|
| Eye and Ear Infirmary, | $10,000 |
| Boston Medical Dispensary, | 10,000 |
| Female Asylum, | 10,000 |
| Farm School, | 10,000 |
| Blind Asylum, | 10,000 |
| Seaman's Aid Society, | 10,000 |
| Town of Newburyport, | 10,000 |
| McLean Asylum, | 20,000 |
| Massachusetts General Hospital, | 20,000 |
| Total, | $110,000 |

Independent Meetings.—W. M. Fernald will open meetings for three months, on Sunday *afternoons*, commencing next Sunday, in Washingtonian Hall, Bromfield Street. The subjects to be presented will be of a Theological, Philosophical, Psychological, and Social nature, and anything pertaining to the movements of this progressive and transition age. Time of meeting, when the bells ring for the churches. *Seats free to all.*

Important Decision.—The Massachusetts Supreme Court have decided in the case of Pool *vs.* the city of Boston, that a watchman who, in the course of his duty, detects an incendiary, cannot claim a reward offered by the city, for the detection and conviction of incendiaries.

Fountains.—The new and beautiful fountain in Blackstone Square, on the Neck, has been put in operation. It is worth while walking up to see it. The jet issues from a mammoth vase of beautiful shape, from the manufactory of Mr. Alger.

Cause and Effect.—It is now a little more than six months since Washington Goode was publicly executed. Since that time, *thirteen* persons have been charged with the commission of capital crimes, and are now in Boston jail awaiting trial.

Curiosity.—Kimball, of the Museum, with his accustomed enterprise and disregard of expense, when amusement and curiosities are concerned, has, we are happy to learn, secured the identical pin that was found in Chase's coat tail. *Vive l'epingle!*

Two Costly Buildings.—The Astor House, N. York, is valued by the assessors at $400,000, and Stewart's great store on Broadway at $110,000. This is a little ahead of us here in the Tri-mountain city, but we are 'getting on,' nevertheless.

The Monthly Rose.—This is the title of a *petit bijou* published in this city. It is destined for the young, and is cheap enough at twenty-five cents per annum. The number before us is full of fragrant blossoms.

A Careful People.—The whole amount of damage by fire, in Boston, during the year ending September last, was $300,525, upon which there was an insurance to the amount of $216,992.

Children's Clock.—The presentation of this instrument will take place at Faneuil Hall, before the municipal authorities, on the night of their inauguration, January 7, 1850.

Miss Cushman.—This lady cannot but feel highly gratified at the success that has attended her engagement in Boston, let the critics and malicious croakers say what they may.

Miss Davenport.—We have not had an actress in Boston since Mrs. Mowatt performed here, who has been so universally popular as this young lady in her role of characters.

Naval.—Captain William Gedney takes command of sloop-of-war Marion, at this port, which is now fitting out for a two years' cruise.

Herr Alexander, the wonderful Magician, has arrived in town for the purpose of giving some of his popular entertainments.

## OUR OLIO COLUMN.

[Written for The Flag of our Union.]

### The Country Girl.

BY J. FREDERIC SOUTHGATE.

The country girl's the girl for me,
With bounding step and action free;
A merry, laughing eye:
No soft, affected, mincing air,
Which city belles are wont to wear,
Bedizened out with active care;
But with a spirit free from care,
And running lightly here and there,
Her wild laugh ringing to the air—
O, she's the girl for me!

The country girl's the girl for me;
I see her bounding o'er the lea,
Like the fawn, wild and free;
She's cheerful as the bright sun-ray—
Gentle as the summer winds at play,
Her light form graceful as a fay,
Decked with wild flowers, a rich array,
Gathered in distant fields away,
The while she trips along so gay—
O, she's the girl for me!

The country maid's the maid for me;
Her glowing cheeks I love to see,
Oft blushing modestly;
Her tresses free and uncombed—
No fillet to restrain or bind;
They gently wave to the soft wind—
With warm affections true and kind—
Search through the world, you cannot find
A maid more suited to my mind—
O, she's the girl for me!

### The Upper Crust.

The woman who makes the contemptible blunder,
In getting up pies,
To shorten the upper crust more than the under,
Is very unwise;
Not only penurious, stingy and mean,
But called in the papers 'decidedly green.'

But look through this world, and you'll find that the
Are even more so,—
More tasty in temper, more stinted at supper,
More brief in action,—
Besides, in their relish for splendor and bosh,
They often get short of health, credit and cash.

The man of deception is ever a lover,
Whatever he's found;
And life is a book in a fine showy cover,
Most splendidly bound;
Each leaf has an edging of gold, but within
It is dark with inscriptions of folly and sin.

If strangers you meet at a wedding or party,
Beaten out past trace,
Your confidence, frank, unsuspecting and hearty,
On short upper crust;
Or you'll learn that not pastry alone built the sin
Of an outside much better than what is within.

You will find the same spirit pervading all classes,
The high and the meek;
Like a rich satin cloak it envelopes the masses,
Over ragged morrows;
As a spotless false bosom may hover enclose,
Or guises hosts lace o'er detestable toes.

There's a counterfeit breeding in full circulation,
More brilliant than gold;
There's a counterfeit talent and false reputation,
Most fit to behold;
There's a counterfeit wealth, with its glittering dust,
All show without—like the rich upper crust.

But give me the friend that is frank for a wonder,
And trusty, though rough;
Whose upper crust proves very much like the under,
And tender is tough:
Let us win what we can of the graces of art,
But pledge for them never the truth of the heart.
*The Dollar Newspaper.*

### A Fable.

Old Hodge one night, at Carlo's bar,
Had got, as clumsy parlance, 'tight,'
When, as he homeward made his tracks,
He heard the 'Voices of the Night.'

As with a quite uncertain step,
Onto a mill pond's brink he came,
Where old king Bullfrog held his court,
He thought he heard one call his name:

'Old Hodge, old Hodge!' he stopped and gazed,
Till goblins seemed to fill the dark;
And Hodge, though brave, was rather scared.
'What's that?' he said, 'what's that! O hark!'
'Old Hodge got drunk!
Old Hodge got drunk!
Drunk, drunk, drunk!'

'You lie, by gosh!' said Hodge, 'you lie!'
A deep voice answered, 'Nevermore!'
And Hodge thought Nick himself was near,
Among the bushes on the shore.

So thinking it was best to run,
He started like a railroad car;
But horrid shapes now thronged his path,
And voices shouted near and far,
'Old Hodge got drunk!
Old Hodge got drunk!
Drunk, drunk, drunk!'

Hodge reached his house half dead with fright,
And never since has he got 'tight.'
*Cassville Standard.*

### Invocation to Cash.

Come rest in my pocket,
Thy own shining chief!
Though bills pour upon me,
Thy home should be here;
Here still is the list,
Which once held thee so tight,
And the purse though so specious,
Is rather too light.

O, what was cash made for,
If not to be spent?
Whether gained by the sweat
Of the brow, or but lent!
I know not, I care not,
If alley makes a part;
But I know that I love thee,
Whatever thou art.

I've called thee my angel,
In moments of bliss;
Though I can't boast a cent
Mid the horrors of this;
Thy pathway undrinking,
I'll follow thy track;
And if I can't get thee,
Why, then I'll come back.

### More 'Opathies.'

LOVEOPATHY.

Take a spruce young man,
If he has gold the better;
If a few brains 'tis well,
If he has none, no matter.

Let him sit by your side,
List to his idle tattle,
Mountainous and dull,
Like a never-ending rattle.

Then try a broke-down spark
Of some threescore or over,
As gray as any fox,
And savage as a rover.

Let him call you deary—
You'd pass well for his daughter;—
And if that does not cure you,
I'm sure I think it ought to.

MATRIMOPATHY.

*Advice to unmarried ladies.*

No husband take at all—
Believe me, it is better;
For they will you enthrall,
And prove a galling fetter.

For if they're stern and cold,
You ever must be near them;
And if they choose to scold,
Why, you must sit and hear them.

Then this is my advice—
If you are bound to do it,
Marry; but in a trice,
Believe me, you will rue it.

But shun the flattering men,
As I have ever sought to,
And you'll be happy then,
If not, at least you ought to.—*Rambler.*

### The Cutler's Lament.

I never wrote my 'Skates to sell,'
Trusting to fickle Nature's law,
But when I advertised them well,
And puffed them, it was sure to thaw.
Yes, it was ever thus—the fates
Seem adverse to the trade of skates.

If a large stock I chanced to buy,
Thinking 'twas likely still to freeze,
Up the thermometer would fly—
All in a day—some ten degrees:
Their presence in my window panes
Turns ice to mud, and snow to rain.
*Yankee Nation.*

### Fickle Bob.

Bob courted Molly for some time,
But Susan's charms were in their prime;
And faithless Bobby left poor Mary
In unrequited love a quandary;
And all her sweetest smiles refusing,
His heart surrendered to her Susan.
'O wretch!' cried Moll, with angry look,
'And is it thus I am forsook?'
'No,' Bobby grinned, 'Moll, thou art mistaken;
'Tis I'm for-Sake, and then *forsaken!*'

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[Written for The Flag of our Union.]

## We have parted.

BY OSCAR G. DURHAM.

We have parted, but still in my bosom there linger
A thought, a remembrance, a prayer it would breathe,
They come like the shadows that greet us at twilight,
The smiles of the sun on the bosom of eve.

At times I forget thee, and like the freed songster,
I sing in my rapture some wild blended strain;
But ah, ere its echo has died in the distance,
Some object recalls me to respond again.

A sigh bursting forth from the soul's deep emotion,
A tear gushing up from the heart's burning well,
A flower that you love smiling sweetly upon me,
Awakens more anguish than language can tell.

Parted! O say that it is but a fancy,
A phantom that flits through my half-maddened brain,
A spirit of darkness that whispers in envy
That we who have loved are as strangers again.

O that some pitying angel would show thee
The tears of repentance I've shed o'er the past,
That thou mightest receive me again to thy bosom,
To tell me that all was forgiven at last.

There may come a moment, a time in which sorrow
Shall seize thy bosom, sweeping pleasure away;
And then with what anguish thy memory will ponder
The prayer I have uttered for mercy to-day.

How cold must the heart be that heaves not to pity,
When tears of the contrite are asking its smile;
How dead to compassion the soul turning coldly
Away from a brother confessing his crime.

Farewell! there is sadness attending its utterance,
No hearts that have breathed it in love meet again;
But where it is lisped by the being deserted,
Ah, where are there thrills of such exquisite pain!

Farewell! and may Heaven's good angels protect thee!
May thy dark eye ne'er shine through a grief-started tear!
Save those which will flow as ye move in lone sadness
On an hour that you named as one that was dear.

[Written for The Flag of our Union.]

## The Beggar Man.

BY [illegible] W. DUNBAY.

The [illegible] blast
[illegible] past—
A poor man in the [illegible] street,
[illegible]
Meets the [illegible] storm
Of wind, [illegible] snow and sleet;
[illegible] wrinkled face,
[illegible]

[illegible]
[illegible] his head!
[illegible] he begs;
[illegible]
[illegible],
[illegible] cage,
[illegible] behold
[illegible] guilty gold.

[illegible],
[illegible] hands;
His footprints [illegible] sunless snow;
[illegible]
[illegible] grief
[illegible] overwhelmed with woe,
[illegible] our rum,
[illegible] from home.

[illegible]
[illegible]
[illegible] crusts of bread;
[illegible]
[illegible]
He has no place to rest his head.
[illegible] again,
[illegible] the mark of Cain.

[Written for The Flag of our Union.]

## Love.

BY JOSEPH M. THOMPSON.

Love—it is the gift of heaven;
Like the rose, how sweet its bloom;
And where'er is felt its presence,
There it dissipates each gloom.
And the heart that loveth truly,
In its first affection, pure,
Shall, as long as life continues,
Find its happiness endure.

Pleasures round us brightly hover,
Joys, like flowers, sweetly bloom;
But how oft the scenes we cherish
Flit away into the tomb!
But, though all things else may wither,
Though death stamp them with decay,
Still, there's kindly left unto us
That which shall not fade away.

Love it is, when all else fails us,
Gently soothes each troubled breast;
E'en in sorrow's darksome hour
Yielding calm and peaceful rest.
May this angel ever cheer us
In our journey day by day;
And when death's dark moments near us,
Gently bear our souls away.

[Written for The Flag of our Union.]

## Stanzas.

BY MYRON.

Blow, ye angry winds!
I love your moanings drear;
Your most discordant wail
Falls sweetly on my ear;
Ye are keeping time, time, time,
With this wounded heart of mine.

Blow, ye winter winds!
With all your terror blow;
I'll sit and watch with you,
And breathe out all my woe;
Ye are keeping time, time, time,
With this sorrowing heart of mine.

Blow, ye bitter winds!
I'll gladly welcome ye;
Your harsh, discordant voice
Hath music sweet for me.
Ye are keeping time, time, time,
With this broken heart of mine.

[Written for The Flag of our Union.]

## An Emblem.

*From the Italian.*

BY MAYIE.

Waters severed from the deep,
Bathe the vale and mountain steep;
In crystal spring
Imprisoned go;
Far wandering,
In rivers flow;
Ever murmur, e'er complain,
Till they reach the sea again.

Thus the spirit, wandering aye,
In its pilgrim-house of clay,
Struggling, sighing, pants to rise
To its home beyond the skies.

# MISCELLANEOUS.

[Written for The Flag of our Union.]

## A NIGHT IN THE BLACK FOREST.

BY J. M. ROBINSON.

A great many years ago, a young Englishman, by the name of Lando, lost his way while walking in the 'Black Forest,' near Wartburg. The more he strove to find the path which he had lost, the more he became bewildered, and the more deeply he penetrated into the Forest. He found himself in a heavy growth of wood, and the darkness of night already descending upon the track of the setting sun. His position was one extremely unpleasant. He could not easily reconcile himself to awaiting the morning where he was, for the Black Forest had a bad reputation. It was not only the home of brigands, but it was also represented to be the favorite resort of beings of a supernatural order, by no means friendly to the human race.

Of the first, Lando believed he had good reason to be apprehensive, but in relation to the second, he did not concern himself but little about it.

He wore a short sword beneath his coat, and a brace of pistols were in his pocket. The latter he proceeded to examine with the greatest care, and after assuring himself that they were in good order, returned them to their place. When he had done this, he put the contents of a well-filled purse, save a few shillings, into a belt which was fastened around his body, beneath his garments.

'If I must pass the night in this uncanny place,' said the Englishman, 'I will do so with as good a grace as possible; but I will make one more attempt to find the way first.'

Changing his direction, Lando made another attempt to regain the path from which he had wandered. But he made little progress. The growth of wood was so heavy that he found it almost impossible to make his way through it; the trees were very near together, and the brush impeded his way. He struggled on until the night had fairly set in, and accomplished nothing, save getting himself completely out of breath, and a great number of scratches upon his hands and face. Discouraged, he sat down to recover himself.—The moon was just rising, but her friendly face was partly obscured by clouds, and but a very few faint beams found their way to the earth, through the interlaced boughs.

As for the stars, their far off twinklings seldom illuminated the Black Forest, and the traveller could hope but little aid from their dim scintillations.

Such a state of things might remind one of the dark mazes of human life, and the wilderness of care through which wander the descendants of Adam, in their brief journey from infancy to age.

No such idea occurred to the lost Englishman. He would have been greatly tempted to make an assault and battery upon any person who should have appeared at that moment, and suggested such an absurd thing. An owl lighted near him, and sang its ominous notes, and made him feel a hundred times more lost than ever.

He heard the wind moaning in the trees, and thought it the most doleful sound he had ever heard. Even the rustling of the dried leaves, and the crackling of the sticks beneath him, sounded strange, and had dismal echoes. A bough, partly broken from its parent trunk, creaked piteously as it swung in the wind.—Lando never felt more lonely in his life; and never, in his thoughts, dwelt more enthusiastically upon a sheltering roof and a blazing hearth.

If he turned his eyes upward, he could catch no glimpse of the heavens, and instead thereof, might expect to see the fiery eyes of some beast of prey glaring upon him.

'How shall I pass the night?' was the question that now occurred to Lando.

Prudence suggested that he might pass it in a tree; and he began to look about him for one suitable for such a purpose. When he had found one, and was about to commence the difficult task of mounting to its top, to his joy he discovered, through a small opening in the forest, a light. It trembled for an instant in sight, and then faded from view.

Lando rejected at once the idea of spending the night in a tree, and bent his steps in the direction where he had seen the welcome beacon, believing it would soon appear in sight. In this he was not mistaken, for after a short space, it gleamed forth again as brightly as at first. He followed it as fast as he was able. Although he made considerable headway, he did not seem to get any nearer to the light, which danced about in a very eccentric manner.

The idea of 'Jack o' lanterns,' which maliciously led people away (who were fools enough to follow them), and finally left them in a swamp, or some predicament vastly annoying, occurred to our Englishman, but he rejected it at once as an exploded notion. He kept on, and the light kept dancing on before him.

'Strange enough,' muttered Lando, wiping the perspiration from his brow. 'It may be a "Will o' the wisp" after all.'

At this moment the light paused, fluttered, and disappeared.

Lando watched in vain for its re-appearance. Finding it could be seen no longer, he went forward without it. He had not proceeded far before he came to a small open space in the forest. To his surprise, he saw before him what appeared to be the ruins of an ancient castle.

It was a large square pile, with wings. The towers had fallen, with a portion of the roof, while the time-shaken walls still towered there, in defiance of the ravages of decay. The wings were more ruinous than the main pile. Long years had nearly wasted them away, the walls only remaining, and they seemed tottering to their fall.

Lando gazed upon this memento of the past with something like awe. He doubted not but it had been reared by the Landgraves.

Our hero had a passion for old castles, and the contemplation of one never failed to call out all the romance of his nature.

They were always, in his opinion, linked with the most interesting adventures, and the wildest legends. They never failed to revive his historic acquaintance with fair ladies, knights, troubadours, palmers, friars, and goblins even.

He gazed with enthusiasm upon the ruins. How romantic it would be to pass the night in an old castle, where, in all probability, the Landgraves had slept. He resolved to do so. It now occurred to him that the light had disappeared in this very spot—for, in the first moments of surprise, he had forgotten it.

He remembered how queerly it had danced about in the forest, and how strangely it had vanished. He had read of the spirits of the the departed hovering for centuries about the scenes that had been dear to them on earth—spirits that for some reason could not rest in their graves. The thought suggested itself that what he had just seen might be the shade of some troubled or aggrieved person, that flitted about the place of its wrongs, or its former happiness, finding no rest in the tomb of its ancestors.

But this suggestion only came to be spurned away by our hero.

He began to grope about to find an entrance to the ruins. He soon found the gloomy portals. The gates had fallen from their hinges, and, with other decaying rubbish, served to obstruct the way. Lando clambered over these, and stood within the mouldering fabric. It was terribly dark, and his own footsteps had a dismal sound, such as they never had before.

After getting several falls over timbers that lumbered the way, he found himself once more in the open air.

The meaning of this was soon apparent.—The large square pile enclosed a court, and was not a solid fabric, as he had supposed.

While Lando stood irresolute, undecided how he should next turn his steps, he heard the soft, sweet swell of a harp. The pulses of the young Englishman leaped with delight, and his night's adventure seemed really taking as romantic a turn as he could wish; lost in the dark forests of Thuringen—sees a mysterious light—follows it—finds an old ruin—enters it—hears delicious music, &c. And now what was to happen next? Our hero bent forward, and listened with breathless attention. To his mortification, the music ceased.

With the greatest curiosity and impatience, he waited to hear it again. After what appeared to him a long time, he heard the same enchanting notes proceeding from, he knew not where. The time and place were — — [illegible] that he was greatly inclined to attribute the fairy-like sound to some supernatural agency.

What human being could he possibly expect to find in a spot so deserted and ruinous and so far removed from all social intercourse with the world? Judging by the exquisiteness of the music, the harp responded to the delicate touch of a woman's hand.

All doubts on the subject of the player's sex—providing the performance was mortal—was dispelled when a feminine voice mingled with the harp-notes. Lando could scarcely credit his senses. He tried to persuade himself that he was at his hotel in bed, and dreaming most extravagant things. But he heard the words of the singer distinctly, and saw the old walls about him, and the moon shining dimly down upon his head, and could by no manner of means think that he was dreaming. If he *was* dreaming, he desired to dream as long as he lived.

The words of the song were like the following:

'I ask not rank, I ask not gold,
They're nothing worth to me;
Such gifts in light esteem I hold—
I only would be free.

'I ask not now for lordly halls,
Though glorious they may be—
For wealth, and rank, and splendor palls—
I only would be free.

'I do not ask for beauty bright,
Though that be dear to me,
I crave no boon like this to-night—
I only would be free.

'Let others ask for gifts like these,
Their worth I cannot see;
They have no charm, no power to please—
I only would be free.'

Lando, fascinated, listened with delight, and wished the song had been longer.

His imagination took fire instantly. He pictured some lovely woman, held in durance by an unfeeling father; or, perhaps, by a desperate lover, who had run away with her; or, possibly, a cruel husband. In any of these cases, it would be his duty, as a gentleman, to attempt her deliverance; and whether it was his duty or not, he resolved to learn, if in his power, who the singer was. If she needed his assistance, he would gladly assist her at all hazards. How was he to know whether she required aid, or why she sighed 'to be free.'

Lando had a good voice, and some knowledge of music, and it readily occurred to him that he might possibly communicate with the singer by means of his vocal powers.

After a few premonitory coughs and 'ahems,' as much to attract the attention of the unknown, as to clear his throat, he sang and composed as he went on.

The substance of what he sung was essentially as follows:

'Lady dear, thy sighs I hear,
And dare to ask thy cause of fear;
It cannot be that one like thee
Vainly sigheth to be free.

'Perchance some fairy note I heard,
Or warblings of some unknown bird;
In spot like this, it cannot be
A lady sigheth to be free.

'Some wicked sprite hath led me wrong,
Mayhap, and steeped my sense in song;
And falsely makes it seem to me
Fair lady sigheth to be free.'

Lando paused for a response. It came—came in the same sweet tones:

'No wicked sprite,
This darksome night,
Hath led you wrong;
You heard, good sooth,
In very truth,
A maiden's song.

'But speak thou low,
For none must know,
That thou art here;
'Twould end thy life,
In useless strife:
Stern hearts are near.

'A baron's child,
Through wood and wild,
Strayed without fear;
The bandit crew
No pity knew;
They brought her here.

'To win a bride,
Long vainly sighed
The bandit chief;
With terror wild,
The baron's child
Sighs for relief.

'Say, wilt thou dare,
For lady fair,
The chief to brave?
When wanes the night,
And dawns the light,
Thou canst not save.

'Seek thou my cell,
But mark thou well
To tread with care;
Dumb things have ears—
The west wing hears;
Armed men are there.'

These unaffected lines explained all to Lando. The daughter of some neighboring noble had been seized by banditti, while walking in the woods. The lady had been conveyed to the ruins upon which he was gazing, where the chief of the banditti had made love to her. The suit of the chief, it would seem, having proved unavailing, he was about to resort to more stringent measures, as the verse next to the last would indicate:

'When dies the night,
And dawns the light,
Thou canst not save.'

Furthermore, it appeared by the *last* stanzas, that the banditti were in or *near* the west wing:

'Dumb things have ears,
The west wing hears;
Armed men are there.'

Our hero was now keenly alive to the romance of his situation. An old castle, a fair lady, and banditti, were all in accordance with his feelings.

But despite his youthful ardor and enthusiasm, he could not but be sensible of the extreme peril of the position in which he found himself placed.

To abandon the unknown lady to her fate would be cowardly; and he could not brook the idea for a moment. On the other hand, to enter the old ruin, in the darkness of night, with no lamp to guide his feet, would be the next thing to madness. The noise he should necessarily make in groping through ways he had never trodden, in utter darkness, would be likely to attract the attention of the banditti, when he would at once fall a victim to their vengeance.

While perplexing himself with thoughts of this character, a gleam of light suddenly fell at his feet. It came from the old wall directly before him. He saw a delicate hand and arm thrust from a grated window far above him, holding a blazing torch. Our hero placed himself beneath the window.

'If you have the boldness to attempt my delivery, stranger, you — need a light. Speak, [illegible] you, or *will* you, risk your life for an unknown maiden?' said the unknown, in a low voice.

'I *dare*, and *will*,' replied Lando, firmly.

'I will not conceal from you that it is very dangerous, and that it may cost you your life,' she added, in reply.

'I care not, lady, my resolution is taken. You may lose more than life. Tell me how I am to proceed.'

'I will drop this torch. Take it, and find your way to this chamber, which makes my prison, avoiding by all means the western part of the castle, where sleep the fearful outlaws. I can give you no directions in regard to the way, having no knowledge of it myself. The least noise will bring the banditti upon you in overpowering numbers, and you will perish. If you fall, God will reward you; if you are successful, you can only hope an adequate reward from the same source.'

When the unknown lady had ceased speaking, she let the torch fall directly at his feet. Taking it, he commenced his perilous enterprise.

Entering the gloomy and decaying portals, he was once more in the castle. Without much difficulty he found a rotten staircase, which tottered beneath his tread.

He ascended from corridor to corridor until it seemed unnecessary to his purpose to go any higher. But it was no easy task to do so, and observe the requisite caution. There were piles of rubbish to clamber over, and some new obstacle at every step.

While making his way slowly, and cautiously on, he was startled by the sound of human voices. It seemed very near. Lando laid his hand upon his sword in the momentary expectation that he should be attacked.

No persons made their appearance, and the sounds came no nearer. With this bold purpose still unshaken, he went forward in the direction of the voices. They came from that portion of the castle on his left. Putting his ear to the wall, he was enabled to hear the following conversation carried on in a loud voice, and more, of a character too profane to mention.

'And so she still refuses?' said one.

'*Refuses!* She hardly deigns to hear me. She stopped her ears on one occasion even after I had gone down on my knees.'

'You must intimidate, captain,' continued the first speaker.

'Intimidate! it's out of the question. When I threaten, she defies me, and calls me all the miscreants in the world. Sometimes I am ready to sacrifice the proud beauty to my anger,' replied the other.

'If the girl wont marry you willingly, compel her to, as you threatened. I will act the priest; and the whole affair shall be completed in an hour. Thinking I am a priest, she may make you a more agreeable companion than otherwise. There will be a scene or two at first, of course, sobbing, shrieking, swooning, &c., but that wont last long. She has the spirit of a bandit's bride according to your description. Here is my priestly habit—if it please you, in two minutes I will transform myself from a bold robber of the Black Forests of Thuringen, to a pious man of 'orders gray.'

Here the ruffian sang in very good voice:

'Lady, a nameless life I lead,
A nameless death I'll die;
The fiend whose lantern lights the mead
Were fitter mate than I.'

In which sentiment Lando fully concurred.

'I like your counsel,' replied the captain, 'and despite hysterics, and fainting fits, it shall be done. Don your mummery, and let us away to the bandit's bride.'

Lando heard this conversation with painful interest. Each minute seemed an hour. The perspiration rolled down his face like raindrops. He was sensible of the danger that surrounded himself and the fair unknown; and knew there was no time to lose. But of his own personal peril he thought but little. The one idea of 'woman in distress,' filled his mind. There was but one chance of saving her. If he could reach the chamber where she was detained, undo the fastenings of her door, and conduct her from the ruins before the bandit chief had time to carry his diabolical plan into effect, she would be rescued from a fate worse than death. On the contrary, if he could not do this, her ruin, and his own, was sealed. Our hero quickened his pace, and kept along the lumbered corridor until he believed himself near the object of his anxiety—the prison of the captive lady.

But he seemed to seek it in vain. He ran this way, and he ran that, expecting every instant to alarm the banditti, or to hear their footsteps approaching. A long time, as it appeared to Lando, elapsed in this manner, and all his efforts were thrown away. He had begun to despair of success, when to his joy he heard the soft sound of the harp on his right, and the lady singing:

'The hours are flying,
The night winds are sighing,
Haste, hasten to me;
My hopes are all dying,
I'm weary of crying
In vain to be free.

'The brigands are sleeping;
O what can be keeping
The stranger from me;
The day will be peeping,
And find me here weeping
In vain to be free.

'The light of the morrow
Will bring me but sorrow—
No hope will there be;
For that I did borrow
Will fade ere the morrow;
I cannot be free.

'Perhaps the lone stranger
Shrinks back from the danger;
Nor dares death for me,
Or, daring it, perished,
And vainly I've cherished
A hope to be free.'

The song ceased, and in an instant Lando stood with beating heart at the door of the fair captive's prison.

It was fastened on the inside with strong bars. To remove these was but the work of a moment. He threw open the door. The lady stood near the centre of the apartment with her hands clasped before her, while hope and fear seemed struggling for the ascendancy in her bosom. The pencilled lids were partly closed upon the dark eyes, and the rosy lips open as if to speak.

For an instant he gazed upon her with speechless admiration. He had never seen so charming a lady.

Recovering himself, he addressed her in a manner fitted to the occasion:

'Lady, I have come to save you. We have not a moment to lose. Even now I hear footsteps.'

'Then let us fly, gallant stranger. I am ready. Fly, in the Saviour's name, fly, and I will follow; or stay! I will lead the way,' replied the lady, and [illegible] the blazing torch from Lando, she flew along the corridor like a sprite.

Suddenly she paused, and turned to Lando with—

'You are well armed, stranger?'

'I am, fair lady. I have a sword and pistols,' he replied.

'Will you trust me with one of the latter?' she asked, with a smile.

'Willingly, lady; but methinks fair fingers like thine, are little used to weapons so deadly.' As he said this, Lando placed a pistol in the outstretched hand of the lady, while at the same time their pace was accelerated by the sound of rapid footsteps in the corridor.

'Faster—faster!' cried Lando, 'for they come.'

They hurried on.

But their haste hastened the catastrophe. An abrupt turn brought them face to face with two of the banditti.

'By my soul!' cried one whose voice Lando recognized as that of the bandit chief, 'the game is escaping.'

The young Englishman unsheathed his sword, and sprang to meet him.

Their blades crossed, and there was a short but fierce encounter. The bandit chief fell mortally wounded. While this scene was being enacted, the other ruffian approached the lady to drag her back to her prison. That movement was fatal to him. A pistol shot echoed and re-echoed through the ruins. The fair singer had shot him dead, with the weapon she had asked of Lando.

Supporting her with his arm, our hero conducted her safely to the court.

'It is life or death with us now,' he said as he paused a moment to learn if they were again pursued.

'There are horses at the farther side of the court,' said the lady.

'[illegible] God be thanked,' replied Lando.

Hastening to the spot indicated, they selected two of the best horses from the half score that were fastened there. To saddle and bridle them was a thing speedily accomplished. Lando raised the lady into the saddle, and as he did so, heard the banditti swarming from the castle.

Mounting, and taking the lady's horse by the bridle, with one shake of the rein, and one touch of the spur, they galloped lightly away leaving the banditti, and danger behind. They allowed their steed to take any direction they chose. In one hour they were upon the high road; and in two, the lady was restored to her friends.

Lando had rescued Claribel, the daughter of Baron Hoffberg, who lived near the mountains of Thuringen. The mysterious disappearance of Claribel had produced the greatest consternation and grief, at the castle of Hoffberg; and her recovery diffused universal joy.

When Lando returned to England, Lady Claribel went with him as his wife.

Lando was in moderate circumstances, and his spouse brought him an immense fortune. The union was a very happy one, and they often related to their children the dangers of a night in the Black Forests of Thuringen.

[Written for The Flag of our Union.]

## The Little Mendicant.

BY MISS C. ALLEN.

She traverses the streets at morn and night,
She traverses the streets all day;
And those she met, who gave a mite,
Looked cold as they turned away.
But none can tell of the sorrow and cares
The soul of the little beggar girl wears.

She plods along with a saddened heart,
With basket hanging by her side;
Her mind is free from deception's art,
Though often she is denied:
And thus, with a patient and pallid face,
She moves about with a feeble pace.

She calls on many, but few reply,
Or give her the asked for meed;
They turn a deaf ear, or close the eye—
To beggars they pay no heed:
One after another they pass her by,
Till the child sits down on a step to cry.

A time will come to the weary one,
When her toils of life are o'er;
Her journey ended, her mission done,
She'll traverse the streets no more—
For her Father on high, with eye of love,
Will call her to dwell with him above.

## Romantic Incident.

A charming little human episode occurred the other day before the Paris Correctional Tribunal. A very old man, named Pa'guis, half paralyzed, having been charged with mendicity, a decently dressed and modest looking young girl stepped forward, said he was her father, and requested that he should be given up to her. 'But has the old man any means of existence?' said the President. 'The proceeds of my labor, sir,' answered the girl. 'But you must earn very little.' 'Pardon, sir, I am very active, and by beginning to work early, and leaving off late, I can manage. Is it not so, mother?' she added, turning to her old mother, who was also present. The President paid a high compliment to the girl, who only responded by a deep blush; and she joyfully took her father by the hand to lead him away. The public prosecutor then rose, and asked the old man if he were not from Baune, in the department of the Cote d'Or, and related to some large farmers? Having been answered in the affirmative, he stated that the prefect of police had forwarded a letter from the Mayor of Baune, announcing that a rich relative of the old man had just died and left him with all his fortune. 'You see, mademoiselle,' said the President to the young workwoman, 'that Heaven has already recompensed the filial love of which you have given so striking a proof.'—*Paris National.*

[Written for The Flag of our Union.]

## To my Mother in Heaven.

BY MARY M. OLIVER.

I see thee mid the shining throng
Of angels robed in light,
Where prayer is changed to praise profound,
And day excludes the night;
Yet, gentle seraph spirit, come,
Commune with me once more;
And to my lonely pillow's sigh
A solemn peace restore.

Forever near that earnest eye
Which turned in death to me,
Seems following watchful, silently,
My wandering steps to see;
That I might hear its blessing so,
Though future tears should flow;
A token of unending love,
E'en from that home of woe.

How springs the veil of time aside
At memory's mighty spell;
Where harp-strings' deep and breaking tone
A last low murmur swell;
And smiling back, they come, the dead,
From the grave's bondage free;
E'en in the heart's fall tone to speak,
And look in love on me!

The wild wind's track, the stars that light
Their shining lamps on high,
Point to thy rest, thy home bright,
Thy home beyond the sky;
But all with mournful memories blent,
No hopes of earth restore;
O, winds and stars may wander by—
Thy footsteps are no more!

Yet, round the sod, [illegible] hearth,
At evening hour, sweet prayer,
On trembling pinions soars to heaven,
To mingle with thee there.
I bless thee for this glorious hope,
And meekly kiss the rod,
As when thy spirit once did lift
My trusting heart to God!

I bless thee, mother, precious guide,
For my most sacred share
In every secret of thy heart—
Thy sorrow and thy prayer.
Supporting faith be mine below,
Life's parting words to greet,
Thy [illegible] virtues o'er me throw,
Till child and mother meet!

And sometimes in soft visions blest,
Visit my lone repose,
Bearing from thine own world of rest
Some balm for human woes;
Till clothed in robes of righteousness,
The sins of earth forgiven—
With thee we meet, 'no wanderer lost,'
A family in heaven.

## True History of Mazeppa.

The Ukraine has at all times aspired to be free, but being surrounded by the territories of Russia, of the Sultan and of Poland, she had invariably been under the necessity of seeking a protector, and consequently a master, in one of the above three States. At one time she placed herself under the protection of Poland, but being treated by her as a subject, she sought that of Russia, which in her turn treated them as slaves. Still the Ukraine enjoyed the privilege of choosing their prince under the title of General, but after a while they were deprived even of that advantage, and their General was appointed by the Court of Moscow. He who at this time occupied that post, was a Polish nobleman, named Mazeppa, born in the Palatine of Podolia. He had been brought up as a page of Prince John Casimir, and at his court had acquired some taste for polite literature. An intrigue with the wife of a Polish nobleman being discovered, the husband caused him to be tied to a wild horse. This horse being from the Steppes of the Ukraine, which country abounds with those animals, was set at liberty in that condition, and carried him there: he was discovered by some peasants of that country more dead than alive, being quite exhausted by hunger and fatigue. They relieved him, and he remained a long time among them, greatly esteemed and distinguished for his valor in several engagements against the Tartars. The superiority of his learning rendered him highly honored among the Cossacks, where his popularity increased daily, which induced the Czar to name him the Prince of the Ukraine.—*Home Journal.*

## The Responsibility.

A young man in Virginia had become sadly intemperate. He was a man of great capacity, fascination and power, but he had a passion for brandy, which nothing could control. Often in his walks a friend would remonstrate with him, but in vain; and as often in turn would he urge this friend to take the social glass, in vain. On one occasion, the latter agreed to yield to him, and as they went up to the bar together, and the bar keeper said:

'Gentlemen, what will you have?'

'Wine, sir,' was the reply.

The glasses were filled, and the two friends stood ready to pledge each other in renewed and eternal friendship, when he paused and said to his intemperate friend:

'Now, if I drink this glass and become a drunkard, will you take the responsibility?'

'Set down that glass.' It was set down, and the two walked away without saying a word.

O, the drunkard knows the awful consequence of the first glass. Even in his own madness for liquor, he is not willing to assume the responsibility of another's becoming a drunkard.

What if the question were put to every dealer, as he asks for his license, and pays his money, 'Are you willing to assume the responsibility?' How many would say, if the love of money did not rule, 'Take back the license.'—*Aurora of the Valley.*

## France to-day.

The French government prohibited, lately, the performance of a play because it was too democratic. A political satire intended to ridicule republicanism is allowed to be played night after night to crowded audiences. One part of it is designed to be a cutting satire on 'Liberty,' 'Equality,' and 'Fraternity.' In the first tableau, on the word being spoken, each one proceeds to act the 'lord and ruler,' authority is set at defiance, and anarchy is the result. In the tableau entitled 'Fraternity,' the houses of the citizens are all open, free access given to all, locks and keys are removed, and private apartments are traversed with the freedom of public streets. One ardent republican gets married, and on taking home his bride finds his own nuptial couch occupied with a dozen of brother republicans. A citizen enters in with a new frock coat, when, on the plea of fraternity one 'brother' cuts off a skirt, another takes the sleeves, and so the new garment is made useless. Masons are at work on a building talking of communism, when one who had been silent takes off his blouse, cuts it into six parts, throws it to his companions, exclaiming 'that is communism.' All this stuff is received with roars of laughter, and is again and again encored. This the French government allows.—*Boston Post.*

## Butterflies.

When we were children, we chased the real article through fields of clover, and afternoons of sunshine, and got licked in the evening for tearing our trousers into shorts. At eighteen or twenty, we chase butterflies made of blue satin frocks and black velvet eyes; which, by the way, are the most dangerous of all the species. At thirty we chase one called glory, a sharry little creature, that's commonly found in the vicinity of militia-trainings, graveyards and short-lived people. At forty the tables are turned, and one commences chasing us, a withered thing called death, which, by the way, is the most powerful and fleet of all butterflies—for though you were a Samson, he can throw you—and though you were mounted on a thunderbolt he can overtake you. By the way, there is one very singular trait about this little creature's taste that is very hard to account for. He always prefers chasing a gin drinker and a man that keeps late hours.—*N. O. Delta.*

## Teaching a Deacon.

A gentleman of this State, who resides in the town of Ellmore, Mequango county, is, as he describes himself, very *eccentric* in politics, and besides that, is the most *eccentric* practical joker we have heard of, of late.—Here is one of his jokes, highly amusing, though but for his fearlessness of church, &c., it might have proved serious and unprofitable to the joker.

The gentleman was in his store one Sunday morning, preparing for the duties of the day, when the deacon entered. An unfortunate pack of cards was lying on the counter, and the deacon, as in duty bound, remonstrated with our joker on this villanous practice. The latter admitted that it was at least an idle waste of time, and taking the cards in his hand, moralized on the subject quite as well and warmly as the deacon did. At the same time, he allowed a few of the cards to fall here and there on the counter, they lying very much in the shape of tricks, and looking as if the two had really been 'taking a hand.'

At this juncture, another of the church came in (the post-office was in the store), and all at once the joker placing his finger on a couple of cards on the counter, exclaimed:

'Now, deacon, I tell you this wont do. The Queen always takes the Jack, and the ten the nine, and so on down, and if you don't attend, you will never learn the game. That Jack is a good card, but my Queen takes it, and it counts me one point, besides one in the count for game.'

'Why, neighbor,' exclaimed the horrified deacon, 'what do you mean by that?'

'Exactly what I say;' was the reply 'the Queen takes the Jack, and now it's mine—you might have trumped with it and saved it long ago; now this Jack, with low and game, puts me out.'

At this moment the gentleman of Mequanago county turned round, pretended for the first moment to notice the brother deacon who had entered, looked confused, dropped the cards, and vanished.

Of course the deacon was caught. The horrible tale was told of his having been caught playing cards on Sunday. He was cited to appear before the church for his backsliding, and, as the evidence was deemed complete, would have been convicted and severely punished, in spite of all his protestations of ignorance, had not our acquaintance of the town of Ellmore made his appearance in the nick of time, as a witness in favor of the deacon, told a round unvarnished tale, and procured for him an acquittal.

It is said to this day, the deacon has an increasing horror of cards, and though he feels a conviction that the 'Queen will take the Jack,' and that the Jack can take the Deacon, yet he has an utter aversion to giving his 'high, low, Jack.'—*Racine Advocate.*

[Written for The Flag of our Union.]

## I would not live alway.

BY MISS M. E. G.

I would not live alway,
Mid sorrow and gloom;
No, gladly I'll welcome
The dark, silent tomb—
Where sorrow and sighing
Shall sting me no more,
And the storms of this life
Forever are o'er.

I would not live alway,
Where trouble and strife
E'er follow my footsteps,
Embittering life.
O no, I'd not linger,
But fain would I die,
And dwell with my Saviour,
With angels on high.

I would not live alway—
O no, I would not;
Here sorrow and trial
Are ever man's lot:
But beyond this dark vale
Of sadness and gloom,
A glory awaits me,
That conquers the tomb.

## A Western Yarn.

A Hoosier, an awful ugly man, relating his travels in Missouri, said that he arrived at Chickenville in the afternoon, and just a few days afore, that had been a boat bursted, and a heap of people scalded and killed one way and another. So at last, as I went into a grocery, a squad of people follered me in, and one 'lowed, ses he, 'it's one of the unfortunate sufferers by the bustin of the Franklin,' and upon that he axed me to drink with him, and as I had my tumbler half way to my mouth, he stopped me of a sudden.

'I beg you pardon, stranger—but'—ses he.

'But—what?' says I.

'Jist *fix your mouth that way agin*,' ses he.

'I done it, jist like I was gwine to drink, and I'll be hanged if I didn't think the whole on 'em would go into fits'—they yelled and whooped like a gang of wolves. Finally one of 'em ses, 'don't make fun of the unfortunate; he's hardly got over bein' blowed up yet. Less make up a puss for him.' Then they all throwed in, and made up five dollars; as the spokesman handed me the change, he axed me, 'what did you find yourself after the 'splosion?'

'In a flat-boat,' ses I.

'How far from the Franklin?' says he.

'Why,' says I, 'I never seen *her*, but as nigh as I can guess, it must have been, from what they tell me, nigh on to *three hundred and seventy-five mile!*' You oughter 'a seen that gang scatter.—*The Bay State.*

## Quick on the Trigger.

'You will please observe,' said old Mr. Lambwell, as he led us through his school the other day, 'that the boys are required to observe the utmost attention to quietness and discipline.'

We had at this moment arrived in front of several boys standing around a water bucket, and one had just charged his mouth with the contents of the cup while the old gentleman was stooping over to recover his pen from the floor, when another passing along behind, snapped his fingers quick under the drinker's ear, and caused him on a sudden start to eject the contents of his mouth over the pedagogue's bald pate. Standing upright, with his face and hair dripping, the master shouted:

'Who done that?'

The party unanimously cried out, 'Jim Gun, sir.'

'James Gun, what did you do that for?'

Jim, appalled at the mischief he had done, muttered that it was not his fault—that Tom Owen *snapt* him.

This changed the direction of old Lambwell's wrath, and shaking his cane portentously over Owen's head, he asked:

'Did you snap Gun?'

The culprit, trembling with fear, murmured:

'Yes, sir, I snapt Gun—*but I didn't know he was loaded!*'—*Am. Literary Gazette.*

## Woman.

A woman is often praised, but never sufficiently valued. When a man sees a woman, what ought he to see in her? His mother, his guardian, his wife, his unceasing friend, his comforter in sickness—the being that gave him his first life—that is the creator or promoter of every pleasure he enjoys during life—and whose kind attention goes to alleviate the dreadful pangs of approaching dissolution. Young, she is beautiful; old, she is good; one grateful word overpays her. Old women are fit for a number of things, which young ones are incapable of performing, either from ignorance, or because they will not take the trouble. An old woman is never tired of anything; I am old, sit, and know my value in society.

N. Y. Sun.

Father Bridaine, a French itinerant of the last century, who in a mixture of eccentricity and fervid eloquence combined the two most powerful agencies by which a vulgar auditory are attracted and moved, once wound up a discourse by the announcement that he would attend each of his hearers to his home; and putting himself at their head, conducted them to the home appointed for all living—a neighboring church-yard.

Kingsly tells a very good story about Deacon [illegible]. It appears that at last harvest time, the deacon had a 'mowing bee,' and among the party were two interesting sons of Belial, who were more inclined to cut capers than [illegible]. One of their tricks on the old man consisted of filling the [illegible] with soft soap, and then slightly [illegible] with cotton. When [illegible], our venerable friend seized the loaded instrument, and blew a blast which scattered the contents far and wide. To say that the deacon was displeased, [illegible] slightly describe his feelings. He was, for the first time in his life [illegible]. Says he: 'Gentlemen, I am an old [illegible] head of the Sunday school, and [illegible] gospel for five and thirty year [illegible] I can't lick any man who soft [illegible].'

A few days ago a gentleman [illegible] sanctum, took off his hat, picked [illegible] uscript, and commenced reading [illegible] reached over and took a letter out [illegible] ed, and commenced reading it. [illegible] that he did not discover how we [illegible] in his own coin, until we asked him [illegible] correspondent was writing to him [illegible] 'Why, look here, Squire,' says he, [illegible] not reading my private letters [illegible] said we, 'you are reading our [illegible].' He was plagued, begged us [illegible] name, promised to do so no more, and [illegible] Prentice.

Some forty years ago, when a man's respectability depended much on his taking a newspaper, a certain shrewd old fellow, was one morning enjoying the luxury of perusing his paper (although he labored under the great disadvantage of not knowing a single letter of the alphabet), when a near Knowing neighbor of his happening in—perhaps to borrow his paper, observed to him that he had his paper wrong end up. The old gentleman, drawing himself up in all the pomposity of offended dignity, exclaimed—'I would have you know, sir, that if I take a paper and pay for it, I have a right to read it which end up I please.'

A slight difference between a wife with a turn up or pug nose, and a husband with a Roman or descending nose, is thus pictured by Mrs. Osgood:

Kate's nose was retrousse—her husband's Roman,
One day in a passion he bade her begone,
'Which way?' said she—'Follow your nose, silly woman!'
He answered with pointed and petulant scorn.
Kate laughed, as she whispered, 'The taunt is forgiven,
It implies such a compliment, dearest, you know;
I'll follow my nose, sir, with pleasure—to heaven,
If you'll follow yours—to the regions below!'

'Did you attend church to-day, as I charged you?' inquired an old planter of one of his slaves, as he returned to his dwelling.

'Sartain, massa,' was Cudjo's reply, 'an' what two mighty big story dat preacher did tell!'

'Hush, Cudjo, you mustn't talk that way—what stories are they?'

'Why, he tell de people no man can serve two masters; now dis de fuss story, kase you see old Cudjo serves you, my old massa, and also my young massa John. Den de preacher says, "he will love one and hate de udder," while he knows I *hate* you *both*.'

The late Mr. Wilson, the Scottish vocalist, par excellence, who was very particular in correcting the bills of his entertainment, was not a little annoyed lately, in the country, when he saw the song of

'Beyond yon hills, where Lugar flows,'

thus announced:

'Beyond yon hills, where *sugar grows!*'

When the vaudeville of the 'Welsh Girl' was played at Liverpool, the bills announced that the music was by John Parry, the celebrated *methodist* instead of melodist!

A Power of Evil. That's Russia.
A Power of Misery. That's Ireland.
A Power of Luck. That's Louis Napoleon.
A Power of Ignorance. That's Austria.
A Power of Nonsense. That's John O'Connell.
A Power of Mischief. That's Lola Montes.
A Power of Fun. That's Lord Brougham.
A Power of Folly. That's our Colonial Government.
A Power of Good. That must be 'Punch.'

When Lord Bath was told of the determination of turning out Pitt and letting Fox remain in the Ministry, he said it put him in mind of a story of the Gunpowder Plot. The Lord Chamberlain was sent to examine the vault under the Parliament House, and, returning with his report, said—'he had found five-and-twenty barrels of gunpowder; that he had removed ten of them, and hoped the other fifteen would do no harm.'

A romantic youth, promenading up Chestnut street the other afternoon, picked up a thimble. He stood awhile meditating on the probable beauty of the owner, when he pressed it to his lips saying, 'O that it were the fair cheek of the wearer!' Just as he had finished, a big wench looking out of the window and said, 'Boss, dis please to frow dat thimble of mine in de entry—I jiss now drapt it.' The man is said to have fainted.

An Irish boy, who was trying to get a place, denied that he was an Irish boy. 'I don't know what you mean by not being an Irishman,' said the gentleman, who was about hiring him, 'but this I know, you were born in Ireland.' 'Och, your honor, that's all,' said the boy, 'small blame to that. Suppose I had been born in a stable, would I have been a horse.'

Prof. Draper, in the course of a dissertation upon the 'Nature and Relation of Water'—its various changes and modifications—observes:

'The tears that you shed in the depths of grief, to-day, may be *squirted to-morrow through a hose pipe* to clean the dirt off the streets, or whistle away through the squeak of a locomotive, to scare some dilatory cow off the track!'

Doctor Duncan received a severe injury from something in the shape of cowskin, somewhere in the neighborhood of Cincinnati. 'Where were you hurt, doctor?' said a friend. 'Was it near the vertebra?' 'No, no,' said the disciple of Galen; 'it was near the race course.'

'Favor me with your company on Wednesday evening, you are such a lion,' said a weak party giver to a young author.

'I thank you,' replied the wit, 'but on that evening I am engaged to exhibit at the Countess of ——, and stand upon my head at Mrs. ——.'

One evening, a lady said to a small wit, 'Come, Mr. ——, tell us a funny anecdote,' and the poor fellow was mute during the remainder of the evening.

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