THE COQUETTE. BY ROBERT JOSSELYM. Look! what a lovely being there?

Observe her form, her guit, her air; Ray, is she not most wondrous fair? Ah! woe is me! A classic scholar might suppose Another Venus just arose, From frothy sea.

Her hands and feet-how small the size! How very killing dark her eyes, Where Cupid, sty in ambush, lies With bow and arrow, . And, aiming at surrounding beaux, Inflicts excruciating woes

From skin to marrow She sings—her tones surpass the lute, She stops—how eloquently mute! Her lips-what luscious, tempting fruit, Whence adors rise! With what inimitably face, She smiles and frowns with equal grace,

Or, languid, sighs! To aid her native leveliness. How fashionably fine a dress, Exposing just enough to guess Of beauties hid! And think you I could link my fate.

With such an extra charming mate!

Good Lord! forbid. And why? what there could you desire, The warmest passion to inspire? Will he not do (her wealthy sire) A generous part? Yes, but between yourself and me, She lacks one master-witchery.

## THE LADY IN BLACK.

BY MRS. S. C. HALL.

Prorts find it easy enough to laugh at "spirit-stories" in broad daylight, when the sunbeans dance upon the grass, and the deepest forest glades are spotted and checkered only by the tender shadows of leafy trees; when the rugged castle, that looked so mysterious and so stern in the looming night, seems suited for a lady's bower; when the rushing waterfull sparkles in diamond showers, and the hum of bee and song of bird tune the thoughts to hopes of life and happiness. People may laugh at ghosts then, if they like, but as for me, I never could merely smile at the records of those shadowy visitors. I have large faith in things supernatural, and cannot disbelieve solely on the ground that I lack such evidences as are supplied by the senses: for they, in truth, sustain by palpable proofs so few of the many marvels

My great-grandmother was a native of the canton of Borne; and at the advanced age of ninety, her memory of "the long ago" was as active as it could have been at piece of tapestry belonging to a past age, but with warm sympathies for the present. Her English, when she became excited, was very curious-a mingling of French, certainly not Parisian, with here and there se raps of German done into English, literally—so that her observations old chapel; and she did his bidding always as willingly, he thanked me graciously, and in the warmth of his were at times remarkable for their strength. "The mountains," she would say, "in her country, went high, , high up, until they could look into the heavens, and hear God in the storm." She never thoroughly comprehend nothing more-holding our agriculture in particular, I remember, always excited great interest but tile boots of Monsieur !- they growled! in her young listeners, from its mingling with the real and in the beauty of her point lace, the size and weight of her long ugly car-rings, the fashion of her solid silk gown. the singularity of her buckled shoes-her dark-brown wrinkled face, every wrinkle an expression-her broad thoughtful brow, beneath which glittered her bright blue eyes-brightneven when her eyelashes were white with years. All these peculiarities gave impressive effect to her words.

"In my young time," she told us, "I spent many happy hours with Amelie de Rohean, in her uncle's castle. He was a fine man-large size, stern, and dark, and full and a bio head.

"The castle was situated in the midst of the most stupendous Alpine scenery, and yet it was not solitary .--There were other dwollings in sight; some very near, but separated by a ravine, through which, at all seasons a rapid river kept its fourning course. You do not know support of bridges, the only means of communication stood erect before the man of storms, with our concatte neighbors.

""Did you think," she said, because I bent to you that

dy was invariably interrupted by her relatives, with "Oh, "Yes, my dears, each creature according to its natureall men are tyrants; and I confess that I do think a Swiss, whose mountain inheritance is nearly coeval with word, or a kind look upon either of us. We never spoke

except when we were spoken to." "But when you and Amelie were alone, dear Gran-

"Oh, why, then we did chatter, I suppose; though then it was in moderation; for Monsieur's influence chilled us even when he was not present; and often she would say, "It is so hard trying to love him, for he will not let me!" There is no such beauty in the world now h Amele's. I can see her as she used to stand before

his consequence, she contributed to his enjoyments; she the door exactly opposite where I stood. She paused at had grown necessary: she was the one sunbcam of his the foot of the plumed bed, and the lightning, no longer house.'

"Not the one sunbeam, surely, Granny!" one of us tion. She stood for some time perfectly motionless, the

would exclaim: "you were a sunboam then." have rejoiced to be to her what I was-her chosen friend; should not prevent the union of Amelie and Charles. I and some would have perilled their lives for one of the heard her voice myself; it sounded like the night-wind sweet smiles which played around her uncle, but never among fir-trees-cold and shrill, chilling both ear and touched his heart. Monsiour never would suffer people heart. I turned my eyes away while she spoke, and to be happy except in his way. He had never married; when I looked again she was gone! The storm continand he doclared Amelio never should. She had, he said, ued to increase in violence, and the master's rage kept as much enjoyment as he had: she had a castle with a pace with the war of elements. The servants were draw-bridge; she had a forest for hunting; dogs and trembling with undefined terror; they feared they knew dresses; a guitar and a harpsichord; a parrot-and a ing fearfully, and then barking in the highest possible friend! And such an uncle! he believed there was not key; the master paced about his chamber, calling in vain such another uncle in broad Europe! For many a long on his domestics, stamping and swearing like a maniac. day Amelio laughed at this entalogue of advantages. At last, amid flashes of lightning, he made his way to that is, she laughed when her uncle left the room; she the head of the great staircase, and presently the clang of never laughed before him. In time, the laugh came not; the alarm-bell mingled with the thunder and the roar of but in its place, sighs and tears. Monsiour had a great the mountain torrents: this hastened the servants to his deal to answer for. Amelie was not prevented from see- presence, though they seemed hardly capable of undering the gentry when they came to visit in a formal way, standing his words-ho insisted on Charles being bro't and she met many hawking and hunting; but she never before him. We all trembled-for he was mad and was permitted to invite any one to the castle, nor to ac- livid with rage. The warden, in whose care the young cept an invitation. Monsieur fancied that by shutting man was, dured not enter the hall that echoed his loud her lips, he closed her heart; and boasted such was the words and heavy footsteps-for, when he went to seek advantage of his good training, that Amelie's mind was the fortified against all weaknesses, for she had not the least dread of wandering about the ruined chapel of the castle, ed to find rollef by his energies being called into action; cept for the purpose of interfering when anything deci-dedly wrong was going forward in the casile. "La Fem- he dug his spurs deep into the flanks of the noble anime Noir" had been seen gliding along the unprotected mal, until the red blood mingled with the rain. At last,

of red fire; no sound could be heard but of its rearing "I am not come to that," was the reply; "and you are waters; the attendants clung, as the advanced, to the one saucy little maid, to ask what I do not choose to tell. hand-rail of the bridge. The youth, unconscious of the Amelia certainly ontertained no fear of the spirit; "La pursait, proceeded rapidly; and again roused, the horse her-for my friend would wander in the ruins, taking no Femme Noir' passed with the blast that rushed down the note of daylight, or moonlight, or even darkness. The ravine; the torrent followed in her tack, and more than peasants declared their young lady must have walked half the bridge was swept away forever. As the master over crossed bones, or drank water out of a raven's skull, reined back the horse he had so urged forward, he saw by which we are surrounded, that I would rather reject them altogether as witnesses, than abide the issue entirely as they suggest.

over crossed bones, or drank water out of a raven's skull, the board and not are made to digent forward, no saw or passed nine times round the spectre's glass on midthe youth kneeling with outstretched arms on the opposummer eve. She must have done all this, if not more; site bank—kneeling in gratitude for his deliverance from
there could be little doubt that the "Femme Noir" had his double peril. All were struck with the piety of the mit ated her into certain mysteries; for they heard, at youth and curnestly rejoiced at his deliverance; though times, voices in low, whispering converse, and saw the they did not presume to say so, or look as if they thought shadows of two persons cross the old roofless chapel, so. I never saw to changed a person as the muster, fifteen; she looked as if she had just stepped out of a when "Mamselle" had passed the foot-bridge alone .- when he re-entered the castle gate: his check was Monsiour gloried in this fearlessness on the part of his blanched-his eye quelled-his fierce plume hung brogentle nicce; and more than once, when he had revellers ken over his shoulder-his step was unequal, and, in the in the castle, he sent her forth at midnight, to bring him voice of a feeble girl, he said-Bring me a cup of wine. a bough from a tree that only grew beside the altar of the I was his cup bearer, and, for the first time in his life

She became pale; her pillow was often moistened by her know, no's Some said the Fomme Noir visited him tears; her music was neglected; she took no pleasure in again; I cannot tell; I did not see her; I speak of what I ed the real beauty of England; but spo's with contempt | the chase; and her chamois, not receiving its usual at- saw, not of what I heard. The storm passed away with -her friend! who would have died for her; she made no as the rattling of pebbles beneath the swell of a summer "cheap," saying that the land tilled itself, leaving man reply to my prayers, and did not heed my entreaties .- wave. The next morning, monsicur sent for the pas-

though not as rapidly, as he could desire.

were distended, and he trembled so with rage, that the Rohean? cabinets and old china slicok again.

" Do you,' he said, 'know Charles la Maitre?' "Amelie replied, 'Yes.'

" How did you make acquaintance with the son of my deadliest foe?"

"There was no answer. The question was repeated. was in the ruined portion of the castle! She threw herself at her uncle's feet—she clung to his knees; love main there.

"You shall give me lessons in this thing,' he said; taught her eloquence. She told him how deeply Charles of noise a strong man, no fear -- he had a great heart, regretted the long-standing feud; how carnest, and true, and good he was. Bending low, until her tresses were heaped upon the floor, she confessed, modestly, but firmly, that she loved this young man; that she would rather sacrifice the wealth of the whole world than forget him.

"Monsieur seemed suffocating: he tore off his lace crayat, and scattered its fragments on the floor-still she what torrents are in this country; your torrents are as ba- clung to him. At last he flung her from hims he rebies-ours are giants. The one I speak of divided the proached her with the bread she had enten, and heaped valley; here and there a rock, round which it sported, or odium upon her mother's memory! But though Amestormed, according to the season. In two of the defiles lie's nature was tender and affectionate, the old spirit of these rocks were of great value; acting as piers for the the old race roused within her; the slight girl arose, and those days, and in those mountains, such men as the

"Monsieur, as we always called the count, was, as I I am feeble?-because I bore with you, have I no the ts? have told you, a dark, stern, violent man. All men are You gave food to this frame, but you fed not my heart; since his childhood to be brought him. It was taken out wilful, my dear young ladies," she would say, "but Mon- you gave me not leve nor tenderness, nor sympathy; you of its velvet case and carried in forthwith; and we saw sieur was the most wilful: all men are solfish, but he was showed me to your friends as you would your horse. If his shadow from without, like the shadow of a giant, the most selfish: all men are tyrants—" Here the old la- you had by kindness sown the seeds of love within my bending over the Book; and he read in it for some days, bosom; if you had been a father to me in tenderness, I and we greatly hoped it would soften and change his nagood Granny!" and, "Oh fic, dear Granny!" and she would have been to you-a child. I never know the ture-and though I cannot say much of the softening, it would bridle up a little and fun herself; then continue- time when I did not tremble at your footstep; but I will certainly offected a great change; he no longer, stalked do so no more. I would gladly have loved you, trusted moodily a ong the corridors, and banged the doors and you, cherished you; but I feared to let you know I had a swore at the servants; he rather seemed possessed of heart, lest you should tear and insult it. Oh, sir, those a morry devil, roaring out an old song:the creation of the mountains, has a right to be tyrauni- who expect love where they give none, and confidence eal; I did not intend to blame him for that: I did not, be- where there is no trust, blast the fair time of youth, and cause I had grown used to it. Amelie and I always lay up for themselves an unhonored old age.' The

came from all points of the compass—thunder, lightning, to practise thut and break my embroidery frame. He hail, and rain! The master lay in his stately bed and formed a band of horns and trumpets and insisted on the was troubled; he could hardly believe that Amelie spoke gouthords and shepherds sounding rereilles in the mounthe words he had heard: cold-hearted and selfish as he date of joy and happiness was noise. He set all the canwas, he was also a clear-seeing man, and it was their was, he was also a clear-seeing man, and it was their ton to work to mend the bridge, paying the working truth that struck him. But still his heart was hardened; double wages; and he, who never entered a church behe had commanded Amelie to be locked into her chamber, and her lover seized and imprisoned when he came to his usual tryste. Monsieur, I have said, lay in his checked be to himself; and make excursion from home—we know—we the richily carved glass in t'10 grave oak-paneled dressing- stately bed, the lightning at intervals, illumining his ing not where he went. At last, Amelia was summon-tom: her luxuriant hair combed up from her full round dark chamber. I had cast myself on the floor outside ed to his presence, and he shook her and shouted, the 1 brow; the discreet maidenly cap, covering the back of her door, but could not hear her weep, though I knew her head; her brocaded silk, (which she had inherited from her grandmother.) shuded round the bosom by the resting against the lintel of the door, a form passed thro modest uffle; her black velvet gorget and bracelets, the solid oak from her chamber, without the bolts being conveyed her to the chapel; and there beside the altar of the pond now lay a foot deep, was carefully inspected conveyed her to the chapel; and there beside the altar of the pond now lay a foot deep, was carefully inspected showing off to perfection the person the person of her withdrawn. I am it as plainty as I see your faces now modest ruffle; her black velvet gorget and bracelets, the solid oak from her engineer, who will be solid oak from her engineer, which is the solid oak from her enginee The was lovely; it seems but as yesterday that we but it passed through—a shadowy form, dark and vapolived many dappy years together; and when the strength of the strange man, the Femme lovely again to him—
let an old was a yesterday! And yet I lived to see ry, but perfectly distinct. I knew it was 'La Femme lovely again to him—
let an old was a yesterday!

POTERY AND MISCELLANY. | tears, nor chilled her heart; and she never spoke of or virtuous. She passed slowly, more slowly than 1 am | Amelie without emotion. his niece, because she was part of himself; she added to she went on, until she entered monsieur's chamber by

fitful, by its broad flashes kept up a continual illumina-

in a loud tone the master demanded whence she came, "I was nothing where Amelie was-nothing but her and what she wanted. At last, during a pause in the shadow! The bravest and best in the country would storm, she told him that all the power he possessed horses; servants and serfs; jewels, gold, and gorgeous not what; the dogs added to their apprehension by howlwhere he himself dared not go after dusk. This place, he ordered instant pursuit, and mounted his favorite was dedicated to the family ghost-the spirit, which for charger, despite the fury of the elements. Although the many years had it entirely at its own disposal. It was great gates rocked, and the castle shook, he set forth, his much attached to its quarters, seldom leaving them, ex- path illumined by the lightning; bold and brave as was parapet of the bridge, and standing on a pinnacle, before it rushed madly down the path to the bridge the young the late master's death: and many tales were told of her, man must cross; and when they reached it, the master which in this age of unbelief would not be credited." discerned the floating cloak of the pursued, a few yards "Granny, did you know why your friend ventured so in advance. Again the horse rebelled against his will. earlessly into the ghost's territories?" inquired my cous- the flashed in his eyes, and the torrent seemed a mass

gratitude tapped my shoulder; the caress nearly hurled "But certainly Amelie's courage brought no columness. Ino across the hall. What passed in his retiring-room, I

the romantic; but it can never be told as she told it; there fore I could reply, her uncle flung open the doors and calm, pale minister of peace and love. 'You,' he said, tafter which the miserable munderess crept into bed by was so much of the pictures que about the old lady—so, stood before us like an embodied thunderbolt. He held 'bid God bless the poorest peasant that passes you on the the child's side. The poor girl could not sleep, and at ness, and the paths of peace! The guiden which she much to admire in the curious carving of her obony cane, an open letter in his hand, his eyes glared, his mountain; have you no blessing to give the master of the first peep of morning she saw her mother rise again, tills is the human heart, and the seeds which she scatters

> blessing I may give:-May God bless you, and may your heart be opened to give and to receive." "I know I can give,' replied the proud man; but

> "Love,' he replied, "All your wealth has not brought

Amelie said she had met him, and at last confessed it you happiness, because you are unloving and unloved!" "The de non returned to his brow, but it did not re-

and so the good man went his way.

"Amelie continued a close prisoner; but a change came over mousieur. At first, he shut himself up in his chumber, and no one was suffered to onter his presence; he took his food with his own hand from the only attendant who ventured to approach his door. He was heard walking up and down the room, day and night. When we were going to sleep, we heard his heavy tramp; at daybreak, there it was again; and those of the household. who awoke at intervals during the night, said it was un-

ceasing.
"Monsieur could read. Ah, you may smile; but in muster did not trouble themselves or others with knowledge: but the master of Rohean read both Latin and Greek, and commanded THE BOOK he had never opened

Sont banquez:

S'il a quelque attaque nous les feront ronfler. Viva! les cannoniers!'

when he entered the room, and never sat down scene terminated by monsieur's falling down in a fit, and then he would pause and clang his hands together were desired. He never bestowed a loving and Amelie's being conveyed fainting to her chamber. like a pair of cymbals and laugh. And once, as I was and Amelie's being conveyed fainting to ner chamber. The a pair of cymosis and laught 122nd once, as a war-"That night the castle was enveloped by storms; they passing along, he pounced out upon me and whirled me down.

her an old woman; so they called her, but she never Noir, and I trembled, for she never came from caprice, with her arm extended towards the heavens.

THE UPPER ORUST. The woman who makes the contemptible blunder

To shorten the upper crest more than the under, Not only penurious, meagre and green,

In getting up piec, .

But called in the papers "decidedly mean." But look through this world and you'll find that the upper Are ever more short,

More testy in temper, more stinted at supper,

More brief in retort-Besides, in their relish for splendor or dash They often get short of health, credit and cash.

A man of deception is ever a lover, Wherever he's found; And life is a book in a fine showy cover, Most splendidly bound— Each leaf has an edging of gold, but within It is dark with inscriptions of folly and sin.

If strangers you meet at a wedding or party, Bestow not your trust, Your confidence, frank, unsuspecting and hearty, On short upper crust-Or you'll learn that not pastry alone hath the sin Of an outside much better than that which is within.

You will find the same spirit pervading all classes The high and the mean-Like a rich satin cloak, it envelopes the masses, Over ragged moreen-

a spotless, false bosom may horrors enclose. And gaiter-boots luce o'er detestable hose. There is counterfeit breeding in full circulation.

More brilliant than gold;
There is counterfeit talent, and thise reputation, Most fair to behold; And counterfeit wealth, with its glittering dust, And shows without, like a rich upper crust.

But give me the friend that is frank for a-wonder And trusty though rough; Whose upper crust prover very much like the under And neither are tough; Let us win what we can of the graces of art.

But pledge for them never the truth of the heart.

### A NEW HAMPSHIRD MYSTERY.

The remarkable history we are about to rolate, occur in New Hampshire. The exciting event will be recognized and remembered. About two miles from a small town in the state we have mentioned, the road crosses a he refused to pay the lifty, not caring a pin whether the hill of considerable eminence, beyond which a valley of woman would expose his plan or not. This led to a grand a mile broad, called by the people an "intervale," lay development, and thus our thrilling narrative of "A New extended. This piece of land, from over tillage, was Hampshire Mystery," gentle reader, turns out to be worn out, and belonged to a man who kept a tavern by neither more nor less than a super-excellent and sur-Femmo Noir" could have had no angry feelings towards plunged forward. On the instant, the form of 'La the road side, Near the top of the hill, on the side near-passingly executed "Yankee trick." +N. H. Gazette. est the valley, was a deep pond-a strange place, it is true, for such a thing to exist, but the nature of the ground made a permanent lodgment of the water in the hill perfeetly natural. Near this pond, there stoad a rude tenement, in which there lived a woman, looked upon in the neighborhood with great distrust and suspicion. She had a little girl with her, a child of five years of age, whom she called her daughter, and who was her only companion in the hut in which she lived.

A furnior, who resided upon the outskirts of the town. upón opening the door one murning, discovered this poor little girl, bare-footed and ragged, crouched beneath the cave of the house, and seemingly very much terrified.-When he questioned her, she said she had come to tell him something dreadful but she feared her mother

for it is something very bad-but my mother will kill me if you tell her."

The farmer quieted the child's fears, and then heard of the real beauty of England; but spoke with contempt the chase; and her chamois, not receiving its usual are, saw, not of what i head of their love by of the flatness of our island—calling our mountains "in- tention, went off into the mountains. She avoided me a clap of thunder, to which the former sounds were but inght murdered and robbed a traveller, who stopped at sympathising hearts and countless favors, when they er house. It had stormed dreadfully during the and a strange man, she said, had come to the lonely hut nothing to do. Sho would sing the most amusing patois One morning, when her eyes were fixed upon a book she tor. The good man seemed terror-stricken as he en- looking for shelter. He had gone to sleep stretched upon songs, and tell stories from morning till night, more es- did not read, and I sat at my embroidery, a little apart, leted the hall; but monsieur filled him a quart of gold the floor, before the fire, and hearing a groan in the night. socially spirit-stories; but the old lady would not tell a watching the tome they over her cheek until I was blind- coins out a lethern bag, to repair his church, and that she woke up and saw her mother killing the stranger tale of that character a second time to an unbeliever; such od by my own, I heard Monsieur's heavy tramp ap- quickly; and grasping his hand, as he departed, locked with a knife. She lay still, in great terror, and saw her tian benevolence under another name, as is plain from things, slic would say, "are not for make-laugh." One proaching through the long gallery: some boots creak— him steadily in the face. As he did so, large draps wother take money from the man's pockets and hide it, the following elegant and glowing description of it, taken stood, like beads, upon his brow, his stern, coarse to - and then drag the body in a narrow space behind the "Save me, oh save me! she exclaimed wildly. Be- tures, were strangely moved while he gazed upon the channey and cover it with brush-wood, used for fuel. ohean? of soience, the good man, "I give you the of the house, tie stones to it, and with a long pole force of science, the splendor of genius, the glitter of wealth, mother's habitation, and run a mile and a half to a furmer's house, to relate these horrid details.

Of course, the alarm was instantly given, and the terneighbors for miles around. An early hour in the morning found constables, and a large crowd of people assembled at the woman's dwelling. The unhappy wretch instantly turned pale, and exhibited every sign of guilt: first refusing the officers admission; then forcing herself between them and the space behind the chimney, as if onger to retard investigation, but still vociferously asserting her innocence. An officer got behind the chimney child of lying, in revenge for having been whipped the death." night before. This rash asser ion instantly confirmed the guilt, for it was evident a child of five years old could never invent such a story, and the burst of indignation promises of protection before she would reveal where the Jones said: money was hidden. At last, she pointed to the spot, and the sum of thirty dollars was dug up, the miserable amount for which a female demon had launched a human being into eternity.

The investigation was continued; the woman was placed in custody, and the pond, about a quarter of a mile wide, was dragged with grappling irons in every direction, yet no body was discovered. The next day, egg into this wine? I am very fond of wine and egg." the search went on with like success, and at length, when all other efforts seemed useless, it was suggested the body must inevitably come to light. This plan (after some further search, in which the pole mentioned by the ble yolk. "Look here," said the sponge, "don't you child was found stained with blood, and with some rem- think you ought to give me another darning needle, this nants of apparel attached to it,) was adopted by the au- you see is a double egg." thorities, and a sluice was dug to let the water off down the hill side. The operation occupied some time, and of sumbeams and the colors of the rainbow, which carthe bill side, letting off the flood at one bound, followed pear, and after a thorough examination of the black botroguery began to be entertained by the crowd. The child was again examined, the pend again scraped, and his life. the 'intervale," over which the dark sediment and filth in all directions, and still the dreadful mystery was not reflecting mind naturally concludes that guilt is stamped

The evidence of the child, the knife, the pole, the money, the blood, the woman's heariless and horrid human butchery that had been perpetrated, and the fruitless search after the body, seemed to add new terror to

Man butchery that had been perpetrated, and the fruitless search after the body, seemed to add new terror to

After the professional with the search after the body, seemed to add new terror to

After the professional with the professional stranger? temed old to me! My own dear Amelie!" Ninety but always for a purpose. I did not fear for Amelie, for "The next day the muffled bell told the valley that the sources of poor Granny's 'Ln Fenime Noir' never warred with the high-minded stormy, proud ald master of Robest had ceased to live." the excitement. Who was the unfortunate stranger?— me a bit, I'll try."

Evidently some traveller from a distance, for nobody in the neighborhood was missed. Why could not the body be found? Ten thousand conjectures flew around, each of which added to the perplexing mystery. A strange uncortainty forced itself upon the minds of the people.-By all appearances, it appeared certain that a inurdered man had never been thrown into the pond at all; yet that the bloody deed had been perpetrated was, from the evi-

dence, conclusively established. Thus the affair continued, enveloped in darkness and all hope was abandoned of discovering the body. The woman could not be convicted upon the evidence of the child, and that evidence itself could not be substantiated without finding the body. So while every person was satisfied of her guilt, it was clear nothing but her own confession would ever bring the murderess within the power of the law. She, with unflinching obstinacy, continued to dony all knowledge of the murder. At length she was actually released from confinement, no possibility appearing of ever being able to secure her conviction. A few months passed on, and the "intervale" upon which the pond had been emptied and which before had been almost worthless, now grow to be a flourishing piece of land, and people would remark, that the draining of the big pend proved a good thing to the tavern keeper, who owned the land below.

Now for the development of this mysterious tragedy. A quarrel occurred between the heroine of this story and the inn-keeper of the "intervale." In her exasperation, she came forward and threw a blaze of light upon this suffice to refer to a few general views of the gublic poliwith astonishment. A scheme was laid open, the cunningly devised wheels of which could never have been set in motion but by a genuine bred and born, and thoroughly educated, son of Yanken land. The tavern turned on to it, and soon hit upon a plan to have the job done free of expense. He laid awake three nights, matured his plan, contracted with the poor woman for fifty dollars, to put it in operation, and she, with the assistance of a consummately artful child, carried it out. She killed a pig, smeared a knife and pole, taught her child the story to tell, and acted out the game in a manner worthy red within our recollection, and near a certain locality the best living representative of Lady Macbeth. The tavern keeper had furnished the thirty dollars of the murdered man's mon y, but when his objects was gained.

#### FIDELITY.

Never forsake a friend. When encomies gather around -when sickness falls on the heart-when the world is dark and cheerless-is the time to try true friendship .-The heart that has been touched with true gold will redouble its offorts, when the friend is sad and in trouble .-Adversity tries real friendship. They who turn from the scene of distress, betray their hypocrisy and prove that interest only moves them. If you have a friend who loves you-who has studied your interests and happiness -be sure to sustain him in adversity. Let him feel that his former kindness is appreciated—and that his love was not thrown away. Real fidelity may be rare, but it exlsts in the heart. Who has not seen and felt its power? They only deny its worth and power, who have never "Oh, good sir; I think it is right that I should tell you. loved a friend or labored to make a friend happy. The good and the kind-the affectionate and the virtuous, see and feel the heavenly principle. They would enerifice wealth and honor to promote the happiness of others. from her the horid relation that her mother had last and in roturn they receive the reward of their love by

### BEAUTIFUL EXTRACT.

The Independent Order of Odd Fellows boast of a peculiar philosophy, but which is nothing more than chrisfrom the oration of a brother of the order:

"Hers is a calm, sweet realm. Hers are the green pastures and the still waters-hers the ways of pleasantdrag the body from the chimney to the pond, at the back will bear their fruit in heaven. Here are not the pomp it down into the thick mud at the bottom. Terrified, pale, the might of armies! With her pale finger she points to almost speechless with fear, the little girl fled from her the annals of the past, and they all become but as chaff upon the bosom of the wind. Yet she stops not here .-Speaks she now in tones as solemn as a midnight bell, of rible excitement flew through the town and among the ye shall hear her clarion voice, proclaiming aloud, that human virtue never dies? Appears she now with the ambition, and how senseless the love of self?-look now in the shape of a heary philosopher, worn and bent and picked up a large knife, on which together with the with the weight of years?-lo! she comes again in the floor around was nowly clotted blood; but the woman shape of a ministering angel, with smiles of sympathy, continued insolemly to deny her guilt, and accused the and tears of pity, to the abode of want, and the house of

# A MEAN CASE.

Some years since, when money was scearce, and alagainst the mother for her unnatural charge, told the most everything was done in the way of trade, a man under the law; and no politician, no party in our counstrong feeling that was already awakened against her .-- named Jones called into the grocery and dry goods store try, would desire a change in this fundamental principle The girl still overcome with terror, and kept in awe by of one Mr. Brown, and asked for a darning needle, offerthe mother's frowns, it required long persuasion and ing in exchange an egg. After receiving the needle, residence where they are not sustained by law, and such

"Come, sir, nin't you going to treat?" "What on that trade?" inquired Brown. "Certainly, a trade's a trade, let it be big or little." "Well, what will you take?"

"A glass of wine," said Jones.

The wine was poured out, when the sponge said. "would it be asking too much to request you to put an Appalled by the meanness, the store-keeper took the into his wine glass discovered that it contained a dou-

GEMS.—The hope of happiness is a bridge weven out Human knowledge is a proud pillar, but it is built in

the midst of a deserter of ignorance, and those who have ascended the highest have only gained a more extended view of the waste.

Adversity overcome is the brightest glory, and willingly undergone, the greatest virtue. Sufferings are but the trial of valiant spirits. Every time a man laughs he adds to the duration of

We know men who habitually carry their heads down ward, and seldom look their fellow men in the face. The

upon their brows.

TAn "ar vious parent," who had taken her first born

INAUGURAL ADDRESS OF GOVERNOR

Delivered in the Hall of the House of Representatives, January 16, 1849.

FRIENDS AND FELLOW CITIZENS: The kindness and confidence of the people having cast upon me the Executive functions of the government, and the prescribed bath to support the Constitution having been administered, I should be false to the sacred trust reposed in me, and unworthy the confidence manifested, did I not deeply feel the responsibility of my position, and firmly resolve to merit your support.

Profoundly sensible, however, of my own weakness, and fully conscious that without the encouragement and assistance of the people, the Chief Magistrate is unable properly to discharge the high duties of his station, and instead of the substance of popular power, becomes the empty shadow of Executive authority, I would carnestly invoke at the hands of the citizens, the efficient aid of the same spirit which called into existence the free institutions of our country, to assist me in supporting and defending them.

At the commencement of an administration, it has been a custom with the Executive to indicate the principles which will govern his councils, and the measures he may desire for the benefit of the people. The annual message delivere lat the opening of the present session of the Legislature, has superseded the necessity of a strict compliance with this usage, and on this occasion it will blood-chilling mystery, which at once opened all eves cy that shall receive at my hands the fullest and steadlest support and consideration.

At all times and under all circumstances, the highest obligation of the public servant is the maintenance and defence of our Republican institutions. That these keeper wanted his land improved; -he wanted the pond shall receive, in the exercise of Executive power, a sound interpretation-that no impediment shall interfere to prevent the salutary influence of their principles-that the popular mind, when understood, shall be oboyed, are indices which no public officer will disregard.

The founders of the Republic, inspired with profound wisdom, declared, that all men are born equally free and independent; that the right of defending life and liberty. of acquiring, possessing and protecting property and reputation, are indefeasible; that all power is inherent in the people, and all free governments are founded on their authority: that no preference shall ever be given by law to any religious establishments, or modes of worship; that no one can be deprived of his life, liberty or property, unless by the judgement of his peers, or the law of the land; that no man's property shall be taken or applied to public use, without the consent of his representatives: that education should be promoted, and the blessing of intellectual culture placed within the reach of every ciuzen. History and experience have demonstrated the justice of these principles, and private feelings, as well as public duty, demand for them a cordial support.

It is said of a venerable maxim, that the object of all just governments, is the greatest good of the greatest number. In reducing this theory to practice, it shall be a constant endeavor to procure such legislation as shall promote religion and morality and encourage science and literature. It will also be decemed a duty to elevate by proper means the condition of the laboring classes of society; to advance the active industry of the citizen. and fostering commerce, agriculture and manufactures. Measures for the reduction of the public debt, and the consequent relief of the tax-paying and burthened people, shall at all times receive a most cordial support.

An indebted pation cannot command the full measure of its independence, nor feel the entire plessings of its institutions. Whatever may be its desire to promote active objects of general benevolence, its resources refuse a compliance with its will, and national justice is thereby frequently delayed. With a deep conviction of the importance of this subject, and a settled confidence that the people will sustain any safe measures having in view the payment of the debt of the State, it shall be a constant nim to place our finances in a condition to discharge every public obligation, to maintain unsulfied the honor of the Commonwealth, and to preserve unspotted, its motto of "Virtue, Liberty and Independence." .

The intentions of the people are pure, and are unf. formly directed to advance the general prosperity.-When, therefore, they believe a public functionary feels an anxious desire in unison with their own, for the publie welfare, they will willingly pardon errors of judgement, and sustain him in his public course. It is hoped the same generous and manly sentiment, the same construction of motives, the same appreciation of public conduct, which have been extended to others in similar the nothingness of human greatness? Listen again; and positions, will shield the administration about to commonce, from at least unmerited censure. An evil spirit is at work amonget us, against whose malign influence shadows of death upon one hand, and the history of the all should be on their guard. It is that spirit which creworld upon the other, to teach how pitiful is individual ates a wrong where none exists -which in advance condemns the public servant, and labors to destroy confidence again! and ye shall behold her descending upon her an in the honesty of his designs—which, unwilling to judge gel pinions of "love and charity," to gather the entire of works, draws from its guilty imaginings the spectres of human family beneath their ample folds. Comes she a corrupt heart, and holds them up to public gaze as substantial truths. It is the same spirit which would array in hostile position the classes into which society divides -that would place capital and labor, the rich and the poor at variance with each other. It is the spirit that an imates the bosom of the Catalines of every ago.

In Europe there are noblemen and peasants, political and social distinctions, created and sustained by law, and sanctioned by prescription. In this country all are equal of our constitution. Factions distinctions can have no are the sudden transitions of wealth among the citizens, that the rich man of yesterday is the poor man of to-day, and the poor of to-day the rich of to-morrow. Where property is not secured by legal enactment, to particular classes, and wealth is unguarded by immemorial privileges, an enlightened self-interest will teach the rich to hold in reverence the rights of the poor, for their condition may be changed in themselves or their offspring.

The rich and the poor are equally dependent on each other for the comforts and luxuries of civilized life-sepidentical egg which he had received for the darning nee- grate them, and the interests of both persh-the capital that the pond inight be drained dry, and by this process, die, and handed it to his customer, who, on preaking it of the rich is valueless without the assistance of the capital of labor.

The most dangerous, because the most insidious enemics of the Republic, are those who prowl among the honest, unsuspecting citizens, whispering insinuations against men whose every interest is connected with the welfare of the country. Such men should be rebuked as dangerous to the well being of society, as sacrificing at the shrine of party, truth, honor, patriotism, and as tearing asunder the confidence which holds us together as

one people.

In the discharge of my official duties, I shall ever bear In the discharge of my official duties, I shall ever bear in mind the eath of fidelity to the constitution, and shall endeavor with my utmost ability to perform the sacred trust committed to my charge. That I shall err in judgment when most anxious to do right, must be anticipated, for human intelligence is incapable of reaching unering truth, and the hope that a generous forgiveness on your part will accompany honest intentions, will sustain me; and if, if the end of my term of service, it shall be any fortune to leave the needle of my navies. State hapmy fortune to leave the people of my native State hap-pier and more presperous than I found them, I shall ask no prouder inscription over my grave.

With a firm reliance that the God of nations will pre-

serve our happy country as the home of his people, and will lend his support to an anxious endeavor to promote their interests, and perpetuate their civil and religious institutions. I enter on the discharge of the duties of the

WM. F. JOHNSTON.

January 14, 1849.