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FONWARD.E

THE ERIE OBSERVER.

POETRY AND MISCELLANY.

THE DESERTED HOUSE.

BY R. H. STODDARD.

The Old House lies in ruin and wreck, And the villagers stand in fear aloof; The rafters bend, and the roof is black. But bright green mosses spot the roof; The window panes are shattered out, And the broken glass is lying about, And the clims and poplars cast a shade All day long on the colonade.

The lawn in front with its sloping bank, A garden sweet in its happier hours, Is covered with weeds, and grasses rank Usurp the place of its faded flowers: Adders bask in the summer sun, And rusty toads and beetles run Over the paths, the gravelly floor, Where children played in the days of yore,

A light wind bloweth-the front door swings And creaks on its hinges-the sun lies there, There's a web stretched over it full of wings, And the snider watches within his lair. I see the stair case slant, and wide The empty hall and rooms inside. The floor is covered with damp and mould. And the dust floats up like a mist of gold.

I hear a noise in the echoing hall, A solemn sound like a stifled sigh; And shadows move on the dusky wall Like the sweep of garments passing by; And faces glimmer and the gloom, Floating along from room to room; The Dead come back, a shining train, And people the lonely house again.

1 see a beautiful Ladye bright, Stand at her merror with conscious pride, Decked with ornaments, genus of light; And robed in white live a lovely Bride; And her younger sisters, blithe and fair Are twining flowers in her wavy bair-And, lo! another unseen before-The Bridegroom peeping in at the door!

Ystet the walls are covered with holly, And a mistletop bough is bung on high, The wassail passes-the men are jolly, Kissing the blushing maids a-sly The old folks sit by the cracking blaze, Living over their early divs, The children chatter and longh in glee, And the baby crows on its grand-sire's knee

And now 'the Summer, and children sing, And hide in corners and shady nooks, And sit on the floor in a little ring, / And one in the mildle reads fairy books. Twilight comes and they cease their play, And crowd at their mother's side to pray, And kneet, and after their prayers are said. hirs her and huddle away to bed.

But gloomier pictures come with years-The sick man lies on a bed of pain. And the pale wife sus by his side in tears, Watching fus broken sleep in vain--In vanit for his days on earth are done. And the follong sands of his life are run; A hiss-a suile-and the soul is fled, And the hying is left alone with the dead.

A funeral now in the darkened halt, The mourners gather around his ber, And look their last, and their children small, Peep in the coffm, and shrink with fear; The body is borne with tears and wo hown the shaded avenue slow, Down to the gate where mutes await, And the plumed hearse and its sable state

The house is quiet and sleeps in gloom, The mirth and revel of yore have fled

tained a very similar opinion of him, an excellent under- deed but teo happy in the prospect that awaited her.- her life be spared, it was thought that reason must be standing was soon established between the youthful pair. Many years older than her sister, and possessing but few fied for ever. But "God tompers the wind to the shorn This passion had commonced when Louisa was about claims to beauty, her admirers had been by no means ansixtoon and her lover scarcely twenty-one, and unlike morous, and jealousy and disappointment had not at all ever humble, yet assisted her in this critical moment .-the generality of first loves, it had increased instead of contributed to improve a temper ever the reverse of amdying out, as is almost invariably the case with these isble. Accordingly, when she saw herself about to beyouthful penchants. They had settled the whole affair come a merchandise at the head of a splendid establishvery comfortably in their own minds, that when they men, and £60,000 a year, her delight and triumph may | Louisa, she had nursed her through all her violant and were a little older they were to ask "papa's consent" and well be imagined. As to the husband who was to put be married." Lady Louisa had not the elightest doubts her in the possession of all these advantages, she looked on the subject; she was very young, very innocent, and upon him merely as the key which was to open the door very inexperionced, and always judged by appearances; of the treasury, and then be cast aside as of no further

she imagined, therefore, that as her father was always use or importance. so kind to Sidney, and seemed fond of him, that he could In due time the marriage was celebrated with the uthave no possible objection to him as a son-in-law. True, most splendour, and the "happy couple" departed to he was poor; but her fortune, she thought, would be suf- spend the honeymoon at one of the estates of Lord Denficient to supply all their wants, all their necessities, and ysford. And where was Lady Louisa, the once leved, and ad-

even to afford them some luxuries. They would have a mired, and faverite daughter of Lord Annandal, where small house in town, and a charming little cottage in the country-perhaps; they would ride together, and he was she in the midst of all the rejoicings which her sisshould drive her in his cab; and, in short, they were to from her father's heart-her very name consigned to tor's marriage had caused in the family? An outcast be "as happy as the day is long," as the nursery tales oblivion by all, with one exception, in that heuse which had once been gladdened by her presence; her husband,

Sidney did not facl so confident as to Lord Annandale's giving an immediate consent. He was a little, though Poor Lady Louisa, severely had she suffered for that one act of disobodience-dearly had she explated that single than his "ladve love;" but being of a sanguine disposifault.

tion, and knowing the influence Lady Louisa possessed The marriage of her sister had even widened the with her father, he anticipated only some delay and op- breach that before subsisted. Lord Annandate contrasposition, which was to be got over without any rery great ted the conduct of his two daughters, and that of Lady lifficulty. Emily was not likely to reconcile him with the line adop-

Time went on. At seventeen the fair Louisa was pro- ted by her sister, and he did not stop to consider the Time went on. At seventuen no tait young you protected by nor sister, and not stop to consider the sonted, and made, as we have bave bat she gave them admirers flocked round in aburdance, but she gave them so little of what could be called encouragement, though disinterestedness, which, the by being carried to too great she was universally anniable and polite, that they gener- a length, had led her to commit a breach of filial duty, ally contented thomselves with fluttering around at a re- were yot, in themselves, proofs of a poble, generous, and specifil distance-and when one or two, holder than the devoted nature. The one he considered as an honor and rest, persovered in paying her marked attentions, as if credit to his family, while the other he looked upon as to ingratiate themselves by force, the coldness with which having disgraced it, and was therefore to be forgotten as these attentions were rejected told them how vain were if she had never belonged to 't.

all their efforts to storm so impregnable a heart. But But her cup of bitterness was not yet drained to the there was one among hor adorers who was not so easily dregs. Lord Erloscourt, that generous and beloved brothto be repulsed. The Marquess of Denysford was of one or who now formed the only tio that bound her to her of the oldest families in England and it had grown con- own family, was returning one evening from visiting her, siderably older since he was born, for that event had ta- when his horse, alarmed at the barking of a dog which ken place some sixty years before-however, as the num- s, nung from a cottage door, ran away, and, in his furiber of those years and of his thousands per annum ex- ous speed, stumbling over a stone in the read, he fell actly colficided, the sixty dwindled into a very small with fearful violence, throwing his rider over his head. number beside the sixty thousand, and Lord Denysford Lord Erlescourt never spoke again--- he was conveyed to was thought much more irresistible than many who pos- the nearest house by his groom, but before his father sessed less than half his age and mouns in proportion to could arrive he expired. The remains were removed to the difference. the house he had so lately quitted full of youth, and

Lord Annandale, after some deliberation, came to the health, and streffgth, and to which he now returned a same conclusion, and gave as much encouragement as bleeding, lifeless corpse. "In the midst of life we prein he thought consistent with his dignity to the addresses of death?". What avails our caree, our hopes, our anticipathe venerable lover, who, thus countenanced by the fath- tions! one short moment dashes to the oarth the cup of er, could not, or would not, perceive the distate of the happiness which has been filling for years, and the future, daughter, and in due time made the proposition de mar- which we once viewed through a sunny and golden mist. riage to the former, deeming it more likely to succeed is now dimly visible through a black and louring thunthan if addressed to the lady in prson. than if addressed to the law in prion. Lord Annandide received it with an sir of dignified sat-isfaction, and proceeded to announce to Lady Louisa the hanny lot that awaited her. Little did he anticipate the der cloud, ever and anon pieroud by stinging and agoint-

happy lot that awaited hor. Little did he anticipate the scene that followed. Lady Louisa, far from being grati- reached Lady Louisa; in a state of mind bordering or field with the suitable alliance, declared that she never distraction she fled to her father, s house --- she was refused would or could marry Lord Denysford, that she had al- admittance! From this affliction, which was common ways disliked him, and concluded with the confession of to both, softening his heart to his unhappy daughter, he

most loreable creature he had ever seen, as she enter- either lover or father could possibly desire, she was in- weeks her death was looked upon as inevitable; or, should lamb." He had raised up to her one friend, who, how-The mistress of her wretched lodging was a gentle and kind-hearted woman, and a widow herself; she knew and sympathised with the sufferings of the unhappy lady protracted illness, and with affectionate and unwearying attention had at longth restored her from the brink of the tomb, with intellect unimpaired, the' with a spirit bowed to the earth with a weight of affliction almost beyond her strength to bear. And yet she felt grateful that her life had been spared; for, as her darling boy clung round her

neck, covering with his kisses her hollow cheek and attonuated hands, and murmuring his joy at her once more being able to recognize him and return his caresses, she felt that for his sake she would endure the very last degree of misery, and that her death would have thrown

him an orphan outcast on the wide world. Some months had elapsed, and Lady Louisa was once more able to move about, and languidly return to her usual avocations. The winter had passed, and the sweet. halmy spring had once come back to bring soft airs, and sunshine, and gentle showers, to refresh the bare earth; even in crowded smoky London its benign influence was Evening Lecture of Hetty Jones, Concerning folt: the blackened trees in the squares had ventured to put forth their young crop of green leaves, and the smiling daises open their modest eyes and looked a gentle wolcome to that sweet season. Lady Louisa had one bright morning ventured out for the first time since her illness, to take her little Sydney for a short walk in St. James' Park. As she went along the Malls she passed her father's liouse,-that house where so many of the happy days of her girlhood had been spont,-and with whom? with her brother, and with him who was afterwards her husband; and now they were in their cold graves, and she was a forgotten outcast thrown upon the still colder world; she looked up at the windows, but no familiar faces appeared at any of them; the house looked lonely and deserted. While she walked on slowly, her toarful eyes still turned towards her old home, a man who had been the confidential servant of her father issued from the house; as he passed he glanced carelessly at her, then, suddenly, as if struck by something in her face, he paused, earnestly regarding her, and recognising her, notwithstanding the melancholy change that grief and sickness had worked in her, he advanced towards her, and taking off his hat, bowed respectfully .--With a faltering voice Lady Louisa addressed him, and ventured an inquiry as to her father's health. His lordship, the servant suid, ho was severely, even dangerouslyill. For some months he had been breaking fast, and he was outirely confined to his bed. More than once, the man added, he had mentioned Lady Louisa's name and oven made enquiries as to her present residence; but none in the house knew anything about her. It may be imagined how the poor widow received this account;

for some seconds, unable to decide upon what stops to ake. To faithful servant suw her irresolution. "My lord is how asleep," he suid "perhaps, if your, soysnip would come into the house, and wait until--" He paused to see how she would receive the proposi-

ion. "Yes!" sho oxclaimed: "you are right, Harris: 1 will her attachmont to Sydney Hamilton. This was too much rather regarded hor as instrumental to the calamity as lower tone. Then, taking her boy by the hand, she was it up. I'll give you a blessing before I get through. It ter father, she should venture actually to form an affec- dreadful accident occurred. Vain were her prayors and upon her as s' o once more crossed collections rushed tion for one without wealth or title, enraged Lord Annan- entreaties that she might be permitted to look for one that threshold! Soven years had rolled over her head mate of her childhood, the kind and loving companion wife of Lord Donysford, he would cease to consider her as and protector of her mature years; who, when she was the hopes of her youth fade away one by one; she had and said he knowed you when you was a boy. The his child, and that, having chosen her own line of con- cast off by the father whose pride and darling she had wept with bitter tears for the deaths of these dearer to Lord only knows how much you've spent to-day; it must duct, she might persue it if she were prepared to take once been, by the sister whom she had ever loved, not- her than life itself; poverty and missery had pressed hard have took a heap of change, for you gint an old sponge, withstanding that sister's coldness and indifference to- upon her; she had borne a father's anger a sister's no- Jones, you don't get drunk on any body's money but the floor-all occurring with the quickness of thought. wards her, still by him was she fondly cherished, the more glect: and yet she still lived once more to enter these your own; and I reckon it must a took at least a quarter Vain was overy stienipt to shake his resolution. Lord fondly that the world frowned upon her. Almost broken walls, but how soon to leave them she knew not. With Erlescourt, who was fondly stached to his sister, and who hearted she returned to her humble home to spend the a feeble step she ascended the staircase up which she loved Sidney as a brothor, pleaded earnestly with his night in tears and bitter lamentations. once used to bound so lightly; slowly she passed through t As weeks and months relied on, Lady Louisa's situaa splondid suit of drawing-rooms, -not a single article ble, and each day became more irritated against his tion became daily worse. The fortune she had expected of furniture seemed changed, -- overything was in its accustomed order, but there was a chill, uninhabited air about all the apartments, as if they had been long denot having done so, she forfeited the whole of it, and sorted. She turned into what had once been her own nothing remained but Sydney's extremely limited income, boudoir; there stood her harp in its wonted place, but "achieve greatness," either by some fault or folly of their did the weeping girl forsake the home where her happy diminished still more by being divided, and by certain many of the strings were broken; her favorite books lay own, or their parents; or by some untoward fancy of childhood had been spent, where she had grown into wo- debts, almost unavoidably incurred, partly by the purscattared on the table; she took up one, and justinctively chase of different grades in his profession, partly by the opened it at the title-page; her name was inscribed in it. inexperience of the youthful pair in the earlier days of with the addition of a few words of tonderness in the their marriage. He was still abroad, nor did their seem wellknown hand of Sydney Hamilton. Harris, on secwas born to greatness;" she was the second daughter of alas! Poverty is a hard master, and the lessons he teach- much likelihood of his immediate return; and, as Lady ing her enter the boudier, had considerately drawn uside Louisa saw her small means daily dwindling, and thought the little boy, under the protence of showing him some how far she was from him who alone on earth could comof the pictures in one of the drawing-rooms; and Lady It is needless to describe the rage and indignation of fort and help her to struggle on sgainst poverty, she felt Louisa, finding horself alone dropped on the soft, and, despairing and heart-broken. yielding to her emotion, wept long and passionately .--Herbealth, too, began to suffer from anxiety and fatigue The child heard his mother's sobs, and, breaking from any one; not that his affection sprang from the amiable on his bittor angor against his once favorito child; he of mind, and the once blooming and joyous girl began to Harris, he rushed into the room, and, throwing his little qualities she really possessed, but he loved her because vowed that never should his pardon be extended to her, sink into an unhappy, careworn woman. Her little boy arms around her neck he kissed her pale check and brow: she was beautiful, clover, and admired, and therefore she and that as she had chosen to disobey him, he cast her who had new reached his fourth year, was rather deliand without questioning the cause of her gridf-for he ministered to his pride. In Lady Louisa and his son, from him, to endure the fatal consequences of having cate, and the mother eften felt a sensation of dread as she was but toe often used to see her weep-he gonily murlooked at him and noted that his fair check was less mured soft words of soothing and consolation.' In the A year went by: Lady Louisa became a mother, and, plump and rosy, his infant step less bounding, and his meantime, Harris had gone down stairs, and confiding possessed but few attractions, he folt the most perfect in- as she presend to her boosen her infant son, she forget, large deep blue eyes less brilliant than these of most chilto the housekeeper Lady Louisa' presence in the house. in the delight of that moment, all the mouths of pain and dren of his age. He was a sweet, gentlor creature, and the old woman all most speechless from surprise and deanxiety that had clapsod since her departure from her there was a sort of etherial beauty in his small, delicate light hastened to the spot, and with tears and blessings father's house. Besides, she had a lingering hope that features, transparent skin, and wavy golden hair, that kissed the hands of her beloved young mistress. Whan the birth of this child might have the effect of softening made you imagine him a being too bright, and pure, and her joy had a little subsided. Lady Louisa anxiously inthat father's anger towads her, so, with a beating heart spiritual for this earth-he seemed, indeed, an angel sent quired whether her father still slept. He was not yet (is eligen hair fulling in smooth, soft ringlets, with a long and trembling hand, she wrote to him a letter such as from above to watch over the destiny of the serrow-strickmight have moved the stornest and most inflexible. The on woman he called mother; and he returned her undy Louisa Arden when, at the sgo of seventeen, she was appeal was vain; Lord Annandale did not even conde- consing and devoted love with a depth and strength of bedgide till he awoke; and, taking her son by the hand. "brought out" under the chaperonage of her aunt, the acend to reply to it; and the young mother wept bitterly affection rarely seen in so young a child-and he was so Marchioness of Granvillo (for fier mother had diod when over the disappointment of her last hope of forgiveness. mild, so sweet-tempered, and so singularly intelligent, the apartment; it was sofily opened and stealing in, she Time went on, but brought no healing on its wings; Syd- that the task of his education, which she had already beney, who had sold his commission in the Guards immegun, was one of delight and satisfaction. Can it he wondered that the thread of her existence was wound up with diately after his marriage, and had obtained one in a regiment of the line, was now ordered abroad, and, having that of her boy, and that, she watched with trembling taken a small house for his wife and child in the neigh- anxiety every change and every turn in his countenance watched beside his pillow; she could distinctly hear his horhood of London, he quitted them to embark for South and that she viewed the approach of poverty with shrinkbreathing, but she dare not draw aside the curtain even ing terror? And now nearer it come. Lady Louisa to look upon him, lest she should disturb him, and with It was the first time since their marriage that they had found that she must give up the little cottage she had liva wildly beating heart she sat silent as the grave, waiting been separated even for a day, and Lady Louisa saw her ed in since her hushand's departure, and take a lodging the moment of his wakening. At length he moved, and husband depart with feelings of intense wretchedness .-- at a much cheaper rate; this was done, but still the gaunt without opening the curtain he called for his accustom-She felt utterly deserted, and her grief began to assume enemy advanced; and she was at length forced to occupy ed draught. Lady Louisa felt the decisive moment had the character of honeless despair; but she checked the a wretched dwolling in a small, narrow and gloomy prrived, and conquering with a powerful effort the emofoeling, she had still her boy and her beloved brother street. Here her little Sydney was attacked with a tions that almost overcome her, she signed to the child who had never desorted her in her misfortunes, but, even severe illness-for days and hights together the wretched not to move, and sofily rising from her soat, took the glass, renerous and affectionate, had clung to her the more mother watched in agonizing suspenso over her apparand advanced to the hed. For one moment the ald man closely that she had been rejected and furmaken by the antily dying child-but at length her prayers were heard, rest of her family, for Lady Emily, cold and heartless, the orsis of the disease passed, and he was slowly recovand partaking much of her father's pride, found but little ering. But a severer blow was yet reserved for her: the claspod in his arms! difficulty in casting from her thoughts a sister of whose husband for whose dear sake she had endared all, was Thanks to the case and tenderness of the once despisbeauty and attractions she had over been jealous, and to be taken from her, and the news of his death now ed and forgotten daughter Lord Annandale was ere long; soon she found what was to her a most powerful and sat- reached her. The letter announcing it had been written restored to health. Never during his illness had Lady by one of his brother officers whom sho had known when Denysford seen him, and very rarely had she even sent Lord Donysford having quite made up his mind to mar- in England, and who had been Sydney's most intimate to inquire of him: entirely devoted to extravagance and ry some one, and heing thus disappointed in the one sis- friend; and it informed her that a party, in which they dissipation, she eared for no one earth beside herself; ter. thought it would be a very good arrangement to trans- were both included, had been sent to explore the coast, and her unfortunate husband, of whom he she made a fer his affections to the other-this plan would save him and in crossing a large bay, one of the violent and sudden it on pf one of its members, had brought the young the trouble of setting out on a fresh search, and as Lord squalls so frequent in these latitudes had overturned more cypher, discovered, but too late, that it is a great mistake to imagine that one sister will do just as well as Annandalo was already prepared to make a most com- their boat, and three mon, of whom Sydney was one another for a wife. Lord Annandale lived for many years; his home once trear br two procured for him a commission in the plaisant father-in-law, it seemed to him to be in all re- had sunk tarise no more; the rest of the party had with companions. This seemed to put the finishing stroke to old man's death, inherited the greater part of his fortune.

THE FRIENDLY DEFIANCE.

BY CHARLES MACKAY. Thou shalt not rob me, thievish Time, Of all my blessings, all my joy; I have some jewels in my heart, Which thou art powerless to destroy

Thou may'st denude my arm of strength, And leave my temples scam'd and bare; Deprive mine eyes of passion's light, And seatter silver o'er my bair;

But never while a book remains, And breathes a woman or a child, Shalt thou deprive me, whilst I live, Of feelings fresh and undefiled.

No, never while the earth is fair, And reason keens its dial bright. Whate'er thy robberies, O, Time, Shall I be bankrupt of delight. Whate'er thy victories on my frame, Thou caust not cheat me of this truth -

That though the limbs may faint and fail, The spirit can renew its youth. So, thievish Time, I tear thee not;-Thou'rt powerless on this heart of mine; My jewels shall belong to me;

'T is but the settings that are thine. _____

Newspapers.

I We catch this on the rounds not knowing which a arbrethern is to have the credit of reporting the lec

Well, Jones, you are a pretty fellow-you've con home as drunk as a biled owl, and you don't know your self from four dollars ond a half. The children are crying for bread, their cloths are worn out; and here I hav to slave, slave, slave the whole blessed day, till I hav not a whole ray to my back; and what there is, sticks a tight to me as the skin does to the model artists old Mrs.

Smith tells about. Y "IVe must retrench!" Retrench, indeed. I'd like to ee what you'd retrouch about this house, except vittles and cloths; and I'm sure we've none to spare in them re spects. You wouldn't want your own flesh and blood to go naked and hungry, would you? 'You're too much c man, if you be an old brute, Jones. for that. _If you'd keep to your work, and mind yohr own business, bosten dy, and stop your drinking doing all day and spreeing al night, times would be a heap better for us. You aint the man; Jones, you was when I give you my virgin affections you don't come into the house modestly, and lift off you hat, and say good evening, Miss Hetty, and draw your chair close up to mine, and then take hold of my hand and kind of blush, and then hitch up a little closer,

"Don't make a fool of myself!" I wint a going to Jones: but it sort a does my old heart good to call up these remissnesses, and wish I had always been so. Bu you are as tender-hearted as a turtle dove, and just as trembling with anxiety for her father, and vet her heart sensible; when you have any sense, as any body. Set cating wildly with new and delightful hopes, she stood down, Jones, and eat your supper, and tell me all the news a flying-----,

"You're stopped the paper!" You lie, Jones: you know you lie. You's a stopped the children's bread, war with his fellow man as though he were by nature you'd a-

"You couldn't afford it!" Aint you got no conscience, Jones, to lot on so? The paper costs you four conts a week, and the printer takes all kinds of truck for pay .-go in and wait until my father wakens; perhaps he may And here it is Saturday night, and I'd like to know how no longer be averse to see his child," she added, in a much money you've thrown away this wook. I'll count take it for beetter or worse, as the saying is. There's a vallon of whiskey on Monday morning, costs 373 cents; since she had set foot within those doors, seven long there's a half gallon of beer on Tuesday, costs 18 ponce; yoars of grief and suffering had passed by! she had seen ther's a shilling to treat that old flummix that come along to make a man drunk enough to stop his paper. Well, now. I'll go and count it all up; three shillings and eightcen pence, and one shilling and a quarter just makes ninty-four cents. In my opinion as good as that very sum thrown into the fire, and hetter, too; and that would a most paid for the Telescope a whole year; and I expect the printer needs the money as bad as most folks .----There's a power of economov in such doings. Why what would a body know if it was n't for the paper; and now, too, when there's so many parties, and a body mante to know how to vote? "Wimmen don't rotel" Well, I Know it, and it's a great pity they do n't. They'd revolutionize the world and have a provisionary government every where, as they call it; and they'd- they-would n't kill off all the men, not quite, cause they're useful in their places; but they'd make them keep their places mind, I tell you, Jones. But, as I was saying about the printer, we must have the news; viscy varsy, we must have printers, and if they live without nothing to eat, then they 're the critters that's in advance of the age, for the people of his goneration make a god of their bellies, according to the best of their knowledge and belief. An other thing: I some yoars since, that they are caused by the combustion shouldn't wonder if you stopped the paper and never paid for it: and then you'll get published in the black list, and abandoned. All the coal in the world could not afford fuyour poor wife's reputation be rained, and your children go to the plenipotentiary. It won't do, Jonos; it won't Wo must look higher than this; and I have but little do: and hord the broke off, for Jones was asleep!

NUMBER 41.

THE WHITE NILE.

and the second second

The January number of Blackwook contains an article of great geographical interest, reviewing Werne's narrative up the White Nile. Says the writer. "Wo can conceive few things more exciting than such a voyage as Mr. Werne has accomplished and recorded .--Starting from the outposts of civilization, he sailed into the very heart of Africa, up a stream whose upper waters were then for the first time, furrowed by vessels larger than a savage's cance-a stream of such gigantic proportions, that its width, at a thousand miles from the sea, gave it the aspect of a lake rather than of a river. The hyppotamus reared his huge snout above the surface, and wallowed in the gullies that on either hand run down to the stream; cuormous crocodiles gaped along the shore; elephats played in hords among the pastures; the tall giraffe stalked among the lofty palms; snakes thick as trees, lay coiled in slimy swamps; and ant-hills, ten feet high, towered above the rushes. Along the thicklypeopled banks, hordes of savages showed themselves gazing in wonder at the strange ships, and making ambiguous gestures, variously construed by the adventures as signs of friendship or hostility. Alternately sailing and towing, as the wind served or not; constantly in sight of natives, but rarely communicating with them; often cut off for days from the land by intermining fields of tangled words, -- the expedition pursued its course thro' nnumerable perils, guaranteed from most of them by the liquid rampart on which it floated. Lions looked hungry, and savages shook their spears, but neither showed a disposition to swim off and board the flotilla.

THE BATTLE OF LIFE.

Lifo is a battle. The field is the world, and every son of Adam has his part to act in the great struggle. But, of the vast host engaged, no two have, in all respects, the same posts assigned them, though every one a post which is of the greatest importance to himself and to others .----The battle of life, hko other battles, is waged with varying success. Now victory crowns a combatant; and anon the victor becomes the vanquished. Here, one fights with the unflinching ardor of assured success; and there another but languidly ropols the assaults of his enemies, as if just ready to yield in the hopeless contest; while all around are to be seen the melancholy feuds of the hard fought battle.

ard fought battle. Who that has looked out upon the world with a houghtful eye, has not realized that life is even so-a battle. Who can have failed to see in overy man around him a combatant-men fighting for honor-for distinctions, social or political; for wealth; for business pro-eminence! How keen the encounter! how fierce the contest! and how many, after struggling for a while, are seen to fall down weary and wounded; their courage gone, their hopes forever blasted! .

But why should it thus be? Why need mon thus bite and devour one another like wild beasts? Is there not room for all? May not all live and let others live around them? Doubtless, if they would; and they would if the snirit of brotherly kindness was possessed and cherished . as it should be; but it is not, and therefore man wages his enemy rather than his brother.

NAPOLEON'S HEART.

When Bonaparte died, it is well known that his heart was extracted, with the design of being preserved. The British physician, who had charge of the wondrous organ, had deposited it in a silver basin, among water, and

And dreams of the dear departed Dead, Fast by the magic of Memory bound-And the books and busts and the gifts around, D epen the spell, and more than all His portrait, hing on the soubre wall. the shadows the ken-a gloons train. Sorrow and mekness-death-me pallforrow and sickness-death again-The shade of his wing is over all-Right and left his arrows fly; One by one the family die; And the old house falleth in decay. And wastes with the silent years away

The Fortunes of a Beauty. BY MISS POWER.

Maxy there are who, "born to greatness," yet do not Fuir, their horitage of "greatness" passes away from manhood, loved and cherished by all around her, to folthem and is thrust upon others, perhaps less worthy to low the fortunes of one who beside his love, had but little possess it. Lady Louisa Arden, the hereine of our tale, to give her. That she thought amply sufficient then; but. the Earl of Annandalo, a proud, cold man, who was so is us are salutary in themselves, they generally come too fully impressed with an idea of his own power and con- lato for us to render them available. sequence that he imagined not only all persons, but all circumstances, were to bend to his will. He loved his Lord Annandale upon hearing of his daughter's elopesecond daughter as much as it was in his nature to love ment. Vain were all Lord Erloscourt's attemnts to soft-Lord Effercourt, was centred his whole stock of paternal dono so. affection; and for his eldest daughter, Lady Emily, who

difference. 1 , Lady Louisa was indeed lovely. She was tall, slight,

and peculiarly graceful, with eyes blue as an Italian sky -that peculiar pearly transparent fraicheur, without which all blondes must be fude, or coarse, and beautiful streak of light down each particular curl. Such was Lathe was quite a child.) No sooner did she make her debut in the world of fashion than she was at once pro-Lounced to be that envied and admired being-that object hated by passees boauties and designing chaperones -the belle of the season."

Courted, flattered, followed, Lady Louisa kopt on the America. "even tenor of her ways;" little did she heed the homage paid at the shrine of hor beauty, little did it matter to her whether she was admired or neglected by the gay crowd who followed her footsteps, recorded her words, and basked in the light of her smile. Lady Louisa was p love-and with whom? With one who, though he centary boasted "a name," could not claim "a local babitation," and who, besides a commission in the figards and is many hundreds as would barely support that draits with respectability, possessed no worldly weaith of any description.

Sydney Hamilton, whose name was preceded by that aristocratic word "hongrable," was a Cousin to the fair Louiss; and being an arphine and the second sen of a father pho had been disinherited all but tho small ontailisfactory reason for doing so. ed property which accompanied the title, for some youthfalfolines, Lord Aunandale, far less from motives of kindsees and generosity than from the lave of patranising and a desure to support the digitity of the family in the insa to his hoffsed when he was about ninetoon, and in

To be brief: Sidney was handsone, brave, and highbuilted with great capabilities for loving and boing loved; come to Lord Annandale to make his proposals and with

dale to such a degree that he declared if she did not im- moment upon the face of him who had been the playmediately renounce Sydney and consent to become the the consequences. Then hastily quitting the room, he left his unhappy child to reflect on his words.

father: but the proud and obstinate old man was inflexidaughter, until at length, worn out and almost broken- to possess was entirely conditional, and depended upon hearted, she yielded to the passionate entreaties of her her marrying according to her father's wishes, so that, lover, and consented to become his wife. On a dark and cloudy night in the month of January

sports a most excellent and advisable mode of proceed. the greatest difficulty reached the shore, and returned to ing. Accordingly a second time did the venerable wooer the encampment to relate the melancholy fate of their

LADOR IN THE UNITED STATES .- M. Do Tocquevillo has recently published an article entitled "All Honest

awake, and, unable to contain her impatience to see him, United States, opinion is not against, but in favar of the she determined to go to his room, and there wait by his dignity of laber. There, a rich man feels constrained by public opinion to dovote his leisure to some industrial or she followed Harris with a faltering step to the door of commercial business, or some public duties. Ho would expect to fall into disrepute if he passed his life only in placed horself close by the bod; while the child, scarcely living. It is in order to escape this obligation to work, daring to breathe, as his mother had told him he must be that so many rich Americans come to Europe; here, quite silent stood motionless by her side. And she was they find fragments of aristocratic society, among whom nce more in her father's chamber-once more she it is yet creditable to da nothing or have nothing to do."

> THE SUMMIT OF POLITENESS .- The New York Tribune roturns thanks to the Hon. Horace Greeley for docpments. This rominds us of a physician in England. who always received his fee on his visit, and so accustomod was he to receiving a fee, that when he felt his own pulse, he took a guinea from one pocket and placed it in the other .- Worcester Spy.

IF They tell a story of a man out West, who had a hair-lip-upon which he performed an operation himself, by inserting into the opening a piece of chicken fleshgazed upon his daughter in silence. "My child! my it adhered and filled up the space admirably. This was child?" he at last exclaimed; and in an instant she was all well enough, until in compliance with the prevailing fashion, he attempted to raise mustaches, when one side grew hair and the other feathers.

> IF "When a stranger treats me with want of respect," said a poor philosopher, "I comfort myself with the reflection that it is not myself that he slights, but my old shabby coat and shabby hat, which, to say the truth, have no particular claim to adoration. So, if my hat and coat choose to fret about it, let them; but it is nothing to me."

Is THERE & Gop?-The eccentric John Raudelph once ascended a lofty point of the Blue Ridge to see the sun more brightened with the presence of his grandson, to rise. The scene was one of great sublimity, and it overwhom he became passionately attached and who, at the whelmed him with the sense of a present Deity. "Jack." said Randolph to the servant who accompanied him, "If any body hereafter says there is no God, tell him he lice." | bread is to spread butter and molasses on it."

ctired to rest, leaving two tapors burning beside it in hi chamber. He often confesses to his friends, while narrating the particulars, that he felt very nervously anxious as to the custodier of such a deposit, and, though he roclined, he did not sleep. While lying thus, awake, he heard during the silence of the night, first, a rustling noise, then a plunge among the water in the basin, and then the sound of an object falling, with a rebound, on Dr. A. sprang from his bed, and the cause of the intrusion upon his repose was explained-it was an enormous Normandy rat dragging the heart of Napoleon to, its hole. A few moments more, and that which had been too vast in its ambition to satisfied with the sovereignty of continental Europe, would have been found in a more degraded position than the dust of Cæsar stopping in a beer-barrel-it would have been devoured as the suppor of a rat! "To such vile uses must we come at last!"

TERRIFIC THEORY.

Professor Silliman mentions the fact, that in boring the Artesian wells in Paris, the temperature of the earth increased at the rate of one degree for every fifty foet, towards the centre. Reasoning from causes known to exist, he says; -... The whole interior pertion of the earth, or, at lest, a great part of it, is an occur of moled rock, agitated by violent winds, though I dare not affirm it, it is still rendered highly probable by the phenomena of volcanoes. The facts connected with their cruption have seen ascertained and placed beyond a doubt. How, then, are they to be accounted for? The theory, provalen, of immense coal beds, is perfectly puerile, and is entirely el enough for a single capital exhibition of Vesuvius,---doubt that the whole rests on the action of electric and galvanic principles, which are constantly in operation in he earth.**

LITTLE GRAVES .--- Sacried places for pure thoughts and hay meditations are the little graves in the church-yard. They are the depositories of the mother's swoetest iovs—half unfolded buds of innocence—humanity nipt by the first frost of time, ere yet a single caukerworm of pollution had nostled among its embryo petals. Callous, ndeed, must be the heart of him who can stand by a litte graveside and not have the holiest emotions of his soul wakoned to the thoughts of that purity and joy which belong to God and heaven; for the mute preacher at his feet tells him of life begun and life ended, without a stain. How much purer and holier must bo the spiritual land. nlightened by the sun of Infinito Goodness, whence onnuted the soul of that brief young sojourner among us! How swells the breast of the parent with mournful joy. while standing by the cold earth-bed of our lost little ones! Mournful, because a sweet treasure is taken away-joyful, because that precious jewel glitters in the diadom of the Redcemer!

Posing THE PRIEST. - The Roy. Father Hurley, one day, in a sormon to his parishioners, repeated the trite quotation that "all flesh is grass." The solison was Lont; and a few days afterwards he encountered Tcrenco O'Collins, who appeared to have something on his mind. "The top o' the mornin' to your riverence," said Terenco; "did I understand your riverence to say, "all flesh grass,' last Sunday?"

"Sure I did," replied the father; "do you doubt it!" "Sorra a bit would I be after doubting anything your riverence plazes, but I wish to know whether in this Lens time I could not be after having a small piece of bufe by way of salad?"

BREAD .-... What is the chief use of bread?" asked an maminer at a recent school examination. "The chief was of bread," answered the urchin, appearently astonished at the simplicity of the inquiry. "the chief use of