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LOONWARD.21

THE ERIE OBSERVER.

POETRY AND MISCELLANY.

THE INNER LIFE.

VOLUME 19.

BY B. R. LIOYD. The Outward World that found us hes Is not the world in which we dwell; The Inner World along is real!-The world we neither buy nor sell. I'm master of all outward things: Within my soul I take my seat. And Nature comes in perfumed robes And lays her treasures at my feet. All things I have within myself, Suns sets and suns within me rise ; I live within bright palace walls, Archedo'er by lovely jewel'd skies; t come and go, a wandering bee-That roams each flowery-scented field; And treasures up the golden truits My daily thoughts and pastimes yield,

1 look at things, not as they seem: In all Usee the Father's face, All nature is a part of Him: The bending sky is His Embrace. In breathembalms the dewy flowers. He makes the sun his triumph-car, His voice I hear in every breeze, His stude 1 see in every star; He builds his altars everywhere,----On every beart His dews distill: the Beaven is with the pure in heart, Its temple-gates the human will.

I turn away from beaten paths Where trade and politics deceiv And love to toam each wood and glen. And feel my-breast with rapture heave. The world wants not that which I have, But still I love the Inner Life, And nought can tempt my heart away To ample with its scenes of strafe; For deep within 1 have a vem-More rich than gold, that veins the earth And deep within are loving thoughts That give to joy and trust their birth. That Inner World, O. be it mine. And mine to trend each sacred hall, foremor in its silent courts And know the perfect Soul of All.

A WIDOW BY BREVET.

BY N. P. WILLIS.

e introduce the corteous reader to two ladies. deed to twenty thousand dollars. The scald was inflict- Keni (as she chose to call him)-extremely decollete, in in Turkey as in Salem. sceped in hot vinegar.

Constantinople, enriching himself only for her sake, he into the cabin windows, excusing it as a natural impa-The weather-stained sea-captain had bleached in the counting-house, and he had not at first sight, remember- was sure that the singular request appended to his offer tience in a bridegroom coming to his bride. would be taken as a mark of his prudence rather than ad the friend of his father. He passed the pipe into Isaiah's hand and begged bim to keep it as a memento as a presumption. The cabin' of the "Simple Susan," the tafferel and recognized his old passenger, and Hass- distinguished by anything except the little monomania of of Abodoul, for his father had died at the last Ramazan. Hassan had come out to see the world, and secure a continuance of codish and good-will from the house of and female, and the request was to the intent that, in thrown out to him, and stepped from the gangway into of his counting-room-in doubt, apparently, whether he Picklin: and the merchant got astride the tiller of his old case of an acceptance of his offer, the fair daughter of Miss Picklin's arms! She had rushed up to receive rightly understands the contents. craft, and smoked this news through his amber-mouthed the owner would come out under their sufficient protec- him, dressed in her muslin kirtle and satin trowsers, legacy, while the youth want below to get roady to go tion, to be wedded, if she should so please, on the day of her arrival in the "Golden Horn." ashore.

The reader, of course, would prefer to share the first As Miss Picklin had preserved a mysterious silence on the subject of "Mr. Keni's" attentions since his departimpression of the ladies as to the young Mussulman's personal appearance, and J pass, at once, therefore, to ure, and as a lady with twonty thousand dollars in her their disappointment, surprise, mortification and voxaown right is, of course, auito independent of parental tion: when, as the bells were ringing for church, the front control, the captain, after running his eye hastily thro' door opsned, their father entered, and in followed a young the document, called to the boy who was weighing out a

gehtleman in frock coat and trowsers! Yes, and in his quintal of codiish, and bid him wrap the letter in a brown hand a hat—a black hat—and on his feet no yellow boots, paper and run with it to Miss Picklin-taking it for grantd that she knew more about the matter than he did, but calfskin, mundano and common calfskin, and with no and would explain it all when he came home to dinner. shaved head, and no twisted shawl around his waists In thinking the matter over, on his way home, it ocnothing to be seen but a very handsome young man, indeed, with teeth like a fresh slice of cocoa-nut meat, and ured to old Picklin that it was worded as if he had but a very deliberate pronunciation to his bad English. one daughter. At any rate, he was quite sure that neith-Miss Picklin's disappointment had to be slopt upon, for of his daughters was particularly specified, either by for she had made great outlay of imagination upon the pomp and circumstance of wedding a white Othello in girls understood it.

the eyes of wondering Salem; but Phemio's surprise "So, it's you, miss!" he said, as Miss Picklin looked took but five minutes to grow into a positive pleasure; cound from the turban she was trying on before the glass. and never suspecting, at any time, that she was visible to "Certainly, pa! who else should it be!" And there onded the captain's doubts, for he never the naked eye during the eclipsing presence of her bis-

tor, she sat with a very admiring smile upon her lips, and again got sight of the letter, and the turinoil of preparaher soft eves fixed carnestly on the stranger, till she had tion for Miss Picklin's voyage, made the house anymade out a full inventory of his features, proportions, thing but a place for getting answers to impertment manners, and other stuff available in dream-land. What questions. Phemie, whom the news had made silent might be Hassan's impression of the young ladies' could and thoughtful, let drop a hint or two that she would like to see the letter; but a mysterious air, and "La, not be gathered from his manner; for, in the first place, there was the reserve that belonged to him as a Turk, her timid curiosity, as she plied her kneedle upon her and in the second place, there was a violation of all Oriental notions of modesty in their exposing their chins to sister's wolding-dress with patient submission,

The preparations for the voyage went on swimmingthe masculine observation; and though he could endure ly. The missionaries were written to, and willingly conthe exposure, it was of course with that diffidence of sented to chaperon Miss Picklin over the seas, provided gize which accompanies the consciousness of improper objects-adding to his demeanor another shade of timidher union with a pagan was to be sanctified with a Christian ceremonial. Miss Picklin replied with virtu-

ous promptitude that the cake for the wedding was al-Miss Pickhn's shouldors were not invaded quite to the limits of terra cognita by the cabbage leaves which had ready soldered up in a tin case, and that she was to be married immediately on her arrival, under an awning on exercised such an influence on her destiny; and as the Miss Pickhin, a tall young lady of twenty-one, near scalds somewhat resembled two maps of South America the brig's deck, and she hoped that four of the missionrnough to good looking to permit of a delusion on the (with Patagonia under each car,) she usually, in full aries' wives would oblige her by standing up, as her

ubject of which, however, she had an entire monopoly) dress, gave a clear view of the surrounding ocean-wisebridesmaids. Many square feet of codfish woro unladen whether always red in a small spot, lips not so red as ly thinking, it better to have the geography of her disfrom the "Simple Susan" to make room for boxes and the checks, and rather thin, sharpish nose, and waist figurement well understood, than, by covoring a small bags, and one large case was finally shipped, the contents very dender; and last (not least important,) a very long extremity (as it wore the Isthmus of Darien,) to leave of which had been shopped for by ladies with families neck, scalded on either side into a resemblance to a an undiscovered North America to the imagination, - - no book of Oriental travels making any allusion to scroll of shriveled parchment, which might or might not She appeared accordingly at dinner in a costume not sale of such articles in Constantinople, though, in the be considered as a mis-fortune-serving her as a title- likely to diminish the modest embarresment of Mr. | natural course of things, they must be wanted as much

ed, and the fortune left in consequence, by a maiden aunt a pink alk dress with short sleeves, and in a turban with | Tho brig was finally cleared, and lay off in the stream, who, in the baby hoo I of Miss Picklin, attempted to cure gold finge-the latter, of course, out of compliment to and on the ovening before the embarkation the missionthe endd's sore throat by an application of cabbage-leaves his country. "Money is power," oven in family circles, aries arrived and were invited to a tea-party at the Picka id it was only Miss Pickhn who exercised the privilege lins. Miss Picklin had got up a little surprise for her Mas Muphemia Pickhn, commonly called Phemie- of full dress at a mid-day dinner. Phemie came to the friends with which to close the party-a "walking a good humored girl, rather inchned to be fat, I at gifted table dressed as at breakfast, and if she felt at all onvious | tableau," as she termed it, in which she should suddenly

with several points of beauty of which she was not at all of her sister's pink gown and elbows to match, it did not | make her apparition at one door, pass through the see mare, very much a pet among her female friends, and, appear in her pleasant face or sisterly attention. The and go out at the other, dressed as a sultana, with a musadmitting, with perfect sincerity and submission, her sis- captain would allow anything, and do atmost anything, finde and submission, her sis- captain would allow anything, and do atmost anything, finde and submission. She disappeared according-er's evelocive right to the admiration of the gentlemen for his rich daughter; but as to dining with his cost on by half an hour before the breaking up; and, conversation rather languishing in her absence, in hot weather, company or no con ny, he would rath-

though, with her dramatic sense of propriety, she had

intended to remain below till summoned to the bridal .--The captain, of course, kept back from delicacy, but the missionaries stood in a cluster gazing on the happy meeting and the suilors looked over their shoulders as they heaved at the windlass. As Miss Picklin afterward romarked, "it would have been a tableau rirant if the duck had not been so very dirty!"

Hassan wiped his eyes, for he had replaced his wet turban on his head, but what with his escape from drown- well as effect, which may be illustrated by the following ing, and what with his surprise and embarrassment (for he had a difficult part to play, as the reader will presently understand), he had lost all memory of his little stock of English. Miss Picklin drew him gently by the hand to the quarter-deck, where, under an awning fringed with curtains partly drawn, stood a table with a loaf of wedname or age. No doubt it was all right, however. The ding-cake upon it. and a boltlo of wine and a bible. IShe nodded to the Roy. Mr. Griffin, who took hold of a hair

and turned it round, and placing it against his legs with the back toward him, look steadfastly at the happy couple. "Good morning-good night-your sister-aspellal per

amor' di Dio!" cried the bewildered Hassan, giving utterance to all the English he could remember, and seizing the bride by the arm.

"These ladies are my bridesmaids," said Miss Picklin. pointing to the missionaries' wives who stood by in their bonnets and shawls. "I dare say he expected my sister would come as my bridesmaid!" she added, turning to child, you wouldn't understand it," was check enough for Mr. Griffin to explain the outbreak as she understood

Hassan beat his hand upon his forehead, walked twice up and down the quarter-deck, looked around over the Golden Horn as if in search of an interpreter to his feel-of calm resignation, and addressed to her and to the Rev. Mr. Griffla a speech of three minutes, in Italian. At took it and sat down to his task, with as much sang freid | may know upon what grounds 1 may be justified in bethe close of it he made a very coremonious sulaam, and as an epicure would to a well reasted piece of beef. offered his hand to the bride; and, as no one present understood a syllable of what he had intended to convey in his address, it was received as probably a welcome to smash up, and swallow it, before you could tell what Turkey, or perhaps a formal repetition of his offer of time the sun sots by Elton's almanac." heart and hand. At any rate, Miss Picklin took it to be high time to blush and take off her glove, and the Rev. Mr. Griffin then bont across the back of the chair, joined their hands and went through the ceremony, ring and the bride, and the gentlemen shook hands with Hassan, who received their good wishes with a curious look of unhappy resignation, and after cutting the cake and per-

mitting the bride to retire for a moment to calm her feelings and put on her bonnot, the bridegroom made rather a peremptory movement, of departure, and the happy couple went off in the caique toward Dolma-batchi amid much waving of handkerchiefs from the missionaries and hurrahs from the Salem hands of the Simple Susan. . And now, before giving the reader a translation of the speach of Hassan before the wedding, we must go back is some little events which had taken place one month proviously at constantinople.

The Nancy arrived off Seragho Pe

"Mrs. Keui."

And now to shorten my story.

Mrs. Brown and Phomie were in Hassan's own house

and taking old Picklin's hand, put it to his forehead .- | properity in business depended on his remaining at in expectant modesty, and though surprised by his peep father, Captain Picklin, who is still the consignee of the house of Keui, having made one voyage out to see the children of his daughter Phemic and strengthen the mer-The captain of the Susan, meantime, had looked over cantile connection. His old age is creeping on him, unas Captain Picklin know, was engoged on her next pas- an, who would have given a cargo of opium for an hour | reading the letters from his son-in-law at least a hunsage to Constantinople by a party of missionaries, male to compose himself, mounted the ladder which was dred times, and then wafering them up over the fireplace

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THE PATENT RAG. CHEWER.

replic

In a village not many hundred miles from this place, there is established a paper mill, which attracts no small sharo of attention from the curious, and olicits many : visit, as all are of course anxious to see the process of converting old rags into paper. It somotimes happons that those crowds of admirers of the marvellous, contain among their number some of these real matter-of-fact kind of fellows who like to know something of cause as dialogue:-

"I say, stranger, how do you get tham ore rags fine mough for making paper !"

"We have men employed to chew them, sir," the paper man.

"To what! to chew them; sir?" "Yes, to chew them, to be sure-did you never hear f chewing rags to make paper?" "No, I never did, and would like to know what wages you give, case I got a little the best set of tooth you ever did see," said the green'un, grinning, gnashing at the some time, in the way of exhibition, with a fury that made the jesting proprietor quake, lest the joke should urn upon himself in the form of a personal combat. "I see, I see," replied he of the paper mill, stepping ack; ... I never saw a better set of teeth for the business. Well, we give experienced hands \$1,50 per day, and new beginners we give \$1,00-do you think you would like the business, sir?"

"Yes, sir-ree, and the wages too!" replied the other, vith delight. "Very well, sir, you may set in now for a month, and

at the expiration of that, we no doubt will raise your waold saddle blanket to his much delighted applicant, who

"I say, old pard, do you think that 'ar blanket will stand me any of my time at all-why I could chew it all

He set to work like a juvenile steam engine, his heavy tooth grinding as if they wore millstones, the dust flying, but desperately intent on carning good living wages, though the labor was decidedly had living. With the voall. The ladies came up; one after another, and kissed racity of a Bengal tiger, and spirit worthy of a better cause, the martyr to the progress of science continued his be considered an honor, by the wealthiest beiress of the task, wondering beyond expression, in his own mind, land." how many hands; or rather how many sets of teeth it took to do the chewing of that "tarnation big mill." Bu: it was in vain that the heavy jaws wagged and the sharped teeth crushed, the pile of chewed rage did not seem and I have no doubt of success. By marrying me your to grow very fast; and to add to the machine's rising feelings of indignation, a prowd began to gather round to witness the singular spectaclo of a human opposition to the rag broakers, shaking the whole building from shothdepartment. "

"What in "ternation are you gapin at?" at last exclaim. ed the ray-chewer through a mouthful of rags in a state able dresser in town? Who rides the finest horses? Who of masticution. "Drat ye, thar' is fifty rag spilin' ma- frequents the most fashiousble places? Who is a

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THE STARS. BY C. C. VAN ZANDE. In the azure arch of Heaven,

Stars are keeping watch to-night, Fleecy clouds, by light winds driven Sailing on their silvery light;" And I think, as far in ether I behold the moon's great shield, They are flowers the angels wreath her, Culled from earth's descried field.

Flowers that once have loved to linger In the world of human love, Touched by death's decaying finger For a better life above; Oh: ye stars: ye rays of glory ; Gen lights in the glittering dome Could ye not relate a story O the spirits gathered home)

Ye have seen life's wearled sailor Sink beneath the storm-ploughed main. Do your beams grow never pater? Are not dews the tears ye rain? When my dearest hopes are broken, And my world in darkness lies. Still shine o'er me as a token Of the land beyond the skies.

A TRUE WOMAN.

I remember meeting this sketch in the course of my ewspaper experience, several years ago; it has been reduced to various papers, and I know not to whom it belongs; but it is most excellently done, full of interest, and I only wish the precept of it was a little more fashionable

A young lady of rare mental endowments and extraorfinary personal attraction, had five suitors equally asiduous in their attentions. Unable to decide upon which he would bestow her hand, she gave them notice to call upon hor at a cortain hour on a stated day, and each state his claims in the presence of the others. At the appoinfed time, the lovers arrived. Four of them were confident of success, but the fifth had a downcast look, and ighed when he behold the object of his admiration.

"Gentleman," said sho, you have honored me with he proposals of marriage. I have, as yet, neither reused nor accepted any of you. I now desire, that each of you will state your claims to my hand, in order that stowing it."

A answered as follows:---"If you marry mo you shall live in a splendid house. have servants and carriages at your command, and en-joy all the luxuries of fashionable life. I am rich." B spoke next:-

"My rival has said very, truly that he is rich, and he offers you a strong inducement; but I am of noble descent. My grandfather was a duke; and, although not wealthy, I am of a family, with whom an alliance would

C stated his claim thus:---

"I am a centleman and have now a reputation that elder persons envied. Next year I shall run for Congress. name will be handed down to posterity."

D twisted his monstache with the air of an exquisite. and said:-

"Angelic creature! 'Pon my soul I think you have already made up your mind in my favor. You know how ineffably I am admired. Who is the most fashionjudge of the opera? Rumor says D, but 'pon honor, I'm too modest to insist upon it," When it came to E's time to speak, there was a pause. All eves were turned towards him. Poor fellow! he "Well," said the beauty, "what say you, Mr. E?" "Alas," was the reply, "I yield to these gentleman .--They have the advantage of me in overy respect."-

Cautain Isamh Picklin, the father of these ladies, was era merchant of Salem, an importer of firs and opium, and the set quick if the earth ongo master of the big "Sumplo Susan," which still plied . And howled to death with turnips---

b tween his warehouse and Constantinople-nails and though that is not the way he expressed it. The parti colled the cargo outward. I have not Miss Picklin's carre, therefore (for there was no Mrs. Picklin,) was, in remaision to mention the precise date of the events I am the matter of costume, rather incongruous, but, as the about to record, and leaving that point alone to the inp. Turk took it for granted that it was all according to the remation of the reader, I shall set down the other partid- custom of the country, the carving was achieved by the alars and impediments i i her "course of true love" with shirt-sleeved captain, and the pudding helped by his bare armed daughter, with no particular commotion in the elhatorical fidelity.

ity.

Ever since she had been of sufficient age to turn her ments. Earthquakes do not invariably follow violations. strendon exclusively to matrimony, Miss Picklin had of etiquetto-particularly where nobody is offended. nourshed a presentimont that her destiny was exotic: After the first day, things took their natural course-as that the soil of Salem was too poor, and the indigenous near as they were able. Hassan was not very quick at later too mean; and that, potted in her twenty thousand conversation, always taking at least five minutes to put dollars, she was a choice production, set aside for flower- "together for delivery a sentence of English: but his laugh my is a foreign clime, and destined to be transplanted by did not hang fire, nor did his nods and smiles; and where storeby lover. With this secret in her bosom, she had ladies are voluble (as ladies sometimes are,) this paucity refuged one or two gentlemen of middle are, recom- of amunition on the gentleman's part is no prelude to mended by her father beside sundry score of young gen-, discomfiture. Then Phemio had a very fair smattering demen of slender revenues in her own set of acquaintin- of Italian, and that being the business language of the ces, full, if there had been anything beside poetry in Levant, Hassan took refuge in it whenever brought to Shalppeare's assertion that it issund-still in English-a refuge, by-the-way, of which he seemed inclined to avail him-elf oftener than was con-"Pro Marones

Whose shadow the dismissed bachetor loves," sistent with Miss Picklin's exclusive property in his atthe neighboring "brush barrons" of Saugus would have tention. Rebellious though Hassan might secretly have rold in lots at a premium. It was possibly from the want been to this authority over himsolf, Phomie was no ac of nightingales, to whose complaining notes the gentle- complice, natural modesty combining with the long habman of Verona "turned his distresses," that the discard- it of subservioney to make her even anticipate the exed of Salem preferred the consolations of Phomie Pickactions of the heiress: and so Miss Picklin had "Mr. Keui" principally to herself, promenading him through News to the Pickins! Hassan Keui, the son of old Ab-

doul Keui, was coming out in the "Simple Susan!" A him from his morning ontrance to his evening exit; Phothe streets of Salem, and bestowing her sycetness upon Turk-a live Turk-a young Turk, and the son of her mie relieving guard very cheerfully, while her sister dresfather's rich correspondent in Turkey! "Ahme!" tho't sed for danner. If was possibly from being permitted to Miss Picklin.

converse in Italian during this half hour, that Hassan The captain himself was rather taken aback. He had made it the only part of the day in which he talked of thoun old Abdoul for many years, had traded and smok- himself and his house on the Bosphorus, but that will ed with him in the cafes of Galata, had gone out with not account also for Phemio's sighing while she listoned hin on Sundays to lounge on the tombstones at Scutari, -never having sighed before in her life, not even while and had never thought twice about his yellow gown and that same voice was talking English, to her sister. red trowsers; but what the douce would be thought of Without going into a description of the Picklin teathem in Salem' True, it was his son; but a Turk's party, at which Hassan was induced to figure in his clubes descend from father to son through three genera- Oriental costume, while Miss Picklin sat by him on

hous, he know that, from remembering this very boy all cushion, turbaned and (probably) cross-legged, a la Sulbut smothered in a sort of saffron blanket, with sloeves tana, and without recording other signs satisfactory to ike pullow cases - his first assumption of the toga virilis the Salemities, that the young Turk had fallen to the inch that old Picklin know Latin, but such was "his sen- | scalded heiressunght better expressed.") Then he had never been

asked to the house of the Stamboul merchant, uot intro-

"As does the ospray to the fish, that takes it, By sovereighty of nature."

duded to his wives nor his daughters (indeed, had forget . I must come plump to the fact that, on the Monday fol-In that old Keui was near cutting his throat for asking lowing (one week after his arrival.) Hessan left Salem sher them,-hut of course it was very different in Salem. unaccompanied by Miss Picklin. As he had asked for Young Kour must be the Picklin guest, fed and lodged, no private interview in the best parlor, and had made his the girls would want to give him a tea-party. Would final business arrangements with the captain, so that he " ton a chair, or want cushions on the floor? Would could take passage from Now-York without returning, come to dinner with his breast bare, and leave his some people were inclined to funcy that Miss Picklin's "bis outside? Would he eat rice-pudding with his fin- demonstrations with regard to him had been a little preters' Would be think it indecent if the girls didn't wear mature. And "some people" chose to smile. But it then cloths, Turkey fashion, over their mouths and no- was reserved for Miss Picklin to look round it church, in Would he bring his pipes? Would he fall on his in about one year from this event, and have her triumph fo ain sights prayers four times a day, whether he over "some people;" for she was about to sail for Conwith a sigh that carried the cloud off his brow, Hassan scribed above. He folt that he owed her some repara-"A" oth say ' The captain worked himself into a vio- it. But I must explain. "Perspiration with merely thinking of all this.

the Sidemites have a famous museum, and know "his default of thing is your crocolilo;" but a live and a lotter from the American consul at Constantihople and a constant of the water, A vessel newly the fact of his provious marriage, and then offer her the wording of an official epistle, it stated that Effendi Has-It a withervo an indelicate opening for a conjecture as san' Koui had called on the consul, and partly from the

M. Patin's present age, were I to state whether or mistrust of his ability to express himself in English on so headlong into the lap of the nearest caikji, the Turk's the art sal of the "Simple Susant" was reported by delicate a subject but more particularly for the sake of snowy turban fell into the water and was carried by the She ran in with a fair wind an Sunday morn- approaching the object of his affections with proper do- eddy under the stern of the vessel rounding to, and as ference and ceremony, he had requested that officer to the caique was driven backward to regain it, the bare-So Mid was immediately boarded by the harbor-master Capitan Eschin: and there, true to the prophotic prepare a document conveying a proposal of marriage to headed owner sank back aghast-Simple Susan of Sathe daughter of Captain Picklin. The incomplete state LEM staring him in the face in golden capitals. ing of old Isaiah, the young Turk sat cross-legged on of his morcantile arrangements while at Salom the pre-"Oh! Mr. Keui! how do you do!" cried a well-re-

humar deck, in a white turban and scarlet et ceteras, Tking his father's identical pipe-no other, the captain and have taken his oath! the tree Harmen informed who was his visiter, sufficient manifest to the lady of his heart; and as his of his lips-Miss Picklin in her bridal veil, waiting below itively say. She resides at present in Salem with her 'I am that Cardina."

issionaries rose to conclude the evening with a prayer, in the midst of which Miss Picklin passed through the room unpreceived-the faces of the company being turned to the wall.

The next morning at daylight the "Simple Susan" put to sea with a fair wind, and at the usual hour for opening the store of Picklin & Co., she had dropped below the horizon. Phomio sat upon the end of the wharf and watched her till she was out of sight, and the captain walked up and down between two pupcheons of rum which stood at the distance of a quarter-deck's length from each other, and both father and daughter were silent. The captain had a confused thought or two besides the grief of parting, and Phemio had feelings quite as confused, which were not all made up of sorrow for the loss of hersister. Perhaps the reader will be at the troublo of spell-ing out their riddles while I try to let him softly to downthe catastrophe of my story.

Without confessing to any ailment whatever, the plump Phemie paled and thinned from the day of her sister's departure. Her spirits, too, seemed to keep her flesh and color company, and at the end of a month the captain was told by one of the good dames of Salem that he had better ask a physician what ailed her. The doctor could make nothing out of it except that she might be fretting for the loss of her sister, and he recommended a change of scone and climate. That day, Captain Brown, the lady of his love had chosen to come and seck him .an old mate of Isaiah's, dropped in to eat a family dinner The reader will understand, of course, that ther was no and say good-by, as he was about sailing in the new chooner Nancy for the Black Sea-his wife for his only

bassenger. Of course he would be obliged to drop anchor at Constantinople, to wait for a fair wind up the Bosphorus, and part of his errand was to offer to take letters | the world, and there was no possibility of escaping a true and nicknackories to Mrs. Keni. Old Picklin put, the two explanation. The mistake was explained, and explained to Brown to take Phemie with Mrs. Brown to Constantinople, leave them both there on a visit to Mrs. Keni, as, by blessed luck, the Nancy had outsailed the Simple

till the return of the Nancy from the Black Sea, and Susan, Providence seemed to have chosen to set right, then re-embark them for Salem. Phemie came into the for once, the traverse of true love. The English embasroom just as they were touching glasses on the agree. by was at Burgurlu, only six miles aboye, on the Bosment, and when the trip was proposed to her she first phorus, and Hassan and his mother and sisters, and Mrs. colored violently, then grow palo and burst into tears; Brown and Pheinie were soon on their way thither in but consented to go. And, with such preparations as swift calques, and the happy couple were wedded by the she could make that evening, she was quite ready at the English chaplain. The arrival of the Simple Susan was appointed hour, and was of with the land-brocze the next of course looked for, by both Hassan and his bride, with morning, taking leave off nobody but her father. At this no little dismay. She had met with contrary winds on time the old man wiped his eyes very often before the the Atlantic and had been caught in the Archipelago by the departing vessel was "hull down," and was heartily a Levanter, and from the dumage of the last, she had sorry he had let Phemie go without a great many pres- heen obliged to come to anchor off the little island of

ents and a great many more kisses. A fine, breezy morning at Constantinoples

reached Constantinople. Rapidly down the Bosphorus shot the caique of Hass-

Hassan was daily on the look-out for the brig in hi in Keui, bearing its master from his country-house at Dolma-batchi to his ware-houses at Galata. Just before | trips to town, and on the morning of her arrival, his the sharp prow rounded away toward the Golden Horn, mind being put at easo for the day by his glanco toward the merchant motioned to the cuikjis to rest upon their the sea of Marmora, the stumbling so suddenly and so this soldier. unprepared on the object of his dread, completely bewildoars, and, standing erect in the slender craft, he strained ered and unnerved him. Through all his confusion, howhis gaze long and with anxious carnestness toward the sea of Marmora. Not a sail was to be seen coming from the west, except a man-of-war with a crescent flag at the | a feeling of self-condemnation, as well as pity for Miss peak, lying off toward Scutari from Seraglio Point, and Picklin; and this had driven him to the catastrophe degavly squatted once more to his cushions, and the caique

The "Simple Susan" came in, heavily freighted with sped merrily on. In and out, among the vessels at ana consignment from the house of Keui to Picklin & Co., chor, the airy bark threaded her way with the dexterous swiftness of a bird, when suddenly a cable rose beneath arrived was hauling in to a close anchorage, and they privilege of bacoming Mrs.-Keui No. 2, if she chose to

chines like me up stairs, all in a bunch-why don't you markable passage, having still on her quarter the northwest breeze which had stuck to her like a bloodhound yo up and see them! ever since leaving the harbor of Salem. She had brought The crowd looked very much delighted and expressed

it with her to Constantinople, indeed, for twenty or thirty themselves highly pleased with his performance. vessels which had been long waiting a favorable wind to "I know that I can't go it like them fellers up stairs, was dreadfully embarrassed. encounter the adverse carrent of the Bosphorus, were for my grinders ain't used to it yet; besides, I don't beloosing sails and getting under way, and the pilot, know- lieve horse blankets is good to start on; but I tell you ing that the destination of the Nancy was also to the strangers, when it comes vittals, or tebaker, I'm thar." Black Sen, strongly dissuaded Captain Brown from drop-The fun hegan to rise, and with it the rag-chewer's in- And he took up his hat to leave. ping anchor in the Horn, with a chance of losing the dignation. "See here, stranger," ho bellowed, spitting good luck, and lying, perhaps a mouth, wind-bound in out his last attempt, and hollowing at his emproyer, whole harbor. Understanding that the cuptain's only object in had just appeared-"blamed to blamnation, if I'm going stopping was to leave the two ladies with Keui the oniumto sit here and be laughed at in this ere way-if you don't merchant, the pilot, who knew his residence at Dolmaput me up stairs among the rest of jem, I won't chew up batchi, made signal for a caique, and kept up the Bosanother blanket, daued if I do!"

phorons. Arriving opposite the little village of which "What!" exclaimed the omployer, with a sober face and very indginantly, "is that all you're got chewed up? Hassan's house was one of the chief ornaments, the ladies were lowered into the caique and sent ashore-expec-And wet, too, by thunder? Get out of this-vou'll never ting, of course, to be received with open arms by Mrs. do for this business in the world. There's a blanket ru-

Keui-and then, spreading all her canvas, the swift lit- ined to all eternity, took for you've wet every mouththe schooner sped on her way to Trebisond. ful, and how can we make dry paper out of wet rags ?-Hassan sat in the little pavilion of his house which look-Come, move vouiself in a hurry." ed out on the Bosphorus, eating his pillau, for it was the

The victim did not await a second invitation, but wen noon of a holiday, and he had not been that morning to off in all speed for fear he should be called upon to pay Galata. Recognizing at once the sweet face of Phemie for the blanket, fully determined hereafter to stick to his lawful business, and let paper mills alone. as the calque came near the shore, he flew to meet her,

supposing that the "Simple Susan" had arrived, and that OT PRESIDENT BONAPARTE has granted a pension to widow with five children whose case is an interesting one. Sho is the widow of the only man in the Fusilee regiment who was not killed in the retreat from Moscow. One day Captain Jumontier came to announce to Napoloon the arrival of Marshal Ney and his corps. Napoleon with no other acquaintance or protoctor on that side of ordered him to rejoin his regiment. An hour or two afterwards, Napolcon perceived Captain Jumontier standthings together, and over their glass of wine he proposed to Browh's satisfaction. Phemie was the "daughter" of ing near a soldier, whose singular dress attracted the Captain Picklin, to whom the offer was transmitted, and Emperor's notice; his head was covered with a sort of Cossack boundt, and instead of his uniform, a torn vest. which scarcely covored his shoulders. The captain and the soldier were marching steadily onward. Napoleon called to him in a tone of impatience and ill-humor "What are you doing there? Why have you not rejoined your regiment, and taken your place at the head of your company?"

"Sire, I have not lost an instant in obeying your ders." "What do you say? You don't understand me." "Sire, I an with my regiment." "Your regiment?" Yes, Sir: the regiment of Fusileers of the Imperi Guard." Paros and repair. This had been a job of six weeks, and

"But where is it, then?" meantime the Nancy had given them the go-by and Then a hoarse voice cried-"Present, my Emperor !" The voice was that of the soldier near Immontier; and

the widow succored by Louis Napoleon, is the widow of

THE BLUE DEVILS.

We are not to believe a merry companion the happiest ever, and all the awkwardness of his situation, there ran fellow in the world and onvy him, perhaps, his light heart and airy spirits; but mon have hours of melancholy, when the spirits sink, and a gloom comes over them. deeper and darker than is over known to their less excition, and as the religion in which he was educated did not forbid a plurality of wives, add there was no knowtable companions. A man may be cheerful on paper, though he has a heavy heart, and brilliant in company, ing but possibly she might be inclined to "do in Turkey though sufficiently wretched when left to commune with as Turkeys do," he felt it incumbent on himself to state his own soul. The extreme of high and low spirits, which occur in the same person at different times, are had crossed her hawser as it rose to the surface, Pitched accept. As he had no Euglish at his command, he sta- happily illustrated in the following, related by Dr. Rush. ted his dilemina and made his offer in the best language "A physician in one of the cities in Italy was consulted he had-Italian-and with the results the reader has by a gentleman who was much distressed by a paroxysm of the intermitting state a hypochondriacism. He advisbeen made acquainted. Of the return passage of Miss Picklin, formerly Mrs, ed the melancholy man to seek relief in convivial com-

Keui, under the charge of Captain and Mrs. Brown, in pany, and recommended to him in particular to find out the schooner Nancy, I have never learned the particu- a celebrated wit, by the name of Cardina, who kept all lars. She arrived at Salem in very good health, how- the tables in the city, to which he was invited, in a roar vious year, would account for his silence on the subject membered voice, as he raised himself to fond off by the over, and has since been distinguished principally by her of laughter, and to spend as much time with him as posat that time, but he trusted that his preference had been rudder of the brig. And there she stood within two feet sympathy for widows-based on what, I cannot very pas- sible." "Alas! sir." said the patient with a heavy sigh,

"Stop," said the lady, "make your statement, no matter how humble may be your claims," "I am poor-"

"Ge on."

"I am unknown to the world-" "I have neither the taste nor the moans to dress fashionably. I work for my livelihood. It is hardly possible that I can make you happy, for I can offer you none of the inducements held out by my rivals."

"I am to judge of that, sir; what next?" "Nothing, only, I love you, and I take a necespaper." At this, Measrs. A, B, C and D burst into a loud laugh, and exclaimed in one voice-"So do we-I love you to; distraction-I take four papers! ha! ha! ha!" "Silence," said the lady, "in one month you all shall

hear my answer. You may all withdraw." At the end of the month the five suitors again appear-

ed. Turning to each in succession, the lady thus answered: .

"Riches are not productive of happiness. Beasted nobility of blood is the poorest of all recommendations .--Fame is fleeting, and he that has but the outward garb of a gentleman is to be pitied. I have taken the trouble to find out the names of the newspapers for which you all subscribe, and I have ascortained that none of you, who have boasted of wealth, nobility, fame or fashion, have paid the printer. Now, gentlemen, this is dishonest. I cannot think of marrying a man who would be guilty of such an act. I have learned that E not only subscribes for a paper, but pays the printer in advance. Therefore, I say he is the man. I give him my hand, with the full conviction that he is one every way calculated to make me happy."

Need we extend our narrative? The disappointed gentlemon disappeardd quite suddenly, and the lucky suitor was united to the object of his devotion and, in few years, by honesty and industry, became not only a distinguished, but a wealthy man, and esteemed by all who knew him. Young men, he paid the printer. Is there no moral in this .- Odd Fellow.

IJ'.One of those fussy, inquisitives, meddlesome poke your-nose-into-every-body's - business little fellows, or whom we sometimes read, took a seat near us, in the Baltimore car, on Tuesday evening. . He made himself gone rally entertaining for an hour, with his droll remarks and funny questions, when an old woman came in: whereupon our little fellow started to his feet, and inquiređ: 🗸

"Do you live hereabouts, madam?" "No, sir."

"On a visit, I presume?"

"No, sit."

"No? Come, now, that's queer." "No, 'taint, I come down to attend a burying." "Oh, oh, yes; a funeral-somebody dead, sh?" "Well, commonly, we don't bury folks down here un ess they are dead," drily replied the old lady.

The fussy gentleman began to whistle the finale to "Lucia," and talked but little during the remainder of the journey .- Phil. City Item.

ILF Jones and Jenkins were riding along in a buggy, when they passed a field in which a great number of ' rows were creating "noise and confusion." "That looks to me" said Jones "like a colored mass convention."

"Well" replied Jenkins, "from my knowledge of crow vology, I should set it down as morely a case cuts." The party stopped to water their horses at the tavera at the next cross reads, but there's no record that Jankins paid any bill.