

## VOLUME 19.

# SATURDAY MORNING, APRIL 28, 1849.

#### THE GRIST-MILL. BY R. H. STODDARD.

The grist-mill stands beside the stream. With bending roof and leaning walls So old, that when the winds are wild. The miller trembles lest it fall; But most and ivy, never acre. Bodeck No'er from year to year.

The dam is steep, and weeded green; The gates are raised, the waters pour, And read the old wheel's slippery steps, The lowest round for evermore: Methinks they have a sound of ire, Because they cannot climb it higher.

From morn till night, in autumn time. When-yellow harvests load the plains, Up drive the farmer to the mill, And back abon, with loaded warms: The bring a wealth of golden gram, And take it home in meal again.

The mill inside is due and dark; But peeping in the open door You see the miller flitting round, And dusty bags along the floor; And by the shaft, and down the spout, The yellow meal comes couring out.

And all day long the winnowed chaff Ploats round it on the saltry breeze, And shinetn like a settling swarm Of golden-winged and betted bees: fir sparks around a black-mih's door When beliews blow and forges roar.

1 love out pleasant, quaint old mill! It minds me of my early prime; 'Tis changed since then, but not so much as As I am, by decay and times his wrecks are mossed from year to year, But mine 3ll dark and I are appear.

I stand beside the stream of life; The mighty current sweeps along: Lifting the flood gates of my heart, It turns the magic whitel of song, And grinds the ripened harvest, brought From out the golden field of Thought.

#### **Regulars and Continentals.** A Cale of the Revolution.

#### BY ROBERT F. GREELLY.

Ir was early in the month of April, the year 1775, the the drawing towards evening, when two young men, chose plan, homespun attire, and sun-burned counteances proclaimed them the sons of farmers, accustomed the duties of the field, might have been seen threading adh measured steps a narrow lane, thickly bordered with Lage, on the outskirts of the pleasant village of Conrd, in Massachusetts. It was just after a spring show-", and thick drops of rain hung, like beads of glass, upon rough the lessening clouds which were floating towards e cast-already growing dimmer from the shadows of proaching night-lit up the tops of trees and the nuyous window panes of the distant villiages and hamde with an alorost golden glow. Birds were leaping ion bough to bough, and making the air resound with but twittering, while the lowing of the cattle, driven binoward by the attentive farmer's boy, came upon the in from afar; but, notwithstanding these sights and bunds, the air of the two lads was serious, and downx, while upon the brow of one, who amenered to be the intrasted strongly with the firm, clear aspect of his

mpanion. altor Maynald, you and I are old acquaintances-

"the terms of the British are worth consideration, and to matter beyond retracting." "What! have you enlisted, then?" asked Edgar in as-

tonishment, drawing back. "To-be-sure: do you suppose I would talk so confident-

ly if I had not? Ah! how astonished you would look if I were to tell you all I know. I hold, even now, a paper in my pocket authorizing me to enrol men for the coming war, and, to speak plainly, if you will become one of us, I can offer you a lieutenant's commission in the body about to be raised. What do you sav?" "Scoundrel! Another word on that subject, and I would cleave you to the earth, though you were twice my weight!" shouted Edgar, flushing with excitement and shame.

"That's a very lucky proviso, my easily-nottled friend," replied Maynard, taking no further pains to disguise his sucers; "for you know, if I were so disposed, I could whip ten of you. But a time is coming when we can settle this difference in a much more convenient manner. The red coats will be upon you at Concord in less than a wock, and then, where are your stores, and your equip- | will make your excuses to the family." his face turned crimson at the thought of the blander he had committed. "Yes," he added, "it is possible they may come this way-though some doubt it " "Walter Maynard, I cannot conceal the contempt which your conversation has inspired in me," said the twilight. youth, hastily; "I um above disguise, and henceforth there must be "naught but enmity between us. Go your

your steps." And, saying this, the youth called Edgar Wallis turned-abruptly down an adjacent path, and Walter Maynard was alone.

"Curses upon my stupid blundoring." he muttered, clenching his hands and beating his forchoad; "in my simple history. carelessness I had well-nigh exposed the secret cotrusted to my keeping. But it is not too late, even yet; I will return to the rendszvous and dispath a corporal's guard to secure Master Edgar before he has a chance to red, and of Lucy Ashley, occupied, by turns, his the'ts. do us an injury."

And leaping quickly over the hedre which bordered the lane, he disappeared among the foliage.

In the meanwhile Edger Wallis, having quickened his steps soon arrived in sight of a low, woodbined cottage, at the door of which, the time being evening, a faimily group were assembled. This group consisted of five or six nersons. Near the door sat an aged lady, with her deep and sombro woods. At intervals the moonlight high mobbed cop, and silvery hair brushed carefully back from the brow, disclosing a forhead which, though wrinkled and sallow now, had doubtless been gazed on with envy by many an amorous swalu in days of yore. A large family Bible was placed on her knees, on pages of from the time when, as a school-boy, he had crept to own it, enjoys it more than you. You are rich enough somewhat more composed, but it was not until we had relustering leaves, while the ovening sun, breaking which she was intently poring through a pair of antique spectacles, alternately transferring her gaze from the sacred book to a couple of golden-haired children, who were playing, with loud laughter, upon the amplo lawn in front of the cottage door, a large, shaggy, Ne wfoundland dog occasionally joining in their sports. Opposite him with the cry of "Who goes there?" the venerable lady was seated a comely matron, ongaged at her wheel, and by her side her husband—a man seemingly of some forty years—who, with knitted brows, was examing the contents of a newspape published in a neighboring city of Boston. In the fore round a lovely preparatory to the evening's repast; for it had been a sultry day, and on such occosions farmer Ashley always

preferred to dine in the open air. then?" " he said looking up for a ma ment from the paper which he was reading. The at-Aryonagest, breaking a momentary panso which had tention of the family was immediately directed to the fariner.

POETRY AND MISCELLANY: Maynard, persisting in his object, notwithstanding his wiser" said, Lucy; "but it is not this alogo that troubles I had rather that both my hands should be severed at companion's evident disinclination to renew the subject; you, Edgar." "I confess, Lucy, that the thought of parting from one farthing of your ill got monics upon the disgraceful tell you the truth, I have already implicated myself in this you somewhat annoys me; but even love, however strong tarins which you propose! You can do with me as you

its tio, must sometimes yield to duty,  $\int t$  is evident that please, but this is my uniterable resolution." a long, and, perhaps, disasterous war is impending;  $\Lambda$ - "Take him away with you, Wilkins," exclaimed the merica, in this emergency, will have need of all her sons. Colonel, addressing his orderly; "you need not be over nice about his fare; and as to bodding, if it is his inten-Should I linger behind the rest?" "Should you do s., Edgar, I should acknowledge that tion to become a soldior, the souner he accostoms him-I have been deceived in the estimation I had formed of self to hard sloeping the better!"

your character. It is your duty to fly to the assistance Edgar surveyed the insolent minion of tyranny from of the land that gave you birth, and, dear as you are to head to foot with the utmost scorn, and with his arms me, I should blush for myself if I endeavored, by word still pinioned behind him, followed his captors from the or look, to restrain vou. Go, Edgar, where your counapariment, while the Colonel, to relieve his feelings, try calls you; there is one who, whatever befull, will pray took another glass of wine, ook another glass of wine. 炎 "These rebel curs," said he, "are fit for nothing but

incessantly for your welfare!" "That's spoken like my true-hearted wife, as I hope to make serfs of; like swine, they will run to the devil, if one day to call you; but it grows dark, and Pmust in- you give them much license."

happen.

mediately to Concord, to disclose my suspicions to the But the "rebel curs" thought differently, as is proved commander of the stores. Should we lose them, it will in the sequel. The news of her lover's misfortune was not long in

provo a blow from which it will be long ere we can re2 cover—perhaps nover! "Will you not stay and sup?"-and" then correcting immediately formed determination Informing her paherself, she added-"I forgot; go quickly, as you may, I rents of her intentions, she enveloped herself in cloak and

And bidding him an affectiiounte adisu, accompanied lure, for Concord, where she sought the presence of the by something more substantial than mere words, she American leaders without delay, and disclosed to them turned and tripped lightly towards the house, while Ed. the enemy's rumored intentions of surprising their miligar leaped the hedge and disappoared down the narrow tary stores. She was heartily thanked for lier intelli-

lane, new rapidly growing dusk with the shadows of This is no romance-this scene-but a true picture of

the relation in which families stood towards each other on the part of the British flow like wildfire in the praire, ways, traitor!-the contempt and scorn of your fellow- during the "days that tried men's souls." Many an and thousands of the peasantry, ere the lapse of another countrymen will follow you wherever your may direct. Edgar Wallis has left the sidas of those most dear to day, had found then selves arms and amunition, and pre him, to mingle in the bloody conflict; many a Lucy Ash- | pared to dispute every inch of the road marked out by ley has watched with a sigh the retrenting figure of her the enemy. Yet, on the morning of that memorable patriot lover; and many a Welter maynard has lived the day, farmers were at their labor in the fields as asual, degraded life, and died the ignominious death of him and careful housewives went about their daily routing us who figures under the name in our present brief and though nothing out of the ordinary way was about to

As Edgar Wallis took his way rapidly down the lane in the direction of Concord, his mind was filled with a thousand conflicting emotions; love of country, of kind-

It was now growing dark, and it was well for our young hero that he knew every crook and turning of the way, or he might have traveled all night and in the morning found himself at the point whence he started, so many devious variations had the path. Now it hid itself in.

deep embowering thickets, and anon emerged upon a lone and desolate common, only to hide itself again in streamed full upon his way; at others it only became visible at intervals, or peeped in checkered and broken patches, or lay like bars of fretted silver across the pathway. But Edgar Lnew the road well, having traveled it Concord with satchel on his back, and he had no fear of

more caution, however; for, just as he was entering a deep pitch of woods, singing to himself a fragment of an

"It is rather I who should ask that question," he replied, endeavoring to obtain a glimse of the questioner's features through the gloom. "If you are an honest man, pursue your way, and suffer me to pursue mine, for 1 hanslif not vou are a prisoner to the King's First Regiment of Horse," exclaimed another voice, rudely. "The King's?-have the enemy so soon arrived,

Like a glad spirit of the sky. The laborer at his toil Feelson his check its dewy kiss, and litts His open brow to catch its fragrant gifts-The aromatic soil Borne from the blossoming gardens of the South-While its faint sweetness lingers round his mouth, The bursting buds look up, To greet the sunlight, while it lingers yet On the warm hill-side,-and the viotet Opens its azure cup Meekly, and countless wild flowers wake to fling Their earliest incense on the gales of spring. The reptile, that bath lain Torplid so long within his wintry tomb. Pierces the mould, ascending from its gloom Up to the light again-And the lithe snake crawls forth from coverus chill. coming to the cars of the devoted Lucy Ashley, and she

To bask as crist upon the sunny hill. Continual songs arise -From universal Nature-birds and streams hood, and started, the night succeeding her lover's cap-ture, for Concord, where the sought the presence of the Mingle their volces, and the glad earth seems A second Paradise! Thrice blessed spring !-- thou bearest gifts divine! Sumhine, and song, and fragrance-all are thine. Nor unto earth alone-

Thou hast a blessing for the human heart, gence, and commended for her devotion, and a guard Balm for its wounds and healing for the smart, Telling of Winter flown, was allowed to escort her back in safety to her father's And brightning hope upon thy minbow wing, house. The intelligence of the approaching movement Type of Eternal Life-thride blessed Spring!

### A THRILLING STORY.

SPRING.

BY W. D. BCRLEIGH

The sweet south wind so long

In the bright land of song.

Riceping in other climes, on sunny seas,

Or dailying gaily with the orange trees ,

Wakes unto us and laughingly sweeps by,

From the Boston Olive Branch. Is the full of 1846, I was traveling Eastward in stage coach from Pittsburgh over the mountains. My fellow passengers were two gentlemen and a lady. The olderly gentleman's appearance interested me exceedingly. In years he seemed about thirty; in air and manner he was calm, dignified and polished; and the contour

of his features was singularly intellectual. He conversed freely on general topics, until the road became more aprupt and precipitous: but on my direct-

deted a collossal staircase built to his new pulace, disco- the verge of which our coach wheels were leisurely rollvered to his chagrin when it was completed, that he re- ing, there came a marked change over his whole counquired a ladder to get from one step to another. He had tonance. The oyes, so lately filled with the light of r forgotten that a King's legs after all, were as short as a mild intelligence, beamed wild, restless and anxious; the beggain. Aggrandize as we may, the limits of our senses mouth twiched spasmodically; and the forehead was check us miserably at every moment. You call yourself heated with cold pespiration. With a sharp, convulsive proprietor! House and pictures outlive you, and after shudder, he turned his gaze from the giddy height, and the precipice, a great way below where my father and taking your leave of your own door feet foremost, never clutching my arm tightly with both hands, he clung to again to cuter it. "Proprietor" you were perhaps, of ino like a drowning man. farms and castles, estates and mauntains-but now you

"Use this cologne" said the lady, handing me a botown nothing but a hole in the ground, six feet by two! the, with the instinctive goodness of her sex. The artist who visits your gallery while you five and I sprinkled a little on his face, and he soon became to dine twenty-four times a day, but you must cal spa- entirely traversed the mountain and descended to the surprises. It might have been better had he observed ringly to enjoy dining even once. Your cellar is full of level country beneath, and his fine features relaxed from exquisite wines, but you can only drink one bottle your their perturbed look and assumed the placid dignity I self, and to help you use your store, you are obliged to had at first noticed.

old hunting song, a hoarse voice at his clow startled call around your friends, relatives, parasites-a little, "I owe an apology to the lady," said he, with a bland world can live upon you substance, and who, instead of smile and a gentle inclination of his head to our fair com-gratitude, are likelier to make you a return in envy. You panion, "and some explination to my fellow\_ travelers, have thirty horses in the stable; you can mount but one also; and perhaps I cannot better acquit myself of the -ride after but two or four. double debt than recounting the cause of my recent To be truly rich, one should have stomaches in propor- agitutionay pan your seeings," deheately urged the cluded according to stock in bank, sextuple vigor and lady.

sensibility concentrate and return all the love he could "O. the contrary it will relieve them," was the res-

propristate with gifts. At the close of his life the rich- pectful reply. est man has hardly spent more upon his enjoyment than Having signified our several desires to hear more

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mocked my utmost efforts. One side of our vehicle was ensibly going down. The meaning of the agonized animalbecame deeper; and I knew from his desperate plunges against the traces, that it was one of our horses. Crash upon crash of hoarse thunder rolled down the mountain: and vivid flashes of lightning played around our devoted carriage as if in glee at our misery. By its light I could see for a moment-only for a moment-the old planter standing crect, with his hands on his son and 'daughter, his eyes raised to Heaven, his lips moving like those of ono in prayer; I could see Louise turn her ashy cheeks and superb eyes towards me, as if imploring my protection and I could see by the bold young glance of the boy. flashing defiance at the desending carriage, the war of elements, and the awful danger that awaited him. There was a heavy roll, a desperate plunge, as if an animal in the last throcs of dissolution, a harsh grating jar, a sharp, piercing scream of mortal terror, and I had but time to cluop Louise firmly around the waist with one hand and seize the leather fastenings attached to the roof, with the other, when we were procipitated over the precipice.

I can distinctly recollect preserving consciousness for a few seconds of time, of how rapidly my breath was being exhausted; but of that tremendous descent I soon lost al further individual knowledge, by a concussion so violent that I was instantly deprived of sense and motion." .

The travelor paused; his features worked for a minute or two as they had worked when we were on the mountain; ho pressed his hands across his forehead as if in phin, and then resumed his interesting story.

"On a low couch, in an humble room of a small country house, I next opened my eyes in this world of light and shade, of joy and sorrow, mirth and madness. Gentle hands smoothed my pillow, gentle feet glided 'across my chamber, and a gentle voice hushed, for a time, all my questionings. I was kindly tended by a fairy young girl about fifteen, who refused for several days to hold any discourse with me. At length, one morning, finding myself sufficiently recovered to sit up, I insisted on earning the result of the accident.

"You were discovered," said she, "on a ledge of rock, midst the branches of a shattered tree, clinging to a part of the roof of your broken coach with one hand, and o the insensible form of a lady with the other."

"And the lady?" I gasped, scanning the girl's face with au carnestness that caused her to draw back and hlush.

"She was saved, sir, by the same means that saved ou-the friendly tree."

"And her father and brother?" I impatiently demanded.

"Were both found crushed to pieces at the bottom of uncle Joe got you and the lady. We buried their bodies both in one graveclose by the clover patch, yonder in ourmoadow ground."

"Poor Louise! poor orphan! God pity you!" I muttered in broken tones, utterly unconscious that I had a listener.

"God pity her, indeed sir, said the young girl, with a jush of heart-felt sympathy. "Would you like to see her?!' sho added.

"Take me to her," I replied.

I found the orphan bathed in tears, by, the grave of her buried kindred. She received me with sorrowful weetness of manner. I will not detain you by detailing the offorts I made to win her from grief; but briefly acquaint you that I at last accompanied her to her forafter the dreadful occurrence that I have related, we stood at the altar together as man and wife. She still lives to bless my home with her smiles and my children with her good precepts; but on the anniversary of that terrible

[TO BE CONTINUED.] MISTAKES OF THE RICH. The Egyptian King, who, swollen with grandeur, or - ing his attention to the great altitude of a precipice, on

'mmates. I may say, from our infancy up," exclaimed seared between them: "but what you counsel me to do harong, and I have been tought always to shun advice aring evels al tendency. Our country, by the stand then she has taken, has, as you say, involved herself atrouble, but her sons are fully prepared to meet the act of aggression?" sucet, and I, for one, am determined to abide by the Onequences.\*\*

"That's just like you, Edgar, always in your heroics," the daughter of farmer Ashley has filled your head , wh all sorts of romantic ideas, and I dare say you'd be the any dragoons to kill. But, como, come, I undersybecause he happens to wear a red uniform instead of whe one-and 1 even dank; whether it would not raise, stord of depressing you in her estimation."

"Walter, you know that what you say does not come re, Lucy Ashley would spurn me from her with con- upon her children. use of my country. But why do I talk of this? Why

fould not be as good a man as yourself. Besides, I any of us!"

anatters will be much worse than they were before. "mee at her disposal, and pays well those who faithfully "tre her. Then there's the chance of promotion; imtone yourself a colonel of dragoone, with your brillant culet uniform and a pocket lined with gold doubloons. tione, is sufficient to decide me."

Edward Wallis folded his arms, and cast upon his me, rather, dissuado you from the awful step which you ve on the point of taking. The conquest of this coun-17 is by no means so certain as you imagine, and should you be taken in arms, think of the disgraceful end which asaits you! By my soul's worth, Walter I would rathsuch a traitrous impulso."

"Time aid circuinstances will soon occasion a change in rour opinions," said Maynard, coolly. "Never!" replied the youth with firmness,-and bis

handsome face lighted up with a glow of patriotic fervor uha spoke,-"be the fate of my country what it may, I I remain true to her interests through all vicissitudes, and, if necessary, perish at her side. In such a cause, be pointed at me while I live, and when I am beneath upon Concord, where were situated all the American ting angry. \*I both de the tod no voice will murmur, "this is a traitor's grave!" military stores.

"What is too provoking, husband," asked the matron, with an anxious smile, which was but too evidently assumed. "Have our protectors inflicted upon us any new "The British have at last landed a force, and I have

too good reasons to fear that they will turn their steps in thated the other with an attempted sacer, "your love this direction," replied the far.ner, sorrowfully. "Had I I ut a son upon whom I might roly, I should be relieved of much anxiety, but the thought of leaving you all, so dear soungless than a second St. George, at once, if there to me, unprovided for, is almost enough to unana me." "I understand your meaning, husband," replied his und all thus; Lucy will not like Elgar Walles any the wife, resolutely, "and I would not, bid you for a moment to stay behind when you can be of service to your counti,."

"Spoken like an American matron!" exclaimed the furmer. "By my faith, Bess, thou art almost as handism your heart. Where you obtained those ideas it is some as on the day when we were wed!" and he imto conceive, but I, for one, do not share in them......, printed a kiss up her lips as he spoke while "granny," Were I to become the despicable wretch you would have | with her eyes upraised, seemed to be invoking a blessing

"Hero comes Edgar!" suddenly exclaimed Lucy. matenance such a proceeding, I would at once disclaim whose eyes had been intently fixed upon the lawn during right to her, and devote myself alone to the hallowed this dialogue; and a deep blush matted upon hor check as she spoke.

I speak with you at all? Walter Maynard, you are a "The name reminds me that, although I have no son. there is one who can well supply that vacant place," -ingerous companion, and as such I must shun you." there is one who can well supply that vacant place," "I don't see that I have done any very great harm," said the farmer, rising from his seat, and approaching uned Walter with a reckless air, to disguise the chas the new comer, whom he grasped by both hands in The really felt at the words of his former friend .- manner not to be mistaken. "You are welcome, Ed-Lyery man has his opinions, such as they are, and if gar; we were just spoaking of you when Lucy recoga se happen to differ with yours, that is no reason why uized your step. I believe the girl has sharper ears than

the reason on my side Infthe event of a war, what Edgar, having reciprocated the old man's kindly greet-19 our poor colonies, pressed for means, and destitue of ing, turned to approach the object of their conversation, warmy, accomplish? Nothing! We shall most as but she had anticipated him by running to his side, and redly be cut to pieces like so much minced meat, and a hearty kiss was the result of their sudden meeting. "You scarce deserve it for your truancy," she cried, Buifwe enlist ourselves upon the stronger side, the playfully, "but I cannot find it in my heart to be cruel at us would be the reverse. Great Britain has strong such a time. Is not this sunset beautiful, dear Edgar?" "Beautiful, indeed; and to judge by the rosy color of your cheeks, it has left its satin there also."

Need we prolong the dialogue? Most of our young readers have probably framed one out of their own vo-Do you call that nothing? For my part, the contrast, cabulary, and the task would, indeed, be useless. Suffice it to say, that while the elder folks prepared for the

evening's meal, Lucy and her lover strolled down to the "You are resolved, then to betray the land which gave over a thousand different subjects, in a tone of almost "" birth!" he exclaimed, with a curling lip. "Such girlish innocence and glee, Edgar busied himself in Fatments would not surprise me, coming from one of plucking some wild flowers and arrangeing them in her " oppressors, but from you, Walter Maynard, the son hair. Suddenly, in the midst of his occupation, his brow an American-bound to the land by ties stronger even became clouded, and Lucy, by a magnetic influence has consanguinity-I blush for you! Seek not to make well known to lovers, immediately perceived it, and beme waver in my determination, for it is useless. Let came alarmed, her own face unconsciously assuming the the same eyes. But as you will not drink with me, 1 expression of his own.

"Good Heaven! Edgar, why do you change countenance so suddenly? Are you ill?-let us return to the house without delay!"

"I am not ill, dear Lucy-at least not ill in body," he your fears."

"How you frightened me; my heart is going like a drum. But, tell me, what ails you?". Without hesitation, Ebgar thereupon unfolded to her sitting.

all that had transpired between himself and the young man named Walter Maynard particularly that portion of and significantly turned his back.

"I am sorry you still refuse to be convinced." said "You acted nobly-you are incapable of doing other- lonel, since that is your haid rank in your hireling army, bank now BROKEN !- Troy (N. Y.) Post.

"Con e, come, youngster, we came not here to answer questions. You will learn for yourself soon onough 1 make no doubt."

"Unhand me! I am a peaceable man, and have done nothing to sanction this violence!" he exclaimed, endeavoring to break from them.

"Are you not Edgar Wallis?" asked the last voice.

useless, for we are two to one, do you see, and you, I pletely owes. take it, are unarmed. If you offer no resistance you may escape with a few days" detention; but if you are obstinate, we may take a fancy to tar and feather you, and to You may buy a tich bracelet, but not a well-turned arm ronstyon in your own grease, my lad. So best submit with a good grace to what you can't avoid."

There was some truth in this last observation. no Edgar could not help owning to himself; and therefore, verso like Byron. One comes into the world naked and lightning and a heavy dash of rain against the coach wallowing his indignation as well as he knew how, he er, General Gage, had temporarily stationed the advance row.

to see a kind of savage in long, straight hair, and other arise? No!-man is no proprietor! Or he owns but the at intervals huge jutting rocks, far away down its side, fixings. He was about to speak, when Edgar anticipation breath as it traverses has lips, and the idea as it flits across ted him.

"Wherefore, sir, is it that I, a freeborn American, am Home Journal. subjected to this act of violence?" he asked, advancing a step towards the Colonel, who drew back 'in surprise at

the undatinted bearing of the youth. "Heyday! here's language for you; his Majesty may given the following pungent and immitable sketch :--well look to his possessions when they breed such cubs as this. Do you know, sir, that you are in the presence ject to deal with, yet a Yankee will burrow into its howof an officer in the service of the King . f England?"

mo of your station," replied Edgar, disdainfully, The officer construed this into a compliment, and kee, nothing daunted, will heave up its crystal masses. when he again spoke, it was in a more bland tone.

"So you have, at least, some perception. But lest you bo led to form an erroneous impression of British chival- kee layeth down his hand, gold springoth. Into what

before retiring." "Before I can touch glasses with you, sir, I must know

youth, sternly. "That, it may not be our pleasure at present to divulge. Suffice it that we have an object, and as your detention is

one link in our chain of conquest, is not very likely that ington, and putteth them in his pocket in golden cawe shall allow you to depart." "You will pardon me, sir, if I fail to see how my cap-

tivity can affect the conquest of an entire nation." "That is not strange, since all persons do not see with suppose the refusal is to be constructed into an act of defiance. Is it so?"

"Plainly, then, since you will have it, YES!" "Vory well, very well, "said the officer; "it is true

that by such conduct you place it in my power to deal the trplunge myself into a gulf of liquid fire than yield to replied, with a faint attempt at a smile. "Something more vigorously with you; but, doubtless, you said this there is that troubles me, I own, but my troubles, what- in the first heat of your passion. I know men are not ever they may be, are not of a physical nature; so calm apt to speak advisedly whon they have their blood at fever heat. Suppose, now, we shall come to a little arrangement, eh?"-and the officer, as if by accident, ratiled a purse of gold upon the table by which he was

Edgar cast upon him a glance of withering contempt,

"Do you defy us still, then?" asked the Colonel get-

has oaten twice a day, slept in a bed traveler thus proceeded: alone or with one wife, and the poor man can do as much

and the proprietor scarcely more. Rothschild is forced to content himself with the same perty on the right bank of the Ohio, acknowledged me sky as the poor newspaper writer, and the great-banker as sole owner. I was hastening home to enjoy it, and cannot order a private sunset nor add one ray to the mag- delighted to get free from college life.

nificence of night. The same air swells all lungs. The "Are you not Lagar thanks dated the har been and the are on agent the are one possesses, mode of conveyance a stage coach like this, only more really, only his own thoughts and his own senses. Sout cumbrous. The other passengers were few. but three in "All's right, then; and harkye, neighbor, talking is and body-these are all the property which a man com- all-an old grey-headed planter of Louisiana, his daugh-

> All that is valuable in this world is to be had for nothon which to wear it-a pearly necklace, but not a pearly throat with which it shall vie. The richest banker on

goes out naked. The difference in the fineness of a bit window elicited an exclamation from my charming comsuffered his arms to be pinioned by his captors, and was of linen for a shroud is not much. Man is a handful of by them marched off in a contrary direction. A walk of clay, which tarms rapidly back again into dust, and which sed us. Presently there was a low rumbling sound, and some hours brought them to a small hamlet, situated in is compelled nightly to relapse into the nothingness of then several tremondous peaks of thunder, accompanied a retired part of the country, where the British command- sleep, to get strength to commence life again on the mor- with fla hes of lightning. The rain descended in tor-

of his army; and here Edgar was forthwith conducted be- | In this life, so partaken by annihilation, what is there fore the Colonel of the regiment of dragoous, into whose that is real! Is it our sleeping or our waking-our hands he had falles, and who stared at the upright and dreaming or our thoughts? Do we arise (to the more but the lightning revealed the daugers of the road. We nubending figure before him, as though he had expected valuable life) when we go to bed, or go to bed when we were on the verge of a frightful precipice. I could see pense, seemed determined to make the most of it, and

his mind. And even the idea often belongs to another .--

THRIFF OF THE YANKEE.

In perfectly good humor, the Tascaloosa Monitor has "A mountain of granite appears rather a tough sub els, and lo! the granite becomes gold in the vaults of the

"Wore I in doubt, your manner would soon convince Commonwealth Bank in Boston. A pond of ice presents a cheerless and chilly prospect to the ove, but the Yanand straightway the ico glitters in diamonds upon the bosom of his rosy-cheeked spouse. Wherever the Yan-

ry, let me invite you to discuss a glass of wine with me soil seever he thrusteth his spade gold sprouteth therefrom. In the dim twilight, by his chimney corner he

sitteth meditating, and thoughts chase one another thro' the 'why and wherefore of my being here," replied the his brain, which thoughts arc gold. Various they are, it may be, in form and sceming. One is but a gridiron, another a baby-jumper, and a third a steam-engine, but he writieth them all down in the patent office at Washgles from the mint at Philudelphia. But your genuind Yankee coincth not merely his own sugacious conceils; the follies, the fears and errors of others, are moreover all gold to him. He fabricateth 'mermaids' and 'seaserpents,' and locketh up in his iron chest heaps of goldon credulity. He maketh a pill of chalk and wheaten bread, which he warranteth to cure asthma, hydroce-

phalus, cpilepsy and yellow fever, and presently buildeth him a great house on the banks of the Hudson. When a sudden delirium seizeth all the world, prompting them to emigrate in floods to nowhere, he quietly mustereth his fleets of transports for that destination, or buildeth a railroad in that direction, regardless of what is at the other end and putteth the passage money in his pocket. He orocteth to himself no castless in the air but he diligent-

proceeds grow up to him presently castless upon the earth. Such is the modern Midas-the Mida without the long cars-the cool, acute, sagacious, falculating Yankee." 1

IF We see that one Mr. Henry Broken has just mar-"I both defy and despise you; and let me tell you, Co- ried, in Baltimore, a Miss Bank. So there is one more

"At the age of 18 I was light of heart, light of foot

and I fear, (here he smiled,) light of head. A fine pro-

The month was October, the air bracing, and the ter, a joyous bewitching creature, about seventeen years of age. They were fust returning from France, of which ing. Genine, beauty and love, are not hought and sold country the lady discoursed in terms so eloquent as to absorb my attention." The father was taciturn, but the

daughter was vivacious by nature; and we soon became so mutually pleased with each other-she as a talker. I earth would vainly offer his fortune to be able to write a us a listener-that it was not until a sudden flash of

> nanion, that I noticed how rapidly night had encompasrents, and and angry wind began to how! and moan by turns through the forest trees. I looked out from the window of our vehicle; the night was dark as chony. and the sight made me solicitous for the safety of my fair companion. I thought of the mere hair breadths that were between us and eternity; a single little rock in the track of our coach wheels, a tiny billst of wood, a stray root from a tempest-torn tree, a restive horse, or a carcless driver; any of these might hurl us from our sublunary existence with the speed of thought.

> "Tis a perfect tempest," observed the lady, "How I love a sudden storm! There is something so grand in the mournful voice of the winds when fairly let loose among the hills. I never encounter a night like this, but Byron's storm in the Juro immediately occurs to my mind. But are we on the mountain yet?"

"Yes we have begun the ascent." "Is it not said to be dangerous?" "By no means," I replied, in as easy a tone as I could

ssume. I only wish it were daylight, that we might enjoy the mountain sconery. But Jesu Marte! what's that? and she covered her even from the glare of a sheet of light-ning that illuminated the rugged mountain, with brilli-ant intensity. Peal antippeal of crashing thunder in-stantly succeeded: there was an immense volume of rain coming down at each addressive thunder burst, as if in dreadful agony, breaking on my cars, I found that great mistake, for, on the contrary, they seemed to look the coach had come to a doad half. Louise, my beau-upon it only in the light efan agreeable pickle to give a tiful follow traveler, became pale as delies; she fixed her searching eyes on mine with a look of anxious dread, and turning to her father, hurricdly remarked-"We are on the mountains!" "I reckon so," was the unconcorned reply.

With instant activity I put my head through the win dow and called to the driver; but the only answer was the heavy moaning of an agonized animal, borne past me by the swift wings of the tempest. I seized the handle of the door and strained at it in vain; it would not yield a iet. At that instant I felt a cold hand on mine, and heard Louise's voice faintly articulating in my ear the appalling words-"The coach is being moved backwards!" God in Heaven! Never shall I forget the fierco agony with which I tugged at the coach door and called on the driver in tones that rivalled the force of the blast, while the dreadful conviction was burning into my brain that the coach was being mored slowly backwards! What followed was of such swift occurrence that it seems to me like a frightful dream.

night she secludes herself in her room and devot s the hours of darkness to solitary prayer.

"As for me," said the traveler, while a faint flush tinged his noble brow at the avowal, "as for me-that accident has reduced me to a mero coward, at the night of a mountain precipice."

"But the driver." urged our lady passenger, who had listened to the recital of the story with much attention, "what became of the driver? or did you ever dearn the reason of his deserting his post?"

"His body was found on the road, within a few steps of the spot where the coach went over. He had been struck by the same flash of lightning that blinded the restive horse."

The traveler hero fell into a musing attitude, as if all further allusion to the subject would be unpleasant to him. We shortly after reached the railroad station, where I parted from the nervous gentleman with feelings of profound esteem.

A NIGHT NEAR THE DEAD SEA.

On this subject, Mr. Ferguson, in his "Pipe of Repose," says :- Determining to pass the night upon the shore, I pitched my tent, and lighted my pipe, and sat watching the shades of evening draw around the mountains of Moad, and čast a gloom upon the lakes that scenied more congenial than the brightness of daylight. sat up smoking tell it was almost morning. - I heard the sound of their quiet mirth, in the stillness of the night, and looked out of the door of my tent There they were, sitting around a handful of hot ashes, with a eracked coffee cup and an old battered pipe among the ten of them, and yet, poor fellows! their cup of enjoyment seemed as if it would hold no more. A half-pen ny worth of coffee, 'tis a cheap receipt for ten men's happiness!

It was now I found what a great mistake it is to supnose that the Dead Sea produces no living thing. For the mosquitos which are hatched on all still waters, make no exception of this, and they gave me no peace the whole night. "No fly," says the author of "Eothen."

in his brief but powerful description of the Dead Sea. "no fly hummed in the forbidden air." How I wished I could suv the same, as the detested hum of the mosquito sounded ceaselessly on my distracted ear. I had been flattering myself with the delusive idea, that as Achilles, having been dipped in the Styx, was thereby invulnerablef so I, from having bathed in the Dead Sea, might

have acquired, in some degree a similar property; or, in other words, that I might have received a coating of bitumen, salt, and what not, that would have resisted, or disgusted the mosquitos and the fleas. But I made a piquancy to their repast; and with one outside, and the other inside, I felt all alire on the shore of the Dead Sea.

About two hours before sunrise, a strong wind arose, and tugged at the pins of my tent, till it began to show somyptoms of being turned inside out; and being by this time rendered thoroughly uncomfortable, I got up and walked to the lake. Now the scene was truly solemn and sublime. The lake, which in daylight I have seen still and silent as the grave, was now weaving and swelling, as if that grave gave up its dead. And as, by the faint light of the stars, the sea writhed and howled within its rocky prison, and spat the bitter foam of its anguish into my face, I could well fancy, how a fervid imagination like Chateaubriand's migh have conceived that the spirits of the men of the damned cities, were struggling again with the doom that overwhelmed them.

A Goop Hir.-The Model Artist Bill vesterday was headed "Rare Attraction." Some wag of a boy changed the R, to B, making it read "Bare Attraction." More I rushed against the door with all my force; but it trath than peotry in the mutilation.