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A. P. DURLIN & CO. PROPRIETORS.

B. F. SLOAN, Editor.

OFFICE, CORNER STATE ST. AND PUBLIC SQUARE, ERIE.

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THOSE in want of the above named articles can find a good assortment at W. F. RINDERNECHT'S

Poetry and Miscellany.

WE ARE ALL FOR THE GRAVE.

BY J. CLEMENT.

"I'm bound for the grave!" said an aged man,
With a feeble step and a hollow tone;
"In the battle of life I've long kept the van,
My comrades have fallen—I'm fighting alone!"
While yet he was speaking, an unseen dart
Was flung by the merciless archer, Death:
It pierced the old man through his resolute heart,
And "I'm fighting alone!" was his latest breath.

"I'm bound for the grave," said a noble youth,
With a hectic flush on his burning cheek,
While the wintry winds which know no ruth,
A chilly bed for his form bespeak.
When the blast had fled, and the laughing Spring
Her carpet of green o'er the earth had spread,
The sweetest flowers that Love could bring
Distilled their balm o'er his low laid head.

"I'm bound for the grave!" said a feeble child,
With its infant dews scarce melted away;
"I never shall feel youth's frenzy wild,
I shall not live to be old and gray!"
And its fever raged, and aside it turned,
Its eye half-closed—then died its light:
To the socket its candle had suddenly burned,
Like a young star quenched by a tear of night.

"I'm bound for the grave!" said a lisping one,
Whose thoughts were told in her angel smiles;
"I must haste away where a brighter sun
Ne'er hides its face from the Golden Isles."
She had caught the song of their minstrels fair,
And, though unfledged were her spirit wings,
The Dove divine bore her gently there,
Where now with the radient ones she sings!

"I'm bound for the grave; where I hasten to lie!"
Is the marching song of the old and young;
"I'm bound for the grave," is Humanity's cry—
With the heartstrings of life is the anthem rung.
"Ho! come to the grave!" is Death's dread call,
Since first on man fell the blight of sin;
"Your robes of life exchange for my pall;—
To the grave! to the grave! I must hurry you in!"

Western Literary Messenger.

DESTINY:

OR, THE DREAM OF DEATH.

BY MAHMOUD EFFENDI.

> "There are more things in heaven and earth Horatio,
> That are dreamt of in thy *philosophy*."—HAMLET,
>
> "Dreams are toys; yet for this once, yea
> Superstitiously, I will be squared by this."—
> WINTER'S TALE.
>
> "How now! even so quickly may one catch the
> plague."—TWELFTH NIGHT.

About fifteen years ago the plague raged intensely in the Levant. Among other places, the city of Smyrna suffered much from this scourge, which is known to the natives of Anadoli by the name of the Youmourjek. But heavy as the visitation undoubtedly was Smyrna may still be considered as, perhaps, somewhat favored by Destiny, since, looking to certain Consular Bills of Mortality, the Angel of Death seems at the time in question to have passed in a rather more merciful mood over the meandering banks of the Meles, along the Nile in the south, or the Golden Horn in the north. Yet, as we have already declared, Smyrna suffered much, very much.

The wild and extensive flat, and low open ground—situate to the eastward of Windmill Point—and scarcely indeed above the level of the waters of the little bay *which here, in military phrase, "turns the flank" of the* north and extreme end of the sea-front of the city, became very soon after the first outburst of "La Peste" studded with the tattered and unhappy tents of the "compromised;" and, moreover, the city hospitals, especially that of St. Roque, rapidly filled to overflowing.

The Franks, ever strict believers, as a body, in the efficacy of Quarantine, shut up their trembling families in Bujah and Bournabat, and even hurriedly formed a *cordon sanitarire* round the former of these villages; while within the town of Smyrna itself, in its wide-spread network of narrow streets, almost every European merchant donned for his daily rounds an anti-contagious oilskin overcoat; and bore also in his hand a trusty and persuasive iron-shod bludgeon, to "fend off" therewith not only the dangerous approach of the reckless loose-robed Sons of the Hat, even the dearest kinsmen and friends, and acquaintance, at the very respectful distance of arm's length. "Touch me not" was the charitable order of the day; and "the plague is contagious," a phrase in all Christian mouths, except, perhaps, the medicos, who were of course most widely divided in their professional opinions on the subject. Dr. Bulard, a gallant Frenchman, carried the doctrine of non-contagion to such an extent as bravely to immure himself altogether with the patients in one of the Plague Hospitals, many of whom he had the ineffable satisfaction of rescuing from the jaws of death. In Smyrna he for some time dauntlessly stood his ground unharmed, and subsequently, on receiving *pratique,* proceeded with a like benevolent purpose to Constantinople—the city of the Sultan—where we unfortunately lost sight of him.

There is one quarter of Smyrna that is tolerably well known to travelers in the East by the name of TURK TOWN. Here the contradictory symptoms and medicinal precautions of the Franks and their *Hakims* were, at the period of our story, openly held in contempt and disregarded. Here everything seemed left unreservedly to Fate, to *Tukdir* or to *Kismet.* Here the Muslims, even in the Rag Bazar, bought and sold, and ate and drank, and prayed and slept, and then prayed, and bought, and sold again, day after day, and week after week, as if the plague were altogether a fiction, and Death had no dominion over mortal man. If any of the shops in the *tcharshees* became vacant, from their tenant being, as predestined, taken away by the terminator of delights and the separation of companions, some Alee or Omar resignedly at once took to the very carpet, or, to be more correct perhaps, stepped into the very shoes of the dead Mustaphe or Mehemet; and thus, till all trades were more than decimated, business of any kind was scarcely for a single day interrupted. Numerous fresh graves were, meanwhile, constantly being dug in the cypress-shaded cemetries, and the hired reciters of the Koran seemed, to most observers, more than usually active, as well as hoarse and husky in their vocation; yet, notwithstanding these speaking signs, and the frequent loss of many familiar faces in every public haunt and favorite resort, there was still no panic, save, as we have already said, among the Franks.

To use a common English phrase, no one, looking merely at the conduct of the Turks, would have *dreamt* that the plague was at work within the city of Smyrna. *Dreamt,* do we say?

Aye; we are dreamers all in some sense; still few have yet dreamt as Selim of Smyrna is recorded to have done at this sad period of the plague. Listen! BISMILLAH! Selim, the slipper-seller, tenanted a shop or *dukian* in the Papoudj Bazaar, and possessed a private residence in Turk Town, at the top of the steep hill in the vicinity of the Jew's cemetery.

When seated one morning in the Bazaar, with his tempting wares around him, his immediate neighbor, Murad, observed that his friend's countenance was contrary to its usual appearance for years past, excessively sad, and his heart evidently contracted. He remembered also, at the same moment, that for some days Selim had been frequently absent from his *dukian,* and had, before going away, unaccountably neglected more

RIE OBSERVER.

SATURDAY MORNING, MARCH 6, 1852.

once to throw the protective net over his unwatched goods. And *his* stock of red, white, yellow, blue, and black *papoudjes* was by no means the least valuable in the bazaar, one indeed offering great temptation to the dishonest. So, shifting his own position a little more to the front, and there comfortably recrossing his legs, Murad slowly turned his turbaned head far enough to bring his single grey eye—for Murad had lost the other by ophthalmia—to bear full upon the countenance and uncombed beard of Selim.

"*Bana-bak!* look here," cried Murad; upon which Selim raised his head, and ceased counting the beads of the *tesbih* or rosary he happened at the moment to be passing through his feverish fingers.

"Trade is bad this morning, O Selim: these unsainted Franks are becoming either poor or miserly. They buy not slippers as they were wont to do. May the soles of their feet be blistered, and——"

"*Yavaish, yavaish!*" interrupted Selim. "Be mild, O Murad! The sons of the Frank are not misers; they are at times good customers, but now their livers are all dried up with fear, as mine own is with sorrow."

"*Allah Kerim!* God is compassionate!" cried Murad. "Why should the infidels fear?"

"Fear *not* God? *Allahden Korkmazmisen?* Yes, yes, Murad, I know you fear Allah. And the Franks——"

"The Frank," said Murad, "fear *death.* They desert our bazaars. They fly to their villages. They say eather is 'susceptible.' Can the plague, then, be hid in a slipper? *Bosh!* What foolish word is now so often on their tongues—'*Oulashma, oulashma.*' 'Contagion, contagion.' *Allah Kerim!* God is compassionate. And the Franks, I repeat are becoming either cowardly or miserly."

Selim shook his head, for he had many friends among the Franks.

"The plague *is* among us," resumed Murad; "but God is *great!* You are *alive,* and I *am* alive, and, by the Beard of the Prophet, in the whole bazaar, even in two moons, not a dozen *papoudjees* have departed for the Garden Paradise."

"The next *papoudjee,* O, Murad," said Selim, impressively, "will certainly be the friend who now addresses you."

"What words are these?" cried the astonished Murad; "why should *you* die? And how can the decree of fate be known to you?"

"I feel that I shall very soon die," rejoined Selim; "and I will *presently convey* to you the *grounds* of my presentiment. But I fear not death."

"As the Franks *do,*" murmured Murad."

"*Some* of them fear it much; certainly, many of their livers are dried up with apprehension; but is there not cause? Perhaps they fear death here, since their sons and their daughters and their wives are distant even a thousand leagues from their own nation and early home."

"Never mind the Franks," ejaculated Murad, "I like them not, for they slew my two brothers at Navarin.—But tell me, O Selim, why you should be the first to ascend *to* the *doors* of Paradise? What thing is this?—What thoughts are these? Is your head a *Karbous,* a brainless watermelon? *Shadbash!* cheer up! why should you die?"

"It is my destiny," answered Selim; "and I bow to fate: I have had a *doush,* a dream.

"From the destiny there is no escape," replied Murad, and the Prophet has declared that dreams are true [illegible]

"And my dream I will now relate to you," returned Selim.

The single grey eye of Murad twinkled in its socket, but his tongue remained silent.

"You have heard," resumed Selim, "that the *Khanum,* (thus he referred to his wife,) together with an infant, died last week of the Plague—Allah's will be done. Well, my whole household, the *Khanum* and myself consisted but of *seven souls.* Some thirteen *nights ago* I dreampt that AZRAEL came to my abode, and that exactly seven dead bodies were carried out of my house, each covered with a red pall, and I suddenly awoke with terror and tribulation. There were as I have said, but just seven souls under my roof."

"Of whom you have lost two," *interrupted Murad* —"God is compassionate, and the rest may be spared to you."

"No," continued Selim, mournfully, "the dream is already almost literally fulfilled. Six have already been taken by the Plague, *I am the seventh!*"

Murad's face lightened with astonishment, and great was his anxiety for his friend.

"I related my dream this morning to Azir, our opposite neighbor, who is now angrily addressing that ill-looking Arab, seemingly half asleep on the *mastabah* before the shop, and obstructing the approach of customers. I have now told you, O Murad, and——"

Murad was about to make some observation, but Selim interrupted him.

"With your permission," continued he, let me first finish my narration. I thought at one time, yesterday, of purchasing a black slave or two at the market just behind this *tcharsee;* so that by thus adding to the number of my household, the seventh death might perchance fall upon a slave, and not upon myself."

"Destiny is not to be defeated by a dodge," exclaimed Murad; "but still, the dream may not literally be fulfilled. You may not escape. You may have, indeed, mistaken the number, seven for six. Remember, O Selim! it once pleased Allah to try Eyoub. The blow that has fallen upon you is heavy. But you are yet alive. God *is* all *powerful;* like Eyoub, you may flourish again, *Shadbash,* cheer up!"

"I expect nothing but speedy death," replied Selim; "I have locked up my house, and strolling down to the bazaar, through the force of habit, I find myself here, I know not how or why, for my heart is indeed contracted and I have no desire to buy or sell"

Murad rejoined not, but allowed his friend to proceed undisturbed.

"I feel, that to buy a slave," resumed Selim, after a pause "is wrong and cruel, and I yield not to the temptation."

"Are you *quite* alone in your house?" inquired Murad.

"I am," answered Selim; "and shall remain so, trusting in Allah, whether I am to live or expire. But if, O Murad, I am to die, I feel I *may* do so even this very night. And I know that beyond a day or two there is no escape for me;"

"*Bakkaloum!*" ejaculated Murad. "We shall see.—What is written, is written."

"Therefore, I conjure you, by Allah," continued Selim, "that you, Aziz, and Atib, the little tailor, visit my house about the time of the first prayers to-morrow morning."

"To-morrow morning?" interrupted Murad, inquiringly.

"Yes to-morrow morning," repeated Selim, "and the next morning, and the following morning also, if necessary. Rattle the door-ring once or twice, and, if I answer not, break your way in, that it may be discovered whether I be then alive or dead. If the latter; then, O Murad, you must see that I am properly washed and buried; *my friend, I am now alone—alone—alone. I have* no household to perform the last offices."

Here, notwithstanding the resignation to the decree of Providence, for which the Osmanlees are, with justice, so celebrated, a few burning tears coursed down the cheeks of Selim. At this moment, Aziz, winding up a few hearty curses with the insulting word "Pezavenk," drove away the Arab from his *mastabah,* as one of his well known customers, a portly *Bin-bashee,* or infantry colonel, was pompously approaching, apparently to make a purchase; and then Murad, after throwing a casual glance at the retreating, yawning son of Ishmael, spake the following words of comfort to Selim:

"I will not fail, O my friend, to render you the service you require, and I will take care that Atib and Aziz accompany me."

"Such service will ensure recompense in heaven!" said Selim.

"My duty to a fellow Muslim, and especially to one of my own *esnaf,* must not be neglected." replied Murad. "The reward is with Allah."

"I have brought my grave-clothes," continued Selim; "you will find them in a box in the wardrobe of the room in which I sleep."

Some further conversation occured between the two friends, and then Selim rose and said, I must now speak to Aziz, as the *Bin-bashee* has left him; and call also on Atib, the tailor. By the holy mantle of Mouhammad, Atib is the only man in the city to whom—even for a *para*—I am a *bordjlu,* a debtor."

"Then fortunate is your star," exclaimed Murad.

"I must pay Atib, to-day," resumed Selim, "that no reflection may be cast on my memory. Atib is an honest man, and with him I shall also deposit my *vasiiet,* my will, which, but for the blood-relationship between us, I should have confided to thee, O Murad"

And here, Selim, taking leave, fastened up his shop and departed. Murad remained in the bazaar, but, for this day, the Franks certainly deserved the bad character given to them by the one-eyed papoudjee. They bought no slippers.

A few hours passed away, and about sunset Selim attended prayers at an adjacent mosque, and then entered his own solitary abode in Turk Town. No cheering sound greeted his approach, the *Khanum* and her prating *children were now alike in the cold grave, and the* Osmaulee's heart though nearly bursting still prompted him to bow, without repining, to the will of Allah.

Slowly he passed on to his chamber, where, taking a mattrass from the cupboard or *youk* in which it was kept, he spread it on the floor, carefully placed thereon the necessary bed-clothes, and then sank down, not to sleep, but to meet his apparently inevitable fate.

The night wore on—the agitated mind of Selim instinctively surveyed his past life—the follies in the warm blood of experienced youth committed—the opportunities *for charity even recently neglected—the hasty words* of anger from time to time addressed to his slaves—the lukewarm zeal with which he had occasionally befriended the stranger—the now clearly-apparent selfishness that often unwittingly had actuated his motives—all, all passed before "the mind's eye" of Selim rapidly, distinctly, and forcibly; heart and head and memory seemed to acquire supernatural powers of recollection—and many, therefore, were the prayers for pardon that now passed the lips of the self-accusing Musselman.

And yet, Selim—compared with his fellows—was *not* a bad man. Let us proceed.

At midnight the young moon threw but a faint light upon the city, and indefinable shadows played along the walls of Selim's *oda.* The poor fellow had for hours momentarily expected his dissolution, that "sudden wrench from all we know." At last he happened to turn his eyes towards the door-curtain, and near to this he fancied he perceived a tall figure, sternly regarding him! IT WAS HE. THE horrid reality froze his very life-blood.

In a few moments the figure glided nearer to the bed Selim started up in an agony of terror. "WHO ART THOU?" were the only words he could utter, and a cold sweat burst forth on his brow.

"Be silent!" slowly exclaimed a hollow voice. "I AM AZRAEL, THE ANGEL OF DEATH!"

"My destiny is then fulfilled!" murmured Selim, his knees knocking together, and his teeth chattering. Yet, *in this dreadful moment* the *lessons of* the Moullah *did* not depart from him. He religiously pronounced the Muslim profession of faith: "I testify there is no Deity but Allah; and that Mouhammed is God's Apostle. To God we belong, and to God we must return." Having made this profession, Selim sunk into a swoon.

On partially recovering his senses, and now feeling certain he was about to die, he hastily pulled the wadded quilt over his head, expecting every moment to be his last, and every echo of the wind to be the footstep of Azrael.

Some time elapsed, yet Selim still lived, though all his strength had long passed away. Why did Azrael hesitate to give the fatal blow? A thought struck Selim,—Had the Angel of Death mercifully departed? But he removed not the quilt from his face, fearful to meet the gaze of the fell destroyer. Had Azrael passed on the Hebrew *mahalle,* to slay a predestined number of heartless usurers? Had he altogether, or only for a while left Selim? And when would he return? Oh, the agony of suspense! the indiscribable horror of that dread pause in the tide of life, when at its very height of glorious flood, the sparkling stream delays for a short space that fatal turn which marks the commencing ebb, the downward, slow but certain, ever-increasing current rushing to the Sea of Death! Selim swooned again. Is he dead?

The night passed away; the day dawned; the call to first prayers resounded from the minarets; and—but who are these?

Several persons entered the apartment. They saw spread on the floor a bed, whereon appeared the form of a human body, motionless as a corpse, and covered with a quilt. The first was Murad, now come to redeem his promise made in the bazaar.

"The dream is indeed fulfilled," thought Murad to himself, "yet *bakkaloum,* yet let us see; we are early, 'tis scarcely day, it is possible life may not be extinct, and if I come but in time to close my poor friend's eyes the Frankish fear of contagion shall find no imitator in Murad, the Papoujee. Inshallah! Selim shall not be quite deserted in the hour of death!"

Atib, the little tailor, and Aziz now came forward, while Murad stooped down, and in a voice trembling with emotion, slowly uttered the simple word "Selim!"

"O Azrael! O thou Angel of Death!" cried a faint voice immediately from the bed, "at length thou art returned! I, Selim a true and faithful Muslim, am thoroughly resigned to my fate. Keep me no longer in suspense, but do thine office quickly. O Azrael, Azrael, as my last words, I testify there is no Deity but Allah,—And I testify that Mouhammed is God's Apostle."

"Azrael!" shouted Murad, in astonishment, and jerking the quilt away from Selim's countenance, "Azrael!" Why should you address me as Azrael? What am I but Murad, your friend Murad, the one-eyed Papoudjee, thanks *to that cursed remedy:* Mashallah! 'tis now daybreak, open your eyes, and look up, none are around you but friends."

"I thank you, O Murad," replied Selim, gradually recognizing his friend's voice, "but by the Beard of the Prophet, AZRAEL HAS BEEN HERE THIS NIGHT."

"You have had but another dream," suggested Murad.

"No," replied Selim, now opening his eyes: "again let me acquaint you. Azrael has been here, Azrael has pronounced the dread summons, and I expect his immediate return."

Atib, the little tailor, or terzy, here evinced considerable uneasiness, became fidgety, and threw a furtive glance at the door curtain, as if expecting Azrael to make his appearance forthwith from behind it.

"Selim's brain is wandering," whispered Murad to Aziz, "if Azrael has been here, how could Selim be yet alive?"

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The little tailor here returned to bed, and moving his tongue with some difficulty, owing to the fearful dryness of his mouth, ventured to ask Selim (who had again opened his eyes, but still prostrate,) "who else had paid him a visit during the night, or who had attended upon him!"

"*Kimse guelmidi!*" exclaimed Selim: "no one at all And how could they, for the door of my house was fastened? I gave you permission to break in, as you doubtless have done, for if you rattled the door-ring, I heard you not."

"The door fastened!" exclaimed the little tailor; "Break in! why, we found the door open! We rattled no door-ring."

"To Azrael," replied Selim, "doors, perhaps, are no obstruction. Bolts and bars are but flimsy cobwebs to the Angel of Death. The door may have opened at his approach."

"The Moullahs know more about that than I do," continued the persevering tailor; "but pray, then, as you say no one has been up here, who is the man we saw *down in the court-yard just now? Is he a new Kapoudjee*, a new door-keeper?"

"I am alone in my house, I have no *Kapoudjee*," cried Selim; "but Azrael, at this early dawn, may have made himself visible to *you* as well as to me. O you good Muslims, I know of no man in the court: and if my door was unlatched when you entered, Azrael must himself have opened it when he this night visited me."

On hearing these words the little tailor rushed from the room.

But Selim, confident that the inevitable Azrael was about to return, resumed his prayers aloud, in which his two friends joined

Suddenly they were startled by the return of the tailor. "By the Beard of the Prophet," exclaimed he, on rushing into the room; "the man I saw in the court, and thought to be your *Kapoudjee*, and asleep on the ground when we passed in, is a corpse!"

"A corpse!" echoed Murad and Aziz in a breath.

"Yes, a corpse," repeated the tailor; "and on turning him over, I found beneath his cloak several things, besides this money, this bag of *beshliks*, and this dead fellow—."

"Dead! a corpse!" exclaimed the hitherto sinking and bewildered Selim. "A man dead in the court-yard!" cried he, springing upright in the bed.

"As dead as Solyman the Magnificent!" cried the sleazy little tailor, "as defunct as Hajji Bektash."

"Then God be praised! shouted Selim, leaping into the middle of the floor. "God be praised! as the fellow *is* dead whoever he is, HE makes the seventh of my dream, and not *I*. Azrael has taken him, and not me."

But here an almost electric change came over Selim's countenance, and he, in a tremor, exclaimed: "Yet, Azrael did address me! *How is this?* Seven dead, and I alive. And the dream——"

In another instant Selim rushed as rapidly down to the court-yard as the little tailor had done. His three friends followed him, astounded at the strength and activity of a man but a few moments before verging on dissolution.—They found him gazing sternly at the corpse.

"The *Pezavenk!*" exclaimed Selim. "I can unriddle it all. This fellow is a thief, the bag of beshliks, these other monies are mine. He has this night been plundering my house."

"I knew the Pezavenk's ugly countenance," exclaimed Aziz. "This is the very Arab who was dozing on my *mastabah* in the bazaar yesterday, when the *Bin-bashee* arrived."

"Ah!" added Murad; "and he must then have been feigning sleep, and thus overheard Selim relate his dream to me."

"And, worse than all," rejoined Selim; "This son of a dog, (may his father be burnt!) must have entered my chamber for plunder, and, seeing my state, has passed himself off as AZRAEL, THE ANGEL OF DEATH! What a brain I must have, not to have discovered the trick."

"Well, at all events," cried the little tailor; "the dream is now out—seven were to die, and seven are dead. Selim is now the eighth in the house, and *Inshallah*, he will be saved."

And Selim *was* saved, and for aught we know to the contrary, yet occupies a shop in the slipper-bazaar at Smyrna.

Presentiments

In the just published memoirs of Margaret Fuller Ossoli, we find some curious particulars relative to her preparations for the voyage, on which she was to perish.—It is related that the state-rooms were taken, the trunks packed, the preparations finished, and they were just leaving Florence, when the letters came, which, had they reached a week earlier, would probably have induced them to remain in Italy. But she had already by letter appointed a rendezvous for the scattered members of her family in July; and she would not break her engagement with the commander of the barque. It was destined that they were to sail—to sail in the Elizabeth—to sail then. And even in the hour of parting, clouds, whose tops were golden in the sunshine, whose base was gloomy on the waters, beckoned them onward. "Beware of the sea," had been a singular prophecy, given to Ossoli when a boy, by a fortune-teller, and this was the first ship he had ever set his foot on. More than extraordinary apprehensions of risk, too, hovered before Margaret. "I am absurdly fearful," she writes, "and various omens have combined to give me a dark *feeling*. I am become indeed a miserable coward, for the sake of Angelino, (her child.) I fear heat and cold, fear biting poverty. I hope I shall not be forced to be as brave for him, as I have been for myself; and if I succeed to rear him, he will be neither a weak nor a bad man. But I love him too much. In case of mishap, however, I shall perish with my husband and my child, and we may be transferred to some happier state." And again: "I feel perfectly willing to stay my three score years and ten, if it be thought I need so much tuition from this planet; but it seems to me that my future upon earth will soon close. It may be terribly trying, but it will not be so very long, now. God will transplant the root, if he wishes to rear it into fruit-bearing." And finally: "I have a vague expectation of some crisis—I know not what. But it has long seemed, that in the year 1850, I should stand on a plateau in the ascent of life, where I should be allowed to pause for a while, and take more clear and commanding views than ever before. Yet my life proceeds as regularly as the fate of a Greek tragedy, and I can but accept the pages as they turn."

☞ TEMPERANCE QUERIES.—The Boston *Carpet Bag* would like to be informed by Colonel Ephraim Larkin Snow, the apostle of temperance, and "the man who struck Billy Paterson," whether, under the Maine law, a man is allowed to wear his arm in a *sling* to make merry under the London *Punch*, *to sell soap in bars, to communicate with the rapping spirits*, to administer "a drop of comfort" to a suffering friend, to *punch* his neighbor's head, to purchase *corned* beef, to *tap* his enemy's *claret* to eat *rum* cherries, or to beat the *spirit*-stirring drum?

ARREST OF A WIFE AND SON FOR POISONING A HUSBAND AND FATHER.—A teamster name Roland Brown, residing on Kemble street, near Millcreek, died very suddenly on Thursday last. Circumstances have transpired which lead to the suspicion that he was poisoned by those nearest to him by the *ties of blood and marriage*. On Saturday, officers Allen and Harden took into custody Nancy Brown, wife, and Mr. Brown, son of the deceased, on a warrant charging them with having committed this terrible crime, and committed them to jail to await their examination before the Mayor. A post-mortem examination will be held on the body of the deceased, which is now deposited in the vault.—*Cin. Nonpareil.*

She Would, and She Would Not.

We find the following account of a singular affair matrimonial in a late English paper, the *Oxford Journal:*

A lady and gentleman alighted at the Three Cups Hotel, and engaged apartments, the gentleman having intimated to the landlord that he was about to be married to the lady, and wished the ceremony to take place on the following morning. With this view, the bridegroom obtained a marriage license, and it was arranged that the *ceremony* should take place in St. Martin's Church in the morning, and at the appointed time the rector, clerk, sexton and bell-ringers were in attendance. A gentleman came from London to officiate as father on the occasion, and to give the fair bride to her fortunate suitor, but the lady who was to attend as bridesmaid was prevented by illness from fulfilling her part of the ceremony.

This difficulty, which at first appeared insurmountable, was soon removed, for a kindhearted creature was found, ready and willing to lend her aid in consummating the happiness which appeared to be within reach; and, with light hearts and happy faces, the bridal party tripped from the hotel to the church, which, be it remembered, was the very next door, and which circumstance, it is thought, has rendered that well-known hotel so noted for wedding parties, and so popular to couples who come to Oxford to be united in the silken bonds of matrimony.

On this occasion, however, although the distance was short, a "great change came o'er the spirit of the dream" of the young lady who was to sustain the principal character, for, on reaching the church door, she slipped off, and to the astonishment of the party, and of her suitor in particular, fled down High street. Away went the bridegroom and father, and away went the clerk, sexton and ringers, in pursuit of the fair one, but she dodged and doubled about in such an extraordinary manner that the clock struck twelve before she was captured, and then the time elapsed for the performance of the ceremony.

Matters, however, were ultimately arranged, and it was agreed that the wedding should take place the next morning (Saturday.) Accordingly the rector, clerk, sexton and ringers were again at their posts at the appointed time, and once more the bridal party started on their short way to church; but on reaching the entrance, the lady once more faltered, once more started, and once more escaped; notwithstanding the bridegroom, father, clerk, sexton and ringers were again at her heels, and continued so until the clock again struck twelve. Many would have thought that this was carrying the joke too far, and would have abandoned in despair any attempt at the conquest of a fair one so fickle, but the swain felt that "faint heart never won a fair lady," and once more pressed his suit. In this he was successful, and the following morning (Sunday) was fixed for the wedding

At the appointed hour, ten o'clock, the rector, clerk, sexton and ringers were once more in attendance, satisfied in their own minds that this, being the third and last time of asking, would be decisive. In consequence of some delay, however, they had their misgivings, and the rector repaired to the hotel and obtained an interview with the bride, from whom he found that she still objected to fulfil her part of the ceremony, on the ground that she had eloped from the residence of her mother, whose consent she had not obtained. The rector considered this to be a sufficient reason for her refusal, and declined, under any circumstances, even if both parties were willing, to perform the ceremony. It was agreed that the young lady should remain under the paternal care of the worthy hostess of the Three Cups Hotel; and in the meantime the rector promised to write to the young lady's mother for her consent, and if it were obtained, he undertook to unite the young couple. Upon second thoughts, however, after the rector had left, and was engaged in his Sunday ministration, the young lady resolved to save him this trouble, and, without waiting to take leave of him, took her departure with her lover in a gig, and has not since been heard of in this locality, or any other that we are aware of. This is also confirmed by an advertisement which appeared in the papers of the 21st inst., wherein a reward of £10 is offered for the apprehension of Thomas Cowell, butcher, of 22 Conduit street, Paddington, who, it states, eloped, on the 23d of November last, with Miss Mary Ann Lewis, a minor, aged 18, a ward in Chancery, from her mother's house at the Kellin L'anigon, South Wales, and illegally obtained a license for their marriage at Oxford, which the Rev. W. Hayward Cox refused to act upon. The young lady possesses great personal attractions, and will succeed to considerable property. No tidings have been heard of either the bride or bridegroom.

"The Old Man."

No expression that we are acquainted with grates so harshly on our ear as that of "The Old Man," when it comes from the lips of a son speaking of his father. A person who habitually uses the expression, is either intimate with low characters or he does not feel that respect and deference due from a son to a parent. In excuse it is said, *'tis but a joke and means nothing*. If so, it were better not to jest upon the subject, and use some expression that does mean something.

"Old man" is used as a term of reproach, a sort of by-word, and a bugaboo to scare bad children, and in the manner used expresses a sort of contempt, or don't care.

There are several stages to be gone through before "the old man" is brought on. Pa, papa, and Father have had their day. As the young swell lazily rolls his cigar or quid of tobacco in the corner of his mouth, and his goose down chin, and replies with a curl of the lip, *to the gentlemen by whom he is interrogated*—"that's nobody but the old man."

Young chaps that frequent oyster cellars, beer-saloons, and fashionable wine-shops, who can smoke a "regalia," or chew "ladies' twist" without making them sick, or walk a crack with three glasses of champaigne, these are the sprigs who talk of "the old man" who don't know they're out.

We have also heard these same characters speak of their mothers as the "old woman!" True, it is no heinous offence, yet it shows as plainly as any other swagger, what *company* they have kept, and the estimates they place upon their parents' love and care for so many years.

THE FIRST THREAT.—Mr. Walsh, the Paris correspondent of the N. Y. Journal of Commerce, quotes the following passage from the *Assemblee Nationale* of Paris. It contains the first growl of resentment elicited by our disposition to regulate Europe, that we have met with:

"The most serious attention is due from the great Europen powers to what has passed at Washington. The Government of the United States, impelled by the Democratic passions that rule over it, has abandoned the policy of George Washington. It no longer restricts itself to the interests of trade and navigation, but dreams of exercising an influence on European politics. Any measure taken against the envoy of Austria at the American capital, must be considered, not as the quarrel of Austria alone, but as the common quarrel and concern of the Old World, resisting the absurd pretensions of the American Republic."

A bill has been introduced into the senate of Louisiana, which proposes to place habitual drunkards in the same position, in regard to the management of their property and their family affairs, as that which the law assigns to lunatics and minors.