TERMS OF PUBLICATION.

$2 00 per annum, in advance—or $2 50, if not paid within the year.

No subscription taken for a less term than six months, and no discontinuance permitted until all arrearages are paid. A failure to notify a discontinuance at the expiration of a term, will be considered a new engagement.

Advertisements—$1 00 per square for the three first insertions, and twenty five cents for every subsequent one.

American Volunteer.

BY GEO. SANDERSON.] "OUR COUNTRY—RIGHT OR WRONG." [AT TWO DOLLARS PER ANNUM.

Whole No. 1376. *Carlisle, Pa. Thursday December 10, 1840.* New Series--Vol. 5, No. 26.

AGENTS.

JOHN MOORE, Esq. Newvill
JOSEPH M. MEANS, Esq. Hopewell township.
JOHN WUNDERLICH, Esq. Shippensburg.
WILLIAM M. MATEER, Esq. Lee's ✕ Roads.
JOHN MEHAFFY, Dickinson township.
JOHN CLENDENIN, Jr. Esq., Hogestown.
GEORGE F. CAIN, Esq. Mechanicsburg
FREDERICK WONDERLICH, do.
JAMES ELLIOTT, Esq. Springfield.
DANIEL KRYSHER, Esq. Churchtown.
JACOB LONGNECKER, Esq. Wormleysburg.
GEORGE ERNEST, Cedar Spring, Allen tp.
MARTIN G. RUPP, Esq. Shiremanstown.

From the Saturday Evening Post.

The Autumn-Death.

BY EDWARD STILES ESQ.

"I am passing away," she said, "and it should be so. The winds have passed over my life, and the bright buds of hope, with the sweet blossoms of love are scattered down, and lie withering in the dust." G. D. PRENTICE.

I.

'Tis autumn-time, Mother;
The flowers have passed away,
Fit emblems of my hopes of life,
Soon fated to decay.
I feel that I must die, Mother;
I'm sinking now to rest,
The hoar-frost, soon
Will glisten on,
The vale-clod o'er my breast.

II.

'Tis autumn-time, Mother;
The singing birds are gone;
I feel so lonely since I've missed
At morn their joyous tone.
I know that I must die, Mother;
And knowing—feel no pain;
The hopes of life
Are bright to some,
But death to me is gain.

III.

You'll see him when I'm gone, Mother;
When the shadowy vale is past;
Then say—I lov'd him o'er in death,
Forgiving to the last.
You'll give to him this hair, Mother;
And point my lowly grave,
That he may mark
In wintry dark,
The wreck of *Passion's wave.*

IV.

I know I'm dying now, Mother;
I feel my heart-strings rend;
I've quaff'd the cup of passion's gall,
My sorrows soon must end.
You'll give to him—the hair, Mother;
My dying love thou'lt tell:
Press on my brow,
Thy gentle hand,
Dear Mother! Fare thee well.

From the Saturday Evening Post.

The Teacher and Pupils.

She met them!
She was of those that nature fashions, when
She is in love with *Beauty*, and desires
That hearts shall soften as they gaze upon
Her handy-work. Her loftiness of brow—
Her eye's fixed brightness—told of brilliant depth,
And power of *glorious mind!* Yet over all
Her features, lingered signs, that spoke of love
And sympathy—of feeling's wealth and power,
That brighten life and make a *woman's heart*
Earth's greatest source of bliss!

She met them!
And they were young and gay—just treading in
That path of life that's ever hemmed with flowers,
And all unmindful of the many thorns
They had to pass. Joy sparkled in their eyes,
And mirth and hope like sunbeams gambled on
Their white and careless brows. Their tresses hung
To meet the flinging breeze they burthened with
Their silver voices;—and their fragile forms
Moved like the beings that will haunt our dreams!

She met them!
Pure words of joy were spoken—looks of love
Were truly given; and from rosy lips
The dew of kindly feeling was drank up
As sweet as that on wild Cashmerian flowers:
It was a sight that greatly touched my heart;
For I do joy to see one sign of love,
So much of hate, and wrong, and strife I see,
That lay in waste life's *strongest holds* of peace!

Peace to them all!
And may their future meetings here below
Be glad as this! and when life's dreary day
Shall set in Death, oh! may they meet above
Where partings are not known—where friend with friend
May dwell forever in the arms of bliss! S.

Marrying for Money.

BY H. F. HARRINGTON.

There is a grey haired gentleman in New York, a retired merchant, whose bland and hearty countenance may be seen every fair day in Broadway, through the window of his carriage, as he takes his airing. There is nothing ostentatious about his equipage—none of that labored display, unfortunately characteristic of too many in New York.—He does not ape the habits of a foreign aristocracy, by attiring his servants in liveries; and his carriage though evidently of costly manufacture is so barren of tinsel, and of so unpretending a construction, that the passer by, as his eye falls upon it in the midst of the ambitious "turn outs" so numerous in Broadway, would never suspect its occupant to be master of unbounded wealth—capable of buying up, body and soul, nine hundred and ninety-nine of the bedizened and be-whiskered, aspirants, who dash by him in their flashy gingerbread vehicles.

He is often accompanied by his wife and daughter; the former preserving in the wane of life, traces of loveliness; the latter in the dawning of lustrious beauty. The dress of these ladies corresponds with the elegant simplicity—that test of true elevation and real gentility, which we have remarked upon as distinguishing the husband and father. The jewels they wear are few and tasteful; and in their plain and becoming attire, they do not make their bodies locomotive milliners' signs, nor tell a tale by extravagance or *outerness* of display, that conscious of deficiency in mental attainments, they would make a parade of the gaudiness of the covering, atone for the emptiness within it.

This gentleman came to the city when a young man, a poor adventurer. He left his father's humble fireside in the country, with a blessing and a little pack of clothes, and with a five dollar note in his pocket—all he was worth in the world—he turned his steps toward New York; ignorant of mankind—of the world's guilt and crime—of the thousands seeking, like himself, a livelihood, who congregate in this moral whirlpool—but full of expectation—of hope—of determination—of energy. It was distant several day's travel, but he did not greatly diminish his scanty funds, for the farmer's door, at which he applied at night fall, was ever open to receive him; and a few hours of labor, the succeeding day, requited—for he would have scorned to accept of charity—the hospitality extended to him. He sought a mean, cheap lodging house, when at last he trod with eager foot, the streets of the city; and, although wondering curiosity was awake, he wasted no time in idleness, but sedulously employed himself in seeking occupation. Appearances are deceitful, and it is dangerous to put faith in them; but the merchant who listened to Jacob Flagg's story, and, taking the honesty depicted in his face as an endorsement of its truth, made him his porter, and never had reason to regret it.

For four years he was a faithful servant—diligent, industrious, honest and frugal.—Closing his duties soon after nightfall his evenings were his own; and by the light of his lamp, he devoted them to the improvement of his mind. At the end of four years, with what he had saved from his earnings, and some little assistance from his employer, he opened a small shop in an obscure street; wherein he vended a small stock of dry goods. From the beginning he succeeded; slowly indeed, yet he succeeded. And the majority may succeed in precisely the same way. Whatever one's income may be, however trifling, *let him live within it*, and he is even then prospering; and, to prosper in a great city, frugality never finds itself a fault. Subsistance and a home may be procured, meeting to any quality or to any means; and he who casts false pride out of doors, and indulges rather in that ennobling satisfaction, the consciousness that he is wronging no fellow being by unjust self-indulgence, is laying a foundation for prosperity that nothing can shake; though the goods of earth may gather slowly, the soul will be heaping up treasures. Extravagance is a comparative term; and he who, with an income of a few hundreds, exceeds its bounds in his expenditures, is more extravagant than the possessor of millions, whose lavish hand scatters thousands upon thousands from his revenue. Jacob Flagg had a little something left of his first year's gains, and a yet larger sum at the close of the second—tenfold after the third.

As his condition improved, he cautiously and advisedly improved his mode of living. He removed to a more genteel boarding house—and then a better still—ever careful however not to deceive himself and run ahead of duty. The second change was rife with momentous influences upon his destiny; for there boarded in the same house a widow and her pretty daughter, the last an heiress, worth a *thousand dollars!* This widow, named Watkins—not real name, by the by, for on our veracity we are telling a true story, and it might give offence to be too particular—was not overstocked with it, and piqued herself as much on her slender jointure, and the thousand dollars Helen was to possess on her wedding day, as though her hundreds had been thousands, and her daughter's thousand a million. Helen was sensible, very sensible, and resisted in a good degree, the unhappy influences of her mother's weakness; but most women, not being conversant with business, do not appreciate the true value of money; and it is not amazing that Helen, when it was constantly a theme of exultation and pride with her mother, should imagine at least her thousand dollars—a fortune.

Flagg after a time loved her—loved her with his whole heart, and was as tenderly loved in return. He had always determined, with an honest pride, never to fall in love with a woman who had money; "it never should be cast in his teeth by his wife's grumbling relations, that he was supported by her," and there are few who will accuse him of swerving from his principles, although he did love Helen Watkins, and she had a thousand dollars.

He married her; and on the wedding day, pursuant to her father's will, the thousand dollars were placed in Flagg's hands. Doing as he thought best for their mutual advantage, he invested it in his business, and instead of dashing out with an establishment, remained at the boarding house. For a time all went on well. A loving bride thinks little, for months, of anything but love and happiness, and Helen never spoke of her thousand dollars. Flagg furnished her with money sufficient for her wants, and indeed for all her desires—the engrossment of her thoughts otherwise limiting her wishes. But when a year had gone by, she often asked for articles of dress and luxury—luxury to them—which her husband could not afford to give, and gently, but resolutely denied her. "It's very strange," thought Helen to herself, "that when he has all that thousand dollars of mine, he won't let me have what I want." Her mother fostered these complaining thoughts, and on one occasion when she had set her heart on something which he refused to purchase, ventured to vent her disappointment in reproaches; and referred to the thousand dollars, which she was sure she ought to be at liberty to spend, since it was all her own. Flagg was astonished, indignant; but restrained himself, kindly reasoned with her, and represented to her how paltry a sum in reality, a thousand dollars was, and how long ago it would have been exhausted, had it been in her possession, by the procurement of half the articles she had solicited. But her pride prevented her from listening with calmness, and she only gathered enough of his explanation to excite, in her warped judgment, the suspicion that it was only given to excuse himself for his meanness.

In a short time the thousand dollars came up again—and again—and again; the last time immediately after breakfast; Flagg could bear no more. Without a rejoinder, he suddenly left the house. His wife saw that he was more than ordinarily moved—that his face wore a startling expression, and regretful, penitent, alramed, she called earnestly and tearfully for him to return. But it was too late! It was a sullen, stormy wintry day, when Flagg left his home that morning; it was too at the very climax of one of those mercantile crisises when the rich feel poor, and the poor beggars; and Flagg breasting the storm bravely thus far, had congratulated himself that in a few days he should be safe, and his fortunes golden forever. How bitter were his sensations as he came down Broadway that morning plashing through the rain! He loved Helen dearly—he knew that she loved him. Their days were all happiness, save that destroyed by this one foible, and, let come what would, he determined to give her "a lesson that should last her the rest of her life."

He did not return to dinner. Helen, waited for him, and robbed by her anxiety and remorse of her appetite, would not go down herself, but sat all the afternoon, looking from the window, into the deserted and dreary street, weeping sometimes as if her very heart would break. When daylight had nearly gone and she began to strain her eyes to distinguish objects without, she discovered him approaching. She could not—she dared not go to meet him; but when he opened the door, she could not repress a shriek at the haggardness of his countenance. He came to her side and taking her by the hand, said in a voice broken by exhaustation and emotion, while he extended with the other, a roll of bank notes—

"Helen, there are your thousand dollars; I have had toil and anguish and pain enough to get them for you in these dreadful times; but I have resolved, and would not be disappointed. Take them, do with them as you like, and we will be wholly happy, for you can never reproach me more."

"No, no; not for the world!" sobbed Helen, sinking on her knees in shame, "oh husband, forgive me! I shall never be guilty again!" and she tried to make him accept the notes. He was resolute, however, and well knowing from his character that what he determined on as a proper course, he would not swerve from she dismissed the subject, and they were afterwards indeed happy. He never asked her to what purpose she had appropriated her thousand dollars, but it was plain enough she expended them neither for dress or ornament. If anything, she was more frugal than ever, and he was compelled to question her of her wants and wishes, when he was disposed to gratify them, as he was liberally and freely, so soon as his prosperity would authorize it.

Reader, this Flagg is the same hale old fellow whom we have spoken of as riding in his carriage in Broadway; and his wife is this same Helen. That daughter—ah, I can tell a story of her! She is to be married next week, to a young man not worth a penny—who loves her and cares not for her father's money, confiding as he does, in his own energies—which the old man took good care to make sure of before he gave his consent.—As to that thousand dollars, it has been accumulating these twenty years—has been added to constantly by the mother, and is now a good round sum—we have it from good authority—at least twenty thousand, will be a gift to the daughter on her marriage day; but we warrant you she will hear the whole story of "the thousand dollars," and be warned, not to suspect an honest, high-minded, loving man, of *marrying for money.*

AGGRESSIVE PROGRESS OF RUSSIA.—Within a period of 64 years, the total acquisition of Russia equalled her whole European empire before that time. The acquisition from Sweden equalled the now kingdom of Sweden; from Poland, a territory equal to the Austrian empire; from European Turkey, a territory equal to the German small states, Rhenish Prussia, Holland and Belgium;—from Persia, an extent of country equal to England; and from Tartary, a country equal to European Turkey, Greece, Italy and the whole of Spain. The Russian frontier has been advanced by these acquisitions about 700 miles towards Berlin, Dresden, Munich, Vienna and Paris; 500 miles to Constantinople, 630 miles to Stockholm, and about 1,000 miles to Tehran. The estimated population of Russia in 1689, at the accession of Peter I., was 15,000,000; at the accession of Catherine II. in 1762, it was 25,000,000; and at her death, in 1796, it was 36,000,000; whilst at the death of Alexander, in 1825, it was 58,000,000.

DARING ATTEMPT TO ROB THE U. S. MAIL.—The driver of a two horse coach carrying the Lancaster way mail, was stopped on Saturday morning about 5 o'clock, four miles beyond the Schuylkill Permanent bridge, by two men, who, after blowing out the lights, presented pistols at his head, and one held him while the other proceeded to take from the coach the mail bag, when he was released and the retreat of the robbers with their booty made good. The driver immediately returned to the city. Officers were despatched in pursuit of the robbers, and a search for the bag which was found about a mile this side of the spot where the robbery was committed. It was unopened, which may be accounted for by the supposition that the robbers became alarmed and threw it away, or seeing it marked "way mail" concluded that it contained nothing of value. Such a daring attempt, so near the city and at such an early hour, and upon a road too so much frequented, especially on Saturday morning, has perhaps never occurred.—*Weekly Messenger.*

The Five Franc Piece.

A FRENCH STORY.

It was past midnight, and the bride had long been in her bridal chamber, when the young bridegroom escaped from his friends and found his way to a private staircase where a confidential maid awaited his coming, on a landing place near the door that was open for him above. "Go in," said Anna, in a low whisper, "my lady is waiting for you." The husband of an hour tapped at the door, opened it, and threw himself at the feet of a beautiful woman. She was seated near the fire, in the elegant undress of a rich widow, to whom a second marriage had given rise to new hopes and fears. "I beg you will rise," said she, giving him her hand. "No, no, my dear madam," said the young man, grasping her extended hand in his, and carrying it to his lips. "No, let me remain at your feet, and do not, do not withdraw this little hand, for I fear you will vanish and leave me; I fear it is all a dream; it appears to me I am the hero of a fairy tale such as I remember in my childhood, and that at the moment of possessing all the world I wish, the deceitful fairy will fly away with my happiness to laugh with her companions at my regret and despair." "Banish your fears, my dear Frederick; yesterday I was the widow of Lord Melvil; to-day I am Madame de la Tour, your wife, dismiss from your imagination this fairy image of your childhood, for there is no fairy tale to relate, but a true story."

Frederick de la Tour had every reason to believe that a supernatural being had taken his fortunes into keeping; for, during the last month, either by accident, chance, or destiny, an inexplicable success had made him rich and happy beyond his most sanguine wishes. He was young, not more than twenty-five, alone in the world, and living with the most self-denying and rigid economy, when one day, as he was walking in the streets of St. Honore, a splendid equipage was suddenly drawn up opposite to him, an elegant woman, leaning out of the coach window and seemingly much agitated, called out to him, "Mr. — Mr. —." He stopped. The footman descended from his station, let down the steps, and with his plumed hat in his hand, respectfully invited the astonished Frederick to enter the carriage. He did so, and thus, as if by magic, found himself seated next a woman both young and beautiful, and dressed with great elegance and richness. He had hardly time to look around, before the horses were again at full speed. "My dear sir, (said the lady who was running away with him, and in the sweetest tone imaginable,) I have received your note, but notwithstanding your refusal, I hope I shall see you again at my little soiree to-morrow evening." "Me! Madam," said Frederick. "Yes, sir, you—Oh, I beg a thousand pardons, I hope you will forgive the mistake I have made," said the lady, with an appearance of surprise, "but you resemble so perfectly one of my intimate friends, that I mistook you for him. Oh, excuse me, sir; what must you think of me? But the likeness is so striking it would have deceived any one." Before this explanation was at an end, the equipage entered the court yard of a splendid mansion, and Frederick de la Tour could do no less than hand Lady Melvil from her carriage.

Now Lady Melvil, as we have said before, was handsome, and not one of those disagreeable red checked, heavy stepping, immense English women, who when they smile, open their pale lips affectedly, and show your thirty-two frightfully big teeth. No, she was a French woman, and her beautiful black hair contrasted with her brilliant complexion, and her coral lips permitted an occasional glimpse of the whitest teeth in the world. Frederick de la Tour, dazzled as he might well be by so many charms, had no difficulty in believing that Lady Melvil had mistaken him for some less happy mortal, and he thanked his stars for it, as it enabled him to know my lady, whose obliging and very flattering invitations he eagerly accepted, and, strange to tell, soon became a marked favorite, and among the most constant and welcome guests at her table. The rich widow was surrounded by suitors who were dismissed one by one, and it was somewhat brought about, that before the end of a fortnight the young clerk had an interview by her ladyship's own appointment. Marriage was proposed by *her*, and of course accepted by *him*, in a delirium of love and astonishment.

Frederick de la Tour stood before the small glass in his modestly furnished attic, and looked at himself from head to foot.—He was not certainly an ugly man, but he could not consider himself handsome; his dress was such as became a clerk with a salary of as many dollars only as there are days in the year, and he could not therefore attribute his good fortune to his tailor. He concluded he must be loved for himself alone, or else that lady Melvil was under some strange and unnatural delusion.—When the marriage day arrived, and when the future husband was in presence of the Notary, his astonishment was redoubled. He would be worth millions. He would have (said the marriage contract) a country seat in Burgundy, a domain in Normandy, a house in the street of St. Honore in Paris, and various other goods and chattels of which until that day he had never heard a sylluble. Lady Melvil had riches across the channel, also, mines in Wales, and grazing lands in Devonshire. It was to the young man a golden dream from which he dreaded to awake. The Mayor had sanctioned and the Priest had solemnly blessed the union, yet with religion and the laws to aid his reason, the feeling that it was all a splendid dream, would not leave him even at the feet of his lawful wife in the bridal chamber—he pressed her hand to his lips, he grasped convulsively the embroidered night dress, in his fear that all would vanish.

"Rise, my dear Frederick," again said his wife, "draw that easy chair close to mine, and let me talk to you." The young man did so, but without releasing the hand of his wife, and Madame de la Tour began thus: "There was once upon a time—" "Good Heavens," cried Frederick, "I'm not wrong then, it is a fairy tale." "Listen, my dear sir,—there lived once a young girl whose family had been rich, but when their daughter was but fifteen, they had no other means of support than the daily labor of her father. They lived at Lyons, and I know not what hope of bettering their condition made them remove to Paris.—Nothing is so difficult as retrieving our fallen fortunes, and again filling the place in society, and moving in the circle that we have been obliged to give up. The father of this poor girl experienced it, for after struggling four long years with poverty and neglect, he died in a hospital. Her mother's death soon followed, and the young girl remained alone in a cheerless garret, a long arrear of rent unpaid, and with the chilling presence of the two miserable untenanted beds, to increase her sense of desolation. If there was to be a fairy in my story she should, without doubt, at this moment appear, but there was not a shadow of one. The young girl was unknown in Paris, without money, with no friends or protector to sustain and cherish her, and she asked in vain from strangers that employment which makes the riches of the poor; guilty pleasure, it is true, extended its arms to allure her, but there are minds so formed as instinctively to love virtue, and to detest vice, and her's was happily of this stamp—but she must eat, and the hunger of the day was increased by a sleepless night, bringing a second day without food. You, Frederick, have just left a table groaning under the weight of luxuries, where the rich wines have mantled in the glass, and, although you were made rich but yesterday, yet you have no conception of the deep misery of which I speak, and you may well be astonished that in the midst of the magnificence which surrounds us, and seated as we are in those ample chairs, embroidered with silk and gold, that I can conjure up such a scene,—but listen still.

Hunger compelled this poor girl to beg, she shrouded her head in a veil, once her mother's, and her only inheritance, she bent her body to appear infirm and old, and went down from her garret into the street. There she extended her suppliant hand, alas! the hand was white and delicately formed, and there would be danger in showing it, but she bound the coarse veil around it as if it were too hideous to be seen. She took her station near the entrance of a court-yard, far distant from the light of any lamps, and when there passed a young and happy girl, (alas! far happier than herself) she held out her hand and asked but for a sou; one sou to buy a little bread; but at evening in Paris, young girls are thinking of other things than giving away sous. If she saw an old man approach, she ventured to implore his aid; but old age is often hard-hearted and miserly, and the old man would turn his head from her and pass on. The evening had been cold and rainy, it was growing late, and the various watchers were going their rounds, when the young girl, nearly frantic with hunger and disappointment, held out once more her hand; it was to a young man, who stopped, drew from his pocket a piece of money, which he dropped into her hand as if he feared to touch so much misery.

A policeman, who no doubt had been watching the poor girl, suddenly appeared, and seizing her rudely by the arm, 'Ah! I have caught you,' said he, 'so you are begging in the street, to the watch house my old lady.' The young man immediately interfered, taking her part with the greatest warmth; he drew to his side the arm of the beggar, whom he had just feared to touch with his gloved hand, at the same time saying to the policeman—'This woman is not a beggar; it is a mistake; I am acquainted with her.' 'But, sir,' said the enforcer of the law against street begging—'I tell you,' said the young man, sternly, 'I know her, and shall protect her.' 'My good woman,' said he, whispering in the ear of the young girl, whom he supposed to be an old woman, 'take this FIVE FRANC PIECE, and let me lead you to the next street, that you may escape from this fellow who is watching you.' The five franc piece slipped from your hand into mine, and as we passed under a lamp which until then I had taken care to avoid, I saw *your face.*"

"My face," exclaimed Frederick.

"Yes, my dear Frederick, your face: it was you who thus preserved my honor and my life; you gave five francs in charity to lady Melvil, to your future wife." "*You,*" said Frederick, "young, beautiful, and rich: you a beggar?" "Yes," said Madame de la Tour, "once I was indebted to charity, once only, and it was to you.—The morning after this day of misery, which I now regard as the most fortunate of my life, a kind-hearted old woman took pity on me, and she has had cause to bless the hour she did so, and found me a place as seamstress in the establishment of a rich nobleman. My light-heartedness and good looks returned with my ability to support myself, and I soon became the bosom friend of the respectable house-keeper. One day, Lord Melvil came into my little room, as I was at work, and seated himself by my side. He was a man of about sixty, tall, thin, and in manners cold and reserved.—'Young woman,' said he, 'I know the story of your life; will you marry me?' 'Mary you?' I exclaimed. 'Yes, me,' said he. 'I am rich, and am determined my riches shall not go to my unworthy nephews. I am a martyr to the gout, and would rather be taken care of by a wife than by mercenary servants. If I may believe what I have heard respecting you, you possess correct principles—it is in your power to become Lady Melvil, and to prove to the world that you are as worthy of good fortune as you have been praiseworthy in struggling with adversity.' I loved you, Frederick,' continued the bride, 'and although I had seen you but a moment, yet I could not banish your image; and something whispered to me from the inmost recesses of my heart, that our lives were to be passed together. When I looked at Lord Melvil, and observed his serious, melancholy face, his eyes bright and piercing, with an expression of successful cunning, I could not help thinking that the strange step he meditated was but to gratify a feeling of revenge, and I was unwilling to be his instrument; and thus, altho' the noble lord did not receive a refusal, yet he saw my hesitancy and agitation, and like most persons who meet with unexpected obstacles, he became more eager, and pressed his suit with unwonted ardor. Those with whom I lived, and every body I saw, advised me to profit by this freak of an English lord with millions; a part of whose fortune at least, in the event of my doing so, must soon be mine. As for myself, I thought of you: my gratitude lent a thousand graces to your person. I recalled continually the kind tone of your voice, although heard but for an instant.—You had never even looked in my face, and yet I was near sacrificing to this dream of the imagination my good fortune and your own, but I had taken a lesson in the miseries of a life of poverty and suffering too severe to suffer these romantic feelings to overpower my better judgment. Your image was reluctantly thrust aside by the poor sewing girl, and I became lady Melvil. It was, indeed, my dear Frederick, a fairy tale, that I, a poor, destitute, friendless orphan, should become the wife of one of the richest of England's Peers; that I, a modern Cinderella, in my splendid coach, with servants in heraldic liveries, should drive through the street in which, but a few short months before, I had stood a beggar; and that I, clothed in silks and radiant with jewels, should look from my high estate, upon the very spot where I had tremblingly extended my hand for charity. It was a turn of fortune's wheel too incredible for belief; in truth a fairy tale—but the fairies of this world of ours, my dear Frederick, are the Passions of mankind."

"Happy Lord Melvil," cried Frederick, "he could enrich you."

"He was, indeed, happy," said Madame de la Tour, "and the event proved that this marriage which the world looked upon as a folly on his part, I caused by my good conduct to be regarded as the most sensible thing he could have done—he was rich not only beyond his wants, but beyond even his wishes. He could never manage to spend his income, and had therefore no need of endeavoring to accumulate. He rightly believed that he might trust in the attachment of a wife, who owed every thing to him, and never did he for one moment repent that he had married a French woman. I reposed, on my part, perfect and entire confidence in Lord Melvil as to any provisions in the disposition of his fortune, and with sincerity and tenderness watched over his declining years. He died, leaving me the whole of his immense riches, and I then inwardly vowed to marry no other than the man who had relieved me in my greatest need—but how silent you are," said Madame de la Tour, pressing the hand of the husband she had enriched and would love her with such devotion; "and you never went into society or to the play, nor to concerts; ah! if I had but known your name." While she thus playfully reproached her astonished husband, she took from around her neck, a chain of rubies to which was suspended a diminutive silk purse; from the latter she drew a Five Franc Piece in a little frame of gold.

"It is the same one," said she, putting it into Frederick's hands. "The sight of this cherished piece of silver gave me a supper and a roof to shelter me, until the next day, when at my earnest request it was so arranged that I could keep your fortunate gift; it has never for a moment left me. Ah! how happy I was when I first saw you in the street of St. Honore; with what joy I ordered my coachman to stop; I was nearly frantic with agitation and delight, and I immediately adopted the only pretext I could so suddenly think of, to get you into the carrige. I had but one fear; you might be married; had that been the case you would never have heard this story. Lady Melvil would have been your good genius, she would have secretly enriched you beyond the dreams of avarice, but the unhappy lady would have sought out a home in another land, there to end her days solitary and alone." Frederick dropped the hand of his wife, he let fall the muslin robe, and taking the piece of money in both his hands, he carried it to his lips with an almost reverential solemnity. "You see," said Madame de la Tour, "that I am no fairy, but on the contrary from you came the fairy gift, and it has indeed proved a Talisman!"

The twenty-first verse of the seventh chapter of Ezra, in the Bible, contains all the letters of the alphabet.

"I go in for one term," as the fellow said when the judge sentenced him to the state prison for life.

A little girl observing a goose with a yoke on, exclaimed, 'Why ma, there's a geese got corsets on. It looks like sister Sally.'

'I'll black your face,' as the roller said to the types.

'Beauty is but skin deep,' as the woman said when she was skinning eels.