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Poetical.

From Godey's Lady Book.

WINTER IS COMING.

BY RICHARD COE, JR.

Winter is coming! the birds have flown
Away to a summer clime;
The autumn wind, as it wafteth by,
To the thoughtful heart bringeth a sigh,
As it lists to the mournful chime
Winter is coming!

Winter is coming! the urchins gay
Looks forward, with hope and with joy
To the snowy hills and frozen streams—
Even while he sleepeth the thought still gleams
Through the mind of the happy boy,
Winter is coming!

Winter is coming! the maiden fair,
With a heart all merry and gay,
Remember the ball—the play—the rout—
Remember the gay sleigh-party's about—
And sings through the livelong day,
Winter is coming!

Winter is coming! the houseless poor,
With feeling of awful dread,
Behold his approach with sighs and tears
His coming, to them, awaketh fears
That, perchance they may want for bread!
Winter is coming!

Winter is coming! to all—to all—
With his chilly and freezing breath;
To the urchin gay, the maiden fair—
To the household poor—oh! then prepare
For the cold, cold winter of death!
Winter is coming!

Miscellaneous.

From Holden's Dollar Magazine.

LAWYER, vs. HUNTER;
OR, THE TWICE WON.

CHAPTER I.

Oh, for a young heart like a fountain playing!
Flinging its bright, fresh feelings up to the skies,
It loves as I strives to reach—strives, loves in vain!
It is with earth.—Festus.

MAX KERMON, the old hunter, at last settled down within the reach of civilization. In youth a voyager among the Canadians, in after life a trapper without society except the occasional companionship of a few chance comrades, he was wholly wedded to a wild life, and only pined when the infirmities of age compelled *him* to *his* kind, and wear social fetters.—There was another motive, as it seemed to others, which however had little weight with himself in his wanderings were not solitary. For many years he had been accompanied by a beautiful, wild hearted girl, the sole offspring of the only marriage that the free trapper had ever contracted. People thought that as his daughter approached womanhood, Max would naturally wish to give her the advantages of education and society. But he had no such thought. These things were of little importance in his own views, or indeed in those of his daughter, as he very well knew, but Max was too sensible not to feel that his natural life must soon terminate, and that the desert was not the most fitting home for an unprotected, friendless girl. So he settled himself quietly as near the wilderness as possible, and became the oracle to all lovers of the forest craft—his nature better pleased with this amphibious life than if he had existed in a wholly uncongenial element.

Diane Kermon inherited from her mother, the daughter of a Canadian voyageur, both a name and the roaming spirit of that race. From the days of earliest recollection, she had been at her father's side on the wild praire or ranging over desert mountains, and sometimes too her courage was tried in the hours of danger. The bold hunter delighted in nothing more than predatory skirmishes with the Indians; who on their part were wont to acknowledge the debt with interest. Once, with but two comrades at his back, he was surrounded in his trapping lodge and forced to stand a week's siege. Then the fearless conduct of Diane, child as she was, won from him a hunter's praise and fatherly pride. Yet, though without fear at the sight of blood, she shuddered at its effusion. The brave girl, who so courageously garrisoned one side of their little hut, was a true woman after all. That was a singular training which she received; wandering over an uninhabited country with a rude trapper; shut out from education, and only taught to read and write by an accidental residence for a few weeks at a Jesuit mission; without means of refinement, having for the language of her mind only what could be learned from the voice of Nature in her deepest seclusions. This she could understand vaguely,

"and the heart of the maiden
Swelled and obeyed its power like the tremulous tides of the ocean."

Such was her character when old Max Kermon, exchanging his semi-barbarism for the half-civilization of a Western frontier, found as little difference between the old and new situations as might have been expected. In fine days he hunted, in unpleasant he perched on a settle with his pipe and told huge stories of old adventures. Books and bookmen were contemptible in his eyes, and of course were worthless in her sight, for she had never known them.

She mingled but little with those about her, and spent most of her leisure alone with her musings in some favorite retreat. Long exposure to the sun had veiled but not hidden her fair complexion with a rich olive, and constant exercise had given firmness and elasticity to her limbs. No wonder that she was the belle of the village, even though rarely seen and still more rarely addressed. Suitors came for her hand, and were repulsed. The bold and adventurous she instinctively disliked for the coarseness which generally characterized them; a few of very different stamp who sought her, she did not take the trouble to notice, thinking them hardly worth the name of men.

Of this latter number, the most prominent was James Charlton, a young lawyer who had just opened his office in the village. Educated at an eastern university, naturally of a retired cast of mind, he had always avoided the world and lived only with his books. In being obliged to fall back on them for support, he met the fate which usually attends men whom the world does not understand. But a part only of his character had appeared. A little intercourse with the world would soon teach him to know and be known; after that his talents were a sure guaranty of success. In his eyes, the beautiful forest girl was the one whom philosophers always admired and vainly sought to find. He determined to be more fortunate and obtain the reality of the child freshness, while they could only conceive the ideal. Luckily he saw his deficiencies, and resolved to amend them, so that she could at least think of him, and after that—his sanguine nature hoped the rest.

CHAPTER II.

"He is a fool who strives not for love and beauty."

Old Max Kermon suddenly took it into his head that eighteen was the proper age for marriage, and bluntly told his daughter so, who on her part received it with a feeling that she could hardly understand. Marriage she had always looked upon as a necessary evil which all at some time must endure, and in her few dreams of the future husband destined for herself, had pictured him as a bold, wild, frank hearted man, differing from her father only in years. All of this class whom she had hitherto known seemed to her luck something—she could hardly tell what—and the fact induced fears for her happiness. However, she hoped for good fortune, and thought but little more on the subject.

The hunter was determined that none but a man after his own heart should possess his daughter, and almost the only qualification necessary according to his views were strength and agility in manly sports. He took no pains to conceal his determination, and it was surprising how suddenly such games rose in favor with the young men of the village and vicinity. Among so many it was somewhat difficult to distinguish the foremost, and yielding to the general desire, Max Kermon appointed a particular day for the contest, with the understanding that the victor should be backed by his favor. Diane protested at first against the plan, but the old man was resolute, and she yielded. If the truth must be told, she too felt an interest in these proofs of manhood, and was quite willing to accept the victor of the day as her husband, provided he was not too far below the standard her mind had fixed.

At last the day came, and with a crowd of young men about him Max measured off the ground of contest, and made every necessary arrangement. There were fair girls, too, at the scene—blooming Western damsels, drawn together by the excitement of these rusty lists, or perhaps anxious to see what favored one would be removed from that very necessary class—beaux. There was but two exercises, one of leaping and one of mere strength. Old Max himself led off on the first, and grumbled because his stiffened limbs could not carry him beyond fourteen feet—four less, as he bitterly exclaimed, than he could leap in his youth. Then came the others, one by one, and with different success. Some fifteen feet, some sixteen, two seventeen, one luckless boy but thirteen, and another more fortunate than the rest—a perfect Ajax in limb—reached seventeen and three-quarters; this settled the question, and all turned their attention to the second trial. Just then the young lawyer came up and gazed upon the proceedings with quiet indifference.

A bar was fastened firmly between two parallel posts full four feet above the reach of man from the ground. The candidates were to leap up, catch with both hands, and then, after heavy weights had been attached to their feet in this position, slowly raise their shoulders till they touched the bar, then drop and hang by a single hand. The one who could cling longest thus was the winner of the wife. Fewer tried this game than the other, for it required great muscular strength, and, besides, the immense limbs of the former winner seemed to settle the question. With the weights attached he remained in the air just twelve minutes—a third longer than any other had done. He descended with an air of triumph that became a sneer when Charlton stepped forward and prepared for the spring. Max rubbed his eyes, and Diane herself surveyed the young lawyer thoroughly—a mark of interest she had never before shown. He seemed powerfully formed, though by no means as large in bulk as his chief rival. Yet every limb appeared to be in its proper place, and well set.

With a light spring he gained the bar, raised himself with the weights attached till his breast touched it, and then hung motionless without any apparent effort. Nine, ten minutes passed away, and he did not stir—twelve, and he seemed to quiver slightly—thirteen; and he drew his watch with a calm smile, saying,

"I suppose it is unnecessary for me to remain here any longer. Will some one unfasten the weights?"

He dropped lightly down.

"Bravely done!" said Max, "done like a man, my boy, but why didn't you try the leap?"

Charlton marked the ground with a wary eye, and then rose nimbly from the starting place.

"Right in his tracks!" cried the old hunter; "ah! if you had risen a little higher you would have struck two inches ahead. No matter, tho'; its enough to be even with him on this. You beat him on the other as neatly as I ever saw anything done."

Notwithstanding his admiration of these proofs of Charlton's manliness, the old man seemed somewhat dissatisfied with the idea of marrying his daughter to a lawyer. The young man whom Charlton had so eclipsed was evidently his first choice. Suddenly his face brightened as he turned to the rivals and said,

"Come, boys, you're even on jumping—let's have a little rifle practice to settle that part. Another trial will do you no harm. Two shots each, remember."

The Ajax briskly approved this plan with a triumphant glance at Charlton. He well knew that the young lawyer had not reckoned on this or ever trained himself very particularly with the rifle. The other looked surprised and annoyed, but made no useless opposition.

A painted half was partly driven into a tree at long shot distance, as the mark. Charlton fired first with great care but missed it by at least a foot. His rival next; and with better success, for his bullet struck within an inch from the nail. The old hunter rubbed his hands and seizing a rifle took rapid aim. The nail was driven right into the tree.—Charlton had the next shot, and noticing that Max had raised his rifle rapidly until the instant of pressing the trigger, imitated the motion precisely, trusting to his own quick eye, and somewhat to fortune too. The marker at the tree announced that the new nail had been slightly struck on the edge of the head, and bent double. The last shot was close but did not quite touch the mark.

This was more than the defeated man could endure. He shook his clenched fist at Charlton, and throwing himself into his favorite fighting position, with bent head sprang straight for the other's breast. Charlton's hands were as quick as his eye, and stepping a little aside he grasped the other's wrist while yet in the air, and with a single whirl compelled him to execute a somerset on nothing and then fall on his back wildly counting the afternoon stars.

He rose and looked sullen for a moment, then grasping Charlton by the hand, saying, as only a Western man can say, "Lawyer! that was nicely done. You are my friend—take her."

All congratulated the lucky victor. Old Max shook him warmly by the hand, and the fair prize beamed a sweet smile on her fortunate winner. The object for which he had spent long hours of painful labor was now gained, and he called himself a happy man.

For a month, he daily visited her abode, and chatted with the old hunter, or more commonly walked out with the daughter. Yet not a word did he speak of marriage, for, to confess the truth, though his love had increased Charlton was disappointed. He found even more than he had expected—a noble but unformed soul, lofty thoughts but undirected and wandering—but closer views showed him the folly of his ideal. With all a lover's ardor, he had not patience to await the full developement of her mind, and expected it to burst at once from ignorance. Yet she was an apt scholar, and after overcoming her first aversion to books and bookmen, made rapid progress. Indeed so absorbed was she in her new pursuit that he hardly knew that his affection was returned, and he could not bear to wait until she had attained his standard of perfection, much less think of marriage before that time. He was unreasonable, for he was a lover.

Charlton suddenly disappeared. He foolishly thought his love ill-directed, and strove to escape even from its memory.

CHAPTER III.

"It is the hour when love
Shoots up the eye like morning on the east,
Making amends for the long northern light
They passed ere either knew the other loved."

The poor girl waked from her dream of happiness—a dream where new thoughts and new lights were continually opening before her—to find her guide and teacher gone. So occupied had she hitherto been in the strange surprise of her mind's first awakening, that she hardly thought of him, except gratefully, as an instrument of delight. Certainly there was nothing in their first meeting to awaken love, and since that time she had been too busy to dream of it. His unaccountable departure showed her that those delights had always been associated with him, and were incomplete without his presence. Yet the pride native to her bosom was untamed, and his abrupt, insulting desertion prevented her from making any manifestation of sorrow. She returned to her books and old haunts again, somewhat sadder perhaps, but with the same enthusiasm as before.

Nearly two years past, and she still remained unmarried. Time had fully developed her mind, and could James Charlton have seen her now in her intelligent beauty, he would have sorely repented his self banishment. Old Max was furious at first, but soon settled his mind by reflecting that, after all, a lawyer was not best suited to his taste. Besides, he had lately selected a new son in-law, whom he vainly sought to commend to his daughter's favor. This was a young hunter, just returned from an expedition to the far Western trapping grounds, who had won the old man's heart by his hunting stories, and skill with the rifle. He was a fine, handsome fellow too, much darkened by exposure, but manly in his bearing and frank address. Yet, as Diane always avoided him, he had never been able to exchange a word with her.

One day she sought a favorite shade, more dear to her because on that very spot was her last meeting with Charlton. She tried to read, but in vain; one thought alone filled her mind, and she threw aside her book to think of him. Hour after hour passed without her moving, though love and pride were struggling in her heart. She heard a slight noise, and listlessly looked up; then came suddenly the report of a rifle, a yell of agony, and the quick crashing of some heavy body through the branches. A large catamount knotted up and fighting with death, fell at her feet, just as a man leaped from the bushes and despatched it by a blow with his rifle.—He was her father's favorite—the young hunter.

It was no time for mere compliments, and they exchanged none. She thanked her preserver in simple, heartfelt words, and he replied with strange embarrassment for one who was usually so ready in his language. He first stammered out something about the fortunate accident that had brought him so near her, then suddenly changing his tone, as if recollecting himself, entered into conversation with his fair companion that strangely surprised her. She had always supposed him as rude as his fellows, but he now spoke with an easy elegance that showed not merely a familiarity with the best society, but the production of master men. She was charmed, and bewildered. No such elegance had ever reached her, except when poured from the lips of the lost Charlton. On her part, she entered into the spirit which breathed from all his words, and replied in a manner which astonished her new friend as much, probably, as he had dazzled her. They talked thus long and fervently. Mind had met kindred mind, and each was loath to shorten the communication. At last he stopped and mused for a few moments, then looked at her fixedly with a strange yet frank smile, began to speak of love—of his own love to her.

She started at the word; and the image of Charleton seemed rising up to rebuke the past hours of happiness. The new acquaintance was fascinating, but her heart was already occupied. She was surprised, too, at his abrupt introduction of the subject, but could not be offended with him who had preserved her from a fearful death. Still she spoke gravely and sincerely, expressing astonishment at his singular avowal, and a request that she might be pained with it no more.

"You love another then. Remember that I preserved your life!"

His words might have been insulting but not in the tone he used, or with that same unaccountable, winning smile upon his face. Thrown off her reserve by this bold language, she replied hurriedly,

"What you have said is true. You have preserved my life, and I owe you all gratitude and friendship. But I also owe a greater dearer debt to another. He found me ignorant, and taught me how to feel and know what I felt. He translated for me the mysterious teachings of nature, which I had often faintly heard, but could never understand. He gave me a new life; you have preserved it. Ought I not then to love him, and not blush at the avowal? While he exists, I will think of no other—live for no other but him."

While she spoke these passionate and ungarded words, the hunter was regarding her with the same curious provoking smile, such as hardly seemed to befit the mouth of a rejected lover. She turned away with burning cheeks and would have left him there, but he lightly detained her and said—

"This is Charleton, the hunter?"

She looked into his face, and finding that its expression had changed to an earnest yet not intrusive anxiety, replied without hesitation,

"It was."

"Blessings on you for that word!" cried the hunter, winding his arm around her waist, "I am that foolish man who doubted your love."

He drew her to his bosom, and she there forgave his former desertion.

DETRACTION.

Hard is his fate on whom the public gaze
Is fixed, forever to detract or praise;
Repose denies her requiem to his name,
And Folly loves the martyrdom of Fame.
The envious, who but live in other's pain—
Behold the host, delighting to deprave,
Who track the steps of Glory to the grave;
Seize on each fault that daring genius owes
Half to the ardor which its birth bestows;
Distort the truth, accumulate the lie,
And pile the pyramid of Calumny!

Will there be Flowers in Heaven?

BY MISS C. W. BARBER, ALA.

Where is that radiant shore?
Shall we not seek it and weep no more?
Mrs. Hemans.

I sat alone in my school room. The little busy beings who had sat about me all day had taken their dinner baskets upon their arms, and trudged off over the hill, in the paths which led to their several homes.

My desk was strewed over with withered wild flowers. Some were the offerings of infantile hands, while others had been brought in by the botanical class for analysis. In the recitation of that class I had dwelt a longer time that night than I was wont, upon the beauty of the vegetable world, and the goodness and wisdom of its Creator. I spread before them the beautiful tinted corolla of the field lilly, and showed them its thread-like stamens crowned with golden anthers, and its curious pistils. From another wild flower, I drew the delicate and nicely notched calyx, and explained to them its various uses, and asked if man with all his boasted powers, had ever planned or executed any thing one half as lovely.

I turned over the pages of God's holy Word, and read a description of the riches of Solomon, "who yet," I continued, "in all his glory was not arrayed like *one of these*." If it is out of our power to make anything as beautiful as the little flowers we crush under our feet at every step, should we not be humble?"

A breathless interest provaded the little group, "beautiful things," I replied, "and if *flowers* can add anything to the beauty of the golden courts, we shall surely find them here."

"Oh! said she, "I hope the angels will wear *wreaths* of them; I am sure I shall love better to look upon them, and hear them sing!"

These were among her last words, as I parted from her that evening. The next day Frances was not in her accustomed seat. I inquired for her, and they told me she was not well. I never saw her again. A few days after, her coffin passed my window, covered with a black pall, and followed by a train of mourners. I watched them, until they disappeared in the circuitous road which led to the village grave yard, and then I turned away with a sigh and said,—"*Yes Frances, there are flowers in Heaven, for you are there!*"

CHOOSING A JUDGE IN KENTUCKY.—Said the oldest inhabitant and most influential citizen of the Green Brier region to the first Governor of Kentucky, "Won't you appoint Joe Streaks? the neighbors all want him to git it—they *know what he can do*—there is'nt such another *shot* in the whole country." Judge Streaks' commission was forthwith made out.

THE MEN OF FRANCE.

A Paris correspondent of the New York Commercial Advertiser gives the following animated account of some of the marked men of the French National Assembly:

There is Napoleon Bonaparte with face so like the pictures of his uncle, sitting half way up upon the right; and there, again, marching up the front, with heavy, careless step, and honest, ruddy, strongly marked face, is the lazy Mirabeau of the times—M. Berryer.

A snug, thickly set man, with round shoulders, short neck, black mustache and gray bushy hair has now taken his seat under the canopy and rung his bell. He is laughing and chatting gaily with half a dozen who are grouped around him; it is the aspiring chief of the National—the advisor of the ministry—the president of the Assembly—the voluptuous Marrast.

At the end of the seat near by, a military looking man, in blue frock coat and with heavy colossial forehead, has just taken a modest place. His manner has been so quiet, you would not have observed him except for the crowd that now groups around him. You see the heavy head of Rochejacquelin in the company, and can see by the movement of his lips that he is addressing the military man in the corner. The replies seem to be earnest, though quiet, and you catch a glimpse of an occasional gesture of the hand, which is more like a sober English, than a lively French gesture.

And who is the man in the corner? Le General Cavaignac.

A tall man, with silver gray hair, in close buttoned frock, and with a dignified carriage, now walks in and places himself quietly in a low seat to the left, immediately the whisper circulates in the gallery; *Viola* Lamartine! While they are watching, he leans over to have a word with his neighbor.—The neighbor is stout, has gray hair, and a firm, honest, countryman's look. And who is it that greets Lamartine so cordially, and wears (from the gallery) such look of an honest countrymen? It is Arago, the philosopher.

The house is now nearly full. Twice the president has rung his bell, and twice the huissiers have ordered the loitering representatives to their places. The report of yesterday's session is adopted, but in such noise of conversation and laughter that you can hear no word of the proceedings.

"Thiers!" "Thiers!" goes round the gallery.—And a little, sleek, gray-headed man, in brown breeches, whose legs seem too short for his body, waddles up the hall, nodding at this one and shaking hands with that one, and smiling all about him, till at length he is in his place, his head leaning on his hand, and the debate is about to commence.

Two or three are in waiting at the foot of the tribune, and look appealingly for their turn toward the president. At length one mounts, and, leaning over the tribune, attempts to make his voice heard above the whispers, and chattings, and movements in the hall. But if he is a dull speaker, or an unknown speaker, or an unpopular speaker, or his topic be unimportant, the attempt will be utterly vain. In vain the easy, happy-looking Marrast will put on a scowl of authority; in vain the huissiers will rap upon the railing; in vain the orator's friends will cry out order. His words come to the distant quarters of the hall only in feeble gusts of sounds, and the murmur of the talk below and the earnest, eager voices above drown it all. Sometimes a sentiment is caught up by some disputatious listner in the gallery and rebutted, and another comes to the rescue, and you are relieved by a little lively debate at your elbow. The poor orator labors on, unconscious of the little side play, and the president relieves his conscience by an occasional tug at the bell.

Presently some person makes his appearance at the foot of the tribune more welcomed than the rest. The whisper circulates in the gallery, "it is Barrot," or "it is Rollin." A little silence gains place. The attendant places a fresh glass of water; the representatives who have been chattering put on an air of attention. The president rings his bell with more confidence, and the orator will begin with quiet listeners. For a time every word will reach you. But quiet is not the habit of the French. A word, a thought, a slip of the tongue, a sneer, is seized upon to relieve the irksomeness of continuous listening, and the Assembly unburdens itself by a noisy adhesion or a noisy hilarity.

Again the tinkling of the bell—again the thundering voice of the huissiers—and a temporary silence gives new force to the speaker, and new unrest to the Assembly.

If the speaker be earnest and violent, a lapse of quiet will be followed by a storm of "sensation," which means an indescribable uproar of voices that yields only to the exhausted lungs of the members. Toward the close of the "sensation," you will hear the dinging of the president's bell, and the outcry of the attendants, and presently again the violent intonations of the speaker.

So the Assembly rocks on, hour after hour, from quiet to clamor, and from clamor back to quiet.

If a speaker, really eloquent in the Assembly, as Thiers, and Lamartine, and Barrot, and Rollin, and Berryer will sometimes do, then follows inevitably a little recess, to work off the uneasy feeling of patient quietude, and to put on again the old habit of clat and clamor.

The declaration of a vote, too, involves an immense amount of forbearance. It is a matter which unfortunately every one desires to hear, and the silence which precedes the announcement is, for a French Assembly absolutely oppressive.

As the painted urns make their appearance over the edge of the tribune the talk is general. The absent members throng in at the door. The tickets click within the urns. The huissiers glide around stealthily as cats. Members cross and re-cross, and anticipate, and grow nervous, and the galleries make bets and dispute threateningly.

At length the votes are all in. The committees are at their work. Talk grows noisier and noisier. In the midst sounds the president's bell. The order goes forth "To your places." The president rings again and grows impatient—shrugs his shoulders.—The huissiers shout "silence," as if their lungs were brazen. The cry is repeated at the foot of the tribune, and at the foot of the hall and in the galleries above. Finally the uproar subsides into noisy talk; the noisy talk dies into chat; chat expires into murmured whispers; the whispers grow less and less frequent; the president makes a final demand, taps his bell, lifts his paper, looks around, raises his eyebrows, shrugs his shoulders, taps his bell again, and declares the vote.

A moment after and the Assembly is itself again—the same noisy, bustling, stirring, restless, overheating heart of France. So it goes on, throbbing still, within its stone walls, and within its sentinelled gates, upon the banks of the Seine.

The Serfs of Russia.

It is generally known that if a Russian noble buys an estate he buys the serfs with it. Dr. Baird, in a lecture at New York, recently, says:

"If the serfs acquire wealth they still remain in bondage. One of the nobles in Moscow has a serf who is richer than his master, but cannot purchase his freedom because the noble prides himself on the richest serf in Russia waiting at his table. The present Emperor desires to liberate this class, but is opposed by some of the princes.

SNORING.—A western statesman, in one of his tours in the far west, stepped all night at a house where he was put in the same room with twenty strangers. He was very much annoyed by the snoring of two persons. The black boy of the hotel entered the room, when our narrator said to him—"Ben, I will give you five dollars if you will kill that man next me, who snores so dreadfully." "Can't kill him for five dollars, but if massa will advance on the price, I'll try what I can do." By this time the stranger had ceased his nasal fury. The other one was now to be quieted, so stepping up to him he woke him and said, "my friend, (he know who he was) you are talking in your sleep, and exposing all the secrets of the Brandon Bank; (he was a director) you had better be careful." He was careful, for he did not go to sleep that night.

AN AMUSING OCCURRENCE.

The following appears in the Germantown *Telegraph*, of Nov. 29:

A rather singular occurrence took place at the house of a friend in Montgomery county, quite recently, which we think worth relating. It is not altogether dissimilar to that we republished from a New York paper, a few weeks since, where the whole family were aroused by a distinct noise in the parlor repeated over and over again, until there was no longer any doubt that some audacious burglar had entered the premises and was helping himself in his own way. A council of war was at once convened, and a resolution to give battle was no sooner voted than the household took up the line of march,—the masculine in advance—armed with all sorts of offensive and defensive weapons—to the aforesaid parlor. The noise still continued, and even grew louder, when one of the most intrepid of the party flung open the door and prepared for the combat—when lo! instead of a thrice-armed robber of giant size, glaring eyes, and grizzly face—*little Bobby*, who had fallen asleep on the sofa, and was forgotten when the family retired—came running out, rubbing his eyes, and asking where he was!

Our present story is of rather more formidable character—and the occurrence was indeed sufficient to appal pretty stout hearts. It was this:

One cold night, in the early part of this month, the family retired early to bed, leaving supper on the table for one of the "hired men" who had gone some distance to a store, and of course a door was left unbolted for his ingress. Some time in the night, and before his return, from the store, as it afterwards turned out, the different members of the family were awakened by a strange noise emanating from one of the apartments below. They all gathered together—listened—the noise continued—now resembling a chaunt, a song, or pious invocation, by a strange voice—then it would momentarily stop and then break forth again with renewed strength and fervor—so that they were all completely at a loss to account for the very singular disturbance. They, however, at once dressed and prepared to satisfy themselves; and on proceeding unarmed, (they being Friends) to the room from which the noise issued, they discovered cosily seated in a comfortable chair by the stove, one of Ireland's jolly sons, who, having been denied admittance into all the public and private houses to which he had applied for a night's lodging, had at last found his way through the unbolted door into the hospitable dwelling of our friend, where, finding a well-spread board and a gloriously hot stove ready to receive him, he forthwith availed himself of the great and unexpected comforts vouchsafed to him, as he verily believed, by a special Providence. After satisfying an appetite that had been fasting for full twenty-four hours, and seating himself in an easy chair by the side of the glowing stove, his gratitude was so unbounded for the blessings he was then enjoying, that he was forced to give vent to his feelings in the manner we have described.

He was but little surprised, when he was interrupted in his glorification by the entrance of the family, and answered promptly and frankly all the questions they asked. He said he had been lying in a shed until nearly frozen; and in his manly efforts to secure a more acceptable abode for the night, Providence, had kindly directed his steps to that house.

He was perfectly sober—had evidently been half frozen and half starved—and as his object was simply food and shelter, our friend had him comfortably provided for the night. In the morning, after breakfast, he "went on, his way rejoicing," leaving a thousand blessings for those who had so kindly entertained him.

YOUR CHANGE, SIR.

One of the nondescript specimens of humanity, called dandies, travelling through Connecticut a few days since, in his own, or borrowed conveyance, was brought up with a "round turn" at a toll gate, which he designed to have passed without paying the usual fee. When he found himself in limbo, from which he could not escape without "forking over," he inquired of a young lady who was in attendance at the gate, how much he had to pay before he could pass the formidable barrier.

"Three cents, sir, is the charge for single wagons," replied the young lady.

"Three cents is a three pence, the half of a six-pence; one of the smallest bits of silver in use, eh! young woman—am I right?" said the dandy feeling in his pockets for his change.

"Three cents, sir, if you please," said the lady.

"In your office of highwayman, young woman, you will substract the amount of your demand from this piece, and return me the balance as conveniently quick as your ordinary locomotion will allow," said the dandy gentleman, at the same time purposely dropping a shilling piece into the mud beneath his wagon. "Ah! there it is in the mud, I declare, I wouldn't dirty my fingers for twenty of them."

The young lady took the shilling from the mud where he had dropped it—went into the house, and returned with nine cents, which she placed immediately under the wheel, where she had taken up the shilling.

"Hillo, hillo, young woman, what is it you mean," said the dandy. "Why don't you put that coin into my hand, eh?"

The girl archly replied, "sir, I found your money under the wagon; there you will find your change," and as she turned to go into the house, she gave the fellow a most significant smile, and added, "I would not dirty my fingers for twenty of them? would you, Mr. Dandy-*man!* ha, ha, ha—there's your change, sir," and she closed the door.

The *gentleman* dismounted—picked "up the coppers," and was off at full speed, impatient to get out of sight and hearing. If he should ever happen in that country again, he will take care how he makes change with Yankee girls.

Obligation to Brutes.

Brutes are sensitive beings, capable of, probably, as great degrees of physical pleasure and pain as ourselves. They are endowed with instinct, which is probably a form of intellect inferior to our own, but which generally unlike to ours, we are unable to understand. They differ from us chiefly in being destitute of any moral faculty. We do not stand to them in the relation of equality. Our right is paramount, and must extinguish theirs. We have, therefore, a right to use them, to promote our comfort, and may innocently take their life, if our necessities demand it. This right over them is given to us by the revealed will of God. But inasmuch as they, like ourselves, are the creatures of God, we have no right to use them in any other manner than that which God has permitted. They, as much as ourselves, are under His protection. We may therefore use them, 1st, for our necessities. We are designed to subsist partly upon animal food; and we may innocently slay them for this purpose. 2d. We may use them for labor, or for innocent physical recreation, as when we employ the horse for draught or for the saddle. 3d. But while we so use them, we are bound to treat them kindly, to furnish them with sufficient food and with convenient shelter. He who cannot feed a brute well, ought not to own one; and when we put them to death, it should be with the least possible pain. 4th. We are forbidden to treat them unkindly on any pretence, or for any reason. There can be no clearer indication of a degraded and ferocious temper than cruelty to animals. Hunting, in many cases, and horse-racing seem to me liable to censure in this respect. Why should a man, for the sake of showing his skill as marksman, shoot down a poor animal, which he does not need for food.—Why should not the brute, that is harming no living thing, be permitted to enjoy the happiness of its physical nature unmolested? "There they are privileged; and he who hurts or harms them here, is guilty of a wrong," 5th. Hence, all amusements which consist in inflicting pain upon animals, such as bull-baiting, cock-fighting, etc., are purely wicked. God never gave us power over animals for such purposes. I can scarcely conceive of a more revolting exhibition of human nature than that which is seen when men assemble to witness the misery which brutes inflict upon each other. Surely nothing can tend more directly to harden men in worse than brutal ferocity.—*Wayland's Moral Science.*

ADDRESS
OF MEAGHER, THE IRISH PATRIOT.

The following is the address of Thomas F. Meagher, one of the Irish patriots, recently convicted of treason in Ireland, by attempting to create a revolution, on being asked why sentence of death should not be pronounced against him. It will strike every one who reads it, as touching, eloquent and pathetic, and we are not surprised that it was heard with murmurs of applause:

"It is my intention to say a few words. I desire that the last act of a proceeding which has occupied so much of the public time should be of short duration, nor have I the indelicate wish to close the dreary ceremony of a state prosecution with the vain display of words. Did I fear, that hereafter, when I shall be no more, the country I have tried to serve would think ill of me, I might indeed avail myself of this solemn moment to vindicate my sentiments and my conduct. But I have no such fear. The country will judge of these sentiments, and that conduct, in a light, I think, far different from that in which the jury by which I have been convicted have viewed them; and perhaps the sentence, you my lords, are about to pronounce, will be remembered only as the severe and solemn attestation of my rectitude and truth. Whatever may be the language in which that sentence will be spoken, I know my fate will meet with sympathy, and that my memory will be honored. In speaking thus, accuse me not, my lords, of an indecorous presumption. To the efforts I have made for what I conceived to be a just and noble cause, I ascribe no vain importance; nor do I claim for them any high reward. But it so happens, and it will ever so happen, that they, who have tried to serve their country, no matter how weak their efforts may have been, are sure to receive the thanks and blessings of its people. With the country, then, I leave my memory, my sentiments, my acts, proudly feeling that they require no vindication from me this day. A jury of my countrymen, it is true, have found me guilty of the crime of which I was indicted. For this I entertain not the slightest feeling of resentment against them; influenced as they must have been by the charge of the Lord Chief Justice, they, perhaps, could have returned no other verdict. What of that charge? Any strong observations upon it I sincerely feel would ill befit the solemnity of this scene; but I would earnestly beseech of you, my lord—you who preside upon that bench—when the prejudices and passions of this hour have passed away, to appeal to your own conscience, and ask of it—was your charge as it ought to have been, impartial and indifferent between the subject and the crown? My lords, you may deem this language unbecoming in me, and perchance it may seal my fate; but I am here to speak the truth, whatever it may cost.

I am here to regret nothing I have ever done—to retract nothing that I have ever said. I am not here to crave, with lying lip, the life I consecrate to the liberty of my country. Far from it. Even here—hear where the thief, the libertine, the murderer, have left their foot-prints in the dust—here in this spot, where the shadow of death surrounds me, and, from which I see an early grave in an unanointed soil open to receive me—even here, encircled by these terrors, that hope which beckoned me to the perilous sea on which I have been wrecked, still consoles, animates, and enraptures me. No! I do not despair of my poor old country—her peace, her liberty, her glory. For that country I can do no more than bid her hope.—To lift this island up—to make her a benefactor to humanity instead of what she is—the meanest beggar in the world—to restore to her her native powers and her ancient constitution—this has been my ambition, and this ambition has been my crime. Judged by the laws of England I know this crime entails the penalty of death. But the history of Ireland explains my crime and justifies it. Judged by that history I am no criminal—(and turning to his fellow prisoner, M'Manus,)—you are no criminal (and to O'Donoghue) you are no criminal, and we deserve no punishment. Judged by that history, the treason of which I have been convicted, loses all its gosilt—is satisfied as a duty—will be enobled as a sacrifice. With these sentiments, my lord, I await the sentence of the court. Having done what I feel to be my duty—having spoken now, as I did on every occasion during my short life, what I felt to be the truth, I now bid farewell to the country of my birth, my passion and my death—that country whose misfortunes have invoked my sympathies—whose factions I sought to still—whose intellect I prompted to a lofty aim—whose freedom has been my fatal dream. I offer that country, as a pledge of the love I bear her, and the sincerity with which I thought and spoke, and struggled for her freedom, the life of a young heart; and with that life all the hopes, the honors, the endearments of a happy man and an honorable home. Pronounce then, my lords, the sentence which the law directs, and I trust I will be prepared to hear it, and meet its execution. I trust, too, that I shall be prepared with a pure heart to appear before a high, or tribunal—where a judge of infinite goodness, as well as of infinite justice, will preside; and where, my lords, many, many of the judgements of this world will be reversed.

The conclusion of this address was received with murmurs of applause.

EDITORIAL DIFFICULTIES.

Next to poverty, delinquent subscribers, and duns—to which most editors are subject—the greatest difficulty is to please the public. For so great is the variety of public taste and feeling, that had the conductor of a periodical paper as many heads and as many pens as his paper has readers, he could never hope to please all; for they cannot please themselves.—Does he speak out in language plain and simple?—It is mere common place; the taste of the learned is not gratified; it is fit only for the vulgar. Does he aspire to elegance? The unlearned cannot understand; and the learned regard him as a pedantic fellow, dabbling in what he has no real pretentions to. Does he show his colors and boldly contend for his ground? He is too severe. Does he hide himself beneath a mass of unequivocal matter? He is a temporising hypocrite. If he publish extracts that are better than he can write, he has no talents of his own to display; and if he fills his paper with original matter, he might have given something better from the works of others. If he attempts to philosophise, it is dull and uninteresting; and if he write on plain and familiar subjects, every body knew them before. Does he attempt to instruct? He needs to be instructed. Does he use his endeavors to amuse? It is light and trifling. People, generally, are fond of being praised; and one would suppose this might satisfy them. But let an editor try the expedient, and he will soon find out his mistake; for such is the power of envy, that no one will thank him for praising *him*, and every one will hate him for praising others. Most people are fond of hearing their neighbors slandered; but if you make an attempt to point out either the vices or follies of mankind, every one will find something applicable to himself; and here again you encounter the hatred of the whole mass. Every person can tell you how to conduct a paper to please himself; and of course, to offend every one else. These being stubborn facts, there is no alternative but for an editor to please himself, if he can, and hazard the consequences. If he do this he will be certain of satisfying one, which is more than he can say, if he tries to please all.—*Upland Union.*

A witness spoke several times during his testimony, of occurrences during his birth when a surley Judge interrupted him—

"Do you mean to say that you can relate occurrences at the time of your birth, from your own recollection?"

The laugh which began against the witness, turned upon the Judge, as the former replied,

"Why, sir, I cannot say that I remember every particular, but I can assure you that I *was there*."

SMART REPORT.—A Yankee and an Irishman happening to be riding together, passed a gallows.

"Where would you be," said Pat, "if the gallows had its due?"

"Riding alone, I guess," said Jonathan.