American Volunteer.

BY JOHN B. BRATTON. "OUR COUNTRY—MAY IT ALWAYS BE RIGHT—BUT RIGHT OR WRONG, OUR COUNTRY." AT $2.00 PER ANNUM.

VOL. 38. CARLISLE, PA., THURSDAY, NOVEMBER 27, 1851. NO. 25.

Poetical.

Translated from the French of M. De Lamartine.

AUTUMN.

Welcome, ye trees, in dying verdure clad,
Weeping your golden tears on all below;
Hail, lovely autumn day, whose aspect sad,
Delights my sight and softens all my woe.

With thoughtful step in lonely woodland path,
I love to mark the year's retreating form;
When, sombre as the mournful shades of death,
The sun's veil'd rays scarce tell the approach of morn.

Yes, in these autumn days, when nature dies,
Her glory gone, all beauteous things I see—
The farewell of a friend, the last two sighs
That waft from dying lips the last sweet smile to me.

So ready from the shore of life to spring,
Weeping for summer days of hope long past,
I still look back with envy's poignant sting,
And view departed joys which yet no joys possessed.

Earth, sun, vales, nature, beautiful and fair,
For you, on death's dark verge, a tear I'll shed,
So lovely is the light, so pure the air,
That shines and breathes around the dying head.

Yet to the dregs this cup of life I'll drain;
This mingled cup of nectar and of gall;
Still, in its depths, all hidden, may remain
One drop of life to compensate for all.

Perchance, all shrouded in futurity,
Some bliss, by hope unseen, may descry:
Perchance, some sister soul, my soul may see,
To read my spirit with a kindred eye.

The flower resigns its perfumes to the gale,
Breathing its latent sweetness ere it die;
My soul exhales in sorrow, like the wail
Of some low song of mournful melody.

Miscellaneous.

THE THREE BRIDES.

A THRILLING STORY.

"Do you see," said the sexton, "those three hillocks yonder, side by side? There sleep three brides whose history I am about to relate. Look there, sir, on yonder hill you observe a little desolate house, with a struggling fence in front, and a few stunted apple trees on the ascent behind it. It is sadly out of repair now, and the garden is now overgrown with weeds and brambles, and the whole place has a desolate appearance. If the winds were high now, you might hear crazy shutters flapping against the sides, and the wind tearing the grey shingles off the roof. Many years ago, there lived in that house an old man and his son, who cultivated the few acres of ground that belonged to it.

The father was a self-taught man, deeply versed in the mysteries of science, and as he could tell the name of every flower that blossomed in the wood or grew in the garden, and used to sit up late at night at his books, or reading the mystic story of the starry heavens, men thought he was crazed or bewitched, and avoided him as the ignorant ever shun the gifted and enlightened. A few there were, and among others, the minister, the lawyer, and the physician of the place, who showed a willingness to afford him countenance, but they soon dropped his acquaintance, for they found the old man somewhat reserved and morose, and moreover their vanity was wounded on discovering the extent of his knowledge.

To the minister he would quote the fathers and the scriptures in the original tongue, and showed himself well armed with the weapons of polemic controversy. He astonished the lawyer with his profound acquaintance with jurisprudence, and the physician was surprised at the extent of his medical knowledge. So all of them deserted him, and the minister, from whom he differed in some trifling point of doctrine, spoke very lightly of him, and by and by looked on the self-educated farmer with eyes of aversion.

He instructed his son in all his lore, the language, literature, history, philosophy and science, were unfolded one by one to the enthusiastic son of the solitary.

Years rolled away, and the old man died. He died when a sudden storm convulsed the face of nature; when the wind howled around the sheltered dwelling, and the lightning played above the roof, and though he went to heaven in faith and purity, the vulgar thought and said that the Evil One had claimed his own in the elements; I cannot paint to you the grief of the son at this bereavement. The minister came and muttered a few hollow phrases in his ear, and a few neighbors, impelled by curiosity to see the interior of his dwelling, came to the funeral. With a proud and lofty look, the son stood above the dust and the dead, in the midst of the band of hypocritical mourners, with a pang at his heart but serenity on his brow. He thanked his friends for their kindness, acknowledged their courtesy, and then strode away from the grave, to bury his grief in the privacy of his deserted dwelling.

He found at last the solitude of the mansion almost insupportable, and he paced the ebony floor from morning till night, in all his woe and desolation, vainly importuning Heaven for relief. It came to him in the guise of poetic inspiration. He wrote with wonderful ease and power. Page after page came from his prolific pen; almost without an effort; and there was a time when he dreamed (vain fool!) of immortality. Some of his productions came before the world. They were praised and circulated; and inquiries set on foot in the hope of discovering the author. He, wrapped in the veil of impenetrable obscurity, listened to the voice of applause, more delicious because it was obtained by stealth. From the obscurity of yonder lone mansion, and from this region to send lays which astonished the world, was indeed a triumph to the visionary world.

His thirst for fame had been gratified, and he now began to yearn for the companionship of some sweet being of the other sex, to share with him the laurels he had won, and to whisper consolation in his ear in moments of despondency, and to supply the void which the death of a father had occasioned. He would picture to himself the felicity of a refined intercourse with a highly intellectual and beautiful woman, as he had chosen for his motto, 'whatever has been done may be done,' he did not despair of success.

In this village lived three sisters, all beautiful and accomplished. Their names were Mary, Adelaide and Madeline. I am far enough past the age of enthusiasm, but never can forget the beauty of the young girls. Mary was the youngest, and a fairer haired, more laughing damsel never danced upon the green. Adelaide, who was a few years older, was dark haired and pensive; but of the three, Madeline, the eldest, possessed the most fire, spirit, cultivation, and intellectuality. Their father, a man of taste and education, and being somewhat above the vulgar prejudices, permitted the visits of the hero of my story. Still he did not encourage the affection he found springing up between Mary and the Poet.—When, however, he found that her affections were engaged, he did not withhold his consent from their marriage, and the recluse bore to his mansion the young bride of his affections. Oh, sir, the house assumed a new appearance, without and within.

Roses bloomed in the garden, jessamines peeped through the lattices, and the fields about it smiled with the effects of careful cultivation. Lights were seen in the little parlor in the evening; and many a time would the passenger pause by the garden gate to listen to strains of the sweetest music, breathed by coral voices from the cottage. If the mysterious student and wife had been neglected by the neighbors, what cared they? Their enduring mutual affection made their home a little paradise. But death came to Eden. Mary suddenly fell sick, and after a few hours' illness, died in the arms of her husband and her sister Madeline. This was the student's second heavy affliction.

Days, months rolled on, and the only solace of the bereaved was to sit with the sisters of the deceased and talk of the lost one. To Adelaide he offered his widowed heart. The bridal was not one of revelry and mirth. Yet they lived happily, and the rose again blossomed in the garden. But it seemed as if fatality pursued this singular man. When the rose withered and the leaf fell, in the mellow autumn of the year, Adelaide, too, sickened and died like her sister, in the arms of her husband and Madeline.

Perhaps you will think it strange, young man, that after all, the wretched survivor stood again at the altar. Madeline! I well remember her. She was a beauty in the true sense of the word—she might have sat upon a throne, and the most loyal subject, the proudest peer, would have sworn the blood in her veins descended from a hundred kings. She loved the widowed for his power and his fame, and she wedded him.

They were married in that church—it was on a summer afternoon—I recollect it well. During the ceremony, the blackest cloud I ever saw overspread the heavens, and the moment the bride pronounced her vow, a clap of thunder shook the building to its centre. All the females shrieked, but the bride herself made the response, with a steady voice, and her eye glistened with a wild fire as she gazed upon her birdegroom. When arrived at his house, she sunk upon the threshold, but this was the timidity of the maiden.

When they were alone, he clasped her hand, and it was as cold as ice!. He looked into her face—"Maiden," said he, "what means this? your cheek is as pale as your wedding gown." The bride uttered a frantic shriek. "My wedding gown!" exclaimed she, "no, no—this is my sister's shroud! The hour of confession has arrived. It is God that impels me to speak. To win you, I lost my own soul. Yes, yes—I am a murderess! Mary smiled on me in the joyous affections of her young heart; but I gave her the fatal drug. Adelaide twined her white arms around my neck, but I administered the poison! Take me to your arms; I have lost my soul for you, and mine you must be!"

"And then," continued he in a hollow voice, "at that moment came the thunder, and the guilty woman fell dead on the floor!" The countenance of the narrator expressed all he felt.

"And the bridegroom!" asked I, "the husband of the destroyer and the victims, what become of him?"

"*He stands before you!*" was the thrilling answer.

DON MANUEL GODOY.

The following curious sketch of part of a strangely varied life, is taken from the feuilleton of a Parisian journal of Oct. 14:

"The arcades and gardens of the Palais Royal have just lost one of their oldest and most constant *habitues* in the person of a little, mild-eyed old man, who used to come every day with his placid smile, to take his walk there, and sit in the open air when the weather permitted. His indifferent appearance, his simplicity of manners and his plain dress, announced a modest social rank and a humble fortune. He was a wonted sight to the loungers, to the children and their nurses. The sparrows that sport there had learned to trust in the friendly old man, and came boldly to pick the crumbs that he distributed to them from his breakfast loaf. He loved to chat with his acquaintances of the garden, whether they were castors *a la mode* or the flat-cap. He would have joined in the game of the children, stopping the errant hoop of an unskillful driver, or throwing back the ball that fell at his feet. If the sun shone brightly he would go towards noon to see the solar cannon, which always furnished a new pleasure. Such is the life of some worthy citizens who, content with their moderate income, spend their last days in quietness, at peace with the past, content with the present, not seeking to plan for the future.

"No one who has observed him, in this latter state, would have dreamed for a moment what he once had been. If one had told you that this little old man, with his plump periphery and rounding back, was one of the most attractive cavaliers of his time, you would have answered: 'That may be; such transformations are common enough, brought about by the ravages of time.' But you would have been astonished to hear in addition, that this plainly dressed man had a right to cover his thread-bare coat with ribands, and crosses, and stars, and to put the collar of the Golden Fleece on his old black cravat. This man once held the destinies of a whole people in his hands, and held sway of dominion without curb or limit; he was the favorite of a queen, the master of a king, and ruled a great kingdom as though he had been its sovereign. Twenty sheets of parchment would not contain the list of his titles and dignities. That ring upon his finger, is the sign of his marriage with an infanta of Spain, a princess of the house of Bourbon! In fine, this poor devil whom you take for some retired shop keeper, is no other than Monseigneur, Don Manuel Godoy, Duke of Alcadia, and Prince of Peace.

"Yes, it was really he—that humble promenader of the Palais Royal. And after all, why wonder at the metamorphosis in this age of startling downfalls. How many of these shades we have seen pass by! How many of these pale phantoms of departed grandeur! He, like so many others, was for those who knew his name and the romantic brilliance of his early history, only a subject for philosophic reflections. All favorites at Court begin alike, and succeed by like means and advantages. Don Manuel had a good figure and an agreeable face; he sung prettily, and touched the guitar skilfully; he made an elegant appearance in the splendid uniform of the body guard; he was full of grace and spirit, of pleasing address, bold, presuming; he gave little heed to the Spanish proverb that says: "Touch not the Queen." What more did he want to make his fortune at a gallant Court, governed by a feeble King and his passionate consort?

"He had the fortune of Potemkin, but not his genius. At twenty-eight he was Prime Minister, laden with honors; the first grandee of the realm, allied to the Royal family, nephew-in-law to the King. All that, but to fall the further, and to leave a little void among the loungers of the Palais Royal.

"At the Easter vacations next spring, when the theatrical year re-commences, the dramatic artistes who come to Paris to seek engagements at that season, and to establish their centre of operations in the garden of the Palais Royal, will all inquire what is become of the pleasant old gentleman who had made himself their friend. As soon as they had reached head-quarters, at the close of the country campaign, Godoy would come to meet them and install himself in their midst. He knew them all and loved them; he took pleasure in their conversation, questioned them about their successes and failures, and listened with interest to the chronicles of the green-rooms.—No one was better informed than he as to the condition of art in the provinces; no one had his memory so well stored with the personal movements and position of the dramatic army in the Departments.—He knew all their names, and their history from their first *debut*. He was known to them only under the name of Manuel, for he carefully preserved his incognito and the secret of his past greatness.

"More than once, managers in quest of subjects for their theatres, offered him engagements. They would say: You would suit the part of a respectable old father most admirably. Will you engage as a regular stock actor?—I have a prompter's berth to fill.—Or, there is a stage-manager's place vacant.—The Prince used to reply modestly, that he did not think he had enough talent for an artist; and, as for the other proposals, that his very moderate income enabled him to decline them.

"Small as that income was, however, he aided with his purse such unlucky actors as remained without engagement and resources. He shared with the unfortunate the little that he had, and contented himself with the remainder—he who had once been so fond of magnificence, so lavish in expense; he who had drawn at will from the treasuries of Spain and the Indies, and who in the decline of life, could reply by the scantiness of his fortune to those who taxed him with peculation and extortion, and with having carried away millions into exile."

Don Manuel Godoy, who once dwelt in palaces and sat at meat with Kings, occupied a moderate apartment in the *rue de la Michodiere*, a narrow street that runs off toward the river from the upper end of the Boulevard des Italiens. In his time he counted his enemies by hundreds and by thousands, who plotted and conspired and lay in wait for his life—and last week he died quietly in his bed, at the age of eighty-eight.

INNES OF INNES.

For a long period the family of Innes was one of the most respectable in the county of Moray, as may be gathered from the various ancient records relative to it, which are still extant in the county. The venerable building, with the surrounding lands, which still retain the name of Innes, situated about five miles from Elgin, in a north east direction, was, some centuries ago, the seat of the representative of the illustrious family in question. We propose to lay before our readers some circumstances of a romantic but perfectly authentic character, regarding the death of one of the Lairds of Innes, towards the close of the sixteenth century.

John Innes, of Innes, the representative of the family in the year 1579, having had no children, settled about this time his estate upon his son-at-law, Alexander Innes, of Cromy, his own cousin, granting him at the same time, permission to enjoy it even in his own life time. Robert Innes, of Innermarky—of whom a sculptured representation in stone has recently been discovered among the ruins of Elgin Cathedral—was one of the cadets of the same family and felt deeply chagrined at the conduct of the Laird of Innes, in thus voluntarily depriving himself of the honors and influence, to which in virtue of his birth, he was legitimately entitled. He had at the same time an anxious eye to the title and estate of Innes himself—although, of course, he was careful to conceal, as much as possible, from John and his other friends, the ambitious aspirations by which he was actuated. Either through threats or otherwise, Innermarky so effectually wrought on the fears of John—who by this time was considerably advanced in life—as to make him so far repent of his consigning over his honors and estates to his cousin Alexander, that he entered into a conspiracy with Innermarky to assassinate the former.

The only thing wanting was an opportunity of carrying their murderous purpose into execution, and such an opportunity was not wanting long. Alexander about this time (April, 1580,) had gone to Aberdeen for the purpose of seeing his only son, a youth of sixteen, at this time a student in one of the colleges of that city. During Alexander's visit to his son, the latter became seriously indisposed; and his father's stay was consequently prolonged until he should witness the issue of his son's indisposition. The two conspirators, mustering a goodly number of their attendants, proceeded to Aberdeen, where they arrived at midnight, and immediately proceeded to execute their purpose.

They found the gate of the close in which their intended victim resided at the time, lying quite open; but the doors of the house were closely shut. To have broken open the doors by any violent means, would most probably have created an alarm in the neighborhood, and thus entirely defeated the objects the conspirators had in view. It occurred to them, therefore, that the most likely method of succeeding in their murderous project would be to create a pretended dispute among their attendants, by which means the inmates of the house would probably open the doors, with the view of ascertaining its cause, and witnessing its consequences. One of them accordingly set up a loud cry of "Help a Gordon! help a Gordon!" the gathering word of those of that name, which, as Alexander Innes was warmly attached to the interests of the Gordon family, they would be the most likely means of inducing him to come out of his bed. The stratagem was completely successful. Alexander instantly jumped out of bed—laid hold of his sword—came to the outside—and inquired into the cause of the dispute. Although the night was dark Innermarky knew him perfectly by his voice, and presenting his gun, shot him through the body in a moment. A crowd of the conspirators then rushed on their victim and plunged their daggers into every part of his person. John Innes, however, as if either shocked at the brutality he witnessed or repented of his being engaged in so horrible a business, stood trembling at a little distance from the spot on which the revolting murder was committed. Innermarky, on perceiving that Laird John thus stood aloof from the atrocities he was witnessing, ran up to him with a terrific expression of countenance, and holding to his throat the dagger which was still reeking with the blood of his victim, protested that he should in a moment plunge it into his bosom, if he did not immediately follow the example he and his attendants had set him in stabbing his dagger to the hilt into the body of his victim. John, aware that death would be the certain consequence of any attempt at resistance, reluctantly followed the example of the others, and plunged a dagger into the body of his nearest relation, and the most courageous individual who bore his name. Every other person present who had not already done so was also compelled to follow the example they had seen, and so anxious was Innermarky to involve as many as possible in the affair, in order that in the eye of the law all might appear equally guilty, that he actually compelled Mr. John Innes, afterwards of Coxtoun, then a youth at school to rise from his bed and also plunge a dagger up to the hilt into the body of his dead relation.

The next object to which the conspirators turned their attention, was to seize the person of the victim's son, Robert Innes, who was then sick, with a view to his sharing the same fate as his father. On hearing, however, the cries of murder which his expiring parent uttered, while the conspirators were stabbing him, the young man, seriously indisposed as he was, scrambled out of his bed, and, by the help of a friend escaped out by a back door into a garden, whence he was taken into the house of an acquaintance, unknown to those who were meditating his life.

Innermarky then took off the signet ring from the finger of his murdered relation, and having bribed the servant of the deceased to assist in the execution of his purposes, he despatched him with it to the Innes house, instructing him to present it to the wife of his deceased master as from her husband, and at the same time to request, as if by his order, the box containing the papers relating to his title and estates, under the pretence that the Laird John, who was represented as being at the time with her husband at Aberdeen, was desirous of making some important alternations which would render them more valid in the eye of the law than they were.—And in order still more effectually to prevent her from having any suspicions on the subject, Innermarky sent the bribed servant on her husband's own horse, instructing him to add, that the reason why he had sent his ring and his own horse, was that he had not at the time an opportunity of writing her, and that the appearance of these, together with his own servant, would be sufficient to convince her that all was right.

The lady of the deceased was somewhat uneasy at receiving such a message from her husband on a subject of so great importance; but seeing the ring which he daily wore—the horse on which he daily rode—and the servant who was daily in attendance on him—she could not doubt that he had actually desired the box and papers to be sent to him, and accordingly delivered them to the servant, and allowed him to depart from the mansion.

At this time there resided at Innes House, a young man, an intimate acquaintance of Lady Innes' son, then lying indisposed at Aberdeen; and hearing of the servant's being about to return to that city, and feeling at the same time a strong anxiety to see his sick acquaintance, he asked permission of the servant to accompany him to the place in which he lay. The servant refused compliance with the young man's request, on various grounds. The latter, however, was determined to go by force, if not by permission; and with this view, when the servant was setting out on his journey, he jumped up behind him on the horse's back. The servant insisted that the youth should dismount, while the latter was equally determined he should not. A scuffle ensued between the contending parties, and soon assumed so serious an aspect, that the servant drew a dagger he carried with him, and aimed a deadly thrust at his youthful opponent; but the latter, by a masterly and courageously manœuvre, wrenched it from him, and with one deadly thrust, plunged it into his bosom. The servant fell from his horse, and expired almost immediately. The young man then returned to Innes House, with the box, papers, &c.

Lady Innes felt the utmost regret at the fatal scuffle which had taken place between the servant and the young man in question; and while in the act of giving full vent in copious tears to the melancholy emotions which the event had produced in her mind, another of her husband's servants arrived from Aberdeen, bringing the still more mournful intelligence of his murder by the hands of his own nearest relatives. When the confusion and sorrow consequent on the melancholy intelligence of her husband's death had somewhat subsided, Lady Innes secured all his papers and fled for protection to her friends, who immediately conducted her to the king, before whom she detailed all the circumstances connected with the painful affair.

The Earl of Huntley, who was related by blood to the family of Innes, on hearing of the murder of Alexander Innes, hastened to Aberdeen for the protection of his sick son, whom he carried to Edinburgh, and for greater safety placed him under the guardianship of Lord Elphinstone, then Lord High Treasurer of the Kingdom.

John Innes an Innermarky, some days after the commission of the murder, returned so far as to Lord Saltoun's house, then situated in the parish of Rothiemay; from which after procuring a new supply of horses, they proceeded to Innes House, and re invested John in the titles and estate.

For two years afterwards, both these men kept possession between them of the estate of Innes, but at the end of that time they were declared outlaws; and the son of him they had so barbariously murdered came north from Edinburg with a commission against them, and all others who had been accessory to his father's death. This young man had a few months previously been married to Lord Treasurer's daughter, and in consequence of his connection with so influential a personage, the party he came with was so numerous and well provided with the implements of war, that they soon laid waste the possessions and slew a great many of those who espoused the cause of their opponents. John, however, fled to the south, and endeavored to conceal himself there but was discovered, apprehended, and sent back to Innes House, by the friends of the Lord Treasurer. The young Laird, however, did not make his head the price of his conduct, as might, under all circumstances of the case, have been expected, but contented himself with making him adhibit his name to various written papers, which incapacitated him from any future mischief in regard to his property.

Innermarky fled to the hills, where he continued to elude all the search that was made for him; but being soon wearied of the lonesome and unhappy life he led there, he ventured into the house of Edinglassy, where, in September, 1584, he was surprised by the young laird of Innes and a party of adherents, who instantly killed him, and afterwards cut off his head and gave it to Lady Inner, the widow of him whom he had murdered in Aberdeen a few years before. Lady Innes was so overjoyed at the possession of the head of the murderer of her husband, that she made a journey to Edinburg, carrying it all the way herself for the express purpose of laying it at the feet of the king.

National Ideas of Paradise.

Almost all nations have united to make the future abode of good spirits a garden; a name among the Assyrians, synonomus with Paradise, to which the faithful will be called, *Jonnat le Nain*, the Garden of Pleasure; *Jannat Adeu*, the Garden of Perpetual Abode; and not unfrequently by the simple name of *At Jannat*, the Garden to distinguish it from all others. The Laplander believes Paradise to be situated in the centre of the snows of Sweden! The Muscogulgees imagine it among the Islands of the vast Pacific. The Mexicans conceived that those who died in wars, or were sacrificed, went to a cool and delightful place, there to enjoy all manner of pleasures; those who died in battle or in captivity, were wafted to the palace of the sun, and led a life of endless delight. After an abode of four years in this splendid habitation, they animated clouds, and birds of beautiful feather, and of sweet song; having at the same time, liberty to ascend to heaven, or descend to earth to suck sweet flowers and warble enchanting songs. The Tonquinese imagine the forests and mountains to be peopled with a peculiar kind of genii, who exercised an influence over the affairs of mankind; and in their ideas, relative to a state of future happiness, they regard a delightful climate, an atmosphere surcharged with odors, with a throne profusely covered with flowers, as the summit of celestial felicity. Among the Arabs, a fine country, with abundance of shade, form the principal object of their promised bliss. There is a tribe of America, who believe that the souls of good men are conveyed to a pleasant valley abounding in delicious fruit.—The heaven of the Celts was called *Fluthinnie*, "the island of the good and the brave;" their hell, *Ifurin*, "the island of cold climate." The Druids, as we are informed by Ammianus Mercellinus, believed that the souls of good men were wafted in progressive course from planet to planet, enjoying at every successive change a more sublime felicity than in the last.

The First Baby.

In a novel, "The Glenns," recently published, occurs the following striking picture of domestic felicity, which crusty old bachelors will read with much interest:

"If the baby was asleep, no one was allowed to speak except in a whisper, on pain of instant punishment; the piano was closed; the guitar was tabooed, boots were interdicted, and the bell was muffled. If Mr. Vincent wished to enjoy a quiet cigar, he must go out of the house, as the smoke might hurt the baby, and for fear the street door might disturb its slumbers, he must make his exit by the back way, and reach the street by the garden gate. The doctor was never out of the house; not because the baby was ill; for it was most alarmingly healthy—but because she was afraid it might be taken with some dreadful disease, and no doctor near. If coal was placed in the grate, either Mr. Vincent must put it in lump by lump with his fingers, or Thomas must come in on tip toe, leaving his boots below, lest the noise should disturb the baby. And yet he must not take a bed in another part of the house, because the baby might be attacked by the croup, or might cry to have some one walk up and down the floor with it in his arms, and then he would be within call. In short, when the baby slept, the whole house was under a spell; whose enchantment consisted in profound silence and unbroken stillness; and all who came within the magic circle were at once under its influence."

☞ Read the following:

FROM THE BOSTON POST.

I clasped her tiny hand in mine,
I embraced her slender form;
I vowed to shield her from the wind,
And from the world's cold storm.

She set her beauteous eyes on me,
Tho' tears did gently flow;
And with her little lips she said—
"*Dod blast you let me go!*"

A PRUDENT COURTIER.—Frederick the Great was very fond of disputation, and at the same time very overbearing; when arguments failed he had recourse to what should be the "last resort of kings," kicking the shins of his opponent. He one day asked one of his suite why he did not venture to express an opinion on the subject that was being discussed. "Sire, it is impossible," was the reply, "to express an opinion in the presence of a sovereign who has such strong convictions, and who wears such thick boots!"

CORNERS.—Corners have always been popular. The chimney corner, for instance, is endeared to the heart from the earliest to the latest hour of existence.—The corner cupboard! what stores of sweet things has it contained for us in our youth—with what luxuries our shelves have groaned in manhood! A snug corner in a will! who ever objected to such a thing? A corner in a woman's heart! Once get there, and you may soon command the entire domain. A corner in the Temple of Fame! arrive at that, and you become immortal.

The City Boy-Man.

Boys of the present age: we congratulate you on your extraordinary precocity! We rejoiced to see you advanced so immeasurably above your degenerate forefathers. Puling infants as *they* were engaged in the despicable and unmanly games of crickets and marbles; *you*, with far sublimer ideas, look with disdane upon them, and stalking about with hat, cane, and cigar, ape the manners, and adopt the conversation, of maturity. How commendable! Boydom has passed away in the city, and for ever. Never again shall we hear the merry laugh, or the shrill whistle, as, engaged in some exciting sport, the boy gave vent to his joy. Not in boating, not in squirrel-hunting, does boyhood now take delight; but with an affected simper, and with tightly strapped pantaloons and kids ready to crack at the least muscular exertion, you behold him gallantly escorting some little delicate Miss to her French school: or, with the most perfect nonchalance, amuse his leisure hours in enveloping his head in tobacco smoke, or imbibing draughts of villanous fire water.

It is an unanswerable fact, that youths at the age of fifteen, from the misrule—or no rule—of parents or some other cause, labor under the singular delusion, that in experience, ability, and general attainments, they far excel their fathers. As for their *grandfathers*—they were a set of ignoramuses! So strongly is this idea impressed upon their minds, that no opportunity is allowed to escape without its being manifested. They give their opinion boldly upon every occasion, and denominate the man whose judgement unfortunately happens to conflict with their own, as a fool. Their toilet is excessively elaborate, but in bad taste, and a swaggering air is invariably assumed, which is easily subdued by any allusion to it. The City Boy-Man talks much and loudly about his prowess in pugilistic encounters, and is continually threatning to "punish" severely some man double his age and size. A Sunday never passes without his being seen upon the steps of some church, cane in hand, familiarly staring at every lady that passes. His conquests with the sex are innumerable. In fact, his fascinations are irresistable.

His presence—wherever he may be—he invariably makes known by loud demonstrations. He is the best critic of the Drama probably in the country.—Schlegel and Hazlitt are nothing to him. His entire conversation consists in an interesting enumeration of the number of sherry cobblers he imbibed the preceeding night, the late hour at which he retired, the headache he is now suffering under, and his firm determination to give up all dissipation.

He is the greatest bore in the world, thrusting himself upon you at the most unreasonable time and place, and perseveringly adhering to you, in spite of the strongest hints and insinuations. A scandalous story is a perfect godsend to him, which he enthusiastically details, elaborately embellished, among his companions. He understands horses thoroughly, and knows the pedigree and time of all the fast horses in the country. His taste in *liquors* is also exquisite and unimpeachable.

In fact, the City Boy-Man is "posted up" in every thing, and is fully entitled to our most profound—no, not detestation, but esteem and admiration.—*Drawing Room Journal.*

The Monastery of St. Bernard's.

The building is on the highest part of the pass, and contains beds for seventy or eighty persons.—Several hundred have been sheltered in a day. The monks, who devote themselves so nobly to this duty of hospitality, are priests of the order of St. Augustine; they commence young, at eighteen; but, from the severity of the climate and the great exposure, they rarely remain longer than fifteen years. Seven of their number are now stationed at the Hospice, and every day in winter they traverse the pass, accompanied by their dogs, to relieve those who may have lost their way, or who may have been covered by the snow. Scarcely a winter passes without some traveller losing his life. Some years ago, three domestics of the Convent with two dogs, while in search of travellers, were overwhelmed by an avalanche. In 1845, a monk and three domestics perished in the same way. Thousands cross the pass annually—in 1844, 19,000. The travellers are relieved and entertained, without distinction of rank, country or religion. They (the monks) will not receive any compensation. The dogs do not go alone in search of travellers, but are of great assistance in finding them, and also the road, when lost. The dogs (like their masters) are also short-lived, and never exceed nine years, owing to rheumatism; men and dogs both suffer from it. It is said that the latter can scent a traveller nearly a mile off.—The winters are very severe, snow being heaped up forty feet. In summer the least breeze makes it uncomfortably cold. It is now snowing heavily, and quite cold, real Alpine weather, with some prospect of its lasting. Imagine what it must be in winter!

FASTIDIOUS TASTE.—An amusing little incident occurred at the Wright House last evening. A verdant-looking chap sat down to take "some fill-in'," as Joe Lawson would say, and in due time a waiter presented himself at the back of our hero's chair, and inquired:

"Tea or coffee, sir?"

"Tea," he answered.

"What kind of tea?"

Greeny looked up in the waiter's face, and, with considerable emphasis, said, "Why *store-tea*, of course; I don't want your blamed sassafras stuff!"

Indianapolis Journal.

POWDER-DRIVEN LOCOMOTIVES.—It is stated that Mr. Daggett, of Roxbury, of "Flying Machine" notoriety, has lately finished a model of an engine which he proposes to work with powder instead of steam. It consumes about two ounces of powder per mile, with the weight of four or five cars attached; can be used on common roads, attached to common carriages, and is perfectly noiseless in its operations. We hear that several successful tests have been made in the presence of scientific men and engineers, and that Mr. Lee, Superintendent of the Boston and Providence Railroad, thinks favorably to the invention, and has consented to lay the subject before the directors of that road.—*Boston Eve. Transcript.*

FEMALE loveliness never appears to so good an advantage as when set off with simplicity of dress. No artist ever decks his angels with towering feathers and gaudy jewelry, and our human angels, if they would make good their title to that name, would carefully avoid ornaments which properly belong to Indians and African princesses. These tinselries may serve to give effect on the stage or upon a ball-room floor, but in daily life there is no substitute for the charms of simplicity. A vulgar taste is not to be disguised by gold and diamonds.

The Burlington *Hawkeye* states that the Penitentiary in Iowa is not exactly a place of detention, for the prisoners keep constantly escaping from the rickety concern. No convict has ever remained there for any length of time who had a will to escape—nor indeed any other, except an Indian, who could not be hired to run away. A fellow who had been sentenced to six months' imprisonment therein for some irregularity, made his escape. On being re-taken, he was asked why he broke jail. He replied, "I didn't break out, I fell out of the d—n thing."

SANTA ANNA.—There is a concerted movement in Mexico for the restoration of Santa Anna and the overthrow of Arista's administration. This famous chief remains at Trubaco, a town in New Granada, but he is evidently waiting anxiously for the moment when he shall be called from his retirement by his active partisans in Mexico. Then we may look for another pronunciamento, a triumphant ovation for the one-legged hero, and unless M. Arista is very wide awake, he will have some trouble to keep his head on his shoulders.

A GOOD SCHOOLMASTER.

The following excellent story is told of a New York Schoolmaster:

I heard of one of your committee interfering with a vengbance, and turning out a schoolmaster for committing enormities in the way of illustrating lessons. It appears that he had enlisted the feelings of his pupils in Natural Philosophy, but was told to do the teaching and leave the nonsense. But nothing daunted he got some apparatus himself, and told the boys if they would bring a mouse or two the next day he would show them the effects of nitrogen upon them. The next day came the committee to reprove him, because the boys in their eagerness to learn had been up all *night* trying to catch mice for their master, and disturbed those in the house. He promised to do better, but when he came to Astronomy, he committed a more atrocious crime, for being deficient of an orrery, he took a boy in the school, and placing him in the sun, he told him now to turn slowly upon his axis as the sun did, then he placed a little fellow for Mercury next to him, a girl for Venus, then a representation of the Earth, and so on till he got all the planetary system arranged, and explained to each one how fast he was to turn on his heel as it went round the orbit.

Then giving the signal the Sun commenced revolving, and away went the whole planetary around him, each boy keeping in his proper distance from the centre, trotting with his proper velocity in his orbit, and whirling around in due proportion as he performed his revolutions. It must have been a rare sight, and a lesson which the boys retained; for, do you think, my dear sir, that John, who represented Mercury, would ever forget that he had an easy time walking round the lubber in the centre, while Will, who personated Herschel, must have been nearly out of breath in scampering around his orbit.

But if the boys did not forget the lesson neither did the master. They danced but he paid the piper. Horrified, the committee then dismissed him at once—he had been teaching, for aught they knew, the dance of the Turkish dervishes.

The Tiger and Dog.

In Saigon, where dogs are *dog cheap*, we used to give the tigress one every day. They were thrown alive into her cage, when after playing with her victim for a time, as a cat does with a mouse, her eyes would begin to glisten and her tail to vibrate, which were the immediate precursors of death to the devoted little prisoner, which was immediately seized by the back of the neck, the incisors of the sanguinary beast perforating the jugular arteries, while she would traverse the cage, the bars of which she lashed with her tail, and suck the blood of her prey, which hung suspended from her mouth. One day, a puppy, not at all remarkable, or distinguished in appearance from the common herd, was thrown in, who immediately, on perceiving his situation, set up a dismal yell, and attacked the tigress with great fury, snapping at her nose, from which he drew some blood. The tigress appeared to be amused with the puny rage of the puppy, and with as good humored an expression of countenance as so ferocious an animal could be supposed to assume, she affected to treat it all as play; and sometimes spreading herself at full length on her side, at others, crouching in the manner of the fabled sphynx, she would ward off the incensed little animal, till he was finally exhausted, she then proceeded to caress him, endeavoring by many little arts to inspire him with confidence, in which she finally succeeded, and in a short time they lay down together and slept. From this time they were inseparable, the tigress appearing to feel for the puppy all the solicitude of a mother, and the dog, in return treating her with the greatest affection; and a small aperture was left open in the cage. Experiments were subsequently made, by placing a strange dog at the bars of the cage, when the tigress manifested great eagerness to get at it; her adopted child was then thrown in, on which she would eagerly pounce; but immediately discovering the cheat, she would caress it with great tenderness. Too natives made several unsuccessful efforts to steal this dog.

A FALSE PROPHET.—The Boston *Transcript* says:—The queerest prediction we remember to have seen about this country was that made by one Colonel Grant, in the House of Commons, shortly before the news of the battle of Bunker's Hill was received in England. The Colonel declared that he had served in America, and he was fully persuaded that "the Americans would not fight. They made great pretensions to religion—sang psalms—and talked politics—but they were arrant cowards, and would prove themselves such, in the event of any collision with the British forces."

A TRUE LAWYER.—Alexander Hamilton was once applied to as counsel by a man having the guardianship of several orphans, who would, on coming of age, succeed to a large and valuable estate, of which there was a material defect in the title deeds, known only to their guardian, who wanted to get the estate vested to himself. Hamilton noted down the faithless executor's statement, and then said to him, "Settle with those unhappy infants honorably to the last cent, or I will hunt you from your skin like a hare." The advice was strictly followed, and the man who gave it was an ornament to the bar and the age he lived in.

A FOX'S REVENGE.—The Rev. J. Murray in his work on Creation, tells the following story:

"An old and respectable man of the county of Montgomery, used frequently to relate an anecdote of a circumstance which he saw. In his youth he resided on the banks of Hudson river. One day he went to a bay on the river in order to shoot ducks or wild geese. When he came to the river he saw six geese beyond shot. He determined to wait for them to approach the shore. While sitting there, he saw a fox come down to the shore and stand some time and observe the geese. At length he turned and went into the woods, and came out with a very large bunch of moss in his mouth. He then entered the water very silently, sank himself, and then keeping the moss above the water, himself concealed, he floated among the geese. Suddenly one of them was drawn under the water, and the fox soon appeared on the shore with the goose on his back. He ascended the bank and found a hole, made by the tearing up of a tree. This hole he cleared placed in the goose, and covered it with great care, strewing leaves over it. The fox then left, and when he was gone, the hunter unburied the goose, closed the hole, and resolved to await the issue.

"In about half an hour the fox returned with another in company. They went directly to the place where the goose had been buried, and threw out the earth. The goose could not be found. They stood regarding each other for some time, when suddenly the second fox attacked the other most furiously, as if offended by the trick of his friend. During the battle he shot them both."

A gentleman whose fortunes were on the wane, got into a way of living a little on his friends. Among the rest, he visited an old acquaintance, and staid six or seven weeks with him, when his company became wearisome. In order to get rid of his guest, the gentleman feigned a falling-out with his wife, by which means their fare at the table was very slender. The guest, perceiving their drift, but not knowing where to go to better himself, remarked: "Well, I have been here seven weeks, and have not before seen any quarrel between you! I am now resolved to stay seven more in order to see you friends again."

There never was an unfortunate plant which went through as many tortures as the tomato. It has, by experimental housewives, been stewed, roasted and barbacued for eating. It has been served up raw, and done up in pies, puddings, pickles and preserves. It has been dried like apples, made into flour, and rolled into pills. It has been food and physic for us. Now it is to be made into whiskey for us. The last agony, into which it has been plunged, has been suffered in the distillery. Tomato whiskey punch will be the great feature, hereafter, in bar rooms and oyster cellars.