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BY JOHN B. BRATTON. "OUR COUNTRY—MAY IT ALWAYS BE RIGHT—BUT RIGHT OR WRONG, OUR COUNTRY." AT $2 00 PER ANNUM.

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Poetical.

THE SOUL-DIRGE.

The organ played sweet music
While as on Easter day,
All heartless from the altar
The heedless went away;
And down the broad aisle crowding,
They seemed a funeral train
Who were burying their spirits
To the music of that strain.

As I listened to the organ,
And saw them crowd along,
I thought I heard two voices
Speaking strangely—but not strong;
And one, it whispered sadly
"Will ye also go away?"
But the other spoke exulting—
"Ha—the soul-dirge! hear it play!"

Hear the soul-dirge! hear the soul-dirge!
It was dread to hear it play—
While the famishing went crowding
From the bread of life away;
They were hidden, they were hidden
To their Father's festal board;
But they all, with gleeful faces
Turned their back upon the Lord.

You had thought the church a prison,
Had you seen how they did pour
With giddy, giddy faces
From the consecrated door;
There was angels' food all ready,
But the hidden—where were they?
O'er the highways and the hedges
Ere the soul-dirge ceased to play!

Oh the soul-dirge! how it echoed
The emptied aisle along,
As the open streets grew crowded
With the full outpouring throng!
And then again the voices—
"Ha! the soul-dirge! hear it play!"
And the pensive, pensive whisper
"Will ye also go away?"

Few, few were they that lingered
To sup with Jesus there;
And yet, for all that spurn him
There was plenty—and to spare;
And now the food of angels
Uncovered to my sight—
All glorious was the altar,
And the chalice glittered bright!

Then came the hymn Trisagion,
And rapt me up on high
With angles and arch angels
To laud and magnify;
I seemed to feast in heaven,
And downward wafted then,
With angels chanting round me
Good will and peace to men!

I may not tell the rapture
Of a banquet so divine;
Ho! every one that thirsteth—
Let him taste the bread and wine!
Hear the Bride and Spirit saying—
"Will ye also go away?"
Or go—poor soul! forever!
"Oh the soul-dirge! hear it play!"

Miscellaneous.

A RACE FOR LIFE.

A TALE OF THE PRAIRIES.

During the summer of 18—, soon after the difficulty with the Winnebago Indians had been amicably adjusted by a visit of the chiefs to Washington, accompanied by Governor Cass, a Sioux Indian, while out hunting near the mouth of Root River, shot and scalped a Winnebago, which act he attempted to justify by saying that the Winnebago had wrapped around his person the blanket of an Indian, who had a short time previous murdered his brother.

The Winnebagoes became indignant at the act, and about two thousand of them assembled at Fort Crawford, and demanded of Col. Taylor, the procurement and surrender of the murderer. The officers of the Fort, apprehensive that new difficulties might arise with this factious tribe, if their demands were unattended to, concluded to make an effort to obtain the murderer. Accordingly, an officer was despatched to demand him of the Sioux nation, who immediately gave him up, and he was brought down the river and confined at Fort Crawford. Soon after his arrival at the Fort, the Winnebagoes assembled again and insisted upon an unconditional surrender of the prisoner to them, which Col. Taylor refused to make, but despatched Lieut. R. and Dr. Eluise, the surgeon of the garrison, to have a talk with them upon the subject. At the conference, the Winnebagoes talked in a threatening and overbearing manner, and insisted that nothing would satisfy them but taking the life of the Sioux in their own way and by themselves.—At length, Lieut. R. proposed that the Indian should have a chance for his life, in the following manner:

Two weeks from that time, he was to be led out to the open prairie, and in a line with him, ten paces off, was to be placed upon his right hand and left, twelve of the most expert runners of the Winnebago nation, each armed with a tomahawk and scalping knife.

At the tap of the drum, the Sioux should be free to start for the home of his tribe, and the Winnebagoes free to pursue, capture and slay him, if they could.

To this proposal the Winnebagoes acceded to at once, and seemed much pleased with the anticipation of great sport, as well as an easy conquest of the prisoner, whose confinement in the garrison during the two weeks, they believed, would prostrate whatever running qualities he possessed.

Their best runners were immediately brought in and trained every day, in full sight of the Fort.—Lieut. R., who was something of a sportsman, and who had warmly enlisted in the cause of the Sioux, determined to have his Indian in the best possible trim. Accordingly, Dr. Eluise took him in charge, prescribing his diet, regulating his hours of repose, and directing the rubbing of his body with flesh brushes twice a day, immediately before he went upon the parade ground to perform his morning and evening trainings. In fact, so carefully was he trained and fitted for the race of life and death, that he was timed upon the parade ground, the fourth day before the race, and performed the astonishing feat of forty-one miles in two hours, apparently without fatigue.

The day at length arrived. Thousands of Indians, French, Americans, and others, had assembled to witness the scene. In fact, it was regarded as a gala day by all, except the avenger of his brother Sue.—Lieut. R., on the part of the prisoner, and the celebarted war chiefs War-kon-shutoskee and Pincton, on the part of the Winnebagoes, superintended the arrangement of the parties upon the ground. The point agreed upon for starting, was upon the prairie, a little to the north of Prairie du Chien, and a few rods from the residence then occupied by Judge Lockwood, while the race lay among the nine mile Prairie, stretching to the North, and skirting the shore of the Mississippi. The Sioux appeared upon the ground, accompanied by a guard of soldiers, who were followed by his twenty four antagonists, marching in Indian file, naked, with the exception of the Indian breechlet. Their ribs were painted white, while their breasts were adorned with a number of hieroglyphical paintings. Across the face, alternate stripes of white and black were painted, in parallel lines extending from the chin to the forehead.

The hair was platted into numerous thongs fringed with bells, and tasselled with a red or white feather, while their moccasins were corded tightly around the hollow of the foot as well as around the ancle, with the sinews of the deer. In the right hand, each carried his tomahawk, while the left grasped the sheath that contained the scalping knife.

The prisoner was about twenty-three years of age, a little under six feet in height, of a muscular, well-proportioned contour, and manifested in the easy movements of his body a wiry and agile command of his muscular powers; his countenance presented a wan and haggard appearance, as he stood upon the ground, owing partly to the rigid discipline he had undergone in training, and partly to his having painted his face black, with the figure of a horse shoe, in white, upon his forehead, which denoted that he was condemned to die, with the privilege of making an effort to save his life by fleetness. Around his neck he wore a narrow belt of wampum, to which was appended the scalp he had taken from the Winnebago.

Soon after they had formed in a line, Lieut. R. came up and took off one of the moccasins of the Indian, and showed the chief that he thought it contained a thin plate of steel, and asked if they objected to it; to which they replied that he might wear as much iron as he pleased.

Lieut. R., having noticed at the same time that the countenance of the Indian presented a downcast and melancholy appearance, requested Dr. Eulise to come forward, who, after examining his pulse, reported that he was much excited, and that his nerves were in a tremulous condition. Lieut. R. immediately took him by the arm and led him out some distance in front of the line, where he asked him, through his interpreter, if he was afraid to run; to which he replied, that he was not afraid to run with any Winnebago on foot, but he was afraid he could not outrun all the horses that were mounted by armed Indians. The Lieutenant saw at once the cause of his alarm, and informed him that they should not interfere.—He intended to ride the fleetest horse upon the ground, and keep near him, and as he was well armed, would see that no horseman approached with hostile intention. At this announcement, the countenance of the Indian brightened up with a smile; his whole person seemed lifted from the ground as he returned to his position in the line with a stalwart stride.

The Chief and Lieut. R. soon after this mounted their horses, and took a position directly in the rear of the prisoner. Spectators were removed from the front, when Lieut. R. gave the signal. The blow had scarcely reached the drum, when the prisoner darted from his antagonists with a bound which placed him beyond the reach of the whirling tomahawk. When the race was under way, many of his antagonists ran with great fleetness for a mile, when the distance between them and the Sioux began to widen rapidly, showing the superior bottom of the latter, acquired by the discipline of the white man.

At the end of two miles, the last of the contending Winnebagoes withdrew from the chase; there was not an Indian horse upon the ground that could keep up with him after he had gone the first half mile, and at the end of the fourth mile, Lieut. R., finding that his steed was much fatigued, and the prairie free from enemies, reined up. The Indian did not look behind, or speak, as far as he was followed or could be seen, but kept his eye steadily fixed upon the white flags that had been placed at distances of a half a mile apart, in order that he might run upon a straight line.

It was soon after reported by the Winnebagoes, that he had been shot by one of their boys, who had been secreted by order of War-kon-shutoskee, beneath the bank of the river, near the upper end of the prairie. This, however, proved not to be true. The boy had shot a Winnebago through mistake, who, like himself, had been treacherously secreted for the purpose of intercepting the Sioux, who, a few years ago, was present at a treaty made by Gov. Doty with the Sioux nation.

He had but recently acquired the rank of Chief. He requested Gov. Doty to inform him where Lieut. R. and Dr. Eloise were at that time; and was told that both had died in Florida. He immediately withdrew from the Convention, painted his face black, and departed to the woods; nor could he be prevailed upon to come into the Convention until he had gone through the usual ceremony of fasting and mourning for the dead.

THE DEATH OF JOSEPHINE.

Darkness and clouds surrounded the pathway of Napoleon. In vain he struggled to retrieve his fortune. The last engagement at Leipsic decided his fortune for the time, and consigned him to Elba.

Napoleon was an exile, but in his retirement he did not forget the only being he ever really loved, his Josephine. He immediately addressed a letter to her, breathing the same spirit towards her that he had always manifested, rather congratulating himself that his head and spirit were freed from the enormous weight of care, and intimating that hereafter his pen should be substitute for the sword.

"The world," said he, "has as yet seen me in profile. I shall now show myself in full. How many things I have to disclose! How many are the men upon whom a false estimate has been placed? I have heaped benefits upon millions of wretches! What have they done in the end for me? They have betrayed me—yes, all. I except from this number the good Eugene and yourself. Adieu, my dear Josephine. Be resigned, as I am, and never forget, and never will I forget you. Farewell, Josephine.

NAPOLEON."

Upon reading these tidings so terrible, Josephine was overwhelmed with grief, and immediately answered his letter,—breathing the same spirit of devotion to him who was once her husband, that had always characterized her noble heart; and entreating him to say but the word, and she would fly to him. The remaining circumstances connected with her illness and death, we give in the language of Mr. Abbutt.

A few days after this letter was written, the Emperor Alexander, with a number of illustrious guests, dined with Josephine at Malmaison. In the evening twilight, the party went out upon the beautiful lawn in front of the house, for recreating. Josephine, whose health had become exceedingly precarious through care and sorrow, being regardless of herself in devotion to her friends, took a violent cold. The next day she was worse. Without any very definite form of disease, she, day after day, grew more faint and feeble, until it was evident that her final change was near at hand.

Eugene and Hortense, her most affectionate children, were with her by day and by night. They communicated to her the judgment of her physician that death was near. She heard the tidings with perfect composure, and called for a clergyman to administer to her the last rites of religion.

Just after this solemnity, the Emperor Alexander entered the room. Eugene and Hortense, bathed in tears, were kneeling at their mother's side. Josephine beckoned to the Emperor to approach her, and said to him and her children, "I have always desired the happiness of France. I did all in my power to contribute to it; and I can say, with truth, to all of you now present at my last moments, that the first wife of Napoleon never caused a single tear to flow."

She called for the portrait of the Emperor; she gazed upon it long and tenderly; and then fervently pressing it in her clasped hands to her bosom, faintly articulated the following prayer:

"O God! watch over Napoleon while he remains in the deserts of this world. Alas! though he hath committed great faults, hath he not expiated them by great sufferings? Just God, thou hast looked into his heart, and hast seen by how ardent a desire for useful and durable improvements he was animated. Deign to approve my last petition. And may this image of my husband bear me witness that my wish and my latest prayer were for him and my children."

It was the 26th of May, 1814. A tranquil summer's day was fading away into a cloudless, serene and beautiful evening. The rays of the setting sun, struggling through the foliage of the open window, shone cheerfully upon the bed where the Empress was dying. The vesper song of the birds which filled the groves of Malmaison floated sweetly upon the ear, and the gentle spirit of Josephine, lulled to repose by these sweet anthems, sank into its last sleep. Gazing upon the portrait of the Emperor, she exclaimed—"L'isle e'Elbe—Napoleon!", and died.

Alexander, as he gazed upon her lifeless remains, burst into tears, and uttered the following affecting yet just tribute to her memory:

"She is no more: that woman whom France named the beneficent, that angel of goodness is no more. Those who have known Josephine can never forget her. She dies regretted by her offspring, her friends and her contemporaries."

Four days her body remained shrouded in state for burial. During this time, more than twenty thousand of the people of France visited her beloved remains. On the 2d of June, at mid-day, the funeral procession moved from Malmaison to Ruel, where the body was deposited in a tomb of the village church. The funeral services were conducted with the greatest magnificence, and the sovereigns of the allied armies united with the French in doing honor to her memory. When all had left the church but Eugene and Hortense, they knelt beside their mother's grave, and for a long time mingled their prayers and their tears. A beautiful monument of white marble, representing the Empress kneeling in her coronation robe, is erected over her burial place, with this simple but affecting inscription:

EUGENE AND HORTENSE
TO
JOSEPHINE.

A MODEL WOMAN.

BY CLARA STELLA.

The biography of the Perfect Woman has never been written. To be sure, she departed this life some years ago, but then such a model of excellence should not be suffered to pass forgotten, especially as the instances of such characters are so rare.

I remember her distinctly. Her face was all sunshine; not the simpering expression which sometimes glows on the countenances of 'aimable' people, but the radiance which becomes the brow when good humor and good sense hold undivided sway. How many tests of her genuine perfection rise before me! She wanted some pocket money one day, and knowing her husband was well supplied with the article, she suggested the desire to him, but was snubbed with the reply, 'you can't have it—I have notes to pay, and what does a woman want with money?'—She did not whimper, nor cry, nor fly into a passion, nor utter a harsh word, but simply answered, 'well, dear, I will do the best I can without it.' Her husband grew strangely forgetful of her little wants, but she always excused him on the score of having so much to take his attention. It was a grevious shame, however, the night he forgot the apothecary's medicine. The poor woman was sick, and had depended on being helped when he returned, by her physician's prescription; but as he had an errand round the other way, he concluded it would do just as well in the morning—but no reproaches were uttered; she spoke first as pleasantly as though her commands were all executed, and really by the force of her good humor seemed to disarm disease of its power, for she soon recovered.

Then again came hard times—money was scarce, and notes could not be discounted, and the husband of the perfect woman failed! All her acquaintances looked on to see if her serenity did not fail—but no!—like the ivy to the oak, she still clung the closer as the storm gathered and beat around her. Then she planned schemes for relief, and finally they settled down awhile in that most trying of all occupations, keeping 'a fashionable boarding house.' Envious ladies, who were disturbed by petty trifles, now shook their heads and doubted whether the trial was not at hand. When old Major Fessile was an inmate, and two maden ladies who had tried every boarding house in the city, and hated them all, became occupants of her best parlors, and sundry young gents who were disaffected with every body and any thing but the contents of their employer's purses, filled every nook and corner of the house,—when the cook grumbled and the chamber maid threatened to leave, and the men called for higher wages, after breaking the large china dish, the landlady still wore the sweet expression. Every body was good with her—to be sure, there was peculiarity in her family, but undoubtedly they all mont well. If people were peevish, perhaps they were diseased or had been roughly used by the world—if maiden ladies had a thousand unnecessary wants, and were continual grumblers, why she had a faculty of ironing their respect, their confidence, and last of all their love!

By and by they rose again in the world, and purchased a large house, and lived not extravagantly, but in most dignified retirement, just in the suburbs of the city. But the cultivated fruits and flowers were always but so many intimations of some sick friend whom a few nectarines, or grapes, or rare fruit might benefit; and so they were choicely gathered, and sent, not to the Horticultural exhibition, but to the poor sick man or woman. The flowers, too, made many an invalid's apartment more fragrant and cheerful, and the early roses which her neighbors cultivated for public admiration, were sent to many a poor inmate of a cottage, and awakened the most salutary influences in favor of human and benevolent wealthy people. So the Perfect Woman had her reward in *herself*, and the serene countenance was only an index of the sunbeam of kindness which played around her heart.

Of course, she bore unavoidable calamities like a christian; but so have thousands of others—therefore her perfection did not consist in meeting such trials, but it was in the every day heat and perspiration which causes the perplexities of the hour, and drives so many off the track of virtuous resolves, that she stood preeminently *perfect*. Her calmness, however, was not the result of stoicism—her greatness was not the result of an easy flow of life; her aimiability was not traceable to a temperament where all the steel was omitted in her composition; but it was a sweet blending of all that makes female loveliness subdued, qualified and adjusted to meet every circumstance and trial of life. Of course the foundation of such a character must be religiously laid in the affections, her heart was trained to bear and forbear, to forgive and render good for evil, and who cares to know the name of a creed which produces such results?

The perfect woman died as she had lived. A sweet smile rested on the features when the soul had gone out of them, as if the earthly part was loth to quit the gentle spirit which had kept it company till the hour of release.

The last in the life of our friend was to order some linen bandages, now useless to her, to be sent to dress the wounds of a poor man in yonder hospital, 'and take,' said she, with her last breath, 'that bunch of Hamburg grapes to cool his parched mouth.' We had no time to obey the summons, ere she was dead! A marble slab lies upon her grave, and the inscription reads thus: "Honored in life, lamented in death."

When we hear of vexing annoyances, when we see selfish tempers, when the luxurious fruits and fragrant flowers are cultivated only for elegance, we do sometimes think of that Perfect Woman, and wish some one had written her biography that we might show them a higher law of nature whose promptings will produce such delightful qualities of the mind and heart; for we feel assured that such woman only need a model before them to imitate like excellence.—*Golden Age.*

AUNT HETTY'S ADVICE.—Oh, girls! set your affections on cats, poodles, parrots, or lap dogs—but let martrimony alone. It's the hardest way on earth of getting a living—you never know when your work is done up. Think of carrying eight or nine children through the measles, chicken pox, rash, mumps, and scarlet fever, some of 'em twice over; it makes my sides ache to think of it. Oh, you may scrimp and save, and twist and turn, and dig and delve, and economize, *and die*, and your husband will marry again, take what you've saved to dress his second wife with, and she'll take your portrait for a firehoard, and—but what's the use of talking! I warrant every one of you'll try it, the first chance you get; there's a sort of bewitchment about it, somehow.

A few years ago a couple of Dutchmen upon the hills of Limestone had a dreadful falling out about one killing the other's dog, for which he sued for damages. They were called into court, and the defendant in the case was asked by the Judge if he killed the dog.

'Be sure I kill him,' said the Dutchman, 'put led him broof it!'

The plaintiff in the case was then called on to answer a few questions. He was asked by the Judge what he thought the dog was worth.

'Be sure,' said he, 'de tog was wort nothing, put since he was so mean as to kill him he shall pay de full value of him.'

EPITAPH ON A RICH MAN.—"He lived—made money—and died."

A BRETON WEDDING.

The customs and exhibits of the Bretons bear a close and striking resemblance to those of their kindred race in the principality of Wales.

When a marriage in Lower Brittany has been definitely resolved upon, the bride makes choice of a bridesmaid, and the bridegroom of a groomsman. These accompanied by an inviter, or "bidder," as the personage is called in Wales, bearing a long white wand, invite the members of their respective families to the wedding. On so important and solemn occasion, no one is forgotten, however humble his condition in life may happen to be; and in no country in the world are the ties of kindred so strong as in Lower Brittany.

These consequently include a very large circle; and it happens that the task of "bidding" very frequently occupies many days. A thousand persons have been known to assist at the wedding of a prosperous farmer.

On the Sunday preceding the wedding-day, every one who has accepted the invitation must send some present to the youthful pair, by one of their farm servants, who has been very carefully dressed, in order to produce a high idea of their consequence. These gifts are sometimes of considerable value, but for the most part confined to some article of domestic use, or of consumption on the wedding day which is usually fixed for the following Tuesday.

At an early hour of that day, the young men assemble in a village near the residence of the bride, where the bridegroom meets them. As soon as they are collected in sufficiently imposing numbers, they depart in procession, preceded by the *basvalan*, (embassador of love,) with a band, of which the bagpipe is a conspicuous instrument, to take possession of the bride. On arriving at the farm, every thing, save the savage wolf-dogs, is in the most profound silence. The doors are closed, and not a soul to be seen; but, on closely surveying the environs of the homestead, there is sufficient indication of an approaching festivity, chimneys and caldrons are smoking, and long tables ranged in every available space.

The *basvalan* knocks loudly and repeatedly at the door, which at length brings to the threshold the *brotaer* (envoy of the bride's family,) who, with a branch of broom in his hand, replies in rhyme, and points out to some neighboring chateau, where, he assures the *basvalan*, such a glorious train as his is sure to find welcome on account of their unparalleled splendor and magnificence.—This excuse having been forseen, the *basvalan* answers his rival, verse for verse, compliment for compliment, that they are in search of a jewel more brilliant than the stars, and that it is hidden in that "palace."

The *brotaer* withdraws into the interior; but presently leads forth an aged matron, and presents her as the only jewel which they possess.

"Of a verity," retorts the *basvalan*, "a most respectable person; but it appears to us that she is past her festal time; we do not deny the merit of gray hair, especially when it is silvered by age and virtue; but we seek something far more precious. The maiden we demand is at least three times younger—try again—you cannot fail to discover her from the splendor which her unequal

The *brotaer* then brings forth, in succession, an infant in arms, a widow, a married woman, and the bridesmaid; but the embassador always rejects the candidates, though without wounding their feelings. At last the dark-eyed blushing bride makes her appearance in her bridal attire.

The party then enters the house, and the *brotaer*, falling on his knees, slowly utters a *Pater* for the living, and a *De Profundis* for the dead, and demands the blessing of the family upon the young maiden. Then the scene, recently so joyous, assumes a more affecting character, and the *brotaer* is interrupted by sobs and tears. There is always some sad episode in connection with all these rustic but poetic festivals in Brittany. How many sympathies has not the following custom excited? At the moment of proceeding to the church, the mother severs the end of the bride's sash, and addresses her; "The tie which has so long united us, my child, is henceforward rent asunder, and I am compelled to yield to another the authority which God gave me over thee. If thou art happy—and may God ever grant it—this will be no longer thy home; but should misfortune visit thee, a mother is still a mother, and her arms ever open to her children. Like thee, I quitted my mother's side to follow a husband. Thy children will leave thee in their turn. When the birds are grown, the maternal nest cannot hold them. May God bless thee, my child, and grant thee as much consolation as he has granted me!" The procession is then formed, and the cavalcade proceeds to the parish church; but every moment is interrupted in its progress by groups of mendicants, who climb up the slopes bordering the roads—which are extremely deep and narrow—to bar the passage by means of long briars, well armed with prickly thorns, which they hold up before the faces of the wedding-party. The groomsman is a person appointed to lower these importunate barriers; which he does by casting among the mendicants small pieces of money. He executes his commission with good temper, and very frequently with liberality; but when the distance is great, these fetters become so numerous that his duties grow exceedingly wearisome and expensive.

After the religious ceremony comes the feast; which is one of the most incredible things imaginable. Nothing can give an idea of the multitude of guests, of all ages, and of each sex; they form a lively, variegated, and confused picture. The tables having been laid out the day previous, at the coppers, which are erected in the open air, all the neighbors, and the invited, who have any pretensions to culinary art, are ready with advice and assistance. It is curious to see them, in the blazing atmosphere of the huge fires, watching enormous joints of meat and other comestibles cooking in the numerous and vast utensils; nevertheless, however zealous they may be, there are few who do not desert their post when the firing of guns and the distant sound of the bagpipes announce the return of the wedding procession.

The newly married couple are at the heads of the train, preceded by pipes, fiddlers, and single-stick players, who triumphantly lead the way; the nearest relatives of the young pair next follows; then the rest of the guests without order, rushing on helter-skelter, each in the varied and picturesque costume of his district; some on foot, some on horseback, most frequently two individuals on the same beast, the man seated upon a stuffed pad which serves as a saddle, and the wife, with her arm around his waist, seated upon the cruppers—an every-day sight, not many years ago, in the rural districts of England, when roads were bad, and the gig and taxed-cart uninvented. The mendicants follow their heels by hundreds, to share the remnants of the feast.

As soon as the confusion created by the arrival of such a multitude has subsided, the guests place themselves at the tables. These are formed of rough and narrow planks, supported by stakes, driven into the ground, the benches constructed after the same fashion; and they are raised in proportion to the height of the tables, so that you may have your knees between your plate and yourself; if in a real Breton wedding, you happen to be supplied with such an article—for a luxury of this description has not reached very far into Brittany; the soup is eaten out of a wooden bowl, and the meat cut up and eaten with the hand, or, as the phrase goes, "upon the thumb." Every individual, as a matter of course, carries his own case or pocket-knife; the liquids are served in rude earthen-ware and each drinks out of a cup apportioned to five or six individuals. It is the height of civility to hand one's cup to a neighbor, so that he may assist in emptying it; and a refusal would be considered extremely rude and insolent.

The husband and his immediate relatives are in waiting, and anticipate every one's wants and wishes—pressing each to take care of himself; they themselves share in no part of the entertainment, save the compliments which are showered, and the cups of cider and wine which civility obliges them to accept. After each course music strikes up, and the whole assembly rise from the tables. One party gets up a wrestling match—the Bretons are as famous as their cousins in Cornwall at this athletic game—or a match at single-stick; another a foot-race, or a dance; while the dishes are collected together, and handed to the hungry groups of mendicants who are seated in adjoining paddocks. From the tables to rustic games, reels, gavottes, and jabadoos; then to the tables again; and they continue in this manner till midnight announces to the guests it is time to retire.

The company having diminished by degrees, at length leave the groomsman and the bridesmaid the only strangers remaining, who are bound to disappear the last, and put the bride and bridegroom, with due and proper solemnity, to rest; they then retire singing "Veni Creator." In some districts they are compelled, by custom, to watch during the whole night in the bridal chamber; in others they hold at the foot of the bed a lighted candle, between the fingers, and do not withdraw until the flame has descended to the palm of the hand. In another locality, the groomsman is bound during the whole long night to throw nuts at the husband, who cracks them, and gives the kernel to his bride to eat. The festivity which a marriage occasions generally lasts three days, and, on Friday, the youthful wife embraces the companions of her childhood and bids them farewell, as if she never meant to return. Indeed from the period of marriage, a new life commences for the Bretone, whose days of single blessedness have been days of festivity and freedom; and it would seem that when once the wedding-ring has been placed upon the finger, her only business is the care of her household—her only delight the peace of her domestic hearth.

FILE YOUR PAPERS.

Having occasion, a few days since, to look into the files of this Journal, published twenty and twenty-five years ago, we could not but think of the satisfaction which every man would enjoy in the possession of such a record. A newspaper is the daguerreotype of its time, and in those diminutive, dingy sheets, we had before us our present village in full life, as it existed a quarter of a century ago. The men of business, with their merchandise and wares, and products, each eulogistic as now of their stock in trade; the politician, zealous in the maintenance of the right, centred solely in him and his party; the competition and strife, the fears and hopes of all were before us as in real life, those who have long passed the meridian, and are in the "sere and yellow leaf" of age; and here too, was the record of the departed, whose affiliated successors are among us still. The newspaper itself, with its grotesque advertisements and general typography, is the impersonation of the mechanic arts of those days, and exhibits the contrast between that period and this.

If every young man who takes a newspaper now, will file it carefully, in his old age he will not only have a substantial mirror of the events with which he was cotemporary, to gratify his curiosity, but will have a record of important facts to be obtained from no other source. The trouble and expense of filing and binding your newspaper is slight, and will be well repaid.—*Jamestown Jour.*

Estimate of Fashionable Happiness.

The Duchess of St. Albans was a fascinating actress, of good common sense, who married, first a banker and then a Duke. She had seen poverty in the most trying as well as the most tolerable of its shapes, and was well prepared to judge of high life by comparison. She thus speaks of it in her memoirs:

"Few persons have seen so much of the various aspects—I may say extremes—of life as myself; and few, therefore, can be better judges of the difference between great poverty and great wealth; but, after all, this does not by any means constitute the chief and most important distinction between the high and the low states. No; the signal, the striking contrast, is not in the external circumstances, but in the totally opposite minds of the two classes as to their respective enjoyment of existence. The society in which I formerly moved was all cheerfulness—all high spirits—all fun, frolic and vivacity. They cared for nothing, thought of nothing, beyond the pleasures of the present hour; and to these they gave themselves up with the keenest relish. Look at the circles in which I now move. Can anything be more "weary, stale, flat and unprofitable," than their whole course of life. Why, one might as well be in the treadmill, as toiling in the stupid, monotonous round of what they call pleasure, but which is, in fact, very cheerless and heavy work. Pleasure, indeed! when all merriment, all hilarity, all indulgence of our natural emotions, if they be of a joyous nature, are declared to be vulgar. There can be no cordiality where there is so much exclusiveness and primness. No; all is coldness, reserve and universal ennui, even where this starchness of man is unaccompanied by any very strict rigour in matters of conduct. Look, now, at those quadrille dancers in the other room; they have been supping; they have been drinking as much champagne as they liked; the band is capital; the men are young, and the girls are pretty; and yet, did you ever see such crawling movements, such solemn looks—as if they were all dragging themselves through the most irksome task in the world? Oh! What a different thing was a country dance in my younger days!"

TWO AND TWO.—Piron, the French author, was questioned by a haughty police magistrate concerning his profession.

"I am a poet, sir," said Piron.

"Oh, a poet?" said the magistrate, "I have a brother that is a poet."

"Then we are even," said Piron, "for I have a brother who is a fool."

A person who had some little smattering of zoological lore, said one day to a novice that *crocodiles* were often seen in *tears*. "Oh, that's nothing," replied the novice, "I've often seen *whales blubber*."

Mexico is a queer place. One-half of the people are ex-presidents, and the other half loafers.—There is but one industrious man in the whole country, and he's got the itch.

WINKLE thinks after he marries and SETTLES DOWN, he will be able to meet his creditors and SETTLE UP!

TO REMOVE INK FROM LINEN.—Jerk an editor out of his shirt.

When the fox preaches, beware of your geese.

AN ICE PALACE.

The Ice Palace of the Empress Anne, of Russia, erected at St. Petersburg 1740, must have been a great curiosity. It was, as it were, one solid block of ice, and of the following dimensions—length 56 feet, depth 18 feet, and height, including roof, 21 feet. The palisade was 87 feet in length, and 86 feet in width, and the whole, including pyramidical blocks at either end, made an ice front of 114 feet. The palace had windows, the panes of which were slabs of ice, transparent and smooth as glass. These windows were ornamented with transparencies, and illuminated at night.

Six cannons, regularly bored and turned, made entirely of ice, carriages included, stood in front of this brilliant edifice of congealed water, from which quarter lb iron balls were fired, without bursting them. There were also mortars of ice, from which a shell of 86 lbs. was discharged.—The grounds were ornamented with dolphins, and an elephant of ice, spouting water. At night, burning naptha was substituted for the water, and the effect is said to have been very singular; the appearance being that of a stream of water. To make this part of the exhibition more remarkable, a man was placed within the figure, who, from time to time, blew through certain pipes, so as to make a noise like the roaring of an elephant. On the right of the house, at about the same distance as the elephant, a bath was built, made of round logs of ice, like the log baths used in Russia.—"This bath," says an author, "was more than once actually heated and used!"

The winter of 1740 was exceedingly cold, a fact which suggested to the Empress the feasibility of the ice palace. It stood until the middle of March, when it began to melt—its ruins being taken to fill the ice vaults of the imperial palace.—But the Empress of Russia was not the only person who took advantage of the excessive cold of the year 1740. The same kind of amusement, though on an infinitely smaller scale, was taken by a German, named Von Meinert, who carved a large lion at the gate of Holstien in Lubeck, seven feet in length, and he did it so well, "that a skillful carver could hardly have done it better in wood." The lion was surrounded by a bulwark of ice, on which were placed five cannon, a soldier, and a watch-box, all of ice.

INSANITY IN PRISONS.

The moral and physical condition of convicts has occupied, recently, much of the attention of physicians, both in this country and in Europe.—Philanthrophy has suggested alterations at various times, in the mode of correcting criminal offenders, with a view not only to soften undue severity of punishment, but also to carry out more effectually the grand idea of reformation in the criminal. The system of seperation and non-intercourse of the prisoners, was introduced into the penal code of Pennsylvania, from motives of the purest philanthrophy. It has been in operation about twenty-two years, sufficiently long to establish by its results the practical effects of the system. It is contended that seperate confinement for long periods of time, in close and confined cells, tends to induce an unusual amount of mortality and insanity among the prisoners. And the system, as now pursued, by some authorities, have come to the conclusion that some modification in the length of the sentence is necessary to relieve the seperate plan of objections which appear to be so well founded.

In the 2421 prisoners received into the Eastern Penitentiary at the close of 1848, the deaths have been 214, or nearly 90 in the 1000 or about 9 per cent of the whole number. The sentences range from one to twenty-one years, the average duration being three years. The feature which most arrests attention is the very marked disparity in the number of deaths among the white and black prisoners. In 790 black convicts the deaths reached 141, nearly 18 per cent. of the number, while the annual mortality of the colored population of Philadelphia is 3½ per cent. of the total mortality. The mortality among the white prisoners was about 4½ per cent., while the average mortality in the white population of the city is 2.37. In the County Prison the death among the white prisoners were at the rate of 2½ per cent., those of the colored 8½. The average death of both colors in the County Prison falls below the Penitentiary, where the sentences are for longer periods. In a period of six years, with an average population of 300, 55 cases of insanity have occurred in the Eastern Penitentiary, and a large proportion of them was developed in prisoners under long sentences. 36 were prisoners sentenced for more than two years; 12 for 2 years; 6 for between one and two years; and 1 for six months. In the County Prison, where the sentences are for shorter periods, the same striking difference is exhibited in the number of insane, compared with the Eastern Penitentiary, as is shown in the rate of mortality in the respective prisons.

These facts viewed in connexion with similar observations made in the English prisons, are considered as conclusive evidence of the tendency of long sentences to produce insanity among prisoners confined on the seperate plan. The whole subject is presented in an interesting and able report, by Dr. Isaac Parrish, to the College of Physicians, and the attention of the Legislature should be directed to it. Humanity teaches that in protecting society from crime, it should be done with as little mischief to the criminal as is compatible with its own safety.—*Phil. Ledger.*

INCREDIBLE PUNISHMENT.

"A great book is a great evil," says an ancient writer—an axiom which an unfortunate Russian author felt to his cost.

"Whilst I was at Moscow," says a traveller, a "quarto volume, was published in favor of the liberties of the people; a singular subject, when we consider the place where the book was printed.—In this work, the iniquitous venality of the public functionaries, and even the conduct of the sovereign, was scrutinized and censured with great freedom. Such a book, and in such a country, naturally attracted general notice and the offender was taken into custody. After being tried in a summary way, his production was determined to be a libel, and he was condemned to eat his own words. The singularity of the sentence, induced me to see it put into execution. A scaffold was erected in one of the most public streets in the city; the imperial provosts, the magistrates, the physicians and the surgeons of the Czar attended; the book was seperated from the binding, the margin cut off, and every leaf rolled up like a lottery ticket, when taken out of the wheel. The author was then served with them leaf by leaf, the provost, who put them into his mouth, to the no small diversion of the spectators, and he was obliged to swallow this unpalatable food, on pain of the knout, in Russia more feared than death. As soon as the medical gentlemen were of the opinion that he had received into his stomach as much at a time as was consistent with his safety, the transgressor was sent back to prison, and the business was resumed the two following days; after three very hearty but unpleasant meals, I am convinced by ocular proof, that every leaf of the book was actually swallowed."

HEAVY BANK ROBBERY.—The Branch Bank at Portsmouth, Va., was entered on the night of the 18th instant, and robbed of $87,000; of which $60,000 was in notes, and $27,000 in specie. The robbers have not been apprehended.