American Volunteer.

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

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Poetical.

FAREWELL, MY LILLY DEAR.

Oh! Lilly dear, it grieves me,
The tale I have to tell,
Old Mased sent me roaming,
So Lilly, fare you well!
Oh! fare you well my true love,
Farewell old Tennessee,
Then let me weep for you love,
But do not weep for me.
Farewell for ever to old Tennessee,
Farewell my Lilly dear, don't you weep for me.

I'm going to roam the wide world
In Lands I've never hoed,
With nothing but my banjo
To cheer me on the road,
And when I'm sad and weary
I'll make the banjo play,
To remind me of my true love
When I am far away.
Farewell for ever, &c.

I wake up in the morning,
And walk out on the farm,
Oh! Lilly am a darling—
She take me by the arm.
We wander through the clover
Down by the river side,
I tell her that I love her,
And she must be my bride.
Farewell for ever, &c.

Oh! Lilly dear, 'tis mournful
To leave you here alone,
You'll smile before I leave you,
And weep when I am gone.
The sun can never shine love,
So bright for you and me,
As when I worked beside you
In good old Tennessee.
Farewell for ever, &c.

Miscellaneous.

A DOLLAR ON THE CONSCIENCE.

'Fifty five cents a yard, I believe you said?' The customer was opening her purse.

Now fifty cents a yard was the price of the goods, and so Mr. Levering had informed the lady. She misunderstood him, however.

In the community, Mr. Levering had the reputation of being a conscientious, high minded man. He knew that he was thus estimated, and self-complacently appropriated the good opinion as clearly his due.

It came instantly to the lip of Mr. Levering to say, 'Yes, fifty five.' The love of gain was strong in his mind, and ever ready to accede to new plans for adding dollar to dollar. But, ere the words were uttered, a disturbing perception of something wrong restrained him.

'I wish twenty yards,' said the customer, taking it for granted that fifty five cents was the price of the goods.

Mr. Levering was still silent—though he commenced promptly to measure off the goods.

'Not dear at that price,' remarked the lady.

'I think not,' said the store keeper. 'I bought the case of goods, from which the piece was taken, low.'

'Twenty yards at fifty five cents! Just eleven dollars.' The customer opened her purse as she thus spoke, and counted out the sum in glittering gold dollars. 'That is right, I believe,' and she pushed the money towards Mr. Levering, who, with a kind of automatic movement of his hand, drew forward the coin, and swept it into the till.

'Send the bundle to No. 300, Argyle st.,' said the lady with a bland smile, as she turned from the counter, and the half bewildered store keeper said, 'Stay, madam, there is a slight mistake!' The words were in Mr. Levering's thoughts, and on the the point of gaining utterance, but he had not the courage to speak. He had gained a dollar in the transaction beyond his due, and already it was lying heavily upon his conscience. Willingly would he have thrown it off, but when about to do so, the quick suggestion came, that in acknowledging to the lady the fact of her having paid five cents a yard too much, he might falter in his explanation, and thus betray his attempts to do her a wrong—And so he kept silence, and let Her depart beyond recall.

Anything gained at the price of virtuous self respect is acquired at too large a cost. A single dollar on the conscience may press so heavily as to bear down a man's spirits, and rob him of all the delights of life. It was so in the present case. Vain was it that Mr. Levering sought self-jurisdiction. Argue the matter as he would, he found it impossible to escape the smarting conviction that he had unjustly exacted a dollar from one of his customers. Many times through the day he found himself in musing abstracted state; and, on rousing himself therefrom, became conscious, in his external thoughts, that it was the dollar by which he was troubled.

'I'm very foolish,' said he mentally, as he walked homeward, after closing his store for the evening. 'Very foolish to worry myself about a trifle like this. The goods were cheap enough at fifty five cents, and she is quite as well contented with her bargain as if she had only paid fifty.'

But it would not do. The dollar was on his conscience and he sought in vain to remove it by efforts of this kind.

Mr. Levering had a wife and three pleasant children. They were the sun light of his home. When the business of the day was over, he usually returned to his own fireside with buoyant feeling. It was not so on this occasion. There was a pressure on his bosom—a want of satisfaction. The kiss of his wife, and the clinging arms of his children, as they were twined around his neck, did not bring the old delight.

'What is the matter with you this evening, dear? Are you not well?' inquired Mrs. Levering, breaking in upon the thoughtful mood of her husband, as he sat in unwonted silence.

'I'm perfectly well,' he replied, rousing himself, and forcing a smile.

'You look sober.'

'Do I?' Another forced smile.

'Something troubles you, I'm afraid.'

'Oh, no—it's all your imagination.'

'Are you sick, papa?' now asks a bright little fellow, clambering upon his knee.

'Why, no love, I'm not sick. Why do you think so?'

'Because you don't play horse with me.'

'Oh, dear! Is that the ground of your suspicions?' replied the father, laughing. 'Come, we'll soon scatter them to the winds.'

And Mr. Levering commenced a game of romps with the children. But he tired long before they grew weary, nor did he, from the beginning, enter into this sport with his usual zest.

'Does your head ache, papa?' inquired the child, who had previously suggested sickness, as he saw his father leave the floor, and seat himself with some gravity of manner, on a chair.

'Not this evening, dear,' answered Mr. Levering.

'Why don't you play longer then?'

'Oh, pa,' exclaimed another child, speaking from a sudden thought, 'you don't know what a time we had at school to-day.'

'Ah! What was the cause?'

'Oh! you'll hardly believe it. But Eddy Jones stole a dollar from Maggy Enfield!'

'Stole a dollar!' ejaculated Mr. Levering. His voice was husky, and he felt a cold chill passing along every nerve.

'Yes, pa, he stole a dollar! Oh, wasn't it dreadful!'

'Perhaps he was wrongly accused,' suggested Mr. Levering.

'Emma Wilson saw him take it, and they found the dollar in his pocket. Oh, he looked so pale, and it made me almost sick to hear him cry as if his heart would break.'

'What did they do with him?' asked Mrs. Levering.

'They sent for his mother and she took him home. Wasn't it dreadful?'

'It must have been dreadful for his poor mother,' Mr. L. ventured to remark.

'But more dreadful for him,' said Mrs. Levering. 'Will he ever forget his crime and disgrace? Will the pressure of that dollar on his conscience ever be removed? He may never do so wicked an act again, but the memory of this wrong deed cannot be wholly effaced from his mind.'

How rebuking fell all these words on the ears of Mr. Levering! Ah! what would he have not given to have the weight of that dollar removed? Its pressure was so great as to almost suffocate him.—It was all in vain that he tried to be cheerful, or take an interest in what was passing immediately around him. The innocent prattle of his children had lost the wanton charm, and there seemed an accusing expression in the eye of his wife, as, in the concern his changed aspect had occasioned she looked soberly upon him. Unable to bear all this, Mr. Levering went out; something unusual for him and walked the streets for an hour. On his return, the children were in bed, and he had gained sufficient self control to meet his wife with a less disturbed appearance.

On the next morning Mr. Levering felt something better. Sleep had left his mind more tranquil.—Still there was a pressure on his feelings which thought could trace back to that unlucky dollar.—About an hour after going to his store, Mr. L. saw his customer of the day previous enter, and move along towards the place where he stood behind his counter. His heart gave a sudden bound, and the color rose to his face. An accusing conscience was quick to conclude as to the object of her visit. But he soon saw that no suspicion of wrong dealing was in the lady's mind. With a pleasant half recognition she asked to look at certain articles, from which she had made purchases, and in paying for them placed a ten dollar bill in the hands of the store-keeper.

'That weight shall be off my conscience,' said Mr. Levering to himself, as he began counting out the change due his customer; and, purposely, he gave her one dollar more than was justly hers in that transaction. The lady glanced her eyes over the money, and seemed slightly bewildered. Then much to the storekeeper's relief, opened her purse and dropped it therein.

'All right again!' was the mental ejaculation of Mr. Levering, as he saw the purse disappear in the lady's pocket while his breast expanded with a sense of relief.

The customer turned from the counter, and had nearly gained the door, when she paused, drew out her purse, and emptying the contents of one end in her hand, carefully noted the amount. Then walking back she said with a thoughtful air—

'I think you've made a mistake in the change, Mr. Levering.'

'I presume not, ma'am, I gave you four dollars and thirty five,' was the quick reply.

'Four thirty five,' said the lady musingly, 'Yes here is four thirty five.'

'That's right; yes, that's right,' Mr. Levering spoke somewhat nervously.

'The article came to six dollars and sixty five cents, I believe?'

'Yes, yes; that was it.'

'Then three dollars and thirty five cents will be my right change,' said the lady placing a small gold coin on the counter. 'You gave me too much.'

The customer turned away and retired from the store, leaving that dollar still on the conscience of Mr. Levering. 'I'll throw it into the street,' said he to himself, impatiently. 'Or give it to the first beggar that comes along.' But conscience whispered that the dollar wasn't his either to give away or to throw away. Such prodigality, or impulsive benevolence, would be at the expense of another, and this could not mend the matter.

'This is all squeamishness,' said Mr. Levering, trying to argue against his convictions. But it was of no avail. His convictions remained as clear and rebuking as ever.

The next day was the Sabbath, and Mr. L. went to church, as usual, with his family. Scarcely had he taken a seat in his pew when on raising his eyes, they rested on the countenance of the lady from whom he had abstracted the dollar. How quickly his cheek flushed! How troubled became, instantly the beatings of his heart! Unhappy Mr. Levering! He could not make the usual responses that day, in the services: and when the congregation joined in the swelling hymn of praise, his voice was not heard in the general thanksgiving. Scarcely a word of the eloquent sermon reached his ears, except something about 'dishonest doalings;' he was too deeply engaged discussing the question whether or no he should get rid of the troublesome dollar by dropping it into the contribution box, at the close of the morning service, to listen to the words of the preacher. This question was not settled when the box came round. But this deposite of the money proved only a temporary palative. There was still a pressure on his feelings; still a weight upon his conscience that gradually became heavier. Poor man! What was he to do? How was he to get the dollar removed from his conscience? He could not send it back to the lady and tell her the whole truth. Such an exposure of himself would not only be humiliating, but hurtful to his character. It would be seeking to do right under the influence of a wrong to himself.

At last Mr. Levering, who had ascertained the lady's name and residence, inclosed her a dollar anonomously, stating that it was her due; that the writer had obtained it from her unjustly, in a transaction that he did not care to name, and could not rest until he had made restitution.

Ah! the humiliation of spirits suffered by Mr. Levering in thus seeking to get ease for his conscience! It was one of the bitterest life experiences. The longer the dollar remained in his possession, the heavier became its pressure, until he could endure it no longer. He felt not only disgraced in his own eyes, but humiliated in the presence of his wife and children. Not for worlds would he have suffered them to look into his heart.

If a simple act of restitution could have covered all the past, happy would it have been for Mr. Levering. But this was not possible. The deed was entered in the book of his life, and nothing could efface the record. Though obscured with the accumulating dust of time, now and then a hand sweeps unexpectedly over the page, and the writing is revealed. Though that dollar has been removed from his conscience, and he is now guiltless of wrong; yet there are times when the old pressure is felt with painful distinctness.

Earnest seekers after the world's goods, take warning by Mr. Levering, and beware how, in a moment of weak yielding, you get a dollar on your conscience. One of the two evils must follow. It will give you pain or trouble, or callous the spot where it rests. And the latter of those evils is that which is most to be deplored.—*Godey's Lady's Book.*

JEWISH OPPRESSION REVIVED.—By the late arrival from Europe, we learn the fact that the Austrian government has signalized itself by a backward step in civilization. It has restored disabilities which the barbarism of the Middle Ages imposed upon the Jews, and which were only removed by the revolution of 1848. The Austrian government seems determined that no benefit shall accrue to any class of its subjects from that revolution. Hereafter, the Jews in Austria are forbidden to hold real estate in their own names, but all property of that description to which they lay claim, must be registered in the name of Christians.

WHEN we see birds, at the approach of fall, anointing their wings with oil to shield off the drops, should it not remind us, when the storms of contention threaten us, to apply the oil of forbearance, and thus prevent the chilling drops from entering our hearts?

From the Southern Literary Messenger.

The following characteristic verses of Teackeray have been lying for some months in a portfolio of literary autographs in our possession. They were written by him one morning last spring at our editorial table, during a call he made upon us, and they have afforded amusement to many friends who have read them in MS. It is curious to see how briefly and comically the satirist tells the sentimental story of the

Sorrows of Werther.

Werther had a love for Charlotte,
Such as words could never utter,
Would you know how first he met her
She was cutting bread and butter.

Charlotte was a married lady,
And a moral man was Werther,
And for all the wealth of Indies
Would do nothing that might hurt her.

So she sighed and pined and ogled,
And his passion boiled and bubbled;
Till he blew his silly brains out,
And no more by them was troubled.

Charlotte, having seen his body
Borne before her on a shutter,
Like a well conducted person
Went on cutting bread and butter.

W. M. THACKERAY.

ESCAPE OF FONTANE.

During the seige of Lyons, the poet Fontane had been shut up with his family in the midst of the city in ruins. Full of alarm for the fate of his young wife and infant, he resolved at all risks, to escape if he could.

Having obtained a passport, a difficulty arose as to how he could carry away some plate and other valuable articles, then considered quite anti-republican. Among these valuables was a chalice, a present from a sovereign, on which an able artist had engraved the arms of the King of Sardinia. Fontane greatly dreaded lest this chalice should be discovered, as being a vessel used in the service of the church, and bearing the arms of a king, it would tell as a three-fold proof of aristocracy. However, he decided on taking it and hastened to the house of a friend, who had been a nursery gardener.

The poet then laid aside all his feudal ornaments, set about exchanging his clothes to give himself another appearance.

Having dressed himself in wide pantaloons, and shoes stuck full of large nails, his hair cropped, and every grain of powder removed, he emerged from the gardner's house in character of a laundress's porter, with a heavy basket of clothes on his shoulder—the plate and chalice carefully packed under the linen. His young family followed a few paces behind him with the passport, but they had to pass close to the terrible instrument of death; for there it stood always ready for use. Fontane shuddered. His wife turned pale. To them their situation was awful! But reason and necessity urged them on. Fontane resolved to act a decided part. He walked up in front of the guillotine, grasping the basket firmly with his hand, and loosening the leather strap as if to ease himself, he looked steadily at the scaffold.

A man of ruffianly appearance, who attended as if he were a guard of the guillotine, came up to him 'Are you afraid,' said he to Fontane, 'that you look in this way to the national razor?'

'Afraid,' said Fontane; 'do you take me for a Federalist, that I should be frightened at the sight of a guillotine? *Sacre bleu!* Look at me; do you see anything like an aristocrat in my face?'

'What are you?' said a second interrogator, addressing Fontane.

'I am a bleacher and scourer.'

'And this good woman?'

'What a question,' said Fontane. 'Look at the little one—don't you see the likeness—*Vive la Republique!*'

'Ah! that's right!' said the miscreant; you're a good one. Down with the muscadins and aristocrats. *Vive la Republique!* and *Vive la Guillotine!*'

Fontane could not join in this sanguinary cry. He saw his wife tremble and took her hand.

'Come wife,' said he, 'let us have a song.'

'Aye, and a dance too,' said the barbarian who had first spoken; 'so down with your basket, my jovial fellow.'

'But I—I—'

'Nonsense—nobody will run away with your basket; down with it, I say! Why, what's the matter? is it glued to your neck?'

Fontane objected and resisted for a while, but was soon obliged to submit; and wiping the cold prespiration from his forehead, in a state more dead than alive, was relieved from the burthen of his basket. He saw it placed on a heap of stones, and feared everything would be turned topsy-turvy. Oh! the fatal chalice! All hope of safety was gone; he was on the point of delivering himself up and claiming compassion for his wife and child, in the hope that they would be allowed to pass, when, happily, he roused himself clapped his hands, and assumed a joyful aspect.

'Hollow! my friend,' cried one of the fellows, 'you're wonderfully merry all at once.'

'A thought has struck me,' said Fontane, 'a bold idea! You see my poor wife? I know the Carmagnole always raises her spirits. Come, my good fellows, let us dance it.'

His wife gazed at him with a look of despair, as he snatched the child from her arms.

'What now! don't make a wry face, wife,' said he. 'Excuse her, she's young and timid. Come, let us put the little one on the basket—there he lies on the top of the linen, and sleeps soundly. Wife, your hand. Now, the ring—the republican ring.—Come, friends, join hands for the ring—the patriotic dance.'

Madame Fontane now comprehended what her husband meant. She tripped lightly round the ring, and joined in the chorus of the Carmagnole. When the dance was over she took up her child; Fontane was assisted in replacing his basket on his shoulder. He made his wife lead the way, and walked off after her, whistling the *Chant du depart.* And so they escaped.

A QUEER PLACE OF DEPOSIT.—On Thursday morning, a young man from Baltimore had a hearing before the Mayor at Philadelphia, on a charge of intoxication. The offender paid his fine and was discharged. He subsequently induced an officer to go with him in search of some funds he had disposed of the previous night. The twain went together to Gold street, and there, in a chink of the wall of the Bank of Pennsylvania, was found a roll of notes to the amount of $190. The boozy individual, finding the night previous that he was not in proper condition for taking care of his cash, went to the bank for the purpose of making a deposit; finding the institution closed, he stuffed his money in the chink where it was found, first taking out a five dollar bill to pay his fine in the event of being arrested for drunkenness. Our provident friend took his recovered cash to Mr. Davis, the Mayor's clerk, with whom he left it for safe keeping until he should become perfectly sober. On Friday morning he was in that desirable condition, and had the full amount of his deposit returned to him. We consider this one of the funniest instances of providence and folly, forethought and recklessness, that ever came under our notice.—*Philadelphia Bulletin.*

THE TRUTH.—God is the author of truth, the devil is the father of lies. If the telling of a truth shall endanger thy life, the author of truth shall protect thee from danger, or reward thee for thy damage. If the telling of a lie will secure thy life, the father of lies will beguile thee of thy gains, or traduce thy security. Better by losing of a life to save it, than by saving of a life to lose it. However, better thou perish than the truth.—*Quarles.*

Lord Byron's Opinion of the Turks.

In all money transactions with the Moslems, I ever found the strictest honor, the highest disinterestedness. In transacting business with them, there are none of those dirty peculations, under the name of interest, difference of exchange, commission, &c., uniformly found on applying to a Greek counsel to cash bills, even on the first houses in Pera. In the capitol and at court, the citizens and courtiers are formed in the same school with those of Christianity, but there does not exist a more honorable, friendly, and high spirited character than the true Turkish provincial Aga, or Moslem country gentleman. The lower orders are in as tolerable discipline as the rabble in countries with greater pretensions of civilization. A Moslem in walking the streets of our country towns would be more incommoded in England than a Frank in a similar situation in Turkey.

The Ottomans with all their defects, are not a people to be despised. Equal at least to the Spaniards, they are superior to the Portuguese. If it be difficult to say what they are, we can at least say what they are not; they are not treacherous, they are not cowardly, they do not burn heretics, they are not assassins, nor has an enemy advanced to their capitol. They are faithful to their Sultan until he becomes unfit to govern, and devout to their God without an inquisition. Were they driven from St. Sophia to morrow, and the French or Russians enthroned in their stead, it would become a question whether Europe would gain by the exchange. England would certainly be the loser. With regard to that ignorance of which they are so generally and sometimes justly accused, it may be doubted, always excepting England and France, in what useful points of knowledge they are excelled by other nations.—Is it in the common arts of life? In their manners? Is a Turkish sabre inferior to a Toledo? or is a Turk worse clothed and lodged, fed and taught than a Spaniard? Are their Pachas worse educated than a Grandee? or an Effendi than a Knight of St. Jago? I think not.

Bribery in Russia.

In a work, Nordischen Bilden, by Edward Osenbruggen, just published in Germany, there is a curious story illustrative of the course of Russian justice, which we translate as follows:

A young man in the department at Moscow, became heir to a large manor. A neighboring proprietor took advantage of the young man's inexperience in business, to lay claim to a large tract of forest land adjoining his property. The heir applied to his uncle, who was at the head of the Judiciary of the Department, and before whom the matter would necessarily come for trial, and having laid the case before him, asked his opinion, whether he should compromise the matter, or let it come to trial. The uncle replied: 'According to your statement you must win the case, for your opponent has no sort of title.' 'I thank you for your opinion, uncle, and at the same time wish you to pay particular attention to the matter, as I am obliged to leave immediately for Moscow, to arrange my affairs.' The uncle promised, and the nephew went to Moscow. A few months passed, and the news came to Moscow that he had lost his case. This he considered impossible. He was assured, however, that such was the fact, and that he had lost it by a bribe of 10,000 rubles, paid to his uncle. He took post horses and went with all speed to pay the latter a visit. The uncle received a storm of abuse and reproach with all calmness, and at length asked: 'Nephew, are you most through with your expectoration?' and when he finally did stop, he proceeded: 'You have heard that you have lost your case. That is true. You are heard further, that I have allowed myself to be bribed by your opponent, with 10,000 rubles, that is also true. Now sacre, he was determined at all hazards to win the case. I learned authentically that this was all the money he had the power to raise, but that this he was willing to spend. Now, if I had allowed justice to take its course, and you to gain the cause, he would have taken this money, appealed to the Court at St. Petersburg, and there have conquered. But, now, take the money yourself, appeal from my decision to the Senate, and you will be the victor.' It is needless to describe the gratitude of the nephew to his shrewd and generous uncle.'

"DOVETAILING"—In the western stage coaches, with their three seats, each seat accommodating three passengers, the arrangements of leg-placing not unfrequently leads to outbreaks of ire. A fat old lady got into a coach at Peoria, whose uncommonly promising rotundity and snappishness of temper, combined with a most unaccommodating pair of limbs, rendered her the most undesirable vis-a-vis that a traveler could possibly be afflicted with. The modest bashfulness of the individual sitting before her, prevented his remonstrating, so after unmitigated suffering for fifty miles, borne with christian resignation, he disappeared from the scene of martyrdom, and his place was occupied by a hard featured captain of one of the lake steamboats, whose sternness and determination of purpose plainly indicated that he was warned of the purgatory in store for him, and was resolved to grapple gallantly with the difficulty.

As he took his seat, and bent his head to the right and left over his knees, looking, as it were, for some place to bestow his legs, an ominous silence prevailed in the rocking coach, and all anxiously awaited the result of the attack which this bold man was evidently meditating.

The skipper certainly imagined that this pantomimic indications of discomfort would have a slight effect, but when the contrary was the result, and the uncompromising knees wedged him into a corner, he turned purple with emotion, and bending towards his tormentor, he solemnly exclaimed—

'I guess, marm, it's got to be done any how, sooner or later, so you and I marm, must 'dovetail.'

The lady bounded from her seat aghast at the mysterious proposal, exclaiming: 'Must what sir?'

'Dovetail, marm you and I have got to dovetail, and no two ways about it.'

'Dovetail me, you inhuman savage?' she roared out, shaking her fist in the face of the skipper, who shrunk alarmed into the corner, 'dovetail a lone woman in a christian country! If that's law on earth, sir, and in the State of Illinoy, I'll have you hanged!'

'Driver, stop the coach!' she shrieked from the window, 'I go on farther with this man, my husband shall learn of this, as sure as shooting. Open the door, I say, and let me out!'

And in spite of all our expostulations and explanations of the science of 'dovetailing,' (that is, the process of mutually accommodating each other's legs,) she actually left the coach, and sought shelter in a house at the road side, and we heard her as we drove off, muttering, 'dovetail me, will they? the lojing savages! if that's law in Illinoy, I'll have him hanged!'

The Irish Heart.

One of the most admirable traits of the Irish character, is the fine vein of true golden affection that runs through it. It is a perpetual thing to find in the newspapers accounts of how poor starving women, who have come from the 'old sod,' and from day wages, have saved enough to bring over either an infirm father, a desolate and starving mother, or a brother whose life was an eternal toil, with hardly a subsistence. These are noble traits of character, and may be found everywhere among the Irish peasantry. We see that even so far off as Australia, what is so common in this country is noted. An Irish paper states that at the Limerick post office, letters are continually received enclosing from $50 to $500, sent by poor exiles to their poor kin to help them onward from the desolate honor of their birth to those far-off golden fields.—*Mobile Tribune.*

COMPLIMENTARY.—Sir E. Bulwer Lytton, in one of the early chapters of 'My Novel,' writes—'the stage coach stopped at the inn, as was its wont, for a good hour, that its passengers might dine, like Christian Englishmen—not gulp down, a basin of scalding soup, like everlasting Northern Yankees, with that cursed railway shrieking like a fiend in their ears.'

The Highwayman and his Lawyer.

I think it was at Preston assizes, on the northern circuit, about the year 1814, that I was instructed to defend a notorious highwayman; and as the case was expected to be one of great difficulty, I received a fee of five pounds. When the trial came on, the Judge discovered some flaw in the indictment, which was fatal to the whole proceedings, and the prisoner was in consequence discharged without any of the particulars of the case being entered into. I sat until late after the bar dinner in the evening, and the clock struck twelve as I entered my lodgings, which were in a lonely house a short distance from the town. The folks had all retired to rest, and were by this time deep anchored in the snoring depths of a Lancashire hard sleep. I sat musing over the fire for an hour, visions of future wool sacks figuring to themselves shapes in the burning coals, when a loud knock at the door disturbed my meditations. My clerk, of course, was absent, and supposing some client in a hurry, or some "sublime rascal" of an attorney was impatient, I opened it myself.

A tall, gaunt man, wrapped in a loose horseman's coat, with a handkerchief from which the tips of his ears peeped, red like the "rosy morn," with a ferocity of whisker, and an obliquity of vision, and a deep scar on his cheek, in a gruff voice thus addressed me—

"Measter, I a' come for that £5."

"What do you mean, my good fellow?" said I, feeling rather nervous.

"I say I want that 5/ that attorney Mr. Shark, gave you this morning."

"Who are you, sir?" I inquired, by no means re assured by his mention of Mr. Shark's name.

"I am Harry Hellfire, that was imprisoned for highway robbery, and they've just let me out, and so, I thought I'd just come and have my money back before I was off for London."

"But, my good fellow," replied I, beginning to feel extremely uncomfortable, "you can't claim the money; you're case has been heard, and you are acquitted, what more do you want?"

"Ah," retorted my client, the highwayman, in a voice something between a growl and a grin, "no thanks to you, Measter—it was the old codger above in the wig that got me off; Mr. Shark handed you over the five pounds to make a speech for me, and you had no speech to make, and you didn't make the speech, so hand me the money, Measter."

At this juncture the wind blew aside the skirts of his coat, and the moonlight fell upon the brass mountings of a horse pistol; my knees knocked under me, but I summoned courage, and screwing up a bold face, I replied—

"But it is not professional, my good friend, to return money, for you see if we were once to do so"—

"Oh, I don't understand your trade, Measter Counsellor, but I know you have had my money, and done nothing for it; so hand it back; come, I can't stop."

With this he gently insinuated his left hand and foot within the door, and tapped his fingers persuasively on a large black thorn club in his right hand. I looked backward upon the darkness and loneliness of my room, forward to the house and unfrequented lane, and putting my hand in my waistcoat pocket, I took out the five pound note and handed it to him. He wished me good night, with a knowing leer, and I heard no more of him. I never was so taken in but once, when myself and two other barristers having exerted ourselves for a handsome fee, succeeded in getting two W.'s off for forgery. They were acquitted; and by the time they were a hundred miles at least from the assize town, we found out that all of us, counsel, attorneys, and all, had been liberally paid in forged notes!—*Recollections of a Barrister.*

A Good One.

A minister travelling where the road was difficult to find, requested a man by the wayside to direct him, naming the place where he wanted to go.

'Well,' said the hedger and ditcher, keep on just as you are going about a mile and a half, there at the cross roads you will see a minister, who will direct you to the left a couple of miles, and there at the fork of the road is another minister, who will direct you to the right about three miles, and so on, at every fork and cross of the road, is a minister to tell you which road to take.'

'Ah,' said the parson, 'what do you call ministers?'

'Why,' said the other 'those things which stand up at the cross and forks of the road with something like a hand on them.'

'Fingerboards, you mean,' said the preacher, 'why do you call them ministers?'

'Because they are always pointing the way to other people, and never go themselves.'

A Touching Incident.

Tuesday, November 1st, was All Saints Day in New Orleans, and the papers are filled with accounts of the ceremonies and the incidents on the occasion. Many curious things occurred, if the papers do not romance. From the *True Delta* we extract the following specimen:

"An officinal, on All Saints' Day, arrayed himself in his best apparel, and, at the request of his wife, called a carriage to visit the cemeteries. The husband, be it premised, knew that his beloved, ere he married her, was a widow, but he knew not that she had been the widow of three husbands. As soon as they had entered the gate of the said city of silence, a shade of melancholy passed over the lady's face, and clinging to her husband's arm, she went to a tomb, at which she knelt and prayed for the repose of her dear dead husband's soul.' Tears flowed, and plentifully; but the living husband, though he felt a little mortified at the strong affection which his wife showed for her first love, now asleep, still forgave the outburst, and hurried her from the spot. Soon, however, she knelt before another tomb, and again uttered a touching orison for the repose of the soul of her dear, dead husband,' whose holy dust there found a resting place. The husband thought that this was a little more than he had bargained for, but he said nothing, though grave were his reflections, as he again led his wife from a spot which awakened such sad remembrances. He had not gone far when his wife again turned aside, knelt, and again prayed 'be before for the repose of her dear, dead husband's soul!' The husband could stand it no longer, and uttering an inexcusable and unhusbandly oath, said; 'D—m it, Madam! how many husbands, in the Lord's name, have you buried!'

"Ere the accusing angel had flown to heaven's chancery with the oath, the thoughts of the wife were recalled to the things of 'the earth, earthly,' and she answered, 'Three, sir, only; and *that*, it would seem by your outrageous conduct, *is one too few*.'"

THINKING ALOUD.—The course of true love never does run smooth. A young gentleman of our acquaintance lately found it so; and, as he thought, to punish the hesitating fair one, rushed off and married another. He was a splendidly handsome fellow. The subject being talked of at some party, one of the company said, "Was it not very sudden? I did not know that he was even acquainted with her." "He was a foolish fellow, and being angry with Miss Smith, determined to marry the first girl he met in his pique!" a young lady who was present innocently exclaimed. "O, dear me, I wish he had met me, in his pique!" We never heard of a better specimen of thinking aloud.

From the Congregational Journal.

Position and Influence of the Jews.

The existence of the Jews is the living miracle of the world. They are scattered and down-trodden, and yet, according to the most accurate statistics, are as numerous as they were when they left the land of Egypt, the returns made to Bonaparte giving about three millions. Expatriated, they become citizens of the world; and, wherever tolerated, they commence traffic and become thrifty. Everywhere they are at home. They may be banished, but cannot be expelled; be trodden down, yet cannot be crushed. Only in the United States, France, Holland, and Prussia, are they fully citizens; but in spite of British statutes, the Russian ukas and Turkish curse, they prosper still. The great nations of antiquity, the Egyptians, the Assyrians, the Romans and Saracens, as well as the modern Turks and Christians, have attempted to destroy them, but in vain; while penal laws and cruel tortures have only served to increase their number and reinforce their obstinacy.

But the Jews exist not only a monument and a miracle! Jewish mind has exerted a powerful influence on the world. Favored by Napoleon, the Hebrew race at once developed power which had never been suspected. Soult, Ney, and Massena, who thus altered his name from Manassah, to escape the odium of being an Israelite, were all Marshalls of France, under the eye of the greatest warrior of his age. In politics, the Jews have Metternich in Austria, D'Israeli in England, a convert to the Christian faith, while the Autocrat of Russia has had a Jew for his confidential counsellor, and Spain a Prime Minister of the same race, and Russia her Minister of Finance. In the United States, Jews begin to figure in our national councils; Mr. Yulee, late member of the Senate, and Mr. Soule, recently Senator from Louisiana, now U. States Minister to Spain, being of the Hebrew stock. Mr. Crenieux, one of the most eminent lawyers of France, was what we should call the Attorney General upon the flight of Louis Phillippe.

In money power the Jews hold in their hands the destiny of kingdoms and empires, whose government become bankrupt, and their sovereigns turn beggars at a Hebrew's nod. Half a dozen Jews can do more to preserve the peace of Europe by sitting behind her desk, and persistingly say "No!" to the royal applicants for money, than all the Peace Congresses and Conventions in Christendom. The Rothschilds, the Barings, and Sir John Montfire, are all Jews, and with their banking establishments scattered over Europe and Asia, wield a sceptre more powerful than monarchs can hold.

Coming to the literary profession, and inquiring into the lineage of many of the most distinguished scholars and men of science, we find the Jews prominent here as well as in active life. The most renowned in Astronomy have been Jews; the Herschels in England, and Arago in France, the Astronomer under Louis Philippe, who has filled the world with his fame. Not so for a man works which are deluging the world for the most part the productions of—*IN*—he would Jews, as those of Hengstenberg et al., it does not macher, Gresenius, Neander, Tholuck, &c. What whose learned treatise, Pro—Why do you sceptic theology and gen—ch, wore for your feet in the found in the library—rim— ary, and in the hand— as genius,' said Hogarth, to dent; Spinoza, the Jew is nothing but labor and and so are Ronge and Czerski said of himself, that of a new religious reformation. Anything, he had of-day.

Such have been and are the Jew, resented a pair nation! Inexplicable enigma! A li— form. ually omnipresent miracle! A race as —oot-jacks table, so imperishable, must have been ra— the last and preserved for some grand purpose. —ffec— —ting

A Striking Simile.

A recent Swiss traveller describes a village in the Grison country, situated on the slope of a great mountain, of which the strata shelve in the direction of the place. Huge crags directly overhanging the village, and massy enough to sweep the whole of it into the torrent below, have become separated from the main body of the mountain in the course of ages, by great fissures, and now scarcely adhere to it. When they give way the village must perish. It is only a question of time, and the catastrophe may happen at any day.

For years past, engineers have been sent from time to time to measure the width of the fissures, who report them constantly increasing. The villagers for more than one generation have been fully aware of their danger; subscriptions have been once or twice opened in the cantons and in Germany to enable them to remove; yet they live on in their doomed dwellings from year to year, fortified against the ultimate certainty and daily probability of destruction by the common sentiment—things may last their time and no longer. It is needless to say how much of this popular fatalism is exhibited in the habitual acquiescence of modern society in the political institutions under which it lives. The crags and crevices in the mountain which overhangs our privilege-founded European system, are constantly sounded by explorers, and their reports are never re-assuring; we are more and more convinced of insecurity of thrones and commonwealths; political sagacity wholly fails to reveal to us the manner of their re-construction. Yet we live on in a kind of provisional safety, reconciled to the constant neighborhood of danger, against which, apparently, we can no better guard ourselves than the villagers can prevent the fall of their rocks.—*Edinburgh Review.*

The Language of love is universal. Let your heart beat for a Choctaw squaw, a Chinese quail, a French grizette, or a South Sea collection of black hair, yellow skin and plantation feet, and you can talk to her with the eloquence of an orator, the sweetness of a poet and the understanding of a philosopher. Love can speak through seven barn doors and several meeting houses.

'Is them fellers alive now?' said an urchin to his teacher.

'What fellows do you mean, my dear?'

'Why, Paul, and Luke; and Deuteronomy, and them.'

'Do you know Mr. John Brown?'

'Yes my dear.'

'Is he not a deserving man?'

'Yes, he deserves a flogging, and if he ever gallants you again, I will give it to him.'

☞ Daniel Webster said that 'Heaven's gates are not so highly arched as prince's palaces; they that enter there, must go upon their knees.'

☞ Hood, had a way of perpetrating puns peculiar to himself. What can be better than his description of Ben Battle in his conflict:—

"That Cannon ball took off his legs,
And he laid down his arms."

Or that doleful announcement after his death, when

"They went and told the Sexton,
And the Sexton toll'd the bell."

Sam Slick says: 'I believe that every critter in the world thinks that he is the most intellectual one in it, and there's one gettin' on anyhow without that. Conceit grows as natural as the hair on one's head, but is longer in coming out.