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Poetical.

LOVERS.

A PASSAGE FROM KEATS' "ISABELLA."

Parting they seem'd to tread upon the air,
Twin roses by the zephyr blown apart
Only to meet again more close, and share
The inward fragrance of each other's heart.
She, to her chamber gone, a ditty fair
Sang of delicious love and honey'd dart;
He with light steps went up a western hill,
And bade the sun farewell, and joy'd his fill.

All close they met again, before the dusk
Had taken from the stars its pleasant veil,
All close they met, all eyes before the dusk
Had taken from thy stars its pleasant veil,
Close in a bower of hyacinth and musk,
Unknown to any, free from whispering tale,
Ah! better had it been forever so,
Than idle ears should pleasure in their woe.

Were they unhappy then?—it cannot be—
Too many tears for lovers have been shed,
Too many sighs give we to them in fee,
Too much of pity after they are dead,
Too many doleful stories do we see,
Whose matter in bright gold were best read;
Except in such a page where Theseus's spouse
Over the pathless waves toward him bows.

NOW-A-DAYS.

Alas! how everything has changed
Since I was sweet sixteen,
When all the girls wore homespun frocks,
And aprons nice and clean;
With bonnets made of braided straw,
That tied beneath the chin,
The shawl laid neatly on the neck,
And fastened with a pin.

I recollect the time when I
Rode father's horse to mill,
Across the meadows, rock and field,
And up and down the hill,
And when our folks were out at work,
(As sure as I'm a sinner,)
I jumped upon a horse, bare-back,
And carried them their dinner.

Dear me! young ladies, now-a-days,
Would almost faint away
To think of riding all alone
In wagon, chaise or sleigh;
And as for giving "*pa*" his meals,
Or helping "*ma*" to bake,
Oh, saints! 'twould *spoil her lilly hands*,
Though sometimes they make *cake!*

When winter came, the maiden's heart
Began to beat and flutter;
Each beau would take his sweetheart out
Sleighing in a cutter;
Or, if the storm was bleak and cold,
The girls and beaux together
Would meet and have most glorious fun,
And never mind the weather.

But now, indeed, it grives me much
The circumstance to mention,
However kind the young man's heart,
And honest his intention,
He never asks the girls to ride
But such a war is waged!
And if he sees her once a week,
Why, surely, "they're engaged!"

Miscellaneous.

THE TWO WIDOWS.

BY NATHANIEL HAWTHORNE.

The following story, the simple and domestic incidents of which may be deemed scarcely worth relating, after such a lapse of time, awakened a degree of interest a hundred years ago, in a principal seaport of the bay of Massachusetts. The rainy twilight of an autumn day, a parlor on the second floor of a house, plainly furnished, as beseemed the middling circumstances of its inhabitants, yet decorated with little curiosities from beyond the sea, and a few delicate specimens of Indian manufacture; these are the only particulars to be premised in regard to scenes and season. Two young and comely women sat together by the fireside, nursing their mutual and peculiar sorrows. They were the recent brides of two brothers, a sailor and landsman, and two successive days had brought tidings of the death of each, by the chances of Canadian warfare and the tempestous Atlantic. The universal sympathy excited by this bereavement, drew numerous consolling guests to the habitation of the widowed sisters. Several, among whom was the minister, had remained till the verge of the evening; when, one by one, whispering many comfortable passages of Scripture, that were answered by more abundant tears, they took their leave, and departed to their own happier homes. The mourners, though not insensible to the kindness of their friends, had yearned to be left alone. United as they had been by relationship of the living, and now more closely so by that of the dead, each felt as if whatever consolation her grief admitted, was to be found in the bosom of the other. They joined their hearts, and wept together silently. But after an hour of such indulgence, one of the sisters, all of whose emotions were influenced by her mild, quiet, yet not feeble character, began to recollect the precepts of resignation and endurance which piety had taught her, when she did not think to heed them. Her misfortunes, besides, as earliest known, should earliest cease to interfere with her regular course of duties; accordingly, having placed the table before the fire, and arranged a frugal meal, she took the hand of her companion.

"Come, dearest sister, you have not eaten a morsel to day," she said. "Arise, I pray you, and let us ask a blessing on that which is provided for us."

Her sister-in-law was of a lively and irritable temperament, and the first pangs of her sorrow had been expressed by shrieks and passionate lamentations. She now shrunk from Mary's words, like a wounded sufferer from a hand that revives the throb.

"There is no blessing for me, neither will I ask it, cried Margaret," with a fresh burst of tears. "Would it were his will that I might never taste food more."

Yet she trembled at these rebellious expressions, almost as soon as they were uttered, and by degrees, Mary succeeded in bringing her sister's mind nearer to the situation of her own.—Time went on, and their usual hour of repose arrived. The brothers and their brides entered the married state with no more than the slender means which then sanctioned such a step, and confederated themselves into one household, with equal rights to the parlor, and claiming exclusive privileges in two sleeping rooms contiguous to it. Thither the widowed ones retired, after heaping ashes upon the dying embers of the fire, and placing a lighted lamp upon the hearth.—The doors of both chambers were left open, so that a part of the interior of each, and the beds, with their unclosed curtains, were reciprocally visible. Sleep did not fall upon the sisters at once and at the same time. Mary experienced the effect often consequent upon grief, quietly borne, and soon sunk into temporary forgetfulness, while Margaret became more disturbed and feverish, in proportion as the night advanced with its deepest and stillest hours. She lay listning to the drops of rain, that came down in monotonous succession, unswayed by breath of wind, and a nervous impulse continually causing her to lift her head from the pillow, and gaze into Mary's chamber and the intermediate apartment. The cold light of the lamp threw the shadows of the furniture up against the wall, stamping them immovable there, except when they were shaken by a sudden flicker of the flame. Two vacant arm chairs were in their old position on opposite sides of the hearth, where the brothers were wont to sit in young and laughing dignity, as heads of families; two humblier seats were near them, the thrones of that little empire, where Mary and herself had exercised in love a power that love had won. The cheerful radiance of the fire had shone upon the happy circle, and the dead glimmer of the lamp might have befitted their reunion now. While Margaret groaned in bitterness, she heard a knock at the street door.

"How would my heart have leapt at that sound but yesterday!" thought she, remembering the anxiety with which she had long awaited tidings from her husband. "I care not for it now; let them begone, for I will not arise."

But even while a sort of childish fretfulness made her thus resolve, she was breathing hurriedly and straining her ears to catch a repetition of the summons. It is difficult to be convinced of the death of one whom we have deemed another self. The knocking was now renewed with the soft end of a double fist, and was accompanied by words faintly heard through several thicknesses of the wall. Margaret looked to her sister's chamber, and beheld her still lying in the depths of sleep. She slightly arrayed herself, trembling between fear and eagerness as she did so.

"Heaven help me!" sighed she, "I have nothing left to fear, and methinks I am ten times more a coward now than ever."

Seizing the lamp from the hearth, she hastened to the window that overlooked the street door. It was a lattice turning upon hinges; and having thrown it back, she stretched her head a little way into the moist atmosphere. A lantern was reddening the front of the house, and melting its light in the neighboring puddles, while a deluge of darkness overwhelmed every object. As the window grated on its hinges, a man in a broad brimmed hat and blanket coat stepped from under the shelter of the projecting story, and looked upward to discover whom his application had aroused. Margaret knew him as a friendly innkeeper of the town.

"What would you have, good man Parker?" cried the widow.

"Lack-a-day, is it you, good mistress Margaret?" replied the innkeeper. "I was afraid it might be your sister Mary, for I hate to see a young woman in trouble, when I hav'nt a word of comfort to whisper to her."

"For Heaven's sake, what news do you bring?" screamed Margaret.

"Why there has been an express through the town this half hour," said good man Parker, "travelling from the eastward jurisdiction with letters from the Governor and Council. He tarried at my house to refresh himself with a drop and morsel, and I asked him what tidings on the frontiers. He told me we had the better in the skirmish you wot of, and that thirteen men reported slain, are well and sound, and your husband among them. Besides, he is appointed one of the escort to bring the captivated Frenchers and Indians home to the province jail. I judge you would'nt mind being broke of your rest, and so I stepped over to tell you. Good night."

So saying, the honest man departed; and his lantern gleamed along the street, bringing to view indistinct shapes of things, and the fragment of a world, like order glimmering through a chaos, or memory roaming over the past.—But Margaret stayed not to watch these picturesque effects. Joy flushed into her heart, and lighted it up at once, and breathless, and with winged steps, she flew to the bedside of her sister. She paused, however, at the door of her chamber, while a thought of pain broke in upon her.

"Poor Mary!" said she to herself. "Shall I awaken her to feel her sorrow sharpened by my happiness? No, I will keep it in my own bosom till the morrow.

She approached the bed to discover if Mary's sleep was peaceful. Her face was turned partly upwards to the pillow, and had been hidden there to weep; but a look of motionless contentment was visible upon it, as if her heart, like a deep lake, had grown calm because its head had sunk down so far within. Happy it is, and strange that the lighter sorrows are those from which dreams are chiefly fabricated. Margaret shrank from disturbing her sister-in-law, and felt as if her own better fortune had rendered her involuntarily unfaithful, and if altered and diminished affection must be the consequence of the disclosure she had to make. With a sudden step she turned away. But joy could not long be repressed, even by the circumstances that would have excited heavy grief at another moment.—Her mind was thronged with delightful thoughts, till sleep stole on and transformed them to visions, more delightful and more wild, like the breath of winter (but a cold comparison) working fantastic tracery on the window.

When the night was far advanced, Mary awoke with a sudden start. A vivid dream had latterly involved her in its unreal life, of which, however, she could only remember that it had been broken in upon at the most interesting point.—For a little time, slumber hung about her like a morning mist, hindering her from perceiving the distinct outline of her situation. She listened with imperfect consciousness to two or three volleys of a rapid and eager knocking, and first she deemed the noise a matter of course, like the breath she drew next, it appeared a thing in which she had no concern; and lastly, became aware that it was a summons necessary to be observed. At the same moment, the pang of recollection darted into her mind; the pall of sleep was thrown back from the face of grief; the dim light of the chamber, and the objects therein revealed, had retained all their suspended ideas, and restored them as soon as she unclosed her eyes! Again there was a quick peal upon the street door. Fearing that her sister would also be disturbed, Mary wrapped herself in a cloak and hood, took the lamp from the hearth, and hastened to the window. By some accident it had been left unclasped, and yielded easily to the hand.

"Who's there?" asked Mary, trembling as she looked forth.

The storm was over and the moon was up; it shone up on broken clouds above and below, upon houses black with moisture, and upon little lakes of the fallen rain, curling with silver beneath the quick enchantment of a breeze. A young man in a sailor's dress, wet as if he had come out of the depth of the sea, stood alone under the window. Mary recognized him as one whose livelihood was gained by short voyages along the coast; nor did she forget that, previous to her marriage, he had been an unsuccessful wooer of her heart.

"What do you seek here, Stephen?" said she.

"Cheer up, Mary, for I seek to comfort you," answered the rejected lover. "You must know that I got home ten minutes ago, and the first thing my mother told me about was your husband. So, without saying a word to the old woman, I clapped on my hat, and run out of the house. I could'nt have slept a wink before speaking to you, Mary, for the sake of old times.

"Stephen, I thought better of you!" exclaimed the widow, with gushing tears, and preparing to close the lattice; for she was no whit inclined to imitate the first wife of Zadig.

"But stop, and hear my story out," cried the young sailor. "I tell you we spoke a brig yesterday afternoon, bound in from old England. And who do you think I saw on deck, well and hearty, only a bit thinner than he was five months ago?"

Mary leaned from the window, but could not speak.

"Why, it was your husband himself," continued the generous seaman. "He and three others saved themselves on a spar, when the vessel turned bottom upwards. The brig will beat into the bay by daylight, with this wind, and you'll see him here to-morrow. There's the comfort I bring to you, Mary; so good night.

He hurried away, while Mary watched him with a doubt of waking reality, that seemed stronger or weaker as he alternately entered the shade of the house, or emerged into the broad streaks of moonlight. Gradually, however, a flood of conviction swelled into her heart, in strength enough to overwhelm her, had its increase been more. Her first impulse was to arouse her sister-in-law, and communicate the new-born gladness. She opened the chamber door, which had been closed in the course of the night, though not latched, advanced to the bedside, and was about to lay her hand on the slumberer's shoulder. But then she remembered that Margaret would awake to thoughts of death and woe, rendered not the less bitter by the contrast of her own felicity. She suffered the rays of the lamp to fall upon the unconscious form of the bereaved one. Margaret lay in unquiet sleep, and the drapery was displaced around her; her young cheek was rosy-tinted, lips half opened in a vivid smile; an expression of joy debarred its passage by her sealed eyelids, struggled forth like incense from the whole countenance.

"My poor sister, you will awaken too soon from that happy dream!" thought Mary.

Before retiring, she set down the lamp, and endeavored to arrange the bed-clothes so that the chill air might do no harm to the feverish slumberer. But her hand had trembled against Margaret's neck, a tear also fell upon her cheek, and she suddenly awoke. Their mutual joy was made known, and they wept in each other's arms.

Fortune Telling.

Some young persons once applied to an old woman who, among the vulgar and ignorant, had gained much celebrity in the art; to each, of course, she had something to say; but to one she did "a tale unfold," so much to the purpose that it caused her very soon to leave this world of trouble. After premising with a great deal of nonsense, she informed her that she would never be married, but that she would live in great splendor for a period, but after all, she was "sorry to say," she would die poor and miserable.

Miss B., whilst with her companions, showed very little signs of anxiety; but the moment she was left to her own reflections, one may guess the effect of such a harangue on a virtuous but weak mind. Mark the consequence:—She was at the time on the point of marriage with a very worthy and respectable young gentleman; but such was the hold which the prediction of the fortune teller had taken on her imagination, that she could never from that time receive him with her usual affectionate attention. Her lover quickly perceiving this change, endeavored to learn the cause of it; but finding his inquiries ineffectual, as also any efforts of his to rouse her to an explanation of her behavior, which became more and more distant, and doubting the sincerity of her affection, he, in the course of a little time, discontinued his visits altogether. The young lady perceiving herself deserted by the only man she could ever love, and dreading, that as she had fulfilled the prophecy so far, the rest might also be her future lot, continued to drag on a now weary existence, and at length resolved to put an effectual stop to this progressive dishonor to her name, by committing a crime that could never be repented of. One morning, at the usual hour, her family finding she did not appear, sent to inquire the cause, when she was found lying dead in her bed, having the night before taken two ounces of laudanum to effect her purpose. On the toilet was found a note, detailing the particular reasons for committing so shocking an act, of which the preceeding account is the outline.

Thus perished an innocent and lovely girl, in the flower of her youth, through the baneful influence of fortune telling! but giving at the same time the flattest contradiction to the prophecy against her.

Sam Slick on Lawyers.

Few things resemble each other more, in nature, than an old cunnin' lawyer and a spider.—He weaves his web into a corner, with no light behind, to show the thread of his net; but—in a shade, like—there he waits in his dark office, to receive his visitor. A buzzin', burrin', thoughtless fly, thinkin' of nothin' but his beautiful wings and well-made legs, and rather near-sighted withal comes stumblin', head-over-heels, into the net.

"I beg your pardon," says the fly, "I really didn't see this net-work of yours, the weather is foggy, and the streets so confounded dark, I'm afraid I've done mischief."

"Not at all," says the spider, bowin', "I guess it's all my fault. I reckon I had ought to have hung a lamp out; but, pray, don't move or you may do damage. Allow me to assist you." And, then, he ties up one leg, and then the other, and furls up both wings, and has him as fast as Gibralter.

"Now," says the spider, "my good friend," (a phrase a feller allers uses, when he's agoin to be tricky,) "I'm afraid you've hurt yourself a considerable sum. I must bleed you."

"Bleed me!" says the fly. "Excuse me—I'm obliged to you—I don't require it."

"Oh! yes, you do, my dear friend," and he gets ready for the operation.

"If you dare to do that," says the fly, "I'll knock you down; and I'm a man that what I lay down I stand on."

"You had better get up first," says the spider, alaughin.' "You must be bled; you must pay all damages." And he bleeds him, and he bleeds him, till he gasps for breath, and feels faintin' comin' on.

"Let me go, my good feller," says the poor fly, "and I will pay you liberally."

"Pay!" says the spider. "You miserable, uncircumcised wretch, you have nothing left to pay with. "Take that!" and he gives him the last dig, and he is a gone coon—bled to death.

A Lion's Remorse.

In the beginning of the last century, there was in the menagerie at Cassel, a lion that showed an astonishing degree of tameness towards the woman who had the care of him. This went so far, that the woman, in order to amuse the company that came to see the animal, would rashly place not only her hand, but her head between his tremendous jaws. She had frequently performed this experiment without suffering any injury, but having once introduced her head into the lion's mouth, the animal made a sudden snap and killed her on the spot. Undoubtedly, this catastrophe was unintentional on the part of the lion; for probably, at the fatal moment, the hair of the woman's head irritated the lion's throat and compelled him to sneeze or cough; at least the suggestion appears to be confirmed by what followed; for, as soon as the lion perceived that he had killed his attendant, the good-tempered, grateful animal, exhibited signs of the deepest melancholy—laid himself down by the side of the dead body, which he would not suffer to be taken from him—refused to take any food, and in a few days pined himself to death.

THEY HAVE COME.—The New York *Evening Post* announces the arrival in this country of several copies of the picture of the Blessed Virgin of Rimini, which winked at Signor Bedini during his administration of the Government of Bologna. The engravings do not wink.

"Uncle," said a young man, who thought that his guardian supplied him rather seldom with pocket money, and felt a little hesitation on beginning to make a request on his relative's generosity, "is the queen's head still on the shilling-piece?" "Of course it is, you stupid lad; why do you ask that?" "Because it is now such a length of time since I had one!"

BACHELOR'S FARE.

Funny and free are a bachelor's revelries,
Cheerily, merrily passes his life;
Nothing knows he of connubial devilries,
Troublesome children and clamorous wife.

Free from satiety, care and anxiety,
Charms in variety fall to his share;
Bacchus's blisses, and Venus's kisses,
This, boys—this is the Bachelor's Fare.

A wife, like a canister, chattering, clattering,
Tied to a dog for his torment and dread,
All bespattering, bumping and battering,
Hurries and worries him till he is dead.

Old ones are two devils haunted with blue devils,
Young ones are new devils raising despair;
Doctors and nurses combining their curses,
Adieu to full purses and Bachelor's Fare.

Through such folly days, once sweet holidays,
Soon are emblitter'd by wrangling and strife;
Wives turns jolly days to melancholy days,
All perplexing and vexing one's life.

Children are riotous, said servants fly at us,
Mammy to quiet us growls like a bear;
Polly is squalling, and Molly is bawling,
While dad is recalling his Bachelor's Fare.

When they are older grown, then they are bolder grown,
Turning your temper and spurning your rule;
Girls through foolishness, passion or mullishness,
Parry your wishes, and marry a fool.

Boys will anticipate, relish and dissipate
All that your busy late hoarded with care;
Then tell me what jollity, fun or frivolity,
Equals in quality Bachelor's Fare!

From "Barrington's Sketches."

PECULIARITIES OF IRISH CHARACTER.

HOW NED MAHER CUT HIS OWN HEAD OFF.

Among my memorandums of singular incidents, I find one which even now affords me as much amusement as such a circumstance can possibly admit of; and as it is, at the same time highly characteristic of the people among whom it occurred, in that view I relate it. A man *decapitating himself by mistake*, is indeed a *blunder* of true Hibernian character. In the year 1800, a laborer, dwelling near the town of Athy, County Kildare, where some of my family then resided, was walking with his comrade up the banks of the Barrow to the farm of a Mr. Richardson, on whose meadows they were employed to mow; each in the usual Irish way, having his scythe loosly wagging over his shoulder, and lazily lounging close to the bank of the river, they espied a salmon partly hid under the bank. It is the nature of this fish that, when its *head* is concealed, he fancies no one can see his *tail* (there are many wiseacres, besides the salmon, of the same way of thinking.) On the present occasion the body of the fish was visible.

"Oh, Ned—Ned dear!" said one of the mowers, "look at that big fellow there, isn't it a pity we ha'n't no spear?"

"May be," said Ned, "we could be after picking the lad with the scythe handle."

"True for you!" said Dennis; "spike of yeer handle is longer nor mine; give the fellow a dig with it at any rate."

"Ay, will I," returned the other; "I'll give the lad a prod he'll never forget any how."

The spike and their sport was all they tho't of; but the *blade* of the scythe, which hung over Ned's shoulders, never came into the contemplation of either of them. Ned cautiously looked over the bank: the unconscious salmon lay snug, little imagining the conspiracy that had been formed against his tail.

"Now hit the lad smart!" said Dennis:—"there now—there! rise your first: now you have the boy! now Ned—success!"

Ned struck at the salmon with all his might and main, and that was not trifling. But whether "the boy" was picked or not never appeared, for poor Ned, bending his neck as he struck at the salmon struck at the vertebræ in the most convenient position for unfurnishing his shoulders, and his head came tumbling splash into the Barrow, to the utter astonishment of his comrade, who could not conceive *how* it could *drop off* so suddenly. But the next minute he had the consolation of seeing the head attended by *one of his own ears*, which had been most dexterously sliced off by the same blow which beheaded his comrade. The head and ear rolled down the hill in company, and were picked up with extreme horror at the milldam, near Mr. Richardson's, by one of the miller's men.

"Who the devil does this head belong to?" exclaimed the miller.

"Whoever owned it," said the man, "had three ears at any rate."

A search being now made, Ned's headless body was discovered lying half over the bank, and Dennis, in a swoon, through fright and loss of blood, was found recumbent by its side—Dennis, when brought to himself (a hich process was effected by whiskey,) recited the whole adventure. They tied up the head; the body was attended by a numerous assemblage of Ned's countrymen to the grave; and the habit of carrying scythes carelessly very much declined. Many accidents had happened before from that cause, and the priest very judiciously told his flock, after the *De Profundis*, that Ned's *misfortune* was a just punishment for his negligence, whereby he had hurt a child a day or two before.

From that time none of the country people would, on any occasion, go after dark to the spot where the catastrophe happened, as they say the doctor stole the head to *anatomize it*; which fact was *confirmed* by a man without any head being frequently seen by the *women and children* who were occasionally led to pass the moat of Ascole, three miles from Athy, in the night-time; and they really believed the apparition to be no other than the ghost of poor Ned Mather, looking everywhere for his head that the doctor's had made way with.

This leads me to a digression more important. The superstition of the lower orders of Irish, when death occurs in any peculiar manner, is superlative. In truth, the only three kinds of death they consider as *natural* are, dying quietly in their own cabins, being hanged about the assize time, or starving when the potato crop is deficient. All these they regard as matters of course; but any other species of dissolution is contemplated with much horror; though, to be sure, they make no very strong objection to being shot at by the regular army. They say their "fathers and forefathers before them, were always used to *that same;*" and all they expect in such case is, that there should be some sort of reason for it, which they themselves frequently furnish. But those man slaughters which occur through the activity of the revenue officers in prevention of distillation, they never can reconcile themselves to, and never forgive. They can not understand the *reason* for all this at all, and treasure up a savage spirit of revenge to the last day of their lives. An ignorant poor cottager says, naturally enough, to his landlord, "Ough! then is n't it mighty odd, please your honor, that we are not hindered from eating oats, whenever we can get any? but if we attempt to *drink* them, by J——s, we are kilt, and battered, and shot, and burned out like a parcel of dogs by the excisemen, that's twice greater rogues nor we are, plase your honor!"

In truth it is to be lamented that this distinction between solids and fluids should not be better reconciled to the common sense of the peasantry, or be somehow regulated so as to prevent perpetual resort to that erroneous system of mountain warfare and revenue bloodshed, which ever has kept, and ever will keep, whole districts of Ireland in a state of excitement and distraction. I know that I speak the sentiments of some of his majesty's enlightened ministers on this subject.

HOW THE RUSSIANS WAGE WAR.

THE SACK OF LOSONCZ.

On the 1st of August, 1849, about 9 o'clock in the morning, ninety Russian soldiers, commanded by ten officers, arrived at Lasoncz.—They halted in the public square, and while the officers were breakfasting in the nearest tavern, the soldiers scattered around among the baker shops of the town. They had been scarcely fifteen minutes engaged in regaling themselves there, when the place was suddenly surrounded by a column of 150 Hungarian guerillas, who rushed upon their hated foes with unexpected impetuosity. Three Russian officers were killed; the rest, with all the common soldiers, were captured, excepting only a few who managed to escape.

After this feat, the guerillas withdrew.—When they at length departed, the bodies of the Russians were buried in the common ditch. It was not long, however, before the rumor reached Losoncz that General Grabbe had sworn to take vengeance on the town for the surprise of his soldiers. At length, on August 7, the affrighted inhabitants learned that the enraged Russians were within an hour's march of them. All who had vehicles at their disposal at once hurried away, but the largest portion were compelled to remain. The cholera was committing its ravages in the town, and nearly every family had dead members to bury or sick to tend.

The town was speedily surrounded by the Russian advanced guard, composed of Cossacks, whose first measure was to cut off all retreat for those who might still endeavor to escape.—"Hungarian dogs!" they cried to the unfortunate fugitives, as they drove them back with clubs.

Ere long, a Russian major presented himself at the Town Hall, and the municipality having secreted themselves, or taken to flight, named a magistrate and mayor among the town's people present, imposing upon the place a ransom of 27,000 rations of bread, 100 oxen, 100 quintals of lard, 200 bushels of vegetables, 100 cords of wood, 100 casks of wine, 25 casks of alcohol, 100 casks of brandy, 50,000 rations of hay, 500 bushels of oats, and 20 quintals of tobacco.

This exorbitant ransom was laid upon the town, with an accompanying threat that if it were not paid by 8 o'clock the next morning, the place should be destroyed. To satisfy such demand was impossible, for a few days previously the army of Gorgey, and the corps of Gen. Saas, had consumed nearly all the provision that could be found in the neighborhood. Yet every exertion was made, and then the deputation of burghers presented themselves at the head-quarters of Gen. Grabbe, to reach which, it was necessary to pass through the Russian army. At first free passage was refused them; but after having been subjected to much ill-treatment, succeeded in making their way to General Naddle, who received them brutally, although at the same time promising to spare the innocent. But, by afternoon, the pillage began in some of the streets. The officers, to console the inhabitants, told them there should be no burning. But the soldiers were more frank in announcing the truth. At last night came—and what a night! About 10 o'clock, a troop of Cossacks dashed into the town and drove the inhabitants towards the cemetery, where the Russians slain by the guerrillas had been interred. There, they were ordered to open the pit in which the dead soldiers had been deposited, and as they were about to do so, with mattock and spade, there rose a yell from their foes: "With your nails, dogs that ye are!" and they were forced to obey. The general pillage commenced after midnight. The signal was given by a blast of trumpets. The regiments passed in, one after another. This thronging host, constantly renewed, did not content itself with pillaging the houses, but they even tore from the inhabitants their clothing, not excepting their linen and shoes. Those who did not yield to this outrage with a good grace, were regaled by a shower of blows. All were soon reduced to a condition bordering on complete nudity. Of course, the principal demand was for their money, and when they had none, they were lacerated with cuts of the *knutschuk*. The last regiments, finding nothing more to take, avenged themselves for the disappointment by unheard of cruelties. Officers as well as common soldiers, shared in the booty.

When all the stolen articles had been conveyed to the Russian camp, some of the battalions re-entered the town with pitchforks and sticks, and broke to pieces every thing they had not been able to carry away. They did not leave a single article of furniture entire. Descending into the cellars, they bilged all the wine they could not drink. The excesses committed by these drunken bacchanals surpassed all that any one could imagine or dare to describe. I will say nothing of the outrages committed on women and girls. Although an eye-witness, I can scarcely believe them. This much, however, I will say, that neither the churches nor the resting places of the dead were respected. This sack, of which the like has never, perhaps, been elsewhere committed, lasted thirty-six hours. During that whole time the town was surrounded so that no one could pass out of it. The destruction was complete, the ruin was total—but even all that was not enough.

On the 9th of August, fire was applied to all the houses. The fragments of broken furniture were heaped up in the centre of the rooms and fire set to them with torches prepared for that purpose. By a refinement of cruelty, while this unfortunate town was burning, the Russian regimental bands played their national airs. The flames, the savage music, the ferocious yells and laughter, mingled with cries of despair from a wild throng of naked, maltreated, famished and frantic people, made up a catalogue of horrors that cannot be conceived.

In a few hours the whole town was in flames. Those who attempted to extinguish the conflagration—a vain effort at best—were beaten back by the patrols, who even drove many of the inhabitants into the flames. Towards evening, the heat became insupportable, and the wretched survivors were led to *Apatifalva*, where it was told them they were to be massacred.—But this menace produced no effect upon them; they had already suffered too much for that, and so they were permitted to live as the worst punishment that could be inflicted upon them. But, in order to make their work complete, on the next day, while the army was commencing its march, they were assembled, and five francs given to each one, with the following words:—"Strict investigation has been made, and we have discovered that the town was fired, not by Russians, but by guerillas disguised as peasants."

After this unblushing and infamous falsehood, the army moved off, and the wretched towns people returned to gaze upon the smoky ruins of their dwellings, so lately the homes of peace and comfort.

A Story About Bed-Bugs.

Speaking of bed-bugs, a friend of ours who "put up" at the Kalamazoo House, tells the following "strong one:"

"You see, I went to bed pretty all-fired used up, after a hull day on the old road before the plank was laid, calkalatin' on a good snooze. Waal, jist as the shivers began to ease off, I kinder felt suthin' tryin' to pull off my shirt and diggin' their feet into the small of my back to get a good hold. Wiggled and twisted, and doubled and puckered—all no use—kept agoin' it like all sin. Bimeby, got up and struck a light to look around a spell—found about a peck of bed bugs scattered around, and more droppin' off my shirt and runnin' down my legs every minnit. Swept off a place on the floor, shook out a quilt, lay down and kivered up in it for a nap. No use—mounted right on to me, like a passel of rats on a meal tup—dug a hole in the kiver lid, and crawled through and give me fits for tryin' to hide. Got up agin, went down stairs and got the slush bucket from the wagon. Brought it up and made a circle of tar on the floor—lay down on the floor on the inside, and felt comfortable that time anyhow. Left the light burnin' and watched 'em. See 'em get together and have a camp meetin' 'bout it, and then they went off in a squad, with an old gray headed he one, at the top, right up the wall, out on the ceiling, till they got to the right spot, then dropped right plump into my face. Fact by thunder!

"Waal, I swept 'em up again and made a circle of tar on the ceiling too. Thought I had 'em foul, that time; but I swan to man, if they didn't pull straws out of the bed, and build a regular bridge over it!"

Seeing an incredible expression on our visage, he clinched the story thus:

"It's so, whether you believe it or not, and some of 'em *walked across on stilts!*" Bed-bugs are curus critters and no mistake; 'specially the Kalamazoo kind.—*Grand River Eagle.*

A THUNDERING DESPATCH.—We, (the senior) while sitting near the telegraph table on Friday evening last, were severely shocked at the reception of a despatch, by the wire, from above. It was so unexpected, that it caused our blood to chill through our veins, and our hair to stand erect upon our head. In fact, we never before experienced such feelings, and hope we never may again. That despatch not only shocked us, but all who were permitted to see it, or were present when it was received, were amazed and terrified.

We have received, through our office, all kinds of messages; some conveying intelligence of the death of a friend, or summoning a father, mother, brother, or sister, to the bedside of dying relatives. We have often sat at the table, and received messages which filled us with sorrow, and caused a tear to gather in our eye, as we read of the misfortune, death, or difficulty of some fellow creature: but never did a despatch put such feelings over us as did this one. But we will keep our readers no longer waiting to know the contents of the despatch, and will tell them, hoping it will not have the same effect upon them that it had upon us.

Well, now, listen. It was a forked streak of lightning! Wouldn't such a despatch have shocked any of you? And can you blame us for turning pale, and trembling in the knees, when we received it?

The fact is, a tree to which the telegraph wire is attached, was struck near the top; the lightning followed the wire, which led it, much against our will, and to the confusion of all hands, and the devil particularly, into the printing office. It, however, damaged nothing, save our front window, through which it passed, and which had its facing torn about considerably.

We have a great aversion to "fire and brimstone,' and hope the president of the Telegraph Company will put a stop to the transmission of such matter on this line particularly.—*Georgia Times.*

A FAMILY SCENE.—"Father, look ye here.—Wot's the reason that you and mother is allers quarrelling?"

"Silence, my son. Do you know what you are talking about?"

"Yes, sir-ee. I do. I was just wondern' wot you'd do if you had as many wives as Solomon."

"Bah! go to bed!"

"Yes! it's werry well to say go to bed. Solomon had more'n a hundred wives, all of 'em livin' in the same house, a eatin together, and *ne-er a fight!*"

"Go to bed."

"Now what a time you'd have, if you had half as many. Why, you'd kick up such a rumpus as 'ud fetch up the police—and knock things to thunder!"

A broomstick interrupted the loquacious youth, and suddenly suggested the idea of travelling—which he did

WONDERFUL CURE.—The following wonderful effect of one of the cure all patent medicines advertised so extensively in many of the newspapers of the day, is about as well authenticated as most of the remarkable cases which are backed up by a long array of bogus certificates:

"A boy had swallowed a silver dollar. None of the faculty could devise any alleviation, whereupon the inventor of the cure-all medicine was sent for. "It is evident," said he, "that so considerable a coin can never be forced up by any emetic known to science. However, let him take this pill, and flattering consequences will be likely to ensue." An hour afterwards, the boy threw up the dollar, but in small change—principally five-cent pieces!"

In 1650, a trial took place in Connecticut, under the section of the Blue Laws, prohibiting kissing. The offenders were Sarah Tuttle and Jacob Newlice. It appears that Sarah dropped her gloves and Jacob found them. When Sarah asked for them, Jacob demanded a kiss for his pay, and as the demand did not seem extravagant, she adjusted it forthwith. The facts were clearly proved, and the parties were each fined twenty shillings.

We are glad to see it announced that our "friend of other days," Mrs. Partington, is about to issue a volume of her "sayings." We bespeak for it a rapid and very extensive sale. The proof-sheets have found their way into several of the Boston offices already. Success and long life to the kind-hearted matron.

The Newburyport *Herald* intimates that the number of strong minded women is on the increase in Boston. Its opinion is founded upon some dozen cases lately before the Police Court where wives gave their husbands sound thrashings, proving themselves strong handed if not strong minded.

A DISTINCTION.—We notice by the papers that when one of the big bugs of upper tendom commits self-murder, it is "a melancholy case of self-destruction;" but when an undistinguished poor fellow saws off his wesand with a dull razor, it is simply "suicide."

Odds and Ends.

Pay your debts.

Modesty is the greatest charm in woman.

An angry man cannot reason correctly.

'Sauce' from any servant but your cook seldom tastes agreeable.

We often quarrel with the unfortunate to get rid of pitying them.

In Burmah it is esteemed an indignity to throw a woman's scarf over a corpse.

None are more hopelessly enslaved than those who falsely believe they are free.

It is said that until lately, no word has existed in the Russian language, corresponding to the English word *Justice*.

Public opinion is a jurisdiction, which the wise man will never entirely recognize, nor entirely deny.

I will listen to any one's convictions; but pray keep your doubts to yourself. I have plenty of my own.

There is a lady in this place so high-minded, that she disdains to own she has common sense.

"If dirt was trump, what a *hand* you would hold," said Charles Lamb, to a filthy partner at whist.

A man saved from drowning a night or two since, in Boston, abused the man who rescued him, because he did not save his hat!

CHINESE SAYING.—A drunkard's nose is said to be a "light-house, warning us of the little water that passeth underneath."

The papers say that the Emperor Nicholas has had a breaking out on his face. To us it has long been obvious that he is *rash* all over.

When children are little they make their parent's heads ache—when grown up they make their hearts (and pockets) ache.

Married, in Michigan, Mr. Henry Bills to Miss Mary Small. We hope the issue of *small bills* is not prohibited in that State.

Italian proverbs often possess much point. Take the following as an example: "The smiles of beauty are the tears of the purse."

Excuses are the pick-pockets of time.—The sun does not wait for his hot-water, or his boots, but gets up at once.

It was observed of a celebrated physician, that he never said in company, "I drink your health," but "My service to you!"

WELL NAMED.—The London Diogenes denominates the dispute between Hobbs and his opponents, a case of 'Lock-jaw.'

The Spring Fever prevails to a great extent in our borough at the present time. We believe the disease is contagious.

The man who was *blown up* by his wife on account of his penuriousness in his household affairs, afterwards *came down* handsomely.

The "Know Nothings," when they call the Wigwam together—so it is said—paste up a blank piece of white paper.

GOOD.—At one of the missionary stations, the question, "What is original sin?" having been put to an aged Indian Chief, he promptly replied, "Laziness!"

A poor, helpless, hen-pecked philosopher of a husband, describes a pinch to be the greatest amount of power at woman's command, concentrated at a single point.

The young fellow who insisted on the lamp-post's stepping around the corner to take a social drink, has been indicted for trying to corrupt a public servant.

Aunt Ploddypoddy is delighted to learn by the arrival of the Baltic, that "the Czar refuses to treat." She thinks he will next be joining the Temperance Society.

What part of Scripture do the ladies fulfil when they kiss each other? Doing unto others what they would that men should do unto them.

"The human mind," says the Italian, "walks in England, it skips in France, it plods and gropes in Germany, in Italy it soars." In the United States it spreads.

Which is the most dangerous, the contents of a gun barrel,