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Poetical.

THE TIDE OF DEATH.

BY HON. ROBERT M. CHARLTON.

The tide rolls on, the tide rolls on—
The never ceasing tide,
That sweeps the pleasure from our hearts,
The loved ones from our side—
That brings afflictions to our lot,
And anguish all despair,
And bears from youth's unruffled brow
The charms that lingered there.

The tide rolls on: wave after wave
Its swelling waters flow;
Before all is bright and fair,
Behind it all is woe:
The infant from its mother's breast,
The gay and blooming bride,
Are swept away and borne along
By that resistless tide.

The tide rolls on; the soldier's eye
Grew dim beneath its swell;
The scholar shuns thy mystic lore
That he hath loved so well;
The monarch puts the crown aside,
And labor's weary slave
Rejoices that his limbs will know
The quiet of the grave.

The tide rolls on: like summer brook,
It glideth to the sad;
But, like dark winter's angry tide,
It rusheth to the glad;
From kingly hall to lowly cot,
From battle field and hearth,
It sweeps into oblivion's sea,
The dwellers on the earth.

Roll on, thou dark and turbid wave!
Thou cans't not bear away
The record of the good and brave,
That knoweth not decay;
Tho' fierce may rush thy billow's strife,
Though deep thy current be,
Still faith shall lift thy beacon high,
And guide us through thy sea.

Miscellaneous.

The Millionaire's Daughter.

One fine morning in the summer of 1833, a handsome but poorly dressed boy, called at the door of a rich mansion in L——e square, in New York city, offered some baskets of strawberries for sale. Having disposed of the fruit, he was about to depart, when his attention was arrested by the appearance of a beautiful girl some twelve years old, who crossed the hall near the door. She was the daughter of the gentleman of the house. The kind look which she bestowed on him struck a chord in his heart, which until that moment had never vibrated.

'She is very lovely!' he exclaimed mentally, 'but she is the daughter of a millionaire—she can be nothing to me.'

He returned to the fields in search of more fruit, but the remembrance of that sunny face crossed him closely in his reflections.

'I am young,' he continued to himself.—'Would I could make myself worthy of her,' and this thought, though it did not banish feelings, hushed them.

A week had passed, and the little boy again stood with palpitating heart at the rich man's door. His fruit was purchased as before, and he received his money from the white hand of the fair one, whom from the moment he first saw her he had dared to love. She spoke kindly to him and bade him call again.

He did not forget the order. He called again, but the season was advancing, and the fruit had become a scarcity.

'I shall not be able to bring you any more,' he said one morning. 'I am sorry, for it was a pleasure for me to call here, but we may meet hereafter.'

The young heart that fluttered in the bosom of that young girl was touched at the musical, though somewhat melancholy tone in which this was uttered, and she timidly replied that she would remember him.

'We shall meet again, Miss, when I promise you, you shall not be ashamed to acknowledge the acquaintance of the poor strawberry boy.'

She thought the language singular, but they parted.

Three years elapsed. The tide of speculation which was then swelling in our country, had not reached the flood, and the rich man with his beautiful daughter rolled in his elegant carriage on their way to Trinity Church. Charlotte was just sweet sixteen, and the bud was just changing to the open rose. She was fair indeed.

The service had ended—the magnificent carriage stood at the church door; the elegant caparisoned horses pawed the ground uneasily—a livered footman held the door, and the wealthy merchant handed his lovely daughter into the coach, amid the low obeisance of her gay admirers.

Why does she not observe the homage of her thousand butterfly admirers?

A young plainly dressed stranger stands quietly at the side of the church door, and her gaze for a moment is riveted on his countenance.

'Who can it be?'—no, she cannot remember.

The carriage rolls slowly towards the stately mansion of the man of wealth, and the father discovers an uncommon quietness in his daughter's demeanor.

'My dear Charlotte, you are ill.'

'No, father, no—I am quite well.'

They arrived at the door. The stranger was there. They alight—he extends a very slight, but respectful bow to the heiress, and moves on.

A blush tinges the bright cheek—she recognizes him.

Charlotte retired to her chamber; she was unhappy—but surely the stranger was nothing to her, or she to him.

Time rolled on. It was the coldest night of the uncommon cold winter of 1835, and the memorable 16th of December. A fire had broken out in the evening, in one of the principal streets of the business part of the great commercial metropolis. It raged violently, and in the morning of the succeeding day a great part of the city lay in ashes.

The millionaire was comparatively a beggar; his fortune disposed of, his splendid horses and carriage passed into other hands, and even Jessie, Charlotte's coal black favorite, was doomed to pass from them under the hammer.

'Poor Jessie!' sighed his mistress, 'I hope he may fall into good hands.'

But nobody wanted Jessie, and he was finally purchased and thrown away upon a stranger.

'Who did you say was the purchaser?' asked Charlotte of her father.

'A Mr. Manly, I think.'

Another year had fled. Misfortunes had followed in rapid succession, and the revolution of 1837 had finally reduced our man of wealth to bankruptcy. The following advertisement appeared in the papers of the day:

'Will be sold at public auction, on Wednesday next, on the premises, the redemption to that beautiful cottage, with about one acre of land adjoining, laid out in a garden well stocked with fruit trees and shrubbery, situated on the south side of Staten Island, and mortgaged to John Jacob Astor, for the sum of ten thousand dollars, &c. Sale positive—title indisputable—possession given immediately—terms cash.'

The rich man that was, in vain appealed to his sunshine friends for aid. They must have security—the times were hard—they had lost a good deal of money—people sometimes would live too fast—it wasn't their fault—very sorry but couldn't help him.

From bad to worse he succeeded, and now reduced to the last extremity, he had retired to his beautiful retreat, with the hope that the rigid economy and fresh application to his mercantile affairs would retrieve his rapidly sinking fortune. But his star was descending, and his more lucky brethern forgot that he had been of them. Unfortunately, he had no security to offer, and the cottage was sold.

It was a bright day in autumn—the purchasers were few; there was little competition, and the estate passed into other hands. The purchaser gave notice that he should take possession forthwith.

And what's to become of the lovely child?—The millionaire's last home had been taken from him, and that fair girl was motherless. The heart of the fond father misgave him when he received information that the premises must be immediately vacated.

He had been a proud man, but his pride was now humbled, and calmly he resigned himself to this last stroke of affliction. He too, wept—it was a fearful sight to see that strong man weep.

But his troubles were nearly at an end. The day following that upon which the sale occurred had well nigh past. The afternoon was bright and balmy, and the father sat with his daughter in the recesses of one of the cottage windows, which looked out upon the high road. He had received a note from the purchaser of the cottage, informing him that he should call upon him in the afternoon, for the purpose of examining the premises more fully than he had had an opportunity of doing. They awaited his visit.

'Oh, father?' shouted Charlotte, forgetting for a moment her sorrows, 'look, there is my darling Jessie,' and a knock at the door called her to her recollection.

The door was opened by the once owner of the mansion in L——e square. Before him stood a curious looking young man, who inquired for Mr. S.

'That is my name, sir, and I have the honor of addressing—'

'Mr. Manly, sir, now owner of this cottage. I have just received the deed from my attorney, and with your permission shall be glad to examine the estate.'

'Walk in, sir, you are master here, and I will vacate as soon as your pleasure may require it. My daughter, sir,' he continued, as the stranger entered the parlor. 'This is Mr. Manly, Charlotte, the purchaser of our little cottage.'

'The person whom you once knew, only as the poor strawberry boy,' continued Manly, as he took her extended hand.

'My dear sir,' said Manly, addressing the father, 'I am the owner of this cottage. Seven years ago I had the happiness to receive from this fair hand a few shillings in payment for fruit, which I carried to the door of the then affluent Mr. S., of L——e square. I was then a boy, sir, and a poor boy; but poor as I was, and wealthy as was this lady, I dared to love her. Since then I have travelled many leagues, I have endured many hardships, with but a single object in view—that of making myself worthy of your daughter. Fortune has not been a niggard with me, sir; my endeavors have been crowned with success, and I come here to-day not to take possession of this lovely cottage alone, but to lay my fortune at the feet of worth and beauty, and to offer this fair being a heart which exists but for herself alone.'

Charlotte loved, and shortly after gave her hand to Manly. They remained in the cottage, which was newly furnished; and many times afterwards did she mount her favorite Jessie, at the side of her husband, and roam through the romantic scenes which abound in that far-famed Island.

A Shy Youth.

"Everything is arranged for your wedding with Susan Tomkins," said a father to his only son: "I hope you will behave yourself like a man, Thomas."

The individual addressed was a young man seated in a chair, despatching a piece of bread and molasses. His only answer was a sigh accompanied with a flood of tears.

The parent started, and in an angry voice demanded:

"What objections can you have? Susan is handsome and wealthy, and married, you must be, some day or other. Your mother and I were married, and it is my command that you prepare yourself for your nuptials."

"Yes," finally sobbed Thomas, "that's a different thing, you married mother, but I'm sent to *marry a strange gal!*"

☞ "Copperfield," a correspondent of the Hopkinsville Press, thus gives his fourth reason for not writing more punctually:

"Fourthly and finally, I've been sick. Yes, my dear Jeemes, I've been very sick—had the cholera like all blazes. Folks thought I was going to die. I thought so too—made my will, and left the bulk of my fortune (i. e., my old boots and a wicker hunting flask) to you. There! no thanks—I did'nt die—so you don't get the F X—(phonography.) As I said I didn't die, as these few lines, hoping they'll find you in the same state of health will show, but then I was awfully salivated. Were you ever salivated?—I know you have been *elevated*, but to be salivated is a very different thing. Fancy yourself to be moping about slobbering like a horse in a clover field, wanting to *swallow something*, and can't; your gums all sore, and your teeth all aching like the d—ickens; you can't eat anything, you can't talk to anybody, and to while away the time, you pick up a newspaper, and the first thing you see is "Hints on health," wherein the editor very gravely tells you not to overload your stomach at this season of the year. You may bet your life I followed that advice. I was plously inclined in those days, and often thought, while nursing my teeth to keep 'em from aching, of those affecting lines of the poet—

"How sharper than a serpent's child it is,
To have a thankless tooth."

☞ When you see a young lady disposed to shuffle all the housework upon her mother's shoulders, for the purpose of sitting down and "having a talk," or going into the neighbor's, just make up your mind that she isn't much of an establishment any way. Young men who have a passion for calico, should pass that house.

☞ "What is the chief use of bread?" asked an examiner at a recent school examination. "The chief use of bread," answered the urchin, apparently astonished at the simplicity of the inquiry, "the chief use of bread is to spread butter and molasses on it."

☞ The State tax in Georgia is only nine cents on the $100.

THE SLEEPING CHILD.

BY LEIGH HUNT.

A brook went dancing on its way,
From bank to valley leaping;
And by its sunny margin lay
A lovely infant sleeping.
The murmur of the purling stream
Broke not the spell which bound him;
Like music breathing in his dream
A lullaby around him.

It is a lovely sight to view,
Within this world of sorrow,
One spot which retains the hue
That earth from heaven may borrow;
And such was this—a scene so fair,
Arrayed in summer brightness,
And one poor being resting there—
One soul of radiant whiteness.

What happy dreams, fair child, are given,
To cast this sunshine o'er thee?
What cord unites that soul to heaven,
Where visions glide before thee?
For wandering smiles of cloudless mirth
O'er thy glad features beaming,
Say, not a thought—a form of earth
Alloys thine hour of dreaming!

From Blackwood's Magazine.

THE EMPRESS OF RUSSIA.

In the little town of Marienburg lived a Lutheran Minister, Skovronski, who was remarkable for his piety, benevolence, and unwearied efforts in doing good. On returning to his humble dwelling one evening, his attention was attracted by the cries of a child. His horse showed an unwillingness to proceed; he dismounted, and on a short distance in the snow he discovered the object of distress. There lay a half frozen child. Wrapping it in his cloak, he remounted his horse, and in a short time was at the parsonage.

The child was a beautiful little girl, not a year old. It was at once adopted by the pastor, and placed in the care of his faithful servant, an old lady who had long resided in the family. She was named Catharine, from the circumstance that she was found on St. Catharine's day, the twenty-fifth of November. She was nursed with great care and tenderness, and treated by the family as an only child. Her beauty, docility and sweet temper, attracted the attention of all who saw her. A more lovely creature could hardly be imagined.

As she grew up, she interested herself in the management of the household affairs, and was always ready to assist as occasion required.—The venerable Skovronski was growing old, under the excessive labors for the good of his flock, and his naturally robust constitution was evidently giving way. This deeply affected Catharine, for she loved the good old man as her best earthly friend. She respected him as a parent, but she could never forget that it was he who saved her life. When he became ill, she would do all for him in her power, and often cheered his lonly hours by singing some beautiful hyms. She would often say, "My dear father, what can I do for you? Can I not render you some assistance? Can I do too much for one who saved my life?"

On the 12th of August, 1702, Marienburg was taken by the Russians, and many of its inhabitants slain. It was a sad day. Many heart-rending scenes were witnessed. Catharine at this time was 13 years of age, and at the time of the battle was visiting a sister of Skovronski, a few miles distant. She heard the cannon, but did not understand the cause. This part of the story must be described by another. Though a slight thread of fiction may be seen in the description, it will give a life like air to the facts presented.

A horse suddenly stopped at the door of the cottage, and a young man hastily dismounted. 'The Russians are at Marienburg!' exclaimed he, rushing into the department. 'I have escaped with difficulty to bring this letter from your brother, (addressing the pastor's sister,) who has given his horse for my use.'

'Do tell me what has occurred at Marienburg,' said Catharine.

'Why, do you not hear the cannon? General Schevernetief, with the army, is bombarding Marienburg. Oh, it is a cruel sight to behold!'

'My father, my benefactor!' cried Catharine sobbing.

Such was her anxiety to see her best earthly friend, that she immediately started for Marienburg; but on reaching the town she was met by one of the guard, with, 'Where are you going?'

'What is that to you?' replied the young girl. 'I am in haste, and pray you let me pass.'

'You of course are not aware, then, that the town is in the hands of the Russians,' said the man.

'Well, what then?' interrupted Catharine.

'That all the inhabitants are prisoners, and if you persue your route, you will be taken prisoner yourself.'

'Thank you for your advice: but my father and benefactor is in town, and I am determined to share his fate, whatever it may be.'

'Go, then, and God preserve you!' answered the man.'

She had not proceeded far before an officer demanded her name.

'Catharine,' she quickly replied: 'I am the adopted child of pastor Skovronski.'

'Thou art a Livonian,' replied the officer.—'Livonian belongs now to our Czar, Peter I. of Russia; you are, therefore, a prisoner.'

'Touch me not,' said Catharine, her beautiful dark eyes flashing. 'I returned to Marienburg to find my adopted father. Conduct me, then, to him—in his house—in a dungeon—no matter where—so that I may find him.'

As the officer did not seem disposed to comply with her request, she inquired, 'Who is your General?'

'Gen. Schereметief,' was the reply.

'I wish, then, to speak to your General.'

In a few moments, as the Cossack's officer was inquiring where the General could be found, an old woman, perceiving her, uttered a cry of despair. 'Oh, my dear child, you will see your protector no more! He died on battle field by a Russian bullet, while in the act of binding up the wounds of a poor soldier. He is dead—my poor master!' This old lady was the servant of Skovronski.

Catharine turned pale at this sad intelligence, and inquired, 'Have you then left him there without help?'

The officer bade her follow him, and soon introduced her into the General's tent. She threw herself at Schoremetief's feet, and with uplifted hands, exclaimed, 'A grace, General! for pity's sake a grace!'

'What does the child want?' inquired the General of the officer.

'She wishes to speak to you.'

'It is true,' replied Catharine. 'I have learned that my father and protector is among the dead. Dear pastor Skovronski. The favor I ask is, to be allowed to seek for his body, that it may be properly buried.'

The tone of her voice was so peculiar, and her countenance so commanding, yet so ingenuous, that the General was moved at the sight of her youth and courage, and said, 'The camp is situated outside the walls; if I grant your request, what guarantee shall I have that you will not try to escape?'

'My word!' answered Catharine, innocently. 'Go then,' said the General; 'but remember your promise to return, for you belong to me.'

On leaving the tent, she soon met the pastor's old servant. 'Come,' said she, taking her hand, 'show me the place where you saw him fall.'

The night was dark, and it was with difficulty they could see their way. They soon came upon a field covered with the bodies of the slain, while the cries that arose told that many were still alive. It was, indeed, a scene of horror. It was dark, and how could she distinguish her benefactor? Soon a soldier appeared with a lantern, which he kindly offered her, but advising her to discontinue her search till morning. This she at once declined.

'But,' said the brave soldier, 'you are not formed to be a slave, though a general may be your master. You are now beyond the camp; no person can see you. Fly! if you want money, here it is.'

'Fly! when I have given my word not to do so?'

'The word of a girl without name, without birth, is of little consequence. I conjure you to fly.'

Catharine remained unmoved, and resolved to fulfil her promise. The search for the pastor was continued, and in a few moments he was found nearly senseless and quite speechless.—After several attempts, he faintly whispered, 'Where am I?'

'With your friends,' replied Catharine, 'with your little Catharine.'

A little cordial being administered, he revived and was soon carried home on a litter. His wounds were dressed, and all possible assistance rendered to the wounded pastor. Catharine was overjoyed to see her dearest friend so comfortable.

The old man had learned that his dear child was a prisoner, and this grieved him much.

'It is all right,' said Catharine. 'If I had not been taken prisoner, I should not have been carried before the General, and would have missed seeing your servant, who told me of your death; and, had I not seen her, I should never have thought of seeking for you on the battlefield.'

'Now,' said Catharine, 'my dear benefactor, bless me, your poor child, for I must leave you.'

'Go, my child, go,' said the old man, in a solemn voice; 'do your duty, and God will bless you.'

Catharine kissed the lips of the old man and exclaimed, 'Adieu, my father! adieu!' and left the house.

As she entered the tent of the General, she met the young soldier who presented her with the lantern in the battle field, and who now kindly presented her to the General.

'What, have you returned?' said the general on seeing her. 'I feared that I should not see you again.'

'I gave my word,' was her brief reply.

'What shall I do with her?' inquired the general, addressing himself to the soldier.

'Make her my wife—the wife of a soldier!—She is born for it! Well, what say you, my child?' added he, turning to Catharine who seemed quite bewildered.

'I say,' replied she, hesitating, 'my choice is not difficult: I would rather be the wife of a soldier than the slave of a General.'

'The matter is settled,' said the Cossack, beckoning Catharine to follow him, he left the tent. 'Do you know who I am, *Catharine?*' said he, as they walked together away.

'No; but you said that you wished to be my husband.'

'True; but do you know my rank in the army?'

'It matters not,' said Catharine; 'you cannot suppose I am proud—a child without family, without name.'

'You are content, then, to link your destiny with mine,' taking her by the hand.

'Yes,' replied Catharine, 'I like you because you have been kind to me, poor child that I am.'

The soldier stopped before a tent more elevated than the rest. 'This is the tent of the Czar,' said he; 'remain where you are. It is right that I should ask his permission to marry you.'

Catharine had waited but a few minutes, when a young officer advanced, and said, 'The Czar wishes to see you.'

On entering the tent, she saw a large number of officers, in the centre of whom, she immediately recognized the young soldier, her companion. 'Where is the Czar?' inquired Catharine of the officers.

'There!' said he, pointing to the soldier who was seated.

'There? That is my husband!'

'He is thy husband and the Czar, likewise, Catharine,' said the Emperor of Russia. 'How astonished you appear! Does the news grieve you? Does my title prevent you from loving me?'

'I loved you as a soldier,' said she, 'I will always love you as an Emperor.' The Czar arose, and taking the hand of the young orphan, presented her to his officers as the future Empress of Russia.

Here closes the thread of fiction in our story. After their marriage, the Emperor placed her in a private dwelling in the city of Moscow, where she received every attention becoming her position. She loved to do good, and to make others happy around her. She was intelligent, cheerful, amiable and benevolent.

No doubt Peter the Great saw that she was precisely the woman who could share his enthusiasm and sympathize in his plans. The obscurity of her birth was no obstacle to him; he had absolute power to raise her to the loftiest condition in his empire.

Though surrounded with the honors of royalty, she did not forget the pastor of Marienburg. She loved him still, and did what she could to cheer his last hours. He never recovered from his wounds, and survived but a short time.—His end was peace. Catharine mourned over his departure, and sighed that one she had loved most of all on earth was now no more.

She often accompanied the Emperor on his journeys through his empire, and frequently attended him in military campaigns. In 1711, when Peter was at war with the Turks, by her extraordinary skill and superior judgment, she saved the life of the Emperor, and saved the army from being destroyed or taken prisoners. Peter caused the event to be commemorated by a display of magnificence unusual for him:—and, in the declaration he issued, we find these words: 'She has been of the greatest assistance to us in all our dangers, and particularly in the battle of Pruth."

She was blessed with two children, one of which—a son—died when a child. The other a daughter—became Empress of Russia.

On the 18th of May, 1723, Peter the Great placed the crown, with great pomp, upon the head of Catharine. His health was now rapidly declining. Catharine attended him constantly. January 28th, 1726, he breathed his last, being only in his forty-fourth year.

Catharine sustained the title of Empress with great dignity, and was greatly beloved by her subjects. Her reign was short. She survived her husband about two years, and expired May 27, 1827, at the age of thirty-eight.

☞ A young gentleman was avenging music for his intended; "What tune do you prefer, my Angelina?" said he. "Oh, why, Adolphus, any tune—but the quicker the better." The wish was father to the thought.

A POOR DELICATE CREATURE.

Suppose we go to Lady Gunter's ball. Do you see that beautiful girl spinning round in the waltz with Austrian attache—the crystalized foreigner, now opposite to you, who is such a revolving pillar of diamonds? Yes, we see the lovely blonde—if you mean her—with the bare arms and naked shoulders; a costume which, by courtesy, is called full dress. What a rate she is going at! Precisely; the Times' steam-engine is, in quickness, a slow coach compared to her! She makes more revolutions in one minute than the French have made in all their lives, and, if you notice, she shows no symptoms of fatigue. She will keep up that same speed for hours, and the moment she ceases, she is ready to begin again. She is indefatigable; no wheel in a cotton factory could spin round quicker, or work for so many hours with less apparent fatigue. But she is going out on the balcony; why, she will catch her death of cold! No; she is accustomed to it.—A sailor walking the deck wouldn't trouble himself less about colds than she does. All atmospheres are the same to her.

She is no fragile hot-house plant, but a hardy annual that will bloom anywhere—up the chimney, if you please, or down in the cellar, or by the side of the kitchen fire, or at the bottom of the well—the small question of temperature doesn't make much difference to a constitution so well seasoned as hers. But does she take no nourishment to keep up this extraordinary fatigue? Yes, ices—plenty of ices and biscuits—varied occasionally with a jelly, and, perhaps, late in the evening, tiniest wing of a chicken, with a little lobstersauce, or a plover's egg, or a bit of blancmange, the whole of it washed down with not more than half a glass of champagne. But I have seen her eat a very good supper—a supper worthy of a guardsman in love—but it has been very late, when there were very few persons in the room, and she had a pleasant companion, who made her laugh, and kept continually filling her glass.

And after that? Why, after that she goes up stairs again, and dances more incessantly than ever. She is insatiable for dancing. To look at her you would think a Tarantula had bitten her, and that she couldn't keep still for the fraction of a minute. The wonder is how one pair of satin shoes lasts her through the same evening. You would imagine with her rapidity—and it is as much as your eyes can do to follow her—that she would wear out half a dozen pairs at least. And how long does she keep it up? Why, as long as she can—till four or five o'clock in the morning—till the wax candles begin to droop—till the musicians have nearly played themselves fast asleep—until she hasn't a partner left to dance with, and then, loth to leave, she goes unwillingly home to begin the same dance the following evening. How often does this occur? Why, four or five, and sometimes six times a week; and frequently there are two or three balls on the same evening, and she goes to every one of them, and this, mind you, after she has been to a concert, or *matinee*, or a pic-nic, perhaps, in the day time. What, only think of the exercise!

Well, that is something, to be sure—and if the calculations could be made, it is probable it would be ascertained, by the most generous cab-man's measure, that the young lady does not dance less than twenty miles in the course of an evening—and this is only allowing at the rate of four miles an hour, which you will acknowledge is absurdly moderate for human waltzing. Multiply this by 6, and you will have sum total of 120 miles danced by a young lady in the period of one week! And this, recollect, is independent of fetes, fancy fairs, flower shows, and other amusements that demand some degree of exercise during the day. And now, do you know who this young lady is who dances her 120 miles a week? Who is it who goes through an amount of labor only to be equalled by the poor fellows who walk their thousand miles in their thousand hours? You will never guess—and so I do not mind telling you.

She is the same young lady whom we saw stretched out at full length on the sofa, who looked so weak that she would have fainted if any one had asked her to walk across the street—who was so nervous that she could not bear the slightest noise, or endure the smallest keyhole of fresh air—who was so woe-begone that she could not talk, laugh, or open her eyes, nor touch a single thing—so helpless that she could not have moved off her couch by herself, not even if the house had been in flames—who looked, in fact, such a lackadaisical bundle of shawls and prostration that you must have doubted in your own mind whether she could stand upright again on her two legs. Yes, sir, that young lady, whose prowess you have been wondering at this evening, is that same poor delicate creature; and allow me to say, sir, (concluded the doctor, as he gave us a cigar to walk home with,) that in the way of fatigue there are few men—I was nearly saying prize-fighters—who can stand half so much as your poor delicate creature!—*Punch's Pocket-Book.*

Short of a Watch.

Mr. Jacob Short, on his way home from a lecture, in which he had been much interested, fell in with a well dressed gentleman who addressed a casual inquiry to him. From this inquiry proceeded an animated conversation, in which Mr. Short became so much interested that he parted from his new acquaintance with regret.

A moment afterwards, being desirous of learning the time, he felt for his watch. To his consternation he found it was gone. He at once bethought himself of the common practice of adroit pickpockets to put on the guise of gentlemen, in order to facilitate their operations.—Of course his suspicion instantly rested upon his late acquaintance. Luckily he was in sight.

He ran after him with a hasty step, and succeeded in overtaking him.

'Surrender that watch!' said he in a determined tone, 'or the consequence be upon your own head.'

The gentleman, or pickpocket, turned pale, and looked for a moment as if he were inclined to resistance, but the resolute tone and bearing of Mr. Short intimidated him, and he yielded to the requisition.

Mr. Short went home congratulating himself on the courage he had displayed.

He related the adventure to his wife, who instead of praising him, as he anticipated she would, exclaimed:

'Why, Jacob, what have you done! Your own watch is lying on the table, where you left it before going to the lecture. That I should live to see my dear husband a pickpocket.'

Jacob sat down in trepidation. It was all true. He had actually committed a highway robbery, when, as he imagined, he was only recovering his stolen property.

He slept but little that night. Visions of hand-cuffs and prison bars floated before his troubled mind, and he rose from a sleepless bed the next morning to read the following announcement in the morning papers:

"OUTRAGE.—We learn that the Rev. Mr. O., when returning from a lecture last evening, was violently assaulted by a stranger and threatened with instant death unless he delivered up his watch. He was accordingly obliged to do so. The person who committed the outrage is represented as short and stout, with a ferocious expression of countenance."

This was not calculated to calm the excited nerves of Mr. Short. He hardly knew how to extricate himself from his embarrassing position. He at length bethought himself to send his wife with the watch to the Rev. Mr. O., with a plain statement of the mistake which had occurred, and with a request that he would cause the matter to be dropped immediately.

The negotiation proved successful, and Short was relieved from his terror. It need not be said that Mr. Short has not attempted highway robbery since this memorable occasion, having come to the deliberate conclusion that "the way of the transgressor is hard."

NO!

No!—That is a very short word. It has a very short meaning sometimes. It often blasts fond anticipations; it may change the whole tenor of a life. In matrimonial matters it would be better that it should be oftener said than it is, for many of that sex sometimes say no when they mean yes, and should use the shorter word when they do not.

One Sunday evening, not many nights ago, the Rev. Mr. Thompson performed a marriage ceremony at the Tabernacle—both parties said yes at the proper time, and the reverend gentleman said amen.

"I want you to perform the same thing for me," said a well dressed, youngish man to Mr. Thompson.

"When?"

"Now—right off—to-night."

"Can't you put it off a little? It will make it rather late."

"No—the lady says now or never, and I am very anxious. Will you go."

"Yes; where is it?"

"Close by—only a few steps west of the park. We are all ready, and will not detain you but a few minutes on your way home."

Mr. T. went to the place which was a respectable boarding house, and everything evinced decorum. The lady—young and pretty, neatly dressed, and altogether a desirable partner for the gentleman—was presented and a short prayer, as usual upon such occasions, offered, and then hands joined.

"You with a full sense of the obligations you assume, do promise, here in the presence of God and these witnesses, that you will take this woman, whose right hand you clasp in yours, to be your lawful wedded wife, and as such you will love and cherish her forever."

"I do"

"And you Miss, on your part, will take this man to be your lawful wedded husband?"

"NO!"

We have heard in time past, when showers were fashionable, some pretty heavy claps of thunder; but none that ever rattled about the tympanum of that bridegroom was quite so loud as that stunning little monosyllable.

"No, I never will!" said she most emphatically, and walked away proudly to her seat, leaving her almost-husband looking and probably feeling just the least trifle in the world foolish.

Mr. Thompson remonstrated—not to induce her to change that no for yes, but for trifling with him in so solemn duty of his calling, and asked for an explanation.

"I mean no disrespect to you, sir, or to trifle with your duty, or the solemn obligation you were called upon to ratify; but I had no other way to vindicate my character. I came to the city a poor sewing girl. I worked for this man. He made proposals of marriage to me, but from other circumstances I doubted his sincerity, and left his employment and went back to the country awhile. When I returned, I found the door of my former boarding-house closed against me, and this lady, whom I had esteemed as a kind friend, cold and quite indisposed to renew my acquaintance, and I insisted upon knowing the reason. I learned that this man had blackened my character, denied his proposals of marriage, and said I was—no matter what. I said to the lady, "let me come back and I will prove my innocence. Will you believe what I say if he will now marry me?"

"Yes I certainly will and so will all who know you."

"I renewed the acquaintance—he renewed his proposals—I accepted, and said 'yes go get the minister at once.' He slandered me—I deceived him. I proved my words true, and his false.—It was the only way a poor, helpless girl had to avenge herself upon a man who had proved himself unworthy to be her husband. It was only at the right time, to say one word—one little word. I have said it. I hope it will be a lesson to men, an example to other girls, and that in many other and different circumstances they will learn to say no."

"If I was angry for a single moment," said Mr. Thompson, "I carried none of it over the threshold. It was a severe lesson but well applied. I went home pondering upon the value of that little word—No."—*New York Tribune.*

Thoughts Worth Pondering.

"I can speak it from experience," says the celebrated Erasmus, "that there is little benefit to be derived from the Scriptures, if they be read cursorily or carelessly; but if a man exercise himself therein constantly and conscientiously, he will find such efficacy in them as is not to be found in any book whatsoever."

"The genuine philosophy of Christ," says the same author, "cannot be derived from any source so successfully, as from the books of the Gospels and Apostle Epistles; in which, if a man philosophize with a pious spirit, praying rather than arguing, he will find that there is nothing conductive to the happiness of man, and the performance of any duty of human life, which is not, in some of these writings, laid down, discussed and determined, in a complete and satisfactory manner."

"That which stamps upon the Scriptures the highest value," says Bishop Porteus, "is that which renders them, strictly speaking, inestimable, and distinguishes them from all other in this world, is this, that they, and only they, contain the words of eternal life. In this respect, every other book, even the noblest compositions of man, must fall; they cannot give us that which we most want, and what is of infinitely more importance to us than all things put together—*Eternal Life.*"

The Last Theft.

The most impudent and expert achievement in the art of stealing, that we have lately heard of, was related to us a few days since as follows:

At a laborers' boarding house, where it is customary, in warm weather, for the men to leave their coats in the entry while at meals, a thief took it into his head to make an incursion one day while the hands were busy at dinner. Accordingly he reconnoitered the passage way, saw a good variety of coats and jackets, some new, some half worn, &c., all of which he gathered into his arms, and carelessly commenced making his exit. Just as he was about to cross the threshold, the man of the house, who was late to dinner, arrived at the door.

"What are you doing with those coats?" cried the landlord.

"I'm taking them to my shop, sir. The gentlemen want to get them scoured, sir, replied the thief.

"O, then, if that's all," said the landlord, "I believe my coat wants scouring, and you may take it along, too."

So saying, he folded his garment, handed it over to the thief and proceeded to his dinner.

The surprise of the boarders, when they went to don their habiliments, and the landlord, in giving his statement, will be imagined.

☞ The report that a school-master chastised a boy with a railroad switch is doubted.

STRANGE LIFE OF A MURDERER.

A writer in the Thomasville *Watchman*, gives the following singular biography of James Hightower, recently convicted of manslaughter in that county. Three years in a dungeon, it seems, is nothing to what he has endured.

About twenty-one years ago, a young lady of this section of the country, belonging to a respectable family, became the victim of a villain seducer; the fruit was a boy, who is the subject of our narrative. His mother, as in the case of those of her sex who are unfortunate, married a man of low breeding, and in adverse circumstances, consequently her son was confined to receive but a limited share of education or moral training. At a tender age his character was peculiar, and, in some respects, very extraordinary. When only seven years old, he was attending a sugar cane mill: by some means his left hand and arm were crushed, by which accident he forever lost the use of his right hand.

At the age of ten he was bitten by a rattlesnake, being nearly alone on the place, he had to call to his aid all the presence of mind he was master of. Fortunately he used the proper antidote, and thereby saved his life. In the short space of a few months he was bitten by one of the same species of reptiles; by pursuing the same course as heretofore, he was again rescued from the very jaws of death.

Between the age of twelve and fourteen he made several attempts to take the life of his step-father; which shows that he would not be imposed upon. About this age he also snapped several times, a loaded musket at a neighbor. When fourteen years old he was knocked down by lightning, and did not recover for some time. At the age of sixteen he was attacked while hunting in the woods by a very large panther. The panther soon took him down; he exhibited great presence of mind by feigning death. The panther then carried him into the swamp, covered him up with sticks and grass, after which he took leave in search of more prey. Our hero, after the panther's departure, arose and made his escape home.—He was badly torn; two of his jaw teeth were bitten out, and many other wounds were inflicted.

But he was not thus to die, for he soon recovered and soon after his recovery gave his step-father a severe whipping, and then left him.—Excepting another slight shock by lightning, his path was smooth, until nineteen, when he became enamored of a young lady; though figuring in a high sphere, his superior intellect and family, yet she was smitten by the boy of misfortune, and resolved to marry him, notwithstanding the opposition of her relatives who made severe threats against our hero. But what cared he, who had successfully battled against rattle-snakes, panthers, and even the high powers of Heaven, for the threats of man. Nothing daunted, he continued to urge his claims, after finding all his efforts for a compromise unavailing, he commenced a determined course. He procured his license, placed the magistrate at a conspicuous place in the woods, and proceeded himself on foot, to the house that sheltered her whom he loved; he secretly forced the door of her chamber, and conducted her about five miles through the woods to the place of rendezvous.

Before arriving at the place upon which the hymenial altar had been temporarily erected, illuminated by the blaze of light-wood knots and the rays of the pale moon alone, our hero fell into his former path of bad luck, for he was bitten by a moccasin snake; but he was too well used to snake bites to suffer that occurrence to retard his progress at such a momentous crisis, and like a brave unadunted boy, pursued his course, and in accordance with his anticipations, was lawfully married about 12 or 1 o'clock at night. His moccasin bite did not long keep him in bed, for he then possessed a nurse of unceasing attention. After his final recovery, he took his wife to the home which he had provided for her hoping that his cup of misfortune was then full, and that he would then enjoy that bliss attending a married life.

But he was not destined long to enjoy that repose which he so much sought. He soon became entangled in a quarrel with one Mr. Wheeler; the result was, Wheeler was killed, and our hero, after a regular trial in the court of justice, was convicted of manslaughter, and now, at the age of twenty, has gone, leaving his wife, his anticipated babe, and his sweet home, to the penitentiary, there to be incarcerated within its dismal walls for the space of three years, which to him must seem long. Who can contemplate his past life and not say, surely he is the child of misfortune? Have his misfortunes ended? Alas! who can tell? The fact is yet concealed by the dark curtain of futurity.

TRAITS FOR YOU TO REMEMBER.—Three things to love—courage, gentleness, affectionateness.

Three things to admire—intellectual power, dignity, gracefulness.

Three things to hate—cruelty, arrogance, ingratitude.

Three things to reverence—religion, justice, self-denial.

Three things to delight in—beauty, frankness, freedom.

Three things to pray for—faith, peace, purity of heart.

Three things to wish for—health, friends, a cheerful spirit.

Three things to like—cordiality, good humor, mirthfulness.

Three things to suspect—flattery, puritanism, sudden affection.

Three things to avoid—idleness, loquacity, flippant jesting.

BAD THOUGHTS.—Little by little as we travel through life, do our whims increase and become more troublesome—just like woman's luggage on a journey.

A girl at school would like to have two birthdays every year. When she grows up a woman she objects to having even one.

The parentage of a lie is the most difficult of all to trace. It is indeed, a clever lie that knows its own father.

The worst kind of borrowers is he who borrows with the intention of repaying, for you know to a moral certainty that he intends to borrow again.

If England were a paradise, still you would find Englishmen grumbling.

More beggars are relieved for the sake of getting rid of them than for any feeling of charity.