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THE OLDEN TIMES.

Old Time has hurried me swiftly on
Upon life's rapid river,
And scenes of pleasure and childish joy
I now have left forever.
I've roamed far from my olden home,
I've been in cot and palace,
I've joined the dance, and in wileding song,
I've quaffed the rosy chalice.

I've stopped in beauty's glittering bower,
And felt her chains around me,
And I smiled as Fortune bore me on—
At the transient spell that bound me.
But memory fix's flitting back,
Until the halls of childhood,
I sigh for friends of the olden time,
The cottage and the wildwood.

I'm thinking oft, at the sunlight hour,
Of hallow'd ties now broken
And then, I recall the parting scene,
When sad adieus were spoken,
I think how over some humble graves,
Sweet roses now are blooming,
And in the walks, by the brooklet's side,
The wild rank weeds are growing.

In dreams I picture a happy band,
Around the fireside sitting;
My father there, with his pipe of clay,
My mother with her knitting,—
My sister playing in pleasure pure,
Gay peals of laughter ringing,
The house-cat stretched on the glowing hearth,
The kettle gaily singing.

But death has despoiled my olden home—
Those gay hours have departed,
And now I roam in this friendless world,
An orphan, broken-hearted.
In my lonely way I sometimes pause
And court the bright ideal;
But hope never pictures a scene so fair,
So pure, as the olden real.

Miscellaneous.

The Captive's Daughter.

A SCOTCH TALE.

When the tyranny and bigotry of the last James drove his subjects to take up arms against him, one of his most formidable enemies to his dangerous usurpations, was Sir John Cochrane, ancestor of the Earl of Dundonald. He was one of the most prominent actors in Argyle's rebellion, and for ages a destructive gloom seemed to hover over the house of Campbell, enveloping in a common ruin all who united their fortunes to the cause of its chieftains. The same doom encompassed Sir John Cochrane. He who withstood by the King's troops—long, dearly and desperate was his resistance; but at length overpowered by numbers he was taken prisoner, tried and condemned to die upon the scaffold. He had but a few days to live, and the jailor awaited but the arrival of his death warrant to lead him forth to execution. His family and friends had visited him in prison, and exchanged with him the last, the long, the heart yearning farewell. But there was one who came not with the rest to receive his blessing, one who was the pride of his eyes and love of his house, even Grizel, the daughter of his love.—Twilight was casting a deeper glow over the gratings of his prison house—he was mourning for a last look of his favorite child, and his head was pressed against the cold, damp wall of his cell, to cool the feverish pulsations that shot through it like stings of fire, when the door of his apartment turned slowly on its unwilling hinges, and his keeper entered followed by a young and beautiful lady. Her person was tall and commanding; her eyes dark, bright and fearless; but their brightness spoke of sorrow—of sorrow too deep to be wept away; her raven tresses were parted over a brow clear and pure as the polished marble. The unhappy captive raised his head as they entered—

"My child! my own Grizel!" he exclaimed, and she fell upon his bosom.

"My father! my dear father!" sobbed the miserable maiden, and she dashed away the tear that accompanied the words.

"Your interview must be short, very short," said the jailor, as he turned and left them for a few minutes together.

"God help and comfort thee, my daughter!" added the unhappy father, as he held her to his breast, and pressed a kiss upon her brow. "I had feared that I should die without bestowing my blessing upon the head of my child, and that sting was more than death; but thou art come, my love—thou art come! and the last blessing of thy wretched father—"

"Nay, forbear! forbear!" she exclaimed; "not thy last blessing! not the last! My father shall not die!"

"Be calm, be calm, my child," exclaimed he, "would to heaven I could comfort thee, my own, my own. But there is no hope—within three days, thou and my little ones will be—"

Fatherless, he would have said, but the word died on his tongue!

"Three days!" repeated she, raising her head from his breast, but eagerly pressing his hand; "three days; then there is hope; my father shall live! Is not my grandfather the friend of Father Petre, the confessor and master of the king? From him he shall beg the life of his son, and my father shall not die!"

"Nay, nay, Grizel," returned he, "be not deceived—there is no hope—already my doom is sealed—already the king has signed the order of my execution, and the messenger of death is already on the way!"

"Yet my father shall not—shall not die," she repeated emphatically, and clasping her hands together—"Heaven speed a daughter's purpose," she exclaimed; and turning to her father she calmly—"We part now, but we shall meet again!"

"What would my child?" enquired he eagerly, gazing anxiously in her face.

"Ask not now," she replied, "but pray for me and bless me—but not with thy last blessing."

He again pressed her to his heart and wept upon her neck. In a few moments the jailor entered, and they were torn from the arms of each other.

On the evening of the second day after the interview we have mentioned, a wayfaring man crossed the drawbridge of Berwick, from the north, and proceeded down Maygate, and sat down to rest on a bench by the door of an hostelry, on the south side of the street, nearly fronting what was called the Main guard then stood. He did not enter the inn, for it was above his apparent condition, being that which Oliver Cromwell had made his head quarters a few years before, and where at a somewhat earlier period, James the sixth had taken up his residence when on his way to enter on the sovereignty of England. The traveller wore a coarse jerkin, fastened around his body by a leather girdle, and over it a short cloak, composed of equal material. He was evidently a young man, but his beaver was drawn down so as to almost conceal his features. In one hand he carried a small bundle, and in the other a pilgrim's staff.

Having called for a glass of wine, he took a crust of bread from his bundle, and after resting for a few minutes, rose to depart. The shades of night were setting in, and it threatened to be a night of storms. The heavens were gathering black, the clouds rushing from the sea, sudden gusts of wind moaned along the streets, accompanied by heavy drops of rain, and the face of the Tweed was troubled.

"Heaven help thee, if thou intendest to travel far on such a night as this," said the sentinel at the English gate, as the traveller passed him, and proceeded to cross the bridge.

In a few minutes he was on the borders of wide, desolate and dreary moor of Tweedmouth, which, for miles, presented a desert of whins, fern and stunted heath, with here and there a dingle, covered with thick brush wood. He slowly toiled over the steep hill, heading the storm which now raged in wildest fury. The rain fell in torrents, and the wind howled as a legion of famished wolves, hurling its doleful and angry echoes over heath. Still the stranger pushed onward until he had proceeded above two or three miles from Berwick, when as if unable longer to brave the storm, he sought shelter amidst some crab and bramble bushes by the wayside.

Nearly an hour had passed since he sought this imperfect refuge, and the darkness of the night and the storm had increased together, when the sound of a horse's foot was heard, hurriedly splashing along the road. The rider bent his head to the blast. Suddenly his horse was grasped by the bridle, and the traveller stood before him, holding a pistol to his breast.

"Dismount!" cried the stranger sternly.

The horseman, benumed and stricken with fear, made an effort to reach his arms, but in a moment the hand of the robber, quitting the bridle, grasped the breast of the rider, and dragged him to the ground. He fell heavily on his face, and for several minutes lay senseless. The stranger seized the leathern bag which contained the mail for the north, and flinging it across his shoulder, rushed across the heath.

Early on the following morning, the inhabitants of Berwick were seen hurrying in groups to the spot where the robbery had been committed, and were scattered in every direction around the moor: but no trace of the robber could be obtained. Three days had passed, Sir John Cochrane yet lived. The mail which contained the death warrant had been robbed; and before another could be given the intercession of his father, the Earl of Dundonald, with the king's confessor, might be successful—Grizel now became almost his constant companion in poison, and spoke to him words of comfort. Nearly fourteen days had passed since the robbery of the mail had been committed, and protracted hope in the bosom of the prisoner became more bitter than his first despair. But even that hope, bitter as it was, perished. The intercession of his father had been unsuccessful—and a second time the bigoted and would be despotic monarch had signed the warrant of his death, and within a little more than another day that warrant would reach his prison.

"The will of Heaven be done," groaned the captive.

"Amen," returned Grizel, with wild vehemence; "but my father shall not die."

Again the rider with the mail had reached the moor of Tweedmouth, and the second time he bore with him, the doom of Cochrane. He spurred his horse to his utmost speed, he looked cautiously before, behind and around him: and in his right hand he carried a pistol to defend himself. The moon shed a ghostly light across the heath, rendering desolation visible, and giving a spiritual embodiment to every shrub. He was turning the angle of a straggling copse, when his horse reared at the report of a pistol, the fire of which seemed to flash into his very eyes. At the same moment his own pistol flashed, and the horse rearing more violently, he was driven from the saddle. In a moment the foot of the robber was upon his breast, who bending over him, and brandishing a short dagger he had in his hand, said:

"Give me thine arms or die!"

The heart of the king's servant failed within him; and, without venturing a reply, he did as he was commanded.

"Now go thy way," said the robber sternly, "but leave with me thy horse, and leave with the mail—least a worse thing come upon thee."

The man arose and proceeded towards Berwick trembling, and the robber, mounted the horse which he had left, and rode rapidly across the heath.

Preparations were making for the execution of Sir John Cochrane, and the officers of the law waited only for the arrival of the mail, with his second death warrant, to lead him forth to the scaffold, when tidings arrived that the mail had again been robbed!

For yet fourteen days the life of the prisoner would be prolonged. He again fell upon the neck of his daughter and said:

"It is good—the hand of Heaven is in this!"

"Said I not," replied the maiden—and for the first time she wept aloud—"that my father should not die!"

The fourteen days were not yet passed, when the prison doors flew open, and the old Earl of Dundonald rushed to the arms of his son. His intercession with the confessor had at length been successful; and after twice signing the warrant for the execution of Sir John, which had as often failed in reaching its destination, the king had sealed his pardon. He had hurried with his father to his own house—his family were clinging around him, shedding tears of joy—and they were marvelling with gratitude at the mysterious Providence that had twice intercepted the mail and saved his life, when a stranger craved an audience.

Sir John desired him to be admitted—and the robber entered. He was habited as we before described, with the coarse jerkin, but his bearing was above his condition. On entering he slightly touched his beaver, but remained covered.

"When you have perused these," said he, taking two papers from his bosom, "cast them into the fire."

Sir John glanced on them, started, and become pale—they were his death warrants.

"My deliverer," exclaimed he, "how shall I thank thee—how I repay the the saver of my life!—My father—my children—thank him for me."

The old Earl grasped the hand of the stranger—the children embraced him and he burst into tears.

"By what name," eagerly enquired Sir John, "shall I thank my deliverer?"

The stranger wept aloud; and raising his beaver, the raven tresses of Grizel Cochrane fell upon the coarse cloak.

"Gracious Heavens!" exclaimed the astonished and enraptured father, "my own child! my saver! my own Grizel!"

It is unnecessary to add more—the imagination of the reader can supply the rest; and we may only add that Grizel Cachrane whose heroism and noble affection have here been hurriedly and imperfectly sketched, was, tradition says, the grandmother of the late John Stuart of Alambank, and great great grandmother of Mr. Coutts, the celebrated banker.

A WHOPPER.—Kansas must be a great country if we can believe the following tough story which we take from the Leavenworth Herald:

"We saw an English turnip the other day, grown in this vicinity, measuring five and a half inches in diameter, round and smooth, which it was said three weeks previously was in the seed. If the statement had not been made to us by a gentleman who is in the *habit* of telling the truth, we should have thought he was laying it on rather "thick."

A Parody.

'Tis the last cake of supper,
Left standing alone,
All its light brown companions,
Are buttered and gone;
No cake of its kindred,
No cookie is nigh,
To steam on the platter,
Or near its mate lie.

I'll not leave thee thou lone one!
To meet a cold fate,
Since thy mates are all eaten,
Come lie on my plate.
Thus kindly I'll butter
Thy streaming sides o'er
And think on thy sweetness
When thou art no more!

Thus all cakes must follow,
Three times a day;
When the meal-times approach,
They must vanish away.
When hunger is mighty,
And sickness has flown,
What cake can inhabit
The table alone?

MARRYING A CLERK;
OR,
The Mercantile Angel.

BY WARREN T. ASHTON.

CHAPTER I.

"The contemptible little jackanapes! he had the audacity to ask me to play whist with him!" exclaimed Sophia to her sister.

"And why should he not, sister?" exclaimed Mary Danvers, calmly.

"Why should he not? Did he think I would demean myself by playing whist with a new clerk—one of my father's servants!" and Sophia tossed her head in disdain.

"I can see no impropriety in your associating with him, Sophia. He is certainly a handsome, intelligent, and well-behaved young man."

"Behaves well enough, for aught I know; but only think of it—a clerk in our drawing-room! For my part, I wonder how father could ever think of such a thing as admitting him into the family."

"I suppose it was because he liked the looks of him."

"What will, Mr. Augustus Fitzherbert say when he finds us associating with poor clerks?—the trash of counting rooms!"

"It matters little to me what he thinks; he is a conceited puppy, and I wonder that you can endure his presence," replied Mary, smartly.

"But he is the leader of the *ton*, Mary," said Sophia, astonished at the plebelan notions of her sister.

"He is a perfect flirt, for all that, and, infinitely inferior in all that constitutes a man, to Mr. Harlowe, whom you affect to despise.

The conversation was interrupted by the entrance of Mr. Danvers.

"How could you bring that horrible clerk into the house, papa?" said Sophia, as the merchant prince seated himself by the blazing grate.

"Horrible clerk! pray what is the matter with him?" asked Mr. Danvers, evincing some surprise at the plain speech of his daughter.

"Why, he is a clerk."

"But a respectable young man."

"Respectable enough, but not fashionable papa."

"I was a clerk once, Sophia; I commenced by sweeping out a store and carrying bundles about the city."

"How absurd you talk, papa."

"But Mr. Harlowe is a very estimable young man; I am confident you will find him very agreeable company."

"I shall have nothing to say to him," replied Sophia, with a shrug of the shoulders.

"Beware, Sophia; there is an old proverb, you know, about 'entertaining angles unawares.'"

Sophia laughed heartily at the idea of a poor clerk being an angel.

"But what says Mary?" asked the merchant, turning to his gentle hearted daughter.

"Oh, I like him very much; we are already fast friends," replied Mary, and a slight blush seemed to emphasize the remark.

"Just like her, papa; I should not wonder if she got head over heels in love with your mercantile angel."

"She must do as she pleases about that," returned Mr. Danvers, smiling.

"Pooh, Sophy!" who said a word about falling in love. Can't a body be civil to a young gentleman without being in love with him?"

The pretty Mary blushed, as she spoke in good earnest—so palpably blushed that her father began to think the affair was something more than a mere jest.

"But pray, papa, when does your new partner arrive?" asked Sophia. "If all the accounts I have heard of his wit, gallantry and personal attractions are true, I shall certainly set my cap for him."

"He will appear one of these days," replied Mr. Danvers.

"I hope you will not keep this stupid clerk in the house after he comes,"

"I certainly shall."

"But, papa, we shall lose caste, if we do, it is really abominable."

"Small loss, my child; if, we are dependent upon the apes and puppies of fashionable life for our position in society, the sooner we loose it the better for our own self-respect," said Mr. Danvers, good-humoredly.

"You are absurd, papa."

"Now, Sophy, you have given me a lesson, let me give you one. The idol you worship is more senseless than those of the Fegee Islands. Fashionable society is as hollow as a brass pan; place no reliance upon it. The fops and fools who follow in your train are as soulless as they are brainless."

"I wish Mr. Augustus Fitzherbert could hear you say so," added Sophia.

"Mr. Augustus Fitzherbert was a journeyman barber in New Orleans less than a year ago." "I had the honor of being shaved by him last winter when I was there."

"Oh, horrid, papa! why have you not exposed him?"

"Why should I, my child?" He is as good a fellow, as sensible a person, and, according to your statement, as fashionable a man as Mr. Finstock, whose great grand father was the Governor of the State."

"Is it possible that Mr. Fitzherbert was a barber?" exclaimed Sophia, horrified as the appalling truth.

"Nothing else, my child."

"An imposter!" added Mary.

"Just so; probably he is trying to obtain a rich wife."

"It is abominable. I declare! one hardly knows, now-a-days, who is respectable and who is not," said Sophia.

"Therefore, my child, we ought not to speak so disparagingly of persons in humble life, as you have done to-night."

"Pooh, a clerk!"

At this moment Mr. Harlowe, the new clerk, entered the room, and, as Sophia would have expressed, had the impudence to seat himself by the side of Mary Danvers, who appeared not at all averse to this close proximity with him.

Frederick Harlowe was, as Mary had said, a handsome, intelligent, and agreeable young man. And Sophia, if she could have forgiven him for being a clerk, would have appreciated his society quite as highly as did her sister.

With her father's permission, Mary accepted an invitation from Frederick to attend Alboni's last concert.

They had scarcely left the house before Mr. Augustus was ushered into the sitting-room.—This gentleman was an exquisite of the first water. In his personal appearance, he certainly was sufficiently well endowed to challenge the admiration of the fair sex; but unfortunately, he was sadly lacking in that necessary element in a man of sense—brain.

Sophia could scarcely refrain from expressing the contempt she felt for the journeyman barber in 'Mufti!' The leader of the 'ton,' in her estimation, was a ruined man.

The dandy, as a matter of courtesy, inquired for Mary, and was informed that she had gone to the concert with Mr. Harlowe.

"With Mr. Harlowe—a clerk—aw?" said the ex-journeyman barber, with a sneer, as he twirled up the long rat-tail of his moustache.

"A very worthy young man," replied Mr. Danvers.

"No doubt of it, saw, but a clerk—aw!"

"Pray, were you never clerk, Mr. Fitzherbert? I was."

"A clerk? no saw; never, aw."

"Did I not meet you in New Orleans last winter?"

The dandy started up—like a parched pea from a hot pan.

"I have a faint recollection of having met you in a barber shop there," continued the merchant, tormentingly.

"Aw, very likely, saw. I patronize the baw-baws."

"And now, I think of it, you wore a little white apron, and if I mistake not, I had the pleasure of being shaved by you in person."

"Quite a mistake, saw, I assuw you."

Suddenly Mr. Augustus Fitzherbert, whose real name was John Smike, remembered an imperative engagement, and hastened to take his leave.

He was seen to enter the cars for New York on the following day, and nothing has been heard of him since.

CHAPTER II.

Of course the reader understands that Frederick Harlowe and Mary are deeply, irretrievably in love with each other by this time. The poor clerk has won his way to the heart of the fair girl, and she, poor thing, has been captivated by the manly attractions, the noble soul of him who offered incense before her shrine.

As the world goes it would be deemed a very wicked thing for a poor clerk to fall in love with the daughter of his aristocratic employer. Some people would say it was ungrateful in him thus to spirit away the affections of a confiding girl, when his position and prospects did not warrant his assuming to be her husband.

These questions are still open to the casuist. He may debate them to his entire satisfaction; Mr. Danvers, either because he was more sensible than the majority of the aristocratic merchants of the day, or for some other equally potent reason, neglected to make any fuss about the matter, and suffered the clerk to woo and win his daughter, without even remonstrating against the base wickedness of the act.

But Sophia was deeply grieved by her sister's folly, as she deemed it, and used all the argument in the range of her shallow sophistry to dissuade her from the folly and madness of wedding a clerk.

Mary was obstinate. The only excuse she offered in palliation of the flagrant misdemenor, was that she loved him, and if, she loved a scavinger, she would cling to him with the last breath she was permitted to draw.

"A ring!" exclaimed Sophia, one day, when matters appeared to have taken a decided turn.

"Well, well, I suppose you are engaged."

"We are, Sophia," replied Mary, with a face radiant with happiness.

"And you intend to be married?"

"Certainly we do—that is the end of an engagement."

"My conscience! to think that the daughter of a merchant prince should become the wife of a poor, insignificant clerk."

"Nothing very alarming about it, Sophy; it wouldn't be half so ridiculous as another daughter of a merchant prince becoming the wife of an ex-journeyman barber! I believe Mr. Fitzherbert was your beau ideal of what a fashionable husband ought to be."

"The imposter!"

"I am at least sure that Frederick is not an impostor—a humbug, one who would not be likely to assume the character of a clerk."

"Perhaps not. But pray, sister, when do you intend to become the wife of this counting-room, cherub?"

"The day has not been fixed yet—in the spring, probably."

"And may I ask what you intend to do with yourself? His salary is only a thousand dollars a year."

"We can get along very well on that sum."

"Yes, I suppose so; and live in some ten footer in a dark alley!"

"We intend to live out of town, in a nice little cottage."

"Y-e-s; a nice little cottage!" drawled Sophia, in derision. "O, Sis, I will show you how to live when I am married. None of your nice little cottages for me. But I wonder when the new partner is coming?"

"Papa told me this morning that he had deferred the arrangement till next spring, and that the gentleman would attend to his business at the South, as heretofore."

"How provoking! I have been reserving my affections on purpose for him; I mean to make a conquest of him in just one month."

"How foolish you talk, Sophy; one would think you had entirely forgotten your maiden delicacy."

"Pooh! I'm jesting it between us," and Sophia relapsed into a reverie, which, we are almost sure, related to the aforesaid new partner, who was not only a nice young man, but was to put fifty thousand dollars into the concern when he became a partner.

The winter passed away, and spring came.—Frederick and Mary were to be married in a few days: Mr. Danvers, to the infinite chagrin of Sophia had readily consented to the match. The proud sister, though in the natural goodness of her heart she would not have had Mary's affections blasted, would fain have had a little opposition to save appearances.

The bridal day came, and after the ceremony had been performed, the happy party started for their new residence in the suburbs. Sophia, who acted as bridesmaid, was to accompany them.

The carriage wound through an elm shaded road, and suddenly brought to view a splendid country residence.

"That is the cottage," exclaimed the bride.

"That—a cottage: why, Mary, it is a palace!" replied Sophia, in utter astonishment, for she never had interest enough in her sister's affairs to visit her proposed residence.

The carriage stopped before the door, which was half hidden behind a vine-laced portico, and the party alighted.

The place was a perfect paradise, and many were the encomiums lavished upon it by the bewildered Sophia.

"You cannot think how surprised I was when I first beheld it," said Mary, when she and Sophia were alone. "It seemed more like a dream of fairy land than reality. But Frederick is so very odd about these things."

"I should think that he was! Why, Sis, it will certainly ruin him, a poor clerk, on a thousand dollars salary."

"Well, he knows best; he says the rent is nothing."

"Nothing, indeed; but it will eat up his poor pittance."

"Well, I gave him a lesson on extravagance, but he only laughed in my face, and said he knew what he was about."

"But here are Frederick and father! I am sure papa has been scolding him for his recklessness."

"He does not look as though the scolding had produced a very powerful effect," said Mary, as she saw her husband's smiling countenance.

"What a beautiful house!" exclaimed Sophia, as Frederick Harlowe joined the group.

"A fit nest for my pretty bird," replied the husband, gaily, as he chuckled his blushing wife under the chin.

"I should think your tliousand dollars a year would have to suffer some," said Sophia, bluntly.

"O, your father has been so very good as to elevate me a peg, so that I can well afford to incur the expense."

"Yes my child," interposed Mr. Danvers, "you know I said something about entertaining an angel unawares." Sophia, Mr. Harlowe is the new partner!"

"What an abominable cheat, papa! I'll warrant you told Mary of it in the beginning, and she has been busy until the deed is done," said Sophia, with abundant good humor.

"Nay, she knew nothing of it till a few days before his marriage. This was all Mr. Harlowe's whim. He must explain it for you himself."

Mr. Harlowe did attempt to explain his motive in entering the family *incog* but it was a lame explanation. Probably the reader, who readily penetrates the secret thoughts of the hero of our story, has already divined his motive. He wanted a wife, and had the sense to seek for genuine goodness in preference to name and position in society. He won the daughter of a merchant prince as a simple clerk; there was no doubt that she loved him. Mary was very much surprised, and perhaps a little chagrined, to find the romance of marrying a clerk so suddenly disappear; but in the wealth and mutual love, they were richer than in the smiles of a fickle fortune, which had blessed them with an abundance of the good things of this life.

A THICK-HEADED HUSBAND.—A pious old lady who was too unwell to attend meeting, used to send her thick-headed husband to church, to find out the text the preacher selected as the foundation of his discourse. The poor dunce was rarely fortunate enough to remember the words of the text, or even the chapter and verse where they could be found; but one Sabbath he ran home in hot haste, and with a smirk of self-satisfaction on his face, informed his wife that he could repeat every word without missing a syllable. The words were as follows:

'An angel came down from Heaven and took a live coal from the altar.'

'Well, let us have the text,' remarked the good woman.

'Know every word,' replied the husband.

'I am anxious to hear it,' continued the wife.

'They are nice words,' observed the husband.

'I am glad your memory is improving; but don't keep me in suspense, my dear.'

'Just get your big bible, and I will say the words, for I know them by heart. Why, I said them a hundred times on my way home!'

'Well now, let's hear them.'

'Ahem,' said the husband, clearing out his throat. 'An angel came down from New Haven and took a live colt by the tail and jerked him out of the halter.'

LEGISLATIVE PRECOCITY.—In the early history of the State Indiana, Sullivan county, a portion of the famed for its inflexible adherence to democracy, once elected Sol Turman, of Turman's creek, to represent it in the Assembly. It was his first experience in legislative life, and the mantle of its dignity at first sat uneasily upon his broad shoulders. He got along pretty well, however, by saying nothing and always voting as Mr. Allison did, whose name was called first and who was a bright and shining light among the faithful, until, one day he 'took down the House,' as follows:

He happened to come into the hall in the midst of some business which rendered it necessary to know the population of the several counties, and the Speaker, not having the documents at hand, was asking the members for information. As soon as he saw Mr. Turman, he addressed him:

'Ah, Mr. Turman, what is the population of your county?'

Mr. Turman, taken entirely by surprise, replied:

'Sir, we have scarcely any popular in the county; the timber is all oak, hickory, birch and maple, with a very small chance of poplar in the bottom.'

'The speaker said—'you misunderstood me. What is the *census* of your county?'

Mr. T., very badly scared, replied—'Oh they have no sense; they are a d——d ignorant set, I assure you.'

It was no relation of Mr. Turman, although a man bearing the same name, who, making his maiden speech while canvassing the county for election to the legislature, affirmed to his constituents that, if elected he would 'subserve their interests to the best of his skill and inability.'

A MONUMENT TO A PRINTER.—A movement has been made among the printers of Virginia, having for its object the erection of a monument over the remains of James H. Finch, late foreman of the Norfolk Argus, who recently died in Petersburg, of yellow fever, having contracted the disease while in the discharge of his duties, nobly sacrificing himself to the fell destroyer rather than desert his post in the hour of gloom, of trial, and of danger.

CRANBERRY HARVEST ON CAPE COD.—This is the busiest season of the year among the cranberry growers on Cape Cod, who are now making all possible haste to gather and get into market the produce of their respective yards before it is injured by early frost. It is admitted that the crop of cranberries on the Cape is this year about half what it has been in former seasons, much of the fruit having been injured by a worm which has made its appearance in most of the yards; nevertheless, the price paid for what they can bring into market this fall is such that they will almost realize as much for their scanty crops as what they obtained when they had an average yield.

N. Y. Tribune.

How Jed Missed it.

"I love you, I adore you;
But I'm talking in my sleep."

Some folks are in the habit of talking in their sleep, and Miss Betsey Wilson was of that number. This peculiarity she accidently revealed to Jediah Jenkins in a careless conversational way. Jediah had just finished the recital of a matrimonial dream, in which the young lady and himself figured as hero and heroine, he having invented the same, for the sake of saying at the conclusion that it was "too good to be true," and thus, by speaking in parables, assuring the damsel of what he dared not speak plainly.

"I never dream," said Betsey, 'but I sometimes talk half the night, and tell everything I know in my sleep."

"You don't say so."

"Yes; I can never keep a secret from mother; if she wants to know anything, she pumps me after I've gone to bed, and I answer her questions as honestly as if my life depended on it. That was the reason I wouldn't go to ride the other night. I knew she would kind it out—it is awful provoking."

Some days after this, Jed called at the house, and entering the parlor unannounced, found that Miss Betsey, probably overcome by the heat of the weather, had fallen asleep on the sofa.

Now Jed, as the reader has surmised, had long felt an over ruling partiality for the young lady, and yearned to know if it was returned: but, though possessed of sufficient courage to mount "the imminent deadly breach"—or breeches—(commercial ones, we mean) he could not muster spunk enough to inquire into the state of her heart. But he now bethought himself of her confessed somnambulic loquacity, and felt that the time to ascertain his fate had come. Approaching the sofa, he whispered—

"My dearest Betsey, tell me, oh! tell me the object of your fondest affections."

The fair sleeper gave a faint sigh and responded: "I love—let me think—(here you might have heard the beating of Jed's heart thro' a brick wall) I love Heaven, my country, and baked beans; but if I have one passion above all others, it is for roasted onions."

The indignant lover didn't wake her, but sloped at once, a sadder but not a wiser man. At last accounts Jed was "shining up" to another young lady.

A FINE STREAM.—A good story is told of a Philadelphia judge, well known for his love of jokes. He had advertised a farm for sale, with a fine stream of water running thro' it. A few days afterwards a gentleman called on him to speak about it.

'Well Judge,' said he, 'I have been over that farm you advertised for sale the other day, and find all right except the fine stream of water you mentioned.'

'It runs thro' the piece of woods in the lower part of the meadow,' said the Judge.

'What, that little brook? Why it does not hold much more than a spoon full. I am sure if you would empty a bowl of water into it, it would overflow. You don't call that a fine stream do you?'

'Why if it were much finer you couldn't see it at all,' said the Judge, blandly.

We never heard whether the gentleman bought the farm, but we rather think he didn't.

MORAL FRAGRANCE.—"What a pity," said a boy to his father, as they walked thro' the garden, 'that the rose, after blooming, does not produce fruit, and thus return a thick offering in summer, for the lovely season of spring life. Now, it is called the flower of innocence and joy; then it would be also the emblem of gratitude.'

The father answered, 'Does it not offer all its loveliness to beautify the spring; and, for the dew and light which it receives from above does it not fill the air with its delicate fragrance? Thus, like gratitude, bestowing a charm unseen, which enhances every other good. Created for spring, it dies with the spring; but its withered leaves retain a portion of its sweet fragrance—so in the heart of innocence, does gratitude abide, after the kind deed which brought it forth is forgotten.'

☞ 'That's a werry knowing hanimal of your'n,' said a cockney to the elephant's keeper.

'Very,' said the keeper, quite coolly.

'He performs strange tricks and hanties, don't he?' inquired the cockney, eyeing the animal thro' a glass.

'Werry surprising indeed,' said the keeper.

'Among other queer things, we've learnt him to put money in that box up thar. Try him with a dollar.'

The cockney handed the elephant a dollar, and sure enough, he took it in his trunk, and placed it in a box high out of reach.

'Well, that's werry hextraordinary—hastonishin' truly! Now let's see him take and 'and it back.'

'We never learnt him to do that,' replied the keeper, with a knowing look, and then turned to stir up the monkeys and punch the hyenas.

PAT'S MISTAKE.—A gentleman travelling down East lately in a one-horse wagon, chanced to stop at a small country tavern, which rejoiced in the possession of a very intelligent Irish ostler. Handing the reins to this worthy as he alighted, the traveller requested the man to take his horse to the stable and bait him.

'Sure an' I will, yer honor,' answered the Milesian, briskly, and away he went.

In about half an hour, the gentleman having refreshed himself sufficiently, naturally concluded that his four-footed servant was equally in good care, and accordingly ordered his team to the door.

The horse was panting and trembling.

'What's the matter with my horse?' asked the traveller. 'What have you been doing to him?'

'Only what your honor ordered me.'

'He don't look as if he had had anything to eat.'

'Is it ait yer honor said?'

'To be sure.'

'Sorra the word like it did yer honor say to me. More-betoken, your honor told me to bate the baist, and not to nit him!'

'Why, you stupid rascal, what have you been doing?'

'Och! I just tied him up to the stable with a halter, then out wid a hickory stick and bate him till me arm was used out!'

☞ We understand that the young lady who disliked to go walking because some low mechanic was always speaking to her, is about purchasing a small balloon to do her visiting and shopping in. Rather an elevated arrangement that. Presume she'll manufacture her own gas.

CURIOSITY.—A correspondent writes us that there is quite a curiosity in Bangor that is worthy of notice, in the form of a bedcord that is made from the sinews of a whale. It was brought into this country in 1640, and has been in the possession of Uncle Tim Colby 47 years, in constant use, and never was broken. It is as good as ever, and has been in the possession of the Colby family for 200 years.

[*Portland Argus, 9th.*

From the Correspondence of the London Times.

Horrible Scenes Within Sebastopol.

"Of all the pictures of the horrors of war which have been presented to the world the hospital of Sebastopol presents the most horrible, heartrending, and revolting. It cannot be described, and the imagination of a Fuseli could not conceive anything at all like unto it. How the poor human body can be mutilated and yet hold its soul within, when every limb is shattered, and every vein and artery is pouring out the life stream, one might study here at every step, and at the same time wonder what little will kill. The building used as a hospital is one of the noble piles inside the dock-yard wall, and is situated in the centre of the row, at right angles to the line of the Redan.

"The whole row was peculiarly exposed to the action of the shot and shell bounding over the Redan, and to the missiles directed at the Barrack Battery, and it bears in sides, roofs, windows, and doors, frequent and destructive proofs of the severity of the cannonade. Entering one of these doors I beheld such a sight as few men, thank God, have ever witnessed! In a long low room, supported by square pillars, arched at the top, and dimly lighted through shattered and unglazed window frames, lay the wounded Russians who had been abandoned to our mercies by their general. The wounded did I say? No, but the dead, the rotten and festering corpses of the soldiers, who were left to die in their extreme agony untended, uncared for, packed as close as they can be stowed, some on the floor, others on wretched trestles and bedsteads, or pallets of straw, sopped and saturated with blood, which oozed and trickled through upon the floor, mingled with the droppings of corruption.

"With the roar of exploding fortresses in their ears, with shell and shot forcing through the roof and sides of the rooms in which they lay, with the crackling and hissing of fire around them, these poor fellows who had served their loving friend and master the Czar but too well, were consigned to their terrible fate. Many might have been saved by ordinary care. Many lay, yet alive, with maggots crawling about their wounds. Many, nearly mad by the scene around them, or seeking escape from it in their extremest agony, had rolled away under the beds, and glared out on the heart-stricken spectators—oh! with such looks. Many, with legs and arms broken and twisted, the jagged splinters sticking through the raw flesh, implored aid, water, food, or pity, or, deprived of speech by the approach of death, or by dreadful injuries on the head and trunk, pointed to the lethal spot.

"Many seemed bent alone on making their peace with Heaven. The attitudes of some were so hideously fantastic as to appal and root one to the ground by a sort of dreadful fascination. Could that bloody mass of clothing and white bones ever have been a human being, or that burnt black mass of flesh have ever been a human soul? It was fearful to think what the answer must be. The bodies of numbers of men were swollen and bloated to an incredible degree, and the features distended to a gigantic size, with eyes portruding from the sockets, and the blackened tongue lolling out of the mouth, compressed tightly by the teeth which had set upon it in the death rattle, made one shudder and reel round.

"In the midst of one of these 'chambers of horrors'—for there were many of them—were found some dead and some living English soldiers, and among them poor Captain Vaughan, of the 90th, who has since succumbed to his wounds. I confess it was impossible for me to stand the sight, which horrified our most experienced surgeons—the deadly, clammy stench, the smell of gangrened wounds, of corrupted blood, of rotten flesh, were intolerable and odious beyond endurance. But what must the wounded have felt who were obliged to endure all this, and who passed away without a hand to give them a cup of water, or a voice to say one kindly word to them.

"Most of these men were wounded on Saturday—many perhaps on the Friday before; indeed, it is impossible to say how long they might have been there. In the hurry of their retreat, the Muscovites soon to be carried in dead men to get them out of the way, and to have put them upon pallets in horrid mockery. So that this retreat was secured the enemy cared but little for the wounded. On Monday only did they receive those whom we sent out to them during a brief armistice for the purpose, which was, I believe, sought by ourselves, as our overcrowded hospitals could not contain, and our overworked surgeons could not attend to any more.

"The Great Redan was next visited. Such a scene of wreck and ruin! All the houses behind it a mass of broken stones—a clock turret, with a shot right through the clock—a pagoda, in ruins—another clock tower with all the clocks destroyed save the dial, with the words 'Barwise, London,' thereon—cook-houses, where human blood was running among the utensils; in one place a shell had lodged in the boiler and blown it and its contents, and probably its attendants, to pieces; everywhere wreck and destruction. This evidently was a *beau quartier* once.

"The oldest inhabitant could not recognize it now. Climbing up the Redan, which was fearfully cumbered with the dead, we witnessed the scene of the desperate attack and defence which cost both sides so much blood. The ditch outside made one sick; it was piled up with English dead, some of them scorched and blackened by the explosion and others lacerated beyond recognition. The quantity of broken gabions and gun carriages here was extraordinary; the ground was covered with them. The bomb-proofs were the same as in the Malakoff, and in one of them a music book was found, with a woman's name in it, and a canary bird and vase of flowers were outside the entrance."

PELISSIER'S COOLNESS.—The following characteristic story is told of the commander-in-chief of the French army in the Crimea:

"Some years ago, Pelissier on parade one morning got angry with a sous officer of a cavalry regiment, whose tenue seemed to him defective. He abused the man most violently, and cut him across the face with his whip.—The man seized one of his pistols and endeavored to fire at his commanding officer, but the pistol missed fire. Pelissier, swearing, a fearful oath, but otherwise quite calm, said, 'Fellow! I order you three day's arrest for not having your arms in better order.'"

THE ESTATE OF DANIEL WEBSTER.—We extract the following from the Washington