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TWENTY YEARS AFTER MARRIAGE.

When jaded by the toils of life,
The anxious care and petty strife,
That every day surround me,
How sweet to leave such ills behind,
And seek repose to wearied mind,
By straying through those woods so wild,
And feeling once more like a child,
With dog and gun beside me.

Though many years have passed away,
And time and care have made me gray—
Still youthful sports delight me;
And all the scenes of other days,
My 'possum hunts and school-boy plays,
Come often fresh to me again,
Reviving me as summer rain
Revives the plants around me.

And now and then some soothing chime
Roll back for me the wheels of time,
And there she stands before me!
The sweetest girl I ever knew,
With heart as pure as morning dew,
With all the charms of "sweet sixteen,"
More lovely than an eastern queen,
The very girl that bound me.

Ah! bound me heart and hand for life,
Because she is so good a wife
And boon companion for me.
Her worth now makes me prize her more
Than ever beauty did before,
And all the wrinkles on her brow
But make me love her better now,
As years come stealing o'er me.

THE SEW-SAW OF FORTUNE.

BY MADAME CHATELIN.

Beppo lay fast asleep on his pallet, after the toils of the day. He was a poor but handsome fisherman, inhabiting Genoa *la Superba*, then in the heighth of her splendor; but as in the city of marble palaces, hovels will raise their humble heads in the vicinity of the princely abodes, just as tattered beggars elbow the rich man in a crowd, no wonder if the neighborhood of even carriages bearing their sumptuously clad freights—some to the opera, and others to a *fete* at one of the lordly mansions, illuminated a *giorno* as the Italians say—or equal to daylight—for the occasion.

All of a sudden an intense baightness lit up Beppo's garret, and he wake, thinking the sun must be already high in the heavens, when he perceived, to his surprise, a woman of radiant beauty standing beside his couch. To his inquiring glance, tempered as it was with respect, the fair stranger replied, "You have so often called upon my name, that I have at last complied with your wishes."

"Pardon me fair lady," said Beppo; "there must be some mistake. How could I take the liberty of summoning you to my poor abode, when I do not even know your name?"

"Men call me Fortune," resumed the lady, "and all sorts of flattering epithets, when they want to gain my good graces; though they generally finish by abusing me, and style me fickle, nay, cruel, even when I have granted all their wishes."

"I may, perhaps, have called your ladyship capricious," said Beppo, in a contrite tone; "but never cruel, since having never given me anything, you could not take my all away, as you did my neighbor there in the great house, the Marchesse—"

"Hush!" interrupted the lady, "I did not take a farthing from him; but he flung me away, as so many of you do. And though I have knocked twice at his door, I have an objection to knock the third time, especially as so many people shut their doors in my face.

"Lady, if you will only knock once at mine," said Beppo, coaxingly, I will be your humble servant forever."

"You will probably grow saucy, like all the rest whom I favor," said Fortune. "However, I have a mind just to try you, and that is why I came to you, according to a favorite mode of mine, during your sleep. What is it you wish for?"

"I wish to be rich," said Beppo; "for it would be delightful to sit eating ices all day long in the hot weather, instead of working. I am tired of toiling incessantly."

"Yet you are young and strong," observed the lady.

"Besides, I should like to wear a mantle and sword," continued Beppo, already assuming the dignity of the position he coveted.

"Well," replied Fortune, "it shall be as you wish, only on certain conditions. When we bestow benefits, we have a right to exact something in return. You shall be the richest man in Genoa, if you please."

"I accept the conditions blindfold, oh, most beneficent Goddess," exclaimed Beppo.

"Know, then," said the lady, "that the members of this great family of humankind are perpetually riding on a sew-saw, the motions of which are regulated by my wisdom, or whims, as you mortals think. Those who are perched highest, sometimes grow dizzy, and then I think it time to lower them, gently or abruptly, as the case may be; though many save me the trouble, as I have already hinted, by squandering me on the cast of a die, or by some other method equally rational. Now it happens I wish to exalt one of those who are at the lowest end of the plank, and to tumble one of the upper ten thousand, and I have fixed upon you, Beppo, to be the gainer by the change."

Beppo resumed his thanks, and then inquired after the conditions.

"I will tell you," said the Goddess. "As I do not want just now to create any new millionaires, I can only allow you to exchange your existence with that of some wealthy man, who will be reduced to take up your fishing net in exchange."

"Poor devil!" cried Beppo, patronizingly.

"And consequently," continued the lady, unheeding his interruption, "you must take all the circumstances of his being—rough or smooth, just as they happen to be. Save this little proviso, you shall choose among the wealthiest and the noblest of the gorgeous city. Now, come along."

"Oh, beautiful Goddess! how have I deserved such magnificent generosity?" he cried, hastily following the radiant lady out of his garret, and contemptuously kinked the door to as he left.

At the foot of the stairs Fortune stepped onto her wheel, which serves her as a carriage, and motioning Beppo to take his place beside her, off they glided, invisible to all mortal eyes, along the streets and squares.

On reaching the above mentioned illuminated mansion, the lady said, "I will take you amongst all the fine people, Beppo, that you may make your choice."

"That will be easy enough, I should think," observed Beppo

"Perhaps so," said she. "Do you fancy, now, that all my votaries are happy? Alas, those who have been familiar with me from childhood, often think me the dullest companion in the world. It is only those who have lost me, or never possessed me, that make a divinity of me."

These reflections were above the fisherman's understanding, in his present excited state; seeing which the goddess smiled benignantly, saying, "I have a kindly feeling for you, Beppo, because you have always been an honest, hard working fellow; therefore, I will give you the means of making the best choice, by endowing you with the power of seeing at a glance the precise position of the man with whom you are about to barter your fate."

Just at that moment a gorgeous carriage, all over gilding, and drawn by four prancing grays, dashed along, when Beppo eagerly exclaimed, "Lady, may I get into his shoes?" pointing to the occupant of the vehicle.

"Behold his inmost thoughts!" cried Fortune, waving her hand.

And as Beppo peeped through the small pane behind the carriage, he could read the conscience of the occupant as in an open book—nay, better, for Beppo was no scholar; and what were his terrible revelations?

"It was just at such a *fete* as this, and in the same princely mansion," said the still, small voice, "that seven years ago I stabbed a hated enemy as he was sipping an ice in the round room, and secreted myself behind a statue on hearing the sound of footsteps. The princes servant was the first to find the corpse, and gave the alarm; but as he alone had been seen to approach the room, and I had taken care to use a knife belonging to the house, he was accused of my crime. I was too cowardly to reveal the truth, and he suffered the extreme penalty of the law in my place; and now whether waking or sleeping, in bed or at the banqueting-table, two phantoms ever stand at my side. Yes, what money have I not lavished to have masses said for their souls? And then those drops of blood that could never be washed out from the marble floor of the room—ugh! it makes me shudder whenever I am obliged to tread on it!"

"Gracious heaven!" cried Beppo, turning pale. "I would not be in his shoes for all the world! Let's try that other carrage."

In it sat a portly man, wearing clothes heavy with embroidery, a diamond hilted sword, a costly gold chain, and lace finer than a spider's web, that had been manufactured in Flanders expressly for him.—In short, all the appurtenances of immense wealth surrounded him. But he was a martyr to the gout, indigestion, and a complication of diseases brought on by his own intemperance, which now punished him in turn, by taking away all relish for food, thus reducing him when at a banquet, to play the part of a modern Tauntlus.

"Oh, that I could change all this flippery, to become a sturdy porter!" Thus ran his unromantic lamentations.

"This will never do," said Beppo, "for I eat my crust with a relish I should be sorry to lose. Besides, he is getting into years."

"Friend Beppo," said the lady with a smile, "do you want to make conditions with me? I thought you only bargained to be rich; and now you want health and youth, and everything beside. The poor might well grumble if the rich had all the gifts."

"But it would not be pleasant to grow old in order to be rich!" and then his eye wandered toward another equipage. "This seems to be a younger man," said he to his patroness, "and by his elegant turn out he must be as rich as the others."

Again Beppo was told to peer into his inmost soul—and what did he find?—The seemingly wealthy man was as poor as himself—nay, poorer—for not only had he mortgaged every inch of land he possessed to feed his passion for gambling, but the very clothes on his back, his servants' liveries, the corn that fed his high mettled horses, were obtained on credit.

"I am better as I am," said Beppo after this inspection.

They had now reached the illuminated palace. A young man as handsome as Adonis, and who wore his mantle with inimitable grace, had just alighted from his carriage to join the throng of elegant revellers. There was a kind of chivalric boldness in his attitude, as his hand rested carelssly on his sword, that took Beppo's fancy amazingly. At this time he said, "Methinks I should worship myself, could I become such a young cavalier as that!"

"Look before you leap," cried his conductress.

Alas! this handsome young man was only going to show himself for a couple of hours at the princely *fete*, and then would doff his gorgeous suit to fight a duel, which was only to cease in the death of one of the combatants, in an obscure street, with the brother of a girl he had betrayed. Should he survive that night's affray, he had appointed to meet on the following morning a jealous husband who had sent him a challenge, for having found him under his wife's balcony at a late hour of the evening.

"It would be provoking to lose one's life just on becoming rich!" said Beppo, shaking his head. "So I'd not get into his shoes, either."

"Let's enter the garden behind the palace," said Fortune; "and we shall see more company."

The garden was lit up with colored lamps, and the gay crowds were pacing the avenues, inhaling the fragrance of the flowers, under a lovely sky in a pure Italian atmosphere. Beppo's searching glance soon dived into the interior of the palace, where he perceived a number of guests gathered round a hazard table, placed in one of the window recesses; foremost among them was a handsome cavalier, who kept throwing down large stakes, and talking, laughing and flirting in the intervals of each loss, which he seemed to bear with magnanimous indifference.

"He must be very rich," observed Beppo.

"This morning he was still on the uppermost end of my see," replied the goddess; "but I have abandoned him, and his last throw to night will leave him in the depths of poverty."

"Alas! how little you seem to pity your victims!" said Beppo. "But see! here comes the master of the mansion himself—the prince! His wife is the most beautiful of women! Now, kind goddess, here's a man who is rich, handsome, munificent and in the prime of life. This is the fate I should covet. You can scarcely pick a hole in his coat!"

"Look!" cried Fortune.

And the prince's inmost thought became known to the fisherman—his past present and future. He was a gloomy jealous husband, who had poisoned his first wife on mere suspicion. Being now madly jealous of his second wife, a beautiful Greek, and suspecting she had played him false, he had stolen, like a midnight assasin, into the presence of an aged pope, belonging to the Greek Church in Genoe, who was the guardian of the princess's conscience; and with a drawn sword, compelled the old man to reveal the secrets of the confassional, and sign a deed that she entertained a guilty passion for a young Ionian, who had followed her to Genoa. The unhappy pope expired of fright and shame before the prince had retreated from his house. The jealous husband next obtained a phial of aqua toana, and had given this *fete* to afford him an opportuity of poisoning both the lovers. Only the princess, having become acquainted with the secret of his past life had resolved to be beforehand with him; and the bottle of wine was already drugged with the treacherous liquid, purchased from the same old fortune teller, that was to end his career that very night.

The fisherman shuddered. "Do you bestow your gifts on none but wicked people?" said he to the goddess.

"Not so," replied the lady; "it is not my fault if people pervert my gifts. I told you it would be difficult for you to make a choice."

Again Beppo mustered the brilliant throng in the garden, and pointed to a man with a fine, grave countenance, who was slowly pacing a retired alley, saying "He, at any rate, looks grand, and noble and wise; and I think I may safely take his conscience upon me."

"You shall learn his thoughts at this moment," said the lady; when the fisherman peering into the depths of his mind as into a pool of clear water, *heard* him thinking; "I must find the spot where the pumpkins grow, for I feel I shall soon take root."

"What gibbersh is he talking?" inquired Beppo.

"The gibberish of one who will soon be a confirmed maniac," replied Dame Fortune. "He wanted, forsooth, to play my part in the drama of life, and adjudge to himself the property of a deceased friend's son, entrusted to his guardianship. He shut the young man up in a mad house, where he became really mad, and died, and now, by a just decree of Providence, he is himself growing mad, and feels the infirmity creeping upon him."

"I have seen enough. Set me down!" said Beppo. "I had rather go on foot all my days, and carry my nets till my dying hour, than bear the heavy burdens of these fine folks."

No sooner had he spoken, and jumped down from Fortunes wheel, than he found himself he knew not by what means, lying on his bed in his garret. The first faint rays of the rising sun were shining in at his window. Beppo rubbed his eyes and stared about him.

"I wonder if it was a dream after all?" said he. "But any way, I thank thee, O Fortune! for, though leaving me as before, without either gold or land, thou hast bestowed upon me the priceless treasure called CONTENT!"

A SCRAP of History.—There have been ten specific attempts to defy the authority of the Federal Government since its formation.

The first was in 1782, and was a conspiracy of some of the officers of the Federal army to consolidate the thirteen States into one, and confer the supreme power on Washington.

The second was in 1786, called "Shay's Insurrection," in Massachusetts.

The third was in 1794, popularly called "the Whiskey Insurrection of Pensylvania."

The fourth instance was in 1799, by the opponents of the Sedition laws, known in Berks county as the "Schreckenzeiten," or "Reign of Terror." The federal troops took one of the editors of the *Adler*, Judge Snyder, to the market place and horse-whipped him, which ended the insurrection.

The fifth instance was in 1814, by the Hartford Convention of the Federalists.

The sixth, on which occasion the different sections of the Union came into collision, was in 1820, under the administration of President Monroe, and occurred on the question of the admission of Missouri into the Union.

The seventh was a collision between the Legislature of Georgia and the Federal Government, in regard to certain lands given by the latter to the Creek Indians.

The eighth was in 1820, with the Cherokees in Georgia.

☞"Come here, my lad," said an attorney to a boy of about nine years old.—"A case is between the devil and the people—which do you think will be most likely to gain the action?" The boy replied: It will be a hard squeeze: the people have the most money, but the devil has the most lawyers."

☞A western editor, in giving an account of a tornado, heads it as follows:—"Disgraceful thunder storm." By reference to another article in the same paper, it will be seen that he had got two paragraphs mixed, for the other is headed, "Destructive street fight—a man horsewhipped."

AN INDIAN ADVENTURE.

I was the acknowledged belle of Clinton, a small village bordering on the western wilderness. I could out shoot any one, even the old woodmen that thronged our village My mother was kept in perpetual alarm by my daring exploits; in fact, as the old trappers said, I was cut out for a back woodman's wife. I had two lovers then; one was Harry Cheverly, and the other Mark Ruthson. Harry Cheverly was a splendid specimen of an American back woodman, with a heart true as steel; and, to my inexperienced eyes, he was the very personification of manly excellence.

Mark Ruthson was contrary to him in every respect. Handsome he was, but on his face was such a smooth, hypocritical expression that I perfectly detested him. He seemed aware of my dislike, and assuming an air of injured innocence, he pressed his suit with the utmost zeal.

One evening, as I was riding out, enjoying the mountain scenery, I approached a little eminence on which there was a thick growth of underwood; as I passed it, Mark Ruthson rode out and joined me. He pressed his suit with his usual fervor, his hypocritical face looking, if possible, more repulsive than ever. He finally offered me his hand and heart. Rising in my seat, I said:

'Mark Ruthson, no words can express the disgust I feel for you; and, if you insult me again I will cowhide you, sir!'

It would be impossible to depict the expression of rage that swept over his face.

'Jane Mannering, mark my words: I will be revenged!'

Casting him a glance of unutterable contempt, I whipped up my horse and soon lost sight of him.

The next day Mark Ruthson left the village, and went no one knew where. A year from that day Harry Chevelry and I were married, adn, with the blessings of my mother, and the best wishes of my friends, started for the Western wilderness.

I will pass over a period of ten years, during which a substantial log cabin had been built; rude though it was, love made it a little palace. Our hearts were also gladdened by our little Eddie, the image of his father, and a noble little fellow.

About this time we heard news of the depredations that the Indians were committing, by some passing stragglers which filled us with temporary uneasiness, but our fears soon passed away, and we regarded these reports as greatly exaggerated or totally untrue.

One evening Eddy returned from his daily ramble, bringing with him a moccasin, which he said he had found in the woods. This filled me with alarm and uneasiness. I felt a presentiment of coming danger.

The next morning I mentioned my fears to Harry, but he only laughed at my terror, and playfully handing me a little revolver, bade me defend myself like a man, and then went to the wood to his daily work. I slipped the revolver playfully in my pocket, but could not wholly divest myself of my fears.

For an hour I sit in my low rocking chair, with my child at my side, counting the minutes as they flew, when my attention was attracted by a noise in the opposite side of the room. Looking quickly around, to my dismay and terror I saw a dozen Indians evidently just returned from war, each bearing his bleeding scalp. The foremost advanced and appeared to the chief of the party. He approached and would have laid rough hands on me, when my darling boy raised himself to his full height, his blue eyes flashing, demanded what they meant by there intrusion, and how they dare lay violent hands on his mother.

The chief paid no attention to him, but bade his warriors bind us, which was quickly done, and, after a few moments, to the chief retired in consultation; when seizing the opportunity, I scratched on the wall:

"Harry, we are in the hands of the Indians."

The chiefs soon returned, and were borne with rapid but noiseless steps into the depths of the wilderness. The chief who had bound us now attracted my attention. I was sure I had seen him before, where, I could not say.

Three days and nights without stopping we were borne away from home, and the fouth day we stopped in a small hollow, which I found strewed with bones and skulls. While contemplating this scene with horror, I looked up, and the Indian chief stood before me. With a sneer over his dark features, he said, in good English:

'Though you have forgotten me, Jane Mannering, for so I will call you, I have by no means forgotten you."

'Who are you?' said I.

'I am Mark Ruthson,' the chief replied, and in those painted features I remembered the hypocritical face of the consummate villain.

There was no pity in his revengeful heart, and I read our doom in those hard features.

'Do you see yonder tree,' said he in a quick, sharp voice, 'Before the night your boy will be bound to that tree, and his young scalp will be clipped from his head, by my savage friends, and you will remain, and in the morning will share his fate.'

A scornful silence was his answer. O, how quickly the day flew and the night approached; and just as twilight was setting in, a ruthless savage seized him roughly by the arm and bound him to the tree. First, he waved his tomahawk over his head to frighten him but the boy's blue eyes looked steadily at the savage in scorn, and his cheek never blanched. In rage at his utter scorn, the Indian raised his tomahawk for the last time. Instinctively my hand rested on my revolver. I felt sure of my arm I raised it, slowly pointing it at the savage's heart and fired. With a frightful yell he sprang into the air and fell dead.

With a scream of rage the Indians rushed upon me; another one fell by my revolver. Again I attempted to fire, but my pistol snapped; throwing it away I resigned to die; and, just as the foremost Indian was about to sink his knife in my bosom, the sharp crack of a rifle was heard and the Indian fell, bathed in his own blood. The next moment the stalwart Harry Chevelry leaped into the ring. All the Indians fled but their chief, who rushed upon my husband, shouting.

'Ha! Harry Cheverly, revenge at last!' and pointed his pistol, which missed fire. The next moment my husband's knife was in the renegade's heart. Our meeting I need not describe. Harry had seen the lines I wrote him, and that of my child. We were troubled no more with savages, for the next year old Tippecanoe, with the avenging riflemen under his command drove away and cleared the forest of our dusky foe.

A Dangerous Game at Poker.

A contributor to the *Spirit of the Times* thus describes a scene at the Anthony House, in Little Rock, Arkansas:

Late one bitter cold night in December, some eight or nine years ago, L——— came into the bar-room, as usual, to take his part in whatever was going on. For some reason, the crowd had dispersed sooner than was customary, and but two or three of the townsfolk were there, together with a stranger, who had arrived a half hour or longer before, and who, tired, wet, and muddy from a long Arkansas stage ride, his legs extended and shoes off, was consoling himself with two chairs and a nap opposite the centre of the blazing log fire. Any one who has traveled until ten o'clock, in a rough winter night, over an Arkansas road, can appreciate the comfort of the fruition before that fireplace.

The drowsy example of the stranger had its effect on the others, and L——— who took a seat in the corner for a lack of conversation was reduced to poker for amusement. He poked the fire vigorously for a while until it got red-hot, and becoming disgusted was about to drop it and retire, when he discovered the great toe of the stranger's foot protruding through a hole in one of his socks.

Here was relief to L———. He placed the poker within a foot of the melancholy sleeper's toe, and began slowly to lessen the distance between them; one by one the others, as they caught the joke, began to open their eyes, and being awakened, mouths expanded into grins and grins into suppressed giggles—and one incontinent fellow into a broad laugh.—Closer and closer the red hot poker neared towards the unfortunate toe. The heat caused the sleeper restlessly to move his hands. L———was just about to apply the poker, when a sound of click! click! arrested his intention. The latter, with one eye open, had been watching his proceedings, and silently brought a pistol to bear upon L———. In voice just audible; he muttered in a tone of great determination—

"Jest burn it! *burn it!* Jett burn it! and I'll be d———d if I don't stir you up with a thousand hot pokers in two seconds!"

L———laid down the poker instanter, and remarked—

"Stranger, let's take a drink. In fact, gentleman all of you."

L———afterwards said they were the cheapest drinks he ever bought.

☞A man is obliged to keep his word when nobody will take it.