VOLUME 71

Poetrp. [For the Intelligencer.] MEMORY.

BY REA REED. Oh, memory! gentle memory,
There's imagic in thy strain
Come when thou will unto the soul,
In pleasure or in pain;
And when thought's fairty fingers run
Across thy golden strings,
Naught on this earth ean e'er excel
The charm its music brings;
For by its sweet and softening power
The soul is inlied to sleep;
And o'er the heart steals a repose,
Profound, and pure, and deep. the memory! blissful memory!

Miscellaneous. Deceived.

I had just arrived from Oxford, and as standing at the book-stall of the addington terminus, inquiring for a geap edition of one of Lever's novels, folding a bundle of newspapers still wet from the press, for a second-hand copy Warburton's Crescent and the Cro of Warburton's Crescent and the Cross, I hardly knew why, but the face of my fellow-purchaser struck meas a remarkable one; and being a little of an artist, and about as much of a physiognomist, I gaye him a long and studious look.—
He was a tall, strongly-made chegy-man in high chards generated to the control of the co ss coat, Cassock waistcoat and Roman oilar, and there was a deep band of

nination. For a Missionary Bishop, or a Havelock --allying the soldier and he man of religion—such a face seemed o promise every qualification. His to promise every quaincation. This mainer, quiet, self-possessed, imperturbable, was just what might have been expected from such a countenance. As a head of my college, as my Colonel, as the head of my college, as my Colonel, as the found have stabled the Vicar on the good. He was a poltroon. I saw that he could have stabled the Vicar on the good.

that he could have stabled the Vicar on the spot. His color came and went, He hour of danger, as my priest, as my bishop, I could have believed and confided in such a man. A magnetic sense of power, physical and mental, seemed to pass from him and instantly oversome my weaker will.

"How much?" I said: "two shillings?"

"Two shillings."

"Two shillings."

"Two shillings."

Took out my purse, but I found to my mortification, I had no more silver, and only the two 220 notes my father had sent me for my trip to Cornwall. "I am sorry," I said to the books all keeper; "I have no silver, and only two £20 notes. I suppose I could not take the book and pay for it, when I returned from Cornwall."

"Not exactly," said the man insolonting as he shapped the damp papers to include, as he shapped the damp papers to gether;" Pvo done that once too often. No, not for Joseph!"

"You need not be insolent," I said, rather rufled.

"We don't give credit, sir, at this establishment!"

"Pray allow me to have the pleasure of paying for the book in question," said my fellow purchaser, stepping toward one, "I think I heard you say you were and think I heard you say you were the credit with a continuation of paying for the book in question," said my fellow purchaser, stepping toward one, "I think I heard you say you were the credit sire, and how the same hos in the first of the first of the first of the hotel and, I thanked him for following pargraph met my eye in a Leeds paper:

"STILNGE DEATH OF A THIEF,—On the high damp the wine sale threated bread-adulterated medicines—the very adulterated should be a share, in every street a pit few miles beyond Carlisle, and was professional thief, and having the death of the highest class passenger by the night was a professional thief of the highest death to the hotel and, I thanked him for holowing pargraph met my eye in a Leeds paper:

"STILNGE DEATH OF A TH

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