

THE BRADFORD REPORTER.

VOLUME VI.

"REGARDLESS OF DENUNCIATION FROM ANY QUARTER."

NUMBER 18.

PUBLISHED EVERY WEDNESDAY, AT TOWANDA, BRADFORD COUNTY, PA., BY E. S. GOODRICH & SON.

TOWANDA

WEDNESDAY, JULY 16, 1845.

DAMES AT LIFE.—From Willis' new work, "Dashes at Life with a free Pencil," we extract a portion of the story— "WIGWAM VS. ALMACK'S" on this page. The remainder will be given next week.

If it were not for spoiling the romance of the tale, we should add that we fear that Ruth Plymton and her father, the landlord, are creatures of Willis' fruitful imagination. The "memory of the oldest inhabitant," however, may be consulted by any person wishing to possess themselves of authentic information on the subject.

The Dying Alchemist.

BY S. F. WILLIS.

The night wind with a desolate moan swept by; And wild shutters of the turret swung Screaming on their hinges; and the moon, As the torn edges of the clouds flew past, Struggled against the stained and broken panes So dimly, that the watchful eye of death Scarcely was conscious when it went and came.

The fire beneath his crucible was low; Yet still it burned; and ever as his thoughts Grew unresponsive, he raised himself Upon his wasted legs, and stirred the coals With difficult energy, and when the rod Felt from his nerveless fingers, and his eye Felt faint within its socket, he shrunk back Upon his pallet, and with unclosed lips Muttered a curse on death! The silent room, From its dim corners, mockingly gave back His rattling breath; the humming in the fire Had the distinctness of a knell; and when Duly the antique horologe beat one, He drew a phial from beneath his head, And drank. And instantly his lips compressed, And with a shudder in his skeleton frame, He rose with supernatural strength, and sat Upright, and commended with himself:—

I did not think to die Till I had finished what I had to do; I thought to pierce th' eternal secret through With this my immortal eye; I felt—Oh God! it seemeth even now This cannot be the death-deed on my brow! And yet it is—feel, Of this dull sickness at my heart afraid; And in my eyes the death-streaks flash and fade; And something seems to speak Over my bosom like a frozen hand— Binding its pulses with an icy band. And this is death! But why Feel I this will recoil? It cannot be Th' immortal spirit shudders to be free! Would it not leap to part, Like a chain'd eagle at his parent's call? I fear—I fear—that this poor life is all!

Yet thus to pass away! To live but for a hope that mocks at last— To agonize, to strive, to watch, to fast, To waste the light of day, Night's better beauty, feeling, fancy, thought, All that we have and are—for this—our nought! Grant me another year, God of my spirit!—but a day—to win Something to satisfy this thirst within! I would know something here; Break for me but one seal that is unbroken; Speak for me but one word that is unspoken! Vain—vain!—my brain is turning With swift dizziness, and my heart grows sick, And these hot temples throbs come fast and thick, And I am freezing—burning— Dying! Oh God! if I might only live! My phial—Ha! it thrills me—I revive.

My phial—Ha! it thrills me—I revive. Ay—were there not man to die He were too mighty for this narrow sphere! Had he but time to brood on knowledge here— Could he but let his eye— Might he but wait the mystic woad and hour— Only his maker would transcend his power! Earth has no mineral strange— Th' illuminable air no hidden wings— Water no quality in covert springs, And fire no power to change— Seasons no mystery, and stars no spell, Which baffle unwavering soul might not compel.

Oh, but for time to track The upper stars into the pathless sky— To see th' invisible spirits, eye to eye— To haul the lightning back— To tread unhurt the sea's dim-lighted halls— To chase Day's chaotic to the horizon walls— And more, much more—for now The life-sealed fountains of my nature move— To nurse and purify this human love— To clear the god-like brow Of weakness and mistrust, and bow it down Worthily and beautiful, to the much-loved one— This were indeed to feel The soul thrill shaken at the living stream— To live—Oh God! that life be a dream! And death—Aha! I feel— Dim—dim—I faint—darkness comes o'er my eye— Cover me! save me!—God of heaven! I die!

Was morning, and the old man lay alone. No friend had closed his eyelids, and his lips, Open and sallow pale, his expression wan; Of his death struggle, his long wailing hair Lay on his hollow temples thin and wild, His frame was wasted, and his features wan And haggard as with want, and in his palm His nails were driven deep, as if the throes Of the last agony had wrung him sore. The storm was raging still. The shutters swung Screaming as harshly as the fitful wind, And all without went on—as eye it will, Sunshine or tempest, reckless that a heart Is breaking, or has broken, in its change. The fire beneath the crucible was out; The vessels of his mystic art lay round,

Unless and cold as the ambitious hand That fashioned them, and the small rod, Familiar to his touch for three-score years, Lay on th' alchemic rings if it still Might vex the elements at its master's will. And thus had passed from its unequal frame A soul of fire—a sun-bent eagle stricken From his high soaring down—an instrument Broken with its own compass. On how poor Seems the rich gift of genius, when it lies, Like the adventurous bird that hath out-flown His strength upon the sea, ambition-wrecked— A thing the thrush might pity, as she sits Brooding in quiet on her lowly nest.

Wigwam versus Almack's.

CHAPTER I.

In one of the years not long since passed to your account and mine by the recording angel, gentle reader, I was taking my fill of a delicious American Juno, as Duerow takes his bowl of wine, on the back of a beloved horse. In the expressive language of the raisin-men on the streams of the West, I was "following" the Chemung—a river whose wild and peculiar loveliness is destined to be told in untold songs, whenever America can find leisure to look up her poets. Such bathing of the eyes of precipices, such kissing of flowery slopes, such winding in and out of the bosoms of rook meadows, such frowning amid broken rocks, and smiling through smooth valleys, you would never believe could go in this out-of-doors world, unvisited and uncelebrated.

Not far from the ruins of a fortification, said to have been built by the Spaniards before the settlement of New England by the English, the road along the Chemung winds into a mere ledge at the foot of a precipice, the river wearing into the rock at this spot by a lick and deep eddy. At the height of your lip above the carriage track, there gushes from the rock a stream of the size and steady clearness of a glass rod, and all around it in the small rocky lap which it has worn away, there grows a bed of fragrant mint, kept by the shade of a moisture of a perpetual green, bright as emerald. Here stops every traveler who is not upon an errand of life or death, and while his horse stands up to his fetlocks in the river, he parts the dewy stems of the mint, and drinks, for once in his life, like a fay or a poet. It is one of those exquisite spots which paint their own picture insensibly in the memory, even while you look on them, natural "Daguerotypes," as it were; and you are surprised years afterward, to find yourself remembering every leaf and stone, and the song of every bird that sung in the pine-trees overhead while you were watching the curve of the spring leap. As I said before, it will be sung and celebrated, when America sits down weary with her first century of toil, and calls for her minstrels, now toiling with her in the fields.

Within a mile of this spot, to which I had been looking forward with delight for some hours, I overtook a horseman. Before coming up with him I had at once decided he was an Indian. His relaxed limbs swaying to every motion of his horse with the grace and ease of a wreath of smoke, his neck and shoulders so clearly shaped, and a certain watchful look about his ears which I cannot define, but which you see in a spirited horse—were infallible marks of the race whom we have driven from the fair land of our independence. He was mounted upon a small black horse—of the breed commonly called Indian ponies, now not very common so near the Atlantic—and rode with a slack rein and air, I thought, rather more dispirited than indolent.

The kind of morning I have described, is as every one must remember, of a sweetness so communicative that one would think two birds could scarce meet on the wing without exchanging a carol; and involuntarily raised my bridle after a minute's study of the traveler before me, and in a brief glasp at his side. With the sound of my horse's feet, however, he changed in all his characteristics to another man—sat erect in his saddle, and assumed the earnest air of an American who never rides but upon some errand; and, on his giving me back my "good mornin'" in the unexceptionable accent of the country, I presumed I had mistaken my man. He was dark, but not darker than a Spaniard, of features singularly handsome and regular, dressed with no peculiarity except an oter-skin cap of a silky and golden-colored fur, too expensive and rare for any but a fanciful, as well as a luxurious purchaser. A slight wave in the black hair which escaped from it, and fell back from his temples, confirmed me in the conviction that his blood was of European origin.

We rode on together with some indifferent conversation, till we arrived at the spring-leap I have described, and here my companion, throwing his right leg over the neck of his poney, jumped to the ground very actively, and applying his lips to the spring, drank a free draught. His horse seemed to know the spot, and, with the reins on his neck, trotted on to a shallower ledge in the river and stood with the water to his knees, and his quick eye turned on his master with an expressive look of satisfaction.

"You have been here before," I said, trying my less disciplined horse to the branch of an overhanging shrub.

"Yes—often!" was his reply, with a tone so quick and rude, however, that, but for the softening quality of the day, I should have abandoned there all thought of further acquaintance.

I took a small valise from the pommel of my saddle, and while my fellow-traveler sat on the rock-side looking moodily into the river, I drew forth a flask of wine and a leather cup, a cold pigeon wrapped in a cool cabbage leaf, a bigger end of a large loaf, and as much salt as could be tied up in the cup of a large water-lily—a set-out of provender which owed its distinctness to the fair hands of my hostess of the night before.

The stranger's first resemblance to an Indian had probably given a color to my thoughts,

for, as I handed him a cup of wine, I said, "I wish the Shawnee chief to whose tribe this valley belongs, were here to get a cup of my wine."

"The young man sprang to his feet with a sudden flash through his eyes, and while he looked at me, he seemed to stand taller than from my previous impression of his height, I should have thought possible. Surprised as I was at the effect of my remark, I did not withdraw the cup, and with a moment's searching look into my face, he changed his attitude, begged pardon rather confusedly, and, draining the cup, said with a faint smile, "The Shawnee chief thanks you!"

"Do you know the price of land in the valley?" I asked, handing him a slice of bread with the half-pig upon it, and beginning to think it was best to stick to commonplace subjects with a stranger.

"Yes!" he said, his brow clouding over again. "It was bought from the Shawnee chief you speak of for a string of beads the acre. The tribe had their burial-place on the Susquehanna, some twenty miles from this, and they cared little about a strip of a valley which, now, I would rather have for my inheritance than the fortune of any white man in the land."

"Throw in the landlord's daughter at the village below," said I, "and I would take it before any half-dozen of the German principalities. Have you heard the news of her inheritance?"

"Another moody look and a very crisp "Yes," put a stop to all desire on my part to make further advances in my companion's acquaintance. Gathering my pigeon bones together, therefore, and putting them on the top of a stone where they would be seen by the first "lucky dog" that passed, flinging my emptied water-lily on the river, and strapping up cup and flask once more in my valise, I mounted, and with a crusty good morning, set off at a hand-gallop down the river.

My last unsuccessful topic was, at the time I write of, the subject of conversation all through the neighborhood of the village toward which I was traveling. The most old-fashioned and comfortable inn on the Susquehanna, or Chemung, was kept at the junction of these two noble rivers, by a certain Rober Plymton, who had "one fair daughter and no more." He was a plain farmer of Connecticut, who had married the grand-daughter of an English emigrant, and got, with his wife, a chest of old papers, which he thought had better be used to mend a broken pane or wrap up groceries, but which his wife, on her death-bed, told him "might turn out worth something."

With this slender thread of expectation, he had kept the little chest under his bed, thinking of it perhaps once a year, and satisfying his daughter's inquisitive queries with a shake of his head, and something about "her poor mother's truntings," concluding usually with some reminder to keep the parlor in order, or mind her housekeeping. Ruth Plymton had had some sixteen "winters schooling," and was known to be much "smarter" (Anglice, cleverer), than was quite necessary for the fulfillment of her manifold duties. Since twelve years of age (the period of her mother's death) she had officiated with more and more success as bar-maid and host's daughter to the most frequented inn of the village, till now, at eighteen, she was the only ostensible keeper of the inn, the old man usually being absent in the fields with his men, or embarking his grain in an "ark," to take advantage of the first freshet. She was civil to all comers, but her manner was such as to make it perfectly plain even to the rudest rafterman and hunter, that the highest respect they knew how to render to a woman was her due. She was rather unpopular with the girls of the village from what they called her pride and "keeping to herself," but the truth was, that the cheap editions of romances which Ruth took instead of money, or the lodging of the itinerant book-peddlers, were more agreeable companions to her than the girls of the village; and the long summer treasons, and half the long winter nights, were little enough for the busy young hostess, who, seated on her bed devoted to the study of the which harmonized with some secret longing in her breast—she knew not and scarce thought of asking herself why.

I had been twice at Athens (by this classical name is known the village I speak of), and each time had prolonged my stay at Plymton's inn for a day longer than my horse or my repose strictly exacted. The scenery at the junction is magnificent, but it was scarce that I could not say that it was altogether admiration of the host's daughter; for though I breakfasted late for the sake of having a clean parlor while I ate my broiled chicken, and, having been once to Italy, Miss Plymton liked to pour out my tea and hear me talk of St. Peter's and the Carnival, yet there was that marked reticence and decision in her manner that made me feel quite too much like a culprit at school, and large and black as her eyes were, and light and airy as were all her motions, I mixed up with my propensity for her society, a part of dislike. In short, I never felt a tenderness for a woman who could "queen it" so easily, and I went heart-whole on my journey, though always with a high respect for Ruth Plymton, and a pleasant remembrance of her conversation.

The story which I had heard farther up the river was, briefly, that there had arrived at Athens an Englishman, who had found in Miss Ruth Plymton, the last surviving descendant of the family of her mother; that she was the heiress to a large fortune, if the proof of her descent were complete, and that the contents of the little chest had been the subject of a week's hard study by the stranger, who had departed after a vain attempt to persuade old Plymton to accompany him to England with his daughter. This was the rumor, the allusion to which had been received with such repulsive coldness by my dark companion at the spring-leap.

"America is so much of an asylum for despairing younger sons and the proud and starving branches of great families, that a discovery of heirs to property among people of very inferior condition, is by no means uncommon.—It is a species of romance in real life, however, which we never believe upon hearsay, and I rode on to the village, expecting my usual reception by the fair damsel of the inn. The old sign still hung askew as I approached, and the pillars of the old wooden "stoop" or porch, were as much off their perpendicular as before, and true to my angry, out-stepped my fair acquaintance at the sound of my horse's feet, and called to Rouben the ostler, and gave me an unchanged welcome. The old man was down at the river side, and the key of the grated bar hung at the hostess's girdle, and with these signs of times as they were, my belief in the marvellous tale vanished into thin air.

"So you are not gone to England to take possession!" I said.

"Her serious "No!" unsoftened by any other remark, put a stop to the subject again, and taking myself to task for having been all day stumbling on *mal-propos* subjects, I asked to be shown to my room, and spent the hour or two before dinner in watching the chickens from the window, and wondering a great deal as to the "whereabouts" of my friend in the oter-skin cap.

The evening of that day was unusually warm, and I strolled down to the bank of the Susquehanna, to bathe. The moon was nearly full and half way to the zenith, and between the lingering sunset and the clear splendor of the moonlight, the dusk of the "folding hour" was forgotten, and the night went on almost as radiant as day. I swam across the river, delighting myself with the gold rims of the ripples before my breast, and was within a yard or two of the shore on my return, when I heard a woman's voice approaching in earnest conversation. I shot forward and drew myself in beneath a large clump of alders, and with only my head out of water, lay in perfect concealment.

"You are not just, Shahatan!" were the first words I distinguished, in a voice I immediately recognized as that of my fair hostess. "You are not just. As far as I know myself I love you better than any one I ever saw—but"

As she hesitated, the deep low voice of my companion at the spring-leap, uttered in a suppressed and impatient guttural, "But what? He stood still with his back to the moon, and while the light fell full on her face, she withdrew her arm from his and went on.

"I was going to say that I do not yet know myself or the world sufficiently to decide that I shall always love you. I would not be too hasty in so important a thing, Shahatan! We have talked of it before, and therefore I may say to you, now, that the prejudices of my father and all my friends are against it."

"My blood!"—interrupted the young man, with a movement of impatience. She laid her hand on his arm. "Stay! The objection is not mine. Your Spanish mother, besides, shows more in your look and features than the blood of your father. But it would still be said I married an Indian, and though I care little for what the village would say, yet I must be certain that I shall love you with all my heart and soul till death, before I set my face with yours against the prejudices of every white man and woman in my native land!—You have urged me for my secret, and there it is. I feel relieved to have unburthened my heart of it."

"That secret is but a summer old!" said he, half turning on his heel, and looking from her upon the moon's path across the river.

"Shame!" she replied; "you know that long before this news came, I talked with you constantly of other lands, and of my irresistible desire to see the people of great cities, and satisfy myself whether I was like them. That curiosity, Shahatan, is, I fear, even stronger than my love, or at least, it is more impatient; and now that I have the opportunity fallen to me like a star out of the sky, shall I go? I must."

The lover felt that all had been said, or was too proud to answer, for they fell into the path again, side by side, in silence, and at a slow step were soon out of my sight and hearing. I emerged from my compulsory hiding-place wiser than I went in, dressed and strolled back to the village, and finding the old landlord smoking his pipe alone under the portico, I lighted a cigar, and sat down to pick his brains of the little information I wanted to fill out the story.

I took my leave of Athens on the following morning, paying my bill duly to Miss Plymton, from whom I requested a receipt in writing, for I foresaw without any very sagacious augury beside what the old man told me, that it might be an amusing document by-and-by. You shall judge by the sequel of the story, dear reader, whether you would like it in your book of autographs.

Not long after the adventure described in the preceding chapter, I embarked for a ramble in Europe. Among the newspapers which were lying about in the cabin of the packet, was one which contained this paragraph, extracted from a New-Orleans Gazette. The American reader will at once remember it:—

"Extraordinary attachment to savage life.—The officers at Fort (one of the most distant outposts of human habitation in the west), extended their hospitality lately to one of the young proteges of government, a young Shawnee chief, who has been educated at public expense for the purpose of aiding in the civilization of his tribe. This youth, the son of a Shawnee chief by a Spanish mother, was put to a preparatory school in a small village on the Susquehanna, and subsequently was graduated at College with the first honors of his class. He had become a most accomplished gentleman, was apparently fond of society, and, except in a scarce, distinguished by a trace of copper color in his skin, retained no trace of his savage origin. Singular to relate, however, he disappeared suddenly from the fort, leaving behind him the clothes in which he had arrived, and several articles of a gentleman's toilet; and as the sentry on duty was passed at dawn of the same day by a

mounted Indian in the usual savage dress, who gave the pass-word in issuing from the gate, it is presumed it was no other than the young Shahatan, and that he has joined his tribe, who were removed some years since beyond the Mississippi."

The reader will agree with me that I possessed the key to the mystery.

As no one thinks of the thread that disappears in an intricate embroidery till it comes out again on the surface, I was too busy in weaving my own least interesting web of adventure for the two years following, to give Shahatan and his love even a passing thought. On a summer's night in 18—, however, I found myself on a *baquette* at an Almack's ball, seated beside a friend who, since we had met last at Almack's, had given up the white rose of girlhood for the diamonds of the dame, timidity and blushes for self-possession and serene sweetness, dancing for conversation, and the promise of beautiful and admired seventeen for the perfection of more lovely and adorable twenty-two. She was there as chaperon to a younger sister, and it was delightful in that whirl of giddy motion, and more giddy thought, to sit beside a tranquil and unfettered mind and talk with her of what was passing, without either bewilderment or *chagrin*.

"What is it," she said, "that constitutes aristocratic beauty?—for it is often remarked that it is seen nowhere in such perfection as at Almack's; yet, I have for a half-hour looked in vain among these handsome faces for a regular profile, or even a perfect figure. It is not symmetry, surely, that gives a look of high breeding—nor regularity of feature."

"If you will take a leaf out of a traveler's book," I replied, "we may at least have the advantage of a comparison. I remember recording, when traveling in the East, that for months I had not seen an irregular nose or forehead in a female face, and, almost universally, the mouth and chin of the Orientals are, as well as the upper features, of the most classic correctness. Yet where, in civilized countries, do women look lower-born or more degraded?"

"Then it is not in the features," said my friend.

"No, nor in the figure, strictly," I went on to say, "for the French and Italian women (aside the same book of *mems*), are generally remarkable for shape and fine contour of limb, and the French are, we all know (begging your pardon,) much better dancers, and more graceful in their movements, than all other nations. Yet what is more rare than a "through-bred" looking Frenchwoman?"

"We are coming to a conclusion very fast," she said, smiling. "Perhaps you shall find the great secret in the delicacy of skin after all." "Not unless you will agree that Broadway in New York is the "prato farito," of aristocratic beauty—no where on the face of the earth do you see such complexions. Yet, my fair countrywomen stoop too much, and are rather too dressy in their tastes to convey very generally the impression of high birth."

"Stay!" interrupted my companion, laying her hand on my arm with a look of more meaning than I quite understood; "before you commit yourself further on that point, look at this tall girl coming up the floor, and tell me what you think of her, *apropos* to the subject."

"Why, that she is the very forth-throwing of noble parentage," I replied, "in step, air, form—everything. But surely the face is familiar to me."

"It is the Miss Trevanion whom you said you had never met. Yet she is an American, and with such a fortune as hers, I wonder you should not have heard of her at least."

"Miss Trevanion! I never knew anybody of the name, I am perfectly sure—yet that face I have seen before, and I would stake my life I have known the lady, and not casually either."

My eyes were riveted to the beautiful woman who now sailed past with a grace and stateliness that were the subject of universal admiration, and I eagerly attempted to catch her eye; but on the other side of her walked her eye; most agreeable flatterers of the hour, and the crowd prevented my approaching her, even if I had solved the mystery so far as to know in what terms to address her. Yet it was marvellous that I could ever have seen such beauty and forgotten the when and where, or that such fine and unusually lustrous eyes could ever have shone on me without inscribing well in my memory their "whereabout" and history.

"Well!" said my friend, "are you making out your theory, or are you "struck home" with the first impression, like many another dancer here to-night?"

"Pardon me! I shall find out presently, who Miss Trevanion is—but, meantime, recollect, Miss Trevanion is—but, meantime, recollect, I will tell you where I think lies the secret of the aristocratic beauty of England.—It is in the lofty *maintien* of the head and bust,—the proud carriage; it is your *jeu*, in all these women—the head set back, the chest elevated and expanded, and the whole port and expression, that of pride and conscious superiority. This, mind you, though the result of qualities in the character, is not the work of a day, nor perhaps of a single generation.—The effect of expanding the breast and preserving the back straight, and the posture generally erect, is the high health and consequent beauty of those portions of the frame; and the physical advantages, handed down with the pride which produced it, from father to child, the race gradually has become perfect in those points, and the look of pride and high bearing is now easy, natural, and unconscious. Glance your eye around and you will see that there is not a defective bust, and hardly a head ill set on, in the room. In an assembly in any other part of the world, to find a perfect bust with a gracefully carried head, is as difficult as here to find the exception."

"What a proud race you make us out, to be sure," said my companion, rather dissentingly.

"And so you are, eminently and emphatically proud," I replied. "What English family does not revolt from any proposition of marriage from a foreigner? For an English girl to marry a Frenchman or an Italian, a German or a Russian, Greek, Turk, or Spaniard, is to forfeit a certain degree of respectability, let the match be as brilliant as it may. The first feeling on hearing of it is against the girl's sense of delicacy. It extends to everything else.—Your soldiers, your sailors, your tradesmen, your gentlemen, your common people, and your nobles, are all (who ever doubted it) you are mentally asking out of all comparison better than the same ranks and professions in any other country. John Bull is literally surprised if any one doubts this—nay, he does not believe that any one *dares* doubt it. Yet you call the Americans ridiculously vain, because they believe their institutions better than yours, that their ships fight as well, their women are as fair, and their men as gentlemanly as any in the world. The "vanity" of the French, who believe in themselves, just as the English do, only in a less blind *entireness* of self-glorification, is a common theme of ridicule in English newspapers; and the French and the Americans, for a twentieth part of English intolerance and self-exaggeration, are written down daily by the English, as the two vainest nations on earth."

"Stop!" said my fair listener, who was beginning to smile at my digression from female beauty to national pride, "let me make a distinction there. As the English and French are quite indifferent to the opinion of other nations on these points, and not at all staked in their self-admiration by foreign incredulity, theirs may fairly be dignified by the name of *pride*. But what shall I say of the Americans, who are in a perpetual fever at the ridicule of English newspapers, and who receive, I understand, with a general convulsion throughout the states, the least slur in a review, or the smallest expression of disparagement in a tory newspaper. This is not pride, but vanity."

"I am hit, I grant you. A home thrust that I wish I could foil. But here comes Miss Trevanion, again, and I must make her out, or another my curiosity. I leave you a victor."

The drawing of the cord which encloses the dancers, narrowed the path of the promenaders so effectually, that I could easily take my stand in such a position that Miss Trevanion could not pass without seeing me. With my back to one of the slight pillars of the orchestra, I stood facing her as she came down the room; and within a foot or two of my position, yet with several persons between us, her eye for the first time rested on me. There was a sudden flash, a look of embarrassment but momentary curiosity, and the beautiful features cleared up, and I saw, with *renewed mortification*, that she had the advantage of me, and was even held out to remember where we had met. She bled out her hand in the next moment, but evidently understood my reserve, for, with a mischievous compression of the lips, she leaned over, and said in a voice intended only for my ear, "Rouben, take the gentleman's horse!" My sensations were very much those of the Irishman who fell into a pit in a dark night, and catching a straggling roat in his descent, hung suspended by incredible exertion and strength of arm till morning, when daylight disclosed the bottom, at just one inch below the points of his toes. So easy seemed the solution—after it was discovered.

[CONCLUDED NEXT WEEK.]

A Sunday at Moscow.

To one who has for a long time been a stranger to the sound of the "church-going bell," few things could be more interesting than a Sunday in Moscow. Any one who has rambled along the maritime Alps, and has heard from some lofty eminence the convent bells ringing for matins, vespers, and midnight prayers, will long remember the not unpleasant sound. To me there is always something in the sound of a church-going bell; in its effect upon the senses, but far more so in its associations. And these feelings were exceedingly fresh when I awoke on Sunday in the city of Moscow. In Russia they are almost innumerable; but this was the first time I happened to pass the Sabbath in this city. I lay and listened almost fearfully, as if I should lose the sounds; thoughts of home came over me; of the day of rest, of the gathering for church, and the greeting of friends at the church door. But he who never heard the ringing of bells at Moscow does not know its music. Imagine a city containing more than six hundred churches, and innumerable convents, and all these sounding together, from the sharp, quick hammer note to the loudest peals that ever lingered on the ear, struck at long intervals, and swelling the air, as if unwilling to die away. I arose and threw open my window, and dressed myself, and after breakfast joined the throng, called to the respective churches by their well known bells. I went to an English Chapel, where for many months, I joined in regular church services, and listened to an orthodox sermon. I was surprised to see so large a congregation; though I remarked among them many English governesses with children, the English language being at that moment the rage among the Russians, and multitudes of east off clambering being employed to teach the rising Russian nobility the beauty of the English tongue.—*Stephens' Travels.*

To destroy flies.—A correspondent of the Cincinnati Chronicle gives the following: It is perhaps not generally known that black pepper (not red) is poison for many insects. The following simple mixture is the best destroyer of the common house fly. Take equal portions of fine black pepper, fresh ground, and sugar; say enough of each to cover a teacup piece; moisten and mix well with a spoonful of milk. (A little cream is better.) Keep it in your room, and you will keep down your flies. One advantage over other poisons is that it injures nothing else; and another, that the flies seek the air, and never die in the house—the windows being open.

"I am taking down the census of a densely populated neighborhood," as the fellow who when he swallowed the skyperry chose.