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TOWANDA:

Wednesday Morning, April 18, 1849.

[Written for the Reporter]

THE INDIAN GIRL'S GRAVE.

She sleeps where the flowers
In luxuriance bloom.
And sweetly they strewed
Her way to the tomb.
Mournfully the willows
Around her doth wave,
And send a sweet charm
To the gloom of the grave.

She sleeps where the waters
Their wild vigils keep;
They seem sending a murmur
To the fair one that sleeps.
The charm has departed
From her own forest home,
And the heart of the parent
Is left mourning alone.

No kind one is near him
To cheer his lone way,
The loved one has gently
From him passed away.
The glad voice is hushed,
That cheered him along;
And he no more hears
Her once joyous song.

Yes! the meek one is called
To her home in the grave.
And the green trees around her
In solitude wave. [ing,
The wild flowers seem bend-
In grief their fair heads,
And mourning in silence
The loss of the dead.

Even the stars as they peep
From the bright homes above
Look down on her grave
With pity and love;
And the breeze as it wafts
Its odors abroad
Seems whispering. Her spirit
Is at rest with its God.

TOWANDA, Pa. SYBIL.

[Written for the Reporter.]

THY NAME.

Thy name "was once" a magic spell,
By which my heart was bound;
And the youthful dreams of hope and love,
Were awakened by that sound.

Thy name to others ne'er has been,
What is has been to me:
To love thee, was my early dream—
And love, but only thee.

A change has come, but not in me—
For time can change me, never:
What thou wast once, thou 'rt still to me—
No power this heart can sever.

Thy name is a magic spell,
Nor would I change the theme;
Oh, I only wish to dwell,
For 'twas my early dream.

Could I but see thee once again,
And call thee by that name,
With rapture would my bosom swell,
To know, we meet again.

MONROETON, Pa. HARRIETT.

ROSAURA:

OR,

THE STUDENT OF MADRID.

A TALE OF SPANISH LOVE.

[CONCLUDED]

When he re-opened them, the Count, or Tadeo, whichever was his most fitting appellation, stood before him. With the courage of pride and disdain, Federico boldly met his searching gaze. For some moments they looked at each other in silence, broken at last by Tadeo.

"I come to question you," he said: "answer truly, and your captivity may be very brief. Deceive me, and your life shall be yet shorter. Your crimes shall meet their just reward."

"I am guilty of no crime, retorted Federico. "I am the victim of circumstances."

"And what are they?" eagerly inquired the Count.

Federico was silent.

"Do you know me, Senor?" said the Count.

"No," was the reply.

Beware, then, lest you learn to know me too well. What did you, concealed in yonder closet? Where is the paper you robbed me of? Who admitted you into the house? Do you belong to a secret society? Were you sent as a spy? A dagger was found in the closet: did you come to assassinate me?"

He paused after each question, but Federico answered none of them, save the last, to which he replied by a stern negative.—"You had best confess," resumed Tadeo. "If you are no political offender, if no criminal project led you where I found you, I pledge my word, Senor—and I pledge it only to what I can and will perform—you shall at once be released."

"I can but say this," replied the prisoner; "it was not my object to overhear you: an accident conducted me where you discovered me, and I heartily regret that a casual noise betrayed my presence."

"Is that all you will say?"

"All."

"You know not with whom you deal," cried the Count. Then lowering his voice, and with a smile that he strove to render amiable. "It was perhaps, a love-affair," he said. "Young man, which of Dona Rosaura's handmaids did you seek?—Who introduced you into that apartment? Tell me this, satisfy me on a point that concerns myself personally, and not only will I forget all, but remain your debtor."

Whilst thus he spoke, the Count's features expressed very different sentiments from those announced by his smooth and placable speech. In their convulsive workings, and in the savage fire of his eyes, jealousy and hatred were plainly to be read; he looked like a tiger about to spring upon its prey.

"Senor," said Federico contemptuously, "you waste time. If a lady did introduce me into your house, you may rest assured I am not base enough to reveal her name. From me you get no further answer. Do with me as you will. In this unhappy land, might is above right."

"Wretch!" exclaimed the Count fiercely advancing upon his undaunted captive; "you have betrayed yourself. I will destroy you knave like an insect. A lady conceal you! What audacious slander is this?" He struggled with his rage, and, mastering himself, resumed. "It has been proved that you are the spy of a dangerous and treasonable association. Where is the paper you stole?"

"I have no paper," replied Federico, "and will answer no more questions. I am in your power; do your worst."

The Count stepped to the dungeon door, and summoned two men in waiting outside. Whilst one of them searching Federico, closely examining each pocket and fold of his dress, but without discovering the much coveted document, the other listened respectfully to the Count, who gave him instructions in a low voice. His last words which reached the ear of the student, were not calculated to reassure him as to the future. "Be it so," said Don Tadeo.—"The necessary warrant shall at once be made out, and then—despatch." And with a vindictive glance at his prisoner, he left the prison.

It was some consolation to the unfortunate Federico, when again in dismal solitude, and with the prospect of a cruel death before his eyes, to reflect on the firmness he had shown, and on the agony of jealous doubt he had inflicted on his rival. In his defenceless and desperate circumstances, such revenge was doubly sweet; and for a while he dwelt on it with pleasure. Then his thoughts took another direction, and an active and excited imagination transported him from that gloomy cell to the chamber of the beautiful cause of his misfortunes.—She knelt before a crucifix, and wept and prayed for him. He heard her breathe his name and invoke the saints to his assistance; and in a transport of love and gratitude he extended his arms to clasp her to his heart. They were rudely checked by the chain that linked them to the wall. And now pale spectres flitted through the gloom, and grinned at him with their skeleton mouths and murmured in his ear that he must die, and never again see her whose kiss was yet hot upon his lips. And the last ominous words and deadly look of his foe recurred to him, chasing all hope. Who would miss him, the humble and friendless student; who inquire where or how he had met his fate? Far greater than he, the wealthy, the titled, the powerful, had met the fate he anticipated, at hangman's hands, in the dark and silent recess of Spanish dungeons. To the long list of illustrious victims, he, an insignificant one, would be added unnoticed.—And the remembrance of those who had preceded him, ennobling an ignominious death, gave Federico courage. "Yes!" he exclaimed aloud. "I will die, as so many great and good men have died before me! Would that I had done service to my poor oppressed country, something to deserve the tyrant's hate! But for thee, Rosaura, will I gladly perish, and to thee only shall my last sigh be given."

His words yet echoed in the dungeon, when he heard steps at the door and its fastenings again withdrawn. This time he doubted not it was the death warrant and the executioner. Nerving himself to endure the worst, he gazed sternly and steadily at his visitors.

"That is he," said the turnkey, to a tall, sullen-looking man.

"Take off his chains," was the answer; "and you, senor, follow me."

"Quick with your work," cried Federico. "Call your aids. I am prepared."

"Silence and follow!" harshly replied the stranger. "Lucky for you if you are prepared for all."

Without the dungeon stood a third man, muffled in a short mantle. Federico shuddered. "Another of the hangman brood!" he murmured. "Lead on I fear thee not!" The man followed without a word. After traversing several corridors, they ascended a lofty staircase. Behind each door Federico fancied a torture chamber or a garrote, but none of them revealed what he expected. At last his conductor pasued.

"Are you ready," he said, "to appear before your Supreme Judge?"

"I am ready," Federico solemnly replied.

"Thenenter here."

A door opened, the student set foot across the threshold, and uttered a cry of surprise. Instead of the garrote, instead of racks and torturers, he beheld a gorgeous saloon, brilliantly lighted up with a profusion of wax tapers. Five or six men of distinguished mien and elegant appearance, with stars and orders upon their breasts, were grouped round a large carved chair, and looked curiously and expectantly at Federico. But he scarcely observed them. Even on a lady of great beauty and majestic aspect, who sat in the chair, wrapped in a costly mantle of embroidered velvet, his attention was fixed but for an instant, for behind her stood another lady, somewhat pale and anxious-looking, but who yet bore so strong a resemblance to the cause of his sufferings, to her of the rose-colored robe, to Rosaura herself, that all the blood in his veins rushed to his heart. Her name hovered on his lips, and, forgetting everything but love and newly-revived hope, he was about to spring forward and throw himself at her feet, when the lady in the chair addressed him.

"Remain there, senor," she said with a smile and gracious movement of her head, as if she divined the impulse to which the impetuous student so nearly yielded.—"You have had strange adventures, I am told, within the last few hours. They will terminate happily for you, if you tell me the whole truth, and relate without reserve all that has occurred. Where have you passed the night? What took you to the house in which you were found hidden? What heard you there?"

"Senora," replied Federico, respectfully, but firmly; "I have already preferred death to the revelation of a secret that is not mine. My resolution is unchanged. I can answer no questions."

The lady cast a friendly and approving glance at the steadfast youth.

"Now by our Lady," she said turning to the gentlemen around her, "this is a chivalrous fidelity, right pleasant to behold in these unchivalrous days. I doubt not, young Sir, that the lady of your affections will know how to repay it. But here are great interests at stake, and your excuse may not avail. You must relate all, truly and without reserve. And to remove your scruples, know that the secret you have so bravely kept is no longer one for any here present. Proceed!"

A look from Rosaura confirmed this assurance, and without further hesitation, Federico told his adventures and repeated the dialogue he had heard from the closet. At times the listeners seemed surprised; at times they smiled, or looked significantly at each other, and spoke together in brief whispers. Twice had the student to tell his tale, and his words were taken down by one of the gentlemen present. That done, the lady rose quickly from her chair, laid a hand upon his shoulder, and fixing her keen bright eyes searchingly upon his face pointed to the deposition.

"Can you swear to that?" she cried.—"Is it all true? Before God and his saints, did all pass as you have said? No word too much or too little? Saw you the document with your own eyes? *Santa Madre!* Is it possible? Surely it cannot be; and yet—my friends, what say you? What think you, Duke of San Fernando, and you, Marquis of Santa Cruz? What says his Grace of San Lorenzo, and our discreet friend, Martinez de la Rosa? No, I need not fear, whilst thus surrounded by the best and wisest in the land. Cambronero, advise us. How may we defeat the machinations of our crafty foes?"

The gentleman who had written down the deposition, raised his head, and Federico recognised the features of one renowned throughout Spain as a wise counsellor and learned lawyer. With surprise and respect the student gazed at the distinguished and illustrious persons he had just heard named.

"Much depends," said Cambronero, "on his Majesty's health. If unhappily he departs this life without regaining consciousness, we must recover the surreptiously obtained document at point of the sword.—No other course will then be open to us. But if, by God's gracious mercy, the king's senses return, not a moment must be lost in obtaining from his hand a revocation of the act. He must be told everything; he must be shown how his confidence has been abused, and what base advantage has been taken of momentary weakness. He must hear the witness whom Heaven has raised up for your Majesty."

"Ha!" cried the lady, with an impatient and energetic gesture, "you are right, Cambronero; we must act! All that can be done, Christina will do. They shall not triumph by weakness of hers? Don Fernando still lives, can yet retract. He shall hear how they have labored to bring shame upon his name; shall learn the perfidy of those who have environed him with their snares! I go tell him."

The Queen left the room. "To me it seems, Senores," said Cambronero, a quiet smile playing on his shrewd features, "that things have happened for the best, and that the result of all this is not doubtful, provided only the king be not already dead.—The Apostolicals have been active. Their creatures have worked their way even into the cabinet and camarilla. The guards, the captains-general, and many officers of state are long since gained over. In all cases, on King Ferdinand's death, a war is inevitable. The succession to the throne is a Gordian knot, to be cut only by the sword. The Infante will never yield his claim, or admit as valid the abrogation of the ancient Salic law. And doubtless the crown would be his, were not the people and the spirit of the times opposed to him. He is retrograde; the Spain of to-day is and must be progressive. The nation is uneasy; it hates despotic government, and the inquisition; it ferments from north to south, from Portugal to the Mediterranean; but that fermentation would lack a rallying point without the decree which commands all to cling to Christina and her children, and repel the Infante. The partisans of Carlos have striven to obtain by craft what they could not hope to conquer by the strong hand, and they have succeeded in making a dying monarch revoke in a moment of delirium or imbecility that all important act. The revocation is in the hands of the Infante; the Salic law is once more the law of the land, and Christina's children are in their turn disinherited. And if it is impossible to restore the king to consciousness I fear——"

"What!" cried the Marquis of Santa Cruz.

"That we are on the eve of a great revolution."

"Hush!" said the Duke of San Lorenzo, looking anxiously around him. "These are dangerous words, my friend." And his eye fell upon the handsome countenance of Martinez de la Rosa, who smiled thoughtfully.

"Call it reform, Cambronero," he said; "wise progress of the times, moderate, cautious, adapted to the circumstances; not rash, reckless, sweeping revolution."

The lawyer cast a keen glance at the former minister of the Cortes.

"Reform!" he cried. "Aye, certainly; but what reform? Does Senor de la Rosa mean such reform as he helped to bring about? I bid him beware: these are no times for trifling. Here we stand, but a few paces from the death-bed of a powerful prince. He fettered this revolution or reform; but, Senores, it was only for a while and in appearance. Like the mole, it has labored and advanced, surely and unseen. Happy for our king if he expires before the vanity of his efforts, and the mutility of the bloodshed and misery they have occasioned, are demonstrated; before he learns that a principle never dies, though all the artillery of the world be brought to bear upon it. History judges the dead; nations judge the living. Let us so act that we may stand with honor before both tribunals."

"The subject leeds us too far," said the poet and minister, rising from his chair and glancing at Federico, who struck and delighted by Cambronero's words, gazed at him with expanded brow and flashing eyes. "Let us beware of kindling fanaticism: coolness and prudence are becoming to men, and, God knows, we need both."

He took Cambronero's arm, and led him to the other end of the spacious apartment. The noblemen followed and the conversation was resumed in a lower tone. So enthralling had been the interest with which Federico had listened to the words of these influential Liberals, that for an instant he had neglected Rosaura, who stood nearly concealed behind the swelling cushions and high gilt back of the throne-like chair.—Her beautiful face wore an anxious, inquiring expression, which seemed to reproach him with forgetting her; but as he drew near, she smiled, and rays of love and hope broke from beneath her long dark lashes.—And under the magic influence of those beaming eyes, Federico's doubts and fears vanished like frost before mid-day sun, and were replaced by a transport of blissful emotion.

"Rosaura!" he exclaimed, "what unspeakable joy is this! Strange, indeed, have been the events of the night! The wonders of Arabian tales are realized.—A moment ago, I awaited death in a dungeon; and behold I am in a king's chamber, and at your feet Rosaura. Explain these things, adored mistress of my heart! How do we thus meet? How came you hither?"

"With our friend, Geronimo Regato," replied the lady.

"The traitor!" indignantly exclaimed Federico. "No thanks to him if I escape with life."...

"Judge not so hastily," cried Rosaura: "you know not all you owe Regato. From him I first heard your name. He was my confident; he knew my aversion to the detested man, who considered me already his own. My father, of an old family, although not of the highest nobility, was President of the Burgos Tribunal, and by commercial transactions in the time of the Constitutions, he acquired great wealth.—My late suitor is also sprung from the people. My father was his friend and at one time had to thank his influence for escape from persecution. Out of gratitude he promised him my hand, and dying a year ago, left him my guardian.

In that capacity he administered my estates, and had me in his power. But, thanks to the Virgin, I am at last free from his odious control."

She gazed tenderly at Federico, and held out her hand which he covered with kisses. But he hastily withdrew it on becoming aware that their proceedings were observed by the group of politicians.

"Is this the time and place?" she said, with a smile of sweet confusion and arch reproach. "And yet, Federico, best beloved, why should I feign indifference, or conceal that my heart is wholly yours!"

"Angel!" cried the enraptured student trembling with ecstasy.

"Hush!" whispered Rosaura. "Cambronero looks and laughs at us. Hear me, Federico. The decisive moment approaches; but I fear it not—I love and hope. It was Geronimo, disguised as a Gallego, who brought you to my abode; Geronimo hates him whom he hate; he knew me as a child—was my father's friend, and loves us both. He spoke to me of you long before I saw you; he told me the hour of your walks in the Prado. At the first glance I recognised you."

"And where is that singular man?" Federico inquired.

"I know, not, but doubtless at no great distance. This night a few hours ago, I lay sleepless on my pillow, anxious for your fate, when a carriage stopped at the door. It was surrounded with guards and torchbearers, and I was told that my presence was instantly required at the palace. My alarm at so untimely a summons was dissipated by the arrival of Geronimo. 'Fear nothing,' he said: 'the hour of happiness is at hand. He whom you hate is vanquished. Federico is his conqueror.'"

"I his conqueror!" cried the student. And then recalling all that had occured, "Strange destiny!" he continued. "Yes, I now see that the secret intrigues of a dangerous and powerful man have been revealed by my means. But who is he? I in vain conjecture."

"You do not know him?" cried Rosaura, greatly astonished—"not know——?" She suddenly paused, for at that moment the door burst open and the Queen entered the room in extreme and violent agitation.

"His Majesty is recovered," she exclaimed her voice shrill and quivering with contending emotions "his swoon is over, God's grace be thanked, I have spoken, my noble friends, and not in vain.—The King will himself hear the witnesses. These young people must come with me. Call Geronimo Regato. Remain here Cambronero, and all of you; I must see you again, I need your counsel—desert me not!"

"When your majesty next honors us with your presence," said Cambronero, bowing low and raising his voice, "it will be as Queen Regent of Spain."

Regato entered the room and Federico rubbed his eyes in fresh astonishment. It was the same man in dark mantle who had followed him from his dungeon to the Queen's audience chamber, and whom he had taken for an executioner. Gradually the mysteries of the night unravelled themselves. He understood that if Regato had accused him, it had been to avert suspicion from himself, and that he might work more effectually for both by revealing to the Queen or to Cambronero what he had learned from Federico, and by placing before them the list of conspirators. Musing upon this and each moment more convinced of Geronimo's wisdom and good faith he followed the Queen who with rapid step, led him and Rosaura. Stopping before a door, she turned to the student.

"Speak fearlessly," said she: "suppress no word of truth, and reckon on my favor and protection."

Federico bowed. The door turned noiselessly on its hinges and the Queen paused a moment as in anger and surprise, whilst a dark glow flushed her excited and passionate countenance. From the door a view was commanded of the whole apartment which was dimly lighted, and occupied by several persons standing in a half circle, round a bed placed near a marble chimneypiece. Upon this bed propped by cushions into a half sitting posture lay Ferdinand VII., his suffering features and livid complexion looking ghastly and spectral in the faint light, and contrasted with the snow-white linen of his pillow. A black-robed priest knelt at his feet, and mumbled the prayer for the dying; Castilo the physician held his arm and reckoned the slow throbs of the feeble pulse. At the bed-side sat a lady, her hands folded on the velvet counterpane, her large dark eyes glancing uneasily, almost fiercely, around the room—her countenance by no means that of a sorrowing and resigned mourner.

"The document!" groaned the sick man, with painful effort; "the document where is it? To your hands I entrusted it; from you I claim it back. Produce it instantly."

"My gracious sovereign," replied the person addressed—and at the sound of that sinister voice, Federico felt Rosaura's hand tremble in his—"my gracious sovereign, that paper, that weighty and important document signed after wise and long deliberation, cannot thus lightly be revoked by a momentary impulse."

"Where is it?" interrupted the King angrily.

"In the safest keeping."

"In the hands of the Infanta," cried the Queen, entering the room, and approaching the bed.

"Traitor!" exclaimed Ferdinand, making a violent but fruitless effort to raise himself. "It is thus you repay my confidence?"

"Hear me, gracious sir," cried Tadeo; but his tongue faltered and he turned deadly pale, for just then he preceived Rosaura, Federico, and Regato standing at the door.

"Hear these," said the Queen, placing her arm affectionately round her suffering husband and bowing her head over him, while tears, real or feigned, of sympathy or passion, fell fast from her eyes. "They have basely betrayed you, Sire; they have abused your confidence; they have conspired against me, against you, against your innocent children. Approach, Don Federico; speak freely and fearlessly. You are under the safeguard of your King, who demands of you the entire truth."

"Enough!" said Ferdinand: "I have ready the young man's depositions. Look at it sir," he added, to Tadeo, pointing to the paper, "and deny it if you can."

Tadeo obeyed; as he read, his hand visibly shook, and at last he dropped the paper and sank upon his knee:

"I cannot deny it," he said, in a troubled voice "but let your majesty hear my justification. I implore permission to explain my conduct."

The little lady who sat beside the King's bed sprang to her feet, her countenance flaming with wrath, and rushed upon the kneeling man. Unbridled rage flashed from her eyes and distorted each feature of her face.

"Traitor!" she cried, "where is the document; what have you done with it? You stole it, to deliver to men as vile and base as yourself! Traitor produce it!"

Madam!" exclaimed the astonished object of this furious apostrophe.

His remonstrance was cut short for quick as lightning the ungovernable Infanta raised her hand and let it fall upon his face with such vigor and good will that the minister unprepared for so unwomanly an assault, staggered backwards, and narrowly avoided a fall.

"Carlotta!" cried the Queen, seizing her sister's arm and restraining her from further violence.

"The villain! the traitor!" shrieked the Infanta, in tones that resounded through the palace.

"Away with him from my sight!" cried Ferdinand his voice growing fainter as he spoke. "The Queen whom I appoint Regent during my illness, will decide upon his fate. I myself strip him of all offices and honors. Away with him, and forever! You are no longer my minister, TADEO CALOMARDE. Oh, God! what a bitter deception! He too! By all the saints he shall rue it. His treachery is my death-stroke!"

The King sank back like a corpse upon his cushions; but presently recovered himself, and with all speed before the assembled ministers, the extorted decree was annulled, the Pragmatic Sanction again declared in full force and the Queen nominated Regent. Whilst this took place, Federico, unheeded in the bustle of such important business remained like one entranced. It was Calomarde, then, the man whose ruthless hand had been so pitilessly stretched forth over the suffering land—it was the all-powerful minister, the curse of Spain, the butcherer of the noble Torrijos, and his unhappy companions, whom he the insignificant student, had cast down from his high state! The giant had succumbed before the pigmy; the virtual ruler of the kingdom had fallen by the agency of one whom a day previously he might with impunity have annihilated. Events so extraordinary and of such rapid occurence, were hard to comprehend; and Federico had scarcely convinced himself of their reality, when he received a few hours afterwards a summons to the Queen's presence.

The morning sun shone into the royal apartment revealing the traces of a sleepless night and recent agitation upon the handsome features of the newly-made Regent. She received the student with a smile and placed Rosuara's hand in his.

"Fear nothing from Calomarde," she said. "He has fled his well-merited punishment. Those sent for his arrest sought him in vain. You are under my protection, Rosuara—and you also Don Federico.—You have established a lasting claim upon my gratitude and my friendship shall never fail you."

It does not appear how long these fair promises were borne in mind by a queen whose word, since that time has been far oftener pledged than redeemed. Perhaps she thought she had acquitted herself of all obligations when three months later, she honored with her presence the nuptials of Federico and Rosaura, and with her own hand twined a costly wreath of brilliants through the sadle ringlets of the beautiful bride. And perhaps the young couple neither needed or desired further marks of her favor; for they withdrew from Madrid to reside in happy retirement upon Rosuara's estates.—Geronimo Regato went with them; and for a while was their welcome guest. But his old habits were too confirmed to be eradicated even by the influence of those he loved best. The atmosphere of a court, the excitement of political intrigue, were essential to his existence and he soon returned to the capital. There, under a very different name from that by which has here been designated he played an important part in the stirring epoch that succeeded the death of the Ferdinand the Well-Beloved.

DOMESTIC BLISS.—"I cannot conceive, my love what is the matter with my watch; I think it must want cleaning"

Pet Child.—"Oh no, papa dear. I don't think it wants cleaning. because baby and I had it washing in the basin for ever so long this morning."

THE GOOD MAN is just in little things; the wicked man is little in great things.

How John got Married.

A few evenings since, the passenger train on the —— railroad, arrived at quite a small village, and on stopping at the depot, a loving couple got out and inquired "the way to the minister's." On reaching at the house, John made known his errand, which was no other than to have the rite of holy wedlock performed. The reverend gentlemen was just leaving to perform a service of another kind, and suggested that the parties should wait his return. But John was in a hurry, and the minister thinking he could make a short case of it, consented to tarry. But the bridegroom was not quite ready. His trunk was out on the platform, and said he, addressing the minister: "'Spose you just help me in with it." On getting it into the house, he added: "Just help me up stairs with it, Elizabeth wants to dress." This also was done. "And now," said he to a young lady present, as he descended, "'Spose you just go up and help Elizabeth dress." Surely such a request could not be denied The lady was dressed, and her toilet duly made: as she was about to descend she bethought herself that John's wedding "rig" was in her trunk, and she would thank the kind lady if she would "take it into *John's room* and call him to get ready." The rig was taken into an adjoining chamber, and the bridegroom showed "where he might make ready." This occupied time. But at length the parties descended, and, taking their stations, the service was about to commence. At this instant John filed off to a distant part of the room, where *the* young lady was sitting, and said he, "Come now, 'spose you just go and stand up *side* of Elizabeth, it will make her feel better." The lady acceded. The two were soon made "one flesh," and the clergyman left. It was expected, of course, that the happy couple would the later train and proceed on their way that night. But all hurry was over. The parties seated themselves and seemed at home. At length, John spying a piano, said to the young lady, still in the room—"Come now, 'spose you give us a tune on that thing there." The lady complied. It was a sentimental song, and the bridegroom was in raptures—"Never heard such a right down good thing in all my life—and now 'spose you go right through it again." It was repeated. About this time the car whistle announced the approach of the t ain. They were informed, but John said "he had no thought of going from such a confounded good place that night." They staid. In the morning they took the early train, and, just as they were leaving, the generous and grateful bridegroom slipped a *silver dollar* into the hand of the clergyman, his eyes opening and glistening like the rising sun—"There," said he, "take that; I'm going up to ——; I've a brother there—he's going to be married—I'll send him right down here, for you do the thing up *so handsome!*"

WHO SALTED THE SEAS.—The following scene is said to have occurred on board of a steamer carrying detachments of Alabama and Lousiania volunteers to the wars:

One tall volunteer from the pine lands of Alabama was unhappy for the want of employment; he sauntered along for "something to do," when it occurred to him that he might, as he expressed it "take a good wash." He was a tall lank fellow, with a shocky head of dry, grassy hair hanging down to his shoulders. With a deliberation consistent with an idle sea voyage, he commenced rubbing the turpentine soap of the ship into the hair and skin with commendable vehemence He had cause to take a great deal of pains, for he observed to himself "that he had an acre of barrack mud on him."

It must be observed that all this while the vessel was blowing farther out into the sea; and by the time the Alabamian rose, and soaped himself, the Mississippi water in the wash room had become exhausted, and he threw his bucket over the vessel's side to replenish his basin.

The first dash he made was at his head—the turpentine of the soap and the saline of the water instantly formed a chemical combination, and the oily qualities of the soap disappeared, and left something in its stead resembling tar. Two or three rakes of the fingers through the hair, elevated it upright about the Alabamian's head: stiff as the quills of the porcupine. "That's another trick played upon me," said the unwashed in a rage, his his hair still growing more rampant. At this moment the water dripped across his face and he commenced spitting as if nauseated to the last degree.—Coolly and determined he went to his belt, took a "bowie" some fifteen inches long and delivered himself thus "Some of them thar Louisians has played tricks enuff on me. Now, if any one dare let him touch me, the one that put salt in this 'ere water!"

EVIL SPEAKING.—That you may not speak ill of any, do not delight to hear ill of them. Give no countenance to busy-bodies, who are running from house to house and love to talk of other men's faults. Those who delight to hear ill of others, will soon fall into the habit of speaking ill of them. When busy-bodies run out of matter of fact, they will soon resort to conjecture and idle stories to please those who are fond of hearing others spoken against. Such characters are common nuisances, often destroying good neighborhoods and the fellowship of old friends. If we endeavor in good earnest to mind ourselves, we shall find work enough, and but little time to talk to others.

BEAUTIFUL SUPERSTITION.—Among the superstitions of the Senecas, is one which, for its singular beauty, is already well known. When a maiden dies, they imprison a young bird until it first begins to try its power of song, and then, loading it with kisses and caresses, they loose its bonds over her grave, in the belief that it will not fold its wings, neither close its eyes, until it has flown to the spirit land and delivered its precious burden of affection to the loved and lost. "It is not unfrequent," says the Indian historian, "to see twenty or thirty birds loosened at once over one grave."