

THE BRADFORD REPORTER.

VOLUME XXIII.

"REGARDLESS OF DENUNCIATION FROM ANY QUARTER."

NUMBER 6.

PUBLISHED EVERY SATURDAY AT TOWANDA, BRADFORD COUNTY, PA., BY E. O'MEARA GOODRICH.

TOWANDA:

Saturday Morning, July 12, 1851.

Selected Poetry.

THE WASTE OF WAR.

Give me the gold that was his cost,
Before the peace-expanding day;
The metal treasure thrown away;
And I will buy each rod of soil
In every yet discovered land;
Where hunters roam, where peasants toil,
Where many peopled cities stand.

I'll clothe each shivering wretch on earth,
In needful, nay, in brave attire;
I'll bestow banquet mirth,
Which kings might envy and admire.
I'll every vale on every plain,
A school shall glad the gazeer's sight;
Where every poor man's child may gain
Pure knowledge, free as air and light.

I'll build asylums for the poor,
By age or ailment made forlorn;
And none shall thrust them from the door,
Or sting with looks or words of scorn;
I'll link each alien hemisphere;
Help honest men to conquer wrong;
Art, Science, Labor, nerve and cheer;
Reward the Poet for his song.

In every crowded town shall rise
Halls Academic, amply graced;
Where ignorance may soon be wise,
And Coarseness leaves both art and taste.
To every province shall belong
College structures, and not few—
Fills'd with a truth-exploring throng,
And teachers of the good and true.

In every free and peopled clime
A vast Wahalla hall shall stand;
A marble edifice sublime,
For the illustrious of the land;
A Pantheon for the truly great;
The wise, beneficent, and just;
A place of wide and lofty state,
To honor or to hold their dust.

A temple to attract and teach
Shall lift its spire on every hill,
Where pious men shall feel and preach
Peace, mercy, tolerance, good-will;
Music of bells on sabbath days,
Round the whole earth shall glad praise rise;
And one great Christian song of glory
Stream sweetly upwards to the skies!

DA OF ATHENS,

OR,
THE CRESCENT AND THE CROSS.

BY FRANCIS A. DURIVAGE.

To live with fame
The gods allow too many; but to die
With equal honor in a blazing Heaven
Select from all the choicest bones of fate,
And with a paring hand on few bestows.

LEONIDAS.

During the heroic struggle of the modern Greece
Independence, when the heart of every liberal
throughout the world was beating with anxiety for
the sake of the patriots, the defenders of Missolonghi
and themselves leagued by a powerful Turkish
army. Moslem cannon had breached their walls;
they stood about them had been mined by their
enemies; their ammunition was about exhausted;
their wounded were accumulating on their
sides, and finally, to complete the horror of their
situation, famine stared them in the face. Yet
there was nothing left for them but to struggle to
the last, for the foe was merciless, and capitulation
could only bring death to the men, and a servitude
more than death to the women.

In the ruins of an old church, a council of war,
solely summoned, was assembled by torchlight—
Bozaris, the oldest living member of a heroic
generation, distinguished in the annals of Greece, the
patriarch of Missolonghi, presided at the
council. Grouped around him were the wild and
frenzied faces of warriors clad in the picturesque
dress of their native land. Some were gray haired and
withal with age—others in the flower of manhood,
the vigor of youth, but all bore traces of hard-
ship and suffering.

The patriarch, with a trembling voice, counseled
them. Success might arrive—he had no posi-
tive advances, but still hope whispered in his ear—
the entrenched state of the garrison, fighting was
longer practicable.

Demetrius Filicaris, a young Salotie, sprang to
feet when the patriarch had concluded.

"Father," said he energetically, "I grieve to
hear from you. But you are old. The snows of
winter rest on your venerable head—
signation—fortune—martyrdom—are the in-
spiration of your years; but we of hotter blood cannot
look the course you counsel. What! shall we, in
the flower of life, with arms in our hands, sit here
and starve to death like rats in a dungeon? For-
bid it, Heaven! Forbid it, our ancestral fame!—
the memory of Marathon, of Plataea, of Thermo-
pylae, speaks to us a different counsel. Our am-
bition is almost gone—but we have our good
swords." His ancestors had no other weapons—
with these we may cut our way through the ranks
of Osman, and open a path for our aged and weak
to liberty and life. My voice then is for a
war. Let us take the sacred standard of the cross,
and this very night attack the foe. Your relative,
the noble Marco, father, died in such an attack,
and he died in the arms of victory. Remember
his valor."

A young man, in a foreign uniform, followed
Demetrius. Gerald Falconer was an American of
patriotic heart, who had abandoned the luxuries and
comforts of home, to devote his sword and force
to the Greek cause. The friend of Demetrius,
shared his opinions and defended them elo-
quently. The session was decided on, and the coun-
cil broke up.

Within half an hour, a small but resolute band
collected in the shadow of the ruined church,
and rose like a vast bulwark against the glorious
summer heaven, now beginning to be lighted by
the unclouded rays of the full and rising moon—
the balmy breeze breathed through the groves of
olive and myrtle, and came laden with the sweet
perfume of flowers. It was a night for lovers to

wander arm in arm—it was a night for quiet con-
verse—for peaceful contemplation—tyranny had
willed it to be a night of deadly strife.

Demetrius whispered to his young friend: "I
have sought my betrothed, my beloved Ida, but I
found her not. If I should fall in this skirmish
to night, and you survive me, seek her out, I pray
you, and tell her that my last thoughts were of her.
More than this—you are rich and independent,
Ida is a poor orphan—her parents fell in this strug-
gle. When I am gone she will have no one to care
for her. Promise me, that you will soothe her broken
heart—that you will remove her from this scene
of strife, and bear her to your happy land. There
she may cease to weep—happy she can never be
while she survives me."

Gerald grasped the hand of his friend and gave
him the required promise. Demetrius thanked
him, and turned to his command.

"Forward, brethren," he said. "Every mo-
ment is precious. Tread silently—and keep in my
footsteps—when the moment is arrived, I will give
you the signal to strike home. March!"

Silently and swiftly, the little band of heroes, led
by Demetrius and Gerald, issued from a crumbling
breach, and keeping in the shadow of the trees,
and the hollows of the ground, approached the
Turkish camp. Their attempt was so daring that
no provisions had been made against surprise—
No sentinel was there to challenge. They burst
upon their enemies as unexpectedly as the light-
ning some-times streams from a single cloud upon
a summer's day.

At once all was uproar and confusion in the
camp. Horsemen sprang to the saddle but half
clad and armed—infantry collected in confused
groups—artillerists rushed to their cumbersome can-
non, half awake and bewildered—tambours, cym-
bals, and horns suddenly broke the stillness of the
night—and smothered groans attested the fatal fury
of the onslaught of the Greeks. In the midst of
the battle, a rocket fired by the hand of Gerald, mounted
to zenith like a shooting star, and then exploded,
scattering its crimson sparks all over the face of
the heaven. It was a token to Missolonghi of the
success of the sortie, and warned the inhabitants to
follow the path of the victorious troops, and pass
through the Turkish camp.

Striking down a man at every blow, Demetrius
cut his way to the tent of the Pacha, intending to
surprise and slay him. But the Turk had been too
prompt. At the first sound of alarm, he had vaulted
into the saddle of his Arab steed, and summoning
the faithful by his powerful voice, rushed to the
charge and rolled back the tide of battle.

The shouts of "Allah!" and "Bismillah!" rent
the air. Before the devoted Greeks rose a tumbling
sea of white turbans, lit by the flashing blades of
scimitars, while on their flanks poured an irregu-
lar but deadly volley from the Turkish infantry.

The standard of the cross was captured, and the
little band of patriots, after fighting till all hope was
lost, were driven into Missolonghi, which the
Turks all but succeeded in entering. The old men,
women, and children, who were preparing to fly,
filled the air with lamentations, as their last hope
vanished.

Demetrius sought the patriarch, and throwing
down the fragments of his shattered blade, said,
suddenly:

"Father I have sought death, but I have not
found it. When the standard was captured, I could
fain have thrown away my life, but I was borne off
in the tide of fugitives, and saved against my will."

"My child," said the old man, "mourn not
against the decrees of heaven. The best of us can
only do his utmost—the result is with a higher
power than man's will. Go to thy betrothed—she
needs thy presence, and doubtless she, at least, will
not grieve at the failure of thy suicidal project."

Meanwhile the pacha was seated in his tent upon
a pile of cushions. An alabaster lamp lighted
the rich interior of his military dwelling. He had
laved the blood stains from his hands; his fatal
scimitar had been returned to its jewelled scabbard
and now, with the amber mouth-piece of his chi-
book applied to his lips, he was quietly inhaling
and expelling wreaths of fragrant smoke, musing
perhaps on the delights of that paradise to which
his fidelity to the cause of the prophet had given
him such an incontestable claim.

"Well Hassan," he said, addressing an officer
who was standing respectfully before him, with his
arms folded over his glittering vest, "thinkest thou
the infidel dogs will renew their attack?"

"No, Pacha, we have them caged now—their
escape is in your hands. But what shall be done with
the prisoners?"

"They shall all die, by the beard of the prophet!
At the hour of high noon to-morrow, see that their
heads be stricken from their shoulders. They will
be acceptable present to the commander of the
faithful. So may all the foes of the Sultan perish!"

"And must all die?"

"All! yes. Why this question?"

"Because there is one whose extreme youth—"

"I said all, Hassan," replied the Pacha. "But
I confess I should like to see the being who could
move thy pity."

"Shall I bring him before your highness?"

"Ay!"

Hassan inclined reverently and disappeared, but
soon returned, bringing a Greek boy of slight and
graceful figure and exceeding beauty.

"Slave!" cried the Pacha, as the boy stood erect
and with folded arms before him, "where is your
reverence? I know you in whose presence you stand?"

The beautiful lip of the boy curled with a scornful
smile.

"I am no slave," he answered, "though a captive.
I never quail or stoop before the face of man.
Do I know you? Yes—I know you as the assassin
of my race—the oppressor of my countrymen?"

"Infidel dog!" said the Pacha. Know you the
fate reserved for you?"

"I know not—I am a prisoner of war taken with
arms in my hands—you may, perhaps, shoot me."

"We do not shoot rebels," replied the Pacha.

"It is a waste of ammunition. Not there is a
quicker way. That fair neck and the edge of the
scimitar will be made acquainted to-morrow—
Then thy body will be stripped and exposed on the
public highway, till the hungry dogs devour it."

A sudden paleness overspread the face of the
Greek—his dark eyes closed, and he would have
fallen, had not Hassan caught him in his arms.

"Your highness!" he exclaimed—"this is no
boy—it is a woman."

"Ah!" cried the Pacha with kindling eye, "you
are right—and a woman fit to be the light of the
Sultan's harem. But for my vow—that had I had
sworn that all the prisoners should die, I would re-
serve her for myself. But she revives."

The Greek girl, for such she was, recovered the
use of her faculties, and pushing Hassan aside stood
erect again, and served herself for termination of
the interview.

"You have betrayed yourself, fair infidel," said
the Pacha, in a milder tone than he had before as-
sumed. "The fear of death was too much for your
nerves."

"You shall see that I know how to meet it with
the firmness of a man. Ida of Athens is equal to
her fate."

"Now, by the beard of the prophet! this is glo-
rious news!" cried the Pacha. "Thou art the be-
trothed of the dog Demetrius, the leader of last
night's onslaught. Wert thou as beautiful as the
prophet's loveliest houri, thou shouldst die. Away
with her Hassan; the prisoners die at noon—re-
member!"

"To hear is to obey," was the answer of Hassan,
as he led the unfortunate Ida from the Pacha's
presence.

At the approach of the appointed hour, in the
centre of a square of Turkish infantry and cavalry,
and in the presence of the Pacha and his mounted
staff, a block was prepared, attended by an execu-
tioner bearing a ponderous scimitar, the instrument
of death. Within the square, and on the left of the
executioner, stood the handful of doomed Greeks,
among whom Ida was conspicuous by the beauty
of her features, her dress, and her heroic bearing.

Before the executioner had received his orders
to commence his savage work, the bugle sounded,
and an officer advancing to the Pacha, announced
the arrival of two messengers from Missolonghi,
the bearers of the flag of truce. The Pacha immedi-
ately ordered them to be set before him; and in
obedience to the command, Demetrius and Gerald,
mounted on fine horses, rode up to the Turkish
commander. A faint cry escaped the lips of Ida,
as she recognized her lover.

"Pacha," said the latter, "I come to treat with
you for the ransom of my boy."

The Pacha smiled bitterly.

"What interest," he asked, "do you feel in that
—that boy?"

"He is the son of a friend," faltered Demetrius;
"I would save him for his father's sake."

"You will be sorry, then, to learn," said the
Pacha, coldly, "that on the hour of noon he dies.
Dog of an infidel," he added, fiercely, "do not
think to blind me. You is no boy—it is Ida of
Athens, your betrothed. Ha! ha! am I not avenged?"

"Pacha!" cried Demetrius, as the cold drops of
agony stood upon his brow, "you know me well;
I am your deadliest enemy—the sworn foe of your
race. In the cities of the maritimes, the Moslem
mothers are yet weeping for their first born, slain
by the sword of Demetrius. Only last night I main-
your bravest but the dust, and even yet my leader-
ship may save Missolonghi. Well—I offer you
that hated life. Liberate your captive and receive
me in her place."

"Pacha" be firm! listen not to his proposal!"
cried Ida.

"I hate thee, Greek dog!" answered the Pacha,
through his set teeth, "but your death alone is in-
sufficiently to satisfy that hate—I would have
thee die till thou hast quaffed the cup of misery to
its dregs. The means of wringing that proud soul
is in my power. Your beloved dies. Remain and
witness her death, or go back to Missolonghi and
tell them, when the shadows begin to fall to the
East, Ida of Athens is no more."

"At least," said Demetrius, "you will permit
one last word to the prisoner?"

"Granted," said the Pacha, "for it will only add
to the agony of both. But be brief."

At a motion of his hand the ranks opened, and
Demetrius rode into the hollow of the square.

"Ida," he said, in a melancholy voice, "our
days of happiness are numbered. Greece, I fear,
is fallen—our dreams of felicity and glory is dis-
pelled. I came here to die for you."

"I could not have purchased life at such a sac-
rifice," replied Ida. "Go, dearest, we will meet
in a better world. Go and tell them at Missolonghi
that Ida is happy in dying for her country."

"Ida! there is one hope," whispered Demetrius.
"This barb is fleet as the very winds of heaven—
Your foot and sinews are light as the gazelle's—"
Spring up behind me and away! They can but kill
us—and it will be so sweet to die together."

In an instant the little Greek girl was on the horse,
her arms around her lover's waist. With the bound
of a panther the fleet animal sprang with his double
burden. Gerald was beside them.

"Fire!" shouted the Pacha, rising in his stir-
rups, as he headed the pursuit.

A rattling volley of musketry instantly followed
the command, but the confusion of the soldiers and
the bounds of the flying horses disconcerted their
aim. Winged as the wind, the Greek horses sped
upon their way, and the lovers and their friend
were soon in Missolonghi.

That night, in the same ruined church which had
been the scene of the council of war, the patriarch
united the hands of Demetrius and Ida before the
ruined altar. The ceremony was brief, and adjured
to the crisis. The bridegroom was armed to the
teeth, and the bride, unveiled and unadorned, wore
yet her Amazon attire. A yataghan hung by her
side, and a brace of pistols were stuck in the silken
sash that encircled her slender waist.

"The gates of Missolonghi are opened," said the
patriarch; "the foe will soon enter. Go, all who
are able to meet them. Your only hope is to cut
away through their ranks with your good swords—
to remain is to perish."

"But you, father—what is reserved for you?"
asked Demetrius, anxiously.

"The crown of martyrdom, perhaps," replied
the old man.

"Come with us!" cried Ida. "We will place
you on a horse, and bear you off in safety."

"Daughter," replied the old man, "it were vain.
I am tottering on the brink of the grave—the effort
alone would kill me. Leave me here—the church
where I worshipped as a child—where I have min-
istered as a priest, is the fittest tomb for Not Bozar-
ias. Farwell, my children, and may Heaven
bless you."

The clash of arms interrupted further remon-
strance. Demetrius and Gerald mounted their
steeds, placing Ida on another horse between them.
Thus disposed, and surrounded by devoted friends,
they rushed to meet the advancing foe now pour-
ing into Missolonghi through the open gate. A
furious battle ensued, but the handful of Greeks cut
their way out into the open country.

Meanwhile the infuriated Moslem inundated the
city. A few who like the patriarch had refused to
quit the place, retired fighting to the church,
where they arranged themselves with their venerable
leader, before the ruined altar.

"Bravely done, my friends," said the patriarch.
"We have done our utmost—we have struggled to
the last—another blow is vain. Hither come the
oppressors and destroyers of our nation, sacrifice
us at the altar of our faith, where they shall meet
their reward. In the vaults of this church lies a
store of gunpowder. Behold the match is burning
in my hand—the train lies at my feet. Let us
commend our souls to Heaven—our hour has come."

The patriarch and his followers was still kneeling
when the Pacha and a portion of his troops burst
into the church.

"Kill every man!" shouted the infuriated Mos-
lem. "Spare neither youth nor gray hairs, but
destroy them utterly in the name of the Prophet!"

The church was filled with savage men—rank
on rank rushed into the sacred enclosure—even
some of the spair pushing their snorting horses
forward in their thirst for blood.

At this moment of anticipated triumph, the
Greeks rose from their kneeling attitude—a spark
of fire gleamed at the altar's foot—a rushing sound
ensued, then an awful burst of subterranean thun-
der hurled victor and vanquished, Mussulman and
Christian, priest and soldier, to destruction.

Demetrius and Ida had turned to look their last
upon their late abode, when the earth shook be-
neath them with sudden thunder, and a vast vol-
ume of smoke and flame, filled with fragments,
material and human, told the awful story of the
patriarch's vengeance.

"Now there is nothing left to linger for," said
Gerald. "Bide forward, my dear friends. Missol-
onghi has fallen but her foes have perished."

Often did Demetrius and Ida, when seated at the
hospitable fireside of Gerald Falconer, recur to this
scene, and when, after the battle of Navarino, they
returned to their country, they erected a simple but
striking monument to the memory of the Patriarch
of Missolonghi.

How TO ADMIRE.—We must consult the gen-
tlest manner and softest seasons of address; our ad-
vice must not fall like a violent storm, bearing down
and making those droop, whom it is meant to cheer-
ish and refresh. It must descend, as the dew on the
tender herb, or like the melting flakes of snow; the
softer it falls, the longer it dwells upon, and the
deeper it sinks into the mind. If there are few men
who have the humility to receive advice as they
ought, it is often because there are few who have the
discretion to convey it in a proper vehicle, and cap-
qualify the harshness & bitterness of reproof, against
which "corrupt nature is apt to revolt, by an artful
mixture of sweetening and agreeable ingredients.
To probe the wound to the bottom with all boldness
and resolution of a good spiritual surgeon, and yet
with all the delicacy and tenderness of a friend,
requires a very dexterous and masterly hand. An
affable deportment and a complacency of behavior
will disarm the most obstinate; whereas, if instead
of calmly pointing out their mistakes, we break out
into unseemly sallies of passion, we cease to have
any influence.

How TO BE MISERABLE.—Sit at the window and
look over the way at your neighbor's excellent
mansion, which he has recently bought and paid
for, and sigh out: "Oh! that I were a rich man."

Get angry with your neighbor, and think you
have not got a friend in the world. Shed a tear or
two; take a walk in the burial ground, continually
saying to yourself, "when shall I be buried here?"

Sign a note for your friend, and never forget
your kindness, and every hour in the day whisper
to yourself, "I wonder if he will pay the note?"—
Think everybody means to cheat you. Closely ex-
amine every bill you take, doubt its being genuine
till you put the owner to a great deal of trouble—
Believe every dime passed to you is but a sixpence
crossed, and express your doubts about getting rid
of it after you take it.

Never accommodate, if you can possibly help
it.

Never visit the sick and afflicted, and never
give a farthing to the poor.

Grind the faces and hearts of the poor and un-
fortunate.

Scruple.—The bar-keeper of the Troy Dredging
Machine having discovered the infidelity of his
wife, seized a dough-nut on Wednesday last, and
stabbed himself to the heart. Unless he get's bet-
ter, there are but faint hopes of his recovery.

Tom Hood.—The ever truthful and merry
Tom Hood, defines a laugh to be "the full blown
flower of which a smile is the bud."

THE FORTY PHLETON.
BY FRANCIS A. DURIVAGE.

"Rob that horse down well, and don't feed him
till he is perfectly cool."

These words were addressed to an hostler of a
hotel at Brighton, by a handsome middle aged gen-
tleman, dressed in the height of fashion, as he alighted
from an elegant black horse, and tossed the reins to
an attendant.

"And now," said the horseman, addressing the
waiter, "show me into a private parlour."

A well dressed man, who rides a handsome nag,
is always sure of a warm welcome, all the world over.
Our friend soon found himself in a neat, well fur-
nished parlour, with flowers in vases on the mantle-
piece, and the blinds, for it was a warm summer's
afternoon, carefully closed, while the open win-
dows permitted a free current of air to circulate
through the apartment.

The waiter remained standing near the door—
"Any orders, sir?"

"No—yet stay; who came in that handsome
pony-phet I saw standing in the yard?"

"A lady, sir."

"A young widow, sir."

"Bah!"

"She's very handsome, sir."

"Go along, and shut the door after you," mut-
tered the traveller, testily.

"A woman and a widow!" he soliloquized,
"I'm glad I don't know her. I am certainly very
fortunate to have attained the age of forty without
any feminine entanglement. Independent penuri-
ously—not ill-looking, I think I must admit that;
I should make what those busy bodies the match
makers, call a grand catch. But, thank my stars!
I have preserved my independence and content so
far, and I am not likely to succumb now. No, no!
Jack Campion was born to live and die an old
bachelor. And now for the newspapers while my
horse is baiting."

In the meantime another horseman had alighted
at the hotel, from a horse reeking with sweat, and
literally unable to put one foot before another.

The same hostler—an Irishman—made his ap-
pearance.

"Pat!" said the rider, a young man fashionably
attired, "put my mare in the stable, and do the best
you can for her."

"Och! Mistress Traverse, she's kill entirely!"

"I'm afraid so."

"What the devil made you crowd her so?"

"No matter. Is my sister here?"

"Yes, sir. Bill show the gentleman in to the
ladies' parlour; he wants to see Mrs. Leslie."

"Ah, Bill!" said the young man, "you here?"

"Yes," replied a beautiful young woman, rising
to meet him. "But what is the matter with you?"

"Nothing, Bill, nothing."

"Something is the matter. You look flushed
and excited."

"I've been riding hard."

"That's not all, O, tell me what has happened."

"I must be brief, then, for I am pursued."

"Pursued?"

"Yes. You know that fellow that insulted you
in the coach the other day," replied the young man.
"Well, I have been on his track for more than a
week. I met him to day in the street, and gave
him a confounding horsewhipping. I handled him
very roughly, I'm afraid. He instantly got out a
warrant against me, and not wishing to be dragged
into court till I was ready, I mounted my horse and
gave the officer the slip. Perhaps I'd better have
waited and braved it out; but having taken this
step, I'm bound to baffle them. To-morrow I'll
surround myself. Now, Bill, if your pony will
take me to your uncle's in five minutes, I am your
man."

"Poor Charley couldn't do it," said the lady.

"Then I'll make another arrangement. By, by,
Bill; I'll see you at the villa."

From the drawing room the young man rushed
into the stable.

"Pat," said he, "give me a horse—a good one."

"Sorra the horse we've got in the stable except
this black, and that belongs to a gentleman who
came here just afore yez. Och, but he's a good one,
though, yer anner; 2,400 to a second."

"I'll borrow him," said Traverse, jumping on
his back. "Tell Bill to drive the gentleman to the
villa, and he shall have him again."

"But, yer anner," remonstrated the hostler.

It was in vain; Traverse had set spurs to the
horse, and was off like a thunderbolt.

"Oh, werra! werra! werra!" said the hostler,
what'll become of me? I'm ruined and undone
entirely!"

Shortly afterwards Mrs. Leslie rang for her
phleton, and at the same time Mr. Campion the old
bachelor, ordered his horse. The pony came round
to the front door, and the young widow stepped
lightly into the phleton and took the reins.

"All right give him his head," she said nodding
with a smile to Patrick.

"Och! it's all wrong, my lady," replied the host-
ler keeping tight hold of the reins. "Your car-
riage can take two inside."

"Very well. But I came alone."

"You've got to take a passenger."

"What do you mean?"

"Och, werra! your brother has been stain a
horse."

"Stealing a horse?"

"Yes; this gentleman's, and he said you were to
take him to the villa to get the horse back again."

"Very singular," said the widow, "but William
was always very eccentric."

At this crisis Mr. Campion appeared.

"My horse ready?"

"Jump in sir!"

"I didn't come in a carriage."

"In widd yez?" shouted the hostler.

"Take a seat beside me, if you please, sir," said
the widow, with her fascinating smile.

Mr. Campion approached the steps to inquire the
meaning of all this; when the hostler, seizing him
with a vigorous hand, thrust him into the phleton,

while the pony, startled at the movement, dashed
off at a run.

Poor Captain Campion! Here was a situation!
A confirmed old bachelor bodily abducted by a
fascinating young widow. The captain had to lend
his assistance to the lady in managing the pony,
who was shortly reduced to his usual slow and
steady pace, and then, after thanking her compa-
nion for his assistance, Mrs. Leslie told him that in
a few minutes he should be put in possession of
his horse, which had been borrowed by a gentle-
man. This was all the explanation she vouchsafed.
She required, in turn, to be made acquainted with
the name of her companion, after giving her own.
In a few minutes the captain began to feel some-
what more at ease; in fact, he began rather to like
his position. He had never sat so near a pretty
woman in his life; and he began to ask himself
whether, if the proximity was so pleasant for a few
moments, a constant companionship might not
prove as agreeable. When her attention was en-
gaged upon her pony, he had an opportunity to
study her features. Her large dark and luminous
eyes seemed to be literally swimming in liquid lus-
tre. Her cheek was as soft and blooming as the
sunny side of a peach. Her profile was strictly
Grecian, and her parted lips showed a row of tiny
pearls, as white as snow. The most delicate of
taper fingers, encased in French kid, closed upon
the reins, and the varnished tip of a dainty shoe,
indicated a foot that Cinderella might have envied.

"Do you live far from here madam?" asked the
captain.

"Not very far. The pony can mend his pace if
you are in a hurry."

"Not for the world. The pace seems to be a
very fast one."

The widow turned those witching black of hers
upon the old bachelor, and smiled. It was all over
with him. When he sprang out at the gate of the
villa, and touching the fairy fingers of the widow,
as he assisted her to alight, his heart was irrevoca-
bly lost.

A red faced old gentleman in his dressing gown
received them at the door of the hall.

"My friend Capt. Campion, uncle," said the
widow. "Excuse me a moment, sir."

"Very happy to see you, sir," said the old gen-
tleman. "Walk in—a warm day."

"Very," said the captain. And indeed his looks
seemed to corroborate the statement, for he was
red as a peony.

The captain and the old gentleman were soon
chatting together familiarly, and the former felt him-
self completely at home. After half an hour spent
in this manner, his host excused himself, and the
old bachelor was left alone.

A dreamy reverie was interrupted by the sound
of voices in the hall. The captain easily recognized
the widow's, and a glance through the half open
door showed him that her companion was a very
handsome young gentleman.

"There, dear Bell," said the young man, "don't
scold me any more. I won't do so again, I prom-
ise you. Give me a kiss."

A hearty smack followed. It was a veritable,
genuine kiss—the captain saw and heard it. A
pang shot through his heart.

"The only woman I could ever love," he said
to himself. "And she engaged."

The widow tripped into the room. If she was
pleasing in her carriage dress, she was perfectly be-
witching in her drawing room attire. Campion
could not see the whole of that delicate fairy foot.

"My dear sir," said she, "your horse is at your
service now."

Campion rose.

"But," she added, "if you will stay and take
dinner with us, my uncle will be very much grati-
fied, and I shall be pleased."

"The coquette," thought Campion. "I am much
obliged to you, madam but I have another engage-
ment."

"Then we cannot hope to detain you sir. But you
must allow me first to present you to my brother."

The handsome young man has now made his
appearance, and shook hands with the bachelor—
"That's the horse thief, captain," said the widow,
laughing.

The young man apologized, and explained the
circumstances which impelled him to take the liberty.
"I am very sorry," he added, "that we cannot
improve the acquaintance thus casually made by
enjoying your company at dinner. I am sorry you
are otherwise engaged."

"Why, as to that," said the captain drawing off
his gloves, "your offer is too tempting, I fell com-
pelled to accept it."

So his horse was remanded to the stable, and he
stopped to dinner. After dinner they had music,
for Mrs. Leslie played and sang charmingly. Then
he was persuaded to stay to tea; and in the even-
ing the family rambled in the garden, and the cap-
tain secured a ten minutes *à la tete* with the
widow, in a summer house overgrown with Madeira
vines, and inhabited by a spider and six earwigs.
It was ten o'clock when he mounted. His horse to
return to Boston, but it was bright moonlight, and
he was romantically inclined.

The next morning he repeated his visit, and the
next—and the next. And in short the episode of
the borrowed horse produced a declaration, and an
acceptance; and though years have passed away,
the captain has no occasion to regret his ride with
the widow in the pony phleton.

THE MONARCH OF THE WOODS.—The whiskers of
the lion, like those of the common cat, are from point
to point equal to the width of animal's body; from
being connected with the nerve of the lips, they in-
dicate through the nicest feeling any obstacle which
may present itself to the passage of his body; they
prevent the rustle of leaves and boughs, which
would give warning to his prey if he were to attempt
to pass through too thick a bush; and thus, in con-
junction with the soft cushions of his feet, and the
fur on which he treads; (the retractile claws never
coming in contact with the ground,) they en-
able him to steal towards his victim with a stillness
greater even than that of the snake, who creeps
along the grass and is not perceived till he is coiled
round his prey.