

# THE BRADFORD REPORTER.

VOLUME XLV.

NUMBER 45.

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

TOWANDA:

Saturday Morning, April 22, 1854.

## Selected Poetry.

I SEE THE STILL.

BY C. SPRADOC.

I see thee still,  
Remembrance, faithful to her trust,  
Calls thee in beauty from the dust,  
Thou comest in the morning light,  
Thou'rt with me through the gloomy night;  
In dreams I meet thee as of old;  
Then thy soft arm my neck enfold,  
And thy sweet voice is in my ear.  
In every scene of memory dear  
I see thee still.

I see thee still,  
In every hallowed token round—  
This little ring thy finger bound—  
This lock of hair thy forehead shaded;  
This silver chain by thee was braided—  
These flowers, all withered now, like thee;  
These sisters, thou didst call for me—  
This book was thine—here didst thou read;  
This picture—ah, yes, here, indeed,  
I see thee still.

Here was thy summer moon's retreat—  
This was thy favorite fireside seat;  
I saw thee in thy chamber—here each day,  
I saw thee in thy bed, thou didst lie—  
Here in this pillow thou didst die—  
Dark hour! once more its woes unfold—  
And then I saw thee pale and cold,  
I see thee still.

I see thee still,  
Thou art not in the grave confined—  
Death cannot chain the immortal mind.  
Thy spirit glides o'er its sacred trust,  
Thy gentle voice does not in the dust,  
Thou art my sister! 'tis not there  
Beneath the coffin lid I see—  
Thou art a fairer land art gone,  
There, let me hope my journey done,  
I see thee still.

## Selected Tale.

### THE CAVERN IN THE SNOW.

A friend to nos, for they are honest creatures  
And never betray their masters, never fawn  
On any that they love not.

WALL NET, FRIEND.—O'Way.

The day was cold even for the frozen St. Bernard. A sudden and unexpected change in the state of the weather had arrested in their progress over the snow, an unusual number of travellers; who, but for the considerate liberality of Bernard of Montpelier, would not have found on this frozen elevation the hospitable in which they were assembled.

In the middle of the tenth century, thousands of French and German pilgrims, following the route of the great Hannibal, and encountering equal hardships, found their way into Italy, by a pathway which extends from the Lake of Geneva to the valley of Aosta. At this latter place, Bernard, a Savoyard, and because of his father, was offered by position a good opportunity of witnessing the wonderful adventures and keen sufferings of the travellers to the seat of papal christendom. Possessed of acute means and a liberal disposition, the archdeacon, canonized as St. Bernard, built on two eminences of Montpelier hospitals for the reception and refreshment of pilgrims and travellers. From this circumstance the monasteries, and afterward the mountains themselves, were called Little and Great St. Bernard.

I was on the highest of these hills, eight thousand feet above the level of the Mediterranean, that the group of travellers already mentioned clustered around the massive fireplace of the great hill of monastery. Their varied manners and diversified complexions peeped from many and distant countries. On one side of the then huge and open hearth-place stood a group of English people, known by a glance by their unbecoming costume, stooping shoulders and large hands and feet, as well as by a cold reserve and loud intonation. They were surrounded by curs of every degree, spaniels, pointers, hounds and mastiffs, to keep peace between which and the rough dogs of the hospice, took no small share of their attention, and called forth not a few of the expletives and interjections which are obtained for that ubiquitous people the epithet "sobriquet of Monsieur G—D—". The English are always liberal in their appreciation of service, yet too often excessive exigent; and this group of them was remarkable for frequent calls on the attention of the menials of the house, and for the facility with which they governed the movements of the domestics.

On the opposite side of the fire-place was arranged a party apparently French. Although attired to a manly for the arduous journey over the Alps, their costume was remarkable for its neatness and taste. Males and females were alike careful in the dispositions of colors; and wherever, on the rustic travelling dress, an ornament would not be glaring or ill-placed, was found some decoration, to indicate that carelessness regard to personal appearance which characterizes the Frenchman of every age and all climates. Their chief amusement—for French people always find amusement—consisted in watching their English neighbors, and smiling and shrugging their shoulders, as *Monsieur de Boule* played in the broadest characters, his insolent peculiarities. In front of a forest of blazing logs, might be seen Turks, Russians, Spaniards and Italians with a sprinkling of Germans. All were equally welcome to the kind people of the hospice, and any distinction made there, seemed to be founded on the presumption of the English, the then acknowledged supremacy of the French, and the modest department of the others.

Every where around the centre of heat, lay in lazy number a number of huge rough dogs, whose broad muzzles and shaggy coats gave them, as they reposed, a wild and fierce expression, which instantly disappeared as they opened their large

mild eyes, and assumed a look of even child-like gentleness. One might suppose that nature, ever so just in expression, had for once indulged in an incongruity, and given to the gentleness of animals strong sinews and long fangs, insusceptible of practical application. In a word, she seemed to have nullified utility by irrational contrast. This appeared the more probable when the bustling attendants and rude strangers drove them away, or hight them by treading on extended feet or tails.

Now and then the *maitron* of the establishment, calling particular dogs by name, suspended a wine flask to the neck, and a stout cloak to the girdle, and pointing to the door, intimated his wish that they should sally forth to meet the contingencies of the road. Obeis just arrived, were divested of their habiliments, or returning without them, gave occasion to a mission of bipeds under the guidance of the same dogs, who, though cold and weary, seemed entirely willing, nay, sollicitous, to start into the freezing air.

It was singularly agreeable to one so fond as I, to witness these changes of guard, as the faithful and hardy animals, insipid with reason and humanity, sallied forth to reconnoitre the wild pathways of the Alps, to succor loss of entangled travellers. In my first home, in the New World, my young imagination had often dwelt with delight but doubt on the strange stories of the miraculous instinct, wondrous devotion and collected courage of these four footed brothers of charity; but I now realized even more than I had been told.

Among the sleeping animals, I was particularly attracted by the great size and beautiful proportions of one which lay at the feet of a young lady of the French party; and which now and then raised his huge face to hers, as she responded to their claims on his attention I could not help admiring—I was quite young then—the gracefulness of her kindness to the dog, and both I and the quadruped seemed to be fascinated by the silver tones of her voice, and fastened our eyes on hers whenever she spoke to him. To me she spoke not; but without much regard to the comfort or convenience of Turk, or German, or Spaniard, I found myself gradually lessening the distance from—the dog! He was a very fine dog, and I lodged to say so to the lady; but I had some English blood in my veins and that made me bashful and awkward; still the Turks and Italians did not think me that, although my movement persuaded that I was this, and Tartar gutturals and Neapolitan liquids expressed equally well their disapprobation of my salutory progress across the hall.

At length I made good my position, and persuaded myself that I was delighted at being able to speak to and pat the dog; though I could not help observing that in consequence of wishing to see what the lady thought of him, I did not always succeed in placing my hand exactly on his head. The lady smiled, but the dog paid no more attention to my caresses than he would have done to those of the Turk! although the least movement or word of the lady seemed to have for him a special charm. I did not wonder at that, for I was under a like spell myself, and believe me, the mere idea that the dog had taste enough to admire the lady, made me resolve to make him my companion, and to buy him of the *maitron*, at any price. Calling therefore to the man, I said, "pardon me, sir, but I have taken a great fancy to this dog. Can he be bought at any reasonable price? I should love to carry so noble a fellow to the woods of America." "Why, sir, he would be a match for a bear or a panther." As I said this to the *maitron* while I was looking at the lady, I observed that her color changed rapidly, as if she were violently agitated. Forgetting that the mere strangers to each other, and acting as if she had made a verbal objection, I said, "I presume, madam, that the dog belongs to you, and that I have inadvertently committed a trespass in offering to buy him."

"By no means, sir; the dog was mine once; but he was unhappy elsewhere, and I sent him back to his mountain and benevolent occupation." He is always delighted at my visit to him here; but in *La Belle France* the climate was too mild for him, and he is so much of a knight errant, that a country without adventures has no charms for him; and we have no overwhelming snow-storms, and no lost travellers in our sunny valley. You are an American, I perceive."

"Yes, madame," said I, with the opening instinct of my position, "I am not English."

"I am glad," she replied, "I mean, I—the English are not entirely to our taste, you know—irrational prejudice perhaps—but the Americans were our allies, and our good empress is from your side of the world."

I could have given better reasons probably for her antipathies, although my explanation might have implied that even in that gentle bosom nestled the dislike which historical memory carries to every one who cherishes the prejudice—it is one of nationality. "But nothing was there farther from my intentions than to take any other view of her feelings than that which she herself chose to give. I was too happy to have passed the barrier of etiquette, to raise up a new impediment to our intercourse; so I said many kind things of the good king who sent us assistance; praised those who cut off his venerable head; though the emperor, who called us a nation of petty merchants," considerably of a warrior; and despite her earlier errors, would have turned knight errant for the virtue and delicacy of the empress. The seemed pleased, although sometimes I thought her smile savored of a *ridicule*, when I "went it large" for the French and against the English. However I succeeded in the great point, and had, by this time, established a communication, with the whole party, who was delighted with me, because I was not black or coppered; and because, although I was not English, I was not an Englishman.

All this time the patient *maitron*, stood waiting to give an answer; for, being an Italian, he did not understand the language in which we conversed, and therefore did not know that I had received

an answer. Respectfully touching my elbow, he began to talk about the price, much larger, perhaps than he meant to take; but pushing him rather rudely aside, I said, "Sir, I would not take the dog from the hospice for the State of Virginia!" The man looked astonished, as well he might, for I had just asked the price of the dog, and the State of Virginia was a poster to him. The lady kindly undertook an explanation, and the *maitron* resumed his occupation, repeating, "State of Virginia," and smiling as he said it. What he thought I never knew.

Rather for lack of a subject, than from any expectation of an interesting answer, I ventured to ask the lady what had given to that large dog so great a share of her regard. The question agitated her excessively; but, after a long and awkward pause, she seemed, by an effort to collect herself and replied:—"The story is, sir, a most painful one; but as you seemed to love dogs, I will bear the recital, that you may take back to your country the strangest tale that has perhaps ever been told. In the wild land from which you come, passages of an equally wonderful character may happen—but even here where the sagacity of the dog and the resources of his nature, are at their height, the events which I am about to relate are without a parallel.

### THE FRENCH LADY'S NARRATIVE.

A few years ago, when I was but a child, my father, with a party of friends, endeavored early in the spring, to cross the great St. Bernard. The roads were still encumbered with the snow that had fallen on them; and the impediments of the way were greatly increased by avalanches, which, in that year, had been remarkable for size and number; so that huge and irregular masses of snow were lying across the road. When near to the hospice, in which we now converse, we encountered a mound or bank of unusual magnitude, and were forced to abandon our horses and vehicles, and made the best of our way across it on foot. Travelers had preceded us, and had trodden down a narrow path, by which, taking me by the hand, father led the way. Having reached the summit of the mass, he scanned the scene with a look of painful interest. He pointed out to me the enormous prolongation of the ridge on which we stood, extending upward to a vast distance, and sloping downward far into a wild and rocky chasm. Suddenly he called to his party, that the snow was moving; and, lifting me from the path, sprung swiftly forward. At this instant I saw on the upward slope, at the very top, a ball in motion. It seemed the work of but a moment, yet, in that moment I observed a mass, apparently no larger than a man's head, rolling downward over the surface of the snow. As it descended, its bulk and velocity increased in a wonderful manner. Its rapidly growing size and decreasing distance gave to its growth an unearthly cast, and riveted my whole attention. I was bewildered—silenced—overwhelmed. Downward, silently, came that growing wonder; now but a spot on the white surface, at a distance—now a rolling ball in middle course, and now, a mountain just over our devoted heads. So noiselessly it approached, that my father saw it not, until it almost touched us, and then looking suddenly up, he gave one loud cry of despair—shall I ever forget it! Never! never! He sprang forward and fell. At the same moment, I was startled, by being seized by a huge rough animal, a wolf, as I thought, of gigantic proportions. The snow-bank in an instant rolled over us all—child, parent and beast were swept downward. I did not lose my senses. I felt the motion growing apparently more and more rapid. I perceived that I was torn from my father, and shuddered as my hand fell on the rough coat of the dreadful animal that held tensively to my clothes.

As we lay ungodly in the maze of snow, I envied the lot of my parent, and still hoped some rough movement might rescue me from the fangs of the monster. To die buried in the snow was to my childish fancy, a coveted fate, if I could only promise to myself that I should thus escape being made food for a beast of prey. In my mortal agony, I tore the hair from his shaggy hide, and putting my feet against his side, endeavored, with the force of despair to extricate myself from his grasp. The clothes were torn from his mouth, but the indefatigable and collected animal only fastened upon another part; and over and over we rolled, smothered, blinded and chilled. Now and then we caught a breath, as we were thrown to the surface, and anon we seemed to descend far into the moving snow. But, above or below, breathing or breathless, I could only know the one dreaded thing—I was yet in the fangs of a beast of prey—Oh, how I wished, yes, prayed, that we might be precipitated over the side of some of those mighty mountain cliffs, whose giddy height had often filled with terror, that I and my enemy might perish together. When I heard the fierce grinding of the rocks over which the snow was rushing, oh how I wished that some of those mighty evolutions might drive us to the bottom and annihilate us. The terror which kept me alive in this conflict exhausted me, and I became quiet through fatigue and loss of hope. I rejoiced to feel that I was dying. Oh, how beautiful, how inviting death seemed to me then! He would come, I thought to re-anime me to my father, and to rescue me from the lacerating pangs of a beast of prey.

I knew not what time elapsed, ere I recovered my senses. As I came near to full life, painful realities began to mingle with bright illusions. I wondered why heaven was so cold. I saw flakes of snow drifting before a freezing wind, and the crystal trees were dropping their golden leaves, and rosy and laughing cherubs covered under their folded wings and looked pale and cheerless. I felt the wet snow under my naked feet, as I strode the jeweled pavements, and beheld the golden tiles gleaming yet beautifully through the white covering. I saw a noble man in shivering at the door of a magnificent mansion, moaning for admission. I gazed, patted his shivering head, and rung the bell for him. He took my hand, but, though the bell

which I had put in motion kept ringing on, no one came to his aid, and I cried aloud, "Is this heaven?" The dog looked closely into my face, even licked it, and wore so gentle an air that I said, "Let us go! Come with me back to earth, and there you will find, at least, a warmer home and more obliging friends." At length the mist seemed floating away, and the trees and houses, and inhabitants wore a more terrestrial aspect. Even these slowly passed away; and there seemed to be to nothing left of that heavenly scene, but the huge face of a dark dog, and a ground of subdued whiteness. The universe turned into a dog on a white ground. Every thing white, and, in the middle, only that one dark face. That startled and roused me, and I found myself in a cavity of snow, and beside me there was a dog—this very fellow—looking wistfully in my face; and watching the signs of returning animation.

At any other time, my situation would have been terrifying; but my previous horror, the dread of the fate, made me feel some consolation in the discovery that there was no wolf, no savage beast, but a gentle and sympathizing dog. I immediately recognized the character of my strange associate. His flask and cloak, of which I had often read, announced his residence and vocation. I instantly knew that from him I had nothing to fear, and in the revulsion of my feelings, I threw my arms around his rough neck, and wept tears whose exact meaning it would be difficult to tell. The dog seemed to understand me, and his melancholy whine expressed sympathy, and I thought despair. That idea awoke me to a sense of the extraordinary situation in which I found myself, and, withdrawing my arms, I examined the place in which we were lodged. On one side, apparently on the upward slope of the mountain, stood a huge precipitous rock over which we must have been thrown, or around the base of which the snow on which we lay had eddied in its descent. Over our heads a huge mass of snow, hardened by water and frost, formed a roof; and round us stood so many of loose snow, through which came a light so faint as to convey the idea of enormous thickness. I looked in vain for an outlet—for some spot through which I might discern stronger light, as evidence of a thinner covering. There was but one dead color—unvaried and perplexing. I looked at the dog. He seemed to understand my appeal, examining attentively our limited prison, and by his most piteous whine, told me but too plainly that there was no hope for us. Thoroughly chilled by cold and terror, I unlocked the bell of the dog's flask, and opening his wine flask, endeavored to fortify myself against my adverse condition.

As soon as the dog found himself disencumbered, he went round and round our narrow apartment, sniffing the air at every step, and pausing often, as if intent to catch some sound from the exterior world. At each tour, he gave me a look of inexpressible sympathy, and, uttering his low wail of sorrow, sat down, as if to devise some new plan of investigation. At times he started me by sudden, impetuous and prolonged barking in a sharp shrill tone, as he endeavored to send his voice to the outer air, while his moving neck gave his bell a ceaseless vibration. Now and then he gave furious leaps at the loose snow, until encumbered and tired, he sought for breath by retreating to the middle of our room, and panting heavily.

I laid myself down at his side, and said, "Poor fellow, you fell into this snare by your effort to rescue me, and now we must perish together; who will die first I know not, but—" And here I paused, for there rushed on my mind the thought of being made, after death, the means of the horrible subsistence of my canine associate; and then I began to shake with terror lest the kind and faithful dog might change his very nature under the pressure of hunger, and prove, even during life, an enemy not less dreadful than the wolf, which I had supposed him to be. A terrific idea, once established in the mind, comes back often on very slight provocation; and I felt a dread which made me rush to the edge of the snow and bury myself in its feeble bosom. The dog pursued me, and pulling me back several times, seemed at last to lose all patience, and by a low growl, quieted me through very apprehension.

There was then a long silence. I sat scanning the face of the dog for signs of coming ferocity, and he watched me lest I should escape into the loose snow and roll out of his reach. There was terror in my face, and through his mild look, I thought I would see the growing fruits of hunger and cruelty. Poor fellow! how much I wronged him!

Suddenly he sprang to his feet, threw forward his long ears, and stood listening. He advanced to the edge of the snow, and inclining his head, placed his ear close to the bank on the side opposite to the rock. A sharp, quick cry announced that he heard something, and, in a moment, the snow from his feet began to fly about my head—As last as he removed a part, the incumbent mass would fall into its place, so that it was a long time before he made a channel of any length. Finally he succeeded in establishing a road long enough to hide him from view, but now and then he backed into the chamber to rest and recover his breath.

As he lengthened his road, and rested so as to make no noise, I began to hear what had probably attracted his attention. It was the scream of birds—of I thought the vultures of the Alps, to whose bounding and uncouth note I had often listened, as we ascended the mountain. Then I remembered that the people of these wild and dangerous hills believed that by some strange instinct these birds are able to tell the whereabouts of buried travelers, and watch above for the movements or meetings, by which they may find their dreadful prey. You may suppose that I listened with intense attention to the anguishing sounds, as they came more distinctly to my ear, announcing the nearer and still nearer approach of my companion to the outer air. At length I heard a sliding noise, as of snow moving over a roof, a heavy plunge; and then my ears were

almost stunned by the strange sounds that broke into my chamber. I heard the low murmur of moving snow wreaths, the wild outcry of startled ravens, the sharp and ceaseless bark of the dog, and the mingled babel sounds of a restless world. Seated, as it were, at the bottom of a great ear, the sounds came to me in great gigantic proportions, and almost stunned me.

I looked in vain for any signs of success. I could see only snow and rocks and ravens. I could hear only the sounds of falling masses, detached from the heap above, as they thundered downward into the wild abyss, far, far below. The air, too, was piercingly cold, I began to experience that sense of drowsiness which in these Alpine regions, is said to be the forerunner of a fatal lethargy. I was in despair. Hope deferred, and often disappointed, made my heart sick, and I crept back into my den, prepared to lie down and die. The warmth of that snow chamber re-animated me, and a dread of my four-footed associate acted as a constant stimulant, and made me necessarily attentive to his wild and ceaseless barking. At length he paused, and with an exulting cry rushed into my resting place, and overwhelmed me with caresses. Then away went he again, resumed his barking, repeated his cry of joy, and returning to me, indicated plainly his desire that I should creep out again. I accordingly followed him, and, directed by his eye and certain imperfect and distant sounds, perceived that some dogs accosted as he had been, were perched on lateral rocks at a distance below us. In a few minutes I could see the figures of the good fathers of this hospitable emerging from behind them, and with a glass eyeing us carefully. I could then see them making signals, as if to persons over our heads, and after a time I could hear sounds above, but as I sat at a great distance. I saw that efforts were making for my rescue, but I could not perceive any possible mode of effecting an escape. The dog seemed to think otherwise, for there was a triumphant expression in his benevolent face, of a most encouraging nature, and I felt, despite myself, a part of his confidence.

Following his upward look, and attracted in the same direction by falling fragments, I saw to my surprise, projected over the edge of the snow-cliff, two or three steps of what seemed to be a ladder. Immediately a rope was thrown over the outermost one, and lowered, conformably to signals from the party in sight. It was too much to the right, and was therefore drawn in again, and the place of the ladder changed by unseen hands. This apparently perilous enterprise was repeated several times before the rope descended opposite to us. Alas! alas! what was my despair when I found that it swung off three or four yards beyond the edge of the precipice. There it dangled in the air, which seemed to take pleasure in swinging it in every direction but that which I desired.

A sound from above again directed my eyes upward, when I saw the head of a man projecting over the ladder, and his own engaged in the attempt to give the rope its proper motion. Finally, after some time, it began to oscillate toward me, and I made several efforts to reach it. "Young woman," said he above; "you may be pulled off or slip—Let the dog catch it. Look out, Ernst! Let the woman have it, boy, but keep hold. Now, put your feet in the stirrups at the end of the rope, slip your arms through the loops above! That's wrong! you've got the back step in front! put on the loops as you would a jacket, and grasp the rope. Keep hold, Ernst, until the young woman is fixed! There now, hold fast, and don't mind a few mouthfuls of snow; you'll be safe enough in a few minutes!"

Just as every thing was ready for my frightful ascent, when my disordered fancy was full of tears of weak ropes, falling snow banks, and slipping assistants, and I had commended myself in piper to the only safe Guide in so fearful an emergency, I beheld one of my footlooted friend, and endeavored to extricate myself, that I might tie the rope around him, and let him ascend before me. How, thought I, could he get up if I did not lend him the aid of my hands! My attempt was observed above, and the *maitron*, for it was he, charged me to desist. "What are you afraid of? Don't stir, or you are lost." I looked up, in hopes of making him understand me, but he was gone, and in a moment after, I was swinging in the air, and looking down on the poor dog, whom I thought I was leaving forever. He knew better; and wagging his tail and yelping with delight, he seemed to enjoy the flight which was to me so full of terror.

That was a frightful ascent. I knew not who governed my progress—I saw the dread abyss far below me, and above me rested that slender ladder, quivering as the grating rope wound over its last step. The motion of the rope, like that of a huge pendulum, was terrific—how I seemed as if flying into the sky, and then I was plunged into the snow of the bank, until blinded, suffocated and stunned, I even wished to be once more in the cold, dim chamber, from which so lately I would have given worlds to escape. At length I was drawn up to the ladder, and so much indeed above it, that the loops round my shoulders were on a level with it, but I was too much enfeebled and terrified, to seize the ladder or incline myself forward; and there my progress was arrested, and I swooned away. The unexpected difficulty was obviated, as I afterwards learned, by withdrawing the ladder, and drawing me through the snow until I reached the solid ground, on which were assembled the excellent men who had passed the whole day in the cold air, in devising and executing means for the rescue of several persons who, like myself, had been in imminent peril.

I was afterwards told that great difficulty was experienced in extricating my good dog from his perilous position. The rope, it seems, to which they had subsequently attached a basket, did not vibrate in such a manner as to bring it within the reach of the dog, even with the utmost efforts of the *maitron* for that purpose. The basket was then removed, and the rope and loops lowered, but with no better result. The increased wind awayed

it to much, and although it came within a few feet of the dog, he could not seize it. The day was wearing late, and every body suffered so much cold, that the good men of monastery began seriously to think of leaving poor Ernst to his fate, or to a night's sojourn in the dim chamber on the cliff. To this the *maitron* would not consent. His finest maron was in peril and he resolved to rescue him even if obliged himself to descend. Before doing so, he crept again to the end of the ladder, and began to swing the rope. Foiled a second time, he said as he afterwards observed, thoughtlessly, "Can't you jump it, Ernst?"

In a moment the spring was made, and the dog was swinging violently backward and forward, whilst the startled *maitron* nearly lost his presence of mind and his place on the ladder. "Run him up quickly. He has only his teeth to hold by." He has the rope—up—up!

The dog was saved and here he lies. *Maitron* let me have the pleasure of keeping him beside me whilst I am here. I hope to see him often as there is here a melancholy annual duty—a visit to the tomb of my father. He often said that he would like to hear his friend, Gen. Desaix, whose monument meets you on the stair-case as you enter the monastery; and that was a stranger fate that brought him here to die near his illustrious friend. They fought side by side in Egypt; and when Bonaparte returned to France, leaving Desaix in command, only the presence of my father could console the General for the absence of his commander—Even he could not long prevent his repining. He yearned for his chief, and having patched up a hasty treaty with the Beys, returned to France, asked instantly for leave to join the army in Italy, and as you know, reached the glorious field of Marengo only the day before the battle. In that battle, to the winning of which Desaix contributed so much, he served his country for the last time, and fell into my father's arms at the very moment when the triumphant expression in his benevolent face, of a most encouraging nature, and I felt, despite myself, a part of his confidence.

### The Irish Soldier.

Frederick of Prussia had a mania for enlisting gigantic soldiers into the "Royal Guards," and paid an enormous bounty to his recruiting officers for getting them. One day a recruiting sergeant chanced to spy a Irishman who was at least seven feet high; he accosted him in English, and proposed that he should enlist. The idea of a military life, and a large bounty, so delighted Patrick, that he at once consented.

"But," said the sergeant, "unless you can speak German, the King will not give you so much."

"Och, and he jabsers," said the Irishman, "sure it's I that don't know a word of German."

"But," said the sergeant, "three words will be sufficient, and these you can learn in a short time. The King knows every man in the Guards, and as quick as he sees you he will ride up and ask you three questions; first, his majesty will ask how old you are. You will say twenty-seven; next, how long have you been in service; you must reply three weeks—finally, if you are provided with clothes and rations: you answer both."

Patrick soon learned to pronounce his answers, but never dreamed of learning the questions. In three weeks he appeared before the king in review. His majesty rode up to him; and Paddy stepped forward with "present arms."

"How old are you?" said the king.

"Three weeks," said the Irishman.

"How long have you been in the service?" asked his majesty.

"Twenty seven years."

"Am I or you a fool?" roared the king.

"Both," replied Paddy, who was instantly taken to the Guard house.

THE CIRCASSIANS.—They have nothing like a written law among them, but are governed by a sort of common right, or what has become an established custom from ancient usages. The great bulk of the people assemble on important occasions in a sort of general council, where the Prince always opens the business, and propose the measures he thinks should be taken for the consideration of the assembly. The whole body of nobles then deliberate on what he was brought forward, and the result is referred to a certain number of grave persons chosen from the people, who, by their patriarchal consequence and their eminent wisdom, have acquired the title of Elders, selected on the occasion by the various tribes. These venerable men then discuss the subject in debate, and each gives his opinion. If the three consultations are found to agree for the measure proposed, it is proposed; and if it is a question of social right, the decision becomes a precedent, and is binding as a national decree. These assemblies, which so much resemble the Saxon Witenagemote, are held in the open area near the dwelling of the Prince.

DEPARTURE OF A SHANGHAI.—The editor of the *Palmers Journal* thus writes on the death of his favorite Shanghai reporter: "His voice, when heard amidst the crowding of oil rosters, was like the trombone in an orchestra of violins, or the bass of rumbling thunder amid the hum of a dozen spinning wheels. Farewell, faithful servant, a lasting farewell. From thy fate let all reporters take warning—No more will thy voice, in a long and loud wail, Awake us, to get up and go to work, about half past five o'clock in the morning."

An anecdote is related of an old lady who entertained travelers. Before her guests commenced a meal it was her custom to ask a blessing—She always delivered herself in this wise: "O Lord, make us truly thankful for the food before us. Nancy, hand round the oren bread first, and then the biscuits afterwards. Amen."