#### PUBLISHED EVERY THURSDAY AT TOWANDA, BRADFORD COUNTY, PA., BY R. W. STURROCK.

TOWANDA:

Thursday Morning, April 4, 1861.

# Selected Poetry.

TO-DAY AND TO-MORROW. A rosebud blossomed in my bower, A bird sang in my garden ; The rosebud was its fairest flower, The bird its gentlest warden.

And a child beside the linden tree Sang "Think no more of sorrow ; But let us smile and sing to to-day, I asked the bird , "Oh didst thou hear

The song that she would sing thee?
And can it be that thou shouldst fear, What the next morn would bring thee?" He answered with triumphant strain, Saying, "I know not sorrow; But I must sing my best to-day, For I may die to-morrow !"

I asked the rose, "oh, tell me sweet, In thy first beauty's dawning, Thou caust not fear, from this retreat, The coming of the morning ?" She flung her fragrant leaves apart, The lovelier for her sorrow, Saying, "yet I must bloom to-day, For I may drop to morrow."

I said, "The bloom upon my cheek Is fleeting as the rose; My voice no more shall sing or speak, When dust in dust reposes : one lesson I may borrow-That we should smile and sing to-day, For we may weep to morrow."

### Selected Cale. HE MAZED FIDDLER.

I. THE VIOLIN. What was that?" cried Smith, starting

Wait and listen," answered his friend. was only the sound of a violin in the house ; and Smith, who was a practised cian, trembled lest he should hear some ntric jig, such as country fiddlers alone can rate or even imagine. He was wrong, minutes a look of wonder was in his ten, he cried, "the fellow has gen-There was an immense pathos in the the divine instrument (the instruments the organ for their king, but they claim ale, of love ineffable and of infinite desolate weariness, and anon there and exultation - rapid, passionate, viever had evidently abundance; but esides this, there was a soul in his playere was passion, poetry. Silently the worker; at last the mosic grew coneven harsh, as if the player bad sought nd the limits of possible expression, found some strange harmony in what.

words; "two musters-Love and Vanid the latter. I fear me, was the stronhe two. The man is-" mazed" as we

Me Londoner, really interested, gave a ra-

II. THE SCHOOLMASTER'S STORY. simple; its reward is sufficient for my true. ots, and I know that the children love between them. There was more his "blighted hopes." that one wild winter morning when "In the April after his mother's death,

ghastly wound in his head. Dr. Woodbury aged him in the seheme, wild as it might ap- He walked slowly; the artist followed him .- | the Mazed Fiddler from the earth; John Ham | The detective, greatly regretting her early dethen into prayers as wild, and felt, for the first time, as if she loved the great strong sailor. He recovered slowly; some traces of the wound indeed remained, but he could have start, and that he would oftentimes play with rather you learnt it from some one who is less him!"

Mate have to the total that the total why sy his water loves; and that the total that, if he was an humble fisherman, he was said, with a strange, grave earnestness in his burden as one who strained and his towns of the love to the the total that, if he was an humble fisherman, he was voice:

Who striding along with his burden as one who strained and his towns of the love to the the total that, if he was an humble fisherman, he was voice:

Who striding along with his burden as one who strained and his towns of the love to the the love of had, I think, no sears more glorious, and ere really wonderful expression and power. Ere long he hoped to bring Mary home as his he went, Mary Lee, with little urging, had

" Pray let me go on. No, he is not. Geand, alas! who knew it. Willy Basset was ving of his red fisherman's cap; the vessel one; not even brave, but one of singular sight; a cold, cheerless rain began to fall; parts. If I was too partial to him, and if at last the ship could be seen no more, and him with the demon of vanity, may God for- out of sight, sank back in John Hamleyn's give me. I did all for the best. Suffice, it arms. He was not far from fainting himself, practising upon an old violin which had be them. longed to his father, the village fiddler.

John Hamlyu passed the cottage where he lived one day, and heard him playing -Willy Basset, lad,' cried the big curly haired John, 'it seems to me you might spend your time better than in fiddling, with your Italian opera. Mary was proud enough of poor old mother bed ridden at home. There's this, to be sure ; but when three years passed he herring hawks off the bay, man, and the by, and he still said nothing of returning, she shoal will be round the head before you finish became uneasy. His letters grew less fre-Bobbing Joan. Out to the boats, Willy."

swer angrily; but John looked alarmingly deed, indeed, sir, if she was sorely tried, yet big. Said Willy: "It is very generous of you, John Hamlyn, to talk of my mother's wards that he had progressed in his art with John-placable John-felt as if he had spo- in the south. ken too roughly, and held out his hand. Wilhad reminded him of his duty.

almost to excess, and sang with singular tering than I liked. Home to the old Coombesweetness. One evening, at my house, she had been singing some of her quaint old songs, had been singing some of her quaint old songs. poor player, though already gave some faint not right in her choice ! promise of that wondrous skill to which he "John Hamlyn? John Hamlyn was doing afterwards attained. This night, whatever very well in the coasting trade between Coom- I tell them he is mad." was his inspiration-and Mary Lee's dark betown and Bristo a sat, listening with reverence to the eyes had surely much to with it-he played as he never had before, with quite new pas- and she would be an artist's wife. ts less hot tunes; to night he struck boldly away from on to the little Devonshire village with what closed in, the schoolmaster was rising to light them, trusfed to his own heart, and succeeded. speed he might. You will pardon me if I do his lamp, when he heard a tap at his door. then, trusted to his own heart, and succeeded.

Have I said that he was not handsome? At ordinary times he was not, but now, as his ye lighted up with the excitement of his must be fishing handlet?

Lee fishing handlet?

Lee I could tell you of its gladness, of its ye lighted up with the excitement of his must be was not with the excitement of his must be was not handsome? At ordinary times he was not, but now, as his ye lighted up with the excitement of his must be whether the fishing handlet?

The Londoner gazed at him with lies adments, and succeeded. Have I said that he was not handsome? At ordinary times he was not, but now, as his yell fished up with the excitement of his must be whether the fishing handlet?

The Londoner gazed at him with more was not blue to describe his meeting with Mary Lee. I could tell you of its gladness, of its seenemt passion; but even as I speak the sad memory is with me of all those trials, all his lamp, when he heard a tap at his door.—

The Londoner gazed at him with less adments in which so speedily followed the might. It is lamp, when he heard a tap at his door.—

The Londoner gazed at him with less adments in which so speedily followed the might. It is lamp, when he heard a tap at his door.—

The Londoner gazed at him with sad memory is with me of all those trials, all his lamp, when he heard a tap at his door.—

The Londoner gazed at him with he was noth landsome? At ordinary times he was not, but now, as his with mean will be an entirely many times he was not handsome? At ordinary times he was not handsome? At o we heard Paganini; he played, they said, asked Mary to sing-and behold, Mary was changed-not altogether for the better. His

herself this question too often for her first there was somewhat of ostentation, somewhat from at the Londoner's rather irrev- love to last It died out. John saw the of effectation, which it pained me bitterly to passed by. Willy Bassett's bed-ridgen mode, when he close, and loving him grave bookman, saw, were doubtless invisible up."

acute and keen scented detectives were sent len. We were the last open in the last. The near soni cried out, to the girl who loved. John Hamlyn, indeed, "I suppose we shall find him in the church out in parsuit; but all attempts to catch the doubtless, the unusual perturbation caused by acute and keen scented detectives were sent len. We were the last out in parsuit; but all attempts to catch the doubtless, the unusual perturbation caused by acute and keen scented detectives were sent len. We were the last out in parsuit; but all attempts to catch the doubtless, the unusual perturbation caused by acute and keen scented detectives were sent len. We were the last out in parsuit; but all attempts to catch the doubtless, the unusual perturbation caused by acute and keen scented detectives were sent len. We were the last out in parsuit; but all attempts to catch the doubtless, the unusual perturbation caused by acute and keen scented detectives were sent len. ere. His is a painful story. Will you wildly to the last. The poor soul cried out, to the girl who loved. John Hamlyn, indeed, as she lay dying, in her wretched cottage, on conceived an atter loathing for him; but John a rough December day. "He will be the had very strong provocation; for Willy now "Most like, most like, sir. I always notice pride of the country yet, my Willy-a won- took it into his head to be jealous of Johnderful boy!" But the neighbors said that littime to this place a man of about thir- tle good would ever come of one who had and i am sixty now. It suits me well been fiddling to please himself when he should Mary Lee grew to be formal and constrained. I was never fitted to struggle in the have been fishing to help his mother; and I It was hard for John to keep quiet under this; could not but feel that what they said was but Love, if it had worked wonderfully upon

" And now, sir, came a time which, to Ma-There is much comfort in that, sir, for ry, I think, was one of the purest happiness; the has never been a father. Well, when but which brought pleasure less pure to Willy here, the prettiest girl for many a mile Basset, and absolute torture to the brave was Mary Lee. You have seen our John. Willy-let me not be unjust to h'm--Deron girls-dark eyes, dark hair, and was thoroughly sincere in all his professions of Mary had this, and she had love ; but there mingled with them always, I she had the bearing of a born lady, so fear, a base sense of triumph over his richer, hough our folks are plain and rough, no stronger, bandsomer rival. And as for John dreamt of uttering a course jest be though the poor fellow blundered about in his Mary Lee. Her father, a small farmer, big, uncouth, righteons way, still sang at his ther tolerably well to do; and the old work, and never left a duty undone, yet was agnt, with whom she lived, had been he assuredly smitten with a deep and terrible " a very mother. You will suppose that grief as if he had testified thereto by jumping many lorers. In a manner she had ; over the cliffs, which often he was very much nd in Coombetown felt a kind of pride inclined to do, for, struggle as he might, he but she was "grand-like" there was could not but see that Mary Lee, though she ag about her which rather awed than had ever a kindly word and a bright smile for hem, and only John Hamlyn had any him, no more intended to marry him than she hope for her hand. He lives next intended, say, to marry me! Thus went down a plain old sailor now; but in all the poor fellow's card castles, shattered by as fine and daring a fe'low as a fiddle stick. He was not imaginative, thi athed along the coast. Like Mary, big John; but, smoking his honest pipe of unciently rich; that is, his father evenings in the sanded kitchen of his old ed two or three small coasters (peo- homestead, he had had his little visions of haptalk of his smuggling, but that is no piness and ease, the central figure in every mine,) and dying, left them to his such vision being that of Mary Lee. Well, Mary and he had grown up side that was over now. I don't pity him the and always there was a quiet kind of less because he could not write a sonnet about

was brought speechless and bleeding in- Willy Basset, with his violin and with ten e filiage, and Mary heard how, in the pounds in his pocket—my savings were very the night before, he had manned a small, and I could give him no more-sailed pashed of to a large brig that had away in a ship that was bound for Naples, spon the Tangle Rock in the offing, He went as a common sailor; but I knew Mied the lives of her crew at the immi- that what he chiefly wanted was to reach some led of his own. A spar had struck and where he might obtain really good musithat what he chiefly wanted was to reach some said; but she had been crying, he could tell minute atter silence; and then a blinding sheet and, after an absence of a few minutes, apmy ability to discharge all duties incombent
that your wanted was to reach some said; but she had been crying, he could tell minute atter silence; and then a blinding sheet and, after an absence of a few minutes, apmy ability to discharge all duties incombent
that.' John's big form came out into the light.

They lifted peared with furs and bood ready for departure. the work, and there was a greet cal teaching; and, for my own part, I encour-

ng he hoped to bring Mary home as his he went, Mary Lee, with little urging, had promised that if in a few years he came back "Never tampered, I suppose, with my in promised that if in a position to maintain a wife, she would tended wife? Never tried to lure her away off, tending a sick woman; and when Smith be his.

nius he never had; only the courage of a lion his vessel sailed-a drizzly, uncertain April one would pity a maimed cur?" and the affectionate gentleness of a child - day, with now and than some some faint and Poor Mary! It had been well had these suf- fitful gleams of sunshine over the sea. His ficed her, and so for a time they did; but, friends, Mary amongst them, stood upon the unfortunately for her, unfortunately for John, pier-head as the ship went slowly away to the there was a lad in the village who had genius, west. Soon they could no longer see the wabut a poor young fisherman-not a strong went on, growing fainter and fainter to the my praises helped to turn his head and fill Mary Lee, as the Good Endeavor went fairly sir, that whatever time he could steal from I think, the big, brave man, as he led her the drudgery of his daily life, was given par. home; and I found some tears in my own eyes Bristol banker, has absconded, and that you abated, he became much calmer. He slept for tially to the books I lent him, and partially to that day, I do not think I was the worse for are a beggar ?

" Letters came from Willy in due time ; hopeful, eloquent letters. My friend at Na- suppressed rage of years concentrated into ples was very kind to him; procured him a master ; and, at last, plain Willy Basset, exfisher-boy, had a seat in the orchestra of an quent 'He has found new friends,' thought "Willy looked up, and was about to an she, 'and forgets old Coombetowns folks.' Inpoverty. You are richer than we, I know; wonderful rapidity; at last he became a celebont you need not remind us of it !" These rity; and you know, doubtless far better were mean, false, cowardly words of his; but than I, to what seductions an artist is exposed

"Six years after his departure there came our, as I fear, he often thought how he could and glow again. He was coming home-sucbest injure the strong prosperous fellow who cessful, famous' rich. Home to his little insane. Mury, ' whom he loved better than any sig-"You have noticed that we are a musical nore of them all.' Home to his dear old

"Willy Basset? He was a famous artist-

jealous of the man whose life-happiness he had uined !- and gradually John's relations with the artist, if it had fired and kindled him into genius, had tried John Hamlyn also in its magic crucible, and found him utterly pure; so that, rather than cause one tear, one shadow of anxiety to Mary Lee, he would evenkeep away from her ! He was very seldom at her house now, and Willy made his visits exceedingly trying to him. The time fixed for the marriage was now close at hand.

voyage to Bristol, went home, smoked a buge evening Willy called to see me. He seemed was very lovable !- shope out. And, oh, how was no life in the sea, so to speak. be played ! You have heard him to-night, and you know his genius; but then, his heart was so full of joy, the future stretched before him joicing over the beauty of the earth. He left walked on towards Mary's house, to wander As he approached, he saw a light in her winwas the shadow of a man upon the curtain !-It stung him, this shadow, like a snake. With a cold, bitting jealousy at his heart, he crept into the darkness of the hedge and waited.

—the old gentleman whom you saw to day upon his little chesnut mare—met the men, as they silently brought John Hamlyn up the they silently brought John Hamlyn up the a youth of rare and brilliant promise. For steep path from the pier, and saw him carried whether it was through his love for Mary Lee, was followed, and marched back upon his fol- away towards the horizon vivid flashes of to his house; and Mary, going home, knelt or whether it was through a mere ambitious lower. Even in the faint starlight he recogdown beside her bed, burst into wild tears, desire to show his kinsfolk and his townsfolk nized Willy by his wide foreign cloak, and

hateful to you than I am-why, I cannot tell

from me? Never came to her like a thief in " I remember well the morning on which the night? Never 'pitied the poor fiddler,' as He said not a word now of Mary, not a word

> 'You are very hot about it, Basset; but the south. you shall know all to morrow morning." "I insist, sir, upon knowing all to night;

bales at the pier-head." "'John felt the insult; but still, very stubbornly, very nobly, held down the passion that was rising in him. Willy—for rage had blinded him—mistook this silence for timidity and artist, nothing more!" went on, rapidly, tauntingly, till at length

John answered:

When a hoarse shriek Basset leapt upon him and struck him in the face. And then, the on his face. one single blow, John lifted his buge arm and beat him down. It was a terrible blow; the passionate artist lay stretched like a dead log ed that at the San Carlo, when la Catarina upon the ground—senseless. Suddenly the sang so grandly. Give me the old one; the moon shone out large and full. The light fell one I had when a boy." He took it from the upon the ground-senseless. Suddenly the through the thick hedgerow trees, right upon Basset's face. John knelt down, and saw that Just then the morning light came full into the He groaned with shame, the it was bloody. big John, that he should have struck one so frail; but at last, Basset's eyes slowly opened there were none to hear me but the merry

"What made him leap up, and then stagger-back, as if a knife had struck him to the the fresh wet grass. I loved to see them once heart? This: as he knelt by the artist, and but, I fear me, I fear me, I'll never move were out, so we occupied the dizzy perch alone, watched him return to conscionsness, he ex- from this bed till they carry me away to the We gazed fearfully upon the awful waters, we pected to hear a curse from his lips ; he heard gray old churchyard, youder, close by the dear ly refused it, and turned away. From that a letter from him which made Mary's face flush instead, a low, feeble, chackling laugh. It old sea. And, well, I have had troubles enough was the laugh of an idlot. Willy Basset was God knows! and I'm weary, weary, and I

"Three mouths afterwards I tollowed Mary Lee to her grave; and when the clamor and race down here Mary Lee had this passion friend' naming me with words far more flat- the noise of the affair had died away, John times, a cold, nervous trembling went right Hamlyn took the mad artist to his home, and over him.

when Willy Basset came up to return some of egotistical letter, as I see now, but which that terrible night. He wanders about, harmmy books. He sat down, and I asked him made Mary's heart as light as a bird's. She lessly, quietly; the villagers, who will call him o play a tune or two, as he often would when had waited long, waited faithfully, but she 'the Mazed Fiddler,' never molest him; and at he came to see me. As yet he was but a bad not waited in vain, it seemed. Was she times he will take his violin and play so sweetly and so well, that the few strangers who visit Coombetown will hardly believe me when

III. WHAT FOLLOWED.

However feebly the old schoolmaster had told his tale, there had been something in it sion and energy. This was indeed the first "The artist reached home. He landed at which had riveted the attention of his listen time I ever heard him improvise. Hitherto Bristol, where he lodged almost all his money er. The two men sat for awhile silently, smokhe had simply played the ordinary country with a well-known banker, and thence posted ing and thinking. At last as the evening

Poor fellow ! it can't be helped now. But I would rather lose my right hand than use it as I did one night!

The schoolmaster sighed; and, after a few

gether for the churchyard. John Hamlyn had been right enough when he said that a storm was coming. The day, as the fiddle had made its preliminary scrapes from end to end, when it would not be disturand now there was not a breath of air stirring. As they walked on, they felt oppressed by the close, sultry deadness of the night. Their road lay up-hill, through a thick, deep lane, such as every Devonshire tourist knows; and ere "John Hamlyn, returning from a coasting long the utter silence of the place grew almost terrible. Not a leaf moved above them; and when, after half an hour's walk, they reached wont, walked up to visit Mary Lee. He saw an open space from which the sea was visible. Willy, from a distance, leave the house, so he they were still more struck with the gloomy knew that Mary would be alone. The same look it wore. A dull, heavy, leaden look-now and then there was a little white flash below overflowing with happiness; ail the better part them, when a larger wave than usual rolled of him-and believe me, sir, he had much that slowly in and broke upon the rocks-but there

so bright and so gay in its every aspect that Lee, was playing such a requiem as never yet three quadrilles, a waltz, contra dance, and my hotel, I was rather gratified to learn that his music was as the warbling of an angel remusician has expressed in notes—a requiem several polkas. When the landlord officiously I was to have a room mate, a brother member, me at last; but excited by the conversation and withal, that the thre men almost wept as ready," the successful detective gallently crook- ring the foreneon session, I naturally regarded the music, he could not go home to sleep. He they listened, and not another sound was heard | ed his clow, the fair lady accepted his inviround it, to dream about it, as lovers will - Fiddler mourned over his dead love. They did where it was his delight to crowd upon her fully closed the door, pulled out of his pocket dow, though it was strangely late-and there music ceased; he walked towards them, stag- ed; she swam in soup, she was barricaded with and handed it to me with this remark:reached the gate, sank heavily, fainting, on the ground. At that instant there was a peal. A few dances after the supper, a good deal. of thunder in the east, which rolled on crash of small talk between the two, and the lady do you?" Presently he heard the door open, and ing and reverberating as it rolled, till it seemed announced her intention of leaving. The lady to break right above their heads, then for a excused herself from the obsequious detective ternoon with the most anlimited confidence in

lightning leapt over the sea like swords.

" Make haste for the love of God !" cried

They brought him home and laid him gentreturned, the artist was raving in his delirium of John Hamlyn; his thoughts were away in

" A poor fisher boy, Signora! Money, money, always money ! Can I coin it? On the to-morrow you may be busy discharging your red, then ; I back the red! For the eighth, ninth, tenth time, Red! Red it is !" he screamed, half starting out of his bed. "Do you believe in my fortune, now? In notes, in notes! artist, nothing more !"

Through the whole weary night, while the rain fell in torrents without, the three men 'I went up to Mary Lee to night, if you watched beside him; but as it drew on towards will have it, to tell her that Johnson, the morning, and the storm slowly and sullenly an hour or two, and at daybreak turned to the old schoolmaster, with a peculiar smile up-

"You will give me my violin?" There were several in the room; his friend handed him the nearest. "Not that, not that! I playschoolmaster's hand and looked at it lovingly. room, flooding it with its lustre. "I played it birds will be singing after the storm, and the lambs will be running in the meadows over hall rest by her side at last."

Was he mad now? He spoke softly, but there was a raised look in his eyes, and at

nis old violin, and smiled sadly as he preluded with a bar or two of a simple country air .-

It was but the snapping of a fiddle string; but as it snapped his heart broke, too. Ano ther hour had passed away. The artist, with his lean, long hand still upon the instrument, and fullen back upon his pillow; and big John Hamlyn, kneeling by the bed and shaking terribly with the great strong sobs that seemed

to be choking him suddenly cried out; nto temptation; but. O Lord! deliver us from | we had better leave for I do not fancy such

## Detectives Outwitted

The Auburn Advertiser says the reputation the Londoner: "If that man will to a romantic girl, would have far more charm those afflictions, which so speedily followed tain, with prematurely gray hair and mild that Rann Haskins possessed for strewdness than ordinary comeliness. When he ended, I this hour of intense delight. I nound him eyes: for the rest he wore a rough pilot's and cunning has been considerably enhanced towards what might be called the shore. a man who had sold himself to the devilor, this man plays as a devil might to man plays as a devil might to make a since his recent masterly escape from the devilor. This man plays as a devil might to make a sold himself! Who make a sold himself to the devil acceptable and sold himself to the sold story. What was John this accomplished rogue, assisted by potential but unknown in the sold himself to the devil.

"It is the old story. What was John this accomplished rogue, assisted by potential but unknown in the sold himself to the devil.

"It is the old story. What was John this accomplished rogue, assisted by potential but unknown in the sold himself to the devil.

"It is the old story. What was John this accomplished rogue, assisted by potential but unknown in the sold himself to the sold himself to the sold himself to the complete acceptable and a sold himself to the sold himself to the sold himself to the sold himself to the devil.

"It is the old story. What was John this accomplished rogue, assisted by potential but unknown in the face, though he came from the south, was on the face, though he came from the south, was on the face, though he came from the south, was on the face, though he came from the sold himself to the face, though he came from the sold himself to the face, though he came from the sold himself to the face, though he came from the sold himself to the face, though he came from the sold himself to the face, though he came from the sold himself to the face, though he came from the sold himself to the face, though he came from jacket, and smelt strongly of cavendish tobac since his recent masterly escape from the first burst into a laugh when we gained the going to look for him. Would you like to come raiment, with the nicest beaver, the finest kids a thundering report, like the explosion of an with me, sir? There's a wildish look about the glossiest patent-leather boots. Immediate- earthquake, burst upon us, and with a loud change, but would not believe it. A year see. Despite all this, he could be fascinating the sky to night, and I should be loath to ly after his escape, the most rigid measures passed by. Willy Bassett's bed-ridden moth; when he chose, and the faults which I, a have him caught in the storm that is rolling were taken to secure his arrest; the most We turned to find that Table Rock had fal-

> that on nights like this he steals away there. Haskins emboldened by his prolonged escape, final poise. determined to visit a ball at a tavern' one of the small towns in Onondaga County in the vicinity of his former home. Two well known detectives, who knew Haskins personwords with the Londoner, all three set out to- ally, determined to attend the ball, and dresthey made their appearance at the tavern just trot of a dog would shake old London bridge and the fair couples had commenced agitating bed by the rolling wheels of heavilly loaded the light "fantastic toe."

To purchase tickets and "sail" in was the tectives were enjoying the delights of the dance, while at the same time their most vigilast glances were directed about the room for the escaped Haskins. During the third sought and obtained an introduction to a He says: modest-appearing lady, who had, for the most part, sat quietly in the shadow of the room, gallant

neat and tasteful dress, and benatifully flowing other I managed to get through the swearing As they paused at the little churchyard curls, had won upon the detective; and much process, and sneaked away to a seat from gate, they heard the sound of the violin - to his companion's annovance, he succeeded in Willy Basset, standing by the grave of Mary monopolizing her company through two or House adjourned for dinner. of such depth of lamentation, such bitterness announced that "the refreshments were who, as he had made at least six speeches du save the magical tones with which the Mazed tation, and accompanied him to the table not dare to interrupt him; but at length the notice all the delicious rarities the table afford- an enormous old fashioned bull's eve watch. gering like a drunken man; and then, as he frosted and sugar cakes, and frozen with sur-

Haskins.

The detectives returned to Syracuse, and reported to one or two of the prison officers, was not in the country. It has subsequently been ascertained, beyond a doubt, that the fair lady who so completely won upon the affections of the enamored detective, was no other than Rann Hankins, the escaped con-

#### Wilkes's Disledging Table Rock.

George Wilkes writes :

" I said I had something to with the fall of Table Rock, that broad shell on the Canada side, which in 1850 looked over the very cal-dron of the seething waters, but which tumbled into it on a certain day in the month of June of that, by me well-remembered year .--About noon on that day, I accompanied a lady from the Clifton House to the Falls. Arriving at Table Rock, we left our carriage, and as we approached the projecting platform, I pointed out to my companion a vast crack or fissure which traversed the entire base of the rock, remarking that it had never appeared to me before. The lady almost shuddered as she looked at it, shrinking back, declared she did not care about going near the edge. 'Ah,' said I, taking her hand, 'you might as well come on, now that you are here. I hardly think the rock will take a notion to fall merely because we are on it,"

"The platform jutted from the main land ome sixty feet ; but to give the visitor a still more fearful projection over the raging waters a wooden bridge, or staging, had been thrust beyond the extreme edge for some ten feet .often enough, sir, down among the rocks, when This terminated in a small box for visitors to stand in, and was kept in its position, and enaoled to bear its weight, by a ponderous load of stone beaped upon its inner ends. The day was very bright and hot, and it being almost lunch time at the hotels, but very few visitors were out, so we occupied the dizzy perch alone. stretched our heads timidly over the frightful depth below, and we felt our natures quail in every fibre by the deafening roar, that seemed to saturate us, as it were, with an indefinable dread.

"'This is a terrible place," said I, "Lock under there, and see what a mere shell we stand upon. For years and years the teeth of the torrent, in that jetting, angry stream, have been gnawing at the hollow, and some day this plane must fall."

My companion shuddered, and drew herself to ether in alarm. Our eyes swept the roaring circle of the waters once again; we gazed about in fearful facination, when suddealy turning our looks upon each other, each recognized a corresponding fear. I do not like this place !' exclaimed I, quickly. 'The whole base of this rock is probably disintegrated and perhaps sits poised in a succession of steps or, notches, ready to fall out and topple down at any unusual perturbation. That fissure there "Lead us not into temptation; lead us not seems to me unusually large to-day, I think finish; and, besides, my paper must be publish ed next week.'

With these very words-the latter uttered ocosely, though not without alarm-I seized my companion's hand, and in absolute panic, we fled as fast as our feet could carry us

We turned to find that Table Rock had fal-

We were the last opon it, and was, rogues proved failures. The Advertiser says :- | our flying footsteps that disturbed the exacti-" A few nights ago it was rumered that tude of its equilibrium, and threw it from its

In a minute more the road was filled with burrying people, and during the following half hour we were told a hundred times in advance of the next morning journals, that a lady and gentleman who were on the Table Rock had sing up in their best disgnise as gay cavaliers gone down the falls. We are told that the trains. Table Rock had not been run upon in the way I have been describing for yearswork of a moment, and soon the gallant de- perhaps never, and therefore, whenever I hear it spoken of. I always shudder and feel as if I had something to do with its fall,"

A WESTERN MEMBER - Johnson - barely or fourth quadrille the leading detective of age, was elected to the Indiana Legislature.

"When I got near Vincennes, I began to think what a serry figure, I a green country attended assiduously by a polite and attentive lad, would cut in an assembly of the wisdom, of the State, and it required all my resolution Her quiet demeanor, her graceful figure, to keep me from turning back. Somehow or which I hardly rentured to look up until the as one of the great men of the House. After dinner he came up to our joint room, and car-

"Uncle Jake told me just as I was starting that I ought to have a watch, and loaned this, butidon't know how to serew the thing up,