

The Independent Republican.

"FREEDOM AND RIGHT AGAINST SLAVERY AND WRONG."

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Poe's Corner.

From the National Era.

A SONG.

INSPIRED BY THE FRENCH REVOLUTION.

Beneath thy skies, November!
Thy skies of cloud and rain,
Around our blazing camp-fires
We close our ranks again.

Thou stand again the bugles,
Call the battle-roll anew;
If months have well-nigh won the field,
What may not four years do?

For God be praised! New England
Takes once more her ancient place;
Again the Pilgrim's banner
Leads the vanguard of the race.

Thou stand again the bugles,
Call the battle-roll anew;
If months have well-nigh won the field,
What may not four years do?

Along the lonely Hudson,
A shout of triumph breaks;
The Empire State is speaking,
From the ocean to the lakes.

Thou stand again the bugles,
Call the battle-roll anew;
If months have well-nigh won the field,
What may not four years do?

The northern hills are blaring,
The Northern skies are bright;
And the fair young West is turning
Her forehead to the light!

Thou stand again the bugles,
Call the battle-roll anew;
If months have well-nigh won the field,
What may not four years do?

Push every outpost forward,
Press hard the hostile lines;
Another Balklava,
And the Malakoff is ours!

Thou stand again the bugles,
Call the battle-roll anew;
If months have well-nigh won the field,
What may not four years do?

But keep the same old banner,
For better none can be;
Pass on the same old watchword:
FREEDOM AND VICTORY!

And sound again the bugles,
Call the battle-roll anew;
If months have well-nigh won the field,
What may not four years do?

From Syria.

LETTER FROM THE REV. J. L. LYONS.

Duma, Aug. 30, 1856.

DEAR PARENTS:—It has been my practice to send home from time to time my journal of events that transpire in our little circle, but this morning he started off in company with Mr. Benton and Mr. Aiken, to be absent three weeks in Bhandun and Abeh, so that for the time being the business of keeping up the record of our affairs in Duma, will devolve upon me.

Last Tuesday (the 20th), we arrived safely from our trip to the Cedars of Lebanon and Baleb. Henry sent home a letter the same day, in which I put a few lines for you. As he intends to write a full account of our late interesting excursion, I need not undertake to give you a description of it here.

On Wednesday (the 21st) we received your letters of July 15th. They gave us a great deal of pleasure, and did us a great deal of good. We were rejoiced to hear of the safe arrival of our boxes from Syria, and the satisfaction you took in opening them and exhibiting the contents. There were some other things which we intended to have sent, but which were omitted in the hurry of getting the box ready in time to go with Mrs. Whiting.

Day before yesterday, Mr. Benton, from Bhandun, (three days journey from us) and Mr. Aiken, now residing in Abeh, arrived at our house. We were heartily glad to see them, as we had seen none of our missionary friends for many weeks. They remained with us all day yesterday, and this morning left us, taking Henry with them. They were going a round about way, so as to spend the Sabbath at the Cedars of Lebanon, and will probably reach Bhandun on Wednesday next.

SABBATH DAY, AUG. 31.—How different from the Sabbaths at home! Here the people regard the first day of the week as a fast day; some of them work, but the most of them spend the day in visiting from house to house. We sometimes have throngs of visitors on the Sabbath. We endeavor to direct the conversation to suitable subjects in order that the time may not be spent profane-ly, and frequently sing for their consolation. Sometimes, after two or three hours conversation in Arabic, I find myself almost exhausted. Henry, however, is getting so far along, as to be of great assistance to me in this respect. I hope before the close of the year he will be able to help me in our Sabbath services. To-day the people began to come in about 8 o'clock, as usual. I talked with them all about ten, our time for services, and then played and sang some hymns. Having collected quite an audience, I read to them from the third chapter of John. They gave them a sermon of about half an hour's length, from Eph. 2: 8, 9. "For by grace are ye saved, through faith; and that not of works lest any man should boast." I chose this text for the reason that the people here, being for the most part nominal Christians, (members of the Greek and Greek-Catholic churches), place great reliance on good works, as a means of salvation. My discourse consisted of three parts, in which I endeavored to show: 1st. That salvation is not by works. 2d. That salvation is all of grace, the gift of God: "8d. That it is to be obtained only by true faith in Christ. That all our good works, prayers and fasting will never save us, nothing will avail, without a sincere faith and trust in Christ the only Saviour.

After our services, most of the men went out, and Katy led the women and children into our other room, and there tried to enlighten their poor darkened minds in respect to the great truths of the gospel. In the meantime, I enjoyed the opportunity to read a few pages in the very interesting memoirs of Dr. Judson.

In the afternoon there were more in than in the forenoon, I again took up the subject of the morning. Tried to explain to them what it was to trust in Christ, used the illustration of a boy in a burning house, calling from the window to his father below to save him. The father says, "throw yourself into my arms and I will save you." The boy fears, trembles and hesitates, but at last, seeing he is about to be devoured by the flames, throws himself into his father's arms, and is saved.—So, I told them, if they would escape the fires of hell, those flames that are never quenched, they must throw themselves into the arms of Christ. They were very attentive, and seemed much interested. O that the truth might take hold upon their hearts! Towards the close of the afternoon, a well dressed man came in, apparently on purpose to ask questions, and cavil, and hear himself talk, for we have such men among the Arabs as well as among other people.

He began by asking if it was ever right to tell a lie, saying he had not seen a man in five years who could give him an answer.—We conversed upon the subject a short time, and then he broke out in a new strain—"How adj, don't you think it is ever right to work Sunday?" "No," I replied, "unless in a case of great necessity." "But see," said he, "that man out in the vineyard there; he works Sunday." "Yes," said I, "a great many of these people profess to love God and yet break his holy commandments. I would say to them, as John the Baptist said to just such people in his day, 'O ye generation of vipers, who hath warned you to flee from the wrath to come? bring forth therefore fruits meet for repentance.' My Arab friends remarked in an under tone to one at his side, 'Hear him quote scripture in Arabic,' and then turning to me said, "But, Howadj, I have five persons in my family. I earn four piasters a day, and we eat four piasters worth every day; so we eat just all I earn, and when Saturday night comes I have nothing for Sunday, what shall I do?" But, I asked, "is it true that you eat up every piaster you earn?" "Yes," he answered, "every piaster." "But," added I, "you have a good robe and pantaloons, and tarboosh and stockings, and shoes, and a pipe, where did you get the money for all these?" Upon this the people broke out into a laugh, and we changed the subject.

We usually have our Sabbath evening family worship at sunset, but there were persons in, and they gave us no chance even to eat our supper alone, but sat by and looked on as they frequently do; and after supper looked a number of others came in, and with them our Arab teacher. Being pretty well tired out, I gave the teacher a testament and told him to read and talk to the people, which he did until about 8 o'clock, when, to our relief, they all bade us good evening and left. Thus from eight in the morning till eight at night, I have been pretty fully occupied, with scarcely a moment's time for private reading or meditation. All our Sabbaths are not so full, I taken up as this has been, but frequently the Sabbath is the most laborious day in the week, and God grant it may prove the most useful.

MONDAY, SEPTEMBER 1.—To-day commenced translating an Arabic grammar, and writing it out into English. A young man applied to me to teach school under our supervision. Found he could read and write tolerably well, and then asked him a few questions. My first question was posed for him. It was this, "Suppose I buy eight rattles of figs for fifty-six piasters, how much a rattle?" He thought of the matter a long time, and at last answered, "Perhaps it would come to seven and a half or seven and a quarter piasters a rattle." I found, however, he knew more than the majority of the people; and after seeing more of him, perhaps shall employ him, for we are quite desirous of opening a school here, that we may benefit the children and get a stronger hold upon the people.

This evening, before dark, took a walk with one of the neighbors through his vineyard, and ate our fill of splendid grapes, besides bringing a load home. The people are very generous in their presents of grapes and figs. Scarcely a day passes without our visiting some of their vineyards, or receiving a basket of fruit from some kind neighbor.

TUESDAY, SEPTEMBER 2.—To-day my bundle of papers arrived; (Tribunes and Evangelists), a week or more behind the time. I read the papers thoroughly, and am well posted on all public affairs at home. As I read of the awful outrages and wrongs perpetrated on the Free Soil settlers of Kansas and emigrants from the North, it almost makes my blood boil within my veins. I tremble for the future of my country. Give a hurra from me for Fremont. If I were at home, I do not know but that I should feel it my duty to preach anti-slavery sermons Sundays, and electioneer for Fremont week days.

At sunset took a walk to "to smell the air," as the Arabs say, with my teacher. The climate is delightful, Thermometer 74 deg. I think it has not varied from that 10 degrees all summer.

SATURDAY, 8th.—Visited a poor sick woman to-day. She has a large painful swell-

ing on her breast, and will not probably live long. I talked with her about the Saviour and the heavenly land where there is no pain, or suffering, or death, but she seemed too stupid to take much interest in what I said. She has a son of some 22 years of age, an intelligent young man for an Arab, with whom I have had considerable religious conversation. He is a member of the Greek church. May God by his Holy Spirit bring him to a knowledge of the truth.

SABBATH, 7th.—This morning took up the last half of the fifth Chapter of Matthew, and explained the meaning to the people. Katy had 200 in her class to-day.

In the afternoon a large number came in, mostly women, merely to visit and see the Howadj and Signora. I played and sang for them, (Katy assisting me.) "Happy Land," in English, and explained to them the meaning, and what it is necessary for us to do in order to reach the Happy Land. Sang and explained some other hymns.

It is now 9 o'clock in the evening. In five hours more you will be attending the monthly concert. How I would like to be there a little while.

Katy says there were forty persons at one time in our house, this afternoon.

MONDAY, 8th.—Studied as usual, commenced preparing a sermon in Arabic from the text, "Come unto me, all ye that labor and are heavy-laden and I will give you rest."—Advanced to the 18th page in translating and writing the Arabic grammar. A few weeks ago I began making a dictionary in English and Arabic of the words in most common use among the people. I have got as far as the letter O in English and to D in writing the Arabic. Our huge lexicon in Arabic and Latin contains thousands of Arabic words which the people never use and know nothing about. I suppose the vocabulary of the great mass of the people scarcely contains 6,000 words. As the preacher however has to address the learned as well as the unlearned, he is compelled to adopt a higher style than that of ordinary conversation, in his sermons. He must therefore understand the language better than the people themselves, and if a word is not understood he is able to explain it. It is much the same in respect to our own language.

TUESDAY, SEPTEMBER 9th.—To-day received letters from our missionary friends at Beirut and Abeh. Letter also from Henry.—He is enjoying himself greatly. We shall expect to see him the latter part of next week. Katy has been at work to-day in translating stories of a religious character from English into Arabic, to read to her class.

At sunset took a walk. An old woman in her vineyard (described us, and called out, "Howadj! taulhane," (Howadj come here,)) so we went there and got all the grapes and figs we could eat and carry away.

WEDNESDAY, 10th.—To-day have had a great deal of company, as it has been a feast day among the people; the "feast of cutting of St. John the Baptist's head." I tell them they ought not to feast over the murder of St. John, they had better fast and grieve.—An hour or two before sundown the old Doctor came in and gave us all a cordial invitation to go to his house, and eat figs. So we clambered down the little rocky, narrow path, Katy and I, and Menna and the baby, and found a charming little spot at the foot of the hill, a little primitive cottage, shaded by mulberry and fig trees and overhanging grape vines. While we were eating the doctor's figs a man came and commenced talking to me about my country, said when I went to America he would like to go too, and would go if I would pay his expenses! Magnanimous man! This makes the sixth application of the kind I have had.

THURSDAY, 11th.—Just as I took up my pen to write, an old priest came in, and a friendly good natured old man he is. He knows we are here on purpose to break down his church, (the Greek church,) yet we are always on friendly terms with each other.—He comes in, takes a seat, smokes his pipe, inquires about the news and talks, and is a very sociable, agreeable companion. He has been in once or twice at our Sabbath services. I tell him I am writing to my friends at home. He says, "I must write too." "Very well," I reply, and having handed him my letter, he has written the line which you see above. It reads thus, "Being present at the time of writing, Jot, the scribe, priest of Duma, sends you very many salams," (compliments.)

SEPTEMBER, 12th.—A very inquisitive man called on us to-day and he is not the only one of his kind; we find many such here. He had a great many questions to ask. Here is a specimen. I had just been playing for him on the melodeon. He began:

Question. "How much did that music thing cost?"

Answer. "Fifteen hundred piasters."

Q. "Do you belong to the nobles?"

A. "No particularly."

Q. "Do you receive your money from the Government?"

A. "No."

Q. "From whom?"

A. "From kind people at home."

Q. "How much do they send you?"

A. "As much as I need."

Q. "How much do you spend?"

A. "Sometimes more, and sometimes less."

But here comes a man and says he is going to Tripoli before sunrise to-morrow morning, and says he will take any letters I have to send.

Have lately heard from brothers Plumer and Beebe, of the American mission. They were both well.

We expect to go to Tripoli in about four weeks, or perhaps sooner, if it commences to rain. With much love to you all, and commending you to our Heavenly Father, your ever affectionate son,

LORENZO.

Tales and Sketches.

LODGINGS TO LET.

AN EPISODE OF THE FRENCH EXHIBITION.

Last year, during the Exposition, Paris was visited by the same mania for lodging letting which ravaged London in 1851, during the Great Exhibition. From the middle of April, hanging up at the doors of the houses in the fashionable and central neighborhoods of the French capital might be seen little bills, *Joli appartement meuble a louer presentement*.—Handsome furnished apartments to let; and many a family, many a widow, many a bachelor or widower, emigrated to some distant outskirts, giving up their apartments to strangers or foreigners, in consideration of receiving some thousand francs; while they themselves nestled down, during the great influx, in some humble lodgings, within or without the city walls. In fact, there was no distinction of rank or mode; the terms were the same for one and all—for the native patriot, as well as the Milord Anglais—for the German Baron, as well as the Russian boyard, the Polish count, the dollar-laden American—for everybody, in short, who could pay; that was the one condition.

Madame de Y.—a young and handsome widow of five-and-twenty, who, on the first of April in that memorable year, had thrown off her weeds, resigned herself, among the rest, to the reigning epidemic. One morning she rang for the lodge-keeper of the house in which she resided in the Chaussee d'Antin, and desired him to mail up at the porte-cochere the great chest.

"Bless my soul! what running up and down I shall have of it!" exclaimed, in *patto* and with a piteous shrug, the seemingly disconsolate porter, but who inwardly rejoiced at the circumstance; for he, also, hoped to reap a golden harvest from the new comers.

"At last!" cried the porter, "I have found my young widow—'Ximberte,' let me say as a partment for three thousand francs, and you shall have your commission of—let us see—five per cent, if to a bachelor or widower; four per cent, if to a married couple without any infantile encumbrances; and three per cent, if to a family—and there are five francs to drink my health."

"At last!" groaned the porte-cochere, Cerberus, as he pocketed the silver piece, and promised, in a tone of melancholy devotedness, to do his best. "That evening, the widow, accompanied by her *jeune de chambre*, took up her quarters in a small cottage near the village of Fontenay aux-Roses, outside the Barriere d'Enfer, and contiguous to the city of Bois de Meudon, where she resided in the full enjoyment of her independence, widowhood till the expiration of the term.

On the 2d of August following, Madame de Y.—returned to Paris, and drove to her residence, believing that her apartment, which had been let by the concierge, was vacated and ready for her.

"At last!" said Andre, "the gentleman has not yet got home." "What gentleman, Andre?" "The lodger, madame, Monsieur de R.—a provincial gentleman, very *comme il faut*. Yet it is not my fault, for I informed him, three days ago, that his time was up, and that he must go; but he said to me that it was all right; it was his affair, and he would square all matters with me; and he said, 'Go and inform him, Andre; that I have returned, and want my apartments immediately.'"

"Useless, madam—completely useless.—He's as headstrong as a donkey; he would not listen to me; 'tis with you alone he wishes to confer."

"Be it so, Andre. Go before, and announce me."

Madame de Y.—was received most graciously and politely by the provincial tenant, who thus addressed her: "You cannot conceive, madame, how comfortable I find myself in this pretty apartment, and how much I desire to spend in it the remaining time I have to stay in your charming capital; and I fondly hope you will have the goodness to allow me so to do. Whatever be your terms, I accept them with a good hand."

To this the widow replied, somewhat surprised, that she had no terms to propose; that she wanted her apartment, and must have it. But greater still was her surprise when she heard the provincial declare his determination to stay as long as it was necessary to stand a regular year. Madame Y.—encouraged, as gently as possible, to make him understand the impropriety of his conduct; but all to no avail, for the tenant pleaded his cause with grace, eloquence and wit. The debate became warmer and warmer, the gentleman losing, and the lady gaining no ground, while Andre slipped away to his lodge, informing his better-half that the storm was gathering above. At last, after much speechifying on both sides, the gentleman, breaking a pause of apparently deep reflection, spoke again:

"Well, madame," said he, "there remains but one way to arrange our little dispute, so as to enable you to resume possession of your delightful residence without ousting me from it."

"What is your meaning, sir?" demanded the bewildered young widow, looking still more charming in her amazement.

"My meaning is this, madame: my name is Arthur—Baron Arthur de B.—I belong to an old and honorable family—an a bachelor, and two-and-thirty years of age.—My estates are worth five thousand francs a year—but this I mention out of respect to the laws of business; and despite the originality and querness of my conduct, which may perhaps have offended you, I am considered a very good-natured person; and upon the whole, I flatter myself I am a man fully capable of making a lady happy. Will you, therefore, do me the honor of accepting my share, my hand, and my fortune?"

To this sudden proposal Madame de Y.—replied with dignity, "You just is not in

very good taste, sir, and all I can do is to laugh at it."

"Serious, most serious, madame, I am indeed—and on the faith of a gentleman, I beg you to believe it."

"What, sir! you propose marriage merely to you may not have to give up my apartments?"

"A little upon that account, madame, but still more because of a more overpowering reason; for among the many considerations I have had the honor of having before you, there is one I dared not mention, but allow me now to confess it—I love you."

"At this novel, Madame de Y.—blushed to the eyes. What lady, young or old, would not have done so, particularly when the avowed came from a young, handsome, and wealthy man? However, she took it in good part, and laughed outright at her interlocutor."

"You are laughing, madame, and however—"

"Your folly provokes my laughter, Monsieur le Baron. I really cannot help it."

"Nevertheless, madame! I can assure you I am fully master of my reason, or at least of my passion, and I remain subdued as it is by intense passion."

"What, sir! intense passion at first sight!"

"You forget, madame, that I have been living three long months in your apartments, and that your portrait, which I now see is an adorable likeness, is hanging up there in the next room. It was the first object that caught my attention on entering; and I have looked at it and admired it every day since. For was I captivated by the charms of your beauty alone, for I am well acquainted with your merit in every way, your many superior qualities, and your irreplaceable character. A man, however so little he may be versed in womanly affairs, cannot spend three months in a lady's apartment without noticing and studying many things, including her habits, her tastes, her feelings. I have been an acute, and perhaps an indiscreet observer, madame; and what I have discovered, has captivated my heart forever. That heart I offer you again, and humbly wait your answer to know my fate."

"There is no combats, no fanfarone in the baron's language; and the resolve of a man who had made up his mind, and was determined to succeed. But the more he urged his suit, the less he advanced in it; till at last the widow signified to him, in due form and unmistakable phraseology, that he must instantly shift his quarters—thus giving him his leave, and intimating to him at the same time that he must never think of setting foot in her residence again."

"Very well, madame—I withdraw, and will not return till you invite me to do so;" the answer to which parting words was a sly smile, and a toss of the head which evidently meant, "You have long to wait, Monsieur le Baron, before receiving such an invitation."

However, at the end of a few days, the invitation was sent, and the baron arrived just as the widow had completed making herself more charming than ever.

"What have I been apprised of, sir?" said Madame de Y.—to him as he seated himself in an arm-chair a la Voltaire right opposite to her. During my absence you brot my long-pending lawsuit to an amicable arrangement."

"Why, yes, madame; but you must be neither pleased nor displeased with me on that account, as I acted only in my own interest."

"How so, if you please, baron?"

"The fact is, the lawyers' clerks were calling on me with their papers every day; and, owing to a heavy and protracted suit I once had myself, I have an utter aversion to every limb of the law; as our allies, Messieurs les Anglais, have it. Being acquainted with your plaintiff, who is a debtor of mine, I made use of my influence over him, and soon got him to forego his unbounded claim; and he made use of me what he called his rights. It is therefore an affair between him and me. But rest assured, madame, that your delicacy and susceptibility shall never have to complain of my proceedings. Your lawsuit is forever quashed, and that's all! Whereon the baron looked the widow steadily but respectfully in the face, and gave no further explanation."

"Mad. de Y.—was somewhat confused; but in spite of herself, she was continually forced to think of her ex-tenant. In every room of her apartment he had left some souvenir of his sojourn—poetry, pencilling, songs, music composed by himself, thoughts and maxims, &c., written in her albums and written in her albums and written in her albums. All these gallant attentions excited most charming thoughts, while they piqued her curiosity; and when that important part of the female constitution is awakened, other sentiments soon come forth and blossom.

Now it happened that the day after the baron's invited visit, a poor woman, the mother of a family, to whom Madame de Y.—was in the habit of giving stated pecuniary relief, called to thank her for her last month's donation, which, she said, would keep her and hers forever.

"You were absent, my too generous benefactress, but I had the honor of meeting here with your husband!"

"Ah, madame, what an excellent, what a kind-hearted gentleman! Ah, how well you are married, for you suit each other admirably. Yes, madame, I told him every thing, and how kind, how Providence-like you were to me. He seems to love you very much, and how could that be otherwise? 'Good woman,' says your husband to me, madame, 'your benefactress is absent for the time being; but one day she will be here with me for you; and thereon he put in his hands a pocket-book containing bank-notes—a fortune, madame. I was loth to accept it at first, but he would have me take it, although God knows you have already done much for me and my poor fatherless children. Ah, dear madame, how happy you must be with such a husband! But 'tis only the just reward of your excellent heart and Christian virtues. May Heaven bless and preserve you both for many years and years to come.'"

"Strange, strange, passing strange!" tho' the widow, "Settle my tedious lawsuit—provide for my poor widow and her children—leave some trace of himself every where around me! But men are such queer characters, such originals, now-a-days. She resolved, however, not to speak to the baron of his generous conduct towards her portress, fearful lest she might betray her sensibility to noble an action. "But another circum-

stance soon came to light, and caused the baron to be invited suddenly and nervously to call a second time. This circumstance was as follows: A young coxcomb, Leopold de F.—imagining he had fallen in love with Madame de Y.—because living in the house opposite to hers, had chanced now and then to see her at the balcony, before missing her all on a sudden at her departure from her apartment. After many days' anxiety, he determined upon writing her a *billet doux*, informing her of his love, and stating that he would call that evening for an answer. Having written his note, he wrapped it up in a small paper parcel, and jerked it over the balcony into the window. It happened that the baron had just finished the second breakfast he had taken in the house, and was poring over the newspaper when the parcel dropped into the room.—He took it up and finding no superscription, he opened it and read the following:

"Charming neighbor, for weeks and weeks I have admired you from my window-seat opposite. O how superlatively happy should I be were you to do me the honor of admitting me to your presence, and allowing me to declare myself and crave pardon for my presumption. At eight this evening I will call for admission, and learn my fate.—Till then, minutes will glide away like years from my impatient heart. Farewell till then, goddess of my adoration."

LEOPOLD.

The came, and the door was opened to him by the baron in *propria persona*.

"She is not at home for you," said the baron, "and you are here in her apartment?"

"And pray, by what right do you refuse me admission?"

"Methinks that right is very evident."

"And you are here in her apartment?"

"True; but for the time being it is my own."

The dialogue went rapidly on from cross words to a challenge; and on the morrow a duel took place in one of the coppice woods of the Bois de Boulogne.

This time, Madame de Y.—had every reason, she thought, for blaming the baron's conduct; so another invitation was sent to him, which he duly attended to.

"How is this, Monsieur le Baron?" said the widow in tremendous and reproachful accents—"expose your life with such a purpose—a life so useful, so precious! O truly, I cannot but think you more foolish than wise."

"I confess, madam, that I was wrong; but I merely wanted to put the young puppy, as you justly call him, in his right place, and save you ever from his importunities. He scratched me, but I gave him a gentle scold which will prevent him from annoying you for some time to come.—Was that not a service worth having, my charming lady?"

"Yes, but at such a price!—the risk of your own life and my reputation. Gracious! baron, what will your friends think of me after such an affair? You have compromised me terribly by your generous, your noble, your magnanimous conduct."

"'Tis true, very true, dear lady, and I now begin to see I acted too rashly upon the impulse of the moment; and that, in fact, I owe you a reparation."

"Madame de Y.—thought so likewise.—"Well, my dear baron," said she, proffering her hand, "since it is to be, it must be so, let it be—we are friends."

"And betrothed ones, my charmer," cried the enamored baron, fondly pressing to his lips the widow's lily-white fingers. "And the marriage-day? When?"

"O dear me! Mon Dieu, what a man! In a month hence." And the compact was sealed.

THE PHYSIQUE OF CRIME.

There is a certain monotony and family likeness in the criminal countenance, which is at once repulsive and interesting; repulsive from its rugged outlines, its brutal expression, its physical deformity; interesting from the mere fact of that commonness of outward character, the expression and the structure and the style of features being so unaccountably alike, as to suggest that there must be a common cause at work, to produce upon these faces so remarkable a result.—What is this cause? Is it mere habit of life? Intellectual pursuits, is well known, affect the character, even the material form of the face; why not criminal pursuits? No person can be long in the habit of seeing masses of criminals together, without being struck with the sameness of their appearance. Ugliness has some intimate connection with crime. No doubt, the excitement, the danger, the alternative penalties and excesses attached to the career of the criminal, make him ugly. A handsome face is a thing rarely seen in a prison, and never in a person who has been a law-breaker from childhood. Well-formed heads, round and massive, denoting intellectual power may be seen occasionally in the jail; but a pleasing well-formed face, never. What does this ugliness of the prison-population indicate? This—that the habit of crime becomes in a few years a fixed organism, which finds expression even in the external form. And is not such a fact full of morals? Does not every one feel how important it is—in the interests of society in the interest of the criminal himself—that he should be dealt with in the earliest stage of his career, before the evil that is in him has had time to fix it in the organization, to grow fast in the ever-hardening granite?

A man who has not seen masses of men in a great prison cannot conceive how hideous the human countenance can become. Looking in the front of these benches, one sees only demons. Moderately well-shaped heads and intelligent countenances are very rare amongst them. Occasionally the eye rests upon a cranium of a superior order—grand in outline and finely moulded; the man belonging to it no doubt, has a history, if it could only be got at. But the vast mass of heads and faces seem made and stamped by nature for criminal acts. Such low, misshapen brows—such animal and sensual jaws—such cunning, reckless, or stupid looks—hardly seem to belong to anything that can by courtesy be called human.—*Dixon's London Prisons.*

The Hartford Times states that the roots of the fallen Charter oak "still live," and that at the distance of about ten feet from the ground, on the stump, is a new shoot. Anything in reference to this memento, so sacred to our thoughts and feelings, is interesting to us all; but we must not forget that this king of trees is laid low for ever.

Perfection of Police Machinery.

In the last century, a merchant of high respectability in Bordeaux had occasion to visit the metropolis on commercial business, carrying with him bills, and money to a very large amount. On his arrival at the gates of Paris, a gentle looking man opened the door of his carriage, and addressed him to this effect:

"Sir, I have been waiting for you some time. According to my notes you were to arrive at this hour; and your person, your carriage, and your portmanteau exactly answer the description I hold in my hand: You will permit me to have the honor of conducting you to the minister of police, Monsieur de Sartine."

The gentleman, astonished and alarmed at this interruption, and still more so at hearing the name of the lieutenant of the police mentioned, demanded to know what Monsieur de Sartine wanted with him; adding, at the same time, that he never committed any offence against the laws, and that he could have no right to interrupt or detain him