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C. G. HEMPSTEAD, Editor and Proprietor.

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## Poetry.

### SALT RIVER RHYMES—NO. 2.

### Homeward Bound.

BY B. D. PATTERSON.

To the Salt river's head, where our good bark lies moored;
In a quiet, snug berth, by her anchor's secured,
And her flag floating gaily and free in the breeze
With her motto displayed, and her crew at their ease;
A summons is borne on the wings of the air,
As it comes in the sport of the revelry there,
Which speaks to the heart, and awakens a glow,
That repays, with its rapture, an exile of wo,

*Homeward bound!* is the word—and the boatswain's pipe shrill
Calls each sleeper to join, with a voice and a will,
In the wide-ringing chords of glorious huzzas,
Which bursts from our lips on this proudest of days.
Our quarters, commodious, are freely resigned,
As our sails are all spread to the favoring wind,
For we know *they* are coming, whose rights to the spot
Are secured by proscription—and ours are not.

Again o'er the waters our trim vessel speeds,
Unharmed by past conflicts, prepared for new deeds
Of valor and fame in the cause of the right,
When conquering for truth, or o'erpowered by might;
Her flag high aloft, as the gale bear her on,
Shakes its gallant folds loose in the rays of the sun;
And that banner, the ensign of glory, will ne'er
Be sullied by falsehood, or lowered by fear

Our transit is rapid. 'Twas well that we sped
With so little delay from the Salt river's head
For nearer and nearer already *they* come
Who are bound to that region, the place of their home;
But a brief time has passed, since, with music and glee,
They sailed, full of joy, on a smooth glassy sea,
To the haven of promise to——find their hopes vain,
And straightway embark for Salt river again

The first who approach us seem gloomy and sad—
Can it be that such stricken ones ever were glad?
And a sulphurous odor is borne on the breeze
As they near us, so strong that it tempts us to sneeze.
Whence comes it? 'Tis caused by the "*blue lights*" they bear,
And to which, like their "*blue laws*" they strictly adhere—
An odd-fangled whim, but queer notions belong
To the President's "Bay State," so famous in song

Slowly and moodily upward they go,
With Truman Smith looking the image of wo,
As his thoughts wander back to the time when his skill
Could trick Old Connecticut quite to his will
His power has vanished, for *true men* are there,
Ingenious and honest, and strangers to fear,
Who thwart all his schemes from his arts turn away,
Nor value his "frank" at *eight dollars a day*

And here from the Hoosier State come up a throng,
The Salt river forests to wander among;
And a legion of coons, of all sizes and sorts,
Are brought in their train to enliven their sports
'Tis the very place for them—for coons of all grades
For years had made famous the Salt river glades,
Until last November we put them to flight;—
The idea is good—Indiana's all *Wright*

The sound of a rifle gives note to the ear
That the sons of Kentucky are now drawing near.
They loved their bold Clay, and, thro' evil and good,
Came "up to the rack" where their great leader stood:
But as to the fountain the pitcher may go
Full oft ere it catches the last crushing blow;
So Kentuck's bold hunters at length see the day
When their Marshal is vanished as well as their Clay

And here, from the far-famed and fair Tennessee,
The State of the ardent, and gallant and free,
A host are embarked for the Salt river shore,
To return to their own native mountains no more.
Their pilot is Brown, who looks wondrously *blue*,
At a contest so strange, and an issue so new,
And thinks that a people must grievously err,
Who a rough, hardy soldier to him could prefer

The people were right—and all honor to thee,
The land of sound hearts and strong hands, Tennessee;
From thee came a JACKSON, whose patriot zeal
Each wish and each want of his country could feel.
Whose eyes never slumbered when danger was near,
And whose courage ne'er faltered in duty's career—
He lived for the nation—and cherished will be
His memory and fame, while that nation is free.

And POLK, too, was thine, whose bright deeds have a place
On history's page that time ne'er can efface;
Who ruled us in wisdom, and circled the name
Of our country beloved with the halo of fame;
Who guarded our rights with a vigilant care,
By slander unmoved, and unshackled by fear,
His deeds his best monument prove—and they live.
Enshrined in a lustre no marble can give.

'Twas meet that a State which such sons had bestowed.
On the nation, to serve and to govern for good,
Should spurn the strong cords the designing would bind
In venomous fold, to enfetter the mind;
And nobly stand forth in defence of the cause
Of justice and truth, equal rights, equal laws—
And teach them that falsehood and fraud cannot be
The passports to trust, with the pure and the free.

And others are with thee. The word has gone forth
In the East and the West, and the South and the North,
And proudly our banner is streaming on high,
Emblazoned in glory and light from the sky.
It waves o'er bold hearts, all resolved for the right,
It waves o'er strong hands, all prepared for the fight,
And the spirit of justice will bear it sublime
Through the crushing of worlds and the ruins of time.

---

"Look here, Pete" said a knowing darkey, "don't stand dar on de Railroad!"

"Why, Joe?"

"Kase if de cars sees dat mouf ob yours dey think it am de depo' and run rite in."

PLEDGES.—We find the following in one of our exchanges. It is too good to be lost:

"General Taylor has invited Father Mathew to visit the white House. Father Mathew must avoid administering the pledge to the President, as his Excellency has broken all that he has taken since he was nominated for the Presidency."

## Miscellany.

### The Way he Won Her,

OR

### Life Among the Boston Aristocracy.

"The mate for beauty
Should be a MAN—not a MONEY CHEST."

It was a cold winter night, and the wind whistled through the bare limbs of the giant trees that lined the wall. The ground was covered with snow, upon whose surface the light of the moon fell with dazzling splendor, studding the incrusted ground with brilliant diamonds. As the old south clock struck nine, a young man wrapped in his cloak, sought the shade of the large trees, in the park, from whence he watched the coming of the numerous carriage loads of gaily dressed people of both sexes, who entered one of the princely houses of Beacon street. Through the richly stained glass windows, the gorgeous light issued in a stately flood, accompanied by thrilling tones of music from a full band; the house illuminated at every point, seemed crowded with gay and happy spirits. The stranger contemplated the scene—his cloak, which until now, had enveloped the lower part of his features, had fallen, discovering a face of manly beauty, a full dark eye, with arching brows and short curling hair as the raven's plumage, set off to advantage his grecian style of feature—a becoming moustache curled about his mouth, given a decidedly classic appearance to the whole face. The naval button on his cap showed that he belonged to that branch of our national defence

"Shall I enter," he said thoughtfully to himself, "and feast my eyes on charms I can never possess? Hard fare, that I should be so bound to the iron chains of poverty—yet I am a man. We will see," and crossing over to the gay scene, he entered the hall He cast off his over shoes, handed his cap and cloak to a servant, and unannounced, mingled with the beauty and fashion that thronged the rooms Gradually making his way through the crowd, he sought a group, in the centre of which stood a bright and beautiful being, the queen of loveliness of that brilliant assembly The bloods of the west end flocked about her, seeking for an approving glance from those dreamy blue eyes; but abstracted she answered or spoke upon the topics of conversation without apparent interest Suddenly she started and blushed deeply, dropped a 'half courtesy,' in token of recognition to some one without the group Her eyes, no longer languid, now sparkled with animation, and as our naval friend entered the group about her, she laid her tiny gloved hand in his, saying—

"Welcome, Ferris—we had feared that your sailing orders had taken you to sea, this bleak weather"

"We should not have lifted anchor without first paying tribute to our queen," was the gallant reply.

A titter ran through the circle of exclusives at his appearance among them, but when the lady approved, there was no room for complaint.

The gay scenes of the night wore on; several times had Ferris Harvard completely put at fault the shallow brained fops around him, placing them in any thing but an enviable light

Ferris Harvard was lieutenant in the navy, and depended entirely on his pay as an officer to support a widowed mother and a young sister, to both of whom he was devotedly attached. His father was a self-made man—had once been a successful merchant, who sailed and freighted some of the heaviest tonned vessels that left the port of Boston, but misfortune and sickness overtook him and he sunk into the grave leaving his only son to protect his mother and sister from the wants and ills of life. Ferris had enjoyed a good education, and having entered the navy as midshipman, was raised to lieutenancy, by reason of his superior acquirements and good conduct His profession led him to all parts of the world, and he had carefully improved his advantages—though constrained, by reason of limited means to the practice of rigid economy.

He had met with the only daughter of Harris Howell, one of the wealthy citizens of Boston, on a fete given on board the ship to which he belonged, and had immediately become enamored of her, but he well knew in his own heart the difference of their fortunes turned a barrier to his wishes. He had been a casual visitor for several months subsequent to the time our story commences, and the house of the Howell family.

"I must think of her no more," said F., to himself. "If sneered at by her friends for offering hercommon civilities, with what contempt would her austere parents receive a proposition for her hand, from one so poor and unknown?"

Harris Howell was indeed a stern old man, and yet he was said to be kind to the poor, giving freely of his bounty for the relief of the needy. Still he was a strange man: he seldom spoke to those around him, yet he evinced the warmest love for his only child, and Anna, too, loved her father with an ardent affection. His delight was to pore over his library, living as it were in the fellowship of the philosophers. On several occasions, when Ferris was at his house and engaged in conversation with Anna, he had observed the old man's eyes bent sternly upon him, and his heart sank within him, and he would awake to a reality of his situation.

Ferris was one evening on Beacon street, at the house of Mr. Howell, where, in spite of the reception he received, he enjoyed himself in the belief that Anna was not indifferent to his regard. He had been relating to her, at her request, his experience with different national characters, with whom he had met, speaking of their various scenes of different countries. Anna sat near a sweet geranium whose leaves she was industriously engaged in destroying—Ferris bending close to her ear said—

"Anna, will you pluck me that rose as a token of affection?—you must know how ardent mine is for you—or stop, dearest, behind it blows the candy tuft. You know the mystic language of both, will you choose and give me one?"

"Hush, hush, Ferris," said she, blushing and handing him the rose.

This passed when the attention of the company was drawn to some engaging object Never before had Ferris received any token of Anna's love, save from the tell-tale eyes. The flower was placed next to his heart, and he left the apartment—He had proceeded but a few steps from the house when he was accosted by a poor mendicant, clothed in rags, who was exposed at this late hour of the night to the inclemency of the season.

"Pray, sir," said the beggar to Ferris, "can you give me a trifle? I am nearly starved and chilled through by the night air."

Ferris, after a few moment's conversation with the beggar, for he had not the heart to turn away from the sufferings of a fellow creature, handed him a purse containing some five or six dollars, and urged him to seek immediate shelter and food. The beggar blessed him and passed on.

A few nights subsequent to this occurrence he was at her father's house. Mrs. Howell, Anna's mother, received him as she did most of her visitors, with a somewhat constrained and distant welcome. Being a woman of no great conversational powers, she always retired early, conducting her intercourse with society in the most formal manner Ferris was much surprised that Mr Howell had taken no particular notice of his intimacy in his house, for he seldom saw him, and when he could, the old man's eyes bent sternly upon him, in anything but a friendly and loving spirit In this dilemma, he was at a loss what course to pursue, since Anna's acknowledgement of her affection for him; and now he had succeeded in this, he was equally distant from the goal of his happiness, for his better judgment told him that the consent of her parents could not be obtained. On this occasion he had taken leave as usual, when he was met by the beggar of the former night, who again solicited alms, declaring that he could find no one else to assist him, and that the money he had bestowed upon him, had been expended for food and rent in a miserable cellar where he had lodged.

Again Ferris put a purse into the poor man's hand, at the same time telling him that he was himself poor, and constrained to the practice of rigid economy in the support of those dependent upon him. He left the beggar and went on his way happy in having contributed to the alleviation of human suffering

Not long subsequent, Ferris called one evening at the house of Mr Howell, and fortunately found Anna and her father alone —the former engaged upon a piece of embroidery of a pattern, and the latter poring over a volume of ancient philosophy. On his entrance the old gentleman took no further apparent notice of him than a slight inclination of the head, and a "good evening sir" He took a chair by Anna's side, and told her his love in low but ardent terms, begging permission to speak to her father on the subject

"Oh, he will not hear a word of the matter, I know," said the sorrowing girl. "No longer ago than yesterday, he spoke to me relative to a connection with Mr Reed. I can never love but one man," said the beauty, giving him her hand.

Ferris could bear this suspense no longer. In fact, the hint relative to her alliance with another spurred him to action. He proceeded to that part of the room where Mr. Howell sat, and after a few introductory remarks, said:

"You have doubtless observed, sir, my intimacy in your family for more than a year past. From the fact that you did not object to my attentions to your daughter, I have been led to hope that it might not be altogether against your wishes. May I ask, sir, with due respect, your opinion in this matter?"

"I have often seen you here," replied Mr. Howell," and have no reason to object to your visits, sir."

"Indeed, sir, you are very kind. I have neither power or rank to offer your daughter, but still, emboldened by love, I ask you for her hand."

The old man laid by his book, and removing his spectacles, asked:

"Does the young lady sanction this request?"

"She does."

"And you ask—"

"Your daughter's hand."

"It is yours!"

Ferris sprang in astonishment to his feet, saying:

"I hardly know how to receive your kindness, my dear sir, I looked for different treatment."

"Listen, young man," said the father, "do you think I should have allowed you to become intimate in my family without first knowing your character? Do you think I should have given you this precious child (and here placing her hand in Ferris') before I had proved you? No sir, out of Anna's many suitors, from the wealthiest to the highest in society, I have long since selected you as one in whom I could place confidence. The world calls me a cold calculating man; perhaps I am so; but I have a duty to perform to Him who entrusted me with the happiness of this blessed child, I have endeavored to perform that trust faithfully—the dictates of pride may have been counterbalanced by a desire for my daughter's happiness. I chose you first—she has since voluntarily done so. I know your life and habits, means and prospects—you need tell me nothing. With your wife you will receive an ample fortune; the dutiful son and affectionate brother, cannot but make a good husband. But stay, I will be with you in a moment," and he left the lovers together.

"The story of your marriage with Reed was only to try your heart, then, and thicken the plot," said Ferris, to the blushing girl.

At this moment the room door opened, and the beggar whom Ferris had twice relieved, entered, and coming up to Ferris, solicited charity. Anna recoiled at first sight at the dejected appearance, and poverty stricken looks of the intruder, while Ferris asked in astonishment how he gained entrance to the house. In a moment the figure rose to a stately height, and casting off the disguise he had worn, discovered the person of Anna's father, Mr. Howell,

The astonishment of the lovers can hardly be conceived.

"I determined," said the father, addressing Ferris, "after I had otherwise proved your character, to test the virtue, which of all others is the greatest—*charity!*—had you failed in this, you would have failed with me in this purpose of marriage.

You were weighed in the balance and not found wanting Here, sir, is your purse, it contained six dollars when you gave it to the beggar in the street—it now contains a check for six thousand; and here is your second, that contained five dollars, which is also multiplied by thousands"

"Nay," said the old man, as Ferris was about to object to it; "there is no need of explanation—it was a fare business transaction"

This was of course all mystery to Anna, but when explained, added to her love for her future husband.

### An Elopement in Olden Time.

The Dowager Lady Ashburn died at Gosport, England, a short time since, and her history contains materials for a splendid romance. This lady was an American, and among other incidents of note recorded in connection with her name, the following will be read with interest:—

"She was the daughter of Hon. William Bingham, a Senator of Congress, and fifty years since, her father was a wealthy and prominent merchant in Philadelphia. He was a man of fashion, and the family were among the leaders of the *ton* in the Quaker city, at that period. Then he was identified with the interests and institution of the United States; he was recognized as one of the aristocracy, and was always remarkable ... country. About the period he was elected by the State of Pennsylvania to the Senate, then sitting in Philadelphia, he built what was then called a splendid and costly mansion, occupying an entire square of ground, with gardens and all kinds of embellishments, enclosed by a brick wall, fronting on Third and Spruce streets, and now known as Head's Mansion House. Mr. Bingham entertained strangers, Senators, and the Cabinet, with princely hospitality. His family led the fashions of those times, and a very friendly intimacy existed between him and Gen Washington.

The French revolution drove several noblemen to the United States as exiles, among whom were two professed duelists, Count de Tilly and Viscount de Noailles The Viscount either brought letters to Mr. Bingham from General Lafayette, or he obtained an introduction to him, which led to his admittance as an inmate in his family. Having acquired the confidence of Mr. Bingham by his address and accomplishments, he managed to introduce the Count de Tilly into that hospitable mansion. The Count was a noted for profligacy as he was for his skill with the small sword; and understanding all the arts of a seducer, he soon obtained the good opinion and admiration of Mrs. Bingham and Miss Maria Matilda Bingham, an only daughter.

In those times, and even since, a nobleman,—French, English, or German—was received with marked attention in all wealthy families. There was much patrician blood coursing thro' the veins of the young Republic; Royalty and nobility were not then, as now, at discount. Marquises, Viscounts, and Barons, were lionized whenever they made their appearance, and young ladies were enamored with the titled.—This Count de Tilly soon persuaded Miss Bingham to elope with him, and also bribed some clergyman to unite them. The city was not then very populous, and the whole world of fashion was thrown into the greatest excitement, at hearing that Miss Bingham had run away with the French Count de Tilly; and Mr. Bingham himself—a very honest, well-meaning, but not very distinguished man, excepting for wealth—was dreadfully mortified at this rash step of his daughter, not then sixteen years of age.—The whole city called it a vile abduction. The greatest indignation was everywhere expressed; and Captain Barry, commanding a packet ship, and a man of fashion—took occasion to thrash the Count for some insolence. The couple was forthwith separated, and the affair was the subject of tea-table conversation for some time—such an event seldom occurring in those quiet and innocent periods.

Mr. Bingham almost sunk under the blow, but it became necessary to open some negotiation with the Count, to buy them off, as he only ran away with the girl for her fortune. The Count, in the course of these negotiations represented himself to be deeply in debt, and that it was impossible to leave the country without satisfying his creditors to the amount of £5000 in ready money, and an annuity of £600, which was paid and secured to him, and he left for France, the marriage having been declared fraudulent. Mr. and Mrs. Bingham never recovered from the shock, and died shortly afterwards.

A young English merchant, by the name Baring, subsequently arrived in Philadelphia, with letters to Mr. Bingham, and forming an attachment for his daughter, married and carried her home. Her husband, afterwards the head of the great banking-house of Baring and Brothers, was created a Baron, under the title of Lord Ashburton, and was the negotiator here of the celebrated Ashburton treaty. The dowager, Lady Ashburton, recently deceased, was the girl who had excited so much attention and polite gossip, when run away with by the Count de Tilly some fifty years ago."

### THE QUILTING PARTY.

BY T. S. ARTHUR.

OUR young ladies of the present generation know little of the mysteries of "Irish chain," "rising star," "block work," or "Job's trouble," and would be as likely to mistake a set of quilting frames for clothes poles as for anything else. It was different in our younger days. Half a dozen handsome patchwork quilts were as indispensible then as a marriage portion; quite as much so as a piano or guitar is at present. And the quilting party was equally indicative of the coming-out and being "in the market," as the fashionable gatherings together of the times that be

As for the difference in the custom, we are not disposed to sigh over it as indicative of social deterioration We do not belong to the class who believe that society is retrograding, because everything is not as it was in the earlier days of our life history. And yet—it may be a weakness; but early associations exercise a powerful influence over us We have never enjoyed ourselves with the keen zest and heartiness, in any company, that we have experienced in the old-fashioned quilting party. But we were young then, and every sense perfect in its power to receive enjoyment. No care weighed down the spirit; no grief was in the heart; no mistakes had occurred to sober the feelings with unavailing regrets. Life was in the beauty and freshness of its spring time; in the odor of its lovely blossoms. We had but to open our eyes—to touch, to taste—to feel an exquisite delight. Of the world we knew nothing beyond the quiet village; and there we found enough to fill the measure of our capacity. In a wider sphere we have not found greater social pleasures; though in a more extended usefulness there has come a different source of enjoyment—purer, and more elevating to the heart.

But this is all too grave for our subject. It is not the frame of mind in which to enjoy a quilting party. And yet who can look back upon the early times without a browner hue upon his feelings?

There was one quilting party—can we ever forget it? Twenty years have passed since the time. We were young then, and had not tarried long at Jericho! Twenty years! It seems but yesterday. With the freshness of the present it is all before us now.

In our village there dwelt a sweet young girl who was the favorite of all. When invitations to a quilting party at Mrs. Willing's came, you may be sure there was a flutter of delight all around. The quilting was Amy's, of course, and Amy Willing was to be the bright particular star in the social firmament It was to be Amy's first quilting, moreover; and the sign that she was looking forward to the matrimonial goal, was hailed with a peculiar pleasure by more than one of the village swains, who had worshiped the dawning beauty at a respectful distance.

We had been to many quilting parties up to this time; but more as a boy than a man Our enjoyment had always been unembarrassed by any peculiar feelings. We could play at blind mans's buff, hunt the slipper, and pawns, and not only clasp the little hands of our fair playfellows, but even touch their warm lips with our own, and not experience a heart-emotion deeper than the ripple made on the smooth water by a playful breeze. But there had come a change. There was something in the eyes of our young companions, as we looked into them, that had a different meaning from the old expression, and particularly was this time with Amy. Into her eyes we could no longer gaze steadily. As to the reason we were ignorant; yet so it was.

The invitation to attend her quilting was an era; for it produced emotions of so marked a character, that they were never forgotten. There was an uneasy fluttering of the heart as the time drew near, and a pressure upon the feelings that a deep, sighing breath failed to remove. The more we thought about the quilting, the more restless did we grow, and the more conscious that the part we were about to play would be one of peculiar embarrassment.

At last the evening came. We had never shrunk from going alone into any company before. But now we felt that it was necessary to be sustained from without; and such sustentation we sought in the company of the good-natured, self-composed bachelor of the village, who went anywhere and everywhere freely and without apparent emotion.

"You're going to Amy Willing's quilting?" said we to L——, on the day before the party.

"Certainly," was his reply.

"Will you wait until we call for you?"

"Oh yes," was as good-naturedly answered.

"So much gained," thought we, when alone.

In the shadow of his presence we would be able to make our debut with little embarrassment. What would we not have then given for L——'s self-possession and easy confidence!

When the time came we called, as had been arranged, upon L——. To our surprise, we found no less than four others, as bashful as we, waiting his convoy. L—— very good-humoredly—he never did an ill-natured thing in his life—assumed the escort, and we all set off for the cottage of Mrs. Willings. How the rest felt, we know not, but as for our own heart, it throbbed slower and heavier at each step, until by the time the cottage was reached, the pulses in our ears were beating audibly. We could not understand this. It had never been so before.

The sun still lingered above the horizon when we came in sight of the cottage—fashionable hours were earlier then than now. On arriving at the door, L—— entered first as a matter of course, and we all followed close in his rear, in order to secure the benefit of his countenance. The room was full of girls, who were busy in binding Amy's quilt, which was already out of the frame, and getting all ready for the evening's sport. There was no equal to L—— for taking the wire edge from off the feelings of a promiscuous company, and giving a free and easy tone to the social intercourse, that would otherwise have been constrained and awkward. In a little while the different parties who had entered under his protection, began to feel at home among the merry girls. It was not long before another and another came in, until the old-fashioned parlor, with its old-fashioned furniture, was filled, and the but half-bound quilt was forcibly taken from the hands of the laughing seamstresses, and put "out of sight and out of mind."

The bright, particular star of that evening was Amy Willing—gentle, quiet, loving Amy Willing. There was a warmer glow upon her cheeks, and a deeper tenderness in her beautiful eyes, than they had ever worn before. In gazing upon her, how the heart moved from its very depths! No long time passed before we were by the side of Amy, and our eyes resting in hers with an earnestness of expression that caused them to droop to the floor. When the time for redeeming pawns came, and it was our turn to call out from the circle of beauty a fair partner, the name of Amy fell from our lips, which were soon pressed, glowing upon those of the blushing maiden. It was the first warm kiss of love. How it thrilled, exquisitely, to the very heart! Our lips had often met before—kissing was then a fashionable amusement—but never as at this time. Soon it became Amy's place to take the floor. She must "kiss the one she loved best." What a moment of suspense!—Stealthily her eyes wandered around the room; and then her long dark lashes lay quivering on her beautiful cheeks.

"Kiss the one you love best," was repeated by the holder of the pawns.

The fringed lids were again raised, and again her eyes went searching around the rising and falling more rapidly than before. Our name at length came, in an undertone, from her smiling lips. What a happy moment! The envied kiss was ours, and we led the maiden in triumph from the floor.

And, to us, the whole evening was a series of triumphs. Somehow or other, Amy was by our side, and Amy's hand in ours oftenest of any. We did not talk much—delicious feeling sealed our lips. It was our first, sweet dream of love. But we knew little then of human nature, and less of woman's human nature. And as little of all this knew a certain young man, who was present, and who, more sober and silent than any, joined in the sports of the evening, but with no apparent zest. Amy never called him out when she was on the floor; nor did he mention her name when the privilege of touching some maiden's lips with his own was assigned him.

He was first to retire; and then we noticed a change in Amy. Her voice was lower, her manner more subdued, and there was a thoughtful, absent expression in her face.

A few weeks later, and this was all explained. Edward Martin was announced in the village as Amy's accepted lover. We did not, we could not, we would not, accredit the fact. It was impossible! Had she not called us out at the quilting party, as the one she "loved best?" Had not her hand been oftenest in ours, and our lips oftenest upon hers? It could not be!—Yet time proved the truth of the rumor;—ere another twelvemonth went by, Amy Willing was a bride. We were at the wedding; but as silent and sober as was Edwin Martin at the quilting. The tables were turned against us, and hopelessly turned.

Ah, well! More than twenty years have passed since then. The quiltings, the corn-huskings, the merry-makings in the village of M—— are not forgotten. Nor is Amy Willing and *the* party forgotten, as this brief sketch assuredly testifies. Twenty years. How many changes have come in that period! And Amy, where is she? When last at M—— we saw a sweet young maiden, just in the dawn of womanhood, and, for the moment, it seemed as if we were back again in the old time—the intervening space but a dream. Her name was Amy. It was not *our* Amy. She had passed away, leaving a bud of beauty to bloom in her place.

Our sketch of merry-making has turned out graver than was intended. But it is difficult for the mind to go back in reminiscence, and not take a sober hue. We will not attempt to write it over again, for, in that case, it might be graver still.—*Godey's Lady's Book for September.*

### Barber Shop Scene.

At the barber shop opposite Smith's dock store on Fifth street, a most laughable trick was played off on the boys in the shop.

The room was well supplied with customers, and the chance of getting shaved in a hurry was out of the question.

A small man with a waggish look, came to the door, and after surveying the crowd, walked in and took a seat on the sofa.

"How far is it to the doctor's office?" asked the strange gentleman.

"Just across the way," replied one of the boys.

The eyes of the company were turned on the stranger.

"I feel bad," said he; and at the same time a spasm took him, and his hands clenched and his legs drew him up in a perfect ball, and he rolled off on the floor.

"That's a cholera case," said one, as he took his hat and left. This was the signal, and all followed suit except those undergoing the shaving operation.

The spasm seemed to subside—the arms and legs stretched out at full length, and the patient lay prostrate on his back.

"Wipe off the lather said the fat man next to the door, "I'll come again—I can't stay now."

Just then another spasm took the stranger, and by some strange movement he bounced upon the sofa without any apparent effort, flat on his back as he was lying on the floor. He rolled up into a ball again and rolled backward and forward on the sofa in a style that would have done credit to a circus man.

This was a finisher; those that were shaved left, and those not shaved hadn't time to stay; the boys looked at each other in astonishment. The cholera subject uncoiled himself and asked them if his turn had come, when he took his seat and had a good shave.

"Wat's the charge?" asked the stranger

"Nothing," said the barber, "if you leave your name."—*Cin. Com.*

### Fearful Encounter With a Snake.

A SCENE IN THE EAST INDIES.

We had been playing all the evening at whist. Our stake had been gold mohur points, and twenty on the rubber. Maxey, who is always lucky, had won five successive bumpers, which left a well satisfied smile on his countenance, and made us the looser, looking any thing but pleased, when he suddenly changed countenance, and hesitated to play; this the more surprised us, since he was one that seldom pondered being so perfectly a master of the game that he deemed a long consideration superfluous.

"Play away Maxey, what are you about?" impatiently demanded Churchill, one of the most impetuous youths that ever wore the uniform of the body guard.

"Hush," replied Maxey, in a tone which went through us, at the same time turning deadly pale.

"Are you unwell?" said another, about to start up, for he believed our friend had suddenly been taken ill.

"For the love of peace be quiet," rejoined the other, in a tone denoting extreme fear or pain, and he laid down his cards.—"If you value my life move not.

"What can he mean?—has he taken leave of his senses?" demanded Churchill, appealing to himself.

"Don't start!—don't move, I tell you!" in a sort of a whisper I never can forget, uttered Maxey.—"If you make another sudden motion I am a dead man."

We exchanged looks. He continued, remain quiet, and all may yet be right. I have a Cobra Capella around my leg."

Our first impulse was to draw back our chairs, but an appealing look from the victim induced us to remain, although we were aware that should the reptile transfer but party, that individual might already be counted as a dead man, so fatal is the bite of the deadly monster.

Poor Maxey was dressed as many old residents still dress in India—namely in breeches and silk stockings; he therefore the more plainly felt every movement of the snake. His countenance seemed a livid hue, the words seemed to come out of his mouth without a feature of altering its position, so rigid was his look, so fearful was he lest the slightest movement should alarm the serpent, and hasten the fatal bite. We were in agony little less than his own during the scene.

"He is coiling round!" murmured Maxey, "I feel him cold—cold to my limb; and now he tightens!—for the love of heaven call for some milk!—I dare not speak loud; let it be placed on the ground near me, let some be spilt on the floor.

Churchill cautiously gave the order, and a servant slipped out of the room.

"Don't stir—Northcote you moved your hand. By everything sacred do not so again. It cannot be long ere my fate is decided. I have a wife and two children in Europe, tell them that I died blessing them, and that my last prayers were for them; the snake is winding itself around my calf; I leave them all I possess—I can almost fancy I can feel his breath—Great Heavens! to die in such a manner!"

The milk was brought and carefully put down; a few drops were sprinkled on the floor, and the affrighted servants drew back. Again Maxey spoke:

"No—no! It has no effect! on the contrary he has clasped himself tigther—he has uncurled his upper fold! I dare not look down, but I am sure he is about to draw back and give the bite of death with more fatal precision. Again he pauses. I die firm; but this is past endurance; ah! no—he has undone another fold, and looses himself. Can he be going to some one else?"

We involuntarily started.

"For the love of Heaven stir, not! I am a dead man; but bear with me. He still loosens—he is about to dart! Move not but beware! Churchill, he falls off that way—oh, this agony is too hard to bear! Another pressure and I am dead! No! he relaxes!"

At that moment poor Maxey ventured to look down; and the snake had unwound himself; the last coil had fallen, and the reptile was making for the milk.

"I am saved! saved!" and Maxey bounded from his chair and fell senseless into the arms of one of his servants.

In another instant, need it be added, we were all dispersed; the snake was killed, and our poor friend carried more dead than alive to his room.

That scene I can never forget; it dwells on my memory still, strengthened by the fate of poor Maxey, who from that hour pined in hopeless imbecility and sunk into an early grave.—*Hours in Hindoostan.*

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"Well, Alick how is your brother Ike getting along these hard times?" "Oh, first-rate—got a *good start* in the world—married a widow who has nine children."

☞ Col. Benton, it is said, has written to his personal friends, that he has the greatest confidence in his success in Missouri before the people.