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Poetry.

[WRITTEN FOR THE DEMOCRAT.]

JUDSON'S GRAVE.

["By the overland mail from India the painful intelligence reached the Missionary Rooms, of the decease of the Rev. Adoniram Judson, D.D He died on the 12th of April last, on board the French barque Aristide Marie, of Bordeaux, bound for the Isle of Bourbon, at the age of 62. He was buried in the sea the same evening"]—New York paper, Sept. 12th, 1850.

Another treasure in the coral caves
Of the deep, dark sea. Another jewel
Glittering in the blood bought crown the Savior
Wears as King on high.

Ere the parted wave
Received the form we loved so well, a cloud,
Wafted by zephyr of celestial breath,
Had borne afar a pure spirit, henceforth
To mingle with the host who passed from Earth
Before. Still with sad fondness will our thoughts
Linger o'er the lost, shrouded now with sheet
Of foam—whose rocky tomb is ever rock'd
By heaving billows

Tossed to, and driven
By adverse winds was oft the bark that bore
Across the *sea of life* the toil worn frame
Of "the lion-hearted missionary"
In prison and abroad for long, long years
He was as hunted hart that oft panted
For the water brook. Oh, he has found it
Now, beside the throne of the Eternal,
Where flows the stream that gladdens Paradise.
If far down below, 'neath death's cold waves
The mermaid tunes for him her wreath of green,
And sings her song, it falls upon an ear
Now nerveless, and her fairy notes in vain
Watch for the moving of the icy-cold lip
And stiffened eye-lid.

Not such the garland
On his spirit-brow, nor dormant is the ear
That lists to heavenly music: yet earth's sons
must weep their loss when such as Judson die.
A voice of wailing is on the breeze, borne
From Burmah's distant coast, betokening
The grief her children feel since with them walks
No more, to give to them the bread of life,
"Jesus Christ's man"

Judson! dear honored name!
Name, round which cluster memories that paint
To all the sufferings he who bore it knew—
To all the triumphs he with burning zeal,
In conflict with a pagan world, achieved.
Oh, meet it is, that the same element
Wherein he lived with holy joy, should
Be to him again a place of burial:
And wide and deep is the baptismal foal
From whence shall rise to perfect righteousness
One who died to sin.

From Arthur's Home Gazette

FITS OF PASSION.

A Domestic History.

BY PAUL CLIFFORD.

(Concluded.)

Lucy was awaiting his return.

William said but little, and retired soon after. He must have known that his wife was dying to hear him speak kindly to her—to hear him say he forgave her—but he seemed dumb with sorrow.

All the next day William appeared the same. Lucy could endure it no longer.—She was in torment. She felt that another such day would kill her.

Accordingly, the wretched woman, after struggling long with her pride, and suffering much, threw herself at her husband's feet. She clasped his knees and hid her convulsed features. She did not ask him to forgive her. She could not even speak. But her silent agony was more eloquent than words. William forgave her.

I need not say that Lucy promised solemnly to indulge in no more fits of passion. She hoped she might not live to get in such a foolish rage again.

But unfortunately, Susan, Lucy's new domestic, was a great trial. A very good girl, indeed, she was at heart, and faithful and industrious, when sober; occasionally, however, she would buy whiskey, and drink it and become a despicable object. Necessity compelled Lucy to keep her in her service for a time, and she bore with her as well as she could.

One day, when Lucy wished to leave Susan in charge of the house, while she went to make a call, Susan was nowhere to be found. Hence, Lucy was obliged to remain at home, much to her disappointment. In an hour Susan returned, happy and independent. She had been drinking; and when Lucy remonstrated with her, she only laughed, and answered insolently. This were too much for Lucy's temper. It exploded in another fit of passion, and the deluded woman tore out Susan's hair by handfuls!

There was so much to excuse this fit of passion that William, although deeply injured, forgave it, as he had done the last.

But in spite of Lucy's promises and grand resolutions, she could not govern her temper. In a few weeks, another fit of passion seized her on a very slight occasion; and in a short time still another came to cloud William's domestic happiness. Still William forgave. In the midst of these storms a child was born. It was a girl, and William chose to call it by his mother's name—Lucy.

For an entire year Mrs. Mowbray had no more fits of passion. William began to hope.

"The mother's temper is subdued by the child," he said, and thanked heaven for the change.

One day, however, the nurse carelessly pinched the child, so that it cried piteously. Sight words were the consequence.—Mrs. Mowbray had another fit of passion.

As William knew nothing of this occurrence at the time, but little was said about it.

But now Lucy became subject to fits of passion more violent than ever. One day, when enraged, she struck her child in the presence of William.

"This is too much!" muttered William, clasping the injured innocent in his arms "You are not fit to bring up a child, and I vow that Lucy shall not be ruined by your temper!"

Mrs. Mowbray's rage was terrible. She would have torn her husband's hair had he not interposed his powerful arm

William felt that it was now time to act. He had forgiven until forgiveness was no longer a virtue. Seizing his wife's wrists, he led her forcibly to her room, and locked her up.

Lucy raged like a wounded tigress. But she was alone; she could not frighten William into the weakness of sitting her at liberty before her temper was subdued.—When he locked the door, and left her, he had said—

'I will subdue you or you shall starve!'

So Lucy gradually became calm. The consequence was, she became rational—she was prostrated with shame and remorse

For twelve hours she wept bitter tears, alone in her chamber. It was now morning; and after weeping all night, she sank into a troubled sleep

Mrs. Mowbray was aroused by the maid, who came to inform her that breakfast was waiting. She hoped that William's resentment was cooled, and hastened to meet him But he was nowhere to be found

'Where is Mr Mowbray?' she inquired, timidly

'He went away yesterday afternoon,' replied the domestic

'And has not returned?'

'He said he would not return within three days!'

Lucy became deathly pale

'But where is my child?' she asked.

'Mr Mowbray made me do up all her clothes.'

'But where is she?'

'He took her with him.'

Lucy fell to the floor like a corpse.

The domestic dashed a pitcher of water in her face, and she recovered from her swoon.

Two days after, William returned, alone. He found his wife plunged in the depths of shame, remorse and despair.

'Where—where is my child?' she cried, in agony.

'In safer hands than yours!' answered William, coldly.

Lucy fell upon her knees before him; with streaming eyes and clasped hands she begged forgiveness, and pleaded for her child But William was inexorable

'Fear nothing for Lucy,' he said. 'She is in good hands and will want for nothing'

'O, cruel, cruel!'

'It may seem so, Mrs Mowbray; you may think so; but I am not cruel; I am merciful to my child. You, certainly, cannot complain'

'Oh! but you will not divide me from my child?'

'Hear me, Lucy; when that child was born, I formed a resolution. It was that if ever you struck her in a fit of passion, I would take her from you. You shall not spoil my child. I have done my duty, and prayers and tears cannot move me'

So Lucy pleaded in vain.

From this time, the intercourse of William with Mrs. Mowbray, was of the most cold and formal nature. He became stern, thoughtful, reserved; she, petulent, unhappy, and more than ever subject to fits of passion.

What William had done with little Lucy no one could imagine. Mrs. Mowbray was entirely in her search for the absent child, but her efforts were of no avail.—About once a month, William left town, and was gone three or four days at a time; and Lucy heard that on those occasions he went to see his daughter.

One morning, from some trivial cause, Mrs. Mowbray gave way to another fit of passion, in the presence of her husband.—William remonstrated with her, and her anger was roused against him. After indulging in much unwomanly abuse, Lucy exclaimed—

'I won't be tyranized over any longer. It's no use giving up to you, and if I have fits of passion it's because I have a cause. You've carried off my child, and now I will go away too!'

William said nothing, until Lucy had thrown on her bonnet and shawl, and was moving towards the door.

'Mrs. Mowbray,' then said her husband, severely, 'you are doing that which you will be sorry for.'

'Sorry or not, I will go home to my father!' cried Lucy, with flashing eyes.

'No, you cannot go now,' replied William, calmly, 'wait until your fit of passion has passed, and then if you wish to leave me, go. But not now, Lucy.'

'I *will* go, in spite of you!' and Lucy pushed forward. William stood between her and the hall door. She was furious; he, calm and sorrowful.

'This is too much!' shrieked Mrs. Mowbray. 'But if you are determined to oppose me, take the consequences!'

And for the first time in her life Lucy struck her husband in the face.

William became deathly pale. He stepped aside, and bowed his head sorrowfully. As he spoke, his whole frame quivered, and his deep voice was broken by the heaving of his torn heart.

'I will not oppose you. Go home to your father, if you will. But if you go, farewell forever!'

Without appearing to notice the deep meaning of these words, Lucy flew past her humiliated husband, and passed his threshold.

In an hour, Mrs. Mowbray was under her father's roof.

By this time, however, her rage had subsided in a great measure, and she felt ashamed of the steps she had taken. But she remembered that she had struck her husband, and dared not go back to him that night.

On the following day, although dying with remorse and wretchedness, Lucy still dreaded to return, and pleaded an excuse to pass another night with her friends.

The next morning, she said to herself—

'If I remain absent still another day, William will become alarmed; he will forgive me, he will come and entreat me to come home'

But as William did not come, Lucy felt her pride fall her. Humbled, trembling, remorseful, on the evening of the third day of her absence, she set out to return to her husband.

'He has forgiven me a thousand times,' she said to herself, wherever her courage failed her, 'and surely he will forgive me once more.'

With crushing sensations of dread, Lucy approached his house In the dusky light of the declining day, it looked dreary and forbidding. Twice she passed the door, and then she repassed it, the dreadful rebukings of evil filling her excited brain At length, resolution prevailed over her terrors, and she ascended the steps

With her trembling hand, Lucy turned her door-key, but the door would not come open Then she hesitated, trembling still At last she summoned courage, and timidly rang the bell Her heart seemed to stop beating, while she listened for footsteps in the hall. But there was no sound. The wretched woman clung to the door to keep from falling

At that moment, a young lad crossed from the opposite side of the street, and looking up good naturedly at Mrs Mowbray, cried out:

'Ye won't find nobody there. The folks are all gone away, and the house is to let'

Poor Lucy! This was a death-blow to her hopes! Her heart stopped beating, and she sank upon the cold slabs; and a moment after, the blood rushed into her brain tempestuously, and her eyeballs rolled in darkness But Lucy did not faint. With a desperate effort, she staggered to her feet, and with her veil drawn closely over her face, returned by the way she came.

Once more Mrs Mowbray rested beneath her father's roof. Rested in body, but not in soul Much as she had suffered, the agony of years could not have equalled the terrible pangs, of that endless night! The past seemed a dark mass of follies; the present, a tortfire, a harvest of the thorns she had sown, a vulgar gloom; the future, a black globe, which, turn it, and turn it as she would, showed no spot of warmth and brightness on its cold dark face.

On the following day, Mrs Mowbray received a letter. It was from her husband. It enclosed a check for five hundred dollars, and contained the following:

'I have hidden you an eternal farewell I shall never see you again. To the many injuries your temper has heaped upon me, you have added an insult which, in a man, I would have punished with a fearful retribution. Coming from you, I can only hide it in my heart, among the ruined hopes and corroding sorrows which have been my marriage portion.

'I have one consolation My dear child is left to me. I can with her now, and shall never leave her. I shall devote myself to labor for her happiness. Do not think that I will prejudice her mind against you, for she shall never know of your fault, nor of the cause of our separation, nor of the ruin you have wrought.

'Enclosed is a check for $500, which I trust will supply your immediate wants.—I have retired from all business with the world, and my income will now be small; but one third you shall receive, quarterly, while on one third I shall myself live frugally. I will devote the remaining third to the maintenance and proper education of my child.

'A part of our furniture I have directed to be sold; but everything which I thought you would wish to preserve, is now stored for you, and at your disposal, as you will learn from my friend and agent, Mr. Grey.'

Lucy read this brief epistle eagerly, and re-read it with dismay. But she had still a purpose and a hope. She flew to Mr. Grey, her husband's agent.

Mr. Grey was a calm, stern, unapproachable man; faithful, taciturn, self-possessed From him, with all her prayers and entreaties, Lucy could gain no intelligence of her husband and her child. All he could grant her was the *delivery of a letter to* William.

Accordingly, Lucy wrote. Pouring all her remorse, sorrow, love and power of prayer into her letter; she hoped that William would relent.

But William placed no confidence in a woman entirely controlled by fits of passion; and his reply was formal, severe, perhaps cruel.

After struggling long with her despair, Lucy at last began to be resigned to her fate. Upon one thing she was resolved; the bane of her existence, her abominable fits of passion, should never again ruffle the evenness of her temper; she would conquer herself if the effort killed her.

'I must be patient,' said the unhappy Lucy to herself. 'I have no one to blame but myself. My misery is my own creation, and it is just that I should suffer. I will be patient, then and resigned.'

But oh, it was a hard task, for a young wife and a fond mother to live divided from her husband and child, with no bright spot in the sky of the future on which to look and repose her hopes; with no consolation, no friend in whom to confide and find comfort!

Dreary indeed was Lucy's life, but never did she complain. She suffered in silence, and endured with patience her wretched lot. She seemed plunged into the deepest humiliation, and her face wore ever the mourning apparel of her heart — It is indeed impossible to describe the abhorrence with which she looked back upon her past 'fits of passion.'

Five years of sorrow, regret and humiliation, rolled their heavy burdens over Lucy's heart. During this time she had written frequently to her husband, through Mr. Grey, and received no replies to her letters. All she knew of her husband was, that she received every quarter an allowance, which she knew came from him. Had he left her to starve, her remorse could not have equalled that which this manifestation of his goodness, four times a year, kindled in her heart.

One day, however, Lucy was surprised by a visit from Mr. Grey.

'Mrs. Mowbray,' said he, abruptly, 'I come to you with a message from your husband'

The blood flowed back upon Lucy's heart, almost suffocating her; then it rushed again to her brain, causing it to reel with dizziness The sudden intelligence quite overpowered her, and she sank upon the sofa. She could not speak, but her clasped hands implored Mr. Grey to go on

'Your child,' said he, enduring, 'is dying. If you wish to see her, go with me'

What Lucy did after hearing this astounding intelligence, she knew not; but Mr Grey declared, afterwards, that she was completely out of her senses. She had had to go—to fly—without a moment's thought or preparation, and would have left the house without so much as her bonnet or shawl, had he not taken her under his care I said Lucy knew nothing of this: when she recovered her consciousness, she was riding away with her husband's agent in carriage

The journey seemed to Lucy like a wild dream. She afterwards recalled something of what she had seen, and dimly remembered riding on the highway, when the sun was shining brightly and the birds were singing. She also had some recollection of the speed, clatter and dizzy rocking of the railroad cars; but not until she found herself at her journey's end, was she fully conscious of all she saw around her.

Lucy was in her husband's arms. The hot tears she shed upon his breast relieved her heart, and cooled the fever of her brain.

'Lucy,' said William, kindly, 'calm yourself. I have sent for you to behold your child before she dies. She is very ill.'

Lucy was stung again. Her eyes flashed wildly through her tears.

'Where is she?' she cried. 'Oh, my darling! my Lucy!'

William led the way. Upon a curtained bed, in a dark and silent room, the little sufferer lay. She was asleep.

'Be calm!—softly!' murmured William.

But, already the strong impulse of motherly affection had carried Lucy to the bedside of her child. She clasped the sufferer in her arms, scalding tears falling upon the child's pale face, awoke her. She was not frightened; but seemed to understand the meaning of it all. Extending her feeble arms, little Lucy twined them about her mother's neck.

William approached, but not a word was spoken She too was only interrupted by the sobs of the mother and the frail murmur of welcome of her child. William gazed a moment, but tears blinded him, and he turned away.

'Are you indeed my mother?' asked little Lucy, in a feeble tone.

'Yes—yes, my darling child! I am your own mother! Oh, my darling!'

What more was said cannot here be written. It was the natural language of strong affection and deep passion, which none can interpret; it was poetry too sublime for expression—eloquence, whose power can only be imagined.

Again Lucy was at her husband's feet. It was too much for even his stern nature. He had known of her patience and humiliation, and now his heart relented. He raised her into his arms, he forgave her—and, all the love and devotion of former years rushing with renewed power upon his soul, he pressed her passionately to his heart.

Lucy felt that her repentance had atoned, in some measure, for her faults; her husband's kindness re-assured her; a mountainous weight of wretchedness was lifted from her heart, and the light of hope illumined all its darkness. Inspired by love, and joy, and faith, she arose, beautiful in the strength of her woman's soul, which seemed endowed with new life and power yet untried.

The little sufferer called feebly for her mother as soon as she was out of her sight, and would not rest if she was not continually at her bedside. The child seemed to love her as if she had never known any care but hers, and no affection but that of her mother.

'For one thing,' said Lucy to her husband, 'I sincerely thank you. You have never taught her to hate her mother's faults.'

To the surprise of all, little Lucy began from that day, to exhibit symptoms of returning strength. The presence of her mother seemed to inspire her with fresh vigor. In a few days she had so far recovered, that the physician declared her out of danger.

'I owe her life to you, Lucy,' exclaimed William, with warmth. 'You have snatched her from the grave.'

'Can I then be with her henceforth?' timidly asked Mrs. Mowbray.

'Let the past be forgotten,' murmured William. 'I forgive everything; I feel assured that you will be to Lucy a mother. I, too, need to be forgiven for the unnecessary severity with which I have treated you.'

'Nay,' cried Lucy, 'your severity was necessary. It has made me another being I trust I am now fit to be your wife and the mother of your child I have suffered much, and I have caused you much—too much suffering; but, now, that you have forgiven me, let all be forgotten in the joy of the present I feel too thankful in being restored to my ever dear husband and darling child, to weep over the past.'

The trial was over. The ordeal of fire was passed. Suffering had purified the hearts of the young couple; softened them, and strengthened them in virtue and love. The beautiful child that had restored the husband to the wife, and the wife to the husband, formed an everlasting tie of affection between them. Little Lucy became the idol of their affections, the centre of their hopes, and she was early taught to love goodness rightly; to govern her impulses, and to abominate 'fits of passion.'

From the Home Journal

THE JAUNT OF THE NAVARRES.

(FOUNDED ON FACT)

Spain is the most romantic of all lands It has been the theatre of the most wild and daring achievements. From the morish wars, which ended in the overthrow of their monarchy, arose a spirit of chivalry that dazzled Europe with its splendor and success in arms. Its ballads, that resound in glowing verse the glories of war, and the stories of impassioned love, have, more than those of any other clime, kindled the imagination and found response in the bosom of the Spaniard Its valleys and its hills, majestic and beautiful, still echo back from their rude fastnesses and sunny plains, the soul-breathing music-lay of olden times. It has been for ages the land of chivalry and song. Among the adventurers of fortune, who had been led to her attractive shores was the young Leopold O'Donnel. He was an Irishman To the enthusiasm of his countrymen, he united the most impulsive generosity of nature. He had been bred a soldier, and had distinguished himself by his gallantry on various occasions He came to the land of his adoption animated by the most sanguine hopes, and a spirit that sighed for renown. His father, the Count of Libapel, celebrated during the triumphs of Wellington, and the revolutionary scenes of 1823, had figured largely in the annals of Spain The young Count who, with the title, possessed the valor of his sire that had been an heir-loom in their family, directed his steps to the Basque provinces, where the standard of rebellion had been raised against the Queen. Devoted to the liberal cause, which his love of freedom had led him to espouse, he wandered on foot, and, mingling among them, endeavored to infuse into the minds of the people of the north his own spirit of loyalty, and to stir them up by the fervor of his language to rise against the tyrant who sought to invade their rights and enslave them. It was in one of these harangues, at Pampeluna, that he was listened to by the young and wealthy heiress, Dona Isabel d'Arambura, who, gazing on his noble form, was enthusiastically captivated by his heroic ardor and impassioned eloquence She threw herself in his way. He was struck with her surpassing beauty. Her form was exquisitely rounded, and displayed a rare flexibility and grace. Her complexion was of a mellow olive cast, with a bewitching russet tint, and her eyes black and brilliant, gave to her round and well proportioned face the expression of a soul full of sensibility and artlessness She was gay and pleasing in conversation, danced with a charming grace, touched her guitar with delicacy and feeling, and sang the songs of her country with the eloquence that passion can alone inspire. O'Donnel's was not the heart to withstand her fascination Her nature was full of romance and self-devotion, and she had learned, in the wild and glowing minstrelsy of her native clime, to worship the hero in his career of arms. And such was O'Donnel, as he first impressed her youthful fancy.

Thus a fervent, mutual admiration, frequent intercourse, and the excitement of that stirring period, soon led to a deep and romantic attachment. The ardent young soldier, whose enthusiasm had kindled amid the wild mountains of a land so full of glowing inspirations, was soon to wed the heiress of those broad domains, which had descended to her from a noble ancestry. *At this period he received the appointment* of Colonel in the Queen's service, and was ordered to depart for Vittoria to join his regiment. An opportunity offering, he availed himself of the escort of Quesada, who commanded the chief division of the Queen's forces. The parting with his mistress was painful to both, but full of hope. He looked forward with all the ardor of a young and gallant spirit to the glories of the first campaign; and she, with a girlish pride and affection, to the laurels that were to grace his brow. She hung fondly on his neck, as the drums and trumpets sounded in the advancing columns the signal that the march had begun. He tore himself, with a struggle, from her arms and sprang to his horse. He did not dare to cast a look behind, lest he might yield to a passion so seductive, as he was about to rush into all the dangers of war. They had proceeded to Alsasesua, the largest village in Navarre, and the commander-in-chief had attempted to march by the Valde-Arequil, through which winds the high road to Vittoria. The village is situated on an eccliivity, and there is a dense and extended forest in the rear. Quesada, without due precautions, and with great confidence in his troops, awaited the attack from the Carlist chief, by whom he had been surprised at this point Though scarcely superior in numbers, by a skillful movement the former managed to turn Quesada's position, and after an obstinate defence, drove him back with considerable loss He must have been annihilated, but for the gallant young O'Donnel, who, having no command, and taking no very active part in the fray, could not bear to see his friend's division cut to pieces, three hundred dead having already been left upon the field. He rushed forward with impetuosity and reckless courage, to save Quesada and his staff. After a desperate struggle on the advancing column, and throwing himself in the front to animate his troops, he was surrounded by the Navarrese, and led as a prisoner before the insurgent chief In the meantime, reinforcements had arrived, Quesada had secured his retreat, and that of the principal part of his forces Zumalacarregui, the great Carlist general, had decreed that no would shoot the first Christian officer of distinction taken in arms, by way of reprisal for the Alcalde of Atrum, who had been murdered in cold blood by Quesada. The Alcalde had been his warm personal friend When O'Donnel was presented to him and his officers he was at once condemned to die the war in Navarre had assumed, as is well known, a most sanguinary character, and was marked with an unrelenting spirit of revenge One of the prisoners had, by some means, contrived to escape, and he started off on a swift horse for Pampeluna He was deeply touched with the misfortunes of the young hero, and hastened to communicate to his mistress, whom he knew, the tidings of his melancholy fate When the first shock to her feelings was over, she lost not a moment in vain lamentations; but without intimating her design to any one, she accompanied her informer, at the dead of night, to the camp of Quesada. She shrunk from no dangers She heeded not exposure and fatigue. She was intent alone on saving her lover O'Donnel was condemned to be executed on the following day. She was told that the Carlist leader was of a fierce and relentless character, and that all entreaty would be unavailing,—that if she obtained access to him, which was most improbable, she was sure to fall a victim to the brutality of the officers by whom he was surrounded. Her determination, however, was taken. She would force her way to his presence, or would perish in the attempt. Disguised in the dress of a peasant, she reached the outposts of the enemy, and demanded to be led to the presence of the commander-in-chief. She had an important communication to make to him—a secret means by which the whole of Quesada's forces could be betrayed into his hands required secrecy and despatch. A messenger was at once sent to the General, who, struck by the character of the applicant, and the object she avowed, consented to receive her. Zumalacarregui stood, with his officers around him, waiting her approach She was escorted into his presence, and advanced with an air of dignity; and, throwing aside her veil, disclosed before the astonished gaze, features of rivalled loveliness. An exclamation of admiration burst from all present, and she was welcomed with respect the most profound. She throw herself at the feet of the rude chieftain, and demanded an audience.

"I am," she exclaimed, "a maiden of Navarre. I have faced all dangers that would appal my sex, and have thrown myself upon a brave and successful enemy. I come to plead for the pardon of O'Donnel, the young and gallant soldier whom you have condemned to die. He is my betrothed husband. Before this action he had not drawed a sword for the Queen. He came under the escort of Quesada; and under the influence of that heroic impulse which is the leading trait of his noble nature, he rushed into the fight, and sacrificed himself to save his friends. For this, there is not a man before me but who would applaud him—not one of you who would not have followed his example. He is loyal to his Queen, 'tis true, but he is not stained by a single sanguinary act; and I pledge myself, that, if you save him, he shall never again bear arms against Don Carlos. Spare but his life, and I will strip myself of all I possess on earth, and pay a ransom that shall equip all the battalions of Navarre! Have mercy and save him!"

As she uttered these words she grasped his hand, and clung to him with a desperate energy; and as she gazed upon his cold, stern face, burst into an agony of tears He did not venture a reply, but gave orders that the lady should receive a safe escort beyond the line of his own troops. She earnestly entreated to be allowed to see her lover, which was refused. All she could obtain was, that on the morrow she should hear what was the decision as to his fate. That night she returned to Quesada, and, ere the morrow dawned, the proud heart of O'Donnel, firm and undismayed in the hour of death, had ceased to beat forever!

From this time a deep mystery hangs over the fate of our heroine. Her name is not again mentioned in the annals of that exciting period.

The father of O'Donnel, when he heard the tidings of his son's melancholy fate, died of a broken heart.

JOHN I. BAILEY.

BACON'S ELOQUENCE.—"Chemistry, with its fire tongue of the galvanic battery, teaches that the starry diamond in the crown of kings, and the black carbon which the peasant treads beneath his feet are both composed of the same identical elements; analysis also proves that a chief ingredient in limestone is carbon. Then let the burning breath of God pass over all the limestone of earth, and bid its old mighty layers *chrystalize* into new beauty, lo! the Almighty *fiat*, the mountain ranges flash into living gems, with a lustre that renders midnight noon, and *eclipses* all the stars!'

'Look yonder,' said the impassioned orator, pointing with motionless finger toward the lofty ceiling, as if it were the sky, see that wrathful thunder cloud—the fiery bed of the lightnings and hissing hail—the cradle of tempest and floods! What can be more dark, more dreary, more dreadful? Say, scoffing skeptic, is it capable of any beauty? You pronounce 'No' Well, *very* well; but behold, while the sneering denial curls your lips, the sun with his sword of light slashes through the sea of vapors of the west, and laughs in your incredulous face with his golden eye. Now look again at the cloud!—See where it was blackest and fullest of gloom, the sunbeams have kissed its hideous cheek; and where the kiss fell, there is a blush brighter than ever mantled the brow of mortal maiden—the rich blush of crimson and gold, pure and vermillion—a pictured blush fit for the gaze of angels—the flower work of pencils of fire and light, wrought a dash by one stroke of the right hand of God! Aye, the ugly cloud hath given birth to the rainbow, that perfection and symbol of unspeakable beauty!'

EXPORTS OF THE WORLD.

France exports wines, brandies, silks, fancy articles, furniture, jewelry, clocks, watches, paper, perfumery, and fancy articles generally.

Italy exports corn, oil, flax, wines, essences, dye-stuffs, drugs, fine marble, soap, paintings, engravings, mosaics and salt.

Prussia exports linens, woolens, silks, articles of iron, copper and brass, indigo, pork and ham, musical instruments, tobacco, wine and wax, lard, tallow and cattle

Austria exports minerals, raw and manufactured silk and thread, glass, grain, wax, tar, nut gnar, wine, honey, and mathematical instruments.

England exports cottons, woolens, glass, hardware, earthenware, cutlery, iron metallic wares, salt, coal, watches, tin, silks and linens.

Russia exports tallow, flax, hemp, flour, iron, copper, linseed, lard, hides, wax, duck cordage, bristles, fur, potash and tar.

Spain exports wine, brandy, oil, fresh & dried fruits, quicksilver, sulphur, salt, cork, saffron, anchovies, silks and woolens.

China exports tea, rhubarb, musk, ginger, zinc, borax, silks, cassia, filagree-work, ivoryware, lacquered ware, and porcelain.

Turkey exports coffee, opium, silks, drugs, gums, dried fruits, tobacco, wines, camel's hair, carpets, shawls, sugar, saltpetre, pepper, indigo, cinnamon, cochineal, diamonds, and pearls.

Mexico exports gold and silver, cochineal, indigo, sarsaparilla, vicilla, jalap, fustic, campeachy wool, pimento, drugs and dye-stuffs.

Brazil exports coffee, indigo, sugar, rice, hides, dried meats, tallow, gold diamonds, and other precious stones, gums, mahogany and india rubber.

West Indies export sugar, molasses, gums, tobacco, cigars, mahogany, dyewood, coffee, pimento, fresh fruits, and preserves, wax, ginger and other spices.

Switzerland exports cattle, cheese, butter, tallow, dried fruit, coal, linen, silks, velvet lace, jewelry, paper and gunpowder.

East Indies export cloves, nutmegs, mace, pepper, rice, indigo, gold dust, camphor, venison, sulphur, ratans, sandal wood zinc and nuts.

United States export principally agricultural produce, cotton, tobacco, flour, provisions of all kinds, lumber, turpentine, and wearing apparel.

AN EPITHALAMIUM.

The following letter, it is said in Holden's Magazine, was sent by a distinguished literary lady, twenty years ago, to a *friend in New York, who was on the eve* of marriage. The letter, as will appear *upon perusal, accompanied the present of a* pair of blue hose, knit by the writer's own *fingers. We admire the wit and good* sense of the epistle; and recommend it to those who are already married, no matter *how long since; for it is never too late to* learn. We commend it also to the particular *attention of such young people as are* about trying the experiment of matrimony; *for an experiment matrimony certainly is.* And, unless people undertake its duties wisely, and with some appreciation of the *importance of all things—no matter how* little some things are, in which both parties *are interested, it is quite likely to be* a very disagreeable affair. Months, and even years, are required to accustom newly-married people to each other; and not a few heart-burnings and unhappy days are caused by a disregard of *trifles*, and a careless indifference to the wishes and the previous habits and *prepossessions of the parties.*

It is folly to suppose that the whole character and disposition of man or woman will be changed by marriage, and that all previously acquired tastes and habits will be surrendered. And yet some husbands, and some wives, appear to demand no less than this. They *storm* and *fret*, and repine, and, perhaps, quarrel, in search of this impossibility, until experience shows them its utter futility; and, at last, settle down, with the best grace they may, into a mutual forbearance, which they might have entered upon cheerfully in the beginning. *Courtship is all sweet—matrimony is too* apt to have a dash of vinegar. The way to avoid this disagreeable change, is to preserve the politeness and considerate care of the days of wooing, as long as you live.—It is not impossible by any means, and attention to these minor morals, would ensure happiness in things of more moment. True politeness requires that we should respect the comfort and happiness of all around us; and that we should seek pleasure by *imparting*, rather than *exacting*.—But, we are keeping the reader too long from a letter which expresses all we would say, and expresses it better than we can do:

DEAR COUSIN:—Herewith you will re-