The Montrose Democrat.

Devoted to Politics, News, Literature, Agriculture, Science, and Morality.

S. R. & E. B. CHASE, PROPRIETORS — MONTROSE, PA., THURSDAY, APRIL 29, 1852. — VOLUME IX. NUMBER 17

Poet's Corner.

Spring is Coming.

Hark! I hear an angel sing!
Angels now are on the wing,
And their voices singing clear,
Tell us that the Spring is near.

Dost thou hear them, gentle one?
Dost thou see the glorious sun,
Rising higher in the sky,
As each day passes by?

Just beyond you drift of snow
Silver rivers brightly flow;
Smiling woods and fields are seen,
Mantled in a robe of green.

Birds and bees, and brooks, and bowers,
Tell us all of vernal hours;
There the birds are weaving lays,
For the happy Spring-time days.

Springy breezes kisses bring
From the ruby lips of Spring—
And her choir, of warblers made,
Soon will give a serenade.

Look! oh, look!—the southern sky
Mirrors flowers of every dye;
Tripping o'er your flowery plain—
Spring is coming back again!

Winter's toggery is old,
Rotten in its every fold—
And our portion of the globe
Soon will don a fairer robe.

Spring is coming—shout for joy!
Man and woman, girl and boy;
Soon you'll hear her busy hums—
Yes, she comes! she comes! she comes!

Far O'er Arme Tale.

Romance of Real Life.

An Eventful and Remarkable Personal History.

[The following marvellous and interesting narrative is given in a letter from Paris, under date of the 15th of January last, from the correspondent of the St. Louis Republican.]

The venerable Abbess of the Ursuline convent of Nevers, whose life perhaps was one of the most eventful on record, died last week at the advanced age of ninety-eight. For fifteen years she had been an inmate of the convent, winning the love and respect of all who approached her.

In the summer of 1693, there broke out at Paris a disease very similar to what is now called cholera, and which was quite as fatal in its consequences. Although not contagious, the immense number of persons attacked by it led the people to think it was so, and terror took hold of the minds of all. Mothers abandoned their children, wives their husbands, sisters their brothers, and almost as many perished by flight as by the disease itself. In two months thirty-one thousand persons were buried in the different burial grounds around the city. The hospital was crowded—so crowded that the physicians and nurses passed with difficulty among the beds, and the demands for admission were so great that every day a long file of sick might be seen at the door, some supported by relations, but the most part lying on the ground, waiting until their turn should come to be admitted, but often before night many of them were carried to the cemetery instead of the infirmary. As may well be supposed, the task of the physician was no light one, and finally, they were obliged to organize their labor and force themselves to repose a certain time every day, and take the service in turns, in order to bear up under the extraordinary efforts they were called upon to make.

One day, as a young physician, he who twenty years later was known as a celebrated Dr. Soulie, was leaving the hospital to go and take his turn of repose, a servant man, breathless and pale, met him at the gate, and asked him if he was a physician. The doctor answered in the affirmative, and the man begged him, for God's sake, to go to a house in the neighborhood to see a sick person. Though against the rule they had established, the doctor consented, and was conducted to the house by the servant, who showed him into a large, handsomely furnished room. In this room the doctor remarked first a tall, handsome woman, with her hair all in disorder, and her face pale as a corpse, standing near and screening a child, who lay upon a sofa. Around her was collected a group of twelve young girls, who looked to the doctor to be of nearly the same age, and made him suppose it was a boarding school, particularly as these young girls all wore dark silk dresses, and had their blond hair braided and tied with blue ribbons. The doctor could see no difference between any of them: they all had fair skins, small, blue eyes, light hair, long noses and large mouths; but before he could ask any questions about them, the woman advanced hurriedly, and seized him by the arm, led him to the sofa, and in a hoarse voice said: "Look at that child." The doctor looked—before him lay a beautiful girl of about ten years of age, but utterly different from the others. Her hair was black as midnight, and hung in ringlets over her shoulders; her eyes were closed, and her livid complexion and contracted features showed that the dreadful disease had seized upon her.

"Open the window," said the doctor,—"and bring some vinegar immediately to rub the child's body."

"What!" cried the woman, "she has not got the plague!"

"Why, certainly; did you not know it?" answered the doctor.

"No, no, take her away, take her away.—She shan't stay here to kill us all. Come, my daughters, come away quick! Oh! the wretched child, she will be the death of you!" and she pushed the twelve girls out of the room, and went after them.

But the doctor sprang after her.

"Is you the mother of that child," he asked.

"Is; but take her away—she shan't stay here."

"She must be put to bed and taken care of," said the doctor.

"She shall not have a bed in this house—take her away."

"But where shall I take her?—besides, she will die if removed."

"I don't care, take her to the hospital; anywhere, only take her away from this house."

Though horrified by the feeling expressed by this unnatural mother, the doctor tried a moment to persuade her to do something for her child; but finding it useless, and seeing that if the little girl remained in the house she would die from neglect, he took her in his arms, wrapped her in a blanket, and carried her to the hospital, where he was fortunate enough to find a vacant bed for the little sufferer. The doctor then made some inquiries concerning her parents, and learned that Monsieur Domergue was a manufacturer of large means, and his wife really the mother of thirteen children, all daughters, and duly registered at the Mayor's office as having been born in seven years.

Six times Madame Domergue brought a pair into the world all wonderfully resembling each other, light hair, blue eyes, fair skin and sharp features. The mother adored them, and her pride and joy was at its climax when she found her family again about to be increased. But alas! this time she was disappointed, for a little girl arrived, but without any companion. This alone would have been enough to have turned her mother's heart from her, but besides this she was entirely different from the twelve others. The mother could see no beauty in the clear brunette complexion, her black, curling hair, dark eyes and exquisite features, and from the moment of her birth, little Esther was an isolated being, unloved and uncared for. While her sisters were dressed in silk, she wore cotton, and while they were fed upon the dainty food, she eat with the servants in the kitchen. As she grew she gave her mother fresh cause for dislike, for whereas her sisters were endowed with intellects of the most mediocre order, and learned the simplest things with the greatest difficulty, Esther's talents and quickness of perception made her the wonder even of her sisters. Seeing this; that her twelve pets were likely to be thrown in the shade, Madame Domergue stopped Esther's lessons entirely, and the most the poor girl could obtain was permission to remain in the room while her sisters were with their teachers. By this means she was enabled to learn a great deal, and as she afterwards often said these were her only happy hours. The father of this large family, though a kind-hearted man, was exceedingly weak, and the slave of his wife. Besides, he was much from home, and when in the house, never dared to interfere in the regulations made by his wife.

All these particulars the doctor heard from the servants and the neighbors, and the interest he felt for the child thus singularly placed under his care, was doubled, and he determined to use every means to save her life. He accordingly watched her himself night and day and finally found his efforts crowned with success. The child got well.

It was just three weeks after his first visit to the house of Monsieur Domergue, that the doctor returned, taking with him the little girl who had been almost miraculously saved from death. When reaching the door some men were just bringing out two coffins to be placed on a hearse which stood in the street. The doctor and his protege ascended the stairs, entered the parlor and proceeded to another room without seeing any body or hearing any noise. A deathly silence pervaded the whole house. But Esther in the greatest alarm pushed open a door and led the way to the room where she and her twelve sisters had slept together. The door was open, but four beds alone occupied the room, and two of them were empty. On the others lay two of the fair haired twins, and by their side stood Madame Domergue looking at them as if stupified. Esther, with an undefined dread of something frightful, rushed up to her mother and threw her arms around her. But as soon as Madame Domergue saw her, she threw her from her, then seized her again and would have torn her to pieces, if the doctor had not snatched her from her grasp. As it was, the poor child's face was all scratched and bloody, and she fainted almost immediately.

"Why do you bring her here," cried Madame Domergue. "She is the cause of all my misfortune. There lies the only two I have left. Take the little demon away or I will kill her in spite of you."

Almost frozen with horror, the doctor answered not a word, but bore the insensible and bleeding child from the room, out of the house, and placed her in a carriage which he saw passing and stopped. He ordered the coachman to drive to an obscure little street, where lived, in the most humble manner, the doctor's venerable mother. She received the unhappy child, gave her all necessary relief, and installed her in a small room near her own.

It was as Madame Domergue had said; in three weeks ten of her idolized daughters had fallen victims to the terrific disease, and the day after the doctor's second visit the other two died, and were buried like their sisters. A few days more, and the mother herself followed, and when the doctor, hearing of it, returned, he found that house, once so noisy with young voices, and so full of the joy and pride of a large family, silent as the tomb, occupied only by a premature old man, left alone in the world and prostrate with his grief. A few months afterwards, M. Domergue died in hopeless insanity.

Esther, brought up under the motherly care of Madame Soulie, budded into womanhood as lovely a young creature as could possibly be seen. When in her eighteenth year she became the wife of the doctor, who was now beginning to be known in the world, and she made her appearance in the saloons of Paris, and was for years the most admired woman of the time. She became the mother of children—four sons and one daughter—whom she brought up and educated to be an honor to herself and ornaments to the society in which they lived. Dr. Soulie became in time one of the physicians of the court of Louis XVI, and when the political troubles began to break out, he, unfortunately, wrote a pamphlet in favor of the Court, and thus became a marked man. In the fall of 1792, at three o'clock one morning, the people forcibly entered Soulie's house, dragged him and his two eldest sons from their beds, and in spite of the prayers and entreaties of the poor wife and mother carried them off. It was nearly a week before Madame Soulie could hear any news of her loved ones, and then—they had already been dead four days—the guillotine had done its work for them. Madame Soulie clasped her three remaining children in her arms, two boys of seventeen and eighteen, and a girl of fifteen years of age. But as she strained them to her in the agony of her grief, fresh trouble was preparing for her. Her sons vowed within themselves to avenge the murder of their father and brothers. It would take too long to narrate all the circumstances which followed; but these two young men placed themselves at the head of a conspiracy against the government, and one year precisely from the day on which she had learned the death of her husband and two eldest boys, Madame Soulie received a short note, as follows:

CONCIERGERIE, Thursday noon.

Mother, dear mother—We have conspired against the government—we have been betrayed and are to die to-morrow. Bear it bravely, mother, we die for our father and our brothers.

HENRIET VICTOR.

What words can describe the despair of that poor mother! At first she prayed God to take her life or her reason. But a ray of hope dawned upon her. She might, perhaps, save her boys; the tribunal which had condemned them could not be deaf to a mother's prayer—a mother's despair. But alas! Madame Soulie little knew the men upon whose compassion she counted. In vain she supplicated, in vain she prayed; they ended by refusing to listen to her any longer. She did all that could possibly be done to save her boys from death; she even, after the example of Madame Chalais, tried to bribe the executioners. But they accepted her money and then betrayed her. Finding all her efforts useless, she tried to resign herself, and determined, as she could not obtain her sons lives, at least to get permission to aid them to die. This was with great difficulty granted her, but at last she received it, and a couple of hours before the execution was to take place, she presented herself before her unhappy boys. Then all the grandeur of her soul, the devotion, the resignation which was so remarkable in after life, showed itself. No useless tears, no reproaches, no lamenting. One short burst of agony, which the sight of the manacled limbs of her children forced from her in spite of herself, and she was done with this world. Every moment was precious, God and the eternity into which these two boys were soon to enter, formed the sole subject of the conversation between the mother and her children, until the jailor came to announce that the moment had arrived to say their last prayers. Madame Soulie stood by while the chains were knocked off; she knelt and prayed with the priest, who had been sent to accompany the prisoners to the scaffold; and then she took an arm of each of her beloved boys and left the prison with them.

The public place was crowded with people. They could not help pitying those two handsome youths about to be executed, but tears run down the hardest cheek at the sight of that noble mother, still in mourning for her husband and two eldest children, and now accompanying her two remaining sons to death. She ascended the scaffold with them, embraced them tenderly, offered up a short prayer with them, and then allowed herself to be led off by a friend. But she was not out of hearing, when the shouts of the multitude announced to her that all was over.

Well, in '95 she was herself condemed to death on the charge of concealing her brother-in-law, a political prisoner who had escaped from prison. A second time she ascended the scaffold, and was preparing to die, when an order came for her release. She then retired to a little farm she owned near Blois, and soon after married her daughter to a man every way worthy of her. But misfortune was to be her lot through life. Her only child, all that time had left her to love and cherish, died in child birth, eleven months after her marriage.

It was then that Madame Soulie turned her eyes towards the cloister. After considerable delay she was received into the Ursuline Convent of Nevers, and in 1825 was made Lady Abbess, which place she held until her death. Her last moments were soothed by the presence of those upon whom she had conferred her benefits and charities, and she died as calmly as an infant falling to sleep, her lips sealed the crucifix, and her eyes turned to that heaven to which certainly, if afflictions accord the right to enter, she had won.

HOAXING LEARNED BODIES.—The broadest and most laughable attempt of this kind we ever heard of, is related by the Rev. Matthew Carey, of Judge Breckenridge, the elder. The Judge, it seems had a mortal antipathy to philosophical societies, which was the more remarkable from his being a scientific and well read man. But at length he explained the mystery by stating that he had been rejected by the American Philosophical Society, of which he was a candidate for membership, in revenge for the Democratic vote he had given for the Legislature of Pennsylvania, against what was termed the 'Province Money,' and resolved to be revenged in return. He not only wrote satirical work called 'Modern Chivalry,' but he palmed off upon that body some ridiculous deceptions. Among other things, he took his grandfather's fan, and having ingeniously twisted, gummed and painted, and repaired it, sent it to the society as the wing of a bat! Matthew Carey says: 'It was received with due solemnity, and a vote of thanks was passed to the donor. A debate arose as to the species of the bat to which it belongs; and a committee of seven was appointed to ascertain whether it was the wing of a Madagascar or Canada bat. The committee sat three weeks, and after consulting Buffon's Natural History and Goldsmith's Animated Nature, they reported that it must have belonged to a Madgasear bat. It was pronounced the greatest curiosity in the museum, except a large sheet of brown paper which was hung up in the chimney and disguised in soot and dirt, and palmed upon the society as a part of Bramin's shirt."

EDUCATION OF CHILDREN.—We would rather, infinitely rather, see a child six or seven years, hale and strong, with a clear ruddy skin, and other marks of a sound physical education who had not been sent to learn his letters and could not distinguish A from B, than we would to see one pale, delicate looking, lethargic in his movements, even though he could repeat whole pages by rote, aye, or even—and we once knew such an intsance—read Homer with his father. In looking forward to their future lives—giving them the same facilties for acquiring information of the brain to be much the same in them both—we would unhesitatingly give it as our opinion, that, in the long run, the former would distance the latter in mental capability and distinguish himself more in whatever path of intellectual usefulness he might be pleased.

☞ Mr. Daniel J. Holmes, of the Sophomore class of Yale College, New Haven, was married a few evenings since, to Miss Ezilda L. M. Plumb. On the evening following this event, the Sophomore class met and adopted suitable resolutions, one of which was:

"Resolved, That in consideration of the *crying evils* which naturally result from such unions, we present him with a *cradle*, which, like the purse of Fortunatus, we trust may never be empty."

Miscellaneous.

An Immense Time in the Sanctum.

A day or two since, while seated in the editorial department of our establishment, posting books, pondering over debts due us by delinquents, and showering left-handed blessings on the credit system, our reveries were suddenly broken in upon by the entrance of a subscriber who has taken the Standard for seven years, during which time he had paid on account 0 dollars, ditto cents! 'Halloa! tho't we, 'here's a promise to pay one of these days.' A mistake as the conversation proves:

Subscriber—Mr. Printer, I believe I have taken your paper about—let me see—ah; yes about seven years; and all that time, too I have lived on the Portage Road; how you have lived, I do not know, but precious little of my money have you fingered. However, make me out a receipt now, and here's your money.

[Subscriber deposites $14 on the table, which the editor grasps nervously for fear the subscriber's mind will change, and fills out a receipt.—Exit subscriber.]

As might naturally be supposed, the thermometer of the editor's feelings went up into sunshine 14 per cent. Another rap at the door—

'Come in.'

[Tall countryman enters.]

Countryman—Well Mr. Newspaper-man how dy'e do? Been taken your paper dingnation while, and it is a long time since I paid anything. Wouldnt he without it no how—as your list of market prices saves me fifty dollars a year. Really too bad that I havn't attended to it sooner. How much is it?

Editor (running his eyes over the Ledger)—Oh, here it is—two and one's three, and two are five—ten dollars.

[Countryman deposits a saw-horse, takes his receipt, bids editor an affectionate good bye, and vamoses.]

Another rap! What, not another customer?—As I live it is?

(Enter Irish subscriber from the Mountain.)

Irishman how are yees! Bad luck to meself, but its owing this paper for a long time I am, and sure a good man it is—sorra a brether, barrin' thim from the ould country. For what am I endue yees?

(Editor refers to the book.)

Editor—Two years and six months—five dollars.

[Irishman deposites a yellow coin bearing the impression of the American 'eagle,' pockets the 'raysait,' he calls for and is off.]

Sanctum becomes pleasant, everything in it wears a brilliant hue—even the rattling of the sleet against the window panes has a charming sound. By Jove; anpther knock! 'Walk in!' May I be shot if it isn't G., another $14 debtor. Oh, it cannot be possible that he is going to pay. Yes he is!—by the beard of the prophet, he jerketh his calf skin!

G.—Well, old fellow, you have dunned me pretty often, but of course I couldn't begin to blame you for it. I determined to put it out of your power to dun me again for a while, when Capt. West made this payment. Let me see, fourteen dollars I believe you said it was, eh?

Editor (rubbing his hands with glee) Exactly, which pays up to the 15th of next April.

G.—Here's fifteen dollars—just credit me a dollar in advance. (Exit subscriber.)

Editor (solus)—A weight transferred from your conscience to our pocket.

[Editor proceeds to enter a credit, and sings 'Oh thus may it ever be—' when the song is cut short by the entrance of a German patron.]

German subscriber—Vell, we-gates, Mr. Brinter, heh? Owe you for ter bapers, heh, how much! Can't rent moch, mineself, but mine children say ter musht hav ter baper, and gess if tey musht haf him, ter old man musht bay heh? (German subsriber, who is something of a wag, chuckles and gives the editor a dig in the ribs.

Editor—Squire your bill is only five dollars.

German subscriber pulls out an old stocking and counts down out of it twenty bright half dollars. Editor's eyes dilate, he becomes exceedingly nervous, and shows symptoms of flying off the handle! Exit patron.

The sky is clouded, but it never looked better—the light was never stronger. The horrors of a long winter are forgotten, and sunshine reigns in the heart. Even the accordeon in the bookstore underneath, which a few moments ago made an execrable noise, is now making passable music. In the exuberance of his spirits he could have shaken hands with his bitterest enemy. (A heavy step is heard on the stairs! What! *est il possibel!* The streak has been so good that it must be a call on the other side.

(Door opens, enters J.)

Jerusalem! if he pays, the millenium is at hand, and the next sound will be a final trumpet!

J.—Well my hearty, I have just succeeded in collecting some old accounts, and as I owe you considerable of a bill, I thought I could do no better than let you have a trifle on account.

Editor (strongly impressed with the same opinion)—Under such circumstances in the language of Dummy Allen.

'Happy to meet—happy to part—and always happy to meet again.'

[J. deposites two X's on the table, sees the entry made, and leaves.]

Editor has reached a state of perfect bliss, and whistles Dolly Day, with variations, when the sanctum door again opens, and a prominent Whig enters.

Whig—Believe I owe you Locofoco printers a small bill for advertising. Don't like the principles you advocate, but I would just as soon do business with one party as another; besides I know you have much the largest circulation in this vicinity; and in short, I know what's what.

Editor—Good. Your bill is $9,00.

[Whig pays, hands over a new advertisement and leaves.]

Another knock! 'Walk in!'

(Enter a lean, long, lank, cadaverous looking, middle aged gentleman, dressed in black, with white neck cloth. Editor takes him for a preacher, and bows deferentially.

Stranger—I am the Traveling Agent of Doctor Juline O. Killemoff's Universal Regenerating Depurative Resurrection Syrup, which I wish to advertise in your paper.

[Editor lights a cigar, cocks his legs up on the table and feels very independent].

E.—We don't advertise quack medicines at this establishment unless paid for in advance.

Travelling agent—Excuse me, but this is no *quack* medicine, but one highly recommended by the faculty. What are your terms for half a column a year?

Editor—Twenty dollars.

[Agent does not appear to be a bit taken aback, as is usual on such occasions, but draws his Portmonnie.]

Agent; Here's five, and five are ten, and are;

[Scene suddenly changes; editorial room and lank agent fade away; Editor finds himself at home in bed; wife shaking him.]

Wife; It's six o'clock. Ain't you going to market?

Editor (slightly riled)—Everlasting perdition seize the market. Didn't I tell you last night I had no market money?

[Editor turns over and tries to continue the dream, but the charm is broken, the spell is gone, and all that remains is an uneasy doze, which is interrupted by the Junior of the family bestriding him for a horse, and clutching his hair for a bridle rein.]

[Scene changes to breakfast table.]

Wife—I should like to know what you were dreaming about this morning.

Editor—Why?

Wife—Because when I awoke you, you continued grumbling in an unintelligible language. The only thing I could understand, was, 'it's an infernal shame you didn't wait until it was a hundred; enough to buy paper.'

[Editor gives a ghastly grin, seizes his hat, rushes out of the house, goes to the office, and ———works off the outside!]

The Infant's Appeal.

In the year 1836, the inhabitants living in a district bordering on Rock River, in the northern part of the State of Illinois, were much incensed by the depredations of a band of horse thieves who infested that portion of the country. Every exertion had been made to discover the men engaged in this nefarious transaction, but hitherto in vain, and valuable animals were stolen, and lost to their owners, in defiance of the utmost vigilance and care.

During such a state of affairs, the citizens residing in the region of the thieves became thoroughly excited, and were wound up to such a pitch of indignation, that a body of men were formed styled Rangers, whose explicit duty was to expunge the district of all suspicious charaters, and endeavor to put a stop to the depredations of the horse thieves.

Shortly after this band commenced operations word was conveyed to the leader of the Rangers that a valuable horse which had been stolen the night previous, could then be found on the premises of a man named Burt, locked up in the stable. Although Burt had heretofore been looked upon as an honest man and an upright citizen, yet the Captain deemed it his duty to at least examine his farm and learn the truth or falsity of the report.

Accordingly he summoned some half-dozen of his Rangers to meet him at a spot not far from Burt's house, and before morning, set out for the same place himself. Daylight was but barely discernable in the east, and the hazy light of coming dawn had not yet penetrated the bottom, where the suspicioned man resided, as the Rangers, charged with their fearful mission of life or death, silently approached and surrounded the dwelling. Leaving three of the band to guard the entrance, the Captain proceeded with the others to the stable, broke open the door, and found the missing horse, as had been reported, safely stalled inside.

Not a lingering doubt now remained of Burt's guilt, and with a stern determination to make such an example of him as would deter others from a like transaction, the Rangers returned to the house. In the meantime, Burt had arisen, and upon coming to the door, was seized by those in waiting, and upon demanding the reason, was informed that the stolen animal was found in his stable, and that he was considered a thief. Muttering something about he 'knew t'would come to this at last,' he quietly submitted to whatever his captors had in store for him.

A short consultation was held, and it was resolved to hang the criminal upon a large elm tree, that grew in front of his own home, it being deemed that such an act would strike terror and dismay into the ranks of the horse thieves.

Burt had asked half an hour to prepare for death; and the sun had risen in all his golden majesty e're the fatal moment arrived which would launch him into eternity. In vain had his grey headed father and mother pleaded for his life, with trembling tongues—the old lady tottering forth from the dwelling, and kneeling in suppliant mood to his apparently merciless captors. In vain had the wife of his bosom knelt in tears of agony, and entreated them as husbands to spare his life—for each Ranger had suffered more or less in person, and they deemed the example absolutely necessary to deter others; and it seemed as though Burt must surely die.

The dreadful preparations were completed—the half hour had expired—and the criminal was arrayed under a limb of a stout elm, over which a rope was thrown, one end being noosed around the prisoner's neck, and the other held by three of the Rangers.

Then came a moment of dreadful silence; that awful stillness, which preludes the launching of a fellow being into a future existence—while the three strong men who held the rope gazed fixedly upon the Captain for the fatal signal. It was given by raising the right arm, and already the noose was tightening around the doomed man's neck, when the wife of Burt issued forth from the house, holding an infant, a little more than a year old in her arms.

Rushing forward, she fell on her knees directly in front of the Captain, and instantly raising the child, with arms outstretched, towards him, she exclaimed, in tones that would have pierced a heart of steel:

'If you will not spare him for the sake of his grey haired sires, or the wife of his bosom, spare him in the name of God, for the sake of his infant boy!'

Another dead silence reigned like a pall over the spot; then, as though inspired by heaven itself, the child also out-stretched its little arms full towards its parent, and exclaimed, in a voice heard by all, the single word:

'Father!'

The muscles of the Captain's face quivered in every fibre, and the men who held the rope slowly relaxed the pressure around the neck of Burt; when again the infant uttered, in distinct tones:

'Father! father!'

And then, as though despairing of success, huddled into its mother's bosom, and burst into a sobbing cry.

It was more than the Rangers could stand, and, after a short consultation, the rope was taken from the criminal's neck, and the band left the spot; and Burt became a reformed man, through the powerful effects of his INFANT'S APPEAL.'—*Columbian and Great West.*

Words are the daughters of the mind, but actions are the sons of the soul.

Napoleon Bonaparte.

Napoleon Bonaparte had caused all Europe to tremble. Without a protector, a portion, or a friend, he had raised himself from an humble situation in life to the summit of human grandeur and power. The most formidable princes have been compelled to bow to the mighty conqueror. After a short career of unprecedented prosperity, we see the fearless warrior, blinded by success and glory, hastening to his own ruin, and completing his own downfall. The same insatiable ambition which prompted him to extend his dominions over the earth, was the sure means of his destruction. We see him, who had been universally acknowledged as the most powerful monarch that ever existed, almost entirely deserted by the few remaining friends which the victorious allies had left, throwing himself upon the generosity of his enemies, and receiving from them a prison for his home.

Far different would have been his fate had the powerful energies of his mind been exerted in promoting the best interests of his country. His peculiar intellect fitted him to occupy a station far above the lot of ordinary men. He was conscious of his own power; and, instead of making an effort to establish the liberty for which France had been deluged in blood, he chose to become a ruler of a nation of slaves. But how is the scene reversed.—The roar and din of battle with him have ceased. His glory and power are no more, and the consul, conqueror, and emperor, became an exile on the sea-girt Isle of St. Helena.

Severe indeed was the lesson of submission to him—the favorite of fortune, and on whose former life she had showered so many blessings. Yet his proud spirit was still unconquered. In the school of adversity he was no docile pupil. The lessons there taught him were received with a sullen resolution to derive no profit from their teachings. If a ray of light ever shone to cheer the midnight gloom of his mind, it was when he indulged the hope that he might again be restored to his country; for even there, surrounded as he was by rocks and waves, wild dreams of conquest and victory still flitted before his imagination.—He did not wish—nay, he even scorned to be resigned to his fate. His thoughts were continually wandering back to the shores of his own sunny France—to the time when Europe's monarchs were forced to yield to him in the council and on the field, and to the withering hour when he was hurled from the throne and forcibly taken to the desolate isle which was to be his home and his tomb.

If he had been willing to cast from him his crown and his glory, and devote his talents to that greatest of victories—the conquest of his own proud spirit, half of his misery might have been arrested. But the same stern spirit that was conspicuous in the emperor was alike prominent in the exile, and induced him to spurn *everything* that would have alleviated his wretchedness. He had made *self* his idol in all his actions. However apparently generous and amiable, still could ever be traced his predominant principle, *selfishness*. It was this which prompted him to soar into cold and desolate regions, far above all his contemporaries.

When we reflect upon the harmony of his purpose—the untiring and unceasing vigor with which he pursued all his plans, our admiration is excited. But, alas! we cannot forget the fortune lost, the lives destroyed, the hopes blighted, and the hearts made desolate to gratify his ambition. In his hours of loneliness and solitude, were there no sad remembrances of the miseries he had caused? Or, had he learned to think that nothing could be wrong which would promote his own aggrandizement? His unhappy state of mind aggravated the disease which was fastened upon him, and death was soon to open the gate of that prison for which "hope had ceased to present any other key." The destroying angel hovered near, and the last words of his passing spirit indicated that he still clung to hopes of earth. Yes, even then, in imagination, he stood in the van of the battle—saw the flashing of musketry, and heard the clashing of swords. Then was the proud one subdued by a greater Conqueror still, and in the narrow sphere of the lonely isle slept the conqueor of Europe.

Long will the voyager and stranger pause to gaze upon the dreary sepulchre that once contained him before whose mighty prowess so many were forced to yield. The desolate rock, swept by the fierce tempest of the ocean, rearing its head in the midst of the broad Atlantic, is a fit emblem of the stormy life and unfading fame of Napoleon. As it rises amid the ocean waste, so will his name rise cheerless, desolate and cold, amid the vast ocean of time. I subjoin a few lines, supposed to have been written by him a short time before his death. They have been in print, but may be of interest to the reader. They seem to be a true picture of his aspiring spirit, and show that his ruling passion was strong even in death.

"Oh! bury me deep in the boundless sea,
Let my heart have a limitless grave;
For my spirit in life was as fierce and free
As the course of the tempest wave.

And so far from the reach of mortal control
Were the depths of my fathomless mind,
That the ebbs and flows of my single soul
Were the tides of the rest of mankind.

Then my briny pall shall engirdle the world,
As in life did the voice of my fame;
And each mutinous billow, that is skyward curled,
Shall to fancy re-echo my name.

That name shall be stored in record sublime,
To the uttermost corners of earth,—
Oh! renowned, till the wreck of expiring time
Be the glorified land of my birth.

Yes! bury my heart in the boundless sea,
It would burst from a narrow tomb,
Should less than an ocean my sepulchre be,
Or if wrapped in less horrible gloom."

VALEDICTORY OF AN EDITOR.—The following is the valedictory article of an editor out West:

"The undersigned retires from the editorial chair with complete conviction that all is vanity. From the hour he started his paper to the present time, he has been solicited to lie, upon every given subject, and can't remember ever having told a wholesome truth, without diminishing his subscription list or making an enemy. Under these circumstances of trial, and having a thorough contempt for himself, he retires in order to recruit his moral constitution."

Madame Otto Goldschmidt (late Mdlle Jenny Lind) will give her last Concerts in New York, the 18th, 21st and 24th of May.

Spring.

Spring comes to us coyly in these northern climes—now advancing a few steps, now recoiling timidly, as stern Winter turns back upon the maiden and frowns his last defiance upon his reluctant retreat; or, to change the figure, Winter is like the unruly tenant of a house who refuses to vacate the premises at the expiration of his lease, and knowing that possession is nine-tenths of the law, declines moving until the place is made too hot for him. In still more northerly climes the change is effected as if by magic, as in a Christmas pantomime; at the wave of the enchantress' wand, icebergs and snow-hills disappear, and gardens and groves arise in their place; so are the ice fetters stricken from the streams, and the fields clothed with verdure and the dry branches with foliage, in the twinkling of an eye.

But with us there is a pleasing uncertainty about the spring weather, which imparts a vivid interest to the vicissitudes of the season. The almanacs are far too lenient; according to these voracious chronicles, the first day of March is the first day of Spring. This is a downright exaggeratton, unworthy of science. The boisterous month is often ushered in by a driving snow storm: far as the eye can reach, the hills and fields are white; the trunks of the moss grown apple trees are embossed with spotless *bas reliefs*, the gate posts wear white caps: the air is full of flying feathers. This is no time, surely, to breathe forth Thomson's invocation:

"Hail, gentle Spring, ethereal mildness, hail."

Still, in spite of the surly, rough, and riotous character of March, there is occasionally something encouraging and pacific in his demeaner. If he comes in like a lion, he is apt to go out like a lamb. He is like many a blustering fellow that we meet, who begins life "all sound and fury," but takes a sensible view of the matter before he ends his career, and subsides at last into a sober, well-behaved citizen. He is the rough herald to a gentler mate. April follows, like the lady of young Lochinvar,

"With a smile on her lip, and a tear in her eye."

April is a very perplexing body—now she titters and giggles at you, like a boarding-school miss of sweet sixteen; now she pouts, and frets, and weeps, like a neglected "flame" of thirty, and yet very dear is she in all her moods and humors, for she brings us flowers and music, violets and birds, and is withal an emblem of existence.

"For life is but an April day,
Of sunshine and of shower."

Last comes May: she is the type, the embodiment of spring. The other months, for her sake, have done battle with the Winter; the field is free to her light footsteps, for she knows her advance is covered with the warm artillery of Summer smiles. A delicate maiden is our charming May. Her smiles have not the fiery voluptuousness of summer; her breath is not the hot blast that vivifies only to wither. No, no, she is tender and gentle, our cherished May: the flowers that she offers have no gaudy beauty; they are as tender and gentle as herself. The soft peach and apple-blossoms, the fragrant hawthorn buds, the soft daisies, these are woven in the wreaths that bind her sunny brow. Welcome, then, thrice welcome, daughter of Spring; the heart must be cold and passionless indeed, that does not open at thy coming, that does not kindle at thy smiles!

Widow Jones' Cow.

Widower Smith's wagon stopped one morning before widow Jones' door and gave the usual signal that he wanted somebody in the house, by dropping the reins, and sitting double with his elbows on his knees. Out tripped the widow, lively as a cricket, with a tremendous black ribbon on her snow-white cap. 'Good morning,' was soon said on both sides, and the widow waited what was further to be said.

'Well, ma'am Jones, perhaps you don't want to sell one of your cows, for nothing, no way, do you.'

'Well there, Mr. Smith, you could not have spoken my mind better. A poor lone woman like me, does not know what to do with so many creatures, and I should be glad to trade if we can fix it.'

So they adjourned to the meadow. Farmer Smith looked at Roan—then at the widow—then at Brindle—then at the widow—then at the downing cow—then at the widow again, and so through the whole forty. The same call was made every day for a week, but farmer Smith could not decide which cow he wanted. At length on Saturday when the widow Jones was in a hurry to get through her baking for Sunday, and had ever so much to do in the house, as all farmers, wives and widows have on Saturday, she was a little impatient. Farmer Smith was as irresolute as ever.

'That Downing cow is a pretty fair creature—but—' he stopped to glance at the widow's face, and then walked around her not the widow but the cow—

'That 'ere short horn Durham is not a bad looking beast, but I don't know—' another look at the widow.

'The Downing cow I knew before the late Mr. Joges, bought her.' Here he sighed at the illusion to the late Mr. Jones. She sighed, as they both lookod at each other. It was a highly interesting movement.

'Old Roan is a faithful old milch cow, and so is Brindle—but I have none better.' A long stare preceded this speech, the pause was getting awkward, and at last Mrs. Jones broke out.

'La! Mr. Smith, if I'm the cow you want do say so.'

The intentions of the widower Smith and widow Jones were duly published the next day, and our readers can judge the rest.

PINS IN THE STOMACH.—The London *Lancet* records the death of a tradesman's wife under peculiar circumstances, which rendered a post mortem examination necessary. The stomach contained, in its lower half, nine ounces of pins of a purple black color, not corroded, all bent or broken, many very pointed. The contents of the stomach were very tightly packed of various shapes, similar to those found in the stomach, and wholly obstructing the tube. Their weight was about a pound. The husband of the deceased has never seen her put pins into her mouth; but her son said he had observed his mother biting pins, and believed that she swallowed them; and stated moreover, that he had occasionally taunted her with the fact, when she corrected him. It appeared that her appetite was always capricious, occasionally very keen; and her sister informed the doctor that when a child, she was in the habit of eating starch and slate pencil, and that she had seen her biting pins.