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Poet's Corner.

The Only Son.

The only boy 'mid a dozen girls
Is always a very king—
Indulged and petted, his will is law,
And he rules everything;
For his father and mother, with loving eyes,
Glance over each cherished one,
The smile of affection sweetest rests
On the darling only son.

Ah! woe to the innocent helpless girls,
'Neath an only brother's sway;
He's always spoiling their funny plans
In the most provoking way;
He laughs as they search for their hidden toys
And thinks it capital fun—
Ah! 'mid the mischievous race of boys,
There's none like an only son!

They must be content with the poorest things,
Without a word or sigh,
For he always claims the sweetest cakes,
And the largest piece of pie.
They must always bear with a patient grace
The mischief he has done,
For an adept in roguery and prankfulness
Is the petted only son.

He throws their playthings in the fire,
And laughs to see them burn;
He puts the cat in his father's boots,
And the dog in his mother's churn.
But his mischief meets with approving smiles,
When 'tis found by whom tis done,
For what would be blamed in another child,
is praised in an only son.

Select Tale.

The Pedlar and his Dog.

From the Boston Olive Branch.

Some years ago I travelled through a portion of Michigan. I went on foot; or rode, as best suited my purpose. I carried rich silks and jewelry to sell to those disposed to buy. My only companion, during my journey, was a large dog of the Newfoundland breed. Lion was fit to be king of his species. He was good natured and quiet, and there was something almost human in his eyes. He attended to his own business and never quarrelled with "ears of low degree." He would bear no insult from worthless puppies, with a philosophy worthy of emulation. I never knew him save on a few occasions, resent the undue liberties of puppies of larger growth. When his rile, however, was thoroughly aroused, he made such offenders a terrible warning to evil doers.

When I travelled, he trotted along by my side, and when I stopped to trade he seated himself near me and watched all my movements with a business-like expression. It amused him a little, sometimes, to see my customers drag the goods from my pack, and handle them with such freedom, which he expressed by a low growl, while he followed every piece with his eyes, to see that they were not appropriated without proper compensation and with my full consent.

He really took a strong dislike to those who were disposed to find fault with everything, and my prices in particular. I believe he knew the value of everything I carried, and the value I attached to them. Be this as it may, he seemed satisfied when I was, and wagged his tail when I made a good trade. He was an excellent dog, and there was no danger of anything confided to his care being taken away. I found him very useful and companionable in my travels.

Conveyances were so scarce and uncertain, that I was often obliged to go on foot from one settlement to another. These journeys were anything but agreeable, and as the country was new and the state of society anything but good, robberies were frequently perpetrated upon these lonely roads, and there were those, no doubt, to whom the rich stuffs I carried would be a sufficient temptation to commit a murder. The idea frequently occurred to me in travelling through the wild woods of the West. But old Lion was always by my side, ready to die in my defence, and proud to share in my wanderings. I always went armed. An excellent brace of pistols, steel barrelled, and loaded with ball, were never from my pocket, save long enough to see that they were in order, and at night they lay beneath my pillow. I felt quite safe with these, and Lion, who was the companion of my nights as well as days. He always layed down between my bed and the door, with his face toward the latter. No one could enter without attracting the attention of Lion.

One day in the summer of 1830, I found myself in a small settlement on the border of a small lake, anxious to get forward to the next, which was about eighteen miles distant. No conveyance could be obtained without waiting till the next day, which I was not inclined to do, so I sat out on foot. It was near night, and I walked forward briskly. I was not long in discovering that my expedition would by no means be an agreeable one.

The road—if road it could be called—was very bad, and through the thickest forest in that part of the country. The night, too, crept on apace, and promised to be darker than common. But Lion trotted along by my side; he was a smart walker, and was confident I was getting over the ground fast; so I didn't mind much.

The darkness was on before I was aware of it. It seemed to me that I had already walked eighteen miles, but I could see no settlement. This surprised me a little, for I was used to travelling, and knew well my ability to estimate distances. But I kept up a good heart and went on, until I was quite certain I had mistaken my way, or been misinformed in regard to the distance. I concluded it would be best to keep the road I was in until I reached some habitation.

In a short time I was glad I had made the resolution, for I saw a light glimmering from a window. I approached it as soon as possible. It was rather above the medium size. I thought I could be accommodated there very well. It had the appearance of being very comfortable within. I knocked for admission. The door was opened by a man.

Now I am not a person to believe in presentiments, misgivings, and all that sort of thing, but I certainly saw something in that man's countenance that I did not like the moment I set my eyes upon him. In a gruff voice he asked me my business. I told him I believed I had lost my way, and was under the necessity of asking accommodations. After hesitating a moment he asked me to enter. A tall female was seated in a corner near a large rock fire place. She seemed busy in watching a peace of meat hissing over the fire. It struck me I had never seen a more apathetic countenance than hers. She hardly noticed my entrance. She might be forty years old. Her face was remarkably long, and wrinkled to a degree to excite curiosity. Her nose was sharp and skinny, as was indeed her whole face. The head gear was wholly indescribable, and beneath it grey hairs were visible.—Her entire dress was unlike anything I had seen. I could hardly keep my eyes off her.—She, as well as the man, glanced eagerly at my pack as I laid it down. The latter was a coarse looking person, whose countenance appeared more indicative of repacity than villainy.

To my questions he replied very civily, after I had entered and he had got a view of my person. I learned from him what I had suspected for the last half hour, that I had taken the wrong road.

A kind of telegraphing took place between the two, after which I was informed I could stay. This did not appear to me a very great favor, since I had a chance to observe my host and hostess.

The meat upon the coals was put upon the table at length. I was invited to partake of it, which I did with my host, who had been absent, and had returned a few minutes before my arrival. During my repast, Lion took his station by my side, receiving a portion as he always did.

When I had finished, I drew away from the board, and taking a paper from my pocket pretended to be busy reading.

I glanced up occasionally from under my brows, and was startled to see the apathy of the woman, as well as that of the man, wearing off rapidly. Her eyes grew animated, and, in unison with his, glanced at the dog with evident signs of dissatisfaction.

Presently I nodded over my paper, like a sleeping person. Instantly the manner of the two persons became more alarming. Finally the tall hag lifted my pack and weighed it in her hand as well as she was able. Her eyes flashed like a serpent's, for it contained a large quantity of specie, besides valuable jewelry and costly silks. I always make a practice of putting my silver money in a bag, and depositing it in a corner of said pack, but my bills were placed in a belt next to my skin.

After she had done this she motioned for him to come and lift, which he did with apparently as much satisfaction as his other half experienced.

He then opened the door softly and motioned the dog to go out. Though I have no doubt but Lion understood the pantomimes as well as anybody, he did not offer to stir, but lay at my feet as quietly as ever. At last the old hag grew impatient and shook a poker at him. Lion showed two rows of white teeth and uttered a low growl. The pantomimes ceased in an instant. The door was closed, and the poker returned to its place. I stirred a little. They were quick to observe me.

"A fine dog," said the man, thinking it probable I might hear the remark. "I reckon he wants to get out, he growls as though he did."

A pause followed this remark. He thought I might order him out, but I did no such thing.

"Nice dog," the woman added, after a moment, "nice dog," and then she offered him a piece of meat, and attempted to fondle him.—Contrary to her expectations, Lion utterly refused the meat, and put an end to all familiarity by showing his teeth again in a very testy manner.

This was something very strange for him; I never before knew him to refuse meat when it was offered him. Had Lion shared my suspicions? His instinct taught him that the hand outstretched was not a friendly one.

By this last hostility on the part of my dog, the hag appeared not a little disconcerted.—She retreated almost behind my chair, and shook her skinny fist at him; but he did not condescend to express any uneasiness at that rather decided and energetic expression of her feelings.

I now thought it time to wake up, which I did with a preparatory yawn or two. The same apathy came back and sat upon the features of my entertainers. I made them understand that I wished to retire. There were but two apartments in the cabin, and both left the one I was in to make arrangements in the other for my accommodation. They came out at length, and I was told that my bed was ready. They watched my movements with great interest when I arose to retire. I started first without my pack on purpose. The faces of the worthy pair lighted up; I returned, and they fell in a moment. This was not all—I passed in first, and the woman attempted to shut the door on Lion; but the latter put forth his strength, and sprang after me in an instant, almost upsetting the hag in the operation.

"I thought the creature would like to stay by the fire, said she by way of apology.

"Call the varmint out—tain't likely the man wants to sleep in the room with a beast," added mine host, in a manner that expressed a great deal of christian anxiety for my welfare.

"I prefer to have him with me," I answered.

"He won't eat that quarter of meat in there will he?"

"Oh, no," I answered. "You are quite right—he never takes anything that's not his."

Saying this I wished them a good night and closed the door.

They had provided me with a dim tallow candle, and the first thing I did was to examine everything in the room. It was pretty well lumbered up. Various kinds of vegetable occupied different corners, among which were pumpkins, potatoes, melons, &c., together with a quarter of venison, some jerked beef and skins of animals. The bed was a poor concern, the frame being made of round poles in the same state they were taken from the wood; and the clothing upon it was coarse enough for a hermit. But what struck me as being a little singular was that the bed was turned towards the partition separating the two rooms, and right opposite the pillow was a wide crack, which had the appearance of being left open by design.

I began to feel queer, (and that is not just the word to express what I mean.) I had large sums of money about me, enough to tempt the cupidity of my entertainers at any rate, as their actions had already evinced.—How easy it would be for them to shoot me through the crevice while I slept. The idea got possession of me fully, and I could not drive it from my mind. I would have fastened the door, but there was nothing to do it with, and I was impressed with the idea that the danger would not come in that direction. If it should, Lion was there to apprize me of it. I laid off my coat, and bustled about as though I was undressing. I put my pistols under my pillow and laid down, but such an accountable and terrible sense of evil pressed upon me that I could not sleep. Lion, too, appeared uneasy—came and put his fore-paws upon the bed every few minutes, then went back to his post by the door, and laid down, in a kind of feverish anxiety.

At last I feigned sleep, and snored musically, but I did not fail to look through the crevice and see what my host and hostess were doing. They laid down upon the bed which stood in the room, and were quiet enough until I began to snore; then I heard them whisper. What were my sensations when I saw them rise softly, and the man take a gun from behind the bed. I saw him, assisted by the hag, draw a charge of shot which was in the gun, and reload it with a handful of slugs. I turned over heavily and pretended to have awakened. My plan of action was arranged in a moment.

I had worn a wig for several years, on account of losing my hair by a fever. I determined to make it of more use than it had ever been before. I lifted myself from the bed, and felt about in the dark, until I found one of the pumpkins I had seen. Over this I drew my wig, and it happened to be an excellent fit. Having dressed it in this uncommon manner, I crept back to my bed, and placed it on my pillow, on the exact spot which my head had occupied. When it was thus adjusted, it was in juxtaposition with the long crevice, through which I took another look. Heavens! the fiends were loading a brace of pistols with the same infernal slugs!

I can't say but I felt a little dry about the throat then. I looked towards old Lion. I could see his great eyes through the darkness. He was still upon the alert. The perspiration began to run down my face in great drops—not that I felt absolutely afraid—for I flatter myself I was no coward—but I did not like the idea of taking human life. I was confident I could defend myself, yet even that confidence was not enough to make me feel altogether comfortable.

Taking my pistols in my hands, I bent over the bed, and commenced snoring again, at the same time watching the movements of the man and his amiable spouse. Every explosion from my nose seemed to give her infinite satisfaction. They looked at each other, nodded and smiled grimly. He took the gun, and in his stocking feet approached the crevice opposite my bed, followed by the hag, with the pistols and carving knife. Stopping, he peered into the room, and brought his ferocious looking eyes to bear upon my wig. I knew it would be dangerous to see any more. I raised my head out of harm's way, and emitted now and then a snore. I distinctly heard him fix the muzzle of the gun against the fissure opposite the wig, and then with a tremor of indignation, and a kind of creeping sensation all over me, I drew back and awaited the result. It was a moment of awful suspense to me.—What if he should discover the cheat and elevete his piece? A thousand such thoughts rushed through my mind in an instant. The cold sweat run down my face in a stream.—Thank heaven! I was not long kept in suspense.

A horrible explosion followed the fearful pause. A storm of slugs poured into my bed, perforating my wig, and scattering the pumpkin in every direction.

"He wont tell no story!" I heard the assassin say, as he dropped the breech of the gun heavily to the floor. "Now for the dog."

During these operations Lion had placed himself by my side, with his fore feet upon the bed, while to keep him still, I put my hand over his mouth. He knew what I meant, for I had kept him quiet before. At the moment of the discharge, he gave a low growl. I pointed to the door. He understood my meaning well. His eyes flashed like balls of fire; while he waited the moment to wreak his vengeance on the assassins.

"I will open the door a little, and when the creture sticks out his head, shoot him," said the she wolf.

The door was openened, but "the cretur" didn't stick his head out. Lion knew better than that, and waited his chance. Emboldened by not hearing anything, the door was gradually opened. Now was the time. With a terrific howl, Lion leaped over the head of the woman, and seizing the ruffian by the throat dragged him in an instant to the floor, where a great struggle took place. In another instant the hag was writhing in my nervous grasp: her surprise was so great that she made but little resistance—and I quickly bound her hand and foot with a cord she had procured for another purpose—perhaps to drag my body away into the woods.

The next thing to attend to was the man and lion. The struggle was still going on, but the latter had set his sharp teeth into the throat of the wretch, and rendered all his efforts abortive, although he was a man of powerful frame. He was already reeking with blood, and I hastened to save what little life was left in him. The dog was loth to quit his hold, and when he did, he left one victim to punish another; for before I could prevent it, he had set his teeth quite through the hag's arm, who shrieked like a lunatic.

The fellow looked ghastly enough when I released him. His neck was frightfully torn, but he got no pity from me. I bound him as I had his companion in iniquity, while he maintained a moody silence, while she heaped curses upon the dog. I bound her apron about his neck, which was all the surgical aid he got from me. Lion seemed very well satisfied with arrangements, and laid in the corner and watched them with much calm philosophy.

We remained with them until morning. I cannot say but I enjoyed our triumph as much as lion did, as they certainly were old offenders, as it was proved afterwards in a court of justice. As good fortune would have it, a man passed the next morning, by whom I sent word to the nearest settlement of what had occurred.

Before ten o'clock the offenders were in the hands of the law. They were conveyed to the nearest jail, where they awaited their trial, which took place about two months afterward. They were sentenced to ten years imprisonment, which, all things considered, was not too much. I believe, if ever they live to get out, they will kill Lion, should he survive their punishment; he is still as strong and healthy a dog as you can find anywhere. No money would tempt me to part with him. He is now looking quietly in my face as I write this. I have hinted to him the propriety of having his likeness published in this sketch; but he shakes his head gravely, as much as to say—"I don't care about it, master—every worthless puppy has his likeness published now-a-days."

Grateful for his past services, I suffer him to have his own way in this, as in a great many matters. Let no one despise the dog, as he is the only animal who, forsaking his own species, cultivates the friendship of man.

Miscellaneous.

"Rambles and Sketches."

From the book bearing the above title, we make the following extract, it being from the spirit-thrilling pen of Rev. J. T. Headley, in his rambles about Paris.—Eds. Dem.

But one morning as I strolled from the Hotel de Meurice (the Astor House of Paris,) in search of rooms, I stumbled on an object which for a moment held me by a deeper spell than any thing I had seen in France. In the Rue Victoire, close beside the principal baths of the city, stands a small house several rods from the street, and approached by a narrow lane. It is situated in the midst of a garden, and was the residence of Josephene when the young Napoleon first yielded his heart to her charms. The young soldier had then never dreamed of the wondrous destiny that awaited him, nor had surrendered his soul to that wasting ambition which consumed every generous quality of his nature, and every pure feeling of his heart. Filled with other thoughts than those of unlimited domain, and dreaming of other things than fierce battle-fields, he would turn his foot-steps hither, to pour the tale of his affections in Josephine's ear. His heart throbbed more violently before a single look and a single voice, than it ever did amid the roar of artillery and the sound of falling armies. The eye, before which the world quailed at last, and the pride of kings went down, fell at the gaze of a single woman; and her flute-like voice stirred his youthful blood wilder than the shout of "Vive l'Empereur!" from the enthusiastic legions that cherred him as he advanced. Those were the purest days of his existence, and we believe the only happy ones he ever passed. When the crown of an emperor pressed his thoughtful forehead, he must have felt that it was better to be loved by one devoted heart, than be feared by a score of kings. As I stood before the humble dwelling, and thought of the monuments of Bonaparte's fame that covered France and the world, I could not but feel how poor a choice he made after all. Surrendering the pure joy that springs from affection, and the heaven of a quiet home for the tumult of armies and the crowns of thorns which unholy ambition wears, he wrecked his own happiness and soul together. He made life one great battle field, and drove his chariot of war over heaps of slain, and up to the axletrees in human blood, to gain at last—*a grave*. He could have had that without such labor; and one, too, over which does not hang such darkness and gloom as rest on his. How, often in the midst of his power, must that voice of singular melody, whose tones, it is said, would arrest him in the gayest assembly, have fallen on his ear like a rebuking spirit, telling him of his baseness, and bringing back faint echoes of that life never could live again.

Going one day to "Pere la Chaise," which is without the city, on a hill that overlooks the endless field of houses, I stumbled on a square column which at first puzzled me amazingly: but as I read the inscriptions upon it, I found I was standing on the foundations of the Bastile. I shuddered as memory brought back that terrible dungeon and its still more terrible overthrow. Suddenly, I seemed to hear the shout of thousands, as "To the Bastile!" rose on the air.

The wave of insurrection that had been dashing from side to side in the city, now took a steady course, and surged up around the Bastile. The dungeon of tyranny for ages, it had become peculiarly obnoxious to the people and its doom was sealed. Cannon are brought to play on its missive sides, and a bold mechanic climbs up the wall, and amid the shower of shot hews away on the chain that holds the drawbridge. Coming with a crash to the ground, the multitude rush over it and the Bastile is taken. The daughter of the governor is sentenced to be burned, but escapes the painful death by the interposition of those who have humanity in them still. The governor himself, and many with him, are slain; and their heads, placed on pikes, are carried through the streets in triumph. The Bastile is no more, and alarm spreads through the court of France. I gazed long and thoughtfully on this relic of the Revolution, covered over the names, not of those who defended it, but of those who loveled it to the earth.—The king does not live who would dare put any other names upon it. That was the beginning of the exertion of physical force in the Revolution. As I trod afterwards the silent walks of the cemetery, and looked away three miles to the mighty city, I could but think how quickly time erases battle fields, revolutions, and emperors from the earth, leaving only here and there a monument in their stead, which, in its turn, gives way to some other structure, or finally falls back to its original elements. I was anxious to see the tomb of Abelard and Heloise, and after much effort found it. On the marble tablet which covers them are wrought two bas-reliefs, lying side by side, representing the two lovers. Heloise was a lovely and true hearted woman, but Abelard was a selfish, heartless villain, notwithstanding his genius, and the sentimentality of the French, and the romance the world has made out of him.

From this quiet cemetery I visited the Hotel de Ville, and lo! I was again in the midst of the Revolution. I followed the street leading from it to the Church of the Carmelites, calling to mind the Sabbath morning of the 2d of September, 1792. Two days before the domiciliary visits had been made. For forty-eight hours the barriers of the city had been closed, and every door shut in the streets.—The sound of the busy population had suddenly died away—the promenades were empty, the rattling of carriages was hushed, and the silence and solitude of the sepulchre reigned throughout the vast city, save when the fearful echoes were heard of the rapid tread of the bloodhounds of the anarchists, and the tap of their hammer on every door, as they moved along on their mission of death. The paleness of despair sits on every countenance, and the throbbing heart stops beating, as that hammer-stroke is heard on the door of their dwelling. The *suspected* are to be arrested for the safety of the state, and fifteen thousand are seized and committed. But what is to be done with this army of prisoner? They cannot be tried separately. No, their execution is to be as sudden and summary as their arrest and the Sabbath of the 2d of September is selected as the day of their slaughter. The bright sun rose over the city, and nature smiled, as she always will, despite the actions of man; but instead of the church-bells calling the worshippers to the house of God, there goes pealing over the city the terrible tocsin and the wild beat of the *generale*, and the rapid alarm-guns—making that Sabbath morning as awful as the day of judgment. Through every street came pouring the excited multitude. Twenty-four priests, moving along the streets on their way to the Church of the Abbaye, are seized and butchered. Varennes is at the head of the mob, and trampling over the corpses and spattering the blood over his shoes kindles into ten-fold fury the ferocity he has awakened in the maddened populace. Maillard, who led the mob of women that stormed Versailles, is heard shouting over the tumult, "To the Carmelites!" and "To the Carmelites" they go, and surge up like the maddened sea around the devoted church. Two hundred priests are within its wall. Finding their hour had come, they rush into each others embrace, and, kneeling, prayed together to that God, who seems to have withdrawn his restraining power from man. They are butchered around the very alter, and their blood flows in streams over the pavement of the church. In the intervals of the infuriated shouts the voice of prayer steals on the ear, but the next instant it is hushed in death.—The Archbishop of Arles stands amid this wild scene, calm as the Madonna that looks down from the altar above him. Thrice the sword smites his face, inflicting three horrible gashes before he falls, and then he dies at the very foot of the cross of Christ. The massacre being completed, "To Abbaye!" is the next shout, and the turbulent mass rolls towards the Abbaye. The brave Swiss Guards are first brought out and pierced by a thousand pikes. The inhuman yells penetrate to the innermost chambers of the prisoners, and each one prepares himself to die. The aged Sombreuil, governor of the Invalides, is brought out, and, just as the bayonet is lifted to pierce him, his lovely daughter falls on his neck, and pleads in such piteous accents and tears for her father's life, that even these monsters are moved with compassion, and promise that his life shall be spared on condition that she will drink the blood of aristocrats. A goblet filled with warm blood is presented to her lips, and she drains it at a draught. The half-naked murderers around, bespattered with brains and blood, shout his pardon. The Princess of Lamballe, the friend of the unfortunate queen, and the beauty of the court, is next led forth and faints again and again at the horrible spectacle that meets her gaze. Arising from her swoon, a sword cut opens her head behind, and she faints again. Recovering, she is forced to walk between two blood covered monsters over a pavement of dead bodies, and then speared on a heap of corpses. The raging fiend within them still unsatisfied, they strip the body; and, after exposing it to every indecency and insult that human depravity can invent, one leg is rent away and thrust into a cannon, and fired off in honor of this jubilee of hell. The beautiful head, borne aloft on a pike, with the auburn tresses clotted with blood streaming down the staff, is waved over the crowd, and made to nod in grim salutation to the fiends that dance in horrid mirth around it. "*Ca ira*;" yes, that will do, but God is not yet dead, nor his laws destroyed. A thousand are butchered, but Robespierre, thou shalt yet acknowledge, in other ways than by a magnificent fete and pompous declamation, there is a God in heaven that rules over the affairs of men! Thou hast awakened elements thou canst not control, and raised a storm thou canst not lay again! And I was standing on the very spot where these scenes had been enacted. The tread of hasty feet were around me, and all the hurry and bustle of city life. I looked on the pavements, but they were not bloody; and on the passing throng, and they were not not armed. Nay, no one but myself seemed conscious they were treading over such fearful ground. They had been born and lived here, and hence could see only common walks and pavement around them; while I, a stranger, could think of nothing but that terrible earthquake that shook France and the world.

Oh! how impotent does man and his strifes appear after the tumult is over, and the Divine laws are seen moving on in their accustomed way. Like the Alpine storm and cloud that wrap the steadfast peak, do the passions and conflicts of men hide the truth of heaven till it seems to have been carried away for ever; but like that Alpine peak when the storm is over, is its clear summit seen to repose as calmly against the blue sky as if perpetual sunshine had rested on its head.

As I passed over to the "Place du Carrousel," where the artillery was placed that Robespierre endeavored in vain to make fire on the Convention that voted his overthrow by acclamation, I could plainly see how naturally every thing proceeded, from the abrogation of the Sabbath, and the renunciation of the Deity, to that awful Reign of Terror. Cut a nation loose from the restraints of Divine law, and there is nothing short of anarchy. Release man from the tremendous sway of obligation, and he is a fiend at once. Take conscience from him, and put passion in its place, and you hurl him as far as Satan fell when cast out of heaven. The course of Robespierre was necessary after he had commenced his Jacobinical career. He had destroyed all the means by which rulers secure their safety except fear.—But the hour which *must* sooner or later come, finally arrived, and Paris awoke to her condition. The guillotine, which had heretofore chopped off only the heads of the upper classes, began now to descend on the citizens and common people. There seemed no end to this indiscriminate slaughter, and the wave that had been sent so far, now began to balance for its backward march. Robespierre had slain aristocrats, and finally his own companions in blood; and now saw the storm gathering over his own head. Marat had gone to his account long before—Danton, Camille, and Des Moulins had followed their murdered victims to the scaffold, and now, when Robespierre should fall the scene would change. It is sometimes singular to see the coincidence of events as if on purpose to make the truth they would teach more emphatic. After "Down with the tyrant!" which thundered on the ears of the doomed man from the whole Convention, till he had to flee for his life, he went to this very Hotel de Ville, where the awful massacre of the 2d of September commenced. After defending himself with his friends in vain, against the soldiery, the building was surrendered and the room of the tyrants entered.—There sat Robespierre, with his elbows on his knees and his head resting on his hands. A pistol-shot fired broke his under jaw, and he fell under the table. Couthon made feeble efforts to commit suicide, while Le Bas blew out his own brains. Robespierre and Couthon, supposed to be dead, were dragged by their heels to the Seine, and were about to be thrown in, when they were discovered to be alive, and carried to the Committee of General Safety. There, for *nine* hours, he lay stretched on the very table on which he used to sign the death warrants of his victims. What a place and what a time to ponder. Insults and curses were heaped on him, as he lay there bleeding and suffering—the only act of humanity extended to him being to wipe the foam from his mouth. As if on purpose to give more impressiveness to this terrific scene, he had on the very blue coat he had worn in pomp and pride at the festival of the Supreme Being.—It was now stained with his own blood, which he tried in vain to staunch. Poor man! writhing in torture on the table where he signed his death warrants, in the very blue coat that made him conspicuous when he attempted to re-throne the Deity, what a lesson he furnishes to infidel man to remotest generations.

But this was not all; the guillotine, which had been removed, was rolled back to the Place de Revolution, so that he and his companions might perish on the very spot where they themselves had witnessed so many executions of their own commanding. Led by my own feelings, I slowly wandered back to the Place de Revolution, to witness in imagination the closing up of the great tragedy. As Robespierre ascended the scaffold, the blood burst through the bandages that covered his jaw, and his forehead became ghastly pale. Curses and imprecations smote his ear; and one woman, breaking through the crowd, exclaimed, "murderer of all my kindred, your agony fills me with joy; descend to hell, covered with the curses of every mother in France!" As the executioner tore the bandage from his face, the under jaw fell on his breast, and he uttered a yell of terror that froze every heart that heard it with horror. The last sounds that fell on his dying ear, were shouts of joy that the tyrant was fallen. The people wept in joy, when they saw that the monsters that had sunk France in blood were no more, and crowded round the scaffold embracing each other in transport. One poor man came up to the lifeless body of Robespierre, and after gazing in silence on it for some time, said in solemn accents, "Yes, Robespierre, there is a God!"—THERE IS A GOD! was the shriek France sent up from round that scaffold, and its echo has not since died away on the nations of Europe, and shall not till remotest time—for ever uttering in the ears of the infidel ruler, "Beware!"

Pompeii.

The ancient city of Pompeii is plainly indicated by a ridge or mould extending from the base of Vesuvius to its excavated Amphitheatre, which is situated at its eastern extremity. Not much, if any, more than one third of the city has been excavated; and most of this was done by the French, though the work has been progressing moderately under the Neapolitan Government. The task is Herculean, for the city lies buried under volcanic earth from ten to twenty feet deep, and as the roofs of the buildings were all crushed, the apartments were of course filled with solid earth.

Volcanic soil is very fertile. The unexcavated portions of Pompeii are highly cultivated. Whatever is planted or sown here produce abundantly. Extensive and beautiful Vineyards gives us the Lagrime Christi and Falernian Vines, which though most delicious are heating and fiery, as may well be inferred from the nature of the soil which produces the grape.

There are about fifty laborers engaged now in excavations. We were allowed to use the Pick but not to take away any of the spoils, though like other visitors, we did obtan a few specimens, among which were fragments of stucco and Etruscan ware. Whenever a sovereign visits Naples, the event is signalized by developing, in his presence, the contents of a house, and these are given by the King to his Royal Guest. Everything valuable found at Pompeii has been carefully preserved here in the Museum, to which, as well as to Pompeii, strangers have free admission.

The excavations display Streets, Institutions, Dwellings, Shops, &c., &c., in a much more perfect condition than I had supposed. These are all satisfactorily identified. There is neither doubt nor obscurity as to the Pantheon, the Tribunal, the Temples of Iris, Bacchus, Jupiter, Hercules; the Theatres, the Baths, the Houses of Diomede, Panza, &c., &c. Not only the walls of these buildings, but their different compartments, with, in some instances, elaborate Fresco Paintings, are seen. Entire streets have been excavated and renumbered. Wine and oil stores were identified by the Jars and other Vessels in which these liqueds were kept, and which are still in use here. In a large bake-house, the ovens of which are perfect, bread with the name of the Baker stamped on each loaf was found. In Diomede's Wine Vault, the Wine Jars are still standing against the wall, close to which several skeletons were found, one of which was supposed to be either the wife or daughter, from the rich necklace, bracelet and ear-rings that adorn the person of the sufferer. Near the gate of the city leading to Herculaneum the skeleton of a soldier who perished on duty, with his armor on and his arms by his side was found. The Sentry Box in which this soldier was found is perfect.

The Amphitheatre was a noble structure.—The seats were of marble. Near the Arena are dens or cells in which the Wild Beasts with which the Gladiators contended, were caged. In one of these the skeleton of a Lion was found. In this Amphitheatre it is said that 20,000 spectators could be seated.

The streets were paved with large stones of irregular size and shape, but with a flat surface, in which were cavities evidently caused by the wheels of vehicles. The side-walks are raised like ours, and handsomely paved with pebbles, and around Temples, &c., with Mosaic. In front of the Home of the Vestals there is a fine Mosaic pavement, with the word 'Salve' (welcome) on the sill at the entrance. In one of the largest and most elegant houses were marble Dining Tables.—T. *Weed's Letters from Europe.*

NO USE TALKING.—A young ophirite enthusiast was talking to his intended a few evenings since, urging upon her speedy marriage and a start to spend the honey-moon in California.

'I tell you,' said he, his face glowing with enthusiasm. 'California is the Paradise of this earth. There's no use talking.'

'No use talking!' exclaimed the lady with a look of some surprise.

'No use talking,' said the lady, 'what in the name of sense do you want of woman there? I don't go.'

He left but we presume he will be back.

WESTERN ELOQUENCE.—Not very long since, an Indiana lawyer in defending a criminal in Court commenced his address to the jury with the following burst of eloquence:

"If the Court please, Gentleman of the Jury The majestic Eagle—proud emblem of our independence,—may soar aloft and feast upon the serpents of the mountain beak—and the wondering Ass may graze upon the thistles of the valley, but my client is innocent of the charges upon which he is arraigned."

A Happy Home.

The first year of married life is a most important era in the history of a man and wife. Generally as it is spent, so is almost all subsequent existence. The wife and husband then assimilate their views and their desires, or else conjuring up their dislikes, they add fuel to their prejudices and animosities for ever afterward.

'I have somewhere read,' says the Rev. Dr. Wise in his Bridal Greetings, of a bridegroom who gloried in excentricities. He requested his bride to accompany him into the garden a day or two after the wedding. He then throw a line over the roof of their cottage. Giving his wife one end of it, he retreated to the other side and exclaimed:

'Pull the line!'

She pulled it at his request, as far as she could. He cried—

'Pull it over!'

'I can't,' she replied.

'Pull with all your might!' shouted the whimsical husband.

But in vain were all the efforts of the bride to pull over the line, so long as the husband held on the opposite end. But when he came round, and they both pulled at one end, it came over with great ease.

'There said he as the line fell from the roof, you see how hard and ineffectual was our labor when we pulled in opposition to each other; but how easy and pleasant it is when we both pull together. If we oppose each other it will be hard work; if we act together, it will be pleasant to live. Let us, therefore, always pull together.'

In this illustration, homely as it may be, there is sound philosophy. Husband and wife must naturally bear and concede, if they wish to make home a retreat of joy and bliss. One alone cannot make home happy. There must be a unison of action, sweetness of spirit, and great forbearance and love in both husband and wife, to secure the great end of happiness in the domestic circle.

Wit and Wisdom.

A printer is the only man who can set while he stands.

☞ Practice flows from the principle; for as a man thinks, so will he act.

Two things made to to be lost—sinners and umbrellas.

Fine feathers make fine birds—and fine garments make fine fops.

CURIOSITY.—Looking over other people's business, and overlooking your own.

☞ The storms of adversity are wholesome though like snow-storms, their drifts are not always seen.

Every heart has its secret sorrow, which the world knows not; and oftentimes we call a man cold when he is only sad.

☞ Let another's passion be a lecture to thy reason, and let the shipwreck of his understanding be a sea-mark to thy passion.

☞ Be charitable; religion has humanity, for a basis, and they who are charitable cannot be Christians.

☞ It is an evidence of inebriety when a man calls for a boot jack to take his hat off with.

An editor down South, who served four days on a jury, says he's so full of law that it is hard to keep from cheating somebody.

☞ The glory of a good man is the testimony of a good conscience; have that and thou wilt have peace amidst all thy troubles.

Down East a fellow was put to jail for swindling. The audacious scamp dried snow and sold it for salt.

The newest promenade fashion is for the ladies to lead puppies in a string.—They used to take them by the arm.

The best "forget me not" a man can leave his wife is a baby. It beats wedding rings all hollow. People about leaving for California will please notice.

☞ The first step to misery is to nourish in ourselves an affection for evil things and the height of misfortune is to be able to indulge such affections.

GOOD!—It has been decided by some Court down east, that a man is not entitled to have 'Esquire' affixed to his name unless he is married.

PETTY LARCENY.—'You have stolen my soul divine one!' exclaimed a love sick swain to his adored. 'Pardon me,' responded the lady, 'I am not in the habit of picking up little things.'

☞ An exchange paper says: 'General Scott whipped Santa Anna when he had but one leg. Gen. Houston whipped him when he had two.'

☞ We must not always speak all that we know; that were mere folly; but what a man says should be what he thinks, otherwise it would be knavery.

☞ "Mr. Brown, I owe you a grudge, remember that."

"I shall not be frightened then, for I never knew you to pay anything that you owed."

☞ He who commands himself, commands to some extent the world also; for the more authority we have over others, the more command we exercise over ourselves.

☞ Weigh thyself by thy own balances and trust not the voice of wild opinion, observe thyself as thy greatest enemy so shalt thou become thy greatest friend.

A late writer, in speaking of sour-kraut, says:—"It is the connecting link between damaged cabbage and pickled manure."—Neat compliment that to out German population Isn't it?—*Dutchman.*

A Washington paper says:—'An industrious friend lately returned from a two years' residence in California, has made twenty thousand dollars—in experience; and brought home with sixty-two cents!'

'The fire is going out, Miss Filkins.'

'I know it, Mr. Green; and if you would act wisely, you would follow its example.'

It is unnecessary to add that Green never 'axed' to set up with that gal again.

☞ The daughter of a proprietor of a coal mine, in Pennsylvania, was inquisitive as to the nature of hell. Upon which her father represented it to be a large gulf of fire of most prodigious extent.

'Papa,' said she, 'couldn't you get the devil to buy his coal of you?'