The Montrose Democrat.

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

S. B. & E. B. CHASE, PROPRIETORS — MONTROSE, PA., THURSDAY, AUGUST 5, 1852. — VOLUME IX. NUMBER 31

Poet's Corner.

A DEMOCRATIC SONG.

We transcribe the following stirring and patriotic song from an Eastern exchange. It breathes the true spirit of poetry and the pure principles of democracy. It is a gem which will be admired by every reader. There are thousands of hearts in this State which will respond to the sentiments of this song:

What means the proud triumphal scenes,
The shout and cannon's roar—
The long huzzas that proudly swell
Along New England's shore?
The lofty hills take up the sound,
And from their granite heights
Are streaming wide o'er land and tide,
Her countless beacon lights.

'Tis but a dream of that which rocks
The nation far and near—
Glad sounds of joy and revelry
Fall ever on the ear.
A starry banner meets the sky,
From every village dome;
While hearts are light, and hearths are bright
Within each happy home.

Are they that march at midnight hour
With torch and trump in hand,
Returning from the battle field—
A brave, victorious band?
Are those the mighty shouts that rise
Above a fellow foe,
When tyrants yield the gory field,
And freedom strikes the blow?

They're conquerers—yet no bloody stain
Rests on their glorious path;
They've conquered—but no deeds of wrong
Record a nation's wrath.
With faithful hearts, and fearless souls,
A noble fight is won;
A field on which long years ago,
Scarce prouder deeds were done.

They've scattered from the peaceful sky
A black and fearful cloud,
That darkly hung, and seemed to wrap
Our country in a shroud.
We see the fair blue heavens again—
We feel their breath once more,
And doubly bright the sun's broad light
Illumes our native shore.

God bless the free! our country's pride,
An iron-hearted band—
No firmer on the wild-hill side
Their granite pillars stand.
With homes to guard, and hearts to cheer,
And many a tie to cherish—
They proudly go to meet the foe,
And conquer—or they perish.

Miscellaneous.

The Pirate's Love.

A TALE OF THE SEA.

The broad blue Atlantic was unbroken by the slightest breeze, and the rising sun was reflected in its mirror-like surface. Slumbering on its bosom lay a small schooner, a model of symmetry, which rose and fell with the long gentle undulations of the waters; the sails hung idly from her yards, and bosoms, and not even a zephyr sighed through the light rigging that fell from her tall masts; her hull was entirely black, but from the stern-head to the quarter staunchion was a thick range of guns whose red muzzles formed a striking contrast to the sable broadside from which they projected. She was a noble vessel; and she was easily distinguished by her warlike appearance.

Her commander, Walter Macarthy, was only son of a wealthy merchant, who had carried on extensive commerce from the city of Limerick, but who, from heavy misfortunes was reduced to the lowest ebb of poverty, and who finally died a victim to the uncertainty of earthly hopes, leaving his son heir to a barren world. The youth was about twenty years of age when his father died; nature seemed to have concentrated all her art in moulding his outward person in all the symmetry of manly beauty, while his mind was a strange intermixture of recklessness and benevolence; he had a heart which the charms of woman alone could unstring; but when the spirit of revenge or anger nerved it in wrath, the mad courage of a lion lay in his arm, and he who provoked him soon had cause to repent of his ill fortune. In the day of his prosperity he had loved; but now that the fickle goddess had trodden down his hopes, he endeavored to crush the passion with all the force he could summon; yet when he imagined that he had overcome the deep-rooted sensation, still phœnix like, it would rise up again in his soul, and overwhelm all his former resolutions. The object of his ill-starred affection was the daughter of a naval officer of high renown. In the summer of his fortune the father had encouraged his hopes; but when that fell, the smile that used to welcome his visit was changed to the cold, haughty, common place expression of slender civility till at length the once hospitable doors was closed to his approach.

His natural inclination led him to the resolution of endeavoring to overcome his passion by going to sea. While his aged father lived filial tenderness forbade him to desert his couch but when he saw the only tie that bound him to the land of his fathers, deposited in the clay, he wrote a last adieu to the mistress of his heart, and departed from the place of his birth with but one sigh for her with whom he left his affections. He directed his course to Portsmouth, where he entered on board a squadron which was about to sail on a cruise up the Mediterranean. They had several actions with the pirates who infested those seas, in all of which our hero so distinguished himself, that he was soon raised to a command suitable to his exploits; and every succeeding engagement brought laurels to his honored brow. In this manner nearly four years passed away, and at length being recommended to the Admiralty Board, they invested him with the command of a small brig, to sail against a famous French Smuggler that traded on the north-western coast of England. On the third day after sailing from Spithead, he hove in sight of his object, then about to land a valuable cargo; and after four hours' hard fighting, in which he lost nearly one-half of his crew, he towed the prize into port, where, having delivered her up to the authorities, and refitted, he proceeded to London to surrender his command. But his little vessel was never destined to reach the land.

When he was doubling the Land's End, a tremendous gale from the north-east set in, and he was blown out to sea; however, when the storm began to abate, he again stood on his former course, and was proceding steadily on, when the bursts of artillery broke over the swelling ocean, and the very heavens seemed to tremble in echoing back the heavy booms. Macarthy immediately resolved to alter his course, and he was soon slashing on towards the place whence the sounds proceeded. A few leagues brought him in sight of two large ships in a hot engagement; and crowding all sail, he soon came within range of their guns. The British ensign was fluttering from the mizzen peak of one, while that of France spread its proud folds from the foremost head of the other. Macarthy did not long hesitate; but getting his little brig, ready for action, he bore up to the assistance of his countryman. The Frenchmen had boarded his antagonist, and numbers fell on both sides; but when the English beheld the succor that had arrived, their sunken courage sprung up again, and they soon repulsed the boarders who had rushed on them. Broadside after broadside did the little brig pour into the stern of the enemy, until at length overpowed by the renewed attacts of both crews, and finding their vessel fast sinking, the Frenchman struck, and the English ensign floated above theirs, amid the triumphant chee s of the victors. Mutual congratulations ensued, and the venerable commander of the British frigate rushed forward to embrace his preserver. Macarthy was leaning on his cutlass, fatigued after the dreadful contest he had so opportunely concluded, when the frigate's long boat, crowded with officers came alongside; but when he saw the commodore with open arms approaching, he reverentially uncovered, and bowed low to him. The old man suddenly stopped short, and recoiling a few paces raised his hand to his forehead, as if to bring some recollection thither—then, with a tear drop standing in his eye, he stretched out his hand to Macarthy, and said, 'And is Walter Macarthy my preserver?' Emotion choked his further utterance, but in a few moments he continued—'Walter, I have wronged you!—Yes, by heaven, I have deeply, foully wronged you; but a soul like yours must forgive;' and the old man lowered his voice while he said, 'I will endeavor to make amends, in some degree, for the pain I have caused you.'

Macarthy was silent—not a word escaped his lips;—but he fervently pressed the commodore's hand to his bosom, and then turned hastily away to hide the tribute of gratitude that rose to his eye. What must he have felt when the father of her whose image was enshrined in his soul, once more took him to his bosom, and dashed down the barrier that intervened between him and the object of his early love.

The officers and men who were looking on this scene were filled with wonder, and most of them shook their heads, unable to understand why their old weather-beaten commander should be so moved. But while they were conjecturing the cause, a new event called all their energies together; after a sort of tumult below, which lasted a few minutes, the carpenter rushed upon deck and with hurried accents announced that a shot had struck the vessel on one of the bilge planks and she was fast sinking. All was immediately bustle, each endeavoring to save as much as he could conveniently carry; the boats were soon manned—and just as Macarthy stepped into the last boat, and moved away to a short distance, his gallant little brig rolled heavily in the water, and the water closed over her in a vast whirlpool. The same fate befel the French ship in about half an-hour afterwards—and the frigate soon got under weigh, bearing the crew of the brig and the prisoners, in addition to the diminished number of her own men.

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After a tedious journey the commodore and Macarthy at length came in sight of their destination. Oh! how dow did the restored lover's heart bound when all the scenes of his early endearments severally presented themselves to his view, and when the carriage drove up to the door of the house that contained his Emily!—In a few moments the lovely girl, with every charm floating around her, rushed into the arms of her fond father, and then, with burning blushes suffusing her face and bosom, she paid a tribute of pure affection to the enchanted Macarthy. She was, in truth, a model of female loveliness. The rich, glossy, black tresses that floated in unrestrained locks over her neck, and fell gracefully back, revealing a noble forehead white as Parian marble, contrasted beautifully with the clear transparency of her bosom; while her easy, naturally majestic carriage and exquisitely symmetrical figure left no room for the most fastidious critics to stand upon. Then she had such a heart—and such a spring of noble affections! In short, she was a paragon of mental and bodily perfection.

But to our tale. A week passed away, in which Walter revelled in all the delights of mutual love. But his happiness was too complete—of too divines a caste to dwell in mortal bosom. He had walked out with his Emily, and the shades of evening closed over them before they thought of returning, but the moon rose up and shed down her mild, chaste light. It is at such a time that the heart will open, and the most secret workings of its core develop themselves.

It is in such an hour that the breathings of affection will arise like incense, and offer themselves in sacrifice at the shrine of eternal fidelity. Emily talked long and endearingly, and the ravished Walter could have bowed down in adoration. The hours passed rapidly away, and the time of parting at length came.

'Walter,' said the affectionate girl, as they lingered, gazing on the full moon sailing thro' her ocean of glory, and a pearl-drop glittered in her eloquent blue eye—'Walter, I am a little sad; there is a whispering consciousness within me that a rude hand will part us. I cannot free myself from the idea, for I felt the same foreboding before you went first. But may God avert that stroke, for I shall sink under its infliction;' and she fervently raised her now streaming eyes to heaven.

'Emily,' said Macarthy, 'your fears are groundless, the power is not of earth that can drag you from my bosom. Cheer up, Fortune will smile and them——'

'Is not that a bad omen, Walter?' said Emily, smiling languidly, and pointing to a dark heavy cloud that rushed over the moon, and darkened every object.

'I heed not omens, love,' said Macarthy, 'when thou art my horoscope. Fortune shall pursue my tread when thou art the star of my destinies. It will rain soon—adieu, Emily;' and, for the first time, he sealed his parting with an ambrosial kiss.

The morning came, gloomy and cheerless, and with it a letter from the Admiralty still more gloomy to the fate of Walter. It required his immediate attendance at London, and he must set out without a moment's delay!

He took a hasty farewell from the old commodore, but a still more painful and lengthened one from his heart bursting daughter.

'Oh!' said she, 'Walter, I guessed aright. Adieu! I feel our happiness is at an end;' and a torrent of tears gushed from the eyes of the fair one. Macarthy was overcome; he once more pressed her to his heart, and tore himself from her embrace, and in a few moments was on the road.

After a fatiguing journey he reached London, and presented himself at the office of the Board. What must have been his astonishment, when he was there arraigned for appropriating a part of the smuggler's cargo to his own use! and how much more did he wonder when his own first-lieutenant, the friend of his bosom, appeared as his accuser!

A deep curse rose from his lips on the villain, and under a violent feeling of resentment, he struck him a blow that felled him to the ground and deprived him of life. The venerable dignitaries before whom he stood were horrified, and before any of the officers of the court could apprehend him, he was far out of the reach of their power. Rewards were offered for his head, but he succeeded in escaping to France, where he stood in defiance of the vengeance that awaited him in the British Isles. Here he did not long remain inactive; he soon was in the command of a noble brigantine with a daring crew, and he put to sea with a determination to harrass the enemies of his peace as far as he could.

Years rolled away, and every day brought accounts of the feats of the 'Flying Pirate.'—The most aggravated cruelties he practiced, and he showed no mercy to any who fell into his hands. Frigates and ships of the line were dispatched against him; yet he contrived to escape all, and still continued his devastations on the deep. He was well known on all the coasts of Europe England and Ireland, and his appearance off any place was very seldom unattended by some dreadful tragedy. No wonder, then, he was feared by all, and the very mention of his name brought terror to the listeners.

We will return to the deserted partner of his love. Emily sunk when she heard the extraordinary termination of his journey; and her constitution gradually withered, until at length the once lovely girl was reduced to a thing of blight and a victim to misfortune. Her fond father tried every method to stimulate her to exertion, and his efforts were not altogether unsuccesful.—She had a strong mind, but she never could recover the "lost boquet" of her happiness, and she lingered on, passing her days in a sort of mechanical order, unmovable by any event, but listless and without reflection. Four years passed, and she still remained little altered, and then it was that a formerly rejected suitor put in his claim for her hand. The old commodore was sinking to the grave; and he gradually snatched at the protection thus afforded to the last tie of affection that bound him to the world. Emily cared not for herself, indeed, when, marriage was first proposed to her, her former energy arose for a moment, but then it fell lower than before, and she passively became Sir William De Carton's bride.

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The brigantine was lying-to under the vergo of a mountain on the west coast of Ireland.—There was a dead calm on the waters of the Atlantic, as I have described in the commencement of this sketch; but after a short time a breeze sprung up off the land, and the pirate schooner moved rapidly away before it. She held on her course during the night, and the next morning brought her in sight of a vessel of her own size, under a pretty heavy press of canvass on her weather bow. The pirate pursued, and as night came on they came within range of each other; without waiting for the morning's light she ran down on board the chase, which proved to be an English packet, and in a few minutes grappled her. Then came the deeds of blood. The pirates fought with savage ferocity, and the English deck was soon strewed with the brave who defended her. The pirates, as was their custom, commenced butchering their prisoners, and at last they dragged the last passenger from his hiding-place, on deck. He was evidently a gentleman; and his noble carriage, in some degree, repelled the brutal conduct of his enemies. Torches blazed around, and the scene of carnage lighted by their yellow glare had a dreadful appearance. One ruffian stepped forward and raised his cutlass to bury it in the body of this last victim, when he drew a small stiletto and struck the wretch to the heart.—His companions now rushed from all sides, crying in sad tones, "Down with him—down with him!" when a female staggered forward from the companion, and threw herself between the murderers and him.

"Back, ruffians," screamed she; "he is my husband! Strike me—avenge your wrath on me, but spare him."

Appalled, the grim pirate shrunk back a moment; then, as if with a signal, a hundred pistols flashed in the darkness, and the poor victim fell without a groan. Macarthy, who till now had been a passive spectator, rushed forward just as the gentleman fell, and then he encountered the maniac eye of the lady.—He staggard backwards a few yards; and she, as if suddenly struck by lightning, gazed fixedly for a moment on his features, and then fell prostrate on the dead body of her husband, exclaiming, "Oh! heaven, 'tis Walter!"

Macarthy now hastily advanced to raise the lady, but he only clasped the corse of the unfortunate Emily. He knelt down on the bloody deck, and bent for a time over the lifeless clay of the girl he still loved,—then raising his head to heaven, with hands clasped on his breast, he seemed to pray fervently for some minutes. He then slowly rose, and having taken a last lingering look on the wreck of beloved loveliness, he went on board his own vessel, followed by his ruthless crew.—His brigantine was soon under weigh, and the deeds of that night ended the sanguinary career of the unfortunate but noble-hearted Walter Macarthy.

THE BEST FRIEND.—The most agreeable of all companions is a simple, frank man, without any pretensions to an opressive greatness—one who loves life and understands the use of it; obliging alike to all, has a golden temper and steadfast as an anchor. For such a one we gladly exchange the greatest genius the most brilliant wit, and profound thinker.

A domestic, newly engaged, presented to his master, one morning, a pair of boots the leg of which was much longer than the other. 'How comes it, you rascal, that these boots are not of the same length?' 'I really don't know sir—but what bothers me the most is that the pair down stairs are in the same fix.'

The "oldest inhabitant" is a man who has known the Mississippi river ever since it was a *small creek*.

The Moonlight Ride.

A number of years ago, a gentleman in Clydesdale, offered me a situation as head-groom, which I accepted. He had one horse which was kept in the stable by himself, and was, without exception, the ugliest and most savage animal of his kind I had ever seen.—There was not a single point of a strong or a fast horse about him. He was as black as charcoal; he was named Satan, and richly did he deserve the name. He would fly at you like a dog, with his teeth; attempt to beat you with his fore-feet, and strike round a corner at you with his hind ones. He had beaten off all the rough riders, grooms, and jockeys in that part of the country.

After being in the place for a few days, I was asked by the gentleman if I thought I could make anything of Satan. I replied that if he beat me, he would be the first horse which had ever done so; but still I considered him to be by far the most savage I had ever seen.

"Try him to-morrow at one o'clock," said he, as he turned to go away; "I will have a few friends with me to see how you succeed."

I determined, however, to try him that night, and without any witness to see whether I succeeded or not. My room was over the stables, and as the moon did not rise till eleven o'clock, I threw myself upon the bedclothes, and, contrary to my intention, fell asleep. When I awoke, it was twelve; the moon was shining brightly, and rendering everything as visible as if it were day.

I went down to the stable with a bridle prepared for the purpose, and a heavily loaded whip in my hand. I knew that it would be impossible to saddle him; and, indeed, I would be safer on his bare back, in the event of throwing himself down. I opened the stable door gently, and there he was prone on his side, his legs and neck stretched out, as I had often seen horses lying after sore fatigue. I clapped my knee upon his head, loosed the collar that bound him, slipped the bit into his mouth, buckled the throat band, raised him to his feet, and backed him out, and leaped upon his back before he had time to get his eyes wide opened. But open them he now did, and that with a vengeance; he pawed and struck the walls with his fore-feet, till the fire flashed from the stones—and then he reared till he fell back upon the pavement. I was prepared for this, and slipped off him as he went down, and then leaped on him again as he rose. I had not as yet touched him with whip, bridle, or spur; but now I gave him the curb and the spur at the same instant. He gave one mad bound, and then went off at a rate that completely eclipsed the speed of the fleetest horse I had ever ridden. He could not trot, but his gallop was unapproachable, and consisted in a succession of leaps, performed with a precision, velocity, and strength absolutely bewildering.

He fairly overturned all my preconceived notions of a fast horse. On he thundered, till we came under the shade of a firwood, and then, whether out of mischief or dread of the prevailing darkness, he halted instantaneously, his fore-feet so close together that you might have put them into a bucket. Owing to the depression of his shoulders—for he had no more withers than an ass—the way that he jerked down his head, and the suddenness of the stop, a monkey, although he had been holding on with his teeth, must have been unseated. For me, I was pitched a long way over his head, but alighted upon a spot so soft and mossy, that it looked as if some kind hand had purposely prepared it for me. Had I been in the least stunned, or unable to gain my feet, that instant he would have torn me to pieces with his teeth, and beaten my mangled body into the earth with his hoofs. But I at once sprang to my feet, and faced him. I could have escaped by leaping into the wood; but my blood was up, my brain clear, and my heart gave not one extra pulsation. There he stood upon his hind legs nearly upright, beating the air with his fore-feet, his mouth open, his upper lip curled, his under one drawn down, his large white teeth glancing like ivory in the moonlight. As soon as he saw me upon my feet, he gave a yell such as I had never heard from a horse before, save once, and which I believe is never elicited from that animal, except when under the domination of frantic rage or fear.

This unearthly cry roused every living thing within hearing. An army of rooks, startled from their encampment in the wood, circled and wheeled between us and the moon, shading her light, and filling the midnight air with their discordant screams. This attracted the attention of Satan, and, bringing his fore-feet to the ground, he pricked up his ears, and listened. I sprang forward, seized him by the mane, and vaulted upon his back. As I stooped forward to gather up the reins, which were from his head, he caught me by the cuff of the jacket—luckily it was but the cuff!—and tore it up to the shoulder. Instantly he seized me again; but this time he succeeded rather better, having a small portion of the skin of my thigh between his teeth. The intense pain occasioned by the bite, or rather bruise, of a horse's teeth, can only be properly judged of by those who have felt it. I was the madder of the two now; and of all animals, an enraged man is the most dangerous and fearless.—I gave him a blow between the ears with the end of my whip, and he went down at once, stunned and senseless, with his legs doubled up under him, and his nose buried in the ground. I drew his fore-legs from under him that he might rise the more readily, and then lashed him to life. He turned his head slowly round, and looked at me, and then I saw that the savage glare of his eye was nearly quenched, and that, if I could follow up the advantage I had gained, I should ultimately be the conqueror. I now assisted him to rise, mounted him, and struck at once with whip and spur.—He gave a few bounds forward, a stagger or two, and then fell upon his side. I was nearly under him; however, I did save my distance, although that was about all.

I now began to feel sorry for him: his wonderful speed had won my respect: and as I was far from being naturally cruel, whip and spur I never used except from actual necessity; so I thought I would allow him to lie a few minutes, if he did not incline to get up of himself. However, as I had no faith in the creature, I sat down upon him and watched him intently. He lay motionless, with his eyes shut; and had it not been for the firm and fast beat of his heart, I should have considered him dying from the effect of the blow; but the strong pulsation told me that there was plenty of life in him; and I suspected that he was lying quiet, meditating mischief. I was right. Every muscle began presently to quiver with suppressed rage. He opened his eyes, and gave me a look, in which fear and fury were strangely blended. I am not without superstition, and for an instant I quailed under that look, as the thought that the black, unshapolp brute before me might actually be the spirit indicated by his name. With a muttered growl at my folly, I threw the idea from me—leaped up—seized the reins—with a lash and a cry made him spring to his feet—mounted him as he rose, and struck the spurs into his sides. He reared and wheeled; but finding that he could not get rid of me, and being unable to stand the torture of the spurs, which I used freely, (it was no time for mercy!) he gave two or three plunges, and then bounded away at that dreadful leaping gallop—that pace which seemed peculiarly his own. I tried to moderate his speed with the bridle; but found, to my surprise, that I had no command over him. I knew that something was wrong, as, with the bit I had in his mouth, I ought to have had power to have broken his jaw-bone. I stooped forward to ascertain the cause; the loose curb dangling at the side of his head gave a satisfactory explanation.

He had it all his own way now; he was fairly off with me; and all I could do was to bear his head as well as I could, to prevent him from stumbling. However, as it would have been bad policy to let him know how much he was master, I gave him an occasional touch with the spur, as if wishing him to accelerate his pace; and when he made an extra bound, I patted him on the neck, as if pleased with his performance.

A watery cloud was passing over the face of the moon, which rendered everything dim and indistinct, as we tore away down a grassy slope; the view terminated in a grove of tall trees, situated upon a rising ground. Beyond the dark outline of the trees, I saw nothing.

As we neared the grove, Satan slacked his speed: this I thought he did with a view to crush me against the trunks of the trees. To prevent him from having time to do this, I struck him with the spurs, and away again he went like fury. As he burst through the trees I flung my head forward upon his neck, to prevent myself from being swept off by the lower branches. In doing this, the spurs accidentally came in contact with his sides. He gave one tremendous leap forward—the ground sank beneath his feet—the horse was thrown over his own head—I was jerked into the air; and, amid an avalanche of earth and stones, we were hurled down a perpendicular bank into the brown, swollen waters of the Clyde.

Owing to a bend in the river, the force of the current was directed against this particular spot, and had undermined it; and although strong enough to bear a man and horse under ordinary circumstances, yet down at once it thundered under the desperate leap of Satan. However, it did not signify, as nothing could have prevented us from surging into the river at the next bound.

A large quantity of rain had fallen in the upper part of the shire, and, in consequence, the river was full from bank to bank. I was nearly a stranger to the place; indeed, so much so, that I supposed we were running from the river. This, combined with the suddenness of the shock, and the appearance of turbid, rapid river—sweeping down trees, branches, brushwood, hay, corn and straw before it, with resistless force—was so foreign to my idea of the calm, peaceful Clyde, that, when I rose to the surface, I was quite bewildered, and had very serious doubts as to my own identity.

I was roused from this state of bewilderment by the snorting and splashing of the horse; he was making bold attempts to scale the perpendicular bank. Had I been thrown into the body of the stream, I should have been swept away, and the animal must have perished; but in all heavy runs of water, there is what is termed an eddy-stream, running close in-shore, in a contrary direction to the main body of water. I have seen Highlanders in their boats catching fish in the eddy stream of the gulf of Corrievrekin, within a short distance of the main tide, which, had it got but the slightest hold on their boat, would have swept them with fearful velocity into the jaws of the roaring Gulf. I was caught by this eddy, which kept me stationary, and enabled me, by a few strokes, to reach the horse's side.—To cross the river, or to land here, was alike impossible; so I took the reins in my right hand, wheeled the horse from the bank, and dashed at once with him into the strength of the current. Away we went, Satan and I, in capital spirits both; not a doubt of our effecting a safe landing ever crossed my mind. And the horse evinced his certainty upon that subject by snatching a bite of hay that floated at his side, and eating it as composedly as if he had been in the stable.

We soon swept round the high bank that had caused our misfortune, and came to a level part of the country, which was flooded far up into the fields. I then struck strongly out in a slanting direction for the shore, and soon had the satisfaction of finding myself once more upon the green turf. Satan shook himself, pricked up his ears, and gave a low neigh. I then stroked him, and spoke kindly to him.—He returned the caress by licking my hand.—Poor fellow! he had contracted a friendship for me in the water—a friendship which terminated only with his life; and which was rendered the more valuable by his never extending it to another living being.

ABED-EL-KADER.—An amusing anecdote is related of this illustrious Arabian chief, who, to the eternal disgrace of France, is still a prisoner of State at Amboise. He lately employed a competent teacher to give his four children lessons in writing. The teacher fulfilled his task in the most exemplary manner, treating his little pupils with the utmost kindness. The brave father, being very grateful, bethought him of making the teacher a present, as a mark of his esteem, and after much cogitation, concluded to give him one of his five Arabian wives. The Frenchman in vain endeavored to explain that he already had a wife, and that the European law only allowed him one. Abed-el-Kader thought the writing master wished to be ceremonious, and persisted most perseveringly in his offer, stating, in a courteous manner, that he would still have four wives left—enough, in the name of Allah, for a poor prisoner. The writing master was rescued from this ludicrous dilemma by his wife—the original, European one—carrying him off from the chief's presence, and prohibiting him from ever returning there.

PASSIONATE PEOPLE.—He who is passionate and hasty is generally honest. It is your cool, dissembling hypocrite of whom you should beware. There is no deceit about a bull-dog. It is only the cur that sneaks up and bites you when oury back is turned. Again we say, beware of the man who has cant in his looks.

A gallant wag was lately sitting beside his beloved, and being unable to think of anything else to say, asked her why she was like a tailor. "I don't know," said she, with a pouting lip, "unless it is because I'm sitting beside a goose."

BEN BOLT'S REPLY,

OR

AH! YES, I REMEMBER.

[We find the following in reply to the well-known song, "Ben Bolt," in the Louisville Journal:]

Ah! yes, I remember that name with delight,
Sweet Alice, so cherished and dear.
I seek her grave in the pale hour of night,
And moisten the turf with a tear;
And there when the heart is o'erburdened with woes,
I wander and muse all alone,
And long for the time when my head shall repose,
Where "sweet Alice lies under the stone."

I roam through the wood where so joyous we strayed,
And recline on the green sunny hill;
All things are as bright in that beautiful glade,
But my heart is all lonely and chill.
The hand that so fondly I pressed then in mine,
And the lips that were melting with love—
Are cold in the grave, and I'm left to repine,
Till I meet with sweet Alice above.

Ah! well I remember that school-house and brook,
"And the master so kind and so true."
The wild-blooming flowers in the cool shady nook,
So fragrant with incense and dew.
But I weep not for these, though so dear to my heart;
Nor the friends that have left us alone—
The bosom will heave, and the tear-drops will start,
For "sweet Alice lies under the stone."

Marshal Murat.

Lamartine, in his history of the Restoration of Monarchy in France, gives the following interesting sketch of one of Napoleon's most famous Marshals:

Murat was the son of a simple farmer, who kept a country inn at La Bastide, a straggling village in the south of France, fronting the Pyrenees; the inhabitants of whose valleys, strong, intelligent and adventurous, possess almost the chivalrous genius of Spain, and recall even among the peasantry the plebian nobleness and intrepidity of blood of Henry IV. There are in the south of Europe especially, as there are in Spain, in Scotland, and in the East, tribes of people among whom nobility is found in every rank; where even the mendicant feels the dignity of blood, because he has within him the pride of soul. The young Joachim Murat belonged to one of these tribes. As a child, and as a shepherd, he was strengthened by the rural habits, and by the rough agricultural labors of his family; serving by turns, like his brothers, in the fields, or in his father's *auberge*. He was passionately fond of horses, which, like those of Andalusia and Arabia, are reared by the peasants of the district, breaking them in skill, and grooming with his childish hands, when occasion required it, those belonging to the travellers, chance visitors in the stables of his father; occupations which imbued him at an early age with the tastes and habits of a cavalier. His family, though rustic, being in easy circumstances, procured him in the village and in the small neighboring town of Cahors, the instruction that was suited to the child who was destined either for the priesthood, or one of the professions at that time accessible to young men of his condition. His lively and flexible intellect accommodated itself as readily to those mental exercises, as his body did to the labors of the fields, or the dangers of the camp. His figure was tall and slim, and his neck easy and slender, his arms flexible though strongly knit at the shoulders, his legs well shaped for the saddle, his feet well formed for clambering up the ascents of the mountains. His countenance was open and beaming, his eyes blue, his nose aquiline, his lips smiling, his color fresh, his hair chestnut, long and silky, curling naturally and waving ober his cheeks, or flowing down his shoulders in the manner of the Basques, all struck the eye and won the heart. There was something heroic stamped by the hand of nature on the outward appearance of this young man, which foretold something singular in his destiny. His mother and his brothers believed it; while his sensitive heart, obliging and kind to all, won him the love of his comrades and turned aside all envy.

His passion for horses and arms very soon won the soul of Murat from the sacerdotal vocation to which his family had destined him in spite of nature. The sanctuary, with the idle and sedentary life of a priest, could not satisfy his fire and energy; and in 1787, when only fifteen years of age, he enlisted, contrary to the wishes of his parents, in the 12th regiment of light dragoons. Europe being then at peace, he bore for five years, without impatience or disgust, the life of a private solider, for which his arms and his horse consoled him. The war of 1792 summoned his regiment to the frontiers, and gave an opportunity for displaying the bravery and aptitude of the young soldier. In the course of twelve months he passed through the ranks of corporal and troop quartermaster, and at the end of the year he was made a commissioned officer. The emigration having left the ranks free and officers' commissioners vacant in abundance, he became a captain in 1793, and in a few succeeding years he was elevated by one exploit after another to the rank of Brigadier General.—Napoleon, who distinguished everywhere in the first Italian campaign, appointed him his aid-de-camp at Milan, and repaid in friendship all the admiration and devotion evinced for him by young Murat. He attached him to his fortunes, conducted him to Egypt, witnessed his cavalry charges against the Mamelukes, felt how the electric spark of his valor inspired his troops, and recognized in him the buoyancy and enthusiasm of the army; he brought him back to France, when he returned to dazzle and enslave the directory, and confided to him the part of audacity and armed intervention at St. Cloud on the 19th Brumaire. It is known how Murat, being left by Bonaparte with his grenadiers at the door of the Orangery, while he went to address and dissolve the Council of Five Hundred, received into his arms Bonaparte, repulsed, disconcerted, and almost fainting; put him on horseback, aroused his courage, inspired his soldiers, covered his confusion, retrieved his defeat, and crowned his misfortunes and his crime by dispersing with his bayonets the unarmed representatives of the nation. From that day forward the grateful Bonaparte beheld in Murat a counterpart of himself, and resolved from feeling as well as policy, to attach to him his friend in arms, who attracted good fortunes everywhere to his designs. Those two warriors mingled their lives together, to double as it were their force by mutual attachment. Murat was appointed commander of the guard of the Consul; but ambition was not a tie sufficiently strong to bind him to the fortunes of his friend, now become chief of the Republic; love still drew closer heart to heart, and blood to blood; for the young officer was in love with one of the General's sisters, Caroline Bonaparte. She was scarcely in the prime of youth, of a beauty less Grecian and classic, in the eyes of statuaries, than that which distinguished the Princess Pauline Borghese, but more gracefully attractive, of a more lofty soul, a more cultivated intellect, and a more royal ambition. Murat trembled to ask her in marriage, in the apprehension of a refusal grounded upon his humble birth and want of fortune; but Bonaparte, counting his bravery for riches and his own favor for blood, offered her to him. Murat, the most enamored and most happy of men, gave his heart to the sister, and to the brother his gratitude and devotion. Thence forward the two families were mingled like their two destinies.

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In charging he never used a sabre, nor even a small sword; the only weapon he wore on horseback was a Roman blade, broad and short, unless in attack or defense, against the long blades of the enemy's cavalry. This blade, with a hilt of mother of pearl, artistically inlaid with precious stones, was ornamented with the portrait of the beautiful Queen Caroline his wife, and of their four children. He never drew his weapon from the scabbard but once, in a moment of great danger, and then not to strike with, but to animate his escort to charge with him a cloud of cavalry by which he was surrounded. He said to the Count de Mosborg, his friend and minister, who had administered his finances with talent and fidelity worthy of a greater empire, and whom he remembered with the disinterestedness and adoration of friendship: "My sweetest consolation when I look back on my career as a soldier, a general, and a king, is that I never saw a man fall dead by my hand. It is not, of course impossible that in so many charges when I dashed my horse forward at the head of the squadrons, some pistol shots fired at random may have wounded or killed an enemy, but I have known nothing of the matter; if a man fell dead before me, and by my hand, his image would be always present to my view, and would pursue me to his tomb." Sensibility of heart is thus allied, in the modern warrior, with the impetuosity of courage. He craves for victory in the mass, but the details of carnage excite his horror and his pity.

This passion of military splendor which exposed the life of Murat to the blows of the enemy, was part of the charm by which he led on his soldiers. His custom was a portion of his character, with which he courted popularity in the camp. Splendor was for him the image of glory. A native of the south, he loved, like the Cid, Spanish pomp, showy steed, arms of precious workmanship, and the rich and highly colored dresses of Arabs. His uniform was never anything but the dazzling caprice of his imagination; he generally wore boots of red morocco, with large folds falling over the instep, ornamented with golden spurs; white pantaloons, fitting close, and displaying the manly beauty of his limbs; a broceded vest, a short tunic fitting close to the waist, trimmed with fur, and garnished with gold lace; a high crowned hat, like that of the attendants of Francis I, adorned with two or three plumes of feathers, and an egret floating and sparkling in the air. A theatrical hero in appearance, but readily pardoned for his warlike ostentation, because it was surpassed by his bravery, and that the scene of his display was always in the midst of war and carnage. Napoleon sometimes smiled with his lieutenants at this somewhat puerile display of his brother-in-law; but he was pleased even with this excess, because it contrasted so well with his simplicity—another species of charm with which he also struck the eyes of the soldiers.

Spiced Vinegar.

In the winter of '47, while residing in New Orleans, a youth who stood almost five feet eleven and three quarters in his stockings, who smiled from somewhere up the Wabash, was invited by a friend to dine at the same house where I was boarding. This was the Hoosier's first visit away from home, and he told his friend—who was in the produce business and had purchased his cargo of corn—as they took their seats at the table, that he expected he would show him all the sights in town, as he wanted the folks at home to know all about it. The servant brought him a plate of soup, and observing a gentleman nearly opposite put considerable catsup in his dish, our Hoosier pointed to a bottle of pepper sauce and asked his neighbor what it was.

"Spiced vinegar," was the reply.

"Wal, suppose yer 'blige a feller by hadin' it along."

The Hoosier took the bottle and commenced dosing into his soup; but as the sauce did not flow very freely, he took out the cork at the same time observing to his friend.

"Kinder close folks yer stopping with to put such a plangy little hole in that cork to prevent a feller's taking much of the stuff. I spose it comes high, don't it?"

During this time he poured nearly a wine glass full into his soup, and taking his spoon he dipped it full, together with several peppers, and put it into his mouth. The next instant he spouted the contents of his spoon across the table into a French gentleman's bosom, and hawled—

'Water! Water! Snakes and wild cats give me some water! I'm all a fire!'

"By gar sair," exclaimed the Frenchman in a rage, jumping up from the table, you have spoiled my shirt, my vest, sair. Spoil everything, sair. By gar, I shall see about this sair.

In the meantime the Hoosier had seized a pitcher containing water and had taken a tremendous draught. Setting down the pitcher he eyed the Frenchman for a moment, and then pelled—

"Dod blast your old shirt! 'Spose I was going to burn my inards out for you or yer shirt, yer mean cuss! Come down to the boat and I'll give yer one of mine."

It was with much difficulty that the Hoosier's friend could allay the Frenchman's rage and set matters straight again. But ever after Spiced Vinegar was a by-word, and sufficient to set the whole table in a roar."

TO MAKE WATER COLD FOR SUMMER.—The following is a simple mode of rendering water almost as cold as ice;—Let the jar, pitcher or vessel used for water, be surrounded with one or more folds of coarse cotton, to be constantly wet. The evaporation of the water will carry of the heat from the inside, and reduce it to a freezing point. In India and other tropical regions, where ice cannot be procured, this is common.

PUNCTUALITY.—Ah that's the word—punctuality! did you ever see a man who was punctual, who did not prosper in the long run? We don't care who or what he was—high or low, black or white, ignorant or learned, savage or civilized—we know that if he did as he agreed, and was punctual in all his engagements, he prospered.