The Montrose Democrat.

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

S. B. & E. B. CHASE, PROPRIETORS | MONTROSE, PA., THURSDAY, JUNE 30, 1853. | VOLUME X., NUMBER 26.

Poet's Corner.

The Cares of Life.

BY JULIAN CRAMER.

I.

Childhood hath cares:—
The youngest scarcely breeched grieves loud and long
If he but breaks or loses one cheap toy;
A pin's scratch is a great and fearful wrong;
A woman's gentle stroke can all his mirth destroy.

II.

Youth hath its cares:—
Its hot blood cannot brook a single slight—
It takes as insult what is kindness meant—
It has its way, and seldom goes aright—
With all its joys, a shade of care is blent.

III.

Manhood hath cares:—
It sees the hopes of early years betrayed—
Puts faith in woman, and she too betrays,
While broken trusts of every class and grade
Fill to the brim the measure of its active days.

IV.

Old age hath cares:—
The puerile old man, who shakes and groans
While other hands put on the clothes he wears—
Who feels decay in all his nerves and bones—
Bewails his vanished years, and dieth—full of cares.

V.

Since all have cares,
And woes and troubles wait on every state,
He best deserves the name of Man who bears
His share most nobly—he who MEETS his fate
And BATTLES WITH IT till the cohqueror's crown he wears.

Miscellaneous.

It's What You Spend.

'It's what thee'll spend, my son,' said a sage old Quaker, 'not what thee'll make which will decide whether thee's to be rich or not.' The advice was trite, for it was Franklin's in another shape: 'Take care of the pennies, and the pounds will take care of themselves.' But it cannot be too often repeated. Men are continually indulging in small expenses, saying to themselves that it's only a trifle, yet forgetting that the aggregate is serious, that even the sea-shore is made up of petty grains of sand. Ten cents a day is even thirty six dollars and a half a year, and that is the interest of a capital of six hundred dollars. The man that saves ten cents a day only, is so much richer than he does not, as if he owned a little estate in a house worth six hundred dollars. Every sixteen years ten cents a day becomes six hundred dollars; and, if invested quarterly does not take half that time. But ten cents a day is child's play, some will exclaim. Well, then, John Jacob Astor used to say, that when a man, who wishes to be rich, has saved ten thousand dollars, he has won half the battle. Not that Astor thought ten thousand much.—But he knew that, in making such a sum, a man acquired habits of prudent economy, which would constantly keep him advancing. How many, however, spend ten thousand in a few years in extra expenses, and then on looking back, can not tell, as they say, 'where the money has gone to.' To save, is the golden rule to get rich. To squander, even in small sums, is the first step towards the poor house.

☞ Mrs. Partington wants to know why they don't bring the whole of China over at once, instead of bringing it in junks.

☞ The man who put a sixpence in the contribution plate when he had a three cent piece in his pocket, left in the southern train on learning that Barnum was after him.

☞ The western newspapers announce the marriage at Boonville, Tenn., of R. H. Tarr and Jane Feathers. This is the first time that we have heard of carrying tar and feathers to the very altar.

☞ There is a man who says he has been at evening parties, out west, where the boys and girls hug so hard that their sides cave in. He has had many of his own ribs broken in that way.

☞ 'Really, ladies and gentlemen,' said an auctioneer the other night, 'I am giving these things away.' 'Are you?' says an honest old lady, 'well, I'll thank you for that silver pitcher you have in your hand.'

☞ An orator holding forth in favor of 'woman dear, divine woman,' concluded thus: 'Oh, my hearers, depend upon it, nothing beats a good wife!' 'I beg your pardon,' replied one of his auditors, 'a bad husband does.'

☞ An industrious tradesman, having taken a new apprentice, awoke him the first morning at a very early hour, by calling out that the family were sitting down to table. 'Thank you,' said the boy, as he turned over in the bed to adjust himself for a new nap, 'thank you; but I never eat anything during the night.'

☞ 'De conkregation will plees to sing de von thousand and two'ty psalm,' said a Dutch Parson, as he gave out the morning hymn.

'There are not so many in the book,' responded the chorister.

'Vel den pleesh to singe as many as dare be.'

☞ To keep a dog from going mad in August—cut his head off in July.

The Leap for Life.

A TRUE STORY OF SPANISH CRUELTY.

I am no romancer. The experience of my life has well taught me that truth is stranger than fiction. The incidents detailed below are literally true. I am personally acquainted with the hero of my story, who has, since the occurrence related, commanded a vessel out of one of our neighboring ports. I happened to be in Havanna at the time of his imprisonment and was lying in the harbor when he made his escape. I was also with him in the Fox privateer, of Portsmouth, N. H., during the last war with England, and have had long conversations with him in relation to the affair. And although the story may appear incredible, and a romance, yet it is strictly true.

In the year 1809, a brig, commanded by a man of the name of Smith, sailed from a port in Massachusetts for Kingston, Jamaica, with a cargo of Lumber. At this place she discharged, and took in Nicaragua wood for ballast, and proceeded to Havanna; it being then contrary to law to take cargoes from the English island. The brig arrived at Havanna in the month of February, 1810, where she commenced loading with logwood from a Spanish Ship that laid alongside. After a while the Spanish captain and the American mate, whose name was White, became very intimate and so much so, that Captain Smith became jealous of their acquaintance, and by a number of petty devices sought to break it up, but without success. Captain Smith was what is generally called a clever man, when not under the influence of liquor; but when he was, all went wrong, and at such times he took particular pains to quarrel with the mate. This state of affairs continued for some time, until his abuse being too outrageous for the mate to put up with, he asked for his discharge. To this the captain would not consent, but told him he would pay him his wages if he would leave the vessel. The mate acceded to the proposition, received his wages, and went on shore, accompanied by the Spanish captain whose name was Estefano.

There was a physician at Havana, a native of Massachusetts and an acquaintance of the mate's, with whom he took lodgings until he could get a voyage. The doctor and White frequently visited a billiard room and had a game together, where they were often joined by Estefano. One night White and the Spanish captain were playing for money. The stakes were quite small, at first; but soon getting heated with wine and the excitement of the game, Estefano proposed to play higher and at last threw down a doubloon, insisting upon his antagonist's covering it. White objected for a while, but Estefano urged him so hard that he met the stake. The game was played, and to his chagrin the Spaniard lost.—He was greatly enraged at the result of the game, and was all for a fight. To avoid a squabble, White agreed to play one game more for two doubloons, declaring that he consented to do it merely to give his opponents a chance to get his money back, and that lose or win he would not play another game. The conditions were agreed to, and the game commenced. For a while the Spaniard had evidently the advantage, and the probabilities were greatly in his favor of being winner; but just before the victory was decided in his favor, by a masterly stroke, White turned the tables and won the game. The fury of the Spaniard was unbounded. He raved and swore as only a Spaniard can swear—declared the stroke unfair, and ended by striking White a severe blow, which he returned with the cue which he held in his hand, causing the Spaniard to measure his length on the floor. Several of the bystanders then interfered and peace was restored. Shortly after this the Spaniard left the room. In the course of an hour or so, it being almost midnight the doctor and White started for home. They had arrived within a few yards of the house, when they met three men armed with swords, who immediately began an attack upon White.—Being unarmed, and taken unawares, he would instantly have fallen a victim had not his friend interfered, and with a heavy cane, which he fortunately had with him, disarmed one of his assailants, who dropped his sword, which White hastily picked up, and run his antagonist who pressed him the hardest through the body. It proved to be Estefano the Spanish captain. Seeing one of their number fall, the other two took to their heels. The doctor and White also quit the place and arrived safely at their lodgins, leaving the wounded Spaniard to the care of some stragglers, who had been attracted to the spot by the struggle.

The next morning White and the doctor were arrested and put in jail. Shortly after, an examination took place before a magistrate, the result of which was, White was convicted the doctor acquitted. Strange as it may appear, the mate was convicted by the testimony of the two accomplices who attempted his life. The Spaniard, Estefano, lived three days after the affray, and was honest enough to state the whole circumstances of the case, acknowledging that White run him through in defense of his own life, which he and the other two were about to take. These facts were all preserved by the doctor for the final trial, not doubting they were sufficient to clear his friend.

The trial was put off from time to time and it was three months before it came on. It came at last, and White was arraigned. He had no counsel, no friend but the doctor.—Here he was at the mercy of the Spanish court whose most tender mercy is cruelty. An English merchant, who had heard of the case, and who commiserated the isolated condition of poor White, volunteered to defend him.

Objections were made by the court to the testimony of the doctor, but the Englishman strenuously insisted that his evidence should be allowed.—After a long and heated debate, and with the aid of gold—the most persuasive of all arguments,—the doctor was permitted to give his testimony. In a clear and lucid manner he related the circumstances of the case—stated that the Spaniard gave the first blow in the billiard room—that Estefano with two others attacked the prisoner on his way to his lodgings, and that it was by the mere chance of White's getting possession of one of the weapons that he was not murdered.—The confession of the Spaniard, duly attested to, was presented, but all in vain. Plain as was the case, the court condemned the mate to eight years imprisonment in Moro Castle.

It was on the 15th of May that White was placed in the dungeon of the Moro. His cell, though not entirely dark, was dismal enough—being forty or fifty feet below the fort.—Above this dungeon stands a strong fort, called 'Moro Castle,' which is situated on a point that makes the eastern side of the entrance of the port of Havana—Punta, also a strong fort—making the western side. The entrance is quite narrow—not more than half a mile wide—with deep water. The Moro is a huge rock perpendicular on the harbor side, and nearly so on the side facing the sea. The water is so bold at its base that vessels of the largest burthens can approach within a few feet of the rocks. The rocks run up almost sheer about sixty feet to its summit. In the belly of this rock, nearly on a level with the sea, was confined the unfortunate mate. Not a ray of light, nor a breath could reach him, save what came through small holes in the side of the cliff. He had no clothes except a pair of duck trowsers; his provisions were served out to him once a day, and consisted of boiled bullock's heads and corn, with a jug of water. In this dark and gloomy cell he was to remain eight long years—buried alive—with nothing to do, nothing to think of but his bitter fate. Dreary as was the prospect before him—so dreary at times, when he thought of his far away home, that he could have gladly welcomed death. A fact which soon after came to his knowledge added a tenfold gloom to the horror of his situation. It was this:—In the same dungeon was a man who had been there eighteen years, whose sole crime was the smuggling of tobacco. He had been put there for one year, at the expiration of which he had probably been forgotten. He could not make his case known, and for eighteen dreary years he had been incarcerated there, hoping for release until hope itself had expired, and there he expected to end his days. He had almost lost the power of speech, and appeared at times to be deranged. He had not been shaved, and perhaps not washed since imprisonment; and in this dismal rock-filthy and spirit-broken—suffering the greatest cruelty—with no one to see to his liberation—forgotten, probably, by every living being, except his keeper—his only crime the petty one of smuggling a few pounds of tobacco—here was the poor wretch doomed to linger until death brought relief. The thought that such might be his fate, at times almost drove White to despair. It was enough to shake the firmest nerves.

On entering his dismal abode, the mate was confined with irons on his hands and feet, but he was told that they should be taken off at the end of the first year. Fettered thus, he lived on from day to day, expecting every moment to be set at liberty through the interference of the American government, as his friend, the doctor, had promised to make a proper representation of his case to the United States authorities, and use all his endeavors to get him free. Alas! little had he to hope for in that quarter, although he knew it not. A deeper pang would have rent his heart, had he learned the melancholy tidings of his friend's death which took place a few days after his imprisonment. Not hearing from him—thinking, perhaps, that he was forgotten—feeling that he could not survive the term of his sentence—he began to think over a plan of escape. He calmly reviewed his situation and a thousand projects presented themselves, not one of which seemed practicable. Often his mind was worked up to the highest pitch of desperation, at which times he would resolve to rush upon his keeper and obtain his liberty or end his misery by provoking the guard to despatch him—when lo! he would feel the shackles on his hands and feet, and his powerless state was fully apparent to him.

'Oh, if I could only free myself of these irons,' he would exclaim, 'I would die or be free.'

He would often examine the shackle and bolts but they appeared too strong to be broken. There was a fore-lock in one end of the bolts, which was driven through and twisted the other end being headed. At times he indulged in the hope that his hands and feet would become so emaciated that he could pull them through the shackles; but then he tho't by that time his strength would be so reduced that he could affect nothing.

He had been pondering, one day, over the chances that had presented themselves to his mind, weighing this and balancing that, when he said to himself—

'This is thinking without acting; if I am to accomplish any thing, I must make a beginning.'

Starting to his feet, he went to the side of the dungeon and groped his way, feeling at the same time along the wall, he at last found a crevice in the rock.' With much difficulty, and after repeated trials he, succeeded in entering a point of the fore-lock a little into the opening, and giving it a twist, to his great joy he had straightened it considerably. With renewed vigor he continued his work, until success crowned his labors. The fore-lock was out of the bolt, and his hands were now free!

This he looked upon as one step accomplished; the freedom of his hand was a great relief to him, and he had the use of them all the time, save when the man brought him his meat and water; and as he always came at a stated time, (about half an hour after sunset) he was in no danger of being caught with his irons off. He now began to work on the fore-lock on his feet irons, and with the aid of hand shackles and bolts he at last succeed in freeing himself entirely from his fetters.

He had as yet no fixed plan of escape, and he now waited, hoping and fearing—one moment adopting a method by which he thought he might succeed—the next abandoning it as altogether unfeasible. Small indeed was his chance of escape—it was a thousand to one against him.—There was the man who bro't him his food—his especial keeper—to be got rid of—and then there were the guard in the fort to be eluded—and after this the rock to be cleared. The undertaking was desperate—so desperate that one might indeed quail in prospect of it. But the desire for liberty was strong within the heart of the prisoner, and to secure it he was willing to brave death in its worst form; for without liberty he felt he was poor and valueless. Nerving his soul for the task, hope whispered to him an assurance of success. He felt with the poet—

"What are fifty—what a thousand slaves,
Matched to the sinew of a single arm
That strikes for liberty!"

After adopting and rejecting many plans, White came to the conclusion at last to kill the keeper who brought him his food, rush to the top of Moro, and leave the rest to fate.—He waited, agitated and impatient, for the appointed hour. The time flew swiftly by, and at the usual hour the man entered the dungeon with the daily supply of food—little dreaming of the danger that threatened him. As he deposited the articles within the prisoner's reach, White looked at him steadfastly for a moment, and strove to steel his heart to the [illegible] do it—he could not find it in him to kill the poor creature—the thought made him shudder; and this time he suffered him to depart.

'To-morrow night I will do it,' thought he—'not to-night—not to-night.'

To morrow night came, and again the courage of the prisoner failed him—or, rather, the feelings of humanity triumphed. He could not nerve his arm to strike the blow.

'Would to heaven that there was any alternative?' thought he, as the doomed keeper unconscious of his peril, slowly turned and left the dungeon. 'Would that this man, who has never injured me—against whom I have not the least ill-will—might be saved!' His very soul recoiled at the idea of striking him down, and murdering him in cold blood. But he felt it must be done if he would escape a thraldom worse than death. The man stood in his way, and must be removed, although he cursed the necessity which imposed the fearful deed upon him.

Nearly all night the prisoner paced the narrow limits of his cell. Thought was too busy for sleep. If he closed his eyes for a moment fancy floated in deeds of blood and violence, and he found no rest. At times he imagined the terrible task was accomplished—the fatal blow given—and stark and ghastly the poor keeper was stretched out before him dead!—the immortal spirit quenched by his hand—the stony eye glaring upon him reproachfully and the pale, blue lips whispering, 'Murder' in his ears. At such times he would start from his troubled sleep with the cold sweat streaming from every pore, and a convulsive throbbing of the heart. Thus passed the night.

The day brought no relief. He brooded on the terrible task before him. If he succeeded in overpowering the keeper, but one slight obstacle was removed. He was altogether ignorant of the difficulties to be overcome after he left the dungeon; and all he knew was that his chance was small—that a bare possibility remained to him of escape. 'Well be it so,' thought he, better death than this lingering existence!'

Torn with conflicting emotions, the third day drew to a close—the dim light in the cell grew fainter—the sun went down. It was the last sunset ever witnessed by the poor keeper! As the light faded away, White relieved himself from his irons, and stood tremblingly awaiting the nightly visit of the man. He heard him descending the steps—every footfall smote his heart. Slowly he came, carelessly humming a spanish air—his death song. He entered the cell—White grasped off the foot-shackles. The man stooped to set down the food and water which he bore, when White sprang up, and with one blow of the bolt stretched him a corpse on the solid floor.

The fearful drama had commenced. Without stopping to look upon his victim, he rush ed up the long flight of stairs, still grasping the fatal bolt. He reached the platform nearly at the top. A sentinel was stationed there who, thinking that White was the keeper returning from a visit to the prisoner, stood quite at his ease. A blow from White leveled him to the ground. The stroke was not fatal, and he manifested signs of life. The prisoner felt there was but one course to pursue, and he did not hesitate. He repeated the blows until the man was quiet. He then mounted the other steps, when lo! to his dismay, the first object he saw wore the soldiers relieving guard. What course should he take?

There is a moat about ten or twelve feet wide, running through this fort on the harbor and seaside.

This moat is of great depth, and across it runs a draw bridge. At the moment when the prisoner reached the final landing, the sentinels on the harbor side had been relieved, and the soldiers were crossing the bridge to relieve guard about the fort and prison. As soon as they got over, the bridge was taken up. But little time was given the prisoner to think. He was placed in a fearful position.—To retreat back to the prison would be death—to rush on the guard would be death. What should he do? A moment he hesitated, and a faint sickness stole over him as the hopelessness of his situation stared him in the face.—He shook it off, and gathering all his energies he dashed past the guard and leaped the moat!

It was a desperate leap, but he well knew that desperate deeds alone could save him.—His left foot struck the opposite bank, and for a brief period he balanced on the fearful edge, when by a masterly effort, his body canted forward, and he recovered a sure footing.

Here, then, he stood—the moat and the guard behind him, and a sentinel before him. He had gone so far that retreat was impossible, and there was but one alternative—go ahead! Dashing past the sentinel, who was so so astonished that he scarcely offered resistance, he rushed to the brink of the rock.—For a moment he stood there, gazing on the dizzy depth below him. It was an agonizing moment. Behind him were the infuriated soldiers; before him a yawning gulf! Sheer down, for sixty feet or more, the precipice fell at the foot of which the foam of the waves could just be seen as they broke against the cliff—so distant that their roar came up faintly to the ear. Death was behind him—certain death; no more than that was before him.

He looked wildly around. He saw one of the soldiers preparing to fire upon him—there was no time to be lost. Concentrating all his energies, and commending his soul to his Maker, he leaped from the cliff! Not a moment too soon, for the ball of the sentinel whistled over his head, as like an arrow he shot downward. Down, down he went; his feet pressed together, and his arms glued to his sides. He struck fairly, and cutting the water like a harpoon, he sunk far beneath the surface.—Consciousness for a while deserted him, but as he arose from his plunge and found himself unhurt, he struck out for the cliff, and swimming alongside, he clung to the rocks, thanking God, who had preserved him so miraculously.

The sentry on the More concluded that the prisoner was drowned, notwithstanding the fort commenced firing minute guns, and the alarm quickly spread through the place.

It had now got to be quite dark, and feeling the insecurity of his situation, White took to the water and swam to a vessel anchored not a great distance off. It was the brig Happy Couple.

Boarding her, he informed the captain of the strait he was in, and asked him to secrete him somewhere in the vessel. This, the captain said, would be impossible, as every vessel in the harbor would be strictly searched, and if White was found on board, the Spaniards would put all of them to death.

'Well,' said White, after hearing the captain through, 'cannot you do anything for me? Will you alow me to be murdered by them?'

The captain told him there was a boat astern, and went below. The boat was immediately hauled alongside; some bread and water was hastily put into it, and some of the sailors threw White an old jacket. Shoving off, he sculled it alongside the rocks as gently as possible. It was now dark, and he remained quiet for some time, listening eagerly, expecting every moment to hear the clink of the row-locks of his pursuers. About midnight he commenced hauling the boat along by the rocks out of the harbor, until he got round the fort, when, under cover of the darkness, and aided by the land-breeze, he sculled out to sea and taking the current of the gulf, by daylight he found himself a long distance from the Moro.

Well it was he took this course, for the Governor at Havanna laid an embargo on all the vessels in the harbor for one day, and each one of them was thoroughly searched. But the bird had flown. Three days out, White was picked up by a ship from New Orleans bound to New York, where he safely arrived. He has lately died in one of the New England States.—*Eastern (Me.) Argus.*

PERILOUS POSITION.—At midnight, there was a gale from the south-east. The ship had been snugged by little and little, until at length she was 'hove to,' under close-reefed maintopsail. About eight o'clock, orders were given to stow the flying jib, the foremost sail in the ship. Two of the men went out to perform this duty. As one of the men was feeling his way out, for it was as dark as pitch, he planted his feet on the ice foot-rope, and was almost precipitated into the yawning abyss.—He caught hold of a rope in his fall, and struggled for a long time. It was very long, indeed, not to him, but to those who were watching his writhing form by the light of the boiling and phosphorescent waves beneath. I was on the weather bow, at the time, and saw how his comrades behaved. No one spoke a word for that might only diminish his chances of escape; there was no help for him if he failed to save himself. The man who was on the jib-boom with him moved neither hand or foot, and uttered not a word. At length he regained his footing, and proceeded to his duty.—Had he been a minute longer swinging among the foot ropes, he would have been swept off never more to be seen, for the bowsprit was buried in the sea, while the two men were clinging with clasped arms to the yielding spar, on the strength of which their lives were hung. When they came in, having discharged the duty entrusted to them, I endeavored to be near the one who made such a narrow escape. As he stepped down upon the deck, he touched me by the merest accident. A trembling sensation passed through his whole frame, and a marked inspiratory effect carried gratitude to Heaven from his breast. On the very threshhold of home we might have lost this poor fellow, after the Arctic winter and intense frost, after the fatigue of travelling and the excruciating thirst had all failed to break our numbers.—*Sutherland's Journal of Captain Penny's Voyage to Wellington Channel.*

The First Baby.

My old school fellow, Mary Thornly had been married nearly two years when I made my first call upon her, in the capacity of mother.

'Did you ever see such a darling?' she exclaimed, tossing the infant up and down in her arms. 'There baby, that's ma'r's old friend, Jane. He knows you already, I declare,' said the delighted parent, as it smiled at a bright ring which I held up to it. 'You never saw such a quick child. He follows me with his eyes all about the room. Notice what pretty little feet he has, the darling footsy-toosies,' and taking both feet in one hand, the mother fondly kissed them.

'It is certainly very pretty,' said I, trying to be polite, though I could not perceive that the infant was more beautiful than a dozen others I had seen. 'It has your eyes exactly, Mary.

'Yes, and dada's mouth and chin,' said my friend, apostrophising the child; hasn't it precious? And she almost smothered it with kisses.

As I walked slowly homeward, I said to myself, 'I wonder if, when I marry, I shall ever be so foolish. Mary used to be a sensible girl, but now all the thoughts she has are in the baby line. I'll not call on my friend again.

'How baby grows,' she said; 'don't you see it? I never knew a child to grow so fast. Grandma says it's the healthiest child she ever knew.'

To me it seemed that the baby had not grown an inch; and to avoid the contradiction I changed the subject. But in a moment the doting mother was back to her infant again.

'I do believe its beginning to cut its teeth,' she said, putting her finger into the little one's mouth. 'Just feel how hard the gums are there. Surely that's a tooth coming through. Grandmother will be here to-day, and I'll ask her if it isn't so.'

I laughed as I replied: 'I am entirely ignorant of such matters, but your child really seems a very fine one.'

'Oh, yes; everybody says that. Pretty, pretty dear!' And she tossed it up and down, until I thought the child would have been shaken to pieces; but the little creature seemed to like the process very much. 'Is it crowing at his mother? It's laughing, isn't it? Tinny ninny little dear. What a sweet precious it is?' And she finished by almost devouring it with kisses.

When I next called, baby was still further advanced.

'Only think,' said my friend, when I had made my way to the nursery, where she had kept herself from morning till night, 'baby begins to eat. I gave it a piece of meat to-day a piece of red boiled beef steak.'

'What!' said I, in my ignorance, for this did look wonderful; 'the child eating beef steak already?'

'Oh!' laughed my friend, seeing my mistake, 'What a dunce you are, Jane! But wait until you have babies of your own. She says you eat beef steak, darling, added the proud mother addressing the infant, 'when you only suck the juice. You dont want to choke yourself, do you baby? Eat a beef steak! It's funny, baby, is'nt it?' And again she laughed—laughing all the more, because the child sympathetically, crowed in return.

It was not many weeks before the long expected teeth appeared.

'Jane, Jane, baby has got three teeth!' triumphantly cried the mother, as I entered the nursery. 'Three teeth, and he is only nine months old? Did you ever hear of the like?'

I confessed that I had not. The whole thing, in fact, was out of my range of knowledge. I knew all about Dante, in the original, and a dozen other fine lady accomplishments, but nothing about babies teething.

'Just look at the little pearls!' exclaimed my friend, as she opened the child's mouth.—'Are they not beautiful? You never saw anything so pretty—confess that you never did—Precious darling,' continued the mother, rapturously hugging and kissing the child, 'it is worth its weight in gold.'

But the crowning miracle of all was when baby began to walk. Its learning to creep had been duly heralded to me. So also had its being able to stand alone, though this meant, I found, standing with the support of a chair. But when it really walked alone, the important fact was announced to me in a note, for my friend could not wait till I called.

'Stand there,' she said to me in an insulting voice. 'No, stoop, I mean how can you be so stupid?' And as I obeyed, she took her station about a yard off, holding the little one by either arm. 'Now, see him,' she cried, as he tottered towards me, and finally succeeded in gaining my arms, though once or twice I fancied he would fall, a contingency from which he was protected, however, by his mother, holding her hands on either side of him an inch or so off. 'There, did you ever see anything so extraordinary? He's not a year old, either.

By this time I began to be considerably interested in 'baby' myself. He had learned to know me, and would begin to crow whenever I entered the nursery; and I was, therefore, almost as delighted as my friend, when for the first time he pronounced my name.

'Diane,' he said, 'Diane!'

His mother almost devoured him with kisses in return for his wonderful triumph of the vocal organs; and when she had finished, I, in return smothered him with caresses.

I never after that smiled, even to myself, at the extravagance of my friend's affection for her baby! the little love had twined himself around my own heartstrings. How could I?

And now that I am a mother myself, I feel less inclination still to laugh as others may do, over that mystery of mysteries, a mother's love for her baby.

On Love.

What is love? Ask him who lives what is life? ask him who adores what is God?

We know not the internal constitution of other men, nor even of thine whom we now address. We see that in some external attributes they resemble us, but when, misled by the appearance, we have thought to appeal to something in common and unburthen our inmost soul to them, we found our language misunderstood, like one in a distant and savage land. The more opportunities they have afforded us for experience, the wider has appeared the interval between us, and to greater distance have the points of sympathy been withdrawn. With a spirit ill-fitted to sustain such proof, trembling and feeble through its tenderness, we have everywhere sought, and found only rebuke and disappointment.

Thou demandest what is love. It is that powerful attraction towards all we conceive or fear or hope beyond ourselves, when we find within ourselves the chasm of an insufficient void and seek to awaken in all things that are, a community with what we experience within ourselves. If we reason we would be understood; if we imagine, we would that the airy children of our brain were born anew within another's; if we feel, we would that another's nerves should vibrate to our own, that the beams of their eyes should kindle at once and melt into our own: that lips of motionless ice should not reply to lips quivering and burning with the heart's best blood; this is Love. This is the bond and the sanction which connects not only man with man, but with everything that exists. We are born into the world, and there is something within us, which from the instant that we live, more and more thirsts after its likeness. We dimly see within our intellectual nature, a miniature as it were of our entire self, yet deprived of all that we condemn or despise, the ideal prototype of everything excellent or lovely that we are capable of conceiving as belonging to the nature of man. Not only the portrait of our external being, but an assemblage of the minutest particles of which our nature is composed; a mirror whose surface reflects only the forms of purity and brightness; a soul that describes a circle around its proper Paradise, which pain and sorrow and evil dare not overleap. To this we eagerly refer all sensations, thirsting that they should resemble and correspond with it. The discovery of its antitype: the meeting with an understanding capable of clearly estimating our own; an imagination which should enter into and seize upon the subtle and delicate peculiarities which we have delighted to cherish and unfold in secret, with a frame whose nerves, like the chords of two exquisite lyres, strung to the accompaniment of one delightful voice, vibrate with the vibrations of our own; and a combination of all these, in such proportion as the type within demands; that this is the invisible and unattainable point to which love tends; and to attain which it urges forth the powers of man to arrest the faintest shadow of that without the possession of which, there is no rest or respite to the heart over which it rules. Hence in solitude, or that deserted state when we are surrounded by human beings, and yet they sympathise not with us, we love the flowers, the grass, the water and the sky. In the motion of the very leaves of spring, in the blue sky, there is then found a secret correspondence with our heart. There is eloquence in the tongueless wind; and a melody in the flowing brooks and the rustling of reeds beside them, which by their inconceivable relation to something within the soul, awaken the spirits to dance of breathless rapture, and bring tears of mysterious tenderness to the eyes like the enthusiasm of patriotic success, or the voice of one beloved singing to you alone. Sterne says that if he were in a desert he would love some cypress. So soon as this want of power is dead, man becomes a living sepulchre of himself, and what yet survives is the mere husk of what once he was.

MRS. HARRIS says her 'darter Jane' was only married a little over a year, when she had 'two boys, both sons. Sweet girls that Jane.