Dening vat. IFLUATEVUSE

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Select Poetry.

The Prairies.

BY WILLIAM CULLEN BRYANT. These are the gardens of the desert, these The unshorn fields, boundless and beautiful, For which the speech of England has no nam The prairies. I behold them for the first, And my heart swells, while the dilated sight

Takes in the encircling vastness. Lo! they stretch In airy undulation, far away, As if the ocean, in his gentlest swell, Stood still, with all his rounded billows fix'd, And motionless forever,-Motionless !-No. they are all unchain'd again. The clouds Sweep over with the shadows, and, beneath, The surface rolls and fluctuates to the eye; Dark hollows seem to glide along and chase The sunny ridges. Breezes of the South! Who toss the golden and the flame-like flowers, And pass the prairie-hawk, that poised, on high, Flaps his broad wings, yet moves not-ye have

played: Among the palms of Mexico and vines Of Texas, and have crisp'd the limpid brooks That from the fountain of Sonora glide Into the calm Pacific—have ye tanned A nobler or a lovlier scene than this! Man hath no part in all this glorious work : The hand that built the firmament hath heaved And smoothed their verdant swells, and sown

their slopes
With herbage, planted them with island groves,
And hedged them in with forests. Fitting floor For this magnificent temple of the sky-With flowers whose glory and whose multitude Rival the constellations! The great heavens Seem to stoop down upon the scene in love,-A nearer vault, and of a tenderer blue. Than that which bends shove the eastern hills.

As o'er the verdant waste I guide my steed, Among the high, rank grass that sweeps his sides,

The hollow beating of his footsteps seems A sacrilegious sound. I think of those Upon whose rest he tramples. Are they here-The dead of other days !—and did the dust Of these fair solitudes once stir with life And burn with passion? Let the mighty mounds That overlook the rivers, or that rise In the dim forest, crowded with old oaks, Answer. A race that long has pass'd away, Built them :—a disciplined and populous race Heap'd with long toil, the earth, while yet the

Was hewing the Pentelicus to forms Of symmetry, and rearing on its rock The glittering Parthenon. These ample fields Nourish'd their harvests; here their herds were

When haply by their stalls the bison low'd. And bowed his maned shoulder to the yoke. All day this desert murmur'd with their toils. Till twilight blush d and lovers walked and woo'd In a forgotten language, and old tunes, The roaming hunter-tribes, warlike and fierce, And the mound-builders vanished from the earth. The solitude of centuries untold Hants in their meadows, and his fresh-dug den Yawns by my path: The gopher mines the

ground Where stood their swarming cities. All is gone All—saye the piles of earth that hold their bones— The platforms where they worshipp'd unknown

The barriers which they builded from the soil To keep the foe at bay-till o'er the walls The wild beleaguerers broke, and one by one, The strongholds of the plain were forced and

With corpses. The brown vulture of the wood Flock'd to those vast, unrover'd sepulchres, And sat unscared and silent, at their feast. Haply some solitary fugitive, Lurking in marsh and forest, till the sense Of desolation and of fear became Bitterer than death, yielded himself to die, Man's better nature triumphed, Kindly words Welcomed and soothed him; the rude conquer-

Seated the captive with their chiefs; he chose A bride among their maidens, at length Seem'd to forget—yet ne'er forget—the wife Of his first love, and her sweet little ones, Butcher'd amid shrieks, with all his race.

Thus change the forms of being. Thus arise Races of living things, glorious in strength, And perish, as the quickenieg breath of God Fills them, or is withdrawn. The red man too-Has left the blooming wilds he ranged so long, And nearer to the Rocky Mountains, sought A wider hunting-ground. The beaver builds No longer by these streams, but far away On waters whose blue surface ne'er gave back The white man's face—among Missouri's springs And pools whose issues swell the Oregon, He rears his little Venice. In these plains The bison feeds no more. Twice twenty leagues Beyond remotest smoke of hunter's camp, Roams the majestic brute, in herds that shake The earth with thundering steps-yet here I

His ancient footprints stamped beside the pool. Still this great solitude is quick with life. Myriads of insects, as gandy as the flowers They flutter over, gentle quadrupeds, And birds, that scarce have learned the fear of

Man,
Are here, and sliding reptiles of the ground,.
Startling beautifully. The graceful deer
Bounds to the woods at my approach. The bee, A more adventurous colonist than man, With whom he came across the eastern deep, Fills the savannas with his murmurings, And hides his sweets, as in the golden age, Within the hollow oak, I listen long To his domestic hum, and think I hear The sound of that advancing multitude Which soon shall fill these deserts. From the

Comes up the laugh of children, the soft voice Of maidens, and the sweet and solemn hymn. Of Sabbath worshippers. The low of herds Blends with the rustling of the heavy grain Over the dark-brown furrows. All at once A fresher wind sweeps by, and breaks my dream, And I am in the wilderness alone.

KNOW NOTHING DEFINITIONS .- "Footprints of Sam"-the know nothing riots in

Cincinnati. " Americans must rule America"—Destroying ballot boxes and defying civil authority-

vide Cincinnati election. "Sons of Seventy Six"-Firing cannon loaded with brick bats at defenceless women and children.

"Purity of the ballot box"-Destroying it, where the anti-know nothings are likely to have a majority.

A HARD SUBJECT FOR LIGHTNING .- With

a view of testing our readers, powers of credulity, we clip the following from the Boston

"While Mrs. Danforth of Warren, Pennsyl-

Miscellancous

From Peterson's Magazine. A Chase off the Guinen Const. BY CHARLES J. PETERSON.

The sky was without a cloud, and the noon-day sun, pouring vertically downward, filled the atmosphere as with the breath of a furnace. Not a zephyr rippled the grassy surface of the bay. A few birds wheeled lazily overhead, or settled slowly in flocks on the white strand of the beach. The broad

expanse of the deep was unwhitened by a solitary sail. The low man-grove shores stretching around three-quarters of the horizon, and the white surface outside the inlet on the wess. nous as could be imagined. The stifled roar of the distant breakers was the only sound that broke the stillness of the scene. A deep oppressive silence hung over sea and sky.

Close into a point of the shore, and in not more than two fathoms water, lay a dark rakish schooner, swinging by a single anchor with the tide, which now, at a half ebb, was running swiftly out to sea. The inlet, with its seaboard of breakers, could just be seen abaft the main chains of the schooner, far away on the western horizon. A hor, undulating haze waved in the distance; the sea glowed like molten lead; and only the sluggish ripple of the tide against the schooner's bows broke on the silence of that sultry noon-

A beautiful craft was that schooner. She was painted of a deep black, unrelieved by a single line of white; her mould was clear, and sharp; her bows tapered off like a knife; her tall, whip-stalk masts taked gallantly backward; and her yards, sails, and rigging, be-tokened the highest discipline in her crew.— Her high bulwarks, surmounted by a monkey rail running aft, concealed much of her deck, but enough was seen to show by its extreme whiteness, and the burnish of her brass mountings, that she was no common merchantinen; while the two ports on either side, from which frowned the deadly carronades, and a long swivel gan mounted amidships, warned one that she was not unused to conflict. Yet no signs of life were discernable about her.

, It was some three hours after the meridian, when a slight ripple ruffled the surface of the bay, and as it come down toward the schooner, a score of men, as if by magic; appeared on her decks; the anchor was heaved up, and catted; and the fore-sheet and jib of an hour she was sweeping down the inlet like a sea-fowl on the wing. Before sundown her white sail could just be seen upon the western seaboard, appearing and disap-Has settled where they dwelt. The prairie-wolf pearing amid the spray, as she rose and fell on the horizon.

During the whole of that day an American frigate was lying becalmed, hull down, in the offing. But when the grateful breeze reached her from the shore, her sails were sheeted watching for some expected prize. Suddenly a hoarse voice hailed from her foreyard, "A sail-broad on the weather bow."

"What's her rig?" hastily exclaimed the officer of the deck, as the crew of the frigate swarmed on the deck, and covered her sides

"A fore-and-aft topsail and flying jib "She's the craft we've been looking for, Mr. Weldon," said the captain, drawing a long breath, as he took the glass from his eye, after a protracted gaze, "her mould, her rigdier conduct, everything speaks it. We've got

"She's the worst slaver on the coast," answered the lieutename and has often boasted that she defied us. In a few minutes every stight of canvass was spread that could draw; and before long the frigate began to overhaul the schooner.-The latter evidently persisted in her design peared swimming before the aching eyes, fell of getting to sea, and for this purpose was upon the scene. There was a moment of sistanding boldly across the track of the manof-war, notwithstanding the risk it involved, doubtless trusting to her reputation for speed to make good her escape. Perceiving this, the captain, when the frigate came within long cannon range, ordered a fire to be open-

ed on her. "We've cut away her fore-top-sail-see how she falls off," exclaimed the lieutani, as the ball from the man-of-war whizzed thro' the schooner's rigging.

"Bear away a point or two, quarter-mas-

ter-let drive there with your forward guns." "Ay-ay sir !" answered the gunner, as his battery opened on the flying clipper. A few minutes of breathless suspense pass-

ed. None of the frighte's shot told. The schooner, meantime was directly ahead, about a mile off, lying right across our track. If she could succeed the chances of her capture would be almost destroyed, for night was coming on. A single glance satisfied the captain that to circumvent her required immediate

"Port your helm-port-a-port," he thundered, springing upon a gun carriage, and holding on by a rope, as he leaned over away there now steady-steady.

the first lieutenaut, after a few minute's trial had satisfied all that she could not pass across plosion the frigate's bows in safety, "see she wears, she's luffing into the wind's eve."

"And by St. George, she will make her our boats, unless we are quick, starboard, quartermaster, ha-ard," and as the giant vessel came up into the wind, her huge sails flapped heavily against the masts a moment, and then as she fell off on the other tack and blackened in the most frightful manner. they filled again, driving her through the swells with such force, that the spray flew almost to the fore-top.

The scene was now one of absorbing interest. The low coast, presenting its white, sandy beach in front, and the thick groves of tropical plants farther back from the shore, lay a league or two up on the weather bow; while the surface of the sea between the frigate and the breakers was white with the foam and ripples. Toward this coast the schooner man, or child, yet living, was picked up.was now stretching under every rag of can-"While Mrs. Danforth of Warren, Pennsylvania was engaged in housework, a lightning stroke descended upon her, burning the hair from the crown of her head to the back of her neck, melting her hair pins, and proceeding down her body—leaving its mark as it went—until it passed through the floor,—until it passed through the floor,—Strange to say, the lady is rapidly recovering.

"Your pardon, sire, for thus diturbing bart depart for the batterned with heavy hearts to the branch and such was the excellence of her mould and rig, that she could find the door, whose melancholy over, besides being immensely funny:

"Your pardon, sire, for thus diturbing bart depart for the batterned with heavy hearts to the firing the first, which I wished her to hear in your premission: to prove the find the floor, which will be seen, is French all strong the firing the first, with a throbbing heart depart for the batterned with heavy hearts to the firing the first, which live been ing story, which will be seen, is French all strong the first, with a throbbing heart depart for the batterned with heavy hearts to the firing the first, which I wished her to hear in your premission: to prove the first, which I wished her to hear in your premission: to prove the first, which I wished her to hear in your premission: to prove the first, which I wished her to hear in your premission: to prove the first the vass that would draw, and such was the ex-

"Bear away, quatter-master, let her come "We'll all Meet again in the Morn- with either pretended or real indifference, was bund a bit, all ready there, and now give her ing." round a bit, all ready there, and now give her a broadside, my boys, fire high and don't hit the poor wretches in hull."

Quick as lightning the gallant frigate fell off from her course, find just as she presented her broadside to the flying schooner a storm of fire burst from her sides that made the old ship stagger again. The foremost of the schooner totter d and went overboard, dragging with it all its hamper into the deep;instant the mainmost following its predeces- "Suffer little children to come unto me, for of sor with a loud crash, the late rakish craft such is the kingdom of heaven." rolled a wreck upon the waters.

"Ten and a half," sung out the man at the

"Steady then, steady; run her in as close tern seaboard, formed a picture as monoto- as you can, quarter-master," said the captain. And we'll all meet again in the morning "Eight, seven and a half, seven," sung out the man with the ledd, at as many casts. "It shouls fast, but steady, steady," "Six and by half six; five."

"We must haul off," said the captain, "port your helm, around a l, pipe away the boat's rews, for we shall have to cut her out." The shrill whistle of the boatswain shricked through the ship the crews were mustered; the beats were lowered away; the men ook their stations, and with a loud cheer the little fleet pulled rapidly away after the now lisabled schooner. The pursuit had been protracted into the twilight, and darkness was already settling on the face of the deep when the boats left the frigate. The outline of the schooner's hall could just be caught sight of, low and dark upon the waters, close in upon the land. Far away lay the coast, a shapeless mass of shadow, the suif painted like a white line, in the foreground. Above & We'll all meet again in the morning! not a star was seen. The clouds were in thick masses overhead, and were gathering wild and ragged from the horizon. In a few vanished in the gloom. Then the outline of the schooner died faintly away, and one by

the frigate, except the comb of the sea for a few fathoms around her, and her own tall and shapely masts, towering above until lost in the deep darkness overhead. Moments passed away, which grew almost

into hours, and yet the same pitchy darkness continued. Nothing had been heard of the And thou criest," My God, I'm forsaken," ed toward the quarter where the schooner lay but not a rocket rose, nor musket flashed upon the night as a signal of her boat's success. hoisted away. As her bow caught the breeze All was silent as the grave. The wash of the she fell off before the wind; her mainsail and swell against the frigate's bows, and the low topsails were set: and in less than a quarter melancholy wail of the wind were the only sounds breaking on the deep stillness of the night.

"There they go, the signal, the signal," shouted a dozen voices on the quarter-deck, as a rocket shot up into the air and arching gracefully over, burst into a dozen stars, and then fell in a shower of sparkles to the sea. By the wild, unearthly light flung for an instant over the scene, the frigate's boats might be observed, formed in line, sweeping steadihome, and she began to lay off and on, as if ly up to the dismantled schooner. But in another instant all again was dark.

A few moments of thrilling excitement ensued. Eagerly the frigate's crew waited for the sounds of the fray. Minutes passed away. yet no musketry ratiled, no guns roared upon the night. What could be the cause? Had she offered no resistance? Each man looked at his neighbor with surprise written on his countenance. All at once, a vivid, blinding light filled the whole atmosphere as if by a magic; a stream of fire in the direction of the schooner shot up into the heaven : and then, for one instant, sky, sea and shore was revealed with terrible distinctness; a confused mass might be seen darting upward from the deck of the slaver; a roar followed as of the Archangel's trump; the frigate quivered from the kelson to the truck; and then a darkness, as sudden and as awful as that momentary flash, and in which everything apupon the scene. There was a moment of si-

"God grant the boats are safe," ejaculated the captain, "they have blown themselves and the poor wretches up." Every man on board was horror-struck. It was long before the sensation passed away, and it might have continued longer, had not the captain dissolved the spell by ordering the remaining boats to be manned, and go to

the relief of the sufferers if any yet remained Never sped a barge quicker over the waters, than that sent by the frigate on this er- called the fairest, was it not for the want of heart of Zerfea. rand of mercy. The men bent to their oars something gentle in her face which Zerfea with enthusiasm, and soon reached the spot where the catastrophe had occurred.

"Forward there at the bow, what is that shadowy object ahead?" said the officer at the helm. "Boat abov ". shot across the night in re-

ply, and directly the frigate's launch appeared in sight. Greeting her with three hearty cheers, the new-confers hastily inquired respecting the fate of their other comrades and the stone casement, but Inez stood within the learnt, to their relief, that the boats of the frigate were all saved; for that, by some mistake, the magazine of the slaver had explodto catch a better view of the chase, "keep her ei while they were yet a sufficient distance Don Garcia Perez is looking upward, and from her to ensure their safety. The poor "She begins to find she's entrapped," said wretches in her hold; however, as well as the farewell. Will you only come forward and slaver's crew, were all lost in that terrific ex-

The launch had already been engaged in searching over the spot where the schooner had been last seen, for her ill-fated passenport again, and leave us to cut her out with gers, and a more awful spectacle, her lieutenaut said, he had hever witnessed. Her hull had already sunk, but fragments of the wreck -human bodies torn to pieces, scorched to cinder, disfigured, mutilated, bloated, scarred, covered the sea in the vicinity. Even while he spoke, a hideous corps floated by, its distorted face looking almost fiend like in the

> The other boats soon joined the barge from the frigate, and every exertion was made to discover if any human beings of the slaver's ill-fated burden were alive. But though shattered timbers and mangled bodies were

"It was a beautiful exclamation of a dying child-as the red rays of the sunset streamed on him through the window-good bye, Papa! good bye! Mama has come for me to-night ... don't cry Papa. We'll all meet again in the morning! -and the heart of that futher grew lighter under its burden, for something assured him that this The slaver payed off at once, and the next little angel wenteto the bosom of him who said, instant the mainmost following its predeces. "Suffer little children to come unto me, for of

Oh wild is the tempest and dark is the night, But soon will the day-break be dawning; Then the friendships of yoro

Art thou doomed in a far distant region to roam To meet the cold gaze of the stranger; Dos't thou yearn for the smiles of the loved one While the pray'st God to shield them from dan-

Ah! the night of the waters may shadow my Yet soon will the day-break be dawning; And thou'll mingle once more With the loved ones on shore-

For we'll all meet again in the morning!" Dos't thou miss the sweet voice of a fond loving Whose music brought balm to thy sorrow: Did'st thou see her decline in the sunset of life Nor felt one bright hope for the morrow,

Oh, cheer up, dear brother! the night may be dark. Yet soon will the day break be dawning; Of all ties bereft. One hope is still left.

Art thou wearied, Oh Pilgrim on life's desert wild and ragged from the horizon. In a few Dos't thou sigh for the shade of the wildwood; minutes as the darkness increased, the coast Have the world's choicest fruits proved bitter to And mocked all the dreams of thy childhood;

Oh! cheer up poor Pilgrim faint not on the one the boats were lost in the obscurity, unone the boats were lost in the obscurity, un-til nothing was perceptible from the decks of Pur soon will the day-break be dawning! Then the dreams which have fled Shall rise from the dead-"And all will be bright in the morning!"

Oh! Servant of Christ 1 too heavy the cross Has thy trust in the Master been shaken; In doubt and in darkness thy faith has been lost, boats. Often were the eyes of the crew turn- But cheer up, dear brother the night cannot

And soon will the day break be dawning; Then the trials of earth We have borne from our birth, Will all be made right in the morning.

> From the Waverley Magazine The Prayer of Faith.

Sunshine never, never failing, Lights the blest and gladsome day, When the prayer of faith prevailing, Chases every doubt away, Till each shadow, dark and dreary, Rising to the upper sky,

To a better home on high! And the eye will sparkle brightly With new hopes that fill the heart, Till the visions blessing nightly, Seem of heaven a glorious part Till the flowers that blossom gaily On the everlasting hills,

Shall their perfume waft as daily, Sweetning all life's cup of ills! For the sins that rise like mountains May be banished by such prayer, Till again love's golden fountains Flash like diamonds on the air, And each spirit-clouding sorrow Owns its ever conquering power, Till a coming happier hour, Of a coming happier hour.

Then be ours such faith in praying, For it moves the arm of God, For a heaven foundation laying - Where none feel sin's tyrant rod! And in answer now and ever, Grace sufficient for the day, Shall aphold us that we never

Faint along the heavenly way

EDWARD ASHTON. [From the Flag of Our Union.] DON GARCIA PEREZ: Or The Rescued Pledge.

BY HARRIET A. DAVISON. STANDING at the window of a lofty eastle overlooking the plains of Granada, were two Spanish maidens, Inez and Zerfea, daughters both, and Inez, the eldest, would have been striking like a death knell upon the aching sacred to the "baked 'tartus," surmounted possessed. When the large black eyes of Inez gazed full on you, there was a fierceness discoverable in their depths wholly startling and unfeminine. The gaze of both girls was neath and beyond them, which were dotted

shadow of the wall. her eyes looked soft and bright. / "See, Inez; the window. seems as if he would fain wave you one more give him one more token?"

"Cease child," petulantly replied Inez, drawing still farther back into the shadow. Remember that he goes forth to no tilt or of honor to Queen Isabella, but this day, the tournament, but to battle. He is your be- queen preferred to remain alone in her own trothed," urged young Zerfea.

Her sister's only roply was, to quickly and dow to her side. not be might think it was me gazing after and unmoved, but Zerfea was oppressed by a him so anxiously!"

"I care not if he did: Gladly would I window.

durst from Zerfen.

the wood has dashed a band of Moors." calmly to his esquires who bore his helmot at and the fitter scorn:

cared not to hurden his horse with the heavy

The tears fall thick and fast down her pale face, the child is cold and hungry, and its cared not to hurden his horse with the heavy

"As I tore that scarf and cast it from mo, low half-stifled wailing adds to the misery

in rest, came the Moors. "O, Inez he is lost " exclaimed Zerfea, for amazement, and hurriedly demanded an exat the charge of the Moors, Don-Garcia's companion knight and esquire wheeled their hor- ted the events of the previous day, with panion knight and esquire wheeled their horses and fled. At the first charge, Don Gar-which our readers are already acquainted. enlivened your hours of feasting and merricia's trusty servant fell, and he was left alone Very stern was the glance of Isabella as it to battle against the seven Moors. Again fell on the proud and cruel Inez. and again they charged, and at each

that had cleared away Don Garcia Perez was act. riding slowly towards the castle, and no Moorwas seen. As the castle gate closed behind him, the girls saw, another band of Moors ride to the scene of the fray, and finding no Don Garcia; enemy, they bore back to their camp their dead companions.

The ring of an armed heel was heard on the stone stairs, and Zerfea sprang forward, opened the door and admitted Don Garcia Perez. All stained and dented was his breast- | cia spoke : plate, so brilliant this morning. Donns Incz rose haughtily, for her engle eve had detected that which turned her joy to anger. Unclosing his visor and bending gracefully before the haughty maiden, Don Garcia spoke

"I returned, dear Inez, for a lance, and I could not return to the battle-field without one more look at you."

Wholly unheeding his remark, Inez, with flashing eyes said: "Look to your helmet, sir Knight, no la

ly's pledge is there." Quickly his belinet was unbarred and removed. That morning it had been ornamented with a white silk scarf, embroidered with

silver, his lady's pledge.
"I knew not, dear Inez,I had lost it. In battle by deeds. I will make invself worthy of another," said Don Garcia, as he replaced his

"Worthy of another !" exclaimed Inez "I give no other while that is my pledge so lightly."

The dead Moors have been borne off by their the contrast they present. comrades. You should have told me, Don Garcia Perez, that the crescent would have as this, seems disposed to make himself as morning, and even while they close, fresh

in a stern voice: "I will get me a fresh lance, and into the

vou back your pledge, or die." Zerfea then stepped forward: Garcia fought, though deserted and alone- street door and screamed out "muffins,"

in the love of him who leaves his lady's love-

token with an enemy ?" "Inez, you are cruel. Yes, cruel as the fair Cuneguade who threw her glove into the mushus in the perspective could possibly in fidence of hope and love. With her bosom bring it, her; and if you persist in withholding all token of your love from Don Garcia, band coming down the street, and he must like her, you deserve to lose him."

Thus spoke the timid Zerfea, and her eyes flashed with something like scorn, as she gazed on her cruel sister. about such things. The pledge was mine,

and Don Garcia should have lost his life rath-"And he will, Donna Inez;" and without of dirt and discomfort on such a nightdeigning another look or word, Don Garcia which the group who loung about them tend of Don Pedro Savedra. Very beautiful were strode from the room, each ringing footstep to diminish. Even the little block-tin temple,

"O sister, what have you done! Call him back! He will meet certain death!" said Zerfea, weeping bitterly.

Inez rose and telling her sister she silly child with no pride, she left her. With times, so the kidhey pie merchant, tired of fixed intently on the plains of Granada be- tearful eyes Zerfea watched Don Garcia, as he rode across the plain. With a beating wine vault to get a light, has given up in diswith the white tents of Ferdinand's army.— heart she saw him approach the wood in Out from the eastle gate rode two knights which she feared the Moors were still lurking. and their esquires. Zerfea was leaning against To her great relief he passed in safety, and unmolested, sped on his way to Ferdinand's camp. After following with eager eyes till hand hot kidney pies to his customers.-"See !" exclaimed the lovely Zerfea, and he reached that in safety, Zerfea turned from

The next day the sun shone in undazzled plendor upon a scene of eagnage and strife. Christian knights and Infidel Moors met. All that day the maidens gazed upon that dread battle-field. The conflict was too far off to enable them to distinguish forms, but the din · Sister, please give him one more farewell. was deafening. Inez and Zerfea were mail's apartments. The evening shades had shrouded the bloody field, and all strife was ended; rather rudely draw Zerfea back from the win- the arms of Spain were victorious. The King Ferdinand and his consort now desired the "Have you no sense Zerfea! Know you presence of Inez and Zerfea. Inez went calm dread of she knew not what. Ferdinand playfully rallied Inez upon the unequalled have him think so, if he would be happier," | bravery of Don Garcia Perez, and her cheeks and Zerfea would have freed herself from her glowed and her eyes sparkled as she listened sister's grasp, and resuined her station at the for slie felt he was all her own. A message

"Great God preserve him! Inez, Inez, from of it though lost by no want of warlike courage or skill."

erself forward. Quickly Inez returned to her the scari, no longer white and pure, but he window, and with beating hearts they stained with plood and rent in saveral places. watched the unequal fray, seven Moors against Ine z seized the searf, and regardless of the popular ballad, in the hope of wringing a four Christian knights. Don Garcia furned presence of her sovereigns, tore it in pieces

steel till needful. Quietly he placed it on his so would I tear my heart out, and trample of its wretched mother. How very few of head, closed his visor, and awaited the approach it in the dust, did it contain one spark of those who pass such a miserable creature as of the enemy. Onward at full speed, lances love for you, Don Garcia."

Ferdinand and Isaballa looked on in utter

"Inez, child, she said, sorry are we to hear encounter a horse fled riderless into the wood of thy unreasonable and cruel behaviour .- dy streets; cabs, hackney coaches, carriages or acrost the plain. One Moor alone remain | We had hoped better of child brought under ed. Each lacked his steed, paused, then with our care. Well it is for thee that God has the speed of the wind rushed upon the oth- permitted the noble Perez to return to us.er. A cloud of dust hid the encounter from Go to thy chamber, child, tell thy beads and the anxious eyes of the two maidens. When pray humbly to be forgiven thy unchristian two hours, retire to their watering houses, to

ty air, the unrepentant Inez left the hall. When she had gone, the king turned to

" Well hast thou fought and bravely. We thou no boon to crave, by granting which, we may show how valued thou art?" Bowing low before his sovereigns, Don Gar-

"One priceless gift I ask, Ghally would I woo the gentle Zerfen for mysell." "What says my pretty child? Has she a heart free, and will she give her hand to Don Garcia Perez, the bravest, truest knight of were a smile, for in that way he gladly would a glee which has just been executed by the reward his most valued knight. Zerien was theatre's "professional gentlemen," at the top very pale, but her dark eyes looked soft and of the corner table, one of them is in the bright, as leaving her station beside the much,

obey. He is sufficiently punished already."

A NIGHT IN LONDON. BY CHARLES DICKERS.

in the hands of Moorish knights. I give not dark, dull, murky winter's night, when there ness unmoved, the pathos, the impressive soy pledge so lightly."

"Inex, said Don Garcia, sailly, "rather the pavement greasy, without cleaning st of in "Nin Art's in the "Ighlands," or the "Inez, said Don Garcia, sailly, " rather would I have died than lost your pledge.— any of its impurities, and when the heavy, lazy midst which hangs over every object makes the gas lamps look brighter and the fly from the world, my Emily, with me," or some such song, with lady-like sweetness and some such song, with lady-like sweetness and imparisonally. Every body who is indoors on such a night such as these are continued till 3 or 4 in the

been more fitly embroidered on it than the eross," sneered Inez.

Don Garcia's eyes flashed fire, as he said lor curtains are closely drawn, kitchen fires

ones open to the inquisitive spectator. But as a description of all of them however slight, would require a volume, I must here blaze brightly up, and savory steams of hot make my bow and drop the curtain. dinners salute the nerstrils of the hungry very camp of the Moors will I ride, and bring way farer. In the suburbs, the muffin boy edges his way down the little street much more slowly than he is wont to do. Mrs. "Sister forbid such an act. Bravely Don Sprightly, No. 4, has no sooner opened her not shudder to think of the dangers that surfought singly with seven Moors. Give him with all her might than Mrs. Walker of No. the scart you wear, and bid him to battle 5, puts her head out of the parlor window with that pledge."

"He best, long before her heart has been soberated by experience, or learned any cold lessons of the parlor window and screams "muffins," too; and Mrs. Walk-"Hush, silly child. Think you I believe er has scarcely got the words out of her lips, of this world's selfishness. She is called upon the love of him who leaves his lady's love than Mrs. Hasty, over the way, lets loose to take steps that must tell on the brightness than Mrs. Hasty, over the way, lets loose Master, Hasty, who darts down the street forth upon life's stage, how her bounding with a velocity which nothing but buttered spirit sends forth its aspirations in holy con-At this moment Mrs. Walker sees her husbe in want of his tea poor man, after his dirty walk from the docks, she runs across the street, mustin in hand. Mrs. Hasty does the same, and after a few complimentary words with Mrs. Walker, they all non into their rebe in want of his tea; poor man, after his dir-

The street is in the vicinity of Marsh Gate. and Victoria Thearre presents an appearance by a slendid design in variegated lamps, looks less gay than usual, and as to the kidney pie stand, its glory has quite departed, for the candle on the transparent lamp, embelished with characters, has been blown out fifty pair the idea of illumination, and the only Meat, fish, oysters and fruit venders, linger stand crowded in little knots in some projecting door way. Here they amuse themselves with theatrical converse, arising out of the half-price visit to the Victoria, admire the terrific rombat, which is nightly encored, and expetiate on the inimitable manner in which Bill Willow can come the double mon-

It is nearly eleven o'clock, and the cold thin rain which has been drizzling so long, is beginning to nour down in good earnest— be decided by herself, long before maturity beginning to pour down in good earnest the baked tatur man has departed, the kidney then is responsible for the manner in which arm, with the same object, and the ragged boys have dispersed. The constant clatter of her destiny shaped? O, how many a tale of clogs on the pavement and rustling of umbrellas as the wind blows them against the windows, bear testimony to the inclemency of was brought by a page that Don Garcia era- the night, and the police man, with his oil "You had much better have been his be- ved admission. Ferdinand gave orders to skin cape buttoned closely round him, seems, trothed than I, you take such a deep interest have him admission. Don Garcia, was just as he hold his hat on his head, and turns found floating on every hand, not a man, woman, or child, yet living, was picked up.—

After a search of nearly two hours, the crews
of the boats returned with heavy hearts to that Zerfea lovel Don Garcia and watched

"Lady here is your pledge redeemed .- of shouting and quarrelling, which issues turning away, when an exclamation of terror Take it back, for I value not longer the fierce from the low public houses is almost the onlove and pride that required the redemption ly sound that breaks the melancholly still-

The wretched woman with the infant in With terror-dilated eyes, Zerfen streehed Bending slightly before Inez he presented her arms, around whose merge form the remnant of her own scanty shawl is carefully wrapped, has been attempting to sing some a few pence from the passer-by, but in vain. this, think of the anguish of heart, the sinking of soul and spirit, which the effort to sing produces! What mockery! Disease, neglect and starvation faintly articulating the

One o'clock. Parties returning home from

the different theatres foot in through the mudand omnibuses, roll swiftly by. Watermen, with dim, dirty lanterns in their hands and large breast plates upon their breasts, who have been shouting and rushing for the last solace themselves with the creature comforts With a low bow but firm step, and haugh- of pipes and purl. The half price pit and air, the unrepentant Inez left the hall. box frequenters of the theatres, throng to the various houses of refreshment; and chops, kidney, rabbits, oysters, stout, eigars, and "goes" innumerable, are served up amidst a knew not that thy lady was so cruel. Hast noise and confusion of running, knifes clattering and waiters chattering-perfectly indiscribable. The more musical portion of the playgoing community betake theniselves to some harmonic meeting, and as a matter of curiosity, I will follow them hither for a few moments. In a lofty room of spacious dimensions, sit some 80 or 100 guests, knocking little pewter measures on the tables and hammering with their knives, as if they were Spain !" asked the king; and on his face so many trunk makers. They are applauding chair-"a little pompous man, with his bald she came and placed her hand in Don Gar, head just coming from the collar of his green cla's, and both knelt for a blessing. When coat." The other two are seated on either they rose, Ferdinand demanded the mane of side of him-thestout man with a small voice, the knight who deserted Don Garcia in his and the thin faced, dark man in black. The little man in the chair is among the most "Anything else, sire, but that, and I will amusing personages. Such condescending grandeur and such a voice, "bass." I believe you. He can go down lower than any other man, so low, sometimes, that you can hardly hear, "so he does." Then to hear him groaning away, lower and lower down till I The streets of London, to be beheld in the get back again, is the most delightful thing very height of their glory, must be seen on a in the world. It is quite impossible to wit-

most seductive tone imaginable. Scenes

Have You a Daughter. Then how great must be the responsibil ity? Can you look on that fragile formround her? A child of Eve, frail, and fallen or blackness of ther destiny. As she first steps unsteeled to the facinating influence of flattery and folly, as she looks out on life in its rainbow coloring, how beautiful it appears to

"Say no more, Zerfea. You know nothing with Mrs. Walker, they all pop into their redark, withering shades of human depravity whose blighting influence she may soon feel! How little does she think of the deceiver. with his bland smile and unforgiving spirit! Yet through all these snares, these hidden fires that he along her untrodden path, she must pass unscathed-unsoiled.

One false step and she is mined; her hap-

piness gone. Gold cannot gild it, tears of oitterest anguish cannot wash away the stain. Let the tribute of wealth be laid at her feet—let pleasure breathe her soft melody around her-let every other joy, like gems of times,—so the kidhey pic merchant, tired of morning, sparkle around her path, and yet running backwards and forwards to the next a cloud is on her brow, a blight on her character; she feels that her glory is departedsign of his whereabouts are the glittering dent acts of childhood ever forgotten! Are sparks, which in regular train whirl down these follies over which man would smile, and the street as he opens his portable oven, to feel a kind of pride, ever overlooked or forgotten when committed by a girl? He may rehopelessly in the kennel, in vain endeavor to in a woman is disgrace. The summit of imattract customers, and the ragged boys, who moral excellence and influence, the world's admiration and esteem may be gained by him over whose youth marked by dissipation and profligacy, the veil of forgetfulness has been thrown. But poor women, neglected and uncultivated as she is, must present to an exacting world a life-from childhood up-untinged, unsulfied by a single stain.

This, then, on which woman's happiness de her character is formed, her mind moulded attention, so often expended on trifles, been directed to that frail and delicate flower, which exposed to the rude blasts and scorching sun, must bloom unsulfied or despised.

An Enormous Eronaut.