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**AT THE OFFICE OF THE JEFFERSONIAN.**

**The Heart's Lament.**

BY MRS. A. L. RUTER DUFOUR.  
I know thou wilt forget me,  
For that proud soul of thine  
Turns coldly from the passionate  
And ardent love of mine.  
It may be that thou deemest it  
A light and simple thing  
To strike with bold and nervous arm  
The heart's lone, mystic string.

Thou wilt not deign to hear the strain  
Thy own dear hand hath woke,  
It matters not, if e'er to thee  
Its trembling echoes broke.  
I know, ay, well, thou wilt forget  
I ever dreamed of thee,  
Thou lovest not, thou carest not  
My fettered soul to free.

The gay and gifted crowd thee round,  
The beautiful are thine,  
Then how canst thou, oh lofty one,  
Kneel at a lowly shrine!  
I ask it not; oh never more  
My soul's cry shalt thou hear—  
My heart shall learn its bitterness  
To hide its love so dear.

The melody "Old Folks at Home," has become very popular, but the words are not so meritorious. The last number of *Zion's Herald* contains the following new version entitled

**The Blest Ones at Home.**

Away on the banks of life's bright river,  
Far, far away—  
There will my heart be turning ever,  
There's where the blest ones stay;  
All through this vale of sin and sorrow  
Sadly I roam,  
Still longing for the dawn of the morrow  
And for the blest ones at home.  
All without is dark and dreary,  
Every where I roam,  
O, brothers, how the heart grows weary,  
Sighing for the blest ones at home.

Through all earth's sunny scenes I wandered  
In youth's gay morn;  
How many precious hours I squandered,  
How many mercies scorned,  
When seeking sin's delusive pleasures,  
Wretched was I,  
But now my heart has found a treasure  
There with the blest ones on high.  
All without is dark, &c.

One hour there is forever bringing  
Memories of love;  
'Twas when my sighs were changed to singing  
Of the blest home above;  
When shall I see my Saviour reigning  
On his white throne?  
When will be hushed my heart's complaining  
There with the blest ones at home!  
All till then is dark and dreary  
Every where I roam,  
O, brothers, how the heart grows weary  
Longing for the blest ones at home.

**A Negro's Prayer.**—An old negro, returning one night from a dancing frolic, when crossing the river, lost both oars, and came near being swamped. Determined to do what he had never done before, he dropped on his knees and exclaimed, "Oh Massa, Lord if eber gwine to help old Ira, now is de time."

**THE ADVANTAGES OF BEING VAIN.**—A vain fool is the happiest animal that lives. His weakness, as the world calls it, is to him as mail of proof. Amid a storm of sarcasm or of insult, he stands not only unappalled but unmoved. Were the hisses of a universe directed at him, he would merely pity the want of discernment which rendered him a mark for scorn. Oh! if there is a man who enjoys an elysium on earth, it is the anointed of conceit. Vain of his mind, his person, his acquirements—regarding them with imagettes of immeasurable magnifying power, and looking at all the world beside through an inverted telescope, his existence is a dream of glory, from which a sublime unconsciousness of imperfection excludes even the semblance of a cloud. Rely upon it the nearest approach to angelic bliss permitted to mortals, is enjoyed by him whose capacity for self-admiration and modicum of brains stand in the relation of infinity to nothing. Therefore, do not pity the very vain man, or call him a conceited ass. Rather envy him.—*Sunday Times.*

A mountain of marble has been discovered in the great Salt Lake Valley, of almost every color, containing slabs of every size.

Old Dr. Hunter used to say, when he could not discover the cause of a man's sickness, "We'll try this, and We'll try that. We'll shoot into the tree, and if any thing falls, well and good." "Aye," replied a wag, "I fear this is too commonly the case, and in your shooting into the tree, the first thing that generally falls, is the patient."

An avaricious person, who kept a very scanty table, dining one Saturday with his son at an ordinary in Cambridge, whispered in his ear, "Tom, you must eat for to-day and to-morrow." "O yes," retorted the half starved lad, "But I ha'n't eaten for yesterday and the day before yet, father."

A Clergyman who is in the habit of preaching in different parts of the country, was not long since at an inn, where he observed a horse Jockey trying to take in a simple gentleman, by imposing upon him a broken winded horse for a sound one. The Parson knew the bad character of the Jockey, and taking the gentleman aside told him to be cautious of the person he was dealing with. The gentleman finally declined the purchase, and the Jockey, quite nettled, observed—"Parson, I had much rather hear you preach, than see you privately interfere in bargains between man and man, in this way." "Well," replied the Parson if you had been where you ought have been, last Sunday, you might have heard me preach. "Where was that," inquired the Jockey. "In the State Prison," returned the clergyman.

A scotchman in New-Hampshire being sick, was called upon by a clergyman, who conversed with him upon his religious concerns. Said the minister, "Do you repent of all your sins? Do you repent of Adam's first sin?" "Adam! Adam!" said the sick scotchman, "I never knew the man!"

Two men, in dispute, reflected upon each other's veracity. One of them replied, that he was never whipt but once by his father, and that was for telling the truth. I believe then (retorted the other) "the truth was whipt out of you, for you never have spoken it since."

A young clergyman having the misfortune to bury five wives, being in company with a number of ladies, was severely rallied by them upon the circumstance. At last one of them rather impudently put the question to him, "How he managed to have such good luck." "Why, Madam," says the other, "I knew they could not live without contradiction, therefore I let them go their own way."

The Duke of Orleans when Regent of France, was solicited by several noblemen to pardon a man who had been convicted of murder, and who had been pardoned for committing two other offences, replied, "I will pardon him, at your request, but take notice, and keep this in your memory, that I will certainly pardon the man, whoever he may be, that kills either of you."

At the siege of Yorktown, two blacks were placed as sentinels together. When the relief came, the corporal found both in the same position he left them: on demanding of the one sitting why he did not rise, he answered, "I believe Massa, I see wounded, and I guess Coffee dead; hant poke dis god while." On examination Coffee was really dead, and Sambo had the bones of his arm and leg so badly fractured as to render amputation absolutely necessary. When the poor fellow was informed of it, he replied, "Well Massa, take um off." After the operation was performed the surgeons began to console with him upon his misfortune, when he exclaimed, "Nebber mind, Massa, tank God, I got noder leg and noder arm for um yet."

At a tea-party, where some Cantabs happened to be present, after the dish had been handed round, the lady, who was presiding over the tea equipage, topped the tea was good. "Very good, indeed, madam," was the general reply, till it came to the turn of one of the Cantabs to speak, who, with truth and politeness, shrewdly observed—"That tea is excellent, but the water is smoky."

A native of Hibernia, relating to his friend the dangers and difficulties he had undergone both by sea and land, speaks thus to him with great seriousness:—"I believe in my soul John, that I have suffered every thing that man fears but death; and I expect, if I shall live, to suffer that also."

Baldus, a very eminent lawyer of the 14th century, and Menochius, who wrote on legal presumption in the 16th century, both lay it down as clear law, that, "if it be proved that a certain man's head has been cut off, a violent presumption will follow from thence, that that man is dead."

A rural visitor, describing the many strange and wonderful things he saw in New York, winds up by saying: "We saw the Astor House, the Metropolitan, and other hotels, and were troubled to know where the money came from to build them; we paid our bills, and felt relieved on that point."

The area drained by the Mississippi River, is about 1,226,000 miles.

## The Ventriloquist's Coats.

Some years ago there was a young man living in Savannah, by the name of Nichols. He was a clerk in a large store.—It happened that a travelling ventriloquist visited Savannah, and so interested Nichols, that he engaged with him to go around the country together.

In the course of time the young man eclipsed his master. He displayed most astonishing powers, and caused great excitement wherever he appeared.

It was after he became famous and wealthy, that he visited a tailor's shop in Savannah, to order a new coat. The knight of the shears was happy to receive the order from so distinguished a customer, and assured the ventriloquist that the garment should be an exact fit.

Now Nichols had a remarkable chest. He could inflate his lungs as to increase the circumference of his body eleven inches.

A week passed, and the humorist waited upon the tailor, in company with a friend, to take the new coat. Upon putting it on, it lacked about a foot of coming together! The tailor was thunder-struck. There was the measurement—the figures his own. How could he have made such a disgraceful blunder? With numberless apologies, he begged to be allowed to measure again, and make a second coat.

When it was done, Nichols came in with his friend again, to see how it would fit.

The tailor handed the garment to him remarking that there was no mistake this time—he would find it a complete fit.—"Would he? He put it on, and lapped it around him like a blanket! It was as much too large as the first was too small. He tossed it off. The tailor struck his hand upon his head, and cried, "I am out of my senses!" He threw his book and his shears across the room, and was about to dash out of the shop, when Nichols said, coolly, "Here, let me try on the first coat you made for me."

The tailor, amazed, handed it to him. It buttoned exactly over a genteel waist.

"And now, suppose I try on the large coat again."

He did; and it was none too large to button over his body, which swelled up like an alderman's.

"I think," said Nichols, "I'll take both of these coats," and he handed some bank notes to the bewildered tailor, who after his singular customer had departed, finally concluded that he must have measured over his enormous lungs, inflated to their utmost, for the second coat, and for the first one, when his chest was contracted to its smallest capacity. The tailor, at the last accounts, was telling the story to every new customer.

**AN ORIENTAL PARADISE.**  
A Persian heaven is easy made,  
'Tis but black eyes and Lemonade.  
[Boston Transcript.]

**A CELESTIAL PARADISE.**  
A Chinese heaven, of course, would be  
A heap of fat and a cup of tea.  
[Lynn News.]

**AN ENGLISH PARADISE.**  
An Englishman's heaven would be, in chief,  
A rosy cheek and a piece of beef.  
[Vox Populi.]

**A YANKEE'S PARADISE.**  
A Yankee heaven is a different life,  
A soft pine board and a sharp jack-knife.  
[Sunday Morning News.]

**AN AMERICAN PARADISE.**  
The Yankee's place of heaven and rest,  
Is found a little further West.  
[London Times.]

**A DUTCHMAN'S PARADISE.**  
The heaven of habs, without a doubt,  
Hath walls and floors of sour-kroot.

**AN IRISHMAN'S PARADISE.**  
Where's the heaven for Pat but in the tater,  
In Biddy, piggy and the cratur?  
[Schenectady Reflector.]

**A PRINTER'S PARADISE.**  
The Printer's heaven is a very queer place,  
No hell—no pi—jut matter, 2 em brace.  
[Louisville Democrat.]

**AN EDITOR'S PARADISE.**  
A home that's void of every evil,  
With regular mails and a smiling d—!

A husband and wife, traveling through the woods in haste, met with a melancholy accident which is recorded in the following felicitous strain:  
And while retreating through the woods,  
And through the tangled fern,  
He tore his must-n't-mention-ems,  
And had to put on hern!

Cato Smith, aged 75 years, the wealthiest colored man in Chester county, Pa., committed suicide a few days ago; \$1,000 were found in his pocket.

## The Force of Fear.

At the close of the winter of 1825-26, about dusk in the afternoon, just as the wealthy dealers in the Balais-Royal at Paris were about lighting their lamps and putting up their shutters, (the practice of the major part of them at night-fall, a well known money changer sat behind his counter alone, surrounded by massive heaps of silver and gold, the glittering and sterling currency of all the kingdoms of Europe. He had well-nigh closed his operations for the day, and was enjoying in anticipation the prospects of a good dinner. Between the easy-chair upon which he reclined in perfect satisfaction, and the door which opened into the north side of the immense quadrangle of which the splendid edifice above-mentioned is composed, arose a stout wire partition, reaching nearly to the ceiling, and resting upon the counter, which traversed the whole length of the room. Thus he was effectually cut off from all possibility of unfriendly contact from any of his occasional visitors; while a small sliding-board that ran in and out under the wire partition served as the medium of his peculiar commerce. Upon this he received every coin, note or draft presented for change, and having first carefully examined it, returned its value, by the same conveyance, in the coin of France, or, indeed, of any other country required. Behind him was a door communicating with his domestic chambers, and in the middle of the counter was another, the upper part of which formed a portion of the wire partition above described.

The denizen of this little chamber had already closed his outer shutters, and was just on the point of locking up his doors and retiring to his repose, when two young men entered. They were evidently Italians, from their costume and peculiar dialect. Had it been earlier in the day when there would have been sufficient light to have discerned their features and expression, it is probable that our merchant would have detected their plans, for he was well skilled in detecting the tokens of fraud or design in the human countenance. But they had chosen their time too appropriately. One of them, advancing towards the counter, demanded change in French coin for an English sovereign, which he laid upon the sliding board, and passed through the wire partition. The money changer rose immediately, and having ascertained that the coin was genuine, returned its proper equivalent by the customary mode of transfer. The Italians turned as if to leave the apartment, when he who had received the money suddenly dropped the silver as though accidentally, upon the floor. As it was now nearly dark, it was scarcely to be expected that they could find the whole of the pieces without the assistance of a light.—This the unconscious merchant hastened to supply; and unloosing, without suspicion, the door of the partition between them, stooped with a candle over the floor in search of the lost coin.—In this position the unfortunate man was immediately assailed with repeated stabs from a poniard, and he at length fell, after a few feeble and ineffectual struggles, senseless and apparently lifeless, at the feet of his assassins.

A considerable time elapsed ere, by the fortuitous entrance of a stranger, he was discovered in this dreadful situation; when it was found that the assassins, having first helped themselves to an almost incredible amount of money, had fled, without anything being left by which a clue might have been obtained to their retreat.

The unfortunate victim of their rapacity and cruelty was however, not dead.—Strange as it may appear, although he had received upwards of twenty wounds, several of which plainly showed that the dagger had been driven to the very hilt, he survived; and in a few months after the event, was again to be seen in his long-acquainted place at the changer's board. In vain had the most diligent search been made by the military police of Paris for the perpetrators of this detestable deed. The villains had eluded all inquiry and investigation, and would in all probability have escaped undiscovered with their booty but for a mutually cherished distrust of each other. Upon the first and complete success of their plan, the question arose how to dispose of their enormous plunder, amounting to more than a hundred thousand pounds. Fearful of the researches of the police, they dared not retain it at their lodgings. To trust a third party with their secret was not to be thought of. At length, after long and anxious deliberation, they agreed to conceal the money outside the barriers of Paris until they should have concocted some safe plan for transporting it to their own country. This they accordingly did, burying the treasure under a tree about a mile from the Barriere d'Enfer. But they were still as far as ever from a mutual understanding.—When they separated, on any pretence, each returned to the spot which contained the stolen treasure, where, of course, he was sure, to find the other. Suspicion thus formed and fed soon grew into dislike and hatred, until, at length, each loathing the sight of the other, they agreed to divide the booty, and then eternally to separate, each to the pursuit of his own gratification. It then became necessary to carry the whole of the money home to their lodgings in Paris, in order that it might, according to their notions, be exultantly divided.

The reader must here be reminded that there exists in Paris a law relative to wines and spirituous liquors which allows them to be retailed at a much lower price without the barriers than that at which they are sold within the walls of the city. This law has given rise, among the lower orders of people, to frequent attempts at smuggling liquors in bladders concealed about their persons, often in their hats. The penalty for the offence was so high, that it was very rarely enforced, and practically it was very seldom, indeed, that the actual loss incurred by the offending party was anything more than the paltry venture; which he was generally permitted to abandon, making the best use of his hotels to escape any further punishment. The gentlemen planted at the different barriers generally made a prey of the portables which they captured, and were constantly interested in keeping a good look-out for offenders. It was this vigilance that led to the discovery of the robbers; for, not being able to devise any better plan for the removal of the money than that of secreting it about their persons, they attempted thus to carry out their object. But as one of them, heavily encumbered with the golden spoils, was passing through the Barriere d'Enfer, one of the soldier-police who was on duty as sentinel, suspecting, from his appearance and hesitating gait, that he carried smuggled liquors in his hat, suddenly stepped behind him and struck it from his head with his halberd. What was his astonishment to behold, instead of the expected bladder of wine or spirits, several small bags of gold and rolls of English bank-notes! The confusion and prevarication of the wretch, who made vain and frantic attempts to recover the property, betrayed his guilt and he was immediately taken into custody, together with his companion, who, following at a very short distance, was unhesitatingly pointed out by his cowardly and bewildered confederate as the owner of the money. No time was lost in conveying intelligence of their capture to their unfortunate victim, who immediately identified the notes as his own property, and at the first view of the assassins swore distinctly to the persons of both—to the elder, as having repeatedly stabbed him; and to the younger, as his companion and coadjutor.

The criminals were in due course of time tried, fully convicted, and as was to be expected, sentenced to death by the guillotine; but, owing to some technical informality in the proceedings, the doom of the law could not be carried into execution until the sentence of the court had been confirmed upon appeal. This delay afforded time and opportunity for some meddling or interested individual—either moved by the desire of making a cruel experiment, or else by the hope of obtaining a reversal of the capital sentence against the prisoners—to work upon the feelings of the unfortunate money-changer. A few days after the sentence of death had been pronounced, the unfortunate victim received a letter from an unknown hand, mysteriously worded, and setting forth, in expressions that seemed to him fearfully prophetic, that the thread of his own destiny was indissolubly united with that of his condemned assassins. It was evidently out of their power to take away his life; and it was equally out of his power to survive them, die by the sentence of the law, or how or when they might; it became clear, so argued this intruder—either moved by the desire of making a cruel experiment, or else by the hope of obtaining a reversal of the capital sentence against the prisoners—to work upon the feelings of the unfortunate money-changer. A few days after the sentence of death had been pronounced, the unfortunate victim received a letter from an unknown hand, mysteriously worded, and setting forth, in expressions that seemed to him fearfully prophetic, that the thread of his own destiny was indissolubly united with that of his condemned assassins. 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