THE STAR AND BANNER.

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OLD FRIENDS TOGETHER.

Oh, time is sweet, when roses meet
With spring's sweet breath around them;
And sweet the time when hearts are lost,
If those who love have found them;
And sweet the mind that still may find
A star in darkest weather—
But naught can be so sweet to see
As old friends meet together.

Those days of old, when youth was bold,
And time stole wings to speed it;
And youth ne'er knew how fast time flew,
Or knowing did not heed it—
Though grey each brow that heeds us now,
(For age brings wintry weather,)
Yet naught can be so sweet to see
As these old friends together.

The few long known, whom years have shown
With hearts that friendship blesses;
A hand to cheer, perchance a tear
To soothe a friend's distresses,
Who helped and tried, still side by side,
A friend to face bad weather—
Oh, thus may we yet joy to see
And meet old friends together.

For the "Star and Banner."

How sweet the hours of closing day,
How bright appears the eve'n;
It gently draws the soul away,
And rests its thoughts on heav'n.

The sun appears to gild the west
With rays of gold sublime:
It teaches us to think of rest,
And all that is divine.

And whilst we sit and view the past,
And think of days gone by,
Our sun of life is setting fast,
And death is drawing nigh.

And when our days on earth shall end,
Our pilgrimage be o'er,
Then may our sun arise again
And shine forever more.

And may we in that world of bliss
Enjoy a heavenly rest:
In praises may we there assist,
And be forever blest.

Hanover, Pa. S.

"Glory."—One of the most spirited war songs of the existing hostilities is by J. H. Warland, of the Claremount Whig. One verse goes thus:

Oh, bold and free o'er the bounding sea
Take we our gladsome way,
To spread our glorious banner out,
And mingle in the fray;
At the beat of drum we come, we come,
Armed men and prancing steed,
And we'll bear the stripes and stars
Where Pierce and Ranson lead.

All this is beautiful enough—but from what has happened, a Yankee Editor "reckons" most of those who are fortunate enough to get back will "sing" something in this style:

"Oh, lean and lank with a single shank
The soldier limps away,
For grub and grog not fit for a hog
To spend his little pay,
To die a sot and be forgot
By the men that reap the spoils;
While Pierce and Ranson take the stars,
He takes the stripes and toils.

From the Union Magazine.

THE UNWILLING BRIDE.

BY MRS. E. L. ELLET.

"Sister, let me take away this ring!" The speaker was a young girl that might have seen sixteen summers. Her companion appeared about three years older, and sat leaning her arm on the table near the window, in an attitude of dejection that ill accorded with her gay attire. Her dress was of white satin, and fell in graceful folds from her slender waist. Her beautiful arms were bare; and the pearls on her neck and in her hair, as well as the sprig of orange blossom that gleamed in its dark folds—the appropriate ornaments of a bride—showed that she "wore her bridal robe," while the cheek that "rivalled its whiteness" as plainly betrayed that she was awaiting no joyous event. Her guitar and fan thrown carelessly aside were in keeping with her air of sadness and abandonment, in which the younger sister appeared to sympathize.

"Let me take this!" again pleaded the soft low voice of the young girl.

"No, Juliet, I cannot part with *that!*" replied the other, in a voice full of melancholy tenderness.

"But Margaret," persisted Juliet, "it is not right that you should wear the token—now!"

"I will not part with it."

"He is utterly unworthy of your remembrance."

"I know that, Juliet, but I cannot help loving him; no—not him—but the image in my heart—such as I once thought him. The ring he gave me was a pledge of feelings I can never more cherish; and I will keep it. Oh, if he had not deceived me—deceived us all—I would have sooner died than give my hand to another."

Juliet kneeled down beside her sister, clasping one hand in her's, while the other arm encircled her waist. Her drooping face expressed the sympathy she felt.

"But it is all over now," pursued Margaret with a sigh, and wiping away the tears that had gathered in her eyes: "I will try not to think so much of what is past. Indeed, I ought to be resigned, for Mr. Berneau is very kind, and my father has so earnestly wished the match. One person at least will be made happy."

"And more than *one* might be!" said a stern voice, as an elderly lady entered, having heard, apparently, the foregoing conversation. "Yes, we might all be happy. Is it possible you are still weak enough to be grieving after that——"

"Hush, mother!" implored Juliet, looking up anxiously.

"Margaret!" said the lady, regarding her daughter with asperity, "this sullen behaviour is more than unbecoming and foolish; it is wicked. Remember you are to be married to-night."

"I do," responded the girl with a slight shudder.

"Mr. Berneau is your father's choice and mine. He is worthy of you. Meet him as a bride should—you have consented—it is too late to recede—your conduct will but lose you the affection and esteem of your husband, who must feel insulted by it."

The tone of extreme severity had its effect. The bride rose from her seat, and tried to smile as she received the little box containing her lover's bridal gift. It was a superb necklack of diamonds. Juliet busied herself in arranging boquets from the flowers that covered a table on the one side of the apartment.

It is time to give the reader some clue to our little tale.

Margaret Leslie was the daughter of a planter in one of the districts of South Carolina. Beautiful and accomplished, as many young ladies are who pass nearly the whole of their lives in the country, she had many admirers; but her heart was given only to Edward Carlton. This young gentleman had just completed his law studies in New York, and was on a tour through the Southern States, when he met Mr. Leslie and his family in Charleston.

An invitation to spend some weeks at the country seat of the hospitable planter, was gladly accepted, and it was not long before his amiable manners, intelligence and entertaining qualities, won the favor and regard of the master and mistress of the mansion, while the impression upon the heart of the fair Margaret was still deeper. How could it be otherwise, when she had never met one who in grace and refinement as well as in varied acquirements, could compare with Mr. Carlton? He took an interest in all her studies, and enjoyed her amusements, drew with her, and rode with her, that exhilirating exercise, in which southern country girls excel; how delightful it was, in the bright winter mornings, while Juliet, with some chance beau in attendance, lingered a little behind—and they chatted gaily as they rode.—Or the long, lonely walks in the brown woods, or the sail on the river, or the quiet morning at home, or the evening enlivened by music and dancing and social converse. It was not to be wondered at, that, the evening before the day on which Edward Carlton was to take his departure, he requested an interview with Mr. Leslie, and asked his daughter of him: nor that Margaret blushed and smiled when he joyfully announced that he had obtained her parent's consent.

Carlton resolved to return North immediately, and commence the practice of law, for which, from his position and family connections, he enjoyed unusual advantages. He hoped in a few months to be able to claim his bride. There was some sadness at the thought of parting with Margaret; but the visits of the family to the North every summer would bring them together; and Edward had promised that as often as possible, his young wife should spend her Christmas at "Woodlawns."—Then the youthful pair were so happy in each other, and so well suited in tastes and dispositions. There seemed nothing to darken the prospect. The letters of Carlton were frequent, and filled with glowing accounts of success, even beyond his most sanguine expectations.

Some time passed, and the family were beginning to talk of a visit from their cherished friend, when his letters suddenly ceased. The Leslies had just returned from their annual excursion to Charleston during the season of the races, where Margaret had mingled much in fashionable society, and had received the attention due to a belle and a reputed heiress. Juliet, too, had made her first entrance into gay life. They had returned home weary—as they said of dissipation. Margaret was enchanted to have her music and drawing again, and her long rides on horseback.—But these soon lost their charm. Anxiety and disappointed hope, the "hope deferred" which "maketh the heart sick," banished the rose from her cheek and the smile from her lip, while two weary months passed on bringing no tidings of Carlton.

Tidings came at last. A package was sent them by a friend, containing several newspapers, with the intelligence that a number of forgeries had deen detected, committed by one Edward Carlton, who, having eluded the pursuit of justice, had escaped in a vessel bound to France. The description of his person, the locality and circumstances, left little doubt on their minds; and even this was removed by a letter from a person who knew Carlton well, and knew of his engagement. Some of Margaret's letters, which he said were found in Carlton's lodgings after his hasty flight from justice, were enclosed to Mr. Leslie.

The blow, sudden as it was, was a dreadful stroke to poor Margaret; but youth and and a strong heart will resist much.—Where the sting of disgrace, too, is felt, the struggles of the proud spirit, terrible as they are, have a power to triumph over despair itself. Mrs. Leslie was a woman of haughty temper, and a quick sense of honor: and she prided herself, moreover, on what she called the aristocratic blood of her family; and under her schooling the gentle Margaret soon learned to hide the anguish that was gnawing at her heart.—Carlton's name was mentioned no more, and a perpetual round of company and social amusements, devised by the sagacious mother, ere long restored the fire to her daughter's eyes, and the bloom to her cheek. It was not till after she had yielded to the earnest wishes of her parents and plighted her troth to another that she felt how irretrievable was the wreck of her happiness.

Mr. Berneau was a gentleman of French family, but had lived, as he said, in America since his childhood. He was supposed rich, and brought letters of recommendation to Mr. Leslie, whom he had first met in the city. * * * *

The preparations for the wedding were completed; the guests were assembled in the spacious drawing room, which was lighted up and decorated with garlands and wreaths of roses, the splendid supper table was laid, and shone with rich plate; and at the doors and windows might be seen rows of black faces glistening with interest and curiosity, while the piazza was crowded with negroes who came up from the plantation to see their young mistress married. The bride had put on the snowy veil that floated like a cloud over her figure, and was seated in her rooom awaiting the arrival of the bride-groom. But he came not, though the great clock in the hall already pointed to the hour fixed.—Another hour, and yet another, rolled away. The guests were gathered into groups, talking to each other in ominous whispers. The bride stood at the window of her apartment, through which the moonlight poured, gazing listlessly upon the shrubbery and flowers, that looked so beautiful in the silvery light; while Juliet, pale with anxious apprehension, was at her side.

The roll of a carriage was heard coming up the avenue. It stopped before the door. There was a bustle, and strange noises were heard in the hall. Juliet trembling violently, clung to her sister, while the bride-maids ran to the stairway to see what had happened. A few moments after Mrs. Leslie entered, evidently highly excited, and ordered the doors to be closed. It was in vain; scarcely was the order obeyed whem they were forced open, and a stranger rushed in. A wild shriek burst from the lips of Margaret; she recognized in the pale and emaciated countenance the features of Edward Carlton. Starting forward at the first impulse to meet him, she recoiled suddenly, and fell fainting into the arms of her mother.

A brief explanation will be all the reader requires. The young man who had committed forgery and fled, though bearing the same name, and even some resemblance in personal appearance, was a very different person from the Edward Carlton, who was betrothed to Miss Leslie. He had been long prostrated with one of those terrible typhoid fevers, which leave the body and mind for months so debilitated that the subject is incapable of action. Unable himself to write to Margaret, he had, as soon as consciousness was restored, entreated a friend to perform the duty for him.—The friend was no other than Mr. Berneau! Edward had met him in different circles, where he was received as a gentleman; was pleased with his bearing, and hesitated not, when Mr. Berneau announced his intention of visiting the South, to invite him to accompany him as soon as he should be able to travel.

Not a few will remember the sensation produced in certain polished circles, when it was discovered that the accomplished Mr. Berneau, the reputed possessor of wealth, had been in the habit of plundering those who admitted him to their houses on intimate terms, of large sums of money.—Carlton suffered with the rest, and the letters of Miss Leslie, of which such base use was afterwards made, were also purloined from his desk.

The moment he was able to bear the fatigue, Carlton set out on his journey southward; but it was not until his arrival in Charleston that he discovered the fearful extent of Berneau's villainy, that he learned how his own name had been branded, and his affianced bride deceived into renouncing him, and won to pledge herself to the wretch whose deep-laid arts had imposed on Mr. Leslie as on others.

Edward's pursuit of the felon was in vain; he fled as soon he became aware that his real character was exposed, and was never heard of afterwards. But it was ample consolation to the injured lover to find that Margaret was still true to him in heart. Her parents, when convinced of the truth, were anxious to repair their involuntary injustice; and it was not very long before a wedding was celebrated in the mansion at "Woodlawns," where the lovely Margaret did not figure as the "Unwilling Bride."

The Oak—Curious Experiment.—Take an acorn at this time of the year, tie a string around it in such a way that, when suspended, the blunt end of the acorn, where the cup was, is upwards. Hang it thus prepared in the inside of a bottle, or hyacinth glass, containing a little water, taking care that the acorn does not reach the water within an inch; wrap the bottle all over in flannel, so as to keep it dark and warm, and put it in a warm place.—In three or four weeks the acorn will have swollen, its coat will have burst, and a little white point will make its appearance at the end opposite the water. This point is the root; the acorn is now changing its nature and becoming an oak; still, however, it must be stationed in the dark, kept clear of the water, and so it must continue till the young root is at least half an inch long. Then the water may be allowed to rise higher; but it is only when from the neck of the root a little point begins to rise upwards that it is safe to allow the water to touch it. At that time the acorn has ceased to be an acorn, and has really become a young oak; for the little point directing itself upwards is the beginning of that trunk, which a century later may form the timber of a frigate. As soon as this young stem begins to shoot, the oak will require a dose of light, a little every day; and it also yearns for more food, so that its root, which is, in reality, its mouth, must be allowed to touch the water, and to drink it. After these events have come to pass, the little creature breathes, and must have air; digests, and must have light; sucks greedily, and must have fresh water given to its root, which, however, should never be permitted to be wholy covered; just that point where the stem begins should always be kept out of water. The pet, having been brought to this its first state of existence, must be put in the window.—At first it will be a stout thread, whitish and covered with tiny scales; then the scales will expand a little, and the end will become greener. Next will appear some little leaves, hair will begin to grow, veins will branch, the old scales will fall off, and by slow degrees the leaves will arrange themselves upon the stem, each unfolding from the bosom of the other. And thus, out of a little starch and gum, for the acorn was not much more, manifold parts will be produced by the wonderful creative powers of nature.—*Gardiners' Chronicle.*

Lotteries.—Maryland, within the last three years, has netted $68,000 of revenue by licensing and taxing this demoralizing species of gambling, of which even European governments have refused to partake of the infamy since 1810 or '12. Lotteries induce the weak and avaricious, those who are in haste to be rich, to invest their means in a game of hazard, where the odds are more than two to one against them, and to depend on the lottery for a living rather than on useful industry.

Swift, alluding in a letter to the frequent instances of a broken correspondence, after a long absence, gives the following natural account of the causes—At first, one omits writing for a little while; and then one stays a little while longer to consider of excuses; and at last grows desperate, and one does not write at all."

The Stars.—I cannot say that it is chiefly the contemplation of their infinitude, and the immeasurable space they occupy, that enraptures me in the stars. These conditions rather tend to confuse the mind; and in this view of countless numbers and unlimimited space their lies, morover, much that belongs rather to a temporary and human than to an eternal consideration.—Still less do I regard them absolutely with reference to the life after this. But the mere thought that they are so far beyond and above every thing terrestial—the feeling that before them every thing earthly so utterly vanishes to nothing—that the single man is so infinitely insignificant in the comparison with these worlds strewn over all space—that his destinies, his enjoyments, and sacrifices, to which he attaches such a minute importance, how all these fade like nothing before such immense objects; then that the constellations bind together all the races of man and all the eras of the earth—that they have beheld all that has passed since the beginning of time, and will see all that passes until its end. In thoughts like these I can always loose myself with a silent delight in the view of the starry firmament. It is in very truth a spectacle of the highest solemnity, when, in the stillness of night, in a heaven quite clear, the stars, like a choir of worlds, arise and descend,—while existence, as it were, falls asunder in two separate parts: the one, belonging to earth, grows dumb in the utter silence of night; and thereupon the other mounts upwards in all its elevation, splendor, and majesty. And when contemplated from this point of view, the starry heavens have truly a moral influence on the mind.—*Von Humboldt.*

Men measure their charities by a peculiar standard. A man who has but a dollar in his pocket would give a penny for almost any purpose. If he had a hundred he might give one; carry it higher, and then comes a falling off. One hundred dollars would be considered too large a sum for him who has ten thousand; while a present of one thousand would be deemed almost miraculous for a person worth one hundred thousand. Yet the proportion is the same throughout—and the poor man's penny, the widow's might, is more than the rich man's sounding and widely trumpeted benefaction.

The art of being agreeable.—The true art of being agreable is to appear well pleased with all the company, and rather to seem well entertained with them than to bring entertainment to them. A man thus disposed, perhaps, may not have much learning, nor any wit; but if he has common sense, and something friendly in his behavior, it conciliates men's minds more than the brightest parts without this disposition; and when a man of such a turn comes to old age, he is almost sure to be treated with respect. It is true, indeed, that we should not dissemble and flatter in company; but a man may be very agreeable, strictly consistent with truth and sincerity, by a prudent silence where he cannot concur, and a pleasing assent where he can. Now and then you meet with a person so exactly formed to please, that he will gain upon every one that hears or beholds him; this disposition is not merely the gift of nature, but frequently the effect of much knowledge of the world and a command over the passions.—*Spectator.*

Alexander Hamilton.—Hamilton was once applied to as counsel, by a man having the guardianship of several orphans.—These infants would, on their coming to age, succeed to a large and valuable estate, of which there was some material defect in the title deeds. The fact and the manner in which it happened was known only to the guardian, who wished to employ Hamilton as counsel, to vest in himself the title of the estate. He related the whole affair circumstantially, and was requested by his lawyer to call again, before he would venture to give his advice in a matter of so much importance. On his second visit, Hamilton read over to him the minutes of their previous conversation, which he had reduced to writing, and asked him if the statement was correct. On receiving an answer in the affirmative, Hamilton replied: "You are now completely in my power, and I look upon myself as the future guardian of the unhappy infants.—Take my advice—settle with them honorably to the last cent, or I will hunt you from your skin like a hare." It is proper to add that his advice was punctually followed.—*U. S. Gazette.*

Democratic Pups.—A friend relates to us the following rich incident which occurred in the vicinity of our town. While ascending the bayou a few days ago, he had occasion to call at one of the farm houses situated on his route. When about to enter, he saw lying on the front gallery a beautiful specimen of the canine breed of the feminine gender, with ten pups, all of the most promising appearance. Near them sat a lad between ten and twelve years of age. Our friend being somewhat of a dog fancier, inquired of the boy if he would dispose of his pups to which he answered in the affirmative.—"What do you ask for them?" was inquired. "One dime a piece," replied the youngster. "Are they Whigs or Democrats?" "Democrats," was the prompt answer. "Then we can't trade," said our friend, "for I want none but whig dogs." "Oh," said the lad, "don't be alarmed on that account: they can't see yet; as soon as they get their eyes open they'll all be Whigs!"—*N. O. National.*

Pope Pius IX.—His personal appearance is extremely benignant, and he unites, with perfect self-command, indomitable resolution and perseverance. He is absolute in authority, but occasionally summons a Council of Cardinals for advice. On a recent occasion, on taking a ballot by balls placed in a box, it was found that the black balls, which negatived his proposition, very much exceeded the white. He took off his white cap, and put all the black balls together, put it over them, saying at the same time to his surprised Cardinals, that now the balls were all white, and, thanking them for their advice, dismissed them.

From the Boston Daily Advertiser.

A COLD IN THE HEAD.

A cold in the head!
What need be said
Uglier, stupider, more ill bred!
Almost any other disease
May be romantic, if you please;
Who can scoff
At a very bad cough?
If you have a fever, you're laid on the shelf
To be sure—but then you pity yourself,
And your friends' anxiety is highly excited,
The curtains are drawn, and the chamber lighted,
Dimly and softly, pleasanter far,
Than the starving sunshine that seems to jar
Every nerve with a separate knock,
And at all our moral calamities mock.
It's not by no means
As bad as it seems,
To be steadily, cleverly, nicely sick;
Talk as you please,
In certain degrees,
Every one likes to take their ease,
Likes to be tended and nicely fed,
Petted and waited on, put to bed,
And got up in the morning carefully,
Like a lord or a lady of high degree.
But a cold in the head!
Your eyes are red,
Your poor upper lip is all swelled and spread,
You talk in a tone
Most unlike your own,
A mixture of snuffle and sneeze and groan;
Your head aches, your eyes smart—you havn't a thought
That can comfort or rouse
You, or profit you aught.
You think of what Aaron once offered to Moses;
And wish he'd agreed to the session of noses;
He cared too much for the fashion to think
What a comfort 'twould be on this shivering brink
Of Greenland and Iceland, New England y'clept,
If we had not the noses his negative kept!
Who do you suppose
Ever pitied a man for blowing his nose?
Yet what minor trial could ever be worse,
Unless it be reading this blundering verse,
Never fit to be written or read,
No—nor said,
Except by a man with a cold in his head!

A SKETCH BY A SPORTSMAN.

'Twas a fine October night; I was returning home with my gun over my shoulder, my keeper and dogs had taken a nearer route, and had carried with them the booty of the day. I passed the old Manor-house grounds; the mansion had been long unoccupied, save by an old gardener, who looked, in his Sunday suit of russet livery, as if the sturdy elms and rugged oaks had, while he tended them, lent him in gratitude, something of their rigidity and strength As my father had a right of shooting over the demesnes, I opened the gates and entered; there was a fine lake near the house nearly covered by trees, and the setting sun gleaming upon its clear and quiet breast, reminded me of Scott—

"One lively sheet of burnished gold
Loch Katrine lay, beneath him rolled."

I am an enthusiastic admirer of nature; and I stood to gaze upon the scene as it lay sleeping in its calm and placid beauty. It was the middle of the month, and the yellow leaves, brightened by the golden hues of sunset, added a lustre to the landscape; it was truly a scene in which Italian Claude would have gloried. Just as I had turned to leave the spot, my steps were arrested, my whole attention rivetted by a voice breaking on the silence; the tone was one of gentle yet thrilling harmony, my imagination told me the singer was as lovely, and I remained in my concealment. I had just returned from college, and knew not that the Manor-house was again tenanted, and was conjecturing from whom such strains could flow. When they ceased, a rustling was heard among the leaves, and a tall, dark-eyed, dark-haired fairy passed. Unconscious of being seen, she turned her face full towards me, and stooped to tie up a luxuriant hop that was clinging and climbing across the pathway, then rising, she applied her care to the loose tendrils above; her thick ringlets fell back, and a bright ray of the departing sun made them appear like waving gold. After a few minutes she tripped gaily away, ever and anon her glad voice breaking forth in some brief snatch of a merry song, as if the joyousness of her spirit sought some way to vent its happiness.

People may ridicule love at first sight, and smile contempt at such an idea, but I have felt and know that it can be, and the truth of its stability and power is attested in the fact of my being still a bachelor. After lingering about the spot, as one entranced, till the evening mists came with a zealous care to wrap the silvery lake and its island children from the stranger's gaze, I bent my steps homeward. Upon entering the hall, the sound of music came through the corridors, and told that my mother and sisters, in vulgar phrase, "had a party;" and from a damsel of the room I learned that my lonely, uncomfortable meal, was laid in the library. I threw open the door in no enviable mood, and carelessly sat down, wondering who the lovely creature I had seen could be. I ate little, and ringing the bell upon the table, inquired, in no very placid temper, "Who are in the the music-room?"

"The ladies from the Hall, Sir George and Lady Witstead, Miss Norman, Lord Heartbury, Lady Jemina and Lady Celia Staunton, Captain ——"

"Heavens, that's enough! what a set of bores! Take things away, and do not let me be disturbed, but when I ring, send De Serre here."

I threw myself along a sofa, in a passion with myself, the party, but most of all in a passion because I did not know who the fair songstress was. After lounging about for nearly an hour, I rose, and seeing that the hand of the Cupid upon the alabaster clock was fast approaching ten o'clock, I rung for my valet, and having accomplished my toilette, entered the music-room, where, after shaking hands with old acquaintances, and bowing to new ones, I got a seat upon a half-vacant divan, near my sister. In the midst of a dissertation with Lord Heartbury upon a Joe Manton, a voice, replying to solicitations to sing, came upon my ear; I started, and in another instant the self-same warbler passed to the piano. She ran her fingers lightly over the keys, lifted her head and laughed. "I can remember nothing," she said to my mother; then she bent her head, and her beautiful unadorned ringlets closed over her brow; a minute thus, and the next she threw back the wavy tresses, struck the ivory keys, and the song of the lake rose, echoed, and died through the room. I felt such an indefinable feeling at my heart, that I continued to gaze upon the enchantress as if every sense, every energy was centered in her. She rose, and turning round, met my fixed and ardent look; a bright blush mantled her face and neck, and she moved hastily away. A loud laugh near me recalled my wandering attention: it was caused by myself; my marked regard had been observed by all.

"Who is that heavenly creature?" I asked of Captain Rodney.

"Miss Forester. She lives with her mother at the Manor-house." replied he, "but I warn you not to lose your heart for her, for she's engaged.

"To whom?" asked I, scarcely breathing.

"To Sir Henry Elliot, of the Lodge."

Had a thunderbolt fallen on my head, I could not have been more crushed; Elliot was my oldest friend, we had been playfellows in infancy, boys together at Eton, students at Cambridge, and finally, we travelled together. Never had aught of acrimony passed between us, and yet, never on earth were two more dissimilar characters. Elliot, all conciliation, warm-heartedness, and firm principle, his very soul seemed made up of kindliness. I, all fire, impetuosity, and rashness, a very miracle of thoughtlessness. Elliot, always cool, self-possessed, and polite—I, always "witty" and captious. A pair of bright eyes turned my brain, and if by chance they wandered towards me, I was enchanted.

I have been in and out of love a hundred times, but even at Almack's, that centre of beauty, Elliot was as calm and provokingly immoveable as ever. He was excessively handsome, with an exquisite figure, eight thousand a year, an old baronetcy, and an earldom, in default of the marriage of his uncle, an old man of seventy six; no wonder then that the fair waltzers of *ton* put on their brightest smiles for him. But sunbeams might as well have been wasted upon the rocks of the Alps. I always thought that nature had left one thing out of his composition, and that was love—she had given him all else; but I was to be taught otherwise. The next day I met him as he was leaving the Manor-house; after a few words of hearty greeting, I exclaimed. "So you are thawed at last, Harry; I hear you are going to be married."

"Yes," replied he, with such a smile as I had never seen before lighting up his expressive features, "I am, to the most amiable creature on earth; come with me, I'll introduce you to her."

We turned back; he was evidently glad of an excuse to return. Any other man would have described Agnes Forester as a beauty; but, true to himself, he dwelt only upon her mind. We found her at the easel. Upon our entrance she turned, and perceiving Elliot, an expression of happy innocence gathered upon her beautiful brow; there was something so gleeful, so girlish in her countenance, and yet so modest and retiring, that you *felt* you were gazing upon the impersonation of purity and womanly loveliness.

For six months I was daily thrown into the company of Agnes Forester, and loved her to distraction. With a confidence that did his noble mind honor, and my friendship and principles full justice, Elliot frequently made me the messenger of his love to the being he was betrothed to; and never did a shadow of distrust cross his splendid brow when he met Agnes leaning on my arm, or gazing in my face, listening with her eyes to tales of sunny Italy, of which, perhaps, her gallant lover was the hero. Yes, he was safe; he had his security in his own honor and trust. Who could look on that face, those clear, unsuspicious eyes, and meditate treachery?—And never, never did I love him more than when I felt that the day that gave him Agnes would make my reason totter; yet I had not courage to withdraw, for it was heaven on earth to linger near this gentle girl, within reach of the sunshine of her glad smile, and to catch the infection of her merry laugh and sporting glee.

The fifteenth of the next October was fixed on for the nuptials, and I heard the news with surprising fortitude; but my heart was raging with the fire my own rashness had kindled. Two days appointed for the ceremony, Elliot and I parted, from shooting, at the entrance of the grounds; he to join Agnez, I to gaze on the spot where one brief year before I had first beheld her. I had just reached it, when I heard the report of a gun, followed by a piercing scream. I threw down my fowling-piece and hastened to the place; a groan of stifled agony, a gurgling, choking shriek burst from my breast as the terrific sight met my eye—before me lay Elliot, his left arm and side awfully shattered, and dying: by his side was Agnes, senseless. He opened his eyes and beckoned me; I approached and knelt, while he spoke faintly and with difficulty:

"Grenville, on your friendship I rely for comforting Agnes. This is an awful accident, on the very verge of blisss: dear, dear Agnes, may God protect her. Frank, if you love me, swear"—and he looked earnestly in my face—"that you will be a brother to my blessed Agnes; shield, watch her as I should have done, and win her affections if you can—to you I confide her, and upon your honor I rely; tell her my last thoughts were of her. No, Grenville," continued he, upon my proposing assistance, "I am dying, I feel it; to remove would only hasten my end. God be merciful to me,"—he moved his lips as if in fervent prayer,—he took my hand, the grasp of death was in it, "Frank, God bless you!" Convulsions came on, death was grappling with his victim—"Agnes—Agnes!" he screamed, and, as if knelled in her ear by a demon, the shriek recalled her senses. She started to her feet—back were dashed the clustering ringlets, madly her hands were pressing on her temples, and her eyes, set and glazed in horror, stared on her lover—for a second death stood aloof, as if the sight of that appalling agony had startled him from his prey.

"Agnes!" breathed Elliot, frightened at her fearful state.

"Ha!" she gasped, but the rigidity of marble was in her limbs—blood gushed from her mouth—expression, and form, was lost in distortion—a scream that would have woke the dead, broke from the maddening girl, a groan, that told the convulsion was over, and that earth and heaven had each its part of the sufferer, followed it.

I stood then alone, the only living thing amid the awful slaughter, for Agnes, with a gurgling laugh of madness, fell from my arms, a corpse, upon her lover.

I have a confused remembrance of being examined by a coroner; something too of a funeral and white plumes, passes before my mind—but all is vague and indistinct.

Years after this I wandered on the Continent, till recalled by my father's death to claim the honors and take the oaths of a Peer. I was still young, with health, wealth and rank; but I would give all to erase that day of fearful horrors from my memory.

Incident at a Fair.—The National Intelligencer, in a notice of a fair now holding in that city by the Ladies' Benevolent Society, relates the following incident:

"One of the cakes—a mighty composition, the triumphant result of a very handsome widow's daintiest studies—stood eminent above all minor confections, a sort of president of the cakes, "crowned with a peculiar diadem" (as Byron has it) of sugar. By some particular and mysterious virtue in its ingredients, or the conjunction of stellar influences under which it was sublimed in the oven, it had been rendered capable of keeping soundly until, perhaps the next Presidential election. At the end of the evening it was disposed of by a lottery of thirty chances. Singularly enough, a gentleman of this city, who had taken chances as complements to various ladies present, at last took into his head that he knew whom the cake would suit, and subscribed for another chance to the name of "Henry Clay, of Kentucky;" and lo! when the drawing was made, at the sixth number, out leaped the prize to Harry of the West! The event (perfectly fair, a Democrat the drawer) was hailed with almost universal applause, and a particularly delighted clapping of fair hands. The cake is, of course, to be sent to Mr. Clay.

The doom of our world.—What this change is to be, we do not even conjecture; but we see in the heavens themselves some traces of destructive elements, and some indications of their power. The fragments of broken planets—the descent of meteoric stones upon our globe—the wheeling comets welding their loose materials at the solar surface—the volcanic eruptions on our own satellite—the appearance of new stars, and the disappearance of others—are all forshadows of that impending convulsion to which the system of the world is doomed. Thus placed on a planet which is to be burnt up, and under heavens which are to pass away; thus treading, as it were, on the cemeteries, and dwelling on the mausoleums of former worlds, let us learn the lesson of humility and wisdom, if we have not already been taught in the school of Revelation.—*North British Review.*

Religious Revivals.—The religious papers from different sources of our widely extended country, continue to mention the existence of unusual religious interest in their vicinity. In Plymouth, N. H., there is said to be an unusual degree of religious feeling pervading one neighborhood. In Pittsford, and in two churches in Windsor county, there is also said to exist an unusual degree of religious feeling. In West Bradford, Mass., there has existed a strong religious interest for several months past. In Ridgefield, Conn., a somewhat extensive revival has been in progress for three months. A revival is reported as in progress in Pickering, Canada West, among Baptists; and among the Methodists, in Cayuga District, N. York. We have reports also of the existence of unusual religious excitement in Iowa, Wisconsin, Illinois, Tennessee, Indiana, Mississippi. Indeed, from nearly every section of the country, we are receiving intimations of the existence, here and there, of special religious interest at the present time; and this is not confined to any particular sect or denomination; and, as would appear, not generally the result of any special exertions, but of the blessings of Heaven on the ordinary means of religious improvement.—*Boston Traveller.*

A Noble Foreigner.—Baron Von Grone, of the Prussian Army, who distinguished himself at the National Bridge, in August last, by his courage and skill, and also in the engagements which afterwards took place, before the command under Major Lally reached Jalapa, has arrived in New Orleans from Vera Cruz. The *Delta*, speaking of him, says:

"The Baron was wounded in the hip, at the head of the two companies took a fort at the National Bridge, and was of great use to Major Lally throughout. He came to this country by permission of the king of Prussia, to serve with our Army in the Mexican campaign. Gen. Scott, to whom he brought letters, treated him with marked attention in the city of Mexico, and invited him to join his staff. The fighting being over for the present, and the Baron's absence from Prussia being necessarily limited, he will occupy the remainder of his time in visiting Cuba, and afterwards, the United States, on his return home."

A man.—The man whom I call deserving the name, is one whose thoughts and exertions are for others rather than for himself, whose high purpose is adopted on just principles, and never abandoned while heaven and earth afford means of accomplishing it. He is one who will neither seek an indirect advantage by a specious road, nor take an evil path to secure a real good purpose.—*Sir Walter Scott.*

Sharp Rebuke.—"I never go to church," said a country tradesman to his parish clergyman, "I always spend Sunday in settling accounts." The minister immediately replied, "You will find, sir, that the day of judgement will be spent in the same manner."