THE STAR AND BANNER.

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HEAVEN.

Oh! heaven is nearer than mortals think,
When they look with a trembling dread
At the misty future that stretches on
From the silent home of the dead.

'Tis no lone isle in a boundless main,
No brilliant, but distant shore,
Where the lovely ones who are called away
Must go to return no more.

No—heaven is near us; the mighty veil
Of mortality blinds the eye,
That we see not the angel bands
On the shores of eternity.

Yet oft in the hours of holy thought,
To the thirsting soul is given
That power to pierce through the mist of sense,
To the beauteous scenes in Heaven.

Then very near seems its pearly gates,
And sweetly its harpings fall;
Till the soul is restless to soar away,
And longs for the angel call.

Flit on, when the silver cord is loosed,
When the veil is rent away,
Not long and dark shall the passage be
To the realms of endless day.

The eye that shuts in a dying hour,
Will open the next in bliss;
The welcome will sound in a heavenly world,
Ere this farewell is hushed in this.

We pass from the clasp of mourning friends,
To the arms of the loved and lost;
And those smiling faces will greet us then,
Which on earth we have valued most.

[*From Beatty's Miscellany.*

THE WELL IN THE WILDERNESS.

A TALE OF THE PRAIRIE.

In vain you urge me to forget
That fearful sight—it haunts me yet;
And, stamp'd into my heart and brain,
The awful memory will remain;
Yea, e'en in sleep that ghostly sight
Returns to shake my soul each night.

Richard Steel was the son of one of those small landlords who are fast disappearing from Merry Old England. His father left him the sole possessor of twenty-five acres of arable land, and a snug little cottage, which had descended from father to son, through many generations.

The ground plot, which had been sufficient to maintain his honest progenitors for several ages, in the palmy days of Britain's glory and independence, ere her vast resources passed into the hands of the few, and left the many to starve, was not enough to provide for the wants of our stout yeoman and his family, which consisted at that period of three sons and one daughter, a blooming girl of ten years, or thereabouts. Richard and his boys toiled with unceasing diligence; the wife was up late and early, and not one moment was left unemployed; and yet they made no headway, but every succeeding year found them in arrears.

"Jane," said the yeoman, one evening, thoughtfully to his wife, after having blessed his homely meal of skimmed milk and brown bread, "couldst thee not have given us a little treat to-night? Hast thee forgotten that it is our Annie's birthday?"

"No, Richard, I have not forgotten: how could I forget the anniversary of the day that made us all so happy? But times are bad; I could not spare the money to buy sugar and plums for the cake; and I wanted to sell all the butter, in order to scrape together enough to pay the shoemaker for making our darling's shoes. Annie knows that she is infinitely dear to us all, though we cannot give her luxuries to prove it."

"It wants no proof, dear mother," said the young girl, flinging her round, but sun-burnt arms about her parent's neck.—"Your precious love is worth the wealth of the whole world to me. I know how fond you and dear father are of me, and I am more than satisfied."

"Annie is right," said Steele, dropping his knife and holding out his arm for a caress. "The world could not purchase such love as we feel for her; and let us bless God that, poor though we be, we are all here to-night, well and strong, aye, and rich, in spite of our homely fare, in each other's affections. What say you, my boys?" And he glanced with parental pride on three fine lads, whose healthy and honest countenances might well be contemplated with pleasure, and afford subjects for hopeful anticipations for the future.

"We are happy, father," said the oldest, cheerfully.

"The cakes and spiced ale would have made us happier," said the second. "Mother makes such nice cakes!"

"So she does," cried the third. "It seems so dull to have nothing nice on Annie's birthday. I should not care a fig if it were Dick's birth-day, or Owen's, or mine; but not to drink Annie's health seems unlucky."

"You shall drink it yet," said Annie, laughing.

"In what?" asked both the boys in a breath.

"In fine spring water!" and she filled their mugs.

"Better God never gave to his creatures. How bright it is! How it sparkles! I will never from this day ask a finer drink. Here is a health to you, my brothers, and may we never know what it is to lack a draught of pure water."

Annie nodded to her brothers, and drank off her mug of water; and the good-natured fellows, who dearly loved her, followed her example.

Oh little did the gay-hearted girl think, as she [illegible] of the [illegible] of the price she was one day destined to pay for a drink of water.

The crops that year were a failure, and the heart of the strong man began to droop. He felt that his labor in his native land would no longer give his children bread; and unwilling to sink into the lowest class, he wisely resolved, while he retained the means of doing so, to emigrate to America. His wife made no opposition to his wishes, his sons were delighted with the prospect of any chance for the better, and if Annie felt a passing pang at leaving the daisied fields and her pretty playmates, the lambs, she hid it from her parents. The dear homestead, with its quiet rural orchard, and trim hedgerows, fell to the hammer; nor was the sunburnt cheek of the honest yeoman unmoistened with a tear, when he saw it added to the enormous possessions of the lord of the manor.

After the sale was completed, and the money it brought duly paid, Steel lost no time in preparing for his emigration. In less than a fortnight he had secured their passage to New York, and they were already on their voyage across the Atlantic. Favored by wind and weather, after the first effects of the sea had worn off, they were comfortable enough. The steerage passengers were poor, but respectable English emigrants, and they made several pleasant acquaintances among them. One family especially attracted their attention, and so far engaged their affections during the tedious voyage, that they entered into an agreement to settle in the same neighborhood. Mr. Atkins was a widower, with two sons, of the ages of Richard and Owens, and an elder sister—a primitive, gentle old woman, who had been once both wife and mother, but had outlived all her family. Abigail Winchester (for so she was called,) took an especial fancy to our Annie, in whom she fancied that she recognized a strong resemblance to a daughter whom she had lost. Her affection was warmly returned by the kind girl, who, by a thousand little attentions, strove to evince her gratitude to Abigail for her good opinion. They had not completed half their voyage before the scarlet fever broke out among the passengers, and made dreadful havoc among the younger portion.—Steele's whole family were down with it at the same time, and, in spite of the constant nursing of himself, and his devoted partner, and the unremitting attentions of Abigail Winchester, who never left the sick ward for many nights and days, the two youngest boys died, and were committed to the waters of the great deep before Annie and Richard recovered to consciousness of their dreadful loss. This threw a sad gloom over the whole party. Steele said nothing, but he often retired to some corner of the ship to bewail his loss in secret. His wife was wasted and worn to a shadow, and poor Annie looked the ghost of her former self.

"Had we never left England," she tho't, "my brothers had not died." But she was wrong. God, who watches with parental love over all his creatures, knows the best season in which to reclaim his own; but human love in its vain yearnings is slow in receiving this great truth. It lives in the present, lingers over the past, and cannot bear to give up that which now is for the promise of that which shall be. The future separated from the things of time has always an awful aspect. A perfect and child-like reliance upon God can alone divest it of those thrilling doubts and fears which at times shake the firmest mind, and urge the proud, unyielding spirit of man to cleave so strongly to kindred dust.

The sight of the American shores, that the poor lads had desired so eagerly to see, seemed to renew their grief, and a sadder party never set foot upon a foreign strand than our emigrant and his family.

Steele had brought letters of introduction to a respectable merchant in the city, who advised him to purchase a tract of land in the then new State of Illinois.—The beauty of the country, the fine climate and fruitful soil, were urged upon him in the strongest manner. The merchant had scrip to dispose of in that remote settlement, and, as is usual in such cases, he consulted his own interest in the matter.

Steele thought the merchant, who was a native of the country, must know best what would suit him; and he not only became a purchaser himself, but induced his friend to follow his example.

We will pass over their journey to the far West. The novelty of the scenes thro' which they passed, contributed not a little to raise their drooping spirits. Richard had recovered his health, and amused the party not a little by his lively anticipations of the future. They were to have the most comfortable log-house, and the neatest farm in the district. He would raise the finest cattle, the largest crops, and the best garden stuff in the neighborhood. Frugal and industrious habits would soon render them wealthy and independent.

His mother listened to these sallies with a delighted smile; and even the grave yeoman's brow relaxed from its habitual frown. Annie entered warmly into her brother's plans; and if he laid the foundation of his fine castle in the air, she certainly provided the cement and all the lighter materials.

As their long route led them further from the habitations of men, and deeper and deeper into the wilderness, the reality of their solitary locality became hourly more apparent to the poor emigrants.—They began to think they had acted too precipitately in going so far back into the woods, unacquainted as they were with the usages of the country. But repentance came too late; and when, at length, they reached their destination, they found themselves upon the edge of a vast forest, with a noble open prairie stretching away as far as the eye can reach in front of them, and no human habitation in sight, or indeed existing for miles around them.

In a moment the yeoman comprehended all the difficulties and dangers of his new situation; but his was a stout heart, not easily daunted by circumstances. He possessed a vigorous constitution and a strong arm; and he was not alone. Richard was an active, energetic lad, and his friend Atkins, and his two sons, were a host in themselves. Having settled with his guides, and ascertained, by the maps that he received at Mr. ——'s office, the extent and situation of his new estate, he set about unyoking the cattle which he had purchased, and securing them, while Atkins and his sons pitched a tent for the night and collected wood for their fire.—The young people were in rapture with the ocean of verdure, redolent with blossoms, that lay smiling in the last rays of the sun before them. Never did garden appear so lovely as that vast wilderness of sweets, planted by the munificent hand of Nature with such profuse magnificence.—Annie could scarcely tear herself away from the enchanting scene to assist her mother in preparing their evening meal.

"Mother, where shall we get water?" asked Annie, glancing wistfully toward their empty cask. "I have seen no indications of water for the last three miles."

"Annie has raised a startling doubt," said Steel, "I can perceive no appearance of stream or creek, in any direction."

"Hist! father, do you hear that?" cried Richard. "The croaking of those frogs is music to me just now, for I am dying with thirst;" and seizing the can, he ran off in the direction of the discordant sounds.

It was near dark when he returned with his pailful of water; with which the whole party slaked their thirst before asking any questions.

"What delicious water—as clear as crystal—as cold as ice! How fortunately it is to obtain it so near at hand!" exclaimed several in a breath.

"Ay, but it is in an ugly place," said Richard thoughtfully. "I should not like to go to that well at early day or at night fall."

"Why not, my boy?"

"It is in the heart of a dark swamp, just about a hundred yards within the forest; and the water trickles beneath the roots of an old tree into a natural stone tank; but all around is involved in frightful gloom; I fancied I heard a low growl as I stooped to fill my pail; while, a horrid speckled snake glided from between my feet, and darted, hissing and rattling its tail, into the brake. Father, you must never let any of the people go alone to that well."

The yeoman laughed at his son's fears, and shortly after the party entered into the tent, and overcome with fatigue, were soon asleep.

The first thing that engaged the attention of the emigrants, was the erection of a log shanty, for the reception of their respective families. This important task was soon accomplished. Atkins preferred the open prairie for the site of his; but Steel, for the nearer proximity of wood and water, chose the edge of the forest; but the habitations of the pioneers were so near that they were within call of each other.

To fence off a piece of land for the cattle, and prepare a plot for the wheat and corn for the ensuing year, was the next thing to be accomplished; and by the time these preparations were completed, the long bright summer had passed away, and the fall was at hand. Up to this period, both families had enjoyed excellent health. But in the month of September, Annie and then Richard fell sick with intermittent fever, and old Abigail kindly came across to help Mrs. Steel to nurse her suffering children. Medical aid was not to be had in that remote place, and beyond simple remedies, which were perfectly inefficacious in their situation, the poor children's only chance of life was their youth, a good sound constitution, and the merciful interposition of a benevolent and overruling Providence.

It was towards the close of a sultry day that Annie, burning with fever, implored the faithful Abigail to give her a drink of cold water. Hastening to the water cask, the old woman was disappointed by finding it exhausted, Richard having drunk the last drop, who was still raving in the delirium of fever, for more drink.

"My dear child, there is no water."

"Oh! I am burning—dying with thirst! Give me but one drop, dear Abigail—one drop of cold water!"

Just then Mrs. Steel returned from milking the cows, and Abigail proferred to the lips of the child a bowl of new milk, but she shrank from it with disgust, and sinking back on her pillow murmured, "Water! water! for the love of God give me a drink of water!"

"Where is the pail?" asked Mrs. Steel. "I don't much like going alone to that well but it is still broad day, and I know that in reality there is nothing to fear; I cannot bear to hear the child moan for drink in that terrible way."

"Dear mother," said Richard, faintly, "don't go; father will be in soon; we can wait till then."

"Oh! the poor dear child is burning!" cried Abigail; "she cannot wait till then; do, neighbor, go for the water; I will stay with the children, and put out the milk while you are away."

Mrs. Steel left the shanty; and a few minutes after, the patients, exhausted by suffering, fell into a profound sleep. Abigail busied herself scalding the milk pans, and, in her joy at the young people's cessation from pain, forgot the mother altogether.—About half an hour had elapsed, and the mellow light of evening had faded into night, when Steel returned with his oxen from the field.

The moment he entered the shanty, he went up to the bed, which contained his sick children, and satisfied that the fever was abating, he looked round for his supper, surprised that it was not, as usual, ready for him upon the table.

"No water!" he cried, "in the cask, and supper not ready. After working all day in the burning sun a man wants to have things made comfortable for him at night. Mrs. Winchester, are you here? Where is my wife?"

"Merciful goodness!" exclaimed the old woman, turning as pale as death, "is she not back from the well?"

"The well!" cried Steel grasping her arm: "how long has she been gone?"

"This half hour, or more."

Steel made no answer—his cheek was as pale as her own; and taking his gun from the beam to which it was slung, he carefully loaded it with a ball; and without saying a word, left the house.

Day still lingered upon the open prairie but the moment he entered the bush it was deep night. He had crossed the plain with rapid strides, but as he approached the swamp, his step became slow and cautious. The well was in the centre of the jungle, from the front of which Richard had cleared away the brush to facilitate their access to the water; as he drew near the spot, his ears were chilled by a low, deep growling, and the crunching of teeth, as if some wild animal was devouring the bones of its prey. The dreadful truth, with all its shocking, heart revolting reality, flashed upon the yeoman, and for a moment paralyzed him. The precints of the well were within the range of his rifle, and drooping down upon his hands and knees, and nerving his arm for a clear aim, he directed his gaze to the spot from whence the fatal sounds proceeded. A little on one side of the wall, a pair of luminous eyes glared like green lamps at the edge of the dark wood, and the horrid sounds which curdled the blood of the yeoman became more distinctly audible.

Slowly Steel raised his rifle to his shoulder, and setting his teeth, and holding his breath, he steadily aimed at a space between those glowing balls of fire. The sharp report of the rifle awoke the far echoes of the forest. The deer leaped up from his lair, the wolf howled and fled into the depths of the wood, and the panther, for such it was, sprang several feet into the air, then fell across the mangled remains of his victim.

Richard Steel rose from the ground; the perspiration was streaming from his brow; his limbs trembled and shook, his lips moved convulsively, and he pressed his hands upon his heaving breast to keep down the violent throbbings of his agitated heart. It was not fear that chained him to the spot, and hindered him from approaching his dead enemy. It was horror. He dared not look upon the mangled remains of his wife—the partner of his joys and sorrows—the companion of his boyhood—the beloved mother of his children. How could he recognize in that crushed and mangled heap his poor Jane? The pang was too great for his agonized mind to bear. Sense and sight alike forsook him, and, staggering a few paces forward, he fell senseless across the path.

Alarmed by the report of the rifle, Atkins and his sons proceeded with torches to the spot, followed by Abigail, who unconscious of the extent of the calamity, was yet sufficiently convinced that something dreadful had occurred. When the full horrors of the scene were presented to the sight of the terror-stricken group, their grief burst forth in tears and lamentations. Atkins alone retained his presence of mind. Dragging the panther from the mangled remains of the unfortunate Mrs. Steel, he beckoned to one of his sons, and suggested to him the propriety of instantly burying the disfigured and mutilated body before the feelings of her husband and children were agonized by the sight.

First removing the insensible husband to his own dwelling, Atkins, and his sons returned to the fatal spot, and conveying the body to the edge of the prairie, they selected a quiet, lovely spot beneath the wide-spreading boughs of a magnificent chest-nut tree, and wrapping all that remained of the wife of Richard Steel in a sheet, they committed it to the earth in solemn silence; nor were prayers or tears wanting in that lonely hour to consecrate the nameless grave where the English mother slept.

Annie and Richard recovered to mourn their irreparable loss—to feel that their mother's life had been sacrificed to her maternal love. Time, as it ever does, softened the deep anguish of the bereaved husband. During the ensuing summer, their little colony was joined by a hardy band of British and American pioneers. The little settlement grew into a prosperous village, and Richard Steel died a wealthy man, and was buried by the side of his wife, in the centre of the village churchyard—that spot having been chosen for the first temple in which the emigrants met to worship in His own house the God of their fathers.

"Little Benny."

So the simple head-stone said. Why did my eyes fill? I never saw the little creature. I never looked him in his laughing eye, or heard his merry shout, or listened to his trippling tread; I never pillowed his little head, or bore his little form, or smoothed his little locks, or laved his dimpled limbs, or fed his cherry lips with dainty bits, or kissed his rosy cheeks as he lay sleeping.

I did not see his eye grow dim; or his little hand droop powerless; or the dew of agony on his pale forehead; I stood not with clasped hand and suspended breath, and watched the look that comes but once flit over his cherub face. And yet, "little Benny," my tears are falling; for *somewhere*, I know there's an empty crib, a vacant chair, useless robes and toys, a desolate hearth-stone and a weeping mother.

"Little Benny."

It was all her full heart could utter, and it was enough. It tells the whole story.—*Musical World and Times.*

[FANNY FERN.

GENERAL WASHINGTON'S MOTION.—In 1817, in a debate in the house of delegates, on the bill relative to a map of Virginia, in which something was said of military roads, Mr. Mercer t. related an anecdote of General Washington, which he had received from one of the members of the convention that formed the Constitution of the United States. The subject of power to be given the new congress, relative to a standing army, was on the tapis. A member made a motion that Congress should be restricted to a standing army not exceeding *five thousand* at any one time. Gen. Washington, who, being chairman, could not offer a motion, whispered to a member from Maryland, to amend the motion, by providing that no foreign enemy should invade the United States at one time, with more than *three thousand troops.*

The first law of nature is marriage, and yet man is the only creature that resists it. Who ever saw an old bachelor robin, or female blue bird with strong thoughts of dying an old maid. No one. Every created thing becomes a parent, and this is just what the Lord intended they should become. People who sleep on single bedsteads as much war against the Commandments as if they lived on the products of murder. Pause and reflect.

In China they make queer use of second hand wearing apparel. When a pair of cassimeres are no longer fit for service, they stuff the legs with minced meat and sell them for sausages. There's a use to put breeches to that the outside world has never yet thought of. Inventive people, those growers of Young Hyson. Well they are.

"JULIUS, why is de gettin' out ob de bed de 31st ob August like one of Moore's melodies? Does you gib it up, my specied colled friend?" "In course I does." "Why, Because it's the last rose of summer."

TRUE ENOUGH.—An old Scotch proverb says, "It is difficult to straighten in the oak the crook that grew in the saplin."

And the Arabs have this proverb, "Curses, like young chickens, invariably return home to perch."

DELIGHTFUL.—The country at the present writing. If you wish to taste of youth and velveteens again, just pay it a visit, and watch the connubial movements of a newly married pair of bobolinks. For refreshing the heart, we know of nothing equal to it.

Amos Wade, of North Carolina, has recovered $6,000 damage in New York, from the Fulton Ferry Company, for personal injuries, by being struck on the head by a bolt, during a collision between two ferry boats.

Two Ladies—Julia Echarte de Valiente, and Carlota Mora de Goicouria—have been cited, in an edict, to appear before the authorities of the island of Cuba, and answer the charge of Treason.

As time passes, memory silently records your deeds, which conscience will impressively read to you in after life.

The Death of Josephine.

Darkness and clouds surrounded the pathway of Napoleon. In vain he struggled to retrieve his fortune. The last engagement at Leipsic decided his fortunes for the time and consigned him to Elba.

Napoleon was an exile, but in his retirement he did not forget the only being he ever really loved, his Josephine. He immediately addressed a letter to her, breathing the same spirit towards her that he had always manifested, rather congratulating himself that his head and spirit were free from the enormous weight of care, and intimating that hereafter his pen should be a substitute for the sword.

"The world," said he, "has as yet, only seen me in profile. I shall now show myself in full. How many things have I to disclose! how many are the men upon whom a false estimate has been placed! I have heaped benefits upon millions of wretches! What have they done in the end for me? They have all betrayed me! Yes, all. I except from this number the good Eugene and yourself. Adieu! my dear Josephine. Be resigned, as I am, and never forget him who never forgot, and never will forget you. Farewell, Josphine. NAPOLEON."

Upon reading these tidings so terrible, Josephine was overwhelmed with grief, and immediately answered his letter, breathing the same spirit of devotion to him, who was *once* her husband, that had always characterized her noble heart, and entreated him to say but the word, and she would fly to him. The remaining circumstances connected with her illness and death we give in the language of Mr. Abbott.

A few days after this letter was written, the Emperor Alexander, with a number of illustrious guests, dined with Josephine at Malmaison. In the evening twilight, the party went out upon the beautiful lawn in front of the house for recreation. Josephine, whose health had become exceedingly precarious through care and sorrow, being regardless of herself in devotion to her friends, took a violent cold. The next day she was worse. Without any definite form of disease, she day after day grew more faint and feeble, until it was evident that her final change was near at hand.—Eugene and Hortense, her most affectionate children, were with her by day and by night. They communicated to her the judgment of her physician, that death was near. She heard the tidings with perfect composure, and called for a clergyman to administer to her the last rites of religion.

Just after this solemnity the Emperor Alexander entered the room. Eugene and Hortense, bathed in tears, were kneeling at their mother's knee. Josephine beckoned to the Emperor to approach her, and said to him and her children, "I have always desired the happiness of France.—A union in my [illegible] to it, and I can say with truth, to all of you now present, at my last moments, that the first wife of Napoleon never caused a tear to flow."

She called for the portrait of the Emperor; she gazed upon it long and tenderly; and then, fervently pressing it in her clasped hands to her bosom, faintly articulated the following prayer:

"O God! watch over Napoleon while he remains in the desert of this world.—Alas! though he hath committed great faults, hath he not expiated them by great sufferings? Just God, thou hast looked into his heart, and hast seen by how ardent a desire for useful and durable improvements he was animated. Deign to approve my last petition. And may this image of my husband bear me witness that my latest prayers were for him and my children."

It was the 26th of May 1814. A tranquil summer's day was fading away into a cloudless, serene, and beautiful evening.—The rays of the setting sun struggling through the foliage of the open window, shone cheerfully upon the bed where the empress was dying. The vesper songs of the birds which filled the grove of Malmaison floated sweetly upon the ear, and the gentle spirit of Josephine, lulled to repose by these sweet anthems, sunk into its last sleep. Gazing upon the portrait of the emperor, she exclimed, 'L'isle d' Elbe—Napoleon!' and died.

Alexander, as he gazed upon her lifeless remains, burst into tears, and uttered the following affecting yet just tribute of respect to her memory; "She is no more; that woman whom France named the beneficent, that angel of goodness is no more. Those who have known Josephine can never forget her. She dies regretted by her off-spring, her friends, and her contemporaries."

For four days her body remained shrouded in state for its burial. During this time more than twenty thousand of the people of France visited her beloved remains. On the 2nd of June, midday, the funeral procession moved from Malmaison to Ruel, where the body was deposited in a tomb of the village church. The funeral services were conducted with the greatest magnificence, as the sovreigns of the allied armies united with the French in doing honor to her memory. When all had left the church but Eugene and Hortense, they knelt beside their mother's grave, and for a long time mingled their prayers and their tears. A beautiful monument of white marble representing the empress kneeling in her coronatical robes, is erected over her burial-place, with this simple but affecting inscription:

EUGENE AND HORTENSE
TO
JOSEPHINE

Wat Eckman—a Kentucky hunter—since 1841, says he has killed 38 deer, 984 wolves, 3,847 coons, 990 foxes, 961 wild geese, 2,040 pheasants, 44 ground hogs, 80 wild cats, 14 pole cats, 209 minks, and squirrels, quails, &c., without number. He realized nearly $12,000 from the sale of the game, and skins, &c.

The Sussex (N. J.) Herald advises farmers to pay great attention to grass growing, as the cattle and dairy trade, it judges, will be more profitable than the raising of produce. Many farmers, it states, are taking this course.

Tim Wiggins and the D——l.

Tim Wiggins had spent a jolly evening at the village grocery, and, as he had been the winner in two matches at "odd or even" for two pints of whiskey, he very naturally imbibed an extra quantity of the beverage which, to use his own expressive language, "cuts the last cobweb for the thirsty throat, and agreeably exhilarates the senses without collapsing an idea."

At eleven Mr. Wiggins started for his home, a mile and a half from the village. He was quite mellow, and as a long disputation had been carried on about the theological questions, that evening, he felt religiously inclined, and sang familiar psalms and hymns as he marked out a line of Virginia fence on his way homeward.

When he reached the lower end of the village the whiskey ascended to his brain, and he became conscious, just before he became unconscious, that locomotion must, on his part, be deferred to a more convenient season. The village blacksmith's shop, usually so dark and dismal, invited him with carelessly left-open door, and Mr. Wiggins turned in thither, and incontinently pitched head foremost under the big bellows, murmured something about "the shadow of a great rock in a weary land," and was soon engaged in the pleasant amusement of dreaming of flowing punch-bowls and foaming tankards.

The village blacksmith was an industrious fellow, and he came with his "helper" before daylight, as she had a large amount of forgery to do.

The clanking, groaning, wheezing bellows soon rivalled the stentorious breathing of the recumbent loafer beneath it, and Mr. Wiggins, whose potables had evaporated, leaving their least agreeable effects upon the brain, partly awoke. He heard the wheezing of bellows a few inches above him, the roar of the wind forced into the cracking coals, and peeping forth, he saw two ghastly forms stand in the bluish firelight, whose fitful glare gave a demon-like appearance to the mysterious beings, and augmented the blackness of the shadows that enveloped everything outside of the circle illuminated by the infernal bon-fire.

The question of the existence of a hell had been discussed the previous evening at the grocery, and Tim Wiggin's voice was loudly raised in the negative; but to his half-awakened senses it now seemed more evident that there was a hell, and, furthermore, that he was in it, and further still, that he had not the slightest prospect of a drink from that time forth.

The fire was kindling faster and faster, the diabolical enginery was getting into active operation. Mr. Wiggins uttered a groan of despair—a groan which, sounding at a pause in the wheezing of the big bellows, reached the ear of the smith and his assistant. The master plucked from the forge a huge iron, heated to a white heat, and, brandishing it before him in lieu of a torch, with the sparks flying from it in a fiery shower, approached the bellows, followed by his "striker," who held an uplifted sledge.

Poor Wiggins was in an agony of terror, deeming himself in the presence of the immortal enemy of mankind!

"Who—what are you?" roared the blacksmith, who had been prodigiously frightened by the unearthly groan from Wiggins, and had assumed a fierce aspect to conceal his own fright.

The now thoroughly dis-spirited Wiggins meekly sobbed out—

"When—I was on earth—I was a—psalm singer and—a Christian; but now I'm in—hell, I'll be anything your majesty wishes to have me!"

"Get out of my shop, you drunken fool of a Tim Wiggins! If I'd a-known it was you, I'd 'ave run this hot iron threw yer!"

And so saying; the smith seized the poor fellow by the collar, dragged him forth, and, after bestowing sundry inverted blessings upon him, started him toward home to reflect upon the "shadows of that night," and the consequences of drinking bad liquor.

It is proper that we should add that Timothy Wiggins, Esq., is now a Son of Temperance and a respectable member of society.—*Boston Saturday Museum.*

Boys.

The Nashua Gazette thus daguerreotypes the "boy" of the present age. All who read it will confess it is the best likeness yet obtained:—

"This has been termed the age of progress. The most striking exemplification of the *progressive* tendency of the age may be found in boys from fifteen to eighteen or twenty years of age. The boy of fifteen and upwards must wear better broadcloth than his employer, and boots to match. He gets the Spring and Summer style of hats as soon as they come on from New York. He wears dickeys of fabulous dimensions. He has his hair curled and unctified by the most approved barbers. He would wear a "moustach" or "imperial" if he could. He has a "woman" whom he "pays attention to." He sometimes carries a cane about as large as your little finger, with a ball of lead on the end of it! He struts. He smokes.—He chews. He swears. He drinks.—Of a fair Sunday he stands at the corner of the streets to show himself. He stays out all night, or into the "small hours," "sitting up with his woman," or otherwise "missing Ned generally." He takes "his woman" out to ride. During the winter he goes to all the dances, which come off about every other night. He makes magnificent presents "to his woman." His "horsehire" bill is as large as the millionaire's. He reads nothing but the "Pirate's Own Book," "Life in London," and works of the "yellow covered" species."

KILLED BY LIGHTNING.—Jos. James, a colored boy, aged 15 years, in the employ of Mr. James Cook, near Easton, Md. was killed by lightning, whilst at work in a field, last week.

☞ A man named Lanahan has been sentenced to three months imprisonment, in Philadelphia, for selling liquor to boys.