"THE WILL OF THE PEOPLE IS THE LEGITIMATE SOURCE AND THE HAPPINESS OF THE PEOPLE THE TRUE END OF GOVERNMENT."

VOLUME XXV

MONTROSE PENN'A., THURSDAY, FEBRUARY 7, 1850.

For the Susquehams Register. THE HERMIT.

BY BEAIDLOE WINNE.

O, tell me, grey-haired hermit, why thou dwelles here alone, Thy food the roots and berries wild, thy couch the cold, hard stone.

Oft when I've led my little flock along you upland Glad as the silvery-singing birds that 'mong the

green leaves played, The blue amoke curling round the cliff and upward to the sky.

From thy far fire upon the rock has caught my wand ring eye,

My heart was filled with pity for thy melancholy When, vestereve, returning home smid the driving

spied, one moment, on the cliff thy tempest-best hen heard, amid the whistling shrill of fierce winds

through the pine, ne louder wail, and trembled when I thought perchance 'twas thine --

vowed if I but lived to see another morning come I'd seek thee in thy mountain-cave and offer thee a

Then go with me and thou shalt dwell within our peaceful cot. and sit beside our pleasant hearth, thy sorrows all

forgot: My merry-hearted little ones the pensive hour shall

and my true wife shall be thy nurse and cheen thee with her smile

chestnut tree. han this rude cleft within the rock a better home would be. ada the summer time is gone, keen blows the autumn hlast ...

And soon will winter's mantle white o'er all the earth be cast: cant shelter from the piercing frost and pelting

storm is here: demain ;-and this cold rock full soon shall be the hermit's bier. o human aid will then be nigh to soothe the dy

ing man. io woman's hand to minister, as only woman's can,on nothing tempests 'gainst thy life shall battle

in their might, d voices, as of spirits lost, loud shrick around the height:

e gaunt wolf, prowling for his prey, alone shall ree thee die. he raven, from the storm-cloud, croak thy

na chen that old majestic man his 'customed-si-.... b.cke.

... estime against a jutting rock, these words man wer spoke: Such were a litting end for one whose life has

been l'he mine : midst thou forbid the lightning's stroke to rend the blasted pine ! conidst thou save the useless wreck from out

the yamning sea? und the elemental war, they perish-so let me, haupta of man,

seem my heart can ever warm tow'rd human kind again: long and bitter was the strife that changed this

heart to stope. sent me forth an exile, to tread life's way

and art happy in the vale, beside thy cottage m.—and let a lonely man in solitude expire:

arn and guide thy little ones in virtue's holy tambition fire their brains and lead their

Souls astray. them the solitary man that dwelt among these The a happy shepherd boy and kept his fa-

ther's flocks; rised to hear the forest ring with the birds'

swae mastrolsy. his song;

meny a mountain maiden turned on him her melting glance,

the wouths assembled on the green to join m rustic dance. y grew proud and came to scorn his humble

beavant lot: ved to sing the snighty deeds that warriors bold have wrought,

how the lowly-born have ris'n to honors, rank, and left the store. All that day he wandered and tame. proud spirit whispered him, # thou too cans't

do the same."

hed wonation told the gallant deeds their favorite had; done.

then there came a happy dream of youthful love and joy,

varior's sword aside was laid, he was again a

As that young and gentle maiden, with her richly flowing hair, And dark eye full and eloquent of feeling and

thought, To whom the ardent votary his heart's devotion brought.

will not say what word he spoke, what minstrel lay he sung'

Before he seemed to win the heart of her so fair and young, But when her timid, sweet consent and plighted

faith were given. He deemed that ne'er more sacred vow was registered in Heaven.

There was a man with broad clear brow and winning smile like thine,

And I was proud to call this man a chosen friend of mine: Departing, at my country's call, to serve in foreign war, : 🗩

trusted to his guardian care my love, while I was far.

Twere bootless, shepherd, now to tell the tale of deadly wrong That I have hoarded in my breast and brooded o'er

so long,-Of faithless friend and perjured love and fame and fortune lost,

And of my terrible revenge, before the sea I cross-And left for aye my native land and all I once held dear.

To find a refuge from mandkind and end life's struggle here. If thou art happy in the vale, beside thy cottage

Return, and let a lonely man in solitude expire. He ceased, the shepherd raised his head as if to make reply,

But where the hermit lately stood the bare rock met his eye. Upspringing from the his massy seat, he searched

the hermit's cave. But all was dark and cloomy there and silent as the grave:

Then lightied help pine-wood torch, that flung a flickering glare Along the lofty roof of rock and walls all hard and bare ;

But vain his search within the cave and mong the frages sround No trace of him for whom he sought could anywhere be found.

He calls aloud, but nought he hears save echoes m And the wild cry of the eagle as he cleaves the stormy'eky.

At length he wearied of the search, and with heavy heart. As evening hovered o'er the vale, he turned him

to depart. passed away:

But oft, when wintry storms are high, the simple shepherds say, They see, upon the lofty cliff, a human form ap-

pear, And hear amid the howling blast, loud shrieks of woe and fear.

Montrose, Jan. 26th, 1850.

The Power of Music.

most of our metropolitan readers have noticed at the shop windows the admirable lithograph drawn from Mount's celebrated picture bearing the above title. The interior of a barn is disclosed through an open door. A young country fellow is prime of life, also absorbed in the music. The third auditor is an humble negro man, who stands. hat in hand, outside the barn, completely entranced

in the dulcet sounds of the violin.

The old man is looking back into the past—the young man is dreaming of the future—the negro thinks only of the present. It is an exquisite poetical conception, and most happily illustrates the power of music and the variety of its effects on in-dividuals.

Some years ago a young portrait painter of New York, disgusted with his want of encess and skill, left the city in despair, and went home to live with his mother, who occupied a small house on Long

On his way home, he noticed some men engaged in a horse trade. The group struck him as one fit-ted for a pictoral illustration. He went to work upon it, but he was disantisfied with his first attempt. After repeated efforts he produced a nicture which approached his ideal conception, and he was called a gifted boy; the old mea praise | being very much in want of money, took it up to the city, with the fortern hope of disposing of it for a trifle, sufficient to meet his present necessities. Tope could leap or climb like him of all the He showed the picture to a gentleman, a comissieur, with whom he had some slight acquaintance.
"Do you wish to sell this picture!" asked the gentleman, after looking at it carefully.

"I must sell it." "Very well—I should like to buy it, but I cannot afford to give you its value."

Stepping to his desk, he wrote a check on the bank for a thousand dollars, and handed it to the painter, saying. "Will that do? It is all I can afford."

The artist took the check without saying a word, about the city in amaze, perfectly unconscious of all that was passing about him, and dutching tightly the vest pocket in which the check was deposit-ed. He went to a hotel, and in the morning his the same."

The went to whotel, and in the morning me first movement was to see if the check was in extence; to satisfy limself that he had not been dreaming. Finding the precious paper, he repaired to the bank and obtained the money—went home to religious the heart of his money—went home. to rejoice the heart of his mother, and to paint picwhen the war at last was o'er, a lotty name tures, which have won him fortune and fame, both of which he deserves richly as an artist, and a good,

of when he deserves menty as an arust, and a good, kind hearted man. Reader, this was Mount, the painter of this "Power of Music." Philadelphia City Rem HUNTED a PANTER—The Fulton (N. Y.) Democrat tells of a panther bunt in that county which lasted several days, and in which hundreds particimile to hear an old man tell of case who may which proved to be a brindled dog, with his case country and that the to common parts.

THE WILD FAWN OF PASCAGOULA: could, to effect his innocent, and, as he thought.

Or, the Chumpa Girl of Mobile. We copy from an elegant paper, felicitously called "The Bow of Oupid," or a "Journal of Love Laughter, Fashion and the Fair," and issuing from Cupid's Realm," which was started for the occaion, to give additional zest to the entertainment It is edited by the "Ladies of the Telegraph office," at Mobile, and streams over with choice geins of wit and humor. As a sample of its contents, we extract the following beautiful tale:

Shall I tell you a story of real life, as romantic and affecting as any in fiction ? Well, listen. Every citizen of Mobile is familiar with the sight of the Indian girls who are seen in our streets in the winter. With their little bundles of light wood upon their backs they mark the advent of cold wea her as regularly as the mocking bird and the cardinal chronicle the approach of spring. They ped-die their small parcels of pine from door to door, and all are familiar with the soft, quick, petitiona-ry voice in which they exclaim "chumpa," as they offer their cheap burdens for sale.

These Indian girls, it is well known, belong to certain Choctaw families who refused to emigrate with their tribe beyond the Mississippi, and ye linger upon their aboriginal hunting grounds, on the waters of the Pearl and the Pascagoula. Though they thus exhibit an unconquerable attachment to heir native soil, they have yet refused to adopt the habits, language, or pursuits of the whites by whom they are surrounded, and are perversely indifferent to all the inducements of civilization. They persist in leading a species of savage, gipsey life—the men sustaining themselves by hunting, and the women by peddling whortleberries and other wild fruit in the summer, and bundles of pine in the winter. With these simple productions they visit Mobile semi-annually, and for the time reside in the vicinity, in small huts or camps, constructed of back, boards, and the limbs of trees. This has been their usage from time immemorial, and it yet

These Indians are generally a miserable and ignorant race, but with all their degradations, they possess some of the virtues in a singular degree.-The women are proverbially chaste and modest, and of all the young girls that annually visit our city, none have been known to depart from the paths of rectitude. A strong interest, therefore, surrounds these simple daughters of the woods, who resist all the blandishments of their station and pass unharmed through the streets of our city. Many of them are quite handsome, and possess beneath their rustic garbs-the calico gown and red blanket-considerable grace of manner and appearance. As they invariably refuse to talk Engsh, very little conversation can be had with them. and that only in reference to the small bargains bey wish to make. Chumpa and picayune are almost the only words they employ in their inter-course with our inhabitants. Still they are not reserved in their movements, where they wish to ma'e a bargain, and enter the different houses of the city, stores, dwellings and offices, without hesitation, ceremony or announcement. Who has not been started many a morning by the low voice, at the chamber door, exclaiming—"Chumpa?"
The stoical demonsor of these Choctaw maiden

has the natural sensibilities and sentiments of the sex. They have bright flashing eyes, well devel oped, symmetrical and flexible forms, beautiful small hands and feet, and show, in their love of brilliant articles of dress, rings, beads, and other personal decorations, the taste and vanity of their civilized sisters. Is it possible that they are destitute of those delicate sympathies and tender affec es and conditions of life! This question has no doubt suggested itself to many, as an interesting doubt suggested itself to many as an interesting problem of character. In one instance, at least an attempt—perhaps a heartless one—was made to solve it, and it is to that the story I have to tell refers. It came to my knowledge in all its details, but I will attempt to narrate it in such a manner the belles of Mobile do not find out the story.

It is to that the story I have to tell cumseh and Pushimataha! I must take care that but I will attempt to narrate it in such a manner the belles of Mobile do not find out the story.

The widow thanked him in a modest and recumseh and Pushimataha! I must take care that the story is manner, and said that, for the sake of the belles of Mobile do not find out the story.

The widow thanked him in a modest and recumseh and Pushimataha! I must take care that the belles of Mobile do not find out the story.

The widow thanked him in a modest and recumseh and Pushimataha! I must take care that the story is the belles of Mobile do not find out the story.

The widow thanked him in a modest and recumseh and Pushimataha! I must take care that the story is the belles of Mobile do not find out the story.

be can imagine himself Among the Choctaw gipsies who visited Mobile in the winter of 1846, was one of unusual beauty and attractiveness. Although scarcely developed into womanhood—not more than seventeen "suns' having kissed the rich bronze of her cheeks—she was yet tall, round-limbed, straight and graceful—a very model of femining form. Her features, more promitient and regular than is usual with her tribe. were delicately sculptured; and the erect utatude of her head, with her large, fawn-like eyes, and scated on a stool, playing on a violin. An old man abundant coal-black hair, always, neatly plaited in is listening, tested also, with his hands clasped on massive folds, gave to her appearance an air of suhis knees. Another listener is a young man in the periority such as the youthful Pocahontas is said to have possessed. Her dress was extremely neat though with a large number of silver and wampum ornaments, and her small feet, which any of the fair promenaders on Daughin might have envied, were invariably dressed in moccasins, ornamented in the most fenciful style, with many color-ed beads. As she walked about the street of Mobile arrayed in this way, with her parcel of pine themselves by making indecorous remarks on the swung across her shoulders, she attracted the at- person, dress, &c., of each female (irrespective of tention of all spectators for her beauty, though she would hold converse with none except in the words by which she endeavored to dispose of her burden.

Much interest was naturally felt for this girl, and ed throughout the village: many efforts were made to learn something of her haracter and history. Nothing further could be pleaned fand this was told by Capt. Billy, a drunken Choctaw, frequently seen in garrulous moods in our streets,) than that she was the daughter of an Indian chief of much note, who died many years before, leaving her, an only child, with her mother, n their eabin on the Pascagoula. Her singular beauty had made her quite a belle with the Choctaw warriors; but the was very siy, and was called in the Indian tongue, the Wild Fawn of Pasca goula. She supported her mother, who was very ld, and herself, by her traffic in berries and "light wood." Her personal charms made her one of the most successful dealers in these articles, and every one—particularly the young men of Mobile—were glad to give the preference, in their patronage, to this young and attractive creature. Many were the efforts made to gain her smiles, and enlist her in conversation, but they were all in vain. She would go her daily round, enter with entire unre-serve the rooms or offices of her patrons, deposit her little load of pine, receive her dime, and then quickly retire with her eticks in her hands to pro-

ure another parcel.
Things glided on in this way for some months, during the winter of which I speak. At last an event occurred which tested the stocism and character of the young Fayn of Pascagoula. Among those whom she daily supplied with lightwood was a young lawyer, residing in an office in the second story of a building on one of the principal etreets. Admiring the beauty of his timid visitor, and feeling a strong interest in her, he determined to discover it he could not by kindness of manner, decover if he could not by kindness of manuer, deferential notice, and elegant little presents, win the heart of this simple child of the woods. Though his motive was mainly curiosity, his purposes were not bail, and he had no idea of doing any injury to the object of his experiment—by paying her those attentions which he had found potent to enchant the admiration and win the love of more calightested maidens. He was a man of cucommon per-sonal beauty and singularly fundamental maisters, and all these he brought to bear at well we be

harmless flirtation.

It is needless to detail the arts resorted to by

Henry Howard to win the heart of the Fawn of Pascagoula. He began in the most modest and deferential manner. He purchased from her much more frequently than he needed, supplies of fuel, paid her larger sums than she asked, made her presents of trinkets, pictures, and little ornaments of dress, and accommodated himself, in every way to her apparent wishes. These things-continued for some weeks-at last began to have obvious effects. The Fawn tarried longer in her visits at his office than elsewhere; she always came there first, and took an evident interest in his attentions. At length she began to answer his remarks in such few words of English as she could command, and to look upon his handsome and fascinating countenance with pleased smiles and earnest continued attention. The spell evidently began to work! Henry Howard understood the secrets of woman's heart; but here he had to deal with an untutored Indian girl, as timid as a bird, and whose springs of emotion and sympath z could not be determined

by the ordinary standards of feelings. Do not think that I am depicting those subtle arts of fascination by which the rattlesnake lures and captivates the humming bird. There was no purpose of evil in the heart of the young attorney. He was but practising, with a simple savage heart, those tricks and elegancies of intercourse which are recognized as legitimate in civilized society. He wished to see if the same effects could be developed in the beaded beauty of the forest as are to be found with the polished belle of the ball-room and boudoir. The probabilities were that the exriment would not succeed-a casuist would therefore think it was harmless.

Months had passed in this way, and Henry Howord at last determined to make a more obvious demonstration of his love to the Fawn of Pasca goula. One cold morning in February, just as he had finished his toilet, he heard a slight tap at his door, and a well-known voice, as the speaker en tered, playfully exclaimed, "Chumpa!"-Arrayed in her meet beautiful dress, with a band of silver round her hair, and long necklaces of beads falling from her graceful neck, the Fawn stood before him. She threw her armful of pine apon the hearth, and looked smilingly into his face. In his most graceful manner he approached her, and took her hand in his. Suddenly he encircled her waist with his arm, and drawing her to him, imprinted upon her lips a long and fervent kiss— Modestly she looked into his face, with a slight expression of surprise, but not dissatisfaction; and then he poured forth to her warm and urgent words of love. Neither were these coldly spoken, for the young and ardent admirer had been no little intersted in the object of his attentions. As he was about, however, to repeat his kisses, the now startled Fawn, by a quick movement, unloosed herself from his embrace and glided across the room. "Stand off, Mr. Howard!" she exclaimed, in bet

ter English than he had ever heard her speak be-" Me good friend to kind gentleman-but no fore. love! The Fawn must marry her own people.-She love young warrior up on Pascagovia! He have heart and skin the same color. Mobile man not good for Choctaw girl. Me go to ny hometo Choctaw chief's cabin-to-morrow. Good bye Me love you very much-you so kind-but no

As she said this she drew her red blanket as proudly about her as ever a fashionable telle donned her mantilla at a ball and glided from the door. Struck as motionless as a statute, the elegant Henry Howard-the Mobile dandy-stood gazing at the door through which the Choctaw girl had vanished. His lips were slightly parted-his eyes wide open; a took of wonder and doubt upon his hand-ome face.

Let who will hereafter experiment upon Chectaw character, to discover whether these chumpa-girls have not like affections with other peeple; I, for one, am satisfied. The Fawn of Pascagoula has for months taken all my presents and delicate attentions with the timid gentleness of a una, and could have been done by a fashionable coquette. in a gilded saloon, by the light of a chandelier.— Well, that's something rich! Bravo! Henry Howard! Recollect hereafter, as Tom Moore says, .

'What'er her lot, she'll have her will, And woman will be woman still."

A Nuisance.

A novel mode of putting one down; has been adopted in the quiet and picturesque village of Derby, with complete success. For a considerable time a number of illiterate young men assembled at the principal entrance to the church, and amused social position) as she entered the church. No fe-

"Wanted, about twenty young men, of all shapes and sizes, from the tall dandy, with hair enough on his upper works to stuff a barber's cushion, down to the little hump-backed, freckled-faced, bow-legged, carrotty-headed upstart. The object is to form a gaping corps, to be in attendance at the church rs, on each Sabbath, before the commencement of divine service, to stare at the females as they enter, and make delicate and gentlemanly remarks on their person and dress. All who wish to enlist m the above corps will appear at the church door next Sanday morning, as usual; when they will be duly inspected; and their names, personal appear ance, de, registered in a book kept for that pur pose, and published in handbills, to be distributed all over the village. To prevent a general rush, will be well to state that none will be enlisted whe possess intellectual capacity above that of a wellwed dankey." The nuisance was discontinued

Is HE ALIVE !- Some years ago, a chap arrived in Augusta, Maine, with one of those great curiosi-ties, an Egyptian mummy, which he desired to exhibit. It was requisite then, that before the exhibition, permission should be obtained from the Judge of one of the inferior courts. Accordingly, the showman proceeded to the court-house, where some court was in session, and applied to the Judge for a license, stating that at infinite trouble and expense, to say nothing of the danger, he had been fortunate enough to procure the greatest curiosity ever seen in the United States.

What is it?" asked the Judge. complished showman.

"Three thousand years old!" exclaimed the Judge. jumping to his feet, "and is the daried critter.

and the interpretation of any opti-A few days ago we saw the man who has never taken a paper. He was the most miserable looking creature we over looked upon, and seemed to be edging towards the poor house.

THE DANDIES REBUKED. Or, the Old Surtout.

I had taken a place on the top of one of the coaches which run between Edinburgh and Glasgow, for the purpose of taking a short four in the in the Highlands of Scotland. As we rattled along Princes St. I had leisure to survey my fellow trav ellers. Immediately opposite to me set two dan-dies of the first order, dressed in white great coats and Belcher hapfikerchiefs, and each with a cigar-in his mouth, which he puffed away with a mar-veilous complagency. Beside me sat a modest and comely young woman in a widow's dress, with an infant about nine months old in her arms. The ap-The appearance of the youthful mourner and her baby indiented that they belonged to the lower class of acciety, and although the dandies occasionally east a rude glance at the mother, the look of calm and settled soriew, which she invariably at such times, cast upon her daild, seemed to touch even them, and to disarm their coarseness. On the other side of the window sat a young gentlemau of plain; yet, prepossessing exterior, who seemed especially to attract the notice of the dandies. His surtout was not absolutely threadbare, but it had evidently endured more than one season, and I could perceive many contemptious looks thrown upon it by the gentlemen in the Belcher handkerchiefs. The young gentleman carried a small portmanteau in his hand -so small, indeed that it could not possibly contained more than one change of linen. This article also appeared to arrest the eyes of the sprigs of fashion opposite, whose wardrobes, in all probability were more voluminous; whether they were paid for or not might be another question.

The coach having stopped at the village of Corstophine, for the purpose of taking up an inside passenger, the guard observing that the young gentleman carried his portmanteau in his hand, leave to put it into the boot, to which he immedi

'Put it fairly into the centre guard," said one of the dandies.

"Why so, Tom i" inquired his companion. "It may capsize the coach," rejoined the first; a sally at which both indulged in a burst of laughter but of which the owner of the portmanteau, tho' the blood mounted slightly into his cheek, took no notice whatever.

While we were changing horses at the little town of Uphall, and aged beggar approached and held out his hat for alms. The dandies looked at him with scorn. I gave him a few half pence; and the young widow, poor as she seemed, was about doing the same, when the gentleman in the surtout ing the same, when the gentleman in the surrous laid his hand gently on her arm, and dropping a half frown into the beggar's hat, made a sign for him to depart. The dandies looked at each other. Showing off Jick," said the one.

"Ay. ay, successful at our last benefit, you know;" rejoined the other and both again burst into a

At this allusion to his supposed profession, the blood again mounted, into the young gentleman's cheek, but it was only for a moment and he continued silent.

We had not left Uphall many miles behind us vinen the wind began to rise, and the gathering clouds indicated an approaching shower. The dan dies began to prepare their umbrellas; and the young gentleman in the surtout, surveying the dreas of the widow, and perceived that she was but indifferently provided for against a change of weather, inquired of the guard if the coach was full in-Being answered in the affirmative, he addressed the mourner in a tone of sympathy; told her there was every appearance of a smart shower; of sign expressed his regret that she could not be taken into the coach; and concluded by offering her the

spectful manner, and said that, for the sake of the infant, she should be glad to have the cloak, if he

would not suffer from the want of it himself.
He assured her that he should not, being accusformed to all kinds of weather.
"His surtout won't spoil," said one of the dandies imp voice of afficted tenderness, "and besides

the cloak will hold you both." The young widow blushed; and the young gen a tone of dignity which I shall never forget.

"I am not naturally quarrelsome sir, but yet i is quite possible you may provoke me too far." Both the exquisites immediately turned as pale as death; shrunk in spite of themselves into their natural insignificance and they scarcely opened their lips, even to each other during the remainder

In the mountime, the young gentleman with the same politeness and delicacy, as if he had been assisting a lady of quality with her shawl, proceeded to wrap the widow and her baby in his cloak. He had hardly accomplished this when a smart show-er of rain mingled with hail, commenced. Being myself provided with a cloak, the cape of which was sufficiently large to envelope and protect my head. I offered the young goutleman my umbrelminde escaped their vulgar rudeness. One day a hundbill, of which the following is a copy, was post-ner better calculated to defend the widow than

himself. When we reached West Craig's Inn. the rain ceased, and the young gentleman politely returning me my umbrella, began, to relieve the widow of his dripping cloak, which he shook over the side of the coach and afterwards hung it on the railing to dry. Then turning to the young widow, he in-quired if she would take any refreshment; and upon her answering in the negative, he proceeded to enter into conversation with her as follows:

"Do you travel far on this road, ma'am?" "About sixteen miles farther, sir; I leave "About sixteen miles farther, sir; I leave the won have enten it ep!"

And six miles on the other side of Airdrie."

Do your friends dwell theresbouts?"

"Yes, sir, they do. Indeed, I am on my way to what hard."

The sixteen miles farther, sir, i leave the you have enten it ep!"

Indeed," replied the enter, with imperturable gravity, "well, wife, I thought the crust was some what hard." oach six miles on the other side of Airdrie."

To your father's !" "Yes, sir," said the poor young woman, raising her handkerchief to her eyes, and sobbing audibly; "I am returning to him a disconsolate widow, after a short absence of two years."

"Is your father in good streumstances ?"
"He will never suffer me or my baby to want, sir, while he has strength to labor for us; but he himself in poverty-a day laborer on the estate of the Earl of H..."

At the mention of this nobleman's name, the young gentleman colored a little, but it was evi-

dent that this emotion was not of an unpleasant nature. "What is your father's name?" said he. "James Anderson; sir." "And his residence?"

my father's house.

"Blinkbonny." "Well, I t u t, that though desolate so far as "What is it?" asked the Judge.

"An Egyptian Mummy, may it please the court, more than three thousand years old," said the act the widow. If so, your Maker is your husband, and the Lord of Hoste is his name."

""Ohl yes tir, I bless Ged, that, through a pious parent's care, I know something of the power of Divine grace, and the consolations of the gospel.

My husband too, though but's trademen, was a man who feered God skeep many.

NUMBER 6.

I am ready to sink. My lather's poverty and ad vanced age, my baby's helplessness and my own delicate health are frequently too much for my les

"Trust in God and he will provide for you; be ssured he will."

By this time the coach was again in motion By this time the coach was again in brotion, and though the conversation continued for some time, the noise of the wheels prevented me from hearing it distinctly. I could see the daydies, however, exchange looks with one another; got at one time, the more forward of the two whispered something to his companion, in which the words. Methodies Parson, alone were audible.

At Airclie nothing particular occurred when we get about helf your networn this

we get about half way between this town; and Glasgow, where the widow expressed a wish to be set down. The young zentleman, therefore do The young gentleman, therefore desired the driver to stop, and springing himself from the coach, took the infant in his arms, and then, along with guard, assisted her to despend. May God rewad you," she said, as he returned the baby to her, "for your kindness to the wildow and failer

less this that"
And may be bless you," replied he with all the spiritual concollation in Christ Jesus !"

So saying, he elipped something into her hand the widow opened it instinctively, I saw two sovereigns glitter in her palm: she dropped a tear up-on the money, and turned round to thank her ben-efactor; but he had already resumed his seat upon the coach. She cast toward him an elequent and grateful look; pressed her infant compulaitely to

her bosom, and walked hurriedly away.

No other bassenger wishing to alight at the same place, we were soon again in rapid motion towards the great emporism of the west of Scotland. Not a word was spoken. The young gentleman sat with his jarme crossed upon his breast; and if I with his arms crossed upon his breast; and if I might judge by the expression of his countenance, was evidently resolving some scheme of benevolence in his mind. The dandles regard him with blank amazement. They had also seen the gold in the poor widow's hand, and seemed to think that there was more under that shabby surrout than their "puppy" brains could easily conjecture.— That, in this they were right, was speedily mani-

When we had entered Glasgow, and were approaching the Buck's Head, the inner at which our conveyance was to stop, an open traveling carringe drawn by four beautiful horses, drove up in an opposite direction. The elegance of this equippage made the dandies spring to their feet.

"What beautiful greys!" cried the one, "I wonder who they can belong to?.

"He is a happy fellow any how," replied the other, "I would give half of Yorkshire to call them mine."

The stage coach and the travelling carriage stop-ped at the luck's Head at the same moment, and

a footman in laced livery, springing down from behind, the latter looked first inside and then at the top of the former, when he lifted his hat with a emile of respectful recognition.
"Are you all well at the costle, Robert I" inquir

od the young gentleman in the curtout.

"All well-imy Lord," replied the footman.

At the sound of that monosylable, the faces of the exquisited visibly clongated; but without taking the smallest notice of them or their confusion. nobleman politely wished me good morning; and descending from the coach, caused the foot mun to phace his cloak and despised portmantent in his carriage. He then stepped into it himself, and the footman getting up behind, the coachman touched the leaver very slightly with his whip, and the equippings and its noble owner were

f Pray what nobleman is that i" said one of the dandies to the hadlord as we entered the inn.

The Earl of H——, sir," replied the landlord;
one of the best men, as well as one of the richest, in Scotland"

The Earl of H—" repeated the dandy turn ing to his companion: "what asses we have been there's an end to all chance of being allowed to shoot on his estate."

Olyes, we may burn our letters of introduction when we please," rejoined his companion; and silent and crest fallen, both walked up stairs to their appartments.

Plate Eating.

The editor of the Providence Transcript, discours ing of pumpkin pies tells the following crusty an-There was a case of actual plate cating, some

three-score years ago, not far from this town, during the puniphin pie casson. The common utensil for baking was the red earlier pan, as large as a dinner plate, but deeper. An oven full of pies, within stout crute of wheat and rye, being baked, they were taken from the pans, which were falled again for another batch, and so on as long as the pastry lasted, and the pies were suffered to lie in the pans at the last baking. At the house of Mr.

we don't recollect his surname, but otherwise he was called John—pies had been served one from a baking at repeated mals, where they had at first a baking at repeated meals, where they had at first-been taken from the earthen plates, when one eve-ning the good man returned late from a fatiguing journey, and called for his supper—for he was slarp set as to appetite—and was noted for teeth that could do mayellous execution. Among other condiments was a pumpkin pic, which he quickly moved towards he mouth, and after a few minutes it was numbered emong the "have beens," and lie moved back from the table sansfied. But lin wife, in clearing off, missed an article, and inquired the Lohn, what on earth have you done with the

earthen plate?" arthen plate i"
"Earthen plate "said the hunger-appeared man.
"Yes," rejoined his wife, with some legling; " and

Too Smar to Live Long.—A teacher of one of the Sunday Schools was lecturing a class of little girls on the influence of pions example and pions instruction in the formation of youthful character.

"Ah Miss Caroline," said he to one of the class, what would you have been without your good tather and mother?

"I suppose, sir," answered Miss Caroline. "I would have been an orphun?

would have been an orphan!" Punch has seen will alarm "Indies veste" adver tised in the newspapers. This graduat invasion of male attire by the other sex ought to be tooked to. Punch says they have already stolen our paletoes. they now seize our vests. Gracious goodness! what will they not take next! What will be left us Sure enough, adds the Boston Post, what will be done with the "what directli enes."

When coats books, and jackets are taken By our precious acquisitive spouses.
Our confidence well might be shaken
In respect to retaining our tr-houses?

ary nusband too, though but's trademin, was a man who feared God above many."

"The remembrance of that must tend much to allowing an and twenty years allowing your corrow."

allowing of Farrors, said the minister to a sick man. Oh ho, have been lying an and twenty years with the queen of terrors, and the ling cannot be much worse."

"It does indeed, sir, at times; but at other times."